

Multicolored Butterflies

Ed Ehren



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

Dedicated to Ruby Ehren, beloved Angel and Mother ? ?

About the author

My name is Ed Ehren. I was born in Detroit, MI. I was raised in Oak Park, MI. Currently residing in Livonia, MI. Soon to be relocating to Royal Oak, MI. Whether it's free verse or rhyme, poetry has long fascinated and enthralled me and has given an introvert like myself an opportunity to artistically express himself ?

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Bequeathed Reflection

Genteel lines drawn on papery skin
The contours of which are found deep within
So one can determine just where They've been
And if They'd rather go back with Them
Back to a time when We were young
When the light in Her eyes rivaled that of the sun
When garnered memories were those for reflection
When our love was a map and our hearts the directions
When romance defined by feelings unsure
Usurped that shared by those more mature
Eyes of translucence, as if made of glass
A sliver of which reflects on Her past
That of which has gone by too fast
Though one that is destined to forever last
Crushed velvet melted in a glistening hue
Channeling spirits and the last breath They drew
Succinct strokes of a painter disguise
The beauty one sees when They look in Her eyes
That which one may be quick to dismiss
Though that which another confirms with a kiss
As the day enjoys its last flickers of light
And the flame it's darkness before it ignites
As the amber and rose of an evening decor
Let one know that They've looked into these eyes before
Just as a novel's last line is the hardest
And the subject becomes at one with the artist
My muse and I now yield our time
So You can pen that one last rhyme

The Beautiful Maiden

I see a beautiful maiden
With a beautiful bow in Her hair
Her beauty second to no one's
And that which is beyond compare
I stare at Her in the distance
And have a poem in mind
One that has yet to be written
Yet one She'll inspire in time
A rare vision of perfection
Her face void of blemish or flaw
A portrait that in a thousand years hence
Will still be looked at with awe
When those of that generation
Will wish They could've been there
To see who by means of Her beauty
Caused the world to rise up from despair
And they, themselves, be inspired to write
About whom through the annals of lore
Will have become all too familiar
To whom She was not before
For this beautiful maiden
Will not be exclusive to Me
For so long as I tell Her story
She will live on posthumously
When fate chooses to call Me home
And I get to see Her again
And the story that I've written
Gets closer to reaching its end
I will not brag or be boastful
I will merely tell You the truth
That I knew this beautiful maiden
When She and I were in our youth
Though the subsequent years

Have not been kind to Me
I'm old,I'm sad,I'm tired
As one might expect Me to be
But so long as I've these memories
Until the day I die
Do not weep or mourn for Me My friend
For I'll never say Goodbye
And if by chance or circumstance
The maiden reappears
Please tell Her that I can't wait
Another thousand years
When those of that generation
Will have the good fortune to see
This beautiful maiden I've written about
And pen some more poetry
But,for now,My tale is finished
There's no more story to tell
I bid adieu to my beautiful maiden
And You a fond farewell

The Piano Player

An Angel plays the piano
Leaving all of Heaven aghast
An instrumental homage
To all of those who have passed
Each of the 88 keys
That She tickles with such precision
A Maestro giving a masterclass
As a surgeon with a incision
The pouring rain gently weeps
At thoughts of solitude
Giving hope to those who've none
Just like the Apostle Jude
The populace inhabiting Heaven
Is not like that of below
No sickness or shortage of wisdom
No matter where one may go
The true meaning of a utopia
As perfect as perfect can be
Where those who were deaf can hear
And those who were blind can see
Where family members who have passed
Can see Their loved ones again
For in Heaven there are no enemies
Just an ongoing circle of friends
Where I'll get to see My Mom
Playing piano one day
Her face The one of Her youth
With a smile only She can convey
Her skin smooth and void of wrinkles
And the first thing she'll say to Me
Is that I've been waiting all these years
To extend my apologies
For leaving You and Your Sister

On that October day in '19
Leaving My royal family
Without who'd become its queen
And whether forgiven or not
I'll keep playing the piano for You
For after all these years
It's the least that I can do
For while I've been waiting for You
I've been composing a song
That will let You know I'm not only an Angel
I'm also, forever, Your Mom
So, Mom, do not apologize
Let me do so instead
For all the bad things that I did
Not to mention what was said
And Just let me thank You
For everything You've done
For You'll always be my Goddess
And I your sole begotten son

The Essence of Intimacy

I look in Your eyes
And see a Midnight surprise
As will be the case
Until one of us dies
Whispers of darkness increase as the light
Crescendos in brightness on this crisp autumn night
What has yet to be spoken will soon be revealed
As will be the secrets We've tried hard to conceal
As dark fast approaches, We awaken anew
The world as our church and each other our pew
Flowers evolve from where there were none
Of which we pick all as opposed to just one
In a world where reality is merely facade
And that which appears perfect turns out to be flawed
Sunbeams reflect on a forest of trees
Summoning beauty to an endless degree
As fractions of light make their way through our midst
We try to resist them, but, instead, they insist
The epitome of unbridled desire
Burns through us both, as if it were fire
As kindling comes with embers aglow
The fabric of romance that Intimates sew
Brings an end to this tale of unabridged love
It's essence now captured as if done from above

Just What is Poetry?

Just what is poetry
Tantamount to mystery
A long forgotten entity
Interspersed with memory
A genre in which to confess
What one has yet to express
Issues yet to be addressed
With those that we wish to impress
Just what is poetry
Is it, to the enth degree
The exercise in futility
As a novice that You thought it'd be
Just what is poetry
A scrambled mass of word debris
A nonsensical anthology
For the laymen and the scholarly
That which beauty's the epitome of
That which we embrace, as if a lost love
That which we ponder forever it seems
That which has only existed in dreams
Just when we think the last line has been penned
We put pen to paper and write once again
So what is poetry, I'll ask one more time
And while You are thinking, write at least one more line
That which is either free verse or rhyme
But, as of now, I've concluded mine

Haiku's of advice

Be empathetic

Understand with compassion

Life Shall treat You well

Be a good person

Be kind, loving and giving

You'll be rewarded

Be non judgemental

Accept one for who they are

We're all imperfect

Always remember

When You see someone in need

Lend a helping hand

Haiku's of Concern

Poverty and crime
Not to mention climate change
Need to be addressed

Nobody is safe
Especially our children
Support gun control

The environment
Reduce carbon emissions
Help protect the Earth

Corruption and greed
Both parties are guilty of
Our country suffers

Political Haiku's

Donald and Biden
Are our only two options?
Are you kidding me?!

Politics Today
Is a tragic comedy
Will somebody help?

Just how screwed we are
I can't emphasize enough
The way things look now

We need somebody
Other than Trump and Biden
Immediately

Holiday Haiku's

Family and friends
Gather around the table
To celebrate life

Exchanging presents
And loving one another
As snow lightly falls

Christmas ornaments
That adorn a massive tree
Create memories

Shopping for presents
As music endlessly plays
Producing smiles

Just my Opinion

Answers aplenty
To the questions life poses
Can be found within

To put it simply
Take responsibility
Stop blaming others

Quoting another
To make oneself seem smarter
All too typical

Whichever party
Democrat or otherwise
Both have corruption

My Favorite Time of Year

September debut
Of an Autumnal showcase
Emitting beauty

Immersing ourselves
In a snow covered Winter
It's Christmassy feel

I love Thanksgiving
Amidst family and friends
Temperatures plunge

Our Mischievous side
We display on Halloween
Costumes and candy

The Beauty of the Universe

Majestic oceans
Tower above mountaintops
To kiss the blue sky

A supernova
Illuminates the night sky
Producing shock waves

Mountains and rivers
Geographic metaphors
For a changing world

Meteoric sun
It's bright and radiant glow
Encapsulating

Interspersed Haiku's

Pursuing romance
Seeking refuge in the eyes
Of a Poetess

Although sex is great
Intimacy is better
There is no climax

Some opt for romance
Others for unabridged lust
The former I choose

That whom I pursue
I've chosen to be my muse
For eternity

If I.....

If I kissed you and you turned away
Would I want I want to live another day
If I walked with you in the sand
Would you want me to hold your hand
Would your eyes bring me to tears
If they looked at me and sensed my fears
Would my tears bring your own
So that mine wouldn't be alone
If you read my poetry
What would your reaction be
Would you smile,would you cry
Would you just sit idly by
Would your tears bring my own
So that yours wouldn't be alone
If I kissed you and you turned away
How would I spend my final day

My Angel's in Heaven

After my Mother died
I attempted suicide
No one in which to confide
Depression as my only guide
Then I went to a mental ward
Where my sanity could be restored
And I could be pointed toward
A direction I chose to ignore
Then I opted to go home
Where I would be all alone
To live a life I'd never known
But, nonetheless, one on my own
For the Queen to my lowly pawn
The Doe to my helpless fawn
I must realize now had gone
As I struggle to confront the dawn
I don't know the lyrics to the song
So I just drive and hum along
And realize that life must go on
But I will always love you Mom

The girl

The sky may start out as gray
As we embark upon this day
But suddenly these eyes of blue
That beauty holds a candle to
To lighten up the sleepy day
And make these skies no longer gray
Now I ask one thing of you
Who am I referring to?
Possessing eyes of brilliant blue
It's the girl one takes a picture of
The girl the camera seems to love
The face I look at every day
To make my troubles go away
A girl who if she weren't so shy
Would look directly to the sky
And make the grayness disappear
Oh how I wish you would my dear

The Bride's Mystery

A relationship gone awry
That left you both dissatisfied
Yet saw just one break down and cry
The other choosing suicide
Before the tears had even dried
On that who would've been the bride
Of that who'd chosen to have died
Without so much as a goodbye
To that with whom he'd shared a lie
I'm sure that we can both agree
That the one who died wasn't me
Who else could've penned this poetry?
Nor was it you, one might insist
As you've been busy reading this
Trying in vain to figure out
Who or what this poems about
Would you be surprised if you knew
The person I'm referring to
Is that whom you'd least expect
One Whose life will intersect
With that Whom I'll take to the grave with me
Their everlasting secrecy
Mired in the mystery
Of that who was the bride to be

Ruby's Eyes

Her Mother named her after a gem
As She was the jewel that G-d chose to send
Shining as would the sun on a day
When the rest of the sky would appear to be gray
Parting clouds revealing patches of blue
That give the impression that they're just for you
And if you see these patches of blue
As I often have and often still do
You may realize you've a Mom like this too
But the one I written about is mine
And I'll see her face a million times
But for now ai say Goodbye
As a million tears drop from each eye

A Conversation with Mom

I looked up to the sky Today
I really didn't know what to say
So I said "Mom,you begin"
So you asked me how I'd been
"Not very well without you"
To which you replied "here's what I'll do"
I'll come down from the sky
As I have wings now you see,so now I can fly
To give you a hug and a kiss so as to ensure
That our love will be constant and always endure
And do so in a manner that we
Will feel each day until you join me
Not on Earth as we were,but in Heaven you see
But,reluctantly,I'll have to go
And though I know the tears will flow
Please know I'll always love you
To which I replied "I'll love you too"

What Should I Do Mom?

If I could swim to Heaven through my tears
Would I bring you back with me here
Or would I stay up there with you
Assuming I'm permitted to
Either way,I wouldn't care
As long as I would get to share
Some more time with you my dear
So you could wipe away my tears
So you could put your hand in mine
And say "everything will be fine"
So I could lean in for a kiss
And hear you say "no,I insist"
So you could say "We'll never part"
As you place your hand upon my heart
What would you suggest I do
Is all that I would ask of you
If I could swim to Heaven through my tears
And see you just once more my dear

Path to Intimacy

The trance of a memory stares through its past
As the sun that shades time haunts the sky through its mask
Amorous feelings of affairs not to last
Reflected upon through a paramour's glass
The auburn tinge of an opiates dust
The scream from a wind and it's subsequent gust
Silken gold retrieved from a wave
Within a blue ocean that beauty has paved
Now those who met through mere circumstance
Will now have occasion to start a romance

I Look in Your Eyes/Optical Travel

I look at your eyes and may see Paris
For the beauty that's seen is perceived as the rarest
I look in your eyes and may see Rome
For they have a beauty that they call their own
I look in your eyes and may see Spain
Descending from Heaven,as too does the rain
I look in your eyes and may see the Nile
That which stays in one's conscience,as too does your smile
I look in your eyes and may see the Thames
Not to be seen once,but again and again
I look in your eyes and may see the Rhine
If only to see them just one last time
I look in your eyes and may see the Rhone
So as to tell something to those who are waiting back home
I look in your eyes to see that they've wept
Because of a promise that I couldn't have kept
That which was to take you abroad
Beyond that which I had to see G-d
To look in his eyes so as to compare
And realize you and I are the only one's there
Because one will ever see what I do
As there is no one,but no one,like you

Volcanic Embers

A golden Pyrocastic flow
Upon a fable made of snow
Told by those who claim to know
Why volcanic embers glow
So as to see through clouds of ash
To give cyclonic grace a chance
Through whirling winds of circumstance
To catch a breeze with which to dance
To kiss that who has never been
So as not to end what will begin
As the music from a violin
Makes each note seem Shakespearian
As the tide comes in, the water flows
And brings with it a blooming rose
And brings this poem to a close
Now those who thought they'd never know
Can now tell why the embers glow

The Star and the Angel

Shimmering lanterns swimming in light
As stars that wed angels ascend into night
Darkness enlightens that which is unknown
As eyes of blue hide in an amethyst tone
The sun reflects upon cosmical oceans
As theatrical sanctums dispense their devotion
Unto that which has been written in song
Sanctity's Midnight serenaded at dawn
As shadows meander their way onto dusk
Intimates distinguishing romance from lust
Colors of mystical spirits arise
The grieving dispensing the faintest of cries
Despondent because the star that had wed
Had ended its bond with an angel undead

The Vixen and the Demon

Phosphorescent amulets, luminous demons
Souls that are lost and seem to live without reason
Indigo lanterns in pools of dark blue
Tells tales of romance that at one time were true
Kindling extinguished by a thought once dispursed
By a vixen whose beauty's reflected transverse
Mystic Angelics chant amidst fire
And dance among spirits that secrets admire
Whispers of voices these demons pursue
And capture by light in pools of dark blue
Now the reason for which the soul searched
Has been given life by a thought once dispursed
And the subsequent vixen from whom the thought came
Her beauty transfixing, yet having no name

The Storm

Lightning bolts and lightning strikes
On this hot and humid night
Dance amidst the dark's delight
To a breeze that's oh so slight
We listen to the rain
Pound against the window pane
Thunder sounding like a train
Or screams of one perceived insane
The hail descending from the sky
Like frozen tears from Heaven's eyes
An intent to merely compromise
With the drops of rain that multiply
But all of these will conclude
Or, at least, become subdued
Opting for an interlude
With what will become its solitude
The wind has calmed, the ground has dried
So we take a walk outside
To wave the storm a last goodbye
It turns and waves back at us
With an unexpected gust
Letting us know that though subdued
It still shares this interlude

If ever I turn 100

If ever I turn 100
I shall look back on my century
How I outlived all the people
Who thought they would outlive me
Much will be forgotten
Yet I'll be envious of the times
The few I will remember
Simply because they've been mine
If ever I turn 100
The year shall be '72
Counting the days until I die
For there won't be much more to do
If ever I turn 100
And can see the other side
I'll say "Hello" to my family
And goodbye to the tears that I've cried
Because no more tears in Heaven
Mimicking lyrics that I've heard before
If ever I turn 100
And knock on Heaven's door
A movie may not be based on my life
Nor a song written or penned
But if ever I live to 100
I shall see you again and again
For if after the day I turn 100
And there won't be another to see
I'll read all of Heaven this poem
So they'll be impressed by me

Game of cards

Guineas, Shekels and Pounds
And that which is akin
We put emphasis on the trivial
And discard the vital therein
Christmas and Thanksgiving
At the end of tumultuous years
A reward for what we've endured
To make us feel like Kings or Emirs
The winds to which we adhere
As they blow us through our lives
Where we rank in terms of importance
Our friends, our children, our wives
Fame, celebrity, riches
Superficial as they may be
Mere commoners who got lucky
In pursuit of their eulogy
Too immersed in our lives to realize
That we're causing our own demise
And have been since we were born
And no matter how hard one tries
We haven't the innate ability
To stop what we've begun
No matter how high we fly
Or, for that matter, how fast we run
Some may ascend to the top
Of the list of those aforementioned
Not realizing just how quickly
They can and will be questioned
As to how they got there
And the ruins left in their wake
Having so much to give
Yet in the end just opting to take
A game of cards can only be won

By those with the courage to bluff
The deuce,not the ace
In many a case
Has proven to be enough
But when the straight,the flush or full house
Is superseded by four of a kind
The game is over,our lives are done
Not by choice,but design

The Passage of Time

Poodle skirts,saddleshoes,sockhops
An era long gone by
That which can't be returned to
Except in,perhaps,one's mind
Tom Collins' and Mint Juleps
On a post war bright sunny day
A mai tai or sea breeze to follow
A chateaubriand fillet
James Dean and a blonde named Marilyn
Who one would go to the drive in to see
Not dreaming that decades later
They'd be spoken of so reverently
Automats,malt shops,soda fountains
A myriad from which to choose
And if music were your fancy
You couldn't beat rhythm and blues
But those days have long surpassed us
As have the majority who were there
When times were so much simpler
Nonchalant and free from care
Now we have to adjust
To the times we find ourselves in
Often times acting as if
We don't know where to begin
But as has been written above
One need only to look to the past
So as to get a clear picture of
How these days needn't be our last
But this fear it haunts me daily
And will 'til the day I have passed
That they may actually be
And the die's already been cast
But until that day arrives

All I need is Yesterday
To guide me towards the future
And to whisk my soul away

Beautiful Body

If one's ever seen a naked woman
Through a shower door
I've no doubt most would agree
It's not something they can ignore
Glistening breasts and dampened hair
Casually intertwined
The latter matted to her face
The former just divine
The contour of the parts of her body
That most won't be privileged to see
Their silhouettes accentuating
And adding to their mystery
Most want to act on the impulse
To touch that which is forbidden
Because nothing is more attractive
Than that which is typically hidden
Only few are granted the privilege
About whom they fantasize
To remove the mask
So as not have to ask
What's beneath the disguise
I have seen this beautiful body
Up close as well as in dreams
And when I did, I thought to myself
"This can't be as real as it seems"
For how can one be awake
And still see what they did when asleep?
The answer to that is hidden
In the thoughts and visions they keep
Someday this beautiful body
Will get reluctantly old
And some would say not as pretty
If I, indeed, may be so bold

But those will be
Who've yet to see
What I've had the pleasure to view
To whom I suggest
Or dare say behest
That they go seek out one too
So they can write their words aplenty
As I just have for you

Us vs. Them

Rolls Royces,limousines
And other artificial means
To elevate one's self esteem
And prove that they've realized their dreams
Are reserved for but a few
As the following will explain to you
For everyday that we're alive
We always struggle,always strive
For that which we can't attain
Which often leads to self disdain
In a world defined by greed
Where the privileged take from those in need
Corruption,it seems,everywhere one goes
The guilty immune to the dangers they pose
The innocent haven't even a voice
Not to mention so much as a choice
Most are hypocrites,some are traitors
As are those to whom they cater
They see themselves as deities
Superior to You and Me
Though,in the end,inferior
When exploring their interior
That of which can be seen through
By only the selected few
Enduring every waking hour
Knowing that we have no power
We have no choice but to submit
To these endless politics
Just when we think that they are done
We realize that they've just begun
But we cannot give up the fight
Though it's clear to us this is our plight
Asian,Jewish,Black and White

Who struggle, but go on despite
There being no end in sight
To that which I've written has brought to light

Looking at a Painting

Every face is a painting
Some we consider rare
Some we just glance at
At others stop and stare
Some have blonde, some have brown
Others reddish Hair
Some we are attracted to
Because of what they choose to wear
Some we choose to dance with
As though we were Fred Astaire
And they were Ginger Roger's
Or someone of comparable flair
Some we ask to listen
To a thought we choose to share
As we hope that when we're finished
That they will still be there
Some need a shoulder
On which they can cry
When life proves overwhelming
Or when somebody dies
Some we may see one day
And ask they keep in mind
That they may have inspired the painting
That, in turn, inspired these rhymes

Bejeweled Utopia

Turquoise tears create amethyst dreams
Moonlit silence calms lavender screams
Diamonds coat the Midnight sky
Piercing the stars as they go by
Covered in a crystal hue
As they romance a sky so blue
Onyx specs that paint the night
Segue into morning light
Gold shadows of whitened dawn
That delicacy descends upon
Resting in an opal sea
Of sonnetted serenity

Daydream

Imagine a day,let's say,in mid June
Just before Morning becomes Afternoon
You see a flash and then hear a boom
As a storm has arrived or one will very soon
As the branches blow off of the trees
You feel as safe as safe could be
Whether at home watching TV
Or out having brunch with a party of three
As the hail bounces off of the ground
And the leaves wantonly blow around
A clap of thunder makes a sound
That's heard by the entire town
Followed by a brilliant flash
That one sees as they're about to pass
And the peace those people say they feel
Just before they die
And swim up through the raindrops
Until they touch the sky
Can be traced back to the word
With which this poem begins
Because anything can happen
If one imagines it did

Inspiration of a Poetic Moon

The moon's an aphrodisiac
To a sky that's cloaked in black
The spirit of its pantomime
That may one day inspire rhyme
Unzip the veil to mystify
An illusion in the devil's eye
Proceed to explore what 'til then's been unknown
Words acquainted with thoughts left alone
Rain without water, body without soul
Questioning why they feel so unwhole
The answer will come, but not for some time
'Til the words that have been written define
What it's like to live within a rhyme
Inspired by its pantomime

Sands of Silence

Grains of sand
Awakening in the midst of night
To the silence of the deserted beach
Wondering why the beautiful woman
Who let the sun shine on her Today
Is with the sky Tonight
The silence responds unsolicited
That's where stars belong

The Inevitable

As we get older and years go by
Not as agile,not as spry
Closer to the day we die
The well of youth has runneth dry
We'd rather not be,yet we're honest
Faces once considered flawless
Are not the first things to befall us
Though not the last to leave us modest
Things that worked now seldom do
Some know what I'm referring to
Those who don't,be sure that you
Use them before they bid adieu
When we're born,we're already dying
Perhaps that's why we come out crying
But what if no one ever died?
No one left behind to cry
No deeds left undone,no words left unsaid
No mourners around a hospital bed
No crooked line on which we wait
For hours on end to finally go straight
No time to consider or contemplate
We may be the next to meet this fate

The Whipporwill

Imagine you're a Whipporwill
Perched atop a window sill
Perhaps atop a daffodil
Or maybe even on a hill
You spread your wings and then ascend
To be among your feathered friends
Stopping every now and then
Before ascending yet again
Your journey takes you to a tree
That you glide to effortlessly
And sit in so as to see
To what extent you are free
Free to fly anywhere
Free to fly from here to there
And have a friend with whom to share
Your adventures in the air
Then the smiles that you've given me
Cemented in my memory
For all of eternity
Just like certain poetry
You can give to that friend
Before ascending yet again
To a place where you'll feel free
Where you can glide to effortlessly

9-11

Perfection retrieved from something that's tarnished
Like calmness from anger that has yet to be harnessed
Self doubt impedes on an optimists day
Like an orator standing with nothing to say
Misery's rains poured from skies
Symbolic tears from aimless eyes
As fate dictates what has not been chosen
Continuous life,in its tracks,becomes frozen
Sadness hiding in smiles reversed
Reactions one has are those unrehearsed
As courage replaces persistent fears
We remember those we considered so dear
We can either let this moment define
And alter our course on our passage through time
Or overcome their attempts to impede
On the rights we've been given to stand and proceed
This aberrant day
When the skies turned gray
When they took away a fabric
That clothed the USA
Twenty plus years on we say
Everything will be OK
And that day which caused dismay
Will not repeat,we hope and pray

Fables of Whispering Ghosts

Ghosts that whisper in the faint ear of time
To tell it that death is not far behind
Fables beckon to float above clouds
As pride takes refuge in persistence unbowed
The wind of a flame cavorts with a spark
It's danger and beauty not that far apart
As the whispers get louder and the ghosts reappear
And the fables that beckoned emerge as sincere
The death that once was not far behind
Has ventured beyond the still virtues of time

Starting Again

There's no such thing as failure,there's just start again
And you and I shall do so my friend
What one calls a one others may call a ten
A beholder's eye on which perception depends
Dwell upon life so as to inquire
About the answers to it and the questions they sire
Just when we think we're done and retired
We've a long way to 'til we quit or we're fired
As we continue to fruitlessly pine
Knowing it's only a matter of time
Before you and I leave this world behind
By our own hand or,perhaps,by design
We try and try and fail to succeed
As principle is often usurped by greed
The latter perceived by some as a need
As if to prove that they're human,they must make themselves bleed
We can be in a crowd and still be alone
We can feel like a stranger,although we're at home
What we considered forbidden we now seem to condone
We are scared little children only physically grown
We're words in a novel that has yet to be finished
We're embers in a fire yet to be extinguished
We abandon what we used to embrace
We turn our back on what and who we once faced
Except,of course,the alluded to friend
With whom we don't fail,but just start again

Winter's White Tomb

A quiet village of electric incense
Where the cascades of white never seem to relent
A calliopes' decadence, to which is inquired
If it's whistles of steam, from a flame, have been sired
Carousels wearing a coat made of snow
Breezes that circle where winds seldom go
Winter collects memoirs it creates
As the clouds act as canvas and the snow their white paint
That within the breezes inscribed
With words meant for those whose spirits survive
Their graves adorned with roses from whom
That has yet to join them, but will very soon
From the moment that their first breath was taken
They've been in a tomb most would perceive forsaken
Empty as is life and it's meaning
That which one is living and that which came preceding
Just as he who stares at the sun
Will not be permitted the subsequent one
We lose sight of who and what we hold dear
Symbolized, all too well, by the words written here
Traced in the tears of a forgotten snow
Those that adorn this long empty chateau
Melting into what the Winter bemoans
A coat made of roses that the Spring has now sewn

Ghosts and Shadows

Cryptic eloquence in placid refuge
The diligent silence of poetic muse
The shadows of vagrants in euphoric dreams
The laughter of ghosts mistaken for screams
Keenly distressed are the poignant few
Illusions of glass that realness looks through
Silk caliope's that silhouettes serenade
Upon a mirage where evening cascades
Silver mirrors, to a coquettes dismay
Reflect upon those who mean what they say
Their silence embossing misspoken words
Dispensed by the ghosts whose laughter is heard
Shared by shadows that appear to look through
Peace and eloquence and dreams that dream too