

Multicolored Butterflies

Ed Ehren



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

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,poeetry has long fascinated and enthralled me and has given an introvert like myself an opportunity to artistically express himself ?

summary

Contradiction and dichotomy

Self Discovery

Dreaming of a Fairy Tale Masquerading as a Phantom

The Scenic Beauty of Europe

Silence

From This Day Forward

Two Sides of the Same Coin

The Shadow of a Rainbow's Compromise/Disappointing Dylan Thomas

Bequeathed Reflection

The Beautiful Maiden

The Piano Player

The Essence of Intimacy

Just What is Poetry?

Haiku's of advice

Haiku's of Concern

Political Haiku's

Holiday Haiku's

Just my Opinion

My Favorite Time of Year

The Beauty of the Universe

Interspersed Haiku's

If I.....

My Angel's in Heaven

The girl

The Bride's Mystery

Ruby's Eyes

A Conversation with Mom

What Should I Do Mom?

Path to Intimacy

I Look in Your Eyes/Optical Travel

Volcanic Embers

The Star and the Angel

The Vixen and the Demon

The Storm

If ever I turn 100

Game of cards

The Passage of Time

Beautiful Body

Us vs. Them

Looking at a Painting

Bejeweled Utopia

Daydream

Inspiration of a Poetic Moon

Sands of Silence

The Inevitable

The Whipporwill

9-11

Fables of Whispering Ghosts

Starting Again

Winter's White Tomb

Ghosts and Shadows

Contradiction and dichotomy

Speaking of the present as if it were past tense
What was once last Week is now 14 Years hence
Scattered ashes commemorate Our birth
To prepare Us for Our last Day on Earth
Life's a job and those who pass just retire
Leaving what needs to be done to those that They've sired
Like a conductor's baton bequeathed to His choir
Or a genius's thoughts to those They've inspired
Maturing into childhood while aging in reverse
One dies in the womb,another's born in a hearse
A demon is blessed and an Angel is cursed
A conflict in terms proven interspersed
One's torture most often sires Their genius
Creating a rift most often between Us
Reconciling only to drift apart
Ending a friendship before it could start
The love of oneself usurped by self hate
If just for a moment to which most can relate
As modesty gives birth to hubris
And an impressionist a cubist
Ignorant silence usurps verbally expression
Repercussions within the subsequent lesson
Trying to distinguish free verse from rhyme
Even though it may,indeed,take some time
That which is allotted to very few
Unlike the hardships that most will go through
As intimacy belies distance
Just as compliance does resistance
The first word of this poem was,in essence,it's last
Before it was born,it's die had been cast
It's epitaph written before it could breathe
Like a baby passing before it could teethe
Before it was penned,it's meaning had gone

It's sun having set before seeing it's dawn
Ambivalence within it's pending adieu
So pleased to have met,yet so sad to leave You

Self Discovery

As I embarked upon My odyssey
Albeit with false modesty
Completely unbeknownst to Me
What a cross to bear that it would be
Looked at with scrutiny wherever I go
In a manner perceived all too apropos
As the pain that life often bestows
Is most often felt by those
Who tend to leave Themselves exposed
I'd rather not count the number of times
When through the canal of an open mind
I've given birth by choice to design
To something conducive to free verse or rhyme
The carousels of snow that I've frolicked upon
That have melted as fast as the Winters have gone
I've been a portrait that has yet to be drawn
As well as the lyrics to an unfinished song
Just as a subject becomes at one with the Artist
And the light becomes at one with the darkness
An eclipse that one could look into
So They could go blind and therefore better see You
Am I the word that one thinks for two Weeks to write
Or the poem that comes to Them in one Night
To dream alone or to sleep with the masses
Opting for the former each Evening that passes
Dignity and shame share the same space
As a movie with the novel on which it's based
A block of ice embraced by the sun
Until the whole world and I melt into one
An immoral with principles the size of a dime
Eager to prove it time after time
A poet who knows when the words that He's penned
Have exhausted Their stay and must come to an end

Dreaming of a Fairy Tale Masquerading as a Phantom

Some are blessed while others are cursed
Some opt for rhyme and others free verse
Some think that romance is far more complex
Than bonds that are only defined by sex
For climaxes can't hold a candle to hearts
The latter of which are oft torn apart
Not to be put together again
Until She once more finds love on which kismet depends
Time after time
She rereads this rhyme
To muse how Her suitor
Can be so unkind
An ice cream blonde with sweetness of breath
A rejection from Her is akin to Your death
Her blue eyes that hypnotize
And subsequently romanticize
That will silence the most piercing cries
And resurrect anyone who dies
The softness of Her glance
And the permission that it grants
To kiss so lightly that who You
Have now become accustomed to
In a world where emotions are typically strewn
Amidst unfulfilled hearts that beat all alone
Her portrait of beauty cannot be diminished
Whether It's been completed or merely half finished
Dancing with a ghost with phantom blue eyes
Until the dawn gives birth to a stunning sunrise
Now this cherub whose life that You share
With whom You spend Your days free from care
Pictures of silk in velveteen dreams
Stitch together this broken heart at the seams
Now much like the bond between the moon and the sun

The Midnight hour blends Them into one

The Scenic Beauty of Europe

Think of the perfect poem to write
Where epiphany and brilliance rarely unite
Where splendor starts at the hands of Big Ben
And stretches all the way to the banks of the Seine
Where one sits and thinks for hours on end
About that which most only wish They could pen
The spector of the Eiffel Tower
Brightened by the Midnight hour
Delicate sleep sires euphoric dreams
Of the ebullience of a golden stream
The Arc de Triomphe with a rainbow above
Encapsulates what I'm thinking of
Snow covered lilles encased in frost
That embrace the luxury of being embossed
With the melancholy essence of memories lost
Having incurred and survived it's wrath
Seeking refuge in a storm's aftermath
Marigolds and primrose interperse to create
A feeling of royalty one can't abdicate
A fantasy world where one sleeps with despair
Only to wake up from the night that They shared
And realize the dreams to which They adhered
Had become a most unwelcome nightmare
Now We finally return to the Seine
To bring this poem to a merciful end
And sincerely hope that We meet again
Perhaps, next time, on the banks of the Thames

Silence

As I dwell upon those I've loved
Some still on Earth,some up above
Most I'm always thinking of
As They circle My mind on the wings of a dove
One impartial,if I may
About whom I write Today
I sincerely hope and pray
Will forever in Your conscience stay
I'll pour My heart out til it stops beating
And then the words You are now reading
Will echo in My epitaph
As a poetic photograph
That I posed for reluctantly
Though nonetheless for all to see
As I continue to opine
About whom I write about in rhymes
Ensuring that every line
Contains the vaguest clue to find
As I look into the trees
And wait for a thought to come to Me
One that shall forever be
Etched within My memory
As daylight intervenes
And brings an end to My dreams
And the brilliance of the dawn
Is the first thing that I focus on
Then I see clearly in the sky
Where I wish to go when I die
Where Her soul and My body lie
A testament to She and I
And as these lines fade and wane
And these thoughts We've entertained
Slow and surely disappear

As most will into the atmosphere
Except those like Us,who have,as one
Had a romance with the sun
And melted into the other's dreams
Without so much as a word it seems

From This Day Forward

One last unrepentant kiss
May lead Us into the abyss
But not before We insist
It be designated that of bliss
That which was once revered
Has seemed to all but disappear
It's departure not at all sincere
Which is why it was not welcome here
Find someone with whom to dance
And introduce Them to romance
And hope, for Your sake, circumstance
Inspires Them to take a chance
Like a single voice in a choir
And a single ember in a fire
Her hidden beauty seems to sire
That which one can't help but admire
The ease with which resistance dies
When one looks into Her eyes
And proceeds to feign Their last goodbyes
Before They suddenly arise
The radiant reverie of the rapture that those
Are subjected to wherever She goes
The eyes aforementioned where the sun once froze.
Only to melt into a blooming rose
A veil and a cloak intersperse to conceal
The beauty that fate and time will reveal
Which makes most, if not all, men feel
Like They're in a dream that is all too surreal
The silence of a silhouette
Reminds Us of when We first met
When You were just a young coquette
Who hadn't blossomed as of yet
But now We're tired and We're old

And our story has been told
Our vow to have and to hold
We've delighted in making unfold
But She and I must now go
And leave the other to Their Beau
Which,by now,You oughta know
Are these words We now bestow

Two Sides of the Same Coin

An old man frolicking in the leaves of Autumn
Immersed in what experience has taught Him
To enjoy life before it passes Him by
80 years gone in the blink of an eye
We look behind us and see our youth
Then look in the mirror and see the truth
We ran, We jumped, We skipped, We played
Now all that's left is to live out Our days
The current generation will soon be where We are
The doors of perception, whereas once left ajar
Will slowly close as They'll rapidly age
Though the book may be different, They'll read the same page
The words not as clear, the thoughts as concise
Now displeased with what used to suffice
Our minds not as sharp, our strides not as long
Forgetting the lyrics to a once well known song
Plans that were once guaranteed to be kept
Are now those uncertain, even those not made yet
If pearls, indeed, do come before swine
Tell Me why My kindness is a waste of Your time
Lines that aren't relevant to what came before
Are written, nonetheless, to imply so much more
An all too true statement regarded as fact
Will soon be disproven in a manner exact
And while the recent words chosen may appear off topic
I implore You not to be so damn myopic
Though My thoughts may appear to have split into two
Be assured They're as comparable as I am to You
Half of one poem and that of the other
Like old age supplying youth with it's cover
Both sides of one coin coming up heads
From the day of conception til the day We are dead

The Shadow of a Rainbow's Compromise/Disappointing

Dylan Thomas

I awoke one Morning still in My malaise
Having just dreamt of a reverie inside a maze
Romancing rainbows with a paramours gaze
As words so often require rephrase
The ubiquitous feeling of being alive
And the natural beauty from which it's derived
Through sired intent or that which is inscribed
With tears of those who silently cry
A monotone smile on a lively face
One that all but the sullen embrace
That which won't be usurped or replaced
Though reflected upon when time's no longer traced
The solace of a shadow's compromise
Secrets of an overt disguise
Each time I look into Your eyes
To see where I would wish to die
A butterfly mirrors the words that We choose
Brittle and fragile, as though meant for a muse
The dichotomy of a benevolent ruse
That leave the self assured among us confused
A random breeze on a deliberate Night
It's illuminant brilliance providing its light
Floating on clouds as would a sprite
Exploding as would a meteorite
As effervescence eclipses depression
And disinterest surpasses obsession
Destruction outweighs invention
And free thinking supersedes convention
The aforementioned paramour
Who'll be recalled in time of yore
That whom the jealous may abhor

As beauty's what it's spoken for
As a baladeer croons a song
Smooth as to set one's thoughts upon
The pen with which it's initially drawn
Awakens to it's final dawn
To a Welshman's dismay,I must go gently
Into that good night,serene and friendly
I now conclude these rhymes aplenty
Having,to My last breath,done so contently

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 comeslingles 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 it's 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 Rogers
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 preceeding
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