

Poetry Series

Dan Hanosh

- poems -

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Dan Hanosh(11/10/1957)

I first started writing on a trout stream and haven't stopped yet...

A Chill

fills my senses
browns, oranges, yellows
meld into the sky, a
back dropp for this
autumn day.

Released,
a leaf tumbles,
slowly
falling, slowly
rotating.

Caught by a breeze,
the rusty fingers
slithering from
tree to tree, branch
to branch.

Floating, plummeting
toward the ground,
its blanket of
velvet leaves, maples,
walnuts, and birches.

Winds catch the oaken
fingers sending them skyward,
rolling them slightly,
across the street,
over the creek.

Swirling them,
toward the surface of the water,
touching, capturing, sending
them far away,
forever.

Dan Hanosh

And Calmness Comes

Bombarded by worries
of money and time
maybe my dream needs
to be put on hold
forever... But I can't

So I respond with
thought filled
prophecies... Somehow
I justify myself
and calmness comes.

Dan Hanosh

Can Words Be Lonely As A Place

The revolving strobe of the lighthouse
dances brightly against the rocky coast
and out of the salty surf rises the rough
rigid rocks from beneath the waters
of the bay a crusty crib cradles its only
child with an island of silt and rock
the oceans mightiest efforts continually
challenge its engineering prowess pounding
pounding

its once stout walls crumble rust stained
brown the crimson roofs faded pink
a tattered shred of flag flaps above the
peeling white paint rope-less clothes poles
tilt worn and weak waiting and the light
still revolves in the night and yet the
darkened door remains solidly closed
forever... now I ask you can words
be lonely as a place.

Dan Hanosh

Caught In A Breeze

Grains of sand,
sift, through
my fingers,

Falling, for a moment,
tiny particles, adrift,
toward the ground,

Instantly, their
destiny, becomes a thing
of chance,

Caught in a breeze,
some spread their wings,
achieving, new heights,

The rest, slowly,
falling, to be with
the others.

Dan Hanosh

How Did This Happen?

That fateful day in
September, fear surfaced
For a nation, once again.

I woke to the telephone,
"Turn on the TV",
A voice said to me.

Passenger planes flew into
Buildings, those images
Played over and over.

Another plane, hit
Another building, crashing,
Emitting fire everywhere.

Fire burning, smoke billowing,
People running, jumping, suddenly,
Crashing down, came the building.

Suddenly, it was apparent,
The second building was
Going to come down, also.

For an instant,
Everyone felt the sorrow,
For the brave, for the unfortunate.

That September day, calm was
No more, all planes had stopped
Flying, diverted elsewhere.

Walking outside, so clear, so
Quiet, too still, fear
Was settling in.

A nation, shocked
By the tragedy, slowly
They would recover.

Mourning collectively,
A nation brought together,
For a short time.

Today, still recovering
From that day in September, when
Everything stopped, for a brief moment.

A nation was unprepared,
And still no one knows,
"How did this happen"?

Dan Hanosh

Live Free And Dream

Nothing matters
when happiness alludes
not the environment
not peace not family not
hunger not death
nothing...

must it be
maybe you're lucky
you have dreams... seeds
tomorrows are made of
to live to dream
to live a life free

dreams filter the sun's
rays scorching the day
and one's will... life's
sweat lands upon your chest
and evaporates into the sky
ashes to ashes dust to dust
... live free and dream.

Dan Hanosh

Loved From Afar

The time was not right,
is it ever, you had
your life, I had mine,
infatuation, maybe, maybe love.

Remembering, we had something,
something very special, though
we dare not act on it, for we
feared reprisal.

The first time I saw you,
I did not know of my
infatuation, that would
come much later.

Our friendship grew, the image
of you made my blood boil,
your aroma quickened my heart,
the curve of your neck filled me
with desire.

I knew you felt it, the touch of
your hand when you came near,
the graze of a hip, the warmth
of your smile.

Spending hours together, when
we could be elsewhere, collecting
images for what would have to sustain
us when we parted, longing to be
together again.

Our ritual continued for
months, never acting, friendship
growing, until that fateful
parting.

Many years latter, I knew
we had given up something

special, a shared moment,
we had loved, loved from afar.

Dan Hanosh

Metamorphosis

her silken fibers worn by the wind and rain
cling to her feeble shoulders a painted facial
tautness grainy as parchment screams for the sun's
sweet rays her smile beams brightly clover among
us weeds yet we are reassured

as I sit watching knowing that I'm gazing upon
something very special a nurse moves nimbly toward
her greets her a warming welcome as if she is her
new best friend my eyes stare a frozen gaze
never moving as they hug happily

quietly she slips a folded piece
of paper into the other's open hand and
gestures toward a thin silent man sitting
across the way his head rises upward
and instantly I know

my eyes scream out from the salty liquid
I don't remember my tears streaming only the
man a husband a survivor suddenly I couldn't
stop grinning for him for all the others
a shadowy movement thwarts my thoughts

a figure from along the wall sneers his crooked
toothless smile everyone sitting next to him
their faces light majestically as did those
stretching in the center seats for we all know
he is CANCER FREE.

Dan Hanosh

My Ghost, The Writer

I move my pen across
the parchment, sometimes with
such precise strokes,
proceeding without
my guiding I wonder
if it's really me,

my conscious mind appears
blank yet the other, does
not speak until I
sleep or so I thought,
I pick up a pen I
feel someone else is

in control, I write for
my mind is empty
though my pen dances
across the page, I
write outrageous words
of imagery thoughts

of emotion symbols
of happiness hidden
bits of my sorrow,
never used by me
before, maybe My Ghost,
the Writer, he knows.

Dan Hanosh

My Promise

Many years have past since
I'd been a gung-ho youth of fourteen
Vietnam had been a child-like fantasy of
glory and honor cradling me proudly

almost daily I sat transfixed to
nightly news reports and the body counts
of the fallen soldiers never did
I think of war as hell

now I can't forget the images of a smoke
and flash firefight and the dark rubber
bags being shuffled off to a waiting Huey
... I still hear the rhythm of its

blades slicing dead air in the background
as a reporter betrays the memories of the
fallen... we forget the gut retching
pains of war... stories left untold

pain knows no boundaries there
are no favorites only survivors... I
remember a time a friend and I went out
for a drink my buddy got up to get

another round he was gone only a moment
I hadn't noticed the two men as they walked
toward the bar... a raucous ensued
I heard fists pounding flesh

turning in my seat Mr. Hyde had one
by the throat the other was lying
unconscious next to a pool cue
jumping to my feet I pulled off

my chum my friend... it was
then I knew gazing into the face from
half a world away war had raised
its ghostly head once more

I am not afraid to die not for
myself... I'm afraid to live with the
pain of others which I have no control
I don't know how to soothe a child

after losing a father or console a
mother standing before an earthen hole
burying her only son I've felt pity
for those crippled

I've felt remorse for those living with
regrets after losing a pal when they're
convinced they died because of them
I don't need to see another friend

put his service 45 to his head
I don't need another heroic soldier's
grave to visit another dark wall to
leave trinkets beside or scratch etchings

there was a time before
today... and I wish we'd never
sent women into battle I wish
we still thought like men

war is hell and our children
need not learn what we have learned
so many many many times before
I've never forgotten the promise of my

youth... never would I allow another
Vietnam... never would I sit by
and watch another needless war
but really... what could I do?

Dan Hanosh

Stormy Day

A dark gloomy scene
fills my window pane
a cool breeze blows
suggesting rain

from the west
flashes burst lighting
the sky night versus day
seconds pass rumbling
oh so far away

closer... howling
trees bending breaking
light lashing struggling
to be heard rain roaring
down on all this
stormy day

and just as quickly
the sun breaks through
the rain moves away
leaving only red yellow
green and blue.

Dan Hanosh

The Plant

Constant murmur,
drowning the chatter
of the children, splashing
in the pool.

Birds chirping
foretelling
of the extended
heat.

An Airplane soaring
overhead, only its
roar of its engines
tells me of its presence.

Not sweltering,
just hot, bordering
miserable,
humid enough to sweat.

Still the motor
can be heard
in the
distance.

An occasional bug
dive bombs, annoying me
enough to write
about him.

The morning dove hoots,
a robin sings,
announcing
evening has come.

Still the
hum,
radiates
the ear.

If I wasn't
distracted, the constant
racket would become
deafening.

Slowly, I would focus
on it, it alone,
driving me, driving me
crazy.

Dan Hanosh

The World Outside My Window

Through the trees, opaque
billowy pillows, splash on
an azure canvas, sailing furiously,
beyond my view.

Trees bending, each limb,
each branch, separately
shifting, everything dusted,
by a cold white blanket.

The hard rust road,
emitting bits, pieces,
translucent, behind the gray
dismal trees, now empty.

A picture, it's beauty, a mere
landscape, unknown to all,
framed by my window where I work,
each day, composing, my words.

The sun breaks, the silence,
momentarily, revealing itself,
another frothy foam drowning
the expressions of light.

The green needles of a lone pine,
dangle, high above, scooping up
the rays of the sun,
today, there are few.

Sounds of motion, rush by,
swoosh, invading
my senses, suggesting
movement, contour.

Another cloud seizes the
sun, insinuating what
will surely come,
maybe not today, but soon.

Cold, moisture falling,
again, from the sky,
clouds, delivering white starlets,
multifaceted inhabitants.
Cumulus, like trees, dropping
their unneeded luggage,
as though aging, as a man
losing his youth.

Today, I understand,
the world outside
my window, a fragile old world,
that's getting older.

Dan Hanosh

Together Again

Today,
I sit, trying
to come up with
something unique,
my own, family
tradition,
one that circumvents
time and space,
to bring us together
when we are apart.

All,
I can
think of,
is in the
"Stars".

Today,
I sit, under
God's bright lights,
frozen, knowing,
that my family
and friends,
somewhere, anytime,
could look up
at the sky
and we would be
together, again.

Dan Hanosh

Two Lives

I've been lucky to
have lived two lives,
one for money and the
other for me.

One life to subsist and
the other to contribute
a mere thought, maybe create
an idea that can take hold,
changing another's life forever.

Maybe the world needs us dreamers,
maybe we create hope for others,
maybe my ideals will strengthen the
world's values, leading toward a more
righteous tomorrow, just maybe.

In one life I took orders, now I
write of injustices and of utopia,
what could be, hinting at what is,
hoping it won't last, the righteous
conflict and the resolution.

And just maybe, we will be more than
just small players, maybe we will be
active in making a contribution,
making the world a better place.

Dan Hanosh