

Anthology of PerditaRose



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

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Night

Spinning, sweating in her room
Not knowing this could be her tomb
In this world that makes no sense.

Unaware of where she is
Running down dark passages
Deceived by their appearance.

Voices only in her head
Whisper while her feet are led
A dance of no coherence.

Her footsteps falter, tumbling
To reasons that their mumbling
She offers no resistance.

The music leaves her trembling
Her mind awakes remembering
Someone stole her innocence.

Soon it will be time to sleep
In the dark her secrets keep
Persistence of existence.

Asleep

Flies out the door, stops stock still
Tail straight out, with iron will
From side to side, point to point, eyes track.

Grey and brown, against a tree
Limbs akimbo, barely breathes
Poised to flee, when comes the first attack.

Locked on target, muscles coil
Out the gate, always loyal
To the cause, the goal, the chase, the pack.

Faster still the prey is running
For its life with all its cunning
To a tree, tallest one, farthest back.

Speeding, racing, comes on strong
Falls behind though stride is long
Rounds the tree, in a beastly panic.

Far up there, its just a squirrel
Beating out my little girl
It's just a dream, doggy gets no snack.

November

Leaves down and frost come
Chilling air turns breath to mist
A world in grayscale

The Glass Deer

When I was nine, my brother gave me a figurine of a deer for Christmas.
It was made from blown glass and when I turned it round in my hand,
Green light moved within it.
It was the closest thing to perfection that I had ever seen.

I still have that deer.
It has spent its life on mantel pieces, shelves, windowsills, and tables;
Never been dropped or knocked to the floor.
I don't know how it made it, all that time.

Then, I got afraid for it.
I put it in the breakfront in my dining room.
Now, my deer can see the world through seeded glass doors;
As safe as all the china,
And the trinkets my son made for me as a child.

My Apology

Ignorance can cause indifference
To things of great importance.
When some things should be carefully read
Else down the wrong road we are led
To draw the wrong conclusions
And live in a delusion
Of not understanding
In a way uncanny
By a mind so small.
As bad as reading not at all
The friar's letter for Romeo
Causing unavoidable woe.

It is this very worry
That makes me say I'm sorry.

Creation

A blank page, like a blank canvas,
Is waiting to be filled
By words that tumble out,
Or are sought painstakingly,
Grabbed at by your mind,
Or elusively out of reach.
When, finally, with pen in hand, poised above the paper,
A phrase is written that has the strength to represent an idea.
Likewise in painting
The colors of the palette,
Spontaneously or by much remixing,
With the aid of brush or knife
or some other implement of choice,
And an artist's keen eye,
Depict a world conceived in the artist's mind.

Isolation

If you open yourself to scrutiny
With a chance remark when getting groceries,
How many people just ignore
Your mindless comment in the store?
Not caring what you have to say
They turn their backs, they move away.
Did they really cross themselves
While looking intently at the shelves?
Are the canned goods really safer?
Could eye contact really pose a danger?
Who knows what might be lurking there,
Behind a smile, should they beware?
What's happened to humanity?
When they look at you, what do they see?

Shooting Stars

The comet performer watches from afar
As space dust falls through the atmosphere.
Seen as streaks across the sky
Even by the naked eye.
Good show Perseus
You should sell tickets.

Idioms

I put my foot in my mouth
I got my fingers in the pie
I got my ear to the ground
I got my head in a vice
I got my nose to the grindstone
Baby, won't you come home?
It's crazy 'round here without you.

I wear my heart on my sleeve
I've got my eyes on the prize
I've got my hand in your glove
And I'm missing your love
You left me all alone
Baby, won't you come home?
It's crazy 'round here without you.

I've got my head in the sand
Then my head's in the clouds
I've got my hat in my hand
And I'm making a plan
I need blood from a stone
So, baby won't you come home?
It's crazy 'round here without you.

Thoughts of Spring

I turned to thoughts of spring today,
Though it's so very far away,
Come renewal and rebirth,
Green shoots sprouting from the earth,
Light the candle, bless the water,
Lay the white cloth on the altar,
Wipe out all this brown and black,
Dream the warmth is coming back,
With the songbirds taking wing,
In the morning they will sing,
Reminding us of what we'll miss,
When we wake to snow and frozen mist.

Snow Scenes

The cold is settling in
For an extended stay
To impolite guests say
Don't leave the door open.

Snow is anticipated
And the furnace
Is out of service
Heat can't be overrated.

Icicles hanging from eaves
Frozen daggers dripping
And snowpacks slipping
Cause the tiles to heave.

Scarves, hats, and mittens
Will only warm
When they are worn
Sick children seldom listen.

Bumpy Ride

It's such a bumpy ride,
The way I feel inside.
Not knowing what to think,
I'm standing on the brink.
I'd like to understand.
I need to take your hand.
I really must confess
I might just make a mess.
Then who will clean it up,
When I say who knows what?
I wish I could stay calm,
No reason for alarm.
I've never felt this way.
I don't know what to say.
It's really no big deal.
I'll just say how I feel.
I think you feel the same.
So, I won't be ashamed.
When I say, "I love you"
To hope you love me, too.
I'll keep my fingers crossed
That I will win my cause.

3:00am, more or less

Awake again
In the early morning
A habit has formed
Fighting my sleeping pill
For the best time of day to write
No one else around
The only sound
Is the furnace heating the house
It keeps me company
Everyone else is deep in slumber
I used to envy them
Now I don't mind
The best compensation
Is writing this poem
It's like coming home
To myself.

summer

a copse of birch trees
sunlight through green canopy
illuminated

shadow puppets

dark, leafless trees spread
uneven, criss-crossed branches
against pale, gray sky

Shutdown

I can hardly manage to make this rhyme,
I'm having quite a bad time.
Simile and metaphor are too much work
And I've really been acting like a jerk.
My mind wills me to stay awake.
But it should really know better.
It's my sanity at stake.

upstairs

distant pianist
casually kissing keys
with his melodies

only half awake

only half awake
thoughts are lapping on the shore
of my consciousness

car ride on a wet day

raindrops are falling
running rivulet races
to the window's edge

Thief

We had a thief to clean our house
And she really did clean us out.
I didn't lock up my jewelry.
So, she took the pieces away,
And replaced them with tawdry fakes.
But I didn't notice at all
Because I had sleep apnea.
So, I walked in a haze all day.
It wasn't only jewelry.
She helped herself to ornaments
Hanging on our Christmas tree.
And a pair of pewter mushrooms,
That were salt and pepper shakers.
And a hundred dollar bill and
My dad's old wallet that I'd kept,
After he died,
With a photo of mom inside.
In the end we stopped the service.
Then I heaved a sigh of relief
To be fully done with that thief.
But one day I was going through
My son's night table, just to see
Where else her light fingers had been
After everything you wouldn't think
That anything could touch me when
I saw the empty box and knew
She'd swiped his baptism candle, too.

troubles

heavy snow falling
insulation from life's trouble
not so for others

Winter 2025

As our food becomes less abundant,
As our water has more pollutants,
As our leaders worship only cash,
Winter's come sooner than in the past.

As coal and oil are encouraged,
As global warming is disparaged,
As our atmosphere is being gassed,
Winter's come sooner than in the past.

As people suffer drought and famine,
As sick and poor are not our problem
As all of these are the world's outcasts,
Winter's come sooner than in the past.

As our future is glossed by ad men,
As wise men recognize bad omens,
As our legacy is poorly cast,
Winter's come sooner than in the past.

What has happened to our earth?
Will the spring not bring rebirth?
Will the winter not let go?
Please, God, let it not be so.

Houses

Sometimes I dream of houses that I've lived in.
Like unfinished thoughts they shift
In and out of focus.
Sometimes one, then another.
How my mind will change them
Is always a surprise.
As if they're made from plastic bricks
They're broken up and rebuilt on the fly.
Appearing like a fact.
Accepted as a memory.
Pushed together and reshaped like putty.
But when I'm standing in them, they're solid.
In the backyard of one grows the garden of another.
A staircase that wasn't there before
Pulled from our house in Schenectady
Becomes part of our house in Poughkeepsie.
Where it seems completely natural.
Why didn't we think of that before?
Now owned by other people.
What have they done to it?
And could we have it back?
Now that we have the money,
We could really do it right.
But why would I want to go backward?
Is nostalgia a part of my dream?
To go back to the places I so desperately wanted to leave
Doesn't make much sense to me.
As if I'm second guessing myself,
At this late date...

January in December

Cold January

Snowed in December's time slot

Please change the channel

Conscience

Conscience calls at night,
Reminding me of the past.
It's familiar company.

What is there to say?
How to make it go away?
There is no answer.

Things I should have done,
All the people I have wronged,
Appear before me.

They circle my room
In the uneasy darkness
Speaking silently.

There's nowhere to look
To relieve the agony
That lives within me.

Empty thoughtlessness
Written in the ink of truth
On my waiting shroud.

How can I atone
For neglecting those I loved,
Those who cared for me?

Yet I know they wait
With the purity of faith
For God's clemency.

And those whom I've wronged,

Seeking their own salvation,
Will forgive me, too.

Shining hopeful light,
That I might see my own sins,
And choose the better path.

Then spectral circle
Fades away to memories,
Leaving just the night.

Fish Wishing

You can't have a puppy,
But I'll get you a guppy.
Guppies are a lot less work.
Guppies don't dig in the dirt.

Remember when last year
Your Uncle Joe came here?
His dog ate up all those flowers
And not one of them was ours!

They sure must have been tasty
'Cause his dog was quite hasty
He swallowed the stems and the leaves
Only stopping when he had dry heaves.

Our neighbor sure was upset.
She hadn't known what to expect.
So, kids, the next time you wish,
Please, just wish for a fish!

domesticated

no wolf in this dog
no primal fire warms her
she wears a sweater

What Comes Next

The time has passed for new ideas,
There is a dearth of days to seize,
The sun comes up while we're asleep.

We take our time, there is no rush,
No one is chasing after us,
All deadlines and designs are done.

We don't always know the day,
Some hair is missing, some's gone gray,
We feel the cold inside our house,

Trees planted when we first moved in,
Now offer shade in the afternoon,
Their branches reach up to the sky.

Why things are are so, we cannot reason,
We play games to improve cognition,
Well-known facts slip through our fingers.

We're missing those whom we held dear,
The wind is whispering in my ear,
What comes next, you should not fear.

Cursed

She lives in places where she can hide
From scrutiny that she can't abide
Sold to other people's lies
She gave up and compromised
The hopes and dreams she held so dear
The mantle of fate she bravely wears
Telling no one of her fears
Alone at night she sheds her tears
The truth she knows cannot be spoken
It lies within her, this festering token
To her true self they are not open
That her ancestors' curse has been awoken
The key to her identity
is a well-tended duality
Not in her personality
But in her realities
The one she lives, the other she dreams
But to her the latter has always been
The one she favored for it seemed
That everything was as she deemed
Where people did just as she said
And all the things that she did dread
Stayed in the life she really led
Her ideal life was in her head
Though all things in both lives were shared
In her real life she hardly cared
It was only in her mind she dared
But that was when she tripped the snare
Believing these thoughts were really true
She'd shown her hand and they all knew
That from her thoughts she their lives imbued
With feelings for her that she felt her due
So, when this fragile bubble burst

It left her staring at the curse
That followed her throughout her life
And stabbed her soul with a double edged knife.

The Road to a Blessing

For most of her life, she had loved Christmas.

Its colors and music and textures,

The taste and smell of it.

She couldn't get enough.

But, in truth, she had expected too much of December.

Too much of herself.

And those around her.

The day felt black,

Even though it was bright outside.

Lack of sleep was taking its toll.

She was not the same person that she had been a year ago.

She no longer had a plan.

Afterward, her only expectation was to live through the day

And wake up for the next.

There wasn't much left of her

After she sold herself away

And took the thirty pills that she'd been given.

Christmas was the first part of her to go, that December twenty-fourth.

But other things followed;

Pushed over the edge with the life she'd lived before.

She drifted in and out of the day like the curtains in the hospital window,

Moved by the air when the heat came up.

It played softly with the fabric.

But the curtains just hung there, numb to it.

She could see the colored lights reflected in the glass.

With the things that she was able to salvage

She tried to rebuild her life.

But it wasn't the same.

They couldn't find all the pieces to cover the empty spaces

in her heart and mind.

Still she managed to climb back to somewhere near where she'd been before.

Even though the course of her life was forever changed.

So Christmas came back,

As imperfect as it was.

She waded into a new job and made other connections.

After everything

Even to hope for a baby was a miracle,

And God granted her wish.

She knew then why she was saved.

Because in those desperately frantic moments that she slept through,

He didn't just save one life, but two.

Hers and the one that wasn't conceived until after five more years had passed.

The blessing that was yet to be.

winter morning

walking in sunlight
shining on glistening snow
crunching beneath us

Follow the Bouncing Dog

It was one in the morning,
or maybe two,
When you came down,
More like, you flew
And stuck your nose into my eye.
Then bouncing around like you were high
You anxiously urged me to let you out.
While you were bouncing all about,
I slowly rose... right into you,
And tried to step into my shoes.
But leaning so unsteadily
I fell forward, like a tree,
Onto the loveseat heavily.
Now sitting, I put on my shoes.
When I tried to stand,
You bounced again.
At the door, I flipped the switch
And let you out to the garage pre-lit.
I stepped down to the concrete floor,
Thanking God I didn't fall.
Shuffling to the outside door
I opened it and let you go.
I switched on the light so you could see
The snow white ground and
Dark arborvitae.
The cold wind hit me properly,
But you came back
Almost immediately.
So then we sped
Back to the warmth
And afterward
we deeply slept.

what happens when you don't like anything you've written all day

watch out what you do
paranoia speaks to guilt
everyone will know

Christmas Cheer

The freeze of winter came today
It brought the snow and chose to stay.
I'd like to take the next train out
To warmer climates in the south.
But it's not so bad to be up here
To celebrate with Christmas cheer
The birth of Jesus Christ our Lord
To our erring and misguided world,
Calling us to be like him
And bring redemption from our sins.
When snow is crisp and bright and new
It shows us what His love can do.
So, I will stay here in my home
And go to church on Christmas morn.

loss

they left silently
regret's bitter company
how could I not see

tragedy

city vertigo

voice shrieking through the chasm

falls down to the street