Poetry Series

A Poet Who Loves To Sing AlvesHolmes - poems -

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A Poet Who Loves To Sing AlvesHolmes

Hello, you have met me before as Dorothy Alves Homes, signing as 'A Poet Who Loves To Sing'...I have this new site, so named, in order to honor your request that I have an e-book. Here I will share less than my 800+ poems but a list of some of my Haiku Poems, my Poetry In Motion poems, and others for your reading pleasure. Hope to hear from you.

Works:

'People Talk'
'If Butterflies Are Free'
'Somebody Said'

Dreams And Reality

Yesterday we laughed
And loved
And dreamed...
Today we love and cry
Loving no less
Yet suddendly how wide the bridge
Between reality and a dream...
Today we dream
Yet cry...
And love
And cry
Dry eyed...
It hurts when we swallow!
Yesterday we laughed
And loved
And dreamed!

If A Heart

If it is true that a heart cries,
Then my heart weeps like a thousand
Willow trees!
If it is true that a heart knows sorrow,
My heart is sadder than the tragedy of wars
Lost or won!
If it is true that a heart can break,
My heart is shattered like humpty dumpty
From his fall,
Crushed like a rose beneath uncaring feet!

Jazz

She calls him jazz Because he is the music Her heart hears... Like the slow rippling Of a trombone, Deep and mellow. Sometimes, gentle like Duke's piano, When he plays 'Mood Indigo', lingering forever. Jazz is what she hears when he whispers Her name, sweet and low, Like a lonesome saxophone's High notes, wrapping around her Like his arms. There was never a sound as mellow as the soft echo of his breath In her ears... Jazz she calls him, Because, jazz he is.

Linger

Linger a while,
Let me nestle again in the warmth
Of you embrace.
Linger a while,
Let me shower kisses on your gentle face.
We'll share again the joy and wealth
Of laughter...
Be giddy and carefree...
And in long years after,
Perhaps even in some separate place,
Share secret smiles, remembering
The magical wonder of it all.

Mind And Pen

My pen hesitates,
Not keeping pace with
My hurried mind
Which has already said
'I love you'
A thousand times.
My pen hesitates,
And the ink dries,
And my mind has said again
A thousand times
'I love you! '

Mistaken Identity

I thought it was the wind
Roaring like a lion
Dressed in golden helmet
With goggled eyes
And
Silvered streaked body
Glimmering in the spot light
Of morning sun...
Until it...fast moving thing...
Braked to a halt at the red light
And I saw it was you
And your Honda
Travelling south!

Searching

I looked for you At the end of the rainbow Where it is said all beauty lies. I looked for you In green fields where wild Flowers bloom. I looked for your face In the clear waters Of a passing stream... I thought it was you I saw Silhouetted high upon a hill top Catching wind swept Autumn leaves... I looked for your face In the smile of the sunset and I searched the faces of strangers For your love eyes...Yet No matter where I chanced to be You and love Had already been there.

What Chance My Love

What chance
When you heed not my call?
Is yours not a listening heart
Does it not feel or care
That I am wrought with anguished pain
And silent tears that steal my breath
And light hearted days.
What chance my love
What chance?
Set me free,
So I can go back to where I used to be
Dancing in sun light
And singing my glad song
And can hear again
When someone else
Says
Hello!