

Poetry Series

Francie Lynch
- poems -

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Francie Lynch()

Born a while ago in an area of County Monaghan, Ireland, called Loughish (Lake of the Learned) . When the flax mill failed my father went to Canada and we emigrated six months later to Sarnia, Ont. I grew up here, worked in Education for my career and am happily retired writing poetry.

#45

Draw an asterisk,
Then enlarge it
Til it's the size
Of an asshole.
Then frame it,
And name it #45,
Then hang it.

Francie Lynch

#metime

She once said she needed
Some me time;
She was suffocating,
She couldn't breathe.
I was paying too much attention.
She was probably right,
Though malconceived.

But now she feels alone.

Francie Lynch

'...And The Oscar Goes To...

I kept a screen
Before my mind,
To re-run clips
Of your fine lines.
Glad for new-age technology,
The IMAX use of 3D;
I'll use the big screen monolith
To screen the edit
Of your breadth and width.

Francie Lynch

...As I Was Saying... (10w)

... as I was saying...

I'm sure you're just not listening.

Francie Lynch

20/20

Foresight gives us 20/20.
Hindsight prepared us.
Don't get blind-sided.

Francie Lynch

A Better World

I'll depart from this world
Leaving it three times better
Than my entrance.
Ha! You've already formulated
Your argument, beginning with
'Bullshit, '
And concluding with
'Deluded.'
My counter argument is
Kathleen, Maggie and Andrea.

Francie Lynch

A Blast Of His Breath

A Blast of His Breath

God has relinquished
Ownership
With a blast of his breath,
Blowing the dust
Off the rock,

I am condemned,
One will or the other.

Francie Lynch

A Canopy In The Cemetary

There's a canopy
In the cemetary;
The guests
Are in
Their best.
The vows
Averred
So long ago
Are proved,
And laid to
Rest.

The effigies
Atop the cake,
Now immortalized,
At their wake.

Inside
The gated community,
Dead and wed
For
Eternity.

Francie Lynch

A Child Is Born

I don't know destitute.
I could use the bathrooms
In McDonalds,
If I eat there.
I'm no refugee.
Neither are you.
We have computers, not canvas.
I warmed up the coffee today
And the dishwasher needs to go through
For the third time this week.
Homeless: We have them.
Poor: We'll always have them.
Hungry: Look to the soup kitchens.
Sick: The gurneys are lined in the halls.
Death: It's all around, and increasing.
And still, in that tent or Uber taxi
A child is born to change all this.

Francie Lynch

A Child's Trinity: Bunny, Santa, The Tooth Fairy

You don't bring me
Chocolate,
Stuffed stockings,
Or change
Anymore.

Francie Lynch

A Copy-Cat Romantic

Am I a Copy-Cat Romantic

Am I a copy-cat Romantic
To say, I love you;
Your eyes shame starry spheres;
Your nose is a rose bud;
Your lips are a crevice to treasure;
Your neck a downy repose?
Haven't I read this before,
Between lines of death and rebirth?
You've struck that pose before,
The profile with backlight,
Your cameo hair bunned up
In shade,
Your shoulders sheared off
Just at the slope of your breasts,
Inviting fantasy.
You are the incessant beat of desire.
I will put your picture
In my wallet,
Where the creases become blood lines.
Your likeness will fade
Each time I take it out.

Francie Lynch

A Cure For Love

Squeeze, squirt and smear
A pimple,
Keep it disgusting,
But keep it simple.
Like lance a boil
To release its puss,
Describe it well,
Make a fuss
Over the putrid sore,
Use poetic words
To enhance the gore.
Drive your finger
Up your nose,
Spit green lugers
Like gargoyles.
Present yourself
Like a loser.
Pick morning goo
From you eyes,
And wipe it on
Your naked thighs.
Don't clean the dirt
Beneath your nails,
Au natural seldom fails.
Don't brush your teeth
Til afternoon,
This should make
Your lover swoon.
When you pass
The silent bomb,
Take the blame
With aplomb,
Smile as though
You've done no wrong.
Clean the wax
From both your ears,
Use something
Your love holds dear,
Be ruthless,

Don't show a care.

Use some or all
Of the above,
I guarantee,
A cure for love.

Francie Lynch

A Dish Best Served Cold

While cruising Corona on the net,
I saw pangolins not eaten yet.
Many, you see, believe its scales,
Are cure-alls to cure whatever ails.
And its meat festoons the rich Asian table.
Who ate the pangolin from head to toe,
Is the one we know,
As Patient Zero.

China lauds its laws to say they save them,
The endangered pangolins in Asia;
Yet in Wuhan, locked live in cages,
In wet markets like our Dark Ages,
The scaly pangolin is sold.
But "Revenge, "
We know,
"Is a dish best served cold."

Francie Lynch

A Drama In Three Acts

I've seen the sequel,
And this ain't the prequel.

Francie Lynch

A Family Of Colour

Mammy's favorite colour was red.
Cycle red. New born red. Deep cuts red.
And roses.

Daddy preferred earth colour.
New potato patene, manure mix,
And bottle brown.

We all knew green-eyed envy,
White-flag truces and surrenders.
Black somber calls in the pitch of night.
The passion of purple,
Serenity of blue wounds.
The orange hues of morning and evening
Where anticipation and destination meet.

We are a family of colour, yet colour-blind.

Francie Lynch

A Father Is A Tree

A father is a tree.
He is sappy at times,
And once distilled,
He's sweet.
He radiates limbs
To provide shelter
And shade from harm;
His roots are deep
And nourishing.
He is oak and willow,
Fruitful and sharing.
But most of all,
He hugs like bark.

Francie Lynch

A Freudian Ship

I misquoted Marlowe
To my girlfriend;
Whose name happens
To be Helen:
'Honey, ' I said,
'You've a face
That sunk a thousand ships.'
She torpedoed me
Soon after.

Francie Lynch

A Gated Community

You have lingered long
At the community gate;
Rubbing yellow fingers
Stained by oxidized
Wrought iron.
Marble arms became
The new paradigm,
The temple curtains tore
And the tabernacle light
Flickered in the breeze.
I stood beside you
In the humidity
As memory divided,
And the dance of the veils
Covered you.
I offered my hair
As a replacement
For your old photos
Pressed between
The pages of
Genesis and Exodus.

Francie Lynch

A Handkerchief

When I was young
We left our Granny
Back in County Cavan.
She surely thought
We'd meet no more
On this side of heaven.
I was but a boy of three,
One of some eleven;
For many years
She wrote to me,
From three to twenty-seven.
Inside that air-mail envelope,
She told how much she missed us;
Enclosed an embroidered handkerchief,
Stitched with my missing kisses.

Francie Lynch

A Happy Mouse

It's a happy mouse
Trapped in your hold.
Snap!
I'm enwrapped
In rapture.

Francie Lynch

A Humble Apology

We've heard from
Abraham, Jesus,
Mohammad and Selassie;
God!
If we'd heard a humble apology
For the pre-emptive strike
In Eden, way back then,
It would have saved us all
A lot of grief.

Francie Lynch

A Kiss Is A Sentence

A kiss is a sentence
it may run-on, and on, and...
stop, step off, take a breath.

A kiss is complex
if you're young or inexperienced;
but not to worry;
with time, it's enigmatic.

A kiss is compounded,
when confounded and complex;
and should you try expounding it;
your kiss may lead to sex.

A kiss that is declarative
is indicative, not imperative.

A kiss can be inverted;
that's diverted, not perverted.
(or vice versa)

A kiss is exclamatory:
As in, 'Not now! ' 'I'm sorry! '

A kiss is.
A fragment of a kiss.
At osculum interrupta.

When is a kiss too questionable?
When it's probing, or incredible.

My advice.
Skip the semantics.
Don't parse the stars and moon.
Just
Keep It Simple Stupid
Full stop.
(or not...)

Francie Lynch

A Latent Thanks To My Superheroes

I'm long overdue thanking
The heroes of my youth.

Thank you Superboy
For teaching me how
To read plot and character
And dialogue.
Your comics
Brought phonics
Alive.

Thank you Bouncing Boy
For being somewhat chubby,
And teaching me
Patience and understanding
Of those not quite the
Shape of me.

Thank you Mon El and Ultra Boy
For helping me focus
On one strength at a time;
I've held my
Weaknesses back from
Overpowering me.

Thank you Lightning Lad
For teaching me that
Accidents happen;
I can move on,
Learn and be stronger.

Thank you Karate Kid
For teaching me that
An average boy,
Through practice and determination
Can achieve what
I dreamt.

Thank you Cosmic Boy

For teaching me to channel
My energy, work with forces
Greater than myself,
And maintain control.

Thank you Chameleon Boy
For the lesson on
Adaptability and attitude
Adjustment.

Thank you Colossal Boy
For making it resoundingly clear
That stature and success are fleeting.
One always returns to
The one before.

Thank you Invisible Kid
For teaching me that I
Will not always go unnoticed
In an opaque world.

Thank you Brainiac 5
For teaching me the importance
Of education and life-long learning.

Thank you Sun Boy
For teaching me to
Shine and look my best,
But never forget
What's inside is brighter still.

Thank you Elastic Lad, Jimmy Olsen,
Who taught me that a loner, a cub,
A red-headed, freckled-faced boy
Could stretch himself,
Can walk with Heroes.

Thank you Shrinking Violet,
Saturn Girl, Phantom Girl,
Lightning Lass, and Supergirl
For all the shapeliness
And upskirts

A young lad needs;
You saved Lusty Lad
From a life of celibacy
In a Jesuit Seminary.
A Big Thanks!

Francie Lynch

A Little Knowledge

I know.

You know.

I know you know.

You know I know you know.

We're very knowledgeable

With what we know.

You know?

I know!

So,

Why don't we know?

Francie Lynch

A Long Drive

Lilian hit eighty-five,
Shot nine holes for forty-eight;
Drives her car not to be late.
Man alive, she's eighty-five.
That's not far off, Bro,
A few thousand weeks,
I ride my Shadow,
Shoot thirty-eight.
That's not far off, Sis,
A few thousand hits,
So I'm shooting for eighty-six,
Playing with my balls and sticks.

Francie Lynch

A Most Pleasant Irony

The maple was neither proud nor noble.
No more than a buck in the cross-hairs.
Chance is out with certainty.
The tree is pieced out,
Like fingers in a cigar clip gangster clip;
Or a gangerous WWI leg.
The sound the tree once made
By catching the passing wind,
Falls to the ground,
Never reaching the roots.
The cutters are as sure as orthopedic scalpels.
They notch limbs that give the final thump.
A sound I dread.
And yet the most pleasant irony
Is the chipper.

Francie Lynch

A North American Middle-Class Life

A North American Middle-Class Life

The kids are gone,
The puppies too,
I'm on my own
What will I do?

No bells to alarm
My peaceful bedroom,
My career is done
In the classroom,
In the Office,
And the Boardroom.

I have a home,
My very own,
To tinker with
As I please.
So I re-model
Every room,
Then move on
To Noon.

I'll make some tea,
Have a smoke,
Write a rhyme,
Have a toke.
Let's move on to One,
There's still much
To be done.

By Three o'clock
I've cleaned the car,
Revved the Shadow,
Swept the floor.
Now what's
In store for Four.

By Five o'clock
I'm wearing socks,
By Six I've eaten
Frozen pizza:
Life is grand this way;
I haven't got
A dish to do,
And if I did,
Well, not today.

By Seven,
I'm relaxed again
To pen, and smoke
And toke til Ten,
Then play guitar
Like there's no when...

By Mid-night
My day is spent,
I haven't squandered
One red cent.
My pension keeps me
In my home,
I haven't got
The means to roam.

Don't get me wrong,
I'm not poor,
I really couldn't
Ask for more
Than a welcome
Knock on my
Locked door.

My mid-life
Middle-class gripe;
Void of bends
And wends:
Is this the path
To my world's end?

Francie Lynch

A Pandemic Of Awkward Confusion

We've succumbed
To the pandemic
Of awkward confusion;
Where the rabbit,
Not magician,
Is half the illusion.
We're topsy-turvy,
I'm getting sick:
We're highly toxic,
It's acute, not chronic,
We've set the cameras
On ego-centric.

Francie Lynch

A Penny For The Thought

When I hear:
'I know what you're thinking.'
I know you have no idea
What thought
You just brought up,
Or you'd leave.
And I'll take the penny for that one.

Francie Lynch

A Personal Dig

I've been on a dig
Of personal depths,
Picking as far
As I can get,
I surprisingly stopped
My troweling action,
To ask if I'm digging
In the right direction.
The deeper I go,
The less I know,
The opposite
Of my quest.

I ascend for a look and see,
And the world's
A different place for me.
Did the air down there
Have an effect on me.
I saw an enemy,
But I didn't see her,
At least not til
Much later.
I must've hit the vein below,
While mining the hardness
Of my soul, retrieving the stones
From an emotional hole.

I cut my gems
Beneath a glass,
Carved my present
From my past.

I back-filled my dig,
Got what I needed,
A cache of hindsight
I can live with.

Francie Lynch

A Piss Up

I saw a squirrel
Take a piss,
Something no one
Wants to miss.
He paused on
A knotty bole,
Let it run
With no control.
The difference between
The squirrel and me,
I shake myself,
He shook the tree.

Francie Lynch

A Place

Did you have a place
As a child,
A spot to hide
For a little while,
Until your fears could subside?
A shack, a tree, a copse or cubby,
A niche away
From your toils and trouble.
Reach back through the mists of time,
Re-visit that place and there you'll find
The peace you found
When you were a child.

Francie Lynch

A Poem Is A Piece Of Wood

A poem is
A piece of wood.
It can be ripped,
Chopped,
Shaped and sanded
For smoothness.
Sometimes you nail it;
And it can stick like glue.
You can drill a hole
Right through it,
It might bore one
Through you.
It can get under your skin.
But when it's cut
Against the grain,
It should be read again.

Francie Lynch

A Poem Is Like A Tickle

A poem is like a tickle,
It gives you joy and pain:
With blissful tears and
Tearful giggles,
You read that poem again.

A poem is like a damaged heart
In need of CPR:
Or the cut that heals,
A line that seals
A scab above the scar.

Francie Lynch

A Poet's Primer

Words That Rhyme With Trump

Lump: as in pussy grabbing

Hump: as in pussy grabbing

Rump: as in his oversized arse

Plump: as in his oversized arse

Frump: as in his long red tie

Clump: as in his vain comb-over

Grump: as in his tweets: SAD SAD SAD

Chump: as in the electorate

Slump: as in his popularity

Stump: as in understanding his speech

Dump: as in the Mid-terms

Mugwump: as in this word speaks for itself.

Francie Lynch

A Retiree's Work Week

Every night is Sunday;
Every morning's Monday.
Tuesday is a lieu day,
Then Wednesday's a holiday.
Thursday's are my coffee breaks,
Friday's are for luncheon dates.
Saturday is Saturday,
And damn,
It's Sunday again.

Francie Lynch

A Revolution's Coming

There's a Revolution coming,
The boots are on the streets;
It's calling from the graves,
We're stirring from our sleep.
There's a hunger in the eyes,
The troops are on their feet.
The revolutions's coming
And the enemy's in retreat.

The mob appeal
Is running lights,
Towered minions
Join the fight
To rein in one percent
From their lusty heights.
Desks in towers,
Facades of power,
Will tumble to defeat.
The gravity of their greed
Will drag them through the streets.

The bell at four
Will sound no more;
The chorus chants
For a holy war,
For salvation
In one bleat.

There's a revolution on the way,
We'll re-write all the laws,
We'll line up all the Romanovs,
We'll give up all the Shahs.
There's a revolution coming
And it's coming
With just cause.

Francie Lynch

A Room And A Spoon

How can we help those
Caught in a room,
Alone,
All alone,
With a light and a spoon.

Their skins begin crawling,
No one is calling,
Alone,
All alone,
With abandoning gloom.

Find them, keep looking,
Despite what they think,
Our concerns can save them,
Can draw back the curtain,
If they hear,
Through their tears
And their lost disposition
That we people are caring,
Their lives are worth sharing.
Extinguish the light,
Sheathe the spoon,
We wouldn't be searching
If you weren't worth the fight.

Francie Lynch

A Rose By... (Participoem)

Roses are red,
My carnations are too...

Francie Lynch

A Sapient Curriculum

The sun sits heavy on our lake.
There's much less to anticipate;
So much to communicate.
So let's reflect on our spectrum;
Our sapient, human curriculum.

I

The sentient clod in Book One,
Sat up, cleaned up, removed his thumb.
With leafless Eve and a fruitful tree
(made fertile with Theology)
Gave rise to Sociology.
Of all the oligies to appear,
Without this one we're not here.

Buy in, ward of tribal wrath.
Empathy's good for a sociopath.

II

To help our clans grow brave and strong,
Our gestures morphed into whale song.
Those gutturals uttered shared found fire,
Pulled our heads from anal mire.
Did more for us than temple choirs.
Soon we make our first speech acts,
Labelling things, voicing contracts.
Our language was invented once
With radiance: with brilliance.
It's acquisition global,
Like math and music, universal.
Not to be learned, but inherent,
Foreboding dark and translucent.
With raised voices we relate,
And in conclusion end debate.
It really does sound quite absurd,
To be seen and not heard.
So form good thoughts and speak good words.

Though our language grew and spread,
By 2100 half are dead.

III

From our mud jambs and our stones,
We peaked, then said we're not alone.
Assumed a greater good than we
Placed us here and made us free.
Co-joined with divines we wait,
To resurrect... reincarnate....
(It's just too weird to transmigrate) .
The ones who really take the cake
Are those who transubstantiate.
Beliefs now sculpted religious states
(The unknown makes one hesitate) .
Thank goodness in our goodwill,
If caught we punish
(Still sadly kill) .
Fear and guilt are base and column,
Supporting gods we relied on.

We surely had ourselves in mind,
To create such gods we find unkind.

IV

We sought solutions to reality.
We love to hear our name.
To think within without oneself,
To think one can prove oneself
With statements of truth and belief.
We plied knowledge, values and existence,
To come to terms with our essence.
If you think, doubt and speak,
Know when to enter and delete;
Then rest assured you're not doomed:

dubito ergo cogito, ergo sum

V

The hub of sciences and controls,
Mines our minds to open portals.
A discipline that aims to heal
Delusions of reality.
It delves deeply into dreams,
Interpreting recurring themes.
Parsing perceptions and relations,
Our cognition and emotions.
Claiming reaction as fight or flight
Is our basest primate notion.
If you're seeking therapy,
For life's complex journey,

Then heal yourself, and heal me.
Couch us in Psychology.

VI

In King James we're told history
With stories bound in mystery.
The collected work of humanity
Were printed for our legacy.
One needs only read The Prodigal Son,
To know the course our literature's run.
There read romance, greed and crime,
Erotica, adventure, The Divine:
Its cup spills with poetry,
Breaching lips with poesy.
The best an author could produce.

The exception being Mother Goose.

VII

Our human/physical geography
Unlocks our global complexity;
Unravels human camaraderie.

To really get it leave your hovel,
Pack your bags, make plans to travel.

VIII

Laws are made for governance,
With no excuse for ignorance.
Economy, society and politics,
Are codified by social ethics;
Crowding cells with amoral convicts.
Rules curb narcissistic needs
With civil and criminal equality.

To understand our civic censure,
Spot a cop in your rear view mirror.

IX

We've searched long, trying to explain,
Using Science, naming names.
Administering tests of redundancy
To master predictability.
Everything now is Something-Science:
As if a hyphen gives it sapience.
But science isn't all that stable,
It's theories ever changing.
Strings loop through everything.
These latest theories can't be grasped,
With ten dimensions moving fast,
Or moving slowly, shrinking, growing.

It seems we're really in the know.
Before Big Bang what ran the show?

X

From cave painting to modernity,
Art projects humanity.
It's very good at teasing us
With abstracts feigning mimesis.
Does the artist need an audience
For the creation to make sense?
For art's sake can we accept the creed:

Ars Gratia Artis.
On that agreed.

XI

What I learned from
Rock 'n Roll
Has helped divine
What I call soul.

(As for sex and drugs?
Best left untold) .

I'm just the boy that ran track,
Studied Shakespeare,
Read the stacks.
Did stand-up routines
In my class.

Those I love I endow
With all my love.
They know by now.

Don't get me wrong,
I'm ageing great,
But there's so much
To communicate.
So much to anticipate.

Francie Lynch

A Silver Chain Of Being

Does she know the silver chain wrapping
Her ankles is terminal and deep
As a trans-Atlantic cable
Connecting the Island and here.

A single, full-breasted pull on a summer cigarette
Was life-altering.
Her body was beach-burned and her hands sifted
Grains funnelling beneath her thread-bare towel.

Our silver natal thread contracted
As the blue smoke rose,
Magnifying the August moon.
Three hundred moons have dimmed.

We walked in step from the Village
Through the park with the slack chain dragging,
Scraping the cement.
I have often polished that chain,
Used muriatic acid to untarnish it.

We didn't know our brains would
Become onions behind our eyes.
We didn't know towels would patchwork
Over bones.
I didn't know a chain of being could snap
So easily.

Francie Lynch

A Singular Leaf

After many, many storms,
There's a singular leaf
Still hanging on.
Shaking and twisting
With an arthritic hold
On one bare branch.
It doesn't seem possible
For one leaf to remain.
Today I am the same.

Francie Lynch

A Singularity

A blank verse worked,
A page with empty lines,
Not a word was written,
Precocious or sublime.

I think I can go deeper,
No title, lines or words,
Just a blank white paper
To ponder and observe.
Smaller than a quark,
Just think and it will work.
Even greater than the singularity
That banged our universe.
Something was there,
But nothing's here.
This is a nothing verse.

It teaches nothing's worse
Than worthless words
That have no meaning,
No emotion, zero girth.

But you can make an ode of it,
A sonnet, or Rondeau,
Choose whatever pleases one's fancy,
But please don't choose Haiku.

Francie Lynch

A Sly Game

As I approached
The eleventh tee,
 A red-tailed fox
 Looked up at me.
He stood beside
A running creek,
 Our eyes met
 We didn't speak.
He took a peek
And lost his game.
 I teed off
 And did the same.

Francie Lynch

A Smile A Day

The Receptionist's counter is too close to the forever waiting room.
The Nexts are trying their patient penances;
Some seem to read;
Others appear to listen to the television;
There's no dialogue,
Except for the Dr.'s assistant,
And, the Receptionist.
Any conversation would be idle, and not heard anyway.
They sit on pins, listening for their name.
"Super Tuesday held no kryptonite for Super Joe, " remarked the
talking head.

"The Dr. will see you in three years."
I fist pump and spin to leave,
Seeing a blur of corralled, bowed, preoccupied heads.
A frail face lifted up, and smiled for me.
Happy for me.
Truly the best medicine.

Francie Lynch

A Symphony Of Sounds

There are sounds
I truly hate:
One hand clapping,
Derisive laughing,
Babies crying,
The rasp of dying.
For us, these sounds
Raise sympathy,
For the hard of hearing,
A symphony.

Francie Lynch

A Tempest In A Nut's Shell

Your name, like acid rain,
Corrodes my brain;
Polluting each day
Of sun-filled joy.
If I cower in bus shelters,
Or under a tree,
Beneath an umbrella,
Or abandoned doorway;
You soak me, erode me,
Then wash me away.
It's a tempest inside
Swirling the dust I call skull;
I tremble and quake
For the sake of your name.
And I can't for the life of me
Shake off your refrain,
The cloudy repetition
Of your first and last names.

Francie Lynch

A Toast

Quid Pro Quo.
This for that.
Too much Quo,
Too little Quid,
Not enough of that,
A smidgen less of this,
Is the best from the list
Of fatherly advice:
But suffer this,
Let this suffice:
Never take your eyes
Off one another,
Or you'll miss seeing the struggle,
And when to make your move.
That's how to keep your love.

Francie Lynch

A Widdler

Since we were toddlers
We've had the move;
Something like a siddle,
The sway of balance
On the right/left shift.
But a siddle's for a snake,
A wiggle's for a worm,
And my dog waggles
When I return.

We stop, we wait,
Frozen, and confused;
We're a bit ticked-off
We can't pull this off
In a dance of decisive moves.

We've seen our share
Of waddling sops
Leave sidedoors
On Sunday mornings.
That's not what we do.

I've stopped a tot
From toddling,
Yet now I can't help you.

It's not a reel, a jig or clog,
It's like a line-dance of two frogs.
Then I hear Yeats' fiddler,
And I commence to be a widdler.
When you meet your doppel-widdler,
Don't look,
Don't ask,
Widdle past
To the fiddler's song.

Francie Lynch

A Windfarmer

The windfarmer was thirty
When Sputnik was launched.
He woke the kids who followed
His finger across the night sky
Of a new nativity.

He returned to the tractor,
Ploughed years of soil,
Planted rows of questions,
Tilled crops and cared
For animals.

He wind farms now;
Stands beneath the behemoth blades
Turning over the air we breathe,
Felling the clouds,
And harvesting the wind.
The mills are run by a distant orbiter.
His farm he calls Sputnik.

Francie Lynch

A Wish Out Of Water

Hawthorn hedgerows separated their fields.
Alice often found Towser lapping
From Jim's cupped hand,
At his hill well.
Her brothers fished Jim's salmon-rich creek.
To get her animal she walked through the bushes,
Drank his water.
They decided to wed.
He poured a new kitchen floor;
Chickens and sows,
Sons and daughters arrived,
Through famine and taxes
They prospered, survived.

Over the evening pint,
The lads grumbled about the Travellers
Camped off the road to Jim's.
 They're gypsies, spilled Jim,
 No different than him, pointing to Frank, beneath a tin:
 'Guinness is good for you.'
 I passed them at tea, they were eating my fish.
 I nodded Okay, and they sang, 'Make a wish! '

How comes it to pass,
Is anyone's guess.

Jim left walking for home,
A dark journey, alone.
The night sky was clear,
Jim loved the fresh air.
In his line he saw
The gypsy's red fire.
He was offered a drink,
Being a purveyor of craic,
The stars glided eastward,
Alice watched them that night,
Waiting for Jim to come back.

He rose with a scratch,

And a Guinness-stained yawn,
And the smell of a smokey,
Fire-haired woman.

For seventeen years no words were spoken,
Alice was redolent,
The holy of holies lay open,
The body's been stolen.
In the stillness of night,
Alone in her bed,
Jim lay beside her;
Her man was dead.

One fish, one wish,
And all was unsaid,
An unspeakable silence
Envelope the dead.

A wish is a fish,
Alive in deep water;
If you hook it, release it,
It'll swim to another.

Jim died alone
In his house, not his home;
His wish transpired
By fish and his fire.

Francie Lynch

A Wolf Howls

A wolf stands firmly
Howling singular notes,
Reaching over the night.
The woodland animals
Hear the plaintif cry
As a lonely echo
Through the air.
We don't care,
But others cower nearby.
The abandoned wail pricks ears,
Confirming all their fears:
Something must die.
Scratching, arching
With fierce yellow eyes,
Snout pointing to the darkling sky,
He howls his hollow cry,
Sounding like his cousin's bark,
He lopes to his den,
Veiled in the dark,
Hoping his warnings
Were not in vain,
The wolf next night
Will wail again.

Francie Lynch

A Word To The Wise

One wants six of one, or half dozen of the other
Because he'll cook a fine kettle of fish.
Fully aware he can't please everyone
For some see the grass is always greener on the other side.
So, he's busy, meets oneself coming and going,
And knows, come hell or high water,
That there's no time like the present.
Busy as a bee, one prepares the meal.
He's a book you can judge by the cover.
One quips, The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.
I knew he'd say that.
One's words speak louder than actions.
One's enough to piss off the Pope.
Believe me, I have an axe to grind,
And I'm at my wit's end.
Better safe than sorry,
Avoid one like the plague.

Francie Lynch

A Yarn

I'll spin your yarn
With no embellishments
On the twilled roles you've spun;
I won't tink your knitted history.
I'll needle for pearls of wisdom,
And wear you as the fabric of my life.
You fit like a woolen hoodie.

Francie Lynch

Above All Else

I've scorned and derided,
Needled and spited,
Those, who are closest to me.

I've cheated and lied,
Vilified and decried,
Those, who are closest to me.

I've toasted many glasses
With strangers in places
Where I shouldn't have been.

I've smoked and laughed,
Admired strange ass
In lands where I cannot be seen.

But mention your name,
And all seems so vain,
Those promises I failed to keep;
The losses that haunt me in sleep.

Despite confessed sins,
My transgressional whims,
I know I've always been true;
And when I bow out,
My whisper will shout,
'Above all, I've always loved you.'

Francie Lynch

Accidental Happenstances

Why should I care you're there,
Or anywhere.
It was you who interrupted the night;
I watched you stare down the fire,
Scrape your initials in the ashes.
If it weren't for family,
The confusion and strained dialogue,
Like appearances,
I wouldn't see you at all.
Stay you do, everywhere.

So I tell a joke or two, one line quips,
And I know you're smiling,
When you're there,
Where I should no longer care.

What would be the aftermath of such a collision?
One wreck towed off.
It doesn't bother me in the least,
Our complimentary pauses
At the four way stops,
Or roadside memorials,
With faded yellow ribbons and withered flowers
Festooning a styrofoam cross.
There is no rest, no peace.

Francie Lynch

Accidents In Spring

Accidents happen in the Spring.
Babies are born from left-over
Autumn bonfires,
Never properly extinguished.
The sun should shine for an extra hour
So I can finish "The Burial of the Dead."
Small dogs can escape out doors
Opened for a breath of fresh Spring air.
If there had been a screen on the door...
If it had been a cat...
If it had been raining...
If the sun had set sooner...
If the stranger had been kinder...
Would April accidents happen?
Instead, a sad woman cries,
'Ah, nao. Agrander a Deus.
Nao por favor. Mitzi.'

We can't plan for mistakes.
We call them accidents.

Francie Lynch

Achilles' Heels

I stand sturdy in this room,
Facing you warm from the womb.
I press my back against the wall,
To push you back before you fall;
To watch your back.
I am your wall.

I feel my heels against the wall,
Where others stood before I crawled.
If I'd been dipped in River Styx
I'd linger long and stall.
But like Achilles,
I must fall.

I wasn't bathed in ambrosia
To burn off mortality;
Yet I'm awash in awe by you,
For my eternity.

For this my hands are calloused,
My great grief known to me.
I know Achilles' burning rage
To know someday I'll leave.

Before that day we'll warm a bench
Near willowed river tree;
I'll wear a cap, carry a cane,
Sit small ones on my knee.

We'll name the Lakers carrying coal,
Tell mythic stories of those grown old,
And wonder where the boats unload.
I'll know the joy you'll bring to me
Beneath the willow tree.

Today my heels press the wall,
I'm stalwart facing you;
I'll push and shove and hold you back;
Then face my wall,

My shroud and pall.

.

Francie Lynch

Active Vs. Passive

When you write
Your next verse,
The active voice
Is a better choice.
The passive voice
Isn't as terse,
Your readers get lost,
They may curse,
Or worse,
Disperse.
Will I...
Should I...
Could I..
Might I...
Start a line that might lie,
Start a line that might die.
Can I...
May I...
Would I...
Do I...
Start a line sounding sly,
Start a line that won't fly.
Be pro-choice
With the active voice.
Be the action,
Not receiver,
We'll be believers,
And you'll
Be briefer.

Francie Lynch

Acts Of Kindness

The weekly news
For the past 5200 weeks,
Fills like the undug dig.
Famine, disaster, disease,
War and ruination
Are piled and plied,
Recycled and reused,
Familiar and alien,
Storied and spun.
Beheadings aren't new or news:
Meathooks and blades
Are rusting beneath the surface,
Dug and brushed off
As relics of our century.
But digs never give the whole story:
The Acts of Kindness,
The organ donors,
The designated drivers,
The visit of a friend,
The holding hand,
The unexpected gift,
The touch at the end,
The altruism.
We don't lose these;
We don't bury them.

Francie Lynch

Addiction

They never understand;
Or ever comprehend
The severity of my decision.
I'm convinced I have control,
Yet those I dearly hold,
Keep hold on their derision.

I know I'll find remission
For commissions and omissions,
My heart is not stone cold.

She'll say I never loved her;
There always was the other
Stopping us from growing old.

Francie Lynch

Adrift With Lighthouse Eyes

This bark's outlasted
The wintery blast,
But at the cost
Of the main mast.
Raise the spiniker
And the jib,
Hoist a sail,
Man the pumps,
There's no good reason
To jump - just yet;
We're temporarily adrift
Searching for a friendly shore
To lay anchor deep,
Waiting for your
Lighthouse eyes
To show the way home.

Francie Lynch

After Equinox

I'm up to my elbows
In Summer sun,
I've hit my funny bone;
The gangs have hit
The pavement,
No one mentions home.

The towels are stretched
On sand dunes,
Water falls free and clear,
There's no time for dwelling
On one's sun-kissed despair.

There's amusement parks
And animal farms,
Camps and hiking trails;
Boats slice turquoise waters,
Daughters tugging tails.

And there,
Beneath a snuggled moon
Couples spoon
Leaving no room for air.

We end our daily frolics
With our evening walks;
I'll find time
To lift my elbows
After Equinox.

Francie Lynch

Aftermath

Winter's pristine blankets
Have seeped into the ground.
Animal scat's like scattered landmines;
Cigarette rubble and plastics
Are strewn about like the aftermath of an earthquake.
I look for survivors.
The thaw has people
Stumbling out of winter
With hands covering faces,
Hiding tears and smiles.
They wave,
As if okay.
Now the season of reconstruction
Begins.

Francie Lynch

Age Like Sleep

Watch
While you have eyes.
Breathe
While you taste the air.
Walk
With your head inclined.
Touch
With care.
Things
Make sense this way.
Age
Like sleep is stealthful,
Putting the unfeeling
To rest.
Like a woman
Walking away with sway;
You say:
I used to remember such things.

Francie Lynch

Aging Great

You're losing weight,
You're eyes are bright,
You're skin is smooth,
Clear and bright,
You're looking great.

You've got a skip
In your step,
You haven't used
Viagra yet;
Your hair is dark
And deeply thick,
Botox hasn't
Touched your lips.
You don't use an
Under-shaper,
Or lipo-suction
To fit a diaper.

I do believe
You're aging well,
Enjoy what's heaven
On the way to hell.

Francie Lynch

Aine's Birthday

Her party conflicted me.
I worry if her expectations were met
After the last gift's been unwrapped,
And she's wearing her Princess elbow-length gloves,
Her Audrey Hepburn sunglasses and chic ball cap.
I took a picture of her sitting on her new bike,
And on the table you can see the remains of birthday cake,
Cards, some ribbon and paper, crumbled past the folding creases.
It's over now, and there she sits, feet on pedals,
A serious look on such an innocent face.
You might think I think she's greedy or demanding,
But I don't. She's not, she's a child,
Expecting great things on a special day,
Her day, which comes everyday,
Until she won't remember this day,
The way I will.

Francie Lynch

Aine's Friends

When she speaks of me
They will think Granda
Is an old man, who wears
Corduroy pants
And a cloth Paddy cap.
They will also think
I wear wire-rimmed specs
And slippers.
That I have a loving heart.
I do.
I'm so pleased Aine
Speaks of me.

Francie Lynch

Aine's Toes

Aine sits in a big chair,
Her legs stretched and bare;
I'm counting ten wee toes for her,
Toes I love so dear.

They'll lead her from the crib to stairs,
And take her from our care;
Those ten wee toes of hers
Will take her everywhere.

They'll get dirty in the garden
While laughing in the rain;
They'll be her fins
When she swims,
And wiggle
When she sings.

She'll slip them into runners
For a race that lasts life-long;
They'll tap out eighths and quarters
When she sings her songs.

Toes will get cold on the rink
When she plays our game;
I'll rub those toes relentlessly
To warm the ice-cold sting.

They'll occupy heels and pumps
When she plays her game;
But for me those widdle toes of hers
Will always be the same.

Francie Lynch

Ain't That Poetry

Consider the couplets
Cohen sings,
And the rhyming lyrics
Rappers bring;
And tell me
That ain't poetry.

Francie Lynch

Alack, Poor Francie, I Knew Me Well

It's not the losing hair
That's bothersome;
But the bone
With eyes and brows gone,
And an unattached jaw.

Francie Lynch

Alex Trebek's Tie

I have this friend
(it's really me)
Who has this girlfriend
(who's really she)
Who has this quirk
(really several)
Which she'd deny
(which is another)
She's not anti-gay,
Sees right past color, creed and ethnicity;
Sees women for being women,
Men for men,
And vice versa.
No, she can see right past bigotry, blind to prejudice,
But goes straight for wardrobe.
From the gowns of celebs,
To the color of Alex Trebek's tie.
A sartorist, that's what she is.

I heard that.
And I am not.

(Contrary)

Francie Lynch

Alive And All's Well

They say the Bard's been dead four hundred years,
But every time I attend the Stratford Festival,
He struts upon the stage,
Fretting about our human condition,
Our foibles and grandness,
Like a caring parent.
Dead four hundred years?
Don't believe it for a second.

Francie Lynch

All Her Life

Happen upon
The special one,
Like you've known
One all your life.

Take Aine,
My granddaughter,
Like I've known
Her all her life.

Francie Lynch

All Of Creation

Artists wait in the darkness
Of an unlit light, creating
In colours,
Using what they hold.
They give us
Red for veins,
Green for eyes,
White for space.
They grow dim
In the wings,
But must carry on
For silent patrons,
To release the struggle.
They ply art in the dark,
Waiting for one ray.
As natural philosophers
We ask, Why must I create?
We know how monsters
Loose control
When life takes on a life of its own;
As does all of creation.

Francie Lynch

All Over Me

Everything about a kid
Bundled against winter gets me.
A toque, under a taut hood,
Chapped like lips.
Mitts covering hands,
Joined like tin cans,
With fingers communing
Warmth along lines that
Join our hearts and souls.
Sleeves pulled down
Over mitts with
Wax-like icicles.
Bootsoversocksoverfeet
Under pants, over skin and bones
(that hardly seem warm)
All over me.
Now you see,
They're all over me like nothing.
Bundled in me for
All winters.

Francie Lynch

All The Others Have All The Luck

I was born.

I was born male.

I was born white male.

I was born white, male Caucasian.

I was born white, male Caucasian in a Republic.

I was born white, male, Caucasian, in a First World Republic.

I was born white, male, Caucasian, in a First World Republic,
in a large, loving family.

I was born white, male, Caucasian, in a First World Republic,
in a large loving family, and I'll never work as a talking head.
Why, tell me, do all the others have all the luck.

Francie Lynch

Alone This Morning

Alone This Morning

I'm pleasantly surprised
I'm alone this morning.
Twenty years ago,
A generation or so,
It wasn't so still.
The gift vault doors were shut,
And children were gathering,
Wanting in.
Not selfish,
Curious with anticipation.
I never imagined
I'd be alone
On this morning,
For a few hours.
Soon children with children
Will gather at my door
With anticipation,
Not curiosity.

Francie Lynch

Am I Absurd

Am I absurd
To think some words
Can change the outcome
Of a world
Gone beserk
With wars that can't be won.
When the absurd is heard,
What good can come?

I seldom write on love,
Youth's passions cooling:
I use my words
On worldly concerns,
Hoping to be heard.
Truly,
Am I absurd?

Francie Lynch

Amazing, Isn't It.

The brain.
An amazing organ
Of surety and doubt.
You believe
What isn't there,
Or,
Not believe
What is.

Francie Lynch

An Apostate's Creed

I believe
In the shameless love of this life;
Not in a previous or afterlife.
I don't believe
In reincarnation, transmigration
Ascension or decension.
And all the sepulchres concur.

I believe in Christ,
Not Christianity or Protestantism.

I believe in Muhammad,
Not Islam
(And this list goes on) .

I don't believe in banshees,
Astral projection or any OBE.
I don't believe in gnomes or trolls,
Elves, sprites and witches,
Nirvana, Valhalla, Heaven or Hell.
And I believe
I won't be disappointed.

I believe in politics,
Not politicians.

I believe in the Arts
(All of them) ,
And humanity,
And You,
The healers and teachers.

Oh Spirit,
Where is it?
I don't believe hovering souls
Listen to eulogies.
I don't believe in death-bed conversions
Just because...

I believe in a living consciousness,
For
I Am That I Am,
And that's what I am.

I will not go gently,
For I know,
There's nothing
To worry about.

Francie Lynch

An Endangered Species

I watched a rarity across the street,
Walking like an endangered species
On his way to school, alone.
Don't his parents realize,
As ours did,
That single men live on his way,
Looking out windows
With coffee and cigarette;
Married couples are household occupied,
Labourers, professionals and unemployed
Are behind closed, locked doors,
Busily preparing for another day.
Cars drive by, one slows behind him,
To ensure her carrier pigeon fedges along.
The lad in question pays no attention,
Playing catch-up with his shadow.

Francie Lynch

An Inappropriate Malapropism

The resurrection
Is based on
The Living Wood,
The Risen Wood.

Francie Lynch

An Obsequious Flock Of Sheep

I won't depend
On hashtag trends,
On free lending,
Or poems trending,
Or coupons for hookers vending.

I won't depend
On society blending,
Or relations mending
On wending paths of truth.

Then we're sending rockets,
Bending rules for Rulers
Tending obsequious flocks of sheep.

Francie Lynch

An Only Child

Ian was an only son,
Tethered by his mother's eyes.
He had a head of curls,
The envy of my sisters.
His skin shone like pearl onions,
His shirt buttoned like a zipper;
His shorts were knee high
With creases sharp as glass,
That matched his upper half.
His oxfords polished blue-black.
He stood on our sidewalk,
Looked indifferently at our house,
Looked skittish as a mouse
At enticing cheese.
As he approached our walkway,
Her eyes snapped violently,
And Ian scampered home.

Francie Lynch

Anagram Fun

Refrain from purchasing
Racoon at your local
Live animal market.
In your belly,
It can spelly,
Corona.

Francie Lynch

Androgyny

S/He/It

SHeIt

Sheit

Shit

It happens!

Francie Lynch

Angst

We should get married,
Shouldn't we?
Is that a nod,
Do you agree?
Should we expect
Two to three?
Will this car be enough,
Should we plunge
For a bigger house
To store the unused stuff?
Will we make the payments,
Will I be promoted,
Or will I lose my job?
Parent/Teacher Night's tonight,
I'm late for the rehearsal,
I've got to go coach little league,
After Health 'n Safety Training.

Am I homophobic?
Am I alcoholic?

Did I see gray about my temples,
Crow's feet around my eyes?
Am I gaining extra weight,
My waist is twice my height.
I have lumps and grunts
I didn't have before,
I hear thumping in the night,
Did I lock the doors?
And this is just our personal life,
The world outside is crumbling:
Brexit, Walls, pipeline horrors,
The Amazon Rain Forests.
Acid Rain, O-Zone, Isis
(And throw in North Korea) ,
There's a multitudinal crises,
All conspiring succinctly,
Much sneaking and thievery,
Adding grist to an angst-filled life.

Do I really need to ask,
What will our kids do,
When they leave their angst behind
To be worry free as you.

Francie Lynch

Another Great Dane

You remember Byron from other poems
I told you about. You can look them up
Later. Most of what I said was true
(Same as Twain - Mark, not Shania) .
When I arrived for my visit, Byron's good friend,
Clive, was there, holding a cold one in his country hands,
Before the wood stove in Byron's man-cave.
They were talking about welding joints,
Or the pitch of a roof frame, or something
I know fucking squat about.
Both men, uneducated, but clever as hell.
Without writing down a measurement,
Or drawing a sketch,
They could build the Taj Mahal.
Like Plato's cave dwellers, they just see it, make it, nail it.
I brought up the problems my daughter is having
With her toy poodle,
And Clive joined in about his disobedient
Great Dane. I'll call him Laertes,
Though his real name is Butch.
Clive says Laertes never stops barking,
Shock collars don't work.
Treats were to no avail.
Obedience School only worked at school.
I could see Byron's hand on his chin,
Looking off and up to his left,
Out the window over the wood stove:
'Have you tried speaking Danish to him, ' asked Byron.
Enough said.

Francie Lynch

Answer To The Sphynx

I don't recall year one of life,
But I'm here now,
So they got it right.
Yet I remember being one,
On a mattress, in the sun,
The smell of bacon and farm odors,
Were part of me as I grew older.

But I never asked to grow up.

I blathered blissfully at two,
And walked first steps
In my father's shoes.

By the time I turned three,
I was sure youth suited me.

I could reach the outside door,
When I grew to the age of four.
Now the world's mine to explore.

But I never asked to grow older.

Then by five I tried to hide
From the travails of an older child;
The digging, weeding, painting, work:
My escape to school was my re-birth.

But I never asked to grow older.

I didn't ask to turn six,
Seven, eight, nine or ten;
I understood our portends.
I didn't like how my world ends,
I finished fishing with "Amens";.

But I never asked to grow older.

I made twenty years ago,

When decades moved ever so slow;
Thirty came, forty gone,
And fifty didn't last that long.

But I never asked to grow older.

(The other day, my former baby
Gave me instructions how to lay
Her baby back to sleep) .

I never asked to grow older,
But since I must please do remember,
Dip my soother in Irish whiskey,
Include me if you solve the mystery;
And tend to me and my life's history.

Francie Lynch

Anti-Christ

Elections

Are a lot like Euchre,
A game of chance.
If you elect
To make it Trump
On a hope and a prayer
Of getting tricks,
You're in a game
Against the anti-Christ,
Who has all the tricks.

Francie Lynch

Any Body Out There

Every body,
Micro, macro or Sperm Whale,
Whether healthy and hale,
Or weak and failing,
Will die trying to live,
Will bend, mend and maintain,
Suffer and celebrate to sustain
The body.
I am a body.
Not any body, but one of everybody.
I am bending,
I can mend,
I will sustain.
You could say,
I am some body.

Francie Lynch

Apocalyptic Talk

(the tics will talk 'til twelve o'clock)

When we make time,
When we listen:

The theistic preach deistic talk;
The atheistic preach pragmatic talk;
The agnostic preach proleptic talk;
The heretic preach schismatic talk;
The mystic preach prophetic talk.

(the mesianic and satanic
moved their tics 'n tocks)

When we have time,
Then we listen:

The optimistic teach hypnotic talk;
The pessimistic teach sarcastic talk;
The altruistic teach empathetic talk;
The idealistic teach synergistic talk;
The pacifistic teach semantic talk;
The body politic teach charismatic talk;
The eccentric teach idiotic talk;
The technocratic teach robotic talk;
The romantic teach poetic talk;
The critic teach cathartic talk;
The moralistic teach dualistic talk;
The ascetic teach platonic talk.

(the minimalist hasn't the time to talk)

When we find time,
Do we listen:

The lunatic speak quizzotic talk;
The neurotic speak pathetic talk;
The chauvanistic speak monistic talk;
The nihilistic speak ballistic talk;

The hedonistic speak narcissistic talk;
The futuristtic speak galactic talk.

(the artistic don't need to talk)

Don't.

Look.

Some tic reset the clock.

Francie Lynch

Apologia Pro Vetus Hominibus

Call us perverted,
But read on first,
Then, by the end,
After our verse,
Call us your worst:
Dirty old men, gutter snipes,
Lecherous gawkers,
Cause we gaze in wonder and awe
At girls from eighteen to ninety-five.
Don't step back and feign aghast,
Whisper covert tsks, and gasp,
What? Oh such dirty old men!
But we are most the same.

We don't oogle or use a scope
Waiting behind a bush at night,
Til the lights go on
Through windows known to be undrawn.

We don't visit public pools
With goggles and a snorkel,
That's just sick, that's not us,
Our admiration's not so twisted,
We grew up to respect the sisters.

We wonder at the parade of beauty,
So pleasing to our eyes,
They dress to allure
Younger looks,
They swagger, tilt and sashay past
With legs as long as trees,
No VPL to interrupt
The curvature of our minds,
The girth of Mother Earth.
Compare it to one window-shopping,
Admiring wares and worth;
But please, read every line I wrote
Before labeling us, Pervert.

If we were eighteen years again,
We're lads out plowing fields,
Sowing wild grains,
Reaping refrains of 'They're boys just being boys.'

We had our ancient pleasures,
Still comparable to now,
But the lushness of the ripened fruit
Is hanging on the bough,
For younger hands, not ours.

The columned temples of runway models
With flying buttress thighs,
And the bull-frong fronts and volleyball stunts
Have us pleased, but we don't pry.

(We're not a pussy grabbing lot,
That's not how we usually talk,
In fact I haven't shared these thoughts,
I'm reluctant to do so now) .

You know you can't blame us
For what a blind man sees;
The cleavage, high-slits and commando style,
The augmentations meant to beguile
Has caught us in crossfire.

The soft unbleached skin,
The bosom and the neck,
The falling, twirling tresses,
Grace the backs of backless dresses.
Wear grotesques to dissuade us,
To disapprove our ageless looks.

Our eyes don't linger on the bust,
We don't display old men's lust,
In fact we're rather obsequious,
To the point where we're air,
You'd not notice that we're there.
But we are, and we look;
And I remember what it took
To be young and on the hunt

For the Yeti, Loch Ness, alien sort.

Don't tell your friends we're perverted,
Scurrilous id-focused men;
We're neither. We're average fellows
Watching from the stands.

Yes, our daughters are older than
The babes seen on the screens,
But that has naught to do with us,
We still think like eighteen.

We watch re-runs of Mary Tyler Moore,
Drink tepid tea with toast and jam
To the credits of The Golden Girls;
But when the grandkids come to visit,
We take them for ice-cream,
Or if we take the poodle to walk,
They pool like thirsty fleas.
It isn't my intent to bait, but I have eyes to see,
Those girls older than eighteen,
Many like to please with teasing,
With eyes that grip, hair that flips,
Hands so soft,
I'm at a loss-
What's a man to do-
From forty years to ninety-two?

Well, this farmer's aged, my harvest's in,
The grain that bowed the straw
Has now been threshed and milled to flour,
For the bread to rise again.

Francie Lynch

April Chimes

April showers,
And freezing temps
Have festooned our trees
With crystal chimes.
Breezes move the limbs
In a clear symphony of spring.
I've never been endeared
To chimes.

Francie Lynch

Are You Pissed Yet

Well, are you?
Did the news startle you
That things are a mess.
Gaza's imploding,
Palestine's exploding,
The Middle East could use some help.
In the Communist countries
There's an electronic curtain
Keeping people out.
Planes go strangely missing
Over unknown ground;
Others don't go missing,
They're eagerly missled down.
There's millions starving
All around;
Meaningful work is hard to find,
Taxes steeply climb;
And under the steeple
There's fewer people,
But that's not as bad as it sounds.
My bills are stacking,
We're seriously lacking
A government we can trust.
By any account, our sorry world
Is rightly fucked right up.
If you're not pissed
Then you've missed
The news at six o'clock.

Francie Lynch

Arms That Once Held Me

Daddy held me in his arms
Once, when I was five;
He wasn't one to embrace,
To clap and say well-done.

To hear him speak two words
Was volumes from someone
Who tsked and rolled,
But never scolded
His daughters and his sons.

In his hold, so foreign,
He made his assumption,
That I was content to be held,
Though squirming for the ground.

For me it wasn't soothing,
He never was inviting,
His demeanor so discomfoting,
He never did it again;
Not that I could tell;
And yet the security
Never diminished
From arms that once held me.

Francie Lynch

Arrivals And Departures

I'm on the runway,
Taxiing as they say;
But I can't remember
If I'm coming or going;
Deporting or boarding;
Lifting off or landing.
All runways look alike,
All security checks the same;
I'll know where I've gotten to
At the baggage claim.

Francie Lynch

As If It Were Today

I see you're getting old, sitting there,
With youthful eyes, but graying hair;
But I recall the splash of tresses
Blending with the golden sands.
The time shows in your hands;
You don't hide the blemishes
That youthful pride concerned you with;
The thin lines of loosening skin
Are not what keep you in.
But I recall your winter porcelain,
And summer lines of worship;
Cherokee cheeks and Burmese neck,
Sun-dappled tops and blue jean dress,
The tennis smash and victory dance,
The on and off of our romance.
And in your memory, locked away,
You dance and sing and nurse your babies,
As if it were today.

Francie Lynch

At A Loss For Words

For all you've done and said,
The care and understanding,
All the unsaid and undone
Makes my response sound trite.
I could paste wings on your photos,
Create an award in your name,
Establish a child sweatshop,
Radicalize the altar boys,
Trade up to a sniper's rifle,
Join a Cartel,
Put granulated sugar in your tea,
Vote Conservative,
And even then,
After the fire,
I'd be at a loss for words.

Francie Lynch

At My Door

A cancer's spreading
Through our core,
With tendrils reaching
Every shore;
A virus leaping firewalls,
A sickness too appalling;
Advancing by some sick allure.

No use in praying for a cure,
Its saviour is a saboteur;
No vaccine can kill its spore.
Its mucous is racist;
Its nucleus is sexist;
Its atoms are prejudiced;
Its carriers are bigots;
And it's hungering for more;
It's at my front door.

Francie Lynch

At The End Of Day

If you ask the question,
The answer may dismay;
Lots of things
Should go unsaid
At the end of day.

Francie Lynch

At The End Of The Day

The sun sets later,
There's more to see.
The shadows that follow us
Grow longer,
But the nights are shorter;
And the brilliance of morning
Splashes us with a new day
Which the news cannot disparage.
We have stories not yet finished,
Heroes not yet heralded.
There is hope in our shadows,
There is peace at dusk.

Francie Lynch

Athropomorphismn

This poet is going to speak plainly.
I'm dropping the metaphors,
The similies, the analogies,
And all figures of speech,
But one -
Anthropomorphism.
A jack-ass
Has been in-stalled.

Francie Lynch

Attention Must Be Paid

For the weekest,
Meekest, longely,
Afraid,
Understand attention
Must be paid.
Offer a hand,
Help carry the weight,
Be sincere
On your first date;
Request true friendship
On FB,
Get the Baileys,
Share some tea.
Turn on a light
For the old,
Don't just shake,
Embrace and hold;
Give a coat
To the cold.
Find a way
To convey:
Serious attention
Must be paid.

Francie Lynch

Attention, First Class Private Poet

Called-up to muster on the streets,
Lay siege with pencils and paper shields,
Place couplet sentries on every corner,
March in-step with iambic feet,
Shouldering prosaic figures of speech.
Launching antithesis and irony,
Metaphors and similes.

The poets engage guerrilla warfare,
Surrounding the body politic
To water board with words and wit.
Our units are indeterminate,
Smearing ink for camouflage.
Be wary of everyone you meet,
Every tree lining your street;
We're making notes in small black pads,
To explicate the nots and haves.

Pens are shovels digging trenches,
Editing walls and blue pencilling fences,
Giving refuge to the marginalized,
From the onslaught of towering directives.

We're parading in our uniforms,
Raising banners, ragged and torn,
Calling on all to weather the storm,
To brace against cyclonic edicts
That swirl and funnel from postering egots.

Francie Lynch

Attention, Private First Class Poet

Called-up to muster on the streets,
Lay siege with pencils and paper shields,
Place couplet sentries on every corner,
March in-step with iambic feet,
Shoulder prosaic figures of speech.
Launch antithesis and irony,
Landmine metaphors and similes.

The poets engage guerilla warfare,
Surrounding the body politic
To water board with words and wit.
Our units are indeterminate,
Smearing ink for camouflage.
Be wary of everyone you meet,
Every tree lining your street;
We're making notes in small black pads,
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Francie Lynch

Au Clair De La Lune

The first vernal moon
Measured one-seventh lit,
Backdropped in a star-studded pit
Of ebony sky,
With Venus, brilliant,
By her side,
A ring of light
Outlined the disc.

A man, standing
On a ladder,
Stretches a finger
As if to flip
A peephole plate
On a galactic door.
And through the hole
Streamed pearls of light
From a well-lit room.
I felt I spied eternity
Au clair de la lune.

Reverse my whim,
And think of one
Peeping in
To see how ones,
Such as us,
Weathered winter's boons.

Francie Lynch

August Moon

Look to the moon of August
From any place or time;
Write a little poesy,
Name it in a rhyme.
You can call it Sturgeon,
Red, Green Corn or Grain;
No matter what your outlook,
It still looks the same.
You can call it Dog Days,
Fruit, Dispute or Lightening,
And calling it a Woman's Moon
Gives rise to all that's ripening.

Francie Lynch

Autumn Is Icumen In

Autumn is icumen in
With tricks and treats
And all its whims.

I can't mourn
Summer's passing;
Those days
Of idle slumber.
Summer suns
And midnight moons,
The silhouettes of June;
Holiday highs,
Mad July;
The robust garden
Lust of August.

I won't.

Autumn air
Affronts my senses,
The Arctic cool
Dips and rules,
The moss has left
The trees,
Arthritic twigs
Let lose
The leaves.

Autumn is icumen in

Autumn,
With its foils
And foibles,
Rakes us with
Our harlequin sins,
And all its
Wherewithal.
Embrace your fall.

Winter is icumen in.

Francie Lynch

Ballot Death

In the pitch of sleep
On a hot, humid night,
From a depth so deep
I woke in fright.
The overhead fan
Swirled the air,
The bedroom window
Was drawn and bare.
Out from the dark
I heard the scream
Penetrate and join my dream.
It slammed and splattered
On my screen,
An anguished cry,
An animal dies
Caught by a red-eyed predator.
I couldn't help but think
Of death,
Coming this November.

Francie Lynch

Bang... Whimper

"What? Hawking's dead?
Now I'm the smartest one alive! "
D. Trump

Francie Lynch

Bangs

The boys ran
After the ball exploded
The bedroom window.
Shattered glass shards
In indiscriminate flight.

The ants re-grouped
To build after
The red-cherry erupted
The hill like Pompei,
Scattering serendipitously.

Grimmacing quarter moon
Pumpkins lay in hodge-podge
Pieces on All Saints Day.

Suitcases, clothes and neckties
Stewn on a runway
Like a kid's bedroom.

We move from order to chaos,
Like the third light
On a match.

I was lead to believe
Displacement Laws,
Science, and regular
Bowels could explain
Explosions,
So we can lift the stones
On Salisbury and Newgrange,
Or re-arrange grains of sand
With projected order.
We only have a beginning
And an end, while living
Through the explosions.

Francie Lynch

Bangs And Whimpers

What do Trump
And Y2K have in common?
Some.
One's a whimper,
The other a bang.
One was simple,
The other, orangutan.
Both, misleading.

Francie Lynch

Banksy Proof

I gave, you took,
My heart,
My soul and time.
You left, I stayed,
Withdrawn and supine.
I was a still life,
In the shades and lights of day.
I wrinkled and went dry,
Through skin down to my core;
Was rotting and wasting away,
Like a Banksy on a rainy day

Francie Lynch

Barabbas

The Sanhedrin senators cried out,
"Free Barabbas."
Ergo,
Democracy got nailed.

Francie Lynch

Barack And Michelle

Barack and Michelle

Once upon a time
It was unique to see
The President or First Lady
On TV.
Now, Michelle
Does push-ups on Degeneres,
And Barack
Does stand-up on Colbert.
Oh Camelot,
We miss thee.

Francie Lynch

Bassackwards

Ha!

Just hitched my pants
Above the waistline;
Added a tight notch.
What's to become of me.
Should I consider
Knee-high socks,
With Bermuda shorts
To match
My peppered stubble.
Perhaps man-scaping
And Botox,
A Hitler moustache
And comb-over,
Or live life
Like Benjamin Button.

Francie Lynch

Be A Friend

To begin, you cannot buy a friend.
You cannot rent a friend.
They are spontaneous,
Like combustion, or
Cultivated by life-long learning.

You can't cheat a friend.
You actually cheated a stranger, and
Yourself.

You can lie to a friend, but
It's temporary.
(I ended a lie by telling
The truth in the same sentence) , or
It could take longer.

You can't steal from one.
You probably gave or
Loaned it in the first place.
Besides, it just doesn't happen.
See reason above for cheating a friend.

You can't physically hurt your friend
Because of the mirror-like
Honesty they reflect.
That is prima motivum
For a friend.

It could be difficult
To befriend a friend's friend,
But for your friend's sake,
You're friends.

Befriend the young and elderly,
The less fortunate, and
Be careful with strangers, but
Don't rule them out.
Be friendly.
And,

When you're a friend,
Be a friend.

Francie Lynch

Be Oxymoronic (10 W)

When all alone,
Be oxymoronic;
Focus on all,
Not alone.

Francie Lynch

Because I Strayed

They wouldn't be
If it were not for me;
I'm not talking about conception;
The work began at birth.
Decades of toiling,
And personal deprivation
To deliver the essentials,
The saving for school,
The resources used
For lessons and coaches,
Trips, gadgets and clothes,
The bed-time readings,
The front seat shows,
And all the ingredients for success.
They wouldn't be,
If it wasn't for me,
Yet they turn away
Because I strayed
From the image they fashioned for me.

Francie Lynch

Before Poetry

Our shelves are stacked
With novels
Retelling the journey.
Before novels,
There was poetry.

Our textbooks
Bind essays
Explaining and outlining
The thoughts
Of great thinkers.
Before essays,
There was poetry.

Our stage,
Our world,
Are replete
With dramas
Mirroring our plight.
Before drama,
There was poetry.

Before poetry,
There was
The Great Explosion,
Expanding into
The vacuum;
Making our universe
A metaphor.

Francie Lynch

Before We Exalted Ourselves

Before air became gas,
And water waste;
Before light became lasers,
And fireworks cannons;
Before cars got wings,
And trucks got tracks;
Before rafts were raiding ships,
And we breathed underwater;
Before sticks were arrows and spears,
And Empires rose and fell,
Rose and fell,
Before we exalted ourselves,
A femur crushed Cro magnon's skull.
It's a marvel
That any of us
Are here
At all.

Francie Lynch

Before You'd Gone

Now that you've gone,
There's one shadow
In my morning sun;
New moons hide me
When evenings come;
None to compare
To starlight spun.
And I did compare,
Before you'd gone.

Francie Lynch

Being And Nothingness

I learned to ask for nothing
At an awful early age;
And nothing gets monotonous,
Cause nothing stays the same.

As I grew in beingness,
Nothing never changed.

I expect nothing less
When I'm aged and grey;
Cause nothing still awaits for me
When cold and in my grave.

Don't dwell on your afterlife,
Don't fret on what you got;
After all the prayers are done,
There's nothing in the box.

Francie Lynch

Being Idle

Being idle,
I get nowhere;
Standing still,
I get eaten.

Francie Lynch

Being Underground

My car is in the bat cave,
The lower chamber's lit;
All the doors are locked,
The drapes don't leave a slit.
I'm in here all alone,
Haven't shaved for days;
My fingers need attention,
My bed is like my grave.
There's dishes in the kitchen sink,
The refuse starts to stink.
I'm underground.
No calls, no texts, no tweets.
I have my bread and butter,
If only I could eat.
I have a need to peek outside
Where the living own the streets.
I'm better off than dead,
I'll rise up from this sleep;
Don't call my name
To call me forth,
At present I'm too deep.
When time is ready,
And I'm steady,
I'll push aside the lid,
Walk from this crypt,
Abandon ship,
And bask in the light above.

Francie Lynch

Beingness And Nothingness

We are human beings.

(most of the time)

Being means to exist.

(all of the time)

So, how can a human being be dead?

Be that, as it may.

Francie Lynch

Bells And Tea

Early September smells
Of the familiar:
Pungent socks on hissing rads,
Cuffed wellingtons
Strewn on cloak-room floors.
Mine have my initials
In bold red letters;
Peanut butter and oranges
Douse the old rooms,
And Quick swirls in fruit jars.

Home for lunch,
Mammy serves plates
Of beans and bread
To the middle of the table,
Where she'll sit, mug in hand,
After whisking us out the door.

I knew she sat there,
Thinking of her
Lost children, buried
In another land
Never to be revisited.
No desire to.

Her kettle clouds the kitchen.
From the vapor she heard,
'Bye Mammy, '
One last time.

Tomorrow, the bells
Ring again.
I'll sit with the kettle
And school days'
And life's
History lessons.

Francie Lynch

Beneath Your Head

To alleviate my hip pain
I rest my knee
On a pillow,
Beneath
Your head.
The pain dissipates,
But my joint aches.

Francie Lynch

Best Friends

I love her
Like my
Best friend;
But I do stuff
With her
I don't do
With him.
If two
Were one,
Where would
It end.

Francie Lynch

Better Than I Am

There's something surely burning
When I get the yearning
To be better than I am.

There's a flicker of ambition
That spreads from my contrition
To be better than I am.

My temperature increases,
My spirit gets heat blisters,
I'll soothe them by improving.

I'll fan the flames with sorrow,
And the worries of tomorrow,
And burn away the waste.

When purged
I'll have the embers,
To ensure that I remember
What first ignited me
To be better than I am.

Francie Lynch

Better Than The Alternative

We stood in a circle in the parlor,
Jim was chatting with his golfing crones;
Her body was there for the viewing,
But we were keen on his hole-in-one.

We gave him our proud approval,
We chorused, "Jim, well-done! ";
Then Jim took his turn on the kneeler,
To ponder before her coffin.

We all know the cold humility,
That an ace needs a load full of luck;
Yet we're pleased to hear all his details,
From the crack off the tee,
To the flag in the cup.

I waited for my turn behind Jim,
I overheard his solemn words:
"... an eight iron... bounced once, then straight in...
Oh, and may you rest in peace too, Mrs. Hobin."

Francie Lynch

Between Brain And Skull

Between brain and skull
Lies the cream of memory,
Distilled love,
Cheese-clothed infatuation.
Between brain and skull
Rises the O-Zone, internal cloud
Of pin-heads with choirs and hosts.
The pulp beneath the skin.
It's not in my heart,
So fragile
You could be passed by,
Where a dead man's loves lived.
You don't keep shop there,
But between brain and skin
In chronological flashbacks
Like real time re-runs
And infinitesimal longings
For beliefs.
You are infused there.
Squeezed as grapes,
Rightly aging,
But not to be tasted
Again.

Francie Lynch

Between Seasons

The full moon is always waning,
Giving cold comfort.
Stars twinkle more in black spaces.
The evening dew settles sooner,
Rises later.
The potatoes are in the house.
I've folded the lawn chairs.
Across the sky herds of clouds graze by.
The grass gets its autumn cut.
When I put the mower away,
I take down the rakes and shovels.
Dusk comes early.
House lights break through shut windows.
Street sounds diminish.
Will the trees splash us with radiance?
I languish between seasons,
Waiting for the bus to warm me as it passes
My lengthening shadow.
And when the sun filters through,
I stand in its path, face turned skyward.
I sing a eulogy for my summer,
While waiting for the cries of a newborn fall.

Francie Lynch

Bible Trumper

For the sake of argument
Let's presuppose POTUS
Actually read the Bible.

Reporter: What's your favourite story from the O.T.
POTUS: That David guy; when he grabs Bathsheba's pussy.

Reporter: What's your favourite story from the N.T.
POTUS: Pilate, when he washes his hands.

Francie Lynch

Black Holes

I lost all my great comparisons
After you'd gone.
No constellation metaphors,
Or moony similies.
It's as if...
I'm ten,
And I hadn't heard of black holes.

Francie Lynch

Blame And Shame

I undressed for my shower,
And noticed something queer;
Something I've used all my days,
Suddenly disappeared.

I had it with me yesterday,
And used it several times;
I always put it in its place,
And took care of what was mine.

I really can't explain it;
Now what's a fella do;
I'm not to blame,
I refuse the shame
Of the hashtag framed "MeToo."

Francie Lynch

Blank Verse: An Invisible Poem (Fill In)

Francie Lynch

Bleeding Picture

My eyes saw you hide behind a flower,
Reproved between the blades;
Wizened and withered by your touch,
Your dream has surely failed.

You strutted on a high wire,
A dot on either side;
Your pirouette on the stairs,
Was a step with every lie.

Self-fashioned on a bleeding picture,
You knew the world was stained;
Your sweat proclaimed with licks,
And a self-sustaining brain.

Who could answer all the calls
Those infernal internal rings;
The boy outside was looking,
Planning heinous sins.

You stropped a spoon with her eyes,
But who was really blind;
She treaded in a sea of blood,
You spooned her brain and mind.

Play your guitar in blissful darkness,
In a single-lighted room;
Your poems have finally flickered,
With that action all too soon.

I see petals Hoover yet,
Indifferent, no appeal;
My fingers curl when I touch
A thing you'll never feel.

Francie Lynch

Block (10w)

I oftimes write
To ensure I still can.
Ergo. This.

Francie Lynch

Blood Letting

Mindless

Wandering

Drivel.

Watching a fly

Buzz against

The pane;

Dustwebs fluttering,

Outside sputtering,

Scribbling on a page.

I want to engage

The rage;

Drip red,

Smear words,

Write a dirge.

Mindless

Wandering

Drivel.

I hold the pen

In my hand

Like a knife,

Ready

For a good

Blood-letting.

Francie Lynch

Blood Mask

The man on the cross
Wears a bloody mask
Of eternal pains.
The god behind the pantomime
Smiles with eternal gains;
He has inside knowledge
Of our temporal life.

Francie Lynch

Blood Red Tomatoes

Mammy's accidents usually happened
Within a hundred foot radius of her stove.
Except the one time she had to work
Outside the home,
At the Aylmer Tomato Cannery.
 (Daddy was in his wet season,
 Being laid off was his reason)
The tip of her thumb was snipped,
And gone.
The joke never got old.
Someone looked inside
Every can we opened -
From that day on -
Truth is,
We always knew
A good bit of Mammy
Was in all her meals.

Francie Lynch

Bloody Mary

The year following
Jimmy's death
I smothered myself
In every read on
Parapsychology,
Astral beings,
OBE's, NDE's,
And plasma projections,
Reincarnation and all
Aberations.
I awarded myself
An Honorary Doctorate
In Bullshit (Ph. D.B.S.) .
Then I met Bloody Mary,
As the police called her.
Her keen abilities
Recovered bodies
And the snatchers.
She had a dead-on reputation.
She spoke German and gesticulated
Wildly while she oracled.
Her husband translated simultaneously.
Her sun-room shone,
There were plants on
Every table. No candles.
Perhaps I was mesmerized.
She had one message for me
From the other side:
 Tell Francie to leave me alone.

Marlene
(my darling little sister,
And my next encounter) ,
Had a dream the very same
Day I saw my seer.
She dreamt Jimmy
Was alone,
Crying at home,
And through his tears

She clearly hears:

Tell Francie to leave me alone.

Bloody Mary was free,

That's right... no fee.

She said her gift

Was for sharing,

And she shared

Her gift with me.

Francie Lynch

Bob

My girlfriend's girlfriends
Have a friend,
They demurely refer to
As Bob;
He's everyready,
Like the bunny,
Current, never late;
And yet he'll never
Ever date.

He's no fireman,
Or a cop,
More Chippendale -
They say he's hot.
He's not needy,
He's out to please,
From what they say,
He likes to tease.
He's not a boy,
He's not a toy.

Later, when the deed is done,
He's not one to kiss and run.
He's the Alpha
And Omega,
The source of their hysteria.

Bob surely has a way.

And should the girls
Play hard to get,
Bob's not one
To sit and fret.
And should the girls
Still want to play,
They replace
Two Double A's.

Francie Lynch

Bookshelves

My girlfriend has coveted
Installed bookshelves
For over thirty years.
She has imagined them
Bookending her hearth,
When a visitor walks up
To scan her collection.
She has books lying about
On her tables, my tables,
A few on outside tables.
She is an insatiable reader,
But never had shelves.
So, as a double gift,
I fabricated,
Installed and stained
To match her gum wood mouldings.
From vision to reality,
Better than Plato.
She's so pleased and proud
She refuses to use them;
To distract the viewer's looks
With books.

Francie Lynch

Boring Bliss

Let's ban beer,
Expel wine,
Prohibit whisky.

Let's banish porn,
Curse smokes,
Relegate pot.

Drive off knives,
Expatriate guns,
Deport bullies and fists.

Let's ward off the divine,
And the ghosts,
And those who think
They're holy sons;
In any or all
Religions.

Let's proclaim a holy war,
A jihad, if you wish,
Crusade against what
Makes us human,
And live in boring bliss.

Francie Lynch

Born To Mourn

I'm a born mourner;
Not a whimperer,
Or whiner;
Don't cry for me,
Don't worry for me.
Let me mourn.
Although an orphan,
A singleton,
I'm better off
Than all the dead poets,
Stacked one atop the other,
Babel high.
When that high,
It's a sudden drop.
If somethings human
Should locate
Forty percent of my bones
Sometime down their road,
Then you can worry about me.

Francie Lynch

Born With Wings

I counted
Thirty-three flies
Stuck
On the fly-paper.
A few still
Wiggled their wings,
But the feet
Were cemented.
Even if you're born
With wings,
You can't fly away
If you're well-grounded

Francie Lynch

Borne On A Notion

For today, we share the notion,

That a child born long ago,

Called us home,

To live as children;

We hear our names,

We're not alone.

Gather round, sit at our table,

Stretch your arms,

Increase expand;

Bless our children,

Bless our parents,

Count our blessings while we can.

For today, we share in living,

That the notion from long ago,

Called us home,

We are the children;

We heard our names,

Never alone.

Gather round, sit at our table,

Stretch your arms,

Increase expand;

Bless our children,

Bless our parents,

Count your blessings while you can.

Borne on the promise of a notion,

On the promise of a seat,

By our Love and our Devotion

To the Living Son, our Living Feast.

Francie Lynch

Borne On A Promise

On this day
We share the notion
That a Child
Born long ago,
Called us home
To live as children;
We hear our name,
We're not alone.

Gather round,
Sit at our table;
Stretch your arms
Increase, expand.
Bless our children,
Bless our parents,
Count our Blessings
While we can.

For today
We share believing
That the Child
From long ago,
Called us home
We are the children,
We heard our names,
Never alone.

Gather round,
Sit at our table,
Stretch your arms,
Increase, expand;
Bless your children,
Bless your parents,
Count your Blessings
While you can.

Borne on the promise
Of a notion,
On the promise

Of a seat;
By our Love
And our Devotion
To the Living Son,
Our Living Feast.

Francie Lynch

Borrowed Time (10w)

We have only ourselves.
Our universe
Is on borrowed time.

Francie Lynch

Bottles. Pop Bottles

Pop bottles. Boxes of them.

The old man brought them home.

He collected them on the construction site, between lifts.

Sometimes it would be days between lifts,

So he filled time collecting bottles.

Hires, Pepsi, Fanta, Coke, Tab, Fresca, 7 Up, Mountain Dew,
Canada Dry...

Emptied by men, like him, from all over.

What conversations did he have with them

When he picked up the empties.

Did he indulge? He'd have liked Vernors.

Pop bottles were as good as gold.

Large bottles, a nickel: Small, two cents.

He kept us busy, weeding, straightening nails, digging, mixing cement, building
fences, painting them, and the house;

Root cellars, garages, additions;

In fair, wet, or hot conditions.

Winter had it's own cuffs.

We'd cash in the bottles at Walker Bros.

Every Sunday he'd leave for weeks,

Up North, to places like Kapuskasing and Hearst.

He must've been thinking about us up there,

Collecting our bottles,

Wearing a raincoat.

Francie Lynch

Boys With Toys

Boys With Toys

Way back then,
When we were
Post-pubescent
Boys,
We sat in a circle,
Not a jerk ring,
And rhymed our things
Like this:

You make my cock rock; (1970's and solid rock)
You make my thing sing; (Beach Boys)
You make my dink stink;
You make my log throb; (Canada, eh!)
You make my stick thick; (or dick thick, but no repeating rhymes)
You make my chub rub;
You make my schlong long; (all-inclusive)
You make my stump jump; (Canada again)
You make my pole roll; (the uncircumcised)
You make my wiener leaner; (all sizes accepted)
You make my bone moan; (Crooners all)
You make my man stand; (wishful boys)
You make my limp primp;
You make my rod applaud;
You make my spear smear; (Yuk!)
You make my peter sweeter; (all-inclusive)
You make my head undead... (we had a Sir Graves Ghastly fan amongst us)

And all in unison:

You make my hard on.

We'd continue with our lines,
Til the case was as empty
As our rhymes.
Them there days of simple joys,
Post pubescent

Boys with toys.

Francie Lynch

Brave New World Order

Let me take you back
Over pot-holed tracks
To present day nostalgia;
When six feet away meant a grave,
And not a rule of order.

Let me take you back
Through dirty air,
When smog and soot were normal;
We didn't attend strange masquerades,
Breathing wasn't formal.

Let me take you back
Down the spiral stairs,
When holding hands
And hugging kids
Was common and expected.

If I took you back
To that Brave Old World,
Where we have the poor,
Wars are raging,
The environment's in peril,
With despots engaging.
Hoarders cheat,
Ice-caps retreat,
Animals compete
With billions at the table.
Oceans over-heating,
Egos are defeating
The food chains of our world.
Forests burn bright,
Crops rot from blight,
None treat us right.
And a hundred thousand unsolved queries,
Compounded by some glorious leader.

Let's not go back,
Take small steps onward

Into our Brave Newer World,
That sweeps us forward.

Francie Lynch

Bring Back Walter Cronkite

In my youth,
They called it an Idiot Box,
But at six and eleven,
The real news arrived.
Africa, Vietnam,
Assassinations;
Mr. Ed and Mr. Sullivan shared our dessert.
The tele gave bedlam meaning.
Now,
We're patients in the asylum,
Spotting wardrobe malfunctions,
Commenting on roses,
Losing airwave evangelists
For commandments
Flung from the Tower of Babel.

Francie Lynch

Broken

Promises aren't made to be broken.
Strings and ties are.
Hearts aren't made to be broken.
Dishes and mirrors are.
Spirits aren't made to be broken.
Bells and windows are.
Memories aren't made to be broken,
But forgotten,
Leaving me broken.

Francie Lynch

Btv / Atv / Ptv

BeforeTV

Before TV,
When we were together,
Before growing apart
From father and mother,
We entertained ourselves with song;
All the sisters and brothers.

We gambolled in the backyard,
The clothes line was our zip line,
We fell soft, then hard.

We somehow got a hold of skates,
Not knowing what they're for,
So we took turns
Laced them on,
To skate on cement floors.

We raised a high jump,
Skipped on the driveway,
Double Dutch and Speed;
We strung a line for volleyball,
Nailed a hoop below the roof,
Played soccer in the hall.
We paddled ping-pong on the table;
Our household freedom
Made us as grateful
As animals in a well-kept stable.

Some winters we'd flood the back,
And shoot and slide until the cracks
Turned to puddles,
Then I'd sail popsiclestick boats
Over oceans
To our distant folks.

On the sidewalk we'd toss our stones,
And hopscotch til we went for soup

And soda bread and homo milk.

If we had a ball and bat,
Chances are we'd not come back
'til the sun went down;
And then,
When the stars came out,
We'd Hide and Seek,
Til the last one'd shout, 'Home Free.'
With dirt and patchwork dungarees,
We went in
For good-night tea.

Weren't we the normal family?

Then we got our first T.V.

After T.V.

We were landed,
Not gentry,
And we started channelling
U.S. T.V.

We weren't polite like Cartwrights,
Nor guaranteed Lil Joe's birthright.

The sisters locked on Patty Duke,
Then dressed the same
To get the look,
So they ditched their Wellie boots.

We'd lie on the floor,
Stuck like glue,
On Sundays watch Ed's 'Big Shoe.'
We didn't know the sun had left,
While staring at the TV set.

The Cleaver boys got dessert,
Though leaving beans on their plate,
Left ice-cream and sweet chocolate cake.

We'd stare confused, yet salivate;
Such treats and food we'd never waste.

The Douglas boys had single beds,
En suites, bathrobes,
Hair on their heads;
Pillows and open windows,
And locks on doors,
They weren't co-ed.
We slept, at least, two to a bed,
Four to a room, two bedspreads.
We slept on mattresses with stinging springs,
With rips and smells of stale urine.
In the heat and humid nights of summer,
We wore bathing suits
To swim in slumber.
Our small window couldn't open,
We roasted in our four walled oven.

We watched Lassie and Gomer Pyle,
Green Acres' Arnold had us beguiled.
We didn't get Father Knows Best,
Such gentleness raised our regrets.
Lucy and Ricky, an odd couple,
Were always getting into trouble,
Like Fred and best bud, Barney Rubble.

Were these the models to emulate,
To blend in North of the United States?

These families had open conversations,
Shared their thoughts without hesitation.
Mine were full of consternation,
And alien, like My Favourite Martian.

We grew in a foreign land,
Beached like the cast on Gilligan,

We were surely Lost in Space,
Separate from the human race.
No gyroscope to set direction,

To separate fact from fiction.

We weren't stupid,
We were astute;
We weren't the ones on our TV.
We were a singular family.

Post T.V.

We numbered ten at the start,
Then aged and drifted far apart;
We can't gather to watch TV,
As we were once wont to be.
But I remember Ernest T.,
Throwing rocks to win Charlene,
And arrested by Sheriff Andy.
We laughed at all the silly doings
Of Barney and Thelma Lou's wooings.

I send e-mails and textual banter,
(One brother still likes writing letters) ,
Reminding me of our early days,
How TV changed our innocent ways.

We never were small screen.

Francie Lynch

Bucket Of Stars

Whatever hand swirled
In the cosmic bucket,
Continues to stir the stars.
Keep swirling them
Across my sky.
In daylight I know
There's work afoot
Maintaining the equilibrium
Of the gyroscope;
But remove it,
And we're feeding oats
To the horsemen's rides.
The stars will fall in upon themselves;
And me,
And you.
Digits of chance, luck, chaos and coincidence,
And the thumb of phenomena
Move through the infinite waters,
Clockwise,
One second at a time,
Swirling, swirling, swirling,
Like the snail on a rock.

Francie Lynch

Buddy

I have a Buddy,
True Buddy,
A Buddy all life long,
When days are long
My Buddy,
Makes right
All that's wrong.

I have a Buddy,
Dear Buddy,
A Buddy when I'm glad,
For years I know
My Buddy,
Can always count
On Dad.

My little Buddy
Has a Buddy,
To always depend on;
When Buddy
Needs her Buddy,
She'll surely
Hear this song:

I want you Buddy
To read to me,
Walk with me,
Skate with me,
To laugh with me,
And share with me,
And sometimes
You will cry with me.
I need you Buddy
To stand with me,
Grow with me,
Please stay by me.

I have a Buddy,
True Buddy,

A Buddy
All life long.
When days are long
Good Buddies,
Make right
All that's wrong.

Francie Lynch

Bugger Off (10w)

Do atheists
Privately pray
For God to say:
'Bugger Off! '

Francie Lynch

Bullfrogs In Bras (10w)

I notice tadpoles
Wearing push-ups
To look like bullfrogs

Francie Lynch

Bullshit Radar

Bullshit. Pure and simple. Bullshit.
Be like a vampire
Refine your tracking trait,
Saving time and disappointment.
Recognize it when you hear it,
See it, read it.
I've had to eat beside it.
It rarely smells until identified,
And then you see the bullshit patties everywhere,
Inside and outside the paddock.
Speak out when encountered:
Bullshit, plain and simple.
Point in its direction,
Be a searchlight.
The room goes silent
Like a stop-action clip,
Frozen for the stink to seep.
Bullshitters bullshit their way
Out of bullshitting. They're skilled,
But shallow.
One needs to go home and wash,
Do the laundry. Clean the kitchen.
Honestly!

Francie Lynch

Butler's Snug

The local storm warning finds me on the porch,
Out the back, observing the strength of wind,
The swag of trees.
The eye of the storm is passing overhead,
And the lightening blinks wistfully,
As a gesture to take cover
Before the rain and hail fire down,
All over town, windows open,
Curtains drawn, lights on early.
I persevere, but my dry season is coming to an end
Because I remembered the storms in Kilarney,
In 'Butler's Snug.'

Francie Lynch

Butterflies Are Pinned

The three-legged stool
Wobbles, and I have sat
Waiting to be knocked
As one tumbles a tall
Statue and proclaims
Freedom from tyranny.
Me, a demi-god,
That fed manna
For your desert sojourn
On wind-swept dunes,
Following car tracks
And the fore-prints of
Your elders.

Lift the virgin veil,
Smile at your betrothed,
Seal it with a ring.
Masters are butterflies pinned
To corkboard,
With translucent harlequin colors.
These high towers,
And stools,
Give one
Insightful perspectives.
The Monarchs
Have left for Mexico.

Francie Lynch

Byron

I have an unusual friend. A small man with charms of a gentle redneck. He holds court in his garage for his acquaintances, those free or at large. His demeanour is rustic, but his wisdom self-taught. His name is Byron (I know, it's too good to be true) , not lordly, but Byron likes the girls and light brew. Byron says, "I'll kick your ass." every time we play golf. Not yet. His voice is chasmic and often influenced by distractions. And then on a cold, witch-tit, heathcliffe driving winter's day, with the wood stove well-fired, a rascally friend opens the door, and Byron yells, "Shut the door. Do you think wood grows on trees." On leaving the same day he advises me, "Don't slip on the ice. It's frozen." I didn't tell you Byron has one eye. Better yet, a patch on the other. He looks more like post Frodo ignoring the "Don't run with scissors. You'll put your eye out." warning from Mother Baggins, than he does LB. I dropped my pipe once on his garage floor. A special pipe. It's my bowling pipe. Byron thinks it clever to call me at work and tell my secretary that he and I are bowling after school. Byron mixes metaphors. So, my pipe has dropped. Byron says, " Let me help. Three eyes are better than two." His cleverness can backfire. I tried to be sensitive, but there was neither an honourable or dishonourable way out. Byron hung an oak wood sign near his stove. He makes his own stain, and rubs it evenly in circles with his wife's old nylons. "It's great for the penetration, " he'll quip. The two flaps of the sign are joined with leather straps and stainless steel studded to the wood. The letters painted within the stencilled lines are a dark, rich mixture. The joke. "Lift flap in case of fire." Normally one lifts the flap. "Not now stupid. In case of fire." The sign quietly disappeared and was never mentioned again. He'll never kick my ass.

Francie Lynch

Byron's Wee Peeps

Peep. Peep. Peep.
Wee chicks
I love to keep.

Peep. Peep. Peep.
Chicks cluster
At my feet.

Peep. Peep. Peep.
In warmth and comfort
Sleep.

Peep. Peep. Peep.
For weeks
You feed and peep.

Oh little Peeps
On grain you're fed;
Wee Peeps,
Wee Peeps,
Now dead.
Now dead.

Francie Lynch

Cain

Cain's despair of separation
Needed no mark.
His anguish looks back at me
Through the ink spots
And small words,
Useless words when the ethereal is in play.
The co-joining and sharing
Of organs and events.
Children carrying my soul to you
Like a string between two cans.
I hear your vibrations
Through them.

Francie Lynch

Can I Have A Word, Please?

Yoko wrote it, once.
Lennon was off the ground
Reading it.
It's the minimalist's grail.
My pen can dry out.
I've found a tranquility
Like the last seat on the bus home.
It can't be copyrighted.
One word, not one's word,
Isn't plagiarism.
Can it be mine, please,
Just this one time.
It has internal rhyme,
And the end rhyme draws out
To an external rhyme,
The universal poem.
Put it on the curriculum
And school kids will memorize it,
Gladly, gleefully.
My One Word Poem:

'Yes! '

Francie Lynch

Cancer And Golf

When you hear of a new diagnosis
For someone known,
It begins again.
Every cloud seems special,
Every disappointment relative
To the breaking news.
My eighty on the links
Isn't so remarkable now -
Or is it?
Relative or not,
I'll carry my clubs tomorrow too.

Francie Lynch

Candle Sticks

We tagged him Candle Sticks,
Called him that
When he was six.
Snot oozed down
Around his lips.
It was one of those taunts
That seamlessly sticks.

When he ran in the race,
He finished dead last;
His pants fell down,
Exposing the ass,
Of a hometown clown.

Many times I'd see him
Standing in the movie line,
Taking his aisle seat.
Or stocking butter and cheese
In the dairy case at Foodland;
Or under the bridges,
On a bench, watching the freighters
Power on to foreign cities;
Smiling at the fishermen casting their lines.

I think I saw him cry,
In the library, reading the local paper
In a secluded carrel.

I heard he walked to the Bridge,
And jumped.
Candle Sticks.
It stuck.

It's not difficult to explain,
I deeply regret,
Will never forget,
The death in silent pain.

Candles In The Air

The air is hot and ominous,
A stench is settling on us,
Like ashes over our skin.
How did this begin?

Bones held in hands
Took foreign lands;
Fires on sticks
Extinguished the magic
That once held us in awe.

Then the sky's truly lit,
They've fired bigger sticks
From beneath the waves,
Into the air,
Or silos hidden
Well below the stars,
With brighter candles travelling far
That darken skies,
Turn day to night,
And colour our skin
With ashes.

Francie Lynch

Can't Stop Laughin'

I don't laugh, gawk and point
At people who fall down;
Unless they are a clown,
And we've plenty to go round.
Crusty's in the Kremlin,
He's got an act with dogs,
Freddie's in the U.N.,
Freeloading from his friends;
Bozo's in a big white house,
And I'm bent with tears laughin'.

Francie Lynch

Can'T We

Don't call me Honey,
I'm not that sweet;
Don't call me Sugar,
I'm no beet;
Don't call me Dear,
I'm a horny Buck;
You say: Let's make love,
I say: Can't we...

Francie Lynch

Carry That Weight

I have a cemetery inside.
No fences.
Bodies are layered
East, west, north, south.
Legs and arms wrap my organs,
Squeezing sideways, lengthways
And diagonally.
Dates are heartstones
Chiselled in my brain.
They arrive unexpectedly,
Some from places I've not visited,
And stay.
It's crowded,
They keep coming.
I've flowers and meditations as well,
And sit quietly amidst the noise
And visit.

Francie Lynch

Carved In Stone

To me, this sounded so final and trite,
But his wife, she said, left him,
Cause she couldn't be a wife.

There's a fine epitaph to carve,
On the stone above his life:

My wife, they say, left me,
Cause she couldn't be a wife;
That's all she ever wanted,
To be this dead man's wife.

A couple passing by the script,
Might read an enigmatic drift.

What kind of wife, the woman asked,
I wonder what he meant by that.

One who'd drink and drink some more,
Smoke and eat and grow so fat
On bacon rinds and Caesar's Salad.

Could she nurse through any sickness;
See it for what it is;
For what it was;
See the outcome,
Not the cause.

And yet, it's true, all along,
He wasn't in control.
Not abuse, or dementia,
But a disease involving anyhol.

What would his wife do
To put up the fight
During his life-threatening plight.

Was the promise not made
For good health or illness;

Does she get to choose the sickness?
What kind of wife gets that option?

I know he didn't give objection,
As many husbands do,
When she raised ablutions
To her false gods,
That promised on the temple pinnacle
That all is theirs, if she submits,
To the pyramids that promise riches.

Till death do us part.

Now that's a lark in a song of lament.
She could have been any wife
She'd deem to choose in this life;
She chose,
For a limited time,
On a definition
He declined.

Francie Lynch

Cassiopeia

When I move my hands
Over your heavenly body,
I'm reading the constellations
In braille.

Francie Lynch

Cast Of Thousands

What is this?
A set-up?
I never volunteered
To be the patsy.
The whipping boy!
I don't like this story line,
Or being the understudy
In a B movie,
An expendable.
This is the con,
A night gallery.
I'm in the crowd, in the frame,
And the shot is printed.
Success at shutter speed.
Then you wrote a letter,
Started it endearingly,
Signed it with an old promise
That was once so clear to me.

Francie Lynch

Cat In The Cloud

Your text read:

'My cat died.'

Sorry for your troubles.

I was moved.

Mind, I don't own a cat.

I'll e-card sympathies.

If you were with me

I would have cried.

If that's what 'My cat died' means.

Francie Lynch

Catfish Politicos

We hunger for a leader
Who's not a bottom feeder.

Francie Lynch

Celebrations On Celluloid

The St. Clair flowed
Towards Erie,
As we walked to
The headwaters,
Where Huron emptied
So seemingly endless.

On Sunday drives
I never noticed signposts
Flying by.

On the court, Love,
I crouched, amazed,
At your service game,
Never ready for
The backhand.

Idle times lead
The girls to womanhood.
I'm left with celebrations
On celluloid,
And digital grasps
And loosening fingers.

Francie Lynch

Cellmates

Begin with my skin,
White, hairy and thin;
Ignore the colour, and
I'm one with all others.

Dig deeper to bone,
We share Europe as home.
Trowel down to my marrow
You've uncovered the Congo.

We travelled different roads,
But share the same cells,
Have the same origins,
Hear the same knells.
The one difference lies in
White, hairy, thin skin.

Francie Lynch

Cellophane Clothes

Parading past in the emperor's robe,
I looked with wonder at the fool,
Left, right, right left,
Out of step.
I stood too close to the sewer cover,
There was a stench on his breath.
Behind and above on a balcony,
Leaning over the wrought iron,
A woman's voice, drunk on demonstrations,
Called out, bouncing off balloons,
"Never look a clenched fist in the mouth."

Francie Lynch

Cellphone

I'm many coloured
and a perfect transcriber
and transmitter.

I only listen,
And do not interject.
Whatever you say or write,
I record faithfully.

At times, you may think
I read your mind
While it's in the clouds,
That's autocorrect,
But you push send.

I'm the perfect ear,
The ideal partner.
I'll never willingly repeat
Your heard and spoken secrets.
You're the human.

Francie Lynch

Chained

A few years ago
Writers were chained
To typewriters.
Imprisoned by words.
Filling rolled white pages,
Onion-skinned and erasable.
They knew where
Their chains ended.
Today, I'm tethered
To a satellite,
With no end
In sight.

Francie Lynch

Chance Or Design

On the Shadow today,
Enjoying the ride,
I passed a hillside
With stones, spelling out:
Sarnia Nudist Camp
In bright white letters,
Legible from a distance.
How did they come
To be there?
Did the frost push them up
Through the earthly womb
To birth this message
For the reading pleasure of passers-by?
Did the camp director create
This hillside billboard?
I've heard, at nighttime, the stones
Gleam under a constant moon
That radiates above any notion of chance.

Francie Lynch

Chaos

Dark at day,
Light at night,
Chaos mocks us
With villainous smiles.
I have yet to meet
A godsend I could trust,
A fluke of luck,
Or twist of fate
To rely on.
Blessings in disguise
Open wide my eyes;
Health or weal
Has timed and timid appeal.
The dealer insists
It's in the cards,
Like karma now,
And kismet next.
Chaos mocks us
With indifferent results
That could be
By our design.

Francie Lynch

Chaos Theory

A butterfly
Flaps its wings
In China;
Just what frog
Was waiting for.
And California
Stays put.

Francie Lynch

Cheap, Cheap, Cheap: Not A Spring Poem

Have you a friend,
A really tight chump,
As tight as words on paper,
Or the air of a grunt,
The color in amber,
Or the lines
Of adjoining wall-paper?
His money's still green,
He's cheap to extremes,
If you got one
You know what I mean.
He's a penny-pinching
Miserable miser.

Yet he eats out more,
Does the Florida tour;
But sits bowling my pi; e
Enjoying my wine,
Never to think
To return in kind.
He's a skin-flint
Tight-assed Marner.

Francie Lynch

Chest Cavity

I'm immobile
As my dentist blathers
On events and people
That don't matter.
I'd rather he just
Get IT done,
Leave rants and jokes
And silly puns
For one not in
His dental dungeon.
Today was his crowning glory,
When he'd finished needling me,
Before he filled my cavity,
In gest suggested
Cardiology,
To fill the hole
Found in my chest.

Francie Lynch

China Plate

Find some sense.

Arrange your fingers and forks

Along napkin edges. Press.

Show patience for the parade beneath your nose.

Lift your glass through which we

Sideways glance.

(that drop of wine in your smile
won't get wasted)

My fingers move along the plate,

Ringing the gold-banded China.

Real rings of breeding.

We often dine with these relics around the table.

Our thoughts become palatable.

Our lowered nods cut the silence.

To our right sits the fool, the touchy

Feely kind.

Talk, like run-off splashes to rinse

Such foolish gesticulations.

(her glass spills, blotting the cloth)

I heard a lack of oxygen at birth was the downfall.

Never to recover, never to know, never an option.

Bliss and kiss of ignorance.

The seed of such recklessness

Sits, and drips on her China plate.

Francie Lynch

Chipmunks

Two of them,
So cute,
And such prodigious nibblers
In their striped coats,
Four inches high
On hind quarters,
Sharing the rich rain pulp
Of a maple-leaf key,
Looking over one another's shoulders
For the neighbor's cat.
We could be
More like that.

Francie Lynch

Chocolate

Chocolate in,
Chocolate out;
Eating chocolate
Makes me doubt
The lease I have
With Hershey.
But I'm not
In a hurry,
I'll sit here
And not worry.
I'll give a wipe
Then scurry
For another bar.
But my gut's feeling's
I won't get far.

Francie Lynch

Chocolate Rabbits

There came a rabbit
To inhabit
A space
In my Easter basket.
He wasn't Peter,
Or Velveteen,
But chocolate
And much sweeter.

He wasn't always
Chocolatey,
But furry,
Like the others.
But he was determined
In his drive,
To make my Easter
That much sweeter.

So he wished
Upon a star
To morph into
A rabbit bar
Of nugets,
Caramel and nuts,
And Easter rabbits
Became chocolate.

Francie Lynch

Choose To Dream

I'm flippant with
My fictional facts;
Patching words
Like a coverlet,
Designed with loom and needle.
I've stitched the lines,
Woven the words
To make them more credible.
But it's only a poem
To strike at the bone,
A source of strength
Who's vigor's unknown.
A garment to wear
With invisible seams:
Wrap it 'round you
If you choose to dream.

Francie Lynch

Christmas Eve Day

I awaken to the lonliest sound
Heard on the Seaway:
The plaintiff fog horn,
One continuous, wayward hooooom.
Again, it sounds travelling
Across water dunes to another
Holy town, lights blinking.

J.W. left a brochure;
They knocked on a locked door.
The rain erupts on my deck boards;
There's dog droppings on my lawn;
Birds are singing in the morn,
And I open my door.

Imagine, a new by-law prohibiting
Backyard rinks;
There are no icicles,
No tongues extended palate-like;
No salt lines on my boots;
And I haven't seen a one horse sleigh
Or heard harness bells.
The North Pole and Santa have been exposed.
I have a Christmas wish,
And I'm ready to use it.

Francie Lynch

Christmas Still Two Weeks Away

Our Holiday Season's fast upon us,
Ribbons and bows are holding sway,
But I recall all the fuss
When Christmas was two weeks away.

Yes, it's been a year already
Since being caught-up in the frenzy;
Sing Silent Night and Silver Bells,
Awake until the last Noel.

But Yules ago, when just a boy,
Not toying in childish play,
Yet wanting more than I could say;
But Christmas still two weeks away.

You'd think that on the twentieth
I'd get a better sense of it,
But Christmas still two weeks away.

Come December twenty-first,
I felt I was Christmas cursed;
For it didn't matter what who'd say,
Christmas still two weeks away.

On the morning of the twenty-second,
The smell of pine seduced and beckoned;
Beneath the needles I spied presents,
Recognizing a gift-wrapped sleigh,
I cursed it's still two weeks away.

The day before the twenty-fourth,
I couldn't see the wooden floor,
Gifts were flowing to the door.
I crossed my fingers,
Wished and prayed,
But Christmas still two weeks away.

The twenty-fourth languished
Long and slow,

The light would fade,
The night would show,
Off to Midnight Mass we'd go,
We'd press palms and plead forgiveness,
Then touch wood and beg for snow

Although it's still two weeks away,
I've much to do,
I cannot say,
Thank God tomorrow's not Christmas Day.
Christmas but two weeks away.

Francie Lynch

Cicadas And Crickets

Cicadas and crickets
Bring up the chorus,
With bullfrogs and owls,
And winds in our forests;
Nature in harmony,
Be part of this song
Join in the choir
Come on, sing along.

Stars in the heavens,
Moon in the dark sky,
Meteors flashing
Like galaxy fireflies.
A roll of thunder
A warm washing rain,
No two August nights
Are ever the same.

Then the clouds come
Adding more fun,
A cleansing ensues;
I believe I'll stay
Til the end of this day,
And sing til it's morning again.

Should tomorrow bring us sorrow,
It can't dampen our night's revelry;
So we'll stay and we'll say
As the night fades away,
'When dawn comes come what may.'

Francie Lynch

Circular Paths

To feel good
I must indulge;
To be good
I must abstain.
Like cemetery paths,
Everything is circular
And everlasting.

Francie Lynch

Clever Is Not Poetry

Clever is not poetry.
It's readable.
It's admirable.
Sometimes, memorable.
It's clever.
A word game.
Poetry is not a game.
No winners.
No losers.
Not even
A draw.

Francie Lynch

Clipping Found In A Wallet

I've been reading about you.
Every word, though a short piece
I keep in my wallet
To look over now and then.
The page folds across your breast
Where I was wont to be.
It's a good likeness of a girl
With style, and eyes and flowing auburn tresses,
And a smile that makes me smile
Recalling summer.
Can we start again, please.
Let's find a different end, please.

Francie Lynch

Clitoris

There, I wrote it. Above.

This is not a poem about the clit,

I simply believe it needs to be in print... out there, so to speak,

And perhaps a few hundred may read, clitoris,

And, Jumping Jehosaphat, make use of it,

Openly, literally or figuratively,

As we do penis, vagina, and boobies (tee-hee) .

Whether you agree or not, please yourself!

Francie Lynch

Close Friend

He keeps my stories to himself,
The ones I can't tell anyone else;
He laughs with me at myself,
And even more at himself.

Francie Lynch

Closed And Fell Cold

They were her hands,
Destined for pleasure.
Fingers tied knots
Ringed with gold,
And pointed the way
For growing old.

Palms held petals,
Bows, ribbons
And pages;
Wrists watched
The measured time
Of keys and games;
Wrapped packaged treasures,
Opened doors.

They were small
Determined hands,
Covered in flour
White skin
Powdering her face,
Inviting
Me in.

Hands held in supplication,
Joy and despair;
Hands in need
Of salvation.

Like leaves
On autumn branches
That branches
Can't hold,
Her hands
Lost their grip,
Then closed
And fell cold.

Closed My Eyes

Don't greet me
When we meet.
Don't look into my eyes.
Don't say, Hi.
Don't tell me how you're doing.
I'll do my best
To do the same.
I'll just close my eyes
When I say your name.

Francie Lynch

Cloud Poems

Everytime,
Yes, everytime
I pour out a poem,
I think I've finally
Brought one home.
But then it languishes
In the cloud;
Suddenly,
Yes, suddenly,
I'm not so proud.
No thunderous applause
Makes it rain,
My paltry poem
Is blown away.

Francie Lynch

Clouding The Issue

A singular cloud
Floats in the blue,
Cotton candy
I'd like to chew.
Make a stick
With your finger,
Hurry, clouds
Don't usually linger.

Now it's a galleon
In full sail,
Leaving a wake
In a wispy tail.
It sails the sky
Without a crew,
The Flying Dutchman
Sails out of view.

Now it's a cauliflower cloud,
Folding in upon itself,
With dark green leaves
At its base,
Add melted cheese
For added taste.

A lamb, a hand,
A face, a pillow,
This cloud morphs
As lovers do.
One minute
I can see a form,
The next,
It's mixed up
In a storm.

Francie Lynch

Cloverleaf Knot

I'm exiting an off ramp
On this cloverleaf;
On a divided highway,
Moving west to east.
Across the ditch
They steer towards
What I did from the east.
If I do a U-Turn now
The predicament's the same;
There's no luck on
This cloverleaf,
It's driving me insane.

Francie Lynch

Clowns

Where are our clowns
With baggy waist-coats
Filled with promises;
Clowns wearing
Borrowed crowns.

One plucks a rose
In his white garden,
To pin on his lapel;
He's a squirter
And it shows.

One's in the square
With large red shoes
Putting on a show.
But feet don't fit,
Soon he'll trip
With tongue-in-cheek ego.

One has rhine-red ruffs
Around her neck,
Her GNP
Surpasses debt;
Her audience finds
They too get wet.
A three-ringed circus
We're wise to regret.

One in the Yuan
Has a red nose on,
A harlequin clown
Asleep in red dawn.
But tweak his nose
And the tent comes down
On the Big Top Shows.

Francie Lynch

Collateral Damage

I am the collateral damage
Of a riddled, war-torn heart.
Open your borders
And give me refuge.

Francie Lynch

Colonoscopy

You won't like
Your colonoscopy,
I know,
I've not liked mine.
It's invasive,
You're contorted,
And the Prep
Is too unkind.
Yet,
One needs
A poop scoop
In the
Intestine.
It postpones
Eternity,
That makes it
Worth your time.

Francie Lynch

Comb-Over For Herr Donald

Donald has a comb-over.

Hitler had a funny moustache.

Hair Donald?

Heil Hitler! !

Francie Lynch

Come Back With Me

My reincarnation theory's fraught
With personal reasons to come back;
So many battles to be fought,
One lifetime's just not enough.
Hindus, Muslims, Christians, Jews,
Have tried to tell us what to choose;
But on my own, if truth be known,
I've decided to return,
If you'll come back with me,
I'd do it all again.

Francie Lynch

Come Hither

Come hither.
Come by.
Come soon.
Come whence.
Come forth.
Come up.
Come hence.
Come often.
Come now!
Come back.

Francie Lynch

Complicity

If you're complicit
It's not illicit
To keep your mouth closed.
But, know you this,
When women are dissed
With words like pussy and ho,
You're surely committing
Sins of omission,
From your head
All the way to your toes;
You left no doubt,
When you didn't speak out,
You are complicit,
Although it's legit,
Down to your spineless marrow.

Francie Lynch

Conflicted Resolution

Bruce,
The first American
To commit euthanasia
In the media,
And then be interviewed.

Francie Lynch

Congressional Proverbs

...out of the mouths of Babes...

Everything comes to those who wait.

Even a worm will turn.

If wealth is lost, nothing is lost. If health is lost, something is lost.

If character is lost, all is lost.

If knowledge is power, how did he become POTUS?

Love of money is the root of all kinds of evil.

Tell me who your friends are, and I'll tell you who you are.

Revenge is a dish best served cold.

There is no shame in not knowing; the shame is in not finding out.

A penny for his thoughts is price fixing.

As you make your bed, so must you lie in it. Don't wash your dirty sheets in public.

Empty vessels make the most noise.

Every man has his price.

People who live in glass houses should keep their pants up.

Shrouds have no pockets.

The Devil looks after his own.

To err is human, to forgive... Meh!

What goes up must come down.

You are what you eat (hamburger?)

Let the punishment fit the crime.

It is better to be smarter than you appear, than to appear smarter than you are.

If you lie down with the dogs, you get up with the fleas.

Money earned by deceit, goes by deceit.

Open confession is good for the soul.

Patience is a virtue.

Behind every great man, there is a woman being paid off.

Ask my companions if I be a thief.

All roads lead to imprisonment.

If a job is worth doing, it's worth doing well.

The big apple is rotten to the Corps (a soldier's lament)

A journey of a lifetime begins with a subpoena.

The chain of command is only as strong as its weakest link.

He who pays the hooker, rents the room.

It takes a hundred lies to cover one lie.

It's hard to juggle sand.

Kill the chicken to scare the monkey.
Like father, like son.
No man can serve two masters.
One may as well be hanged for sheep as well as lamb.
Nothing is certain but death and Tax Returns.
No rest for the wicked.
Russians make strange bedfellows.
Give a man enough tie and he'll hang himself.
Fences make bad politics.
Little things please little minds.
Fish always stink from the head downwards.
From the sublime to the ridiculous is only two questions:
"What did you know? When did you know it? "
The truth will out.
The longest day must have an end.
Pride comes before the fall (so do a lot of other deadly sins)
Put your money where my mouth is (S.D.)

Red tie at night. Donny's delight.
Red tie at morning. Stormy gives warning.

Seek and ye shall find.
Speak as you find.
Out of sight. Out of mind.

Francie Lynch

Consternation

When does the best come out:
A scream? A shout?
When in judgement of our friends,
Animals and siblings;
Or teachers and politicians,
Seldom in Amen.
So often in the end.
So now, before me,
Me, with your first steps,
The same who dressed you,
Then drove you when the sun rose,
'Til the lid closed,
On many we loved best.
We have years to go,
'Til what rest
Comes out,
After so much consternation.

Francie Lynch

Contrary

Malcontents are contrary.
Praiseworthy comments
Find antithetic laments
Filled with spite and bile.
If somethings are good,
It's understood,
They're twisting all the while.
They argue black and white,
Or night and day;
Wear blinders to other ways.
They just don't see the rainbow.
Every query has three sides;
Their's is there to despise;
Contrary to pluses
Of the other three sides.

Francie Lynch

Copy Cops

Versifying
Isn't dying,
But man,
It's getting
Hard to do.
Words and lines
Sound like cliches,
What once
Was old
Is new.

Familiar phrases
Crowd the pages,
Causing such "to do";
Can anyone write
Anything new.
Did I write that;
Overhear a wit?
Read it in the loo?
I'll note it down,
Sit,
Sweat and swap,
Get off the pot
And write it.

I don't purloin
"Pretty Woman";
Because Roy
Is older than me.
To write "Yesterday";
Is almost to say,
I've hijacked
Sir McCartney.
Write "Daffodils,"
And see what thrills
That word will bring you.

We may overuse them;
Unwittingly

Abuse them;
Try to amuse with them;
But they're ours,
Put to good use
For me.

The number of chords
Limits the hordes;
Repetition ensues,
The decry is sung:
"I've heard that song before."

The great ones of writing
Are cause for citing,
By we and me and you.

Can't contrast "love to roses, "
Shakespeare's told us;
Can't compare "eyes to stars, "
"Lips to petals, "
To say,
Your "soft, white skin"
Is an ink-black sin.
"Beautiful" should not
Be used as such:
If one should need it,
Get a thesaurus.
"Thee, " "Thine, " and "Shall"
Have taken their toll;
Like Death,
"Be not proud."

Be the chosen one,
You know how.

Words and phrases
Are replete;
Too well known
Not to repeat.
They're in
Our vernacular
To be used by

Any author.

But verbatim copying

Is outlawed.

The copy cops

Finger-print

The frauds.

Francie Lynch

Costume Party

The Hallowe'en costumes are on display
By the window dresser.
As I pass I look to see
My oval face, reflected by the pane,
Wearing a Superman cape.
Tights too.
I look powerful in solitude,
But others see through me.

I shuffled to the next display.

There I was, in high stiff black collar,
Draping a black silk cape.
Count Francie!
I curled my upper lip for fang effect,
Bela Lugosi style,
Instead, Elvis in Vegas returned his 'Baby' sneer.
Scary, but in a different way.
Not me. No Karaoke!

Next.

A harlequin mannequin returned my gaze,
Wearing a jester's cap and bells,
Striped tights with curly toes.
My smile was designed for such a fancy dress.
No joking.

Tomorrow,
I'll find another display window,
And choose whom I want to be.
I can be anyone.

Francie Lynch

Cottin-Pickin Pissed

A lame idea's not a knock
At ones who can't stand and walk.

My eight handicap's not a slur
To any falling short of par.

I repeat, Are you deaf or something,
Doesn't insult the hard of hearing;
It only means you're not listening.

If one's blind as a bat,
It's not a slight, it's not a fact,
It's just a phrase we humans use;
I've heard some used against the Jews,
And others we've unlearned to use.

We of habit and long of tooth
Aren't as bad as you may think
When overhearing oldies speak:
I'm just jittery when I'm spooked.

Our excessive sensitivity's daunting.
Nothing said's meant to be hurting.

How does all this sit with Whitey?
Yes, Whitey's what I said.
Should I mind that name?
Isn't it the same?
It's used to ridicule,
Exposing Whiteys as the fools,
By some who think they're far too cool:

Whitey said so...
Whitey did so...
Whitey don't know...

This Whitey do know;
He don't like this shit,
Not one little bit, Brother;

And it makes me cottin-pickin pissed
With the hypocrisy, Sister.

Francie Lynch

Counterfactuals And Alternate Universes

If Sallinger hadn't written Catcher in the Rye,
Or Lennon hadn't sung, Helter Skelter;
If I hadn't met you in August,
Would I be writing this?
These counter productive
Counterfactuals.

What universe would unfold
If you hadn't needed a light,
I decided to stay home;
She decided the same.
History is a roll of dice.
Is this a good day to ask the question?
I'll not wear a watch today...
And you,
Had you gone to the bathroom
Before driving off,
Would you have returned?
If I didn't need to say sorry so much,
I wouldn't need to say it at all.

Francie Lynch

Cover Story

I was about to read,
'Death Comes for the Archbishop.'
But the cover
Gave it away.

Francie Lynch

Cow Patties

When in the pasture
They don't offend;
We avert disaster,
When they're penned.

But that crusted crap
Is everywhere;
If not aware,
We step right in.
We'll scrape the pooh
To no avail,
The smell's
Stuck to our shoes.
We can't quell
The Shit we're in.

There's one steaming
On my walk,
Leading to my door.
Leave your keys
When you leave,
That patty leads
To court.

The Internet's beset
With bullish threats;
Hard to miss
The patties here;
Our lives and much
That we hold dear,
Is shared and smeared
For all to read,
Milking us of privacy;
An abattoir,
It's piracy.
It's utterly insane.
They entice us,
Then enlist us,
Like leading

Cash cows
Down the lane;
Then tap
For one drop more.

Friends may offer
Cow pies
With an aromaticfluence;
They pressure you to choose:
Step right or left,
Then smear you with
Their cocksure bullshit.
What enemy
Could do less?

Shopped pixelled patties
Are reprehensible,
Making one
So susceptible:
You vomit,
Then starve,
Then lose your hair
Until one day
You disappear.

We get caught up
In the flash,
Of all the stars
And fast cash,
But they have patties
Underfoot,
They slip and slide,
Get clean,
Then smirk.
We can smell'em
On those jerks.

There's a patty
At your boyfriend's place;
You're deep in it
If you're late.

There's a patty
At your girlfriend's place,
And you're deep in it
If she's late.

Some patties
Are so well disguised
In the colours
Of lover's eyes.
Intoned in lover's lures.
But step in it,
They call you whore.

Some patties
Are good
At getting you high,
But one mis-step,
And you may die.

There's hidden patties
Lying within,
Crusted beneath
Veneered skin:
They waft with doubt,
Fear and longing;
Side-step that mass
At all costs.
Don't crack the surface.

You're better than
You think.

Francie Lynch

Crazy Katie Digs Up A Dog

The Newfounlander,
Wrapped in her blanket,
Was laid behind the new shed.
The hole bled with water.
She rose as Lazarus,
Caked with dirt.
The shovel mixed her in with earth.
A Christian marker denoted the place
Where lovely Ete lay.

But the girls were coming home,
Unaware of the interment;
Katie asked George to dig,
But George had been a farm boy,
So Katie manned the spade.
She was bloated,
Washed and brushed;
Poised on her clean blanket
For viewing.
The shovel was in the shed.
Crazy Katie took the family
To the Vet's for cremation.
George followed silently,
With dirty boots and blisters,
And not a whisper
To the sisters
Of Mom's dog-gone mind.

Francie Lynch

Crazy Katie Digs Up Her Dog

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Wrapped in her blanket,
Was laid behind the new shed.
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To the sisters
Of Mom's dog-gone mind.

Francie Lynch

Crib

You play three.
Me, seven.
Fifteen for two.
This is when I lose you.
Your phone vibrates,
You levitate
Sitting across from me;
Making me audience
To all the drama.
You vibrate. Your shoulders droop
Like the gape-toothed village idiot.
You gesticulate, fading in and out
In a semi-conscious awakening.
Your trembling under stones
Sitting on your chest.
It shows in your trembling hands.
Twenty, for two...
Twenty-five, for six...
I overhear your child is truant,
Another wants a ride;
Another, a car or doctor or lawyer.
You're shuffling in your seat.
Not to worry.
Soon after the stones are lifted,
And you're properly pegged
In the stink-hole, the game's over.
Thirty, for twelve, and a go. Game.
So, deal with it.

Francie Lynch

Cryogenic Memory

I enjoy driving slowly
Up Kathleen Avenue,
It brings out my
Split personality.
The sun strobos
Through pre-leaf spring;
I remember a boy
Twirling on the dance floor lawn,
Then called to the back
To serve time
Straightening the nail pile
With back bent.
He gave thanks for the rain
To splash in gutters.
The weeds will grow.
The spades, like naked stickmen,
Are heeled into mounds
Beneath dripping clothes.
My cryogenic memory
Thaws, and resolves itself
In you.

Francie Lynch

Cuddle The Simplicity Of Beauty

The smoke ring reminded me
Of the circus, a blue ring of fire
To jump through
With my oversized shoes.

Watering the vegetable garden
Created a sun-split rainbow
Landing on the sprouting treasures.

Driving past the golf course,
The arc of the ball reminded me of the sun,
Transcepting the sky,
Not knowing where it lands.

The dawn brings forth a choir
Of tree singers,
Calling to one another,
Acknowledging the symphony
Of different needs.

It's blooming perfect
Outside my head,
Where shortcomings
Are draped in green and blue;
So, I will think outside
Brain and skull;
I will get outside,
Outside, and cuddle
The raw simplicity.

Francie Lynch

Cut To The Heart

Children scribble words
To fairies and saints,
Holding pencils
Like wands;
Hoping wishes
Swoop through the night.
They're right.

We pen words
Of worldly concerns,
Holding our wands
Like scalpels;
Hoping our lines
Find marrow and heart.
It's our art.

Francie Lynch

Cutters

Cutters (10W)

I remember when
Cutters
Only left tracks
In the snow.

Francie Lynch

Cynthia Lennon Rip

Cynthia's gone
Across this universe.
And, if there is a heaven,
She'll never have
To deal with Lennon.
He called her Cyn,
A name with
Quite a homonym
For deeds that one
Defined him,
Before he was
A man.

Francie Lynch

D Is For Donald

Stupid is as stupid does.
Tupid is as tupid sounds.
Upid is as upid sounds.
Pid is as pid sounds.
Id is...
Donald.

Francie Lynch

Da

His drag-line pals
Called him Jemmy,
The little man
From Ireland.

Jemmy thought
Himself quite clever,
Cursed at us
With what you'd never
Call your own
Inside your home:
You're an ejit,
An egot, a clod,
A sod, a fool,
As useless as tits
On a bull.

When Jemmy got
Right roaring pissed
(Something he would seldom miss) ,
He hissed:
Ya pissmire.
Eyes burning cold red fire.

Thus was Daddy
Endeared to us.

His wit was keen,
Quick as mean,
Evasive
As the charming fiend
Bellying out of Paradise.

His viscious,
Veracious
Flicking tongue,
Left not knowing
The damage done.

Da Don: Make Him An Offer

We know them best by their first names,
Names ingrained on our brains;
Mouthed by millions being slain,
By the viral ego of the politically inane.

Adolph, Idi, Kim and Pol,
Francisco, Mao and Nicol.
Other names have come and gone,
None rise so high, as Despot Don.

Tens of thousands die prematurely,
The man's bereft of human morality.
Preoccupied with re-election,
He risks a healthy population:
The aged, sick and compromised,
Won't cast a vote when they die.
The word is out throughout New York:
"He ain't famly, de foykin joyk."

Francie Lynch

Daily Signs

So many signs slip by.
The big ones, like stigmata
And the leaves changing
Are easy to spot.
If not, if missed,
The sun still shines in the morning.
Other signs will surprise us,
Births, texts, disappointments, so on;
But before the sun fools me again,
I'll perceive the smile,
The whisper and whisp of eyes
While the spin continues
Revealing the daily signs of twelve o'clocks.

Francie Lynch

Damn It All

The shoreline
Has noticeable variations
After years
Of indistinguishable ripples
People wade in.
Roots are exposed;
Groins vanish under
Undulations;
A scenic road slips
Stone by stone
With waves of regret
And nausea,
Adding to a lake of remorse.
Damn it all.

Francie Lynch

Damned For All Time

I knew her with youth's folly;
The fumbling hands,
The tumbling wills,
The limbs entwined kind of passion;
The dinner glances,
The unbridled dances,
Commando skirts,
Deep knee squats,
Any mode that relieved our wants;
When to massage,
When to jerk.
Any and all,
Whatever worked.

I've screamed into an empty barrel,
Ran barefoot where I shouldn't,
Slid rusty things under my nails,
Touched my eyes with sharp sticks,
Ground my teeth with electric power,
Scorched my skin beneath the shower,
Turned informer on my closest friends,
Drank turpentine and kerosene,
Mercury and gasoline,
Tore my skin, rend my entrails,
And other parts clearly unseen,
Including my immortal soul,
My spirit, though damned I be.
Call me to prayer, ring the bells,
Lift me from this living hell.

Francie Lynch

Dancer

You like the stage,
So abuse it,
As lovers in their grave,
In a raunchy, sexy way.
There's a mime behind your face-paint,
Above your feathered neck;
The change that rains down on you
Had you sprawling on the deck.
You step through the shadows,
Scan your fingers through the crowd;
Your aquiline shape is warrior-like
In your raunchy, sexy way.
Your squint makes me
Think of your power
To suppress;
The plebes have their thumbs up -
Ah... there goes the rest.
Then you rise, not vain,
No shame in our pain.
But there, exposed,
For all to see,
The road map of your
Veins.

Francie Lynch

Dancing During The Night

I want to dance with you again,
Before the light descends;
Dance, the troubadour sang:

Dance me to the end of love.

Place yours in mine,
We'll wind with time;
Repose your head, close your eyes,
I'll hear you breathe another goodbye.
Can't you dance with me again.

I'm spinning off this elliptic world;
Holding the shadow of my moon,
Orbiting 'round this star lit room.
Waxing on the upbeat,
Waning on the down,
Dancing on a gyroscope,
Through phases round and round.

I awaken, tapping toes,
And humming in the after glow.

Yes, I danced with you!
Did I dance with you?
I didn't dance with you.
And never will again.

Francie Lynch

Daymares

My sleep is crowded
With recurring nightmares
Of failing Grade 12 French;
Standing naked and exposed;
Seeing the one you love
Love someone else;
The anxiety of an empty back pocket;
Swerving cars,
Crap falling from planes;
The inevitable chase and stumbling
Just ahead of the apocolypse.
The morning daymare news
Is certainly more frightening,
The end times more certain.

Francie Lynch

D-Day (June 11,2014)

Kathleen, my little girl,
Just texted she's in labor.
D-Day.
What a trooper.
Soft landing
For my first grandchild.

Francie Lynch

Dead Ahead (10w)

Time
continues
turning
left or
right,
but
eternity's
dead
ahead.

Francie Lynch

Dear Dear

Dear Dear:

I heard you're not well, and I'm sorry as hell. Nobody, not me, not anyone we know, could see it coming. Was it metastasized kindness with a primary worry; some say eroded patience and promises, a tightening of throat, are systemic symptoms of a body of hope. I can send you the quote:

Drs. say excessive and extensive heart failure is brought on by an over-exposure to caring, and hence, is co-existent with the rapacious spread of the disease. Fortunately we've isolated the hosts.

I was sorry as hell to hear you're not well, and I asked,
Why you, not another?
But your immune to such an infectious question.
And Dear, I'm sad to say, there's no remedy. You're stricken with being a mother.

Francie Lynch

Death Bed Conversions

Once the fee fie fo fum bullshit
Stopped, he was small,
Lying still,
Eyes and lips glued,
Orifices finally stuffed.
What would a priest do?
So, I stretched my hand,
Ritualistic-like,
As a benediction of charity,
An attempt.
I should've worn a soutane,
Perhaps used a kneeler,
But supplication ended.

That night, I looked
Beyond the moon
To starry clusters of ka-boom,
But nothing.
That sealed it.
Death bed conversions
Don't move me;
Death bed confessions do.
Ah, still nothing.
Forgiveness has
A statute of limitations.

Francie Lynch

Death By Ballot

In the pitch of sleep
On a hot, humid night,
From a depth so deep
I woke in fright.
The overhead fan
Swirled the air,
The bedroom window
Was drawn and bare.
Out from the dark
I heard the scream
Penetrate and join my dream.
It slammed and splattered
On my screen,
An anguished cry,
An animal dies
Caught by a red-eyed predator.
I couldn't help but think
Of death,
Come this November.

Francie Lynch

Death Is All Around

Be careful where you sit your ass,
Keep your kids off the grass,
Take a stroll but wear a mask,
Wash your food,
Avoid butter,
While you're at it,
Wash your water.
Slather toxins on our skin
That seep into our soul.
Death is all around us,
Don't say you've not been told.

Francie Lynch

Death Is Way Overrated

Try not to die.
Death is way overrated.
You don't rest in peace
Rolling in the deep;
Or sit on clouds
Feeling high.
You're dead.
It's not a compromise
From daily woes;
It's not respite
From daily blows.
It's death.
Simple and permanent.
And if you think
For one eternal second
You'll hover, ghost-like,
At your funeral,
And hear stories
About how great you are,
Were,
Or, see your enemies cry,
Forget it.
You didn't get even
With anybody
By killing yourself.
I suspect,
And this is stretching it,
If possible,
You wouldn't be interested
In the living
Anyway.
You got dead.
For ever and ever.

Francie Lynch

Death Of A Limerick

A hapless Lit student named Brandon,
Was researching 'Death of a Salesman; '
He Googled then ogled
What Hap Loman called 'Strudel, '
Then choked on his oral exam.

Francie Lynch

Decartes' Too Smart

Decartes' too smart,
Much too profound
With his,
Cogito Ergo Sum:
I think therefore I am.
That's deeper than my toes.

So, I propound
Simplicity.
Read on,
Perhaps you'll agree:
Expirem Ergo Sum:
I die therefore I am.
That's as deep as I go.

Francie Lynch

Deep To Our Waist In February

We're deep to our waists
In February;
Trees look like a geriatric pool-fitness class,
And the grass,
Sparse as the bobbing skulls.

I heard a lone Canada goose overhead,
The V has left the others for dead;
And a gray pall covers all
With winter's threadbare spread.

The alarm is set,
The time is right,
The season's snug,
But not sleeping yet.

Soon, the beast will close its eyes,
And Spring will march in,
Fresh and vigorous,
Like a new recruit,
Green and anxious.

She'll fire-up roots, flowers and leafs.
In the pool they'll sway in the breeze,
Branches touching in Spring's reprieve.

Francie Lynch

Defend

Stand up, stand guard,
Staunchly defend all that is ours.
What is ours to defend?
Begin with what was before us,
The good earth and all inhabitants.
Defend that which is ours.
Truth and love;
Leave a legacy of righteousness -
Defend these, and thus,
Defend those whom we leave,
And leave them to.

Francie Lynch

Deflated

After the break-up,
I was
Grossly deflated;
Without the air to sigh,
I flatulated.

Francie Lynch

Deja Vu Again

We live our lives
In past review,
Sometimes we get
A snap preview;
It's what we call
Deja Vu.
Our synoptic
Brain ignites,
Fuel injected,
Bathing grey matter;
Hurling perception
Through time;
Faster than a blink of light,
No more than a nano,
To immediate present.
Then brain relapses,
Returns to stasis,
We're in the past again.
Same peoples,
Same places,
But I was here,
Before.
Never left, now
Back once more.

Francie Lynch

Delusional Death Wishes

Ever find a blade
That you couldn't use;
Find a six foot
Length of rope
That couldn't be abused?
Ever buy a vial of pills
That couldn't
Do the kill?
Ever enter
Office buildings
Looking for
A ledge,
Or walk across
A span of water
Without stopping
On the bridge?
Ever wade
Into a pond
Breathing like
The fishes?
Anyway you think
Of It,
You've delusional
Death wishes.

Francie Lynch

Despised

The cancer is told to no one.
We latently recognize noble reticence;
Are inspired by the selflessness:
He hid the pain and loss so well.
The addict,
The same lie,
And we say,
Loser!
One inspires;
The other,
Despised.
Two suffer too.

Francie Lynch

Despots I Have Known

We know them all by their first names,
Names ingrained on our brains,
Cried by millions who've been slain
By the personal greed of the criminally insane.

We've got:
Adolph, Idi, Kim and Pol,
Francisco, Mao and Nicol.
Many others have come and gone,
But today we're dealing with The Don.

Thousands meet death prematurely,
Because Don is bereft morally.
Preoccupied with re-election,
While risking a healthy population:
The aged, sick and compromised,
Won't get to vote when they die.
That's why The Don turned on New York,
They didn't vote for the fucking jerk.

Francie Lynch

Detailed And Deaf

Stand stalwart against the bull,
Like toreadors, but
In corridors.
Look sharp and sinister
Down the pick.
Use the lance to find solutions.

Where did we go?
Our friends and books,
Our disks spinning on
The hard drive
Finally brings us eye to eye
With the bull.

He, before you,
With fierce maddening eyes,
Reveals our inner eye, and
The I within me.
We store a labyrinth of treasure
To mine in days of leisure.

You will sit silently in rooms,
Walk near stars and
Bleeding bulls,
Or awaken some mornings
To test patterns,
With the eyes in need of rubbing,
Eyes in need of monitoring.

Don't forget to drag the bull out,
Detailed and deaf.

Francie Lynch

Diagnosis

I can rise to any daily challenge,
Except the diagnosis;
Then the days of respite
Are scripted,
The scales are tipped
To measure meaning.

Yesterday I felt the pressure
Of my father's hand
While I wed the garden;
Never thinking I'd long
For those days.

Memories fade cool.
First, I wonder,
Then, I ponder,
Now I worry.

I've read
The Death of Ivan Ilych,
I know It.

I'll give traitors
A sneering reprieve,
Dismiss,
Turn my back,
Breathe between the particles
Of a middle-class life,
Then languish
Between your clean eyes.
Will you miss Christmas
This year?
Am I asking too soon
About fewer rooms?

Francie Lynch

Did They Really Say That

No, no, no, Dirtbreath. I say we call the big one an elephant,
and the small one a mouse.

Eve

I'm sure red's a better color for me.

M. Monroe

She has a face that could sink a thousand ships.

Ulysses

N-ow that Hawking's dead, I'm the smartest
guy on Earth.

D. Trump

You're too Jung to understand the Superego.

S. Freud

No. You keep it. I have enough.

B. Graham

Are you sure that's the Delaware?

G. Washington

E=Mc Donalds.

A. Einstein

Go pound salt.

Gandhi

Wha-t day is it?

Roosevelt

T-hat's one small.... oops!

N. Armstrong

I don't remember any of my dreams.

M.L. King, Jr.

Hey, John, I can see your house from up here.

Jesus

Beaches, fields, streets, hills. Did I leave anything out?
W. Churchill

Yeah, yeah, yeah, of course I wrote 'em all.
R. Starr

It's just too big to wrap your brain around.
S. Hawking

Don't lose your head. This won't change a thing.
Robespierre

Before I was fined, I walked the line.
J. Cash

Could you lengthen the title and shorten the book?
Tolstoy'-s editor

What if we put the workers on conveyor belts?
H. Ford

I have a splitting headache... hmmm, interesting.
-Oppenheimer

I've never liked orange juice.
N. Simpson

Really? You want to blame me?
Hitler

He stings like a butterfly.
S. Liston

#timesup #metoo
A. Boleyn

Mr. Watson. Come here. Spare me a dime?
Bell-

Roebuck said he'd be back in ten minutes.

R-.W. Sears

To be or to do be do be do.
Shakes-peare/Sinatra

When you call me Whitey, I get cotton pickin pissed off.
E. Whitney

We're the team to beat!
Toro-nto Maple Leafs

Don't call me a Mother!
Mo-ther Theresa

Is that a Cuban?
M. Lewinsky

Francie Lynch

Did We

Did We

Drivel or drabble,

Blither or blather,

Prattle or prittle,

Nitter or natter?

Which two don't

Match;

Which two don't

Belong?

Yes, we know

It's a choice,

Yes, we know

We'll be wrong.

Francie Lynch

Dinosaurs Walk

A hind leg
Shaped like Antarctica
Will scratch us off
This golden retriever.

A passing UFO
May crop-dust us.

We're nibbling cheese
Near the trap;
Swimming upstream
Towards spears and nets;
Making reservations
In a roach hotel;
We're in the cross-hairs
Of Mother Sniper;
The place needs sheep-dipping
Before dinosaurs walk
On a new coat.

Francie Lynch

Dishing Out

Love is a dish best served cold.
Or should that be revenge?
Often they're interchangeable,
As the outcome is similar.
It's wise to fear both,
Both unexpected
And most anticipated... and dreaded.
They come out of the blue.
I excel at neither,
Though I keep my silver platter
On the lowest shelf.

Francie Lynch

Ditch Schools

Fewer adults are laughing,
It's not funny any more;
We leaned on poles to direct our titter,
Quite harmless in its day.
And Engine 9's been derailed,
We're catching tigers,
But "It" 's still okay.

We rolled our eyes at Jewish jibes,
And salesmen in the barn;
Or the Newfie warning,
"Don't slip on the ice,
Don't ya know, bay, it's hard frozen."

We've pulled our collective heads out,
We're sniffing old world air.
I liked the self-effacing glibs,
Affected with a brogue.
Now there's a hard line on a country bridge,
Across a brook, or penal school ditch.
It's just not funny any more

Francie Lynch

Dividing Lines

The dividing line
In our
You/Me partnership,
In our
Us/Them friendship,
In our
Love/Hate relationship,
Is a listing/sinking
Forward slash.

Francie Lynch

Do You Have It All

How close did you come
To having it all:
A middle-class life
Hung framed on the wall.
Two cars, a house,
Three kids and a spouse;
A fulfilling vocation,
On hold for vacations.
You cheered from the side-lines,
Offered counsel during half-times;
Standing, whistling, clapping, gasping,
Not knowing those moments
Would forever be passing.
You'd bundle the kids home from the field
To the loving aroma of a home-cooked meal.
The house soon secure for a well-earned sleep,
Living the dream between clean flannel sheets.
With grand kids in store,
And retirement looming;
All this and more,
But stories are looming.

You'd a plan going forward,
Somethings were said,
Thing never heard,
But whispered in dread.
The worm set in years before,
An infectious destroyer
As it continued to bore.
A simple beginning, but not much said;
But cancerous rumors take root and spread.
They've lead many living to join with the dead.
You took the high road, decided to ignore it,
Believing the rational mind would abhor it.
But like a lead apron it draped common sense,
All things unraveled, a sad denouement,
You've been tried by opinion,
And found guilty of innocence.

Francie Lynch

Do You Like What You See In Your Kids

I like what I see
In my kids;
Others may say, "They're like her's or his; "
That's okay, but they don't see
The subtleties revealed to me.

They were listening when I spoke,
And now they hear other folks;
They were watching when I'd act
In accordance with our social contracts.
"Please" and "Thanks" was our mantra,
Repeated now like personal dogma.

I didn't see they were watching,
But watch they did as they aged;
It's good to teach by one's example.
Believe me, I'm not being boastful,
If that's the case, I too am blameful
For anything that causes pain,
Though unintended, it's the same.

I'm so pleased with my kids,
And they aren't just like
Her's or his;
They're mine.
And I like what I see in their kids.

Do you like what you see in your kids?

Francie Lynch

Does The Light Get In

You were the perfect offering:
You wrote,
You sang,
You played,
Did anything,
But now -
Are there any cracks or crevices,
Windows, holes or doors;
Has the pine split below?
With the leafs gone,
Under a Supermoon or blazing sun,
Does the light get in,
Or was it just
Another lyrical song?

Francie Lynch

Don Quixote

Should you phone
When I'm at home,
Don't assume I'm all alone
Choosing epithets
For my stone.

If you phone
And hear me moan,
Don't assume I'm on my throne.
That's me practicing
Saxaphone.

When you phone
And hear me groan
In a singular monotone.
That's me tinkling
My xylophone.

I'm the new age
Don Quixote;
Sitting in
My library.
I'm not dying,
I'm versifying,
Communing with
Life's mystery.

Francie Lynch

Donald The Long-Nosed Potus

You know Comey and Spicer,
Sessions and Tillerson,
Priebus and Haley,
Flynn and Bannon,
But try not to recall
The most infamous POTUS of all:

Donald the orange-skinned POTUS
Has a Pinocchio nose,
And everytime he speaks out,
You literally see it grow.
All of his well-placed minions,
And millions that can't be named,
Try to protect the Donald,
But only expose their shame.

Then one sunny DC Day
SC Muellersays:
"Donald with your team in flight,
Your term in office is finite."

Then how his minions left him,
And they shouted silently;
"Donald, you long-nosed politico,
You're a blip in history."

Francie Lynch

Don'T Cover Your Eyes

Thanks
For the party
You threw
For me;
Another decade
Was easy.
I wear
An outfit
You like
To see,
And accept
Your accolades
Graciously.

In the spotlight
It's easy to shine;
Don't cover
Your eyes,
Some's
A disguise.
I'm not saying
It's all lies,
Just don't
Cover your eyes.

All you've done
Means much
To me,
But pales
When you
Have tea
With me.

Francie Lynch

Don't Die From Old Age

Don't die from old age,
It's illegal.
You'll be arrested,
Jailed for a life sentence
With no parole.
You must die from cancer,
Pneumonia
Or some other acceptable
And legal disease,
But not old age
With blunt sight,
Withering bacilli in windpipes,
Conflicted consciousness
With
Unsteady steps.
These must be symptoms
Of a greater malaise.
So,
Take heart,
You cannot die from old age.

Francie Lynch

Don'T Dwell On Death

The digs prove the existence of eternity.
Lucy joined millions of years ago.
That's a long time to be in eternity,
But that's hardly eternitiy.
Her relations don't bring flowers
Or trim the grass.
They stopped mourning years ago.
Perhaps hours after she died.
Eternity is a long time not to talk.

Love doesn't really stay in your heart forever.
Forever? Too Romantic a notion for a reality check.
My eternity began at conception,
And I'm in no hurry for it to continue.
Neither should you.
It's a long time.

Will someone or something
Find forty percent of my bones down the road.
There's not enough time to fill eternity.
Remove it from famous sayings
And we have no comparison
For love, duty, time or beauty.
Can we really see it
In a blade of grass
Or in an hour.

Digs don't prove reincarnation, resurrection or spooky stuff.
Just eternity.
Silent. Non-existent.
Imagine, a dove swooping down and brushing our world
With one wing once every thousand years.
A soft or palatable swipe.
It's all the same.
Every thousand years.
After a period, the world will eventually vanish:
Every mountain and ocean - gone;
Skyscrapers and swimming pools - gone;
Boulders and grains of sand - gone;

The animals of ground, wind and water,
And earth itself - gone.
Eternity begins with the last brush
Of its wing.
That's a long time to be dead.
A long time being quiet.

I read endless poems about eternal love
And self-destruction;
But there's only one theme defining eternity,
Death.
The digs have proven it.
Lucy was found alone,
Despite all her loves.
Death wins all in the eternity theme.
Constant and sure.
That's a long, long time.
Don't dwell on it.

Francie Lynch

Don't Get It

Sean did.

I haven't.

Others have, going back.

Forward, I will;

But today isn't the day

For theologizing on the mysterious,

Unknown will.

I tremble beneath the wailing winds.

Don't get it.

Francie Lynch

Don't Give Up On Me

Don't give up on me. Please.
I'm begging you.
I know that look.
You're shutting down.
I've made promises before,
And I've meant them 100%, every time.
But my faults prevail. I know them well.
So do you. I've promised to get help,
And I did. It failed... I failed...
I failed myself and in so doing,
I've failed you.
But please, don't give up on me.
I know I can change, but I don't know how.
I've tried. I went back to my old prayers,
To professionals, to my innermost self.
I've worked on it so many times,
Alone and with others,
But never with you.
You distanced yourself from my troubles,
Even though you were an intricate part.
You had a stake in this.
You have a stake in this.
Don't give up on me.
You'll see.
I'll be me again, before the troubles.
But what's to become of me,
If you give up on me.
Don't! Please!

Francie Lynch

Don't Go Yet

There's a darkness tempting you,
I stood still, thinking why
You'd be gone so soon.
I collected my things, my cap and mac,
And you said, "Don't go just yet."

Go where? Where you're not there?
You are my fingerprints.
I yearn to follow your receding light.

You slapped your ruby gloves
Against your outstretched palm;
You turned that look of regret;
And then I heard something absurd:
"Please, don't go yet."

Francie Lynch

Don't Move That Stone

It's usual when one moves a stone,
There's things there that one finds;
Someone tries selling a car,
To rear-end us and our hind.

Amazing all the deals one's offered-
Insurance to seal us in our coffins;
Stocks to secure our future,
Anything to get our lucre.

The stone can be a pebble,
Inocuous at first glance;
But move it and one finds oneself
Involved in false romance.

Roll a boulder,
Lift a rock, of any make or shine;
Well find someone's beneath our heels-
The blind leading the blind.

The creepy, crawly bottom-feeders,
Are waiting for our kind.

Francie Lynch

Don't Rue The Day

What good can come from words of mine,
In open, blank or crafted rhyme;
Could they affect a single mind,
And if so, for how long a time.

If my heartaches touched you
Because of what you read,
I hope you will forgive me,
But my truth needs be said.

If what you read
Brought pallid tears
Over your dead;
Or the words I chose to write my lines
Cast shadows before your blocked sunshine;
Or wrote good and bad of family and friends,
Of our descents and our ascends,
Or a general lack of recompense,
I truly make amends.
If you felt shame, guilt or remorse,
Don't rue the day you read my verse.

(You see, I concur with your every curse)

But if you winced or held a giggle,
Rolled your eyes at some recognition
Of our shared quixotic plight,
Then I'm pleased to get it right.

Francie Lynch

Don'T Say Bite Me

I'm missing some teeth,
So don't say bite me.
I can gum you
Or lick you;
I'll gladly kiss you.
But don't say bite me.

Francie Lynch

Don'T Tell Me That

There is no Santa.
Your school called.
Your nose is big.
The police are here.
You failed your driver's test.
You weren't home.
You left the door open.
You're pregnant.
This won't hurt.
You're mother's gone.
I'm leaving you.
Abstinence is best.
We have to re-schedule your appointment.
Loser
Whatever!
You're grounded.
I have none.
Press one for English.
We have to interrupt regular programming for an important...
She's too young for you.
Good-bye.
They also got the bomb.
There's a call for you. (it's 2 a.m.)
You'll move on.
We're out of that... just now.
It's on back order.
Please hold the line while I switch you to...
There's a priest at the door.
The doctor called.
It's the thermocoupler or the bearings or the bushing or...
This is not a test of the Early Warning System.
You've a letter from the CRA.
The trees are turning colour.
It's over.
There is no God.

Francie Lynch

Don'T Tell Me What To Do

Don't Tell Me What To Do

When I was two
I was told
What to do.
When to sleep,
When to eat,
Sometimes
When to pooh.
That's okay,
In fact, it's cool,
I was two,
Not yet in school.
I can't dismiss
That life of bliss.

When I turned six
I started school;
For sixteen years
I followed rules.
I got Qualified,
I got Certified,
I got Bone Fide,
I shoulda been Beatified.
I did what I was told.
I was sold.

I enjoyed
Middle-class life,
Rising early,
Then late at night.
Worked for the man
As best I can;
Reaped rewards,
Came out unscarred
Because I was
A rules vanguard.

I'm older now,
There's no rules,
So don't tell me
What to do.
But, there's one thing
I'll tell you.

Success isn't measured
In cars and homes
(there's some success in chromosomes) ,
Just follow rules
To your advantage;
You're not weak,
It shows your courage
To secure the best
For you life's voyage.

Now,
That I'm sixty-two,
Say what you want,
I'm deaf to you.

Francie Lynch

Don'T You Know

You can share it, like

Sour Dough:

Divide it, it grows.

It's innate, it's ingrained.

That's it.

Don't you know!

There's no risk like a used car,

It's value will rise.

There's no worth in bargains,

No run in with wine.

It's not used for usury.

That's it.

Don't you know!

You can't win it with guile.

To earn it - inconceivable.

To think it - unbelievable.

You can't find it without you.

That's it.

Don't you know!

Francie Lynch

Doomed And Left Drooling

I wonder if I'm losing my mind.
Who, in their right mind, would think:

'Our world is losing gravity,
And no one can escape...'

I've a sensibility that sees the world:

'There's a smell of beach on you...'

Perhaps I'm too sensitive.
Perhaps I'll end up sitting in a corner,
Drooling verse:

'Poets die, it's sad but true,
And it matters not what their bodies do...'

A million years ago I was one to jeer
At the elderly,
Laugh at jokes in poor taste,
Avoid or ignor the extended empty coffee cup;
I wasn't thinking:

'Charity is never wasted,
Even when refused;
A simple act of selflessness
Cannot be reduced.'

What's to become of me?
Is it infectious?
What would happen if I sneezed at the world?
A pandemic of sensitivity?
Then where would we be!
I just might be doomed, and left drooling.

Francie Lynch

Double Jeopardy

Last years shoots
Withered on the limb,
They were my simple offering
At the Mt. of Sorrows.
The sky's gone dark,
No lark sings,
In the temple
They're gathering
To raise the final hymn
Of Exaltation.

I trimmed the branch
Back to the source,
I've lingered on
Paths of remorse,
But, Honey,
It's double jeopardy;
They can't
Re-hang me.
The ashes are blowing,
Roll back the stone,
I'm all tapped out,
But you could
Bleach my bones.

Francie Lynch

Down, But Never Out

Thin ice;
A roll of dice;
A crack,
Then over
My head.

A slippery slope;
A crag of hope;
A boom,
Then avalanche.

Egg shells strewn;
Troubles brewing;
Down,
But never out.

Francie Lynch

Dream To Be

Dream To Be

So, you're a dreamer.
You dream of being a celeb
Who's chased and snapped,
Emulated, envied and rich.
That's a lovely, although
Common dream.

Why chase such a
Mundane dream,
Someone else's
Dream,
When you can choose
Your own unique
Fantasy.

We don't have conscious,
Sub-conscious, or,
Unconscious control
Of our dreams.
In this instance,
You do.

Dream to be a
Bricklayer,
And build others'
Houses of dreams.

Dream to be a
Cop,
And help others escape
Nightmares.

Dream to be a
Farmer,
And feed billions
Of hungry spectators.

Dream to be
Good parents,
And raise dreamers
And realists.

Dream to be a
Fine friend,
And take Selfies
Til you can't
Hold your arms.

Dream to be a
Teacher,
Who brings
Others' dreams
To fruition.

So many dreams
To be had,
So many people
To fill them.

Never stop dreaming
Awake in
The real world.

Francie Lynch

Driving To Stratford

On Sunday, my S.O. and I
Drove to see Chorus Line
At the Stratford Festival.
A matinee. Beautiful day.
We left the Refineries of Sarnia
For fine entertainment.
The Avon flows gently
Buoying white swans gracefully.
Blah... blah... blah.
All very real.
You can see why it's called, Stratford;
There could be no other name.
A good choice.
Best Shakespearean Festival in N.A.
She explained all this to me on the drive.
If contrary people suffer
From low self-esteem, I didn't help
The situation.
As we drove through rich, green farmland,
Grazing cattle.
She asked why some barns
Have ramps leading to the barn doors.
Well, says I,
The farmers, because of the economy,
Have to sell their livestock in parts,
So the ramps give easy access for the animals
Back to their stalls.
Huh, said S.O.
That's so thoughtful!
Timing is everything.
Sincerity in voice, critical.
Hurry on to a new topic.

Someday, for sure, she'll tell someone, somewhere
About the considerate farmer.
She will.
Timing.
Like the kick line.
Like a punch line.

Stratford, Ontario, Canada

Francie Lynch

Drop An Egg (10w)

Drop an egg,
See the splatter
Of microcosmic
Universal matter.

Francie Lynch

Drop Dead Sad

It's drop dead sad
When someone dies,
And you can't pretend
Through dry eyes,
Or even breathe
A grieving sigh
You give a damn!
But you do.
Deep down you wish
He'd do it again.

Francie Lynch

Drop That Stone

I've read your lips;
Studied your body language.
We're alike.
ESP is way over-rated.
I don't want to know your thoughts,
Nor you mine.
Francis I has nasty thoughts,
As does the Dala Lama.
We are envious, jealous, and discouraged.
We would occupy a lonely world
If our private thoughts were known,
Our actions exposed
When we're alone.
That's the operative word,
Alone.

Francie Lynch

Dutch Door

Being called to the car
With never an explanation
Was like buying
A nickel grab-bag:
The surprise still wanting.
Waiting, never knowing how long,
Hoping for something
To keep us amused.
This was the penance,
But the sin was never confessed to us,
The penitents.
Did holding the corpse
Of a measles-ridden daughter
Erect the personal force shield
Of space;
But time has revealed
Through respirators
And piles of dirt
He always had the choice
To wall in,
Or hang a Dutch door.

Francie Lynch

Dying Times

Dying times arrive
When hands are at ten and two,
And there's no where to turn.
Would I know the time,
Read it on the wall,
See it in the shades lying on the ground;
Could it be an assigned time,
Say, 06: 01 for fifteen minutes
Of infamous celebrity;
It could be part of recorded history
Where a song is written
About gale winds
Running a boat aground;
Someone taking a mid-night stroll
Past their favourite market;
High noon's been a recurring time,
And paces at dawn stare down the rising sun.
Could be in the quiet of a mid-morning breeze
Whisking the curtain veils
After I've set the alarm
For a well-deserved nap.

Francie Lynch

Dysphoria

A male child born, sex-wise,
His mind not made-up,
Not by a long shot.
He needs time to grow,
For now he could dress
Like Oscar Wilde,
Anyway's good for this child.
At six he follows
Male role models,
So confused.
Dysphoria soon insists,
Sets in to ambiguity,
Leading him to his feminine side,
Where her gender surely resides.

Francie Lynch

Easter Morns

After sixty years,
Easter morns
Still give me a
Resurrection.

Francie Lynch

Eat A Poem

The successful
Weight-loss diet:
Cook,
Simmer,
Then eat
One lean poem
Per day.

Francie Lynch

Eat Poetry

I'm at home with my thoughts;
It's not quite quiet if one thinks a lot.
At the oddest time they rage, then storm;
Rack and thunder or light my night;
A wind whirls into a gale,
And thoughts teem on the page.
Some take root,
Produce sweet fruit,
Others wither on the line.
So many thoughts I'm at home with,
I'll pick one to eat a poem with,
And I can't talk with my mouth full.

Francie Lynch

Ecce Puella Et Ecce Mulier

Delivered to inviting hands
With one breath;
Then sculpted in a parent's arms
To feed on sweet caresses,
Inhaling life with one kiss,
As prologue to her song;
She'll carry on.
Mature. Secure.
Bound and forged
In infant iron.

She hears, listens, then deduces,
To apply their teachings
When cut loose;
Lessons she will reproduce
To set her free,
Unfettered by mediocrity.

Like the Sphinx,
She crawls,
Then stands to think.
At times, we know,
She'll forget
Steadier hands
Held her erect.
She will fall again,
Then stand and walk,
Perhaps with Pride;
And should she fail,
She knows she tried.

First steps lead
To stage or field,
And honours
On her battlefields;
Protected by
Parental shields.

She'll receive

These life-long gifts,
Then start anew
At age six.
If she walks alone
She'll find,
Friends can make
The walk divine.
She'll filter them,
Some in, some out;
And trust a few
With her life;
Avoiding others
She's learned aren't right.
She learned this
By socializing,
Not over-protected
Or compromising.

Her early years
Sow the seeds
Of second breaths
And good deeds;
To balance friends
With second looks:
The cover can't
Disclose the book.

Most of all,
She'll understand
She grew and grows
With helping hands.
And when she stands
With womankind,
She'll extend
Her hands
To all mankind.

Francie Lynch

Ecce Puer. Ecce Homo. Ecce Puer.

I won the race,
So tail me.

I lost my balance,
Don't right me.

I won second place,
So bewail me.

I lost the toss,
Don't kite me.

I won the ribbon,
So impale me.

I lost my cool,
Don't ice me.

I won the job,
So avail me.

I lost the argument,
Don't cite me.

I won the bid,
So assail me.

I lost the battle,
Don't fight me.

I won the vote,
So regale me.

I lost some friends,
Don't spite me.

I won the right,
So hail me.

I lost my way,
Don't slight me.

I won the lottery,
So blackmail me.

I lost some will,
Tread lightly.

I won the case,
So bail me.
I lost the cross,
Don't indict me.

I won the girl,
So unveil me.
I lost some teeth:
'So bite me! '

Francie Lynch

El Nino El Nino El Nino

El Nino El Nino El Nino

(Sung to 'Let It Snow...')

Oh the weather outside's delightful,
Not a flake of snow, it's respiteful;
And what's to credit for this show,
El Nino El Nino El Nino

The southerlies aren't abating,
The greens they're still awaiting;
I'm happy not to have a chateau,
El Nino El Nino El Nino

When I'm out gawking at the night,
I don't see the clouds of snow;
There's the flicker of firefly lights,
Dancing over green meadows.

The days are slowly growing,
Warm winds caress as they're blowing;
It's fifteen above zero,
Thanks El Nino El Nino El Nino

Francie Lynch

Elegy For Dead Poets

When poets die,
Sad, but true,
It matters not
What their bodies do,
The spirit flies
To Poet's Corner,
In Westminster Abbey.
You'll not see
Busts or inscriptions
For all the poets
Whose spirits linger
Alongside Chaucer, Browning, Spencer,
And a myriad of authors.
Dead Poet you have earned your share;
Dead Poet I will know you're there,
Composing in the Laureate's Chair.

Francie Lynch

Embarrassment (10w)

Better to have
Your face flush
Than
Your blood settle.

Francie Lynch

Endangered Species

I watched a rarity across the street,
Walking like an endangered species
On his way to school, alone.
Don't his parents realize,
As ours did,
That single men live on his way,
Looking out windows
With coffee and cigarette;
Married couples are household occupied,
Labourers, professionals and unemployed
Are behind closed, locked doors,
Busily preparing for another day.
Cars drive by, one slows behind him,
To ensure her carrier pigeon fledges along.
The lad in question pays no attention,
Playing catch-up with his shadow.

Francie Lynch

Endearing Words

She calls me names
You never mouthed;
I hear the unfamiliar, Sorry.
And Hun stings my ears.
You called me nothing,
Or anything;
You knew no need
For words of endearment.
Today, you're loudly missed
By the sounds of your vacuous absence,
By the atoms we once crushed
In the melding point of names.
Do you squeeze out terms of entanglement,
Now?
False hope on rising pride,
To hold the darkling years ahead,
To keep him in your bed?

Francie Lynch

Enigma Of Prayer

The mysterious answers eluded me.
Friends left on bikes,
Went to Expo,
Had backyard tents.
I stood, palms pressed, waiting.
Then Marlene and Jimmy died
And I knelt before the altar of the maze master,
Looking for an exit.
All, I am told, are answered,
But the lines of communication
Seem crossed.
Does he get the ways of man
As well as we get the ways of him?
I supposed your prayers were realized
When you left,
Yet the same rain and sun drenched us.
I should expect a summative explanation
When I get
My commuted response.

Francie Lynch

Enough Isn't Enough

"I'm gonna, " isn't good enough,
And good enough's not far enough,
And far enough's not near enough
To get us half-way there.
We can't rely on prayers
To get us where we need to be,
To where once was Democracy.

Francie Lynch

Enough Sad Poems

Okay, okay,
Enough scribbling
About old flames,
Old friends,
All the analogies to death,
E.R. runs, hospices,
Palliatives, Vision Nursing Homes,
Black gloves and lilies,
Suicides and terrorists.
Enough of that
Already.
Now,
What's left to theme about?
Just love.

Francie Lynch

Entombed Too Long

These walls are wet
Where I've kept
Myself entombed
Too long.
Shoulder to stone
I'll push and wiggle
Until the light is warm,
Until the dark is gone.

I step unseen
From the grotto
Where I wallowed
With my song;
The stupor echoes
Of my voice,
The only voice,
Of an aria
That went wrong.

The music's sounding
Better now,
I'm distanced from
My cave;
I'll keep moving
East for now,
For westward
Is my grave.

Francie Lynch

Entropic Progeny

I left my tidy home
For several weeks alone;
When nature interloped.
It was invaded,
Raided.
Droppings,
Breeding;
Laying siege
To my larder.
They'd been waiting
For the moment
Of conjugal entropy.
All they smelled
Was theirs
In dark and quiet.

But who turned on
The flat screen;
Made a cup of tea?
Sat with seeds
And left a pile
In front of my T.V.
Progeny entropy.

Francie Lynch

Environmentally Friendly

I'm raining,
Draining with flotsam,
Washed onward
To the gutter.

I'm decomposing,
Recomposting
On the truck
To the dump.

I'm recyclable,
Reuseable.
Re-fashion me
For another life.

Francie Lynch

Epitaph

I've been playing
With my epitaph
For years now.
So far, I got:
'I'm sorry.'

Francie Lynch

Estranged Stranger

You think I'm a stranger.
That's selective.
We swapped virginities.
I painted your home,
And sat, and sipped
With your RFC Nandad;
Carried he and his Lady to the mausoleum,
Listened to her stories of Eleanor and Henry.
Bubba (a name you gave)
Sold me her car for a dollar.
I counselled your mother back into your heart,
At peril, tried to sneak your nephew back to your sister.
Your great-uncle gave us his Florida condo for a week,
I drank tea from a saucer at your Thanksgiving dinner,
After removing the gun from your father's mouth.
A 'stranger.'
Tell the girls that.
Tell the grandkids Granda is a stranger.
Truth is strange.
Fiction estranges.

Francie Lynch

Euphoria

At twelve years old
S/he recognizes
The 's' is just mis-placed;
S/he's not a tom-boy,
But a real boy,
Running
His own race.

Francie Lynch

Even The Guy Throwing Darts Stopped

I mentioned Monty Hall
In what I thought was casual conversation.
Maybe I interjected,
"...yeah, like Monty Hall."

But still,
A woman taking a drink of vodka gurgled,
A fella rolling a spliff snickered;
Even the dart thrower stopped;
They chorused in unison, "Who? "

"Shit! Monty Fecking Hall.
Door #'s 1,2,3? "

The gathering was taken aback.
Maybe it was the tone I used.
One face had a gesture of a glimmer of recognition
Tracing his pierced eyebrow.

"Really! Monty Fecking Hall."

One day there'll be a surprise,
And I'd like to be around to hear,
My grandkids inquire,
"What's a Fecking Jedi? "

Francie Lynch

Everybody Loves The Twins

Everybody loves the twins, you will too.
Everybody loves the things they'll say and do;
Their eyes smile when they see you coming,
You smile back because they're so loving.
Everybody loves the twins, you will too,
The girls surely love you two.

Brigid likes to crawl along the wall now that she can stand,
Ophelia does the same but the girls have to use their hands;
It won't be long now until they're walking,
Wait another month and they won't stop talking.
Everybody loves the twins, you will too
The girls surely love you two.

They don't know how to say they're in love with you,
But that's okay you can see that its plainly true;
They light up when they see you coming,
The arms start flailing and their legs start pumping.
Everybody loves the twins, you will too,
The girls surely love you two.

Dreaming of your loves in the comfort they're in love with you,
Dreaming of your loves in the comfort that you love them too.
Dreaming of my loves in the comfort I'm in love with you

Francie Lynch

Everything's Back In Vogue

Producers are making films
On the decades of my life.
I'm sitting there, and
I think out loud:
I remember that!

At the Henry Ford Museum
They've displayed my Radio Flyer
And wooden Yo-Yo.
I lost them long ago.

Flea Markets sell postcards
Of Grand Bend Beach and Casino.
I bet my life there.

I've been told
My steel tubular kitchen set
Is retro.
I didn't know.

Classic Car Shows
Put barrier ropes
Around VWs.
They were cheap,
Dependable.

And everything's back in vogue,
'cept me.

Francie Lynch

Excerpts From A Mother Grieving

I never knew him to do wrong.
He left me here last Saturday week;
I never saw him again.
A terrible shock.
God was cruel to me.
Words cannot express... my heart is torn.
I have the others.
God spare them to me.
He was the loveliest of all.

My heart breaks day in and day out;
I am just now living for when I will join him.

He took a pain,
In the head;
We don't know
What happened -
They didn't,
Until they got the blood test back,
From Dublin.

He went to hospital;
The next day the baby was born.
At twelve o'clock there was a crowd,
Neighbours waiting on the news.

They did all in their power.

He was dying.
Words that will ring in my ears...

It was the saddest... most respected
Funeral,
The teachers and children formed
A Guard;
A hundred met him at the Creamery Cross;
Carried the little coffin up the steps
And into the chapel.
Six school pals carried him,

From the chapel,
And left him to rest.

He'll never go off this earth
Without first coming to see me
("Mary, at two o'clock in the morning he came up the hall,
And rapped on the room door")
I do hope and pray
I'm not keeping him
From Heaven.

I wanted to write you to give you a surprise...
It was little thought it would be this sad news.

Gerry is the baby's name.
He is the image of Michael.

My heart is torn.
I could be washed in tears.

Francie Lynch

Exorcising You

This isn't working.
Writing, they said,
Would exorcise you.
What to do?
Get a crucifix tattoo.
Draw the curtains
To let daylight through.
Whittle a stake.
Sprinkle ashes on the lake.
Drink vodka and holy water.
Cross lit candles behind
My cobwebs.
Fashion my ring into a silver bullet.
Flush it all down the toilet.

Francie Lynch

Expectations

Expectations were soaring

The invitation addressed:

'Me and a Guest.'

Expectations were tense.

The last suitcase labelled.

I shaved in my mirror.

Gave the shoes a black shine.

(Pulled back the flap,
Laid a grip on a bottle,
Gave it full throttle)

Expectations were high.

Today Canada Post

Wasn't far from my drive;

Today CP,

Facing the wind,

Walked by.

Expectations can lie.

Francie Lynch

Expelling Excrement

Too bad
We can't
Rid ouselves
Of the excrement
Called
ISIS,
As easily
As the astronauts
Expel it
On the
ISS.

Francie Lynch

Experience

I hear you really fucked-up.
Don't worry 'bout it.
It's all one's perspective.
Let's just say
Experience is what you have left over
From your mistakes,
And we know
Everyone applauds experience
Like a slice of apple pie.

Francie Lynch

Expletives

As children,
Expletives were banned
From our thoughts, words
And pens as a form of expression.

Empiricism has had the same effect
On Spirit, Soul and God
In my writing.

Thank God I have
My old expletives back
To express myself.

Francie Lynch

Express Yourself

Firstly, I'm not a body-shamer.

To each their own

(a good phrase, though grammatically incorrect) ,

But sometimes I find it hard to understand

The tatoos, the piercings, the colors and placements.

The usual answer, if I dare ask:

I'mhxpressthinmythelf.

Good for you.

Does the diaper pin through your cheek

Tell us you're a Dad or something.

Na.

The quarter inch bolt and nut through your ear?

Are you a machinist or a plumber, or something?

Na.

The doll-house plates in your lips?

Are you a Duck Dynasty fan?

A member of the Audubon Society or something?

No. I'mapontingxprschmyselfpth!

Sorry, what was that?

I'mapontingxprschmyselfpth.

I'm sorry. I don't quite get what you're saying.

I don't mean to be rude,

But could you express those plates for a minute... I... I get it.

Francie Lynch

Eyes To Eyes

I hoped,
Before the old girl died,
She'd request to meet me
Eye to eye,
And apologize.
I never got the call,
And it was getting late
For a death bed confession,
A plea for absolution.
I would have blessed her,
Held her hand,
Let her know I understand
Now that I'm a man.
So, I went to see her,
Eyes to eyes;
Held her face
And apologized.

Francie Lynch

Eying The Mirror

There are mirrors
In all our rooms,
Passing them
Without a glance
Isn't vanity,
Isn't chance.
It's inherent in our genes,
The look is more
Than what it seems.
A survival tactic
Of our kind,
To lock our faces
In our minds.
Babies do it,
They're entranced,
The first step
Of the mirror dance.

So, I stopped,
I stared
At my glassy eye;
There I was,
Like an ambered fly
Trapped in the pupil
Of my eye.
Am I
Self-centred,
Narcissistic,
Self-absorbed,
Ego-centric:
Is it conceit,
Or human pride?
Self-doubt chides
My prying eye.

Past the disguise,
I realize,
My baby browns
Have waxed wise,

My outlook's changed
Behind those eyes.

Francie Lynch

Faberge Eggs

Some balls
Are like Faberge Eggs:
Irreplaceable
And needing
Coddling.

Francie Lynch

Fact Checking

I fact checked
Whether God's
Dead or Alive.
In fact...

Francie Lynch

Fading Stars

The spirit hasn't moved us
Despite we believe,
No one seems to witness
The senseless tongues of fire,
The holy rollers aren't in the churches,
The hari krishna are dancing
Beneath their gabardine.
There's fewer snakes to handle,
No laying on one's hands,
No one's speaking plainly,
Wisdom's on the run.
The golden bitcoin wants a sacrifice
Brought to the mountain top.
It's unholy ground.
The spirit can't be found.
Believe is shouted from the spires,
Towering over dying fires
With sparks rising like fading stars.
I'm looking for an excuse,
To lay the blame at someone's feet.
I don't care to be discreet,
I want answers. I'll point and shout.
The time is ripe to single out.

Francie Lynch

Failure

When I finally found the fly-swatter,
I couldn't find the fly.
Such is my excuse,
Why I couldn't swat the fly.

Francie Lynch

Fall From Eden

My name's Aine,
I'm just two,
I'm not nearly old as you.
I can't even tie my shoe.
But today,
All by myself
(OK, I had a little help) ,
But I sat on my potty
Just the same,
And peed and pooped
Like it's a game.
Tomorrow, I think,
I'll do it again,
In my velcro shoes.

Francie Lynch

Falling Gladiators

Another gladiator fell
Watering the field in blood.
His head was sheathed,
He never cut through the net
That descended from the stands.
The iron-fisted trident
Brought thumbs up from the spectators
Indulging in the beer and nuts.
There are always some to be sacrificed
To placate the mob in the colosseum
Beneath the night lights on Mondays,
When Coke is the drink of victors,
And jerseys are sold to the trainees
Who now put on their spikes.
These are ours
Running headlong into the arena.

Francie Lynch

False Hope

There was always Christmas Eve
And birthdays waiting
Walking home from school.

Then you would smile,
Or was that guile
That heightened my breath.

Then there were your eyes
That stretched my longings.

Needing belonging
I saw it all as hope.

Through winter clouds
The spinning sun is hazy,
But it's there.

As long as hope
Is in the box,
I'll open all lids,
Let distractions fly out,
And remain.

Francie Lynch

Family Tree

I stripped the branches,
Debarked the limbs
Like peeling sunburnt skin
On the chest high grassy plains.
There's a nest in the crotch of our tree
With umbilical vines detached and green;
I check to see if my bellybutton
Is missing, just like Eve's.
I see that mine's an Outie,
Still connected to the trees.

Francie Lynch

Famous Or Infamous: Politico Celebs (10w)

Celebrities make poor politicians.
Poor politicians become celebrities.
Click. Clique.

Francie Lynch

Far Away From Chemical Valley

I live in Chemical Valley.
It sounds horrible:
Better you than me, perhaps.
I grew up here,
Where the southern sky burns
Bloodstone red,
Mixing colours with the evening suns.
The St. Clair carries Huron's ghostly fog horns
Past the flaring refinery candles,
To Detroit's waters.
We have stop signs
And other amenities
Small cities are proud to maintain.
I heard the housing market
Is sustained on the divorce rate,
And not the petro-chemical industry;
We're closing another high school next year;
And there was a gruesome woodlot-rape/murder
Last week on the Reserve.
Maniacs living out some sick web-site.
But the soccer pitches are full,
And our Mayor is the longest serving one in Canada.
Just around the corner
(everything is just around the corner) ,
Our flag flies over the bones of our second Prime Minister,
(he's from Edinburgh, Scotland):
I've walked a good stretch of the fifty miles
Of beach we have running north,
Past cottages, parks, camps, etc.
We've way too many pot-holes;
And for many years,
We were featured on the ten dollar bill.

But the new houses!
Who is buying them as we move eastward,
Away from the lake and river?
Newly minted single moms;
Rejected men.
We lived in one house,

Once,
One house.
We now occupy five.
Two of which
Are too far away
From Chemical Valley.

Francie Lynch

Father-In-Law's Obit

I read it today.
It reads we both
Got buried.

Francie Lynch

Fatted Calves In Poetry

We do our best,
Use varying syntax,
Rhythm, rhyme and meter.
Our words are picked
From the garden variety,
But the themes are from
The Prodigal Son.
Is there nothing new
Under the sun?
I'm writing the same poem
Over and over:
Variations on the same themes:
Love, Life, Death, Family,
Power, Wealth, Nature,
Fatted Calves, etc.

I could invent new words,
But the meaning would
Convey the same:
I widdle you.
Your soft sorteschies condestort in mine.
It all sounds too familiar
In any language.
We need a new world
Where arms reach from our heads
To bypass the thoughts transferred
To our sorteschies holding folences
That pen our work.

Francie Lynch

Feces Face

I take umbrage
At comparing
The POTUS
To a lying piece of crap.
I've experienced crap, lots of it!
Usually brown, with no comb-over.
So POTUS scat is an unfair analogy.
Now, a moniker like
"Feces Face" fits,
And stinks to the high heavens.

Francie Lynch

Feed My Sheep?

Visited with Daddy
One more time before
He died.
Before I left the room
I asked if there was anything
He wanted.
I was shocked to hear:
'Feed my Sheep.'

My friend who was closer
To Dad heard:
'Clean my teeth.'

Not quite the same as Camus'
Deathbed announcement.
Daddy died with an existential smile.

Francie Lynch

Feng Shui

You keep me at eye level,
Examining for interpretations,
Think me either shady or too colorful;
That my perspective may be skewered.
You reach out to straighten me,
But pull back, you're not wearing gloves.
I am just a painting to you,
On the hook and framed,
With my back to the wall,
As you consider
How I fit into the Feng Shui
Of your living room.
Look closer,
Notice your face like a worrisome specter
On my protective glass.

Francie Lynch

Fifty And Counting

You've had fifty fantastic years,
Many were there but not now here.
And many are here
That were not there.
That's how life unfurls over fifty years.

Let's celebrate these decades
Of devotion to one another;
For around us we have familiar faces,
A family of sisters and brothers,
Aunts, Uncles, Fathers and Mothers;
Grandas, Nanas, Papas and Grams,
Daughters, sons, nieces and nephews,
Granddaughters and grandsons,
Cousins, in-laws, and step-laws too.

We are family.

A tribe that began with the original six,
Then Danny met Maura to add to the mix
With Colleen and Sean our clan commenced,
And since then the more has been heaven sent.

So let me end with a toast and a wish,
That we continue to multiply
Like the loaves and the fish.

Francie Lynch

File It

I don't have a filing cabinet,
I've emptied all the drawers;
Lugged it through my clearing house,
Then gleefully through the door.
The damn thing's out for pick up.

Each drawer was filled with files:
Insurance forms for cars and bikes,
Gone this long while;
Health receipts for healthy lives,
Warranties and refund lies,
Transcripts from a former life,
Lesson plans and records,
Some pics of you and me.
All shredded, bagged and tightly tied,
And ready for the street.
I'm finding some relief.
If only I could do the same
With all your memories
Tabbed in my brain.

Francie Lynch

Filling In The Void

I have attended non-events.
Stood on the curb,
But no parade marched by.
I have cheered from the bleachers
But no team ran out.
I have entered the Church,
Only to smell the lingering incense.
This time,
I will fill in the empty box
To banish the void.
Humanity is the event.

Francie Lynch

Find Me In Those Letters

Those girls will find out my secret,
Probably sooner than I wish;
If I should die suddenly,
(By then it matters little)
They'll read what became of me.

Pictures that I've kept
With a ribbon round the faded letters
To tie up my regret.
You'll parse them with your sisters,
And discover, I, with my final stroke,
Wrote her name with my last breath.

You'll understand why I kept them long,
You'll read the name of our favorite song;
A verse I wrote, a note to my only love,
And wonder how things went so wrong.

The rule of cause and effect holds true;
For if I'm gone, there's no effect on you;
Nothing can give rise to something,
Your reaction will prove my assumption.
You'll find me in those letters too,
Where I confess my death defying love.

Francie Lynch

Fingering The Constellations

I've tried to see past
The stars
With fingers and apps,
And concluded
It's easier to see
A bearded Jesus
In a sliced apple
Than join the dots
For the breasts
Of Aquarius.

Francie Lynch

Fingerprints

I write, edit, post;
Delete, edit, post.
My fingerprints are toast.
Spectral as a ghost.
I once left them
On things of ease,
But now they're lost somewhere
On keys.

Francie Lynch

Fingers And Toes

Whose toes are these,
I'm sure you know,
Curled and peeking out below,
Beneath their nose,
Under lips,
Lower than their waist and hips;
Past their knees and their shins-
Toes they'll use to count to ten.
Better yet,
With our twins,
They'll count to twenty to begin,
Then move to forty without linger,
Counting on each other's fingers.
Toes and fingers, fingers and toes,
Twenty wee wigglers they've come to know,
With twenty strong fingers to catch and throw.
For now we'll rhyme toes off to market,
And play Pat-a-Cake
With Ophelia and Brigid.

Francie Lynch

Fire, Not Water

The Ash Tree is metaphor
For the disappeared;
Like Mayans,
Liberals and fair play.
Nasties bore through
Looking to survive.
Not for ivory or painted fur,
Not for all the cod.
Check out the bins behind restaurants,
The methane valves in neighbourhoods,
Geysers in Bear Creek,
Toddlers vanishing into preschool,
The tainted years of our elders,
The ones who've failed to launch.
Fire, not water,
Urns, not coffins.
I think of these as I water my tomatoes,
Not for survival,
For sanity.

Francie Lynch

Firecracker Day

Bob's father was an operator
At Dow;
He ran Firecracker Day,
Bless him;
In the back beginning at eight.
Perfect timing,
But the wait to cross over
Was worth it.
The bangs and booms
Were hardly noticeable.
You must've been there too
As the school burned down
In upon itself;
The joy of the dark
In bright flashes
Of appearing and fading faces.
I'm hearing the explosions again
On this Victoria Day,
And see your face
Disappearing
In the last light
Of a sparkler.

Francie Lynch

First Breaths In May

The twins came today.
They took their first breaths
On this first day of May.
Today, and all days,
I swear and I pray,
To love them always,
Come what may.

Francie Lynch

First Christmas: The Gift Of Giving

You've heard this tale
A thousand times,
Take one more spin,
This version's mine.
And this telling tale
Is its first time.
My theme is fitting,
The message sublime,
For the Season of giving,
And gifting one's time.

For my first Christmas
I was three,
But the warmth on that night
Never cooled,
And indeed,
It was
A cold Christmas Eve.

We stuck branches of pine
In a bucket of sand,
That's the snapshot I've got
Of our Christmas tree then.
I can't remember the thoughts
Of a lad of three,
But this story is true,
It's a family heirloom.

We weren't many then,
There was Mammy and Daddy
And six children, soon seven.
Daddy was an Operator
Of cranes, loaders
and road graders.
He was working North,
Far North,
Manning a dozer
Near the Quebec border.
That's where he was

Days before,
When his pant-leg caught fire,
When the diesel was spilled.

We were only three months
In our chosen homeland,
It was 1958,
And fresh from Ireland.

No way to get to him,
Nor him to get home,
No car, no friends yet,
Little money, no phone.
Yet somebody knew
We were out on our own.

And the snow started falling,
It was Christmas Eve,
I stood at the window,
Saw the snow fill the trees.
I was still and staring,
At what I don't know,
But I remember quite vividly
All that I saw.

Like a scene from a movie
Starring Barry or Bing,
A fire-engine red no-top
Stopped and parked with high beams,
Highlighting the snow,
On that Christmas Eve.

A big man in a red suit
Slid off of the trunk,
Literally carrying a sack,
And calling, Ho! Ho!
The family joined me
At the window to see
The big man's helpers
Carry a big Christmas Tree.

When they entered the house

Kevin, Sean, Gerald and me,
Cowered and crouched
Behind the second-hand couch.
We must have resembled
Three monkeys plus me;
I hadn't a clue,
I was dumb-founded and three.

In through the front door
They clattered and sang,
Unloading their boxes
Of food, clothes and toys,
Balls, bats and dolls
For two girls and four boys;
And I'm sure there was something
For the coming bundle of joy.

I don't remember their departure,
Or where he went,
But they called Merry Christmas
And left all else unsaid.

Mammy understood
Some good persons had called,
Who'd heard of our plight
And couldn't be calmed
Til they knew for certain
We were out of the storm.

So, that's my first Christmas,
Since then this my creed:
The gift of your giving
Isn't under the Tree.

Francie Lynch

First Snow

Cold cement roads
And sidewalks
Hold the first, dry snow
Like grout
Between warm patches
Of lawn,
Speckled with Autumn's
Last offerings.
The neighbourhood
Reminds me to re-floor
My kitchen
In green-speckled tiles.

Francie Lynch

Five Ways To Undo The Don

Four you already know,
But I can't, I won't,
Put them in writing... allegedly.
The Fifth is my favorite.
Adrift on the Bering Strait,
On an ice flow,
Followed by habitat strained
Polar Bears.
(We'll give him an oar)
Upon landing on the opposite shore,
To be met
By a voracious, ferocious,
And topless,
Russian bear.

Francie Lynch

Flies In Your Face

Its commensal, at best,
This house fly of a guest;
Who frequents your home,
Alits on a chair,
Rubbing its hands together.
It shows no regrets,
Feeding, slurping and buzzing,
With a self-made bequest.
I can tolerate a bar fly;
A barn fly, a sty fly;
But,
I've the guzzling brand.
One that plunders my fridge,
That swarms over my beer
Like a blood-thirsty midge.
He's a house fly,
And ignorant,
So fly paper won't do.

I need a SWAT
To shoo this house fly adieu.

Francie Lynch

Flip One

The last of the fools
Has been exposed;
I'll look no further
Than the end of my nose.
The glass has flipped
It's me I see,
The last of the fools;
Flip one,
You'll see.

Francie Lynch

Floating Off

We were on the bubble;
Now we're in the bubble.
No pricks allowed.

Francie Lynch

Floats And Stings

Don't you admire his ringwork;
His footwork and speed?
Dance. Jab. Dance.
Did you see Rambonehead snap?
Glossy-eyed. Swollen and staggering
Like the bloated incumbent.
Jab. Dance. Jab.
The Dope's been roped.
The final count's on.

Francie Lynch

For Aine

Who read this book
Before me;
Read it so
Relentlessly;
Read it
Like you read to me?

Who carved letters
In this tree;
Neatly carved
For me to read;
Will you carve mine
As deep as these?

Who walked these streets
Ahead of me;
Held a hand
As you hold me;
Saw deep puddles
And carried me?

Who loves me more
Than you love me;
Gives this love
So generously;
Hugs me like
Bark hugs a tree?

We read that book
To you nightly;
Walked these streets
For your safety;
Held you close,
Yet let you be.
We know you know
From the start,
Aine's carved
In our hearts,
Carried there

When we're apart,
So every pulse
Through every vein
Gives us strength
To do again.

Francie Lynch

For Goodness Sake

Be secure with some peace.
There's no cause for your fear;
History assures us,
Bad will fail.

Weeks from now,
Today's terrors are gone,
Predictions confirm
Goodness prevails.

The bad can't escape.

Cold comfort, I hear,
But what of today?
The nows conflict
With our joys, you say.

This too will pass.
Fade like lover's breath;
So seldom brought up,
Soon laid to rest.

Goodness lives on,
The bad's with past sorrows,
For Goodness sake,
Let's get on with tomorrow.

Francie Lynch

For My Grandchild

For my grandchild
Born today,
There must be seasons
For childhood play.
To design a leaf house
And build snow,
To stop and smell
The flowers grow.
And swim in clear water.
Wars end today,
Friends make amends,
Today we stop
The slaughter.
There will be good air
And rich warm soil,
And moments free
From daily turmoil.
These are the dreams
I hold and ponder.
Will this child
Be the answer?

Francie Lynch

For Some, For Now

We'll do another year, for now,
Know moments of anguish and triumph,
Know too that years are all alike
Riding on long lapses of
Comfort in between.

Sometimes I see heads sharing shoulders,
Or bodies close around a table
Sharing framed scenes.

Sometimes there are piano keys,
And promises of music.
At times, I see a landing, gently,
Leading to a small smile of satisfaction.

In the morning we continue with the
Morning good-bye kiss.
We must greet each other again, soon,
In friendship and loving service.
It takes us a lifetime to understand
Our witnessing of taste and touch,
But most of all, feel.

For now, the instant becomes you.
Still each day replaces memories,
For now.
And we, in the now and to be,
In the greatest degree of love.
As I love you.

Francie Lynch

For You

For You: Walls will tumble,
Temples crumble,
Crowds grow humble,
Proud people stumble,
And the loud will grumble.

For You: Brooks will flow,
People will show,
Gardens will grow,
Clouds will snow,
And breezes blow.

For You: Birds will sing
With love on the wing.
Bells will ring,
Bees not sting,
And sonnets will spring.

For You: Tables were set,
Appetites whet,
Eyes were met,
We owned our debt,
And I could forget.

For You: Candles were lit,
Children will sit,
Boulders will split,
Fingers will fit,
And time would shift.

For You: Masses were said,
Promises wed,
We shared bread,
Covered our head,
And remembered our dead.

For You: Were all of these
For me.

Foregone Forgiveness

I escaped the lion's den.
So, I am done with hand wringing,
Dragging my palm down my nape.
Forefinger and thumb squeezing the bridge,
Encircling my chin, to the point.

The time has come to discard my hair-shirt,
To loosen the cilice on my thigh;
To stop the self-flagellation,
And smear balm on my mortified back.

I will sit to indulge a repast.
And prepare for the proclivities of the flesh,
To revel in the concupiscence of humanity.
Cast of chastity, poverty and obedience.

We are not saints or martyrs.
The cause is not worth the pain.
I am forgiven.
I forgive.
God too.

Francie Lynch

Foreign Shores

Our yesterdays are foreign shores,
With unusual customs.
Among us are worm-holers,
Time-travellers using foreign words
Like Whitey, Nigger, Pussy, Indian.
Archaic phrases beginning with
A woman's place...
A child should...
Are you a man or...
Our boundaries have shifted.
Isolationism, provincialism, racism,
And all other derogatory isms
Have been placed in a time capsule,
Not to be opened by this civilization,
This new country for ex-pats.

Francie Lynch

Forever And Ever

Forever isn't really long,
We call it Love in a two minute song.
I witnessed it in my cat's jaws,
Or an osprey in an eagle's claws.
It's a moment in grasslands and water,
A flash of colour, then the slaughter.
It's a nanosecond in insurrection,
It's known to happen at conception.
It has no width, length or depth,
It begins the second of our last breath.

Francie Lynch

Found

If you've lost someone,
Check out the Personals.
Keep your eyes to the ground;
Only tourists look around,
There we'll find the jetsom
Of someone's empty pocket.
A book of Vegas matches
With the middle ones missing;
Neither left or right-handed.
You'll not be found.
There are tissues,
Stained with mascara,
Lying
Beside beads from a broken necklace
That gilded your skin.
You'll not be found.
Blowing across the path
Are shreds of paper
From the note she wrote,
Swirling towards the river.
Chase them to the bank,
Watch them float
Towards the falls.
The meaning is smeared, blurred
Then lost.
This is what finds me out.

Francie Lynch

Four Corners

Your small town
Has four corners
Across the road
From your house.
When the time comes,
Choose a road,
North, South, East or West,
And follow it fervently
To the end.
If all goes well,
You find yourself
Back in your small town
Sometime down the road.

Francie Lynch

Fourteen Billion

Fourteen billion isn't big anymore.
For some, it's chicken feed.
When big business and government
Talk finances, it's chump change.
It's smaller now.
Why only fourteen billion years ago
We exploded, were carried by stellar winds,
Along with every atom for every star;
For every one of us together,
Equal and indestructable.
We travelled, unknowingly, at light speed,
With family, friends and strangers,
To unknown destinations,
Through the dark,
Into the light,
Into life.
Fourteen billion years is really nothing.
There are no atoms in boundary lines.
We shouldn't let a few billion years
Come between us.

Francie Lynch

Frank Was Lying

They said Frank was lying in his field,
While the milk cows lowed,
And hungry sows squealed.
The midday sun and absorbent dew
Aroused the bachelor close to noon.

They said Frank was lying in a ditch,
His bike was bent, he'd need a stitch,
But there he lay in the early morning,
The lorries roared by,
Frank snored and sighed.

They said Frank was lying in a bed,
When two p.m. was still too soon.
He has missing teeth and window panes,
Lies on a mattress with years of stains.
His papered walls like sun-burnt skin,
Are peeling away and blistering.
His blankets are like stable covers,
His thunder mug has no lid,
Starlings nest inside his house,
Blow flies light where his mother lies.

Francie Lynch

Free Loaders And Hoarders

A scurry of munks
Are eating my garden;
To you they're cute,
But my heart's hardened.
They chirp at the trough
Of my labored crop;
Like double-dippers
They pouch and they run,
They sound like they're laughing,
Like they're having some fun.
I curse and complain,
But the munks keep returning,
Like a recurring refrain
Of free loaders and hoarders.
Should I feel such disdain?
After some thought,
We're much the same.

Francie Lynch

Free Love

The Sixties were hip.
Perhaps too hip with the sexual revolution.
It seems today's allegations of sexual misconduct
May spring from that mind-expanding era.
The fingers are pointing back to then,
And who knows what who was doing with whom,
Listening to Purple Haze
Through clouds of smoke, shared needles, and blotter;
Bra burning, card burning, flag burning.
The things one remembers after
So many years of clearing the cobwebs.
Did I get a boner back then and kiss a girl?
Did I invite a girl up to my room?
Did I touch a girl while dancing?
(OK. I probably snuck a grope, but hey, so did she)
I'm lucky I didn't get into politics or acting.
It turns out free love wasn't so free.

Francie Lynch

Free Will

Free will

Comes with a heavy price.

Spend it wisely.

Francie Lynch

Fronts

Heretics.
Bolsheviks.
Lunatics.
Kleptomaniacs.
All fronts.
Pretend fronts as
Friendly
Guises to disguise
Wiley acts of terror.

All tics like
Parasites
Stealing and sucking
Fleas on festering
Flesh.
Breathing carrion breath.

Why inject your
Games with ungainly success.
Why such primitive
Unleashing of frustration
And regressiveness.

Francie Lynch

Full Baby Nelson

Byron and I play
The All Topics Open.
Eighteen holes of talk
Invariably draws nostalgic.
Byron mentioned he went to the WWF in Detroit.
I sliced into a childhood memory
Off midgets at Cobo Hall:
Cobo Hall, Saturday Night. Be there or we'll come get you!
And the beer and cigarette commercials.
Byron started pitching old wrestlers and holds:
Leaping Larry Shane, great with the Anaconda vice;
Killer Kowalski vs. Bobo Brazil, pinned by the Crucifix and Abdominal Stretch;
Dick the Bruiser tagging with The Sheik
To defeat Gorgeous George and Crybaby McCarthy.
Byron went on in detail, with tabernacle authority:
'It was a Bear Hug that quickly swung in to a Quarter,
then Half,
then Full Nelson;
Crybaby bounced off a knee,
Was driven to the mat and pinned
By a Front Sleeper.'

Jimmy's newborn picture faded in,
and the pose he naturally struck
Baby arms
locked like a sideshow muscle man.
Daddy quipped: Dick the Bruiser.
(Oh... Jimmy. Jimmy) .

I wanted to be Leaping Larry.
Daddy quipped: Larry the Stooge.
I didn't see that moniker coming.

Byron sounded teed off. I could hear him... but
I was zoning.
Crybaby and Front Sleeper made me smile.
How times Venn.

I was pinned yesterday.

I recognized the feeling.
I was pinned for life,
By a tag team:
The inescapable
Full Baby Nelson.
You know the hold.
On your back.
Baby on chest, face down.
Pinned.

Then Byron flopped one,
Dead centre green.
Byron is no midget, but with the
Right camera angle...

Francie Lynch

Fun Under The Sun

The sun shoots
Ray drops
Like bullets through
The clouds;
Coming at the speed
Of light,
Bathing our exposed world.

I can't slather lotion
On mountains, lakes and trees,
There's little to prevent the scorch
That's reddening our streets.

We're under hats,
We've covered skin,
The shade from friends
Is growing thin.
The executioner's leaking in.

We live a greenhouse life
Beneath umbrellas,
On towels on sand;
We're being fried
On the land;
Stirring the pot
With sun-burned hands.

Francie Lynch

Future Memories

I will remember her.
This I can guarantee.
She was the one
Who gave me love,
Took care of me,
So I can take care
Of her.

She will remember me.
This she can guarantee.
I was the one
Who planted the seed,
Took care of her
So she'll take care
Of me.

Who will remember you.
There are no guarantees.
Were you the one
To rely on,
Was weak when strong,
Shared your song to sing,
So we will remember you?

Francie Lynch

Garbage

Start and stop
Up the street,
Turn 180,
Repeat the beat.
The gurus on
Confessional wheels,
Absolve our sins,
Emptying bins.
I swear
They swear
A solemn oath
Never to
Disclose the truth
Found in our garbage
By the brethern,
Garbage stinking
To high heaven.
Bottles, syringes,
Boxes, bones,
Peelings, plastics,
Old cell phones,
Discarded trash
From our homes.
Wrappings bleeding
Human puss:
By our garbage
Ye shall know us.

Francie Lynch

Gated Community

You have lingered long
At the community gate;
Rubbing yellow fingers
Stained by oxidized
Wrought iron.
Marble arms became
The new paradigm,
The temple curtains tore
And the tabernacle light
Flickered in the breeze.
I stood beside you
In the humidity
As memory divided,
And the dance of the veils
Covered you.
I offered my head
As a replacement
For your old photos
Pressed between
The pages of
Genesis and Exodus.

Francie Lynch

Genius Before Posterity

That girl held dearly,
Soon crawling in the yard;
Eating grasshoppers like Einstein,
Might change our world.

That boy slurping soup
With no thought of seasoning,
Spoonng ferociously.
He'd pass Edison's test of reasoning.

Your teen may dwell on video screens
With keenness as he shoots;
Fischer was the same, I hear,
When mating his pursuits.

Our youth mould with nuance
Unknown or heard;
Like Beatles when they sang their story,
Changed our world with words.

You see that child with quiet demeanour,
Shy, wise and independent;
Misunderstood and fiercely inner,
Strong-willed and confident:
How could that child hurt himself!
She might think of suicide!
What is it that we recognize
Only when they've died.

Sometimes the precocious go on display,
The kind kind, not the snide,
They reason well, abstractly think,
Still, they're lacking pride.
Although this child loves the test,
She'll play piano with the best.

Nose in the shelves or cheering,
Joining clubs or donning jerseys,
This one belongs to many groups,

Can 'stand one' in the pub.
Friends get a wink or inside joke.
Their loyalty counts when they vote.

The flower vender didn't know
When selling flowers to Van Gogh,
His flowers would always grow.

The orchard worker had a flaw,
He left the apples far too long,
Now we've Newton's Law.

In the bar fight, glass was broken,
Swept out with the rubble.
Copernicus saw that glass that day
Now we have the Hubble.

We know parents rarely see
The true presence of a genius;
But we live in fortunate times
We get it when we see it.
Like sitting in a Hawking's lecture,
Having Cohen sing to us;
Some who voted for Gandhi,
Can still watch Messi play.
Old men fish with Hemingway
When they read his book,
We can watch a Hitchcock,
When brave enough to look.
We sit through Lear
And hear Shakespeare,
Or Tour St. Paul's with Wren;
Stand and stare at Dali
Until the world unbends.
Or just walk Rome.
You may even find one
Sitting at home alone.

Rely on natural ability.
Persistence precedes reputation;
Provide the extras and common sense,
And love will lead to eminence.

Children breathe our same air,
But exhale differently;
Genius can be found right here,
Before posterity.

Francie Lynch

George Gordon

It's all been signed.
Like I wrote,
He's lupin-like.
If he says one day, he takes seven.
Does he know it shortens his life.
A two month job takes a year off him.
His runs to the lumber mill, and beer,
To the hardware store, and tokes;
Then to the beer store,
And smokes.
Sometimes, not often, but occasionally,
Whiskey and wine,
With beer.
And the morphine for his back... whew!
Seven to one ratio sounds true,
but poor odds.
In his favour, he's below average
in height,
like a small dog,
it helps longevity.
In most small dogs,
In what we call the Free World.
George Gordon's calling.
We're building a shed out back.
Gotta go.
Peace

Francie Lynch

Geppetto One

The geosynchronous
Geppetto One
With us orbits
Round our sun;
Blinking down,
Ringing up,
We're on lines
Like marionettes;
Transmitting selfies,
Receiving otheries.
Time to be Pinnochio,
Cut some ties,
Get up and go,
See eye to eye.

Francie Lynch

Get A Hold On It

My Voice

Hey, what happened?

I haven't a fecking clue.

Well, you'd better

Get a hold of it,

Before it gets a hold on you.

I still have my mind,

The lump came in benign,

I'm not always blind,

My organs aren't on line.

I haven't been committed,

Though I really don't know why.

I'm not in a cell,

Or queued heading to hell.

You haven't got a clue?

I know what to do.

I'll get a hold on it

When I've got a hold on you.

Francie Lynch

Get To The Point, Caller

It's an asset to be taciturn,
Reticent, laconic, terse,
And to the point.
I consider myself such,
So listen...
Do I have a story for you.
It was a dark and stormy night;
The wind howled destruction
Coming across...

Francie Lynch

Getting Old (7w)

Getting old means
Hear today,
Deaf tomorrow.

Francie Lynch

Ghost Stories

Mammy had a cauldron of stories,
And Mammy never lied;
Strange tales about the living,
Still touched by those who've died.

She spoke of a friend who read the leafs:
When babies died, she heard banshees;
She foresaw the cornice collapse,
Saved me when I was three.
She whispered these tales
Through pressed lips,
Would pause to sip her tea.

Seers told her of her one-legged mother
Standing guard at the foot of her bed,
Long after she was dead.

One prophet spoke of an open door,
A one-way trip to a foreign shore,
And agonies she'd bend to endure.

For me, these stories rang so true,
For mothers wouldn't lie to you;
Yet Father said she was a sinner,
Spinning yarns against God's will.
That's not the gossip in Bethany.

Are there ghosts under our beds,
In the closets in our heads;
Hovering over marked graveyards,
Abandoned houses and Tarot Cards?

When the unknown night tore at me,
I'd been told I could pray
To the Father, Son and Holy Ghost:
Now they're the ones I fear the most,
They were one of her stories folks.

Gifts

She gave me a stone,
And her turkey wish-bone,
She'd been saving.
Then presented a pen
She'd hid in her sock
Under her bed,
In her special box.
These are her gifts;
They're all that she's got.
Gifts from a child,
Giving and smiling.
She's not eccentric,
To her they're aesthetic;
If I'm worthy,
Tomorrow,
There's a blue-ribbon stick.

Francie Lynch

Girls And Pearls

You don't mention who you met
How you ripped your small black dress;
You don't share intimate stories,
What caused a smile,
What stokes your worries.
Arms dangle by your side,
You can't slip your hand in mine,
Hold me with your eyes,
Lay your head on my bed
With your good-night sigh.
We don't get our get-aways
As we did in by-gone days;
You left your keys to house and car,
Saying you would travel far;
So you hitched your hidden dreams
To a rising star,
Left my world, but not my life,
Polished your new cultured pearls,
Husbands now call you wives,
But you'll always be
My three wee girls.

Francie Lynch

Glasgow Cathedral

On this side of the bridge,
Between time and eternity,
A foothill to the Necropolis,
Rises the cathedral.
The remains of St. Kentigern
Maintain it, the founding Father.
The spire tops the cruciform
Pointing the way to Glorify.
Within, walls are embedded
With plagues, standards and swords,
Praising foreign campaigns
And distant expeditions
Of long lost brave hearts.
Pilgrims stand silently;
Tourists nod quietly,
Pointing at remarkable achievements
Of Empire, and the young,
Beatified on distant lands.
The fading banners protest:
'For this I gave my all, my best.'
The stones are cold,
The windows stained:
In the crypt, St. Mungo lies,
The foundation of all,
For God, King and need.

Francie Lynch

Glibberish

Worried? Are you happy?
Anticipation for my number to be called.
Waiting for the I-65, that stays in the basket.
For the hearse to pass in a weirdly somber parade;
For my children to be home;
Waiting for the lake to freeze;
For the lake to thaw;
Waiting for release;
For the question and the answer.
A thought just popped into my head.
From where?
What's my brain telling me.
I've never told it anything.
It has a mind of its own.
These quotidian thoughts, like memories, ideas, pictures and songs.
Rare thoughts and self chastisement.
Common anxiety with no controlling redundant backup.
Where does the ocean begin? At the lapping of the water,
Or an inch beneath the surface sand?
Does the forest start with the leaf twirling in the wind,
Or with the roots under the asphalt?
Be happy... don't worry.
Glib!

Francie Lynch

Go Wild: A Resolution

Go Wild: A New Year's Resolution

Time to go wild:

Join the pack,

Don't look back.

Time to animalize:

Drop the disguise,

Extend your claws,

Swipe your paws,

Open your maws

And bare your teeth.

Run down the street

With blinders on.

Go primordial:

Eat blue meat,

Crouch and spring,

Do everything

You can

Tonight.

Avoid the trappings

Of civilized man.

Francie Lynch

God Helps Those...

Here's an adage to evaluate:

"God helps those who help themselves."

Allow me please to start debating,
Speaking first on race relations,
Moving on to school kids shot,
You rebut with sexual conduct;
But the pinnacle's reached
With hedonistic fate,
Trump's in the Oval of those United States.

Francie Lynch

God Removed His Hand

I enjoy the hot tub
After my treadmill.
Whilst sitting,
Throne-like,
One notices the thousands of bubbles,
Swirling, twirling, spinning, colliding,
Spreading out like spiralling galaxies.
Naturally, I play with them,
Briefly and temporarily
Re-direct their form and orbit;
But it's pointless.
Probably the same problem
God has with his universe,
After removing his hand.

Francie Lynch

Godzilla And Ufo's

Damn.

I ran over a toad

On the way home,

In front of the courthouse.

Am I right to assume

Godzilla and UFO's

Don't exist?

I hope!

Francie Lynch

Going Viral

I have a slow leak of faith
In humanity.
I'm heartsick,
Funky, punky,
My soul is spewing chunks.
At first, it was only a slight rise in temperature,
Followed by a rash of diatribes,
Then hot and cold wars
That produced the shakes.
Our world could use cold compresses;
Polar ice-packs are symptomatic.
The ailment is hereditary.
Patient Zero is low on the tree,
With roots entangling us,
Like veins filled with bad blood,
Encircling the body politic.
We are the carriers,
The un-quarantined green monkeys
Swinging freely, infecting
With a disease that will not skip
A generation.

Francie Lynch

Golf For Life

If you insist on giving advice,
Then carry my clubs.

Francie Lynch

Goliath's Wife

Goliath never
Praised his wife,
Never said
He loved her.
He came up short
Of his intent,
She felt more worthy,
Had to vent,
So stole off from
The Philistine camp,
Crossed the sands
Like a vamp,
To join the Israelites,
Preparing for
The final fight.

A challenge
Came
From the Giant,
To send out one
To die defiant.
David rose
In shepherd's clothes,
Goliath's wife
Lay near,
When he reached
For shield and spear,
She handed him
Her bra.
That over the shoulder
Boulder holder
Had Philistines guffaw.
Her Double D's,
Once there to please,
Brought Goliath
Groveling
To his knees.
David lopped off
Goliath's head,

Got some himself
When back in bed.

The lesson taught?

Whether you're
Tall or not,
Be sure to tell
Your wife she's hot!

Francie Lynch

Gone Fishing

A trout, going about its fish business
In the stream, breathing and searching,
Is distracted, then attracted
By the flash of the lure;
A fly, an easy meal, languishing on the surface.
But the real story is on shore,
Reeling.

Francie Lynch

Gone To The Dawgs

When you speak
I break the conversation contract.
I hear nails on chalkboards,
Babies crying,
Or a mosquito in my darkened room.
Anyways is not Anyway;
Quote is not Quotation;
Anythink is not Anything;
Who is not Whom;
Whom is not Who.
It's hard to listen,
And I don't apologize.
English has gone to the dawgs.

Francie Lynch

Good At Getting Their Pound

The World's Times chronicled
Crusades and Jihads,
Inquisitions and Fatawas,
Coups and Genocides.
Such financial resourcefulness

The Construct.

Another Cathedral rises
In a destitute country.
Ob-able.

We're told,
From the leader's lips
We'll always have the poor.

Uh huh. The poor.
That's what was said.
We can always put them to work,
And there won't always be work.
They'll need membership cards,
And birthings and burials,
Like always.

See the pyramids along the Nile
You get up every morning with the alarm clock's warning

Another Temple
Will grow
From the rice paddies.
A synagogue and/or
Mosque will
Cinch mosaic tiles
Along the sinews
Of peasants.

I've had enough
Laundering by recluse
Single mothers,

By crooks posing as shepherds,
And Holy Wars
So oxymoronic
Cleanses too

God(s)
Never benefited from
Our wages and labour;
Our drachma, denarius and shekel,
Yet the lackeys are very good
At getting their pound.

Humanity can use
Your pauper pennies.

Don't drop a coin
In a wishing well,
Pay cash for a mass
To avoid hell.
Choose a charity,
There's so many
That need a
Pauper's penny.

Francie Lynch

Good Health To You

I wish you good health
Throughout your years;
With it you prosper
Behind smile's lonely tears.
Your conflicts,
Your fears,
Successes and failures,
Fade in pale wanings.
I wish you good health.

Francie Lynch

Gps Poetry

Take me to a theme,
Explicating love, when blue.
Hype the hyperbole,
Metaphors aren't boring,
And similes are true.
Take me to the meaning of love,
When love is new.

Letter your signposts,
Your verses aren't lacking,
Figures of speech are attractive.
Dole out the affection,
Infect with injection
Dilating, collapsing veined roads.

Take me to any theme,
With your GPS,
I'll obey all directives,
Noting imagery along your path.
If inferences go astray,
I'll backtrack your way,
To a predetermined destination.

Francie Lynch

Granny Vacuumed

Granny vacuumed so the grandkids could play.
The kids are grown.
Granny left today.

Francie Lynch

Grapes

Love and disdain
Are two fruits
On the same
Clustered vine.
When picked
And fermented,
They make
Fine wine,
Or bitter vinegar.

Francie Lynch

Grass, Mosquitoes And Hearts

A blade of grass is inconsequential,
Unless it's above you,
Or found on Mars.

One mosquito is unnoticeable
Until sounding in your ear at night,
Or infecting a nation.

A broken heart isn't uncommon
When it's someone else's.

Francie Lynch

Great Lakes Babes

Summer sands swim with them;
Their patchwork towels
Crowd them in.
Lying, shining in the sun,
On their bellies
With wet sand bums.
Shades of innocence
On their faces;
On their backs
With fleshy dunes,
Tanning lines
That start at noon.
They test the shoreline
Every so often,
To cool their curves
In Great Lakes waters.
The palpable heat
Rises in waves
From the hot, hot bods
On these Great Lakes babes.

Francie Lynch

Greenwich Poem Hunter

Poem Hunter is our bohemian site
For the new counterculture
Of the contemporary beat.
The works are here.
Ginsberg's long gone.
Kerouac took to the road
Not taken yet by us.
This is our Greenwich Village,
And I can stay at home.
Now, and some years ahead,
I'll say I met and read
The likes of you,
Here,
On Poem Hunter Greenwich.

Francie Lynch

Grim Reaper

Maura gave me a watch
Many Christmasses ago;
Time and again its hands
Slap my memory for being special.
It had a crystal face,
Nickel-plated case,
A golden crown,
Calendar window,
And a dial with Arabic numerals.
A ten dollar Timex
That made me feel like a million.
The older brothers didn't have a watch,
But I had a second hand
For accurate readings
Of who could piss the longest,
Hold their breath for two minutes,
How long it took for the kettle to boil,
Or a snail to crawl a foot.
Everything could be timed,
And timing, like my watch,
Was everything.
I was the official timekeeper,
And took my duties seriously.
I wore it on my left arm,
And almost become a southpaw.
Then one day the sweep second froze,
The big and little hands stopped.
A spring or something broke;
The date was as constant
As the Grim Reaper.

Francie Lynch

Ground Control

I hear you lost control;
I'm ambivalent to your state:
If what they mean is self-control,
Hold on, don't abdicate.

Now you're with damage control;
A wreck from inner strife:
You also have motor control,
So move on with your life.

I hear you've issues with quality control;
And want exclusive rights:
Exclude me from your command control,
I'm not your copyright.

If you're caught-up in crowd control;
Can't find a safe way out:
Put yourself on flight control,
Then kick and scream and shout.

With Life there is no price control;
It's often on back order:
With Life you give and take control,
It's cheaper across the border.

So set yourself on cruise control;
Steer clear of power potholes:
Pass the Freaks who need control,
Those assholes backfill sinkholes.

Francie Lynch

Guilt By Association

The things I'd do to be with you
Would put me away for life;
So, here I wait in solitude,
No sun, no moon, no light.

I've dug deep to break out,
I've climbed walls in my sleep;
I've dealt and knelt,
Held my hands out
To supplicate for pardon.

But I'm a repeat offender,
A schmuck and poor pretender;
And I'm guilty for loving you.

Francie Lynch

Guilty By Association

I've arrested.
I've been tested,
And I freely confess
Being under the influence,
Being compromised,
By your breathalyzer eyes.

Francie Lynch

Habeas Corpus

Birds don't rain down from heart attacks,
Or aneurysms: we should be waist high
In hundreds of millions of feathered bodies.
Where are they?
Not like us, who fall in the strangest places:
Stop signs, ball games, synagogues, schools.
And we cover them, step around them,
Chalk mark floors and sidewalks,
And eventually pick up the pieces.
But we can't perch on live wires,
Fly between the vanes of wind turbines.
Where are the bodies.
Domestic or feral.
Look to the sociocat,
Though innocent,
It prowls by nature.
Habeas Corpus.

Francie Lynch

Half A Brain

Great people die,
Just like you and I.
We all came the same,
Naked, with a brain;
Walked, then talked,
We're all the same,
But great ones do it
With their brain.
Size doesn't matter.
You can be a pea brain,
Or a nit wit:
Why, if someone says,
You've half a brain;
That shouldn't be
Cause for shame.
You never know
Who's got half a brain:
It's been proven
With X-Rays
That sometimes half
Is greater than the whole.
Don't have an anxiety fit,
Use what you got,
Live your fullest.

Francie Lynch

Hallmark Holidays

I didn't wish my daughter,
My daughter,
A Happy Mothers Day.
Why would I,
She's my girl.
I am really pissed
With Hallmark,
And am right to blame it
For my predicament.
I don't relish the idea of a
Happy Relatives Day.
I'd be orphaned.

Francie Lynch

Hanger Ons

She is the shadow of her own shadow;
A hard green tomato on an October vine;
Like last year's silver tree tinsel;
The inescapable smell of a house housing cats;
A smoker's car;
An arthritic leaf, twisting in early December;
The runny nose of someone's toddler;
An empty gurney in a hospice hallway;
Or the last dark spike impaling dawn.
Hanging on and hanging in.
Not knowing. Not going.
Still here.

Francie Lynch

Happy Birthday Duchess

Today is your birthday,
How years do go by;
Though your eyes
Never change
As they heighten
Your smile.
Your hair's long
And sun-dyed,
Your cheeks blushed
And high,
Your lips as sublime
As Mona's beguiled.
Your frame now's found
In a admirer's hall,
But you're the last duchess
On my wall.

Francie Lynch

Happy Birthday... Right

I don't know how old you are,
But you don't look your age.

Your skin is soft,
Your eyes are bright,
And yet,
You lose your teeth at night.

I don't know how old you are,
But you don't look your age.

You don't walk with a cane,
Wear a diaper,
Or leave a stain.
Usually you
Remember my name,
But then you have
Some nose hair
Like late September grain.

I don't know how old you are,
But you don't look your age.

You don't wear knee-highs
In Bermuda shorts,
Your moles are hairless,
You hide some warts,
And you don't play
Outside sports.

I don't know how old you are,
But you don't look your age.

Your hair's not blue,
Your ears are hairless;
There's things about you
That seem ageless.

I don't know how old you are,

But you don't look your age.

You swagger like an actor
On a curtain call;
It's hard to gauge
The age you wear
Since your overhaul.

I don't know the half of it,
But you don't look your age.

Francie Lynch

Happy Face Variety

Happy Face Variety
Has new owners,
From Punjab.

They are way friendly.

I was renting,
Far From the Madding Crowd,
Ben said:
Many people were renting movies tonight.

Yeah, the dog day's of summer.

Explanations and examples ensued.
The change in season.
Replace old anxieties with new.
The surety of autumn expectations.
The heat swirling in the ceiling fans.
The setting sun on Lake Huron.
All the dog days.

And Ashna said:
Like the dog curling up to sleep.

They are way welcome.

Francie Lynch

Happy Or Content

If I am happy
To be content;
Am I still content,
Or must I now strive
To maintain
happiness?
So many words,
So many meanings.
But not
Love and Hate,
The simplicity
Of strong emotions
That need no delineation.

Francie Lynch

Harlequin Romance

We had sex yesterday.
Reminded me of the cover
Of a Harlequin Romance.
You, the school librarian in the foreground,
Hair up, glasses on a chain, reading.
Me, the Principal in the background,
Just entering your workroom door.
But, back to reality.
The breeze flipped the curtain corner
Along your bronzed leg, and you looked up and smiled.
Was it something you read, the thought in my head,
Or the breath of joy passing by?
Out through the screen, now open in Spring,
To bring the irises to move and radiate.
A breeze that rustled and teased.
You directed your eyes, bent to your book,
Pleased and pleased as me
With you in view.
The lace tail fell back to the sill.
Your leg never moved.

Francie Lynch

Hate Mongerers

Have you felt loathing
in those green eyes;
Despised by idle talk
of a loose,
spiteful tongue;
Perhaps detested
because of your flesh;
Or exercised, yes,
be denounced,
be named,
face a near-damned future
of loneliness?
And then,
You were hated,
But only because
Once,
You were loved.

Francie Lynch

Haunted House

Nana's house is on the market,
Perfect location beside the woods,
And a few hundred feet from the water.
I can hear the patter of feet,
The closing of doors,
The squealing of feral animals
Nana fed with peanuts,
The condo bird houses
And broken blue eggs.
The cries and sirens and confusion.
When Nana died,
She was sealed in the wall of a mausoleum,
But keeps appearing
In the eeriest of ways.

Francie Lynch

Havana Is Heaven

It's as easy as,1,2,3.
Understandable as A, B, C.
Undesirable as, "Don't Take Me.";
A simple ditty,
So listen, Kiddie,
There's no singing in the grave.

No foot tapping, finger snapping,
Lip smacking music where you're going;
But don't be in a hurry to get going
To a place where you're a gonner.

You won't be chatting with a Brahma,
Discussing laws with ancient Moses,
There's no sitting Buddha posing,
You ain't in blissful Nirvana.

You'd bein heaven in Havana.

There aren't virgins waiting;
No loaves and fishes baking;
No bells ringing,
No Mecca wailing,
No roads paved with gold.

I miss those stories I was sold.

Whatever it is that ails you...
Whatever it is that ails you...
Whatever it is that ails you...

Was it us who failed you?

Stay a while, don't leave yet,
You'll find nothing you expect,
Not even the pains of your regrets.

Francie Lynch

Have Tea With Me

Thanks
For the party
You threw
For me;
Another decade
Was easy.
I wear
An outfit
You like
To see;
One, I believe
That suits me,
And accept
The accolades
Graciously.

In the spotlight
It's easy to shine.
Don't cover
Your eyes,
Some's a disguise.
And I do admit
To some white lies;
So just don't
Cover your eyes.

All you've done
Means much
You see,
But pales
When you
Have tea
With me.

Francie Lynch

He Wants To Cry

I just want to cry,
Heave my back;
Contract where it hurts
Like I'm six.
I haven't cried in years,
Like that.
I don't mind being alone,
The evidence is clear,
The phone recorded everything;
He cried
Alone at home.

Francie Lynch

Head Transplant

In Italy in 2017
A medical miracle
Will be seen;
A transplanted head.
They'd better get it right.
They didn't say which one.
Above the shoulders?
Below the waist?
Another dick-head
To dinkthink.
A hard-headed
Limp-brained head-banger.
Or did I misunderstand.
Perhaps it's woman's to a man.

Francie Lynch

Heart On... Hard On

I've got my heart on,
And it's hard on
Me;
My sleeve isn't
The best place
To display it.

Francie Lynch

Hearts Are Muscle

Our hearts are mere muscle,
They'll weaken, atrophy;
They need exercise.
Do your reps,
Make it sweat,
Massage it to full size.
You may be surprised
How it effects your thighs.

Francie Lynch

Heathcliff

When you write
About broken hearts,
Anguish, angst
And loss,
Think on Heathcliff
And pathos.

Francie Lynch

Hell To Pay

When my time finally arrives,
Finality will hold no surprise;
But please remember
To close my eyes,
Shut my mouth,
End my lies.
Lace polished shoes
On my feet,
Cross my hands
Upon my chest,
Comb my hair,
Let me rest.
And tell the truth
When you speak.
If I hear any hyperbole,
There's hell to pay,
I assure you.

Francie Lynch

Her Gps

When we got in the car
She turned on the GPS.
'We're only going to London, ' I smirked.
'It's sixty miles on a straight road.'
'I know, but this makes it easy, ' she smiled,
'And tonight, I'll make you an Irish stew.'
'Is that easy too?
'It's a straight road! she quipped.

Francie Lynch

Her Many Names

Bridget was born on a flax mill farm,
Near the Cavan border, in Monaghan,
At Lough Egish on the Carrick Road,
The last child of the Sheridans.
The sluice still runs near the water wheel,
Overgrown thistles on rusted steel.

Little's known of Nellie's early years,
Da died before she knew grieving tears,
They'd run for her in later years.

She's eleven posing with her class,
This photo shows an Irish lass.
Her eyes are distant,
Her face is blurred,
But recognizable
In an instant.

She was schooled six years
To last a life,
Some math, the Irish,
To read and write.

Her Mammy grew ill,
She lost a leg,
And bit by bit,
By age sixteen,
Nellie buried her first dead.
Too young to be alone,
Sisters and brother had left the home.
The cloistered convent took her in,
She taught the local, lonely orphans
About God and Grace and sin.
There were no vows for Nellie then.

At nineteen she met a Creamery man,
Jim Lynch of the Cavan clan;
He delivered dairy from his lorry,
Married Nellie,

Relieved their worry.

War flared, men were few,
There was work in Coventry.
Ireland's thistles were left to bloom.

Nellie soon was Michael's Mammy,
Then Maura, Sheila and Kevin followed,
When war floundered to its end,
They shipped back to Monaghan,
And brought the mill to life again.

The thistle and weeds
Beneath the wheel,
Were overcome
By Daddy's zeal.
He built himself
A generator,
Providing power
To lights and wheel.

Sean was born,
Gerald soon followed;
Then Michael died.
A nine year old,
His parents' angel,
Is this what turns
A father strange?

Francie arrived,
Then Eucheria,
But ten months later
Bold death took her.
Grief knows no borders
For brothers and sisters.
We left for Canada.

Mammy brought six kids along,
Leaving her dead behind,
Buried with Ireland.

Daddy was waiting for his family,

Six months before Mammy got free
From death's inhumanity.
Her tears and griefs weren't yet over,
She birthed another son and daughter;
Jimmy and Marlene left us too,
Death is sure,
Death is cruel.

Grandchildren came, she was Granny,
Bridget, Nellie, but still our Mammy.
She lived this life enduring pain
That mothers bear,
Mothers sustain.
And yet, in times of personal strain,
I hear myself whisper her name,
Mammy.

Francie Lynch

Her Poem Is Born

Jennifer is my cleaning lady.
Very efficient, and reasonable.
She comes every two weeks.
She knows all my shortcomings,
She empties my bins.
One week, she left me a note,
With a poetic question.
Two weeks later, I waited for her
To discuss her query.
Jen is lost without love,
Lost her love,
Wants to write about the pain.
Quid Pro Quo, thought I,
We were soul mates,
So I took the opportunity
To ask about stain remover,
And behold,
Her poem is born.

Francie Lynch

His Last Sun's Set

Time is running out on us,
The hands replace the feet;
Hasn't time run out on him?
What time can we meet?
His ebb's my flow,
His desert my beach,
His frozen bed my sundae,
Wrap him in white sheets.
His fall's my rise;
Will you close his eyes?
Has the shifting finished yet?
Count his hairs,
His last sun's set.

Francie Lynch

His Thing

He has a thing
That hangs on him;
Keeps it with him
At night, asleep,
In light of day,
He keeps his thing
At work or play.
It's craddled and cuddled,
Each day it doubles;
He's kept it all these years.
He hides it from fam and friends,
He'll keep his thing
From now til then,
Never knowing how or when
This thing will be no more.
It's not a ribbon,
It's not a bow,
How he got it
He doesn't know.
A keepsake that he never shows,
Unless you visit him,
But you're not invited in.
He's dogged by this thing,
His private, personal sin,
Thirsting from within.
Although his cup's filled to the brim,
It's not enough for him,
And his thing.

Francie Lynch

Holding Court

I'm holding court
In my home,
Not so regal
On my throne.
The peons line-up
As I moan,
Trying to pass
My kidney stones.

Francie Lynch

Home Is Where...

When I turned the key on the house
I anticipated my return.
A protracted absence ensues.
The air behind is trapped, absorbed my everything.
Heavy and lush as the garden.
Feet-weary carpets rebound.
Plants watered, counters subdued.
Traps baited in favorite niches.
Spiders already weaving like a sweatshop.
The kettle will sing again.
My legs will be elevated.
Home again from thousands of miles,
Planning my next getaway.

Francie Lynch

Home Movies

I hear a disembodied voice,
It doesn't sound like mine.
I hear it in home movies,
We hear it all the time.
A voice over voice,
Narrating your lifetime
From Summer to Spring
Dancing, playing,
Standing, speaking,
Praying.

I filmed you blowing candles,
Unwrapping Christmas joys,
On celluloid in Mother's arms,
With girlfriends and with boys.
You're sitting on your Granda's knee,
Granny's there too pouring tea.
There's cousins, sisters, aunts and uncles,
Everyone's filmed with your cuddles.
That's you on stage,
On the field,
In a rage,
Or a cartwheel.

Then you're singing,
Packing, leaving.

For thirty years
You've been my focus,
Never out of frame;
Never blurred,
Never obscured,
My eye was on the game.

Years ahead,
When I'm dead,
You will watch these too;
But you may wonder
As you view,

I hear his voice,
But where
Are you?

Francie Lynch

Honest Lies

Honest Lies

I've lived loyal lies,
And since moving,
They're in storage,
Under lock.
I've forgotten where,
But if revealed,
I'm not fearful of discovery.
Should someone assemble
My dissemblings,
Parse the pieces
And make a small announcement,
I'd agree.
I chose lies for themes;
Well-motivated intentions,
Yet carefully selected words
To hurt.

Demons bang on firewalls
With lost love.
I am aging in oaken barrels
Bound with rings,
Dried in kilns,
Soaked as silk yarn
And bowed with
Honest lies.

Francie Lynch

Honey I'm Drunk

Honey I'm drunk,
Don't come by,
But if you do
Bring Canadian Rye;
I've two feet planted
Six feet high,
And I ain't right ready
To lay down to die.
But the sun is sinking,
And my body's stinking,
Honey will you come,
Please bring that Rye.

Hon I'm hung over,
I'm gonna die,
I've six feet planted
Two feet high.
I ain't quite steady,
I could use a high.
The sun's in the east,
My demon's a beast,
So Honey drop by,
Please bring that Rye.

Francie Lynch

Honeycomb Gold

We dredge secrets,
That's the start,
Panning love from art.
Our words wash over
Like sluicing water,
To clean the buried heart.

Crack the hard rock
To reach motherlode;
Veins enrich us,
With jewels to share.

Float to the summit
On romantic trysts;
Reclaim me from
An open pit
With deep drill
Diamond bits.

These small gems
We call poems
Are sweet as gold
From honeycombs.

Francie Lynch

Hot Dog Days Of Summer

The wind chimes are melting,
The ponds are sweltering,
The roads run like black tea;
The flags aren't waving,
Sheets aren't sailing,
The grass looks like gold wheat.
The beaches have more bodies
Than Juno did in June;
The dogs aren't barking,
But the kids are laughing,
Their joy's not lost on me.

I should go to the banks
Of the St. Clair River,
Where the current cools
Beneath the bridges;
Read the names on the Huron freighters
Carrying coal and oil;
They sell tasty dogs and greasy fries,
The northern breeze there never dies.

I should hover like a dragonfly,
Applaud the diverstaking chances,
In the dog days of their youth.

Francie Lynch

Hound Dogs

There's a big black dog
Prowling our streets;
Not the kind that likes to eat,
But devours us,
Piece by piece;
Whether we're up,
Or trying to sleep.
Relentless in pursuit,
Dripping, pausing at each dark house,
Crouched and listening
For tears and shouts;
In the shadow, drooling,
And then there is a wooing,
For one to run,
To its insatiable hunger.

It tears my peace asunder.
Have you seen it loping by?
By God I know I'm in its eyes,
This mongrel escaped from Paradise
Before we knew its name.

This devil dog
Feasts on losses,
Gorges on gains.

A big black dog
With its bone,
A rapacious beast
Best left alone.

Francie Lynch

House Call

The paparazzi are staked out
For the latest splash trending.
Telephoto lenses focussed
On the door in a non-descript
Neighbourhood.
Eye-Witness copter hoovers,
We are in rhythm with the whirling
Chop-chop
Of breaking news.
Riveted to our screens.
A door opens to reveal
A dentist
On his way to work,
Wearing alligator shoes
And wollen pants.
We'd hoped to see
A mane boa
Round his neck.

Francie Lynch

House Concert

I attended a house concert last night. I go to about three a year. The hardest working musicians in the business. The fella last night was from Newfoundland. Drove to Victoria, then to Sarnia, my hometown. Drove thirty-three hours from Regina... in one day. Old and new friends were present, all of us living the middle-class life.

He sang a song, Money Can't Make You Happy.

That's not a truism. It's an opinion. It sounds... eh...

Go for a walk, but you need to cover your feet.

Watch the tele, you need a room.

Have some We time; Your place or mine?

We relish our North American Middle-Class Life.

It's true... money can't make you happy,

But I'd be unhappy without it... some of it.

Later, as I was getting in my Kia,

The Newfoundlander was getting into his Volvo.

His tail lights looked like the smile on his face

After selling his CDs.

Francie Lynch

House Guests

That's what they call themselves,
They make tea and meals,
Clean up after too;
Use the washer,
And everything else,
Things that guests don't do.
I wouldn't call them house guests,
They're way more than that
To me;
Guests will knock on my front door,
These ones walk right through.
I know each one intimately,
They're family to me.

Francie Lynch

House On A Hill

Imagine a house
On a hill. I asked.
What sorta hill. She replied.
That's it.
Just a hill beneath
A house. I went on.
Ah, beneath the house!
So picturesque.

Francie Lynch

How I Do Loathe Thee: Sonnet 45

How do I loathe thee? There aren't enough ways.
I loathe your birth, your girth; the lack of mirth
My tired spirit can reach under your curse;
For loss of truth on your tenuous stay.
I loathe you for the depth of my lost days'
Most silent tears, for all of what they're worth.
I loathe thee as I love our damaged Earth.
I loathe you for your blathering self-praise.
I loathe deeply with the disdain I held
For my old habits, and my wayward sins.
I loathe you with the intense, hurtful pains
Of lost loves left on our bleak battlefields.
I loathe with a passion I freely choose,
As free choice allows. I loathe with my heart,
My thoughts, my whole being; and when you lose,
I'll loathe thee lovingly as you depart.

Francie Lynch

How I Love The Night

She was here
Again last night,
She shows up
In my dreams;
She slipped her arm
In mine, held tight,
And called me
By my name.
I can't say for sure,
You know what dreams are like,
But I felt her here,
As if awake,
How I love the night.

Francie Lynch

How I Measure Time

The hands have moved.
The sun is up and down.
Stars shift.
Tides advance and recede.
Trees add rings.
Winter over. Spring here.
The oven is pre-heated.
The oil change is due.
But time with you
Is immeasurable.

Francie Lynch

How We Measure Time

Time is measured
By machines, stars,
Dials, seasons
And all sorts
Of unconscious,
Impersonal equations.
When we measure
Time by the comings and goings
Of people,
Then it becomes personal.

Francie Lynch

Hues And Cries

Blue Conservatives...
well, they've saddened us;
Red Liberals...
have angered us;
Green Democrats...
I'm inspired!

Francie Lynch

Human Waste

In cities, flushed.
In landfills, buried.
In the Middle-East:
ISIS

Francie Lynch

Humanity's Vanity

When I'm not content
In my skin,
I identify with
My animal kin.
I think outside
The box,
Can be as sly
As the fox,
Sturdy as the ox.
I'll be resilient
As a rat,
Or purr and prowl
As a cat.
I'll be small
Like flies on walls,
Avoiding webs
Of sirens' calls;
Be as stubborn
As a mule,
Laugh like hyenas
Or a fool;
Should I lack
Self-confidence,
The owl allows
Me more sense.
Once she goaded
Me to fight;
But I used
My deer in lights.
At times I'm gentle
As a lamb,
Or slippery as an eel;
And if I find you need hope,
I'll be tethered like a goat.
If I don't get my share,
I'll be grumpy like the bear.
If I want to share my share,
I'll feed you like
Birds of the air.

Should you find
Your world callous,
I'll share the milk
Of human kindness.
I'll spread my wings,
See me soar,
And claw my way
Back to humanity,
Using all my sapient vanity.

Francie Lynch

Humpty Trumpy

Humpty Trumpy promised the wall,
Humpty Trumpy's in a free fall:
His base reactions
To blackened redactions,
Gave Trumpy just cause
For more infractions.

Francie Lynch

Hung Out To Dry

Hung Out to Dry

Mammy never owned a dryer,
She would always use the fire
To dry clean clothes for her eight kids,
Who played in pants as if on stilts,
Wore Goodwill shirts like cardboard fibre.
We'd no money for laundromats,
Immigrants don't waste like that;
We made the move from Ireland,
Turned our backs, washed our hands;
Chose Sarnia to make our home.

Yes, Mammy washed our clothes with stones;
She'd string lines from wall to wall,
And draped our patchwork overalls.
In autumn, winter and early spring,
Our house was strung with clothes line string;
Socks dropped on chairs near heating vents,
Every room had flaps like tents.

One day Daddy stretched a line
From our back porch
To the farthest pine.
Looped the wire on a tubeless rim,
Secured the ends with linchpins.
Mammy was so pleased with him.

We four saw what he'd done,
He'd made a ride for his sons.
We were gliding like clothes drying,
Riding down the yard.
Flapping, laughing, having fun,
Like human clothes under the sun;
We, however, were burdensome,
The line gave up, and we fell hard.

On blustery days when sheets are snapping,
I recall the clothes line cracking,
Our fall from grace had nothing lacking.

Oh, I remember he chastised,
But I also remember
Daddy's eyes,
And how they smiled
When he told his friends
He hung his sons
Out to dry.

Francie Lynch

Hurt

I wish you could feel the hurt,
Not pain;
The thud and drumming of absence,
The waiting, listening, and loss of hope,
Silent, dull and lasting.
It's noticeable in my eyes and voice;
I see it when I shave,
In the clothes I wear.
It lies on me like a rash I can't scratch.
I look average. I look normal.
That's the hurt I wish for.

Francie Lynch

Husbandry

I'll not be wanton with fecundity,
Nor superfluous with beauty.
I'll provide between the images,
Not breathless by the finish.
It's a dustbowl without the wind,
And starry, not star-filled night sky.
I'll have allusions crowd my head,
To keep husbandry on the pages.

Francie Lynch

Hypocrites

From this hypocrite
To all others,
Let's not pretend
We're all brothers.
Stop the smile,
Stop the shakes,
The vacuous pats,
The thumbs up signals
That we're great.
I know you haven't
Got my back.
Let's assume
We're new strangers;
Start again,
Yet still pretenders:
It still comes out the same.

Francie Lynch

I Always Wanted

I always wanted
To be a sage,
Have ears attentive
When I speak,
Have listeners sit-up
In their seats.
Sadly, this only
Comes with age.

I always wanted
To be a looker,
Have heads turn
When I walk by,
Hear my name
In whispered sighs.
Sadly, this only
Comes from hookers.

I always wanted
To be a lover,
Have women oogle
Like all others;
Call out my name
When they scream.
Sadly, it happens
In my dreams.

I always wanted
To be rich,
Have everything at
My fingertips.
This is one
I got done,
My wealth I found
In my children.

Francie Lynch

I Am A Victim

I am a victim
Of crimes against
Humanity.
Being members, thereof,
We are perpetrators
And persecutors
Sharing the accused's glass box,
Or standing witness.

With arms raised
We surrender to
The pulpits, daises, chambers and courts,
To banks and dealers.
In a slight of mind
We conferred
Then annointed
The con-men,
The can women.

We're spellbound.
It's almost pointless:
We refuse to indict
One's self.

Francie Lynch

I Am Guilty

I don't have
A portrait
Draped in my empty attic;
But I have
A rear-view mirror
To reflect back all my antics.
I see them strewn
Across the road,
Drivers swerve
To avoid these loads.
I've littered streets
With vices,
Discarded sharpened axes,
Hewed at those
Who've loved me
With remorse;
Regrets, I carry
In my trunk,
Like junk
They take up space.
I haven't room
For my spare,
Emergency flares
Or personal cares.
So, I stare straight
Out my windshield,
Convince myself
I'm heeled,
I buttress nerves of steel,
And continue down my road.
Like all good drivers
I check my mirrors,
And there I see
Red lights draw nearer.
I should take up
Portrait painting
To cover up
My shame.
I am guilty;

I've not
Been framed.

Francie Lynch

I Am The Aggregate

Every misused glass of water,
Every slight at sons and daughters,
Every successful missile test,
Cars idling, cows lowing,
All the chemtrails we don't see blowing,
Every dent, every theft, every lie and mocking jest,
Can't be held tight to the chest.

Distended stomachs, cardboard boxes,
Soup kitchens and needy churches,
Gay slamming and alternate choices,
These and more need our voices.

Add the carbon in our air,
Two-headed frogs warning, 'Beware, '
The paltry state of our bees,
The fires devouring our noble trees,
The motors on our inland lakes,
These and more will not wait.

All that crawls, swims or wings,
All of us and everything,
Is everything to all,
There's no time to hesitate,
For I am the aggregate.

Francie Lynch

I Am The Ark

Two brains, eyes, ears and lungs,
Two feet, legs, arms and hands;
Ten toes and fingers,
Two kidneys too,
And teeth to spare,
Still countless are my thinning hairs.
I'm ready for the deluge,
I'm a walking ark.

And why not two souls too.

If I had two souls,
I know what I would do;
Like Dorian, I'd degenerate.
Let one be damned eternally,
The other gets Paradise.
The odds are in my favor,
I'm rolling dotless dice.

And two hearts would do.

If I could have two hearts,
How'd I be today?
One could be broken,
One stay whole,
Not to be given away.
Yet my outcome
Would be the same;
A thousand would never do.

Francie Lynch

I Brought A Poem Into A Room

I brought a poem
Into a room
Of well-to-dos.
They went to
North American schools.
They looked at it
For
A middle-class clue.

"It's a poem, " I said.

"... I'm a poet
...and violets are blue."
Said someone who
Said she knew
A poem or two.

To my dismay
And distaste,
They'd never heard
Of Keats or Yeats,
But everyone knew
Of Dr. Seuss.

I will write a rhyming verse
On a dog, a cat and simple mouse.

Francie Lynch

I Can Fly

Oh, I can fly,
And not just
In dreams;
And the landing's
Safer
When I spread
My wings;
And open my eyes
In my dive,
For the rush of
Trees.

Francie Lynch

I Can't Forget What Never Happened

I can't forget what never happened,
With false memories of you.
I wish to forget the events that did
The ones that haunt me still.
The ribbons and bows of preparations,
The unbridled joy of celebrations;
The returning from varied vacations,
The last corner turn onto our street.
The Sunday meals with family,
Grandkids bouncing on our knees
While I sit content by you.
Afternoons with books and tea,
Steeped in a murder mystery.
The silent walks beneath our galaxy;
Entwined and wrapped watching t.v.,
The quiet evenings burning fires,
The passion of our own desires.
Or just laying awake while you sleep.
I can place the whats,
In the who, the where and the when,
And remember the shadow of future events,
That won't be happening again.

Francie Lynch

I Can't Stop You Falling

I can't stop you falling
When you're not in my arms;
I don't hear you crying
When you're in foreign lands.
I can't hear you calling
To me from afar,
And I can't spread a balm
To cure cuts and your scars.
Your plight's universal,
But personal to me,
Your growing pains hurt
When you learn to be free.
But,
If I could just hold you,
Behold and enfold you,
The first thing I'd do
Is probably scold you.

Francie Lynch

I Count Dead People

We're so sure
Concerning births,
With one hundred billion
Born on Earth
Since chaos turned to form;
There's fourteen times more people dead
To the eight billion this time round.
And yet,
I can't conceive
The finality of death.
The equation's misconstrued:
Of all the numbers
Come and gone,
I count mine,
Not yours.

Francie Lynch

I Did A Spliff With Neil Young

Some past details are sketchy now,
There's things I know I've done:
I did a spliff with Neil Young,
Had a pint with Pete's best singer,
Walked on Nelson's ship,
The ship that shook Napoleon.
Stole The Dubliners cigarettes,
And the matches too.
McCartney once played for me,
Cat Stevens served us tea.
Leonard was with Suzanne,
He'll always be your man.
I imagine Lennon at his white grand,
Making love to ivory keys;
Krishna George on a cushion,
With sitar on his knees.
Joni's paradise was paved,
But we saved many trees.
I once floated on a zeppelin,
Beneath the dark side of the moon.
I didn't need an aqualung
To help with songs I sung.
We were changing with the times,
And the times they were a changin'.
ELP and Alice Cooper,
Zappa, Jackson Brown,
Brought us high,
But we came down.
There's so much more to be done,
But when this life has been run,
I'll cross my legs and play some chords
Of yesterday and days before.

Francie Lynch

I Didn't Do It

They believe that I did it,
They saw it in my eyes;
But I didn't really do it,
You know the kind of lie.

I simply compromised;
And so, I didn't do it;
But I know I lied I did,
Have you used this disguise?
Caught up in your silly lie?

It started out sincerely,
I really meant to do it;
I had the plan in place,
It took me by surprise.

I honestly didn't do it,
And they believe I did;
But I know I didn't do it,
And I can't damned answer, 'Why? '

Francie Lynch

I Don't Like That Picture

I don't like that picture framed,
Looking from my shelf;
You're no longer like that,
No longer you're yourself.
I don't like your smiling eyes,
I don't like your hair,
I don't like the way you look,
I don't like you there.
I had plenty,
I was twenty,
A life ahead of me;
I don't like your picture there,
Looking down on me.

I'll place a new shot on the shelf,
A recent picture of myself,
Mirroring pangs of time,
The heartaches that are mine.
A picture of an aged-worn man,
A head that droops,
Shoulders stooped,
A face laced with worry lines,
A wry smile to cover crimes;
A still life and a pantomime.
I don't like that picture there,
When I was in my prime.

Francie Lynch

I Don't Want To Grow Old

I really don't like the idea of growing old.
Don't patronize me with the alternative.
You know squat about that.
There's the smell of bleach and piss,
And the lingering odor of soiling
Up and down the corridor.
There's the swish of mops,
And night comes early.
You say you'll visit, but when? You're busy with life.
I won't be seen at gatherings,
Perhaps a visitation for old friends.
The world should spin counter-clockwise
Before expelling me in its daily gyration.
I want a giant to hold me again,
And tell me I'm a good boy for eating,
For crapping in the toilet.
'Soon enough, ' but you don't dare say so aloud.

Francie Lynch

I Dream Too

You dream.
You dream like me.
I dream.
I dream of you.
Submit.
Admit to twilight swirls,
You dream,
You dream of me.

During the night,
Out of the blue,
Not always,
Yet always,
In the most unusual settings:
The dreamer and the dream concur
The reality is not so sure.

There's those you expect to see,
Leaning into conversations;
There's others there
We want to talk to,
The scene eludes you,
Trying to get through.

The conversatin goes nowhere:
A room full of comfort people
We're surprised to see.

We think it not quite possible,
But the talk makes us believe
These unreal cacophones,
You see,
You dream,
I dream too.

Francie Lynch

I Found A Hole In My Bucket List

I found a hole in my bucket list
Like an hourglass
My dream are slipping,
Dripping on my bare floor.

I should be really pissed
Because I'll miss
Entering through unknown doors.

I haven't time to fix the hole,
The grains are moving,
And Mammy's calling her babes home.

My favourite just hit the ground,
Like a blood stain,
Or a sewer vein,
It makes not a sound.

Two floats in the air,
Three's on the lip,
Four swirls towards the hole,
The remaining dreams
Spin in an eddy,
The final drop is perched and ready.

Eliza's advice would surely falter,
My bucket list is under water.

Francie Lynch

I Get No Sleep

I appear unexpectedly,
For no apparent reason;
And I begin a conversation
You've waited for.
You're reticent when I speak,
When I sit in a familiar chair
In a room we both know;
Where I don't belong.

I've no control over my visits,
No more than yours.
Others are peripherally present,
With marbled voices.

Your focus is me,
Wondering why I'm there.
Do I move to your blind spot, occasionally?
I am invasive and untoward.
I am not plasma, a phantasm or apparition.
I part the misty curtain to your surprise.
 'What are you doing here? '
I ask the same when you visit,
Yet I love to see you, relaxed, entwined.
You treat me as an old friend
With inquiries and interest.

I have so much to confess to you,
But you're disinterested in past failures.
Someone interrupts us,
You leave,
Through the same ethereal mist
That parted for me.

If you called to say you were coming
For a visit,
I'd get no sleep.

Francie Lynch

I Got You Babe

Your toad on the road
Only squats, never stands,
Or sits, 'til it splits
Between the treads of your van.

Your mouse in the house -
If it isn't found out -
Drops pellets in pots,
'Til SNAP - then it stops.

Your bird on the wire,
Sweetly sings (then lets fire) :
And a cat in a hat,
Is cute, but that's that.

Your horse from the stable
Won't be served at your table.
And the deer by the brook,
Well, too much the Bambi to cook.

Yes, a bear in the wood,
Indeed craps where it should.
It is best left alone,
(Keep your meat on your bone) .

Then there is the PIG.
A ruddy pink porker,
Intelligent and clean,
An innocuous oinker.
It does nothing too heinous,
(And yes, it should shame us)
As it lies silently smiling
With a spit up its anus.

Francie Lynch

I Hate Love

I hate love
When forced
To say
Good-bye.

Francie Lynch

I Have A Nom De Plume

I have a nome de plume,
A pseudonym,
An AKA that let's me tell
My secret.
None but me,
And the new moon
Knew it til this day.
I'll start
And end these poems
The same:
Using my new name.
I'll start
Saying something simple
Yet so simply profound;
The surest poem
With truth to its words
In all of creation -
'I Love You.'

Francie Lynch

I Have Compared

I'm not in love.
I once was,
The knock-down feeling,
Gasping.
Was it on a summer log,
Or was that jealousy
Of the lapping water at your feet.
The snow angel made
When you lay down.
The burning leaves still tingle.
I picked the orchid corsage.
Love goes,
But never seems to leave.
I've compared.
You're more fragrant,
Warmer, cooler.
Still in the world
To remind
There's only so much time.
The date will follow
The chiseled hyphen,
No other name
To read.

Francie Lynch

I Have Dough Inside My Head

I hear a motor
In my head,
Cranking, moaning,
Turning, turning...
It's not dead.

I have an onion
In my head;
It has no seed
I can embed.
But I keep
Peeling, peeling...

I have a pencil
In my head,
An HB2
Scratching on
My blank cortex,
Itching to
Put down fine text.
Scratching, scratching...

I have dough
Inside my head,
Needing kneading
Just like bread.
When it's baked
Sliced and spread,
I'll offer some
To be read.

Francie Lynch

I Have Found My Saviour

Have you found a Saviour;
One to emulate,
Then denigrate,
Whip and crown and tree?
Then turn, and say,
It wasn't me.

Would I have seen the god-like qualities,
Listen to the sermons,
Eat the fish and bread,
Drink the watery wine?
Would he raise me from the dead?
Could my feet fit the prints
On the sands of Galilee.
Would he admonish me
For having two coats,
Finishing my smoke
With one straw in my coke?

I have found my Saviour.

Francie Lynch

I Have To Pee

In fathoms
Between my flannel sheets,
There's no better place
To sleep;
But then I turn my blanket on,
Level Two
Is snug and warm.
Envelope-like we interlope,
Entwine and grind,
And grasp and grope,
Giving me rising hope.

'Up now. Rise. Up periscope! '
'Dive. Dive! '

Beneath waves and swirls,
Beneath flannel caps
To chests of pearls,
Now deeper,
Where life unfurls.

Our raging flannel
Seas
Grow calm;
And in the quiet,
After the storm,
We lie on
Our bedded sea,
My first mate sighs:
'I have to pee.'

Francie Lynch

I Knew Her

I knew her when
She learned her letters;
She liked me too.

We shared a tent;
Followed the sparks fading in the full moon's face.
Draped water over our skins at midnight.

She bickered with her mother,
Whom she mothered today.

She once had a mole
Only we two knew.

I knew her then.
That's the fact of it.

She rebelled,
Then surpassed naysayers and detractors.
I knew her, then.
Got to know her at her best-
A sharer, and keeper,
One who wasn't one to rest.

I knew her without discretion;
Like when she partied at Mardi Gras,
Wearing string-beads, blowing saxes,
Something she never spoke of.

Then, this cannot be her.
I knew her, and,
I didn't know.

Francie Lynch

I Knew I'D Use It Someday

The young who wizen
Leave me grieving until my breathing stops.
For many years I wallowed
With old photos.
There's one of Jimmy in a familiar leg cast,
Holding court with a circle of friends
In the damp cement cellar.
No more lines to flip,
No visages to make us laugh.
I used to hear his favourite tunes
Coming from his room.
Such a great loss,
A terrible trouble.
At sixteen we knew he was
A young Methuselah:
Green on the vine,
Unaged wine, a bitter pill.

Dying, dying, dying.

To love him was to leave him
In his last dark hours.
No brother could do more.
I feel his soft parting touch on my hand
After trips and years and careers.
Jimmy was bold, and shy of seventeen.
He wrote, and I saved it, unexpectedly:
 "Peacocks dabbling through the wind
 Were the spectrum of her eyes."
I knew I'd use it someday.

Francie Lynch

I Know What I Am Looking For

I ripped the curtains
Off the window,
Tore the carpet
Off the floor,
I know what I am looking for.

I emptied cupboards
And sideboards,
Cleaned out the basement,
Checked my stores,
I know what I am looking for.

I searched the attic
And the shed,
Was it all
Just in my head?
I hear you,
Feel you,
Know you're here;
I know what I am looking for.
Yet Poe's one word keeps haunting me:
Nevermore.

Francie Lynch

I Lie

You know you shouldn't ask that question.
You know you force me into a lie;
And in the middle of my patent answer,
You cry.

You know I couldn't be mistaken.
You know I try to see your surprise;
But before I can finish my lie,
You cry.

There doesn't seem to be any escape.
We act together with little debate;
But the answer is always the same,
I lie.

Francie Lynch

I Like A Good Salmon Sandwich

I took the pen with me,
After signing the guest book
In the parlor,
At the Home.

You might think of forgiving me,
Thinking as good people do,
I took it as a memorial sticking point;
But I didn't know the deceased.

I was acting as a devout escort,
To be seen as doing the right thing.
Perception, you've been told,
Is everything.

So, I made sure no one saw me
Take the pen.

For extra insurance,
To project my semblance,
Following the eulogies,
I attended the luncheon,
And ate salmon sandwiches,
And carrot sticks.
On leaving, I grasped the hands:
"Sorry for your troubles, "
I said

Francie Lynch

I Love

I love the Seasons:

The luminescent sproutings,
The melt, the harlequin winds
And the knee-deep sun.
I'm not in love with the Seasons.

I love the Beach:

The watusi to the shore
Where foreign waves
Lapdance my tired feet.
I'm not in love with the Beach.

I love a BBQ:

The fingered smells
In my nose,
The breaking of bread,
The leaning laughing heads,
The icy throats, and ants.
I'm not in love with a BBQ.

I love a Concert:

The M&M crowd,
The swarming waving fireflies,
The ka-boom,
The expectant memories.
I'm not in love with a Concert.

I love a good Ride

That parts my hair,
Pushes my cheeks, nut-like
As my Shadow drags the meridian.
I'm not in love with a Ride.

I love Holidays,

Wrapped and bound.
The gathering storm;
The smell of wax and cold mail
Of cards that say little,
But mean everything.

I'm not in love with Holidays.

I love my Home,
Every web and peel,
Dripping faucet and warm fire.
I love the honey-do list.
I'm not in love with my Home.

You, I love for all the wrong reasons.

Francie Lynch

I Met A Girl With The Lotd

I met a girl
With the look of the day.
Unadorned, not plain;
No ink or glitter
On skin, smooth
As warm water,
Therapeutic as epsom.
She wore no
Liner to draw attention:
Her eyes caught you,
Even closed.
Lips, blistered
With satiation,
Were drop dead read.
No ring could improve
The gleen from her nails.
No piercing couture;
Her style is what makes her,
Her clothes always fit her.
She's quiet, not shy,
Yet the slightest disturbance
Sets her about.
She's a captress
And flawless;
Reminding us daily
Our birth beauty
Is ageless.

Francie Lynch

I Met This Girl

I met this girl
Who couldn't speak,
But signed
And sighed she loved me.

I met this girl
With discerning taste,
Who held the virtue
Of human grace.

I met this girl
Who couldn't hear,
But felt me beat,
And knows my tears.

I met this girl
Who had the touch,
She wasn't one
To demand so much.

I met this girl
Who couldn't see,
Perhaps that's why
She's in love with me.

Francie Lynch

I Miss You Like A Toothache

I miss you
Like a toothache
Needing extracting.
To think I once loved you
Who filled a cavity.

I miss you
Like a broken leg.
Now I walk by.

I miss you
Like a scab,
But the scar
Reminds me
How cruel a cut
You are.

Francie Lynch

I Need An Anne Sullivan

My heart's distressed,
Emotions vexed,
Images can't escape.
I'm perplexed,
My text is vexed,
I can't explain
What I feel.

My hands are dyslexic,
I'm swirled in the vortex
Of unwritten lines to read.
The words are trapped,
My message clapped
In perceptions
That can't be freed.

I try to release them,
Catch and cage them,
Then arrange them gregariously.
Then in a while,
Using some guile,
I'll fashion
Some fine poetry.
Such is the state
Of me.

I've heard the quip,
Been well-advised,
Just write how you feel.
To me, that's blathering,
Bothersome nattering,
Void of poetic appeal.

I need a someone,
Like Anne Sullivan,
To teach me
How to feel.
Not with eye or ear or lips,
But with senses

Alive within me.

Francie Lynch

I Never Saw My Old Man's Dick

Da never bought a froggy pool;
We weren't friends like friends in school;
Towels weren't flicked at genetalia,
We never played til we showered naked.
We didn't hike and shoot the breeze,
Nor dump or whiz behind the trees.
We never hit the links together,
And relieved ourselves in St. Andrew's heather.
We never streaked sorority dorms,
Or stood bare-assed in a storm.
We never stood shoulder to shoulder,
At urinals for a sneak peak over.
Swimming wasn't a thing for Da,
So we never swam in the raw.
And Da was never one to flash.
Near the end I caged my wrath,
Yet never gave him a sponge-bath;
But 'Clean my teeth, ' was what he asked.
Let me bring this to a close,
Da was seldom without his clothes.
I never saw my old man's dick.
And that's the long and short of it.

Francie Lynch

I Preface All My Stories

I believe love has an evil twin,
But I could be losing my mind.
There are petals on thistles,
And thorns on roses;
I can turn 360 or 180
And ride off in any direction.
Tales run like a loop in my brain,
Not recalling who's heard what,
I preface:
"I've probably told you this before, but..."
Is how any old story begins.
Deja Vu is my new life.
Every thought was once a poem
To be polished and revealed.
Today, they are intermittent.

I've been trolling old television series;
The Monkees were terrible then,
Terrible still;
The Three Stooges were best left in the memory vault;
Bonanza still has Ben wearing his beige vest;
Elizabeth Montgomery is still bewitching;
Jeannie is irritatingly attractive.
I must be leaking grey cells;
Rationality is creaking in my bone-head.

Francie Lynch

I Remain Yours

Our youth was seasoned
With greens and blues
When your skin scorched me.
Still burns.

Could we but flip
Pages like clock hands;
We need only agree,
And nocturnal waves
Would lap again,
And all the world
Would fall in time
Upon itself.

Elements, such as we,
Cannot.
Your present calendar
Has days X-ed off,
Days checked on.
Times have changed
Peoples and places.

I remain yours.

Francie Lynch

I Selfie. Therefore, I Am

I'm waiting with certain trepidation
Assured my reality
Is in for something big.

The eleventh dimension
Can't assuage my dread.
There's something happening,
As big as Dead.

The cellphone's our new Nativity,
Destroying my old myths;
Where's the white salamander hurrying,
Spirits Hoovering, aliens lurking,
Hairy bipeds in the forests,
Yetis in the snow.
Nothing soon forthcoming.
It all looks like Montana.

I can't snap inside the sun,
Nor freeze-frame a revolution;
Or the moment one feels love;
But truth is self-evident.
And the facts are yet to come.

All the best stories,
My life-changing beliefs,
Need one still, a black and white will do;
Til then,
We'll suspend
Disbelief,
And sustain credence,
Close to the dark room.

Then we'll be the Magi,
Bowing, grovelling,
Awed and surprised.

Francie Lynch

I Slap My Back

You've probably never heard of Lough Egish.
I'm not surprised.
The gene pool there, swirling near the mill,
For centuries,
Produced a multitude of survivors
From famine, Cromwell,
And seven hundred years of ethnic cleansing.
Then, sixty-one years ago today,
Me.

Francie Lynch

I Think, Therefore... (10w)

I'm aware of two certainties;
Certainly taxes is neither one.

Francie Lynch

I Was Born To Die

I know of death,
Incensed with all of it.
The weighty strain of darkness,
Eyes closed, stopped ears, stuffed nose.
I was petrified while the world stumbled,
My wordless mouth gapes like a maw
Needing stitches.
I lounge in a toga,
Motionless as erect alabaster.
I was born to die,
But not like this.

Francie Lynch

I Was Co-Joined

I was co-joined
By an isthmus of words;
Ringed as an island.
If I walked away,
I was snapped back;
If I rolled over,
I was chosing sides;
Getting dressed
Was a dialogue;
Eating was identical.
But now,
Now that the separation
Has set in,
I'm next to an idiot,
I'm beside myself.

Francie Lynch

I Was Found Lacking

I was driven to the wilderness
When a flaming sword appeared;
Then tethered like a goat
For the demon was revealed.

I've got a mark, like Cain,
To identify me;
So I stumbled through the gulches
For a place to be free.

You told me I was naked,
I never realized;
You should fit inside my head
And see me with my eyes.

I've slept with swine,
Caroused with jackals,
Spit in the face of Him;
And it was then you found me out;
Cried and mourned,
For I was never good at hiding,
And thus you found me
To be lacking.

Francie Lynch

I Was It

I was It.
Singled out
By a mere
Eenie-meenie.
Now I touch you,
You freeze.
Now you're It.
I'm not.

Francie Lynch

I Was Just A Witness

A light cracked the door,

And then we hear:

'All rise.'

I witnessed Justice

Behind the glass, in a box:

He scratched and stretched

Skin over his eyes and brows and stubbled face,

Needing a fix for his appearance.

Something was unbalanced

Before me.

Our view

Was that of figures bending,

Whispering inaudibly,

With ear pieces and muffled mikes,

Suspending us and time.

At recess we talked of trials and errors,

And recalled the blind man's bluff,

Then someone called over.

A solemnity plea was set before the judge.

Did he hear:

'Just over the limit...

Machines have a rate of variability...'

He wore no belt or laces, and perhaps

No socks.

That could make him unbalanced.

'All rise.'

Again.

I almost fell to my knees

And pressed my hands

To surrender.

And I was just a witness.

Francie Lynch

I Well Know This Day

Outside is calm,
The shrieks have ceased;
The sounds of laughter
Left our streets.
The chalk lines faded
Like summer tans,
The derelict castles
Lie in the sand.
The swings sit still,
The splash downs vacant,
The parents have gladly abdicated,
Relinquished reigns and riding crops,
The mowers, rakes and garden tools;
For the kids are finally back at school.

Francie Lynch

I Will Age

I wish to age like a wrap-around porch
In an east coast storm,
With generations telling tales
While sipping on their drinks.
A porch of late nights and blinking stars,
A place to run to to get out of rain,
With wooden steps for mail delivery,
With ascending and descending friends.

I will age like a tree, grow stronger in the wind;
Give shade and shelter to all who come
Beneath my spreading limbs.

I wish to age like a river,
Bending to land as I come and go,
Floating everyone I know,
With eternal waters defying death,
A river winding with no rest.

I will age like a star,
Burning bright, giving light,
Something to reach for.

I wish to age like a mountain,
With secret caves and riches.
And you can rock your soul
Around, over or through,
Solid, strong, towering for you.

I will age like the moon,
In stages, full and new;
Each night a bit different
As I wax and wane, grow and fade,
As all who age must do.

Francie Lynch

I Will Surely Be Second

Take me first.

I stood witness at the bed
As Mammy withered
To a stick, so small,
She couldn't cast a shadow.

Take me first.

I was one to agree
To stop the whirring machine,
And stood there
As Jimmy flat-lined.

Take me first.

Marlene asked me
If she was dying.
Thirty-nine is too young
To give an answer.

Take me first.

Daddy left in a hurry;
No good-byes in life
Or in death.

If I'm not taken first
Before my girls,
I will surely be second.

Francie Lynch

I Wish I Was Ever Born

A sudden splash of misty whiteness
Where sterile outlines fill
With skin pink water colors,
Then the rainbows separate into distinct arcs,
Blending again at my supplication.

Shushed whispers turn my head.
I listened for whistles, songs, familiar voices;
Pleased to praise when requested, when warranted,
Advise when asked, offer silence when needed.

I felt skin on my skin,
Sunblock and creams,
Long before your hand in mine.
I have offered my hands too,
In aid and love.

Your scent is forever,
And can't be covered with perfumes or incense.
At the most unusual times, it hits me.
I'll turn in a line, or somewhere,
Expecting you right there.
I enter a room knowing you're near,
Here, within.
Part of my life I live in vain memory.

It's bitter sweet, sour and umami, this journey,
And we are the salt of the earth, our earth.
From deprivation to overload.
And I sense, with sound insight,
We can still get it right.

Francie Lynch

I, Abacist

Beads are moving
On the family abacus.
Five to the right.
One to the left.
Five welcome concerns.
Five welcome mourners.
No hand controls or limits
The ones shifting
Along thinning guide wires.
Enter. Hello. Right.
Exit. Good-bye. Left.

Francie Lynch

I, Assassin

I was an assassin,
With magnifying glass and firecrackers,
Bringing Sodom's destruction down on pismires.
BB's left feathers fluttering on powerlines;
Slingshots made Swiss cheese of tree nests.
It's the Wild West outside the urban boundary
Where the .22 slew coyotes and red-tailed foxes.
Old dogs and tired cats were destroyed.
And just now, when the January thaw is here,
I trapped a housefly between my windows,
Opened to draw air.
It will die of starvation in a merciless frenzy.
"Murder, " cried the old king.
"Most foul."

Francie Lynch

I, Dumbass

Nero fiddled,
Trump diddled,
The outcome is the same.
Handbaskets are in flames.
I, said:
"Others are to blame."

Francie Lynch

I, Me Mine

My use of personal pronouns
Puts me in my poem;
I can roll a rock with Sisyphus,
Be in a ceiling flame in Rome.

I can bring you back to life,
Sharing tales and tea;
Sitting there before my fire,
For all eternity.

I go marauding with Attila,
Walk with Neil Armstrong,
Fly high with Amelia,
Be a Beatle with my song.

My pronouns give me presence
In my lover's residence;
I'm just a specter she can't see;
A spirit I admit is me.

I can jot an "I" with "you,"
I could pen an "our";
But that's just ink on my notebook,
Not as sweet as sour.

I can use my pronouns
To put you in my verse;
And then I lay my pen down,
I'm cursed, but none the worse.
It's just poetry to me.

Francie Lynch

I, Spongebob

I absorbed,
Blotted misery,
Lapped with eyes,
Soaked-up transgressions,
Mopped-up history,
Was steeped in trials,
Ingested triumphs,
And truly assimilated.
But the ground is saturated,
My prints fill
With the brine
Squeezed out.
I am the salt of the earth,
Parched and cracked.
You preferred candyfloss;
I dripped the last drop.

Francie Lynch

Ice-Cream

I chose ice-cream
Over yogurt;
Strawberry, vanilla or chocolate.
Each equally without prejudice
Atracted.
The fifteen year old server
Was kinda short;
The vanilla tub had about three scoops
Remaining,
Stacked hidden like frozen snow-balls
As in war games.
His task would have been daunting
And embarassing,
And I, a humanitarian
From higher education,
An altruist from St. Joseph's,
Could not allow it.

The chocolate tub
Was yet covered,
And the sobbing child's cries
Were hardening in my ears
As Dad tried to allay
His chocolate tears,
Applying the five second rule.
I am an empath
By nature and poetry,
So, turning from chocolate,
Left me strawberry.
Triple scoop too.
I believe
You thought through
Your choices
Like flavors of ice-cream.
Being imaginative,
I do.

Francie Lynch

Icicles (10w)

Take solace from sol;
The icicles are long,
And elongating.

Francie Lynch

I'd Give My Right Arm

She clung to me like willow shade,
With one step I'm in the sun;
If my day got hot and hazy,
I knew where to run.

She dropped a force field round me,
From ground up to my crown;
I burrowed once beneath her,
But I was digging down.

I want to cross the street.
I want to ride a bike.
I want to stay til morning,
To keep with her all night.

I listen for the breathing;
A sign from her eyes;
I want her lips to move and lie,
Only babies cry.

She lay with no reply.
My willow waned and died;

Francie Lynch

Idiots

Avoid spewing in an idiotic argument.
"Idiots" has two "I's",
And the third's about to interject.

Francie Lynch

If

If you were a book,
I'd read you again.

If you were a ride,
I'd wait in line.

If you were my dream,
I'd never awaken.

If you were a star,
I'd never look down.

If you were a flower,
I'd never look up.

If you were mine,
I don't know what I'd do;
But I'd do it.

Francie Lynch

If I Could Do It Again...

The disembodied radio host asked:
If you could live a past experience,
What would you choose?
I searched my far and recent memories.
What would it be?
Some thought ensued...
Then some more.
A week's gone by. Here's why.
Seven days ago...
I'd like, I thought, to bumper-jump
In four inch snow.
Then six days ago...
The tender, innocent, inviting experience
Of my most amazing, surprising and tantalizing
First Kiss.
Then five days ago...
My university years. They happened once.
Then four days ago...
Achieving a pleasing place with my avocation.
Then three days ago...
The first born, second born, third born. Daddyhood.
Then two days ago...
My happy and contented first day of retirement.
One day ago...
A Guinness and a shot of Jameson. Grandahood.
And today?
What would I like to re-experience...
Many more days
Like today.

Francie Lynch

If I Had But Twenty-Four Hours

If I had but twenty-four hours,
Who would I call?
Each daughter would take a year;
The brothers and sisters would yammer
For a month each;
Every friend would spend a week
Re-hashing our adventures and antics;
Favourite teachers and colleagues
Would like longer, but I can't afford more
Than a day per;
All others, except my detractors,
One minute,
The latter,
One second,
And with them,
All,
I'd need another lifetime.

Francie Lynch

If I Say I Hate You

If I say
I hate you,
I mean to say
I know you
As much
As if
I love you.

Francie Lynch

If They Spoke

I am not a King, like Henry,
But I've princes and princesses.

I am not a Neruda,
But I'm read.

I am not a Lewis,
Yet people laugh with.

I am not a Palmer,
Though I've aced a few.

I am no Lennon,
However, they ask for a song.

I'm far from being a Casanova,
And yet, I'm not alone.

I am no Graham,
Though the spirit moves me.

I am no Saarinen,
But my children sleep in beds I made.

Don't call me an Einstein
Because I've understood.

I am not a Child,
But you are welcome at my table.

I am none but myself.
If they spoke,
They'd envy me.

Francie Lynch

If We're Still Here When You Get Older

Hey, Xavy:

If we're still here
When you get older,
Check out the potholes on my street;
Are we still planting telephone poles,
Accusing animals for sky blue holes?
Are there tourists in S.E. Asia;
Did Manhattan disappear?

Are people dying with different bodies,
Still thinking with their transplanted heads?
Do we build schools, did the shootings stop?
Is work still measured by the clock?
Do well-heeled shepherds still manage flocks?
Have you seen our fingers evolve,
Does anyone listen to voices at all?

When you get there, Xavy,
Take a look.
Did they heed the Richter scales,
The geo-thermal warnings,
The snow caps' warmings?
Does wildlife drink from Winter's brooks,
Is the soil capable of growth,
Does Spring herald re-birth?

The spirit is indomitable.
No problem insurmountable.
Denial is unintelligible,
The sacrifice regrettable,
But no other choice acceptable.
And the legacy left remarkable.

Ah, Xavy, What I would to be a small part of your unfolding world.
But I've got to go.
All the Best.
Granda

If You Do Date

If you
Do date,
Come the
Due date,
It's now
Too late
For your
Debate.
You've a
New date.

Francie Lynch

If You Need A Poet Laureate

If you want a ballad
On a tragic conflict
Of important people,
With a little magic,
I can write of kidnapped girls
Who disappeared
From our world.

I can pen a narrative
On the Lady of the White House
Seeing her world
Reflected in a mirror,
Like Jackie's interior struggles
With all of Jack's trollops.

Perhaps a dramatic monologue
Such as Push one for English.

Sonnets will cost you more,
But an ode comes cheaply
As I praise your features
In lofty style,
Or personify
Your shoes with soul.

I can be a winner
With eulogies
And elegies.
I once grieved for Elvis
While standing
At the dais
With lyrical style
And more.
Just say what you adore;
If you need a poet laureate,
I can write a couplet.

Francie Lynch

If You'd Been Here When I Was Young

If you'd been here
When I was young,
You'd not forget
What we'd have done.

We'd climb roofs,
Jump in the river,
Snatch neighbours pears,
Then skedaddle,
Laughing with sweat-matted hair,
Wiping off those grown-up cares.

We'd bumper-jump in four inch snow,
And never let our parents know.
Oh, such fun we two would do,
If you'd been here when I was young.

We'd skate and bike,
Play street ball,
Act up in school,
Stand in the hall;
We'd hike with jars
Along country brooks,
Read and trade
Our comic books.
Lie in the sand,
Burn in the sun,
Forgetting it was time for home.
We'd never tire of our treats,
And often we'd forget to eat
Because we're having all our fun:
If you'd been here when I was young.

We'd play Tag and Red Rover,
Flags and Chase,
Then have sleep-overs.
We'd swap tomorrow
For daily pearls,
Then swap each other

For pretty girls.
This is the way
We'd have our fun,
If you'd been here
When I was young.

But now you're here,
And I'm much older,
The things we'd do
You'll do with others;
But when you need a boost to climb,
This old man has a shoulder.
Yes, I can still have lots of fun,
For you're here now
To keep me young.

Francie Lynch

If You'll Allow Me

If you'll allow me,
I'll be the booming voice,
Or the low murmur,
You stifled,
Long ago,
In your head.
But I won't allow you
To muzzle me.

Francie Lynch

If Your Heart Is Racing

If your heart
Is racing,
Rest between
The steps,
Breathe between
The pulses,
Respire with desire,
But don't
Miss a beat.

Francie Lynch

If You're Naked, Laugh

When you soar,
Others are up there too.
When you fall,
You fall on someone.
When you stand,
You don't wait alone.
When you dream
Of having wings,
Or being chased, tripping
And falling before the beast,
When you dream
Of being naked in the crowd,
Laugh out loud,
You're still not alone.
There's a few billion doing the same.

Francie Lynch

I'LI Be Calm By November

The Vortex has bolted;
The Express left;
The sun, moon and stars
Conspire in the sky
In imitation of Spring,
Before the final plunge.

Then, the Red-winged,
Red-breasted and
Yellow-footed featheries
Will nest and roost
Where I don't want them.

The droppings of winter
Are exposed;
Last Fall's leafy refuge
Upbraid me;
Winter's cover
Is pulled back,
The slumber ends.

I am compelled
To join the festival,
Buy gasoline
For Spring's toys.
I will,
Perhaps,
Be calm
By November.

Francie Lynch

I'M A Cliche Poet

I am a cliché poet.
I compare most of your parts
To the cosmos;
I refer to love as immortal,
The soul as ethereal,
The spirit as bird-like,
Death as a cave, surely dark and lonely,
And nature has a magnificent part
With all its pathetic fallacies,
Sunrises, sunsets, tides.
I once compared a man's legs
To an aerial roadmap,
And a bosom to a bull frog
In the Savannah.
O, the crosses I've borne to explain saying
I love you
Without sounding trite.
I may resort to prose
And dress up the poetic mantra.

Francie Lynch

I'M A Molten Mess

I'm a molten mess
Of emotion
Flowing in
My core.
I'm girthed
With waves
Of passion
That heat up
When you're near.
My skin quakes
With your breath,
I'll orbit til
We finally touch,
Erupting
In cold sweat.

Francie Lynch

I'M A Piece Of Work

I'm a piece of work.
A block of marble,
A bit of rock;
A driftwood face
Waiting near a dock.
Or a song
Without refrain,
That you won't
Hear again.
A pattern, pinned
For sewing,
A garment fit for stowing.
A man in queue
Looking back
At you.
A canvas smeared
With gesso,
Leaning near a frame,
A sonnet
Missing
A rhyming couplet,
An octave and a sestet.
I am
A work
In progress.

Francie Lynch

I'm A Pugilist

In an aside at the pub the other day,
I commented that the hockey player
Looked like a French-Canadian.
I was called a racist for that.
(but he did)

While watching some Miss Pageant
With her the other night,
I commented that all the women
Are beautiful enough to be crowned.
Now I'm a sexist.
(they were gorgeous)

For the sake of argument, I am a religionist.

I'm against Jihads, but I'm not Jihadist.
I don't go goo goo over babies,
So I suspect someone will say I'm an infantist.

She texted, saying she wants to fix the fight.
Well, I am a pugilist,
And I know when the fight's been fixed.

Francie Lynch

I'M A Stranger

I'm not out to deceive,
But will you believe,
Sight unseen,
I've a million
In my front pockets.
You don't have a reason?
I'm not gentry,
I'm not young,
I'm only one
Of several sons.
I've not got designers on.
Oh, you've heard of me,
But we've not crossed paths.
Would you buy insurance
From me:
I'm a stranger.
Could you believe
In my innocence
Of most crimes.
Why not?
So many do,
And shouldn't I
Believe in you.

Francie Lynch

I'M Afraid Of Spring

Between icy snows
And harlequin trees,
The flowers colour
Our Spring;
Summer's ripening sun
And shade
Fades like
September tans.
Then December sets in.

I'm so tired of Winter,
I'm afraid of Spring.

Francie Lynch

I'M Deceived

What you perceived
When I deceived
Was only one symptom
Of my disease.
What other reason
Have you for leaving?
We made promises
When we started out,
To be there
Through sickness and health.
It's clear to me
I'm deceived,
Now that you're
Found out.

Francie Lynch

I'm Leery, Dr. Timothy

'Turn on, ' he preached,
A psychedelic mantra.

'Turn off, ' I rejoin.
Recharge your battery.
Hear the place.
Don't skip out.

'Tune in.'
That's what he proclaimed,
Like a hallelujah chorus.

'Tune out, ' I say.
Extract the buds, and smell the flowers.

'Drop out, ' his litany ended.
Alone, or with drop outs?
Distances and depths vary.
But his voice carried.

'Drop by, ' I say. Stay awhile.
Drink strong tea, and walk in the garden,
With me.

Francie Lynch

I'M Next To An Idiot

I'm beside myself,
What can I do?
Having an OBE
Because of you.

I'm next to an idiot,
The blame lies with you;
Like an NDE,
I'm leaving you.

Is this a dream?
My being's askew;
I'm not what I seem
Because of you.

My body of bliss
Roams looking for you;
I think I made
An astral breakthrough.

I'm on a spiritual walk
On a plane that's new;
This plane will crack
When I'm snapped back to you.

It's a paranormal snafu
That won't do;
But I'll return
When my body's near you

Francie Lynch

I'm Not A Willing Plagiarist

Isn't it easy to write during these times,
And difficult to write on these times,
Without ripping off figurative comparisons.

I want to use wasteland
But I'd be the one compared,
And that won't work. That's not my intent.
Besides, Townsend and T.S. worked it.

There are the platinum choices
Like Satan, Lucifer, or Legionnaire.
But Milton has his scent all over these,
And the Bible invented them.

Those times.
These times.

Apocalypse, or any version thereof,
Would surely bring Brando to mind,
And Kurtz's heart of darkness.

There are inspiring descriptors like,
Cataclysm, devastation and destruction.
Well-represented in cinema
Since Birth of a Nation.
Now there's irony.

As much as Holocaust would be perfect to plagiarize,
I, nor anyone else, should ever attempt,
(And it would be a vain glory attempt at best)
To use this singular word
In an analogy for anything, ever again.
Ever!
Unless absolutely necessary.
Unless someone we know gets stupid.
Then more stupid.
Then stupider.
Then most stupid.
And finally,

Not with a whimper, but a bang.
I faltered, and used it;
However, not exactly plagiarism,
Is it?
And for argument's sake,
It's not original either.

Francie Lynch

I'm Not Nuts

I've had a better life
Than a squirrel.
Ask anybody.
But looking out,
I'm envious of that
Mite invested, bushy-tailed one,
Fleeing up my tree.

Francie Lynch

I'M Not Remiss

I'm not adverse
To your discourse,
Your lines
On aches and longings.
Am I remiss
To dismiss
Your lonely poems
On dying?
You're killing me.

Francie Lynch

I'M Not Something Choice

I'm not anti-gay;
I enjoin their parades.

I'm not anti-lesbian;
In truth,
I'm in love with them.

I'm not anti-trannie;
I'm Granda not Granny.

I'm not anti-bi;
But still I won't try.

I'm not a misogynist;
Though I use the word, 'chick.'

I'm not Questioning,
Anyone.

I'm Pro-Life,
And Pro-Choice.
A singular voice.

Take it easy.
I've foibles
Shared by
The race.

Francie Lynch

I'm Repeating Myself Too Much

You've always said:

'You told me that already.

You're repeating yourself too much.

Have you early stages of dementia? '

And yet, you want to hear,

'I love you, ' everyday.

Francie Lynch

I'M Senseless

When the wind
Shouts down the leafs,
I hear.

If clouds mass
In columns,
I see.

As the ground
Swells and rolls,
I feel.

When the rain
Reaches my lips,
I taste.

After bees
Give birth to scents,
I smell.

Near you,
I'm senseless.

Francie Lynch

Imitations Of Spring

Above zero
In the Siberian Express,
The Arctic Vortex
Is slipping up.
I see cement,
A welcome event.
Winter birds
Are chirping
In the early light
Of morn,
And crows
Keep on cawing,
From lighted dusk
Til dawn.
The squirrels are leaner now,
Looking for old nuts,
Like me
When I begin to think
These imitations of Spring
Might bury winter's sting.

Francie Lynch

I'm-Mortal

I feel most alive
Walking and gawking
In a graveyard.

Francie Lynch

In It Now

I'm wading
Through it;
Up to
My eyeballs.
I can't run,
Barely crawl;
I'll submerge
If I fall
Into the alphabet.
I can't stand,
I won't sit;
There's nothing
Left,
But
To write
It.

Francie Lynch

In My Arms

When you find peace in my arms,
Deny chance.
I cradled seedlings to the table
By weeding.
I made undirected costume changes
And showed you a mask beneath the skin.
I opened doors for children and the aged.
I played, and sang along.

When you find comfort in my arms,
Deny luck.
I helped lift the disenfranchised,
Extended deadlines,
And refused entitlements.
Causes wore away my soles
Carrying loved ones both ways.
We buried hatchets between friends.

When you find love in my arms,
Deny coincidence.
I learned from teachers
Love is manifest in sacrifices
Wrapped in obligation.
My arms are tired,
Yet I will embrace all.
And thus, I caress you.

Francie Lynch

In My Pixelled Life

If we could PVR our lives,
We'd pause at moments
Of delight;
Rewind when memory's
Not quite right;
Fast forward during
Times of strife;
Hit mute if we get too loud,
Re-boot when we act too proud.
I've moments like
A satellite stream
Of unseen waves
Directing themes
In 3D pixels,
And onetime dreams.

Francie Lynch

In No Time

I'll book freighter passage, back,
Across the Atlantic,
To the siren Island.

A freighter cabin,
And book a bed,
In a town in Cavan.

But not with Frank
On the farm.
I'll sit with him,
Pour questions out,
Drink pot-boiled water
From tea-ringed mugs;
Wear an extra layer
To keep warm;
And muddy wellies
On his cement floor,
In his soot-walled room,
Behind the rot-worn door,
Closer to the road
Than it was before.

There' s no cold ash
In the open hearth,
Where generations died and birthed.
It matters not
How thick his walls,
Roof and all
Will fall to earth.

... then, I will book a flight.

"I know an agent who knows your man
who has the machine to do the job... in no time."

Francie Lynch

In Pill Form

I once sped through Sarnia's streets
Delivering prescriptions for Mel's Pharmacy
To stately and not so stately homes
In the North End, and the South ends of the city,
To the same houses, every month,
With The Pill.

Forty-five years later,
And a lot of conflicting thoughts,
I wonder what could have been
For those unborn children
Who never got the chance
To crawl out of squalor,
To help the unfortunate,
To lead our communities,
Teach our children,
Cure our ailments.
And the thirty-somethings,
Back then,
With minds now fading,
Bodies failing,
And good-byes in pill form,
What conflicts did they wrestle with,
Do they wrestle with.

Francie Lynch

In That Country

In that country
They played 'Red Rover.'
We were surprised who
Was called over.

In that country
They played
'Red Light, Green Light.'
That tanked.

In that country
They played
'Mother May I? '
You may not!

In my country
We play
Blind Man's Bluff.

Francie Lynch

In The Name Of Woman

Forever and ever
Without choice,
Roofs were raised
In booming voice:
'God the Father.'
Proclaimed the choir.

In our two millennia,
The communal host blessed pro-choice
With Omnithis and Omnithat:
'Christ the Son,
Christ has won.'
The carollers rejoice.

The Spirit transubstantiates
With tongues of creativity,
Is One with femininity.
What greater God!
What Trinity!
Amen.

Francie Lynch

In Thrall

We're in thrall.
Where's your wall?
You dump truck...
You fumb duck...
You other mother...
"You worse than senseless thing."

Francie Lynch

In Whom

Trust a liar
To equivocate.

Trust a thief
Won't discriminate.

Trust your government
To disappoint.

Trust Justice
To miss the point.

Trust your parents
'til you find a voice.

Trust education,
If you want a choice.

Trust your friends
To have your back, front and sides.

Trust your children
With your life.

Trust your partner,
Like no other.

Trust one's self
More than anyone else.

Francie Lynch

In Whom Do We Trust

Everyone,
To begin.
We have no choices,
Depending on gurgled voices
Recognized in utero.
Trust radar's not activated,
Despite the life experiences
Of our carriers.

White collars
Dig for gold
Wearing masks and gloves;
So we rely on eyes
Despite the hunger
Behind the disguise.

We are tied to swivel chairs
In block buildings
And asked to trust
As they notice the dirt
Beneath our nails
Ripe-red for pulling.
They want the correct answer,
Not the right one.

Love partnerships
Are unstable vessels
At best.
We secure trust
In disposable
Jilted pirate chests
Waiting for discovery
In teary depths.

We find refuge
In our children,
Though we notice
Eyes roll and shift
As we age and drift.

In whom do we trust?
In the unborn
Who will
Live by our words,
And define the world
We leave in trust.

Francie Lynch

In+ri

The mass for the dead
Envigorates me.
I'm never more alive
Than when I hear about Lazarus,
With Martha setting about,
And Mary running out
To greet her Master.
I'm at a very busy place.
This is critical to the faith.
The knell surrounds the neighborhood
Before dying over the lake, for good.
None suggested, none expected
To return alive.
This question is just hanging there,
Like IN+RI.

Francie Lynch

Incest Is Best On The Wing

When the son-in-law
(who should remain nameless)
Is a clone
Of the father-in-law,
(whom should also remain nameless) ,
The son-in-law
Lies in an incestuous bed,
And the father-in-law
Gets a vicarious jump
On the wing
(the west one)

Francie Lynch

Ingrate

I bought a ticket
For a friend;
Do I really
Want him to win.

Is this what one
Calls a sin?
Venial or Mortal.

Let's crank it up a notch.
Let's involve the cops,
Or the color of your skin.

Is this what one
Calls sin?

Let's raise the ante.
Say you're near the body
Lying on the floor,
The evidence is clear,
You're the next of kin.

Is this what one
Calls sin?

Wherein is the sin?

My friend kept all the winnings.
Cops are on the take.
Our brother's in the gutter,
Our confession came too late.
Our sins are mere mistakes:
At worst call me ingrate.

Francie Lynch

Inside The Shining Armor

I present as a strong figure,
A father who is decisive,
Fair and consensual
To the point of sacrifice.

I overheard:

 Don't worry. It's only Dad.
Well, that's not quite true.
I'm not belly-aching,

How many picture frames,
Or video clips
Will you find me in?
Who held the camera
For twenty years?
King Hamlet knew:
Remember me.

You should know
I have the feelings
Of the aggregate.
We share fear.
I know you're afraid. Me too, but
You learn to live with it,
And sensitivity is a strong potion.
I see reflections of my eyes in yours.
You're easily hurt.
I hide this one.
You're learning to do the same.
Can't blame you, but fair warning:
The benefits and disadvantages
Are equally weighed.

No doubt we've been involved
In abandonment and loneliness.

Being sensitive,
You overthink everything.
Don't.
It causes worry;

Worry begets worry.
Too much time worrying.
It's an emotional overkill.

Prick me, I bleed.

Dads are sentient
Under shining armor.
You can tell by the chinks.

Francie Lynch

Intimations On Fairway Play

I'd rather hit the links today,
And take an eight on five;
Blame the wind or shift of weight,
Than shovel out my drive.

I'd rather search under trees,
'Neath twigs and leaves, yes, water;
Or curse the squirrel that thought my ball
Was food for winter fodder.

I'd rather have a downward lie
On pock-marked naked ground;
Than sitting watching Graham DeLaet
Get it up and down.

I'd rather have a green fringe putt
That lines up with goose droppings;
Or see a fine three-footer lip
Than hear the snow plough coming.

I'd rather shoot a ninety-nine,
And pay for rounds of ale;
Than garrison myself at home
From snow and sleet and hail.

I'd rather shank, or stub my dick,
Yes, get a double bogie;
Or miss a hole-in-one by inches,
And put up with Hobe's stogie.

I'd rather see Butt make his putt,
And card a seventy-two;
But then again such a score
Would need outside review.

I'd rather play with Wilcox too..
Okay... alright... that's not quite true.

Yet still I languish near my fire

And watch the Pros play golf
At Pebble Beach or somewhere warm,
I wish they'd all piss off.

Francie Lynch

Inverness Fog

There's a fog over Inverness,
Wrapping the banks
Of the river Ness;
Enveloping me
As you once did.
A fog that will not dissipate,
A mist to mirror
My heartbreak.
A fog that hides
My lone distress.
This fog won't lift
Til my final rest.

Francie Lynch

Irish Kisses

When I was young
We left our Granny
Back in County Cavan.
She surely thought
We'd meet no more
On this side of heaven.
I was but a boy of three,
One of some eleven;
For many years
She wrote to me,
From three to twenty-seven.
Inside that air-mail envelope,
She told how we were missed,
She always sent a handkerchief,
Stitched with her Irish kisses.

Francie Lynch

Irish-Canadian Proud

I'm looking at three pictures,
A collage of brothers and sisters;
And I'm in my mother's arms,
Days before leaving Ireland.

Six months later, in our new home,
On a couch in our front room,
We pose again.

There's a TV in the corner of that room,
As testament to our new found boon.

There's thousands of miles between those shots,
And loved ones left behind,
Never to be seen again:
That's how it was way back when.
No Face Time, What's App and few landlines,
A letter each year with a Christmas Card rhyme.

Brothers and sisters are missing,
Laying in the church yard,
And yet my mother smiles,
All the while.

Fast forward sixty years.
We six are posed again,
Sharing four hundred years of life,
Seven hundred left behind.
Famine, penal laws and hedge schools,
Vikings, invasions and Imperial rule.

We six stand, shoulders touching,
Between us family missing;
Here and gone before the shutter closed,
A partial story as pictures go.
But the family grew, and the family shrank,
And then full- blossomed more.

We're Irish proud,

Some of Canada's best:
Etch Irish-Canadian,
When we're laid to rest

Francie Lynch

Is Dis Good, Or Is Dis Bad

Warning: Use dis list in context.

You decide.

disappear
disregard
disaster
displace
disqualify
disrepa-ir
disturb
dissipate
disability
dispose
dismal
distribute
distrus-t
disturb
discriminate
discuss
disdain
disguise
dishearten
disinh-erit
disown
disparage
disagree
disgruntle
disclose
discolour
disp-ute
disarm
discover
disassemble
disadvantage
disallow
dispossess
-discontent
discontinue

disrespect
disincline
discomfort
disrepute-
dishonest
disillusion
dishonor
dismiss
disobey
disjoin
disappoin-t
discipline
discord
discern
discrete
disfigure
disconnect
disapp-rove
discharge
disbar
disease
discord
disfavor
disengage
disassoc-iate
discipline
discount
disembody
displace
dissaray
disembowel
d-iscombobulate
discredit
discourse
disentangle
disenfranchise
dise-imbark
discard
disburse
disbelief
discover
disable

disagree
disint-egrate
dismay
dispense
dislodge
disclaimer
disapprove
dissatisfy
-disrupt
dispel
dislike
dismantle
disloyal
disbatch
disrobe
disper-se
display
disapprove
disciple
disavow
disconcert
disinfect
disord-er
dismal
dismember
displease
dissemble
disunity
dislocate
distor-t
distrust
distress
dissolute
disassociate
distill
dissect (?)
distemper
distain
distasteful
distraught
dissolve
dissonant

d-issuade

And dis isn't de end.

Francie Lynch

Is Elvis Dead

You claimed it was a missile,
Me, a shooting star;
I saw a pickle,
Not a bearded face
In the jar.
Some see wee men,
Approaching their islands.
Cubes floating
In the Austral Ocean,
Warning our hopes are broken.
Janus faced usury
Tear-up for the bear;
Politicos in the chase
Have two mouths on their faces.
We surely landed on the moon;
When we're gone,
We're gone for good.
Bigfoot's not in the woods,
ESP's in the guts,
All paranormal is psychosis.
Too skeptical is obsessive neurosis.
What's one to believe.
I see Jekyll, you Hyde Island;
These stories are so overwhelming,
Growing in numbers with retelling.

Francie Lynch

Is It Any Wonder

Children aren't cruel
Because of their learning at school.
From earliest times,
They're fed on Nursury Rhymes
From Mother Goose,
Of children being fatted for the oven,
Jack breaking his crown,
Humpty got cracked,
The Duke got sacked,
And as fast as he could run,
The Gingerbread Boy
Never got home.

Francie Lynch

Is There A Doctor In The Senate

We need a biopsy
To diagnose the hypocrisy
In American Democracy.

Francie Lynch

It

It's not natural.
If I can't smell it,
It ain't,
So don't tell me
It's as natural as birth.
You've seen the roadkill,
Deer missing the most natural of parts,
Lying in the strangest contortions;
Heard the bird
Breaking its neck on a window;
Then there's the gaping mouth,
Eyes staring most unnaturally.
To be burned and urred
And feel nothing.
Having a steak and beer
Is natural;
Sitting in sound at a McCartney concert
Is supernatural.
Expensive, but sensient.
But it,
It's most unnatural.

Francie Lynch

It Ain't Broken

Memories aren't made to be broken,
Yet lie in shards, each piece
Refracting unframed pictures.

Promises aren't made to be broken,
But words are malleable.

Hearts are too often broken, quartered
And flung to the elements.

Spirit cannot be broken
Under any crushing worry.

But love,
Away or dwelling,
Encompassing love;
Battered, betrayed,
Exalted, praised;
Spent like money,
Treasured, yet free as air.
Most invulnerable,
Most vulnerable;
Frail and omnipotent.
Unbreakable.

Francie Lynch

It Doesn'T Make Sense

Everyone
Was once the baby of the family.
Cuddled and cursed,
Fondled and blessed.
No one on earth compared to you.
You weren't beautiful,
You were stunning.
All eyes were watching
Every move commented on
Your falls were praiseworthy
Love was freely lavished
People... Strangers...
Wanted to pick you up
Hold and hug
Make eye contact
Feed you
Whisper silly things
Stroke your head
And show you to the world.
We're more reserved now
We can't do the above
As much as we'd like to
We'd be the ones
Behind bars.

Francie Lynch

It Is What It Is

I sneezed into my elbow
At the grocery store;
All who were present turned,
Gaspd and hit the floor,
As though I'd shot a gun.

I coughed in my elbow
While I was walking home;
The sidewalk cleared across the street,
As though I'd dropped a bomb.

While I was at my bank today,
Four masked men pushed through the door.
Who notices them anymore.

Francie Lynch

It Makes No Sense

Everyone
Was once the baby of the family.
Cuddled and cursed,
Fondled and blessed.
No one on earth compared to you.
You weren't beautiful,
You were stunning.
All eyes were watching
Every move commented on
Your falls were praiseworthy
Love was freely lavished
People... Strangers...
Wanted to pick you up
Hold and hug
Make eye contact
Feed you
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And show you to the world.
We're more reserved now
We can't do the above
As much as we'd like to
We'd be the ones
Behind bars.

Francie Lynch

It Was A Late Night In June

One night I went walking,
It was a late night in June;
I hung my coat
On the light of the moon;
I tossed my cap
On the point of a star;
Kicked off my shoes
Inhaled my cigar.
I draped my pants
On the tail of a comet,
Lay down in my undies
And proceeded to vomit.

Francie Lynch

It Was The Cheap Polish Coal

It was the cheap Polish coal
Sweeping down from chimney and slate,
Staining windows, levelling off
At doors, settling on walks;
Proving my hurrying
To my bed-sitting room.
Prints in snow and soot.
The roses dipped,
Foxgloves closed
Against the odour.

It was the kitchen.
Tomatoes, carrots, onions
Slicing the vaporous air,
Hanging veil-like on dark windows.

I coughed.
Too many cigarettes?
I pulled out a hankie
And coughed again.
Dry nose blood stained it.
When I removed my coat
My eyes were red.
You'd notice.

Perhaps it was the above combination
You knew my eyes.

You're absence is intolerable here.
Smoke, soot, salads, seasons,
Which doesn't matter,
Are tossed lost years.
It was the cheap Polish coal.
Damn cheap coal.

Francie Lynch

It's A Crayola World

With the box lid closed
It's dark inside,
There are no colours
We can't abide.
But a golden sliver of light seeps in,
To expose the colours there within.
We see red when enraged,
And scarlet dancers crowd our stage;
A red-blooded male brags virility
Through rose-coloured glasses of masculinity.
Some grow green with envy,
Reveal they're yellow in enmity,
Are blue when feeling empathy,
Turn blue holding out for sympathy,
Are tickled pink with comedy,
And white as a sheet with tragedy,
Or brown-nosed with syncophany.
If your yellow-bellied you may run,
And green-gilled after Jamaican rum,
Write purple prose when versifying,
Ashen coloured when you're dying.
True colours show outside the box,
Use grey cells to colour unorthodox.
Our true colours are harlequin,
That fade to black at our end.

Francie Lynch

It's A Crime Scene

If in love,
It's a crime scene.
Raise your hands.
Fall on your knees.
Wrap yourself in yellow tape.
Surrender.
Find a window to look out on the world.
Walk in the compound.
Contemplate a break out.
You're in love,
And it's captivating.

Francie Lynch

It's A Puzzle

The perimeter
Has been laid out;
A fine frame
To encase our landscapes.
We choose where to start,
Working from the top, bottom or sides,
And moving towards the middle ground,
Where land meets water,
The mountains are snow-capped,
The autumn skies are resplendent
With patterns of red and blue.
The copse is shadowy,
With dark green pines fingering soft clouds.
The white-capped lake will never quieten;
But we piece our puzzle.

Francie Lynch

It's A Topsy-Turvy Game

We're squeezed in a topsy-turvy
Screw-ball world;
What's upside is down,
What's inside is out;
Your smile's a frown,
Your whisper's a shout,
And the flim-flam man
Just pitched a curve.
We're headed to second
After rounding third,
And first is stolen;
This game's absurd.
So, I gather up my bat and ball,
I've read the writing on the wall,
I've turned, running for home.
We've been tagged on bad calls.
We were safe, but now we're out,
Exiled, banished, conflicted, confused,
There's nothing good on the news.
The umps and refs have all been turned,
We've been benched,
We've been spurned.
Behind me,
Someone calls out,
 'Play Ball! '

Francie Lynch

It's A Wonder Any Of Us Are Here At All

The death of a somebody
Is life affirming.
My favorite attend
In the ante-room,
Eyeshot from the shell.
They appeared to be telling
Off-colored jokes,
Childish giggles, anxious glances.
Others talked nervously on their health,
Their swing and trips, car salesmen, and politics.
Violet remarked on the wedding, the bride's redolent dress,
Brocade and settings.
The vows were personal and promising.
Funeral Home is an ironic euphamism;
But the coffee is strong and bitter,
I burned my tongue.
I didn't see much black, mostly pastels.
It's a multi-media presentation of family,
Old and getting precariously older,
Cavorting at the cottage,
Sitting under Christmas trees,
Holding up scarves and mittens.
Everyone smoked then. Everything's hidden.
Someone's grandson touched his hand,
Then recoiled into the nearest waist.
Except for the flowers and box,
There was vibrancy and planning
Where to meet following the graveside,
For a drink and toast to why we're here,
To why any of us are here at all.

Francie Lynch

It's Always Something

Good people pray for you.
Lend you a hand.
Attest for you.

Bad people prey on you.
Lay their paws on you.
Detest you.

It may take time to rise from this nightmare.
It's not something we ate,
Or something forced down our collective throats,
Like Kool-Aide.
Soon, we'll start the real body count,
And when all this ends,
It will begin again,
And the circle is unbroken.

Francie Lynch

It's Christless Time Again

It's Christless Time Again

Lights are twinkling,
My eyes are blinking,
Bulbous deer are shaking.
Across the street
Bloated Santa Claus
Rocks to the season's flaws.
It's Christless time again.

The trees are hewn,
Stores are spewing
Free wrapping,
Ribbons and bows.
Wreaths are hung,
Good tiding flung,
Frosty's song is sung.
It's Christless time again.

We've planted seed
That feeds the greed
In the old and young.
We know the songs
That should be sung
To vanquish mammon.
But it's Christless time again.

Still, on that Eve
Gift reprieve
With a silent, Holy Night.
Hear the bells
From distant years,
Before the yule log light.
It's Christmas time again.

Francie Lynch

It's Easy

Sure, it's easy to define life.
Explain everything using the variable,
X.

Francie Lynch

It's Not About Me

I don't ride a Harley. Do you?

I have no need for ingots or ketchups. Have you?

I'm atheist. Are you a believer?

I'm in the body. Are you marginalized?

I respect LGBTQ. Are you in and out of your body?

I have a NEXUS. Do you have a country?

Good thing the air and sunshine have no borders.

It's not about me.

It's about us.

Francie Lynch

It's True

He promised happiness, but we got strife.
He promised eternal paradise, but we got life.
He promised the chosen, but they got fire.
He promised redemption, but he's a liar.

Francie Lynch

I'Ve Lost My Saints

I have lost my youth's Saints.
They no longer march
For knees bent in supplication.
I prayed to St. Jude
To replace my loses,
Only to lose faith.

I miss ghost stories too.
Haven't heard a hair raiser
Since a generation of palliative patients
Made it to the canopy.

Ogres and Trolls are out
From the closet and
Beneath the bed.
Drains, culls and bridges
Are safe from snatches.

No. We are on our own
As we age in our tactile
Vicarious world.
We pick up the threads
Of old stories,
Collect the pages blowing
Down the road,
And believe the tales
In daily news of rape,
Carnage and be-headings.
Nothing too ethereal,
Spiritual or scary,
Just life
As we shouldn't know it.

Francie Lynch

Jedburgh Abbey

The evening spotlights
Shine on the walls
Of David's ancient abbey.

Raised by Border people
And peasant Picts.

Shadows and silhouettes
Fill thresholds that once
Let light and glory in.

Foundation walls protect
Winds still whispering
In Gothic naves.
A thousand years of stories
Are sounded in her bells.

Night surrounds Jedburgh Abbey.

I strained my sight for movement
Of Augustinians who thrived
In cloisters and walled streets,
For a story to bring home,
Of phantom cloak or hood
Disappearing on ramparts,
Or passing an empty window.
Just a sound, or simple wail
Would do.

Just then, dark legs
Swooshed past,
Fitted in knee-high boots.
I lost my thoughts
Of ghosts and sprites
With an astral figure in tights.

Francie Lynch

Jesus Saves (8w)

Jesus Saves,
But,
Canada scores on the rebound.

Francie Lynch

John Died Tuesday Past

John and Tuesday slipped away,
I remember well the day.
Working in the garden,
Just a few corners away,
That Tuesday.
I was planting, turning spades,
Adding compost to gaunt soil.
John wasn't in my thoughts Tuesday.
Not like today.

The garden thrives.
The splash of water
Transports memory's eye.
We sit outside The Trout,
He reads to Paul and I,
Below an Oxford sky,
Under cap and pint:

'Think where man's glory
Most begins and ends,
And say my glory was
I had such friends.'

Francie Lynch

July Moon

Each night
The sliver grows
Like young buck antlers,
Gambolling
Beneath the thunderous claps
Gathering
Over our part
Of the world,
In July.

Francie Lynch

June Moon

Our Strawberry Moon,
Now waxed full in June,
Brings crops to full bloom;
Like a too full balloon,
All gone too soon.

Francie Lynch

Just Because

Just because there's UFOs,
... a big bang,
... an Einstein,
... evil and death
Despite such questions,
Smart, even brilliant thinkers
Believe, just because...

I'm a free thinker, like they were,
So, I ask,
How many times did Jesus suffer and die
On other worlds to save the Universe?
After all, evil is everywhere,
And so are we, or them.
Oscar Wilde gave up his denial,
As did Wallace Stevens, Darwin and Camus;
And a host of other stars.
Relinquished their lifetimes of distrust
With a breath between the sheets;
With a whisper of repentance
Accepted the alpha and omega
Just because...

Francie Lynch

Just Like A Golfer

We minimize,
See a world of green;
Prefer concerted solitude
And simplicity.
We cut and draw,
Like weeding words
And gaining more
With fewer strokes.

Francie Lynch

Just Like Us

Tolstoy was a boy,
Ibsen was Henrik's son
Hardy had a father,
And see how well they've done.

Byron was a grandson,
And Wordsworth had a wet nurse,
Thoreau had a 2 to go,
Shakespeare a bad marriage,
Austen was a loner,
Poor Sylvia was a goner,
And see how well they've done.

Joyce had a dirty mind,
Fitzgerald liked to drink,
Richler liked to smoke,
And Wolfe enjoyed a toke,
And see how well they've done

Francie Lynch

Just Plain White Loaves

I was raised on the shelf
Of a white bread world;
No marbled rye
Or whole wheat served.
Just plain white loaves,
All crusty and cold.
But my tastes matured
With tea and buttered toast.

Francie Lynch

Just Tell 'Em

There are great periods
In our lives; passages.
Agreed. Truism.
I'm at that age, where,
In an average life-span
Of one, such as I,
Either one or both parents
Are gone. Are going soon.
I know, there are many
Exceptional, wonderful,
Depressing and vulgar
Stories,
But the aggregate is
Right on with this.
So, if you're young,
Twixt, middle or aging,
Go give Mom, Dad,
Granda and Granny
A hug, a kiss, a handshake,
A touch, and
Just tell 'em you love 'em.

Francie Lynch

Just Waiting As A Poem

What's this at my feet.
A ribbon for a finish line
For the underdog;
An unpolished stone
To make a ring;
A piece of paper yet unfolded
Into a snowflake;
Is this a bit of wood
Waiting for release;
A puddle
Reflecting a blue sky
That could be fashioned
As a cloud,
Why not give it a try.
A stick, a stone, ribbon or puddle
Just waiting as a poem.

Francie Lynch

Just Wear A Ribbon

A trophy doesn't designate
A winner
Anymore than swearing denotes
A sinner.
Think
Attitude,
Not
Platitude,
And
Wear a ribbon.

Francie Lynch

Just When You Thought No One Was Looking

She scratches in all the right places
When she thinks no one's looking;
Doe the weirdest you'd imagine
In the kitchen, when she's cooking.
When she cleans a spotless house
She seldom wears a stitch:
How do I know,
Get the peep-show?
She forgot the video switch.

Francie Lynch

Karma Now

All along you've claimed
I'm wrong,
You've preached Karma's
A true force
For life.
Then you're the one,
There's no mistake,
With Karma
You re-
Incarnate.
Your next life
Is rightly rife
With all you
Thought was missing:
Eyes now green, or blue or two;
Nose is small, or straight and hay fever free;
Your clothes are cool, ripped and fitting;
You'll have it all.
Friends to rely on;
Family to depend on.
Money is no problem now,
Your weight is couture right;
Your teeth are straight and yours;
Your hair has sheen, body, curl;
It's straight and colour fast;
Your skin is clear and white, black, brown, or rainbow;
Your mind is bright and not yet full.
This time round
Parents are happy
With whom they've found.
And your education
Has opened doors
Of possibilities to explore;
And depression is no more.
Your outlook looks sure.

But you're not into that.
Vanity is no reward;
Clearly that would be insanity,

Our life's worth so much more.

With Karma,
There's no debate,
It's outcomes choose
Unknown dates
And rules.
Yes, we reap
What we sow;
Weeded chances
Wither slow.

One can't recall
Previous lessons
From former lives
With past life
Regression.
Just live your life
In truth and justice,
In the light,
Avoid the darkness;
For Karma will echo back
With a knife-like strike
To reverse good fortune
In your afterlife;
In your next life,
In your present life.

Still, I think,
You're hedging bets,
Karma's not
Been proven... yet.
But just in case
You might be right,
I'll live life well
And enjoy
This life.

Francie Lynch

Keep Calm

Keep Calm

I am expected
At the clan gathering today.
The naughty and nice will attend;
I'd like to say they're friends,
But it's family - a gnarly tree
With thick bark and thinning branches,
Twigs pointing and abandoned nests.
Yet, when it rains
I find shelter,
And when things get hot,
I find shade.
The roots reach into the cemetery
And across the blue.
I will wear my favourite Tee:
 Keep Calm
 And Let Lynch
 Handle It.
It's cute, and breaks the ice
Before I melt.

Francie Lynch

Keep Chiselling

If you've a writer's block,
Keep chiselling.
You'll get relief
When you release the piece.

Francie Lynch

Keep Heart

Keep Heart

Hearts, not heralded in art,
Are broken, mended,
Beating, fragile and still.
We are surrounded;
The unknown to know
The aches and pleasures,
The confusion with love and despair,
Remorse and resentment;
The empty longings,
The burning fulfilment.
Cave walls, train trestles and sidewalks
Are sprayed in verses of universality.
The coupling, birthing and dying
Are the continuous unison that endures
Through the elasticity of love.
Ready to wrap the unravelling.
Our teeth may become straws,
Our ears pinholes,
Our eyes pinwheels,
Our skulls pinheads,
Our fingers pinned;
But keep heart.

Francie Lynch

Keep The Alien In The Sky

Aliens know
From observation
The majority
From every nation
Live their lives
In fear
For a life not here,
Not now.
We keep our lives
In control
By old beliefs,
Not what we know,
But numbers
Shrink and grow.
That's how we're held
In law and order,
To keep our souls
From hellish horror.
We keep the Alien
In the sky,
Or party on
At Mt. Sinai,
Worship a
Triangled eye,
Hold a dance
For Salome.
We wear chinking vestments,
We wear them
For the rest of us:
The gates are quickly closing,
A foggy wind is blowing
Across an Alien sky.

Francie Lynch

Keep The Rib

I will not write on lost love,
But do rim shots on a drum.
Blow a flourish at your exit,
Sounding the fury you left.
I hope you hear how well I'm doing.
I can roast baby back ribs,
Add softener,
Keep a clean kitchen sink.
I think I could birth now,
And do just about anything a woman can.
I am male. A man.
I had forgotten this
Because of public emasculation
For the innateness of dirt,
Which is us.
This is where we achieve true equality,
When all is said and done,
You can keep the rib.

Francie Lynch

Kilmainhan Gaol

I stood on the spot
Where the fathers were shot,
And welled with my thoughts
At the wall, pox-marked,
With what pierced the body,
But went wide of the soul.

Francie Lynch

Kim

Some drive big cars,
Brag of deep scars
To prove they have big testes;
Some grow goatees,
Axe down huge trees,
Or chew on edible panties.
Real men, I've heard, eat Wheaties,
Enjoy lap dance stripteases,
Build towers with their empties,
The bravado is relentless.

Kim Jong Un,
Thinks his long
In his chunky hands.
He does private battle
With his androgynous name;
While playing with lead soldiers;
Unsheathing a stainless sabre,
Lighting up his candles,
To show he's macho manly.

Francie Lynch

King Hamlet

Before leaving,
Pen a poem,
Script a story,
Produce a pyramid,
Manage a milestone,
Fix a fence,
Pose for a picture,
Build a boat.
I'll remember you,
Not to worry.
You'll remember me too.
But images of walls
Brain splattered,
Vomit on your face,
Cinched belt, alone,
Or with needle,
Will certainly work too,
But for the wrong reasons.
That's why King Hamlet
Had to return and ask:
'Remember me.'
He was looking for
Understanding,
And we know how that
Ended.

Francie Lynch

King Of Kings

The King of kings
Fingering licks
With Lucille,
Has ascended.

Francie Lynch

Kisses Gone Astray

Can the stars
Be used again,
So constant,
Shimmering bright,
Or call upon
A shifting moon
Eclipsed by your daylight.
How many flowers open
In jubilant array,
How many winds
Will whisper
Your name to me today,
Or brush my lips
With breezes
For kisses gone astray.
I would give them
All away,
Whatever their value,
For all of nature does pursue
Comparisons with you.

Francie Lynch

Knock And Rap And Tap

So, the tabernacle curtain ripped
Over the pallor of your eyes;
The wall of reliance has a crack,
Every level has it's fault,
Cement will give it strength.
The foundation's well-worth building on.
Leave the tools on the site,
Tomorrow make it right.
An abandoned house,
Whomever lived there,
Collapses,
Entropy ensues.
So, is this what the owner wanted?
Brush on a new coat,
Hang floor length drapes,
Sweep away the refuse.
Bestow a second chance
On the sinner,
Not the sin;
On the wrong,
Not the doer.
Climb the steps again,
And knock,
Someone's in.

Francie Lynch

Know-Alls

Many believe they know the law
Because they were arrested;
Others know how to teach
Because they too were tested.
If you have a religious question,
They attended church;
Mention you've an ache or pain,
They diagnose your hurt.
Should you bring up politics,
Republican or worse,
They'll explain Democracy
Since they've been free from birth.
Tell them your car has a ping,
Your faucets aren't behaving,
The oven isn't cooking right,
Your fridge isn't performing,
The air conditioner's out of whack,
Your furnace has turned blue,
They'll tell you what to do:
'Change the thermo-coupler.'
It's always their one answer.
Say you like this stock or bond,
An investment that's appealing,
They'll discourse that all agents
Are cunning cunting stealing.
On Monday mention the big game,
They'll re-play it play by play,
As if you slept right through it.
If you hear a rousing band,
Attend a movie or a play,
Know-it-alls are informed critics
Because once they were stagehands.
They pose as friends and family,
Waiting for an opening,
To disrupt with diatribe,
To display how much they know.
I know what I'm on about,
So let me advise you,
I'm a Know-It-All poet,

All I write is true.
So,
'Never miss the opportunity
To keep your mouth shut.'

Francie Lynch

Know-It-Alls

There's a drastic reduction
In the number of Know-it-alls
Since cellphones have decreased
The mounds of bullshit
We were subject to.

Francie Lynch

La Grande Dame

A triumphant voice denotes
A life leaving this room.
We should not be surprised:
It tells us:

I once was there where many stories
filled shelves.

And now, another memory
Is another treasure
To be mined in days of leisure.

We join in exultation.

There is less serious work afoot now.
We step in and out of shadows
Cast by the sun filtering through
Her tree and picture window.
Shadows, that reach many rooms.

She and I were present
In many of Shakespeare's tombs.
Together we witnessed Royalty paraded:
Elinore, Lear, Macbeth, The Dane.

Her lineage is confirmed.
Our busy stage is less crowded
With the exit of La Grande Dame,
Elizabeth.

Francie Lynch

La La Hollywoodland Buttercup

The glitter is blinding.
New stars start shining.
Then memories recalled
With
Allegation,
Interpretation,
Incrimination,
Disinformation,
Retaliation;
And,
Five million to start.
But
Not that alone.
You're getting your picture
On the cover of
"The Rolling Stone? "

Francie Lynch

Labor Of Love

She has tomato red lips,
And kale green eyes,
Strawberry cheeks,
And warm earthy thighs.
I tend to her daily,
My garden of delight,
And I'll harvest
My labor of love
Tonight.

Francie Lynch

Lace The Blades

A posthumous letter came today:
"My Dear Brother Fran: "
I assume it began;
"Your Loving Brother Sean."
It ends.
I'll never read those lines;
I know what's down between his lines;
His words and thoughts would break me.
His ink would stain my hands;
Leached through lines with real tears,
Draining like time's sands.

He'd wax on our youthful days,
Wane on years we let slip past;
I don't need to read the words,
"You know all things must pass."

I'll not sit to read his letter.

I'll recall how we were before,
When he was six and I was four,
Skating on the basement floor,
Or sliding down the new clothes line,
As pennants waving in the wind.

He taught me much of what he knew,
Just doing what big brothers do.
And always had my back.

I don't recall, but I'm pretty sure
We had our dumb-ass quarrels;
But I remember hitting balls,
Kicking, catching, throwing curves,
Rackets, sticks, clubs and bats,
Our cruel crew cuts beneath our hats.

He raised my game in everything;
Said I could do anything.
I'll remember his glance in the mirror

Going out the door.

If I ever read that letter,
I surely would regret forever,
Miss saying, "I Love You too."

No, I'll never need to read his letter
To remember Sean in his prime;
To recall the days when we two shined.

Lace the blades, Sean.
We'll be fine.

Francie Lynch

Ladders

Why do you put up with a social climber
With two rungs left
Before his feet touch the earth?
Is it pity, empathy or indifference?

'Choices are often ultimatums;
Free will is frequently channelled;
Chaos and dominos infiltrate like moles;
Serendipity and chance prevail.
A few rungs were damaged,
And the playing field is never level.'

Why do you put up with one so down?

'Ladders, ' she says, 'extend both ways,
The angles depend on aspirations.
Going up varies,
Coming down, inevitable.'

She concludes with:
'The law of gravity is grave.
That's how.'

Francie Lynch

Lake Huron Winter Wind

The wind howls murder
Off the lake,
Yellow eyes centred
On its face,
Salivating white-capped waves.
Arched back rubs
A cloudless night,
It claws the land,
Paws at my house,
Playing at cat and mouse,
Scratching at my window.
Then crouching silent
It slowly moves,
Then springs, extended
In full flight,
Devouring landscape
With one bite.
Then like one
In the night,
It lies flat
Across my lawn,
Licking with
A milk-dish yawn.
Then prowls away.

Francie Lynch

Lake Orion Philosophy

I returned from three days of golf
At Lake Orion, with a philosophical man.
A PhD talked the ear of me,
And spoke so deeply on the meanings
Of life as we approached the green.
Across the fence in a sawgrass meadow
I saw a doe grazing in spite of us.
I don't remember much of his diatribe
But the ball and the doe stuck.
He began on the fallacy of memory,
Asking me to name the cities of the Olympics:
Mexico, Rome, Beijing, Montreal,
I think I was able to name them all;
But the beaver pup swimming
Beneath the walkway
Dragging a branch underwater
Cleared the air,
Like a thump on my chest,
Took my breath away,
And stopped my ear.

Francie Lynch

Lambs To Market

The sheep are shorn,
The lambs have flown,
The rams are caged
The ewes are alone.

The fleece is woven on foreign shores,

Toilets are flushed, and

Sewers are strewn with rebel nails.

Near embers of tri-coloured blazes,

We hear yarns of ancient wages,

Now spinning in their graves.

Our heirs have no airs of their own.

No promises kept for mothers who wept,

There is no wool on the wheel at home.

The keypad is the abattoir,

The counter a barred cage.

John Barry faces East,

The Rebel faces West;

One for reliance,

One for defiance;

We wait in Requiem silence.

The Dailies wrap the Dail

Seeping with lamb's blood.

Francie Lynch

Landfill

Landfill

I've been adding
To my landfill,
All my earthly years;
Backfilling,
Filling spaces,
With blades
And brushed off tears.
The diggers will uncover
Loves that now are cold;
Wrapped as
Memoried mummies,
Alive while I grow old.
Prying spades will
One day dig
My community of graves.

Francie Lynch

Last Call

I called the girl
I broke up with,
So very long ago.
A number dialed
Into my brain:
862-6220.
Her father answered,
Took some time,
But put her on the phone.
I felt her breathe into the mouthpiece,
The last time she said, Hello.
I answered,
I love you all the more
Forgive me. Marry me.
I tried that number,
For old time's sake,
To see who'd take the call.
But the machine said
That line's dead,
So I can't make that call
No more.

Francie Lynch

Last Christmas

The children are grown,
They have their own
Christmas.
It's the natural order
To leave the hearth,
And start.
No more journeys home,
They're there.
You see, I'm not alone,
I recall all we had
When we were home.
The exuberant joy and anticipation
On your faces on Christmas morn.
I had it all.
I have it all,
The past, our presence,
From first, to our last.

Francie Lynch

Last Day Of School

School commencements looming;
Convocations blooming.
Graduating from room to room
On this last day in June.

From womb to pre-school
Kids migrate,
To elementary/high school dissipate;
Trade schools, colleges,
And universities await,
Punch the clock at the workplace gate.
Summer vacation helps make the break.
But make no mistake,
The last day of school is just for show,
I hope they're schooled enough to know.
'The last day of school' is just a term
Rightly debunked during life's sojourn:
Ahead there's still life-long learning.

Francie Lynch

Last Days Of Winter

Winds these days
Cut both ways,
As spring is fast arriving.
These gasping blasts
Can't repel what's thriving,
The give and take of time.

This snowy, sleety, wet, cold season
Brought flues, agues, chilblains and sneezing,
And holidays with families,
Births, deaths,
And another year,
The passing of those times,
Pics, grams and friends with wine,
The games, tricks, sighs and smiles
Of another season of our lives,
And the memories
We didn't pose for.

Francie Lynch

Last Of The Ashes

I paddled and glided along the current
Of the St. Clair,
To the west bank of the serpentine river,
And portaged to the ash tree,
Known as Ching-ach-gook,
Waving noble limbs in full relief,
Offering respite from the meridian sun.
Leaves fluttered in the north current.
Beneath I found cold comfort
Envisioning the bows and bats that once propagated:
The unborn of an endangered species.
This is a dead tree growing,
Seeds, like Uncas,
Rotting above the roots:
This native treasure
Waiting for the emerald bore
Like an imprisoned pagan.

Francie Lynch

Last Touch

When did we last touch?
Time is playing tricks.
I remember we were young,
I touched you on the knee.
And then,
I couldn't have been more moved
When first our lips met;
I touched you then,
So very long ago.
There was light in your hair,
Softness in your eyes,
The invite of your smile,
That said that touch was fine.
So very long ago.
Time plays tricks, you know.
You slipped
Your hand into mine
When a certain song came on;
And ever since, and without reserve,
I'm touched by that song.
But when did we last touch?

Francie Lynch

Lasting Impressions

Had I known it to be our last kiss,
I would've applied some mnemonics;
Attached your moistness to morning dampness
And footsteps imprinted on clover;
I'd stretch police tape around the crime scene upstairs;
Slipped a GPS chip beneath your in-sole;
Wove a comforter from your hairbrush.
As it is, I've collected your left-overs
For The Salvation Army,
And the allusions for me.

Francie Lynch

Laughical Gas

Laughter is universal.
Extraterrestrials shit themselves with it;
Martians piss their pants;
Venutians titter til they cry;
Earthlings kill themselves with it
While splitting a side,
Rolling on the floor,
Chortling all the while.
Politicians rub their hands gleefully,
Snickering and cackling
While standing us against the wall.
A good roar, hoot or howl
May be good for the soul,
But it sounds dangerous,
Especially if you have a fit
Of tee hees, ha has and yuk yuks
While operating heavy machinery.

Francie Lynch

Laura's Lullaby

Why wake you Laura
From dreams of faraway lands
While wrapped in Daddy's hands?

Why wake you Laura
From sleep in placeless times
Where other girls
Sing Laura's rhymes?

Sleep on Laura.
Rest on mother's
Blanketwarmbreast.
Fly from cries of why,
To sing
Laura's Lullaby.
Sing Laura's Lullaby.

Francie Lynch

Leaf Counting

I'm watching leaves blow
On my lawn;
Praying more blow off
Than on.

Francie Lynch

Leave Me On My Back

Over the decades,
We've worked it out.
No need for a Power of anyone.
If I go blind,
You'll be my sight.
And so on.
I would even carry you,
Should you go lame.
And you promised,
Should I vomit,
To leave me on my back.

Francie Lynch

Leaving The Past In The Past

The past is safe where it belongs,
Gathering dust between my brain and skull.
It has no business in the present.
Recent publications are now on the shelves,
Sharing space with crisp HD shots.
Keep it from invading tomorrow,
Which belongs to the kids,
Who'll have their own burdens and joys
That need no comparisons with past lives.
Their present is in the forefront.
We'll be rightly blamed for this unpredictable world
Of warm Gulf streams, war posturing and threats.
Troubled places belong in the past, safely stored
Away from the twelve year olds.
They deserve a few years more.

Francie Lynch

Legendary Roles To Play

What legendary parts
Can we play.
Might we emote sullenness
And find a sheath for our daggers;
Act impetuously and stab at rats;
Be susceptible to lies and hankies;
Do we speak proudly to our friends
And countrymen;
Should we go mad, be foolish
To float on laurels, and drown;
Are we advisers and know-it-all
Busy bodies;
Will we be friends, and die
Sacrificially in the end;
Should we cut out our tongues
And gauge out our eyes,
To draw pictures in the dirt;
Why be so courageous as to fall
On your sword;
Will we smile and be a villain,
Then fall off our high horse?
Or
Will we give new meaning to love;
Replace the stars in their orbs;
Control the elements for our children;
Bear our friends like princes;
Accept harlequins at court;
Be gentlemanly in any state;
Love more than ten thousand brothers;
Support our partners in what they will?

Script your part.
Life isn't all comedy and tragedy.
Shadows don't offend,
And life is more yielding
Than a dream.

Francie Lynch

Leonard Cohen

Some writers are like comets,
A flash, and soon gone;
Ones that burned brightest,
Are rocks that don't burn long.

Some writers are like meteors,
Burning hot through spheres;
As meteorites they stay with us,
Though brighter in younger years.

One writer, Leonard Cohen,
No brighter light revealed;
Still yearning for the fire,
Still burning all these years.

Francie Lynch

Let Her Go

Let her go like a red balloon
Released to celebrate;
Follow 'til it dissipates
Into the vacant blue.

Release the kite string,
The struggle with elements subsides.
Let her go as if she died.

You know you tried,
Some things broken aren't worth fixing;
Admit to yourself you don't like it,
That one day never comes.
Do not expect a certain result,
Life happens as it was meant to unfold.
Just let her go, like gossip, like fear;
Dependency is detrimental.

Tear down the museum of victim mentality.
Stop comparing,
Stop people pleasing.
Let her go.

Francie Lynch

Let It Go

Let it go like a red balloon
Released to celebrate;
Follow 'til it dissipates
Into the vacant blue.

Unhand the kite string,
The struggle with elements subsides.
Let it go as if it died.

You know you tried,
Some things broken aren't worth fixing;
Admit to yourself you don't like it,
That one day never comes.
Do not expect a certain result,
Life happens as it was meant to unfold.
Just let it go, like gossip, like fear;
Dependency is detrimental.

Tear down the museum of victim mentality.
Stop comparing,
Stop people pleasing.
Let it go.

Francie Lynch

Let The Darkness Out

John wrote,
I read the news today...
He recounted accidents, wars, pot-holes.
I did too... today.
I read about charity runs,
Music under the Bluewater Bridge,
Teachers receiving National Awards.
There are many sections to the paper
I read through my wire-rimmed glasses.
I'm getting older, all the time,
So I avoid the nastiness with my morning coffee.
Is killing terrorists good news?
Oh boy!
What would John read into that.
We need Help!
I may skip the news tomorrow,
And make some holes
To let the light in,
The darkness out.

Francie Lynch

Let Winter

Fields of snow are standing by
For future prints of thin boots;
Your boots are turned down,
Stained with red initials, and
Your boots are on our feet -
Feet no longer so possessive.

The same holds true for all our clothes -
Our woven splendors, best fitted
Before we wore one thread.

(the thought)

Our thoughts on frozen lines
Drop through iceless holes.

(When you catch a big one, club it!)

Let our monograms drip down on snow,
And bring to mind the mindlessness of
Winter, sleeping beneath wet blankets.

So goes the story. Heard more than once
Around cool embers of recollection.

Suns rise higher in winter when they shine -
We feel them more than summer's suns -so
Obviously cruel by five, when sleep sets in.

Then sleep sets in like banks of ice-hard snow,
That give little but demand plenty.
So let winter.

Francie Lynch

Lgbtqia

What about those
Who have
A predilection
For Flora & Fauna?
Are we all-inclusive
Or not?
LGBTQIAFF

Francie Lynch

Lieu Time

Columns of water smoked over
The lake last evening,
Leaving a sun-soaked
Wet-dog pungency. But wagging.
Fatted newborns are
Claiming trees, digging holes.
The worms are doomed
Beneath the green.
Snouts are grovelling
Where they belong.
This was a blithe storm
Passing through.

My sun is eclipsed by you.
After a calming period.
Especially after seeing
You again, seeing you're happy.
That's a rising barometer
For you.
I see it in your hands,
On your ring finger.
Being congenial is different now.
But I am persistent
With my lieu time.
I will be resistant
In my windbreaker.
I have learned
To wait in queue.

Francie Lynch

Life After

Do you believe
In life after death?
Do you believe
In life after birth?
Do they share
The same consciousness,
Or do we
Consciously share
The same dream.

Francie Lynch

Life Bites

Will you falter and fade
In a Palliative room,
With beeps and tubes
Confirming your doom?
Or a fiery crash
And screech of rubber
As onlookers see
Your hair aflame;
Will you fall from the sky
In a laser marked plane;
Get shot while buying
A lottery ticket,
Die doing something
Horribly wicked?
Perhaps the sound
Near your ears at night
Will forewarn your demise
By a mosquito bite.

Francie Lynch

Life Long Friend

I first saw John sitting in the third desk of the first row.
I sat in the second, my new jeans cracking,
No curling iron-on patches as of yet.
A pin from my baby blue shirt pricked my neck.
I stepped in red ball Jets, before the soles became flapping tongues,
And the insignia peeled from the ankles.
Our well-used, wooden desks had pull-out drawers for stuff,
And always in need of re-arranging.
We invited our Guardian Angels to sit there, on the wooden drawer.
John sat, with black-rimmed glasses, on his pull out,
Graciously giving up the well-worn seat for his angel.
I liked him already.
His specs fit my sight. I could see the alphabet above the blackboard.
My first friend. Not a brother or sister. Someone who heard me.
Someone I listened to.
He was the oldest of six.
Had grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins in Canada.
He had instinct. Knew my lacking. Now I had relatives.
We studied the Catechism, had Confessions, First Communion, altar duties,
patrol boy corners, sports, jerks and girls.
We learned to smoke and drink, drive and thrive.
We were Best Men, fathers and grandfathers.
I am not eulogizing John,
But celebrating while alive.
If all goes well,
I'll die before losing him.
But then,
Why would I do that
To my life long friend.

Francie Lynch

Life Look Click Pic

Weren't you told,
Some time ago,
A picture's worth a thousand words.
Well I can show with a click or two,
A thousand pics for each word you choose.

Francie Lynch

Life On Mars

Oh, it'll happen,
Life on Mars.
But the immigrants
Will bring
Their old world ways
With borders and fences,
Politics and crime,
Poverty and religion.
Then,
Life on Mars
Won't seem
So alien.

Francie Lynch

Life Recipe

Don't mix
Regrets and resentments
With love and opportunity:
It won't rise.

Francie Lynch

Life's A Puzzle

Before we're born
The perimeter
Has been pieced together,
A fine frame
To encase our landscapes.
We choose where to start,
Working from the top, bottom or sides,
And moving towards the middle ground,
Where land meets water,
The mountains are snow-capped,
The autumn skies are resplendent
With patterns of red and blue.
The copse is shadowy,
With dark green pines fingering soft clouds.
The white-capped lake will never quieten,
As we toil to complete the puzzle,
Just like on the box.

Francie Lynch

Life's Little Problems

Our lives
Are problematic
Only
When we have
A need
To resolve them.

Francie Lynch

Life's Tolls

No bells are ringing.
What are the reasons
Heard for his life.
Was he drunk or drugged;
Talked to girls about boys;
Thought a failure at home;
Seen sitting alone?
Was he ill-at-ease;
Had some terminal disease;
Was he love-sick, forlorn,
Or just out of season?

He paid the toll,
Switched on the flashers,
Made a small splash,
A tsunami ensued.

No bells will toll,
No knell will roll;
For unknown reasons.

I'm told he surfaced.
Yelled something.
My source heard,
'Don't ask.'

Francie Lynch

Lighthouse Eyes

Her eyes a lighthouse
When I'm set adrift.
Her arms a berth
When I'm a slipless ship.

I'll eat from your hand
Close to the fire.
Feed me, warm me,
Light desire.

Francie Lynch

Like A Bird

You're like a bird
The way you unload
Before flying off.

Francie Lynch

Like An Author

I don't have paint or brush,
Or mallet to shape a rock;
I don't weld or chisel,
Or mold clay into crocks.
I don't wear an apron
To create art-food forms.
I can't meander on a stage
To emote the audience.
I can't focus a camera lens,
I don't have what it demands.
I don't use any tools
To do what artists can;
Except for
Words, just words,
These flow without end
To color ice and snow,
To carve mountain tops
Down to pebbles in a stream,
Shading dales, glens, woods and mead.
Equipped, I am, with all I need
To create an art that you can feel
As well as any gallery piece,
To arouse emotions in the reader,
To bring to life as a carver
Wields his knives like an author.

Francie Lynch

Like Father...

He drapes an arm around anyone's shoulder
In every shot I've seen;
It leads your eyes along his arm
To his eyes, a vanity trick,
Like a narcis-stick.

He often grows some facial hair,
And wears a logo shirt,
Every thought is well-planned out,
To push his latest scheme.

I attended his wedding,
The first I've ever seen,
Where the groom draws more attention,
Than any bride could dream.

She wore an oyster-colored dress,
With a train six feet long;
While she was walking up the aisle,
The groom broke into song.

Then they had a child,
A boy, now thirteen,
He throws his arm around his dad
To be the centre of the scene.

Francie Lynch

Like Jews Harps

I wear your likeness
Like a scapular
Around my neck.
Your mannerisms
Complete my mosaic.

From behind we look
Like Jews harps,
Standing with
Hands hanging
By thumbs
In pants pockets.
These familiar traits
Trickle down and sprout
Anew,
Like Granda, I hear.

Seeing you, one would think
Great thoughts fill your head,
As you stare
At the unwed garden.

My sibs cock
Their heads
And tsk too,
Running their hands
From front to back
Through thick black hair.
I recoil at the sweat
Running off the tips
Of their noses.

Sarcasm drips like venom
From your words.
The cost of a glass of water,
Or a phone call
Always had my friends
Laugh, nervously.
They never knew

How to take you.
And, they were
Surprised
By the help
Grudgingly given.

I enjoyed your silence.
Even now
As entropy
Runs through
My garden.

Francie Lynch

Lines

We draw them in sand,
On sidewalks and crime scenes;
We adore them on Granny,
Abhor them on maps.
On chalkboards, I will not...
In Clubs, Don't I know you...
In poems we can feel them
Playing songs of I love you...
A line is infinite,
Yet begins with a dot;
Those lines run right through us,
Like it or not.

Francie Lynch

Little Darling

The Sansui turntable still works well.
Like memories, round and round,
Needling me. And the more I play them,
The more they itch.
I know the dark side of the moon,
And the way the sun shines.
The dances, whirlwind moves,
That have settled now.
Inside the sleeve are notes and words
That amplified us.
I will not let the dust jackets do their job.
I set Abbey Road gently on the pad,
Place the needle softly, and hear the familiar scratch.
Standing back, like watching a parade,
I listen.
Here comes the sun on a cloudy day.

Francie Lynch

Llap

Kirk was a flirt.
Bones could clone.
Scotty liked scotch.
Chekov goofed off.
Sulu, he flew.
Uhura went further.
Chapel would coddle.
But
SPOCK,
He
ROCKED.

Francie Lynch

Log Jams

Those of you
In warmer climes
Haven't a clue
What frozen pipes do.
No shower, no tea.
And the log jams
Have my face flushing.

Francie Lynch

Long 'I's

I'm pleased to live
With the long I's
In Lifetime.

Francie Lynch

Long Line-Up To Hell

They're struggling at the water hole,
It's really getting rough,
Jackals nipping at the heels
Of the rhinoceros.

The asses lie in the grass
Waiting for what's left,
But the water-line is dropping,
And the wild ones face the test.

The struggle spills into the street,
Into the houses of the weak,
Where it's getting stronger.
We're feeding as we bleat,
And it's not digesting well.
We're all holding baskets
In the long line-up to hell.

Francie Lynch

Look On-Line

If one discounts the minors -

Rafas

Jujus

Shamans

Medicine Men

TV Evangelists

Animists

Polytheists, etc.,

Move on to precedent.

There hasn't been one pointed to,

Or witnessed,

Whose name I would whisper

On bent knee,

For centuries now.

Will no one step forward

To testify on our behalf.

I'll go on-line to look.

Francie Lynch

Lost To Some Santa

I've wrapped,
With much consternation,
My years in you,
Without hesitation.
I adorned myself
With framed sheep skins,
Kept your eyes glittering,
To be more appealing.
You pressed your nose
Against the shop window,
Longing for the man
In the red suit.
I forgot about the ribbons,
You misplaced the bows.
I lied to some Santa,
Many years ago.

Francie Lynch

Lost Treasure

You can't remember where
Your buried treasures lie;
It's been years
Since you turned the earth,
Measured the wealth,
Stored it for days of leisure.
You lost the life mapped
With the X.
Why?
Did you mark the spot with G,
Or did you sell the plunder?
Remember, you're no younger.
All your troves,
Blue ribbons and bows,
The buttons, the pins,
Your souvenirs and sins
Have left you bankrupt.
I'm not a parrot keeper,
Can't curl my lip like Elvis;
Or sail into bays
To recover lost treasures.

Francie Lynch

Lost Verse (10w)

When I uncapped my pen,
My favourite verse flew out.

Francie Lynch

Love

How did love begin?
Was it here before original sin?
Did we pluck it from a tree?
Did you take a bite for me?
Did it start with our conception,
Perhaps it's merely physical attraction.

I have love of country, love of travel,
Love of life, money and art;
Love of nature and her siblings,
Love for food and all else,
That excludes my heart.

I have love of parents, and love of mate,
Love for my children, and my friends,
And if truth is told, my dog, Jake.
That includes my heart.

There is no boundary to our love.
We love love for its own sake.

Francie Lynch

Love Is

Love is

As "is" is:

In the present tense.

Ergo,

Love is Love.

Francie Lynch

Love Is An Alibi

With love we have
An alibi.
Sometimes,
A somewhere else
White lie.
My defense,
My innocence,
Compels me to
Give evidence.

Francie Lynch

Love Quadrangle

Please,
Don't be in love
With me,
I know I can't
Love you.
Yet,
She's in love
With someone else,
We're conflicted,
Misconstrued.
Our quadrangle
Leaves us dangling
On parallel love lines;
If we tangle
Sour grape vines,
It's a bitter wine
For two.

Francie Lynch

Love's Leper

I am love's leper,
An untouchable, and
Alone.

I once anticipated the water
From your lips,
To see compassion
Looking back.

I shared the food you brought
At arm's length.

I am dis-eased,
Laden with our sins,
Chased away to wonder.

I've left my fallen fingerprints
Where I touched you.

Francie Lynch

Loving Service

Fury found in eyes that glare,
Fuming sheets that smoulder,
My clenched fist once did hold
A love, but now a soldier.

Meet me in the morning,
Just as the sun will rise,
And there we'll mark our paces,
And pledge our love won't die.

Search in autumn shorelines,
I'm standing in the sand,
Found guarding my own pill-box,
With destruction in my hands.

Meet me in the time of love,
Will you leave me for a second?
Relieve the eyes that still guard fancy,
Release a heart so fecund.

Leave me shrouded in the evening mist,
Help the shooting stop.

Now leaves are yellowed with vericose veins,
And loosen with arthritic hands;
Our one time love fades with the night,
I've lost you yet again.

Francie Lynch

Loyal Lies

I'd like to know if she remembers
Our first meeting, how our hands
Naturally moved to hold the other;
The first time I skipped school with her
And we planned our lives.
The times I listened to her decry the tyranny
Of her mother, gave support without agreeing,
As parents do, as we did.
Does she shudder at the early passions
On sand and grass and water?
Our speechless Sunday drives in her father's car
Before five more days of solitude.
The time I was home for lunch and she
Sat sipping tea with my mother.
Does she recall the rides we hitched
To snatch a visit with each other.
The friends who put us up, put up with us
Because they knew we were in love.
The many moves, the houses too,
The dinners out we could hardly afford.
The new, the used, the jobs and promotions,
And all our disappointments.
Does she ever think about these?
We camped away from home just to be alone
In leaky tents and mouse-filled cabins,
In places we explored together,
We laughed, cried, kept silent, walking everywhere.
We vowed before a crowd that covered sick and able.
We raised babies, shared friends, mourned our losses.
Does she remember any of this, I'd like to know.
Or did my disease of loyal lies
Erase all those years ago?

Francie Lynch

Lucifer Wept

He tittered and cackled
At the refugee plight,
Revelled in innocents
Running for life.
Spent his days
Stoking the flames,
Mixing the ashes
With our world's pains.
Then humanity stood up,
Spoke up, rose up
To feed and clothe
The homeless hordes,
And Lucifer wept
For the goodness
Of our world.

Francie Lynch

Lullaby Of Night Sounds

When my day's drama
Is over,
I pull down blinds
As my closing curtain.
House lights flood
The frozen sky;
The moon spotlights
Nocturnals.
An analogue of sound begins
Its cacophonous chorus.
My ears prick
Cat-like
To the clicking metal stove;
Household motors
Hum in harmony.
My blankets shiver
Against the outside swirls.
The stairs, relieved of the day's weight,
Give rise,
And I imagine my ancient mother
Stepping lightly,
But not enough.
Hallway floorboards
Give her away;
Mouse-like hinges
Swing to a sliver of light
That lands on my lids,
The projection screen
Of memory
With the soundtrack,
'Lullaby of Night Sounds.'

Francie Lynch

Lynch's Castle

A dead castle
In Galway called Lynch's,
Long lost
Its princesses and princes;
The blood took its chances
On foreign Romances,
Now Lynches
Spread over the globe.

Francie Lynch

Maggie

For three years her wonders moved me
Through the fathom of her eyes.
Flowing wells that glisten
And beckon from within.

Her sudden movements
Change direction
To challenge or outwit
With the wonders of her eyes.

Furtive corners in the waters
Of her windows looking out;
A blink, a wink or shying tear,
Disturbs the waves of my mind.

My heart's flow rises
When she smiles -
She is the well-spring of my life
With the wonders of her eyes.

Her small hands direct
The steerage of her dreams;
Sandboxes swell and dip,
And change to wonderous seas.
Her real dimensions are
Refracted
Movements and
Directions,
And defracted from my sight...

Imagine her young
Colours looking
Out
Through the wonders of her eyes.

Francie Lynch

Maggie's Getting Married

Maggie's getting married,
All is much too harried;
But the dress is on,
The veil undrawn
Untill all words are spoken:
A vow, a pledge a promise made
To love and cherish all her days,
To love and cherish all his days,
From these chiming bells
To eternity's knells
Before friends and families.
But most importantly,
After the reception's debris,
To one another they will be
Loyal and true in fidelity,
And, by their own decree,
One in matrimony.

Francie Lynch

Magic Box

The eagles may pass the snowbirds,
In the air, on the land and sea;
Like the flight of the featherless Wild Geese
In a similar century.

The coops are open,
The hawk is swooping,
Talons sharp and spread;
Eyes laser fixed, and firey red.
They're locked
On preening pigeons,
Perched near the magic box.

Francie Lynch

Make Hollywood Great Again

Make Hollywood Great Again.

It's the next new slogan, sans the men.

It'll be like Jolly Olde England,

The Elizabethan style, if you get what I mean!

Inverse women bejewelled in cod pieces

Preying on the men.

Not in an English accent, but more American:

"Bollocks" won't mean the same;

"Cuckold" won't make sense,

But all the "phenomenal" men we're sure,

Will need to share the pants.

Francie Lynch

Making Love (10w)

When making love
With you,
I've a stroke
Of genius.

Francie Lynch

Making Sense Of It

If you want to feel
As the poet feels,
Don't hold her hand;
Pick up his pen.

If you want to hear
A poet speak,
Don't listen to him;
Read her lips.

If you want to see
As the poet sees,
Don't look to his eyes,
But see with her's.

To smell like a poet,
Splash in the rain,
Dance dry in the sun;
Follow your nose.

But get an inkling
In your mind,
Even if deaf, mute or blind;
Find your center,
Sit with it.
I oftimes get a sense of it.

Francie Lynch

Mammy

An unusual name in Canada
For Mother,
But common
In Ireland.

Unusual how all my friends
Were Irish
With Mammy.

Francie Lynch

Mammy Said

Mammy knew the five second rule.
Long ago, she said:
'Eat it. Don't worry.
You'll eat a ton of dirt
Before you die.'
Now I wonder on its composition;
I swear I'll die talking
Bullshit.

Francie Lynch

March Break

The children would be packed and ready days in advance.
At first, we packed for them, but as the years passed,
They were experts at rolling clothes for twice the space,
Using laundry baskets rather than luggage tripled our carriage.
We'd leave early Saturday morning, almost night,
Departing from the Ontario weather like a bad odour.
Kathleen was away at school.
Mags and Andrea were in their teens now.
Ten years of March madness was terminating.

Herself would sit shotgun with Triptik and thermos.
The kids would awaken south of the Ohio,
Hungry, grumpy, and eager.
She had it all planned out.
Crosswords, colouring, wordfinds, books, Gameboys, lace,
Sandwiches, juice boxes, treats of all sorts,
For another twenty hours on the road.

I invariably imagined our Mini in the return lane
As we crossed the Bluewater Bridge into Michigan;
Trip over, kids exhausted, us, quiet, subdued,
Just wanting our own bed.
But twenty hours on the I-75 lay ahead,
Turn left at Knoxville
For Myrtle Beach, sun, tennis, seafood,
Separation.

I found no peace in our final escape.
Conversation with her had halted.
A round-trip of dialogue in my head.
She'd said, I bought a house.
Words wrapped like an egg-salad sandwich.
It was our March break.

Francie Lynch

March Moon Over George's Garage

The near half moon,
Low in the eastern sky,
Like a god-given teardrop,
For we who can't cry.
It sits on the cheek
Of a darkening light;
A tear such as this
Is cold comfort at night.

Francie Lynch

Mary Jane Died Last Night

The younger sister
Of the second wife
Of my dear friend
Of forty-five years
Died last night.

You didn't know her.

She died at fifty-six;
For many that's younger,
For more that's older;
For us, we knew her.

I really don't know why
I brought it up;
I shouldn't bother you.

She was...
a daughter, a sister,
a cousin, a niece;
an auntie, a mother,
then a grandmother;
There are many like her,
But none other.

There's more. She was...
a friend, a true friend,
a lover and healer;
a soul mate,
a life mate,
a wife and confidant.

Yes. Such women
We know well.
But you didn't.
Did you?

Well, she died last night.
Just thought you might

Like to know,
Mary Jane died last night.

Francie Lynch

Mass

Mass.

It can be so heavy.

Especially

In Church.

Francie Lynch

Matter/Anti-Matter Chamber

The White House is an inverse reflection

Of the matter/anti-matter chamber:

It's Not, "The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few."

No. It's, "The needs of the one outweigh the needs of the many."

And there will be no Genesis,

For we know what really matters.

Francie Lynch

May Day

I shooed a June bug
Off my front screen door;
The freighters' fog horns
Roll on The Huron and St. Clair.
The mist rises like incense
From the black tar on Spartan,
Still a warm May drizzle drifts tonight,
Anointing gardens and lawns.
And Beulah, my new magnolia,
Blossomed yellow for me this year.
But Brigid and Ophelia,
Heralded my Spring,
Brought warmth and light,
With a fresh green lease to everything.

Francie Lynch

Mayor Wills Rawana

On the ticket for mayor of Sarnia,
Was a sixties bloke, one Wills Rawana;
But the anti-pot voters
With good conscience aren't supporters
For a leader who's called Mayor Rawana.

Francie Lynch

Me

The most rhymed word
In the poetry world is
Me.
That reveals volumes about
Us.
See?

Francie Lynch

Measuring Up

Got back successfully,
From weeks of ecstasy;
Coming down from a high,
Still not measuring up.
My hill is daunting,
The valleys so low;
I watch my step
From backsliding below.
I know there's reason
Where the light's up this road.
I'm still plodding
Where I need to go.

Francie Lynch

Meditating In A Copse

I've laid the shovel down
And light a candle,
Though I hardly remember why.

I've grieved for the niches
Of para-psychology,
And a general spirituality.
The out-of-body vacations,
The near death revelations.

I pine for the oaken smell
Of pews in a row;
The creak of ancient kneelers,
A red bright sanctuary light.

I am pagan,
Meditating in a copse.

Francie Lynch

Memorial Walls

I built the playhouse
To withstand
The seige of time.
Like Hadrian,
I dismayed the border people.
Starlight shone through
Crescent moons
Like the Ishtar Gate of Babylon.
Children shrieked and wailed
Against those walls
As nomads in northern China,
Or Philistines in Jeruselum.
But time is a formidable soldier,
And my small walls would tumble
To the blasts of tempus trumpets.
Memory's fingers touch
Your names on my
Memorial Wall.

Francie Lynch

Memory Glands

When she said, "Don't talk to me, "
She lost some of her voice.
Then I heard, "Don't look for me",
She gave no other choice.
"Don't touch, I have no feelings,
You make my skin crawl,
Don't expect a pick up,
If you pick up to call".

But I still smell her everywhere,
The shampoo used on her hair;
The bedsheets where we lay bare;
The fragrance of her festive tree;
Her aromatic herbal teas;
The lilies she could grow in sand,
Are constants in my memory glands.

Francie Lynch

Me-Time

I could use
Some Me-time.
So, I need to
Turn this off,
And this,
This too,
This as well,
and this, and this...
And the TV.
Not long ago,
I only had to
Turn off the light.

Francie Lynch

Mexico

You can't make me.
I don't take orders.
I will if I want;
I won't if I don't.
I'm not an apprentice.
You're not the boss of me.
You can't make me.
So there!

Francie Lynch

Minimalism

The story teller writes
For a naked character
On a bare stage.
The one character,
One line play.
Profound, all encompassing;
A brief run,
But a blockbuster
With opening nights
In all the capital cities.

The visualist
Could use one brush stroke,
One lump of unmolded clay,
An unchiseled stone,
Weathered driftwood
Or a piece of glass
To display in the great museums
For our interpretation
Of the exposed truth.

One note could orchestrate
On string, wind or skin,
And the composition would be complete.
The maestro could bow and walk;
No encore could repeat.

I'd use one word
To embellish my longing;
One line of poetry
To do the same.
To explain
The meaning and crux
Of our lives.

Francie Lynch

Misdemeanors

The courtroom was buzzing,
Deals were struck,
Before Her Worship
Heard from the docket.

Will Luke be saved.

A line of roguish consorts
All on Legal Aid,
Paraded before Her,
In judicial chains.

And the lawyers are asking
About The Game of Thrones.

There are too many cops,
All creased and shiny,
Carrying file folders,
Outling the crimes.

I was a spectator,
Small in my corner,
As Luke went to stand
Before his maker,
Before his deal breaker.

All charges dropped,
As if a matter of course;
Except for the charges
From the laswyer and court.

Francie Lynch

Missing

I would find the rainbow's end
To reclaim lost treasures
That went missing over my many years.

Some, mere sparkle a crow might crave;
Others, minor shadows in Plato's cave.
In some kind of after life,
Will I find my gold penknife?

I lost it on Easter Sunday:
Jake flashed it on John's jacket;
From nape to back bottom flaps,
He sliced the new dress coat in half.
My penknife vanished,
Like the invisible mend.

I miss my pubescent chums,
When imagination was all the fun.
But really, we would look askance,
Not actually sure of a come-by-chance.

Youth got lost, slipped off my face;
I got distracted, it got replaced.

Friends and family have gone,
And with them took
Their share of treasures.

Should you, my dears,
Be lost, I will find you,
Everywhere.
In albums, jewelry boxes,
Closets and cushions.
I'll search the last place first.

Francie Lynch

Missing Nothing

When you first left, it's true I missed you,
More concerned than surprised
Of a life not living with you,
And not on the lookout for.

We were deep into the day-to-day;
Rising, showering for my pay,
Coffee driving to be the workplace slave,
Going out to get a bite or two,
Watching favorite shows with you,
Before retiring for the night.
Getting rest, restarting bright.

It got steeper the further we climbed,
Something was missing, hard to define,
The kids came, there was less time,
Dashing here and there was all fine;
Will I miss that too?
I had plans. I stewed.

So, we cracked the atomic nucleus,
The fallout made us think;
We couldn't life in the shelter,
Outside would make us sick.
The emergency supply was dwindling,
You were itching to get moving,
But the all clear hadn't signaled yet.

The sirens wailed, get out and breathe
Fresh air and some needed reprieve.
One path diverged, and I'm good,
I don't miss you like I thought I would.

Francie Lynch

Missing Them

I'm standing where a tree once stood,
It's branches, leaves, and roots weren't good.
Perhaps they used it for a rood,
Down in Alabama,
Where skies are lit with flames,
And chants are raised to holy names,
As though they understood.

In the park, an empty swing
Is twisted by a changing wind;
I cannot hear the children sing
Of lambs gone to market.

In the class an empty desk
Draws one's eyes to stare and rest
On a sharpened pencil
That scribbled names in regret,
The names of those we'll soon forget
For they have gone to market.

What was here
Now is missing,
It's as if no one's listening;
And it began with our christening;
Like a ship, our world is listing.

That's what they'll say of me:
'He stood once like a tree.'

Francie Lynch

Mists Of Recall

I'll never make you smile again,
Not as your lover,
Not as your friend;
Not like it was
Way back when.
What is now, is not then.
I can smile
When I recall
The laugh you gave
When we were all.
Each day our oyster,
Each night we'd cloister
From the day's travails.
But memory pales,
And your smile fades
Into the mists of recall.

Francie Lynch

Molly Bloom

I call her Molly Bloom.
The blossom fell from Molly
As I sipped the lip of morning.
She grew on me.
Others do too.
I grow into things.
I worried about my height,
But I had large feet,
So grew as the present slipped past.
Hair was always really important
To grow.
It appeared, slowly, on arms and legs,
Pits and lips, followed by groin pains.
I know atrophy and entropy grow too,
Take root like my historical assimilations.
Like watering, I daily weed apathy.
But Molly, she was different.
She presented with love;
Was received with indifference.
Then I cared too much.
(Did you know you can actually kill with love?)

When I lifted her ashen-petalled cheeks
She was my Bloomsday.

Should I vacation on Reunion Island
Where locals make strong rum?
I could pestle her to re-invigorate,
Or make a vanilla shake,
Or kid myself, believing her open shadow will
Brighten my window in the sun.

Francie Lynch

Momentous Days

Days bring unique
Unexpectedness,
Momentous at the outset.
Days that add
Dimensions;
With anxiety,
Hope and Care.
They may fall short,
Meet or excede
Yesterday's forethoughts.
Star with a mother's gift.
The warmth and excitement
Of home on the first day
Of school or camp.
A birth, wedding or funeral
Excites different bands.
Today is such a one.

A Good-bye Day.
A Good luck Day.

Until her return
My days are numbered
Until
That momentous day.

Francie Lynch

Monkey In A Vice

I keep my monkey
In a vice;
The jaws are tight,
The pressure's right,
To keep my monkey
Close in sight.

If you have a monkey
That will not go away,
Put your monkey
In a vice,
Tight enough to stay.

Like me, become homo erectus,
Have balls as big as T-Rex's,
Standing above the vice.

Francie Lynch

Monkeys All Around

I was trying to put the cutlery
In their respective slots,
Then the flash of a thought struck me:

I could train a monkey to do this.

Don't call them noble,
Nobles aren't even so.
They're pretty good though,
The monkeys.

Hey, when I whack
A really good one,
When I'm in the Zen
Of perfect flight,
My buddy will remark:

Give a monkey a typewriter
and sooner or later he'll spell
a word.

So, I have the greatest respect for our Simian brethern,
But those other Nobles... Meh!

Francie Lynch

More Malalas, Please!

Where are the Eleanors
And Godivas riding
In power and insight,
With spirit and mystique.
They aren't in jewelry
Or splashed on jeans.
Vishti refused to attend
Her drunken Lord;
She is no mirror for Isabella,
So inexperienced in love.
Anne H. fought for liberty,
Bella likes to shake blonde ringlets
On her shoulders;
The nervous Anastasia,
The clumsy Swan,
So modest
And ill-spoken
With downcast eyes.
Katniss is no Palla Athena
Or Garibaldi, though there's promise.
They are bound, timid heroines.

Malala never shot a real arrow,
But spoke like Rosa and Golda.
Yet, your childish sword-bearers
Are still desired by the men
They encounter;
Not as Susan B was courted.
Do they understand
How the chase ends,
These self-deprecating heroines.

Francie Lynch

More Or Less

Try not to think more of yourself than others.

Try not to think less of yourself than others.

Don't think less of yourself more,

But more of yourself less.

Sometimes, think less of others more,

And you won't think less of yourself.

But do so with charity and courtesy,

Lest you're thought of less.

Francie Lynch

Most Of All

I regret (usually too late) , the authority
Of the standing government.
Any government.
Once in power (I regret using that word already)
The back room broking good ole boys
At the exit polls
Loose their senses (as well as sight and hearing) .
Feelings get hurt.
Taxes are wasted.
The trough gouging is too loud.
I resent lying.

I regret (mostly from experience and evidence) ,
The too full baskets of organized religion
Brimming from indulgences;
The Roman fingers
Poaching coins for another memorial window;
The glass cathedrals
And get-a-way cars.
I resent hypocrisy.

I regret people don't arrive on time
(no matter what the time):
Especially when outside anyplace waiting,
Perhaps a light for smoke is needed,
Or there's inclement weather,
The nearby company is distasteful.
Waiting dinner.
Late children are the worse.
They cause worry.
I resent the selfishness of time. Mine.

I regret being diseased,
And hated for it.
When in remission I'm loved.
Active, not so much.
The know-its say it's a matter of will.
Like you are the cure for
Cancer and smallpox with thoughts.

The one symptom alone, hurt,
Would need a temple of meditating chanters!
I resent condemnation.

I regret failed relationships:
Family, friends and women.
My thoughts are mine;
If I said everything
You'd have a different opinion
Of what I am.
So we don't
Because we can't
Say things: we would appear socio-pathetic (or worse) .
We think good and bad;
Therefore we're real.
A virtual humanity.
I resent blathering.

I regret an educational system
That believes in paradigm shifts;
Spouting new-age lingo like,
'If it's not broken, break it';
Selling out to athletics,
And a general belief that one knows
All about education because one went to school.
Bullies top the list.
I resent permissive parents.

Most of all,
I regret holding onto
My resentments.

Francie Lynch

Mount Rushmore Tears

I'll scale the hairs of Lincoln's beard,
Leap to the bridge of Roosevelt's nose,
Balance on Jefferson's brow,
Then scream from Washington's pate:
"America, stop fucking up.
I'm slipping on tears
Of this granite outcrop!"

Francie Lynch

Mouthful Of Ashes

I've been at hundred of funerals
Standing beside Fathers
Soon to be posted to Peru
Or to missions for black African babies.
They'd sprinkle caskets like Spring rains,
Burn incense to smudge the dead
With rising smoke signals.
This was Cavalry, not cavalry,
Answering.
I saw the pain in the front pews,
And prayed fervently for the sound of wind
To lift the lid;
Prayed for the candle flame to flare,
For the dead to rise
As Rathgar Lothbrok,
I felt the forced air of the cooling fans
That threatened my candle.
God had a good chance then;
So what odds have I,
That my spilled urn ashes
Will reform for my return?
Corpore
That's praying for too much.
That's asking for a miracle.

Francie Lynch

Mr. Fawcett

Mr. Fawcett
Was a friend
Who ran hot and cold.
When he was hot
He drank a lot,
And smoked and toked,
And whored and slurred.
We thought him quite absurd.
He wheezed and coughed
And finally croaked,
Turning himself off.

Francie Lynch

Mr. Orangutan

Red herrings tend to be trustworthy,
But lead us astray.

Orange orangutans are trustworthy:

If it looks menacing, it is;

If it grunts, it's meaningful;

If it moves, it's unpredictable.

In captivity they're studied

As evolutionary wonders,

But it's still an orange orangutan,

Pounding his chest.

Francie Lynch

Musing

On my way
To the Lambton Health Unit,
I saw a child in a window,
Holding up a sign.
"Be Positive, " it sparkled.
"Only if I'm negative, " I mused.

Francie Lynch

Must Be Donald

Who's comb-over looks like shite?
Donald's comb-over looks like shite.
Who scared us shitless election night?
Donald scared us shitless election night.
Election night. Looks like shite.
Must be Donald.
Must be Donald.
Must be Donald, Donald Trump

Who's got a tie that's long and red?
The Don has a tie that's long and red?
Who pays hookers to piss on beds?
The Don pays hookers to piss on beds.
Piss on beds. Long and red.
Election night. Looks like shite.
Must be Donald.
Must be Donald.
Must be Donald, Donald Trump.

Who's got hands tiny and slight?
The Don has hands tiny and slight.
Who spews lies out day and night?
The Don spews lies out day and night.
Spews lies out. Tiny and slight.
Piss on beds. Long and red.
Election night. Looks like shite.
Must be Donald.
Must be Donald.
Must be Donald, Donald Trump.

Who's got a vocab small and trite?
The Don has a vocab small and trite.
Who whines Fake News out of spite?
The Don whines Fake News out of spite.
Small and trite. Out of spite.
Spews lies out. Tiny and slight.
Piss on beds. Long and red.
Election night. Looks like shite.
Must be Donald.

Must be Donald.
Must be Donald, Donald Trump.

Who likes tweeting SAD SAD SAD?
The Don likes tweeting SAD SAD SAD.
Who likes a spanking when he's bad?
The Don likes a spanking when he's bad.
Bad, bad, bad, SAD SAD SAD,
Small and trite. Out of spite.
Spews lies out. Tiny and slight.
Piss on beds. Long and red.
Election night. Looks like shite.
Must be Donald.
Must be Donald.
Must be Donald, Donald Trump.

How many minions leave today?
So many so far went their way.
Comey, Priebus, Flynn and Bannon,
Tillerson, Spicer, Hope and Ryan.
Leave today. Gone their way.
Bad, bad, bad, SAD SAD SAD,
Small and trite. Out of spite.
Spews lies out. Tiny and slight.
Piss on beds. Long and red.
Election night. Looks like shite.
Must be Donald.
Must be Donald.
Must be Donald, Donald Trump.

Francie Lynch

Mustard Seed

My brain is in the landfill,
My ego's in the dump;
My id's been spread as fertilizer,
My heart's a paltry pump.
So, how do I say
Love's grown in me,
Like invasive weeds;
I need to hoe
Between the rows,
For you,
My mustard seed.

Francie Lynch

My Aged Aunt

Every night, my aged aunt,
Fervently prayed
For God to take her
During her sleep.

Then every morning,
She fervently prayed,
Thanking God
For another day.

Francie Lynch

My Attic's Full Of Thank You's

My attic's full
Of Thank You's
That can't keep out
The cold,
But rafters
Hang with laughter
To warm me
When I'm old.

My basement's full
Of Pleases,
Poor fuel for the furnace,
But air vents
Carry welcomes,
To keep us cool
Or warm us.

The shed is shelved
With Ifs and Buts,
And jars of
Maybe bolts;
The fasteners
Of family ties;
The glues
Of hearts and souls.

Search the garage,
Open the cupboards,
Lift the sideboard;
Step into the closets,
Check under stairs,
Those little words
Are everywhere.
We use them freely,
Need them dearly,
They make us
Feel so good.

Francie Lynch

My Brother, Jake

My brother, Jake,
He had what it takes;
Shaved when he was eight,
Strong as a boa snake.
He had hair
Like Ringo Starr,
But played guitar
Like Ravi on sitar.

My brother, Jake,
He grew to six foot eight;
He had arms like legs,
Muscles like beer kegs.
He was fast,
With a ball,
His speed could do it all.
And he could speak,
Like a priest,
He kept us all enthralled.
His wit,
It was quick,
And sharp as a paring knife:
He was funny,
He was cruel,
And well thought of at school.

My brother, Jake,
Had a running streak
Up his back,
At the sign
Of any trouble,
He left on the double.

So you see,
As I see,
Size is allegory.
Jake's stature
May bring rapture,
But he's a little man to me.

Francie Lynch

My Brothers

Roam my beach
Where proof gets stranded
With each inch of water.
I will keep my secret shelter
In grains and dunes.

Here I dig to cover
(as the Nile's favourites once endured)
Ones like me.
I too built my sphynx to outlast
The Odds, the Waves,
And time.

Past the lawns of lakeshore
The family still waits
For the feast.
(anyway, rings don't look good on me)

As for the calf, save the leather.
What good will come of it?
Oh god!

My brothers, Ben and Jake, understand:
The inheritance was never mine alone.
Let the feast begin...
Save me a seat.

Francie Lynch

My Cavity

My dentist
Strongly recommended
A cardiologist
To fill
My cavity.

Francie Lynch

My Cup Runneth Over There

I'm taunted by another,
Allured by the attention
Polishing vanity to a reflective glaze
Like the winner's cup, held up by the ears
To display, and kiss, and smudge
Before returned to the real owner.
It's an enviable snare,
One may think is sincere,
When here, looking over there.

Francie Lynch

My Frying Pan

If my skillet's unearthed
Some long time on
By somethings human,
They'd need a rune
To reveal the smells
Of Sunday breakfast,
The sizzles and grizzles
Of that relic.
It won't explain
What to blame
From first fire,
To my frying pan.

Francie Lynch

My Garden Of Eden

I had a boss
When I worked,
A black-hearted syncophant
We'll call Bert.
There was no escaping
From this jerk,
Unless Daddy'd sheathed
Before his squirt.
He was the smiling villain,
With a glad-handshake,
And a slap on the back:
One never knew of his scurrilous attacks
On reputation,
On self-esteem,
This viper slithered
In my Garden of Eden.

Francie Lynch

My Heart's A Boiling Cauldron

My heart is a boiling cauldron stewing with
A pinch of kindness,
A sprinkling of hope,
A dash of hate,
A gram of generosity,
A dram of charity,
A tablespoon of despair,
A measure of temperance,
A teaspoon of patience,
And a shake of faith.
Now, simmering on the element,
I can ladle out bowls of love.

Francie Lynch

My Inner Canine

When the phone's at home
I'm a dog
Without his bark-collar on;
Off the leash,
Off the property,
Snapping at gulls
On the beach.
I'm digging up old bones,
Lifting a leg,
Barking and chasing
What crosses my path.

Back at home
I loose my dog brain;
I'm tethered and yanked
By a cellular line.
The yelping,
And begging
Have me pining
For the freedom of
My inner canine.

Francie Lynch

My Mind Is Elsewhere

I just heard about the near miss.
My mind was elsewhere.
Pleased to hear about Syria,
But it was elsewhere.
I didn't know Pippa had a wardrobe malfunction,
The loss of the Toronto Maple Leafs,
The deformed frogs and west coast fires,
And the downing of a 747 somewhere in the Asiatic Sea.
Big news. Bigger problems!
But, like I said, my mind was elsewhere.
Like the ten million payout to the terrorist from Canada
Whose human rights were violated.
I didn't hear that one til today.
I just heard there's been a few transformations
For Caitlyn and Donald. Hope they like their new lives.
My mind was elsewhere,
And I've left it there. Whew!
Did you hear something about North Korea launching ICBM's?

Francie Lynch

My Mother's Brogue

An old friend asked if my mother had a brogue.
She was forty when she landed here,
She probably did. She must have.
What does a child hear?
I was accustomed to it.
I only heard her voice.
Others no doubt did. Liked the lilt.
I learned early on to hear the voice,
Not the accent.

Francie Lynch

My Oleander

So pleasing,
Frangrant,
Approachable,
Even touchable,
But every cell,
Destructable.

Francie Lynch

My Opium

I thought something
Was wrong with me.
I'm writing so
Seriously.
Reading poetry
Religiously.
Lines invade
When retiring;
Ascending I'm reciting,
Divining parallel parables.
I'm convinced
He's left the stage,
Replaced by me
On the page
In figures of speech.
And the Chosen words
Give meaning and comfort
Religion obscured.

Francie Lynch

My Poem Is My True Selfie

My poem is my true selfie,
An X-ray of the inner me,
A snap-shot of reality,
A close-up of what's really me,
Un-shopped pixels of beauty.

Francie Lynch

My Relics

I have sacred relics
Buried in my altar
To sanctify my life.
I don't kneel in supplication;
Still they know
My devotion,
My adoration,
My fealty.
I am blessed.

Francie Lynch

My Shadow Is A Gull

It was so hot yesterday
My armhair sweat,
My eyes were looking
Through a plastic bag,
My teeth were saturated.

I found the wind
Beneath the Bluewater Bridges
At the headwaters of the St. Clair.
Here I can relax my skin,
Watch the gulls maneuver,
Like your kite, Aine,
Against and with the blusters,
Gaining dive speed to vault the trestles.

The sun is burning my bones,
My blood rushes at four knots
With Huron's mouth.
I straddle the Shadow
To follow the birds,
Thinking of winter
I release a high-pitched laughing scream
That's carried back to the bridges
With my flapping shirt tails.

Francie Lynch

My Shooting Star

I gave an idle
Skyward glance,
When night
Is blackest blue;
There flared
A meteor,
Long as a blink,
Through my
Atmosphere.
It helped,
I think,
I realized,
How you once
Caught my eyes.

Francie Lynch

My Thoughts Are Photoshopped

I have memories
That could be mine,
Selfies of other times.
Gray matter shots
That morph and shift,
Blur and smear
Yet shine.

My phantom snaps
Have smoke and mirrors,
Spectres with borders.
The smell of bacon,
A rising sun,
A carpet hill
To lay upon;
A door that swings
To past future,
A window to see through.

My astral albumn
Haunts my nights,
No light can dim my view.
I think my thoughts
Are photoshopped.
These memories of you.

Francie Lynch

My Universe Conspires

For those of us
Who don't understand,
An eleventh dimension
Was necessary
To explain String Theory.

Ergo,

I create another
To do grace,
It's the only answer
For a face
With eyes like stars
Not yet named.

My universe
Now conspires
To co-exist
With my desires.

Francie Lynch

Naked On Fire

The pain wasn't evident
When you queued;
Nor discernible
When you opened a hand
No one reached for.
Your frayed coat needed attention,
Your legs bowed in the wrong direction
As you moved, frog-like.
I never recognized the shame
Behind ribbons you wore;
An imperceptible guilt
For lack of control.
But your eyes,
Downcast or averted,
Tried hiding the despondency
I once witnessed
In a naked girl,
Running,
On fire.

Francie Lynch

Narcis-Stick (10w)

Excuse me,
Could you please
Watch me
Take my picture.

Francie Lynch

Nativity

A dove descends,
Wings flapping, each beat discernable,
Like an annunciation.
The idea, an immaculate conception,
Untainted, pure and blessed,
A secular epiphany raised to deity,
And behold,
The nativity of verse.
Heavy,
In the midst of countless skulls;
No eyes, lips or ears.
I am the father
Trusting I will die before my child,
Believing it will outlive me
To shade the world.

Francie Lynch

Nausea Attack

Sit, fast.

Lie down if you find privacy.

It's a wave, cresting over you,

And you wonder,

Should I continue breathing?

Gulp, and let the wash begin.

Look to the feet first,

And calm your soles:

Work the legs,

Think outside the head,

But stay down -

You'll walk again,

And wait, and forget,

Then forgive yourself.

Francie Lynch

Never Give Up

Like a goose flying tail,
Or alone waiting mail;
Like a fly on the strand,
Or initials in sand.
Never give up.

You're fouled on a fair play
With the crowd in your face;
You shoot from the blocks
To a false-started race.
Never give up.

You're stranded on the shoulder
With a tire gone flat;
Or walking a dark stretch
With a load on your back.
Never give up.

You're lying in a sitting room,
With a match and a spoon;
Staring at the bare wall,
And your skin starts to crawl.
Never give up.

You'll get your lead;
The strand may break;
The tide will turn;
You've lost the taste;
The spare's in your trunk;
Friends lighten your load.

Never give up.
There's light down the road.

Francie Lynch

Never Wasted

Charity is never wasted,
Even when refused;
Your simple act of selflessness
Cannot be reduced.

Kindness is never wasted,
Even when refused;
To think we think of others first
Cannot be diffused.

Courtesy is never wasted,
Even when refused;
Shake a hand, open a door,
Say Please and Thank You.

Patience is never wasted,
Even when refused;
Bide your time contentedly
Dealing with the obtuse.

Faith is never wasted,
Even when refused;
Believe in what cannot be proved
Even if confused.

Hope is never wasted,
Even when refused;
It gives the taste of fine red wine
Brimming o'er the cruse.

Hate is never wasted,
I know you feel abused;
It's just a tact under attack
That haters like to use.

Love is never wasted,
Even when refused;
It's educed, then enfused,
And spreads as it accrues.

Francie Lynch

New Star In The Night

New stars are debuting
On the galactic red carpet.
The IMAX night sky reveals
The hand and foot print constellations
Illumed by the stage lights
In a heavenly theatre.
Shooting stars burned out
After their final shoot.
It's a wrap.

Francie Lynch

New Wave Diet

Hawking's told me
My universe is contracting;
Then he changed his mind,
It's now expanding.
Sounds like a new wave diet.

Francie Lynch

Nice Try Einstein

Einstein refined
Space and time.
Failed to define
Divine Design.
Almost divined
The superior outline.
But the subtleties
Were too sublime.

Francie Lynch

No Embossed Martyr

Your smile foretold
I'd screw-up this poem.
We had foresight then,
And anticipation
Invoking the future.
We leaned back,
Looking down the well,
Swept away clouds
In tea-cups,
And smoke in cauldrons
To seize the summer.
The suddenness of loss
Is not prophesied;
One does not pre-order
Ointments.
If I were spiritual
I would see a sign,
Like a bird,
Building a nest.
I don't hear voices.
When I slice through
A tomato, I don't find
An embossed relief
Of a martyr.
I only have this picture.

Francie Lynch

No Extinct Cows

We have seen the magic bullet
Cure all disease.
Cows won't go extinct.
Lush, green pastures run to the waters' edges.
Twisted ankles in gopher holes are passe.
Trees are well-placed for shade beneath a relentless sky.
The lands are full, plush and crowded
With work-a-day leather. Wool is everywhere.
The barren creeks are clear of poison.
The grunts and runts of the stead
Blissfully graze, munching towards our tables.
Brown eggs thrive in computerized out buildings.
We are idle. No wars, disease or poverty.
It is either life or death by choice.
We implant, are implanted, removeable,
And sustainable as any Victorian.
In place of the Immaculate Heart,
I hang a picture of my old pet, Sophie,
Walking on a balance beam,
With a strange black V high in the sky.
And with all this, we grow fat

Francie Lynch

No Face, Hands Or Legs

I listened to a man who was terminally sick,
And he wanted to talk politics.
But I was focused on the stars
And how they'd fall like grains of sand;
And then I heard the woeful wind,
Plaintiff as this breathless man.
And I was sad
That the stars did not fall
To mark the passing of our time,
For it has no real face and hands,
Or wings to fly on, or legs to run.
Yet rushes at us like politicians;
Perhaps that's what he said.

Francie Lynch

No Hickory-Dickory Here

Jesus Christ Almighty!

What?

A mouse ran up my nightie!

Ohhh...

He bit my tit!

Dear me!

Then ran lickety-split,

No!

Squeaking for being so naughty.

Francie Lynch

No Hurry To Worry

There's no hurry
For one to worry
About the end
Of days.
Is there Spirit?
Will we meet?
Will you have wings
To lift your feet
To prance and dance
On sheep-shaped clouds,
Or put a halo round my head,
Lift two fingers
To raise the dead,
To incarnate,
Transmigrate,
Regenerate.
I'd be okay
To disintegrate,
Adding mass
To a world
Growing in depravity,
And losing its gravity.

Francie Lynch

No Mediator Necessary

You have the handshakes,
I'll take the slaps on the back.
There's no estate, no kids;
You have the hellos,
I, the good-byes.
No mediator is necessary,
I've mediated on this
And concluded,
Bro,
This friendship.

Francie Lynch

No Muses Need Apply

No muses need apply.
There are no vacancies.
The muse pool is brimming
With metaphors:

'They are thieves
In the night,
Absconding stars
Of time and direction.'

No muses need apply
To classifieds calling
To The Lonely Hearts,
Whose term has expired:

'SWM wants SWF
for Pina Coladas.
Cave optional.'

Loneliness has carried them
To the gates, where
Loneliness awaits.

No. No muses neep apply.
Notes no longer passed
Between rows
In copy-book pages,
Where a returned smile
Meant Sarturday night.

No muses need apply.
Eyes have dried.
No more similies
As you depart,
No figures of speech
From muted heart.
You have left.
That's a start.

No muses need apply.

Francie Lynch

No Room In The Tomb

Is there any room in the tomb
Of our sun and our moon,
While all creation stands waiting?
It's filled with transgressions,
Our ungodly sharp sins,
A shroud stitched by Seraphim,
With heavenly hosts on a pin.
It's darker outside than the light within.
And the temperatures rising,
There'll be no denying
Come Sunday morn.
For there's room in the tomb,
The sun has risen,
The curtains are torn,
All sins are forgiven.

Francie Lynch

No Thanks

The drawbridge spanned
An arid moat where peasants
And soldiers perished.
The lane lead through the portcullises,
And I started my tour in the dungeon.
Here the iron age apexed
In shackles, cages,
Coals and spikes.
Here they forced their truth.
I placed my feet on the first step
Of a coiling, staircase,
Ascending by rooms of crossed swords,
Picts, pikes, mounted heads
And coats of arms.
In the centre of the dining hall,
Resplendent with gold plates
And silver candle sticks,
Was the refectory table.
I continued the tour past
Arrow slits overlooking
The graves of the beseigers,
Who once waited for victory
Or salvation.
The arduous spiral
Lead to a parapet, a high place:
Here, I imagined I saw the
Kingdoms of the World.
No Thanks, would be
My answer too.

Francie Lynch

No Words

I've been struggling
To create a poem
With the fewest words.
Once I got down to one word:
'Yes.'
That's it, 'Yes.'
Now, I have accomplished the unthinkable,
For me,
A minimalist's Eden.
A no word poem.
Here it is
(except for the title)

History of Our Planet

...ooooooooooooooooooooOOoooooooooooooooooooo...

Francie Lynch

No Words Can Say

I've been struggling
To create a poem
With the fewest words.
Once I got down to one word:
'Yes.'
That's it, 'Yes.'
Now, I have accomplished the unthinkable,
For me,
A minimalist's Eden.
A no word poem.
Here it is
(except for the title)

History of Our Planet

...ooooooooooooooooooooOOoooooooooooooooooooo...

Francie Lynch

Nobody Reported It

I was hanged once. Seriously. Hanged.
If you can believe it.
Stupidly and innocently the rope was
Slipped over my head.
The waggon was pushed out
Suspending me twisting slowly turning
With untied you see me?
I was as good as gone.
You'll have to believe me.
Take my word.
You can't look it up.
Seriously. There is not accounting.
Nobody recorded, reported, cropped, shopped or scanned
It.
All the same, I was hanged.
Left like Clint. Really.
(so ironic)

But then again, we were opaque.
Not like now.
Not as many EMFs, MRIs, X-rays and lenses.
Not nearly.
There aren't enough spirits or souls
To be snatched away because
Everything is reported.
Everyone should shutter.
If you think with a click you're good to go,
You're good as gone.
As reported.

Francie Lynch

Nobody Speaks

People are smiling with the back of their teeth;
Hookers are toiling themselves off their feet;
The cops avoid the crooks on their beat;
Scammers are conning cause we all want to cheat;
Fishes are breathing on the banks of the creek;
Government fingers can't stop the slow leaks;
The searchers stopped searching for something to seek;
Voyeurs are seeing without sneaking a peek;
The strong are loosing to the strength of the weak;
The weak are strong though they be meek;
The jocks are surrounded by the number of geeks;
The circus is posting jobs for the freaks;
The Colonel's chicken has twelve secret beaks;
The beds are empty as no one can sleep;
The weeds are filling the cracks in our streets;
The guards are chained in castle keeps;
And all about us grows weary and bleak;
Our tongues are loose,
Yet nobody speaks.

Francie Lynch

Not A Poem About Death

I know zilch about car engines,
So I don't write about them.

I know squanto about medicine -
more about drugs,
but for personal reasons
like kids and such I seldom
allude to them;
you understand -
And you'll not read much on that,
Except for an occasional image.

I know extraordinarily nothing
About cricket, or how rockets can propel
In a vacuum, or dimensions,
Six through ten.
Ordinary, usual stuff for many.
But not my comfort zone,
So I won't waste our time
Feigning string theory imagery.
So,
Here's the thing.
I write about death, often,
And I know just about nothing
That there is to know,
Except for what we know,
Hardly worth mentioning,
It's common knowledge,
Not necessary to even cite,
Like the capital of Canada,
Or The Lord's Prayer.
At least I could use an image
Of a scar or a cog wheel,
But I know nothing
About death,
But the certainty.
So, what's up with that?
Did I do it again?

Francie Lynch

Not All Fathers Are Dads

We lived
In our Goodwill bathing suits
During our arduous summer isolation
From school and friends.
They were shiny, silk-like.
The scrotums were always
A size too big,
And so, sagged,
Exposing us like water snakes
Raising heads from darkness.
We sat in the back seat of the Rambler
Like three monkeys,
Towels wrapped sarong-like.
The heated air rose from the hood
As visible reminders.
This was Mammy's idea,
Hoping he would feel obliged
After many hours of hoeing and weeding.
Just an hour at the Beach.
I longed for the sound of slowly crushed stone
Beneath the tires as we backed out.
He emerged from the house,
Walked to the garage,
Never glancing our way,
A half hour later we got out.
But I saw, I heard, and now I speak.
Some fathers are never Dads.

Francie Lynch

Not Alone At All

I'm anxious of leaving,
I know where
It's leading;
To a cave
With no rear exit.
It's dark,
So dark,
My fears
Are well-grounded,
There's only room
For me.

The guards
Have fallen
Asleep;
A crack
Appears in
The wall.
Sun's golden fingers
Reach my pall:
Attitude shifts,
Blackness lifts,
I'm not
Alone at all.

Francie Lynch

Not Because Of Colour

Do we remember John?
He was what we'd call a 'Simpleton, '
Back when we were young.
He stood in his brown cloth coat,
Carried a notepad and a pen,
We suspected he had half a tongue,
Making notes on roadside lawns,
Near every manhole.
John was busy inside his head,
We never got a word he said.
Who was John before John was dead?

Did you know Stanley?
We didn't see him much.
He'd appear in the hood on holidays.
Probably went to 'New Hope School, '
Where he was kept.
Stanley swore a lot,
He threw snot, drooled and spit at us.
We poked fun, and provoked,
Felt blameless,
For Stanley's condition was kept from us.
Segregated,
And not because of colour.

Francie Lynch

Not Listening

Not listening!
Any jack-ass
Can carry
Heavy burdens
Without braying.

Francie Lynch

Not Til I've Done It

I don't know a comfortable chair
Til I've sat in it;
Nor a fine car til I've driven it;
Same with a strong coffee,
Or a poem til I've written it.

Francie Lynch

Now I Lay Me Down

To talk about
The day
Following my death;
Or ten thousand thousand
After I'm laid to rest,
Is an incomparable nap
Compared to the dreamless sleep ahead.

Francie Lynch

Now Mammy

Now Mammy dead
All these years,
The salt that mixes
With the tears
Drips on tender wounds.
This son, I'm not
The only one,
Deprived of so much more.
Time implored
By the adored,
Lead you to that room,
Left you
In that room.

Francie Lynch

Now, That Is Spring

I shooed a June bug
Off my front screen door,
And the freighters blow fog horns
On The Huron and St. Clair.
The mist rises like incense
From the blackness on Spartan Ave.;
Still a warm May drizzle drifts tonight,
Anointing lawns, gardens and us.
And Beulah, my new magnolia tree,
Blossomed yellow for me this year.
But Brigid and Ophelia,
Heralded my Spring,
Brought sun and light with their arrival,
And a fresh green lease to everything.

Francie Lynch

Now, That You're Gone

When you're gone,
Who'll I compare
To the setting sun,
To it's reluctant rays
When you're gone?
Don't think I don't compare,
But won't, now,
That you're gone.

Francie Lynch

Nsf

I, in my vanity,
Felt sympathy
For my writer brother;
Chained like a pen
In a bank.
Now, I feel empathy
With non sufficient funds

Francie Lynch

Nuclear Family

I'm but an electron
In a nuclear family.
Pass the TNT.

Francie Lynch

O, The Whys And O Mys

I'm green with those I leave behind,
This world I have, where all seems mine.

I vacillate as their world keeps thriving,
Leaving the living live with the alive.

But I'm gone, I'm dead,
The colorful globe will spin;
The living will die;
Not now... by and by,
With "O whys" and "O mys";
It's a curse I've bequeathed
To the loves of my life,
When they leave their loved ones behind.

Francie Lynch

Oafie

Oafie lingers before his mirror
Pointing at the slinger Dillinger,
In his black suit,
Fingering his loot,
He won't go in there.

Then Oafie dons an old coat,
Posing before his cheval,
Sharing jokes with Robert Duvall,
Who lights a smoke for Lauren Bacall,
Who say his coat fits well.

I know this may seem humorous,
But Oafie isn't left too much;
His acuity is out of touch.
But he played guitar like a harp,
Which sadly isn't that far off.

For now the famous visit often.
He dances to classic Sinatra,
Fred Astair and Ginger Rogers.
I'll visit Oafie one last time,
And slip a mirror in his coffin.

Francie Lynch

Obsession

I'd like to
Write a poem,
Then
Just
Walk
Away.

Francie Lynch

Ocd

I don't pick my skin,
Pluck my hair
Or number things.
I wash my hands
Many times a day,
But I don't check doors
Or count footsteps.
I set the alarm,
But I don't re-set;
I'm meticulous
But not perfectionist.
I'm self-critical,
Not self-loathing,
I'm proud of my kids,
But I'm not doting.
There's one thing
I'm obsessed with:
To be in your heart
Every minute you live;
To touch you
Before leaving a room,
Have you wash over me
Under all the moons.
I'm not looking for a cure,
I love my disorder.

Francie Lynch

Ode To A Vagina

From pre-historic Lucy
Down the Great Wall of China
To the billions of today,
It's all
Owed to a vagina.

Francie Lynch

Ode To The Penis

One's unschooled tool
Should not rule
The behavior of its owner.
Keep your head in check,
Don't beget or regret
Lack of control of your boner.
Here's the long and short of this,
Nothing's owed to the penis.

Francie Lynch

Off And On; On And Off

My OFF switch is off,
Which means it's on:
I may have brushed it,
Flicked it in full sight;
I didn't throw a shoe at it,
Or grope during the night.
But that's how my switch works
When I'm not attentive.
The OFF goes ON,
And then I'm done,
I head towards the cave,
Alone and dark,
With my finger on the switch
To flick, when feeling fit,
When I've had enough of it.

Francie Lynch

Oh, I Can Fly

Oh, I can fly,
And not only
In dreams;
Landings
Are safer
When I spread
Wings,
Open my eyes
In my dive,
And see
The oncoming trees.

Francie Lynch

Old Fashioned Ice-Cream

There oughta be another option,
A different route to take.
Alternate realities are limited,
The receptors are collapsing in.
Actors are computer generated,
Vocalists are lip synching,
Wood's not wood,
The bellfry is a facade,
And my chicken dinner didn't hatch.
My clothes are made of oil,
My veggies grow indoors,
I'm drinking chlorine and fluoride,
Bottled water isn't wet.
What I see's not what I get.
Yes or no simply won't do.
My tires aren't rubber, I'm laying slicks,
Shakespeare's off the curriculum.
That's not the face you had last week,
Nor the body you've long borne.
Gimme some old fashioned ice-cream.
They're laying oil lines,
Clear-cutting my life line,
Soon landing us on Mars.
Yes or no won't do.
Erect a fence around our world,
We're living in a zoo.

Francie Lynch

Old Love

It just doesn't feel like love
Without the palpitations
And loss of breath,
When you still had a shine
Like an unwrapped gift.
I don't feel the tingle
With your presence,
Or the anticipation of your call.
It just doesn't feel like love
Until I see old pictures,
Hear old songs,
Pause home movies.
So, I will bring ribbon home,
And tie a bow,
Wrap you like a new gift,
Like someone I once knew.

Francie Lynch

Old Men Know Love

Old men know
As much about
Love as the
Fifty-one shades
Of our gray hair.

Francie Lynch

Old Poets Versify

We aging poets
Scribble hard in the passive
Recalling the active;
I invoke your separate, central parts,
Basking in the warm ripples of you
In June lake water;
Absorb the yellow blur
Drying the pressed grass.
Passive lines from past lives;
And the old poet loses the clarity
Re-capturing the passions
Of the young poet's life.

Francie Lynch

Old Women Know Love

Old women know love
Better than the
Fifty-one shades
To color gray.

Francie Lynch

Ole Hunchback

Ole Hunchback
Got a good Royal burial;
That smiling villain's bones
Bleached black-blond
In underground parking.
Exhumed and parlayed
For over two years;
Confirmed to be he
Who caused a Queen
To cry vats of tears
For the Tower boys.
Poor Anne dropped her hankie.
His horse-drawn caisson
Is a subterfuge,
A distraction to veil
Civil dissatisfaction.
He finally got his horse,
And we get the droppings.
And I see Cromwell
Standing beside Churhill
And Charles outside
Westminster.
Perhaps Manson
Will be busted
In Poet's Corner.

Francie Lynch

On The Way To Georgian Bay

The familiar small towns,
On the way
To Georgian Bay,
Have gone;
Box store intersections sprawl
Where General Stores once served.
It's hard to find pie and coffee,
To watch the cows come from the barn,
Or comment on the standing corn,
On a late September morn.

Francie Lynch

One Diluvial Ounce

The Chinook and Monsoons have no effect.
Bring rain or snow, sleet or hail.
The Tropics of Cancer and Capricorn
Can shift or stay.
The wadi and oasis can pool or dry.
Fogs can roll, jet streams can carry their worst;
Hurricanes and tornadoes can wreck havoc.
This is my Kouri, my Oued, myTog.

All the animals are welcome to eat and drink.
There's plenty.
Migration is unnecessary.
The watering holes are wet or arid.
The desert can bloom or hide.
The skylights can shine or dim;
Moons can be full, new or in between.
This is my Nahal, and my Nala,
This is my Dry Season.

As expected,
Feast is followed by famine;
Plenty by scarcity.
Inhale, exhale.

I shoot a shot of Jamie,
Having watched it pour,
That dram of gold
Eclipsing all that shines.
That one diluvial ounce:

Then my cave calls.
This is my Akhet.
My Wet Season.
I enter sapien-like
And grow hair.
The animals scatter.
The cave fills with bones and bottles.
I eventually emerge
With the changing of the season,

With the return of reason,
And see;
Then hope
My dim familiar shadow
From the dry season
Will lengthen.
All I need is water.

Francie Lynch

One Hundred Percent Disposed

Comparatively speaking,
It's grand to live
In Canada.
It's as free as one can get,
Comparatively.
We have one hundred percent
Control over our destiny
And our bodies:
That is,
Until we near the end.
Then,
Our government decides
How we die.
I suspect they want to know
That I'm one hundred percent
Disposed and dispossessed.

Francie Lynch

One Last

One last snowflake
And the roof collapsed.

One last raindrop
And the levee cracked.

One last grain
And a life is breathless.

One last kiss
To seal my blessings.

One last shovelful
And the grave is restful.

Francie Lynch

One Moment

In my Honalee,
I abandoned the wish
For time to rocket by.
The burning suns didn't sink
Fast enough behind pirate's sails.
Where desire is the moon phasing
Like tidal currents to the watershed.
Youth and time inextricably race slowly
With each passing celebration,
Until the full-feathered fly like dragons,
And our present fills the sky, and me,
Keeping look out.

In my songs
I learned
Of love and peace and harmony.
Heard the injustices of humanity,
The harms incurred,
The hurts endured,
The tranquility of let it be.

Despite my flights,
I fed you,
Feathered the nest,
Did all the rest
To feed all your dreams.

Now weeks fly,
Your babies will cry.

Stay still thwarted worm.
This beak, though worn,
Is not yet ready for you.
The day will come,
The hour creep up,
The minute of expiration,
But it's that second one dreads,
That moment.

Francie Lynch

One Mustn'T Read Poetry

One mustn't read
Poetry;
One must listen
And experience
Poetry.

Francie Lynch

One Never Expects One

One never expects one
Standing erect,
Straddled with club in hand;
There's a postage stamp
With pole and flag
Daring resolve and grit;
So one checks one's stance,
Sneaks a glance
And slightly adjusts one's grip;
Then a reaction occurs
Like controlled fussion,
And out of confusion comes sense.
The contact cements a crack and launch,
Startling one like a gun;
One scratches one's head,
Dumbfounded and red,
One's aced a hole-in-one.

Francie Lynch

One Of Mine

I saw a girl
Who belongs to me.
It was in her gait,
The way she turned her face,
And cocked her head
For clarity.
That girl belong to me.
She's a reflective skeptic,
Knows a half empty glass,
But she doesn't cover
Her eyes with wool,
She knows when it's half full.
She enjoys serenity.
Yes, that girl belongs to me.
She only lives a life of fun,
Her demeanor's one of curiosity;
Just the other day
She turned one.
Yes, that girl's one of mine;
I'd pick her in a crowd,
Spot her out,
Without a doubt,
That girl is so sublime,
She's definitely
One of mine.

Francie Lynch

One On One

One on One

One may observe one's quite absurd,
And question why one's not deterred,
When one hears what one's observed.
One's world abounds with wondrous places,
Peopled with mosaic races.
When one blurts out a black man's black,
One says one's not a Democrat.
If one detects one's hue of skin,
One says one's a Republican.
But one is blamed for mouthing words
Like Indian, Paddy, Jew or Kurd.
One's innocuous indiscretions
Has one's eyes rolling on occasions.
Should one be blind to the homeless,
One can't see one's not blameless.
When one supports a Pride Parade,
One proudly says one's not afraid.
If one's an anti-abortionist,
Then one must help the Innocents.
'The sick and dying are a great expense, '
One yells demaning the same treatment.
One preaches hard-line on foreign shores,
Would kill the bastards in one war.
One's a diplomatic boor
(One's glad it's there and not here) .
If one knows one conceals a gun,
One compensates for one's wee one.
If one encounters a common thief,
One should keep one's company brief.
Should one hear a politician,
One needs separate fact from fiction.
One sees terrorists everywhere,
From the confines of one's chair.
One speaks of one's impending doom,
Looking out from one's room.
There's so much angst one lays on one,
We are one.

We're not one.
One's time here has ebbed,
Will flow.
One must leave.
One must go.

Francie Lynch

One Punt Lottery

As new immigrants
We were sent
Irish Sweepstakes
Across the blue.
Too young to understand
The ponies,
I understood the secrecy
Of keeping secret
The lottery.
Half a century on,
Life is now the lottery;
More exhilarating
A game of chance
Than a one Punt ticket.

Francie Lynch

One To Twelve

I'll have a bite
To eat -
A cup of wine,
Some broken bread;
Set them all at ease.

I think I'll wash
My feet -
A water bowl,
A ragged towel;
Clean off the dust
From off the street.

I'll disclaim
I'm a traitor,
Run to temple,
Hang out later.

Francie Lynch

One Word

Minimalism gives me no choice.
The fewer words, the better.
Brevity is next to godliness.
Someday, I will cover
The entire canvas with
One stroke of the brush.
So, I am reminded:
In the beginning
And the end,
There is one
Word.

Francie Lynch

One Word Poem (1w)

I've racked my brain,
Buckled with the strain
With sweat beading
'Bout my eyes.
I'm working to write
The One Word Poem,
And be master
Before I die.
I've got two words
That work quite well,
Two words that have
A story to tell.
You see,
The problem with
A one word line,
I'll never get
The poem to rhyme.

Francie Lynch

Ones...

Ones who look
But never see,
Are ones who won't
Agree to agree.

Ones who hear
But never listen,
Never get
One's position.

Ones who touch
But never feel,
Have heavy hearts
Forged in steel.

Ones with answers
Who never ask,
Are usually blowing it
Out one's ass.

Ones who smell,
Well...
Avoid those ones.

Francie Lynch

Ophelia Over Cavan

I went out for some air
As Ophelia's winds ripped Cavan
With whips and cracks,
Swaying wires til they met like Gothic lips
Whistling a lilting melody
In a wave winding along the Carrick Road.
They wailed as banshees,
Warning men with chainsaws,
Women in cars,
But deaf ears heard naught.
The fairies left their hillocks,
The cairns are empty vaults;
Ophelia drowned out prayers that night,
And left for Scotland's shore.

Francie Lynch

Or Something Just Like That

We sketched it out,
Construed an outline
With bullet points;
Worked on the draft,
Fashioned the conclusion
While forming an introduction,
And through infusion,
Developed an argument.

From thesis to synthesis
We entered the plot,
Quite sure of twists,
Not knowing the costs.
Our essay would go
Something like that.

Plodding forward
Through antithesis,
The crises, decisions,
Then the denouement.

In conclusion,
To summarize:
The vacant character
Of my eyes,
Was the climactic downfall;
Your hero dies.

The final draft
Was finely crafted,
Something just like that.

Francie Lynch

Obituary

Gaia, The World (nee Earth)

Suddenly, at home, aged 4.5 billion years, The World Gaia (nee Earth) , surrounded by her loving nuclear family, Gaia passed away after a long battle with humanity. She is survived by her husband of 3 billion years, Luna, eight siblings, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, and countless cosmic cousins. Predeceased by a younger brother, Pluto.

Gaia was the mother of all, and a selfless provider. She brought rain or let the sun into everyone's life.

Cremation has taken place.

In lieu of flowers there is nothing else.

Condolences at this time are fruitless.

There will be no service.

Francie Lynch

Original Spring

My original spring was wound,
Tight as a Swiss watch.
The fore-finger and thumb
Of the nun turned the crown screw,
As only the Sisters could do.
Any subject could be converted
Into a lesson of the life of Jesus.
A plus sign becomes a cross.

Even Jesus knew the angles
To be a carpenter and Savior,

Grace and Faith kept time.

The Sacraments were frequent topics.
How many would we receive
Between Baptism and Extreme Unction?
After Confessions, I once asked,
Is it possible to sin between Penance and the curb?

All things are possible with God.

You didn't want to die with a blemished soul;
Being responsible for more thorns and nails
Pounded into the emaciated, pitiful flesh
Of the one to emulate,
With Grace and Faith.

I was fervent in prayer.
I wanted to carry the Holy Eucharist
To the housebound or hospitalized;
Through the throng of thugs
Ready to defile the wafer.
I was ready to die a martyr,
With a benevolent, sober Jesus,
Guarding from the clouds,
Right hand raised like a Judo chop,
Blessing me, preparing me,
Protecting me with a corporeal force field.

Grace and Faith kept time.

I pined to wear the Altar Boy's Cassock,
Soutane-like, long and black,
Topped with the surplice;
To ring the bell, light the incense,
Hold the Communion Plate
Under Mammy's chin
As she knelt in supplication,
Before the Madonna,
My blessed Mother.

Did she envision me as a Jesuit,
Tending to the lame lepers
In the jungles of Peru and Africa.
Me, who issued forth from her.
Faith kept time.

The dark hour was closing in.
The spring was loosening,
Unwinding as I relaxed.
Marian sat beside me,
Thinking of our orders
At the drive through.
The Nehru-collared clerk
Slid the glass window,
Listening to our wants.
I offered her a napkin
To keep the crumbs
Of her little black dress.

Francie Lynch

Orphans

Orphans

Lou,
You're an orphan now.
The deciding vote
In your favor,
The good kisses,
The latent reconciliation
Linger in this thick room.
You won't need to clean chimneys,
Work in a blacking factory,
Get your ears pinched, and your arse kicked.

You've laid out a fine plaster effigy
In this oak box;
Yet Enzo's nature is hidden:
His personal tears
And public laughter
Aren't in this demeanor
With rosary weaved into the basket of his hands.

We've polished our shoes,
So we stand and discuss
The crucifix wedged
To hold up the lid,
And how we follow our fathers' footsteps.
We knew it to end this way
With our fathers' generation.
 'But you must know, your father lost a father,
 That father lost, lost his...'

I too am orphaned, Lou,
And we'll continue on
As orphans do.

Francie Lynch

Our Corner Graveyard

Our corner graveyard
Looks so inviting,
The lawns are cut,
There's solar lighting.
A wrought-iron gate
Is freshly painted,
Shade trees shelter
Graves of the innocent.
The Italians built a mausoleum,
Where pictures of their deceased greet them,
Looking full of vim and joy
At having pictures taken.
Beneath the temples, in the crypts,
Celtic crosses and brass plaques,
Olympians and outcasts,
All professions, our world's best,
Lie wasting just like us,
In their oak, brass-handled coffins.

Francie Lynch

Our Crayola Life

With the box lid closed
It's dark inside,
There are no colours
We can't abide.
But a golden sliver of light seeps in,
To expose the colours there within.
We see red when in a rage,
And scarlet dancers crowd our stage;
A red-blooded male brags virility
Through rose-coloured glasses of masculinity.
Some grow green with envy,
Reveal they're yellow in enmity,
Are blue when feeling empathy,
Turn blue holding out for sympathy,
Are tickled pink with comedy,
And white as a sheet with tragedy,
Or brown-nosed with syncophany.
If your yellow-bellied you may run,
And green round the gills after too much rum,
Write purple prose when versifying,
And usually off colour when you're dying.
True colours show outside the box,
Use grey matter to colour
Your world unorthodox.
Our true colours are harlequin,
That fade to black at our end.

Francie Lynch

Our Father

My friend's Father,
Who's just that,
Has a Papa Francis.
And her entire congregated family
Won't acknowledge her
Very existence.
How can she communicate.
There's a crack in the crucifix,
And it's splitting, running up the wood,
Past the cruciform,
To the Head.

Francie Lynch

Our Home And Native Land

I was here first.

I seriously doubt that,
but, for the sake of argument,
let's say you were,
here first.

So?

I was here second.

This isn't a race.

Francie Lynch

Our Janus-Masked Moon

The moon wore Janus masks last night,
Winking and nudging at our daily shenanigans;
Our wrong turns, the vanity of our foibles,
The apprehension of non-events,
Poking at our comedy of errors.
Our youthful angst.

The other mask keeps an eye closed
To our secrets,
The thoughts we cannot share;
Our furcht of past to future
Since our first fires,
Since someone said, You've said too much,
Or, What business is that of yours?
I've buried my losses beneath that mask,
The irreplaceable loves and deaths
Of our drama.

Francie Lynch

Our Race

In this race,
Receive the baton,
And pas it on.

Francie Lynch

Our World Is In Bits

Our world is in bits;
Hawkins has it flipped.
There isn't a theory
Of everything,
Everything has
Its theory.

Francie Lynch

Our World Is Losing Gravity

Our world is losing
Gravity,
But no one can escape,
Hurtling on a petrie dish
In a gel of mindless bliss,
Towards black holes
Not far from home,
Places we'll truly miss.

Our world is losing
Gravity.
In China there's a wall
Of dust,
Seen from outer space.
Our living waters dying,
A legacy of disgrace.

Our world is losing
Gravity.
We're citizens wearing masks.
We're not hiding faces,
Just doing daily tasks.
We're fossils burning
Fossil fuels
Found in cremation gas.

Our world is losing
Gravity,
Amphibians are on the fringe.
Whales can't sound,
They run aground:
It's an environmental slaughter.

Our world has lost
It's gravity,
We need to plant our feet:
The charnel fires
In greenhouse gas
Have hastened our retreat.

Birds can't sense their time for flight,
Confused by all our lights.
The morning dove coos at night,
The nightingale at dawn.
We are turtles
Muddling
Under lost starlight.
We don't see the gravity.
Of burning
Burning light.

Francie Lynch

Out Of Love

As a young man in love,
I was selfish.
I walked with you,
I shared food,
I slept with you,
It was my insatiable thirst;
I desired,
I needed to quench,
At any cost,
For my survival.
My being with you.
Now, being older,
That
Which I do
Out of love,
I do for you.

Francie Lynch

Out Of The Closet

When she opened her closet,
There was Jamie,
At the end of a rope.
All three twisted as the face,
With feet an inch from life.
A brown and yellow drip
Puddled the floor,
Touching the toe of worn sock.
 If I can't live here, I'll die here.
Was pinned near the heart.
Stretching out her fingers,
Working fast for the unattainable,
Thinking speed and action
Could change the outcome
Of the hours old body,
Hanging,
Arms non-challantly in pockets,
Like a favorite suit
In need of dry-cleaning.

Francie Lynch

Out-Of-Body Experiences

Some para-normal practitioners
Claim to have Out-of-Body Experiences.
They say they're left
Feeling beside themselves.
I concur,
They could be next to an idiot.

Francie Lynch

Outside The Envelope

Don't write about pets,
Well, I don't bother to.
Or scribble metaphors
About meteors, the moon, and stars
Caught in jars without holes.
I don't wax on about my lawn,
Or wax off on matters of law.
I don't know the difference
Between love and hate;
Feeling both so intensely breaches distinction.
I used to love, but now abhor
It's cause for loss of self.
So, I write on self-understanding.
I'm not a cat, a crescent or shooting star,
I breathe outside the jar,
Outside the envelope
Where I can't get licked.

Francie Lynch

Overdue

I was standing at the corner
Of Yonge and Bedlam Ave.,
When I spied a chap across the way,
The image of my Dad.

He had one thumb in his pocket,
The fingers hung outside.
His other arm craddled a book,
As often in his life.

His weight was shifted to the right,
With head cocked to the side;
He wore his cap over one eye,
With his tweed jacket open wide.

He raised his head,
As I did mine,
Looked to me and nodded;
He smiled and touched
The edge of his brim,
I did the same as him.

We crossed with the light.
He passed
And went
Where he belongs;
Me, to the library,
My book was overdue.

Francie Lynch

Owed To Skin

The hair is almost normalized,
The hands we hardly notice,
Real news is, with my ensemble,
A red tie splashes well.
I bear your false witness,
The hookers and the lies,
I'd get the heebie-jeebies,
If I fucked with the FBI.

But the skin, the skin,
What color's that,
That hides the blackness found within.
That wraps a frame that wracks the sane,
And covers a skull with dubious brains.
It conceals the bloated air,
From lungs to lips,
From bowels to his finger tips.
It doesn't matter how his fits,
It can't conceal he's full of shit.

Francie Lynch

Ozymandias #9

"I know an agent, who knows your man, who has a machine to do the job in no time."

... I'll book a flight then...

This time,
I'll sail on a freighter cabin,
Back,
Across the Atlantic,
Have a B&B waiting
In a familiar town,
In County Cavan.

I'll visit with my Uncle,
Drink pot-boiled water
From tea-ringed mugs.
I'll pour out my questions,
Wear an extra layer
To stay the chill,
Wear muddy wellies
On a cement floor,
In his soot-walled room,
Behind the sky-blue, wood rot door;
With the road encroaching,
As never before.
A light dangles from the end of a cord,
The tap is just outside the door,
A four burner propane stove
Provides heat to boil and cook.
The Immaculate Heart is missing,
Leaving a clean rectangle
On the wall, in the nook.

The thistle encrusted lane
Leads up a hill, from behind,
To a natural well,
Constantly filled with the hill's libations,
Where animals watered and grazed.
Beyond, hedgerows of bramble, and

Walls of stone delineate the fields,
Seven in all, they called their own.
But seven children can't stay home.
So, the youngest was the chosen one,
Now living there all alone.

There' s no cold ash
In the open hearth,
Where generations
Died and birthed.
Despite the depth of the walls,
The rusted roof and lifeless stalls,
The whitewash too
Will bleed to earth,
Onto the tumulus of dirt.

... then, I will book a flight...

Francie Lynch

Pale Rider

Emerging from a distant dust-up,
A lone rider approaches on horse.
The clip-clop gallop grows,
The panting animal is alarming,
Sweat paints and streaks down
The dark hide.
The rider wears a bandana
Over mouth and nose,
Beneath a once white hat.
His clothes are covered with the trail.

Next, he's in the leather tub
With suds from chest to hair,
Shaving cream covering his face,
Mirror in one hand,
Probably a gun on the floor of the tub.
Eyes and nose poking through the foam.

Later, we see the clean, pressed black shirt
From the back, outlining shoulders we know
Have been busy righting wrongs.
He puts a cockey tilt to his hat and pivots
With a Parodi between his clean, straight teeth.
The champion. The underdog vanguard.
Clint.

Francie Lynch

Palimpsest

You can surely decipher the scratches
On my interior wall, just inside the pile of bones.
There are hieroglyphic reliefs on my brow;
My simian eyes are the windows to my genealogy.
I am refurbished, re-modeled, re-drawn, re-worked;
I am not born again.
Along the hollow trunk, dragged to the bone pile,
Scratches and claw marks attest to the competitions.
On the flip side of the tablet, evidence the wax impressions
Of migrant refugees landing in Hibernia.
Nuclear scan my revealing contours
Of imperishable, ingrained, indelible markings
To unearth former loves,
Parsed and re-read in the morning light,
Not unlike outlines of Mesolithic settlements.
The male landscape is as seismic as the plates beneath the seas,
Where no winds sculpt, no suns scorch, no moons shade:
Only the timeless, steady, relentless currents.

Francie Lynch

Pantheism

I saw a satyr in the woods,
A centaur in the meadow;
Travelling on, I remarked on a fawn
Hallowing out reeds for a pipe.
The world around me was green,
The water ran clear, cold and fresh,
The air I breathed was historic.
Crosses were not yet invented,
No Mecca to visit,
No Temple to rebuild.
I am a beach bum, a sun-worshipper, a tree hugger.
I will worship the dove, not the sacrifice.
I will homage the god of the kingdom that is here
Before she is impaled this season.

Francie Lynch

Pantomime

I followed
When you lead;
If you leave
Should I plead,
Will I grovel
On my knees,
Press my hands
In supplication,
Live my life
In degradation?

No.

Should you leave
A floor outline,
I'll dance on it,
Pen a rhyme
To embody you
And your crime.

A tragic love
In pantomime.

Francie Lynch

Paper Chains

That first Christmas,
We cut four branches,
Under the clouds,
From the three pines
On the other side
Of the backyard hedge.
If I went there today,
I'd see the nubs.
The pail full of sand
Came from Daddy's
Circle of cement making.
We firmly planted
The four branches
And wrapped them
With newspaper chains,
Made with the extra paper
From the morning's route.
That night, the moon streamed
Through the bay window
Like a spotlight on our tree.
In later years,
We'd buy trees from the market,
Roped with twinkling lights
We plugged in.
Daddy never bought a gift or a card
For anyone's special day;
But Canada was his re-gift, annually.
This Christmas, the full moon
Will stream again,
And I will tell
My grand-daughter all about
Paper chains.

Francie Lynch

Paradoxes

I buy lottery tickets,
But don't pray.

I curse the drivel on TV,
But own two.

I purchase alcohol,
But don't drink.

I roll stop,
But I flash the bird
(at you) .

I don't like Rap,
But do Drake.

I abhor celibacy,
But I dress in white.

I love you,
But I'm not in love.

Francie Lynch

Passenger

She rides the bus
Near a window,
To watch her world
Blur by;
She sits alone
At the back,
Distracted when she cries.
She grabs her bags of bags
When de-boarding at her stop,
She sits on her cold metal bench
Waiting for her return ride.

Francie Lynch

Patient Zero One

I

Zero One and modern blight

Travel at the speed of light.

We wondered on the Wandering Jew,

Or, in lieu,

Orthon, Urian or Lilitu.

We trepanned our empty skulls,

Searched our humours,

Were touched by Rulers!

Now troubling symptoms of want and need,

Have blighted growth of yester-seed.

Patient Zero left no lead.

East fingered West

(and vice versa)

Was Ireland really the cause of cholera?

Did Blacks languish in Tuskegee squalor?

We christened Mary, but drank the water.

Fracked Incubus and Succubus

From son and daughter.

Patient Zero left the slaughter.

We deprived the depraved of their tea

To cure wandering womb hysteriae.

Deviances and leaking lesions

Were headwaters of women's semen.

Patient Zero has no season.

The barber sensed it might be smell,

So widened streets became pell mell hell.

And wastelands swelled

Where curled cats dwelled.

(No talk of Michelangelo)

II

Our children's blight has a techno name,

Like the rose, IT smells the same.

With zero tolerance I lay blame

On screens and phones and video games.

The world wide box stores flipped their lids,

Touching all who crawl social grids;

From the base of Mammon's pyramid.

Now Jake believes he's a gangsta dude

Since posting whatever on You Tube.

Nothing to gain, nothing to lose.

No services rendered but expects what's due.

Inflated egos are a system symptom,

Clearing firewalls, reaching children.

Patient Zero is no phantom.

There is no tale of mouse or flea

As cause of lost immunity.

There is no open sore to fester:

A Selfie is the X-ray picture.

Patient Zero is that much swifter.

In our gel of techno bliss,

On our elliptic petrie dish,

Bathed in more than we could wish,

Pied-Piper Zero will finish,

And with that whimper

All vanish.

Francie Lynch

Peace (10w)

The verdict of world opinion

Is in;

'Keep the Peace! '

Francie Lynch

Peace In My Mind

I have declared a detente
After negotiating a truce.
My head is a no-fly zone;
The bombardier chutes stay shut.
I sat at the table
With my privy council,
And we have signed an accord.
Peace in my time.
Peace in my mind.
Forget, to forgive;
Forgive, to forget.
It seeps unmeasurable,
Infectious,
Air borne as a nuclear summer.

Francie Lynch

Peace Pipe Dreams

Our government has a pipe dream,
Filled with oil and gas;
Our Natives have their pipe dream,
And they can blow it out their ass.

Francie Lynch

Peace Starts Here

Do you hear me today, how do I sound.
Is there softness in my voice,
A calmness to be found.
Did last night's snowfall drown my psalm,
In the chilling winds.
Should I feel wronged.
After all, I prayed so hard,
For some peace, and a little goodwill to men;
For our indulgences to come to an end.
Do I sound hoarse from being up all night?
I knelt humbly, I plead somberly,
Praised the Lord and all his sundry,
That in my lifetime or near future someday,
Peace would reign before Easter Sunday.
That's a story preached to the elders,
Unraveling back through five millennia;
Past the Cross, across Jordan,
Much deeper than the burning bush,
Back to the foot that was to crush
The head of evil.
A crack appeared in my resolve,
A fissure to release my god;
Rise from my obsequiousness,
Dust off my knees and do my best
To do my part, to stop my prayer,
For peace can start with us right here.

Francie Lynch

Peak Experiences

Peak experiences are now
Flashes of allusions;
The universality thing,
But not spiritual or metaphysical,
The minute and grand have equality,
Or none are equal.
The tree is free from adjectives,
A birdsong nest is superfluous.
Nest will suffice.
When I hear your name
We are together again.
I can't pass a hedge
Without remembering the push,
The old gap;
It's the push.
There's the poem.
The push.
Each thought a particle,
All particles experiences.
Try it now. No descriptors.
Eyes. Airplane. Clouds.
 (but the story continues) :
Airplane. Sunshine. Kiss.
 (there's the peak)
Each word a peak experience.

Francie Lynch

Pebble To Poem

The lone pebble
Thrown waywardly
Into the pond,
Cascaded,
Rippled in my mind,
Then splashed over
Like lines in verse.

Francie Lynch

Pedantic Poetry

Poetry is
A hot knife;
Not a teeth-rattling
Jackhammer.

Francie Lynch

Pee-On

Pee-On

If you awaken
With a pee-on
Don't be hard on
Yourself.
Embrace the moment.

Francie Lynch

Pen And Shovel

I can be engaged
In anything,
When the sense of shovel comes.
Smothering cold ashes.
I'm looking at your eyes
Til the sockets stand out;
I'm planting gardens
For growth;
When I installed the French Doors,
I heard the lid clap.
Everything's archetypal:
Snakes, cruciforms, swastikas.
Looking up, they become more profound
In the contrails and puzzles beyond my skies.
When Neanderthal heeled the first blade
To plant something or someone,
He didn't know the theory of the chaos effect.
His effect.
This would suffice as my last poem.
My pen is my shovel,
And I'm heeling it now,
Into you.

Francie Lynch

Perhaps From Oregon

We've numbers in distress;
We've villains and scoundrels
In need of redress;
Choose any one of one thousand quests -
We're in desperate need of a Hero.

No call for a cape or cowl,
Hidden rings or magic swords;
We need action,
Not placating words -
From a righteous Hero.

Greece or Rome will not be the origin,
There may well be one living in Oregon;
At this juncture we'll take anyone -
A home grown or welcome Hero.

We'll have truth without hyperbole,
Not disdain, but hearing dignity;
One to rise up, reach out, lift us
From the swamp of vanity.

We don't need Deus ex machina,
Or anything supernatural;
A woman or man,
Natural or choice,
A sister or brother,
To call us home;
To hear a voice say,
"We can do better! "

Francie Lynch

Personification

I understand why we personify Life,
We live;
But why personify Death,
We die.
Attributing Pride to Death
Is senseless;
It's the last thing on the island.

Francie Lynch

Pestle And Mortar

This mortar bowl
With a pestled mixture
Of distillations
And impurities
Deserves a Latin name
For the apothecary's label.

A few causes for the concoction:
Pails, shovels and sandcastles;
A child bundled against winter;
A father's shoulder seat;
A son dressing for his wedding;
A daughter walking her child;
Kids with backpacks;
A soldier's farewell kiss;
The return kiss;
A nursing mother;
The wintery smell of a letter
And the anticipation of opening.

The symptoms are systemic.
The heart cannot contain,
The brain define,
The pit retain.

The symptoms are the remedy.
I am graciously and readily
Ground into a fine dust
For someone's shelf.

Francie Lynch

Petals

Crosses white and poppies red,
Remember how, remember when
Paled petals fell from blooming roses,
And padded paths where freedom goes.

Fierce fires doused a would be hate,
To quench dry hearts, your and mine.
Their love and duty burned paper chains
That shackled in war time.

Wise eyes, bright minds, aged souls, young hearts,
Traded rockers for grassy beds,
Gave up gray for blue-black youth,
Now honoured among the dead.

The rose that's guarded by the thorn,
Against the reach of many hands,
Does the same in all God's lands,
Yet still the life sap flows.

This time of year is here again,
But remember how, remember when,
Soldiers' pulses played taps then.
Remembrance Day must never end.

Francie Lynch

Phaethon's Chariot

While outside waiting
For night to slide,
The ISS went sailing by.

I happened to be viewing Venus
Dip in the western sky.

The ancients would've
Watched in wonder
At this wonder passing high.

Those are demi-gods
In Phaethon's chariot,
Scorching the night sky.

Francie Lynch

Phantom Pains

I won't hear you breathe
During the night.
My left arm is useless,
My hipbones need replacing.
I make three cups of morning tea
When six was once the norm.
When songs we knew so well are heard,
They don't sound the same:
This has gone on far too long,
I'm spinning on refrain.

I won't see your breath
When you're in the winter air;
I can't forget the way you looked
Retiring up the stairs,
You required lead time,
Before you'd be mine,
In the hollowness,
Somehow bottomless,
Heartfelt phantom pains.

Francie Lynch

Phenomenal Poems

Phenomenal Poems

You have said
As a "Phenomenal Woman"
That
"Still I Rise, "
and so you must to travel
"The Road Not Taken."
But
"If You Forget Me"
In your
"Dreams, "
Dearest "Annabel Lee, "
I will sing like the
"Caged Bird."

If,
"When Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening, "
You should find yourself in
"A Dream Within a Dream, "
Then deny, for
"I Don't Love You Because I Love You; "
I love you more
"As I Grow Older."

I will pass through this life,
"Do Not Stand by My Grave and Weep, "
You are not
"Alone."
You too
"Will Not Go Gently Into That Good Night; "
For I
"Don't Go Far Off."
This is the promise:
"Hope is the Thing With Feathers, "
or it can be
"A Poison Tree, "
Casting venom on
"Daffodils, "

Making
"All the World a Stage, "
And I,
An understudy in the wings.

Francie Lynch

Philosopher Poet

Emotions are stripped
from lyrics. No angst
or panting over doves
dresses the lines of verse.
It's dissecting, inspecting,
and by all means one's thinking
on the condition,
for now,
we'll call love.

Francie Lynch

Photoshopped Memories

I have memories
That could be mine,
Selfies of other times.
Gray matter shots
That morph and shift,
Blur and smear
Yet shine.

My phantom snaps
Have smoke and mirrors,
Spectres with borders.
The smell of bacon,
A rising sun,
A carpet hill
To lay upon;
A door that swings
To past future,
A window to see through.

My astral albumn
Haunts my nights,
No light can dim my view.
I think my thoughts
Are photoshopped.
These memories of you.

Francie Lynch

Picture Perfect Self Portrait

When I've written something deep;
When I really want your attention;
And I need you to read it with emotion,
With my feelings and my voice;
And I'm hoping you get my meaning,
Because I think you need help,
I use asterisks.
Asterisks.
Ever look closely at an asterisk?
Draw one.
Enlarge it on your screen.
Notice any resemblance to anything you own,
Anyone you know?
It looks like the
Selfie of an Asshole.

Francie Lynch

Piddling (10w)

I finger

A one-stringed fiddle

To orchestrate

My piddle.

Francie Lynch

Pink Pack Mule

Across the road
A J-K girl,
Skipped and laughed
On her way to school.
She was strapped
To a big back-pack,
Looking like
A pink pack mule.
Behind her strove
Her drover,
Directing her to quarry
All the stones of learning.

By three o'clock
My miniature mule,
A little slower
Trudged from school.
The pack was filled
With rules and tools.
She had panned
The ores of knowledge;
She'll assay them
In days to follow.

Each day my mule
Will turn the grindstone,
Crunching numbers,
Reading fine poems.
She's mining all the hidden gems
To fill her back-pack
Once again.

Francie Lynch

Pisces

Speared on the trident tines
Of a new world order,
Wiggling, dripping,
Unable to close eyes
Staring out both sides of faces
With an astonished, unbelieving pall.
Some will be fried with rice,
Some eaten raw with vodka,
Some battered with fries at Disneyland.
Out of water, gasping,
Coaxed from the shallows
With blinding light,
Baited from the depths
To be speared.

Francie Lynch

Pkunt

Women abhor the 'c' word
Less than the 'C' word:
So say it with a silent P,
Followed by a k.

Francie Lynch

Plastic Makes Perfect

We're blowing leaves,
Vacuuming leaves,
Mowing leaves.
Using technology,
Plugged in or internal,
To clean up the hood.
Then we bag 'em in plastic
For composting,
To be enviro-friendly.

Francie Lynch

Play It Again, Will

The story I read, some forty years now,
Burns inside my head.
A young woman, raped violently
By two brothers,
Hands and face mutilated,
The horror on her father's face.
Vengeance was his alone,
As he murdered her assailants,
And boiled down their bones.
His name was Titus.
The story was four hundred years old.
Re-told from a story three thousand years older.
Re-told today.
Rwanda, Bosnia, Syria, Jordan, Dahmer et al.
Disfiguration with acid,
Limbs gone missing,
Tongues cut out, black sockets,
Missing parts of humanity
In prison camps and resistance movements.
We're still baking pies and feeding on human flesh.
Shakespeare was never so violent.

Titus Andronicus. A violent, bloody play that seems tame

Francie Lynch

Play That Funky Music...

I was born
With white privilege;
Irish ethnicity at that.
Remember their holocausts!
Occupied, evicted, lynched, starved, hedge-schooled;
Refugees on their own land,
And on and on, and so on
For seven hundred years.
These things were before my time,
But not Granda's.
It's so very true, I was born with white privilege,
But not white entitlement

Francie Lynch

Playground Wars

I won't drink your bourbon.

Well, I won't buy your beer.

I won't ride your Harleys.

Oh Yeah. Well, our cars don't need your wheels.

Says who?

Says you.

Did not!

Did too!

No way, Jose.

I'm telling.

You're a scaredy-cat.

I know you are but what am I?

You're a butthole.

I'm rubber and you're glue.

If you love it so much, why don't you marry it.

It takes one to know one.

Will not!

Will too! !

La la la la la la. I'm not listening.

Please Release Me

You were standing
By the window blinds,
They were open,
And the sun shines
Through your hair,
And your back
Was bare; the silhouette
Of your fine behind
Brings to mind
Years of sublime yearnings.
I couldn't write this
When ago,
This is how I remember you;
Not leaning on
The kitchen counter,
Singing,
Please release me.

Francie Lynch

Plodding

Dry your eyes.

Fix your hair.

Wipe your runny nose.

Who knew.

Things may improve,

So, don't read the news.

Go about your daily business

As if the sky were blue,

As if you didn't know,

As if you don't care.

Francie Lynch

Plot Summary

Scribbling, never stopping,
Spinning stories you criticized.
Tales you'd call lies.
My truths born from my fiction,
A character of my creation,
The protagonist of my plot;
Making you the antagonist,
With minor characters conspiring
Towards my denouement.
I am the author of rising action,
Embedded in the argument;
Conflicts arose, decisions made,
The crises ensues,
You got saved.
And I am but an afterword
In your novel life.

Francie Lynch

Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis

I don't have pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis.
I'll stay a hundred miles from Yellowstone.
If one's asthmatic in the Eifel,
You're excused from pronouncing 'P.'
This won't kill me.

I don't have COPD.
Everyone coughs in blue smoke?
My throaty itch won't kill me.
I won't constrict and choke.

I don't have an infectious disease, regardless of my personality.
I run for shelter under my umbrella under acid rain.
I drink water with ice cubes and spray my putting green.
As much as I hate to, I avoid rusty nails.
Sex is safe... and at a distance.
Despite being repeatedly told to, I never eat shit.
The great imitator apes a snivelling mime.
If I'm bitten, I recognize the teeth marks,
The erupting ring of fire won't kill me, but perhaps I was precocious
To drop the 'P' in Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis.

I haven't succumb to animal flues,
And stay clear of the bars.
I donate money to the SPCA,
Bet on ponies and the odds of SARS.

I don't have meningitis.
I enjoy stagelights and loud music.
If I get the night sweats,
I turn down my electric blanket.

I haven't the minor or greater pox.
I spurn comparisons.

According to the scoop and scope,
I ascend and descend C free.
But those infernal referrals
May be the death of me.

I don't have botulism.
My smile still concaves down,
And curling convex above it,
A condescending frown.

I'm not a leper. I fell every poke and like.
My digits number twenty... twenty-one.
My glasses are smudge free.
If anything, I see too well.

Alcoholism can't kill me.
Alochol can.

I haven't cardio entropy,
But I'm remiss if I dismiss
Counsel Oz once gave to me:

'Hearts can never be made practical until they can be made
unbreakable.'

So true.
So true!

Anyway, none of the above will get me.

But, I do have what you have.
The young and grown.
The able and ill.
A hand.
A sweeping hand.
A second hand
Setting infectious nanogermes
Like diamonds
In my Time-x.

Francie Lynch

Poem Clouds

Everytime,
Yes, everytime
I pour out a poem,
I think I've finally
Brought one home.
But then it languishes
In the cloud;
Suddenly,
Yes, suddenly,
I'm not so proud.
No thunderous applause
Makes it rain,
My paltry poem
Is blown away.

Francie Lynch

Poems Don't Grow On Trees (10w)

The poems I burn
Give off more heat
Than light.

Francie Lynch

Polaris

Follow your North Star
'Til you drop in your tracks;
Your story's ahead,
Don't turn and look back.

Your dreams, when awake,
Are dreams that you follow;
The ones in your sleep
Are misleading and hollow.

Aspire for greatness,
You'll make some mistakes;
But the distance you travel
Will make your ground quake.

If you reach for the stars,
And pull back too soon,
You won't have regrets
When you land on your moon.

Francie Lynch

Polarize

Polarize

When I lose something,
I gain.
This isn't Karma.
Let me explain.
Lose greed,
Gain charity.
Lose despair,
Gain hope.
Lose hate,
Gain love.
You see how it works.
Lose anger,
Gain peace.
It's exponential too.
Lose a negative.
Polarize.
Be positive.

Francie Lynch

Polyethylene Beat

I had a glass onion in my chest,
You don't need to peel apart;
Look and you could see my fear,
Each tier a by-gone lover,
Through transparent scars.

Today I've a transplanted heart,
One fashioned from polyethylene;
Kick it, slap it til it drips red,
Bruised and bullied, wrinkled and bled.
It won't crack,
It can't break,
I've got it framed
To keep it safe

Francie Lynch

Pontius Potus

It's been two thousand years,
But here we are again.
An innocent dark-skinned man
Was lynched,
And he engaged and enlightened our world.
And Pilate's here too,
Cowering in Hitler's bunker,
Washing his tiny hands.

Francie Lynch

Pooof

Like a meteor at night,
The stages of life,
Come from darkness
No one could know.
There's the flash,
 (and a fire)
The Oohs and desires,
Then
Pooof,
There goes the show.

Francie Lynch

Pornography

The attempts
Of the feeble minded
Trying to
Express themselves.

Francie Lynch

Posing For Posterity

Take up a picture
Of someone dead.
Look deeply
At the eyes.
They're dark
And lonely,
Yet they shine
Like a new sunrise.

They seem to see
What you and me
On this side
Can't surmise.
They look knowingly,
They look longingly,
They look right at me.

I seem to think
Those eyes foretell
The coming tragedy.
So you'll understand
Why I don't
Pose for posterity.

Francie Lynch

Post Traumatic Stress

She used her sway
Like a dangling watch
Swinging on a chain:
She stopped my eyes,
I was mesmerized,
Entranced,
In a post hypnotic haze.
If she snapped her fingers
I'd cluck,
I'd bark,
Do whatever she'd ask,
But she kept on swinging
And left me panting
In post traumatic stress.

Francie Lynch

Potatode

O indiginous tuber to Peru,
Now in nations' daily stews,
From the Polar South to Timbuktu,
Ranked with rice, wheat and maize,
Oh staple potatoe
You grace our table.

We plant seed spuds,
Red, yellow or brown,
Harvest the new ones,
The remainder mound
To thrive in leisure,
As buried treasure.

Heel the spud spade,
Unearth your trove,
A gatherer's surprise
To woo true love.

We slice, dice and mash,
Roast, deep-fry and bake.
It's not an egg,
It'll never break.

Medium-rare, please.
And make mine a baked.
Oh, and don't forget the butter,
Oh, and sour-cream, just in case.

It hasn't got sex appeal,
What you see is true,
But make no mistake,
I swear by what's holy in taste,
It only has eyes for you.

Pharmaceutically,
It soothes,
Burns, itches, puffy eyes,
Migraines and headaches.

Make a stamp,
Make silver shine,
Clean your windows with its brine.
And potatoe muffins are simply divine.

When blight strikes, crops don't thrive,
Many starve,
Many die.

So, I raise this toast
To the lofty Tuber,
And I dedicate this Ode,
To the one,
The only:
Mr. Potatoe,
This bud's for you.

Francie Lynch

Predilection: A Petition

She's a messianic complex,
She's way too self-absorbed;
She's not the centre of the universe,
Nor the orbit of my world.

She's not lit beneath the spot light,
She's not the colours of a rainbow;
She's not the sun or inconstant moon,
Nor the North Star of my nights.

She's not the compass for direction,
Nor the warm winds of my winters,
Or the cool rains of my summers;
But she's my predilection,
It may sound misconstrued;
It may be a prediction,
It may as well be true:

'But it's hard for me to live this life
If life's not lived with you.'

Francie Lynch

Present Worries (10w)

Today's worries,
Now three days old,
Will be addressed
Tomorrow.

Francie Lynch

Presents

There's no
Christmas present
Like
The present.
Unwrap it
Now.

Francie Lynch

Pretentious Poetry

I've written so many,
Some grandiose, some terse,
And published them here,
To express and converse.
But the most pretentious of all
You've read or passed over,
Is "The Invisible Poem,"
Subtitled, "Blank Verse."
Some gave it their blessings,
Some cried foul, and some cursed.
"Isn't brevity the soul of wit;" (Shakespeare)
"Writing is 1% inspiration, 99% elimination;" (Louise Brooks)
"To write good poems is the secret of brevity;" (Dejan Stojanovic)
So,
"Be sincere. Be brief. Be seated." (FDR)
Take it as is,
For better or worse.

Francie Lynch

Privacy

If I want you to continue reading,
Then I must be truthful and forthright.
That's my decision.
And I'm good at deciding stuff.

One time I decided to change
My mailing address, have my mail
Redirected for a personal reason.
Another time, I decided to impersonate
My brother in court.
I didn't say all decisions were good ones.
So, allow your imagination to comply as I tell this story...

Did I mention I've a very active imagination.
More profound than my decision making skills.

There's a young boy, on the verge of adulthood,
aged twelve, and he often stays out all night...

Okay, I'll tell the truth. The boy is me.
But you probably already knew that,
Didn't you?

On arriving home one morning,
He comes upon an unusually locked
back door, but he can hear the TV and
the dog whinnying. The Mercury is idling
in the driveway. The trunk ajar...

My imagination is messing with the truth.
There is no open trunk, but the curtain blowing
Out my parents' main floor bedroom window is true.

The idea of my having a key to the house is silly.
That would mean eight keys with kids that know
nothing about locks and keys. We were free to run,
uninhibited, all adventure, no phones, little radio,
and a TV that hardly ever worked. So, no key. To my
right, I notice the frill laced curtain flapping out my

parents' bedroom window.
Open? Do I dare?

I've always been known for my recklessness and lack of foresight.
So I turned towards their window..

Francie Lynch

Pro-Choice (10w)

If I had a choice,
I'd say
I'm a fatalist.

Francie Lynch

Promises... Promises... Promises

I made a promise that I've kept,
An oath I carry with every step;
A naked vow when undressed,
A pledge I'd no desire to test.

You made a promise that you broke,
An oath you mouthed when you spoke;
A vow that withered, dried and choked
The pledge that now sticks in your throat.

Was it your intention then
To take the words and make them bend;
To throw your voice like a ventriloquist.
Were your fingers crossed behind my back?

We clearly heard your words of honour,
Your assurances you'd never wander;
A bond to tie us til we'd die,
A covenant sworn between you and I.
Words... words... words.

Francie Lynch

Pub Pilgrimage

I'm making a pub pilgrimage,
A malted Mecca trip;
I'm leaving all I love at home
Crusading for saintship.
I'll be alone with all my thoughts,
It's what needs to be done
To keep the demons off.

My altar's elbow worn,
The finest oaken wood;
I'll climb the stairs on knees,
Hear bells, raise cups of cheer.

Publicans meet me on the steps,
On Sundays by the side;
This trip of three thousand miles
May kill should I survive.

There's games of chance,
Some romance,
With songs and several fools;
It has trappings of Canterbury
In pubs all called O'Tooles.

There's Highland mead,
And broken bread,
With harps from inner rooms,
I'll have dispirited spirits
With revelry inside the tombs.

My cave awaits on my return,
It's dark and hard and cold;
But I know the light's within my sight,
If I move this granite stone.
I'll bring with me a scapula
To make those visions stop,
The relics that I sought,
Those demons of a sot.

Francie Lynch

Punch

Punch was born the ideal child,
Blonde, blue-eyed, average size,
An average brain,
And a touch of the wild.
He had sibs, young and old,
He grew bold,
He was told
But never quite fit in.

Sports talk from the bench,
Smoke, drink and wayward sex
Had Punch desirous
Of what came next.
His family asked:
Why does he carry on so?
Success came easy
As his bronze tan,
Driving red hot rods,
With a blonde or two,
They were all the same.
Punch was liked
When he was tame.
How does he carry on so?
How can he carry on?
His golden hair has set now,
His blue eyes yet hard cold.
Now they call him
Paunch not Punch,
(but never to his face,
we give our Punch a break)
As gravity took its hold.
And Punch still carries on.
How he carries on.

Francie Lynch

Put Pressure On

I want to leave all
I think I control,
The stranglehold's
Not good for my soul;
It's an arthritic grip,
A tight fit.
But if you put pressure
On my wrists
You'll help me to unfold.

Francie Lynch

Quiet Tonight

It's so very quiet tonight,
The mist makes no sound
The creatures are bedded,
Not a soul to be found.
There's a stillness around,
A spirit could get lost
Above the ground.
Only the glitter of stars
Pierce the velvet darkness
In the backdrop.
Like a bird, I cock my head
To hear the distant horns and whistles
Of a busy world.

Francie Lynch

Race Has No Second Place

When I say,
Eeny, Meanie, Miney, Moe,
You know what follows,
Today's children don't know.
Should we be shamed,
Though blameless,
Called racist and supremacist.
I learned those words long after the rhyme,
Losing innocence with time.
Can I still call you 'Whitey'
If my skin is...
Well, different from Whitey's.
I'd be stupid
To catch a tiger
By the toe;
PETA would skin me.

Francie Lynch

Raw

Let's get out the rawness of life.
Expose emotions long suppressed.
Talk about loneliness like the shadow's
My only company.
Living without the only one.
Pain's a good theme.
Not solitude pain, or desperation anxiety;
The pain that poisons all systems,
Biological and Metaphysical.
To think nothing else
Beyond this immediate moment
Has been proven:
Abysmal philosophy.
Corruptable theology.
Contemptable hypocrisy.
In light of all this,
Nothing matters more than
The truth, and the search.
Tedious, numbing,
Truth.
Now that's raw.
And real.

Francie Lynch

Raw Onions

You want
What I refuse
To relinquish.
Like my penchant
For raw onions
On my hotdog;
A pillow
Between my knees.
The choice is mine.
You can have
Everything else,
But that.

Francie Lynch

Readers

The boy sitting by his locker
While the horde heads to Wendy's
Likes to read Emily and Sylvia.

The girl with the flowing floral muumuu
And tatoo reading Nature likes
Ralph, George and Robert.

The man standing in the apse
Of St. Patrick's reads
Milton and Blake.

The mother reads Dr. Seuss, often,
The same story, over and over again.

And who reads me?
All of the above?
None of the above?

Francie Lynch

Reclining Into A Smile

I shared an outside table
With two young American graduates
On an amber Scottish day.
They were completing
The European tour:
Not unlike the Romantics
Walking the continent.
A cap to an illustrious degree.
One scholar was blunt:
'Do you believe in God? '
'No.'
'Why do you say that? '
His companion leaned in for my answer.
'Because you asked.'
Both reclined into a smile.
'Of course.' And settled
Into a half-empty glass.

Francie Lynch

Re-Cycling Day

Four clear bags lay waiting
On the curbside;
The recycling truck
Comes today,
Tuesday.
A For Sale sign is planted
On the lawn;
Mary's gone to stay.

Francie Lynch

Red, Red

Twelve red roses
Will wilt;
Twelve red hours
Continually bloom.

Francie Lynch

Regret & Remorse

Regret & Remorse
Are photo-shopped
Pixels of fragmented
False memories.
Reboot.
See the big picture.

Francie Lynch

Religionists (10w)

Are the most ego-centric of bigots;
Believing in one's own godhead.

Francie Lynch

Remember Who You Are

A poet,
One of the best.
Got far
Inside his self.
He used emoticons
And dots...
To express
Lonely thoughts,
And shared
He knew
Not what.
Then forgot
His name.

A pseudonym's
A precarious thing,
Its acronym
Might fool you.
But a nom de plume
Becomes you,
Like Twain, Orwell
Or Seuss.

So, when you're writing
Takes you far,
It's important
To remember
Who you are.

Francie Lynch

Remission

Suffering,
Like light rain,
Loud as thunder,
Alone like wind about the face.
I know it
As an empty bed,
Made, but not slept in;
An unplanted garden
Left empty on the plate.
Don't tell anyone
How you feel,
How we suffer
The agony alone.
There's an occasional text
To remind one of loneliness,
Especially around twelve o'clock.

Francie Lynch

Remission Of Sins

I walked this way
To express my accounting,
To the ears of the deaf and dead;
Standing over the four of you
That will be my confessional booth.
The remission of sins
Pour from my skin
And shake me like November winds.
I tempted the elements
By my own accord.
October was wet,
You would have wept
Til I pushed the clouds away,
And let the sun's forgiveness in.

Francie Lynch

Resign (8 W And 1 Exclamation)

resign

Resign

REsign

RESign

RESIgn

RESIGN

RESIGN

PLEASE!

Francie Lynch

Respite (10w)

With the children gone,
She languished in
Her shameless morning.

Francie Lynch

Retired Teacher

One of my favourite
Days of the year
Isn't the first day
Back to school,
It's the second...

Francie Lynch

Retracting Thorns

You must be weary,
And a drop of teary,
From your arduous journey home.
The length of stay
While you're away,
Pierced me as a thorn.
Now stay awhile,
There's more to retract,
But they'll slip out
Because you're back.

Francie Lynch

Revenge Is Mine

Each year we lose
One heart beat;
That's less blood
To our heads and feet.
This means my breath
Is fading too;
But I'll keep beating,
And I'll keep breathing,
Yes, I'll keep living
Just to bury you.

Francie Lynch

Revolving Door

I'm in remission,
That's my condition,
Inside a revolving door.
I'm in,
I'm out,
You whisper,
You shout,
But the lip service
Is what I abhor.
If I had cancer,
You'd have your answer,
But addiction's
A revolving war.

Francie Lynch

Re-Winding Home Videos

The ordained day arrived.
I didn't know what to expect,
If I expected anything,
But I did;
That's human nature,
But I'm the only one
That seems to understand.
So, the expectations -
 Damn expectations -
Fuelled by media,
Stoked by my desires,
Were prominent today.
 I was left spitting the ashes,
 Re-winding home videos.

Francie Lynch

Rhyming Poesy

I find readers still like
Meter and rhyme,
But the rhyming words
Must be sublime
When dangling at
The end of the lines.
If you've a message
You want to get through,
Rhyming lines
Will do it for you.
Don't get me wrong,
Free verse is fine,
But I only remember
One or two lines.
A poem that rhymes
Is easily recalled,
All of us do it
All of the time.

Francie Lynch

Ride Of A Lifetime

This ride I'm on
Leads to the dump.
I, refuse that I am,
Refuse to jump.
I ride with
Peels of poor me,
Rinds of regret,
Scraps of resentment,
Empty bottles
Of pain
And emptiness.
I, Drunk.
I drank
For forgetfulness,
In misery and anger.
Refusing questions,
Not giving answers.
I don't need
To hitch a ride
To the human dump,
The sappy landfill.
At any stop
I can jump.
Jump,
And walk.

Francie Lynch

Robbie Burns Is A Plagiarist

I'm pissed off with Robert Frost
And the guy who wrote "Paradise Lost";
I ain't happy with Aristotle,
And especially John, the weird Apostle.
Don't mention, please, Shelley or Keats,
Blake, Byron or Wordsworth;
Each and every one you see,
(If you're ready for the truth) ,
Took their themes from me.
Don't look aghast,
Don't tsk and titter,
Their thievery's left me
Mean and bitter.
Just because they said it first,
Doesn't mean I find it just;
It doesn't give them ownership
Of my themes and authorship.
I write of Roads, Good and Evil,
God and Satan, love and leaving.
I know, I sound like I'm bleating,
But I won't stand for this beating.
Although they're merely dust and bones,
They don't have the right to own
All the great lines I have sown,
Like, "The best laid plans of mice and men...";
(I said that before Robbie Burns) .
Let me make this crystal clear;
If I was there, or he were here,
I'd sue the ass of Will Shakespeare.

Francie Lynch

Robin In A Bird Bath

Celebrity deaths
Make a big splash;
Next week a
Robin
Will splash
In a bath.

Francie Lynch

Roll Me Over

I've heard and read lovers recite
On love about their love;
... a full petalled blossom
in a silver vase...

Trite, I thought,
and so blase.
If what I recall is true.

I see my lover more like clover,
Spreading along a tree laden brook,
On a pathway through sun-streamed woods;
Spreading, thriving, covering green,
A more vibrant, living floral scene,

Trite... right?

Francie Lynch

Rory Richards In His Pew

Rory Richards in His Pew

Mr. Rory Richards
Lived his life,
Taking garbage
Out at night.
He shovelled drives
He swept walks,
He listened intently
While others talked.
Others talked.

When Rory wasn't
Weeding the garden,
He was outside
Hanging laundry.
Moms were jealous,
Dads were shamed,
But whispering neighbours
Never complained.
Rory's good
At the husband game.
He presented well.
The neighbours continued
To tsk and tsk.

On his way home
From work,
He picked up the kids
From daycare,
He'd find time
To volunteer there.
He'd have treats
At home for them,
And their friends.

He volunteered with
Cubs and Scouts,

Always finding
Extra time
For jamborees
And overnights.

One day the cops
Came on the scene,
Rory wasn't
What he seemed:
His computer
Showed a different man,
A lurking, luring
Kiddie fan.
And the neighbours'
Tskts cresendoed.

At his trial
He sat abandoned,
But neighbours there
Gave witness to
A man they thought
They surely knew.
A family man
In his pew.
All his life
He lived beside them,
A man they let
Their kids rely on.

Francie Lynch

Route 22

There's a Route 22 near you.
A licorice asphalt road,
Twisting as opposing currents of time,
With anticipation and apprehension,
From home, to unknowns,
From comfort to expectations.
A rural ribbon of signage,
And milestones.

I traveled mine yesterday,
In an overdue Spring day,
From Melrose to Bright's Grove.
I writhe and bend with its winding,
Former times arise like heat waves;
Mirage puddles flood my head,
Always just out of reach.

I recalled hitchhiking through Warwick,
As I backtrack,
And almost stop
For one todayy on the curve
Where they sell the garden gnomes.
I once looked wryly at them
When I stood across the road,
With thumb up.

Across the northern landscape,
Towards the Co-ops of Arkona,
And the beer store in Thedford,
Wind farms thrive like techno giants,
In someone's Utopian world.

Bloody Mary's red sign no longer hangs
Outside the white house in Lobo,
Where she could bring you into touch
With your dead.
Poplar Hill's trees no longer snow in the summer,
The water wheels are seized, barns are exposed.
The lofts and the lofty fallen.

I had to stop near a culvert, to listen to the sound of run-off,
The melt reflecting the transition under the sun,
Converging at Black Creek, Pulse Creek, or Cow Creek,
Carrying forward to the St. Clair River and Lake Huron,
Then on to foreign shores.

Weathered iron fences enclose pioneer graves;
Settlers who cleared the dense Lambton forests,
And made the first ruts along my route
With wagons and cabbages.
I know very well how you fared,
And I thank you for my route.

Francie Lynch

Royal Hairs Of The Quarantine Queen

The Queen is in the Tower,
She desires to step out;
But the bouffant needs some tending
So Royal hairs don't fall out.

The Queen is in the Tower,
She dines well when she eats;
But Lizzie's in a tizzy now,
No walk-about on her street.

The Queen is in the Tower,
Standard flapping at full mast;
When the Union Flag is lowered,
Royal Heirs will know she passed.

Francie Lynch

Running For Cover

Of course,
Of course we misunderstood
That somethings bad
Are someone's good.

I was standing in the open,
Feeling spirits broken,
Fearing the unspoken.
I should run for cover now.

These times are surely falling,
My shades are halfway down,
The locks are frozen,
My hands are cold.

There's a fire inside and it's taking hold.

Soon the terms were meted,
The losers they were greeted
Like old comrades in arms.

It started up again;
Begins as it began,
And I'm standing in the open,
Now running mad for cover.

Francie Lynch

Sackful Of Promises

I met you with a full bag of promises,
Leaking out a corner hole;
Leaving a trail even Gretel could follow.
You were lured, picked up the droppings
Til you were sated,
Then turned back home,
Turned away;
The hook fell out -
We fell out,
Those promises lost their flavor.

Francie Lynch

Same As You

She bounces on
My Granda knee,
As I bounced you,
As you bounced me.
Play infant games
Until she's two.
Same as you.

We'll dove-tail hands
On pre-book walks,
She'll feign to listen
While I talk.
Her harlequin senses
Embrace the beauty;
Same as you
When you were three.

We'll attend
Her fav movies;
Engage while
We're snacking fries:
I'll see the light
Light up her eyes.
Same as you
When you were five.

I'll be lucky,
And live long;
I'll be sure
To carry on
Helping her
All along.
The same as you,
And you grew strong.

Francie Lynch

Same Rules Apply

What's ours yesterday,
Is gone today;
What's here today,
Will be gone tomorrow.
That how it goes
For joy and sorrow.
Balanced on a teeter-totter,
These highs and lows
Of our see-saw charter.

Francie Lynch

Saved By The Bell

I descended the stairs in dread,
Shading my eyes
From the late August sun
Coming through the window,
Onto the landing.
The rakes leaned against the garage wall
Like prisoners on work detail.
Mammy had plain porridge,
Toast, jam and strong tea prepared
For our last summer breakfast.
No tomatoes.
We'd work on the clumps of dirt,
Breaking, raking, smoothing,
Preparing the ground for next Spring.
The root cellar we dug beneath
The newly poured porch
Was filled with the harvest
Of the ole saud's outlook.
On the sideboard, stacked in four neat piles,
Rose our school supplies for Tuesday.
He stood guard at the bottom of the yard.
I drove the prongs through the clumps,
Waiting for the school bell.

Francie Lynch

Say What!

Listen to the aye-sayers;
Pay heed to the nay-sayers
For point and counter-point;
As Lear did with his fool,
As we did once in school.
Hear the syncophants and flatterers,
The realists and truists,
But in the end what matters,
Is the voice between your ears,
The sooth-sayer of future years.

Francie Lynch

Say, Yes

When I've aged
With passion spent,
I'll save my breath,
There's less to vent,
Save my energy,
Say, Yes.

When the kettle isn't boiling,
Or the hinges need an oiling;
There's no alarm to turn me on,
I sleep soundly through the dawn,
That's when I
Say, Yes.

I've read love rhymes,
Lived a few,
Now culled my books
And love letters,
Sacrificed like a goat
That's tethered,
Parsed my heart
To flames and feathers,
Still,
I say, Yes.

I say it to whatever's offered,
Break the lids off creaky coffers,
Scatter rainy days with blue.
Ah. Getting older's what we do.
And through it all,
Say, Yes.

Francie Lynch

Scarred For Life

The broken heart
Cries alone,
But leaves visible scars.

Francie Lynch

School Days

Where will I sit?
Will I make friends?
Do I look okay
On my first day?
Do you think
I'll do alright?
Is it like learning
To ride my bike?

Congrats, my child,
You're doing fine,
You've just learned
The first day's rules.
The fears, anxieties
And self-doubts,
Are life's hard lessons
We could do without.
There's no teacher
Or book of stories
To allay your ever-present worries.
The stress now filling up your head,
Is with you til the very end.

But I want to stay home!

Francie Lynch

School Yard Rules

Boots were all we had in winter,
Wellingtons made of a slice of rubber;
Turned down to show initials,
That bled upon the snow.
Between skin and cold,
Coarse wollen socks,
Sometimes they matched,
They'd criss and cross.

In from the boys' yard,
The slide and frost,
The boots were heaped
In backroom closets.
The sting of chilblains
On sock-soaked feet,
The line of footprints
Led to our seats.
We had one pair at school,
No other cover
Sliding across the oaken floors.
Drying on the radiators,
Our pungent odor,
A synaptic recall,
The unschooled smell
Of winter schoolyards.

Francie Lynch

Scorch And Burn

We're treating our world
Like a retreating army:
The invaders won't survive.

Francie Lynch

Scotch And Water

Scotch and water
Never falter
Infusing me
With spirit.
It elevates my feet;
Invigorates my senses;
I even speak in accents
Of Highland double malt.
But then I have a descent
To loneliness, resentment,
Meant for one who falters.
I've got scotch and water
As libation on the altar
Of self-sacrifice
And capture.

Francie Lynch

Scottish Vikings

I will re-visit
The modern pict,
The viking border people
Comparing nipples
And slapping bellies
While giving dheagh shlainte.
They've plundered their last village;
It's been a while since they protected the walls
While sleep sets in.
They raid the pubs,
Raise a glass shield,
Weild a shot glass
Singing shlainte,
The dragon ships have sailed.

Francie Lynch

Scrapbooks

I keep a private Scrapbook
You won't see on my shelf;
Stuffed with trivia from my life,
Known to no one but myself.

It's filled with words and actions,
Lies, cheats and thefts;
Nothing really serious,
But enough that I won't share.

Deeds I'm not proud of,
Words uttered to hurt;
Clippings from a checkered past
Sealed safely in my book.

There's some who'd like to read it,
Expose me for what it's worth;
They should proceed with caution,
They have their own Scrapbook.

Francie Lynch

Screaming

Our world is screaming,
Cover our ears,
But eyes are open
To the turbulent reds
Swirling the sky.
We pose,
Some in rockers
With wry smiles,
Holding pitchforks,
Looking Gothic,
Harvesting potatoes,
Filling pockets.
We dance across
Impressionistic canvases
Framed by our art.
In the corner
Of my city
Waits an active asylum.
Put a jacket on,
Scream,
Things are
Coming undone.

Francie Lynch

Sean In The Letter

Love the name.
Got upset
When the man called out, 'Seen.'
Stupid man.
It's 'Sean, ' and not 'Shawn.'
A years older'n Gerald.
Two younger'n Kev.
Two older'n me.
That's Sean.
Daddy wrote home about us.
Maura was working at the hospital.
Sheila was finishing high school.
Kevin won the Science Fair.
Sean plays ice hockey with the All Stars,
All over Canada and the U.S.
I found that letter in '79. He penned it in '62,
In a European cursive. They all tend to write the same.
I've seen the words, rugrown together to hide the spelling;
With JMJ's and TG's sprinkled like manna throughout.
The last page was missing,
Just when Daddy'd write about Gerald, me, and Marlene.
Gerald with his 'Beetles' haircut.
Me, with the scars of home stitching on my scalp.
Marlene, the wee pigeon, he missed most working up North.
Jimmy, The Bruiser, wasn't here yet, isn't now.
The last of an Irish brood settled in Canada.
I discovered it in the spare room at Granny's and Frank's.
There was no mention of Michael, Eucheria or Particia.
He exaggerated about the harsh, six-month winters here,
And our proximity to the North Pole.
Suggested Frank try putting copper wires around Granda's wrists;
The Egyptian mummies didn't exhibit signs of osteo deterioration, or arthritis.
Daddy was hard-pressed to be proven wrong when he concocted.
Sean had a drawer full of ribbons, medals, trophies and plagues,
And a large 'S, ' his Senior Letter.
He also had sideburns, a much smaller nose, and, smelled
as good as he looked,
The Elvis dip-curl, the Connery swag, the Selleck stash to Clooney cool.
Sean kept a disposition of hidden pains secreted for others.

A heart of tears.
A spirit of adventure.
I love Sean, as I recall.
He is always welcome here.
Drops by every couple years.
It's always a great surprise.

Francie Lynch

Seasonal Seesaw

When the plank is up,
Icicles form like the sword of Damocles
Above my door.
Breath is whisked away by prisms
Hanging between limbs, flailing.
My parka rests in the closet;
The shovel looks incongruous
Leaning against the shed.
High, I giggle in the peopled park,
Waiting for descent.

There is talk of another Arctic Vortex,
Combined with the Texas jet stream,
A canopy of cold is raised,
Crueler in the bright sunshine of March.
But we see shadows, elongating and shrinking,
And my toes reach tentatively
For the softening ground.
But soon,
I'm high again,
Heading towards the bright, yellow sun.

Francie Lynch

Secrets

The world was a secretive place then;
There are fewer secrets now;
No point in trying,
But they're impossible to keep.
And the world hasn't destroyed.
The Colonel's spices revealed;
Micropes landed in Martian rock;
Yet your impression in a hayfield
Is one I've always kept.

Francie Lynch

See The Pyramids Along The Drive

Proud I was with my shoveling,
Moving snow to the end of the drive,
Lifting loads, shovelling high.
The armlifts created pyramids,
I was as proud as Pharaoh could be.
These pyramids
Could well entomb me.

Francie Lynch

See You Tomorrow

Juliet's Good-night
Is a cold comfort,
As promising as
A new moon,
Or daylight heavens.
Full of senses.
My ears hum with
A Carol King tune.
I'm not keen on
Standing here,
Shoes mired in slush,
With my head covered
In anticipation of
Extreme Unction.
If I see you tomorrow
I will still love you,
But tomorrow is
The new moon,
And you yet languish:
Even if dawn breaks again.
So, I will leave:
See you tomorrow.

Francie Lynch

Seize The Week

Grasp the past in memory;
The present by attention,
And our future with anticipation.

Last week. This week. Next week.
Sounds trite, but that's three weeks
In a flash.
No wonder I'm weak-kneed.
It's a life-time for some.
So sad!
It's an eternity for others.
Too bad!
Eliot measured our world
In coffee spoons.

Carpe Diem works for today.
But Carpe diebus septem.
Seizes the week.
There's so few of them.
Males get about 4200.
Females about 4400.
In this light, women don't
Really outlive men that much.
What's 200 weeks?

On average, we're
Run of the mill aggregate.
You can't take one back,
Or extend one.
There's the week-end we crave,
Not weeks' end.
(My knees are buckling)

If time isn't an event,
Or thing,
Why such a cruel sting.

Weeks aren't noticed slipping
Unless you've two weeks holidays,
Or two weeks til... Christmas, or
A fortnight til Martinmas.

Carpe diebus septem.

The weeks of youth.
You fist the car keys
At 830 weeks,
Then you discover you need
Gas, money, a girl/boy, and
All that other necessary stuff
For the next 365 weeks.
So, get a part-time job

Yet, this is
Nothing compared to the
1820 ahead of you in the full-time harness,
Followed by 900 weeks of sleeping in,
Babysitting, living, breathing.
It's a limited time
To dispose of your assets.
Give, share, spend, enjoy...
Poof!
I'll die broke.

After 1300 weeks of bachelor(ette) ness
We partner-up for 200 weeks
Of co-habital bliss and kiss
Before the blisters and sisters
Join the family.
The drama unfolds from our
Box seats for 1000 weeks,
And if we're fortunate,
We countdown: 5,4,3,2,1, liftoff:
We have launch.
The kids are orbiting.
And they will, eventually.
Your union producing the fledglings
May last 365 weeks of meals, deals,
Forgets and forgives...

I digress.

Many have.

Look to Club 27.

They had 1400 weeks before digressing.

Hitler and Bin Laden - 3000.

So young. So nasty.

Einstein was young - 1316

Newton was old at - 1639

Relatively speaking.

Johnny went across the universe at week 2037;

Elvis left the building at 2164;

JFK left us weak at 2377.

(My knees, my knees)

Mozart and Beethoven were composing by 364.

(I was reading about Dick, Jane and Spot at 364)

Ageing is returning to Standard Time.

The weeks get shorter.

The well-spring of the 3000 week phrase:

Youth is wasted on the young.

All 156 weeks of it.

Me. I have 1040 til 80.

Then, 1800 DAYS til 85.

Then, get out the stop watch

And count the hours and minutes.

The timer's thumb is poised to press.

I'll settle for thousandths of seconds by then,

Before meeting the Omni-chronologist,

The Author of the Eternal Almanac.

Francie Lynch

Self-Fulfilling Prophecy

I only make
Promises
To myself
To ensure
I dissappoint
No one else.

Francie Lynch

Self-Introspection 101 (A Partici-Poem)

Today, we sketch ourselves.
Draw a circle for the head.
Two dots for eyes,
One for nose.
Draw the mouth.
Truer than the mirror.
No narcis-stick needed.
No Leonardo or Sigmund.
A self-introspective selfie.

Francie Lynch

Senseless

When the wind
Shouts down the leaves,
I hear.

If clouds mass
In formation,
I see.

As the ground
Rolls its fat,
I feel.

Should the rain
Reach my lips,
I taste.

After the bees
Give life to flowers,
I smell.

No wonder
I'm desensitized
Near you.

Francie Lynch

Senseless Bigotry

I've a lingering scratch
In the throat,
An irritation
As I spoke;
I coughed, I choked,
And spewed out the last
Off-coloured joke.

There was a ringing
In my ear,
A clapping sound
You rang for years.
I blocked and stopped
And turned away
To silence the slurs
I refuse to hear.

I've black floaters
In my eyes,
The only colour
I surmise;
Other shades now subside;
I'm looking forward
With clear brown eyes.

Francie Lynch

Sensory Deprivation

We are too much in the world
Of distant sirens, each one racing
To our homes.
The plume of smoke arrests me;
The shoe on the yellow-dotted line
I passed, wondering how one limps home,
Not noticing.
The other night I heard the empty thud
Of flesh and skin and then my cell was vibrating.
I have a message from South Carolina,
FB wants to befriend us;
Twitter assails us;
What's App pesters;
E-mail harasses.
We have more messaging orifices
Than a Bell operator,
And hearts beat faster with every siren,
Every baby's cry.
Night shades, ear plugs
And sensory deprivation
Will only heighten our anxiety.
We're kissing urns and spitting ashes,
Your casket left splinters on my tongue.

Francie Lynch

Serendipity

We were misplaced and confused,
So, I bought a coffee, sat with a magazine,
But felt so antsy, I went to the Kiosk,
Inquiring about your flight,
Then went looking in the other places.
So many people started looking like you:
Their hair, shape and walk.
So many doppelgangers.
It was getting way too late, hours, in fact.
Now concern settles in,
But seconds make the difference,
Not some butterfly in China.
If I'd lingered, sipping,
I wouldn't have walked right into your tears
Around the corner.
I happened to have a tissue in my pocket
To dry your found eyes.

Francie Lynch

Seventh Son

The cock on the steeple
Proclaimed and denied to four corners, and
Looked down and twisted.
Old men in green suits with crow's eyes and
Alabaster covered bones pushed open doors
With wooden feet.
The postman with empty knees rode his Deere
Over green fields with rabbits,
And laughed by himself.

Rentals in drives plan the day's outings.

Shops carry faded names:
Donovan, O'Sullivan, Finnegan.
Beneath, The Holy Cross is a retirement home, and
Palms plaint skyward with the wind.

Five hundred leave each week:

'Ireland's best... so fresh it's famous.'

The laggors serve tea and scones,
Or ply in shops they many one day own.
There are no slow boats here:
The green suits leave naturally,
Others by air.
This is no country for the young who
Have hillside tilting windpower mills.

Below, a young woman eats, holding
Her knife like a primary pencil, like her
Father, eating silently, staring.
Crow and rabbit inhabit, and
Stones tumble and lay still for a hundred years.

Each day a new apocalypse with one opening.
No wrappings, no ointments, no fresh wafer.
No throne to approach, no voice calling them home.
No seventh son to dip his finger in the well

And soothe.

Francie Lynch

Shades Of Bogey

Late last night
A spectral fog
Billowed off the lake,
Came clouding down my street.
I thought to grab
My feathered fedora,
And stand, leaning
Under the yellow street light
With hat pulled down
To my brows.
I'd light an unfiltered cigarette,
Fanning the match far too long,
And with the first pull
Blow smoke streaming out
My nostrils.
As I spoke, each word
Is punctuated with blue vapor:
'A cliché, ' I'd say,
'Is worth a thousand words.'

Francie Lynch

Shapeless Water

The Creature from the Black Lagoon,
Whom they call Asset,
Meets Beauty,
Whom they call Eliza, who does little,
Except frees Asset's willie.
Del Toro has pulled the bull
Over our eyes.
Two hours of my life,
And a yen for hard-boiled eggs.

Francie Lynch

Shart Attack

I've diarrhea,
And it's ink,
Explaining why
My writing stinks.
I've constipation
Of the brain,
Leaving little
But shart stains.
I'm irregular,
I'll wear a diaper,
And write my poems
On toilet paper.

Francie Lynch

Shediac Sirens

In Shediac

The sidewalk threads up Main,
Past Church and hospital
To a yellow-frame,
Where wishes and the real world meet
Near Leger Street.

Here,

Quiet evening stairs leave cares,
And blueberries, Dahlias and Parley's foam,
Like sirens call our thoughts to home.
A quilt-work of faces,
Some young, some grown,
Looked through windows to a time unknown,
Past the ledger of Grand-mere,
Past Hector's chair.

Though

Emilie was consumed with cooking,
Quilting, cleaning and sometimes singing;
She fed the dreams of her dearborn,
And sheltered concerns of a heart well-worn,
Like a wrap around porch in a Northumberland storm,
On Main Street.

These

Porch steps led to worldly affairs,
Finance, healthcare, CN, shopwares.
Each step, each child, bore Emilie's breath,
Et dans l'eglise St. Joseph.

But

Bricks are brittle and paint will wane,
A picture or poem will fade and stain,
Yet sirens still call out your name
In Shediac.

Francie Lynch

Shifting Sand

Here is my home town.
I'm lucky to live here,
To have grown here
With all our familiar streets and sights;
The houses where we lived together,
The homes of my childhood friends;
Our schools, churches and local attractions
Are mostly here.
The comings and goings of the locals
Are documented in "The Observer."
Familiar and strange.

Today I see a city of cards and cardboard cut-outs.
Sarnia is a museum display of life
In the 20th century I study from this side
Of the display case.
In time, the partition separating us will dissolve
Into a pile of shifting sand about my feet.
What I do with the pile is entirely up to me.

Francie Lynch

Shine On

Intro: C G7 C G7 E7 D7 G7
C G7

Shine away your bluesies,

C G7

Why don't you shine, start with your shoesies;

E7 Am7 C7

Shine each place up, make it look like new,

D7 G7

Shine your face up, I want to see you wear a smile or two.

C G7

Cause my skin's light creamy,

C G7

Just because my eyes are greeny;

E7 Am7 C7

Just because I lack some shade of brown,

D7 F7-

Don't stop me from funking down when I funk uptown... Funk!

C G7

Cause I dig rap music,

E7 Am7 C7

With jazz and blues I boogie all the time;

F Cdim

Just because I jive to Reggae,

C A7 D7 G7

T-hat's the reason, Baby, why they call me...

C G7

Honky, watches ice hockey,

C G7

Wigger, he likes to copy.

E7 Am7 -C7

I'm Caucasian, the abbreviation won't do,

D7 G7

Drop the name tags, see me the way you want me seeing you.

C G7

Why don't you shine, your these and thoseies,

E7 Am7 C7
You'll find everything's gonna turn out fine;

F Cdim. C
Folks will shine up to ya, everybody's

A7
gonna howdy-dooty do ya;

D7 G7 C
You'll make the whole world shine.

C G7
So, - clap your hands, shout Hallelujah,
E7 Am7 C7

You'll find everyone's much the same inside;

F Cdim
You know we all share blame,

C - A7
Don't "Howdy-dooty Whitey" cause that ain't my name,

D7 G7 C
And we'll turn the world colour blind.

Francie Lynch

Should We Meet

I'm not a good long distance penitent.
Never liked waiting games,
I could be scribbling,
But I'm told I should be sorry.
Is that the same as remorseful;
Does sorry mean regret too?
I won't wait for a nod
With so much time at stake.
Will an emoticon do?
Should I give access to my cloud?
Did our WiFi's get crossed,
Or did I use the wrong parenthesis
Beside the colon?
I know there's some pain.
Meeting for coffee is passe.
Let my fingers do the talking.

Francie Lynch

Shrove Tuesday

Winter amassed his victories
With cold clear spears,
Lined along eaves;
Cannon clouds hurling
Swirling whiteouts,
Blades of wind rifling
Body armor.
But battles aren't wars.

Spring's cavalry
Comes charging.
We're flipping suns,
Pouring golden sweet rays,
And fattening-up
For the final onslaught
Of a battle weary warrior.

Francie Lynch

Sign Up

Red prints are scattered everywhere,
On the wheels of industry,
The ballots of democracy,
On the clothes we wear.
We left them on initials,
At ATM's and One-armed Bandits,
In stone, I'll leave mine chiseled.
I saw them on the beggers's cup,
He wasn't asking for so much,
When I looked back, I saw my tracks,
Outlined in red retreat.
The message is on the road maps,
The varicose veins of land,
The arthritic grip on sanity
Is dripping red demands.
Dark rooms of photography,
Invisible ink and trickery
To get you to sign,
On the dotted line,
In red.

Francie Lynch

Signs Of Spring

The red-breasted robin's
My first sign of Spring;
A seasonal surety
We all know.

The second sign
Glow through your hose,
The weather's right
For red, red toes.

Francie Lynch

Silver Linings

"Sorry for your luck, " wheezed Gaia,
"But I'm glad for the breather."

Francie Lynch

Simonize The Car, Biffo

What have you sold?
Was it worth its weight in gold?
A votive lit for fifty cents,
A flame announcing you repent;
To beg your saint to intercede
To provide your worldly needs.

Was that your body up for sale;
What would you trade for the Holy Grail?
Sell a kidney or a lung,
Sell your lap top and your phone.
Sell the home, enslave the kids,
Offer all to the highest bid.

Simonize your sale tonight,
In the sun it shines bright;
Let the buyer drive the fraud,
After all, you're a demigod.

Have you sold your secret soul,
Your joie de vivre,
The living truth
For make-believe?

Sell it all in a sidewalk sale,
Sell your house, sell every nail;
Every brick and piece of wood,
The price you get is understood,
To get as much as one could.

We make the deal for personal gain,
Trangress against the light;
Stand in the shadow of the shadow
Of the master of the mill.

Add to coffers, sell off principles,
Buy a judge, sell a nation,
It's a photo-op donation.

Betray an ally, sell a friend,
Exploit the lonely til their end.
Abuse your office, hire a niece,
Family fortunes will increase.
Pander to hypocrisy - here it's called democracy.

These are not our personal sins,
But crimes against society,
Crimes against life.

Look upon our deadly works,
Ozymandias warned we should.

Francie Lynch

Sincerely, Mary

Dear John:

Do you?

I do.

I did.

I'm done.

Overdone.

Undone. Metaphysically strained.

And I need a thermometer to check my rarity.

I'm developing a crispness

And drying out, in want of basting.

I'm done, John.

Sincerely,

Mary Donne

Francie Lynch

Singing A Beatles Song

There were four pines,
Straight, that branched
Out over the hedge
With holes.
High beside
The cement goldfish pond
They stood, near the fence
And alleyway.

From our rows
Of potatoes,
And needed weedings,
A hedge ran across
The back, connecting
The Tehtercotts and Taylors;
We worked the garden
Beneath the line
Of drying clothes,
Throughout our summers,
Beneath the shade,
And the intermitent shadow.
Spade blades heeled
Into mounds,
We five posed
For this poem
Half a century ago.

Over the hedge
Carriages and bikes
Rolled between houses
With porches,
And patios,
Leading to lawns.

Near Kevin's spade
A red and white rubber ball
Had landed,
From beyond the hedge.
He turned it over

With a shovel of dirt,
And broke the sod
With his blade.
He was distracted,
Singing us a Beatles song.
But it wouldn't have mattered.

Francie Lynch

Sisters Of St. Joseph's Hospital

I recognized her familiar gait
As she left ambulatory care
At Bluewater Health,
Once St. Joseph's Hospital.
She was a group member.
Her spring showed her hope
In the gods within,
And faith in her God without.
A surety in her higher power.
The Sisters had long ago retreated
To the Mother House,
Mission accomplished,
No longer caring for the sick and worried.
The civilians marched in,
Diagnosing annuities,
Giving change.
I share her faith crossing bridges,
Or waiting for autumn's bulbs
To sprout and flower.
The Sisters wait for Pentecost,
For the whosh and whirl
Of expectant salvation
They once ministered.

Francie Lynch

Six Words To Live By

Pre-Arrival

...

Here

...

Post-Mortem

(fill the spaces)

Francie Lynch

Sixty Miles From Me

I used to call her every night,
The black spiral cord stretched far and tight;
My changing voice kept to a whisper,
Against the hinges of the hallway door.

I used to write her every day
When she lived sixty miles away;
Sent thoughts and verses that I wrote,
Sealed my love in a white envelope.

We came together.
We grew together.
Then grew apart.

What would we do
If we got back?
What could we say.
How would we act.
I've Romanticized on that.
The memory of us.

While lying on my couch,
The sun breaks through,
Moving across my closed eyes;
If I open them,
Will I see you entering the room,
Then sitting beside me,
Hand on my head and hair,
Asking, am I okay.

It wouldn't stay this way.

The memory of us
Is sweeter in the thought.

Today you live not far from me,
But a greater distance than it used to be,
When you were sixty miles from me.

Francie Lynch

Skinning The Cat

Tuffy skinned a cat
Behind Walker Bros. Stores;
He was probably in on
The sand-girl's situation,
But no one believes her;
Yet believe Tuffy capable of such.
He wrestled ostriches and kangaroos
At Jungleworld,
Real ones.
Some say the animals were old and drugged,
But Tuffy pinned them all the same.

Margo's house burned to the studs
Following her sex-driven murder.
That was thirty years ago,
The same time Jungleworld,
With its spiders, snakes and caged bear
Died off with Tuffy and his peacock,
And the secrets of his take downs and holds.

I never saw Tuffy perform
His flaming knife-throws,
Destroying balloons between lips,
Slicing straps with his swordplay.
He would've thrived in Venice with Leonardo,
Dazzling Popes and Princes,
Who would be benefactors and patrons.
Tuffy would have lived in a villa,
On a mountainside, overlooking his audience,
And applauding them for their attention to detail.

Francie Lynch

Skye

I got stuck on Skye;
There were many
Reasons why.
The ring of mountains
Walled me in,
The blue above
Was closer then,
The blue around
Was too deep,
And the whiskey
Was smooth and cheap.
The chatter of the lads
Was keen;
The beauty of the lass,
Serene.
So, I got stuck on Skye,
Yet escaped
Before I died.

Francie Lynch

Skye Rocks It At Night

She once was called Sassy,
You'll read why not Lassie;
But they chose the name of an Isle.
It says kin and kith,
With its breadth and its width;
Yes, the Isle and she both
Are called Skye.

She's a diminutive terrier,
She'll not be a harrier;
She'd fall down the holes
Chasing rabbits and voles,
And never be heard of again.

Too quiet for a guard dog,
In the pack, she's no lead dog;
If she tried herding sheep,
They'd bleat in their sleep,
And the sheep would lay down
For the wolves.

She's no sledder like Buck,
She can't carry a duck,
And certainly no fighter like Fang.
She's no Rin Tin Tin,
Can't run fast like him,
And she's not sleek like Roy Rogers' Bullet.

She won't find a body
Buried under the snow,
And she won't win blue ribbons
At any dog show.
But I'm convinced
By her snuffles
She's well worth the trouble,
I'll take her out hunting
In the woods
For my truffles.

Francie Lynch

Slave Trade

I've no master
In a lofty mansion
Forgiving wrongs,
Addressing my transgressions,
Throwing my daily sustenance
To be foraged before the dogs;
All-powerful and glory-ridden.
That's reserved for the down-trodden,
Praying from boxes,
Lucky to inherit the wind,
They're told.
But don't bank on it.

Francie Lynch

Sleep, Baby, Sleep

When I put you
Down to sleep,
I know you'll
Pee and poop and peek;
But close your eyes,
Quiet your mouth,
And be as cute
As all get out.

Sleep, my Baby
Through the night;
Fill your head
With pleasant dreams
While all is yet
As it seems.

Through the dark
And the shadows,
Wake to sunshine
Kissing meadows,
To songbird music
Sweet and mellow.

Arise, my Baby,
Walk with me
And with some help
You will see
The worldly wonders
You'll share with me.

Francie Lynch

Sleeping Giant

There's a sleeping giant
On the floor,
Snoring, blocking
All the doors.
I tip-toe 'round the
Massy bulk,
Lest he wake up hungry,
And I'm the morsel
He first sees.
There's a pillow 'neath
His massive head,
The mirror fogs,
So he's not dead.
He sleeps, yawns,
Grinds yellow teeth,
Flutters eyelids,
Causing grief.
Smoke exhales
As he breathes
Through his nose,
Which makes him sneeze
And stretch his limbs,
Then he rolls over
On his chin
To expose his naked neck.
I should grab
A shiny axe
And give that giant
One clean whack,
Put his head in a gunney sack
And bury it in the garden,
Between the rows of corn,
To fester for the worms.
I'd take the body
To the lake,
Weigh it down
And let it sink.
Then we children
Would sleep well,

The sleeping giant
Sleeps in hell.

Francie Lynch

Sliding Into Home

From here they filled the sidewalk,
Three abreast, heading east towards the corner
With their balls and sticks.
The flankers often turned their heads centre.
They'd return with
Bravado and shirts around their waists.
The stories I would hear, or read.

I recall Charlie beyond the rail and altar
Filling the thurible with frankincense,
Causing smoke to rise and the bell to ring, twice.
He held a body-length candle, dressed in soutane and surplice.
On occasion, he'd faint.

Another time, Dermott sat holding his tonnette,
Wearing the green cotton shirt
Mammy fashioned from scratch
To celebrate the honour of St. Patrick.
He was, after all, the only
Other Irish boy in the hall.

Another time, the black Honda 90 radiated
At home, on the lawn.
Shining so black it absorbed the sun,
Spreading silver wings.
I felt the rush when it sped away.

At night the damp sheets would shroud me.
Tomorrow would be another catch-up day.
Sometimes Sean would stop, turn away from
The other two, and face me.
I would stand still and wait.

We learned the art of escape early.
The car roof would glide past the window,
Giving the three minute warning to collect
And disappear through the front door.
We'd scatter and re-assemble later,
Tip-toeing past the head on a pillow,

Beside the table.
No need for a 'Do Not Disturb.'
Before 'The Tonight Show'
We boiled the kettle, and saw his
Chest rise and fall.
Later, he'd frame and block the archway,
Silent, rubbing.
Then amble off.

I've seen the photos on folded, cracked surfaces
In the late cool comfort of a pew.
While thinking on miracles and staring at the lamp,
I hope for a presence,
Or a tap on the shoulder to hear:
'Your turn.'
Then I could grab the bat and straddle the cross-bar,
Step over the body and use the back door.

I presume the light still burns;
Its flame rising and falling.
Now the only sound is creaking wood,
The only colours are in the panes.
Now I can straighten the wrinkled knees,
Fluff the pillow,
And slide into home.

Francie Lynch

Slippery Slopes

What did Sisyphus know
About a slippery slope;
Shoulder to stone
His feet groped,
Shifting inclinations;
Each step consequential,
A mythic joke.
Wiggle the toes,
Feel for the edge,
Sliding is inevitable.
We have no victims
On fallacious slopes.

Which lost hair defines bald;
Which millimeter makes you tall;
How many dimes makes one well off;
Which freckle makes you cute or beautiful;
Which ounce makes you fat,
From thin to Bottacelli.
Where does one begin?

Removing sentiments,
One at a time,
You find you straddle
The love/hate line,
A line drawn on a mountain top,
And splitting your Sisyphus rock.

Francie Lynch

Small People

Small people aren't measured
By their height;
That's not right!
We dread
The small-minded;
The bigots,
The ones of two minds -
The one they share,
And one they hide behind.
One face we see,
The one to please.
One hand held out,
Unembossed,
The other unseen,
Fingers crossed.
They're high in stature,
But small when it matters.

Francie Lynch

Smell The Coffee

I couldn't help but wonder how the day began.
He spent several minutes on his hands and knees
Searching for the toothpaste cap.
"Perhaps behind the toilet."
Meanwhile, his wife was telling him about her job interview
While changing the baby, when from down the hall, she hears,
"Aha! "
I'm sure he looked out the bathroom window and cursed
The snow-packed driveway needing shoveling
Before leaving for the forty minute commute.
His older girl was talking about her weird gymnastics coach,
And he rubbed his cheeks after shaving.
He hardly noticed the clink of the coffee mug brought to rest on the baby-blue
enamel sink.
He was glad he clipped his nose hairs, but paid no heed to the softness of his
facecloth.
He poured a re-fill after shoveling, kissed his wife perfunctorily,
And passed by the kids.
When I saw the crushed metal at the crossroads,
I wondered if his day began like this.

Francie Lynch

Snakes Have Skinny Shins

Snakes have skinny shins.
Birds have wiry fingers.
Fish have fat necks.
Horses have moustaches.
Monkeys wear shoes.
Cats preen feathers.
Turtles soar on airy drafts.
I get confused about most things,
Except One.

Francie Lynch

Snapshot Of A Pub

Above cushioned wall seats,
Where locals sit
With dogs at their feet,
Hang photos of footballers
Smiling still, ruffled hair,
From a near-forgotten win.
A proud farmer stands
Beside his blue ribbon boar;
Horses are tethered to wagons
Muddied,
Soldiers grinning with
The Republic's grimace of war.

Outside, cobbled streets
Lead to stone bridges,
Walls and houses in this land
Of stone.
Above the shade of umbrella trees
The wind wraps turret heights.

Black, white and fading greys
Are dusted in walnut frames.
Nine o'clock sounds
And pictures shake
With laughter;
The click of dominoes,
And clink of pints
In the pub life.

Francie Lynch

Snowflakes

On my shovel
They look the same.
Colour,
Density,
Weight!
A snowflake
Is a snowflake
Is a snowflake.

Francie Lynch

Sol Love (10w)

Sol burns bright;
Yet burns out.
So too we,
Love.

Francie Lynch

Solstice

At Newgrange Tomb
The sun slides its golden finger
Through an ancient portal
To the cruciform
For the 5000th time.
I should like to be
A crack in that rock.

Francie Lynch

Solstice (10w)

Less daylight...

More starlight

Is just right;

Prolonging

Our night.

Francie Lynch

Some Body's Walk

Some body used a stick
To get an ant;
Some one watched
And used it
To spear a fish.
Somebody used a bow
And stuck it to the boar.
Then we launched
Missiles
So some body
Can walk
On Mars.

Francie Lynch

Some Cops (10w)

Some cops
Are one bullet short
Of a full clip.

Francie Lynch

Some Kids' Parents

George came by bus everyday
From Alvinston;
A No-Daddy community.
I've heard that town
Should be fenced
And re-named a Zoo.

During a power outage
George was suspected
Of being the dumper
In the middle of the gym floor,
During class. He was present.
The evidence was inconclusive.

When George brought
A bag of weed to school
I called his mother,
A worn-out, retired pole-dancer.
When she arrived I showed her
The bag. She was pleased
I didn't turn George over to the cops,
But roundly upset with George
For swiping her good stuff,
And not the skunk weed.
Some kids' parents.

Francie Lynch

Some Of The Hood

The corner house
Has three missing fence planks,
So the boys got their short-cut
Across the front lawn.
It was three a.m.,
I saw them, I yelled from the window,
Hey guys. Stop that!
They tossed their cans onto the asphalt.
Her bedroom light came on;
They were the night.
I heard their hurried pace,
Their laughter like warning fog horn blasts.

Butch's mother next door died.
It was a year before I knew.
I thought she went to Florida.
I pictured her sitting in the sun.
But she was gone.
Butch shovels snow,
Obsessively.
That's what I know.

The doobie brothers
Live next to the cop.
Their driveway's a busy spot with comings,
And goings.
But the cop's part of our hood,
Disreccion's understood.
Besides,
Officer Bob has his troubles to tend to.

Then there's small Mary,
She lives two doors down.
She has to be over a hundred,
Once lived on a farm.
She rakes debris with her hands,
Bent over for hours,
Cleaning her lawn.
(Butch shovels her walkway,

but stays to himself)
I've waved to Mary
When she's out and about.
Good to see you, I shout.
Nice to be seen, she replies.
No doubt.

Francie Lynch

Someone's Mother Died Today

Someone's mother died today,
So let's pretend her to be
A sacrifice to winter,
For birds are singing now,
The sun and sky
And all seem to conspire.
The very ground has softened
To receive her.
The chill has left the air,
We've removed the outer layer.
Namaste. For so many years.

Francie Lynch

Something New

Whatever I think on a theme
Is somewhere in a song;
I want to muse on something,
That hasn't yet been done.

Political verses aren't much read,
Nor social satire on the quick and dead;
Relationships are switching lanes,
Sparking up or down in flames.
Family, friends, coming, going,
Everybody's naming names.
Any doggerel I might choose,
Is just a story in the news.

Arise and spin where you stand,
You'll get dizzy, you'll be queasy,
I knew this wasn't to be easy.
It's somewhat like a paper cut,
It's quite like that when it starts up,
Hardly noticeable, but for the sting,
But it gets in under the skin.

It's sweetness strong to draw a bee,
Flowery scents on a breeze;
An attraction meant to pull you in,
A stinger poised to pierce your skin.

I have my joys at end of day,
A little sleeper, a swift silent dreamer
That grows like our emotions,
Just needing our endorsements.

It's not been parsed as it could,
Discard the evil, keep the good;
It's in our veins, as sure as blood,
I'll focus all my wit on love.

Francie Lynch

Something Systemic

Something Systemic

I have something systemic
That's not an emotion I know.
It's more than a feeling,
It's a metaphoric something,
Not literal, more figurative.
Empathy is close;
And it's certainly not sympathy,
That's too aristocratic and snobbish.
I could compare it to an older sister
Moving into her own bedroom;
Or an older brother vanishing
On the first day of school.
For example, I visited my friend, Oafy
In the nursing home.
He had his shoes on the wrong feet,
And he didn't care,
But I did. That sensational something
Is the gist of my systemic something.
It's human, probably universal,
Rational, not inane.
Mothers, I understand, sense it.
Fathers, being one, too.
Humanitarianism is a big part of it;
So is altruism,
But it's bigger than charity.
It's a connection with all the senses,
But real beyond cognition.
It's a field-tested faith,
But I don't know what to call it.

Francie Lynch

Something's Missing

I returned early,
You were still there.
You left a chair and table
For some lonely meals.
My recliner and lamp were waiting
Before the new flat screen.
You made-up my bed,
One pillow at the head.
Closet space had its place
With missing clothes and shoes.
Others fared less well
More were desolute;
But you walked out in style,
Took time for a Good-bye.
The house has less furnishings,
Plenty of meaningless stuff;
It's not the missing articles,
But your missing voice, my love.

Francie Lynch

Something's Seriously Askew

I know nothing about
The semblances of affection,
Or the pretension of passion;
I only know one kind of love:
The one I can't part from,
I really cannot, I really don't not.
I suffer ultra extreme separation anxiety.
No psychotic weird stuff.
We don't want to be apart,
But we do, for years at times.
I'm not a simpering wimp,
Or a whimpering simp.
This love lasts a lifetime,
A sane lifetime.
It makes me want to live.
I'll succumb to prayer and hope,
Whatever to never have it end.
 (I do mean never)
One love shouldn't have to subscribe
To the same cruel rules as everything
 (I do mean everything)
Else.
Something serious is askew
When one love leaves and love
Lives on in the other.
Our love lived once,
But died twice.

Francie Lynch

Songs Of Innocence And Experience

I can't but think of you
When those old familiar songs air;
As familiar as the friends we shared,
Songs we once grew old to,
That played as you ironed my hair.
Tensions grew as the volume raised,
As your parents worried upstairs.
Songs of innocence, songs of experience,
Were on the radio,
And you'd find a station
In Daddy's car
As we drove back to school.
Lyrics I didn't know I knew
After all these years;
No photo could make you
More vivid than now;
Songs that immortalize
Those moments of our youth.
You tanning in the sand,
Transistor cradled in an alabaster hand;
The smell of beach and you.
Lips parted as you whispered words
To the voyeur burning in me.
Then you dance close to me,
Your hair a symphony...
Some songs I hear
Are too much to bear
Beneath a firefly night;
When nothing came between us
But the notes of songs we liked.

Francie Lynch

Sonnets Still Spring

If years could be booked, our pages lover,
Would spread beneath the covers,
To lay our plot and the life we sought,
For a setting like no other.

Yet shifting shapes from distant dates
Weigh heavy on our pages.
A ring appears throughout our years
To circle and engage us.

If years were versed, our lines would mingle,
Our two lives lived as single.
Sonnets would spring, and ears would ring
With cadence soft and beautiful.

Yet those seamless shapes of distant dates
Are yet to be our pages;
The ring appears around smiles and tears
And keeps us through our ages.

When words and songs fade and fail,
When our bodies grow old and minds grow frail;
When the final note wanes from this song,
The world will know our love was strong,

Francie Lynch

Soo True

If to
Can have an extra O,
As in
You're too incredible;
Then so
Can have an extra O,
As in
You're soo beautiful.

Francie Lynch

Sorry For Your Troubles

Guy was a real roust-a-bout:
Drinking, drugging, whoring;
Not coming home;
Not leaving home.
Yes, he was troubled,
He was a handful.
But he looks so good,
And the arrangements
Are splendid.
We take turns
Congealing over him
To conceal scars.
Sorry for your troubles,
Then and now.

Francie Lynch

Sorry, I Am

Anyone ever hear that Cortez might have said,
"lo siento; "
Or Hudson's Bay recall one blanket?
What regret or remorse would be achieved.
Why? Because of wanting more or giving less.

"Sorry. I'll try harder."
That sounds like your heart was never in it.

"Sorry. I fucked up."
That's sincere.

I recanted on a really big SORRY,
And sorry I am
That ever I did mouth it.

Francie Lynch

Soul Survivor

Temptation shies
From revealing sun,
Its subtleties
Shine on everyone.
Don't look for horns,
Fork and tail,
Its method ensnares
The unsuspecting,
Should they dare
To challenge
Or outwit.

We'll trade our souls
For a sack,
Barter what we
Dearly hold;
Trade it in
For selfish goals.

Some advertise
A soul
For sale
By self-service
That ultimately
Fails.
Cuckold a friend,
Cheat in the end;
The tempter likes it
When we're lost
In the simplicity
Of detail.

It's so sly
We think
We lose
Our souls.
Terrified by
Eternal flames
That burn without

Consuming skin.
In fact,
We don't lose
That,
We simply wallow
In our sin.

Temptation needs
This to stick us
In the end.

Francie Lynch

Sowing In Fertile Ground

I have two brains inside my head,
Sharing thoughts in synoptic threads;
Sifting what's been heard and said,
Random, weird, rational doubts,
It's no surprise many fall out.

Like mustard seeds some fall near stones,
And wither away before full grown;
Un-liked, un-loved, barely a hit,
Not to pass our reader's lips:
"Have I sown more bullshit? "

Some scatter near the thorny bush,
The root is strong, but growth gets crushed;
It seems I can't discriminate
What readers like and what they hate:
"I need re-evaluate: Am I writing for writing's sake? "

Some thoughts find richness firmly grounded,
The how and why leaves me confounded;
But the ideas blossom, some are priceless,
A palate treat with figurative spices:
"Now, this is more to my reader's liking."

Francie Lynch

Sparring With Goliath

The training has been a dry run
For three years,
And I'm up for the challenge.
My corner is ready.
I volunteered to meet my Goliath.

I mirror spar,
Where Goliath stares back.
His reach is long,

We were besties during
My Philistine years,

My camp has removed the bucket and stool;
They mix with the spectators,
Clenching fists, cheering
Teeth gritting their resolutions,
Heads shaking in surety.

I have accepted my shortcomings
And the power of this giant.

As I enter
Familiars will cheer;
The litter bearers tip their hats
In recognition,
Waiting patiently to get to work.

I belly-up for the bell.
Ding.

Francie Lynch

Speakers

I've stood in the lobbies,
Drinking crap coffees,
In churches, schools and theaters.
There's mingling talk of the topic
Involving a paradigm shift,
A segue too smooth to resist.
A new diagnostic, a new way that's better,
Although the old one's not gathered dust yet.
A new guideline, a revised playbook,
An updated prayer book,
An all new look, an all newer look;
And the newest look's coming out next.
Closer to platonic perfection.

I should feel slighted.
Babies shouldn't rock sideways.
Bacon not only tastes good, it is good.
The surgery is booked.
The schools are over-cooked.

The dais is lit. The crowd shuffles to sit,
The auditorium dims, we're all in,
And everyone knows the speaker by name.

Francie Lynch

Speed Reading

Do you scan
With speeding eyes;
Looking for consonants -
Some are silent,
And the y
Can be an i.
Then you're lost
Between the capital
And the period,
Remembering names
And deeds,
But missing the resonance,
The nuance of character
And motive,
The results.
Curling up with
Paper or screen
Is not a race
To the ribbon.
It's an adventure.
Flip back,
Re-read
The good parts.
Discover
The Aha moments.

Francie Lynch

Spelling (10w)

I once believed
Spelling was important.
But that's just stupid.

Francie Lynch

Sperm Bank (10w)

Your sperm bank
Has recorded N.S.F.
Make deposits,
Don't withdraw.

Francie Lynch

Spirits Are Demons

Spirits are demons,
It's alluringly clear;
Cordial at first,
With smiles
Cloaking sneers.
Devils in bottles
Of liquor and beer.

Francie Lynch

Split/Ting Headache

The perfect verse,
The one that would resonate,
Cannot be written.
Not by Chaucer, or you,
Not by the rood or sickle,
Not by notes or dances,
Or brush and ink,
Clay or marble,
Any substance, any tool.
But it's there, inside,
Giving us a splitting headache,
Trying to get through the crack.

Francie Lynch

Spreading The Word

Trying to spread the word?
Reach as many as possible?
Get your point across?
The twentieth century
Has provided the means
With
Telecommunications
Telstar
Telegraph (really the 19thc)
Telegram
Telephone
Television
Telethons
And coming soon,
Teleporting.
And yet,
With all our tele-technology,
If you really want world-wide attention,
Tell-a-friend
A secret.

Francie Lynch

Spring Is Waking Up Now

It's early in the day.
The birds chirp Spring awake;
The trees are in their underwear,
They've yet to brush their teeth.
The rain will wash their faces;
At present they're a disgrace.

He moves slowly in the morning,
Scratching bark and boles;
He'll amble to the bathroom first
Then don some fine green clothes.
Spring is waking up now,
Sap's running from his nose,
Spring is waking up now,
Rubbing blurry eyes,
Spring is waking up now,
And winter's in repose.

Francie Lynch

Springing Buds

Spring reminds me
Of being thirteen,
And sprouting:
More to the point,
I recall
The budding girls,
And the verdant tufts
Of expectations.

Francie Lynch

Squirrel Wars

The greys and blacks
Are fighting again,
Despite an abundance
Of food and shelter.
The greys are malcontent,
And bigger, with increasing numbers.
They've declared a Jihad,
They're relentless;
And won't stop 'til they've
Occupied all the trees out front.
The trees in question aren't the issue;
Others have similar branches and fruits;
It's their belief system
Territory is everything;
It's their manifest destiny.

During a lull in fighting
They graze side by side,
Always wary of proximity;
But the greys know
Their tails are larger and thicker,
And they recognize the enemy.

I know better
Than interfere
With their shenanigans.
Oh, I could quell the activity,
Scare them for a while
Pelting stones and gushing water;
But they'll re-group, stronger,
Like ants,
Like us.
It's a conflict I can't fix.
They need to figure it out
On their own.

Francie Lynch

Stained Glass

My new stained glass window
Colours my outlook on life.

Francie Lynch

Standing On His Head In A Bucket

The city buskers don't speak til six;
After they've stored the aluminum paint,
Their instruments packed,
The clever boxes stacked,
The clink of coins counted.
Now ready for a pint, a blink and stretch.
Flame spitters, robots, Victorian mannequins,
Chimney sweeps, a Little Bo Peep,
All muted on the street.

On the steps I asked,
Which one are you?
I stand on my head in a bucket, he said.
Ha, I said, I did the same for thirty years,
Before thousands of students.
A perfect metaphor.
No, really, I continued, What's your gig?
I stand on my head in a bucket, he said.
He wasn't being poetic.
Here's a man who stands on his head in a bucket, I said,
More than once.
So many do this on their feet,
Hearing the echo of their own voice,
Shutting off our daily travails
In an insular pail,
Seeing one's reflection distorted,
With little involvement.
He said he learned his trade
Watching the pigs on his father's farm,
And perfected his talent
Watching CNN.

Francie Lynch

Stand-Ins And Stunt People

So? What's not replaceable.
That's too rhetorical.
Let's be practical.
From this side,
This viewpoint,
There's no change.
Or it's indiscriminate.
I've replaced,
Or been replaced by
Stand-ins and stunt people.
Seems everyone's replaceable,
Except for the original,
You.

Francie Lynch

Start Another

Be real about hallways
Lined with windows, or mirrors.
Be real about dreams in stanza form,
Which aren't real - stanzas I mean.
Write about flowers and rain,
If you must, throw in some stars;
Moons always read well,
Or seaside waves lapping.
Call it a poem,
A free verse or well-crafted couplet,
Matters not, unless it comes from the heart,
Whole or broken; wise or foolish.
Temper it with lovers, friends and family,
Bake it in the soul,
Then release.
Dump your lover,
Start another.

Francie Lynch

State Of Alarm

The question was raised
In the morning sun;
The coffee was on.
I remember.

The window over the sink
Was open, the curtains flapped
In your face.
You remember.

I saw the fine hairs
Through your sleeves,
Same as you,
I was teased.
We remember.

You asked if I was leaving:
The answer given
Seemed to please.
You remember.
I remember.
The pets remember.
My universe won't
Let me forget.

We wrapped-up
In our arms;
Turned off the coffee,
Re-set the alarm.
Je me souviens.

Francie Lynch

Stayin' Alive

Does it really matter
What color you are;
Where you're born,
That you've come far,
What belief you hold on the afterlife.
Did you live in luxury,
Where you steeled in strife.
Our babies grasp onto our backs,
Stroke their cheeks,
See them react.
Tap my knee,
My leg will kick;
Show your teeth,
I'll snarl back.
That's how I survive.
Reproduction's not the reason
I like to stay alive.
I have many tribes.
I make plans for tomorrow,
And should it not arrive,
I'll leave my life knowing,
I kept myself alive.

Francie Lynch

Steal Away

If I heard you say
Let's steal away
Tomorrow;
Let's drop the pretence
Of lies;
Let the missing years
Fade to memory's mist,
And put to rest
The best years
Of our lives.

I wouldn't ask,
But let tomorrow's
Light come soon.
It's a day
Ahead of me;
I'd look forward
To midnight
And to noon,
And savour
Every hour
In between.

I will wish
Today away;
Say good-bye
To yesteryears.
To all the fears,
And oate night sweats
And tears,
And embrace
Tomorrow's
Promising surprise.

Let's steal away
Like looters,
Thieving all
That's left.

Francie Lynch

Stealing Away

She saw me again, looked my way,
But I wasn't in her eyes.
Yet, I see her everywhere,
Even when she's not there.
How would you handle this.
What does one call this.
If you were sitting as I,
Looking through the throng
Of family and others,
Sitting through the ceremony,
You too would feel the entropy
Of vines tightening on your tongue,
Like ice cream melting in your bowl.
She looked again, I see,
But didn't quite see me.
I will steal away. Steal away.

Francie Lynch

Still Here

I know you're still here.
But where?
I only felt
You leaving.

Francie Lynch

Still Lives

I store still-lives in my head,
Celluloid I need to shred,
Living scenes, though some be dead.
Friends in pain, distraught, alone,
The homeless searching for a home.
Family dying, children crying,
In black and white, and technicolor,
Parents, babies, sisters, brothers,
In re-runs, awake, or in my slumber.
Close-ups I was witness to,
Actions I directed,
Or supporting actor to.
One day I'll stand on the stage,
For a curtain call I can't assuage;
The spot will light me,
I'm stripped naked,
In a bio-pic that's been my making.
I'll be a still-life in their heads,
A shot they too will wish to shred.

Francie Lynch

Still No

Do you hear me today, how do I sound.
Is there softness in my voice,
A calmness to be found.
Did last night's snowfall cover my psalm,
In the chillness did he hear it wrong.
After all, we prayed so hard
For peace on earth and goodwill to men;
For war and hate to come to an end.
I'm sounding hoarse in my longing ears,
I've been praying for this for many years.
I believed if I knelt humbly,
Praised the Lord and all his sundry,
In my lifetime or a future someday,
Peace would reign like church on Sunday.
That's a story I was told,
The story preached to my parents,
And it travels back through five millenium,
Past the Cross, across the Jordan,
Deeper than the burning bush,
Back to the foot that was to crush
The head of evil.

Francie Lynch

Still Running

We're still stars
Running track:
Leaning forward,
Glancing back.
The timer's thumb
Is poised to press:
I'll run with you
'Til my last breath.
Across our path
Like a finish line,
Wait all the loves
We left behind.

Francie Lynch

Still Standing There

I crossed the line,
Learned to despise;
It wasn't the plan,
Just my disguise.
I saw the loss grow
Through your eyes.
You looked at me
With such regret;
You thought I'd finished,
But I wasn't yet.
Red flags flapped,
You raised the white;
No more cave-ins,
No more fights.
I found it hard to accept;
You thought I was done,
But I wasn't done yet.
Seasons passed,
Years followed through;
I can't see
What I saw in you.
We're not strangers,
We're not friends,
But should you need me
Near the end,
I'll be standing there.

Francie Lynch

Stolen Apple

Should my child
Steal an apple
From the orchard,
I wouldn't throw
Her out.
That would be a sin.
The consequences
Could be life altering,
World altering
In certain circumstances.
Here I have a teachable moment.
Rejection is the milk of pride.

Francie Lynch

Stopping By Frost's Home

I spent today
At Greenfield Village,
It's a living history.
The very buildings
Grand ones knew,
Re-constructed tenderly.
I entered Robert Frost's
Real home,
Shaded by his window tree.
I heard his true voice recite
'The Road Not Taken.'
I was taken
Because of what he's
Meant to me.
I could have heard him
On the Net,
But being there
Made all the difference to me.

Francie Lynch

Strangely Familiar

I chanced on her
In line at Giant Tiger,
A familiar haunt.
Her pose reminded me
Of a girl with
The bearing of old money,
And steady Oxford brogues
That walked home from the Village
Speaking virgin thoughts
With little thinking.
She removed her wallet to pay
With hands that once
Tied ribbons and wrote love letters,
Cooked and loved her family,
Enjoyed stability.
The line moved
And she dropped her card.
Such strange, familiar manners
When she stooped.
The waterfall hair line
Showed sun-worship thinning.

The transaction completed,
She turned to exit,
Without glancing back,
This all too
Familiar stranger.

Francie Lynch

Stratford-Upon-Avon

A leaf fell, twisting in the Fir Green Square,
Like a spear thrown through the air;
A dog, distant and real,
Has barked five hundred years on Sheep Street.
Holy Trinity, the bone keeper, keeps doors open.
The Avon, not so sweet now, flows on;
Swans swim and preen, and tonight,
Henry will rage on Agincourt again,
Calling on his brothers, and me,
To breach the vicious cycle of lonely barks
And the immutable march of time.
Take my hand, look into my eyes,
My brotherhood of men.

Francie Lynch

Streetlights On

We used to hear it all the time:

"Can you come outside and play? "

We heard that chant throughout the hood,
From screened back doors where our friends stood.
Calling just when time was right,
For Hide and Seek at the dawning night,
Or Hopscotch, Double Dutch
Kick the Can and such,
On neighbour's lawns and sidewalks,
On streets, driveways or city parks.

My daughter got a text today:

"Can you come to my house and play? "

Francie Lynch

Stupidstitions

Breaking a mirror won't bring financial ruin,
Unless you keep breaking them.

Carrying a rabbit's foot is just weird.
Ask the rabbit.

If you walk under a ladder,
You're ringing the wrong rung.
Enrol in a Health and Safety seminar.

If a black cat crosses the path of your vehicle,
Swerve,
You might clip it.

Pulling wishbones.... see Rabbit's Foot.

Bad news comes in threes,
And fours, fives...

You can bang on my wood anytime.

Lucky pennies don't exist in Canada.

Spilling salt is safe, and cheap.
If the price increased 1000%,
We'd still buy and spill.

Wishing on stars, candles and such
Is like holding air in your hands.

If you find a four-leaf clover,
Use EPA approved weed killer.

Don't step on a crack,
Don't sell crack,
Don't smoke crack.

Good Luck!

Francie Lynch

Subtract Iraq

What load has us braying?
We toil. Work for meals,
Clothes and housing,
Cars and holidays.
The celebrations of our lives
In our American
Middle-class struggle.

Is it the price of gas,
Steak or beer.
My lawn could use
More watering.
The streets are clean,
And the plow just
Filled in my drive.
The copper-plated coffin
Had me cry;
The kids left for school
Without saying good-bye.
And it took way too long
For the shower to heat up.
No?
Perhaps we should clam-up.
Count our blessings,
Add them up.
Then subtract Iraq.

Francie Lynch

Sunflowers

We sped along the highway,
Faster than two hundred year old clouds;
All at once a yellow blur of sunflowers
Filled the only view we had.
Fields and fields of sunflowers
All facing the south sun like a choir,
And ready for harvest.

Desnise remarked she liked the seeds,
And the oil is good for pharmaceuticals, etc.
We use them a lot, I quipped.
But we wwere in a rush to see
Stratford's As You Like It,
So they never got a second thought.
Til now, you see,
For I'm feeling somewhat vacant.

Francie Lynch

Sunset Clause

I chronicle in rhythm and rhyme,
Scribbling, jotting, imaging the times:
I dug down to Lucy,
And China's Great Wall,
Compared Viking raids with personal tirades;
Asked God questions, questioned Jeff Sessions,
And all of that where-with-all.
I've called wrong out, and written about
Our scandals, all fancy or true;
I've offered you solace,
Even opened my wallet,
And grieved when it was due.
I've been self-righteous,
And sometimes right selfless,
When parsing my love for you.
But now it should end,
I've less left to send,
And so love I bid, Adieu.

Francie Lynch

Superior Force

I've read it as "vis major."
It was written in the Senate,
And dealt with all detractors,
And the Judes and Cristos,
And the gods know whom else.

He said it leaving Elba,
"Cas fortuit, " was the figure head
Cutting through the white water waves,
Churning all miscreants beneath his rising currents.

The columns rose from Eppersberg Hill
In black reeks and was read in cries,
"Casus fortuitous."

These are forces we will reckon with,
And as the predecessors went,
So will today's,
Dragged like Faustus,
Unrepentant and damned
For the cold blue smoke
From the shark grey barrels.

Francie Lynch

Supremacy

So many cars lined up
Along my avenue,
Like ants carrying on
For a feast.
The queen is in state,
Her penant pronouces presense;
The flag promoting reign.
We peons, serfs and minions
Stare vaguely at the floor,
Afraid to look for more.
She rises, head above her throne,
Face on the coinage,
Proclaiming lineage
With treason and conspiracy.
Please don't glance my way.
I've given sacrifices
Of doves and relatives,
All tethered to the rituals.
There is pack position.
Vats of red wine and room for dissent.
We've drowned our children.
You can see the palor in their eyes.

Francie Lynch

Swansea's Song

Decency is here;
And if there,
Then everywhere.
Here, it raised its beautiful head
To relieve the distressed,
Reduce her dread:
'Are you alright? '
Asked the lads.
Three words,
Whose effect
Moved my world
Three thousand miles away.

There is indecency, here;
And if here, then everywhere.
But here we will rebuke;
And if here,
Then everywhere.

Are you alright?
I am not three thousand miles away.
I am beside you;
I'm not a guide,
But I've an ear for lyrics.

Listen for Swansea's Song,
Here, there, and everywhere.

Francie Lynch

Swilling From A Jar ("Swinging From A Star")

So you like to drink in the bars,
Or swill moonshine from old pickle jars;
You could be far worse off than you are,
You know you coulda been a dork.

A dork's a mammalian who digs at his nose,
His ass passes gas as he goes;
He has greasy hair and picks at his wart,
Scratches hisballs, burbs and snorts.
So if you like to spit, pick and hork,
You're on your way to be a dork.

Or would you rather drink in the bars,
And swill moonshine from old pickle jars;
You could be far worse off than you are,
You know you coulda been a nerd.

Nerds are mammalians in Bermuda shorts,
Sandals with knee-high socks;
He's awkward and clumsy and out of step,
If we turn East, the nerd turns West.
If you don't want treatment like a turd,
Then stop acting like a nerd.

Or would you rather drink in the bars,
Swilling moonshine from old pickle jars;
You could be far worse off than you are,
You don't wanna be a goof.

A goof's a mammalian kiddie diddler,
A rat, a punk, a toothless skinner;
He's in jail to keep us safe,
But in protective custody for his own sake.
So if you don't heed the law and you're a poof,
You'll do well when you're a goof.

Some solid guys aren't behind bars,

We play ukes, guitars and cards;
We're on stools in our local bars,
Seeing ourselves as Avatars,
While getting pickled in our jars.

Francie Lynch

Swiss Cheese

I'm a Swiss cheese man
With a life of holes.
People, places and things
Don't fall through the holes,
They are the holes.
They don't close in time;
There is an aura surrounding them,
And I'm not looking for fill.
I like my holes.
They become me.

Francie Lynch

Symbiosis

Two wrens, a couple of birds with intent,
Lit on my new magnolia tree;
The blossoms are full,
There's ants on the leafs.
It's mutualistic, and parasitic;
I want the world to see.
It's what our world could be.

Francie Lynch

Synthesis Of Voices

There are two voices
Behind my shoulders
Giving conflicting advice.
One says, Reach;
The other, Draw back.
It's a crisis of decision
For the left or right.
These voices meet
Between my ears,
For a synthesis.
So I listen to the third I hear,
One that avers,
Live life right.

Francie Lynch

'T' Time

I have two T times.
One nourishes solitude
When I sip on the lip
Of my favourite cup.

One feeds the need
Of companionship
As we drive towards
My favoured cup.

Francie Lynch

Tacking From Adversity

You can be a boulder,
Unmoveable, hard, stoic;
But every stone is permeable,
The rock becomes sand...
Soft, malleable,
With indistinguishable grains.

I know others who swim
Against adversity to spawn in the current.
They believe destination is destiny;
Focussed, driven with tunnel vision.

Some face adversity like a roller-coaster.
When things are going north, all is good;
But they throw up their arms and scream
When going south.

I will catch the west wind,
Change course if necessary,
Tack across the white caps of roiling waters.
I will steer the rudder towards my East.

Francie Lynch

Tagged

When I was tagged
As a child,
That meant I was IT.
And that's all-inclusive.
Being tagged as an adult
Means I'm profiled,
And that's a game changer.
It's childish.

Francie Lynch

Take A Dump

If you need
To take a dump,
Be sure
To bring a bag.
A queer phrase
To describe relief,
Unless, of course,
You're on a leash.
Me,
I like to leave
My dumps,
And walk away
With swag.

Francie Lynch

Take It From A Father

Dads,
Some children you raise
Will abandon you,
Despise, deplore
And anger you.

What can you do?

Some sons will denounce
You to even some score;
Some daughters will leave
To dance and whore.

Dads, we're trapped forever more.

Some daughters will stay
And tend the home;
Some sons will sit
In cold cells alone.
They're worlds apart
From what we'd expect.

Dads, I'm not finished yet.

Some sons give sons their father's name,
Some daughters so sure they keep the same;
Some teach and preach and heal and toil,
They've learned their lessons well.
You're so proud you're buttons pop,
You never want this life to stop.

Dads, take it from me.

You've done your duty,
You've won the game,
And no two families
Are never the same.

Francie Lynch

Take Your Pills

There's a patient
In my bed,
There's nothing wrong
Inside her head.
She sleeps restless,
She breathes deep,
There's reason for her
Antic raving,
I understand she's misbehaving.
There, she shakes,
And chills and beads,
Calling names
And personal needs.
I'm no doc, but I'll prescribe
A script to calm her passionate side.
Take two pills,
I'll take mine,
Call in the morn,
Call anytime.

Francie Lynch

Talk Shows

I no longer watch
The Tonight Show,
Can't stand his auto fellatio:
He Loves them all,
They're Fantasatic and Great,
They're all The Best;
Everyone's on his A List!
But to be serious,
They just act.
His Pros and Cons
Are so predictable,
The Superlatives
Are quite despicable.

I miss Mike and Merv and Phil
(Not Dr. Phil... he's a pill) ,
And Geraldo and Jerry,
Like Heckle and Jeckle,
Gave us our daytime fill.
Sally and Montel did well,
Like Ricki, Dick and Arsenio,
Carson, Dave and Jay Leno.
They surpassed the late night swill
Of Jimmy's mono-drivel.

Francie Lynch

'Talkin 'bout My Generation

In the North we had the cold war. Sirens screamed; we crouched under desks, thin arms covering thinner heads. We were pre-Pompeii petrified waiting for a future dig. We never left an atomic shadow.

This sums up all life-threatening fears of the Boomer Generation, the Echoes, and A's through Z's. Of course, we Boomers back then were too young to worry.

We've never had planes or bombs fall from our skies.

We've never had a crop blight, famine or drought.

Food has never been rationed.

Hurricanes, cyclones, typhoons or tornados don't happen here;

We get snowfalls we plow through till they melt.

Flooding is seasonal, geographically isolated, and dealt with.

We've had no great fires or earthquakes like San Fran or London.

We've never been drafted, and only go to wars of our own choosing.

We have not been invaded or occupied;

P.E.I. has no extermination crematoriums.

We avoided Inquisitions, Salem witch hunts and Small Pox blankets.

We've had no Race Riots, but a few barricades have gone up and down.

Death comes to us as to all. Car accidents, dumb-ass accidents, and even murder. Though never expected, always anticipated. We grieve, some longer than others. It's not easy, but we manage the shock.

When the glaciers float past the coasts of New Brunswick, my generation (and probably yours) will have been replaced.

But now! We're asked to Social Distance and wash with soap and water. In Canada we have plenty of both. I'll gladly occupy my three square feet of space for a few paltry weeks. No complaints. No asinine TP runs. Just behaving myself, HUMANELY.

Francie Lynch

Talking To Strangers

We need to talk to strangers,
If we wish to make new friends,
Get a date, find a mate,
A partner til our end.
My children were the strangest ones
Ever I did meet;
So I introduced myself to them
As they arrived, toute suite!
Some strangers become family,
Some life-long friends;
Some become your colleagues,
Team mates and your kids.
And some become your enemies,
And that's good to know;
But we need to talk to strangers
Whether friend or foe.
The alternative is you're by yourself,
And that's okay too -
But you shouldn't talk to yourself,
And answer yourself too.

Francie Lynch

Tantalize

Tantalize, tantalize,
Divert my eyes,
Say nothing, walk away,
Don't look back with running salt.
That's my lot in life.
My health and safety act.
Not a peripheral look,
Not a squint, no mirrors.
No looking back.
No regrets.
Forward.

Francie Lynch

Tea And Scones

The further I travel
By time or land,
Over the water,
Through the air,
The talk of home
Snaps on my tongue,
Telling strangers of comfort zones:
Like sipping tea,
With jam and scones,
Yet now I sip the air alone,
Thinking of our loose leaf tea,
And the soda bread you baked for me.

Francie Lynch

Teach Me

Teach me about anatomy
And cosmology,
So I can understand
The universe
In your eyes.

Francie Lynch

Teacher

Next to a mother,
Near a father,
Beside and behind
Every parent,
There's a teacher.

Francie Lynch

Teachers

Parents are your first teachers;
But if they were permissive,
Teachers have rules they follow through on.
If parents were too strict,
Teachers cut you slack.
If you fall, they may or may not pick you up.
If you were abused, they will report it,
Despite all your objections.
If you've been excluded, you're now in a class.
If you're really smart, they'll show you how much there is to learn.
If you're struggling, they'll show you how to learn.
If you're afraid, stand beside a teacher.
If you're a bully, you'll confront your victims.
If you're in doubt, they'll search you out.
If you're cocky, they'll trim your spurs.
If you're lonely, they have room.
If you need solitude, they have a room.
If you're in love, they know the season;
If you know hate, they know the reason.
When you compete, they're in the seats.
When you're sad, or conflicted,
Teachers listen.
They taught Moses, Jesus and Mohamed,
Teachers beget teachers.
They instructed Socrates, Aristotle and Plato;
They put us in North America and on the moon.
They worked with Salk and Banting, Gates and Jobs;
Why, they even taught our parents,
But not everyone learns.
'Hey, teachers, don't leave those kids alone.'

Francie Lynch

Teaching Lesson

I was a teacher.
I loved the job.
I didn't need to be intelligent.
Many of my students
Were much smarter than me.
Some were genius.
I never,
Not once,
Ever,
Felt threatened
By their wizardry.
I knew
I was
More knowledgeable.
And by the time
They caught up,
They didn't need
To feel so smart.

Francie Lynch

Tears And Blisters

Tears and Blisters,
Co-conspirators,
Connected in body and spirit,
As only twin sisters can know.
Their attachments grow,
From first beat and breath,
Snug on blanket-warm breasts,
Searching with eyes,
Reaching with smiles.

A double stroller sets the stage:
Two of these and those for every age.
One sitting, one pushing
The swing on the tree.
One pitching, one catching,
Which one doesn't matter;
No visible signals to out the batter.
One feeling, one sensing
What either one sees.
Like sparing partners paired in the ring,
Two cans or mittens joined by string,
Or watching backs like tandem biking.

An unknown language, fact or fiction,
Like the Rosetta to hieroglyphics;
Communicating cryptograms,
From the centre of a Ven diagram.

The mirror image can be deceptive,
Right seems left when reflected;
Unique and semi-mystical,
As snowflakes or ice crystals;
Yet tight as rings round trees.
Our tears and blisters,
Though twin sisters,
Will divulge individuality.

And I'll be round to play some doubles,
You on one side,

And me and your mother.
Euchre, crib, tennis, golf,
Or whatever you choose,
The gloves are off.

Francie Lynch

Tell Tchaikovsky The News

The wind directs the snow
Horizontally down Spartan Ave.,
But for a moment,
A snow-funnel pirouettes
Like a music-box dancer.
I hum some Tchaikovsky
As it exits.
Act II follows,
I sweep the stage
For the soldiers marching across frozen fields.
The music stops.
I shut the door.
Enough Tchaikovsky for this winter.

Francie Lynch

Tell Them To Go

When the festivities at home
Get too frightful,
And you're wishing for
A quiet night full,
And you're wanting fam and friends
To know,
Tell them to go where you know
There's no snow.

Francie Lynch

Ten Little Students

One little
Two little
Three little students
Running home from school.
Four little
Five little
Six little students
Not paying attention to rules.
Seven little
Eight little
Nine little students
They're playing on the street.
Let's make sure
Our little students
Have a safe summer break.
Oh, and by the way,
All ten little students
Made it home today.

Francie Lynch

Th Ump, Cr Ack

Use all the combinations of consonants,
Blends, short and long i's;
Try intonation or diphthongs;
Resort to linguists;
Spell in Welsh.
You can't approximate
The muted sound
Of a breaking heart.

Francie Lynch

That Girl Will Love Me

She Will Love Me

That girl doesn't know yet,
But she is going to fall
Madly in love with me.

I'm as sure of that as:
Mary breaking all the school rules;
The fox enjoying the gingerbread man;
The sky not falling on Chicken Little;
The safety of the three little pigs;
The birds eating Gretel's crumbs;
Midnight striking and the slipper dropping;
Cows jumbling moons, cats playing fiddles;
Doctor Foster making it to Gloucester;
Georgie making girls cry;
The little teapot getting steamed up;
The old man snoring;
Mary is contrary;
Old McDonald can spell;
Mother Hubbard's dog going boneless;
Polly making tea;
The wheels on the bus going round... and round;
The kittens finding their mittens, and hence, getting their pie.

Yes, that girl will fall in love with me;
I will read all the rhymes and stories
To her I read to her mother,
And she was once a little girl,
And she loves me.

Francie Lynch

That Timeless Feeling

How could I know

So long ago

That I was in love.

No rhyme or reason

In our universe

Can form a law

To name that

Timeless feeling.

Not outside luck or chance,

If such exist,

Or serendipity, or

Imagination and will

Can define that

Timeless feeling.

No image or form

Confines the unbreakable,

Inseparable journey.

I call it that.

Compare it to the unknown,

Unfathomable universe.

The Big Bang.

Expanding, speeding, slowing down.

Entropic love.

Francie Lynch

The Age Of Entitlement

When I was a child, I was told to be good,
We were never the most amazing children ever born from the loins of mortals.
We tried to please and be good. Compliments were scarce, but not unnoticed.

In my disengaging years, I was clever enough in school to pass (all but one or two usually did) . I'm into life-long learning. I didn't get to grade two because I was seven.

It was never suggested that I might be the smartest, most prodigious brain in school, any school in any district in North America. No one framed my finger paintings and straw art.

I was okay in sports. Most sports. Never got a Participants' Ribbon. Make the team or get cut. Pass the ball or get benched. My parents never knew the coach's name, usually didn't know where the game was played. Do something else. Practice. Oh, and the medals, trophies and team pictures are lots of fun. And, you will handle them every so often, and remember...

Later, I found out I wasn't ugly. I've my share of blemishes, but there are plenty of kisses and dates out there to go around. Trust me.
I wasn't described as David, recently stepped off his dais, or, the heartbreak of thousands, the man you want to be in the mirror. Actually, we all look much like yourself... the same.

No one told us to be clever with money. That, if it existed, belonged to my parents. I didn't get any. I did take out some garbage cans for two old girls on Tuesdays, for fifteen cents. Ask Boomers about their jobs. There's lots of stories about earning money.

We belonged to the Age of Entitlement. Grew and matured expecting a good education, a fair wage for a fair job, a planet to live on with some intermittent world peace.

You are entitled to the same, Dear Millenials.

The same way. It works wonders.

And don't tell anyone (especially your kids) they're fucking Royalty.

We know how Majesty ends.

Francie Lynch

The Amazing Heart (10w)

You feel what's not there,
Or,
Not feel what is.

Francie Lynch

The Ambiguous

They warned us not to worry,
Just do our best in school;
Those worldly professionals,
Taught us work-to-rule.

They did a few case studies
On twins from day of birth;
There's a fifty-fifty chance,
"A" will be born first

They are urban fighters,
Of fire, crime and blame;
They live in high rise condos,
They return from foreign lands.

They wait over subway vents,
Their hearts and heads are bent;
They show-up in walk-ons,
They go without for Lent.

They fly in and out of space,
They don't identify with race;
They're picked up for vagrancy,
They dance cautiously in the street.

They volley warning shots
Across our private dreams;
They sign and seal a peace accord
They're sincere to a degree.

They contribute to the run-off,
And spiked our holy water;
They enlisted Moms and Dads,
Then slaughtered sons and daughters.

They made rings from ivory,
And pale lamp shades from skin;
They list dissipation
As a personal sin.

Then they did unholy things
With wood and nails, then atoms;
They tore at our goodly earth,
Wreaked havoc with their mapping.

They distilled our alcohol,
Made smoking so appealing;
Then they rang the tower bells,
And preached we had no feelings.

They dug deep for wishing wells,
Grew stuff to kill our germs;
They bestowed us rods and reels,
And spades to dig our worms.

They connected us
Through wireless touch;
They counseled us on loneliness,
And the traps of busyness.

They pronounce death is art
When they hang it on a wall;
Then blame it on our women,
In a scene based on our fall.

They're newsy opaque,
In love or hate;
They are the ambiguous,
The they in each of us

Francie Lynch

The Anatomy Of Discord

The Anatomy of Discord

From the tip of my toes
To the top of my head,
This world
Is suffocating me.

I'm up to my ankles with Jackals;
I'm up to my tibia with Libya;
I'm up to my knees with Refugees;
I'm up to my thighs with Counterspies;
I'm up to my crotch with Iraq;
I'm up to my groin with Muslims;
I'm up to my waist with the Displaced;
I'm up to my belly button with Christians;
I'm up to my hands with Iran and all...stans;
I'm up to my rib cage with Renegades;
I'm up to my sides with Genocides;
I'm up to my chest with the Oppressed;
I'm up to my neck with Egypt;
I'm up to my nose with Jews;
I'm up to my cheeks with Sheiks;
I'm up to my Irises with Isis;
I'm up to my eyeballs with Jihad Trolls;
I'm up to my ears with Syria;
I'm up to my forehead with Baghdad;
I'm up to my cranium with North Koreans.

My Christmas Wish:
Is for them to do
The anatomically impossible:
Screw Themselves.

Francie Lynch

The Anatomy Of Loss

I slept in a red cot
On the SS Columbia.
In the middle of the cabin,
Brothers and sisters
Bunked vertically
On either side.
Seven in all.
We disembarked at Montreal,
Where my sister
Unclenched my white-knuckled hold
On the mahogany rails.
That moment was synapsed
And impermeable.

My third love
Taught me everything about love.
Miss DeGurse, Grade One.
She was taken by the dimples
And the brogue, but smart me,
I passed, we parted;
She to her farmer fiance,
Me to Grade Two
And Sister Hildegarde.
I learned valuable lessons,
But love was already learned
For a life-time outside family.

The soutane didn't fit anymore,
And the incense left me distracted.
The flickering shadows over the folds
Of Joseph's and Mary's statues
Have fewer outlines
Under the light of less candles.
Books replaced Church,
Then illuminated religion
In gold-leafed pages.
Women went well with books
And still enrich my every day.
Some left.

Loss is all around.
No eulogies or memorials, please.
But remember me
When you splash in July,
Observe nature prepare for winter,
Blink flakes off your lashes,
Or bloom up and down your street;
Then gather,
Read something I wrote,
And Remember
I used to notice such things.

Francie Lynch

The Animal Kingdom

A squirrel has the capacity
To reclaim nuts from memory.
But they can't make
Peanut Butter
To smear themselves,
Or their nuts,
Like animals
For sex.

The Bottlenose
Is self-aware,
We noted in
His glassy stare;
When put before
A carnival mirror,
So convex, concave,
Too complex,
We also note
A confusing quiver;
The water's not
What makes him shiver.

Pigs are said to be
As smart as me
When I was three.
Now I'm four.

A chimp can nail
Two boards together,
To make
A cross;
We pray they
Don't redress
Their loss.

Whale song is said
To carry on
Beneath the blue
For miles.

Its got a beat,
Do they dance,
Does it enhance
Whale romance.

Crows know,
Have studied us
For 10 000 years.
Know our habits,
They're iconic
Myths in many fears.
Conversing loudly
Above our ears.
So to so
For 10 000 years.
If we're here,
Re-check
In 10 000 years.

Francie Lynch

The Average Joe And Jane

The majority consensus is,
We are average.
Eyes behold beauty in tabloids,
But the Elephant Man was on the screen,
The exception.
We are not ugly or stunning,
Spending paper dreams on blemishes
That are all too human.
We are the common denominator
With assets and detractions,
Additions and subtractions,
Sharing invisible property lines,
Crossing borders, unnoticed.
On the scale, Einstein was above average,
With a handful of others.
We can read, that's what the average needs.
If Darwin is correct,
We'll all end up on the cover of The Enquirer.
I'm comfortable with average.
Average health is above average,
Anything less is unacceptable,
Like living without an epiglottis,
Yet doable.
We spend less than we earn,
Yet the average person wins the lottery,
Then blows it all.
Isn't that true, Joe? Jane?
We're in the middle class.

Francie Lynch

The Baboon Savant

The baboon savant
Will rear and taunt
From high on his hair-swept hill;
He snatches bananas from the unsuspecting,
His reach has no appeal.

He relishes the sound
Of his own voice,
Screeching into the wind;
He sticks his fingers in his ears,
And when he plops down
His ruby-red arse,
His thumb's nestled up his rear.

Francie Lynch

The Ballad Of Byron And Colleen

We've all heard the story about Bonnie and Clyde
How they met, eloped and died.

And we're tired of hearing
About Henry and Ann,
And their shameless lives
Back in Tudor England.
When their marriage broke,
Ann lost her head,
With one stroke.

I won't bother you with the story
Of Napoleon and Josephine,
And that messy business
With the guillotine.

You know Caesar and Cleo
Put on quite a show,
They had a long distance relationship
From Rome to Egypt.
But it ended badly.
She by a snake bite,
Him by Marc Antony.

These famous couples didn't tarry;
They were harried
Before they married;
They met and wed,
But were too soon dead.

Now Byron and Colleen
Met when teens,
Byron was sixteen,
Colleen just fifteen.

They lived together,
To begin,
He loved her,
She loved him.

This wasn't living
As they say, "In sin."
No rings lingered
On wedding fingers:
No bands of gold
To wear 'til old.
No license, no Registrar,
No vows were spoken,
But their silent vows
Were never broken.
They didn't need
A wedding token.
The cost was never the issue here,
Although Byron always claims he's poor.

And thus they carried on.
Boy, did they carry on.
In a romantic spree.
First came Jordan,
Then Jamie.
And thus they passed
Their years together,
In seeming status quo;
A happy well-matched couple,
For all intents, and show.
They lived well,
Ate well too,
Dressed and drove,
Worked and strove
For friends and family.
And all along,
The two of them
Are our pleasure and honour
To know.
After all, they're behind
Their doors,
That's all we we need to know.
And thus, they carried on.
Boy, they carried on.

Years down the road
They honey-mooned,

And after this, they married;
Like Benjamin Button
All looks harried,
All seems to be reversed.
Should they continue
This backward style,
Then in awhile,
Following this reception,
They'll probably meet
At their conception.
Should they continue
In this fashion,
Their marriage should end
When their parents orgasm.

This is
The Ballad of Byron and Colleen,
and if truth be told,
You're still just teens.

Francie Lynch

The Banshee Loons

Summer's almost over,
It's threadbare
As your towel;
The summer sands
Are shifting,
The beach
Is headed south.

The initialed picnic tables
Are stored for other outings;
The concession windows
Flapped now,
The busker's shouting quelled.

Sails are dropped
Like maple leaves,
The moon's rising
Too soon;
The night lights blaze
Over pitch and field,
Where sunshine
Shone in June.

Geese are wedging daily
To escape the wintery gloom;
I'll reacquaint
With hinter sounds
Of lake winds
And banshee loons.

Francie Lynch

The Bard's Wedding

In fair Stratford-Upon-Avon
Is where we set our stage,
This town where
Our Bard was born,
The man for all ages.

In The White Swan
John's son, Will,
Was rightly being toasted.
Young Will had a way with words,
And used his quill to turn girls heads
Toward his finest,
His best bed.

Halfway down Market Street,
Just before the Barber's,
Lived the Hathaway girl, Ann.
Some locals called her 'Cougar.'

Will didn't know how old she was
For she didn't look her age.

A few months on,
Her belly grown
They held a cross-bow wedding.
Ensuing vows
The reception crowd
Filed into The White Swan,
Raised their tankards
To toast the couple
With this Avon song:

'Shakespeare had his will with her,
But Ann hath-a-way.'

Francie Lynch

The Best Laid Plans

I planted my garden
In straight spaced rows;
Under the scrutiny
Of thieving grey squirrels,
But I fooled them, I think,
With my ribbons and bows:
Pink, red, green and yellow,
I hope no one tells 'em,
For I surely won't sell them,
These tatters, tomatos and carrots,
Beets, near lettuce and onions,
And kale, beans and turnip:
All because squirrels
Have been tricked,
Yet they'll turn up.

Francie Lynch

The Big Book's Finally Open

Billy's gone to meet his Bookie;
The odds aren't in his favor.
The Omniscient will ask the questions:
"Where's the money, Billy.
The pennies from the multitudes
That built your mansions,
Clothed and fed you,
Lavished yours in comfort and light,
While my children around the world
Died from hunger, disease and war.
Open the ledgers, Billy.
This is your final accounting."

Francie Lynch

The Big Question

I've a question
Needing resolve;
It's not as big
As the start of the universe;
Or the existence of the netherlands.
It's not a To be or not to be,
Or anything about the Papacy,
Or the question of the Trinity;
Or any other religious decree.
It's not a question of good or bad,
Or why I'm here,
Or why we're sad.
I'm not asking about nucleur waste,
Or our desire to travel outer space.
Those are big ones
I couldn't ask,
I can't answer ones so vast.
No, this itch I have
That needs a scratch,
This bitch of an itch
That archs my back:
What should it be.
What will I make,
A caf or decaf?
My great debate.

Francie Lynch

The Blue Demon

I don't want to die,
But I'm killing myself.
The tobacco must go,
But not the toke,
That's a healthy smoke,
And I'm thinking of my health.
My world and people
Are heaven on earth,
I'll exorcise the blue demon,
A matchless fiend,
By stamping on the curse.

Francie Lynch

The Body Politic

Every living body has a digestive system
That ends with an asshole.
The body politic is no exception.

Francie Lynch

The Bone Hammer

I have a secret stash,
A tool box and an escape plan.
I can blend into a crowd,
Keep extra light bulbs
And a can of gasoline, a roll of tape.
There are no dull knives in the cutlery,
All the coats are on hangers,
Just in case of the drill.

When the air temp drops
I feel a hand grasp my ankle.
The chance of headless horses
Clopping on asphalt afire is unlikely,
There'll be no open graves or walking dead.
The sun could blacken;
But certainly, no voice will proclaim,
In whom I am well-pleased.

It took ten thousand years
To fashion a bone hammer,
And when I passed it
I kicked it aside.

Francie Lynch

The Call

It's 2 a.m.
The phone rings.
It rings differently,
You lift it gingerly,
Afraid to say, Hello.
Hello, this is Sgt. B.D. Gnus.
May I speak with
Mr. or Ms. Mel/Ann Colley.
A minute later,
All you hear is the dial tone,
And a thud
In you head,
And a rattle
In your chest.

Francie Lynch

The Camera

If not in the picture,
Hope you're holding
The camera.

Francie Lynch

The Cardinal

A cardinal, in full regalia,
Splashed down like the last drop of blood
From an anaemic sky.
He preened diffidently,
Drinking from a fossil-iced boot-print
Before shooting up
Like a dart
Past my window.
He made me blush.

Francie Lynch

The Cavern: Here Comes The Sun

We've come together
To reach our Mecca
At 10 Mathew St.
Blessed by the Beat Les Musique
Beneath this winding road.
(Sont les mots qui vont tres bien ensemble) .

Mersey Beat shook the world,
In the beginning,
In the end,
And across the universe.

I get a feeling beneath
This burning neon sign,
Proclaiming,
The Cavern.
I imagine
I hear:
'I am he
And you are he...'
I'm peaking here
Above holy ground.

Don't ask me why
We said the things
We said today.
We've carried our weight,
Said hello and goodbye,
Good morning, good morning,
Good night.
And when I'm down,
And I'm so sad,
And when you
Needed someone,
We would work it out.
Why worry over yesterday,
Let yesterday
Be.

Hold my hand
As we descend
Thirty-three steps,
And stand again
As if seventeen
Before the altar of song.
In this crypt
I'm a child
Buying tickets
For a ride.

Now hold me tight
As the two of us
Twist and twirl and shout.
Yes, I'm happy
Just to dance with you.

From this cellar,
Rose the sons of man
To sing and teach
Of love and peace,
And the brotherhood
Of man.

Let's ascend now,
Oh darling,
It's getting better
All the time.
Here comes the sun.
I'll follow.

Francie Lynch

The Cavity

My dentist
Referred me
To a
Cardiologist
To fill
My cavity.

Francie Lynch

The Chase

Don't chase
After happiness;
Wait,
And it will
Catch up.

Francie Lynch

The Cock Of The Walk

This cock of the walk
Is older now,
The chicks don't
Come to roost;
This old bird
Is hard to swallow,
But shouldn't
Affect you.

Francie Lynch

The Coming Seasons

Fledglings,
Now long
From the nest,
Alight with grace
For a brief repast,
For a well-earned rest;
Then secret away
To beat December's threats.

Fleecy sheep,
The promise of Spring,
Are fatted and shorn
And blithely waiting.
Will feed on corn
And winter grain
In a straw-warm barn.

And you, with
Youth's eyes
Intent with queries,
Focus on
Your coming seasons,
When the nest's
No longer home,
When the wool
Has yet to grow,
And the barn
Has lost its glow
And cannot
Keep you
Warm.

Greet opportunity,
It's a subtle wink;
And briefer than
One may think.
Hitch your wagon
To a star,
And leave earthly woes

Behind.

Francie Lynch

The Conclave

We convened a conclave
Where the famiglia
Was casting sideways looks,
Hiding secrets from the survivors.
Papa had passed,
His mantle drapping the remains.
And a day looms for its passing
To an unelected recipient
From the unresponsive benefactor.
Dirges were played.
Outside I lit a cigarette
And the cloud of smoke rose skyward.
The ballots have been counted.

Francie Lynch

The Cream Between The Wafers

Like the four horsemen
They're walking two abreast
In brown with clipboards;
Bulging satchels hang by their sides,
With brochures and pamphlets
For me, who looks down from my window,
To ponder when they leave.

The crowd on the hill is talking,
Gathering, nothing's still.
All ages, colors and creeds,
Smiling, grasping, awaiting his will.

It looks like earth they're offering,
Year after year the same.
Casting nets, these fishermen,
Fishermen beget.
They're card said they were sad to miss me.

They take it from the young and old,
The ill and hale, and all between.
They are the cream between the wafers,
These Guides and their cookies.

Francie Lynch

The Cruellest

I've weighed the pranks:
Pulling out a chair;
Flooded fairways;
Skunky beer;
Onion candy apples;
Mayo in cream-filled donuts;
Lubricating jelly in handwash;
Polyurethaning soap;
Baking soda in ketchup bottles;
Flushing while the shower's in use;
Sending a welcome card on behalf of your friend to Kingdom Hall;
Eliot was right,
Snow in April is the cruelest.

Francie Lynch

The Daily

Daily
I awake
To write,
But first
Needs brush
My teeth and hair,
Then skip headlong
Down the stairs,
Where,
Paper stares
Anticipating ink
To make my verse
Complete,
To make my verse
Compete
To be the
Daily.

Francie Lynch

The Dark Hour

In the dark hour
Of your soul,
When midnight's memories
Flare and hold,
And there's a storm
Massed on your pillow,
And your eyes
Are deeply sallow,
Rest.
Breathe in.
Our wrongs and rights
Fill days and nights
With silhouettes
Of what might be,
Or once was.
Life's rack
Is laced with phantoms.
Awakened,
We embrace the light,
And share the struggles
Of the night.

Francie Lynch

The Difference

Make a difference?
Be the difference!
That's the difference
To me.

Francie Lynch

The Dogs' Days Of Winter

Those dog days of summer
Near forgotten and gone,
Are stored for the winter,
Now remembered in song.

The dogs' days of winter
Tell a different tale,
Of dogs pulling sleds
In Alaska for mail;
Or searching the Alps
Bringing whiskey and ale,
Panting and pulling
In hills, waters and dales.

Siberian Huskies,
The Great Pyrenees,
The Alaskan Malamute,
Run off their tails
To ward off disease.

The Keeshond
Doesn't wear
Wooden clogs,
Like the Newfie
And Wolfhound,
They're winter work dogs.

If working in snow
Isn't enough to freeze fur,
Look to the Lab
In frigid waters,
In layers of warm flab
Helping fishermen,
Or retrieving a lad.
These warm-furried friends
Will work til their end.

The dog days of summer
Ran off with the pack,

Leaving the dogs
Of our winters
To haul, trail and track.

Francie Lynch

The Domino Effect

I've a job to do;
One element leads to the next,
As in a domino effect.
I'll research the outcomes,
Assess the inventory of supplies on hand.
I sit in the chair, with notepad and gavel
And scribble an entry plan.

I've done this before
With previous bankruptcies:
When the intake exceeds any dividends,
When demand superceded supply,
When demand was pervasive.

Job prospects are looking up,
And my Resume reads well:
Especially the Work Related Experiences.

Early retirement is inconceivable.
I'd hire me on a probationary period.
You see, there is my family to consider.
I'll be the first domino.

Francie Lynch

The Double 'L' Cross (A Partici-Poem)

Make the 'L' loser sign
With your right hand.

Good.

Now flip your left hand
So palm faces you.

Good.

Now make the 'L' loser sign
With your left hand.

Good.

Put both hands up
Showing two 'L's.'

Good.

Now slide the right hand over
So that your right thumb
Crosses your left index finger.

Good.

You've made the 'Double L Cross, '
Protection against
Double Losers.
Works on vampires too.

Francie Lynch

The Dream

I saw once in your eyes the dream of love;
A knowledge in the heart that pricked our tears;
And shadows were unwelcome as we strove
Towards a single pulse in coming years.

And when we loved that love was not unkind
To me or you; we have our hearts in hand.
Words one year ago now lovingly bind
Us still, forever ringed by a silent band.

In years to come we'll stock a wealthy store;
Tonight unfolds a vision without stain:
A love that's pure, strong, living and much more.
There is no glass to reflect our gain.

Our two hearts pledged in the same direction;
Our two lives fast in moonlight and in sun.

Francie Lynch

The Dregs

The dregs are in
The bottle;
The crumbs are on
The floor;
I've nothing to
Regurgitate;
I'm an empty plate.

So, I'll dip
My bucket
In Lake Muse,
Drink its waters
Til I ooze
With metaphors
And similies,
With figures of speech
For one like you
To read.

Francie Lynch

The Dropball

My brother, Sean,
Had a pitcher's arm,
His catcher said
It was his only charm.
He could aim
With radar sight,
Used speed and curves
To get three strikes.

One summer day
I stole his bike,
He spied me,
Eyed me in his sights.
His first pitch,
Like a guided missile
Whistled past my head;
Aimed for my jawbone,
But missed the strike zone,
I headed straight for home.

His second pitch,
A screaming fast ball,
Barely missed my pate,
I felt that I was safe.

His friends made fun
With a 'Ball two' call.
Sean took aim
With his dropball;
He wound up
Then released.
He threw high,
And I cried:
'Bring in the Relief.'
His pitch lived up to it's name,
It dropped, I felt the batter's pain,
Sean worked his charm again.
I wasn't talking,
I wasn't walking,

They called me 'Out'
On the neighbour's lawn.

Francie Lynch

The Dychotomy Of Life (10w)

Can't live with her.
Must live without her.
That's life.

Francie Lynch

The Eighth Seal

Bible literature
Foretells the rapture
With the breaking
Of the Seventh Seal;
But there's an Eighth
That'll seal our mouths,
It's broken
When we're laid out.
We'll never know,
That all along,
There's nothing at all
To worry about.

Francie Lynch

The Erin Rosary

An open Rosary,
Sprawled on the table
Has the shape of Eire.
Towns joined like beads
On winding, rope roads.
At the end of the main street
In Shercock, Lough Egish,
Or a thousand other towns,
Looms the church spire,
God's rod.
The square still bustles on Wednesdays.
The smithy's forge
Now lights up a Paddy Power;
The Euro Store sells needles and thread
Where once a seamstress sat;
Shish Kabobs on flat bread sell
Where the butcher's counter displayed the day's cut.
But scrape away the paint
And attend to the devotion and mystery
Of small town Erin;
Where only the pubs maintain names
Decade after decade.
There, on the wall, see the rebels
Enjoying a football match,
And the crowd, laughing,
Has their backs.

Francie Lynch

The Eternal Theme

Let's not be fooled
By a Romantic moon;
Our deception of
Reflected sun.
We deserve true light,
Not outlines
Or eclipsed truths
Casting doubt.

Let's wait for the enlightening,
When skin glows,
Eyes have Aurora light
That shimmer in the cold.
Be direct
With piercing rays
And golden fingers
Along latitudes,
Parse us like
A poem,
Then re-unite
In the eternal theme
Lit by any light.

Francie Lynch

The Firewall Is Down

An unexpected virus came
Diabolically and odiously.
Sniffles like missiles;
We will cough
Green-brown phlegm
And seaweed;
Eyes itch with sweat;
Throats sound guttural warnings;
Muscles ache from making
The sign of the cross in European parishes;
The tentacles are spreading, grasping, holding hard;
A boy lies face down on the firewall
Like a tethered goat,
Invasive, infectious and deadly.
The body politic has been exposed,
Vulnerable and fallible.

Francie Lynch

The First And Last Days Of School

Where will I sit?
Will I make friends?
Do I look okay
On my first day?
Do you think
I'll do alright?
Is it like learning
To ride my bike?

Congrats, my child,
You're doing fine,
You've just learned
The first day's rules.
The fears, anxieties
And self-doubts,
Are life's hard lessons
We could do without.
There's no teacher
Or book of stories
To allay your ever-present worries.
The stress now filling up your head,
Is with you til the very end.

But I want to stay home!

Francie Lynch

The Five W's Of King Midas

Who dares enjoy your gold with you?
What good is it Midas? It's contaminated.
When will you, if ever, enjoy it again?
Where is your preferred seating now?
Why persist with your follies? Don't touch me.

Francie Lynch

The Flight Ahead Of Me

The ravens survey
The gated community,
Scouring for a meal.
They swoop low,
Caw and crow,
Conversing in harmony.
The repast dead
Are safely laid
Beneath their carrion beaks;
I, in grief
Shoo them off
Your bronzed memory:
Then I pause
To recall
The flight ahead of me.

Francie Lynch

The Free Green Grass Of Home

The hood won't be the same,
We're out standing in the rain,
To encourage sprouts as we once did our children;
For down the road you see it's as legal,
As a Timmy 'n cream-cheese bagel,
We're good to grow our free green grass at home.

On this side of our border,
Starting this October,
We'll bake it, vape it, roll and bowl to take it;
Down the road you see it's now legal,
The price of home grown's dropped to zero,
We're good to grow our free green grass at home.

Yes we're all on board to greet it,
Some inhale and some will eat it;
We're good to grow our free green grass at home.

I'm awake and it astounds me,
My four plants that surround me;
We've realized what we've long been dreaming;
For there's a store where we can cop some,
Come the fall fresh buds ill blossom,
We're good to grow our free green grass at home.

Yes we're all on board to greet it,
Some inhale, and some will eat it,
We're good to grow our free green grass at home.

Francie Lynch

The Fucked For Life Club

I won't accept the end
Gently or gracefully,
But begrudgingly
In private anguish
That is truth,
Unadorned
And sure.
I've not dealt with the vanish
Of comrades in battle;
Or happened upon
A loved one
At the end of the rope.
I've felt the tug,
The smell of CO,
The hardness beneath
The Bluewater Bridge;
The bottle, blade and pill
On the frozen faces of friends,
On family:
Michael, Marlene, Jimmy, Eucheria.
The family innocents
Whisked off
In the maelstrom of youth.
Painfully severe,
In this or any sphere.

'But you must know your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some time..

Claudius speak the cold hard truth,
But Claudius was childless
With his guileless advice;
And Shakespeare's kids were playing
When he penned his tragedy.
But,
Bury a child
And have a lifetime membership
In the

Fucked for Life Club.

Francie Lynch

The Funeral Procession

Did I dream
I saw a funeral
Procession leaving
St. Giles Church?
Sans caisson,
Black horses,
Boots and backward spurs;
No black feathers,
No armbands,
No Oliver's crocodile tears;
No Orleans trumpets
To allay my eternal fears.
I caught them slide
The silver casket,
Bullet-like,
Into a chamber,
To shoot into the ground.
I never heard a sound.

Francie Lynch

The Future's Ahead

The world across the street
Is a world apart
When you're four.
Cross, and we walk
To the four corners.

Four years of high school,
Perhaps followed by college,
We yearn to commence.
But for the rest of our lives
We relive those vaulted years,
Pining for them
To re-commence.

Then came the real world,
Of life and family.
I became a man.
Achieved all I dreamt.
Now I'm in danger
Of re-hashing
Lived events.
New reaches are needed
To excede new grasps;
The future's ahead,
Behind is the past.

Francie Lynch

The Gap

The dark spaces of the night sky
Leave gaps of light, yet I see
The darkness reach down
Between us, like a chink,
Leaving a hole that allows
For entrance or escape.

There is this break in continuity,
Not a recess,
A lack of balance, a deficient area,
Like the hole in a hedge,
A military break,
A cavity in the denfense's alibi,
The distance between the lead runner
And the chasing pack.

I would like to believe
The opening is an intermission,
A respite from our intensity,
But the breach is a divide,
A rift of passage
Between two immoveable mountains
Where interludes move on
Between differences of attitude.

Francie Lynch

The Garage Sale Blues

George moved
Me with
His garage sale blues;
Unloading stuff
He'll never use.
I'll miss George
Like an older brother;
Told him as much
And got
A cheap snow-blower.

Francie Lynch

The Golden Rule

I've succumbed
To The Golden Rule,
I'll do to me
What I do unto you.

If I'm the cause
Of sorrow and tears,
Know you I've lodged
The same for years.

Should I be
The source of mirth,
Make you laugh,
Relieve the dirth,
Know that I too
Tramp this earth.

When I'm critical
Of your best efforts,
You fall short
Of what's expected,
I'll look inside,
To see what I could be.

Though I'm annoyed
With your flip-flopping,
I know I've been known
To be the one that waffles.

Now comes the part
That deals with heart.
God forbid
I break yours in two,
But know you that
Mine breaks too.

When your days take hold,
When you grey and grow old,
I'll tend your needs,

Do what I please.

And when our lives
Stop being our light,
And dark prevails,
And day is night,
And we've departed
This corporeal cesspool,
I'll know I succumbed
To The Golden Rule.

Francie Lynch

The Grand Opening (10w)

Every minute
One thousand empty mouths
Are born into poverty.

Francie Lynch

The Grassy Knoll

We first sexed in a tumbling, fumbling manner;
The time had come, it seemed to us,
To consummate our virgin lust.

The Valley was shakin' to The Rocks,
A popular Irish band;
We'd had our fill,
I sparked the engine,
And parked my bike on Techumseh Hill.

The summit was dew damp;
We spread wide our pants,
Not knowing who should go for whom,
So we relented to the crescent moon;
I acquiesced to the shooting stars
When my eyes kissed hers.

Diverse moons have filled my nights,
Long since the grassy knoll,
Beyond star light.

Francie Lynch

The Greatest Story Never Told

I have a true story. It's unbelievable,
Yet true.
You have one too. This too is true.
It's so unbelievable I can't tell you,
As you cannot tell me.
I think mine more far-fetched,
And you think the same of yours.
You wouldn't believe me,
I won't believe yours,
Even though yours is probably more believable.
It's a secret, but not a secret,
Because I want to but won't tell it...
Because who'd believe it.
They'd sooner believe in voodoo... not true.
Why tell a truth none believe.
It has a dangerous intrinsic result.
What personal good is found
In crosses, nooses and needles.
There's truth there, but refutable truth.
Unbelievable truth.
There's the sticking point.
I'm scared.
I'm silent.
It helps me understand broken hearts and crushed spirits.
The lonely, hungry lost stories of the unfathomable.
Believe me. Don't believe me.
The result's the same.
Legends, myths, folklore tales grow
Because the whole truth went untold,
And mixed with a partial lie,
Becomes our reality.
So, I am reticent to share mine.
I'm open to hearing yours,
If it's what you say it is.
But I doubt it.

Francie Lynch

The Greatest: Ali

Two sluggers emerged
From Louisville;
One fashioned from ash,
One molded from Clay.
One was The Greatest,
Rest in Peace, Ali.

Francie Lynch

The Green Brier Fire

On the Emerald Isle when the brier's green,
Occur strange sights seldom seen.
There's golden rainbows and small clay pipes,
And wee folk dancing every night.

I've heard stories of the leprechaun, but
Before I see 'em they're usually gone.
Yet one green misty eve in the brier,
I saw them jigging round the fire.

Sean and I were in green Irish woods,
Gathering shamrocks, and just being good.
While searching low near a hidden creek,
We heard faint giggles from fifty feet.

Near the giggles grew a small green fire,
Perhaps six inches high - no higher.
We crouched down for a better look, and
To our surprise we saw a small green cook.

He wore a tall green hat and pulled-up socks,
He stirred a pot of simmering shamrocks.
Smoke curled from his pipe of clay,
Why, I remember his grin still today.

A band of gold encircled his brim,
My little finger was bigger than him.
He had golden buckles and a puggish nose,
Glimmering eyes and curly toes.

Sweet music floated on wings of air,
Fifty-one leprechauns were dancing near.
They passed the poteen with a smack of their lips,
As each one in turn took a full Gaelic sip.

Then suddenly the gaiety quickly calmed down.
Sure we were that we'd been found.
But they all looked North with reverent faces,
Bowed their heads and stood still in their places.

The Banshee's wailing was heard from afar,
O'erhead the Death Coach carried a full car.
The wee folk respect, it must be said,
Erin's children when they're dead.

Soon flying fast through the green night air,
We spied King Darby hurrying near.
He rode atop his beloved steed,
O'er dales and glens, woods and mead.

His hummingbird lighted on a leaf,
And all impatiently waited beneath.
With a golden smile he waved to all,
To officially begin the Leprechaun Ball.

Tiny green fiddlers fiddled their fiddles,
That sounded just like ten thousand giggles.
Dancers danced on mists of green,
And pipers piped, but n'er were seen.

They danced and ate and passed the jug,
And kicked up their heels to Irish reels.
We enjoyed these sights late into the night,
But suddenly they gave us a terrible fright.

They saw us cowering behind the trees,
So they cast a spell, which made us freeze.
We'd heard what happens to caught spies,
That now are spiders, toads or flies.

Well, old King Darby drew us near;
Sean and I were in a terrible fear.
With a grin and a snap he made us small,
And requested our presence at the Leprechaun Ball.

We reeled and laughed with our new found friends,
'Til the green mist lifted to signal the end.
With a gleam in his eye the good King said:
"Tis sure'n the hour yous be abed.'

He waved his shillelagh to return our height,

Wished us well and bade good-night.
And as they rode the winds away,
I suddenly remembered it was St. Patrick's Day.

I'm sure the lot of you think me
A Blarney liar;
But that night, I assure you,
I danced 'round a green fire.

Francie Lynch

The Grey Cardigan

When your time closes in
Faster than sound or light,
I wish you to be worn out
And threadbare,
Like the Velveteen Rabbit;
Tattered, using a walker and a stair chair,
With my cane and umbrella waiting
By your door.
I hope you're wearing the cardigan
I got you this Christmas,
Mended and draped over your frail shoulders,
Struggling with your hair,
With the arms round your waist.
I pray you have children bringing children
To feast on shortbread and tea.
I see you alone, at times, in tranquility,
Remembering your father,
Who loved you so much,
He prays for your wrinkles.

Francie Lynch

The Guffaw

If not born into this confluence
From the cesspool of the waiting room,
Then elsewhere.
My consciousness schools me.
My ego insists.
I am, and was meant to be.
But logic countermands hope.
The fairies and angels are indexed
In the collected works of Aesop.
I am a network of synapses
Bleached into the soil.

Francie Lynch

The Gypsy Woman

'Whist, is what Mammy said,
As she whisked us off to bed.
Usually we'd go quietly.

But a gypsy woman sat
At our table,
Reading tea leaves,
Pouring prophecies.

Guests were few,
And she, I knew,
To be a special one.
She saw dark clouds in cups.

My sisters,
Past the tender age,
Stayed up longer,
Heard her bray:
'Tall dark men
Are on their way.'

I pricked my ears
Up stairs,
I tried to put both
On the vent,
Both of them
Were forward bent.

Just then my father
Climbed the stairs;
I saw the dark mop
Of his hair.
He was tall,
He wasn't humming.
No one else foresaw
His coming,
But I made it to bed.

Francie Lynch

The Halves And Half Nots

My moon's half full,
Your's, half new.
When looking up,
See what suits you.

You loved with only half a heart,
Understood with half a brain,
You'd have been the better half,
If you'd half a mind to stay.

Leaving was only half the battle,
We waged a half-arsed war;
I ran for cover with a full notion,
I was getting half, no more.

'Better half than none at all.'
Is what they said to me;
But they don't know the half of it;
Believe half of what you see.

Francie Lynch

The Handjobber's Tale

The blockbuster sequel

To "The Handmaid's Tale, "

Will star one lonely,

But very safe male,

In,

"The Handjobber's Tale."

No LGBTQ?

No human, animal, child, politician, religious person, flora, fauna, fish, bird or
insect will be in this movie,

But him.

Francie Lynch

The Heart's My Reality

Spirit.

What is it?

It's too ethereal

For me.

If you see ghosts

Or angelic hosts,

That's your reality.

Soul.

Where is it?

A shoulder

To cry on!

A love

To rely on!

Does it enliven

The breath in me?

Heart.

I've got it,

Too painfully.

It's ephemeral,

I can feel it,

At times I must

Heal it,

It's inside and outside

Of me.

Francie Lynch

The Heavenly White House

The world has lifted it's eyes,
Pressed it's hands together
In prayer and supplication;
Yet,
God and the hosts on high,
Are in self-isolation.
This isn't the first time.
They've been known to do this
At the most inappropriate, crucial moments:
The Crusades, The Plague,
The World Wars,
The Final Solution,
Other pandemics.
It's like the Heavenly White House.

Francie Lynch

The Hit Pismire

She shakes her butt
When I get home;
Does everything
To get the bone.
She realizes;
I recognize.

The new born eyes
Me so intently;
I return the gaze
Just as gently.
She realizes;
I recognize.

The battered bird
With feathers thinning,
Knows Spring's waxing,
Winter's waning.
It realizes;
I recognize.

So too with art
As pieces languish,
Some we banish
As too outlandish;
Some are lost
At our great cost;
Some are found
Underground,
In a cave
On frescoes walls,
In attic, cellar,
Flea market stalls.

A sonnet found
In some distant shire,
Or ten words
Of wisdom
We retired;

Banished today,
Tomorrow admired.
We realize;
We recognize
Not all our work
Can inspire,
When buried in
The hit pismire.

Francie Lynch

The Honeybee

A honeybee hovers
Over my lawn,
Scouting nectar
Like a drone.
He hums a song
I love to hear:
'Honey, ' he hums,
'I'm coming home.'

Francie Lynch

The Hood Whistler

I'm tempted to yell
Beneath the waxing moon,
Call to the hood whistler
To whistle a tune I knew.
Just one I could recognize,
One to identify;
But it's well above zero
On this shortest day of the year.
My compassion over-rides
The duality in the airs.
Still there's no inkling
Of whatever tune he whistles;
I can't locate
Where it originates.
He'll be inside soon,
As we move to hibernate;
I sincerely hope he's there,
Whatever tune he airs,
Come Spring.

Francie Lynch

The Ice Queen

When we met
You were yet
A Princess.
Snow melted
On your younge tongue.
Winter seasons
Kept the secrets
Of your cold cacoon.
When you emerged
It was obscene,
You morphed into
The Ice Queen.

The white expanse
Of glacial thighs
Led to an ice-cave.
Breasts that once
Snared and trapped,
Have melted like
Polar ice-caps.

Your icicle eys
Were frozen
In the summer sun.
And all about
Your condition
Smells stale as
Franklin's Expedition.
Like Midas,
Minus the gold,
All you touch
Turns cold.

I'm not here
To lampoon
How winter's blubber
Made you baloon;
But on a walk
In Arctic noon,

Wear whale grey
And get harpooned.

Francie Lynch

The Id Grid

You were born with a ticket
For an ego-trip;
Languished on the axis
Of the Id Grid;
Dried your hair with a comb
Before the vanity mirror.
That's how it was
When we were at home.
You fit many uniforms.
You never learned;
Never broke stride,
Now
You say good-bye.
Re-wind,
On slow-mo,
Review the moves
Then go.
Flip the rear view mirror;
It's bigger than you.

Francie Lynch

The Immigrant

Kathleen Avenue still has houses,
But people left, and trees were felled;
The canopy across the street
Has lost some limbs
And many feet
Of children
Playing hide and seek.

One house, a brown-shingled frame
Is aging there as are our names;
The front yard doesn't boast corn
That Daddy grew
When first we landed;
Not knowing neighbours were offended
With farming behind green picket fences.

so corn, cabbage and turnip too
were left to rot. Daddy knew to strike
when hot.

The locals weren't too much impressed
When Daddy taught them some respect.
The human smell of decaying turnip
Keeps my nose from turning up.

the front was never farmed again.

Recently, I passed that yard,
The picket fences gone;
And someone has a garden there,
The new arrivals,
If they care,
Really see the wisdom there.
I give a nod
To my Old Man,
An immigrant
Before his time.

Francie Lynch

The 'I's Have It

If a picture is worth
One thousand words,
Why's there one word
In Selfie?

The 'I' creates
One thousand shots
So shooters
Feels more worthy.

Francie Lynch

The Jewel

In this box are Aine's rings,
Silver chains and secret things;
But lift the lid,
Set in the mirror,
Shines the most precious jewel,
And Granda's treasure.

Francie Lynch

The Joy Of Now

Six, sixty or a hundred and six,
Every day's a holiday,
A festival of lights,
And roller coaster
Lows and highs.
Yes, it matters
If someone dies,
But you didn't,
Enjoy your ride.

Francie Lynch

The Judas Door

I can't recall being born,
The cuddled snug of being warm
Beneath a roof so weathered
On a seasoned flax-mill farm.

I've an inkling of being two,
In a scene played out by me and you;
On a mattress, in the sun -
A new-born cried, and died too soon.

Then memory's blur cleared by three,
We sailed away on the Irish Sea
On a listing boat, across the Blue,
The last link to the last banshee.

By four we'd long since slammed the door,
And I knew cowboys and Celtic lore -
A new-born cried, she died too soon,
The eye peeped through the Judas door.

By five so many had left the home;
By eight a.m. we were left alone
Pushing prams, swings and forward,
No T.V., radio or telephone.

At last, by six, I'd cleared the webs,
A whole new world lay dead ahead -
A new-born cried, he died too soon;
By seven I understood gainsaid:
Dare to live without your dead.

Francie Lynch

The Killer's Already Inside

I needn't wait until dark
For the killer to stalk,
But I'll unplug my fridge,
Turn off the TV,
I won't use FaceTime
Or socialize on FB.
My cell screen is dark,
No Snapchat or Podcast,
Or Instagram and Vimeo.
The Cloud has been compromised;
In short, disconnect,
For the killer's inside,
And knows what to expect.

Francie Lynch

The Kindest Cut Of All

Charles didn't heed the Puritans
He was God's appointed,
Anointed and empowered.
He tumbled from above,
Down through the law,
Lost his head.

Nicholas was placed in the basement crypt,
A cult-like condemnation;
So they stood him against the wall,
He listened to his Monk,
His reasoning debunked,
So they shot the anointed one
On his golden throne.

Benito was above the law
When raised high on meat hooks.
Could we dare to look?

If you were lucky,
If you were tied to a stake,
And the faggots ignited,
Someone dear would tie a bag
Of gunpowder around your neck.
Why let the crows pick out his eyes,
Make golden nests from his hair.
End the torture. Pull the life-line.
Sever the head from the body politic.
It is the righteous thing to do;
It is the civil thing to do
In pensive state.
Rise up from your ashes.
It is the kindest cut of all.

Francie Lynch

The Lads Are Streaming Porn

The lads
Are streaming porn.
Don't be too quick
To scorn;
To understand my monologue
Know Sears stopped publishing
Catalogues
Of women in their undies.
And Geographic
No longer shoots
Topless Amazons.
I don't claim it's right,
But boys are boys,
Night follows night.

Francie Lynch

The Last Thing

Hey, the very last thing
I wanna do,
Is die.

Francie Lynch

The Leprechaun's Ball

On the Emerald Isle when the brier's green,
Occur strange sights seldom seen.
There's golden rainbows and small clay pipes,
And wee folk dancing every night.

I've heard stories of the leprechaun, but
Before I see 'em they're usually gone.
Yet one green misty night in the brier,
I saw them jigging round the fire.

Sean and I were in green Irish woods,
Gathering shamrocks and just being good.
While searching near a hidden creek,
We heard faint giggles from fifty feet.

Near the giggles grew a small green fire,
Perhaps six inches high - no higher.
We crouched low for a better look,
To our surprise we saw a small green cook.

He wore a tall green hat and pulled-up socks,
And stirred a pot of simmering shamrocks.
Smoke curled from his pipe of clay,
Why, I remember his grin still today.

A band of gold encircled his brim,
My little finger seemed bigger than him.
He had golden buckles and a puggish nose,
Glimmering eyes and curly toes.

Sweet music floated on wings of air,
Fifty-one leprechauns were dancing near.
They passed the poteen with a smack of their lips,
As each in turn took a good Gaelic sip.

Suddenly the gaiety quickly slowed down.
Sure we were that we'd been found.
But they all looked north with reverent faces,
Bowed their heads, stood still in their places.

The banshee's wailing was heard afar,
O'erhead the Death Coach had a full car.
The wee folk respect, it must be said,
Erin's children when they're dead.

Soon flying fast through the green night air,
We spied King Darby hurrying near.
He rode atop his beloved steed,
O'er dales and glens, woods and mead.

His hummingbird lighted on a leaf,
And all the wee folk knelt beneath.
With a golden smile he waved to all,
To officially begin the leprechaun ball.

Tiny green fiddlers fiddled their fiddles,
That sounded just like ten thousand giggles.
Dancers danced on mists of green,
Pipers piped, but none were seen.

They danced and ate and passed the ladle,
And kicked up their heels to Irish reels.
We enjoyed the sight late into the night,
But suddenly they gave us a terrible fright.

They saw us cowering behind the trees,
So they cast a spell which made us freeze.
We'd heard what happens to caught spies,
That now are spiders, toads or flies.

Well, old King Darby drew us near,
Sean and I were in a terrible fear.
With a grin and a snap he made us small,
And requested our presence at the Leprechaun Ball.

We reeled and laughed with our new found friends,
'Til the green mist lifted to signal the end.
With a gleam in his eye the good King said:
"Tis sure'n the hour yous be abed.'

He waved his shillelagh to return our height,

Wished us well and bade good-night.
And as they rode the winds away
I suddenly remembered it was St. Patrick's Day.

I'm sure the lot of you think me a blarney liar, but that night I assure you
I danced 'round a green fire.

Francie Lynch

The Likeness Of Me

I like being liked.
We do.
It matters who likes us too.
Do your parents like you?
They have that option,
It's obvious in adoption.

My friends like and are liked by me,
Or they aren't friends.

Teachers liked me.
Some students are hard to like,
But succeed.

Co-workers liked me.
Had their ups and downs with me.
Some didn't like me, but once did.
My status changed. Their's didn't.
I moved from their likeness image
When the bosses liked me so much,
They made me one.
Bosses have fun, but with more cash,
And less time to enjoy it.
But when the time arrived,
I liked the bosses too.

My spouse liked me.
Denise likes me.

Most importantly, my kids.
They like me,
So much so,
They gave me a sign:

If Dad Can't Fix It,
We're all screwed.

Do I want to be liked?
Don't you?

Like I said,
I like being liked.

Francie Lynch

The Little Red Bike

In a museum, or forgotten barn,
A small red twelve inch two wheeler
Hangs on invisible wires,
Or is covered in pigeon droppings and dust.
But Tannehill rode it once,
Like something in a dream.
He was too tall framed for it,
I was perfect.
He controlled it, rounded the corner,
Pedalling hard down the sidewalk,
Across the street from our new house.
I gawked from the front yard:
He was a boy with his bike,
Like The Beaver on T.V.
It was the first I learned to ride,
And the falls were magnificent,
On grass or asphalt.
Girls' bikes were easy,
One size fits all.
Then I learned to pedal
Beneath the cross bar of the big boys'.
Push the pedals,
Shift the midrift, and be gone.
Always from somewhere
To somewhere else,
Far beyond the front yard.

Francie Lynch

The Look

Teachers, good teachers,
Have it without throwing chalk.

Significant others use it daily
For Yes, or No.

You don't want to see it
In your Doctor's eyes.

Priests had it
Til we saw through the lies.

Superman has it in double.

Betty Davis had it.
Trump doesn't.
All the Kennedys did.

Parents use it
In the rear view mirror,
Or church,
Or anywhere they believe
Kids should be seen and not heard.

When children have it,
We're exposed,
And so is Santa.

One can't cultivate it.
It's as natural as our first breath,
And lasts til our last.

Francie Lynch

The Man Was An Animal

Da could drink like a fish,
Eat like a goat,
Work like a horse,
Strut like a rooster,
Bray like an ass,
Be bull-headed about everything;
Could ram his opinions until you gagged.
He laughed like a hyena,
Prowled all night;
Be a sloth on Sundays,
Sly as a fox,
As forward as a raccoon,
Prolific as a rat,
Mischievous as a monkey,
But powerful as a gorilla,
And slippery as an eel.
He was an animal
That never wagged a tail.
But the memory that sticks most
Is when I'd need some of Mammy's TLC,
Then he'd make suckling sounds,
Like a piglet. How endearing!
Did he fear our nipping at his dominant heels.
I don't visit petting farms or zoos.

Francie Lynch

The Master Of Deception

The serpentine
Hissed wit
Whip keen,
Quick as mean,
Flicked tongue
At open sores.
He fancied himself clever;
Surveyed with
Cold red eyes,
Called no one
His better:
This Master of deception.
Others never
Felt the lash,
The cat-tailed snap
Of lips that cracked
A child's
Self-perception.

Francie Lynch

The Meaning

Zoom

That was close.

Whoosh

Just past my ears.

I heard it whizz by.

Swoosh

Just about.

Nice try.

Zing

Ha! You missed!

Just over my head.

Another poem flew by.

Francie Lynch

The Metamorphosis Of Poetry

The Olde English poem,
The "Holy Rood,"
Was mystical and new.
The courtiers liked what they heard,
The troubadours sang out their truth.
Then "Beowulf" gave it design;
A plot with characters,
Some nearing divine,
With beasts and bravery bounding;
A new literature was sounding.
Soon Canterbury clopped along,
Lyrical poetry became song,
And morphed into Paradise,
Lost and found in common meter,
With angelic imagery, good and evil,
Undone in metaphysics.
Round the Lakes the poets roamed,
Windermere, Grasmere, and Dorothy's home.
They walked in beauty, day and night,
Warned the world was too much with us,
That nature was our friend.
Gave intimations of our end,
We still need listen to.

Francie Lynch

The Miss, Misters And Mrs.

The Miss, Misters and Mrs.,
And the St. Joseph's Sisters,
Made me a Bluejay,
Jay- jaying and soaring
Over Wrens and Robins
Below in five rows.
Teeth marks on Ticondarogas,
Initialed pink rubbers,
Toothpicks and fingers
Solved all those problems.

Sister Lucille showed me Sarnia
On the Neilson Wall Map,
With the Malted Milk,
Crispy Crunch bars staring back.
They looked too delicious,
Her reprimand was contritious,
I'm doing time during recess,
Ninety minutes til lunch.

We stood in a crooked line,
Like a snake, to get marked,
With her drawer a crack open
We'd get a peek at her strap.
Black or red, correctively cold;
Sister Roseangela, we'd heard,
Cried, Quid Pro Quo.

We had football baseball,
And hockey dreams,
Volleyball, basketball,
And funeral teams;
Field Days, Holy Days,
Days needed at home;
Teachers were coaches,
With little time to complain;
But the kids back then
Just weren't the same.
There were skirmishes, fouls,

Strike outs and time outs;
We were sliced white bread,
No rye or whole grain.

We'd march double file
Once a week to the Church,
To genuflect and reflect
At the Stations and Cross.
To confess, get redress,
Display penitent remorse,
Though keeping a secret
From the Confessional box,
A comfort and curse.

Their objective succeeded,
The lessons went deep;
Using the three Rs,
The ABCs,1,2,3s,
To impart and ingrain
How to carry one's cross.

I remember by name
The Miss, Misters and Mrs.
And St. Joseph's Sisters
Who gave their all,
Each day, and always.
They've gone or retired,
But recalled in tranquility
For the life-lessons I admire.

Francie Lynch

The Monument

Looming on the hill,
A real monument,
Cut with granite chisels,
On the necropolis of Glasgow.
To remind us who wrote
Willie Winkie.
A remarkable effigy
Of Miller.
There were others,
Weathered and moss ridden
That caught my tired eye.

Francie Lynch

The Names We Carry

The names we carry
Are phantoms and windy whisps
Across our lips.
Stored in the shed,
Beneath our pillows,
Deep in the mattresses
Of our beds.
Wash them as laundry,
And don them again.

How many eyes
Have read these
Granite names
On copper plates.

Whose ears have heard
These names
Mumbled in our sleep;
Or,
Are they set so deep
For private sorrow
And personal refrain.
These, our names.

Francie Lynch

The Night Watch

I didn't intend on joining
Neighbourhood Watch
When I stepped onto my perch,
The elevated porch.
I spied a lad
Trying a car door
In the drive
Next to the cop's.
That's forbidden fruit
In the dark of night,
Under the slight light
Of a quarter moon.
Had I called the cops,
Would he now be homeless
By an ignominious,
Effaced father.
His pride is a tailored fit
Made from rejected rags.
His friends may post the antics
In glossolalia on FB
For all nations to read
The mark of Cain.
I didn't call.
The sin of the father
Is exposed in the sun;
Not in alleyways
Under broken street lights
Where rejection
Burns darkly.

Francie Lynch

The Nobel Prizes

The best irony ever,
Is not that the Prizes
Grew out of dynamite
And cannon fodder,
No,
The greatest irony
Is that no religious founder:
Not Abraham, Jesus, Mohamed
Or any number of Swamis,
Received a posthumous
Peace Prize.
And with good reason.
Religion has never been
A peace broker.

Francie Lynch

The Obsessionist

The perfectionist
Sees an open circle,
And closes it.

The obsessionist
Sees an open circle,
And studies it.

Francie Lynch

The Old Man's Housecoat

I'm wearing the old man's housecoat.
His lawn's not blue ribbon now,
And two rails of his fence are down.
It's blue and black checkered
Down to my ankles,
A long tie cord and massive pockets.
You've seen them in nursing homes,
The men shuffling in the wrong direction,
Looking for the familiar,
Two nails.

I'm wearing an old man's slippers,
Black leather with red in-steps
And leather fraying at the heels.
I bought these.

Francie Lynch

The One We Loved

Draw a knife
Through the living,
And it bleeds.
Pull a union asunder
And there's much
Bloodletting.
The color should
Make us blush
With shame
For what we do
To the one we loved.

Francie Lynch

The One-Eyed Astronomer

The one on the moon
Wears a frown,
Since our world
Flipped
Up-side-down.

The one-legged runner
In a three-legged race
Smiled,
As his bi-pedded
Partner
Can't meet the pace.

The one-eyed
Astronomer
Studied starry skies;
Discovered all the
Blackholes
When he closed
His open eye.

It's only our perspective
When we're too selective;
Let's be more receptive
To ideas too soon rejected.

Francie Lynch

The Oral Office

There's movement afoot.
Occupants and sycophants
Are scattering
From the Rainbow Rooms
Of Green, Red, Blue and Yellow,
To the more concrete setting
Of the Oral Office,
Where the North and South Porticos
Take on new meaning,
Behind the secure cement walls
Of the Skinners, toothless or otherwise.

Francie Lynch

The Other Holocausts

After all, we're not savages. We're English.
And the English are the best at everything.
(Piggy, Lord of the Flies)

The hovelled huts
Near school house ditches
Hardly sheltered starving children.
Emaciated, pale and ghastly;
Three million lost.
Exports defined them,
Imports denied them,
The world was told their hunger
Was the wrath of God.
For seven hundred years
Untolled Rachels wept.
That's twice times the length
Than Jews were kept
Enslaved in pagan Egypt.
This was Ireland,
Not Auschwitz.

Beneath the banners of
Labour and Freedom,
Toiled the innocents.
Eyes burning from hot peppers,
Bodies weak and racked
From boarding;
Skin torn by flogging
Thousands of Cypriots.

Over soup and sandwiches
A demarcation's drawn,
So Hindus now face Muslims
Seeking their new homes.
Three million displaced
During lunch,
Brain salad served up on a hunch

By a line
Drawn by one man.
This wasn't Treblinka,
But Pakistan.

Millions placed in labour camps
In what they called
The Dark Continent.
The torture was horrendous,
With random executions.
Think the worse, you're still not there,
Think ravenous dogs and mutilation,
Rape and human degradation.
Eyes gouged out, ears cut off,
This was Kenya,
Not Warsaw.

Winnie wore
Crocodile shoes; he sang the blues,
While blocking friendly supplies;
Letting three million hungry die.
His callousness was cruelly matched
When delivering Mahatma's epithet:
'Has Gandhi not starved yet? '
This was Bengal,
Not Dachau.

Their bloody count adds up.
Their new policy was errant:
Imprison all the peasants.
It was racist to the Nth degree,
A million desperate detainees
To exile when they're freed.
But half died on their knees
In Malay, not Buchenwald.

The Boer War and Apartheid
Were granted Royal assent;
And in Amritsar it was target fire
To cut down the Innocents.

This isn't just in history,
It's happened all too recently.
Argentina's watery graves
Yawn from The Belgrano,
Sunk by royal torpedoes
For a rock of sheep.
Such was the work
Of a band of brothers,
To fly their flag
Over Falkland waters?

There's no denying
The atrocities
Of maternal ferocities.
The Spinners
Wrapped the glories
Furled in Jack's war stories.
The winners
Have detoured their crimes,
And enjoin us denouncing
Nazi times;
But the sun hasn't set
On Empire fires:
China, India, Kenya, Aden,
Ireland, Africa,
All invaded.
All degraded.
Imperialism is not benign,
The legacy lives on
In Palestine.

Under pretence
Of flag and king,
They may well be
Best at everything.

Francie Lynch

The Paschal Flu

Every Easter
I get the flu;
All my systems
Are shutting down;
Everything exits
Chocolate brown.

Francie Lynch

The Passion In One's Eyes

The skins were sounding,
Plaintiff pounding,
Summoning all to fire.
Charcoal sticks,
Picture graphics,
Recorded our desires.
We flashed lights,
Waved our flags,
Telling all to come.
Lines were laid
Fathoms deep,
Connecting continents
In their sleep,
With window shoppers
On their streets.
Poles were raised
Along our roads,
Life-lines stretched
Like sweater yarn,
Remember we were warned.
We added stars
To our nights,
With lights of red and green;
Geo-centric, like God,
Heard, but never seen.
From drum to satellite,
We've tried but failed,
We can't get it right.

Still toe to toe,
Face to face,
That's how to
Communicate.
Not by a cloud,
Look to the face,
The culminating
Human race.
There's a passion
In one's eyes,

That one
Can't mistake.

Francie Lynch

The Perseids

These years are speeding darkly
Since the epiphany. You don't get
A lot of those.

Last night
On the beach I laid back to watch
The shooting stars; some say
The heavenly stars. The Perseids
Burned indiscriminately,
I counted two.

I was starstruck watching
The four satellites,
In a pre-determined orbital,
That would burn as sure as
A ghetto.

Ogling the dark spaces;
Comforted, there's more stars
Out there for some other reason.
And wham. It happened, always unexpected.
It's not because something's not there;
It's because it never was, but for
Two meteors and four satellites.
And I shone my own light
On a bit of darkness.

Francie Lynch

The Pine Tree

The tree was split
By the power of an unknown spear.
That night, the orange moon flared;
The blinking eyes of night
Shadowed the forest,
Following him.
What authority clapped the thunderous air
With flailing branches,
Demanding service, obedience, fear.
The simplicities of home and fire
Offered up assurance and warmth.
He returned to think on it;
To resolve questions with more questions
Before sanctifying the place of wrath.

Francie Lynch

The Pleasure's In Self-Sacrifice

You've seen a mother
Nursing a child,
Giving freely
Of herself.
So altruistic,
She finds maternal pleasure
Through nurturing.

My close friend
Gave his son a kidney.
His very own organ,
Putting himself in jeopardy
For his son's prosperity.
The pleasure of altruism
Wasn't lost on me.

Have you seen the picture
Of the man on the cross.
He wears a smile
Behind his blood mask.
He found pleasure
In offering salvation.
No greater gift,
Can be bestowed
By man, woman or god,
Than the pleasures of self sacrifice.

Francie Lynch

The Poems In The Clouds

A flash of brilliance.
A crack of insight.
The skies open
And the ground swells
With similies and metaphors.
Punctuation pools in puddles
Of alliteration,
And form rivulets
Of comparisons, causing
Streams of consciousness to run free,
For all to dip their toes.
Figures of speech will cascade before
Evaporating
Into the Ph cloud
To wash over again,
And soak us in blue verse.

Francie Lynch

The Poet's Right

There are poets
On this site
S/He's underated,
Under harsh lights;
Struggling with words,
Trying to be heard;
Presenting feeling
In their write:
Hoping they
Got it right.

Francie Lynch

The Power Of Prayer

The boyfriend spinned the tires
On my daughter's car
As they sped to meet their plane.
I watched the tail lights
Fade into the falling snow,
And prayed,
For the power of prayer.

Francie Lynch

The Prostitute And The Educator

'What is the difference, '
Asked the educator,
'Between being skilled,
Such as a prostitute,
And being educated,
Such as a teacher: '

'Well, ' replied a prostitute,
'One educates skillfully,
The other skillfully educates.'

'Which is which? '
The educator responded.

'Depends, ' said the prostitute,
'On the pay and benefits.'

Francie Lynch

The Pull

We met on a sun-sand beach,
You asked for a pull
On my cigarette,
So many decades have passed,
Yet,
I can't forget
You pulling on my cigarette.

Francie Lynch

The Punchline

I won't come up short again,
Falling for clichés and praise,
Not now nor till the end of days.

I will not roll my weary eyes,
Shut ringing ears to truth-based lies;
Click my tongue or act surprised,
To the shenanigans of home-grown spies.

I will not throw up my hands,
But step close to the deathbed rant,
And hear the confessions
Of the Select's election;
The psalms of prophets
Who turned sour,
Who get stoned for their greed for power.

"I am he for whom you search,
my manicure suits the crown.
I'm not worthy for such honour,
Offered to prince or harlequin clown.
You'll pardon me,
If I misspoke,
But you missed the punchline:
I'm the joke."

Francie Lynch

The Recital

You had a recital, I missed;
Your hands poised, back straight,
Toes touching the hardwood stage
Near the pedals.
Stillness filled the theatre;
I felt the transmission of inaudible notes
Blending, peeling,
Stinging my senses.
I confessed my unintended sins,
My one of omission -
The one that left you on the swing;
The one when you fell.
I missed your recital,
But I attend it often,
Echoing and bounding over swaying hills.
Such an Ode... such Joy
At the tranquility.
Such a burden.

Francie Lynch

The Riddle Of Lady Liberty

The Sphinx's riddle
Ended with a stick man and a wooden cane.
The cane was the stickler to the solution.
Those Egyptians were on top of the chain.

What will Lady Liberty's Riddle be
For today's great Empire.
After the machines, tubes and electronics
Have made us blade runners.

It too may end with a cane,
If wood is still renewable.

Francie Lynch

The Risen Word

Braille understood
The power of words -
The duality,
The irony
That all can feel
When words are raised,
To we, the blind,
Through poetry.

Francie Lynch

The Rose Without The Thorn

Wiping clean
The bathroom mirror,
Didn't absolve
The inner sinner.
Two eyes bore through
To a remorseful soul,
Like silver pissholes
In the snow.
Then the blood
Ran while shaving,
Red droplets
Not worth saving,
Found design on my neck,
Like the thornless rose
From the tarot deck,
Looking at a lost soul-mate,
Red-faced and forlorn.
Fierce and piercing
Love and hate;
The paradox
Of the repentant's fate.

Francie Lynch

The Sacred Book

There will be pictures I want to see.
Pictures of your life-line growing,
In a background with Christmas Trees,
School days, soccer matches,
Recitals and dinner blessings,
Parties, proms and outright laughing,
When all who matter are present.
I'm not taking the picture.
I'm not in the picture.
So, Remember Me.
Don't release me.
Sit with your children's children,
Open and tell a story
About a picture in the book;
They may laugh with bewildered looks
At the old Irishman,
The Da da, Daddy, Dad, and Faja,
The one who's loved you
From conception on,
Your old man.

Francie Lynch

The Server At Craigmoor

On the drive from St. Andrews to Aberdeen
I stopped at a roadside cafe,
For toast and jam and tea.
The young blonde server
Took my order,
And never spoke a word.
Then her mother bellowed
From the back of the room;
And her father barrelled through the door,
And a baby cried;
She's wanting more.
This is their country;
She was their girl.
I paid for the platter,
I tipped the teen,
And continued on
To Aberdeen.

Francie Lynch

The Sexagenarian

They met
When but sixteen,
She called herself
His Virgin Queen,
And he her Virgin King.
Thus they remained
Til seventeen,
When his lowered drawbridge
Breached the moat,
And for forty years
He paddled her boat.
But coldness grew,
The ice-palace too,
She was an Ice Queen,
His armor tarnished,
His sword was sheathed,
The Lady and her King
Severed bonds,
Relinquished rings
And set new realms and dreams.
He's a western-style S.O.,
He didn't know
Cowgirls rode backwards.
He's now a sexagenarian,
And the Ice-Palace,
A planetarium.

Francie Lynch

The Shadow's In The Corner

The hearth is almost cold now,
My rooms are dimly lit;
The shadow near the firebox
Stirs the ashen pit.
They'll peer through my window,
Point and query why
I sat under my blanket
Wearing such a smile.

For thirty years I lived within you,
For twenty years without;
Still you show up in many rooms
For the living and the dead.
I'm stopped, I stand in awe of you,
Then must turn my head.

You glide by me like deking strangers,
You never glance my way;
I see whispers when you move your lips,
Hear bursts of laughter from my perch.
And even so, what could I say:
 That roads once merged
 Now diverge
 To continue through terrain,
 Traversing time's hard memories
 That cannot be reclaimed.

Just once more in a well-lit room,
When all the kids are present,
We would share our stories,
Catch up on years gone by.
Laugh because we can now
At times that made us cry.

Francie Lynch

The Silver Screen

When I close my eyes
I've an IMAX silver screen;
My projection room is stacked
With reels of a re-run dream.

I'm typecast as leading man,
You're the starlet, so it seems.
Today I'm screening tragedy,
That I played like comedy.

Two reels have played,
I'll need three,
To dissuade me playing a parody.

I'll need to re-write,
And a location set;
I haven't run
The credits yet.

You protested the direction;
The hero fades out with rejection.
It's a cliff-hanger.
Will the girl return
A fallen damsel?
A chastised angel?
A spiteful devil?
I'm lying waiting
To dream the sequel.

Francie Lynch

The Skin Of Your Teeth

I used to find a pop bottle
And cash it in for a two-cent grab-bag.
Three could get me a five-cent
Wine-dipped cigarillo
To smoke in the dug-out on a Sunday afternoon
With my best friend.
We went door-to-door
Collecting bottles, clothes-hangers and baskets,
Get fifteen cents and play a game in the pool hall;
We traded old Supermans for older Batmans.
Successive generations decrie
Their loss of innocence,
But this one tweets, twitters and instas;
I see ultra-sounds of small penises, and more.
There goes the last surprise.
I'd rather loose innocence than privacy,
For after that,
All you've left
Is the skin of your teeth.

Francie Lynch

The Slap Shot

I saw Jim at Two Amigos
Sitting at the bar,
Stick-handling a coaster.
He used to be a hockey star,
Showed it when he smiled;
His nose a puck.
He tells stories
Of blood freezing on ice,
Jersey pulls and sweat,
Body checks and corners.
He drives the zamboni,
Making the ice sheet a giant mirror.
The crowds cheer Jim
To get off the ice,
Let the game begin.
He speeds his machine
To the far end doors,
Vanishing down the tunnel.
He's just ordered a double boiler-maker,
Stirs his whiskey with a swizzle-stick,
And slaps back another shot.

Francie Lynch

The Sneak Thief

Standing camouflaged
In the shadow,
Back pressed against
The wall
Like a masked
Cat burglar,
Is the coward,
Sneaking,
Never present
Until gone;
Prowling,
Like sleep,
In playgrounds and hospitals,
Airports and backyard pools,
Near your kettle.
Or by knives, decrees,
Enemies or envy,
Even by longevity
Or
In explosive proximity.

Near death stories
Are not death stories.
If Lazarus had spoken
To the Centurion's daughter,
Would they discuss
Tunnels of light,
Where familiars
Slap your astral ass
As you run the ethereal gamut
Into eternity.

At the moment of recognition,
When the sneak
Is present,
He's gone.

Francie Lynch

The Stake's Been Set

I quiver til I shake,
I tremble,
But won't break,
When approaching you.

My heart, I won't foresake,
You'll not know my mistake,
Although my ground will quake,
When I'm nearing you.

You see, I will retake
The joys, not my heartache,
The day I drive the stake
Deep inside of you;
And finish building the fence
To separate we two.

Francie Lynch

The Stopwatch

Our foes,
Some of whom we can surely name,
Pray to the same God.
A rose is a rose is a rose.
The rain and sun
Cover the same game site;
There's no referee calling foul,
Illegal procedure or out of bounds.
This is more like Gaelic Football,
No perceptible rules for finger pointing
From the spectators in a very large stadium.
But, make no mistake,
Every game has a timer,
And his thumb is poised
On the stopwatch.

Francie Lynch

The Store Mannequin

The store mannequin
Was rejected,
Her stats didn't comply
For a window show
To show its wares
To a town of passersby.

Her Do wasn't quite couture,
Her nipples were just such,
The arms that loped
Across her chest
Looked a little butch.
Her belly with its ripples,
Was all a bit too much;
Her booty profile it was thought
Was maybe just a touch...
Her hips which had male appeal,
Were thought a tad too light.
Her legs rose up like lamp posts,
Her feet a a smidgeon tight.
Hanging, covering all her faults,
A dress not draping right.

The window dresser
Stamped UNSUITABLE
Across her harlequin face,
And packed her with
RETURN TO SENDER
In the original crate.

Francie Lynch

The Terrorist

I'm looking for terrorists
In jeans, clean-shaven,
But with a bulging mid-riff.
Will he have a back-pack,
Carry a brown paper lunch
With a portmanteau.
I just gave the valet my keys,
And I didn't check his shoes
And certainly not his under-armour.
I live ten thousand miles away,
Just down the street;
So why hurt me.
We cheer for the Bo-Sox
Side by side,
He's familiar to my eyes.
I believe he was changing my oil
When I saw the sideways glance,
But I can't be sure,
When I don't know
What to look for.

Francie Lynch

The Things Some Do When They're Alone

The things some do
When they're alone,
Would melt the marrow
In our bones.

Some scratch their ass
With such vigor,
Sink their knuckles
Up their nose,
Wank themselves
Like a garden hose,
Find their stash
And drown in liquor.

Oh, the things some do
When they're alone.

They scrape the goo
From their eyes,
Hork out phlegm
In the kitchen sink,
Flatulate til the whole house stinks.
They pop a pimple onto the mirror,
Do nasty things with red raw liver.

Oh, the things some do
When they're alone.

They'll surf the net
For pornography
In HD or still photography.
They'll clean gobs of wax
From both their ears,
Run naked up and down the stairs.
Landscape their private body hairs,
And sniff the crap beneath they're nails.

Oh, the things some do
When they're alone.

Some deficate in the shower,
Masterbate until they holler,
Then light a doobie,
Wink in the mirror,
Knowing tomorrow
They'll start all over.

Oh, the things some do
When they're alone,
I'm glad they do them
In their home.

Francie Lynch

The Time Of Day

You don't need
To wear a watch
To give me
The time of day.

Francie Lynch

The Tower Of Babel

From the Tower of Babel,
Being chiselled in stone,
Come forth new commandments
To appease the throngs.

One through three
Remain the same,
Following a change
In the demigod's name.

Numbers five through ten
Need some twerking,
Alternatively,
They weren't working.
Lie, cheat, con and steal,
Whatever works
To seal the deal.

Covet women and neighbour's goods,
Stay west of Eden's pussyhoods.

Number four stands alone,
The command is clear:
Honour the unborn, not the Mom.

After a frantic panic,
Babel collapsed in pitiful spite;
Its ruins scattered
On the western Atlantic.
Our world continued to spin,
Because we were resolved
To sin.

Francie Lynch

The Translucent Curtain

The cell rang the same as the old land.
I am the last drape to be drawn:
I like the familiar comforting ring of history.
The voices; however, have changed.
So many satellites and unseen connections
With disembodied voices moving me on to pull
The mate drape along the rod for clear viewing.
Along unseen lines, and in every direction.
Misused gadgets sending messages so near,
But I don't see a word, hear a sound.
Draw back, look for yourself.
There are dimensional messages,
Unheard, unless connected by the unseen and
Untouched.
The shears on this side are drawn,
And the waves roll on.
The unseen, unheard, undead,
Still moving us on.

Francie Lynch

The Troubles

He held some Romantic notion
His years of love and devotion,
The exposition of emotion
Could overcome the troubles.

His tried to be meta-physical,
Raised his crucible to the celestial,
Prayed to move the unchangeable
To overcome the troubles.

For years he toiled in his realism,
The jobs, debts and persistent requiems,
The slugging burdens of their tediums,
To overcome the troubles.

He was Dada, then Grand-dada.
She was Mama, then Grand-mama.
Once an in-law, now an outlaw,
Yet always there was trouble.

Now he's lost his generation,
Learned the cost of retribution;
Still sourcing out his frustration,
Considers a final solution
For dealing with his troubles.

Francie Lynch

The Unborn

I can guess your names,
Cleverly chosen to reflect
This year's popularity.
Names beginning with XYZ.
Some silly ones, by all accounts,
But I'm silly to think my opinion counts.
Though that's of no matter for what you face;
For we've left this place in a sorry state.
Our lame excuse is,
We didn't fare well from our benefactors.
The ethnic mix was already a mess;
And rightly demands fair redress;
Broken promises to those who dreamed,
The indigenous and the migrant streams;
Those in chains, though innocent,
The fairer sex, and I'm not sexist,
Has been under the heel of the strong,
Yes, far more fair,
And they've been wronged.
Unique communities of men and women,
Have cracked the doors, blown their horns
And tumbled the walls of garrisons
Through film, print, paint and clay.
Their inclusiveness gives me hope,
That some near not far future day,
We'll all be gathered in one parade.

I've scratched the surface of our inheritance,
And in fifty years of managing the place,
We've left problems til too late;
Some we've worked on,
Some escaped.
We've pointed fingers far too long,
The work we started's never done,
You too will have to pass it on
To the unborn of the human race.

Francie Lynch

The Unforgiven Disease

I want to remark
On my disease;
It's not as obvious
As a sneeze,
Or an allergy to cheese.
It's not profound
As cancer,
But will lay me in the ground.
It's worse than an itch,
Though that's part of it,
I can't stop scratching.
I look the picture of health,
You'd never know I'm sick,
Until you get a whiff.
But I am,
Bottle or can.
Damn... there's no pill to take,
And the cocktail doesn't work.
The worse part of all,
Those who say they love me,
Think that I'm a jerk.
I'm not.
I'm sick.

Francie Lynch

The Unforgiving Wall

I'm considering rebuilding
A wall I levelled;
I've no shortage of materials,
But I lack
The man power,
And the willingness,
To rebuild this wall
Of unforgiveness.

Francie Lynch

The Virgin Queen

The virgin queen
Ate seedless grapes,
Eyeless potatoes
And mandrake.
She washed it down
With honeyed wine,
Then went to bed
A virgin crying.

Francie Lynch

The Voice

Small voices
Are muted by buds
Pounding the bass.
Like a headache,
Blurring,
Not wrong,
And jarring the song.

Bullies are wired,
The me's get hired
Carrying small compassion.
That Voice
Has no auditions;
We are type cast
In roles of contrition.
Don't slur,
Be demure,
Have patience
To hear
Your voice
To conclusion.

Join the dance,
Be resolute.
Hear the voice
With repute.

Francie Lynch

The Volume Is Constant

We can cry rivers,
Sweat buckets,
But never add an ounce
To the earth's volume.
We can salivate over sex,
Express our fluids of desire,
But we'll not add a milliliter.
Jesus knew this so well:
Don't worry!
So spend tears of joy;
Embrace the sweat of work and sun,
Cleanse our bodies,
Accept the known and unknown,
For we'll not add one day
Fretting and pacing
Over our human condition.

Francie Lynch

The Warmth Of Winter

Enjoying being alone
With first snow falling
On my lawn,
Covering Spring
Til some distant dawn
With mini mellows.
Beulah, my new magnolia,
Will ring the bell in May,
But resting now,
Beneath the warmth of winter.

Francie Lynch

The Who-Gee Boo-Gee Man

Have you met the Who-Gee Boo-Gee Man?
He sells scams,
Like fig leafs in the garden,
And guns to Americans.

outside-in, inside-out; upside-down, right-side up

The Who-gee Boo-gee Man can shout.
He offers snake oil, spins a tale,
To make you smart, healthy and hale.

from top to bottom, bottom to top

The Who-gee Boo-gee Man can't stop.
He always has a pen.

right is left, left is wrong

That's the Who-Gee Boo-Gee song.

Consultation for now is free,
No hidden added extra fees:
You buy two, you get three.

north to south, east to west

The Who-Gee Boo-Gee man won't rest.

I've heard his feet are cloven,
His eyes are yellow, lips are ochre,
He has two fingers, his clothes silk woven;
He sinks like water to the lower level,
He's quicker than the slyest devil,
Selling hell, but we hear heaven;
Doing so twenty-four seven.

He photo-shops secret desires,
Twists truth-tellers into liars;
Artful, wily, scheming, subtle,

Who-Gee Boo-Gee's a duplicitous jackal.

today is the day, yesterday's late,
tomorrow's a place that just won't wait

I've met with the Who-Gee Boo-Gee Man,
Peddling apples from my garden.

Francie Lynch

The Wind At My Back

It growls again
Like a hungry pact,
A grumbling
Belly-empty grind.
Its hoary arms
Touch my back,
I feel its breath
On my neck;
I quicken my pace
Past the gated community
Where family and friends
Stay secure
From this snap of wind,
The reach of its cold hands.
Swirling, circling
'Round my head,
I pull down my balaclava
Like a soldier of fortune,
Good fortune,
Wrap my scarf as a constrictor.
Mouth an Ave Maria,
And turn towards home.

Francie Lynch

The Wisdom Fallacy

I know plenty of elderly,
I should,
Who seem to know
Everything about Nothing,
And have the time
To tell us.
If we're not wise in youth,
We're not necessarily wise
In age.
Experience needs tempering
With a modicum of brains,
Which may explain
The Wisdom Fallacy.

Francie Lynch

The World Is My Cathedral

I've walked
The flat lands
Of Alberta,
And ascended the foothills.

Near the doors of France
I've approached the caves.

Crossed the Channel
And praised the chalk altar
Of Dover.

Looked skyward
To the Dome,
Thought of creation
Across the blue
Michael knew,
Then touched
My fingers.

Francie Lynch

The Worry Wart

Peter, my closest friend,
Worries.

Name it - he worries.

Shows it too,

In everything:

Cause I worry

Bout everything, he frets.

What advice can I offer:

'Don't use Compound W.'

Francie Lynch

The X Casting

We should be hardened cynics,
Putting plywood on our windows,
Yellow tape around our homes,
Cautioned shouting,
Never doubting
Who is number One,
In a race that's nearly done.
The finish line's stopped moving,
We hope to be disproving
The infallibility of man.
And thus we sit waiting,
Anticipating chaos,
Spinning the wheels of commerce,
Leaving treadmarks on the innocents
Who needn't to be literate
To mark their X to obliterate.
Like a sniper on a mission,
With cross-hairs on the decision.

Francie Lynch

The Zen Of Cursive Writing

I paid a visit to Byron.
He was distressed about
His sixteen year old son.
A smart lad.
Can't sign his name for his driver's license.

'He was never taught cursive writing, By.'

I lamented with him.
The blue book with the two solid blue lines,
Divided by a broken red line.
We started with pencils.
By Grade Five, we had fountain pens.
Pages and pages...
Of loops, sticks, slanted at the correct angle,
Going through the red line and all the way to blue,
Or, and this took practise, only three-quarters the way,
Up, and down to the lower red.
Pages of o's, p's, q's, x's.
Every letter had its own uniqueness.
Then joining them like a chain gang,
To dig, turn and spread,
Any word.
Words made more of the world
In sequences, patterns and sound.
Valentines, notes,
Letters home.

Your Signature.

Francie Lynch
246 Devine St., S.,
Sarnia,
Ontario.
Canada
North America
Western Hemisphere
The World
The Solar System

The Milky Way
The Universe

I was one with infinity and creation.
In ink. Real ink,
By age 10.

Francie Lynch

There Is A Stopwatch

Our foes,
Some of whom we can surely name,
Pray to the same God.
A rose is a rose is a rose.
The rain and sun
Cover the same game site;
There's no referee calling foul,
Illegal procedure or out of bounds.
This is more like Gaelic Football,
No perceptible rules for finger pointing
From the spectators in a very large stadium.
But, make no mistake,
Every game has a timer,
And his thumb is poised
On the stopwatch.

Francie Lynch

There's A Seminar In My Head

I must hurry to the meeting
In the committee room,
We'll vote on closure
Of the heart,
Get back to work by noon.
All the players are present,
We're sitting side-by-side,
I'm next to an idiot
With opinions that collide.
I'm beside myself,
Within myself,
About myself,
Infused with self,
I'm the chair of the meeting,
The only one in the room.
My many colored selfish life
Has left my heart forlorn.
We take a vote
To remove the chair,
His outlook
Is too biased;
He had a heart per diem,
But spent it on a poem.

Francie Lynch

There's No Free Verse

There's No Free Verse

There are no free rides;
Not since the '30's.
There's no free lunch;
Do you think food
Grows on trees?
There's no free-for-all;
Unless you hold
The winning ticket,
But don't bet on it.
There are no free trials;
We don't return it
Because we can't find it
After the thirty day
Money-back guarantee.
There's no free verse;
That's an oxymoron.
I spend inordinate amounts
Of time, alone, struggling,
To make it look free,
But it's costly.

Francie Lynch

There's None More True

If you should hear me
Say 'Ave, '
Don't presume
You hear me pray;
It's just one way
For me to say,
How are you?

If you should hear me
Say 'Shalom, '
Don't assume
You heard a Jew,
I'm only offering
Peace and Welcome
To you.

If you should hear me
Say 'Namaste, '
Don't be amused,
I'm not Hindu
I bow to the divine
That I see
In you.

Then again I say
Waz sup,
And you don't think
I'm Gangsta,
You know I mean to say
Les hang togetha.

Does it really matter
What you heard;
Words spoken in brevity
Are heard with sincerity;
But there's none more true,
Than
I Love You.

Francie Lynch

These Moments That I Have

This happened
Faster than the speed of light,
Immediate like déjà vu;
While coming across your picture,
Just then, I am with you.

As enlightening as an epiphany,
Shorter than a sub nano Zen;
I was one with my reality,
I am in the picture then.

I snap back,
I put it back
Beneath the orchid cloth,
Where time and space lie dormant
For these moments that I have.

Francie Lynch

These Roads I'm Led To Roam

Ungraded roads have many holes,
Gravel, and running ditches.
After a rain, they seem more wide than narrow.
Long but terminal.
These roads I'm led to roam,
Not straight, but bending to travel.

Signs warn of deer or bumps,
With a bridge dead ahead.
Chances are, it's a single lane,
And timing dictates crossing.

My turning wheels clear the ruts,
And too soon they fill again
With running water,
As if I never passed.

Francie Lynch

Thick, Thicker, Thickest

They romp on Florida beaches,
Tee-up North and down South;
Pack jock-straps in their Peach State bags,
And roll strikes in ten pin alleys.

They're raging at the crosswalks,
Flail arms at intersections,
Like scarecrows on the Yellow Brick Road;
They foment insurrection.

The thick won't mitigate.
The thicker will congregate.
The thickest will dissipate.

Francie Lynch

Thirty-Four Holes Make A Home

There are thirty-four holes to fill in your home.
That could do.
All things gravitate their way.

I brought capsules
Filled with the smells of spade-turned earth,
And a sun-dried piece of carpet beneath my knees,
Lying between morning rows of an unwed garden that
Touched my arms, as I reached out.

Holes begin to fill.

Then there is the touch of a cool coin in a pocket hole,
The sound of gravel crushed beneath tires on a promised Beach Day.
There, swaddled in towels, waiting.
The heat is piled on the hood, and mixes with the
Smoke-soaked upholstery.

Several holes to go.

I smear mud, made by man, and mixed with the
Smells of a parental bedroom, worn work clothes,
A sweat-dried pillow, and an open window.

Holes are disappearing.

The nursery ceiling has been dimpled beneath hot-wired survival smells
You too will know.

Fewer now.

When you moved to another room,
I filled with a tree and a bone,
Holidays, blankets, music and soothing cover stories,
Then sanded above me,
Behind the mask of a mime.

One left.

So, I finished the job,
Smoothing and painting over the scabs.

No picking. No scratching.

Francie Lynch

This Friendship Has Sunk

I've a sinking friendship,
Torpedoed by the bullshit,
And listing.
The first mate mutinied.
Once a blood brother,
Like no other;
An intimate
At an imminent end,
An alter-ego
More than a friend.

I've been too patient,
Veered off course
With understanding.
I'm quite sure
This Pythias
Would run and leave me
Hanging.

I'm on a cliff
And won't hang on
To a blade of trust,
An unworthy pawn.
He had my back,
I turn,
He's gone.

This partisan must part
A homeless homeboy
From my heart.

Not a mainstay,
He's insecure,
His equivocations
Make lines blur,
I don't believe
Him anymore.

He really needs a soul-mate,

Classmate, playmate,
He's become a reprobate,
Lying prostate,
Lying up straight.
I'll drown my Boswell
In my inkwell;
No longer
An advocate.

The laughs have left,
Yes,
I'm bereft,
But I'll catch the wind.
My course is true.
This friendship
Can't be salvaged.
I won't sink
With you.

Francie Lynch

This Quest Of A Questionable Life

Wherever you go;
Whatever you do;
Whomever you choose;
Whenever you leave,
I'll not question Why.
But allow me a How.
How can I help
On this trip you must travel,
Climbing up hills,
Then viewing the valleys
On this quest
Of a questionable life.

Francie Lynch

This Side Of The Grave

I hear too many sirens,
Their call has no desire;
And yet their plaintif wails
Makes one feel alive.

But there's a chance
A child's at risk,
In chaos children die;
Not all kids are underage,
Children are the majority,
Their older than you gauge;
It's like they live at home:
They did: They do: They don't.
And the sirens
Still mean the same.
Someone's child
Left parents grieving
This side of their grave.

Francie Lynch

This Solid Flesh

I never feel
More connected
With my world
As when I
Get sunburned,
Twist my footing outside,
Or pierced by an expectant
Mosquito.
Then I'm bitten
By the ashen irony
Of our soliloquy.

Francie Lynch

This Temple

I heard a voice
call out:

"Are you home? "

(perhaps it came
from within)

A stranger's voice
that's called
before.

I am
insular.

"I am Home! "

Inside

This temple of dissipation.

Francie Lynch

Those Girls

Had I known, for certain,
With a seen future,
Had no doubt,
Safely forewarned
Of my foreboding loss,
Of how we'd turn out,
Would I?
Knowing I'm here enduring
Hearing stories concerning
You.
Yes... I would.
Even though I sit here,
Writing silly poems,
I get it out,
I read it.
It helps.
Ah! But why Would?
Many say we failed,
But
You can't make
Teachers and scholars
From exceptional daughters
With failure.
We're merely a statistic
In family demographics
To them.
And yet,
Three girls don't add up to
Your subtraction.

Francie Lynch

Those Kids

The news was expected,
But she died today;
She's the last of our parents,
Our children will cry,
So will you,
So might I.
Her great grands didn't know her one bit.
The oldest being just six,
While Nana was sick, long out of touch,
For most of the years of those kids.
The fact is she's passed,
And so it is.
But give it some time,
And she'll show up,
She's an integral part of those kids.

Francie Lynch

Three

I love the number three
In all its numerology.
The universe,
Yes, every atom
Builds paragons
With protons and ons and ons.
Three illustrates our progression
As the sum of all before.
Our music finds accord
When three notes
Form a chord.
Love and all we deem
Of worth,
Is here,
Third planet,
Earth,
Where life gives birth
To you and I and us,
Dependant on
Animal, ore and vegetations
For our regeneration.
We grew, grow and nurture
In past, present and future.
Our words, thoughts and deeds
Are civilization's seeds
For a wholesome, safe and peaceful life
With Faith, Hope and Charity.
Yet,
I've three better reasons:
Andrea, Maggie and Kathleen.
Now,
With the birth of Aine,
I'm in love with four.

Francie Lynch

Three Wise Mutes (An Epiphany Poem)

Near death stories
Are not death tales.
The widow's daughter,
In Nairn, to whom
Did she speak?
In Bethany,
Near Galilee,
Where Lazarus
Learned to talk,
Who asked him
On his walk,
With his dog on a
Sunday afternoon?
Jarius' daughter
Would like to offer
A quote and goat
At the altar
Of atonement.
She was never asked,
So she never spoke.
The scribes never scribbled
To answer the riddle;
They never went to press
With the Extra Big Scoop
On life after death,
The direction from tomb,
From the three
Who knew best.
Never recorded for all time.
Never a word from their minds.
Would they tell of a
Long lit tunnel
Lined with familiars
Slapping their astral asses
As they ran the gamut
Into ethereal eternity.
Nearing the Eternal Throne,
They hear:
 It's not your time.

Go back for more.
Keep the secrets,
Believe in Him,
For he won't
Live to be thirty-four.

And so it's not written,
Let it be so.

Francie Lynch

Ticker-Tape Parade

The harlequin trees celebrate
With a red, yellow and orange
Ticker-tape parade
On all the streets of Ontario,
Announcing the onslaught
Of another miserable
Canadian winter.

Francie Lynch

Tight Tonight

Have another round boys, the time's on me;
Use the good time while you can boys,
In morning you sill see.

Don't ponder vain dreams, lads,
They thicken in your blood:
Leave it on the rocks, sir,
For there it will inspire, for certain
Something's sensed.

Keep me alive, don't let me die
Tonight. If I stayed at home,
I wouldn't be too tight tonight.
Sensing delight in drinks tonight's
By me.

Let your insight falter, slip another disc.
Stay seated where you are boys,
Don't bother to resist.
Thrill your lungs with tapered incense,
The myrrh of barroom bliss.

While rambling through the ale and lager
We remain serene...
And all too soon I lie alone
In sober company.

Francie Lynch

Til We Hear The Final Crack

On the coldest day
We'll try ice-fishing,
In warm huts
Without winter's sting.

On the snowiest day
We'll try ski-doing
Through bare woods
Leaf-thick in spring.

On clear winter days
Try ice-parachuting,
Skate on ponds,
Wiggle like angels
On our lawns.

Don't sit inside
And fret and mope,
Grab a sled,
Hit the slopes.
Winter activities
Help us cope
Til we break
Winter's back.
Yes,
Til we hear
The final crack.

Francie Lynch

Time For A Love Poem

All poems are love poetry.
Love of language and wordplay;
Love of order and rhyme;
Love of lines and rhythms
 (yes, and capitals and punctuation):
Love of insight;
Love of sharing;
Love of caring;
Love of instruction;
Love of day and night;
Love of stars and moon;
Love of reading and writing.
Yes, even hate poems
Are Love Poems.

Francie Lynch

Time Is Like A Stone

The Spring waters
Lie still on Twin Lakes,
Smooth and soft
Like your face.
But time is like
This stone I throw,
Causing ripples to cascade
Like wrinkles on your face.
One upon the other grows,
From your head
Down to your toes.
Lake ripples to the shoreline flow,
That's to the shoreline,
That's not fro.
Your aging wrinkles,
Like crow's feet,
Grasp and hold
'Til we're two fathoms deep.

Francie Lynch

Time Is Not Environmentally Friendly

Time is a gilded gift
To offer or ask.
It diminishes in quantity,
Bound by its own law.
And yet,
She asks for more.
I argue:
My time is not
Environmentally friendly,
Reuseable or recyclable.
It's reduceable!
And therein lies
The problem.
You want the very air
In my lungs
Til eternity chimes.

Francie Lynch

Time Won'T Tell

How would things
Be different
If the tectonic plates
Were stable.
Would the world
Be closer?

If the Great Comet hadn't
Smashed our world,
Would the primordial cesspool
Bubble?

Time has told us:
Well, I'm all ears now.
How would my world be
If I hadn't shifted and crashed?
Time won't tell.

Francie Lynch

Time's Up

Put down your pens and pencils,

You've been on that swing long enough.

Congratulations. You did the crime, now...

Your five minute egg is ready.

The ebb and flow of tides is discriminate.

Your light turned green.

...5...4...3...2...1...Blast Off.

... to conclude our meeting...

Just one more contraction...

My worthy opponent considers...

Find the escape door in this room before
Time's Up.

Be reassured. Be content. Good things take time, and don't wait
for them to happen.

But if Time isn't Matter,
Should it.

Francie Lynch

Timothy's Lullaby

Sleep, Timothy, Sleep.
Let wishes dance
About your feet,
For now.
Let angels fill your dreams
While all is yet
As it seems.

Sleep, Baby, Sleep.
And worry not of
Place or times,
As yet be happy
With childhood rhymes.

Sleep, Dreamer, Sleep.
Let your fancies
Fill your age
Forever,
And keep your heart
As sage
In waking hours.

Sleep, Angel, Sleep.
From our Father with
Candent smile,
To brighten
Then light again
Where Angels sleep.

Francie Lynch

Tinder

Every face has its glory;
Every scar has its story;
Swipe left,
Swipe right,
Hit like,
Hit dislike,
You're judge, gavel and jury.

Francie Lynch

'Tis Grand Being Irish

'Tis true what they say,
May your glass be full,
I discovered the same
In a quaint Irish pub.

On leaving the evening
I pulled on my mac,
The wind was wet
And pushing my back.

Pushing may be
An understatement,
For it pushed so hard
My face met the pavement,
And the road rose up to meet me.

There wasn't a sun
To shine on my face,
The red burn on my skin
Was a shameful disgrace.

True, the road to home
Was all downhill,
But the rain that night
Cleared the doorsill.

So, there's plenty
Of work
For this man's hands,
For the luck of the Irish
Is a tourism scam.

As for being in heaven
A half hour ahead
Of Ole Lucifer knowing
That I am stone dead;
Well I'm sure he'll be keening
At the foot of my bed.

Da always said
Being Irish was grand,
If you're in North America
And not Ireland.

Francie Lynch

To Be Long Ing

You're too long
Calling;
Too long texting;
Be long by the fire,
Belong to burning desire.
Don't be long away,
For you belong to me.

Francie Lynch

To Be Most Anybody

Years ago,
More like lifetimes,
I was better
Than most anyone
In any sport.
A champion.
I was very good,
Better than most anybody
In my education, with family,
Had two closest pals.
I had cars, motorcycles,
Clothes, girls.
I always had the better part
Of a North American middle class life.
Today, I'm elated
To be a part of most anybody.

Francie Lynch

To Think I Could

To think I could
Drink
Is pure vanity.
The thought that a draught
Wouldn't effect my progress.
The ON switch got clicked,
Might have been the OFF,
Either way, I found the cave.
The crawl from the crypt
Is difficult; I'm sick;
But the reward
For the struggle
Compares with nothing,
So humble,
As the love that waits for me.

Francie Lynch

To What Avail

We played with sand
Up to our nails,
You swung a swishing pony-tail.
We traversed on unkempt trails,
Took chances out beyond the pale.
Travailed on routes with certainty;
Made more friends than enemies;
Increased and raised our family.

To what avail?

I had time to auto correct,
To re-direct my wayward steps.
To stop the fall from bad to worse,
To put shortcomings in reverse,
To curtail an innate curse.

To what avail?

I heard you promise too.
"In sickness and in health."
I promised the same to you.

To what avail?

I tried.
Lied.
I'm tired.

To what avail?

To this avail.
I remember our first kiss,
The walks, the talks;
You called me funny,
The times together without money.
A tent, charcoal and book of matches,
A midnight campfire, a beat-up car;
When anywhere wasn't off that far.

We'd snatch two days alone
In each other's company.

To what avail?

I tried. Tried.
I lied. Lied.
I'm tired. Tired.

Memories aren't that selective.
There's scenes I can't dismiss.

They're part of me,
They're part of you,
I'd be remiss to discard these few.
They're in the memories I recall,
The good and bad before the fall.
I claimed, There's two sides to every wall.
But still there is the wall.

I tried. Tried... tried.
I lied. Lied... lied.
I cried...cried... cried..
I'm tired. Tired. Tired.

Francie Lynch

Tongue In Cheek

Da's an organ grinder,
Grinding heart and tongue;
Bull pizzles for his daughters,
Chicken livers for his sons.
Cranking in the summer kitchen,
In the cool morning summer sun.
He strings savory sausages
That please most everyone.

Mammy's in the pantry
Making room for some;
Mammy cooks when Daddy grinds,
She likes a little tongue.

Francie Lynch

Tongue-Tied

Did you remember me today.
(I always remember yours) ,
Especially today, once a year.
You made such effort for happiness then.
I admired your mind,
Lusted for your body,
Held you in high esteem,
And you returned in kind.
We will never be strangers,
Though years have estranged us.
I get tongue-tied and stupid
When you're near now;
You seem indifferent.
I must live with this distance,
I deny I love you yet,
I deny, deny, deny.
Crazy, denial, the source
Of my isolation.
A symptom.
If I'd had cancer,
You would have held me,
I'd see the genuine sorrow about you,
Your tired eyes pleading for another day,
But futility comes in many forms.
This way, I'd leave peacefully,
But I had to leave anyway.
So, after all these years,
Did you remember me today?

Francie Lynch

Traitor

Birtherd by altruism or selfishness,
Motivated by personal gain
Or the forfeiting of a nation;
It's the betrayal of friends,
Country, cause and trust.
Cassius,
Judas,
Benedict Arnold,
The traitor has many personas.

Traitors are hated by those they prefer. (Tacitus)

I forgive those who murder and steal,
but a traitor, never. (Zapata)

A nation cannot survive treason from within...
He rots the soul of a nation. (Cicero)

Softness to traitors will destroy us all. (Robespierre)

An open enemy, however criminal, is no traitor. (Spooner)

No wise man ever thought a traitor should be trusted. (Cicero)

To have a traitor as an ally is to have an enemy in waiting. (Carey)

It is the just decree of heaven that a traitor never sees
his danger till his ruin is at hand. (Metastasia)

There are but two parties now... traitors and patriots. (U.S. Grant)

If I had one bullet and I was faced by both enemy and traitor,
I would let the traitor have it. (Codreanue)

There is a special place in hell reserved for traitors. (J. Trudeau)

Every man must be for the U.S. or against it.
There can be no neutrals... only patriots or traitors. (S. Douglas)

Et tu, POTUS. (F. Lynch)

Francie Lynch

Tramps

Mammy fried her food,
On Hallowe'en.
Every e'en.
It was chops and tomatoes.
Then the grease from the pan
Was smeared on our faces,
And loose tea used for the unshaven look.
Brilliant and no charge.
The disguise was indistinguishable.

Francie Lynch

Transplanted Love

Did you read about the father
Who met the girl
With his daughter's eyes.
The gift of sight.
Post-mortem.

Then I read about the mother
Who gave her son a kidney.
The gift of pee.
Pre-mortem.

Finally, I met a girl
Forty years ago
Still using my heart.
The gift of love.
Eternal.

Francie Lynch

Travellers

I watched the bus drive down its route
With all kinds of fares on board;
Heading to some stop;
Each on a personal journey,
As important as any you've got.
The cord will pull,
The door will open
To let some traveller off,
As another steps into the bus.
On and on,
On and off,
They travel on their routes.

I used to ride a bus,
And I knew this back then;
Then I forgot for far too long,
That I'm still on my journey too.
You don't know me,
I don't know you;
Yet,
We'll see our journeys through.

Francie Lynch

Travelling Toolbox

I recall the day, before she was five,
She asked to go, and play outside.
I answered, "Yes, for awhile; "
For I read his poem, about the road,
The travails she'll face far from home.
At our door I watched her play,
And saw the roads lead her away.

There'll be times she's on her own,
In a one-on-one, or in a throng;
In places where she won't belong;
So many things go right or wrong.

Yet, I untied the knot,
Dropped the tether; as a father,
I knew there'd be tools to hone,
Wits to sharpen, boards to carry,
An ax to edge on her whetstone.
There was work to be done.

If all goes well,
If I got it right,
It won't matter
Which path she roams;
For all her roads
Will lead her home.

Francie Lynch

Trenders

I had hair, lots of it,
And wire rim glasses,
Bells, sandals
And elephant pants
With the Libra sign embroidered
On the back right pocket.
We wore leather wrist bands,
Listened to the cool music,
Knew all the Beatles' lyrics,
Dylan and Snow too.
We never wore peace signs,
Not after seeing Sammy Davis Jr.'s
Pendulous medallion.
We were trenders,
But that wasn't a term then.
Neither was sexagenarian.

Francie Lynch

Trick Or Treat

The collective elective
Threw a bag of human waste
On the white house steps;
Torched it,
Stuck around and watched it burn
Live,
On TV.

Francie Lynch

Trump Pardons Manson

But he could.
It's a free country,
Inside.
And he'd say she was an over-rated actor, anyway.
Rudolph could be on his nice list.
I won't mention by name
The prick who assassinated Lennon,
And neither should anyone else,
Including Himself,
But it could be his first State Secret.
Of all the possible pardons possible,
Hanssen deserves an immediate E.O.
Whatever he espionaged to the Russians
Was only what they overlooked as spam;
A communist cookie.
I don't even think an E.O could posthumously pardon
Ford for pardoning Nixon.
There's no excuse for that.
He'll never pardon incarcerated terrorists,
They're safer behind bars.
Us too.
Pardon me, please,
But you're stepping on my Peers.

Francie Lynch

Trumpetting Their Call

Somehow the gate's been opened
To the urban zoo;
This rural petting farm
Is something rather new.
The wildebeests and monkeys
Are leading lambs and lemmings,
They're trumpetting their call,
On that side of the wall.

Francie Lynch

Truth Be Told

It's an old question.
Pilate asked.
Keats told us.
It's what we believe.
A lie is truth.
Some lies may coincide
With my truth,
But never quite the same.
There's always a bit of truth
In every line.

Francie Lynch

Truth Is Lying

Truth be told,
Or,
In troth;
When I'm on
Your side,
I'm just lying
Against you.

Francie Lynch

Truth Seeps Out

Tergiverate.
You're talking.
Equivocate.
I'm listening.
Prevaricate.
They hear too.
Mask it,
Cloak it,
With pretense
And disguise.
Truth seeps out
Throughout
Your pattering
Lies.

Francie Lynch

Turkey Vultures

In the middle
Of a farmer's field,
Newly plowed
And sprouting yield,
Three turkey vultures
Shared a meal
Of something black
With great appeal.
They cleared away
Winter's offal,
Doing what
For them was natural.
I eyed with awe
How they conspired,
Before feathers splashed
After gunfire.

Francie Lynch

Turn Away

I only want to talk to you,
To walk and spend an hour.
I only ask to see your smile,
And love you for a little while.

But you say:

It's not your turn to look at me,
Or listen to me breathe.
You cannot touch, you will not hear
The rustling of my sleeves.

It's not for you I ask these things,
It's just my lonely disposition.
My situation's getting tough,
My demands are not so much.

But you say:

It's not your turn to stay awhile,
Go and find some winning guile,
Turn away you can't stay long,
Your desires are prematurely born.
Go away.

And now these days lag like wounds
That will not heal or seal my pain.
My need is more than I can endure.

Yet you say:

Offer some other church your money,
Call some other Mary honey,
Nail some other rightless wrong,
Offer some other girl your song.
Hoard it for the white-necked lay,
Don't cast a shadow here today.
You know you cannot stay.
It's not your turn today.
It's not your turn.
Turn away.

Francie Lynch

Twisted Umbilical

In the womb he was connected
With a thousand years of family
Cursing through the tether
Of an unfortunate mother.
Then culled from the herd
In a distant cow town
For permanent loan.
With the pretext, the equivocation:

"He'll have a better life."

When someone other deems to tell him,
He'll cry, he'll hide,
Reject, accept,
It's his need for human affection.

He can't forget what didn't happen,
A past that wasn't shared;
Of stories reaching back through years.
The anecdotes on celebrations,
The exaltations, deprivations,
Tales shared like bread
By lost generations.

All his life he's felt the itch
To scratch his DNA.

One day, the knock is heard,
Bells may ring,
There, standing straight on the stoop,
A refracted image of oneself,
Trans-parent cord through missing years.

Aye, there will be tears.

(You'll explain your teenage fears,
Your family's lack of understanding;
The time when wanton women
Had babies out of wedlock)

He listens to the reasons,
Stirred in the heaping crock.

He learned of love,
Was schooled with affection,
He knows he wasn't known to you,
That he was left
For personal sake.

He crosses fingers,
Like plated scissors,
To snip the cord he's hung on;
To sever the love,
You never delivered,
To a son
You never knew.

Francie Lynch

Two Houses

Two houses,
A range,
Oceans and continents
Apart,
Separate
All the same.
Two lives
Never mined;
Two minds
Never melded.
This is what's left
When love's lost.
So I sell out
All property
And belongings.
Stand naked
And redress myself.
Learn a new song,
Write a new verse;
Slip it in
Drive,
Not reverse.

Francie Lynch

Two Minds

I'm of two minds
These days.
This is a sobering thought.
One fraught with yesterdays,
The other with tomorrows.
Today,
I'll give my duality a rest.

Francie Lynch

Two Old Lads

This is the last summer.
Two lads of thirteen sauntered past;
One in barefoot with a backpack;
One in khaki shorts, with shoes and black socks
Over bloated calves.
One athletic, lean and gearing;
One more leaning towards academia.
Both waiting to enter high school.

They met in JK. I know their friendship well.
They slept on their towels, in their tents,
At each other's house on weekends.
They served together, lived as one;
Their mothers loved them as sons.
That's how close they'd become.
Their worlds will change,
Once this season's done.

One will be the talk of his circle,
The other, the talk of his;
But there's a Venn where the rings entwined
Before they turned thirteen.
Their hybrid youth,
Their cloned friendship,
Their memories there are mined.

Years ahead,
Around fires and bells,
Or just languishing on a porch;
They'll dig up those old friendship moments
Of the other when they were young.
Buried treasures relived in days of leisure,
But without the other one.

Francie Lynch

Two Steps Forward

My search
For a higher power
Eluded me;
Thank God
I found our
Poetry.

Francie Lynch

Uncle Eoin

Uncle Eoin

Uncle Eoin walks his fields
At odd times day and night;
When I visit he's asleep,
But not his cows and sheep.
The cows low blithely,
The lambs bah lightly,
There's no cause for alarm.

He's adding on the years,
And since my Granny died,
Eoin lives on his own,
Childless and untied.

Eoin tries to maintain health
With little money
But awash in wealth.
He doesn't worry
As we do,
Being mortgage free,
Debt-free too.
He always knows
Where to eat,
His white-washed house
Still burns peat.
The stone wall fields
Mark creation's expansion,
From first to last dimension.

He rises when I call
From outside the house:
Time has little meaning,
No matter what the season.
He calls down,
Who's there?
Francie! I yell back.

You'd think my accent,
My singular name
Would tell him it was me,
So I'm surprised
When Eoin replies,
Francie who?
To me.

He rumples down
To the blue front door
That doesn't quite
Reach the floor.
Rot has eaten much.
It swings quite well,
Considering,
It's balancing on one hinge.

Eoin wears similar clothes
I saw him wearing
Years ago.
He has a robust crop
Of hair,
As thick as smithy steel,
And snow-white
And grizzly fair.

He dips his pot
Into a pail of water,
Boils it with
The tea bag in,
And stirs it with
His finger.
The mug he offers
Needs a sledge and chisel
To chip at stains
Thick as Irish thistle.
I accept resigned,
Knowing Jameson
Comes with time.

Eoin is himself again,
After tea and toast

And insulin.

He carpets his rough floor
With red-dotted slips of paper,
Used checking his blood sugar.
They're the only color
In a room,
Black with soot,
Still dark at noon.

His sitting room is 12 X 10
With an antique cooker
Not lit since when;
A string of socks above the stove,
Hard from drying, yet never moved.
A propane burner against
An outside wall
Provides some warmth in winters;
But missing window panes
Defeat the warming currents.

My stay never last too long,
An hour, seldom two,
But Eoin never leaves my thoughts
Across the miles of blue.
Don't sympathize with Eoin,

Francie Lynch

Under Cover

Crime scenes
Aren't as clean
As a blanket tossed
Across
A lost one
In a room.
It's antiseptic
On the screen.

The victims rarely seen.
Those who linger
After,
Share pain and suffering
That can't be screened.

The covered relief
Gives no evidence
Of the gravity
Of the grief.

Francie Lynch

Under Veneer

Our skin is a thin veneer
Plied over masks
That put a face on
Our many selves.
The visible features are shallow;
Beneath, we are quick change artists
Looking through eye holes.

Francie Lynch

Unexploded Ordnance

The factory gates are locked,
And there's no work today.
The line-up's getting longer,
And the soup kitchen's closed.
The cardboard box was recyclable
As a home above a vent;
My children have no clothes,
I hear my school's been closed.
Then I hear you call her slut
Because she won't sleep with you.
The lake's been closed, no swimming,
And the park soil is contaminated;
I think we're underestimated.
Clear the area
Before Gilligan removes the head,
Or Hawkeye loses his arms.
This is not a false alarm.

Francie Lynch

Ungodly Love

You may not agree
With their point of view,
But you must concur,
Unbelievers can write
Some damn good
Ungodly love poetry.

Francie Lynch

Ungowa

I heard Tarzan
Swinging through the Rust Belt
Calling all the wild ones
With, 'Ungowa.'
And they responded,
Dragging their knuckles
Along the I-94,
Then stampeding to crown,
Their 'King of the Apes.'

Francie Lynch

Uniform Poets

Uniformed and re-upped,
We are the mind sweepers;
The navel gazers picking lint
Waiting for the image to strike.
We are the missals,
And the launchers,
Looking at cross-hairs
From think tanks.
We captain verse vessels to shore,
Unload and return for more.
We are the Romantics,
Ancient subconscious mariners
Stitched in hammocks.
We are the rocketeers.
A force
To be reckoned.

Francie Lynch

Unknown Friends

Well outside my circle,
Beyond my paltry reach
Of influence,
Nasty, spinsterly, unforgiveables
Happen.
Across from The Farmer's Market,
Just two days ago,
Two young males were...
You've no doubt read it.
Before that, a young teacher
Was kidnapped, stabbed and lit,
(can't believe I just wrote that)
Well, she was fucking lit... burned...

Who can live like this?

Then, I remember Tom's mother
Who invited me on family picnics;
And Crazy Jack,
Who put the chain on my rear sprocket;
The Squires who actually cleaned-up the yard
For the Downie sisters.

The befriendings in neighborhoods.

Mrs. Tethercott, probably the oldest woman
To ever live on a street, once handed me
A hard red candy through the green pickets.
Just me. The sibs never saw it going or coming.
An especially special treat that has stuck with me
For decades after her death.

But the Mayor arriving in full Santa regalia
On the trunk of a sleigh-red car,
With burlap bag slung heavily.
What a first memory of Christmas.
Daddy burned his leg
With diesel oil
On the job site,

Far away, in Kapuskasing,
During our first winter
In Canada.
Did the Downie Spinsters make the call?
What unknown friends reached out
Beyond their circles.
Who aspires to such a height?
I can't let it stop me.
For now,
I carry a hard candy
For just such occasions.

Francie Lynch

Up To My Funny Bone

I'm up to my
Funny bone
In winter.
If I don't laugh
Insanely,
I will avalanche
Into madness;
Go whirl crazy
In the vortex.

Francie Lynch

Us Has U

My life has always been about us.
Not a group us,
But the me in us.
The I, me, mine.
Wear my things, I strike out.
I buy duplicate gifts,
Compliment with vacuous airs of envy.
Invitations are scarce. A dollar a stamp.
Then you appeared
To show me the you
In us.

Francie Lynch

Us Too (10w)

We are misrepresented Caucasian males
Who don't indulge in bigotry.

Francie Lynch

Us, Not Them

I accept atheism, agnosticism,
Transmigration, reincarnation,
Obliteration and nothingness.
These beliefs include all religions,
Yes, Voodoo, Satanism, Witchcraft,
Judaism, Christianity, Muslim, Hindu,
Shintoism, and Buddhism
(even Scientology) .
Some sects aren't polite.
I won't mention the one that rhymes with:
Vileness, truthless, bias, noxious, menace,
Hubris, vicious, anus, prejudice, malice,
Callous, darkness, heinous, carcass or badness.
I might lose my head, or something.
But all the others,
They're based on humanitarianism,
And isn't that what it's all about?
Us,
Not them.

Francie Lynch

Usk

That field stone bridge, as bridges do,
Waits over brown waters, joining roads where
Legions marching, marched on and on.
Her waters breached the ocean, bringing back
Bottles, birds and songs.

In the morning between the columns,
The water breaks from sloping bends,
But under the evening light, when the house
Across the bank shimmers,
They return - marching, dipping, flowing.

Time and time the ebb and flow disturbs ripples
In my mind.
Reflections change from foundations and windows;
Boots and birds go by
With the Usk to deeper water.
The same water, always.
My time here joins roads with the bridge I walk,
Feeling leather below my legs, as Legions did
Before the dig.
Their shields and spears resting, they bend over fires
And drink clear water that cleverly moves
In and out beneath the bridge.

These waters ripe in paradox keep days and nights still;
Where past and now meet in diurnal echoes.

Francie Lynch

Variations In Sand

Sifting through my fingers,
Pouring from my hands,
Shifting in the hour glass
These grains of various sands.

From midnight til dawn,
When very young,
Perhaps before
We're even born,
The Sandman closed our eyes
To sandstorm swirls outside.

From dawn to noon
By the time-swept clock
We learned our roles
In our sandbox.
You played Mother,
I played Father,
And all our pets
Were sons and daughters.
We learned to listen,
Argue, agree,
Learned what's needed
Before three.

From noon til dusk
We pulverized rock,
Making sand
To build our castles,
Where shoreline
Meets serrated water.
I raised the drawbridge
To go farther;
And in the Keep,
Kept secrets
Safe
From the others.

From dusk to twilight,

(As is the plan) ,
We shift and squirm
On quicksand;
Sinking slowly
Towards midnight.

Place sand dollars
On my eyes,
At dawn
I will not rise.

Francie Lynch

Vegas... Baby

Walking the strip
As though I were a pinball
In a giant arcade game.
Showgirls posing,
Gamblers jostling
With over-sized flasks
Hanging around their necks.
The streets are festooned
With picture cards,
As numerous as confetti,
Advertising all the pleasures
And prices of escorts.
Vegas, Baby?
Keep it there,
Not here.

Francie Lynch

Venning Love (A Partici-Poem)

You'll need to use imagination,
Or a pen and pagination
To reveal this configuration:
A two circle ven diagram.

Close your eyes,
Or draw the same,
But create two circles
Not yet combined,
Separate circles,
Undefined.

One circle is titled 'Set A.'
List these despicable words:
alarm, panic, disgust,
revulsion, fear, indifference,
anger, sorrow, grief,
guilt, worry, doubt,
despair, hurt, stress,
tension, remorse, pain.

One circle is titled 'Set B.'
List these wonderful words:
desire, admiration, surprise,
amusement, gratitude, hope,
joy, triumph, jubilation,
relief, generosity, sympathy,
delight, pleasure, courage,
satisfaction, friendship, euphoria.

Now for reader interaction
You'll be using picture cognition.
To envision this conception.

Move the two circles toward
Each other to intersect,
And to create
An elliptic circle,
I like to call

The ventricle,
Centered like our hearts.

This is 'Set C, '
The combination
Of 'Sets A & B.'
And you see,
It's empty.
I title this circle,
'LOVE.'
One word.
But as a participant
In this poem,
Give 'C'
A title
Of your own.

Francie Lynch

Venus Trap

This flower
In the dark
Of night,
With petals
Of carnal delight,
Like Venus, snaps
To hold one tight;
Repeats
The feast
In morning light.

Francie Lynch

Veronica's Veil

The vaporous air clings
To my winter window.
I draw a childish happy face
With my middle finger,
And press my nose
Where Happy's should be;
Thinking to transfer a smile,
Like Veronica.

Francie Lynch

Vestal Virgin Viagra

May I take this opportunity to be plain and simple.
I've learned by speaking less, listening little,
Reading and watching more.
Let's begin with the beginning, something simple,
Birth.
It's universal, a de facto truism.
We've caused it, done it, feared, dreaded, cherished it.
Birth is like unto us a parable.

Which brings me to religion. From being ditch water
to the moon landing and beyond, we've pursued the ideal through
knowledge. One of our earliest stories tells we paid dearly for it
too; otherwise we'd have grasped thunder and forgone trespassing on foreign
lands.

A favorite quotation convincingly talks about turning into dust. I've seen the hate
and violence, and the bodies unearthed weren't even dust. The ragged clothing
looked more like us. I think the most confusing quote is about being in an
afterlife with your body.

Why? Who you gonna swim with?

'Vestal Virgin Viagra. For the Eternal Erection.'

The poet said, Why worry about death. There's nothing to
worry about.

Hmmm!

So, then, what's up with death?

Well, what I know for sure, is that it's a lot like birth,
With one fatal difference.

Francie Lynch

Veteran Of Domestic Wars

I was well-armed,
And I dug in.
Bolted the garrison gates,
Posted my defences on turrets
Of pity and self-loathing;
Attacked with self-righteousness
And posturing.
After the expected one hundred years,
You retreated and fled,
Yet I awaited another on-slaught,
Sharpened my sticks,
Mounded my stones,
Prepared for a signal.
The Keep has long fallen,
The moat is weedy and dry,
But I've left the drawbridge down,
Dismissed my guards,
Examined my scars.
I am a veteran of domestic wars,
With no benefits.

Francie Lynch

Viral Lies (A Partici-Poem)

As in all Partici-Poems,
You're invited to add your own.
Based on Fake News and False Hope,
There's nothing here to help you cope.

Covid-19 is China's Beta version.
The real pandemic is yet to come.
They now have a one year head start.
They've proved they can isolate and destroy
Without leaving their country.
The Sleeping Giant has opened its eyes.

It's the Real Rich people's way of getting Really Richer.
It's a deal maker.
You're Hired.

It's all about Government Opportunity.
Remember Get Smart and the CONTROL Organization
For whom he worked.
If the shoe fits, call someone.

If we send young healthy Jimmy (who tested positive)
In to see all the Grandmas and Grandpas,
Think of the resources we'll free up.

Manipulate the markets.
Tell people Russia and the Saudis are friends.
But tell your family first.

Hydroxychloroquine
Not only will it cure you, but it promotes
Natural skin color, whether black, white, brown or orange.
This is supported by the WH Medical Dream Team.
It's a miracle. Deus ex machina.
Will also give you blue eyes and blonde hair.
SIEG HEIL

Francie Lynch

Virgin Snow

This winter's first snow came tonight,
And it falls like moon feathers,
No wind to sharpen the edges,
A snow-globe pillow-fight,
Streetlights smudged,
Rockwell houses, tundra streets.
Known as the virgin snow,
No squirrel or footprints
On my porch steps;
I need re-fill my gas can.
I'll give it twenty more minutes.

Francie Lynch

Vis A Vis: The Tender Terror

If I'd written
My love poetry
Years ago,
When our passion
Covered college sheets,
When we were sleek
And bared our bodies
Boldly;
When we wore our hair,
Your breasts unbarred,
When we rolled
In your backyard,
Wetter than the dew;
That's one verse
I'd write for you.
Scratch out lines
On your legs,
See Venus rise
From the nubile shell,
Type stanzas
To compare your eyes,
Your neck,
Your lips,
Vis a vis;
The tender terror
Of our first kiss.

Francie Lynch

Voices Of The Ages

It may take too long a time to write,
For the anxious future's now the past,
But the words are flowing out at last.
Composing verse on love and hate,
Death and youth,
And all of nature,
First and all loves,
All relations,
The beauty in all of creation.

I'm pleased to share
My P.O.V.,
On myriad subjects
That interest me;
A prerogative poets share
At all stages.
We take liberties,
Endure indignities,
Being the voices
Of all ages.

Francie Lynch

Wading In Water

Aine was wading in the water,
I was scheming with my daughter
In the shade of the Norwegian Maple.
As we spoke her appearance changed,
She was aging, fulfilling dreams
Both of us shared between.
She appeared in a shapely one-piece,
Her hair was longer, her eyes still green.
This was Aine at thirteen,
On the swim team.

Then she grew six more inches,
Wearing a graduation gown,
Her hair was cut, her legs were long,
Her green eyes fixed on the horizon.
Aine wasn't long for home.

Soon she joined us in the shade,
We three schemed as her children bathed
Under the showers of the water splash.
I shook my head to bring Aine's back
Wading in the water.

It's good to plot, plan and scheme
For parental dreams,
But for now, let them be kids
Wading in the water.

I would love to roll back time
To watch my daughter
Play in water.

Francie Lynch

Walk Of A Lifetime

I must walk away
Til I reach a place
Where the world ends;
Where the sky meets.
Especially at night,
I'd see shooting stars-
Brief as they are.
I'll start out barefooted,
Bring coffee and some cigs.
So, I begin.

Distance dwindles,
I focus on a silhouetted outline,
Always, as a dream...
Just ahead of me.

I recognize a gait from behind.
Siren-like, then me.
And I walk to catch-up,
Walking from everything,
With the end of my world.

Francie Lynch

Walls

From first flesh we walk down widening halls
That lead to lives of wonderous walls.

Our spidered fingers gripped walls of brick,
Cruets, cups and candle sticks.
Incense burned near open graves,
When we two believed we too were saved.

Within Annex walls we learned our phonics,
On tin-roofed walls we lived our comics.

Garage walls scaled showed distant views,
Kitchen walls steamed soups and stews.

Our school yard walls tallied pitches,
To mark our summers of youth and wishes.

Now lift memory's pane and go back,
To boarded walls of a secret shack.
There in confusion we would cling
To the unknown wonders girls could bring.

These young boys' walls are but a few,
New walls arose as we did too.
Coffee House walls offered all that's new.

Wet kisses lingered near shadowy walls,
While a poem's recited in a backroom stall.
Black lights and posters draped lofty walls,
And recreationals made our new skin crawl.

Cliff walls were breached by stairs of clay,
Carved by Incas on a turquoise day.
Tent walls echoed with impish fray,
Green walls beckoned at the end of day.

Those walls gave rise to hot desires,
Where Vikings planned funeral pyres.
New music, cheers and weekend guests

Stood us erect to pound our chests.

Those walls no longer ring our shores,
Time swept us forward with worldly lures.
We doffed our coats of suede and frills,
And donned new clothes and worldly skills.

The walls of work are a stony climb,
We left old walls for the more sublime.
These towers and turrets of heart and hearth,
Guard all we know of any worth.

I see walls recede on cliffs and fields:
Where do they lead? What will they yield?
But there three shadows are climbing still
One more wall. Then all is still.

Francie Lynch

Wannabe Refugees

Here's a few legitimate refugees:
political, poverty, drought, war, and religious.
They're right in the top drawer zone,
But who gives a flying Whoopi
That Miley will claim assylum in Bali Bali;
Or Rosie will fly over camps on her way to Switzerland.
I hope Cher,
Doesn't apply for residence on Cape Breton Island:
We don't want you, Babe.
These are the celebrity refugees,
Bailing out on the touted
Greatest Democracy on the planet.
Shit, if you don't like what you elect,
Look to history, to stove pipe hats
And the wonders to be won
Before the end of this decade.
Perhaps they could go to Mars.

Francie Lynch

Warts And All

Cold sores never leave the body.
They are grafted into the being,
And become a hybrid life,
A symbiotic thing, perhaps a protective shield
From the unwanted, unsolicited other.
A wart, on the other hand,
Can be frozen, or, with the likes of you,
Repeated Compound W.

Francie Lynch

Watch Over Her

O, Mammy if you'd met her
She'd take your breath away;
There's peace in her demeanor,
At sleep or at play.
There's affection in her movements,
And more than I can say.
Her eyes are lighthouse beacons,
Her skin is sculpted clay;
Her hands grab at my heart
With vice-like claws of love;
Oh, Mammy
Please watch over her
As you watched over us.

Francie Lynch

Water And Salt

You and I
Are water
And salt.
Needing each
To live,
Separately,
Dying
Of thirst
If taken
Together.

Francie Lynch

We Are Stars

We are stars
Above the sun;
No one hears
Or sees us come.
But surely when
Your sun fades,
We shine brightest
To light your way.

Francie Lynch

We Can Do Too

We're mostly gregarious and polite,
Like most of you.
We too have our diplomatic trips 'n bumps;
We never cozied to Dicky;
But welcomed ex-pat refugees
For safe and sound reasons;
After the jimmy-rigging, how many re-pated?

And we gagged on the impeachables, all fuzzy and bitter.
He called the father "that asshole in Ottawa; "
And Pierre wore that moniker like The Order of Canada.
When you're not liked by one, you're a dove.

You should visit
It has it all.

How is Supreme Leader managing?
Are his...
"Are my people... sitting at attention."

We could real news a bomb a la Kim Jong,
Or flip a stone down on Port Huron from the Bridge.
We won't.
But we could if we weren't
The Great White North, so accommodating, so polite,
So "Coo loo coo coo coo coo coo! " nice...
(for now)

Francie Lynch

We Celebrate

My brother
Celebrated seventy
Years in the valleys
And peaks of his
Momentous
Mountain of times.
Partner, ditto master,
Chalk talker
And Dad.
Streams floated him;
Paths and ruts
Loomed
Before his shouldered boulder.
He pushed on
To the party,
And wore
A party hat,
Made a wish,
And with a
Mighty, healthy blast,
Nailed those damn candle flames.

Francie Lynch

We Have Changed

I am no longer a Roman,
Though my nose would differ.

I'm not Viking,
But my descendants have blonde and red hair.

I am a benefactor of the dark ages,
The scriptoriums and monasteries
That brought the Greeks and Romans to life.

I am not Gael, though my eyes sparkle
When I hear the harp and pipes.

Neither am I Saxon or Norman,
Victorious or defeated.

I, we, have metamorphized,
Casted of the moulted casement,
Spread dry wings and lifted,
Carried on fresh winds
To new worlds
To read, write, fish and hunt,
And I have gathered
My lineage,
Framed it in genetics on my wall,
To point at in fond remembrance
Of what I once was,
And what I am today.

Francie Lynch

We Know His Name

There was a young lad
Lived next door
In his parents' basement.
We saw the flicker
Of his screen
Through his curtain window.
He had two jobs,
A license too,
But drove their car
As they had two.
He wasn't one to get out much,
He hadn't many visitors,
He seemed out of touch.
In school he wasn't a head banger,
He presented his doppelganger.
Secretly he worked his game,
Perfected it to bring him fame.
Now everyone says his name.

Francie Lynch

We Know Jack

Jack entered centre stage
With a flourish,
And a wooden spoon
In his mouth,
To a stainless steel home,
Gilded in precious metals.
His lineage was Queen Anne
And Chippendale:
He would become
A stationary salesman,
Bent under the weight
Of headboards and showrooms.
Nesting tables would be
His succor.
But, there was a sideline
Of coffins in the adjoining parlor,
And Jack was well-schooled
In the features
For prospectives.
Too young for overseas duty,
Jack wandered for
Forty wilderness years,
Selling.
He raged,
But never struck a rock
In anger.
Jack is embedded
In the peripheral
As he waits
For a display model.
We know Jack.

Francie Lynch

We Need More Tomorrows

This day needs tomorrow
As much as
Tomorrow needs today.
Throw a stone,
Watch ripples lick the shore,
Then turn around
And ripple more;
Like magician's rings,
Smoke rings,
Wedding rings,
Entangling,
Enriching,
Intertwining,
Becoming Olympian.
At the epicentre of the pond
It's calm,
Where the stone disappeared.
But look at all the ripples.

Francie Lynch

We Shoot 'Em All

Beneath the calm
Of moonlit leaves,
Lying lovers
Shoot the breeze.

When in the moment
Of the mode,
Between the rhythm
Of stride and strode,
Shoot off your mouth
And not your load.

Corner thugs
Will deal you drugs
To smoke or snort
Or mainline shoot.
It's a slippery slope
Of lost freewill,
The up is high,
The trip's downhill.
You're in the cross hairs;
Drugs shoot to kill.

The shooter feigns
Heeding advice,
So craps himself
On loaded dice.

The lawyers grin
Without remorse;
They shoot your savings
With your divorce.

The pool hall hustler
Cues his cool,
Looking for
A snookered fool.

Naively, when the children play,

Yell, 'Ah shoot! ' instead of say,
'Ah shit.'
We say that's okay.
Like saying, 'Damn! '
When they can.
It's in the Bible, see?

Sports Illustrated
Puts out a shoot
Of photoshops
In skimpy suits.

When we say
We shoot meat,
Do we stalk roasts
On city streets;
From our hide
On city blocks,
Do we use crossbows
To down our chops;
Do we rope breasts,
Then use buckshot?
It's euphemistic,
An artful spadeful:
We shoot 'em all,
And that's no Bull.

Francie Lynch

Wear The Wellies

Believe me when I say
I am an above average equivocator;
A hyperbolic exaggerator;
But I love to listen to the experts,
Their promises of love, wealth, justice.
Now, I'm also a reflective skeptic,
Remembering in tranquility and such.
And the wellies fit well.

Francie Lynch

Weaving

Lazy afternoon rays shaft
 Through Spring's full trees;
The wind cuts laterally
 Leaving the sea.
Through deck lattice
 The grass weaves
A tartan plaid.

Electric lines,
Chimney tops,
Blossoming crops.

I hold out my hands,
Stringing fingers
Through thinning hair.

The artisan
Wove and weaves.
This is the basket,
The rug,
My coat.
Entwine our fingers;
Weave a basket.
Collect your thoughts.

Francie Lynch

Wee Steps

The red high chair,
Now empty there,
Has carbon foot-prints
On scuffed rails,
And impressions
On the tray.
Digs from a previous day.

Her first steps were small,
Unsure, unstable,
Needing balance,
Yet proving able.
A two-step dance,
An infant's prance,
An infinite chance,
She tottered to the door,
Drawn and wanting more.

I fell forlorn
By those wee steps,
She's already gone.

Francie Lynch

Weeks

I get weak
Thinking
About weeks.
For example:
1300 weeks = 1 generation;
2080 weeks = a work life;
4420 weeks = a lifetime.
Don't squander 1 week
Worrying about
Next week,
It makes one weak.

Francie Lynch

Well, Dear:

I knew I would be right.
We believed it to be true.
But

(and bear with me here
As I do my male analogizing) ,

It's the third period;
The fourth quarter;
Fifth set;
Tenth round;
Last round;
Last lap

(can you think of another
to describe my situation) .

In thirteen hundred weeks
I'll give you confirmation
And you'll have an epiphany.
You'll have to agree

(sorry about this next part)

I was in the game 'til
The fat lady sang,
'Hallelujah.'

I told you I'd love you til I died,
But you threw in the towel.
And I don't even get to say
'I told you so.'

Love, Always

Francie Lynch

We're All Native

Mrs. Wolfe sat, confused and angry
That Charlie is being sent home.
Suspended for three days.
They refused the in-school community work
For reparation. She preferred the healing circle.
In frustration, she alluded to me being racist.
But I'm Native.
She was exposed. Bewildered and befuddled.
I was born naked, lived clothed, and will die broken.
I am a member of the Tribe.
Contribute to the Band.
I keep the beat, smudge, dance, good at archery,
Can't spear fish, but buy cheap smokes.
My group calls me Fran Dog,
But Proinsias is my native name.
Then came the critical error:
You don't look Native.
Ah, but I am. And you sound racist.
I am native Irish. From Cavan.
I asked for them to leave the door open,
But it closed behind them.

Francie Lynch

We're Not Laundry

Life's not laundry.
Don't separate
The colours
From the whites.

Francie Lynch

Were There Five?

There were four high pines, straight, that branched out
over the hedge with holes.

They stood beside the cement goldfish pond
near the fence and alleyway.

From our rows of potatoes
and sprouting weeds,

The hedge ran across the back,
connecting the Tethercotts and Taylors,

Beneath the line of drying clothes,
all through the summer:

Boys stood between spade blades heeled into
mounds, and spruces, posing.

Over the hedge, baby carriages
and bicycles rolled between houses

With porches and silver antennas, chairs and striped umbrellas
on patios surrounded with green lawns.

Near one of the spades landed a red and white rubber
ball.

Francie Lynch

Wet Spots

I've never cried at funerals
Beside the bowed heads
Looking past the markers
In this gated community.

I've never cried at weddings,
Those blissful, blessed tears of joy.
Seeing the children settled and content
For the years they've yet to live.

I've never cried at birthings,
Though tears are warranted
For years of trouble and ecstasy
They will surely cry.

I've never cried before the courts
Pleading for leniency,
Or alone in a cell.

I've never cried for lost innocence,
Those tears that only come with experience.
The loss of a love.

I've cried for myself,
And I carry a hankie
To marvel at the wet spots.

Francie Lynch

What A Boner

They pulled a boner
With Trump's erection...
I mean Election.

Francie Lynch

What I Got From You

I'll tell you what I got from you;
They're not your gifts
That give me lift,
Like tea, flowers and concert tickets;
Nice, but for the moment.
Petals pale and music stops,
The things I got
Simply do not.
You smiled for me
A million times;
Sat by me
When I reclined;
Raised me up
Though I'd decline;
You gave me what
I call Divine:
Your time.

Francie Lynch

What Matters

If we're together
When we're older,
If one's not left for another,
If one's not dead,
Or out of sorts
Or imprisoned on an institutional bed;
Let me tell what lies ahead.

We'll go to sleep wearing socks,
And rise by our internal clocks;
While on walks we'll hold hands,
And listen while the other talks.
We'll sit content by the St. Clair River
In Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter.

We'll have our tea and buttered toast,
On weekends enjoy your Sunday Roast.
Around the table our children sit,
With grandkids we're blessed to be with.
Then, in the evening, when all are gone,
And we're in our home, all alone,
I'll confess my love again;
You're all I've wanted all along

Francie Lynch

What Was It That He Said

They've gathered at his daughter's house,
I passed cars pulling to the curb;
The patriarch has been replaced,
His chair now sits usurped.

Will someone raise a glass to toast him,
Recount some craic to roast him?
Praise his assets,
Shush his regrets,
Strum his unplayed guitar.

They'll share feasts on his bench,
Conceive on handmade beds,
Take down a book from his many shelves,
And talk as though he's there,
Sleeping, unaware.

'What was it that he said?
He talked of love a lot.
Did he get it right?
He shared what he got.
Did well for a sot.
He could turn a spade,
Write a verse,
Right a wrong,
Could dialogue with who knows what,
And if he couldn't fix it,
We knew we were screwed.'

They just might go to sleep tonight,
And dream as though he's there,
Still sitting in his chair.

Francie Lynch

What Words Are These

They appear,
They seem,
They presuppose
With their ink to emphasize
My dreams
With the task of following lines,
Connecting routes,
Filling in blanks.
I add sighs to words,
Words to screams
That come from someplace deep and quiet.
They seem,
They appear to assume
You will understand me
As I do myself.

Francie Lynch

What Would Truth Tell Me

I'm told the sky is blue.

God is dead.

Lead is heavier than cotton.

I'm not convinced I know where the sky starts.

You need proof, like a birth certificate, to be declared dead.

Cotton and lead can both weigh a gram or a tonne.

So, my conundrum... how do I write about what I know.

My name is Francie. I have a birth certificate, and it's yellowing...fast.

Whatever comes after this is pure speculation.

However, our opinions are weighed

With equations and laws. Laws.

There's a thumb on the scales.

Reason is subjective. Water is wet... warm... hard... vaporous... dry...

I can write about death, while I'm alive, believing in it.

My forehead is bleeding from pounding my lack of truths into verse

For readers to think of the possible, for certain.

Francie Lynch

What's A Plumber's Ball?

Strange question indeed, so
I asked one and all:
Explain to me: 'What's a plumber's ball? '
Family and friends heeded my call,
But none could confine it, refine or define it,
(Yet Paul was sure he could design it.)
Still none could satisfy my caterwaul:
'What the hell is a plumber's ball? '
Does it sweat the pipe or wiggle the snake?
Can it clamp the nipple, for heaven's sake?
Could it snap on the cock-hole cover'
All these queries made me wonder.
Has it something to do with hardness leakage,
Or screwing the ball-cock to stop a seepage?
Has it anything to do with a saddle valve drippppping,
Electric eels or two pipes mating?
And I heard of male and female fittings,
(And should one worry if one's standing or sitting?)
If you're discharging the head or elongating the pipe,
Does a plumber's ball help it snug tight?
Is it in my tank or in my bowl,
Beneath the floor near the drainage hole?
Is the plumber's ball in the back of the truck?
(Jeff laughed and said one could rub it for luck) .
I asked Michel if he could tell,
He sensed it was something one might smell.
I sought out Ray, perhaps he'd know,
But he was on call to restrain his backflow.
I couldn't reach Gary for his wisdom and sense,
He was wigglin' the snake to unclog a wet vent.
Henry, Rick, Scotty and Brian,
Gave shameless answers I couldn't rely on.
It's not a crapper, tail piece of Johnnie-bolt,
Or catch basin, reamer, O-ring or pipe dope.
So I searched the net with a fool's wonders,
And read of ball-checks, gas cocks and plungers.
I know it's too late to ask Rolly or Ross,
For both of them knew, and that's our loss.
(And Ernie's gone golfing so I can't ask the boss!)

With final resolve I fell to my knees,
To pray St. Ferrer with grace intercede.
His silence left me in a state of depression.
Had Ferrer washed his hands of the plumbing profession?
So nothing could settle my wherewithal,
I still didn't know: 'What's a plumber's ball? '
Suddenly it hit me - he's never wrong-
The Dalai Lama of diptubes, I'll ask John.
Where others did falter, John's a rock,
He knows the difference between a gas or ball cock.
With a knowing smile he embraced our hall:
'Here, poor friend, is the Plumber's Ball.

Francie Lynch

What's Dark Lives On

There were sharp, dark nights
When I was sent to the store;
The alleys and empty lots
Were void of comfort light.

There were night sweats
When figures approached;
I would pause on the sidewalk
To hear the retreating steps.

I'd turn to watch a dark outline
Cross under a canopy of branches;
His procession out of the light
And into the long sharp night.

Abandoned houses had draped windows
In the dark of morning deliveries;
Black, steel steps lead to balconies,
Beneath them darker yet.

My window displayed the silhouettes
Of cold thin twig fingers;
And the darkened stairs had a balanced creak,
Or a shoulder bumped into the landing.

I pulled the blanket over my head,
Darker still, I let the night roll on.
That was night.
Tomorrow has dawn.
What's night is night.
What's dark lives on.

Francie Lynch

What's In A Name

Francie really is my name.
Uncle Francie has the same;
Uncle Francie is to blame.

Francis is my legal name;
But I was never called the same.
Francie is the one that stuck,
Don't talk to me about Irish luck.

But when I turned twenty-two,
I introduced myself as
Fran,
Sounding more like a man.
I got tired of re-repeating,
Francie, you know, rhymes with Nancy.
I was exhausted of always hearing,
Could you spell that for me Dearie?

When I drove a limosine,
Clients called me Francois.
When I faltered, when I drank,
I told the cops
My name was Frank.

I believe I'm the same
No matter what I'm called by name.
And even though
My ego's fraying,
I'm pleased to turn
If you call saying,
"It's good to see you well, Francie."

Francie Lynch

What's It Take

Some drive big cars,
Brag of deep scars
To prove they have big testes;
Some grow goatees,
Axe down huge trees,
Or chew on edible panties.
Real men, I've heard, eat Wheaties,
Enjoy lap dances and stripteases,
Build towers with their empties,
To expose their coconuts.
Hey, and that's not all.
A certain Kim,
An androgynous name,
Is playing with his soldiers,
Unsheathing his stainless sabre,
Lighting up his candles,
To show he's macho manly.

Francie Lynch

What's So Funny?

I saw him wince,
I saw no smile,
I saw the hurt
In his eyes.
I heard the lines
Of jokes misspoken
In the guise of humor;
And thriving like malignant tumors.
Finger pointing at shortcomings,
Of race, religion, creed,
Or a Newfie, Pole, a Jew;
A priest, rabbi or preacher,
A doctor, lawyer, teacher;
Gay or straight, make no mistake,
They're fodder when one utters
A slight not misconstrued.
We should be adamant,
We should make a fuss.
If we fail;
If we're unjust;
The joke reflects on us.

Francie Lynch

When A Woman Approaches

When a woman approaches
I seldom notice
Her shoes;
But when I do,
I realize
Why I notice
When a woman approaches.

Francie Lynch

When Dads Do Well

I would've given birth
To you,
Endured whatever
Mothers do.
Instead, I did
What Dads do.

I rocked you
Til my future shook;
Watched you til
I couldn't look.
As you changed,
I changed too,
To do the things
That Dads do.

You were bathed,
Dressed and fed;
I loved you so much
I was saved.

If there's credit
Well, I get it,
For teaching you to read.
I took the blame
When you got bored
With school's ABC's.

I followed you
In all your roles,
Your teams,
Your solos,
Your trips,
Your shows.
First to clap,
Last to sit;
I taped it all,
From start-
To finish.

I taught you
How to tie a lace,
Ride a bike,
Golf and skate.
When the time
Arrived
For you to drive,
You learned
On standard
Never stranded,
You got home alive.

Your highs
I took in stride,
By example taught
Humility's pride.
Your lows,
I couldn't internalize,
I dropped my guard
With my eyes.

When Dad's do well
It's a double edge,
The future wedge.
The world
Revealed
Desired you too.
I don't dismiss
What mothers do,
But when Dads do well
We both lose you.

Francie Lynch

When Did I Last Touch You

When did I last touch you?
Time is playing tricks on me.
I remember when we were young,
I touched you on the knee.
And then,
I couldn't have been more moved
When first our lips met;
I touched you then,
But that was so very long ago.
I remember the light in your hair,
The softness of your eyes,
The invite of your smile,
That said that touch was fine.
But that was so very long ago,
And time plays tricks, you know.
I remember you slipped
Your hand into mine
When a certain song came on;
And ever since, and without reserve,
I'm touched by that song.
But when did I last touch you?

Francie Lynch

When Good Citizen-Poets Fail

Should poets be like good Romans,
And fall on their pens
When they loose the fight;
Or should we take flight,
To write another day?

Francie Lynch

When I Was Young And Free

My girl has this boyfriend,
I simply just don't trust;
When she brings him by the house
He dotes and makes a fuss,
Schmoozing me relentlessly,
Something's in the works,
Just teetering on the cusp.
I've got my keen eyes sharpened,
He isn't fooling me,
I've known the likes of him before,
When I was young and free.
But that was someone else's daughter,
No relationship to me.
Yes, she was someone else's daughter,
And I was young and free.

Francie Lynch

When Jesus Ate Asparagus

When Jesus ate asparagus
Did his pee smell like mine;
When he ate his plate of cabbage,
(as that was the habit)
You didn't sense Divinity,
In his sublime proximity.
When he talked of sowing seeds,
Did the Magdalene accede?
I know this sounds quite absurd
Talking about the living Word,
But when he ate a plate of beets
His urine incarnadined.
(Perhaps that's how he made the wine) .
When he had his private dump
He wiped with The Roman Times.

Did Jesus use a hankie
When he blew his nose;
Or did he place two fingers there
Or wipe it on his clothes?
And if he thought he wasn't seen,
He might well use his gaberdine.

When he bathed in Jordan
Did he clip his toes.
I haven't read this anywhere,
The Bible won't disclose.

Yes he really was a man,
Doing the same as I Am
That I Am.
If he were here
He'd get the joke,
Crack a beer
And light a smoke.

Francie Lynch

When Moms Do Well

They carried us
Through gestation,
Or adopted
Without hesitation.
Our coming
Was a celebration,
Mothers are our affirmation.
They deliver.

When we're quiet
From travails,
She makes time
For school-yard tales.
The warmth of sunshine
Shyly pales
To her prevailing arms.

She feared for us
Til eyes dried out;
Stayed home alone
When we left her house,
Waiting by the door.
A balm and living cure.

When Moms do well
All can tell
The Madonna-like connection.
No need to forgive,
We'll always grieve,
They've loved us
Since conception.

Francie Lynch

When You Said Good-Bye

Again the sky
Takes good-byes,
And I heave one
Once again.

Good-bye.

When you quipped
Ciao so flippantly,
Or rolled au revoir
So knowingly;
When See ya
Really meant
See ya soon,
I heard it all
So promisingly.
When you said
Later, it meant
Sooner than later,
And you drawled it out
So wistfully,
Knowing sooner
Lovingly.

This time
Come back
And say
Good-bye again.

Good-bye,
My girl,
For now.

Francie Lynch

Where Did My Brother Go

Where did my brother go?
He never shared his coat with me
When I was cold,
But so was he.
He didn't have much, you see,
He hopes that he can live for free.
He has no phone and no TV,
He has no means to e-mail me.
He is Waldo, find him please,
Call me if you spot him.
I'd like to get to know him.
But I will not enter there,
In his lair near the bones
And genie bottles he has thrown.
Yes, he did drink my tea,
To appease he ate my bread
And stitched his clothes
With invisible thread.
Let me know
If you find him dead,
I'll share the grief
And kiss his head.

Francie Lynch

Where Does Love Go

Inhale nature's incense,
Fill with life
As since first breath,
And exhale.
The air disappears.
Where does love go?

A broken robin's blue
Beneath a fallen leaf;
The curling smoke from the tip,
A lap of shoreline suds,
The dust from fallen stones.
Where does love go?

The pounds we shed,
The worry we dread,
And all about me's thin,
As heaviness dissipates.
Where does love go?

The beads gather on my brow
And rivulet down my nose,
Drop like autumn roses.
Where does love go?

I hurt a friend,
His pain was real,
My remorse reached his ears,
The pain soon disappeared.
But where does love go?

Francie Lynch

Where Have All The Assassins Gone

Where have all the assassins gone,
I'm just asking,
Where have all the hit-men gone,
It wasn't long ago.
Where have all the psychos gone,
Ones like Sirhan Sirhan,
Or a madman Russian,
Better still, an American.

Where have all the agencies gone,
I'm just asking,
The MI5, the CIA,
KGB, Mossad;
Where have covert actions gone,
When there's guys like crazed Kim Jung;
Or a crazed American,
A narcissistic American.

Where have all our heroes gone,
I'm just asking;
Where have all our leaders gone,
Not so long ago.
Where have all fine Presidents gone,
Obama was our last good one;
When will we ever learn,
Ego-maniacs can't govern.

Francie Lynch

Where I Ought To Be

I'm close to where
I ought to be,
And far from
Where I'm from.
You don't have
To take my word,
Just ask anyone.

I've sought the plea,
Caught up the tree,
Thought the Dane's 'To be..., '
I've fought the weary,
Been wrought with envy,
I've even served the tea.
I've finished much along the way
To where I oughtn't be.

In conclusion, I've no delusion,
I sing 'Let It Be.'
I'm not outdone,
By anyone,
For what will be,
Will be.

Francie Lynch

Where Sympathies Lie

We believe female circumcision
Is barbaric,
But boys should look like their Dads,
It's traditional, like swinging a dead cat
In a gunney sack over your head.
Yeah, like Dad and I showered together daily?
Should girls augment their breasts to look like Mom.
Should Mom landscape to look like daughter.
Let's bring Granny into the mix.

We believe homelessness to be cruel
And unnecessary.
Why I have one in winter,
And one in summer.
Our dogs have wall-to-wall.
Birds have gilded cages.
They have vents and cardboard.

We believe in fair trade
(Except with countries we don't believe) ,
To get what others have,
Especially those diamond rings,
Blood stones.

We abhor child labour,
But haven't enough
Money to give Wal-Mart
On Black Friday.

When do our sympathies lie?

Francie Lynch

Where To Find A Poem

Where do I find a poem?
In the space of a blink,
Between heartbeats,
When idle or moving,
With family and friends,
In a cemetery,
At school,
On a beach,
On-line,
On a bench, sitting beside me.
In the four seasons,
Beneath the blue, black and starry canopy,
In the wild, sapian or worldly,
In the arts and prophets,
Crawling on the floor,
When I'm cooking;
And, when I'm not looking,
A poem will find me.

Francie Lynch

Where're We Going

Earth: Three trillion trees.

Moon: No cotton seeds.

Mars: No face to feed.

But billions here seeking shade

Francie Lynch

Where's The Logic

One's falliability
Is too often reconciled
In the eulogy;
When the offended
Nod,
In agreement;
Accept,
Yes,
Forgive.
Yet,
They too may wait;
Til they too
Are late.

Francie Lynch

Which Came First (10w)

Which came first:

The egg,

The chicken,

Or

The pecker?

Francie Lynch

Which Season

I'm a young man in the spring,
Looking forward to anything...everything;
Undaunted in the offerings.
Nothing's too demanding,
What's out of reach is possible:
If I lift my arms I can fly,
Open my mouth I sing,
Close my eyes, I paint;
Reach out and envelope
What others too soon reject.
It's the spring of my year,
And summer's coming on.

I'm a thirty-something in summer.
Disappointments and expectations abound
Under a cloud-split sunny sky.
I can flap my arms, looking chicken-like,
I'm asked not to sing so loud,
I close my eyes, one at a time,
To read the chart.
My arms are getting full,
But I have room for more.

Autumn comes on my heels.
It's a time for preparation.
Savings, spendings, give-aways
Fill forty years of duty.
Taxes, mortgages, tuition,
Weddings, christenings,
Hellos and goodbyes to the loved.
Winter is coming in off the lake.

This is my first day of white solstice.
The least amount of light today,
And I can feel it now.
I close my eyes to nap,
I am grounded, well-grounded,
I accompany the singers with a uke,
And lip sync.

It has been a good year,
With many winters ahead.

Francie Lynch

Whistling Dixie

Whistle while at work,
Donald is a jerk;
Giuliani strokes their egos
All the way to court.

Francie Lynch

White Orchid

I've caught myself talking to my orchid.
Surprise myself when I call her, Baby,
As in: Baby, you could use some water.
She gets watered once a week, fifteen minute bath.
Been doing this for several years,
And she blooms for a few weeks.
I call her Molly.
Should I get help.
The dychotomy is,
She never utters a word,
But man,
Does she bloom with purity.

Francie Lynch

White Space

The black between our stars
Is not a void;
It's the same black matter
Between us,
Keeping bodies apart,
To the naked eye.
But I'll focus on the white space
We're immersed in.
It shares the waves and molecules
With blackness, but more visible
In the light you stand.
White space attracts
The materials of poetry and art,
Connecting like the dots
Of a new constellation,
Here,
And I will name it,
The thirteenth zodiac sign.
Don't assume I call out your name;
White was never your colour.

Francie Lynch

Whites Only

Only Albinos
Can be mimes,
Or Johnny or Edgar Winter
For Hallowe'en.
As for trick or treating,
There's enough Al Jolson masks
Out there to spook us all.

Francie Lynch

White's The New Brown

Did you know tans are anti-cultural.
The whiter shades of pale are chic.
Black skirts and dark shoes
Will highlight your commitment
To culture.
White's the new brown.
The Jazz Singer is pitchy.
Oh, Mammy!
The shade's wrong.

Apple peels of burned skin,
Unbroken, curly:
Who can skin the longest
Down to the fresh, unburned dermis.
We didn't know about culture
As we watusied across the sand.

Francie Lynch

Who Am I

Who am I?

I'm a piece of work.

A block of marble,

A chip of rock.

A driftwood face,

Waiting near a dock.

A song without refrain,

You won't sing again.

A pattern, pinned for sewing,

A garment good for stowing.

A man in queue,

Looking back at you.

A canvas smeared in gesso,

Leaning near a frame.

A sonnet missing

A rhyming couplet,

An octave and a sestet.

I am

A work in progress

Francie Lynch

Who Cleans Up The Mess

I read about nooses
(Such silly geoses) .
I read about pills
(Such terminal thrills) .
I read about jumps
(Such silly dunces) .
I read about ropes
(Such dangling dopes) .
I read about guns
(Such a one is gone) .
I read about blades
(Such jackasses bray) .

I don't dismiss you're under stress,
But tell me who cleans up the mess.

Francie Lynch

Who Reads Poetry Anyway

When I'm seeking shade from a relentless sun,
And brush a rejected leaf off my shoulder,
I feel poetry.

When I brought my girls home,
From hospital, school, a bad night out,
I've experienced poetry.

Walking Front St., or Centennial Park,
While the buskers are busy,
The children are laughing,
The dogs are barking,
I've heard poetry.

If fortunate to espy a shooting star,
Enjoy the fullness of an autumn moon,
Witness the dawn light up my lawn,
Like a diamond mine,
I've seen poetry.

I've tasted poetry on my lips
With kisses and endearing words,
And lingering tastes from what you've served.
Yes, I've savored poetry's flavors.

Who reads poetry,
When you can live it.

Francie Lynch

Who Was Here (10w)

I don't write
Just so you'll
Remember
'Kilroy was here? '

Francie Lynch

Who Will Bring You Home

When will you be home:
When Spring's on,
When Summer's done,
When Fall is all in color,
Or Winter's white enshrouds us?

I'm waiting here alone
With longings to dress you,
Arms to caress you,
Before you leave again.
Yet, you will return.

Are you yourself there,
Somewhere, but not here,
Where family waits.
Let your fears
Drip off your brimming shoulders.
Here start your missions,
End remissions,
Renew your heavy heart.

Home is where you
Learned to walk,
Learned to talk
To eat and read;
All you'd need
When you leave.
Here you feel
Most secure;
Knowing friends are closer
Than they were before;
This side of the outside door.

Here is where the hearts are,
Without the worry
Of hurly-burly.
Who will bring you home?

You'll find shelter elsewhere -

A Pagoda or a condo nest -
But home is where
Your soul finds rest.

Francie Lynch

Why Do I Write

To lift a thought to a song,
To redress perceived wrongs;
To relive my youth,
To duly expose the truth;
To express my depth of love,
To see a pigeon as a dove;
To foresee the future,
To capture the elusive;
To give voice to the abused,
To find refuge when refused;
To immortalize my loved ones,
To embrace the lonely shunned ones;
To know stars are fireflies,
To scrape away the lies;
To explain time is just a moment,
But eternity's in a sonnet.
Simply put,
It's the right thing to do.

Francie Lynch

Why Do Men Lie

It was suggested to me
I should read a great book:
'Why Do Men Lie.'
My response was,
Why Do Men Do Anything?

Francie Lynch

Why Me

I've passed the homeless on the street,
Wondering if today they'll eat,
And I cry, "Why me?"

I know plenty who attend AA,
And many who didn't make today,
And I cry, "Why me?"

I know there's millions unemployed,
As dwindling benefits keep them buoyed,
And I cry, "Why me?"

They're lonely and they're isolated,
The throngs, alone and dissipated,
And I cry, "Why me?"

Many friends and family die,
Yet still I cry, "Why me?"

"Why me" indeed, a selfish cry,
When it's up to me to do or die.

Francie Lynch

Why Worry (10w)

Why worry
About the afterlife.
There's nothing
To worry about.

Francie Lynch

Widdling

Since we were toddlers
We've had the move;
Something like a siddle,
The sway of balance
On the right/left shift.
But a siddle's for a snake,
A wiggle's for a worm,
And my dog waggles
When I return.

We stop, we wait,
Frozen, and confused;
We're a bit ticked-off
We can't pull this off
In a dance of decisive moves.

We've seen our share
Of waddling sops
Leave sidedoors
On Sunday mornings.
That's not what we do.

I've stopped a tot
From toddling,
Yet now I can't help you.

It's not a reel, a jig or clog,
It's like a line-dance of two frogs.
Then I hear Yeats' fiddler,
And I commence to be a widdler.
When you meet your doppel-widdler,
Don't look,
Don't ask,
Don't take long,
Just widdle past
To the fiddler's song.

Francie Lynch

Wikipedia Poet

I'm not so sure about you,
As I am of me;
But I'm a Wikipedia Poet:
You don't need to believe what I write,
I just fabricate,
All of it.
No annotated bibliography,
No reliable footnotes,
No discerning endnotes,
With few promising references.
I don't expect believers,
Just read,
For what it's worth.
Take what you want,
Leave the rest.
Just give me a nod.
It could be true;
It's on the Internet.

Francie Lynch

William Tell

I rolled out and noticed the
Bed across the room. Empty.
The room was cool.
The unwashed everywhere,
And the door was open. Usual.
I had the flights and landings measured.

Funny. His bedroll was not on the couch arm.
I searched.
My mother's kettle whistled; her mug soon filled.
I heard the familiar tsk, the click
Of her teeth, and the spoon circling and swirling
The bag.

Through the window and over the picket fence,
The maple now stood with opposing limb missing.
Like a cactus or fork, and I, soon
To be four.
I once dangled from there, to
Rossini pulsing through my neck to my head,
Above the wheel tracks in the wetness below.

Hmmm. Not behind the couch.
The cupboard?
Under the hanging lace tablecloth?

The T.V. was dead.
The lasso missing.
His initialed boots gone.

So, now I loosened my knotted iodine neckerchief.

Hi-ho, Silver.
Away.

Francie Lynch

Winchester's Joan

I went to Winchester again,
It's been forty years since back then,
When we were awed in the nave,
Stood over Jane Austin's grave,
And loved the irony of the golden St. Joan.
The chests are scattered with royal bleached bones,
The stained glass mosaic still shines,
And everything still seems the same.
I had perfect recall,
I remembered it all,
And returned my self-guided tour.
I bowed my head as I left
Through the refuge door exit,
And knew I'd be back no more,
For my memorial to you is so faded.

Francie Lynch

Win-Sin, Sin-Win

It's better I give
While life's within;
The situation's
Sin-win-win-sin.
I must appear as an altruist,
But scratch, you'll find a hedonist.
And so I give more than receive,
The pleasure's in giving,
I'm not deceived.
Been one all along;
It feels right to be wrong.
Admittedly so.
I'm a hedonist.
I amass such joy
Reaping the benefits.

Francie Lynch

Winter Is Not Death

Winter is not death.
There are footprints,
Cardinals and chicadees,
Neighbours cursing,
Tires spinning
Like Catherine wheels.
Whiteness is not a shroud
Waiting to be unwrapped
At Easter.
Winter is not death.

I've been in the room
Where no one thought
To close his mouth;
Tongue rolled back
Exposing a cavern
With white stones
At the mouth.
Still eyes, cracks of eternity;
Stiff body like Pompeii,
Frozen like winter,
But not winter.
No slippers on blue feet,
No swallows flying
Out of the mouth.
No,
Winter is not death.

Francie Lynch

Winter Lights

Between autumn's offerings and spring's wings
Our winter lights are everything.
Crisp sky nights string tinsel streams, and
Crystal air heils winter's dreams.

Poplar trees that snowed in summer,
Are treasures held in winter's slumber.
Bare branches reach in silhouette,
For crowning stars where none now sit.

Here dreams of flight and fancy thrill
Shimmering eyes on a gift-wrapped hill.
Shorelines once rubbed by reeds,
Are splashed by our moonlight beads.
Knolls wrapped in wreaths of herring bone,
Like sirens call us from our home.

Stars held in place by poplar fingers,
Ring our ponds like carolling singers.
There nestled by framed winter scenes,
Our winter's lights glitter red and green.

Those lights that through our window stream,
Bring to mind warm Christmas dreams.

Francie Lynch

Winter Nights

It's wonderful to look
With wonder at our winter nights.
I don't know the constellations,
Glistening like my cold, wet eyes,
Deep in the sockets of sky.
I wonder,
Do they blink
As we crawl out our days.
O, stars, cast a shadow for me,
A midnight companion to whisper.
Let my heart cool
Beneath piercing firey eyes.

Francie Lynch

Winter School Days

School days in winter
Were such fun
Without a care,
When we were young.

At recess we'd slide
On ice,
Build our forts,
Duck and fight.
The firemen
Beneath starlight,
Would flood our schoolyard,
Whet appetites
For hockey games
Between senior classes;
We'd skate and shoot,
Fall on our asses.
Such joy and fun
Was never lost.

The bell would sound,
Then we'd toss
Our wet socks
On school room
Rads.
His and hers
Like banners waving,
Drying, hissing,
Choking, ageing.

Impatiently we'd sit and wait,
Do our math
And conjugate;
The clock's hands
That held us
Watched from
The wall,
They seemed frozen too.
At last the lunchtime

Bell would ring,
And we'd get bundled
Once again.

Before heading home
We're enticed
To slide once more
On hard, grey ice.

Francie Lynch

Winter Veins

Strip veins and bury
Bulbs and hatchets.
What of winter?
Think of May
And Mary and water
That washes the sweat
Rolling between
Your eyes, and down
Your nose, across
Your belly.

Look deep into the
Eyes of March;
So deep that it
Allienates another's life.
Pedal to pagan shores
Of worship.
Wear dark glasses.
Watch Mary cup the wines
Of winter, squeeze
The harvests of summer.
Acknowledge the vericose veins
That clutch the last leaf
On the last tree
In Sarnia.

Francie Lynch

Winterfest

We're nearing as we ready
The home with green and red;
A deflated Santa on my neighbour's lawn,
Canned snow sprayed in window corners,
Polyethylene icicles on a white Christmas tree,
Gingerbread people drinking hot rum,
Mistletoe hanging from sticks and jambs,
And an apron round the stem.
I decorate, make my fruit cake,
Set out the children's books,
The ones I've read so often:
Rudolph and Old St. Nick,
They look foolish on my table.
Displayed in their fixed place.
They're not like my Christmas bling,
The blinking lights, false stars at night,
"'Twas the Night Before Christmas"
Is the real thing.
At midnight we'll hear choirs sing,
Joy to the World, Peace on Earth,
For one night I'll believe again.

Stay good night.
I see my words rise on my breath,
Being swept up to your stars.

Stay good people.
Who missed this year.
Who came last,
Who comes next.
I surely miss you.

Such heavy memories
Of snow-laden branches,
Castles in globes,
Ballerinas in boxes.

My new memories
Will never last as long

As the ones I've carried all along.

Francie Lynch

Wishing For Death

Have you wished someone dead?
Self doesn't count.
Terminally ill don't count,
In fact, that may be construed as kind.
No. Someone vibrant, strong,
Sure and vain, like:
The relentless bully,
The cop at your door,
The ridiculing teacher
Who made you the fool.
The betrayer and rumour monger,
The bad news-bearing Dr.
The machine voice,
The government,
The rapist and child molester,
The boko haram (all terrorists) ,
Even your parents.
You can't wait for Karma
Or God, or for them to go to the devil.
You can't depend on toilets falling,
Or houses in hurricanes.
It's not illegal, half of us do it.
I envision driving the final nail myself.
At certain times, it's true,
I regret the absence of hell
With its gnashing, its unquenchable fires
That burn without consuming:
The smelly, curling, shrinking flesh,
The bubbling of fat through skin;
Because sudden death
Just doesn't cut it.

Francie Lynch

With Who I Am

I'm content with who I am,
And where I've come
Where I began.
I'm pleased with the boy
Who grew to be the man.
From youth's adversity
From toil and work,
To a grown up family,
I dedicated myself
To those I loved the most.
They claimed my fall
Was my choice.
But that's too simple,
It's more complex,
It wasn't extra-marital sex.
It wasn't male brutality,
It wasn't really up to me.
That kind of choice is insanity.
The option that might best explain,
Was my inebriated brain.

Francie Lynch

Wolf Call

We should run from the wolf,
But Red Riding Hood didn't;
She cut through its forest,
Like bait in its trap,
Presumed it to be
The wolf that it's not.
We fight them, tame them,
Blame and shame them;
We'll throw others in front of them
To save our own skins.
Its golden yellow eyes
Invite you to binge.
You know it's a wolf,
Yet knowingly walk in.
"Whitt-who, " the wolf whistled,
And the lamb stroked its chin.
A fox sent her candy,
But when it was handy
She cried, *Wolf! *
For that's what it is:
A wolf in sheep's clothing,
Or a ram that's been dissed?

Francie Lynch

Woodies

I get woodies
When I crap,
Explain to me
What's up with that.
I ain't bi,
I ain't gay,
I ain't queer
In any way.
But them woods
Keep coming back.
Explain to me
What's up with that?
It's been happening
Since God knows when,
Explain to me
My straight friends.

When constipated,
I'm elated,
Unless
The girlfriend's prostrated,
And I'm incapacitated:
She's seductive on her back
(Or any position, that's a fact)
Then I want to have a crap,
Then I want my woodie back.

Francie Lynch

Words Can't Bind Our Wounds

How will we progress today?

Will we risk life attending Mosque,
Or have an affair with your partner's boss?

Will we take the dog out for a walk,
Step on a landmine, use plastic straws?

Perhaps we'll play with our kids today,
Or call Amber Alert, wait scared, and pray?

Will we defy authority with a righteous tone,
Or leave our tail tucked, like a dog with his bone?

Will we gauge goods today for our Vegan menu,
Or show a distention as millions today do?

Will we drive around town for cheaper gas,
Or choose our pickings from picked-over trash?

Do you sling eggs and sausage for sub-minimum wages,
Or attend a visitation in a tortured MADD rage?

Will you tee off at eight, or do a spin class,
Or sit solitary watching the hourglass?

Did we place our script at the shiny drugstore,
Or wade across water to Jordan's fairer shore?

Will we question the teacher at our kid's school,
Or play Avatar falling off our bar stool?

Did you set a reminder on your AI phone
For chicken delivery to your suburban home?

Will you lift copper tubing from construction sites,
Proclaiming your station in life gives you right?

Do I recline in my La-Z-Boy for a nap with a book,

Or teach someone to live with a line and a hook?

Will you take out your family,
Are you last on your list,
Will you reciprocate a handshake
Or raise a gloved fist?

Our words can't bind all our wounds,
Few are born with silver spoons,
We're not wrapped in silk cocoons.
A metamorphosis is coming
To this world of gloom,
A rousing group flight,
And it can't come too soon.

Francie Lynch

Words From A Travelling Man

Once there was a time...

Now I'm a different man.

I wasn't one to imagine

The challenge of the choices

Between lanes of long

And short blade grass.

Not all is by decree,

So spears of grass

Sprang vigorously back

Beneath my chosen track.

Seasons change,

No two the same;

We scattered suns,

Secreted some...

I'm still that former man.

My ground's been rocked,

But I'm blessed

More than I've been damned.

So says this travelling man.

Francie Lynch

Words. Words. Words.

I am deluged with words
And their figurative curves.
I see how a king
Can pass through the guts
Of a beggar.
I don't need to be
A melancholy Prince
To understand
The string theory
When a worm
Gets stretched
From ground to beak.
Or the night sky
Become a crossword.
Lakes are pools of tears.
Clouds bandaid bleeding dimensions.
The earth is a five ball
Caromming through
The felt universe.
Is anything what it once seemed.
I have voices
Conversing
In figures of speech.
Should I be
Tied to a stake,
Or,
Heard as a soothsayer.
There,
See what I'm talking about.

Francie Lynch

Wordsworth's Grasmere

In Grasmere

I ate

A Wordsworth Hamburger;

Stayed in Wordsworth Hotel;

Strolled on

'Daffodil Walk'

Made from donor-inscribed cobblesstones.

Glad I saw his sunglasses

At Dove Cottage,

And relieved to realize

He didn't wear them

That day.

Francie Lynch

Wormhole Dreams

Some nights I spiral up
to my wormhole dreams
and stay
till morning light
people that have left
are there
some still here
are there too
travelling at the speed of time
that holds you present
to surprise me
with a childish kiss
on the cheek
and I hear I love you
but the darkness of the night
the music loud
the room inhabited
I was distracted
being close to you
till the moron light

Francie Lynch

Worries Me

Worries Me

The girl at the check out
Clutching the chips and dollar
Gives me an ache
Like a warning shot
In my stomach.

The boy keeping up
Behind his brothers
Gives me an ache
Like filling a balloon
To capacity.

The girl on duel-bladed skates
Bundled like the Michelin Man
Pushing a chair
Gives me an ache
Like a rip in my father's heart.

The one on the hall floor
Eating before his locker
As the gang's off to McDonald's
Gives me an ache
Like an airborne ball
As the buzzer sounds.

The one in the corner of the class,
With cuffs pulled down
And a tattooed razor blade
On the back of the neck
Worries me.

Francie Lynch

Worry Begets Worries

Death,
So cruel,
So kind,
Has taken my worries away;
The ones I wished would stay.
Left the three I started with,
So the three obliged,
Now worries number five.
We know how worries grow,
They start so small, no worry at all,
Then they start to crawl.
From the outset, we beget worries,
They're life's windfall.

Francie Lynch

X Comes Before Y

Growing to manhood is a slippery slope
Of razor blades and bones that grow.
Erotic screen shots of angel wings,
Red carpet slits, eye popping lips,
Miss Pageants and tutus on skates.
Britney shaking, Jennifer quaking,
No Old Spice to take young spice's place.
The X comes before the Y,
Yet Toxicity is the hue and cry.
I'm a man in a mixed-up world,
But girls still like boys,
And boys adore girls

Francie Lynch

Xavy, Do Me A Favor

Hey, Xavy:
If we're still here
When you get older,
Check if they fixed the potholes
On my street;
Is there still a North Korea,
Did Manhattan disappear?
Are people dying with different bodies,
Still thinking with their heads?
Are there schools, did the shootings stop?
Is the worker still measured by the clock?
Do well-heeled shepherds still manage the flocks?
Do you see our index fingers evolving,
So we won't need voices at all?

When you get there, Xavy,
Take a look.
Did they heed the Richter scales,
The geo-thermal warnings,
The snow caps' warmings?
Can wildlife drink from feeders,
Is the soil capable of growth,
Does Spring still warm the Earth?

Ah, Xavy, I wish I could be to see the beauty of your world unfold.
But I've got to go.
All the Best.

Francie Lynch

Yanking A Thread

He's pulled the wool over our eyes,
But there's a thread I can yank;
The fabric will unravel;
We will see again.

Francie Lynch

Yes Or No Won't Do

There oughta be another option,
A different route to take.
Alternate realities are limited,
The receptors are collapsing in.
Actors are computer generated,
Vocalists are lip synching,
Wood's not wood,
The bellfry is a facade,
And my chicken dinner didn't hatch.
My clothes are made of oil,
My veggies grow indoors,
I'm drinking chlorine and fluoride,
Bottled water isn't wet.
What I see's not what I get.
Yes or no simply won't do.
My tires aren't rubber, I'm laying slicks,
Shakespeare's off the curriculum.
That's not the face you had last week,
Nor the body you've long borne.
Gimme some old fashioned ice-cream.
They're laying oil lines,
Clear-cutting my life line,
Soon landing us on Mars.
Yes or no won't do.
Erect a fence around our world,
We're living in a zoo.

Francie Lynch

Yestergames

There is a silence in the evening,
A silence I find quite displeasing.
It's not the absence of mowers running,
Or bedsheets flapping, motors humming.
The trains still shunt, foghorns blast;
Where are the sounds from our past?

It's not the sound of contrary laughing
Walking from a parents' lashing.
Something's missing, sounds are gone,
Familiar sounds from our lawns.

The sound of rope slapping cement,
Fantasy games kids invent.
An echoing slapshot before, 'Car! '
These missing sounds are so bizarre.

As dusk when hide and seek is best,
Those yestergames that we caressed.
But outside games gave way to screens,
I'd rather hear the children scream.

Francie Lynch

You Don't Hit Bottom Til You're Dead

Wrap those arms around yourself,
It's a boost for mental health.
Embrace all feelings when alone,
Then hug until you reach your bones.
Squeeze until it's hard to breathe,
Slowly release and know relief.

Now wrap your brain around yourself,
Unbind the belt cinching your senses,
The straight jacket around your head,
Buckled and strapped, it fits like skin;
It's too much penance for all our sins.
Unravel the sticking, needling voice,
Whispering...

"I have no choice.
I'm better off dead."

It's not because you're lacking wealth,
Family, friends or stable health,
But one's perception of oneself.

Don't wrap your neck inside a noose,
Or shoot yourself with an overdose;
Don't splay yourself on a subway track...

"I wonder would I feel that."

Leave Daddy's gun locked in its holster;
Hold high your chin while treading water;
Stand still on a bridge, cliff or ledge,
You won't hit bottom til you're dead.

Francie Lynch

You Know What I Want

You said in exasperation:
'You know what I want! '

Therein lies the problem in
Our relationship.
I do.

Francie Lynch

You Know Who You Are

Hey, aren't you
That son-of-a bitch
Whose mother jumped the wall.
Yea! You know who you are.
I spotted you hanging on the corner
Through the windshield of my car.
Were you talking conspiracy,
And planning your next job;
Dealing girls, drugs and guns,
Looking goth macabre.

You know who you are.
I saw you look right back at me
Through the side window of my car.
You were talking to your buddies,
I couldn't hear what you said,
I'm convinced it wasn't good,
By the tatoos on your head.

Yes, you know who you are.
You're still idley standing there,
In the rearview of my car.

Francie Lynch

You Say You Won't Cry

You say you won't cry
(and you know I know why) ,
But you will.

When memory reminds you
Of our life and thrills,
Our talks of love
In the park on the hill.
Our fear for our children,
Our love for each one,
Our love for each other
Before our love was gone.

You say you won't cry,
But I know you will.

Francie Lynch

You Were A Tree

I started with a tree,
Brought the chainsaw
And felled it.

I trimmed off the branches,
Stripped the bark
To the underskin
And let the sap drip.

I used the log-splitter
To make the trunk
Into workable pieces.

I chose a log,
Used my wood-splitting axe
To divide into four.

I whittled down,
Pared away
All the insignificants
Until I sat with a twig,
One word,
You.

Francie Lynch

You Will Return

You can't go far
Down on all fours,
Drooling and babbling
And hugging the floor.

I see you're stumbling
On your Jango legs,
You'll fall if not careful
On your new paradigms.

Now you're leaving
With stature and grace;
You pirouette, glide,
You've found your own pace.

You will return,
Of that I am sure,
With one of your own
To crawl on my floor.

Francie Lynch

You Would Say, If It Were So

You would say,
If It were so.
Remind me
To grab a coat,
For the chill and snow.
If cash was tight
We'd be home at night.
If she didn't make the cut,
Forgot her lines,
Or missed the shot,
There was no sugar-coat,
You said it straight
If it were so:
Girls, you're doing fine.
Today is was, not now.
Wait til next time.
If it were so,
You'd say.
So say you love me
One last time,
So I can let you go.

Francie Lynch

Young Enough To Remember

I'm old enough to remember
Dick Tracy's watch,
Kirk's communicator,
Needless injections,
Landlines, TV,
Head transplants,
And meeting for coffee.
You're young enough
To remember simpler times
Of virtual friends
Twelve thousand miles away,
3D transportation,
And clouds that don't rain.
The good ole days.

Francie Lynch

Your Back Pocket

My old trousers had two back pockets.
One held insignificant i.d. and cash
For daily essentials.
My other pocket stored life's lessons:
A bit of inside information,
A get out of jail free card,
A little known joke,
A back-slap, hug or peck,
Dry good-byes,
Wet hellos.
These are fine stress relievers
And soft interpretations.
Deep in my pocket
I keep my gut feelings,
My fights or flights.
The back pocket
Never fills up,
Never has a hole.

Francie Lynch

Your Election

You've been vetted,
But I wouldn't
Bet on it,
The election is years away.
So, pound the pavement,
Rally supporters,
You'll need a prayer and a wish
Day by day.

Francie Lynch

Your Emerald Eyes

This time, this place
I mime control;
When we meet
Face to face,
I avert my eyes
To save face.
To save memory.

The hands will sweep
Past midnight again,
The dewy hours
Lift by ten.
I'll remember
Your emerald eyes
When they looked
At me
In midnight's memories.

Francie Lynch

Your Eyes Only

My secret
Is richer than a winning ticket;
Buried,
Like waiting treasure;
Fresher than rain;
Secure,
Like my PIN;
Complex
As a combination lock;
Password protected;
And deeper than thought.

My secret
Is Confessional sealed;
Private,
As a boil;
Personal,
As a shave;
Ignominious,
As the front page.
The bartender doesn't know.
If you listen
You'd discern
It's for your eyes only.

Francie Lynch

Your Eyes... Stealing Light

Before you turn and finally part,
Unwind this tourniquet from...

Enough! You know the rhyme and how it ends:

☐..blah, blah, blah... from my heart"

Too much angst for me. I refuse the rejected lover's curtain call.

No more: ☐Your neck gave no early warning
☐Of warm seduction in the morning."

And some: ☐Your neck gave no early warning,
☐That it needs shaving in the morning."

This is cathartic.

You might have liked: ☐Your tresses, spread like Sif's woven gold,
☐Are plated to my inner soul."

But now: ☐Your tresses spread like Sif's woven gold
☐☐Will thin and grey as you grow old."

☐

Ouch! But I'm feeling better.

I could have written: ☐Your nose bridges eyes and lips
☐That shame bright flowering May cowslips."

Instead: ☐That nose that bridges eyes and lips
☐ ☐With time and gravity will droop and drip."

Are you getting my inner self yet?

You will miss: ☐Legs that lead to heaven's gate,
☐Held promise if I deigned to wait."

I won't miss with: ☐Those legs that lead to heaven's gate
☐Now hinged for all below the waist."

Funny, isn't it, how one's outlook changes.

Oh! Your eyes and teeth.

☹Your eyes are black holes stealing light,
☹Your teeth will yellow like stars at night.”

Do I feel any better now?

Francie Lynch

Your House And Home

A house perched
On solid foundation
Provides shelter for a generation.

Homes aren't made of brittle bricks,
Wanning woods or crumbling stones;
You can't raze a well-built home.

A divided house will not stand,
A listing castle on shifting sands.

The peaks, dales and family travails,
At home are not abnormal,
They're common and diurnal;
Yet the undaunted home prevails.

Your house comprises various rooms
For eating, sleeping, and mundane routines.

Homes furnish rooms with smiles and tears,
And gatherings throughout your years,
To be shared or on one's own,
The choice is offered,
You're not alone.

Houses grow proud, though gratifying,
With amenities truly satisfying.

Homes swell with smells of love,
The sounds of children snug above,
A sense that all is safe and sure;
This day has given more than enough.

Houses get tidied, cleaned and aired,
Decorated for special affairs;

Homes are fingers, toes and hair,
Hampers, dishes, and underwear.
Its doors lead to who knows where.

Doors to let you out;
They whisper you're back in;
Welcoming your return.

Homes fill us
With memories
Houses never will.

Francie Lynch

Your Name

When it starts
To rain,
And rather than complain,
That's when I
Say your name.

When the sky's
Asunder,
And lightning
Joins the thunder,
That's when I
Write your name.

When the storm
Has ended,
And I've finally
Penned it,
That's how I
Sing your praise.

Francie Lynch

Your Piles

A life built
With the finest materials
Needs a well-formed foundation;
A deep footing.
Your piles are now beneficial.

Francie Lynch

Your Times And Post

I've used them on my windows
To see the clear outside,
If I'd read the Op-eds,
I'd shudder shuttered and hide.

I've spread them 'neath my plates and cups,
My shelves all neat and tidy;
But the headlines made it clear to me
My glass is more half empty.

They had a place in the litter box
For Puss to scratch and squat;
I laid them round my garden plants,
They made fine insect traps.
Rolled and twirled they'd start a fire,
I could fold them into hats.
They cleaned the grease from BBQs,
And they're safe to pick up glass.
Crumple them for packaging,
They work as school book covers;
Add water and some flour,
To shape papier mache lovers.
Fold seeds in them to germinate,
Then use them for compost;
There's many ways to employ
Your Times and local Post.

But I won't subscribe to Dailies
For the felling of our trees;
And yet I miss my papers,
And the ways they worked for me.
But when enthroned,
You'll hear me grouse,
"There's no damn paper in the old outhouse".

My cell is good to scroll and swipe,
But God forbid that I should wipe.

Francie Lynch

You're Bigger Than That

A person's stature
Is never to be measured
By height.

Francie Lynch

You're Bringing Me Down

I went to Winchester again,
It's been forty years since back then,
When we were awed in the nave,
Stood over Jane Austin's grave,
And loved the irony of the golden St. Joan.
The chests are scattered with royal bleached bones,
The stained glass mosaic filters the sun,
And everything still seems the same.
I had perfect recall,
I remembered it all,
And returned my self-guided tour.
I lowered my head as I left
Through the Refugee door;
And knew I'd return no more;
For my memorial to you is so faded.
Those memories can musty and jaded.

Francie Lynch

You're Not The Centre Of The Universe

Don't believe your ears
Are burning;
The hand-hidden mouths
Aren't whispering
About you;
Rolling eyes are untrustworthy,
And the finger flips
That dismiss are referring to the weather.
The fear of rumors
About your clothes,
Your neighborhood
Or the pimple on your neck
Occupy too much space.
Angst is over-rated.
Take the high road
On feelings of belittlement.
Believe me -
Fewer people speak less of you
Than you imagine.
You're not the centre
Of our universe,
And if you were,
Everyone would whisper
Kneeling at your feet.

Francie Lynch

You've Got Eight Seconds

Our ability to concentrate
Dropped to eight seconds;
Down from twelve.
Still shorter than sex,
Longer than an orgasm.
Sex, not love making;
That takes a bit longer.

Francie Lynch

Zoo-osophy

I read Noah brought the animals in;
And with them brought in
All our sins.
But virtues too were marched within,
And Noah saved them in their skin.

The lion with his wrathful claws,
Like armies with their blood-stained jaws.

The peacock arrayed in full feathers,
Can't hide his pride like big screen actors.

The snake that dropped from the tree,
Moults rejected love with envy.

The toad, the food chain's first to feed,
Like government is filled with greed.

The goat devours like the locust,
Like senseless lovers consumed with lust.

The smallest snail in silken cloth,
Moves like justice, slow as sloth.

The pig avoids austerity,
Like politicians dine with gluttony.

Other animals Noah rescued
Saved humanity by their virtue.

The swan disdains adultery
By embracing life-long chastity.

The camel slurping with prudence,
Eludes drought through temperance.

Birds feed their fledgling adeptly
With mouth to mouth charity.

The beaver known to be a nuisance
Will dam your life with dilligence.

The dog whose loyalty is constant
Waits and wags with patience.

A horse that's never riderless
Will run all day with kindness.

The gentle lamb of allegory
Is Christ-like in humility.

The ark may not be history,
But works explaining humanity
Through eons of mythology.
He didn't really bring them in,
They weren't in danger,
We're in their skins.

Francie Lynch