

One Tree, Many Branches

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Presented by

My poetic Side 



Acknowledgement

The many poems I have penned do not come from one well, but rather many. They have all come from different ages and times in my life, different seasons and certainly many different directions.

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Wishful Thinking

One Tree, Many Branches

So I stand
Rooted in the earth of thought
And of newly described imagery, verse and growth

Determined
To share everything I have
And ready to display all of my vivid colors

Yet I stand
Victim to the seasons
And the many moments that change mood and direction

But yet I
Stand in my conviction
Allowing differences and change to shape me

Permitting
All of you who choose to see
The many facets that define my being

As a poet
I remain with steadfast thought
But yet, I am one tree, defined by many branches

There, Within

Not all flowers bloom
Beneath branches of the biggest trees
Despite the sun struggling through the canopy
They're forever shadowed by the leaves
Yet they continue to fight steadily
Even through the greatest breeze
But it's their anguish to be themselves
That should make us all believe

In the beauty, there, within

Not all children show themselves
In the light of which they seek
Despite many hollow words of praise
Internally, they still feel weak
Although growing older, everyday
They still believe themselves, unique
For this reason, I must support
And of their truth, we must all speak

They are beautiful, there, within

Just like those flowers that forever grow
There are many struggling to be seen
To be heard, to be loved, to be understood
To be everything they ever dream
And truth be told, while struggle's true
Their beauty, therein, radiates bright
It's up to everyone else to see the truth
And permit as flowers, their destined light

For they are beautiful, there, within

Magic Words

No truer words of love are ever spoken
No better way to confess a love so true
No greater way to express a love eternal
Than to say those words, so bonding two...

I Do

For written in the stars, a love so destined
For heaven holds the hearts as one, combined
Born separate, but now joined in love eternal
As the power of two words, so come to mind...

I do

More Than Yesterday

She says she feels the days upon her
The many years she'd seen fly
I tell her not to ever worry
There is no reason for her to cry

The worry she has thrust upon her
So much weight for her to take
She's not alone; I'll be there with her
Through every night and morning's wake

Wanna take her
Wanna hold her
And let her know
Despite we're older
I love her... more than yesterday
I'll protect her
I'll console her
And let her know
Just as I've told her
I love her... more than yesterday

There is no curse that we can't conquer
No sickness, together, we can't cure
I tell her this, because I love her
And we'll get past, of this I'm sure

She smiles and behind I still see tears
The worry she buries deep inside
Trying not to show just how she feels
But concern is one thing she just can't hide

Wanna take her
Wanna hold her

And let her know
Despite we're older
I love her... more than yesterday
I'll protect her
I'll console her
And let her know
Just as I've told her
I love her... more than yesterday

Tomorrow, I tell her, is ours forever
A love letter of life, eternally writing
That hope and thoughts will keep us going
Down our golden roads, a life exciting

Wanna take her
Wanna hold her
And let her know
Despite we're older
I love her... more than yesterday
I'll protect her
I'll console her
And let her know
Just as I've told her
I love her... more than yesterday

Seeking Peace

Upon the path
Not yet so formed
I wandered forward
Through new world born
As nature's branches
Reached like hands
My feet kept going
To find new lands

Up far ahead
I saw dim light
Where sun sleeps
Come, when night
I, with a mission
Would wander still
To find the moon
Beyond the hill

Its smile for me
Had filled my heart
And led me here
It gave me start
My mind, my heart,
My feet, they tread
As grass would soon
Become my bed

Goodnight, My Love

My head's upon my pillow
Still light enough to see
How lucky I truly am
By the face in front of me

She doesn't even know it
As shadows bless her face
I will follow her anywhere
At any time, to anyplace

She's my feather in the wind
The floating guide before my eyes
I'll follow her forever
Wherever she so flies

My inspiration and my muse
She's a feather from a dove
My one and only forever
She's my one and only love

Her silence, there, is beauty
Her scent, of angel's breath
I'm enslaved to all she is
My strength, there's nothing left

I am weakened sure and like it
If it means to share her life
As my eyes close on my pillow
Good night my love, my wife

She's my feather in the wind
The floating guide before my eyes
I'll follow her forever

Wherever she so flies

My inspiration and my muse

She's a feather from a dove

My one and only forever

She's my one and only love

Still In Love

The past, it seems just out of touch
Our sunshine smiles have dimmed
I know love's there, still feel the rush
What is this place we're in?
Oh, can we surface long enough
To free us from the dark?
I know time's gone and life gets rough
We can still ignite the spark, so

Remind me
How it was when we were young
Of all those songs that we would hum
How the sky had seemed to be so blue
And how I always turned to you
Show me
How it all can be today
How like kids, we still can play
With the smiles we both possess
All the love that we confess
We then can be
Two lovers, still in love
Just you and me

Our lives' routines have taken hold
Imprisoned in its cell
Not free to age as was foretold
Under our lovers' spell
But, if we try we can be free
To learn to be again
The lovers that we seemed to be
The many years back then, so

Remind me

How it was when we were young
Of all those songs that we would hum
How the sky had seemed so blue
And how I always turned to you
Show me
How it all can be today
How like kids, we still can play
With the smiles we both possess
All the love that we confess
We then can be
Two lovers, still in love
Just you and me

Ecstasy Awaits

While each breath is exhaled
In synch with the strike of second hands
Patience becomes an unwanted friend
Nearing, we hear, we tempt
With life given to the depths
As our eyes seduce our minds

Death to the space between
As we push through and past
To become a floral arrangement
In the vase of passion

Surrender

Upon a moonlit night of true surrender
Two lovers bask, within the glow of love, so new
Where nature offers well, a night of splendor
As untamed hearts are captured and subdued

Hands, eyes and mouths, they explore each other
Their offering to themselves is love, divine
As the fire, it burns on to never smother
While tempest hearts make two souls intertwine

My Mother was the Devil

My mother was the devil,
or so I used to think.
All the many times she scared me
it drove me to the brink.
She'd come in without warning,
though not a big surprise,
the devil would be looking
straight through her bloodshot eyes.
She always yelled and screamed
and often hit us, too.
There were times she had awakened me
While beating us with shoes.

My mother was the devil,
or so I used to feel.
Whenever she'd come near me
I would pray it wasn't real.
As the youngest of her ten
I was the receiver of her worst.
That I often hoped and prayed
that I was born her first.
When she got home from the bar,
with the devil in her eyes,
I would often open windows
Hoping neighbors hear the cries.

My mother was the devil,
or so I used to think.
Now, that I am older
I sometimes have a drink.
I no longer dwell upon it,

the evils of the past,
I am grateful for how I've grown
because it didn't last.
By watching her I learned,
how the bottle, it could be.
My mother, she had grown as well
and set the devil free.

The Pompous Fool

Woe to he who believes written words for him
With the cadence, softness, the romantic tones
He cannot be the recipient of such sweet verse
For no heart as beautiful is for him to belong

While his eyes widen with dream, each word read
He at least has one ounce, one spark of hope
He, however, feels doubt though he wants to believe
As her words are his manna, they help him to cope

Yet, what a fool, to think they are for him
Words such as these, the verse, for those blessed
But, for that moment, when submerged in each line
He feels not like a fool, but much like the rest

Absence

So sad; she stands on sandy shore
Her love, it sailed so, out to sea
Upon the waves, under the moon
She smells his being, there on the breeze

As heart then drops, it struggles long
She falls, to wait, upon her knees

For he set sail one summer day
With promise to one day return
A year had passed, no word from him
So now her heart, it still there yearns

She gives not up, her one true love
As deep inside, her love still burns

A night, a night, she prays he shows
As then her smile will find her face
Until that night, she continues long
For deep inside, no love replace

She prays for his most safe return
Each night she waits for their embrace

Despite it All

The sheets, so sheer, on line they hang
So tattered and so frayed
The clothes she wore, so tattered, too
Where from her hands, were made

No money for to buy new thread
Nor have a decent meal
But yet she always smiles to us
With confidence and zeal

For in her heart, she holds her worth
So valued and protected
So that no man could ever steal
Her dignity, erected

She placed within her bosom strong
Her faith, her love, her light
As happiness stays with her though
To us it seems a plight

So if pride be sin, then yet for her
It gives strength within and grace
With love she had as well as faith
Displayed upon her face

She Found Herself Upon the Cliff

She stands alone upon the precipice
Reflecting, pondering the lowering sun
Realizing life's lack of justice
And how hers has come undone
With unclear thought, on a whim
She had come to end it all
As all the blame, because of him
She pushed, closer to her fall

When, through the clouds, a ray of light
Like a hand, set to embrace
She felt warmth, upon this night
As it fell upon her now lit face
Into the light, she gazed in awe
Her mind, it then came clear
From her life, she'd not withdraw
And hold each day so dear

Decisions made are hers alone
Her life, her actions taken
This she learned through light unknown
That life shan't be forsaken
It was not he that made her choose
It was will and all she gave
But now she selects not to lose
And her life, she chooses now to save

So, now alone upon the cliff
She smiles, as strength comes through
For now her life was given lift

And hopes within, renewed
She steps then back, further away
The edge was drawn from sight
She cannot wait until break of day
And to each new glorious night

I Remember Tomorrow

I remember tomorrow so vividly
When dreams would awaken me from slumber
I would think about what would be
The new day and the fear would leave

I remember how when saddened
Thoughts of friends and times to share
Would inspire me to look forward
And not focus on the problems

Tomorrow was always going to be the best
Never on tomorrow would problems arise
Nor would chores be left undone
Never on tomorrow would decisions be bad, or
Choices be made for spite, but rather thought

I remember tomorrow
For without that memory
The life today would have no hope
There would be no inspiration
Nor reason to even try
The tomorrows of my youth
Have now become
My tomorrows, today

Forfeiture of Thought

So tangled in a web of futility
Where trying minds just cannot bend
No broken strand for to escape
Unable then to just transcend

Captured by intermingling notions
Whereby nothing fruitful so attempts
We're lost upon this desolate ocean
Spiraling through a downward descent

Battling Ghosts

I pound my fists against the wall
To no avail, my mind still sleeps
To blot it out, to vanquish all
As memories are all there to keep

I can't forge forward as life does stall
I stand a man, but yet I weep

Like ghosts, a presence close at hand,
They never venture through the gates
Nor have no want for distant lands
So in my mind the memories wait

Alone now, no one understands
The thoughts I'm left to contemplate

Now's a wall, with broken boards
The open structure is now defined
My hands, they punched, but will no more
As beaten ghosts vacate my mind

To spaces there, to find accord
I hope they stay, are so inclined

The Devonshire Ghost

Cold stone walls make up this very castle
A lit candle serves little as my guide this eve
Shadows now dance about on each passing wall
As little is clear while my mind can't believe

There, in the distance, that shadow does move
An apparition, or, is my eyesight just fading?
No, there it is again, now too with a wail
My heart says one thing, my eyes are betraying

She stands there, reaching, seeming to call
On this blustery night, the winds echo tune
Yet, I can see her, how long and just why?
Her presence alarms me under autumn's full moon

I ponder this moment as my feet lock me still
The candle burns quickly, so I better decide
Should I approach to inquire of why she so wails
Or should I run to take cover and forgo all my pride?

Alas, she is gone, as the moon now shines through
Upon there, the wall, are initials engraved
The letters of a name, the lady of the tower
Who's bound by her death, to the castle enslaved

6:13 Crime Scene

It's six thirteen a.m.
as the sun ascends over the small lake.
The crowd, though early, gathered to watch.
Yellow tape around the perimeter alerted all watchers
as the police, dragging the body from the water, brought horror.

This is just a small town
Everybody is sure to know everyone else,
But who was this woman? Why was she there?
No one yet had any answers as the police sought clues.
But, one face in the crowd knew, secretly and quietly staring.

This place had travelers, yes.
But, the many that traveled, went on their ways,
leaving this place but a memory, for to relive again.
She will not be reliving any memories anytime soon, no.
It is other's memories that now have to be tapped and investigated.

Quickly, the faces of the crowd departed.
As with all else, the day must start and progress.
Work must occur and all must report to someone else.
This is the reason for the senseless act, the suppressed anger.
Anger harbored itself and snuck out with a vengeance, taking an innocent.

This murder will go unsolved,
As the many that go unsolved each day.
Faces come and go, retreating into the sea of man.
Only the guilty know the secrets and carry them forward in life.
May the guilty one day pay for their crimes. May her dying not be in vain.

Heart's Bequest

My heart is placed upon the palm
That's outstretched, truly to provide
May it be taken and then calmed
For it beats fast, where it resides

It beats so fast it sets the pace
It is controlled there, by her touch
And changes beats, when seen her face
For she excites it just so much

I wait for her to hold it tight
As she so takes it to her breasts
For there my beating heart feels right
And with her heart, my heart's at rest

For this is where I dream to be
I cannot wait for night to see

Silent Seduction

*Her mind wanders with every pause, every space
Between the lines he writes
She is taken to where she never thought she'd travel
To where fantasy seems a reality
As eyes so affix themselves to the words, the meaning
The heart gets a hold of emotions
It races, increasing, with each word, each syllable
With deep breaths, to this place she returns
The heated midday sun is cool compared to her now
As words transform her quiet day
Into a raging pool of need and want
She so succumbs to the overpowering lust of sensuality
As her discretion is cast aside
Her eyes close upon the very last word read
Her heart and body tremble
As a quake, undeniable to all,
Takes her to the apex of poet's mountain
And back again
Returning her to her world
And to the next poem to read*

Giving In To Lunacy

As echoes of voices resound in my head
My eyes, they then strain as I tumble from bed
So loud is the nonsense that's calling me on
As I listen to voices speaking right and some wrong
My response becomes louder as I shriek with each sound
For so many, many voices are there to be found
Each one is quite distinct in its very own way
But, with one thing in common, they have something to say
The more that I listen, the less that I know
As they all pull me downward, so down I must go
My descent to the unknown, a spiraling fear
With hopes that when fallen, there's nothing to hear

Question of Self

When you look in the mirror
Who do you see?
Is it the person you feel you are
Or what others tell you to be?
Do you ever feel good enough?
Or even able to cope?
Do the opinions of others
Diminish your hope?
When the darkness of night
Shades the sunshine of day
Can you be honest with the image
Or do you still look away?

Next time you look in that mirror
Accept the image that you see
Build on the truth in that light
And just allow yourself
To be

Let's Make This True

Oh, to dance free as the moon bathes us in light
Basking in God's eternal luminary glow
This is what I wish for, this evening, my darling
This is my dream, I want you to know

The night's music calls out to us both, melodically
As hand in hand, we traverse the glen
The moon catches and highlights your natural beauty
As I fall in love all over again

Praying this evening to never end,
Woe, if ever to end!

The perfumes of flowers, such as lilacs and roses
Entice us; carry us, to where we belong
Wafted on breezes, there on clouds we are floating
As we dance to evenings sweetest of songs

Where, here in embrace, I hold you so tightly
With never an intention of letting go
My darling, our heartbeats, regale us in unison
As gently we sway, lasting and slow

Basking in God's eternal luminary glow
This is my dream, I want you to know

Self Pity

Alive this night, I try to be
While candle flickers on display
The room, prison, my lock, no key
My bed, my life, in disarray

My thoughts, unsure, they hold no weight
The phone, its ring, no tone, no sound
My family, gone, they left with hate
So left in tears, to one day drown

But yet, die not, I am still here
Thinking long and hard, still no clue
Can't bring them back, the ones held dear
So this, my life, I'm left to rue

What is this man supposed to do?
My life is death, this much is true

How to Eat a Can of Worms

A tree house high within the leaves
A crowd of friends to cheer you on
While sun shines high within the sky
And birds nearby, do sing their song
The buzzing laughter of the bees
Is noise, as silence fills the room
While friends, they stare and wait their turn
Watch a face that smiles now turn to gloom
And then the fork, it so descends
Unto the waiting open lair
To take them out and place on tongue
Because, just one had dared to dare

Explosive

Insurmountable

These feelings seem to overpower

As your breath seduces me

Calls to me

Excites the very part of me

That seems to always seek more

And needs more

I am enamored

Brilliantly blinded by beauty

Sensually, silently seduced

Reacting quietly, yet fervently

Heated to reactive tendencies

Letting my mind erupt in fantasy

As thought turns to reality

Poet's Riches

Poets ponder
They cannot squander
A stipend they do not receive

For paid in thought
Their piece of mind
Are words formed and conceived

A tale of sorts
Depiction of life
Even death if they so choose

Sometimes humor
So often, strife
Sometimes fake and sometimes true

To live on poetry
Getting paid for thoughts
Is not within the poets reach

That's why they work
Many various jobs
Laborers, professionals, and some, they teach

Within their thoughts
Their written words
Lies the life for which they wish

For there in mind
Though pockets bare
The poet knows, within, he's rich

As thought has value
But not of dollar
Intrinsic is what it shall always be

The poet stands
Not then with riches
But pride in thought, his dignity

Evening Vigil

She sits by candlelight
Surveying the room for imperfections
Noticing details of life collected through artifacts
And knickknacks that adorn her walls

She exhibits patience
A virtue reserved for those wanting
Needing to have something more, but resists
The temptation to fight harder

She can be anyone
But she is herself, retaining pride
Feeling within her that dignity bears importance
That relationships are more than couples

She is wise beyond us all
As she had loved and still loves
Keeping her heart intact, using it carefully
As she waits for her man to come home to her

The World Needs Poets

The beating heart, the thinking mind
These, my friends, are the tools of our art.
We are as much bound to our art
As it is bound to us, within us, ingrained into us.
For a man can look upon the sunset and see the sun descend.
But we, people of our craft, poets, look upon the sunset and stop.
We watch, discern and focus. We interpret it and share it with others.
We see a painting already painted and the layman sees the canvas.
My friends, the world that we live in may not understand us,
But, it remains our obligation to let our talents thrive
And share them with the world, regardless of reaction.
So, when you awaken tomorrow and the sun shines upon you,
Or, if the skies are grey, but alive with action,
Take the time to witness, record, focus and share.
The world would be a far-off worse place without us.

The Secret Place of Fanny McFluff

Little Fanny McFluff was of eight years and so very bright
She'd take a book and flashlight and read through the night
She would awaken when the sun kissed her high on the brow
And smile for her mother when told to milk the cow
Her chores were done early, each day, before school
She would run for her bus and obey every rule
Her lighthearted ways brought smiles to the town
As little Fanny McFluff would never own a frown

It was a warm summer day, though, that she was out and around
She caught a glimpse of a rabbit and she made not a sound
She hoped to then follow, to see where it would go
But was in for a surprise when she had fallen down its hole
So big and so ample, its home seemed to be
The rabbit turned around, surprised then to see
A person, no a girl, had entered its lair
So quickly it hopped and got out of there

Fanny, she liked this place that she had found
Alone, in this hole, below solid ground
She swore, with a flashlight, at night she'd come back
With decorations galore, packed in a sack
She prettied it up, with an old rug on the floor
She brought in some dolls and still had much more
Though she could not stand, she stayed on her knees
She made it so pretty, minding not the tight squeeze

Each day she'd return, with a warm smile on her face
As she knew it was hers, it was her secret place
She'd read and she'd sing, she'd write and she'd play

She'd be in that place almost every summer day
Sadly, one day a storm had come as a surprise
Where water filled the hole and boy did it rise
Because Fanny had her time, upset she was not
She was ever so grateful for the time that she got

Fanny kept that place in her mind and forever in her heart
The memories will live on and forever be a part
Often many days after, she would sit and recall
How there in that place she would have such a ball
So, Fanny to herself, locked her secret away
She unlocked it fondly, almost once every day
It seems that a secret place was not hard to find
Fanny McFluff kept her secret place, there, in her mind

Before You (Ottava Rima Style)

I stand here before you, broken, nude
Shattered hopes, dreams, they fell apart
Wanting not, but seemed to be subdued
Within my hands, I hold my dying heart
With feelings that I never can allude
I give to you, to make it beat, to start

Allowing then my life to start this day
So take it, leave it not within its disarray

The way you hold, it offers me a light
A brilliance, strong, that serves to give so much
Like hands on fire, you bring it to ignite
Just by your taking and giving it your touch
Offering then a future so very bright
Because you have it there within your clutch

Oh gentle soul, such meaning you do give
Allowing me yet again, this day to live

There They Lie

Unbridled passion in field there show
As lovers face to hold and kiss
Left to thine own eyes to know
What's meant by sharing lover's bliss

Albeit then the sun descends
Upon the two who lie and sleep
As dreams enact and bodies mend
I watch and wait, while there they keep

The one true sign of love, they sleep
Embraced in hold... each other to keep

Sun's Rise (Pantoum style)

When cometh the sun upon the mornings dew
The birds will chirp in harmonious pure delight
As it raises and casts shadow then on the earth
We welcome the dawn so to let go of the night

The birds will chirp in harmonious pure delight
Serenading us as we share in a morning's kiss
We welcome the dawn so to let go of the night
We recognize it well for its beauty and its bliss

Serenading us as we share in a morning's kiss
We delight in the sounds that play for us two
We recognize it well for its beauty and its bliss
As we welcome each other as we so often do

We delight in the sounds that play for us two
While we take each other into a tight embrace
As we welcome each other as we so often do
I kiss you tenderly as I stare into your face

While we take each other into a tight embrace
The sun tilts its head, blushing from the view
I kiss you tenderly as I stare into your face
As the sun rises, I shall make love with you

The sun tilts its head, blushing from the view
As it raises and casts shadow then on the earth
As the sun rises, I shall make love with you

When cometh the sun upon the mornings dew

Source of Light

Worlds apart, yet so very close
Letting two hearts beat as one
The sun shines upon us both
Until the evening moon does come
We share a place we call our own
When the moon so sheds its light
We meet there, in shadow cast
As day turns into night

You wait for me in lover's robe
As I enter into view
The smile that you give to me
I return it back to you
With your hand, you take my own
You lead me to your tree
Beneath the arms, its mighty limbs
We share love, you and me

Betwixt by nighttime's hidden glow
Our hearts emit one light
Caressing skin, with lips so soft
We bathe in sheer delight
As the moon so soon descends
To the other side of the earth
We whisper in each other's ears
A thanks for our rebirth

I'll Cry with the Angels

The angels had wept the day you had passed
Tears, unbearable, forever to last
Even to this day, remnants remain
On the faces of many, reflecting the pain
The anguish, unbearable, disheartening so
Saddened by loss that you had to go
Beyond comprehension, could not understand
Why you were taken, my love, from my hands

Yet, each time there is sunshine, rays shining down
I feel of your presence, I sense you around
I cannot explain this, the feeling, the rise
I can swear I can see you before my own eyes
In the presence of clouds as they take on a shape
In reflective blue waters or the ripples of lakes
In the flowers that grow to reach to the sky
In the bluebirds I watch that always soar by

I smell on each breeze a reminder of you
The cutting of grass after first morning's dew
While springtime lilacs may die out and fall
I still smell the essence like a fragrant recall
Within these reminders I keep you with me
With hopes to one day be able to see
Until that day comes, I know you're beside
So for now my dear loved one, with the angels I'll cry

The Craven Raven

To speak the words of famous lore
He backs away forevermore
For he's afraid to quote the words
He dares not say them, "Never more"

So timid, he, he trembles true
Though black as night, his heart is blue
He dare not draw attentions light
To hide in shade, he means to do

Carpathian Curse

The light of the moon serves as source
For my once beating heart, now still
As I wander the lonely corridors of time
Eternal, to grip my breathless, lifeless chest
Each day's a seductress, but surely my death
For the awaking moon is my life, my morning
To then search high and low for fulfillment
Only to be left with blood of life, not my own
Oh, the pain of the never aging flesh I retain
It serves as the captor, the origin of my demise

Apology to Martha (all Beatles' Song Titles)

Martha, my dear,

I'm a loser. Everybody's trying to be my baby. Help! Every little thing, in my life, tomorrow never knows. Tell me what you see. Don't pass me by. It's all too much. All you need is love. I want you. Come together, let it be. Oh! Darling, Here comes the sun. I want to tell you, here, there and everywhere, if I needed someone, I need you.

From me to you,

Mr Moonlight

Dying to Say

As the feather drifted from the sky
I felt my heart plunge before it
To the depths of the sea it descended
Meeting with a doomed watery end

~~~~~

The bird I released lost feathers as it went  
Flying off into the sunset forgetting its way  
Leaving me to wonder of its safety, its flight  
With my heart I gave it a message to send

~~~~~

I knew deeply that the recipient wouldn't read
Rather would not receive the letter I had written
My hope had sunk with my heart into the sea
Leaving me on the cliffs of Devil's Descent

~~~~~

As I watched the bird fly, the note had fallen  
Descending, as well, like hope to its watery death  
Standing on the edge now, watching in anger  
I immediately fell into my lover's lament

~~~~~

I send to you, sweet, your freedom to love
Take flight in your life, hold on to your peace
Take my heart with you, daily be strong
I will walk besides always, remember me dear

~~~~~

The breeze in the morning that touches your skin  
Will be sent from me with intentions to soothe  
The smell of the musk wafting gently as it goes  
Will show of my presence, so dare not have fear

~~~~~

I love you my darling, though you may not see
Know deep in your heart, intentions were pure
The message I sent that has fallen astray

Should be carried internal, year after year

~~~~~

Now, as I say these final words of undying love

I look to where my heart has gone and I see

We will be together one day, I know for sure

If you hear of my passing, shed not a tear

## Love Will Be Thy Sword

No steed for him, his feet just fine  
as he stands with conviction and power.  
For he knows his destiny, his job to do,  
from evil he would never cower.  
He fights for the right! He fights for the Light,  
The One true God, the Lord.  
So, Michael approaches the devil himself  
with his hand upon his sword.  
It is for He and be it His will  
that Michael uses his power.  
The devil's fate, his destiny,  
is met this final hour.  
An angel, himself, Satan he is,  
but he just wanted it all  
and God being the god He is  
sent Michael to make him fall.

Be cast down from heaven, oh ungrateful one!  
Be cast down to live out your days!  
God has granted the power you sought,  
but gave it in other ways.  
Live out your life in darkness with fire.  
Be cursed to Hell below!  
Seek out your victims, or subjects you say  
from the seeds that you will sow.  
Evil, now upon knowing defeat  
was forced to leave the clouds.  
Michael, left standing upon his feet  
was tall and strong and proud.  
He fought off the evil that came to fight.  
He fought for the grace of his Lord.  
He fought for the good and all that is right  
with pride, honor and sword.

So, even today, as we go into battle  
ready to fight for the Lord,  
remember always, your heart is your shield  
and love will be thy sword!



## Ode to the Poet

The words you share, they touch the heart  
Coming from yours it seems a natural thing  
The thoughts, the care, the love you impart  
Make me just read so, again and again

I take each write, so penned by you all  
Take them, consume them, live them, I do  
Within the words I become enthralled  
To live vicariously, making all true

Sometimes I read them more than one time  
For the words are so lovely, I simply must  
I fall in love with the stories and rhyme  
I swim in the ink, of this you can trust

I enjoy all the words to get lost in the read  
Let your poet's ink write. Let your poet's heart bleed.

## Be One This Day (9-11 remembrance)

I was there that morning  
When Satan wielded might  
As clouds of fury blotted day  
And blocked the sun from sight  
The many that had perished  
Had no real time to flee  
As two fell from the city view  
And changed our history

~~~~~

I never really understood
Why I came out alive
The hows, whys, the why not them
Just why did I survive?
So many, many people
Of so much value, more than I
Were held in Satan's lasting grip
And from this world did fly

~~~~~

Now I must proclaim, upon this day  
Our lives to live should all be cherished  
Remember well the hows and whys  
And all those loved, that perished  
With pounding hearts and deep-laid breaths  
Let's all provide them reverence  
Permitting our undying unity  
Allowing not our severance

## Cursed Loneliness

In the dark moments of morning, as the sun is yet to rise  
A faceless form awakens, inspiring chilling cries  
It lurks within the darkness, while unaware, we sleep  
As many shall fall victim in the dormant hours they keep  
~~~V~~~V~~~

The moonlight beckons wandering, as it hauntingly entreats
Selecting its new victims from the souls that dare to meet
With charm and a seduction, enticing all who are about
After a quick salutation, they then give in to shout
~~~V~~~V~~~

The faceless form reveals them, all it really needs  
Taking from them blood of life, on which it only feeds  
A curse bestowed in days of yore when another fed on it  
Living on, in death's cold grasp, because of once been bit  
~~~V~~~V~~~

Alone it ever wanders, through the dark corridors of life
Invading all our nightmares, with stabs there like a knife
Sad though, all it really wants is to live and to be seen
For it must live its life alone, in the hours, in between

Life's Circumference

It was at that very moment
I knew of my importance
My value
My worth
Something I was unsure of
Since the day of my birth

3 days earlier...

While walking the streets of Manhattan
Minding my own business
Something happened
It was summer,
The sun felt warm
The girls were even hotter
I was watching this one
Ice cream in hand
Licking and walking at the same time
Too much!
When something caught my eye
A cab
Speeding, approaching really fast
Thought was thrown from my mind
I acted on instinct
I grabbed the girl.
Vroom, the cab went whizzing by.
She thanked me
We exchanged names
Said goodbye

Next day...

That girl was leaving work
For the 5:13 at Penn
When at the top of the stairs
She saw a man stumble
If not for her quick thinking
He would have gone down hard
With terrible consequences
She reached, her hand out
Pulled his Perry Ellis jacket
Saving his life
Embarrassed,
He said thanks
And walked away

The next day...

The clumsy man
Stepping from a newspaper stand
Noticed another man
Walking fast, almost running
But wearing a suit
He questioned this and took note
He watched as the man
Ducked into a nearby doorway
Not five minutes later
Saw police running the same route
Directed them
And walked off
The running man
Was stopped
Just before
He could kill the old woman
He was robbing of fifteen dollars

Today...

While stepping from a curb
I heard a scream
An old woman's voice
Called, "Sir! Sir!"
I turned
Just as the bus
Was about to run me over
I thanked the woman
Who said
She only wanted to say
That she noticed a stain
On my jacket.

It was at that very moment
I knew of our importance
Our value
Our worth
Something I was unsure of
Since the day of my birth

Lover's Plea (abecedarian format)

Albeit I may not be that special someone
But fate has led me to your door
Casting negativity created to its wasteland
Defining chances, now yet to explore
Explaining to you, truly, is never that easy
For your beauty always makes me lose control
Granted, I manage to say some things, you see
Hoping you'll come with me, together to be whole
I only pray that you will one day see me
Just as I wished, forever for you
Keep in your heart an open door, freely
Leaving me chances to make love then true
My only goal is to see that you're happy
Never to make you feel guilt or restrict
Open yourself to wondrous possibilities
Permit then yourself, no pain to inflict
Quarantine your heart, protect it from sorrow
Realize please darling, love is so great
Surely, you'll see that dreams of tomorrow
Tempt us today, to alter our fate
Until then darling, take this with you
Vacant hearts need passion to thrive
With that in mind, remember this true
'Xpressing my love keeps me alive

Your love returned to one day be true
Zephyrs of love, I blow back to you

The Whys of Jack and Jill

She said, "Why don't the two of us go up there and see what we could find?"

He said, hesitantly, "Okay, but are you sure you're ready?"

She said while staring, "I've never been so ready, my love"

"Fine then, let's have a go at it, no regrets", he said.

They climbed and climbed, knowing what to expect.

Each wanted the other equally, knowing the dangers.

He and she together will be able to speak of this moment
forever to their children and their children's children.

He knew he could take her to the top and

she knew that once there; she would never want to leave.

They were two lovers, always seeking, never knowing
what would happen next but would always embrace their time.

With her hand in his and a bucket in the other,

he had lost his footing and fell back down to where they began.

She, never letting go, only wanting to be with him,

went tumbling down as well, landing on top of him.

They would love and live to try again another day.

The Sea is a Mistress

The mighty vessel outward sailed
Unto the vastness of the sea
Where, lingering moon and vibrant sun
Cast brightest blue and vivid green

The splendid ship named Sea Spray Sway
Held captive men to sailors make
For to the sea, they made their vows
And of their hearts, the sea did take

For fifteen days so lost at sea
Their rations dwindled and spirits died
Deaths occurred and fights ensued
Until, from crow's nest, land was spied

No land as wondrous as they found
For carried them to there, the tide
Though seeking life from solid ground
They'd not give up the sea, their bride

Seasonal Adaptation

As warmth of breath ends on Autumn's eve
I ponder expectations yet to achieve
And still through change, I must believe
That tomorrow... will be better

While the sun now sets an earlier chime
I ponder thoughts of wasted time
And all those hills I've yet to climb
As we approach the cooler weather

In the ever-changing landscape of Fall
All those many moments I now recall
Will serve as reminders on my wall
That tomorrow...must be better

Alas, as summer's many days descend
I must realize it's not an end
Just a time to now transcend
To make tomorrow...better

Yesterday Came

I was awake, but didn't hear the knock,
when yesterday came to my door.
Here I am today, regretting the fact
that yesterday is now no more.
It came with an offer to change my life.
Opportunities were to be mine.
But I, in fact, let yesterday go
and now it is all behind.
So, when days come to knock upon your door,
be sure to open it wide.
Let them know you are ready for
whatever they give you to try.
Then you will be the better off
for have given the day its due.
The day will be sure to open up
the future that is promised to you.

Nothing to Write About

Where once was laid an ink-soaked quill
Now void of presence, stories, and time
Yet, with thoughts to write, but lacking will
I refrain from the effort, on emptiness dine

My heart, it wishes to spew forth verse
But alas, the mind it takes no flight
Here I stand, for no better nor worse
Agape at the tools viewed there under light

To take of the seat of wooden support
Or lean on the desk so upright and waiting
I find not the words, no lingual rapport
While my mind echoes strong, still hesitating

Yet, know in my heart I have something to say
But I know not of subject, to pen you a verse
Then here I will stand and remain here all day
Or die of this block, whichever comes first

I Toast to Love

*****seek

*****love

*****by

*****being

**able

to***

share

love*

with*

the**

world

Then toast the many new loves you'd found

My Hope Still Floats

Where on this very ship I travel

Upon the waves so crested strong

The mast it breaks, the sails unravel

For here is where I don't belong

My heart is there with you, my dear

But, on this sea, alone, am I

With dreams to just then hold you near

As soon this ship will sink, I'll die

Yet, for the love that we had shared

I'm grateful then and this I cry

But, if the sun should warm the bow

Calm the waves that break the stern

I'll pray again, that here and now

My love for you forever burns

As God may take me in his hands

Sparing my life then on this day

I'll find you on those distant lands

I will, my love, of this I say

My heart forever remains just yours

To see you again, this too, I pray

My Hope Still Floats II

Upon the lands, so wishing venture
The light of love's a beacon of hope
For I will come, I'm so indentured
Together, life, we'll learn to cope
The rain subsides now on my vessel
My hands grasp firmly on the wheel
The ship, with sea, no longer wrestles
As now I know a future, real

My prayers were answered, sure and true
I'll come to you, this now I say

My prison, sea, it held with fury
My heart set free, I'm on my course
My love is strong, to not be buried
As you became my guiding force
Oh, stand on shore, wait my arrival
I'll be there with you in short a time
You are the reason for my survival
If lost, then that would be the crime

For losing you was not an option
With you then, my heart's bells chime

They Share a Kiss

Two hearts that meet upon the shore,
One day of bliss, there can't be more.
Though enthralled, deep within a kiss,
Thinking, their lives, they both would miss.

These two souls that sparked a fire
Knew, inside, of their desire,
The wanton act of untamed heat
On that one day, that they would meet.

They felt their longing deep inside,
The feelings they knew, both should hide.
For they both knew their selfish gain
Would hurt some others and bring shame.

They still kept passion as their friend.
Be rest assured that cannot end.
The fires deep within their soul
Kept burning on, out of control.

The lovers knew, as friends, should be.
Perhaps one day, some chance, they'll see.
Until that day of lover's bliss,
As friends for now, they share a kiss.

Grave, Indeed

Eyes have somewhat adjusted
Hands are almost in view
The air is dry and falling short
I'm thinking now of you

The immediate world is stifling
But you can set me free
Come seek, my love, find me here
Please come now and save me

Oh, bring me from this darkness
The air it now draws thin
My love, I'm still waiting here
A shallow grave I'm in

Like being buried, yet alive,
Are feelings I'll know best
Until you come to save me, dear
Until love manifests

Hanging on Love

When the sun's burning
arms outreach
it's warming
oriflammes,
they cup the
moon within its hands,
the wild night it tames.
The moon surrenders
to the sun, for the mighty
heat it feels. Yet, the sun
asks not then for submission
but offers to it, its zeal.
It desires to share
in, of the sky
as two that shine as one,
to come together
hanging high
the moon and lover sun.

In My English Garden

As I wander through this English garden
I am enamored by the beauty, pristine
From the dahlia, hibiscus, and lavender
To the scents that could almost be seen
Among all the flowers, there's one there, alone
Which stands out above all the rest
That single red rose, high on its stem
Is the flower of which I'm obsessed

That rose tells the world of its story
How despite the mighty winds blow
To the rains that come down and oh they come down
The rose just wants you to know
It grows there so tall and alone now
Due to its unwavering undying will
Pushes past rocks, the crust of the earth
Just to remain in this garden, yet still

When I wander through this English garden
To the table set there for some tea
I smile at that rose that forever grows
Because I feel that it grew there.... For me

Half Century Ink (see photo in my gallery)

I waited and waited for many a year
Was never able to make a decision
My daughter, she pushed me and prodded me on
But I just didn't have her clear vision

She said, Dad you turn 50, it's reason for sure
Don't you really think it's now the time?
I'll call them for you and make the appointment
Will you think of a real cool design?

I pondered the idea of something I'd like
Also, just where I'd like it to be
I gave my ideas to the artist I met
And asked him to design it for me

He asked for some time to get it all ready
Said the design was not one that he knew
But just one week later when I had returned
He had shown me this real wild tattoo

Outside of my bicep, my left arm displayed
Proved perfect for this piece of art
So, I took off my shirt and gave him my arm
As this man then proceeded to start

After 3 hours, such diligence deployed
My arm had birthed a new swagger
With my new black and white, a little blood red
Displayed was my heart stabbed with dagger

Dreams Whispered Secrets

Go gently whispered secrets, go gently into night
Take with them the blessings that carry forth to light
Let them find the one they seek, the one I do adore
Go gently whispered secrets, I ask for nothing more

Go softly whispered secrets, go softly, find her there
Take with them intentions to let her know I care
Let them find her, share with her, the thoughts that I now send
Go softly whispered secrets before night comes to end

Critique?

What does one say who has nothing to say?
Do you comment on rhyme or subject of verse?
But what if the words really do not make sense
Do you give a "HI" or a "WOW" or isn't that worse?
What if the author just misspelled most words
Or worse yet, they messed up the grammar?
So, what do you say if that's truly the case?
Do you sugarcoat or bring down the hammer?
Does it make any sense to disparage the write
To tell them they used the wrong words?
Or, does it help, in fact, if you tell them the truth
By saying the whole thing's absurd?
If a writer of writes had written so poorly
And from the very first line you stop reading,
What say you then? Do you tell them the truth,
Or find yourself further retreating?

Left to Die

I thought t'was there just yesterday
But nay, I see it not
The sun has gone, it's disappeared
As now I feel distraught

My working eyes, they dare not seek
To find one to replace
For the sun that melted my cold heart
Shines not upon my face

My lips, that with my tongue, so sang
Are deplete of lovely tune
The sun has gone for all my days
And with it, went the moon

Alas, this darkness, that now enshrouds
It blankets with a grip
I'll miss my sun and midnight moon
As I slumber in this crypt

Escaping

Snared within the tangled web, so weaved
I am just not sure who to believe
The trusted ones, they have deceived
Leaving me... way behind

I fight to gain my footing, needed
But those trusted ones, they have succeeded
At leaving me to feel defeated
Having been messing... with my mind

But, down within, I can hope for light
Not falling victim to the night
With a flame of hope set to ignite
I'll yet struggle... to be free

With each hand outward I'll take a hold
And each foot forward, not be controlled
With my inner self to be extolled
I'm just learning... to be me

Dare I Dream?

I can dream, stimulating the senses
That spike eagerly within the depths
Of passion's tumultuous being

Like a life I've never experienced
I erupt in a volcano of thought
And physical release

It is an explosion of full force
Allowing the light of day to dispel
Permitting the entrance
And exit
Of highlighted
Orgasmic fantasy

Transformative

As the Autumnal chill
Encroaches on my still present Summer mind
I allow the new placement of the setting sun
And its earlier departure
To influence my being

Appetites currently change
As does the attire we now seasonally adorn
Colors presently rule the reposing limbs
That prior, had stretched
To touch the sun

While Autumn so sets
This region clearly redefines its lifestyle
We awaken to new scents of burnt brush
And the added pleasure
Of baked pies

Life, having adjusted,
Takes pleasure in the many various changes
As we settle into the new routines
Which remain ironic
As Winter fast approaches

Love Now Devoid

When winter is over
And springtime begins
Will you still need me
Or will it all end
Will the wintertime stars
That had faded away
Reside in dark permanence
Ne'er again to display

The times that we shared
Those moments of joy
The love of two beings
Is one, now devoid

As summer takes over
New warmth in the sun
There's no use for two
Just enough for the one
But I'll often think of
Those cold winter times
That brought us together
To heat those cold nights

The times that we shared
Those moments of joy
The love of two beings
Is one, now devoid

On Writing and Words

I could take the world within my grasp, spin it, and write
eloquently
The moon could inspire many a romantic image and
phrase
I could speak of the depths of the sea or speak
philosophically,
Or write about almost anything, to leave most of you
amazed
But, here and now, I choose to be just so silly, be just me
For poetry need not endure the pain and wrath of just one
form
Or subject matter, why must it always be of love, you see?
While variation of subject and style can be the new norm
Take up the license that each poet is issued and so carries
Utilize the changing roads and the directions for your
course
Take your time though, for writing is better when
unhurried
As your words will fall in place and stay a natural force

I'd give you the blood of my heart

I'd give you the blood of my heart
Sacrificing all my very morrows
To know you are happy, content,
I'd accept all the days' sorrows.

For t'is the smile you would give to me
That would forever flow in my veins
To see sunshine always on your face
My face would forever bear the rains.

I'd give you the blood of my heart
Forever knowing that you would be
Living proof of love given, true
A gift...only the lucky ones see.

For t'is the smiling eyes of your face
That would bring a smile there, to mine
To know that you're not in darkness
Rather, there, in sunshine.

I'd make all the sacrifices, needed,
Knowing, that I would then part.
In order to leave as a happy man
I'd give you the blood of my heart

Passionate Moon

Oh, liquid moon
You drip the essence of romance
Beauty,
light,
nighttime passion

You are the embodiment of love's circumference
Where one shows love, one receives love

Your light shines as my beacon
The true source of power, strength, and heart

Light yourself now for others
Letting them take in all that is you
A symbol of eternity, perpetuality
And dripping romance

Unending

I lay awake in the early morning hours
Sweat pouring from my body
Mind is not here, it is with you
My body aches, wanting, needing

I can see us
Fervently making love in the moonlight
Devouring each other
Driving each other
Crazy with want
With heat
All with the exploring nature
Of new lovers
Feeling like we shouldn't
But yet excited in the moment
In the never ending desire
Of making each other explode
Over
And over again

When will my restless nights cease?
For fantasy to be reality
When?

Oh tormented soul
Drink in the thoughts of the fantasy
Languish in the fluidity of movement
And savor each taste and morsel
Of the nighttime offering

Under the Moon

When life offers not a chance of hope
The world seems overshadowed by grief
It is you, who provides that which helps me cope
And your heart that presents such sweet relief

Within you, I have not only found a friend
I now have someone who shares a light
This is something I pray that never ends
And something I treasure almost every night

For exposed by the moon, its radiant beacon
We two can be whomever we wish to be
We can be children, friends or even lovers
For there is where we write our fantasy

Love's Infliction, My Inflection

Summer's sweetness lies upon the shores of tomorrow
As today's bitterness is cast upon the craggy jettison
Left to die is the presence of torment and sorrow
As the only cure is this symbolic medicine

As I stand on this shore now daydreaming
My eyes find their focus on the view
While my heart's inside screaming
I can't get my mind off of you

Wishful Thinking

Where goes the world of peace that we as children took for granted?
Have we not done enough to this world, its people?
Life, the gift of birth, is a common thread between us all
We must rely on the commonality of humanness in order to save humanity
Else, we falter, we perish in the rubble of defiance, destruction, and disrepair

Where are those leaders that have promised change?
They seem to now cower in their provided for castles
Using the many subjects as shields, breaking the promises they made
Ultimately destroying the hopes and constructing only bitterness
Among the many that allowed themselves to be used as pawns

I challenge the world to join a unified solution
There are so many "International days of" on the internet
Why can't there be a day of International Peace
A day where the world puts down defenses and offenses
With a hopeful success that would lead to a week, month, years, decades

Let us see children smile again, not see them as subjects
On the nightly evening news
They are meant to carry forth our world
Not be caretakers of the barren and desolate
But to be gardeners of this once green filled earth