

# 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.

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If for a Moment

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Life Without

## I Partake in Joy

I partake in joy on occasion  
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 abundance  
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

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

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our shallow breaths in our hands  
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i carried the days in my pocket  
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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 twirl 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

## I Partake in Joy

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I partake in joy on occasion  
Like a hit, a puff of something illicit  
She settles in and sits fully imbibed  
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In her throne of red velvet  
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What she evokes moves me  
It's like the wonder that you can float in water  
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More than just to partake

**A**

Lofty Kiss

You my darling are my dwelling  
My lovers embrace  
A river set in motion  
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Charitable bliss  
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You are fire burning  
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Passionate lips  
Subtle delights

You are the one  
You are my motion  
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

## I know this Place

### I Know this Place

I crave compassion that rains  
With fervor and swells  
Mother earth  
That serves and is served

I yearn for peace like  
Paths of righteousness  
Where stillness knows silence  
And calm knows no contradiction

I delight in the innocence of childhood  
That runs from dawn to dusk  
Playing in the plush, green, grass  
Knowing home is an unquestionable vessel of love

I desire love  
Eternally blissful  
Committed, holding fast to the fence post  
With melded heartfelt kisses

I rejoice in the suppression of misery  
What lifts the lights for the lowly  
And lessens insidious sorrow

I know this place

## That's When I Wrote

### That's When I Wrote

I wrote before red birds could sing  
Before lions knew of their courage  
When constellations had no name

I wrote before the moon could shine  
Before the ocean knew there was a sea  
When words offered no meaning

I wrote before time was tender  
Before crisp nights sang themselves to sleep  
When rivers flowed without intention

I wrote before I knew I was me  
Before curiosity came to call  
When the sky was not yet sugar candy bliss

That's when I wrote

## In the Night She Visits

In the Night She Visits

Whose friend is sorrow  
Whose day is near  
The wretched angst  
That holds my dear

In the night she visits  
In the day she comes  
Sorrow always brewing  
Her work never done

She holds my love hostage  
Bare boned on knees I weep  
Release her from her bondage  
For my soul you may keep

## April's Flower

### April's Flower

Up a crunchy gravel road sits a remote farmhouse.  
Peeling harbor blue paint is suggestive of advanced age.  
I always find myself thinking the home is dilapidated  
Like the Johnson's house down our street.

The red, distressed kitchen table holds a domestic  
bottle of wine, hence partaken. The translucent green  
bottle holds flowers daily to alleviate space for red  
geraniums. Today it holds daisies, bold, white as a  
solitary glass of milk, a dab of sunshine in the middle.

The fortitude of April's flower reminds me of my  
daughter's April birth, her life. The little life present in  
this home, flowers and the steps of a fragile soul.  
Leaving I think of mother and her red geraniums.  
I think of my daughter that prevails like the daisy.  
The crunch of the gravel lulls.

## The Wind Comes to my Rescue

The Wind Comes to My Rescue

Even in the unflinching heat of night I find respite  
In repose, the macramé hammock of youth cradles

The wind comes to my rescue in my sweltering  
Humidity hangs heavy in South Florida

The innocence of night entices  
At once I'm drawn to the stars

Scattered in the sky like night lights  
Hung perfectly like pictures on my wall

The moon holds its usual place  
Breathless

It seems the moon breathes for the sky  
Its omnipotence holds my earth captive

## We Rue the Day

We Rue the Day

Before the river rose we cared.  
We cared about the curious bend in the river  
Where we skied at dusk on Saturdays.  
We cared about boat rides  
At the crest of dawn and how  
A sun can rise imperceptibly  
Then take over the sky.

It was if that same sun dropped  
In the muddy river spilling over  
Rising to the tin on roof tops  
Scorched by noon's heat.  
We worry more now about submerged cars  
About water more polluted than air  
Mud and mildew no amount of Clorox negates  
Cattle that never knew their intention.

We don't think of the joys of the river anymore.  
We think how it ruined us.  
How we rue the day the river rose.

## Cora

### Cora

From my understated porch she oversees  
Gazing at the sky she fidgets  
She has outgrown her gown  
And her unkempt hair frames her tender face  
My shirt is saturated with sweat and  
Day break is reluctant  
The ground doesn't give  
I dig nonetheless  
An adequate hole emerges  
I place Cora in the soil  
Her red collar in place  
In unison the task harkens sobs  
She rests blind to her end  
We talk about her less and less  
We move on

## The Light

The light that emboldens grows in transmission

## Depression is a Family Illness

Depression is a Family Illness

She gazed into my sullen eyes that had lost their sparkle.  
She must have wondered what had changed.  
She asked to play outside when joints and muscles limited.  
I lay listless in the green chair, not a whisper.  
I, absent in my presence, I failed to engage.  
My daughter clung to what I could offer,  
Warmth, a heart that always beats for her.  
Climbing into my lap her heartbeat mirrored mine.  
That is what we shared.  
No meals prepared, no bath given,  
No books read, no warmth spread.  
I hid the irritability as if I had put it in a closet.  
I succumbed to days lived in a void.  
My husband steadied the ship.  
She grew and the cycles copied themselves.  
At seventeen she saved me.  
I failed to believe life could offer life.  
Looking for a way out, a reprieve,  
I let go.  
I lost her that day.  
She carries on without me.  
I carry on.

## Dawn

Dawn

Before sparrows sing  
Stillness settles in the eves.  
Time lapses 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.

## An Insidious Illness

### An Insidious Illness

I stare through the TV as if it is a window  
I write and it is all wrong  
Depleted putting up dishes  
Intolerant to the pain that forges in my shoulders  
Fatigue settles in as if at home  
Lost with no hope of being found  
Longing for my once upon a time life  
Living a life as desolate as the desert floor  
Sullen eyes give me away  
My blonde hair wild, greasy, my clothes disheveled  
I do not care about war, weather, or politics  
Clothed in irritability  
Bathed in insomnia  
My presence is absent  
I am but a shell  
My fists wail  
Waiting is the most formidable  
Form of punishment  
Hope the other  
My brain lies to me  
And I believe her  
I think about dying  
The methods I'd take  
The note I'd write  
An insidious illness  
Lives within  
I live without

## Judge Ye Not

### Judge Ye Not

The soul of a poet is their poetry  
Which behaves like the assembly of sculpture  
Poems, works of art created by a beautiful mind  
The embodiment of their being  
Poetry, transcendent, transformative  
Wholly part of self  
Poems, like paintings, are birthed out of creativity  
Poets pour into a poem like a vessel  
We are made up of our poems just as a quilt is pieced

Contests lost, a poem goes unpublished  
The poet's confidence in their craft withers as flowers  
Curating doubt calls caliber into question  
But their opinions are like perspectives  
Perspectives don't negate quality craft  
One knows their craft, their creation  
In the knowingness that judges judge  
We set aside rejection as a moveable force  
The integrity of a poem isn't always recognized  
Therefore, immerse yourself in the art of poetry  
The zest, the zeal the passion it births in your spirit

## Homeless

### Homeless

I could see melting asphalt singe the souls of his shoes  
His belongings in a blue shirt tied to a stick  
How long had he walked, why and where from  
His eyes were a crusty brown  
With eyebrows that danced over grey eyelashes  
Clothes disheveled  
Draped as if he'd once been a bigger man  
A cruel existence  
His sign said "will work for food."  
What did he have in mind  
The dishes, laundry, the lawn  
Curiosity and compassion found me at his side  
"May I get you a meal?"  
"Yes, I'd be obliged."  
We ate cheeseburgers at McDonald's  
Tentative in speech but he grimaced occasionally  
He had been a doctor, sued, lost everything  
Family included  
There was more but I didn't press  
His skin was a searing red  
Eyelids batted, sleep overdue  
I left him at McDonald's with cash and consolations  
I, feeling I should have done more  
Then knowing I didn't have to fix everything  
But I could water the flowers

## I KNOW THIS PLACE

I Know this Place

I crave compassion that rains  
With fervor and swells  
Mother earth  
That serves and is served

I yearn for peace like  
Paths of righteousness  
Where stillness knows silence  
And calm knows no contradiction

I delight in the innocence of childhood  
That runs from dawn to dusk  
Playing in the plush, green, grass  
Knowing home is an unquestionable vessel of love

I desire love  
Eternally blissful  
Committed, holding fast to the fence post  
With melded heartfelt kisses

## Charles

### Charles

Insanity prevails on the corner of 4th and 23rd  
A decrepit and ailing residence  
Aged beyond repair  
Stands in stark contrast to neighboring homes  
Shrubs march up the sides of the house  
Growing in a boundless formation  
Clinging to wooden battens is thick moss  
The cracks in the glass acquired from neighboring children  
Remain amidst inclement weather  
Charles is the proprietor of this home  
He pecks in his yard like a chicken  
In his dairy boots, cutoff jeans and a wife beater  
A pronounced limp beckons attention  
His beard holds remnants of his last meal  
He rummages in refuse  
Tinkers on trucks permanently disabled  
And grows a garden of weed  
Carlos, his Rottweiler stays chained  
Cheap beverage cans stack up like boxes  
Eighty living as fifty  
In the evening ladies of the night  
Enter his cosmos  
Some missing teeth, some missing attire  
It is said that he lost his parents at twelve  
Left an orphan he became a mechanic  
At the age of twenty-five  
A car accident took his awareness  
And the right to a left leg.  
Charles may not be fit to live  
But he lives fit for himself

## TEMPTING REVOLUTION

Tempting Revolution

I find myself in the breath of autumn  
Dancing below the bellowing leaves  
Indifferent to gradual conversion  
The gifting fall receives

Trees dress without warning  
Bursting in hues we thirst to see  
Welcoming red, orange and yellow  
Assurance of brisk air soon to be

In a glimpse I am married to their ways  
Their tumbling candor, their restoration  
Free in sight, eager in living  
Trees explode in transformation

As I part from paths that endear  
My time, a colorful illusion  
In my pocket I carry remembrances  
Of remarkable leaves in tempting revolution

## Wildflowers

### Wild Flowers

She grows as free as wildflowers  
And the wind that blows open  
the screen door  
takes her away  
The burdens she buried  
The freedom she forged  
A spirit unbroken  
Unruly, unspoken  
Left black and blue  
To the hills she knew  
Her fortitude spreads the seas  
Sorrow derailed  
A car and gas  
No lover  
No past  
Sings at Paradise Inn  
Whispered lace  
Pure priceless face  
Longing for life to begin

## Her Scent is of Gathered Flowers

Her Scent is of Gathered Flowers

The dawn of a celebrated morning greets her  
Shallow winds blow  
Her satin hair spins without hesitation  
Wispy strands take flight on this illustrious day  
Dwelling with frenzied daisies and benevolent sprites

Her scent is of gathered flowers  
And the essence of fresh morning dew  
Possessing a soul of merriment  
Her countenance never fades  
Lifting her kindred spirit to heavenly bodies  
She blows worry to the distant, foreboding wind

Enveloped by crisp days of spring  
Her soul reaches for the sparrow  
Like a familiar blanket, she spreads  
Graciousness our way  
A cherished, effervescent life spills  
Into the lapping water's edge  
Resting, her time counted sublime

## I Know Her

I Know Her

She is shady lanes  
Everyday kisses  
Certain to care  
Open to share  
A weaver of words  
Magnolias to bare  
Poetic explosions  
Change to spare  
Investments in sorrow  
Lucky in love  
A leisurely stroll  
Flighty as doves  
Melancholy moments  
Everyone she loves  
Lofty dreams  
A glance above  
Painted skies  
Writing her elixir  
Coat of compassion  
Goodbye kisser

## Abundance

Abundance

I believe grace opens doors for forgiveness  
And that weeping is rains trickling face  
And That tenderness is found in the human embrace  
Light is like fragments of extraordinary bliss  
Laughter contagious like a lover's kiss  
Love holds us as close as a child clings at night  
Joy boundless, for it billows in the light  
And sorrow weary, it sits for a rest  
Hope always lies in tomorrow's nest  
Happiness an unremitting toothless smile  
Each of immeasurable value  
Gifts all the while

## Inviting Brilliance

### Inviting Brilliance

Benevolent skies harken early morning.  
The sun is motion, but to the eye movement imperceptible.  
She lingers; she hovers.  
I await her rise like birth.  
Glimpses of her silky silhouette emerge.

She is born.  
A blaze on the hushed horizon.  
An impenetrable sun punctuates the eagerness of daybreak.  
Her richness, her candor awakens slumbering spirits.  
Solidifying yellows and kisses that dust her orange.

If dropped, her bulk would empty the seas.  
A brilliance underrated.  
Her light holds us for borrowed hours.  
Reliable like her sister - the moon.  
She, a masterpiece.  
She, an occasion.

## Like A River After Rain

Like A River After Rain

I felt it rising out of the corner of my eye  
The plates stared at me  
As if asking to be thrown  
Anger seethed through open pores  
Horns, sirens, noises agitated  
Like the edges of Satan's garb  
Anger, tears  
Always found their way back to me  
Back to where the stars were blank  
And our moon hollow  
Frustration rose like a river after rain  
If only the thick river knew my name

## I Succumb

I Succumb

I succumb to ends of days  
To ends of nights  
Where the wind lays low  
Where the bough bends, not breaks

I reject I'll fitting garments  
That sinch my waist and  
Smother me with stiff, forgotten lamb's wool  
Where denim, devoid of elasticity, binds

I witness the belief of disbelief  
A fool's handshake, his  
Tight, sweaty grasp  
Squeezing my cold, limp  
Hand of apathy

I suffer at the dire reach of poverty  
The stricken, the voiceless  
The heartache of lowly demise  
In a state where trees and stars serve as meager shelters

I crave the certainty  
Of tenderness that  
Blows away the darkness  
That harnesses a blistered soul

I rejoice in companionship  
That fills the inherent void we mask  
Embracing weariness  
Bolstering the broken hearted

I relish the satiety of existence  
Where wisdom imparts  
Where empathy prevails  
Where acceptance unites

## Escapades

### Escapades

Settled in my seat in math  
Hot under the roar of the vent  
I saw an opportunity  
Sarah's red hair harkened me  
With a small piece of college ruled paper  
I applied a generous amount of saliva  
My mouth was warm and the spit clung  
To the edges of the fleck of paper  
With my only blue rubber band  
I lunged a spit ball into that unruly hair  
She didn't flinch  
I continued my escapade  
Stingy wads of paper littered her red hair  
The classroom erupted, the teacher chuckled  
Sarah knew the attention was on her  
As she ran her fingers through her hair and pulled out twelve spit balls  
I was complimented on my ingenuity  
The next day Sarah sat behind me  
She doused me with powder  
I but a ghostly fool surrendered that Tuesday

## Life or Death

### Life or Death

I lived many days wanting to die. Thoughts of death incessant. I didn't want the sorrow that lingers through the night into a bleak dawn. I didn't want the notions that retaliated, driving me to this end. Existence ceased to appeal. I lost myself to darkness. Grieving myself as if gone.

Today I want to live wholly. Vested in existence. Singing till the trees come down. Living with vitality and vigor, serenity as my sunset. Investing in self. Scattered in goodness and mercy.

Most days I want to live.

## Bottle Your Indifference

### Bottle Your Indifference

Bottle your indifference  
Toss it to your muse  
In me the glory that  
Once set you a fire  
A burden you once carried with zeal  
In our time you have lived lavish  
You have loved me as a moth in the wind  
I beg of you to find your way back  
Lost and weary you find yourself  
I, dead to you  
Your ways repugnant.  
How have I lost your devotion?  
You have pushed me aside  
Like a pile of wood  
Where is your morality?  
You fly in the winds of shame  
You cavort with the wayward  
Bring yourself back as if lost  
Bring yourself back anew or  
For me, for the home that  
Is my soul, I would walk  
Out the door with a high  
Head and a winsome heart  
Knowing my sorrow has shut  
The door saying  
Sorry, were closed

## As If My Lips Were Peaches

As if My Lips Were Peaches

The slam of the screen door  
Let me know he was home  
Sweaty palms  
A heart racing like horses  
Our greeting quintessential  
Excitement came easy  
He'd been gone  
He, a presence that fulfilled  
A presence calm like tepid waters  
His smile was eager  
His eyes were carried by tears  
He held me as if I would blow away  
He kissed me as if my lips were peaches  
In only a brief time our parting  
Filled us with the longing of  
To cling as one  
A tender love that binds as cording  
A love that flows as streams  
A love that follows paths of endearment

## Eager in Isolation

Eager in Isolation

I was far from home  
But the blue of the sky followed me  
I, hesitant in a new space  
Maybe forgotten as lamb's wool  
The cabin meant for fishers of men  
I rattled and rummaged for something to borrow  
I found a nest with modern blue eggs and thistle  
Of no use but gifts in the making  
I was alone  
When was I ever in isolation  
The night sky my companion  
Tucked me in and bid me good night  
In the peak of night, I found myself  
Surrounded by a wild goose  
Whose time was graceful in absence of his cohorts  
Waking I recalled the goose  
And surrendered to my isolation  
A time to give way to light beholden, emblazoned  
Making its identity known through frosted glass  
A light that entered the cabin and made its way  
Through the cabin as the day drew by  
A time to give credence to words and  
The valve of language that sets us apart  
From all species  
Is what brought me here to write copiously  
Distraction a mere moth  
I filled the pages to my satisfaction  
I breathed impassioned air set apart for me  
I shall remember the cabin that watched as I  
Whittled words that found me  
Eager in isolation

## Woman with Shadows

Woman with Shadows

She talked incessantly  
But little was said  
Nora, I abided her  
The feel of the room  
Was stuffy, calcitrant  
Heavy hors d'oeuvres  
Served to a class of  
Women who watched  
Their waist like their  
Superfluous bank accounts  
I found myself anxious  
At the chatter and stifling  
Pretense  
Why was I invited?  
I wasn't society  
I was a cabin passenger  
I was treated lukewarm  
I snatched my purse  
Without warning  
And acknowledged no one  
Taking an exit my head  
Held high as if filled  
With helium  
I was more than a  
Shadow of a woman  
I was a woman with shadows

## A Sky of Whispers

A Sky of Whispers

Without hesitation

Light touches darkness

Light bleeds into the devilish night and

Blends into evenings rapture

Delighting in the unreachable star

Leaning into the eager moon

And a world once on fire

Drifts into placid hues

Of burnt orange and molten gray

In the throes of summer

A sky of whispers

Prepares for days break

Once again, we greet morning dew

## A Tinge of Yellow Runs Through

A Tinge of Yellow Runs Through

Frolicking wild in a field of whimsy  
Bathing in the hazy morning dew  
Outstretched petals of  
Stark white frenzy  
A tinge of yellow runs through

Gathered together  
In favored fields grown wild  
Daisy my virtuoso  
Generous at first sight  
A flower grows eagerly  
A flower grows to delight

## We are All Waiting

Always Waiting

We are all *waiting* for  
Someone, Somebody, Anyone

*Waiting* for  
Our souls mate, a delicate touch

*Waiting* for  
Restoration, renewal

To be held, to hold  
To live a life beholden to self

To hear the chirp of the sparrow, to laugh at the blade of green grass grow  
To be redeemed, released from the waiting

To what *awaits* us

**Bliss**

## Bliss

My chest is buoyant in the salted water  
The sun beams in disarray greeting my golden figure  
Eyes settle on minnows that giggle in a frenzy as  
Clouds move in and bury a delinquent sun  
Submerged in tepid waters  
I choke and putrid waters invade my mouth  
As if the ocean is swimming in me  
Tangled in seaweed I traverse waves to the shore  
My chair is respite  
With eyelids that falter, I find reprieve  
Waking to sun that hides behind  
A land of cotton candy bliss

## Repaired

### Repaired

In the evening the primrose guards the back gate  
Sparrow drink of what the sky has born  
And the grass peeks out after a fresh rain  
I lie in repose thoughtful and white eyed  
The paint of the floorboard stands steadfast  
The swing no longer creaks when swung  
The porch railing stands upright given weight  
But the floor caves as I bear weight  
I must give effort to repair it  
My motivation moves though me slow as the tortoise  
Indeed I will rise  
I rise, tools in hand, mending the broken  
Repaired, I find myself confident  
I find myself mending the broken  
But oh be still my heart

## What was Lost

What was Lost

Frank lives at 290 Short 7th Avenue  
He resides in the orchards of Nantucket

Where peaches grow as big as your fist  
And the juice drips like a leaky faucet

Frank clings to order  
He is tidy and fastidious

He is a tax accountant arriving at work at 7:05  
Departing at 5:05

He is diligent and dutiful  
His grass grows to his discretion

His sheets are always ironed  
And his sink is as empty as a bowl

Frank is married to Lydia  
He once was enamored by her

Art and encouraged it  
Now it annoyed him like a gnat

Lydia was not flamboyant  
Just vivid

Her color  
Left you feeling like the subject of her art

Somewhere their lives split like lightening to the tree  
They lived together and separate

Willing and unwilling  
Married but lost

Frank closed the door to the chaos of the world  
Lydia embraced it

## Autism in Girls

### Autism in Girls

Locks of curls in her hair  
Seeing her at the door  
I fell to one knee  
And played with her on the floor  
Innocence imparted  
In a most spectacular way  
It was her innocence that captured me  
On that very first day  
She didn't notice me  
While I was around  
Her eyes were averted  
She didn't make a sound  
She'll be four in a month  
Mom says she doesn't talk  
She likes to play without us  
At that we didn't balk  
A piece of her likes to jump  
Another piece may flail  
She grows so excited  
Of that we often tell  
In that very instance  
We saw a sudden spark  
I saw her play with another child  
When we were at the park  
Waiting through the years  
Watching her progress  
She learned how to do things  
I never would have guessed  
Now she shares her words  
She laughs a little too  
So much she has taught us

If she only knew

## A Shared Gift

### A Shared Gift

In her eyes I can do no wrong  
Feeling less than an old coat  
She exchanges it for a bright red one  
She adorns me with a crown I feel undeserving of  
Her love swallows me with grace  
I don't fit in but to her  
I belong in all spaces  
She reads my work  
And assures me I have a gift  
Being assured builds confidence  
Like a swelling fire  
Her eyes look at me and  
Speak softly of her endearment  
As if the love for a child

In my eyes she can do no wrong  
She wears grace like a laurel  
And is fitted with the compassion  
Of a flight of doves  
Her gray hair speaks of years aged well  
Our conversation fills the room  
With a palpable hum  
At ease, I take solace in our time  
Like an evening tide

In our eyes friendship is a shared gift

## Aunt Elanor

### Aunt Eleanor

She is my best friend, Aunt Eleanor.

She is like candy, sweet and you always want more.

She is my mom's sister; they don't look alike.

She is our neighbor too.

She said she didn't

have any children because I was plenty.

Plenty of what is what I thought.

Her nightly back scratch is soothing like melted molasses.

When she stops, I'm lonely as a ghoul

because I know she will go.

Her hair is worn snatched up in a ponytail

pulling her eyes tight like a knot. When she wears

green it pulls those perfect blue eyes straight

to me.

She is not pretty, she is beautiful, like a Barbie

with a pink car. She's kinder than any friend at my school.

On Monday mom came and got me from school

at one o'clock. On the way home she said

something I didn't understand. She said

Aunt Eleanor had a stroke. Mom held

my sticky hands in Eleanor's room.

I missed her eyes that shined like sparklers on the fourth.

Then her eyes closed and all the other eyes cried.

I don't know the name for it at six.

It is like a lightning bug that lost her light.  
It is like when Buster's tail stops wagging.

Mom said it is sorrow.  
Dad said it is grief.  
I say it is alone.

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## Hold Fast

Hold Fast

What I carry

On my

swayed back

Is sorrow

Traversing periods

Of peace

Far to short

Nothing

Stays

The

Same

For

Long

I will hold

Pain of the body

But reject

Mental

Infirmity

I welcome

An end

Holding fast

Borrowing tomorrow

Begging the day

## Painted Soul of My Heart

Painted Soul of my Heart

His memory lays away

Tucked in my coffin of loss.

His head hit the bed and he rested,

Leaving to him no cost.

Pine, his pillow

Roses, his crown

My joy in the knowing

My sorrow abounds.

In the loss he leaves me,

Painted soul of my heart.

He leaves before my going,

He leaves me without knowing.

## alluring moon

alluring moon

an alluring

moon

bathes in generosity

of the

enveloping sky

stars twirl

into nothingness

as I lay a

blind eye to the wind

bulb's burst

with possibilities

on ocean's rim

the trickling

down of rain

swells

uneven earth

day succumbs to

darkness

and lays

down forthright

## And The Sea Still Churns

Like a tidal wave, it took him down  
Rogue waves beat me onto the sand  
The sea churns

The salty water absorbs little pain,  
Inexplicable, cataclysmic  
The water still laps at his bony ankles  
Settles at my wavering hips

It drove him to distant seas, foreboding lands  
To corners of the earth I cannot access  
Like living without bones  
Like brokenness we carry on our knees

Years eclipse us  
Hope lies in the vastness of the sea

## In Gratitude I Weep

In Gratitude I Weep  
Sparse surroundings  
Desperate Lives  
Days of displeasure  
Enchantment does  
Time incessant  
The cold belies  
Sorrow rings hollow  
No place to reside  
Nothing to treasure  
Nothing to eat  
A heart held ransome  
Days on repeat  
But in time I rise  
My will-my choice  
In hoping peace lies  
Today a voice  
In life I find joy  
In gratitude I weep  
My home on the hillside  
My home to keep

## Born to Life

Yet in Life we Are Born to Die

Born to life

Born to death

Ultimate reality

Complete exposure

Rails fall off

Suddenly, unexpectedly

The head rests

The brains storm abates

Feet falter

Finished immediately

Triumphant

Regal

Drenched in mercy

Observation

A bird's flight

A wind's breeze

Bee's buzz

Born to life

## Time

Time

We know little of time  
It stands still, really  
It was the best of times, not always  
In the nick of time, thank goodness  
Time waits on no man, maybe it should

You can't hold it, see it, or generate more of it  
Measured by the ticks on a face

Can you buy time?  
Does it move slow or fast?

Time- a hole  
We breathe into  
Never to return

## A Mind Remiss

A Mind Remiss

I lose things

Scattered

Flighty

A mind remiss

In flight

I found the keys in a cup

Phone on a mantle

But my slippery mind

I missed the most

Found in a puddle

I keep track of character, integrity

And Water Ford Cystal

A heart for humanity underneath

This frothy chest

## A Taste of You

I taste your breath  
A trilogy of wine partaken  
Edges of crusty bread  
Shredded Romano  
They feed me as you  
With your intricacies  
Light pivots on a chest  
Of jewels  
Regal in all eternities  
A bliss that blows  
As a harbor's gale  
A drop of you for my thirst  
An inch of you for my repair

## An Insidious Illness

I stare through the TV as if it is a window  
I write and it is all wrong  
Depleted putting up dishes  
Intolerant to the pain that forges in my shoulders  
Fatigue settles in as if at home  
Lost with no hope of being found  
Longing for my once upon a time life  
Living a life as desolate as the desert floor  
Sullen eyes give me away  
My blonde hair wild, greasy, my clothes disheveled  
I do not care about war, weather, or politics  
Clothed in irritability  
Bathed in insomnia  
My presence is absent  
I am but a shell  
My fists wail  
Waiting is the most formidable  
Form of punishment  
Hope the other  
My brain lies to me  
And I believe her  
I think about dying  
The methods I'd take  
The note I'd write  
An insidious illness  
Lives within  
I live without

## Acceptance

Acceptance

I live in oblivion  
Head in the sand of  
My impenetrable bubble  
Of self-preservation  
I'm not republican or democrat  
I'm an American  
Beholden to no one  
No entity  
I do not watch the news  
Read the paper  
Engage in social media  
Or vote  
Take the news outlets  
Toss the anchors  
There is a crisis  
In our country  
I know nothing about  
I will be duly notified  
If necessary  
Can I fix the crisis  
Would knowing make  
My life more uplifting  
If I could change it I would  
I wage a war within  
Outside sources jeopardize  
A fragile ecosystem  
A cell has a wall for good reason  
Divisiveness is in the lead  
We lost unity  
Fed democracy to the pigs  
It is repugnant

Fire on my coat  
Flames in the water indignant  
I'm intolerant, foaming at  
The mouth angry  
Over our brokenness  
See good, do good  
Observe the wonder  
Open minds open hearts  
Pass the peace  
Save time and energy  
For writing and relationships  
Read some Steinbeck, some cummings  
Write a poem  
Do a puzzle  
Grow a garden  
Eat a damn peach  
Knowing is futile  
Letting go opens doors  
So many have closed

## In the End

In the end  
What lies  
Between us  
Is the air  
Of sentiment  
And the rush  
That fuses two  
As one  
The intricacies  
The exceptionalities  
That skim  
Like the pebble  
Across the pond  
An I can't breathe  
Without you  
Lest I suffocate  
Edible bliss  
Sightless  
Color of  
Enchantment  
Heart skips a beat  
Endearment  
Benevolent binding  
Unwavering  
Union  
Solidarity our  
Charm

## Bring me Home

Of the time I'm allowed  
Let my name be serenity  
May the rain quench my graying hair  
Vines twirl up aging legs  
Cascaded in roses  
Resting on fresh hay  
Smelling musty and wet  
Run my fingers through endless ribbons  
Walk through the hush of kudzu  
Knock the sand from my shoes  
Eat the bliss of coconut cake  
Bathe in babbling brooks  
That meander under sun's grace  
Eat of the bounty  
Entwined with heartiness  
Follow the skies lace  
Gather yellow dotted daises  
Smother me in serendipity  
And may my wings always  
Bring me home

## Abundance

I believe God holds Blue Jays  
In the sky suspended from his grace  
That weeping is rains trickling face  
And that tenderness billows at night  
That light is fragments of extraordinary bliss  
And that mercy opens doors to forgiveness

I know laughter to be contagious and auspicious  
That love holds as a child clings at night  
Compassion lives in the human embrace  
I find joy to be boundless and timeless  
In all these I'm flushed with abundance

## Hope

Hope stands in the gap  
When darkness befalls  
Building a bridge to light

## Sun and Moon

When the dense fog rises  
Our sun ascends

It is day  
Sun is reluctant

Moving into position  
As if stalling

Lighting up a world  
That falls short

Sun delivers and is eminent  
Magnificent, underrated

A blister in the sky  
Sustainer of life

Near dusk our sun is disposed of  
Drowning in the sea

Sun and moon transpose  
Moon stands guard

As if hollow and whispered  
Suspended from grace

Alleys and paths lurk  
In what lies dim

Moonlight is for lovers  
Cats on the prowl

The moon works the  
Late Shirt

Parting at dews  
Imposition

## Abducted

In this tidy room  
I stretch out on this bed of illusions  
Sleep till the curtains call  
Walk on hollow floors  
Create masterful paintings on lonely, plastered walls

All is well kept  
A bed made proudly  
Signatures of preeminent artists suspended on the wall  
Dust, vanquished  
Books arranged in alphabetical order on a case of mahogany

I breathe in the air of misfortune  
I hear only breath and silence in this tidy room  
Cool air drifts on my troubled face and I quiver  
I follow Mary, she crawls down the wall  
My only companion

I sit in a corner of indecision as if in time out  
I try to remember, I try to forget what brought me here  
I spin on the hollow floor until  
The world is as dizzy as I am  
Passing hours with a broken clock

Wrapping up in luxurious curtains  
Of secret velvet, I am queen  
The world moves without my knowing  
I assume the sun wears her radiance  
And the moon bellows at the wolves

In this tidy room time is captured, and so am I

## Birthing

My labor is met with  
Shallow breaths  
Pushing a figure  
Not eager to budge  
The push of birth  
Long and belabored  
In the end I am endeared  
To my beloved child

Poems, as if an infant  
I'm completely infatuated with  
Consumed by, endeared too  
Poems are a birthed as well  
Protective of my creation I  
Rise at once to the occasion  
The poem lives on  
She to is beloved

## All Things White

In the winter  
Ice clings to the  
Withered leaf  
The pond  
Now glass  
Reflects images  
Of a tree reaching  
For the unreachable  
Harnesed with might  
Even in biterness  
The snowflake  
Listlessly drifting  
Is the answer to elegance  
Creatures sustain  
Amidst frigid conditions  
Forgiving snow  
Gives way to the  
Deer weight  
At my window  
I am enamored  
The grace of winter  
The delight in all  
Things white and  
Christened

## A Shrine

### A Shrine

The mirror laughs  
She points, giggles  
Scoffs at aged legs  
Mocks a lowly chest  
Jeers at a pouch  
Belies hips that jiggle  
Legs that carried the load  
Hips waver  
Scorns a lumpy rear  
Her view limited  
A picture in time  
She can't envision  
The joy, the struggle  
What looks like less  
Is actually more  
My aging body  
I've come to adore  
A well-earned badge  
A life lived hard  
My silhouette doesn't  
Define me  
Or speak of worth  
The value I hold, endearing  
The mirror has no regard for  
A chest that sustained a nursing child  
A cupped belly carried a soul  
A body, a wonder  
Worn in the wear  
It carries my mind  
My thoughts and  
Cares  
My body, my temple

To be adored

Lovely and lived in

She's a shrine not a show

## Dismissed

Dismissed

A plume of smoke  
Catches my throat

Mother's Marlboro's  
Still a fast friend

She worries as if she is paid  
Grappling for his hand

Her chatter is incessant  
Yet nothing is said

A chasm parts us  
Sure as the red sea is red

The room holds an aged man  
Whose breath is running out

Each one heavy labored  
How will I live without

Charged with enduring days  
Optimistic till the end

He is my father  
Always my best friend

Time is short  
Days are long

He is ready to be dismissed

To end his life's song

Weary, I am home

1:00 a.m. I get the call

Relief, regret

Dismissed he does fall

## INNOCENCE IMPARTED

Blonde locks drape rosy, cherub cheeks  
Delicate lips part for breath and  
Her smile warms the ages  
Eyes blink and bat in an even cadence  
Dainty fingers drip with the juice of too tart apples  
Tips of toes peek out of white, tight sandals  
Her tender laugh marks her delight in being  
Innocence avails her and  
Time would best be served standing still

## I Will Hear Your Song

Fly close to home little one  
So I know you're here  
So I remember your name  
So we will be familiar in the passing wind

Let me know your comings and goings  
I breathed life into you and this gift of wind  
I hear you rejoice in the buzz of the bee  
I see you follow the tilt of the skies

In longing, you are still mine  
Unencumbered, spreading your wings  
I touch the night sky and see your face  
I will hear your song  
I will sing it back to you

## It Should Never Be This Way

Losing someone who is still alive  
Is like finding remnants of disbelief  
The loss, cataclysmic  
Touching pores, rubbing bones,  
A wealth of hope insulted.  
Circumstances, unconscionable  
For she was part of me and  
All I know

## Happiness

I fight for my right to happiness  
For joy I can't yet see

## Last

Kickball

I was always picked last

My shorts were too short

Inching up my inner thighs

I'd outgrown the pink tank top

And my belly hung like the moon

Captains took turns picking

I wasn't selected

Alone as a Statuary

Eyes somber

The girls branded as the clique

Mocked me

Awkward, embarrassed

As if my clothes had fallen off

Being last was not a pick

But a forced entry

My teammates taunt

The tears, I swallow

Lip tight

Courage thrives in adversity

## Worth

The insanity of it all  
Is not knowing your worth  
Your intrinsic value never fades or stumbles  
The sun glistens on your favored face  
Capturing your radiance  
No folly befalls you  
No ill defeats  
Do not play small in this world  
That may swallow you as the sparrow  
Your eyes float with knowledge and beauty  
Your significance reigns  
Your destiny-  
To be seen, to be heard  
Valued as the prodigal  
Your merit scrapes the skies  
Your countenance lifts  
Your mercy saves  
Like the favor of the wind  
You leave nothing behind  
An indelible existence  
Your grace grows as red poppies  
Favored as a sun's rise  
Smooth as coffee at dawn  
You are perpetual bliss  
Belonging in all spaces  
Filling big shoes

May you prosper long  
May you know the mark you leave  
May your world become because of you

## So Goes our Light

A tepid sky  
Ignites

Omnipotent skies-  
Ominous clouds

A yellow  
Harvest erupts

Electric,  
Fast-paced strikes

Lighting up daunting  
Burdens we bury

Emblazoned  
Furious nights

Sky's  
Drama abates

Renewal  
Comes crawling and

Stars  
Remember to shine

So goes our storms  
So goes our light

## Crossroads

At the crossroads  
There's dust

Fogging my eyes  
Coating my throat

Disguised is the path of  
Transformation

Beholden to no one  
Traversing alone

Oh to shuck reticent ways  
And embrace fortitude

A perilous journey  
Necessitated by angst

To claim  
What has never been proclaimed

My right to  
A voice, independence

Drowned by my own doing  
Born of innocence, fear

I gave myself away  
But I buy myself back

Autonomy had  
Always been accessible

At the crossroads  
I turn left to bravery

In the end  
No one can

Walk my path  
But me

I will walk  
To liberation

## May it be Spoken

Edify existence  
Offer graciousness and mercy to the man  
Fraught with cancer  
To the woman who works into the wee night  
Give spoken praise freely to those unheard, unseen  
Applaud the devoted for they are our backbone  
Share hope as if the blind might see in our night  
Encouragement lights paths making the unknown known  
Inspiration moves humanity as the waters move the earth  
Affirmations build a bridge to the possible  
Praise the worthiness of those wrapped in worthlessness  
Lift the lowly, the downtrodden, the afflicted  
In all these deeds may goodness and mercy follow you  
May you inherit your words

## Who Rules You

Moving in and out of doorways  
Cycling through

Marching to the compulsory drum  
Accomplishment earns

Over doing rewarded  
Drowning in an illusion

Influenced by the defunct  
Nameless, faceless

The pool of obligations  
The vat of expectations

Wide eyed subterfuge  
A blind push

Yet we ascribe  
Dutifully

Burnt out, burnt up  
Begging for liberation

Time irreversible  
Lost time cataclysmic

Reclaim, refrain  
Resist the implicit

March to your drum



## Wonder

The wonder of the

Night sky ignites  
On our corner lot  
Bolts electrify  
Soil is charged  
The sky threads her way  
Through perilous strikes  
Pounding shakes mother earth  
And the cobalt coffee cup rattles  
In the cupboard  
Pelting of water drenches thirsty Bermuda  
Magnolias come up for air

I relish evenings bathed in summer's christening  
I lay in the wrought iron bed and the twist of  
The wind entitles itself to breathe on my window  
A battle fought hard ends with all things quenched

## Believable Eyes

Believable Eyes

Believable Eyes  
Thickness of voice  
Arms that surrender  
A soul to rejoice

Able of body  
Runner's feet  
Ways of endearment  
Bourbon neat

Husband devoted  
Father triumphant  
Friend true  
Worker exultant

Certain of self  
Wisdom ensues  
Thoughts provoking  
To himself true

## I Know This Place

I crave compassion that rains  
With fervor and swells  
Mother earth  
That serves and is served

I yearn for peace like  
Paths of righteousness  
Where stillness knows silence  
And calm knows no contradiction

I delight in the innocence of childhood  
That runs from dawn to dusk  
Playing in the plush, green, grass  
Knowing home is an unquestionable vessel of love

I desire love  
Eternally blissful  
Committed, holding fast to the fence post  
With melded heartfelt kisses

I rejoice in the suppression of misery  
What lifts the lights for the lowly  
And lessens insidious sorrow

I know this place

## Compelled

I write because my mind overflows  
Words spill out onto paper in pieces  
A puzzle of sorts, binding them  
Joining words together gratifies  
Meaning derived at puzzles completion  
Poetry speaks of darkness, light  
The mundane, nature, love  
Driven to write  
Passion exudes  
Ironically, I struggle to find  
Words to express  
The significance of  
Poetry in my life  
My confidant  
My therapy  
Ecstasy  
Words follow me  
I follow them  
The power of the written word  
Compels  
I write  
I have no other choice

## Barbie

Don't box me in like a Barbie  
I'm not that girl  
Svelte legs you may prefer  
I've stubby legs and rolls not often adored

Corporations put on exhibition  
Who I should be  
She is non-existent  
A vandal, not me

My body, my temple  
In it I rejoice  
Not perfect, just simple  
My body my choice

Phony, fake and plastic  
Dim witted blonde  
Distributed to innocence  
As an idol to be fond

Mattel made billions  
On a tramp of a doll  
Her deception rampant  
An enchantress to all

The doll seems more  
I seem less  
What is my worth  
With flesh I am blessed

Even with age she  
Still calls out  
"I am flawless,

Of yourself you must doubt"

Don't box me in as a Barbie

I've had my say

Get her out of my face

Put the damn doll away

## If for a Moment

If, for a Moment,  
The echo of The National Anthem  
Could pierce hearts  
The slow, familiar melody  
That draws goose bumps  
Releases tears  
With gravity palpable  
The stadium holds the proud  
The Americans  
The unity of spectators mesmerizes  
Honoring a land set apart  
Honoring a people  
For a breath, respect  
Divisiveness lapses  
In the hush we remember  
In the hush we forget  
If, for a moment  
What brings us together  
Blinds us to the storm  
I listen  
I weep  
*Home of the brave*  
*Land of the free*

## Sea

You look to me and I know  
    I am your anchor, your paradise  
The sea is right with us  
    We meld as salt and sand  
The heights we know  
    We claim horizons  
In turbulent waters  
My storm becomes your storm  
    The burden we share  
Collectively we navigate  
    The waves we battle  
The rip tide spares us  
    The tide always settles  
It rolls in

## Insanity

For the world to still  
To hold the wind  
Silence the hum  
Embrace the  
Pant of the deer  
The struggle of fledgling  
The fleeting of the hummingbird  
It will all fall short  
The stillness that  
Drives discomfort  
Draws us back  
Tied and belabored  
To the knock of insanity

## A Grain of Sand

### A Grain of Sand

I, but one grain of sand  
Set in motion by ocean's pull  
To fight the water, futile.  
To flow with the water, surrender  
Why push the boulder  
Why harken the sea  
Relinquish  
Immerse yourself  
I, the grain that flows with ease

## Little Head

He was a thimble of a man  
He came into our bar daily  
We lived in Hegins, Pennsylvania  
He spoke but wasn't understood  
Pennsylvania Dutch, like a foreign language  
He was suspect  
Odd in every flavor  
A smarmy fellow  
Shaved head  
Hunter's cap  
White T-shirt  
They called him Little Head  
He sat at the bar unaccompanied  
Then played cards with my grandmother, Euchre  
They relished this past time  
I watched but had no interest  
He drank shots as she delt  
They smoked in tandem  
I never liked him  
I found nothing redeeming in him  
We took him home one night  
His house fell in on itself  
He knew little, he had little  
He found companionship with my grandmother  
She gave him something no one else had, a chance

## Life

Life

Of the days were allowed

Live beyond measure

Know love moves

Carries, holds most anything

Our loves,

They are out center

We are broken

But healed

Embracing weakness

As a strength

We are fragile

Yet indestructible

We are fallen

In need of grace

We are stars of compassion

Carrying our love to the loveless

We bear the unbearable

But the joy that comes to pass is inexplicable

## What was Lost

What was Lost

Frank lives at 290 Short 7th Avenue  
He resides in the orchards of Nantucket

Where peaches grow as big as your fist  
And the juice drips like a leaky faucet

Frank clings to order  
He is tidy and fastidious

He is a tax accountant arriving at work at 7:05  
Departing at 5:05

He is diligent and dutiful  
His grass grows to his discretion

His sheets are always ironed  
And his sink is as empty as a bowl

Frank is married to Lydia  
He once was enamored by her

Art and encouraged it  
Now it annoyed him like a gnat

Lydia was not flamboyant  
Just vivid

Her color  
Left you feeling like the subject of her art

Somewhere their lives split like lightning to the tree

They lived together and separate

Willing and unwilling

Married but lost

Frank closed the door to the chaos of the world

Lydia embraced it

## Are You Hopeful

Hope keeps me guessing  
Keeps me waiting as if in line  
Keeps me expecting change  
Wanting more  
Wanting something that may never be  
She entices  
Keeps us reaching  
Is she an illusion, a dream  
Is she a fairytale  
Where is the end to the waiting  
Where is the end to the wanting  
Do we give up hope  
Will today suffice  
Will what I'm dealt this moment be adequate  
Can I give up hope  
Can I sit with reality and be satisfied

## Known

### Known

Everyone likes to share  
Listen to what happened to me . . .  
Or you'll never believe this . . .  
Or I feel . . .  
Some people share to  
An extreme and dominate  
Others moderate  
How they converse  
Both want to be heard  
To be understood  
To be valued  
It is rare that we  
Intrinsically know how to  
Adequately acknowledge that one  
Has been heard  
When you find this one  
You have found glory  
For you are known

## Our Tree

### Our Tree

We are brewed in soil  
Born of roots  
Drenched in the rain  
Of bloody waters  
Quenching thirsty ground  
A trunk buried in  
Bark emerges  
Branches reach  
Telling our story  
Tender leaves  
Know our name  
The tree connects us  
Invisibly bound  
Through years  
Of propagation  
Our tree blossoms  
Bearing fruit  
Or dropping in rot  
Discord inevitable  
Breaking branches  
The tree will always  
Be of what it's  
Branches make  
Our tree is drenched  
In bloody waters

## Nobody

I'm just a nobody  
Trying to tell everybody  
About somebody  
Who can save anybody

## Revolution

*March is birthed in eager anticipation  
And lays out as a blanket  
The harsh, brittleness of winter escapes us  
And the world emerges transposed  
There is awakening  
Renewal  
Glory to the ladybug  
Carrying promise on her back  
For gardenias greet with sweetness  
Before eyes lay sight  
Oaks spring to life with effervescent leaves  
Of a transparent luminous, green  
Days stretch out like an afternoon nap  
And light takes over darkness  
The daffodil in her yellow dress boasts  
Of her bold, daring disposition  
As milky white daisies ignite  
With a yellow button taking center  
Roses procure themselves  
Their beauty disguising their bite  
The cool crisp water quickens toes  
As green frogs hustle to their buoyant lily pads  
Chirps make symphony and  
Bees buzz, pollinating vibrant petunias  
Some days the sky cries with vengeance  
Saturating all things dry and thirsty  
Even children heed the call  
Moving through plush, green grass  
In these days, in these times  
We bear witness to revolution*



## Remember Me

The thick of it is  
Every day is celebration  
Having escaped encapsulating darkness  
Having been buried in paralyzing sorrow  
Shucking the mask of despair

I walk now in shimmering light  
I feel the warm glow on my cheek  
I hoard the joy of time and space  
Seeking peace and presence of moments  
Looking to my love saying "remember me"

## Luxury

I live in luxury  
Not a world of accouterments  
Houses like museums, diamonds telling of promises  
Tesla's driving me home  
A simple luxury, swaddling me  
Comforting me, reminding me  
That I'm always home no matter  
Where I wander on this sphere, humanities home  
It's the cream that spins when added to my coffee  
Stacks of books with words that enrich, invite  
A hide away to feed the desire to  
Stringing words together  
Blankets that envelop me, all that I am  
And hope to be  
My love, that loves me at my worst  
Because he knows me at my best  
He is the finest luxury  
I invite the days  
I invite the luxuries

## Luther's Grace

I sit mindlessly on the floor playing solitaire for the seventh time  
Numbness like nova cane  
Numbness that blurs the stars  
Sadness that plays with my hair parting it over and over  
Eyes float through the succession of blinks  
They flood, spilling over, trickling down my cold, pale face  
They fall on my spaghetti-stained t-shirt  
I force thoughts down, dreadful, unwarranted  
Hues of warm yellow fade into the carpet from the adjacent window  
Light feels good

Luther, my incorrigible black poodle abruptly takes over my space  
He stumbles in, falls at my stubby feet and swears he'll always love me  
His thick black hair is matted beyond repair  
His breath, simple, like coffee grounds, endears  
Shiny coal eyes that look at me like my mother  
Eyes that fall all over me, wanting no more of me than I bring  
No pretense  
No foul  
Luther's presence, his acceptance, his warmth, negates thoughts now adrift

## Ask

When day becomes night  
Ask of my day  
Did I offer love?  
Did I make my work my own?  
Did I bear burdens in stride?  
Tell me my share is enough  
That my work is sufficient  
That I cared for another  
With your good intentions  
Tell me what I have found is contentment  
Ask of my day  
Ask of my night

## Music

Music resonates

Songs stay

They rattle

I hear "Desperado"

In a traffic jam

And I listen

Melodies carry memories

They carry me back

Music elicits

Elation, sorrow

Music doesn't care

That you lost your job

Forgot to pay the bill

Music is consistent

Life is not

Music never deviates

Never fails

I hear "Desperado"

I listen

It remains the same

## The Death of Me

In death we do no wrong  
To the remainders  
Who smoke of our benevolence  
Silver polished personality  
Compassion comparable to Mother Teresa  
Refined like sugar  
"He never said a bad word about anyone."  
They left out that he was a son of a bitch  
Taking hold of our earnings  
Leaving us stranded  
Why must we immortalize the immoral  
He will live up to his laud  
Posthumously  
More alive when dead

## Wisdom

*Wisdom churns in the belly of the fortuitous few  
Earned on the backstrap of humanity*

*Achieved through years of trials  
Aging imposes*

*Judiciously earned  
Experiences harsh teacher*

*Unfolding  
From brokenness, suffering*

*The wise are sought  
Entrusted*

*Wisdom wears modesty  
It doesn't flaunt*

*What could we be  
If we all wore wisdom*

*Like a badge  
An honor*

## The Rot

Not long ago, maybe yesterday  
Or in my last breath, I still believed  
I pressed for harmony  
Yearning to coexist on this twirling sphere  
With empathetic, respectful travelers  
Emerging from my cocoon  
From a fairytale, kumbaya coma  
We are inundated by  
Nameless, faceless megaphones  
Blind to reason  
Hanging off moving cars  
Refusing to pay for hamburgers  
Dinging car doors recklessly  
Confronting the law  
Unreasonable, irrational  
Where Lunacy is the movie of the week  
A period of descent  
A deluge of the debased  
I find my joy in the gray matter  
That tells me there's still sensibility  
Reason without rage  
Enterprise with a mission to mend  
I sit on my merry go round of prized horses  
But not on my high horse  
And watch the rot

## In the End

In the end  
What lies  
Between us  
Is the air  
Of sentiment  
And the rush  
That fuses two  
As one  
The intricacies  
The exceptionalities  
That skim  
Like the pebble  
Across the pond  
And I can't breathe  
Without you  
Lest I suffocate  
Edible bliss  
Sightless  
Color of  
Enchantment  
Heart skips a beat  
Endearment  
Benevolent binding  
Unwavering  
Union  
Solidarity our  
Charm

## Ashes

*Beyond parched eyelids  
Incandescent eyes roll like marbles  
Pressured breaths  
Like a belabored woman  
At curbs side  
Her red Rolling Stone's T-shirt  
Ripped haphazardly  
Emblazoned by a fire that  
Wouldn't give up  
Soles of feet, raw  
Soot laden  
Twitching like a fish  
Disaster rattles her  
Glass fragments burrow in her scalp  
Speak of the fire's fury  
Squeezing her mother's hand  
Mouthing "I love you"  
In a moment of release  
A young fortress advances*

## Dressed with Might

Follow the wings of eagles  
Look up at stars of night  
Soaring as creatures whisper  
Upon spirited flight

Over heirloom meadows  
Over crystal streams delight  
Favored feathers of chocolate  
And superfluous billowing white

Stark beady eyes of coal  
Vision sustained through night  
Embarking on solo missions  
The eagle dressed with might

His wisdom taunting as his talons  
Majestic creation, favored voice  
Though perilous he's victorious  
In his majesty rejoice

## May

May you prosper long  
May you know the indelible mark you leave  
May your world become because of you

## Seaworthy

The volatile sea churns  
Pounding delicate grains  
Of seaworthy sand  
At water's edge  
Palpable surges of the  
Seas finest blue-green mix inch forward  
A caressing flow of the sea's heartiness  
Travels up bony ankles  
Leaving them taught like a stretched band  
Energized by the melding of sea and salt  
I run-on hard-pressed sand  
It is gummy and thick like fresh poured concrete  
I indulge in nature's largest aquarium  
Submerged, the shoreline is no longer believable  
I tumble on the ocean floor with gray speckled fish  
Wondering if they tire from perpetual motion  
A school of pink, gelatinous jellyfish skirt around  
Dolphins pose midair  
A shot of salty sea rushes in my mouth  
Lukewarm and putrid  
Wrapped like a burrito in my shrinking orange towel  
I make strides to maneuver dunes unending  
The day, seaworthy

## A Heart's Beat

The chill in the air sent  
Me in for my blue Patagonia jacket  
In my car  
Delicate crystals don  
My windshield  
In time, heat  
Dresses me  
My commute, long  
Devoid of scenery  
James Taylor ensues  
Comforts  
Not far in familiar  
Lights and sirens  
Startle me  
Hanging in suspense  
I pray  
To soon I pass her  
The driver, ejected  
On the bitter concrete  
Eyes rolled back  
Pink tennis shoes  
A jacket with buttons  
Like mine  
A headless baby doll  
An emptied purse  
A crushed Coke can  
Scattered around her  
Like a crop circle  
Driving in solace  
Knowing she was someone's  
Wife, mother  
Where was she going?  
Where had she been?

We exist in  
Moments  
Breaths  
A heart's beat

## I Listen

This song sings itself  
Wrapped in a melody that lowers the lights  
Music fills each crevice, walls swell  
It's rhythm breezy like the southern wind  
It lays back its head with a gentle sigh  
Vocals can do no wrong  
Resonance is palpable  
A tempered beat  
Reminiscent of a late stroll  
I listen  
This song sings itself

## I Like These Walls

I like these walls  
They're the yellow of the sun I didn't see today  
My walls know me, hold me  
Twenty years I have lived here, they have never let me down  
From the wind and rain they keep me  
They capture the air I breathe  
Create space for me to drink black coffee  
And a nook to write poetry  
Always, they listen  
They know my tone  
They remember what I forget  
Known are my lying and waking  
They lay witness to all conversation  
Words spoken in struggle, in strength  
They see me feast and famine  
My walls see sorrow that will curl your toes  
And joy that lifts the lights  
I like these walls  
I am well kept

## My Grandfather

He belongs to the stars

He belongs to the school of profound thoughts  
Of philosophies, adventures and ideas  
An educated intellectual  
Garnering attention for his wit and wisdom  
Compelling in nature  
Captivating in speech  
Giving the full of his heart  
Gaining the full of my heart  
Poetry his fulfillment  
His believability  
He, a lesson in laughter  
A charitable grin  
He belonged to us  
But first he belonged to the stars

## Take a Number

*We can't escape pain, take a number  
Your time will come  
Like a rod that hits you from behind  
Surrendering breath  
Willing her way in  
Wringing you out like a damp dish cloth  
Torched, left to fry  
Pain sears indelibly  
She can leave as quickly as she came  
Others, she lingers  
Take of her, don't let pain  
Be lost on you  
Go forward, give away the good  
That remains  
Honor renewal  
Share the hope you thought you'd lost*

## Before the River Rose

Before the river rose, we cared  
We cared about the curious bend in the river  
Where we skied at dusk on Saturdays  
We cared about boat rides  
At the crest of dawn and how  
The sun can imperceptibly rise and  
Then take over the sky

It was if that same sun dropped  
In the muddy river and spilled over  
Submerging already saturated soil  
Rains fall rising to the top of tin roofs  
Scorched by noon's heat  
We worry now more about submerged cars  
Water more polluted than air  
Mud and mildew no amount of Clorox negates  
The smell of decay  
Cattle that never knew their intentions  
We don't think of the joys of the river anymore  
We think how it ruined us  
How we rue the day the river rose

## THE INFECTION

*It was inadvertent*

*That I might catch it  
It is there, crouching  
In the hollow  
Lying beside what  
Covers my nakedness  
Infection spread  
The darkness  
Of the sea  
I drag it behind me  
Like a dead horse  
If acknowledged  
The feathers  
Might fly off the birds  
It takes ownership  
Pays the rent  
For fear of eviction  
To affirm  
Would rub the finish*

## PAINTED SKY

*Stars wish for nothing  
They shine without  
Knowing how  
They give rise to wishers  
As they melt the night sky  
Abundant, scattered  
Yet each is known  
Their evening dance  
A ritual  
Mystery holds them apart*

*The moon  
Matron of the stars  
Guardian of the night  
Consequential  
Bearer of light  
In the blistered sky  
Celestial bodies  
Lay weary souls  
To rest  
A painted sky  
Bids goodnight*

## What Holds Me

*Pivotal to my existence*

*Poetry*

*Holds me to this earth*

*Awakens the untold*

*Harkens an untamed*

*Reckless creature*

*Pieces together the broken*

*Forgotten wounds*

*An intimate encounter*

*Satiated by the written word*

*What speech omits*

*Poetry voices*

## Poets

*We*

*The poets*

*Of*

*Misconstrued*

*The*

*Outlier*

*Mysterious*

*Perchance*

*Deliverer*

*Of thought*

*Emotive*

*Elegant, elemental*

*Wrestle*

*Words*

*Inerrant*

*Forthcoming*

*Stain*

*Ink on paper*

*Open*

*For interpretation*

## Inside Anxiety

*My mind  
Easily activated  
Working overtime  
Overthinking  
Assessing the possibility  
Of unlikely  
Yet possible events  
Playing out scenarios  
Checking hazards  
Strung out on distress that  
Detracts from ease  
Apprehension palpable  
Stuck on the merry go  
Round of rumination  
Watching a world that  
Spins as a blur  
My only power  
Give fear a voice  
Equally as daunting  
Or nullify it  
Do it afraid  
Then step away  
From the horses*

## I Want for Nothing

Desire for worldly possessions fades  
Shrugging the material  
Wanting for no earthly good  
Seeking nothing other than  
Peace that abides  
Living in abundance  
A vine of grapes plumps  
Soon they flood the goblet  
The overflow courses through me  
My air is rich and savory  
To inhale, sublime  
My water runs pristine  
My sustenance is ample  
Fed as the sparrow  
My wealth, intrinsic beauty  
Like the orange and pink hues  
That butter the horizon  
Compassion that comes as the pouring rain  
The irreplaceable luxury of  
Loving the one that loves me back

## The Palace

On Sundays we go to the casino  
The Palace, in God's country

Just off exit fifty-two in Knoxville, Alabama  
It's palatial presence abrupt

Out of place amongst cinder block  
Buildings, weathered fence posts, pastures

My husband disperses twenties  
The quest for unearned funds begins

Slots as bright as the risen sun  
Sensory, sensory, sensory

Lights flashing, blinking, pulsing  
Music, buzzers, sirens

Stimulating senses  
Overriding reason

Funds relinquished  
Daring chance to produce

## Cold

### Cold

Traversing the crunch of the gravel road  
Trees grow over the drive  
Touching at their bough  
Creating an evergreen arch  
A stately dwelling  
Imposes in fields that unfold  
I imagine life is luxurious  
Dining on Wedgewood China  
Blue and gold  
Lounging on a red velvet sofa  
Meandering through  
Spacious rooms  
That swallow  
Living a refined  
Tailored existence  
I wonder  
Do they too get cold

## Existence

I succumb to ends of days  
To ends of nights  
Where the wind lays low  
Where the bough bends, not breaks

I relinquish ill-fitting garments  
That sinch my waist and  
Smother me with stiff, forgotten lamb's wool  
Where denim, devoid of elasticity binds

I witness the belief of disbelief where  
A fool's handshake, his  
Tight sweaty grasp  
Squeezing my cold, limp  
Apathetic hand

I suffer at the dire reach of poverty  
The stricken, the voiceless  
The heartache of lowly demise  
In a state where trees and stars serve as meager shelters

It is the certainty of tenderness I crave  
Blowing darkness to the foreboding wind  
That soothes a blistered soul

I welcome togetherness  
That fills the inherent void we mask  
Sufficing nothing  
Embracing all

I rejoice in existence  
Abundance that fills all spaces  
Far reaching and plenty



## It Resides in Me

She wore her hair inches above her tapered waist  
Brown hair streaked with blonde  
Her patient, Eve, wore a red flannel gown  
It gave pale cheeks something to hold on to  
Eve lived beyond days allotted  
Her time measured in the tick of the clock  
In a frail voice Eve spoke to her nurse  
"Beauty has embraced you, your kindness steadfast"  
Blushing the nurse smiled  
"And age has long favored you, your grace will endure"  
They quieted  
Allowing the tender exchange to simmer

In moments  
A failing heart expired  
No efforts saved  
Though her life ceased  
Her words, her kindness  
Will reside

## I Know Her

She is shady lanes  
Everyday kisses  
Certain to care  
Open to share  
A weaver of words  
Magnolias to bare  
Poetic explosions  
Change to spare  
Investments in sorrow  
Lucky in love  
A leisurely stroll  
Flighty as doves  
Melancholy moments  
Everyone she loves  
Lofty dreams  
A glance above  
Painted skies  
Writing her elixir  
Coat of compassion  
Goodbye kisser

## May's Last Monday

May's last Monday  
We gather as the sea  
Paying homage to our soldiers  
Who battled gallantly

At three o'clock  
Our heads hang low  
Remembering the warriors  
Their lives they'd forego

Adorning graves with flowers  
Flags and wreaths  
Our solemn tradition  
They, the grantor of peace

Acknowledging sacrifice  
Acknowledging valor  
Defenders in uniform  
Battling for our power

Do we honestly know  
Of our protectors in the night  
Standing watch with diligence  
In each perilous fight

Red poppies pronounce  
All that rest  
Born into strife  
Sacrificing all, their one given life

## **Mrs. Ward**

Mrs. Phyllis Ward was a force  
Petite, stylish red hair, glasses  
Direct but compassionate  
My junior and senior year she was my English teacher

Her passion for literature exuded  
Her zeal palpable  
We read *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Travel's with Charlie*  
Steinbeck, she revered

She knew I shared her priceless  
Love of the written word  
She instilled it  
Mrs. Ward made me feel my passion was a gift

In my academic career  
She was the most enlightened  
Teacher, I encountered  
Her instruction my forever fortune

She taught me I had a voice  
That my thoughts about literature were vital  
The passion she passed on serves me well  
To know her was to know literature

## And Then There Was Light

I didn't trip like you would  
On a jagged sidewalk  
I surged into darkness  
A mission lacking intent  
Like demolishing an ideal home  
Shifting from a world of crisp air  
Unforgettable sunsets  
To the devastation of a mind  
where doors rip off hinges  
Plates meet the yellow wall  
Mockingbirds silence  
And the breeze takes cover  
Held in a vacuum  
Battling for release

Hush surfaces  
Light cascades  
Wind billows  
A world reclaimed  
The lush of the grass  
Tickles my bare feet  
The earth that swallowed  
Released  
What I know of darkness  
Is in its aftermath  
Light shimmers  
The mundane extravagant  
Gratitude, it swells

## If for a Moment

If for a Moment  
The National Anthem solemn  
Echoing like a boomerang  
On metal bleachers  
In the outdoor stadium  
The slow familiar melody  
Elicits goose bumps  
Eyes float through blinks  
Gravity is palpable  
The arena holds the proud  
The Americans  
The unity of spectators mesmerizes  
Honoring a land set apart  
Honoring a people  
For a breath, respect  
For a breath, harmony  
Divisiveness lapses  
In the hush we remember  
In the hush we forget  
If for a moment  
What brings us together  
Blinds us to the storm  
I listen  
I weep  
*Home of the brave*  
*Land of the free*

## The Sea Churns

Like a tidal wave, it took him down  
Rushing waters pummel me to the shore  
The sea churns

Salty water absorbs little pain  
Inexplicable  
Cataclysmic  
The water laps at his bony ankles  
Settles at my wavering hips

It drove him to distant seas, foreboding lands  
To corners of the earth I cannot access  
Like living without bones  
Like brokenness we carry on our knees

Years eclipse us  
The sea still churns  
Hope lies in the vastness of the sea

## It All Happens Today

The echo of yesterday  
Enlightens me of shortfalls  
Captive to the past

Yearning for tomorrow  
The flurry of what may come  
Grasps for nonexistence

Today rattles  
Stuck in yesterday and tomorrow  
Never to be captured

Letting go  
Embracing the present  
A moment suffices

The present  
Bleeds with possibilities  
We allow

## It Beckons Me

Poetry beckons  
I answer  
A force  
Eager to sell  
Eager to buy  
Why would laundry matter  
In the face of beautiful thinking  
Extravagant words  
That ooze with richness  
Words own me  
Intoxicate  
Poetry is as evocative  
As it is passionate  
It compels me  
Sustains me  
My song  
My retreat  
Poetry beckons  
I answer

## Life Without

Tucked behind bars  
Prison promises  
He rocks for hours  
On a damp concrete floor  
Cell thirty-one  
Holds a man who  
Churns with madness  
Spits on guards  
Haunts other prisoners  
With visceral chide  
Once the sky falls again  
The moon reads the  
Palm of his hand  
Guilty  
He weeps and gasps for  
Air that seems scarce  
On his bed of stone  
Joints buckle  
Unjust hours trudge  
As the just slumber  
In freedom  
Dawn loses meaning  
There are no days  
Only sun and moon  
Sun and moon  
His passion  
His gun  
His conviction  
Life with  
Life without