

# Anthology of Katie Sherrill Barnett

Katie Sherrill Barnett



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*To the loveliest human I know . . . Brian Barnett*

## Acknowledgement

I received encouragement from my father to develop my writing skills through the years. He read and commented on most of my poems. He is a great source of inspiration.

## About the author

Katie Barnett is a fifty--three year-old wife and mother to the two that complete her. She is a speech-language pathologist and works with three and four year olds with developmental delays. She is passionate about poetry and leads a life as simplistic as allowed.

## summary

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i carried them in my pocket

Polar Opposites

i carried them in my pocket

The Odds

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## I Partake in Joy

I partake in joy on occassion  
Like a hit, a puff of something illicit  
She settles in and sits fully imbibed  
She fills me with grandiosity  
In her throne of red velvet  
I am compelled to join her  
She captures abundancce  
Filling it to overflow  
What she evokes moves me  
It is like the wonder you can float in water  
Her capacity to eliminate emptiness  
Brings me to a knowingness that I want  
More than to just partake

## **i carried them in my pocket**

during the freeze we could hold  
our shallow breaths in our hands  
lips parting for breath  
lips painted blue  
lips parched for liquid life  
that drained down our pipes  
released by the works of sun and snow  
we knew the bitterness of the four walls  
the sameness of days  
reluctance to eat  
only to hunger again  
absence has a feeling  
when the earth shifted  
i carried the days in my pocket  
i carried the void  
i carried wholeness in the other  
wholeness has a feeling

## Polar Opposites

Crumbling within  
My countenance fades  
Wonton despair evokes potent sadness  
Sorrow holds my hand  
In a breath, I feast on elation  
Exuberance mounts and  
Trickles down the wall  
Electricity fires through blistered veins  
Bliss enchants  
Serendipitous highs  
Forlorn lows  
Errant abduction of the mind



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## The Odds

Odds are that you will not be famous  
But you will be significant to someone  
Odds are that you will not be wealthy  
But you will have all you need  
Odds are that you will not travel extensively  
But you will come and go as you please  
Odds are that you will grow ill  
But you will have known the riches of health  
Odds are you grow old  
But youth held you long  
Odds are you lose a love  
But you will have known tenderness  
We play the likelihoods, not the odds

## Body of Water

I, but one body  
Set in motion by ocean's pull  
Know the fury of a wave  
To fight the water futile  
To flow with the water, surrender  
Why push the boulder?  
Why harken the sea?  
Relinquish the struggle  
Immerse yourself  
Be a body at ease

## Alluring Moon

An alluring moon bathes in the generosity  
Of the enveloping sky  
Stars swirl into nothingness  
As I lay a blind eye to the wind  
Bulbs burst with possibilities  
On ocean's rim  
The trickling down of rain swells  
Uneven earth  
Day succumbs to darkness  
And lays down forthright

## Lying Alone

It never seems fair  
Lying alone  
Blanketed by darkness  
Hoping the sky doesn't fall  
Getting up only to get back down  
It never seems fair  
Lying alone  
Blanketed by darkness  
Hoping the sky doesn't fall

## The Storm

The angst of the wind arose  
As the fields bellowed  
Wheat lay flat  
Wind imbittered the soil  
Shafts murmured  
The windmill spun as if strummed  
Tractors halted  
The sky a sea of electricity  
Clouds swollen and dark released  
Rain that churned the river  
Into a muddy boil  
In stillness the world reset  
The sun's day begins anew  
The sky a sea of remembrances  
Washed in hues of pink and blue

## Predawn

Before sparrows sing  
Stillness settles in the eves  
Time lapses as if stalled and  
Humans slumber in tranquility  
But I, I rejoice  
In the night sky's resilience  
Where silence curves around the edges  
Slipping into my snug fitting robe  
Where solace blankets  
Peace lingers ever present, abiding  
My mind, devoid of clutter  
Revels in the intoxication of solitude  
Sacred hours melt into dawn  
And I, I greet the world anew

## A Lofty Kiss

You are my dwelling  
My lover's embrace  
A river set in motion  
An undeniable escape

Eternal sunshine  
Charitable bliss  
Longing of a lifetime  
A lofty kiss

You are a fire burning  
A skies lace  
My voiceless thunder  
My pure priceless face

You are tender encounters  
Sleepless nights  
Passionate lips  
Subtle delights

You are the one  
You are my motion  
Your tender ways  
Undying devotion



## Poetic

The knowingness of being a poet liberates  
Freedom from what binds  
Grasping for the impeccable  
Words that come in flashes and floods  
Churning and burning  
Nights of literary bliss  
Confidence in the poet's pen  
The more I write, the more I write  
Poetry the kick stand  
That holds my bike upright  
I dream in prose  
I sing in verse  
I write in a time set apart  
Words revealed, ecstasy  
Words flow, exhilaration  
In the written word I am alive  
Like the creatures of the forest  
Moving my life around for poetry  
Not an inconvenience  
Because poetry is a passion, a priority  
Poetry, always the main dish  
At my literary meal

## Because I Write

### Because I Write

I write because I breathe  
Because it feeds my deepest hunger  
Because I have hair on the nape of my neck  
And the creeks always rise

Compelling like that book you just can't put down  
Comforting like a cozy blanket when crisp  
Like music that dances off the paper  
Like joy that exceeds expectations

My attraction to words confounds  
I soar in the sophistication  
Of how words in succession  
Take on life, take on meaning

Solemn sorrow  
Enduring ethereal  
Words move  
Poetry evokes

In the written word I am content  
My proclivity to create, impassioned  
Artists create pictures with paint  
Poets create pictures with words

Poetry breathes  
I inhale

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### Lofty Kiss

You my darling are my dwelling  
My lovers embrace  
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You are fire burning  
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You are the one  
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Your tender ways  
Undying devotion



## Hurt

### Hurt

The hurt I can't touch  
Shortens breaths  
Widens gray-green eyes and forces  
Bitter, stubby toes to curl  
It is excruciating  
It moves me and  
I bear it  
It takes words away and  
forces others  
I wince and worry  
The hurt I can't touch is too much

## The Lighter Things

### The Lighter Things

The lighter things in life  
Occupy less space than  
A mind encumbered by  
Obsessions, obligations  
A time thief  
The weight of which leaves  
Me hardened like coal

Tranquil living opens the air  
So, I can breathe  
Whimsical  
Like a scoop of feathers  
Liberating me to live  
Like the butterfly on my marigolds  
Living as free as the whippoorwill

Of the time I'm allowed  
I carry feathers

## Nature

I find myself in the breath of autumn  
dancing below the bellowing pines,  
they, indifferent to my presence.  
I blow air into the wind, it comes back to me  
like the boomerang I flew in July.  
In a glance, I catch the shape of dust waltzing  
in a light that drapes through the trees.  
The simplicity of the oaks sustain.  
Trees dress without warning.  
Leaves burst, yellow, red, orange.  
I shall think of nature's bounty  
And these trees that explode in transformation.  
This worn path I took leads me to believe  
I shared this walk  
with the multitudes.  
They too experienced the revolution  
And we are the better for it.



## When Sorrow Comes to Call

When Sorrow Comes to Call

Sorrow finds me in this hollow room  
Where she perished  
Where my frail sister gave her final review  
Makeshift hospital, awkward bedroom  
The dated room, green with tattered  
Wallpaper torn at sorrow's edge  
Surrendered bedroom, abandoned walls  
Sweltering as midmornings heat saunters about  
Her descent into new beginnings bringing no consolation  
Solace lay absent from the tired wood floor  
Where time stopped and held its breath  
Transfixed on her sister's lifeless life  
What couldn't in this time be undone  
Unable to swap sorrow for her sister's triumphant release  
She wept a well of tears  
Laid down hoping tomorrow could find  
A new way of singing what couldn't be unsung

## Cobalt

### Cobalt

On the quartz countertop that sparkles when the  
sun glances at it, sits my substantial blue mug  
I am endeared too. It is cobalt and it  
harkens me. He's hefty with thick white speckles'  
almost like glitter. Before my eyelids fully lift, he  
whispers to me and no other mug will suffice.

He is dependable, always on the shelf. Serving me  
every morning when shadows dissipate. I place dry  
lips on his smooth rim and breathe in the thick aroma  
of south America's harvest. One purpose, one mission,  
to offer a drink. He is filled and fulfilled. He holds and  
is held.

## When The Night is Still

### When the Night is Still

When the night is still  
Darkness blankets the glory of day  
The sun escapes, expectations cease  
Seduced by the thickness of oncoming dew  
I breathe in the aroma of sweet magnolias

In the heaviness of night I find restoration  
Reaching out in darkness, I lose myself  
Slow in thought, movement abysmal  
Resigned to lower heavy lids  
Responsibility ceases  
Longing for a day as reverent as night

## The Bus Ride

### The Bus Ride

I've been driving this bus for eight years  
Today I lurched into my usual spot  
Right in the thickness of determined mud  
Sweat percolated on my forehead  
My shirt saturated  
I sat, the sun and I, we waited  
A passenger ambled forward  
Fumbled up the stairs  
Seating himself behind me  
I assumed he was drunk  
He talked about the love for a child  
About his son that graduated medical school  
He'd just lost his only son  
An overdose  
He was on his way to tell the mother  
I told him I'd lost my son too  
A car accident  
In a decaying bus as hot as summer's asphalt  
We bowed our heads and sobbed  
Tears of desperation  
We wept in harmony  
Short lived lives  
Questions that can never be answered  
He was a solo passenger  
I drove him across town to tell  
His wife who would soon dissolve  
Our solidarity that day brought  
Some degree of solace  
Our weeping  
Opened arms to grieve