Poetry Series

Albert Ahearn

- 430 poems -

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Albert Ahearn

I am a rogue poet that rarely follows traditional poetic form. I write for my own pleasure only, not for consensus.
I am intelligent and eccentric. I can be profound or profane. I dance to the beat of one drum- the drum that I created.
I know what love is but I am confounded by hate. I believe in a higher order of things; at the same time, I am repelled by false tenets and promises that the gullible majority is fettered to.
I believe that independence and individual achievement enable society to survive and thrive. I dismiss faith and hope beyond empirical reason-the kind that makes an independent, free-thinking mind feeble.

财 富 比 您 认 为 快 将 来

A fortune cookie changed my life.
I suggest that you wipe the smiles
From your faces my skeptic friends.
It’s true and attributable
To that tasteless of all cookies
The one that they present to you
With the tab after you’re finished
Eating their fine Chinese cuisine.
I broke it in two exposing
The faux message on the paper:
Wealth will come sooner than you think.
After leaving the restaurant
I purchased from a grocery
Store just a few shops up the block
Just one six-digit lottery.
The following lucky Wednesday
All six numbers were drawn that night.

Albert Ahearn

5-Second Rule

A piece of Peggy’s favorite
Chocolate candy fell from her
Fingertips as she was about
To put it in her waiting mouth;
It landed on the kitchen floor.
She quickly bent her head downward
While at the same time bellowed out
“5-second rule! ”, then proceeded
To kneel and swiftly scooped it up
And popped it into her mouth.
The following morning Peggy
Lays quietly in a strange bed
While a nurse is taking her pulse
And the doctor enters and smiles.

Albert Ahearn

911

Our hearts cleaved that horrific day.
The early morning sun shined bright.
No clues were noticed-giveaways
that could forewarn the urbanites.

It began like any Tuesday.
A workday for most New Yorkers.
People bustling to the subways
on their way to their employers.

Still early, not all arrived where
their designated work stations
are situated. Poor souls! unaware
of their imminent destruction.

Suddenly, at eight forty two
A living bomb with mal-vigor
Intentionally, in plain view
Crashed through the north twin tower.

All screaming, jumping casualties,
Burning, smoking, funeral pyre.
When suddenly at nine O three
a second struck the south tower.

Both monoliths are now aflame.
Confusion reined both high and low.
Towering infernos became
A cataclysmic horrid show.

Meanwhile, firemen tried in vain
To rescue those inside the traps,
Doomed victims of the deadly planes.
My God! The south tower collapsed!

All the humanity within
The conflagration expired
In an instant: Men and women
Buried under concrete and fire.

Standing alone and mortally
Wounded, amidst ash and rubble
Like a saint at the stake, bravely
Awaits the inescapable.

"Commit their bodies to the ground;
Earth to earth, ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust." An instant grave mound:
The north tower collapses.

Never! Will our lives be the same.
Witnessing the loss of our brethren:

Over twenty nine hundred claimed
That day: September eleven.

Albert Ahearn

A Birdbrain Poem

Way atop a Sycamore tree
a black bird’s call reiterates
his three syllable poetry.
Caw! Caw! Caw! The feathered poet
crowed. Caw! Caw! Caw! Came the verse
high up on the sycamore tree.
Caw! Caw! Caw! He vociferates
once more. His alliteration
and end rhymes, stressed in words of three.
Not to be outdone I sounded
my loud, lame three-word rendition.
Then from his branch he looked at me
And burst out with a loud guffaw
Caw! Caw! Caw! He boomed Caw! Caw! Caw!

Albert Ahearn

A Brand-New Day

The barometer is rising
Nary a cloud in the blue sky;
A beautiful springtime morning.
And from the east a fiery eye
Peeks again from the horizon;
In waxing light the birds all sing
Their songs from leas down in the glen.
An errant goose decides to wing
In search of her straying gander,
The stubborn early morning dew
Clings to Ground Ivy and clover;
Another day arrives anew.
A photograph this scene would bless
But pictures one day fade away
Depicting words in rhymed verses
Will last this day and for always.

Albert Ahearn

A Bullet Named Ken

A Snapshot of war.

He lies next to me in the mud
Dead; a shot blew half of his skull
Away leaving the taste of brains
In my mouth.” I shot that goddamn,
Dirty, rotten rag head, Ken! I
Cut him in half before he
Hit the ground! ” Ken had a grotesque
look on his dirty, blood-soaked face.
Something I couldn’t quite make out.
I stared into his vacant eyes
And found myself unconsciously
Saying with no embarrassment,
“I’m glad it had “your” name on it.”

Albert Ahearn

A Burial

A lifeless house sparrow lays dead
In the middle of the towpath
As if asleep on a green sheet;
Its body still warmed by the sun
That one could mistakenly guess
Its demise was moments before
My arrival except that its
Only exposed eyeball was gone
Indicating an earlier
Death. No decomposers arrived
As yet, usually the maggot
Flies are the first at a death scene.
I picked up the feathery corpse
And buried it beside the path.

Albert Ahearn

A Change Of Heart

I did not like him when he was alive.
So now that he lies dead, nothing has changed.
Yes, I know this sounds inhuman, heartless
Or call it what you like but I cannot
Be a hypocrite. I'll not eulogize.
In life he embodied all that I'm not.
This does not mean that I'd wished the man dead.
Like I said, I disliked him, not hate him.
In a word, he was an unscrupulous
Man..that's right! Devoid of all principles;
Contemptuous of what was right and just;
A self-absorbed, egocentric brute
Where few if any will remember him
Except perhaps me, may god bless his soul!

Albert Ahearn

A Chilly Vision

I gazed through an iced crystal pane
Looking at three winter backdrops:
A tree is struggling under snow
Its maple branches drooping low.
Two small flowerbeds are asleep
beneath very deep, white blankets.
As I gazed, I became entranced;
All of the snow had disappeared
Revealing the presence of spring-
Tiny, green protuberances
appeared from numerous branches;
Rudimentary daffodils
and tulips rouse from their slumber.
Then I blinked twice and all was gone;
except my yearning thoughts of spring.

Albert Ahearn

A Cloudy Imagination

The lingering cumulus clouds
imperceptibly changed their shapes
while I sat below discerning
these metamorphosed spectacles.
My imagination went wild
as they drifted across the sky.
It seemingly was like my mind
was orchestrating their transmuting.
I glanced at one that took the shape
of the poet Walt Whitman's head;
another like Sylvia Plath;
and yet another looked like Poe.
I glanced back at the Whitman cloud
but it changed into Erato.
I took my pad from my pocket
and began to write this poem.

Albert Ahearn

A Confession

Those sanctified structures of verse,
plot and rhyme-why do I find them
no help to me now?
I want to produce something
imagined not recollected.
My inner voice becomes tongue-tied;
it trembles searching for the words
to guide me to inspiration.
So at times everything I write
with the threadbare lack of genius
seems wearily; worn-out; hackneyed
often painfully paralyzed.
A mésalliance I admit
Still I strive to caress the light.

Albert Ahearn

A Demon's introspection

In the recesses of my mind
Lurks an imaginary fiend;
a part of my psyche’s design
borne of a roguish, mutate gene.
Deceit belies my comeliness
To my casual encounters,
I’m well-mannered and smartly dressed
I’m an unsuspecting monster.
Damn fools! Clothes never make the man
nor his discriminating taste.
This real man is more inhuman
whose moral state is unchaste.
I was born with this affliction
Wreaking pain is satisfaction.

Albert Ahearn

A Dreamy Composition

He wrote four lines of poetry
before retiring to his bed
falling off to sleep instantly.
His subconscious was unperturbed
from any indigestibles
eaten earlier while writing.
His dreams were clear, limitable,
inimitable, exacting
like the four lines of poetry
he had meticulously wrote.
Upon wakening, his psyche
through these dreams began to take note
of the images that hit home
and found the words for his poem.

Albert Ahearn

A flower indeed!

I am a beautiful flower
That is rooted in this bower.
Off limits for the likes of me
A nuisance most all will agree.
The bees do visit me daily
Sweet as the white trumpet lily
Who resides with me in this bed;
But still my life’s in constant dread
Of toxic sprays and solutions
A sentence of execution
They’ll spray on my bright yellow head.
I am prolific and spread
But tomorrow I will be gone
Because I’m a dandelion.

Albert Ahearn

A fool’s discourse

Am I the fool for not killing this fly
That persistently harasses me now?
Is my respect for life absurd, awry?
Should my philosophy be disavowed?
Isn’t all life a very sacred thing?
You say, yes, but a fly! A billion die
Each day! Ah! But most die on the wing.
My belief is ‘live and let live’, and why?
Nothing is insignificant to me.
Suppose for a moment you are that fly
And programmed to pester me endlessly?
Must I kill you in a blink of an eye?
Until Man respects life of every kind
Our future holds no hope for humankind.

Albert Ahearn

A Fragile Gift

Every morning when weather permits, I ride my bicycle for miles on end. I have been doing this discipline for many years now. Over this period of time I have seen many, many people in my travels, and what I've noticed more of as time went on is the growing number of overweight people there are. Especially the younger generation. I can't help but feel sadden by this epidemic spreading throughout this country.

Our health, a fragile gift of God bestowed
On most of us without supervision.
Maintained through vigilance, personal codes,
Resolve, diet and determination.
Oft we eat is what we are, au revoir!
Cuisine that's bad and tempting, hello! Good
Nutrients. Lead us to the salad bar
Awaiting those who eat the way they should.
But there are those who oft take for granted
Their wispy condition: forfeit long lives
For Big Macs and fries, super sized wanted
Most often. Perhaps, a day will arrive
These poor souls realize their gravity:
A time bomb within their chest cavity.

Albert Ahearn

A Haunting Love

It’s surrealistic in what I see
In the most unlikely places, in fact.
Especially when unexpectedly
They appear before tiredly eyes, abstract.
Was eating as usual, cereal:
Shredded wheat with sliced ripen banana.
Staring back from my laden spoon revealed
A face, the ghost of my Marianna.
Startled, yet saddened, my head turned around
Expecting to see my wife’s lovely face.
Instead I had found a man with a frown
Mirroring back from a glass-door bookcase.
Her haunting visits, this angel of death
Will continue I guess till my last breath.

Albert Ahearn

A Haunting Ride

Riding alone along a path
that runs parallel, north and south
Alongside the Lehigh River
I became acutely aware
of the beautiful surroundings
As they sped pass me on both sides.
As I pedaled along, the ghosts
of yesteryears took possession
of my mind and began to speak
in unspoken telepathy.
'you picked wildflowers on this path;
remember the white campions
you picked for your girlfriend Alice?
And coming up on your right, there!
that very large sycamore tree
where you once climbed it, showing off
for Alice, fell and broke your arm.
Remember? Sure you do, Albee.
And there! Coming up on your left
that special place near that cove,
remember what took place in there?
You both lost your virginity.
Remember the disappointment
the two of you felt afterwards? '
Near the completion of the ride
the phantoms relinquished my thoughts
and all those recent memories
vanished until some later day.

Albert Ahearn

A Haunting World

I cherish living in my world-
An exclusive universe
Where no one is allowed entry;
No wife, friends or acquaintances.
It’s a place where music is breathed;
Where the ghosts of literary
Giants still haunt the ambiance;
A serene inner sanctum where
Ideas and inspiration
Grow like precious fruit on a tree
Never given the chance to rot;
Their harvest serving only me.
A place where these influences
Create something memorable.

Albert Ahearn

A kiss

A kiss can be for good or bad
It’s known to drive a person mad.
When Judas betrayed his savior
For thirty pieces of silver
He singled Christ out so to speak
By planting a kiss on his cheek.
Then of course there’s Pygmalion
Who fell in love with what he hewn
Galatea so cold and white
He kissed her lips and brought to life.
Sometimes we kiss to right a wrong
Sometimes it’s mentioned in a song
But after all a kiss a kiss
Expressed in fourteen rhymed verses.

Albert Ahearn

A Love Pawn

Her blue eyes once looked upon
me with an affectionate gleam;
But now that loving glow is gone
vanishing like yesternights dream.
Nothing, it’s said, lasts forever
only fools would think otherwise;
yet we accept this endeavor.
The truth lies exposed in their eyes-
outside windows into the soul
where words needn’t be said by each
to know that love was once ensouled
had now become just out of reach.
Nevertheless, life must press on
Even for a jilted love pawn.

Albert Ahearn

A mantra

Here we both lie in our bed
She is sleeping, dreaming
In an unconscious world
While I lay here awake
Conscious of the dark
Concentrating on the sound
Of raindrops pitter-pattering
On the roof. I listen intently
To each distinctive descending drop
Different and yet the same
Like a mental mantra
Repeating over and over
Drip! Drop! Splash! Splat!
Until I [yawn] fall……

Albert Ahearn

A Moment Of The Past

I sit before my monitor
Humming an old Roy Orbison
Tune I memorized so long ago.
Hum…Hum um! That Hum! Again
"They're playing that song again.
I guess it will never end. They're
Playing it again…" The time I
Spent as a kid replaying it:
A borrowed forty-five record
Until I heard it in my sleep;
That's what we did to occupy
Our time before the arrival
Of the now widespread computer.
I guess nothing lasts forever!

Albert Ahearn

A Moment Of Time

A moment, a second of time
Measured by a blink of an eye;
A sip of ones favorite wine;
A glance at a spring morning sky;
A whiff of fragrant wildflowers;
A quick nod of recognition;
Throwing a kiss to a lover;
A split second premonition;
Imagine... if a moment grants
These many memorable things
Envision life's multiplicand
Its myriad joys that it brings.
It begs us to live the moment
Each and every second well spent.

Albert Ahearn

A Mondo Gory Poem

Faces of Gore (1999) is a mondo shockumentary video that depicts graphic footage of bloody, mangled bodies which guides viewers through explicit scenes depicting a variety of ways to die and violent acts. I wanted to try my hand at Mondo genre poetry. I promise you I'm not a nut case. I'm just a highly imaginative poet.

An ominous cloud lingers in my head
Portending pernicious consequences.
My sixth sense informs me what lays ahead
Foretelling dire events in sequences:
At first, a flash that's followed by thunder.
But it's not what the mind is telling me.
A cloudless sky, than smoke, and no wonder
A bomb tore asunder all that I see.
The blood, ash and bone, dismembered bodies
All littered the site once a theater.
The mayhem and carnage that I foresee
Was the work of a lone perpetrator.
A marquee lying that stood heretofore
Reads: Coming attraction, "Faces of gore"

Albert Ahearn

A mountain speaks

I stood atop a mountain high
Surveyed the vastness of the sky
With arms extended outwardly
A moments thought inspirit me.
I pray you mount, I beg bespeak
Please share with me your grand mystique;
Bestow on me the things you know.
An echo thrice said, “No! .. No! .. No! ”
Why? I asked, disconcertingly
Meaning is all I seek, only
Please, please impart what I should know.
Again the echo, ” No! .. No! .. No! ”
Instantly it began to rain
‘Twas then my quest was all in vain.

Albert Ahearn

A Muse

‘There shall be a poetess born,
Ensouled with poetic leanings….’
She cried, pulled from her watery world
breathing in the alien air….
The years and seasons came and went,
and found the muse alone at play
amid her native dimensions,
romping free and singing verses:
☐ ☐ ♪ ♪ ♪ wall,
☐ ☐ ♪ ♪ ♪ fall...
Her tender years end with a pause.
…Adulthood dawned brightly on her,
a comely grace and pleasing face.
Like a fledgling that leaves its nest
She, resolved, flew a flight west
with assistance of providence….
The years passed bye when she'd returned
With a masters degree she earned
And prophecy preserved in print-
her personal anthology.
Today she’s known for civic pride
reading poems to hometown ears
of life’s lessons contained inside
amassed from long, meaningful years.

Albert Ahearn

A New Years Birth

Life awakens in a serous sea
Momentary stirs inside me
Reminding me I'm not alone
also how large that I have grown.
Be patient my fidgety one
It won't be long, your day will come
Your scheduled time is drawing near
To usher in a brand new year.
Christmas past was…ooh! God It hurts
It must be January 1st!
Parturition has now begun;
Well, do your thing daughter or son
It matters not since you're my first
Though I pray not breech but headfirst.

Albert Ahearn

A nightmare

The looming gray clouds overhead
Relieved themselves on top my head.
I saw not a soul, nothing stirring
Nor where I stood no living thing.
What in hell happened? I wondered
Not a single sound or word
The city was seemingly dead.
Then I heard a sound just ahead
A loud-mouth on a radio
From where it came I did not know.
The blaring voice bestirred the calm
“An unknown source had dropped a-bomb
Radiation levels are high,
Beware! ” the voice shouted nearby.
Abed, awakened laid I scared
Rattled by this horrid nightmare.

Albert Ahearn

A noise by any other name is just as loud

Today's so-called music is nothing more
Than repetitious, raucous rot performed
By untalented, unaccomplished bores.
Their cacophony is worthy of scorn.
Instead they are held in admiration
By tin ears insensitive to sound.
Instruments amplify modulation
Or it might be the other way around.
Nevertheless, its purpose is to drown
Out feigned singers who couldn’t hold a tune
In a shower lest risking being found
Out. The day will finally come, and soon
I hope when these hucksters who can annoy
Are replaced with music all can enjoy.

Albert Ahearn

A Novel

As I turn the pages forward
I am taken on a journey-
A non-spatial continuum-
Time; a willing time-traveler
Where no luggage is required;
No passengers to contend with;
No special itinerary.
Just a conceding eagerness
To be taken along, alone.
The destination known to one-
Invisible but trustworthy;
The varied characters are him;
Put another way-imagined.
Where I'm taken is foreordained.

Albert Ahearn

A petty Argument

Honey, just once, would you keep your mouth shut?
Why? Your mouth is the source of all our problems
That’s why. Oh, now you’re calling me a nut!
When you’re not calling me names you condemn
Everything I do or say. What’s with you?
Oh! Here come the tears! Turn them off my dear.
They always seem to appear when the two
Of us reach an impasse, crocodile tears!
Look hon, this is a silly argument
Over what I said at the beginning
I had no idea it would augment
Into this sideshow that’s never-ending
I guess I said some awful things untrue
I had no right to say those things to you.

Albert Ahearn

A Poet

Not everyone a poet be
It takes more than a show of words
Or feigned esteemed ability.
These attributes are so absurd!
Like inkless pens expect to write
A single word of poesy.
A poet lives to dream each night
Ideas wrought subconsciously;
And when the golden sun has gleamed
Its steady subdued morning glow
The poet wakes from fondest dreams
Imbued by schemes the night bestowed
Into a measured rhyming gem:
Conjured dreams become a poem.

Albert Ahearn

A Poet Also Rises

I am up early this morning
anticipating the sunrise.
Too dark for any birds to sing
and I still have sand in my eyes
left by my age old friend sandman.
This time of year it rises late
plenty of time for a game plan;
No reason to procrastinate.
Ah! There's the man, right on schedule.
Guess I'll shower and scrape a few
And while I'm doing this I'll mull
over a plan on what to do.
The morning is beautiful outside
That's it, a long bicycle ride!

Albert Ahearn

A poets dream

Hippocrene (hĭ p'ə -kren`) is a fountain on Mount Helicon, Greece, sacred to the Muses and regarded as a source of poetic inspiration.

Mnemosyne (nemoz'ini) is a titan who is the personification of remembrance. She is the mother of the nine muses: “All nine muses have a science or an art to protect. Cleo protects the stories of heroes, Urania astronomy, Calliope elegies, Melpomene the tragedies, Euterpe flute playing, Erato love poems, Tepsicore choir lyrics, Thalia the comedies and Polyhymnia dance and music.”
“The Muses love to sing and dance. They are superior in musical competitions and any one who dares to challenge them will always fall short, just as those who question their importance.”

In a dream I drink from fount Hippocrene.
The daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne
Encompass me while I quench. Nine muses
Guarding their arts from human abuses.
'I'm not here to challenge or to question;
Nor I seek material possessions.
My presence among you in this dreamy
State is caused by my love of poetry.
And you, Erato, muse of all love poems
I'm a sleepy poet asleep at home.
It's known by some you sing beautifully.
Would all you muses’ sing a song for me?
My thirst is quenched from draft of drinking cup.
Please! Please sing for me before I wake up.

Albert Ahearn

A Poet's needs

A poem begins with inspiration
Not often that easy to acquire.
Thus a poet needs some stimulation
A prerequisite that is required.
The elusive stimulant comes from life
Through living, loving and all its delights
Plus dying, hating and all of Mans strife
And unfulfilled days and all lonely nights.
Whichever the reason the seed had been sown
Come harvest time the yield is a poem:
Be it sad or happy, lengthy or terse
The world still hungers for the poets verse.
So those of us in need for expression
Will write our verses from sense impressions.

Albert Ahearn

A Poet's Rue

I remember as a young boy
Sitting on top Mount Parnassus
Consumed in writing I enjoyed.
Mostly poetry to express
At the time my innermost thoughts
While below my childhood playmates
Romped and played and most often fought.
And myself trying to translate
Feelings into coherent thought
And writing them down on paper.
I recollect those times that taught
Self- discipline behavior.
Yet if I lived it all again
I would be one of those children.

Albert Ahearn

A Prosaic Gift

I harvested a small handful
of beautiful dandelions
arranged them in a special way
that their mini-globe candelas
illumined a yellow aura
surrounding the nosegay cluster.
Their subtle, invisible breaths
exhale a perfumed atmosphere
that becomes irresistible.
And she who shall hold this bouquet
is impelled to whiff its essence;
to discover its true purpose;
and accept this prosaic gift
of my undying love for her.

Albert Ahearn

A Quiet Fourth

I composed this poem on the morning of Independence Day 2008.

July fourth and firecrackers aren't heard.
Perhaps because it’s raining as I type.
I thank the gods for booming sounds deferred.
My guess, I’m getting old. I hate the hype
That everyone is caught up with today.
In youth we did exactly all that's done
Perhaps a smidgen more so, by the way.
The noise we made, heck! It was all in fun.
We celebrated Independence Day.
I’m no longer young, oops! Slip of the tongue.
A senior citizen I’m called today
It’s political correctness among
The hearing impaired. I beg you don’t scoff
Guess what? I had my hearing aid turned off!

Albert Ahearn

A Race With Time

I gazed at the faded colored
Photograph in my wrinkled hand.
A smug frozen image of me
Dressed in scant half-slit shorts and shirt
Captured in a moment of time.
A billion more moments had past
Taking with them my yolk of youth
Once viable, vibrant, fleeting;
Faster than time itself but losing
In the end for time never paused
For a victorious moment
As I once did to smile and gloat.
Meanwhile interminable time
Raced onward with me in its wake.
.

Albert Ahearn

A Railroad Town

The diesel locomotive wailed
Like a sick bull as it approached
The intersection; five bellows.
The dreaded traffic light turned red
And all of us just sat waiting
For this snail-like, slow-moving
Freight train to pass, while the traffic
was backing up to infinity.
Life becomes a standstill in time:
If your appendix burst, pray to god;
If you're in labor, tough titty;
If late for work, you curse and swear!
So you wait and count the freight cars...
One hundred one…one hundred two…

Onward west they roll
Swaying, screeching, click-clanking
Along rusty tracks.

Albert Ahearn

A Second Spring

The dew indiscriminately
wept for all things living and dead
on this early autumn morning.
Its cold droplets caressed the leaves
while lingering sap-starved leaf stems
clung precariously above
and each dying leaf shed teardrops
for and onto their fallen kind.
One by one they released their hold
falling silently, gracefully
in their final unique fashion:
Some swayed. Others pirouetted;
and many more, somersaulting
into their final resting place.
Sunbeams from an October star
spilt rippling puddles of warm light
on their multicolored remains
amid the vibrant wildflowers.

Autumn is a second spring when every leaf is a flower.
Albert Camus

Albert Ahearn

A Single Flower

I believe that all things that occur were destined to happen because all things possess its own karma like the flower in this poem.

A pink lily recently plucked
Lays on a sun baked beaten path
All alone in the morning sun
Its destiny fulfilled and won.
Its progeny from eons past
With one sole purpose foreordained
To bloom a day and then be plucked
And given to someone in love.
The karma saved within the seed
Will guarantee its destiny.
The lovers kiss and wish upon
This pinkish hue phenomena.
The flowers charm had won the day
And then it's gently cast away.

Albert Ahearn

A Spectacle

Today’s early morning produced
A winter postcard spectacle:
The once stark maple tree branches
Are now laden with heavy snow;
Their lesser-kin (low-growing trees)
Stand covered like woody snowmen.
The predawn light creeping above
Washed away any subtle
Colors from the panorama
Leaving a lovely, black and white,
Silent wonderland glistening
In the dawning February
Sun whose waxing intensity
Ends what seemed like a pleasant dream.

Albert Ahearn

A Summer Scene

A lazy leaf-laden river
Snakes around a sandy shoreline
While copulating dragonflies
Fly over near-stagnant water
In aimless zigzag ecstasy.
Dozens of stout brown birds skimming
The surface, ascending slightly,
Than dipping incredibly low
Miraculously avoiding
Contact with the wet surfactant.
Along the shore a raft of ducks
Noisily swim by in a queue
Seemingly like some summertime
Carnival shooting gallery.

Albert Ahearn

A Testament

The decomposing wall I see
That encompasses the long dead
Lies interspersed among the trees
Whose living, fingered roots are fed
with nourishment of sublimed faith.

I pause a moment…

Panning the surroundings I see
Row after row of unknown dead
Whose tombstones depict family trees
Whose living relatives are fed
The same promises of blind faith.

Why must I lament?

The brown withered leaves that I see
Wind-blown atop the buried dead
Should I mourn provenance: the trees?
Why then the promise that is fed:
Life after death by keeping faith.

A fool is content.

Albert Ahearn

A Thunderstorm

The rainclouds loom over the town
Like a cold, grayish wet blanket
That soon will unleash and rain down
its wrathful torrent in buckets.
I’ve seen this many times before-
This quietude before the storm-
A preface to what is in store:
An incredible thunderstorm.
Behold! The tempest has begun.
Wind is blowing from the northeast
Lightning bolts on the horizon
The odor of ozone increased
And as though it were timed, thunder
Brought rain as I watched in wonder.

Albert Ahearn

A treasure in a basket

Laying in a wicker basket
Are varied colored Easter eggs
Surrounded by milk chocolate
And jelly beans and root beer kegs.
Exploring closer you will see
Beneath the artificial grass:
Sidewalk chalk and marshmallow bees
A squirt gun and a movie pass.
You must keep searching deeper still
Until you find all that’s concealed:
Next you’ll find a treasury bill
And coupon for a Big Mac meal.
Now my little excavator
Have a very happy Easter.

Albert Ahearn

A Tribute To Dad

When kids my age were searching for
Heroes, the likes of Roy Rodgers,
Gene Autry, Hoppy and John Wayne
I already had my idol.
A hero is supposed to be
Courageous and strong and favored
By god. This description aptly
fit father then as a youngster
And today on this special day.
And when he died some years ago
A light was extinguished within
My soul leaving a darkened void
Where once my action hero, dad
Was surely the best of them all.

Albert Ahearn

A Vampire

The soporific sound of rain
Falling on the shingled rooftops
Induces his subconscious brain
to summon id with every drop.
The instinctual impetus
craves immediate primal need:
vitality that flows through us
tonight the innocent will bleed
to quench within a burning fire
that’s required to tame his soul
forever damned: a vampire!
that roams and stalks celestial
darkest nights for unfortunates
to engorge their blood to excess.

Albert Ahearn

A Vision

In midst of Natures bounty I espied
Aside a stream, a gilded gleaming cage.
Its tenant was a lifeless bird inside.
Engrossed in thought in view of deaths image
I deemed the death from thirst beside water.
Within the cage were dual empty basins
The one for food, and of course, the other.
It’s like a wealthy man who’s locked within
His iron safe, amid his heaps of gold.
And perishing within this house of ease
Of hunger pangs and thirst as time unfolds.
Then suddenly a strangest vision seized
My weary eyes, the cage became the bones
Of Man, the bird, his prisoned heart of stone.

Albert Ahearn

Achilles' Heel

In my armor instead he wore
Now lays dead, my friend of honor
Petroclus, Oh! The grief I bear
Cannot be wiped away like tears.
Long will I suffer his demise;
Lost forever, our mortal ties.
****
My lifelong friend lies before me
His emaciated body
Dressed in his “Best Mans” tuxedo
He wore so many years ago
as my best man in our wedding
bearing our golden wedding rings.
Oh! This human weakness: sorrow
What claim you, all my tomorrows?

Albert Ahearn

Act the Part

I am an actor on this stage of life.
My role is factored into all the scenes
Beginning with an innocent delight.
My birth and babbling lines by any means
Directed all attention to this part.
A ham at birth and cute, I was a star.
The photographs and modeling apart
From some occasional fluffing thus far
I acted many roles that came my way.
Until my public image lost its lure
I found myself without a scene to play
Except the one where life shown me the door
A role I never played in my career
An empty lonely man, alone in tears.

Albert Ahearn

Ad [Verse] Sarcasm

The weatherman predicts some snow;
He calls for about three inches.
Must be great playing god, to know
How much will fall, but that’s show biz.
I know one thing: if I were wrong
As often as the weathermen
I wouldn’t have my job that long.
They screw-up time and time again
And still manage to keep working.
Imagine a neurosurgeon
Working on your head one morning
As inept as the weathermen.
Perish the thought! Some comfort though
If they call for it, it won’t snow.

Albert Ahearn

Affectedness

I walk the Sunday streets once more
Long before the peal of church bells
Tuned to summon the hypocrites
From their cozy residences.
It will be awhile till they flock
En masse to the numinous house:
The butcher whose scale is slightly
Off in his favor; the lawyer
Whose soul was sold ages ago;
The car salesperson cramming cars;
Physicians unmindful of the poor
And an overweight clergyman
Orchestrating the proceedings.
Bong! Bong! Soon the parade begins.

Albert Ahearn

Akin

I hear the tantalizing sound
Of sibilant sea waves shaping
Sandy shorelines, beckoning my
Soul’s return whence it came
With every endless subsidence.
Like a giant magnet it draws
Me toward its salty expanse
As if in a soporific
Sleep; a somnambulating stroll
Into undulated wetness
Arouses me from my stupor
As it washes over my feet.
I look down at its shallow depth
and smile at my progenitor.

Albert Ahearn

Alcoholism

An opened fifth of hangovers
rests beside his dried driveled arm
(drug used by underachievers.)
Out cold, head resting on forearm
Unconscious in a dreamless world,
a portal often frequented:
an alcoholics netherworld
and mind most disoriented.
A parched throat forces arousal
And miasmic exhalations
rekindle once more pitiful
repeated, inebriation.
A morning swig begins his day
and ends the same as yesterday.

Albert Ahearn

Alliterative Rambling

I often wondered why manmade laws fail.
They are canny compromised concoctions
Agreed to by gregarious, greedy
Souls with agendas, agents for the rich.
These representatives repeatedly
Parrot party politics to pave the
Way to enactment. Actors on a stage
Playing roles with planned scripts from you know whom.
Feigning their motions with faintest vigor
That only con their constituencies.
As long as there are have and have-nots
The have-nots will always want; the haves keep.
The rich control the governing body
Middle-class mental midgets elect them.

Albert Ahearn

Aloof

When the gathered families smelled
The aroma of sausages,
Hotdogs and spent firecrackers
On this day of Independence
I was sniffing the subtle scents
Of odoriferous flowers
That grew beyond the festiveness.
When members heard, ” come and get it! ”
From the self designated chef
I heard only sounds of nature.
When the people sat and said grace
For the food that was on their plates
I stood among the wildflowers
Too intoxicated to feast.

Albert Ahearn

Aloofness

From childhood I have not been as others
Were; I've not seen what others often see.
My passions spring from an alien mother
Where once I had swam in a serous sea.
I'm a stranger in this world called my home
Where all that I Love I have loved alone.
I can not awaken this heart of stone
Where emptiness thrives and nothing has grown.
The deep dark depths of this lone labyrinth
Lives a recluse withdrawn from those above
Encompassed and confined in defiance
Of, what those above call brotherly love.
Feel not pity nor scorn for aloofness
For what people cherish I never missed.

Albert Ahearn

An Act Of Love

The night sky was clear and starry
And the nearly full moon spying down
Like a waxing Mata Hari
On the two lovers of the town
While they lay atop a mountain
On a large beach towel for two
Naked and anxious to begin
Their lovemaking long overdue.
Embraced, they seized the moment
That seemed to them like forever;
Intoxicated by their scent
Only hasten their endeavor.
They kissed and made love for awhile
While stars winked and the moon just smiled.

Albert Ahearn

An Autumn Burial

A small crowd stood around the grave;
my presence being one of them.
With our heads bowed downward and our
Predominant, black and white clothes
We all resembled king penguins
in the early autumn morning.
The breeze increased and blew the brown
Dead maple leaves around our feet,
some aptly onto the casket
deep within the newly dug grave.
Other than the wind, the silence
Is deafening except for an
occasional cough from the group.
The eulogy begins “Here lies ….”

Albert Ahearn

An Autumn Scene

The autumn sun shines through the near naked trees exposing recent abandoned thrush nests those months before were hidden from Mans eyes. The lingering colored, crisp, dying leaves precariously cling until late November winds and rain end their brief lives leaving only their scented remains on the ground.

A scorpion sun shines through near naked
Trees exposing vacant, forsaken nests
Where blue robin eggs laid comfortable hid
From probing Mans eyes and unwelcome guests.
The lingering, colored, crisp, dying leaves
Cling to the branches precariously
Until the blustering wind starts to heave
Its gusts from the north unrelentingly.
Apropos of rain it soon will follow
Deluging hapless, defenseless brown leafs.
The wind and the rain display a grand show
Dislodging the leaves whose lives were so brief.
After the lull of the wind and the rain
What’re left on the ground are scented remains.

Albert Ahearn

An Embodied Tempest

A gray stormy sky matched my mood;
its violent, tempestuous
streaks of discontinuous light
fired across a charged atmosphere
soon answered by thunderous claps.
My mood is not unlike the storm:
It is emotionally charged,
unrestrained and prone to tantrums
that spark an electricity
too powerful to be controlled;
and like the tempest where wind blows
and precipitation follows
so too does my angry blowups
injure causing a flood of tears.

Albert Ahearn

An Epithet

"Admirable beacon of rectitude"
A great sounding epithet said of me
You think? That depends on whose point of view.
It's like the fruit of a poisonous tree.
It looks harmless, nonetheless toxic.
It can be said for the appellation-
Sounds great yet often a vitriolic
Mean-spirited, misinterpretation.
The interpretation, self-righteousness
In the meanest, cruelest sense of the word.
I live a moral code nevertheless
In spite of the consensus of the herd.
If I'm a single lighthouse on the coast,
Expect from me examples from this post.

Albert Ahearn

An Inspiration

From the deep recesses of mind
emerges a stimulation
that necessitates a defined
sudden, high-level invention.
Once imagined its stay is brief
and must be dealt with before lost
to distraction. I would as lief
act on its potential than toss
it on an unheeding scrapheap.
Each notion is temporary
and must be exploited to reap
whatever essence there might be
notwithstanding it goes to seed
or an idea that succeeds.

Albert Ahearn

Anatomy Of A Dream

It amazes me how a dream
Is contrived from reality;
Fine-tuned to a subconscious scheme
played out nightly, surreally.
Take any dream for example:
It most frequently manifest
Itself via random samples
Of recall that had been suppressed
Which the subconscious mind reveals
Through abstract sensations expressed
Involuntary and unreal-
Most forgettable more or less
Are these colored and black and white
Series that’s conjured every night.

Albert Ahearn

Another Love Poem

Can every tomorrow be guaranteed?
Will our love live forever and a day?
One can’t predict what tomorrow may bring
But our love is certain as this year’s spring.
Can the sun be stopped from rising each day?
Can a bard cease writing his love poems?
If tomorrow may dawn another day
And we find the sun has lost its own way
A poet that day will write words like this:
“Tomorrows may come but then again no
Yet the love you share will prosper and grow
If the sun never cast another ray
The love in your hearts will light the way
For your future tomorrows come what may.”

Albert Ahearn

Anticipation

Springs in the air, can’t you smell it?
To me the scent can’t be explained
So it makes no sense in trying.
All I know is springs on its way.
Whenever that familiar scent
Arouses these nostrils of mine
It automatically triggers
A colorful, dreamlike collage
In my anticipating mind;
Muted and inanimate till
The first robin redbreast warbles
Its early morning springtime song.
So, in the meantime, I languor
In this feeling called spring fever.

Albert Ahearn

April Rain

The long awaited needed rain
finally came in gentle drops.
Thirsty daffodils greedily
quaffed the tepid precipitate
while their odoriferous scents
reluctantly merged with ozone
creating a pungent bouquet
that stimulated the nostrils.
Far afield from the daffodils
robins comb the newly wet grass
for ever emerging earthworms
that are coaxed above by the rain.
Soon the tugs of war begin
between the two adversaries.

Albert Ahearn

Are You Game?

I am eccentric people often say
Because I view the world and all I see
In different, peculiar ways. My quirks raise
Eyebrows to say the least. Unusual, Gee!
I am a human being for Christ's sake!
Humanity is nuts to some degree.
If this is true, why look at me to make
Your case? It’s only when your quirks decree
The norm, mine become eccentricities
Abhorred by most of societies cliques.
The different peculiarities
I see but one: A different bag of tricks.
I’ll do my bag and be my guest, the same.
And stop this silly poppycock. You game?

Albert Ahearn

August

I need not a fine calendar
To identify the present month;
With all its entire splendor
Will not be found on a twelvemonth.
If one lives in tune with nature
There are always some clues at hand:
Like a hound on a fox’s spoor
Indications he understands.
A rivers edge recedes and slows
The pear trees host the birds and bees
Catnip begins to decompose
And acorns fall from large oak trees.
Countless hints a man can trust
The four above claim its August.

Albert Ahearn

Automobiles

Human
contrived playthings
that transports fat asses
places we would never, ever
walk to.

Albert Ahearn

Autumn

Autumn is approaching rapidly.
Already leaves of many trees become
Converted. Some are changing vividly
To crimsons, russets, shades of gold and plums
The asters, goldenrods, gentians abloom.
The insects lethargy increasingly
Arresting to the eye. Their fate presumed.
Familiar fragrances bewitchingly
Seduce me, spurring happy memories:
The children celebrating Halloween.
The jack-o'-lanterns smiling bright and stories
About the living dead are told between
The sips of hot deliciousness.... Cider!
Need I ask for more amidst this splendor?

Albert Ahearn

Autumns Passing Tears

While lying on my side in bed
I stare through windowpane and shade
And watch the autumn season fade
With every falling golden dead;
And with each leafs descent to ground
A sadness seeps into my soul.
I turn around then lose control
And shed my tears without a sound.
Why must this season loveliness
Take leave from me each passing year
And take with it all I hold dear
And leave me with this emptiness?

Albert Ahearn

Autumns Tryst

We often strolled along this beaten path
Especially in autumn; Oftentimes
For miles. Our steps crushing the leaves beneath
Our feet, releasing magic fragrances.
We'd whiff the fall bouquet, and sniff again,
Then stop to kiss. These things we did before
So many times together... our domain.
A coexistent couple, what is more,
We are an integral part of autumn
As trees and colored leaves, gentle breezes
As God intended. To benignly come
Together like a painting that pleases
The artist. Sauntering with hand in hand
In love. In autumns blissful promised land.

Albert Ahearn

Beauty

I could say she’s very lovely
Her complexion as smooth as silk
There’s no doubt in its verity
but she’s of a different ilk.
No words can express her beauty
To try would be a futile whim
The words would be a blaspheme-
To parrot them would be a sin.
Frenchmen would say vous êtes beau
A hackneyed phrase she heard before;
Italians, siete bello
Same old phrase from a different shore.
The fact is, her” beauty is truth”-
An ephemeral time of youth.

Albert Ahearn

Beauty Is Truth

Natural beauty of nature
Is like a beautiful damsel.
She needs no makeup or perfume
To enhance her physical beauty-
Her beauty is truth, period.
An anonymous wildflower
Growing with delicate fragrance
Beside a forests time-worn path
Can't be anymore lovelier
If plucked and placed within her locks;
Nor her comely grace be improved.
Their "beauty is truth, truth beauty"
Apart they are most beautiful;
In concert they accent the whole.

On a Grecian urn:
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty"
All we need to know.

Albert Ahearn

Beauty Is...

I followed a single snowflake
On its free-fall journey to earth.
Obscured by its frozen, cloned kind
Landed silently camouflaged
Like a virgin parachutist
Whose achromatic flake added
To the cumulative beauty
Of a wintery afternoon.
At that moment I realized
Beauty was not a single truth
But a delightful harmony
Of invisible qualities
Comprising the form of beauty
Most often sadly overlooked.

Albert Ahearn

Bee considerate

I wrote this childish poem for a group of fourth graders during the month of April 2008 in celebration of National poetry month.

A butterfly alighted gently on a flower.
Along came a honeybee that had the same desire.
Sir! Said she, ” did you not see I reached this blossom first? '
'I did', said he, 'but why can't we surfeit our nectar thirst? '
'Because”, said she, 'you must agree it’s but a tiny bloom.'
'It’s when I drink, I flap my wings....there isn't any room! '
'Perhaps you're right' he then took flight and hovered noisily.
She then looked up, and said, 'good luck! ” appreciatively.

Albert Ahearn

Behind The Mask

A blank sheet of stationary
lays speechless beside a keyboard.
Scores of single letters and marks-
Inert symbols invented years
Lost to man’s recent memory.
Instruments of mental fury
And human eventemperedness.
What does fate hold in store for it?
Will it be a fiery paper
With memorable rhetoric
Or the birthplace of a poem?
Both are conceivable concepts
Yet the unsullied cellulose
Is mute waiting to be unmasked.

Albert Ahearn

Behind The Masque

Looking into a mirror at
That person staring back at you
Is not what other people see.
What you perceive is a minds-eye
Aspect of a parallel clone-
An apparition in a realm
Manifested by your ego.
You look into its soulless eyes
That blinks a lifeless mimicry;
And what you think you see is not
On your side of the looking glass.
You conjure up the counterfeit-
A clownish mask- then masquerade
Not fooling nary one of us.

Albert Ahearn

Bird Of Sorrow

The morning dove he mourns the morn
With repetitive, lyric song.
His plaintive coo evokes in me
The long, forgotten memories
Of long lost loves and sundry things
That tugs my delicate heartstrings
And iterates through his refrain
Augmenting sorrow with the pain.
I plead with you brown bird of woe
Take away this veil of sorrow;
Fly fast and far on whistling wings
Taking with you the heartbreaking
Reminders of my bygone years:
The painful ones that caused the tears.

Albert Ahearn

Birthday Soliloquy

Day of birth, it beckons me, my birthday!
Many, many moons have risen and set
Since this big baby's birth along the way.
I have no qualms, few querulous regrets.
Happy birthday you broken-down poet!
You managed to eke yet another year
Out of your life's allotted installments.
Happy birthday fella! You persevered
Once more. Eyesight poor but you see much more.
I guess they call it wisdom, gained from all
The years. Just hype! Nothing to underscore:
A bit part, few lines and no curtain calls.
The bard once wrote the world is but a stage
I'll play the part. My role is middle age.

Albert Ahearn

Blissful Bookworm

I sit in my soft easy chair in the silence of my study
Surrounded by a multitude of special books.
The humming sound of my computer breaks the silence
From where I normally work.
After awhile I don’t even notice the noise.
The books on the shelves have a special way of talking
To me. Some have scared me shitless with their stories.
Others filled my mind with facts and fiction.
Sometimes separating the two proved problematic
For me, but I managed. Yet through the years few have failed
Me. I wish I could say the same but I know I cannot.
There were times I abandoned a few. Finding fault
With what they had to say. Sometimes surrendering
The read, barely or half-read, but always blameworthy.

Albert Ahearn

Book Discussion Group

A book discussion group is reveling,
Delightful entertainment; always fun.
A bunch of book enthusiasts seeking
A monthly intellectual session
Expressing individual comments
About a previous decided tome.
A moderator will then supplement
The session having questions taken from
The volume. Answers vary largely due
To many peoples interpretations.
Because of this, a critical review
Commences that becomes a formation
Of closely knitted literati buffs
Whose views are always stated off the cuff.

Albert Ahearn

Book Of Changes

I consult the I Ching with a question
Only I myself will ask.
Giving Taoism my full attention
Three pennies I will cast.
Six casts in all will yield a hexagram
Chance determines each line.
The bottom three shows plainly who I am
The top three will divine.
Depending on the hexagram result
In it lies a message.
The book of changes I must now consult
Determines the presage.

Wind followed by wind
Is self-realization
One continuum.

Albert Ahearn

Brave the storm

Contemptuous clouds were looming largely.
Their overhead disdain exuded warm
phlegmatic drivel on me angrily.
Conspiring gales abet the raging storm
and thunderous claps reverberated
abusive oaths, some four-lettered words -Bang!
And boom! - resumed throughout the tempested
display. Below, I protested-harangued:
' I stand amidst your heavenly vengeance
composed and wet. Your threats of torrent might
impress the faint of heart. And if by chance
you see me tremble -not because of fright.
I shiver because I am cold my friend.
So Rain! Blow! Clap! I'll brave it till the end.'

Albert Ahearn

Break Of Dawn

A trio of warblers jargon
a madrigal in harmony.
Their polyphony awakens
a slumbering dawn from darkness
while white dewy daffodils, like
saintly daughters of charity,
bow before the paragon sun.
A gentle zephyr diffuses
its collection of fragrances
from the myriad wildflowers
it encountered on its journey
eastward; sojourning, perfuming,
impregnating the morning air
with its sweet, volatile essence.

Albert Ahearn

Brewed fear

Standing in the silence of the night when
all daylight sights disappear from my view
I found myself alone and afraid. Then
As midnight approached, the shadows turned to
Horrid, winged specters leaping about me.
I was terrified by their ghastliness.
Suddenly there appeared from their midst three
heinous ghosts standing before me possessed.
The largest of the three stepped forward. It
Began to speak in a thunderous voice.
“Your fear is two-fold: You fear what you see,
Us! At the same time your fear is by choice.
You cling to ancestral fears concocted
In ignorance, steeped in religious dread.”

Albert Ahearn

Broke Down Downtown

A lifeless body laid face down
on the back alley wet sidewalk.
This time of night no ones around
especially now at three o’clock.
I’m here because my car broke down
Otherwise I wouldn’t be found dead
in this place. I hail from uptown.
Here, downtown, murder is widespread
Someone is always getting killed:
Prostitutes, druggies and the like
Thinking about it gives me chills.
Man! I wish I had my road bike
I’d flee this jungle battlefield.
For now, better keep my eyes peeled.

Albert Ahearn

Bumblebee

Buzzing bumblebee
you just might be the cutest
thing today I've seen.

Your black and yellow
jacket, awkwardness of flight.
Amusing fellow

This black and burly
fellow that visits different
flowers all day long.

Albert Ahearn

C’est La vie!

I gaze above from my grassy station
While lying on my back, the cumuli
Traversed the sky in noiseless slow-motion.
Great day! I thought while fixed upon the sky.
Then casually a bird flew overhead
And dropped its cargo off all over me.
In life a little rain must fall, instead
A bird brain passed its bowel of feces.
What does one say after being pooped on?
C’est La vie! What else can happen to me?
I’ve been a target of defecation
If I’d a gun that bombardier be shot.
I’m not that feathered class aves port-a-pot.

Albert Ahearn

Candy

Tasty
sweet confection,
savored by young and old
alike, that satisfies one's own
craving.

Albert Ahearn

Casualty Of War

The stench of gasoline and gore
permeated the encampment.
I am a prisoner of war
And I'm held in a stinking tent
that I share with a gun toting
taliban soldier. His black eyes
staring intently and gloating
as though I were a trophy prize
whose head would soon hang on a stick
for all his turbaned insurgents
to pelt with stones and broken bricks.
I expect his malevolent
Nature to vent with certainty
which translates: it's curtains for me!

Albert Ahearn

Change For A Dollar?

The only thing that exceeded the dinginess of this rat-hole bar was its stuffiness. I stopped in the place to make change for a parking meter just outside its door. God! It was awful in there, and I wondered, how in the hell the three inebriates sitting at the bar were able to breathe. I made a futile attempt to hold my breath, but the bartender knew his effort was a no-sell, took his grand old time getting to the cash register. I just couldn't hold my breath any longer.
There was a very old *hit-kicker song lamenting about a lost love while the barflies were adding to the toxic atmosphere with their continual chain-smoking. Finally, the barkeep reached where I was standing and slammed the four quarters down on the bar with a loud bang, that it startled the sots into momentary soberness; but just as quickly, they lowered their heads and continued staring at the legal poison sitting in front of them.
I said thanks and turned to leave, but not before I was compelled to show my displeasure for his rudeness by asking him, "By the way, you wouldn't know the average life expectancy of your patrons, the ones who frequent this rat hole, would you? " Before he could reply, I was out the door.

Not all jackasses
Bray, nor do they have four legs;
Some are just blockheads.

Albert Ahearn

Changes

The Dark Delaware on my left
The defunct canal on my right
And me in the middle of both.
I'm heading south on the towpath
Peddling my hybrid all the way.
As to where? I haven't a clue
It doesn't really matter where
Just as long as I'm still able to
Peddle along this special place.
I've biked here since I was a kid.
Two things have changed since that time:
Back then I had a three speed Schwinn
Today I have twenty-one speeds;
Back then I was young, today… old.

Albert Ahearn

Changing Places

The protracted barks of a chained-
Up dog pleading for company:
Beseeching, entreating from us
Attention he sadly deserves.
His master lounges unaware
In his grand house of glass and wood
While the pooch lives in misery
Neglected and misunderstood.
If perchance their places were changed
For one single day you can bet
The pet not a bit inhumane
But the man insisting complains
That his collars too goddamn tight
And you’re letting me in tonight.

Albert Ahearn

Chasing Rainbows

Today, all day, my Irish leprechaun
We get our chance to catch you if we can.
You hold the secrets of hidden treasures.
This time we will use successful measures.
For most, we'll sit in pubs all day and hunt
for you in greenish stout from favorite haunts
Along the way. What fools we mortals be
That think at rainbows end we'll find the key
To gold and sundry riches in a pot.
Hah! All that's found are fractured dreams and sots.
From time immemorial fools have tried
In vain to follow dreams of gold worldwide.
Thus, chasing dreams and dodgy rainbows
Makes one lose sight of what's under your nose.

Albert Ahearn

Choices

A person’s life is all about choices.
Some are regrettable, others just fine.
Yet the one’s we choose rarely suffices
Our needs and refashioned minds.
Take a man with a chance for promotion
He’ll embrace it without further ado
Deciding on a capricious notion
Winds up regretting on Monday’s debut.
The same can be said of a high school belle
Forgoing the occasion for college.
Marries instead she's unhappy as hell
Missing out on a world of vast knowledge.
When faced with a choice choose not just any
Right choices are few, the wrong ones many.

Albert Ahearn

Christmas Cards

Every year we send Christmas cards
And every year I ask myself:
Why do we send Xmas regards
To our friends who unlike ourselves
Hardly ever reciprocate?
The cost is not cheap I might add;
But my wife always steers me straight.
She says, ".you and I should be glad
To be blessed with so many friends.
A friend always transcends the cost
Of a card. Who cares if they send
Or not, or if their cards get lost
In the mail. The greatest pleasure
giving can never be measured."

Albert Ahearn

City Dwellers

Towering concrete monoliths
Loom above seemingly mindless
Lemmings rushing, bumping, pushing
Their way in endless, moving lines
Of backward and forward motion;
Each with programmed destinations
Instilled by subtle brainwashing
By the few who reside above
In luxurious penthouse suites.
Below one of the unthinking
Queue falls dead on the cold pavement
Only to be trampled underfoot
Unattended amidst raucous
Noise of taxi horns and Sirens.

Albert Ahearn

Clock

Two hands
continuous
circumferential trek
through nonspacial continuum...
Timeless.

Albert Ahearn

Clouds

Winter clouds drift like arctic floes
On an atmospheric river;
wind herding, prodding them onward
to a repetitive future.
The clouds always enthralled my mind.
Their aesthetic varying shapes
captured my imagination.
As a child I would gaze at them;
letting their shapes form images
in my mind others couldn’t see.
I still watch them as an adult
change into phantom images
shown above by the first four lines.

Albert Ahearn

Cogito ergo sum

I often sit and ponder many things
A host of multifarious subjects.
A few perhaps are shallow but they bring
Me food for thought. The balance is complex.
At times I think about the universe
The sphere of life and death experience.
Those thoughts alone I find myself immersed
In deepest meditation, Transcendence.
And other times I'm simply lost in thought
Perchance a past event or maybe lines
Of Poetry. My mind has never sought
Retreat. Whatever enters leaves behind
Itself forever nourishing my mind
Improving knowledge gained from Humankind.

Albert Ahearn

Colors on my palette

Tiny dishes on my palette
filled with a rainbow of colors
that I meticulously mixed;
arranged like a row of flowers
that I'll use to paint her portrait.
Cadmium yellow for her hair;
white and yellow ochre create
her flesh tone; perhaps if I dare
a dab of cadmium red.
Cadmium deep red for her lips;
perhaps a lighter shade instead.
Cerulean blue for her eyes;
and like a statue she will pose
while my paint laden bristles flow.

Albert Ahearn

Conch

A seashell was the greatest find
for an eight year old at the time.
A conch shell was the most prized sought
elusive more often than not.
But when it’s found the finder gains
a worth much more than Mary Jane’s
and bubblegum he could wish for
from any corner candy store.
Within its aperture is filled
with sounds of surf and sea that thrills
his mind when pressed against his ear
then shared among his childhood peers
this brightly colored spiral shell
where once a spineless mollusk dwelled.

Albert Ahearn

Conservatism

Conservatism’s ideology
Is static. For that reason, everything
It touches stagnates and thus decays.
We live in a universe that expands:
Dynamic, and ever characterized
By firm continuous change-alive.
Conservatives, stuck in traditions,
Unable, feckless slaves of status quo
Impede advancement for those souls in need.
Those at the top espouse unwritten laws
That favor power, wealth and selfishly
Retain these hieratic gifts bequeathed
By past idolized idealist fops
Who gained their prominence on backs of men.

Albert Ahearn

Contentment

Contentment: Kenny G blowing
“The Moment” in my ears while I
Sit in front of my monitor
Typing these verses, stopping once
In awhile to sip a diet tea
And read an interesting short
Piece from my monthly magazine
Scientific American
Ricocheting sleet off the pane
Made me aware of the weather
Only for a moment, mind you,
Then back again to poking keys.
“The Moment” has timely ended
And so too has my contentment.

Albert Ahearn

Contrails

The contrails scar the morning sky
like cicatrix's on a slaves back.
I sit and watch them multiply:
white insidious, noxious tracks
that linger long among the clouds
spreading lethal depositions
never knowing their whereabouts'
but knowing their compositions;
And when the clouds begin to rain
down (acid precipitation)
it's simple then to ascertain
Man's faulty preconceived notion:
That they are harmless condensates;
This is supposed to vindicate?

Meanwhile, a drizzle
began quietly falling
upon fragile earth.

Albert Ahearn

Creation

An aesthetic inspiration:
A grand, heavenly spectacle
Evolving on a blue canvas
That is slowly painting itself.
A single golden orb appears
Whose fiery tone dominates
The scene and brightens the background.
Next poses fluffy cumuli
That silently journey across
On their way to infinity.
Within the scene an eagle glides
High in the sky on warm thermos.
Below an artist with brushes
And a multicolored palette.

Albert Ahearn

d4 or e4, that is the question

He sits across from me over a board
With checkered squares. He is white; I am black.
I need a win, him a draw. Can’t afford
To play prophylactically. Attack
Is my only chance to win this tourney.
Which leaves me with only one opening:
The Sicilian*. I only hope that he
Will play a hackneyed first move like a king
Pawn center thrust. Queen pawn creates problems
And he doesn’t need problems at this time.
I feel both moves favor me. It depends.
Playing queen pawn I think would undermine
His chances for a draw but then again
The king pawn move allows the Sicilian.

* 1. e4....c5

Albert Ahearn

Dandelions

Little
Bright, yellow heads
Despised not for beauty.
That are here, there and everywhere
I tread
Ever
so cautiously
In your meadowy home
Amidst copious genera
Alone.
Solo
But not really
Alone. Strolling along
Accompanied by my friends at
My feet.
Brushing
Jagged edged leaves-
Like baby lion’s teeth.
So aptly named dent de lions.
Lead on!
Yellow
Companions. The
Season is waning. Your
Feathery, cotton heads reveal
Its end.

Albert Ahearn

Darkness

Day fades into semidarkness
And night’s ravenous appetite
Slowly consumes remaining light
Leaving nothing but shadowy
Phantoms slow dancing with the wind
Under a new moon cloudy night.
Darkness- The great equalizer
Where the sense of sight is useless
And Seeing Eye dogs are not seen;
Where sinners and saints are lovers
And transgression and grace are words
Having utterly no meaning;
Where truth becomes irrelevant
Until the mornings piercing light.

Albert Ahearn

Daydreaming

The Deciduous maple trees
With their temporary broad leaves
Fell in great numbers during the
Early, darkened, chilly morning.
Their photosynthetic lifetimes
Once green are now shadows of life
As they lay lifeless on the ground.
As I slowly pedal along
The beaten path, a crispy sound
Emerges from beneath the wheels;
And a sweet odoriferous
Scent from their decaying-remains
Beckons forth from my aged mind
Pleasurable abstract musing.

Albert Ahearn

Daydreams

I lie amidst a pride of dandelions.
Odoriferous breaths overwhelm me.
Above, a sea with white wispy phantoms
Silently, adrift, like lost ships at sea.
I close my eyes but still see everything.
For what's perceived is also imagined.
A subtle April breeze whispers.. it's spring!
I smile with eyes still closed then I begin
Soliloquy: I need no gallery
Nor brush and palette to paint that which I see.
All I have seen is stored in memory
And abstract thought can launch this reverie.
I lie still among these yellow flowers
Lost in springtime daydreams by the hour.

Albert Ahearn

Death beneath my feet

The dead brown maple leaves litter the path
Where I walk. Others of its kind dropping
From their lofty homes, victims of the wrath
Of autumns chilling gales, unrelenting
And tellingly- stark reminder of death-
Companion through life all of us must face.
I tread over brittle corpses beneath
My feet in their final resting place
And I am reminded of my sister
Poor soul! Who died one chilly October.
I remember the maple leaves that stirred
Around my feet that day she was interred.
Lifeless entities swirling, hurling down
Atop her casket deep beneath the ground.

Albert Ahearn

Death to all.... Have fun!

I heard a song the other day; it strummed
A chord within, this way: The lyrics sung
Expressed that we convey a summed
Philosophy: Our days are numbered, son.
We're born to die and there's no warning light.
This is our fate, our expiration date.
So live your life as though your deaths tonight
The fullest that money can buy this late.
Tomorrow the sorrow of death might come
Despite being old or young. Beat the drum
And dance. Have fun! Laugh and sing, don't be glum.
We'll celebrate, it's never too late, hon
The parties begun, be not a mourner
Grim-reapers peeking around the corner.

Albert Ahearn

Deathbed Discourse

This past week I lost two good friends. The one friend I lost to cancer. The poor guy suffered horribly. All through his ordeal his wife was by his bedside. I began to reflect on this and I tried to put myself in his place. What would I say? What would I think knowing I was about to die? Shortly after musing, I composed this sonnet.

Weep no tears for me at this time and place.
A thousand eyes change not my destiny.
All living things must die eventually
Except my love for you, which I embrace.
Feel not sad for me looking at my face
Although it's old and wrinkled you can see
A budding rose should age so gracefully.
My time grows near my love; in any case
Your life goes on nevertheless my love.
So wipe those eyes dry of life's mournful dew
And think not this time undeserving of.
Life had been kind, more so, finding you.
A lifelong companion envied above
By angels and cherubs alike, love!

Albert Ahearn

Deciduous Leaves

The xylem saps are heading south
like the majestic autumn sun,
deep down into their woody roots.
Soon deciduous leaves will die
and their exquisite lingering
dissolutions will manifest
tinctured, ephemeral beauty:
crimsons, oranges, yellows and greens
and all the subtle hues in between.
A sweet, earthy scent saturates
the cool, autumnal air we breathe.
Then one by one each leaf succumbs
to a gentle rain or zephyr
descending silently to earth.

Albert Ahearn

Deferred Pen

It is five thirty and I am at my desk
With the intention of writing something.
I’m sitting waiting for inspiration
But the stimulation has not surfaced
Yet. All I hear are the sounds of children
Playing and the hum of my computer.
The thought occurred to me, don’t write just yet
Drop everything and sit out on the deck
And watch the indefatigable youth
Live life the way only a child can live:
Never thinking about the tomorrows
Only the present is all that matters.
Know what? I’m going to act on that thought
Inspiration or not, I’m out of here!

Albert Ahearn

Devoid of Love

“My dear, do you love me? ” No, I think not.
A loving foundation is based on trust.
I lost that trust that ties true lovers' knots.
Without it, all love dies and turns to dust.
My heart's been broken many times before
Each love I lost left me uncertainty.
Love doesn’t live within me anymore
This I say to you with all certainty.
Love is like snow, beautiful while it lasts
But comes a time it thaws and disappears.
And what remains are traces of the past:
The painful heartaches, lonely nights and tears.
Ask not again of me, do you love me?
Love has died leaving painful memories.

Albert Ahearn

Diffident Demeanor

Her flirtatious eyes met mine. A pretentious flutter
caused me to flinch. Her conspicuous smile
confirmed how silly I looked. Yet looking
at her, at those eyes, I didn’t give a damn.
Sitting two tables away might as well have been
a metric mile. I thought to myself: Is she
actually alone or is she waiting for someone?
I see only one glass, the one in her hand
but that doesn’t prove a thing. Think again Romeo!
Have I only imagined romantic overtures?
I probably did. I could prove otherwise
if I had the courage but being bold
is not my nature. I guess I’ll never know.
So here I sit like a stone statue.

Albert Ahearn

Discombobulation

The sun was just above the horizon.
I thought, is the star rising or setting?
I'll just lie here awhile; keep an eye on
It to see which way the fire is heading.
It's strange, I know I'm lying in my bed
But I don't remember retiring.
Am I asleep and dreaming this instead?
This dreadful state is mind boggling.
It's like being awake in a nightmare
And all that I see is not what it seems
To be. I know one thing for sure, I'm scared.
Egad! I hope I'm not dead in this dream.
I looked again at the sun. It was rising!
It's morn! I can hear the robins singing.

Albert Ahearn

Displaced Loved One

A troubled youth gone for a year
Far from his family’s allure
For reasons that are still unclear
yet behooving that is for sure.
We hope his stay is suitable
for one so very young as he.
meager details but on the whole
we’re hoping with no guarantees.
A year may not seem long for some
But it is an eternity
For the foursome waiting at home
All anxious and downheartedly.
The shared grief is overbearing
Plucking at our fragile heartstrings.

Albert Ahearn

Distinctions

On the surface the town appears
Like any town, perhaps your own;
It has its share of low-cost homes
Segregated from the splendid
Houses by an invisible
Well defined demarcation line.
The inferior homeowners
Dine out when they can afford to
At fast food places like Wendy’s;
Whereas the well-to-do- frequent
Eateries with French sounding names;
You can distinguish these people
From the rest of us by their dogs:
They’re the prissy pooches with bows.

Albert Ahearn

Divineness

A tiny teacup
Reveals an abstract future
From the clinging leaves.

Albert Ahearn

Doom and gloom

Oh, lordy! The nuts are at it again.
Their paranoiac claims abound today.
Oh! So often I heard their sick refrains
Expounding, predicting the end of days:
Armageddon is near! Sinners prepare
Yourselves! Never once have their claims come true.
The poor souls! Victims of hopeless despair
Terminal crazies, if only they knew
How ridicules they sound to the sane
Yes, sane! Those who bank on a bright future
Instead of those fantastic, inane claims.
I ask you, how much more can we endure?
Their latest claim is now two thousand and twelve.
Hold onto your bibles [laughs] brace yourselves!

Albert Ahearn

Dread

She lies peacefully in our bed
dead to the world, unaware of
my scrutiny. Her quiescence
in that funereal repose
sends an ice-cold shiver of dread
throughout my entire body.
My mind begins to wander
through a surrealistic maze
that challenges all reality.
She’s asleep! I said to myself
unconvincingly; then hurried
to her bedside and pled out loud:
Please! Let these lips I kiss be warm.

Albert Ahearn

Dreams

In a subconscious state of mind
both real and unreal intertwine
and twist each others attributes
into dark Eidolon recruits.
These phantoms perform roles assigned
So well they trick the sleeping mind;
The scripts emerge from deep within
The brain where images begin
To shape and sound then orchestrate
Successive scenes the two conflate
Into involuntary schemes
The conscious human calls his dreams.

Albert Ahearn

Drought

Pedaling along river drive
empty plastic grocery bags
fluttered and flapped from tree branches
like lost battle surrender flags
that line the drought-stricken river.
Their interspersed clings reminded
me of inundated levels
this now anemic river reached;
where once the floodwaters surged south
along its journey to the sea
its now imperceptive flow
struggles, its intimate's exposed:
river-bottom, water-worn rocks
sit like petrified bowler hats.

Albert Ahearn

Duel Personality

Many lovers’ kiss faded from my lips
Like summers early morning mist that dries
When timely sunrise first arrives outside
My windowpane. Can I rewrite the script
Of providence that’s handed me? Eclipse
Another, hardly. The Jekyll and Hyde
Reside in me: the good and bad divide
At first but then the worst bestirs and shifts.
A lover kisses Jekyll’s lips of wine
But soon the lovers tasting vinegar
When Hyde emerges every single time
To spoil the sweet-taste of love. Au revoir!
The final parting words that draws the line
When love dies never knowing who you are.

Albert Ahearn

Dying Love

Our love, once like two vibrant leaves
Vigorous, lively, and vital;
Both clinging in a summer breeze
Beautiful and ornamental.
But time passes and our love died
Not unlike autumns foliage
Losing its vivaciousness-dried,
Withering in an outdoor stage
Where the slightest breeze sets them free
And separate but to perish.
Our love like the leaves on the tree
Where once it had thrived and flourished
Now a feeling in its last throes
Feebly lingering to let go.

Albert Ahearn

Early Autumn

The calendar foretells summer
but the trees, fauna and I know
that Autumn is now upon us
in spite of the Gregorian.
Deciduous trees are shedding
their kaleidoscopic, colored
dead on the earthen ground below;
and decaying scents fill the air,
nostrils, the mind with reverie
of indelible yesteryears.
Squirrels burying recent finds,
cheerleading and football practice
Unmistakable, autumnal,
recurring signs of its presence.

Albert Ahearn

Early Falling Leaves

Autumn is not technically here
But it has arrived nonetheless
With brown crisp maple leaves and their
Imagined conspicuousness.
Each with its own conformation:
Some taking forms of tortoises
As they swirled downward in the sun;
Others twirled like ballerinas
In a sleeping beauty ballet.
Most fell unassumingly down
Nevertheless, quite a display
For a mere poet on the ground
This Sunday morning unrehearsed
Depicted in a poets verse.

Albert Ahearn

Early summer scene

The sunrays showered the treetops
pooling little puddles of light
on the predominance of shade
that claimed the beaten path below;
seemingly ebbing and flowing
caused by the rustle of the trees.
Tiny cabbage white butterflies
in their spiral flights dip and rise
ostentatiously frolicking
amidst the warm illuminates
occasionally alighting
the myriad garlic mustards
that dominate the ground layer
laying their next generation.

Albert Ahearn

Eclipsed From Sleep

I am a man advanced in years
And for the most part need my sleep.
I'm usually in bed by nine
Not that I want to be abed;
You'll find out if you live this long
That the mind is always younger
Than the body it occupies.
What this means is I'm often
forced to do things against my will.
Last night is a good example:
I wanted to see the eclipse
Of the moon beginning early
In the AM morning hours.
I struggled long to stay awake:
I sat in a comfortable chair
Anticipating the eclipse
With tired eyes through my window
Only to involuntary
Fall asleep and missed the damn thing.

Albert Ahearn

Edge Of Night

I stand alone, ashore before
The suns inevitable quench.
My eyes absorb the golden brown
Horizon melting into night.
The teasing tide touches my feet
Like a juvenile game of tag.
My hurried mind futilely fights
The suns descending final dip
That will take with it the beauty
And my reasons for being here.
The darkened clouds in the twilight
Loom like rudderless ships at sea;
And not unlike the seeming ships
I disappear into the night.

Albert Ahearn

Elusive annelid

I am a squiggly, slimy annelid.
I live my life above and underground.
I’m long and slim; I've no eyes or eyelids.
My life has many, many, ups and downs.
In my earthen home made of dirt and stone
This is my terrestrial element.
Here I’m safe and sound and I’m all alone
Morning mist entices my next ascent.
Here above I lie in grassy wetness.
Danger lurking, searching from the trees:
It’s my nemesis: the robin redbreast
Who’s waiting patiently to pounce on me.
I’m a survivalist I now affirm
That bird above won’t eat this little worm

Albert Ahearn

Elysium Lost

There have been many pleasantries
As a moppet over the years:
The countless summer night breezes
That whistled music in my ears;
Or lay supine and gaze above
At the moonlit star studded sky
And conceive my dreams undreamed of
As they emerged before my eyes.
But gone are those childish whimsies
Those were born of the wind and stars.
Gone are the musical breezes
That once filled those nights… au revoir!
Gone is that place where I once reigned
Yet in my heart it still remains.

Albert Ahearn

Eminent Domain

The numerous dirty-white mounds
Of snow that lined the narrow street
Stood like fortified embankments;
Each varying in height and width
Depending on the autos size.
Each space of eminent domain
Was illegally claimed either
By dozens of plastic lawn chairs,
Trash cans, anything to obstruct
Entry into this reserved spot.
I wonder if the yellow snow
I see dotting a few places
Is from a neighborhood canine
Or from a property owner?

Albert Ahearn

Enlightened

There’s no hope for humanity
A half-wit would think otherwise.
Collective Christianity
With its many brethren allies
Have failed its purpose for Christ’s sake!
With their arsenal of prayer beads,
Missals and psalms- they are opaque
Tools employed that never succeeds
In changing the nature of Man:
He is still greedy and hostile
Unchanged since first set foot on land
They’re members of this rank and file:
A congregate hypocrisy
Only the enlightened can see.

Albert Ahearn

Ersatz peace

Prime Minister Netanyahu
Present Knesset, Likud Jew
Said Jews have duel capitals:
Jerusalem with armed control
And the city of Tel Aviv.
Who is this ruler called “Bibi”
Who rejects the peace summit talks?
With his constant thwarting and balks
And a recent turn of events
By slating sixteen settlements
On the Palestinians land.
Too long has he the upper hand:
A status quo that rules the day
Not sanctioned by the USA.
Will there be a Palestine state
In this conquered real estate?
The chances are now nil to slim
Due to Israeli Jews like him.

Albert Ahearn

Exploited Genius

Once upon a time ago
Lived a man named Vincent Van Gogh.
His style of painting vexed a few
With importunities anew:
His long broad strokes and use of light
Bright yellows, mauve were his delight
Blues and oranges caught the eye
Contrasting when placed side by side
For all the beauty he expressed
It left him poor and dispossessed.
Life seems to fault the advent man
It’s been that way since time began.
Deceased his work has now become
Treasures in Louvre museum.

Albert Ahearn

Extinction

The Past

A pristine blue sky
Mirrored agrarian lives
Living with nature.

Their work was always difficult
But that never seemed to matter.
Their crops were all that counted most:
Enough to feed the family
In good times as well as the bad
Everyone loved their plot of land.
They knew it meant their survival
So the hard work was the tradeoff.
What developed was mutual
Respect: an interconnection
Whereby one affects the other;
But then one day a cloud appeared:
A black, menacing, looming cloud
Foretelling future misfortune.

The Present

The industrial
Revolution dawned under
This foreboding cloud.

Machines began to do the work
That man and beasts for eons had
Performed with blood, sweat and tears.
His work was easier to do
But soon discovered that he had
Become an industrial slave.
A mere symbiotic creature:
His nature was parasitic.
He no longer had in himself
The oneness and independence
That he had always called his own.
He'd become fat and ignorant
Living by his own destructive
Philosophy: hedonism.

The future

The sky is poisoned
As well as the land and the seas.
The earth was dying.

Through Mans continuous neglect
The earth became terminally
Ill. It was no longer able
To sustain the needs of Mankind.

War broke out all over the globe
Millions killed, many more had starved
To death; billions soon will follow
Billions more after that. The stench
Of rotting flesh has overwhelmed
Those able to live another
Hopeless day, gasped the putrid air
Futile murmurings continued
Until silenced by the guns
The ultimate judicature.

An eerie silence
Prevailed and all that was heard
Was screeching vultures.

Albert Ahearn

Eyewitness

The slow, murky, drought-affected river
Snakes its way around meandering shores.
Its surface littered with leaves upriver
Like colorful scales on a constrictor.
Within its gut swim impervious prey
That nourishes it along its lengthy
Journey to the sea. All along the way
Its subtle currents swallow whole, debris
Left in the wake of Octobers fury.
Unmindful Canada geese fly over
The leafy surface honking their carefree
Calls while negotiating their stopover.
Standing high on the bank is I, witness
To this autumn picturesque loveliness.

Albert Ahearn

Face Of A Goddess

She walked into my universe
silently as her lovely smile.
Rarely such beauty is preserved
Bar, perhaps, a Grecian profile:
some alabaster sculptured head
Cold, soulless in a museum
Of a venerable Greek, long dead;
Or maybe an athenaeum
Where I have found her while reading
Looking down at me in the silence
from a vast book-laden shelving.
I overcame my ambivalence
When her face appeared before me
a visage, smiling demurely.

Albert Ahearn

Fallen Warriors

The fallen warriors of foreign wars
Cleave my heart and soul to their very core.
There's no effective balm in any store
That soothes empathetic pain I endure.
My wounded heart will recover I guess
My soul shall remain immortally maimed.
They pale by comparison more or less
When compared to the deaths the wars have claimed.
All of the fallen are heroes at rest
Paying the ultimate price with their lives.
There's absolutely no way to express
The mental anguish I feel inside.
So on this saddened memorial day
I offer up prayers in a heartfelt way.

Albert Ahearn

False Tenets and Promises

How often have you heard this expression: " Well, sorry to say, this is my nature." Just what is the nature of Man? Why are we such a predictable lot? Why is War our bed partner? These questions and many more can be asked but never really given satisfactory answers without stepping on toes that would bring the wrath of these elitist down on our heads.
Unfortunately for all of us, we come into this world with existing governing systems predicated on certain tenets and creeds. These opinions, doctrines, or principles held as being true by persons or especially by organizations. Yet never allowing future generations the privilege of researching these systems that are responsible for our very own nature, without an inquisition around the corner.
Apparently, it is much easier to burn these (true) inquisitors at the stake, metaphorically speaking, than risk having a house built on a sandy foundation, crumble.

The seeming nature oft presumed be Man's
Is nothing less than some abstracted mode,
Conceived in dreams, contrived within human
Invention; dreamt-up folly episodes.
A dream is oft-involuntary mind
Sensations, not of serious award.
Consisting mostly of surreally kinds:
Unreal phantoms most assured ignored.
For some we note in highest places rule
The masses minds. Imaginary creeds,
Assumed the truth, but nonetheless a cruel
Inhuman whimsy borne o'er time, indeed!
Depose these charlatans! Divest their robes.
Expose their vile intentions. Burn their clothes!

Albert Ahearn

Female Facial Facade

One need not know her life story
to actually know this woman.
Her character is quite clearly
Sculptured into her youthful hewn
Face: her flawless forehead and arched brows
bridge atop two mirrored blue pools:
Eyes that conceal lies that somehow
besmirch her most precious jewels.
Her celestial nose turned upward
suggesting a pretentious snob;
And her mouth: two full, pinkish-red,
fleshy folds with a subtle sneer
imperceptibly perceived
concealing her feigned innocence.

Albert Ahearn

Fire And Ice

If snowflakes set aflame the ground
They touch and wintry winds abet
The flames, would she and I this day
always remain deeply in love?
Yet snow is snow-it’s wet, it’s cold
Its frigid blanket lacks the warmth
That lover’s hearts depend and thrive;
It stifles, smothers all that grows
and extinguishes any fire.
Snow-flames are just a fantasy
An image conjured in my mind
But in my heart our love is true
In any world we two reside
inventible or otherwise.

Albert Ahearn

First Snowfall

The last of autumn’s leaves begins assault
Of winter gales. The sap within the trees
In hibernating xylems call a halt
To most activity to some degree.
The birds that once resided amongst them
Already left for warmer spots unknown.
A few remain behind but are condemned
To weather winters snow and ice alone.
The snow begins to fall. At first, a flake,
Then more and more until the trees are white
And weighted. Branches, weak, begin to break
And fall to earth and soon are crowned despite
The slackened storm. The wind subsides and all
Is quiet and calmness follows the squall.

Albert Ahearn

Fool’s mate

(1. f3...e5 2.g4...h4 mate!)

Unwise for White to push the pawn to three;
Exposing royalty to Black’s attack.
With pawn at Bishop three, one must agree
f3 was not the move to play on Black.
The Black opponent counters with e5
A sure maneuver yielding enterprise.
His queen has open space and hopes to strive
To leave her home and head for White’s demise.
The fool's deficient understanding, moves
His pawn obliviously (seals his fate)
To square g4. A move I disapprove
Of. Black has won the game, h4! The mate!
The lesson learned from this experience
Don’t play a fool with inexperience.

Albert Ahearn

For this I write

I write not for consensus sake
Why should I? People don’t partake
In my insights, designs and schemes
Nor inhabit my nightly dreams.
I write because it’s a passion
My own particular fashion.
Whether those enjoy what I write
Or find fault with it, that’s alright!
The satisfaction I receive
Is from the notions I conceive
Expressed in rhythmic poesy.
This from me is a guarantee:
When inspiration finds me home
I am sure to write a poem.

Albert Ahearn

Forgotten

Dame's Rockets grow atop her grave:
Pinks, whites and purples flourish here
in this cemetery enclave
where no one has visit in years.
Her oblique, weatherworn headstone
stands aside a nearby roadside
hidden amid weeds, unbeknown
to motorist who pass where she lies.
An effortful deciphering
failed to clarify her birth year
Born April first [obscured] in spring
Died forgotten this much is clear
except for these fragrant bouquets
that perfume above her grave today.

Albert Ahearn

Forgotten Prose

I belong to a book discussion group at our local library. There are about a dozen of us that meet once a month and discuss a book that we all agreed (voted) to read. At each
meeting, I am usually the oldest participant and I have noticed that our individual tastes
for prose varies exceedingly.
Myself, I prefer the Classics. The others prefer the modernists' works of prose.
Consequently, due to our democratic process, my choices rarely are voted for.
Anyway, the situation inspired me to compose a sonnet for all the great forgotten prose of
yesteryear.

On dusty shelves the books of dated time
Have stood for years. Abandoned, slighted lore
Those years before were favorite pastime
Discussion topics, literati lords
Adored. Among the seasoned aging tomes,
A rather large imposing book secured
It's stately charm amongst the few unknowns.
The title slightly injured and obscured.
Author and faithful readers long ago
Deceased, along with fragmentary bits
Of time. Until uncovered, read to know
About its past distinction, this poet
Aroused, composed a special poem for it.
It's often called: Shakespearean sonnet.

Albert Ahearn

Fourteen Verses

My passion is to write modern sonnets
Yes indeed modern not traditional.
Iambic pentameter I regret
Is too restrictive and conditional.
I had observed that many years ago.
Expression of thought is more important
Than any well-placed iamb, apropos.
These little songs* are not songs at all; shan’t
Pretend when they're not. Mine are messages
That I compose within fourteen verses:
Some assurances, other presages.
They are my work for better or for worse.
If I fail to convey in fourteen lines
I'd nothing to say and wasted your time.

* Sonnet means little song.

Albert Ahearn

Foutain of Youth

The fountain of youth exists within us.
To find the rare elixir is the task.
Without it, life is destined for sickness
And brief existence; With it, life will last
A very long and joyous time it brings.
Imbibe the water that flows in the well
That is fed from five meandering springs.
Then daily sip and swallow; never tell
A soul and jealously guard its secrets
Of health, longevous treasure. Keep your mind
As pure as the liquid quaffed and get set
For spiritual uplifting. To find
This elusive potion I must profess:
Seek but don’t overlook the obvious.

Albert Ahearn

Freedom

Standing high atop a canyon
wall, a rising, thermal current
warmed my weathered face with gentle,
smoothest, invisible fingers.
Overhead a lone eagle glides
effortlessly, circling, dipping
downward, ostensibly playing.
His iterate screeching echoes
loudly through the narrow chasm.
Genuine freedom on the wing
but unaware how free he is;
and I who deems to be as free
knows that it’s only an ideal
one that can never be achieved.

Albert Ahearn

From My Window

A robin perched upon a branch
outside my living room window
His lighthearted disposition
roused within me a reverie.
With eyes closed firmly I conjured
a heretofore different scene:
A naked limb laden with snow
and a cold loneliness prevailed
gazing through a closed, frosted pane…
My eyes opened, the thrush was gone
no trace vestige of abstract snow
though out of sight his song was heard
Cheerio, Cheeriup, tut tut! !
from outside my open window.

Albert Ahearn

Futility

Idealists speak out all day
And wonder why the worlds this way;
They ask, why can’t we live in peace
Instead of being ill at ease;
Where all men live in harmony
And war is just a memory.
A realist responds in kind
I’m of a difference of mind.
I see all good and evil reign
Both equally in one domain.
Their efforts for a win must fail
The vying is to no avail.
Mans personality is split
Espousing both you must admit.

Albert Ahearn

Getting High

A cool, refreshing mist of rain
Bathed my face while I raced along
A beaten path to Sand Island.
The Day lilies and Campions
Smiled from their clustered colonies
As I passed them along the way
While Kenny G's horn was blowing
"Forever in love" in my ears.
As I neared my destination
The stimulating rain ended
As did the saxophone love song
Ending my momentary high
Without the aid of any drug,
Recommencing on my return.

Getting high on life
Is a great alternative
All of us should try.

Albert Ahearn

Greed

We are a greedy species more or less
Desiring more than needed frequently.
If something free presents itself, excess
Increases often exponentially.
Instead of taking one or two and leave
The rest behind, avaricious nature
Impels us, take it all! And thus believes,
It’s mine! To Hell with those that follow, your
Misfortune is not my regard. Myself
Is all that matters so what's mine is mine.
Though lacking scruples in and of itself
Becomes a selfish brute, his own design.
Beware! Of egocentric avarice
Your entry into heaven might be missed.

Albert Ahearn

Green Banana's

A time is reached in life if one remains
Alive to tell the tale: those certain things
He once performed routinely, ascertains
The notion, habits must desist which brings
About awareness: His mortality.
Employment ends; Retirement is here.
The monthly saving wanes. Frugality
submits to lavish tastes. The thirty year
Installment loan is paid. But now he's glum.
He now forbears purchasing bananas
That are unripe for fear his death may come
before they ripen. Shakespeariana
Unfolding: Final act that yields a frown:
The man's demise, they ring the curtain down.

Albert Ahearn

Greenhouse Gas (Triolet)

The features of the Triolet are:
· 8 lines.
· Two rhymes.
· 5 of the 8 lines are repeated or refrain lines.
· First line repeats at the 4th and 7th lines.
· Second line repeats at the 8th line.
· Rhyme scheme (where an upper-case letter indicates the appearance of an identical line, while a lower-case letter indicates a rhyme with each line designated by the same lower-case or upper-case letter) :
A
B
a - Rhymes with 1st line.
A - Identical to 1st line.
a - Rhymes with 1st line.
b - Rhymes with 2nd line.
A - Identical to 1st line.
B - Identical to 2nd line.
****
Our blue marble is imperiled
Due to excessive CO2
Like being over a barrel.
Our blue marble is imperiled.
Greenhouse gas, it's our funeral
the solutions long overdue.
Our blue marble is imperiled
Due to excessive CO2.

Albert Ahearn

Grim Reaper

With waning moon below the Horizon
The darkness fell upon the slumbered town.
An even darker phantom fell upon
The people. (Death) had descended and found
Its quarry. Walking silently among
Their homes until he reached a wealthy man
Asleep in bed. He touched his eyes, erelong.
At once, they opened wide. “Oh, bogeyman
Begone! Oh horrible dream, please leave me!
You dreadful thing! Who are you? I’m lord here!
I’ll beckon servants, they will hear my plea.”
Be silent fop! Your time has come, give ear:
Your hedonistic life has caused much pain.
I send you where the conqueror worm reigns.

Albert Ahearn

Halloween

It's Halloween again! The moon is high
And waxing. The night is calm and darkness
Predominates everything. Some clouds try
In vain to quench the lunar fluorescence.
Below, a ray of light exposes weird
And freakish happenings, surreal things!
A quiet crowd of ghoulish kids appear.
Impressive costumes make the evening
An apropos success. The parents walk
Behind the throng of hideous creatures
As each approach the lighted doors to knock.
The townspeople behind their doors are sure
To answer every rap with something sweet
When little voices bellow, trick or treat!

Albert Ahearn

Hallowmas Eve

He stood erect, still and silent
like a wax museum figure
in an inconspicuous nook
hidden in nocturnal darkness.
His long, needlelike canines gleamed
in the moons ebbing subdued light.
Blood red fleshy folds encompassed
these parasitic instruments.
Two grand, black, membranous wings hung
close to his sides, down to his feet.
On a sudden, voices were heard
Trick-or-treaters were approaching,
nearing his ambush location.
With anxious anticipation
his webbed wings began to quiver.

Albert Ahearn

Happiness

Happiness is a lonely trek
Of unforeseen discoveries
A lifelong trip; an odyssey;
a soul search quest for finding “me”.
How else is one to know its joys
except through one’s experience?
Some roads lead to many tears
While others end with dread and strife
We chalk them up and stay the course
and learn these roads are part of life
that pave the way for what we seek:
to get the “ I” to know the “me”
and reflexively know oneself-
only then can one be happy.

Albert Ahearn

Happy Thanksgiving

It's time for Tom to lose his wattled head.
He's designated martyr for the feast.
We pluck him naked and stuff him with bread
Then roast his hapless carcass whole or pieced.
We carve, dismember, separate his flesh
and pile it high upon a festive plate.
Oh, Butterball you juicy thing, so fresh
and tasty, every bite is simply great.
Although we never heard him gobble
without a head he cannot demonstrate.
A turkeys future cannot be squabbled
his life is brief and predetermined fate.
Without a turkey there's no misgiving
there would not be a Happy Thanksgiving.

Albert Ahearn

Happy Valentines Day

This poem is dedicated to my loving wife.

Our hearts adjoined some ages past
In the summertime of our lives.
Oh! How swiftly the time has passed
Yet your lasting beauty belies
Those years that etched your comely face.
But now we reached life’s wintertime
Together still with arms embraced
And kiss each favorite valentine
For all those loving grateful years.
Happy Valentines Day my love
You are the one I hold most dear.
At times I feel unworthy of
But this I say and know it’s true:
My life is nothing without you.

Albert Ahearn

Hard times

I didn't have much as a kid;
Oh, we were always fed and clad.
but for luxuries, God forbid!
Two-bits a week was all I had.
Fifteen cents spent on a movie
The remaining ten bought candy
Even that wasn't guaranteed.
Picking a landfill was handy
When money wasn't to be had
I'd pick the dump for tin and rags
And head for the junkyard with dad
Carrying the days find in bags.
Although a youth I recognized
the wounded pride in daddy's eyes.

Albert Ahearn

Health: A sojourner

One never contemplates mortality
Until our health begins to fade away.
In our youth we possessed vitality
Thought it would last forever and a day.
But comes a season our thoughts will languor
And dreams of immortality will wane
Like unto annual summer flowers
Whose spring advents we never see again.
Our health is such a very fragile thing
We often take for granted in our lives;
And like the blooming flowers in the spring
Their stay is brief until their time arrives
When all the lovely blooms begin ebbing
That’s not unlike the health we once possessed
A bitter pill to swallow nonetheless.

Albert Ahearn

Heavens Touch

Oh! Brilliant moon arising upward
To your setting place. You show your face
For everyone to see. You're heavenward
Excursion takes my heart along through space
And holds it there among the starry sky.
Alone and distant from me stands my wife
On foreign shores. Her job demands she fly
To places your reflection cast so bright.
Tonight my love, this waxing orb intense
In all its splendor carries love aloft
To see and feel from this night's heaven sent.
The stars that twinkle incandescent, soft
Emitting sparkles, touches both our hearts
Together now although we are apart.

Albert Ahearn

Here Today, Gone Tomorrow

This sonnet was inspired while celebrating my daughter's birthday. Everyone was eating cake except me. I hardly ever eat sweets. "A moment on the lips, forever on the hips". Anyway, while they were enjoying the moment, I began to muse. Later that evening I composed this:

My daughter is older by a year today.
She is thirty-seven. I wonder where
The time has gone It seems to melt away.
It's like an imperceptible glacier
Receding slowly, leaving once unseen
Destruction bare, exposed to view, behind.
I see what time has etched on me between
A youth of yesteryear and current time.
The mirror reflects wrinkled lines and spots.
And not to mention, but I will! The gray.
And like the ice, receding hair, a lot
Is lost. My exploratory survey?
It can be said, expressed this way: Ahem!
I once had youth but now it's gone, Amen.

Albert Ahearn

Highfalutin Pollutants

The cloudless sky scarred with contrails
Like cicatrices on a slaves
Backside from numerous lashings.
Back and forth, this way and that way
Flying bombs travel overhead
Leaving in their wake, pollutants
In the form of anomalies:
Man-made, miasmal cirrus clouds.
Experts maintain they are harmless
Like our frosty breaths in winter.
Believe that, and I have a bridge
I want to sell you in Brooklyn.
Down on earth exhaust is called smog
Up there it's called condensation?

Where does the Truth lie?
The answer: the clouds
in the form of acid rain.

Albert Ahearn

Home Delivery

The dark dinginess of the room
And its odoriferousness;
Obviously, it wasn't broomed
In an age, the place was a mess.
The odor was suffocating
And it needed ventilation.
Unfit for a human being
and beyond my expectation.
"One lives in this filthy rat hole?
God! It's an insult to a rat.
The center for disease control
wouldn't enter this place." She sat
alone, half naked from the waist
up on an overstuffed green chair
that's when I got to see her face
and was totally unprepared.
"Umm! Madam, you ordered Chinese?
I rang the bell at least three times
and…" never mind that…sit down please! '
"Sit? " I asked. "I can't. Its noontime
And I have four more deliveries
To make; perhaps some other time",
I lied. Damn! I hate telling lies
But exiting called for a line
Regardless how outlandish.
I needed to buy extra time
to escape this kettle of fish.
"Madam that will be six dollars"
'Six dollars, don't you want a tip? '
"Yes! " trying to avoid her stare.
"I'll come back after my last trip."
She handed me the six. 'See you! '
Then I hurried out the door, "Phew! "

Albert Ahearn

Honeysuckle

Mouth-watering Honeysuckle!
Your irresistible scent lures
Me to your tubular flowers
As you do the lone hummingbird
And moth and for the same reward:
To taste your abundant nectar.
Thousands of your golden flowers
Have quenched my springtime craving
For your flowery sweet liquid
Hidden deep within your dark spathe.
Once more I slowly extract your
Center stamen out through your scape
Dragging behind your small pistil
And the bead for my waiting tongue.

Albert Ahearn

Hope: A worthless Virtue

Wherever you find Mankind, two plagues follow Him: War and poverty, both preventable but impossible to eradicate. The reason: greed. The sorrier of the two is poverty; war sometimes is a necessity, poverty never is.
Man is forever looking for more but always that pursuit is misdirected. He never includes his fellow human beings, only his narrow clique's self-interests. The rest are left to fend for themselves. Often an impossible task to achieve, the result is poverty. Once a victim of this state of being, what is left is hope- worthless hope.

The poorest are the ones who hope
They hope against (all) hope it seems.
They pray to god to help them cope
Yet fruitless as their faded dreams
They hope someday for better stead
A worthless virtue I suspect
Adding to misery instead
That propagates in that respect.
Look to the past to see their plight:
Dreaming of castles in the sky;
But that isn't all, not by a long sight:
The chance it will happen? In a pigs eye!
The "haves" are a self-centered breed
Who rarely help people in need.

Albert Ahearn

Human Folly

The gods looked down upon the plebes
and roared a loud thunderous laugh.
Those arrogant humans never
Learn. They spend precious time flirting
Audaciously with foolishness;
They set their eyes toward heaven
And expect to achieve greatness.
By whose precious standards do they
Trust determining their greatness?
Their own supreme egotism
Suffices as their bellwether
And so therein lies their weakness
A trait exclusively human.

Albert Ahearn

I Cast No Shadow

Sun is high I cast no shadow
for few brief moments I am pure.
My soul enters Eden's meadow
where once stood my progenitor.
A sinless psyche reveling
in a pre-transgression garden
thoroughly chaste is my being.
But now a penumbra widens
and a darkness within me grows
my pure essence is repossessed
replaced with subjective sorrow;
spiritualness dispossessed
by a shadow of damnation
and light my only salvation.

Albert Ahearn

I don’t…but

It is simply shocking how a teeny
Conjunctive word, a tiny little but
Becomes precursor for the agony
Of some. I will explain exactly what
I mean. Case in point: Have you ever had
A conversation like the following?
The person talking says, “please don’t get mad,
I do not intend to hurt your feelings,
But“...then proceeds to do precisely what
He said he wouldn't do. Explanation?
It's ignorance! Instead of keeping shut
His haughty mouth, ending conversation
Continues hurting monologue uncut
Until your forced to say, you kiss my butt!

Albert Ahearn

I Knew That

There isn’t much that I don’t know
Of life that I have lived but once,
This doesn’t mean my life was full
A fool would dare to say as much;
A fool I’m not nor ever been.
The little that I do not know
Is difficult to seek and find
For what’s unknown, what do I seek?
If I search for what’s imagined
all I know is simply wasted.
The little that’s unknown to me
In spite of it I learned to see
That what you know is tried and true
It’s what you don’t know can hurt you.

Albert Ahearn

I Made Her Cry

I made her cry today
  with tomorrows promises
promised her just the other day.
  ‘So why does she weep, the missus? ’

Her tearful eyes are for
  the many disappointments
borne a sadden heart to harbor
  caused by me to a great extent.

Too many, too often, designed
  dreams that I had painted for her
leaving to wither on the vine;
  she ceased to dream altogether.

“Honey, is there any reason
  for your tears, something I had said? ”
“It’s nothing; drink your coffee, hon.
  Do you want whole wheat or rye bread? ”

Albert Ahearn

I Remember

The brown raging river flows fast
Along the southing flooded shores
Where once a younger I had passed
Those many long lost years of yore.
I am reminded of August
Of fifty-five: the great deluge
When the river was its deepest
And residents fled to refuge
From the continuous rising
Water. I remember houses
Afloat and animals clinging
To life with their frenzy faces.
I remember…just standing here
Gazing at this mighty Delaware.

Albert Ahearn

Idiom: No love Lost

Love poems, how trite they become.
Their hackneyed themes we want to scream.
We purposely shy away from
That genre, teeming so it seems
With grandiloquent, large supplies
Of conjured words with empty rings
Of cheating hearts and love that dies.
Ad nauseam is all it brings.
We wish just once that we could read
Where love’s expressed differently:
Brand new verses that supersede
Love’s banal themes in poetry.
Love-lost poems are sickening
But most of all they are boring.

Albert Ahearn

If I were...

May 12th
Limerick Day celebrates the birthday of Writer Edward Lear (1812-1888) . It also, of course, celebrates Limerick poems. Limericks were popularized by Lear in 1846 in his Book of Nonsense'.
This day is a time to enjoy and get your fill of Limerick poems. We are so glad that it came along to brighten up our lives. Celebrate Limerick Day in style by writing a Limerick or two of your own. Or, sit down and read a few humorous Limericks. They are guaranteed to make you smile.
A Limerick is a humorous verse or poem. It is five lines longs. Its name comes from the city of Limerick, Ireland. The first two lines rhyme with the fifth line rhyme. The third and fourth lines rhyme.

If I were a sonnet poem
a lover would read my proem
she’d recite all my lines
and would stress my end rhymes
and love the syllables iamb.

Albert Ahearn

If Not For You

Life has given us reminiscent skies:
Like wondrous golden evening sunsets
That kissed our daily tired burning eyes;
And the ocean below we'll not forget
With its thundering, mysterious voice
Beckoning our return from whence we came.
We think of what will be and we rejoice
In knowing all the beauty still to claim.
And yet my love, while this for you I write
All I have witnessed in life's great bounty
Would just be hidden shadows in the night
If not for you who shared these sights with me;
And all the stars that twinkle bright above
Give testament to your undying love

Albert Ahearn

If only...

It would have been his twenty-third
birthday next month on the sixteenth.
Today we received a letter
From the government informing
Us our son was killed while fighting
The enemy in Kandahar
Afghanistan two days ago.
I cannot help feeling guilty
for our dear sons untimely death.
I could have fought his enlistment
Instead I let him convince me
That it was the right thing to do.
If only I had been more firm
If….If…he’d be alive today.

Albert Ahearn

Ignorant Bliss

The status quo, Oh! How I hate that word.
It always summons to my mind a bleak
Condition. Something static; the absurd.
Incapable of change. A sluggish clique
Contented to remain immovable.
Consequently, the common people keen
To worship creeds that are improvable.
Beliefs in doctrines as contrived as dreams.
The branded multitude we label free.
The mark is either cross or star to make
A difference. There’s no difference! See
The cows in meadows! Their future is Steak!
We also are contented creatures, dumb.
Unable to assert ourselves. How come?

Albert Ahearn

Illegal Aliens (Tanka)

Malefactors with
political allegiance
to a foreign land,
who enter another land
prohibited by its laws.

Albert Ahearn

Illegal Immigration

The hour of darkness covers many men.
They enter foreign soil illegally.
En mass invasion time and time again.
The problem is arithmetically
impossible to stop. Deportation
is just an empty word that represents
a losing battle across the nation.
Until we take a tougher stance, miscreants
below the border will invade the north
in droves. We must begin enforcing laws
to curb this exodus and thus set forth
our firm intentions: Stay away because
if caught your stay is brief my deportee.
Su clase no se desea aquí!

Albert Ahearn

Imagination revealed

Looking out a winter window
My eyes were focused on the snow.
A streetlight cast a yellow glow
Causing an eerie sight below.
The shadows from some barren trees
Seemed not unlike nightmarish dead
Dancing diabolically
Around a severed human head.
I rubbed my eyes and rubbed again
For what I witness can’t be real
I backed away from the cold pane
That’s when I spied a surreal
View, no doubt a clear distinction:
Aforementioned … my reflection!

Albert Ahearn

Impressions

I can remember as a child
thinking then, snows were very deep,
that train trestles could touch the sky
and dad stood at least ten feet high.
With little legs standing in snow
Like twin stalagmites stacked and cold
certainly seemed deep, in my eyes.
Same could be said for train trestles;
Standing beneath them looking up,
It wasn’t hard to imagine
them touching that enormous sky.
Today standing somewhat stooped,
my octogenarian dad
remains that giant in my eyes.

Albert Ahearn

In one's company

I prefer my own company
or accompany of a dog.
We do not speak the same language
but we understand each other.
I haven’t an urge, if I could,
to sniff the butts of passerby’s
as he would any passing pooch;
nor is he engrossed in iambs
and inspiration as I am.
yet we enjoy our company
and need each other very much
simply because we’re together
and for our brief intimacy
we both are assuredly free.

Albert Ahearn

Incandescence

From the pitch-blackness of the night
city lights glow like yellow stars
gorging dollops of dark matter
from an artificial universe.
Where luminescence disappears
then reappears differently
in magnitude and location
Each having their own tales to tell
both real and imaginary.
Dawn arrives and they fade from view
their nightly relevance worthless
in a world of bright beginnings
until diurnal hours wind down
and their brilliance shine once again.

Albert Ahearn

Inconspicuous Queen

A slab of cracked concrete pavement
Permanently fixed in a row
Of similar, less damaged slabs
Exists a miniaturized realm.
Within the fracture grows a few,
Tiny clumps of unnoticed grass
And a single dandelion.
Deep within the dark cavity
A colony of zealous ants
Ruled by a single fertile queen
Work in well defined labor crews.
A team of seven working high
Atop the yellow nectar globe
Begin their long laden descent.

Albert Ahearn

Indelibleness

An indelible tattoo of Mary
Faintly graces my upper left arm.
I loved her but we never married,
Our love lost its meaningful charm.
So long! To the faded memories
Those years of yore all but disappeared;
Bygone are the glints of yesterdays
As I gaze at the scar once revered:
Abated colors now take the place
Where once her name etched brilliantly:
M-A-R-Y inked in upper case
Is now lost unrecognizably.
As long as this mark’s a part of me
Mary remains in my reveries.

Albert Ahearn

Inner Sanctum

While half of humanity sleeps
And their normal noises desist:
Those raucous rackets I abhor
Give pause for mental pleasantries:
Sustaining thoughts can now linger
Long without any distractions
And melodious sounds of silence
Can soothe my psyche once again.
Oh! If they could sleep forever
I would have no need for slumber
Unencumbered by fantasies
Of the mind sought only in dreams.
Lo! Those intrusive sounds I hear
It’s what I feared: they have wakened.

Albert Ahearn

Insensate Destruction

Rehearsed words tumble from his tongue
capable of vaporizing
feelings; then with his briefest smile
becomes the redresser once more
leaving the object of his words
emotionally traumatized:
Mind raping at its finest form;
Cold-bloodedness runs through his veins
colder than any ectotherm;
Temperament worse than the worst
lacking the slightest compunction;
More like reptilian than human
this controlling creature thriven
on human mental frailties.

Albert Ahearn

Inside The Box

Washington always “thinks inside the box.”
No wonder why we’re in the fix were in.
Their collective thinking stifles or blocks
The country’s progress and provides the spin
To sway the public view of uselessness.
This herd mentality is quite bizarre
To think that all these minds can not express
A single “out of the box' thought thus far.
It’s piteous, at least to me, to see
These coattail hangers we call congressmen-
Inane, inept reps of the bourgeoisie
constantly screwing us time and again.
One must conclude this simple inference
Vote in or vote out makes no difference.

Albert Ahearn

Insomnia

Laying quietly in the dark
Alone in bed on my right side
Listening to the tinnitus
In my ear, praying sleep will come;
Not that I have obligations
To meet in the early morning;
I am an old retired dude
With a lot of time on my hands
But damn it to hell, I need sleep.
I try composing poetry
But my wandering tired mind
Can not remain focused for long
So I turnover my left side
And begin all over again.

Albert Ahearn

Inspiration

Mans inspiration steals its way
Unobtrusively to mind
Like a cat burglar on a heist:
Stealthy, but it comes not to rob
Intellectual property
But to deposit a priceless gem
Still unpolished yet nonetheless
Precious to a creative mind.
Unlike a diamond in the rough
this gems luster is most fleeting
whose innate beauty potential
is measured in nanoseconds
thus leaving little precious time
to create a faceted gem.

Albert Ahearn

Insurgents Mission

The following, it seems, happens almost every other day in the occupied territories of the left bank, Iraq and Afghanistan.

Summer sights so seemingly serene, yet
Beneath this fraudulent facade, the day
Is fraught with unexpected, unforeseen
Carnage. It all began begrudgingly
At first, but soon ruin and death loom large.
He waited years for this chance; now it’s here.
A time to offer up his life to God.
For Allah and the Cause he must succeed.
The sticks of death are strapped to his body
And are uncomfortable; but that's okay.
He walks to the designated target
Then strolls cautiously, calmly amongst them.
Looks around himself, thinks of his loved ones
Then detonates- sees a flash, hears nothing.

Albert Ahearn

Into The Night

I walk alone into the night;
into its shadowy silence
where myriad diamonds light
the sky with twinkling luminance;
where its nocturnal clutch conjures
imaginary images:
wierd, phantasmagoric specters
with unworldly, frightful faces.
Luna, mother of night shadows
beams down through naked boxelders
their swaying branches cast below
cimmerian moving creatures:
malevolent fabrications
of my grotesque imagination.

Albert Ahearn

Intriguer

She is a self-made intrigante
equipped with the tools of her trade:
a beautiful body and Brains.
Auburn hair dangles like a skein,
loosely draped over both shoulders.
Envious women condemn her,
men find her Irresistible.
Machinations are her forte.
Like an international spy
each complicated, cunning scheme
is an executed science
without the use of any force.
I should know, I am a victim
of her notorious intrigue.

Albert Ahearn

Irony

The poplar trees stood like sentries
Standing on one leg in their green
Uniformed grandeur. Beyond their
Phalanx could be seen a stately
Manor whose imported marble
Pillars were more decorative
Than utile. Not unlike the sole
Inhabitant who lies dying
In his magnificent antique
Breton bed. He never married-
"I'm too busy for such nonsense."
Consequently, no progeny,
No living relatives, no one
Only a dreadful eulogy:
Alone died a poor man, indeed!

Albert Ahearn

Jabberwocky

Other than the slight ringing in my ears
The only other sound I hear is the
Computers low droning inner gears.
Monotonous sounds that drive me a
Little crazy at times; background noises
That become deafening after awhile
Especially sitting in quietness
Or rather semi-quietness. Still, I'll
Never get used to these subtle noises.
I think, perhaps, I am a little mad
If that's possible; I don't hear voices
Like a bug-house lunatic, God forbad!
I must be nuts though, to sit here alone
Typing jabberwocky verses at home.

Albert Ahearn

Jealousy

People think jealousy normal.
I smile with tongue in cheek and say,
Of course, so is a square billiard ball.
This spurs in a well mannered way
A hot topic for discussion.
Firstly, you must be insecure
Thus an unhealthy condition,
Is this not true? And what is more:
An apprehensive frame of mind.
It being responsible for
Its intensity, unconfined,
Prevalence and the least explored.
In a phrase, ignorance is bliss
This is why jealousy exists.

Albert Ahearn

Journey Of My Soul

My soul has left my tired earthly shell
Guided by a holy hierophant.
We hover, moving, seemingly propelled
into a brilliant limbo Labyrinth:
A vaguely familiar and friendly place
An imperceptible spiritual sphere
entirely devoid of time and space.
My guide has often escorted me here
to this final after death tribunal.
She will as always present my defense
before the other hierophant panel
To determine previous moral sense
And worthy of another incarnate
journey’s quest to seek another soul mate.

Albert Ahearn

Judgment Day

We are but grains of sand in life’s hourglass
Plures inter plures waiting our turns
That slowly penetrates the narrowness
Of time ending all our worldly concerns.
The moment comes like a thief in the night:
Silently, stealthily, assuredly.
And in this sleep of death things are put right:
Our past dreams become bits of history:
Involuntary intervals of life
That had reflected our immortal souls
And there are never any two alike
Spirits on trial that will defend their roles.
In the end, though, we go our separate ways.
Some ascend while others will face the blaze.

Albert Ahearn

Just a Dream

The entire world was silenced
And from the darkness emerged, Truth;
Lost since the paradise garden
Abandoned for cupidity;
And out of Truth the advent poet
Appeared with imaginative
Zeal and clarity of purpose:
To rhythmically shape our hearts
And minds with eternal verses
Instilled with His intuitive
Enlightenment from the cosmos
Taking the form of a poem.
Although pleasant it may have seemed
In reality, just a dream.

Albert Ahearn

Just before the rain

I'm happiest when the weather
is gloomy and threatening rain.
Its tendency, this low pressure,
forces most people to remain
inside comfortable houses.
Outside becomes much quieter
assuming a shushed quietus
that wouldn't normally occur
if the day were a sunny one;
so I pray that this low holds fast
concealing the intrusive sun
behind the looming overcast
while I revel in its stillness
and its lugubrious bleakness.

Albert Ahearn

Just Memories

In life the only thing we can call our own is our memories.

I'm Irish and I'm a proud Irishman.
Oh, not for the usual sentiments.
The source of my pride runs deep. I can
Trace the direct line of my descendants.
My grandfather, the poor soul, came from Cork
With fifteen US dollars in his pants
And a big dream when he entered New York.
No large reception for this immigrant.
Just a sister who arrived earlier
In nineteen hundred through Ellis Island.
He met Mary Delea my Grandmother
Married and blessed it with a wedding band.
They had two girls, two boys, one was my dad.
They're gone now, memories are all I have.

Albert Ahearn

Kathleen

Oh Kathleen! You seem as distant from me
As some ancient nebulous universe
Yet near as last nights dreamy reverie.
Are you just luminous stardust dispersed
Into eyes of a starry-eyed lover
By some celestial fairy sandman?
Only to awaken and discover
That your loveliness is nothing more than
A dream imagined. Must I wipe away
This besprinkled magic dust that beguiles
me? To watch your lovely image this day
Fade from view, then reappear with a smile
At days end in a dream again of you.
Oh! Hasten sleep that I may dream anew.

Albert Ahearn

Kick The Can

A gray hanging sky loomed above
The ugly concrete monoliths
That chokes the cramped urban skyline.
For Christ's sake! Why doesn’t it rain?
Said the young, angry teen kicking
An empty Budweiser beer can
As he walked along the sidewalk;
That! (He kicked again) should happen
To those goddamn, so-called buddies
Of mine- A swift kick in the ass.
He kicked the can again, this time
It flew into the busy street.
Chasing after it a horn blared
But the car could not stop in time.
A light drizzle began to fall.

Albert Ahearn

Late Spring

Spring struggles to break winters hold
on its timely season onset.
The latent buds are reluctant
to sprout their protuberances;
robins haw vocal notes of song
while perched on stark swaying branches;
Crocuses spurn stifled tulips
abed for their impotency;
Sluggish hibernates' hesitate
to waken from their dormancy
and fair-weather, housebound humans
unwilling to venture outside.
but soon a warm, vernal zephyr
will breathe life into everything
reviving consciousness of spring.

Albert Ahearn

Leaves

The theme of this poem is leaves;
Beautiful lateral structures
that dress the deciduous trees;
ephemerals one can’t ignore.
We first set eyes on them as green,
Protuberates on limbs in spring;
Next we see them as indigenes-
Transpirational living things
with various shapes and sizes.
I myself favor the maples
Their many metamorphoses:
various colors one beholds
in late summer and early fall
their greatest splendor above all.

Albert Ahearn

Lenore

I see his book of poetry
Master poet of bygone years
And from his grave he speaks to me
With inaudible words quite clear.
I reach for Poe and read Lenore:
“Ah, broken is the golden bowl”
You must “weep now or never more! ”
I knew her not till now, poor soul!
But I’ll recite a monody
of youth, death and slanderous tongues
with intonated prosody
for this youth that died so young.

Albert Ahearn

Letting go

Grimacing faces
With teary-eyed composure
Look out together
At their capped and gowned daughter,
Happy, yet sad, both know why.

Albert Ahearn

Limbo

Muffled mourning falls on deaf ears
that echo elegiac waves
from a transgressible past life.
Phantoms in an abstract limbo
where the living never enters.
***
Doctor, what is your prognosis?
I'm sad to say his futures grim
I doubt that he will last a day.
His reasoning is nearly gone
his hapless body skin and bone.
***
A new found voice sounds in this place
where immortal souls congregate
and faceless face oblivion:
the edge of hell, there's no escape.

Albert Ahearn

Lives to eat

37 % of adult Americans eat to live; the remaining 63% live to eat. This latter group is classified as overweight/obese. The protagonist in this literary work is one of them.

She sits alone on a stuffed chair
That once had rigid, durable
Springs; but that was a hundred pounds ago.
Today this amoebic, shapeless
Behemoth is eating a pie-
a large pizza with anchovies.
She is separating her fifth
Piece but momentary pauses…
Burps, and with her greasy fingers
Gropes for the channel selector
And rapidly surfs the channels
until she reached the food network.
She resumes eating the fifth piece
Eyeing the remaining pieces.

Albert Ahearn

Living The Moment

I walk alone along the sandy shore.
A waxing moon guiding my every step
Leaving shallow sandy footprints behind;
I stop and look back as the upsurge wave
Washes over them and where I now stand
Then ebbing back into its salty self
Taking with it all traces of the past;
I look out over the expansive sea
With its shimmering, glimmering swells;
I gaze into the infinite darkness
Of cold space drizzled with celestial stars.
A feeling of sadness overwhelms me
In knowing that all this nightly splendor
Will one night present itself without me.

I am now the past.
The moon, sea and stars live on
ad infinitum.

Albert Ahearn

Lofty Afterlife

Lo! Death resides atop that lofty hill.
Expanse of Donn, the ruling god of death.
With eponymic marble monoliths-
Desideratum prodigality.
Extravagance! A lifeless lavishness
Which doesn’t make a damn difference
To the conquering worm. Your loftiness
In life, that once encompassing delight,
Is pallid, ghostly in your present stead.
Your measured qualifications decreased
In spite of your chiseled artifices.
Alas! Piteous mortuus somes
Your heighten tombs on top that highest mound
May be as close to heaven you may get.

Albert Ahearn

lonesomeness

I am a stranger. My reclusiveness
And self-imposed lonesomeness in exile
Is severe. But yet in my aloneness
I contemplate an unknown charming isle
And this meditation surfeits my dreams
With specters of great and distant lands that
My eyes have never seen. Although it seems
I am a stranger with no welcome mat
To greet me from the crowd, I say within
Myself, what law has joined me with them?
I am a stranger to myself, wherein
I hear my tongue; my ears always condemns
My voice. I hear my inner self impart
Unknown interrogations of my heart.

Albert Ahearn

Lose some, win some

I’m sitting at my computer alone
Playing a lost game of literati
With a person absolutely unknown,
Thus not knowing if he’s a he or she,
Not that that matters to me anyway.
I enjoy the game because of the words.
I try to play a few games everyday
And hope to gain some wordy rewards.
Believe it or not it helps my poetry
Writing. After all, a poet can not
Write a line of verse without words, agree?
It’s kind of like powder minus the shot.
Well, the game is over and I did lose
But gained a word subsequently I’ll use.

Albert Ahearn

Love

Few people love; most know not love at all.
Their feelings of feigned affection wane
By any measure. Cupid never draws
His bow for those whose passions are in vain.
His quiver filled with strait loving arrows
Wings among Man to shoot and penetrate
The truest of hearts where amour does grow
To dwell and thrive within ardor soul mates.
Love has no boundaries and lives forever
Beyond the shuffling off our mortal shells
And thus remains in our souls with fervor
Until Cupid once again casts his spells.
So if by chance your heart has been smitten
Cherish this love that Venus has christened.

Albert Ahearn

Love Child

She was the consequence of lust
In a cheap room over a bar.
He remembered as though it were
yesterday. Her naive mother
Was only nineteen and single
at the time; him? He was married,
Separated and twenty-eight.
Below, in the bar, the jukebox
Was blaring an instrumental
Whose deep, bass guitar synchronized
with every copulating thrust.
The tune ended before the sex
And climaxed with a gestation
To Diana Ross's "Love Child."

Albert Ahearn

Love Pawn

The raging storm occurring outside my window
Can not compare to the constant choler
That tempers my heart this maniacal moment.
Why? Would you like living a pawn of love?
Forever being forced to feel painful pangs
Caused by a cruel manipulator. Like a captured
Pawn without a pertinent part in the game of love:
Only to stand alone among the active players.
On the sidelines, stagnating, unable to sever
Yourself from the fray. A preordained pawn!
Whose role resembles " loves labours lost"
A cruel comedy rendering me a pathetic prisoner
That must persistently prove my legitimacy.
Rage on teapot tempest! At least your wrath will wane.

Albert Ahearn

Love: First and Last

One’s never late for tomorrow
The future may never arrive.
So live each day as if borrowed
The lender may call due our lives.
Eat, drink and be merry my friends
The feast is never guaranteed;
Love with a passion that transcends
Time and cling to it friend, take heed:
One day you’ll get old, god willing
And all we have left is the past
Those memories are fulfilling
But not without love first and last
Eternity is infinite
Love accompanies all of it.

Albert Ahearn

Loving Dream

Most people fall asleep at night
And dream of fantasies delight;
Those spawned by wakeful malcontent
Of dreaded pasts and all they meant.
But when the light begins to dawn
Their dreams all vanish with a yawn.
My dreams are themes they are but two:
I dream of love and loving you;
And when I wake and wipe away
Besprinkled sand to start the day
I look around and here I see
The loving dream lies next to me.

Albert Ahearn

Lucid Dreams

It's 2 a.m. and for the life of me
I can’t sleep. Perhaps too many iced green
Teas. It doesn’t bother me you see
Not getting rest I mean, it’s the caffeine
That keeps me awake and I miss dreaming
Dreams that I turn into reality.
Those pleasant visions become the real thing:
A contrived visual modality.

Awake I’m between
A paradoxical dream
And veracity

In this state I know who I really am
Because I am the creator of them.
A fluid existence into this realm
Where all I dream is at my command.

The rules of conduct
Are for myself to decide
I’m the one in charge

I nightly assay my thoughts and beliefs
with elaborated dream-scape motifs.

Albert Ahearn

Madness

I stare into the vastness of the sky
And wonder: who am I, really?
Am I the perceived notions of the
Curious eyes encountered: a figment
Of their imagination or is it mine?
Is what I assess in my bedroom
Vanity mirror at night a phantom:
An image that exist only in my mind?
I feel like a Ken doll in Barbie's world
Where an invisible force determines
My every movement except my mind:
A mental prisoner of the physical world.
Whose only salvation is to go insane
And leave this feigned reality plane.

Albert Ahearn

Maiden Flight

The wind on top of the mountain
Is just right for flying my kite.
No, it’s not a store bought item
I made it from old newspapers,
Elmer’s glue and old balsa wood
Spine and spar sticks from last years kite.
Now here I am again ready
To launch it on its maiden flight.
I hope the tail isn’t too long;
The bridle string is sufficient.
Well, here goes! Come on baby fly!
That’s it! You want more string? Up! Up!
Easy does it! Straighten out babe!
That’s it! That’s it! You’re on your own.

Albert Ahearn

Malcontents

Eight feathery class Aves (starlings)
Encompass a mud puddle
Between a cornfield and highway
Each taking turns splashing around
While the others stand vigilant
For any imminent danger
From above or from the traffic
Jam my wife and I were caught
Amidst, while impatient drivers
Vented their frustrations by blowing
Their different, raucous sounding horns
at no one in particular.
I looked at the feathery flock
and said, we should be as content.
What was that dear? She inquired.
Nothing dear, just thinking out loud.

Albert Ahearn

Man Of Snow

I created a large snowman
On our snowy laden front lawn
Facing the street on which we live.
It was not an ordinary
Snowman; you know, the ones you see
With large packed snowballs stacked on top
Of each other with chunks of coal
Representing facial features;
Not mine! He was a translucent,
Naked man of wintery snow;
A frigid albino nudist
Whose large, blue-shooter marble eyes
Stare back at you from its cold soul
Beckoning every passerby.

Albert Ahearn

Manna for Morons

Television is such a bore.
If anything that kills brain cells
The TV is the number one
Cause of permanent brain damage.
Between the ridiculously
Lengthy commercials, reruns and
The misnomer: “situation
Comedy” with its canned laughter,
A viewers IQ can dropp five
Points, perhaps more after sixty
Minutes of exposure, truly!
We have all become a nation
Of clones: It tells us what to buy,
What’s best to view and when to laugh.

Do you feel rundown?
“I love Lucy” sponsored by
“Natural Energy.”

Albert Ahearn

Maple Leaf

I watched a maple leaf's descent to ground.
It's downward swaying motion, every now
And then a pirouette without a sound
Until it came to rest so gently down.
I asked myself: A life so brief and yet
So beautiful, is life to be defined
By lasting time and taken for granted?
To go around in circles disinclined
To find profundity-Sad existence!
Ah! But the leaf, its purpose foreordained:
To live a measured life, a subsistence
Profound in many ways and unrestrained.
To waste a lengthy life, so incomplete
I'd sooner live my life a maple leaf.

Albert Ahearn

Meaning...

Everything but the spoken word
is aware of its existence:
vegetation, rivers, the stars;
they are centered on nothing else.
They, all, comprise the universe.
Even this imprudent poet
lives it in part, less dignified
within it save benighted
freedom of my talkative mind.

Albert Ahearn

Meaningful Morpheme

They appear innocent enough
Those symbol sounds that every child
Memorizes before they know
What they mean or what they're used for.
(A) (B) (C) (D) (E) (F) gee! What
A rhythmic, sonorous singsong;
But when their lettered chemistry
Is formulated into words
The combined sounds begin
A metamorphic change
Like the lovely word butterfly.
When it's clearly spoken out loud
It conjures an image as real
As a butterfly on the wing.

Albert Ahearn

Memories of mother

Mothers Day always trips sadness
in me since her death years ago;
impelling a circuitous
journey of memories that flow
within a stream of consciousness
always the same, unabated.
It's queer how an act of congress
can regress a mind effected
in such a way as to cause tears.
I guess stranger things have happened
and will happen over the years.
Though measured in nanoseconds
these yearly memories of her
are all that remains of mother.

Albert Ahearn

Metamorphosis

Commenced
as a tiny
egg glued to foliage.
Maturing bondage in a shell
awaits

Larva
Eating, growing,
full size caterpillar
outgrows its present confines.
Splitting

Again
Reattaching
itself with liquid from
its spinneret. Creating a
button.

hanging
little pupa
dieting, motionless,
metamorphosing completely
anew

Cracking,
exposing head
and thorax first. Followed
by legs and golden wings of a
Monarch.

Albert Ahearn

Metaphors

The yellow incandescent lights
Of early hours stare outward from
their artificial galaxy
like miniature jaundiced stars.
An Exxon Mobil neon sign
Emits bursts of intense red light
Blinking like a tiny pulsar;
Two blue-white halogen headlights
flicker along a thoroughfare
as rapid moving satellites.
Engrossed in this imagined view
looking out my bedroom window
until the sun opened his eye
then all but one had disappeared.

Albert Ahearn

Mindfulness

Somewhere, a Blue Flax cluster blooms.
  Their beauty lasts but for a day
Then die in the sun unobserved.

  Someplace, an old man lies dying
Alone in the dark with no one
  To comfort and pray at his side.

Oftentimes I amble in fields
  Searching for this blue wildflower;
And like Meriwether Lewis

  I on occasion find the plant;
When I do, I quickly bundle
  A large bouquet and head for home.

This time they are for my neighbor:
  A man of eighty in poor health.
“Morning neighbor, have you a vase? ”

Albert Ahearn

Monarchs

With trusting innocence we've played
with nets and jars amid a field
of muted rustling blooms that yield
Their subtle breaths of perfumed air
where milkweed monarch's foraged there.
They were the prize and preference
of youth and trusting innocence.
Inexpertness with nets gave flight
elusiveness till next alight
on efflorescence's afield
Sedulity kept our eyes peeled
on tawny-orange and black, large wings
in hopes we would be capturing
these lovely regal butterflies
with gauzy wings and very spry.

Albert Ahearn

Moon Crazed

Oh, Oh! The full moon is almost full bloom.
I know what that means. Get the straitjacket.
Tie me down; lock me in a padded room.
They say I make a helluva racket.
I don't grow copious hair or large fangs.
Wish I did. This way a stake or bullet
Would end my monthly lunatic harangues.
Either suggestion hasn't been tried yet.
It's god awful, controlled by the damn moon.
I become a different kind of person-
Jekyll in the morn, Hyde by afternoon.
You'd think over time that it would lessen
A bit. Yea, right! I'd have a better chance
Of seeing god perform a song and dance.

Albert Ahearn

Mother

Mother gave me my first taste of sweet milk
While I snuggled helpless and voracious
Amongst two large breasts that were soft as silk:
A comfort zone where I heard loquacious
Chatter on a daily basis, foreign
But always a soothing tone for my ears
My meal was always interrupted when
Mom would pull me off still hungry and steer
Me around facing over her shoulder
And begin patting my back tenderly
Until strange noises began to occur
That emanated from both ends of me.
Is it any wonder why I love her?
This source of life I know as my mother.

Albert Ahearn

Mother Earth

Billions of journeys round a fiery eye
This watery celestial traveler made.
Untiring, spiraling route through the sky
Always returned from yearly crusades.
She carried her children on top her back
And nurtured their needs until they have grown.
Some may have suffered; those may have cracked
But never through any fault of her own.
Forever and always maternally
This wondrous, aging beauty shall remain
Our source of life atmospherically.
Through time and space her dimensions attained
Despite her journeys she manages to bring
Life's gifts: summer, autumn, winter and spring.

Albert Ahearn

Mother Nature

Nature Strives to be beautiful
Morphing myriad, earthly hues
from macrocosmic frippery.
Her perfumed zephyrean breaths
Intoxicate the atmosphere
Stirring those that breathe to wildness
That only her tempestuous
Violence ultimately tames;
Yet her yin can be most tranquil
As not to ruffle a fledglings
Feathers or ripple mountain tarns.
She favors none of her children
within her sphere of influence
sustaining only the strongest.

Albert Ahearn

Mothers-of-the-evening

Their days in the sun are fulfilled.
Their once bright pink and white petals
now lie withered and brown beneath
the dead wavering naked stalks
that once connected each cluster.
Hesperis matronalis
Gone are their aromatic scents
that had tantalized all that passed
their many clustered colonies.
Gone are my nightly fragrant walks
among their unseen loveliness.
Gone with them are my joys of spring
and what remains are memories
of their fulfilling presence here.

Albert Ahearn

Mowing

Trudging behind a hungry machine
who's diet consist of all things green.
Just when the lawn is picture plane
three days later it's grown again

Albert Ahearn

Muhammad Ali

A clerihew is a whimsical, four-line biographical poem invented by Edmund Clerihew Bentley. The lines are comically irregular in length, and the rhymes, often contrived, are structured AABB.

Muhammad Ali
who stung like a mad bee
And floated like a butterfly;
then punched you in the eye.

Albert Ahearn

Mundane Beauty

A cluster of Day Lilies glow
like embers beneath the shadow
of a time-worn Box elder tree
that's plainly visible to see
if looking for mundane beauty.
Their golden flowers so briefly
lived poses for a single day;
at days end they wither away.
Their presence always call to mind
that beauty last the briefest time
but I possess a memory
where beauty lives eternally.
Though they will die I'd soon exhume
I'd close my eyes they'd still be bloomed.

Albert Ahearn

Muscidae

I’m foraging for food again only this time there are only crumbs. I haven’t a clue what it is but I know it is edible; I’ve eaten it before. This place is a very risky place to eat. I have seen a few of my kind die here. Their deaths were not a pleasant sight to see so I must always be on my guard. Oh, oh I see that square shadow coming at me fast. Splat! Whew! That was close. I better stay up here where it’s safe for the moment.

Two-winged diptera
Lives to see another day
Survives the onslaught.

Albert Ahearn

Music Of The Spheres

The soft music rose gradually
Like smoke from a freshly doused fire.
I listened to it intently
And my inner voice enquired,
“Where is the source of this music?
I’m positive I am alone
And doubt if it’s some sort of trick
Played on me by some asinine drone”;
Couldn’t be, it’s absolutely
Heavenly sounding to my ears
With its timbre simplicity.
It must be music of the spheres
Inaudible except for me,
The wind, and the eternal sea.

Albert Ahearn

Musing

Its December. Another year is just about over.
Standing in front of a mirror in a bathroom
Is a man. He gazes into the face looking back at him,
Combs his white hair with his fingers and then begins to muse:

My hair it seems is always whiter during
The winter months. It really isn't
But seeing hair already gray, aging
Becomes a prime concern. My life, a glint
In darkness; insignificant footprints in time
Is always struggling forward, nearing some
Unreachable ideal, lacking rhyme
Or reason. Now I ponder life's outcome
This cold December, standing here alone
In front of glass. The image looking back
Is old! My God! Is youth that fleeting? Prone
Toward dependency, asthma attacks
And wooden canes? He winks and shakes his head
And smiles, then says, " I'd sooner be old than dead."

Albert Ahearn

My cluttered desktop

My desktop is as cluttered as my brain:
Lens cleaning wipes, two Handshake vouchers,
Visa receipts, envelope that contains
Tickets for a tragedy by Shakespeare

Outrageous fortune
And a thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to

ARTix passport containing free coupons
For music, the theater, film and dance,
HP inkjet print cartridge that I won
With an old bingo 50-50 chance

Death of a salesman
Loman’s solo tragedy
Fate was even odds

A card reminder for an eye exam;
An unopened pocket tissue package;
Three incomplete poems and rubber bands;
A senior magazine with a torn page

I don’t like the frames.
I never use the damn things.
Should I title them?

Will my desk ever be neat and tidy?
No! Unless I have me a man Friday.

Albert Ahearn

My Mournful Memorial

As I ambled through a maze of stony monoliths
on a manicured green grassed carpet.
My sadden eyes were overwhelmed with myriad
names and dates of yesteryear's deceased.
Each encounter confronted conveyed to me
a sad reminder of Mans mortality.
All had some story to tell if they could speak.
Most I hope died naturally, others unnaturally.
Their demise, a mise en scène mournfully staged
for the most part many agonized years ago.
Suddenly like a fated mirage my son materialized.
A victim of a vicious war fought on foreign soil.
I knelt before his grimly, graven grave
and placed a flag and flowery wreath..then wept.

Albert Ahearn

My Shadow

My non-irradiated chum
A lifelong silent companion
That’s with me wherever I go
This faceless image called shadow.
It mimics each movement I make
Regardless asleep or awake.
There are times in a darkened night
There’s no shadow from lack of light
Although it seems to disappear
At break of dawn it reappears.
A wife I most love and adore
The love of my life I am sure
Can never be with certainty
Close as my shadow is to me.

Albert Ahearn

My Worlds Of Water

I need no shelter from the rain
I'll not run for cover from it.
I'll not be plaintive or complain
I love its wetness I admit.
Conditioned in a serous sea
submerged in its tepid wetness
I resided comfortably
alone, attached in nakedness.
But now that world does not exist
yet life's baptismal still remains:
A kinship I cannot resist
with water that the gods ordained.
Even now I wade in the rain
knee-deep in Poseidon's domain.

Albert Ahearn

Mythomaniac

The words stumble from her lying
Mouth while her obtuse mind struggles
For likely continuity.
In due course the lie emerges
Full-blown, ready for deceiving
An innocent, unsuspecting
Host singled-out as the target.
This pathological liar
Fabricates the fundamentals
In a way that’s favorable
To her in case she is challenged.
There is no motive to look for
Because there really isn’t one.
She must lie and she’s good at it.

Albert Ahearn

Naiveté

We all are born naive at birth
Ingenuous for what it’s worth.
The cure is in the things we learn
From childhood to adult that’s earned.
Yet some of us of age remain
A child, a lamb their both the same
The naiveté are most beguiled
By those of us so versatile
Among the rank and file we lurk
And prey on you with clever words.
Word to the wise from one who knows
Be careful of the ones who pose
To be your special pal or friend
One might deceive you in the end.

Albert Ahearn

Narcissi

Narcissi bowing in the breeze;
their adorable awkwardness
surfaces to mind small children
dressed in flowered habiliments
in their very first recital.
Each flowery face reflecting
their image at waters edge
like looking into a mirror
pining away in love with each bow,
their own beauty: yellow and white
petals with cup-shaped central crowns.
I gaze at these comely flowers
and seemingly they are aware
of my presence and smile at me.

Albert Ahearn

Nature

The phenomena’s of nature
are nurtured like a mother.
She never favors one over
another. Although her rose-child
may be her comeliest flower
she bestowed on sister sibling
blooms the sweetest scented perfumes.
Her spiders all weave their webs with
fine, sticky, silken filaments’
She gives potential prey a way
avoiding it with fitting wings
and legs. Then there are we who set
ourselves apart from her, only
to be reminded otherwise.

Albert Ahearn

Next stop...I get off

I blush when I think about the makeup
Of Man. At birth he's weak and insecure
He's helpless, ignorant- a little pup
Has more going for him than this treasure.
And when he matures, mental growth is slight.
He whines and pines and broods o'er picayune
Events: It's too hot! I'm cold! That's too tight!
I hate my job! That cost too much! A tune
That's sung ad infinitum- Maddening!
There's absolutely no relief from it.
He lies and cheats exaggerates most things.
Befuddles, muddles, meddles, throws a fit.
He battles, tattles, prattles-Stop! Enough
I say, stop the world I want to get off.

Albert Ahearn

Not All Pigs Oink

He sat in front of the TV
while eating a large plain pizza
washing each bite down with iced tea.
The sight made me laugh… Ha-ha!
reddish oil dripping onto
his already grimy t-shirt.
What a slob! (If he only knew)
To call him that would only hurt
his feelings. I couldn’t say that
to him as much as I’d like to
so I struggled through the chit chat
when he asked, what’s so funny, dude?
Funny? Umm! Oh Nothing, I lied
Please! Don’t mind me. Finish your pie.

Albert Ahearn

Now Playing

Sitting alone on a park bench surrounded by a natural beauty that only I can appreciate at this moment in time. Oh, there are occasional intruders in this beautiful place, a few joggers with their MP3's hanging from their ears, lost in a world of music and running on automatic pilot. They pass through this wonderland in a flash and miss the performance only a sojourner like me perceives: The shifting breeze that blows through the surrounding trees. I watch them slow-dance to a score that was written on the wind and only they can hear the composition they dance to.
A long-eared rodent enters the green dance floor and does his version of the bunny hop, stops to see if anyone is watching and continues his dance unabated.
A chorus of unseen red-breast thrushes singing their familiar early morning rendition of "It's a beautiful morning" while two male cardinals fly by warbling their version.
A house sparrow alight the bench and looked at me and cocked its head left, and then right, As if to say, what are you doing here? then flies off into the trees behind me.
A squirrel scampers onto the scene and becomes aware of my presence and decides to head back whence it came. Taking that cue, I realized that I had overstayed my visit and it was time to leave.

"Natural Beauty"
Now playing, Act one, scene one
One brief performance

Albert Ahearn

Nyx, the night

Can’t sleep again for some reason
perhaps I’m drinking too much tea.
Well, whatever the cause, it’s done.
I’ll try again later…maybe!
Meantime, I’ll work on this poem-
A way to pass the time away
until black-robed Nyx finds me home
And cast her spell without delay.
My mind grows weary, she has come
Whose dark light falls from nighttime stars
And Man and gods all must succumb.
Her sightless eyes in one dark sweep
induces half the world to sleep.

Albert Ahearn

Olfaction

Flanked by Dame’s rockets and Yarrow
familiar flowers that greet me
every spring with their breezy nods.
Their irresistible, subtle
scents never cease to captivate
my olfactory perception.
I swoon amidst their fragrant breaths
and for one imaginative
moment become their distant kin
with an alien hue and scent
commingling with them nonetheless
until their odoriferous
scents again sober my senses
leaving a feeling of gladness.

Albert Ahearn

Only

A knotted Tarzan rope dangles
From the same sycamore tree limb
When I was a young, snot-nosed,
devil-may-care adolescent.
Nothing has really changed that much
Since my time: the same swimming hole,
Probably the same railroad spikes
That I hammered into the trunk
That we used as rungs to scale it.
But it’s a very lonely place
today. All my childhood buddies
Are either dead or too infirmed
To care; so here I stand alone
Willing, but no one to play with.

Albert Ahearn

Only for a moment

Biking along Lehigh drive
On an early sunny morning
Not a cloud in the azure sky
My! My! What a wonderful day!
I continued onward until
I reached the Lehigh boat-launch pad.
No longer able to resist
The allure of the calm river
I laid my bicycle against
A hillock, shed my shoes and socks
And walked to the shallow rivers edge
Stood there for a moment or two
Walked in ankle deep from shore
And became a young lad once more.

Albert Ahearn

Opinions

Opinions are like rectums, everyone
Has one. Sadly, *ssholes have them also.
It’s what comes out: profundity or dumb
Beliefs that make all the difference. Know
The untruths involved before you accept
A single one. A traditional thought
Is founded in superstition and kept
Alive as “old wives tale” falsely taught
As truth. Irrational is what it is!
So eschew these cockeyed philosophies.
Beware of the false Sayers chorus
Who opine their contrived absurdities.
They may control the sought-after places
But not Truth when we get down to cases.

Albert Ahearn

Ordinary: An Extraordinary Thrill

The blaring, deafening diesel
Horn warned its imminent approach
To the major intersection
Of town with four cacophonies:
Each longer than the preceding
One as its screeching wheels clamored
Across the unevenly seamed
Cold tracks causing each set of wheels
To rhythmically sound their unique
Click-clack beat as the weathered cars
Swayed side to side in a seeming
Endless queue of commodities.
Far off in the distance is heard
The faint four as it rolled westward.

Albert Ahearn

Our Part

The honored dead lay in their graves
While on this special day we praise
Their unselfish contributions:
Each gave their lives for this nation;
A great country with liberty
Enjoyed by its citizenry.
What do we do to contribute?
Lay flowery wreaths, a tribute?
We the living need to do more:
We must earnestly strive toward
A lasting peace, not just in words
But deeds, so war does not recur.
The toll is too great on the young:
Our dead and wounded are its sum.

Albert Ahearn

Over-Soul

A surreal chance encounter
began when I bumped into her
one lovely, Sunday afternoon
while walking Fairview avenue.
Both she and I apologized
then looked into each others eyes.
It was at that very moment
the eyes revealed our involvement:
we had once been husband and wife
living a former different life
but now gaze through and into
different colored eyes, once blue.
We recognized our mated souls
part and parcel of over-soul.

Albert Ahearn

Paradise Found

The azure, clear sky above me
With its fiery eye staring
Down at an early morning scene:
A house sparrows warning alarm
Of my close approaching footsteps
Seemed to awaken the other
Residents of the forestland:
A gray squirrel pops his head out
From behind a maple tree trunk
To investigate what the noise
Is all about, and then disappears.
Dewy heads of dandelions-
Like miniature suns- light my way
Along this path to paradise.

Albert Ahearn

Parallel Worlds

We’re contemporary lovers
from two different universes.
Entry into either must be
through imagination or dreams.
Once arrived, perception is real
and what was prior, impossible
to attain is now possible:
Our futile love becomes yielding;
Worldly differences disappear;
yet our conceptuality
always plays out differently
in these dreamy parallel worlds;
but one thing remains a constant
throughout these fantasies: Our love.

Albert Ahearn

Persistent Pecker

Off in the misty distance
I hear a hungry woodpecker
Hammering with his head.
This omnivorous, opportunist
Breaks the silence of the morn
With his rat-a-tat-tatting
As if knocking on a door.
His persistent pecking
Will end with success
When he excavates
The hapless insect
A meal deservingly gained
But the silence won’t remain
Because he'll begin all over again.

Albert Ahearn

Pet Peeves

Nothing pisses me off the most
than two Tom cats upon a post
tirelessly, persistently, crying
at three o'clock in the early morning.
A thing I'm not keen and tolerant of
class Ave defecators' way up above
flying, flighty, feathery thugs
pooping on my Volkswagen bug.
You all may find these peeves ridiculous
but often I find myself defenseless
against meowing cats' hysteria
and a flock of birds with diarrhea.
I'm not averse to most animal rights
just these two things that violate my rights!

Albert Ahearn

Phantom In The Dark

Her droopy eyelids opened in the dark
Like so many lonely mornings before.
She lay unmoving in an antique bed
Half awake, yet to her she wasn't sure.
She thought (or dreamed) of her husband long dead.
But in this semiconscious state he lives:
Feeling his body warmth emanating
From her left, she turns toward him and smiles.
She extends her arm groping in the dark
For his comforting presence that's not there.
Startled by this dreamy like emptiness
She awakens and than realizes
That it is the same reoccurring dream.
She turns away and then begins to cry.

Oh god! Let me dream.
To never awaken; to
Never shed a tear.

Albert Ahearn

Pictures From The Past

A large collage hangs from my study wall
above my cluttered desk. The photographs
affixed with paste are cleverly arranged.
The colored pictures, twelve in all, fading
and frayed from time. Just seems like yesterday
my wife began the painstaking project.
As I look up and gaze upon her work
I see myself, as I once looked, youthful.
But now the person beholding the scene
is long past middle age -trenches shape the field.
I smile as reverie carries the thoughts
along the frames. Each still photograph
becomes hypnotically animated
Until the memories fade into sleep.

Albert Ahearn

Poet Versus Painter

Kaleidoscopic leaf cover
shimmers in the September sun
casting shadowy and sunlit
shifting pools of darkness and light
on a multicolored graveyard.
Sweet decaying scents permeate
the early autumn environs
while yellow oxeye sunflowers
sway to an autumnal zephyr
that whispers enchanting verses
softly throughout the trees.
****
Never could a master artist
paint like a poet paints with words.
What subtle hues could he employ
to capture a whispering wind,
the sweetness of decaying leaves,
inconsistencies of shadows?
These intangibles are captured
with colors of imagery
that are discriminately mixed
and depicted where the painter
ruefully and completely fails,
affixed to inanimateness
whereas, the poet pens movement
and complexion into his work.

Albert Ahearn

Poets Are Born

Good poets are born, not fashioned.
The masters of sterility
write verses in prose and christen
them in the name of Poetry.
Meters are measured arrangements,
rhyme is correspondence of sound;
But devoid of inspiration
results, if ever, rarely found.
A poem must be a poet’s breath:
On inhalation he creates,
the exhalation, he narrates
Breathing life into words once dead.

Albert Ahearn

Political Science

Political science...In other words
The study of who gets what, where, when and
Why. Striking a balance of one accord
Between the individuals demands,
Societies, and governmental needs.
At least that’s how it’s supposed to work.
The means that justifies the end, indeed!
Then why can not the workers obtain perks
That government gets at workers expense?
Who calculates the greed along the way?
Surely, not the worker, that’s common sense.
Where does the finger of blame point today?
The onus for this imperfect science
Is the lawmaker minus his conscience.

Albert Ahearn

Poppies

Unimaginable beauty:
I found myself walking alone
far removed from humanity
in a large meadow overgrown
with kaleidoscopic poppies:
oranges, blues, crimsons and yellows
each indiscriminately
commingled in this meadow
like an incongruous painting;
yet, in my eyes, a masterpiece:
A polychromatic blending
of hues quivering in the breeze
as I stood amidst the allure
of their stupefying grandeur.

Albert Ahearn

Post Apocalypse

I walk alone, bewildered, scared to death.
I haven’t any memory... survey
Through ash and try to think...I snatch a breath
And try again. The air is foul today!
I must be dreaming. That’s it! I’m dreaming.
I’ll soon awaken from this craziness
And find myself aright again. Beaming
A smile and laughing at myself, I guess.
But something isn’t right. It’s what I see:
The people, where have all the people gone?
I see homes and autos, some leafless trees.
They are ash-covered phantoms. Begone!
I’ll waken soon. It's only imagined,
A dream. Oh God! Please help me comprehend.

Albert Ahearn

Pride

God said all you angels will now bow down
In reverence to my most choicely deed.
Man is of my image, gather around
Bestow on him your praise. Who’d take the lead?
'Not I, said Lucifer. I shall not bow
To one subordinate and made of clay.
I am of fire with high esteem, and thou
Are now charging me? I will not obey.'
I command you again, do this for me.
I love you dearly but you must abide
My wishes. Adam’s of me I decree.
Thou are obsessed with your pretentious pride
Thou arrogance and haughtiness compel
Me to cast thee from heaven into Hell.

Albert Ahearn

Prisoner Of Life

He was a prisoner for life
cooped in a cell of human bones.
An unseemly brain had plagued him
and love was not to speak its name.
Rarely a smile was ever seen
or a pleasant song ever sung.
His heart beat just to stay alive,
his thoughts not shared with anyone.
Life’s woes made not the man this way
nor playact in some masquerade.
He was innately born this way
and died, it’s sad to say that way.
At his wake there were no others
only me, his loving brother.

Albert Ahearn

Procrastinator

I think I'll do the wash today so much
Has piled up since. But then the shopping must
Be done, of this I am convinced. How such
Predicaments evolved? I guess I'm just
A lazy cuss who'd rather stay in bed.
Although the chores are pending still, I swear
By all that's holy, never let it said:
I yield my soul to folly. So I declare
Today, I must accomplish first, the wash
That was neglected worse than anything
I started. Now you're thinking, all is bosh
Its all a bunch of crap, accomplishing
But empty talk. Indeed, my friend it's so!
My work has been deferred till tomorrow.

Albert Ahearn

Prophylactic Measures

Wild garlic flowers encompassed
her youthful, porcelaneous
neck as she slumbered in her bed.
Two silver crucifix bracelets
securely fastened to both wrists.
Her rhythmic inspirations heaved
the cleavage between her breasts
that deepened on exhalation.
He stood at the foot of the bed
red eyes peering from dark sockets
on a deathly pale, bat-like face.
A sneer revealed behind blood-red
lips two sharp conical canines
that were rendered useless this night.

Happy Halloween!

Albert Ahearn

Psalm 90: 10

Guess what, today I have become
A septuagenarian.
“A what, a vegetarian? ”
No dude! One who turns seventy.
You’d think I’d be a happy guy
For surviving this length of time;
I’m not! Psalm ninety verse ten states:
The days of our years [are] threescore
Years and ten; and if by reason
Of strength [they be] fourscore years, yet
[Is] their strength labour and sorrow;
For it is soon cut off, and we
Fly away. A dismal future
I have in store for me. Amen.

Albert Ahearn

Punctuation

The tiny marks they mean so much
their presence makes for clarity.
They give a script a final touch
and make for better poetry.
But there are those who think it cool
Eliminate these marks and signs
we all have learned since grammar school.
They want us read between their lines
of jumbled, muddled heresy.
But we suspect their variance
when writing so-called poesy
is nothing more than ignorance
of what they should have learned ago
and blithely call it status quo.

Albert Ahearn

Purgatory

I walked through a shadowed portal
into a darker existence:
a parallel microcosm
where light is impenetrable
and only remorseful sinners
inhabit this purging place.
A restless wind endlessly blows
its elegiac redolence
across a seemingly lifeless land
where no sunflowers ever grow.
I continued walking, groping
about, stumbling, until I saw
a faint illuminate ahead
the exit portal into light.

Albert Ahearn

Rain

The aged poet lies abed
Listening to the falling rain
Tap dancing on some metal roof.
Ever since he could remember
Rain has been a fascination
For him, writing sundry poems
About this heavenly liquid.
He doesn’t know exactly why
But rain always precipitates
A flood tide of inspiration.
Once again the propensity
Immerses him entirely;
This time in an unlit bedroom
With a single theme in mind: rain.

Albert Ahearn

Rain or Shine, It's Divine

The golden fiery eye rises
In the east and sets in the west
And shines for a day in between;
Although at times there may be clouds
That shrouds its penetrating rays
From us, we know its radiance
Is like a god that can’t be seen
But still feel his omnipresence.
And when the heavenly tears fall
From the sky, they are tears of joy
Not to be confused with sadness
For this god is a loving god
That showers all of us with love
Yes, even the nonbelievers.

Rain falls from heaven.
Behind the clouds the sun shines
Patiently in wait.

Albert Ahearn

Rainy Day Blues

The rain is still coming down today
For gods sake! Will it ever
stop?
I'm sick to death of looming gray clouds
That are exuding their drizzling
drops.
For Pete's sake! Get it over with
I've had about as much as I can
stand
Let me get back to my old self again
And out of this soggy
Wetland.
This slow moving low and me below
Make for one miserable
dude.
If it doesn't stop soon this mini monsoon
I'll be lethargic all day and just
Brood
I pray to sweet Jesus the rain will soon end
But the weatherman says rain all weekend.

Albert Ahearn

Reasons For My Love

I love the way she wears the sun
In her hair; and the way the rain
Beads on her delicate shoulders;
I love when her eyelids flutter
In early morning springtime breeze;
I love the way she pouts and sulks
When things don’t seem to go her way;
I love it when she feigns anger
That’s soon betrayed by a smile;
I love the look of guiltiness
On her face after we make love;
I love her childlike naiveté;
Her occasional whininess
And vagaries that define her.

Albert Ahearn

Relativity

A microscopic arachnid
tinier than a poppy seed
spins diminutive filaments
barely visible to the eye;
a spiral silk lacework deathtrap
for infinitesimal prey
strung high between white cornered walls
in a microcosmical world.
Is its existence more trifling
than mine that occupies more space?
Perhaps not, in the scheme of things:
my universe among the stars
is imperceptibly smaller
than this occupants' in my room.

Albert Ahearn

Reminders

The ever present reminders
Of death are seemingly nearby:
A calm sunny day that excites
Two lovers’ whimsical fancies
Are momentarily dashed by
The scent of unseen rotting flesh
Carried on a summertime breeze;
Me passing a cemetery
And breathing a sigh of sadness
For living a life sans brother
Father, mother and a sister;
But then the thought evaporates
Like a summertime morning dew-
Only to reappear anew.

Albert Ahearn

Required horn blowing

Dedicated to those that live in a railroad town.

Moving metal monstrosities
Speed along rusty, rhythmic rails
freighting needed necessities
onward, toward forthcoming sales.
Its cacophonous, blaring horn
Sounding each town intersection
with intolerable forewarned
early morning interruptions:
Two long, one short, one long, racket.
Please locomotive engineer
shorten your intervals a bit
so those of us who live anear
can get a good nights sleep; instead
of noises that startle the dead.

Albert Ahearn

Retribution

The other day I overheard
Two woman's slanderous chatter
About another nameless soul
Who’s fortunate absence, thank god,
Spared her their injurious libel.
I thought to myself, if I had
A petty wish that would come true
I’d long for swift retribution
For malicious people like them
To receive involuntary
Volition at their own expense
By socking themselves in the face.
I wonder how many lost teeth
It would take to learn the lesson?

A lesson forsooth
Is oftentimes difficult:
Like losing a tooth

Albert Ahearn

Returning

The blustering wind announces
The arrival of a new moon
But we complain about the wind
Because it messes up our hair
Or blows the neighbors leaves around
That winds up on our property.
The new moon which we cannot see
For the most part goes unnoticed.
It is a time for returning-
Not too far at the beginning.
Yet is auspicious for success.
When our knowledge is limited
Most of us cannot understand
"Returning to the beginning "

A subtle brightness
Enters the void of darkness
Beckons my return.

Albert Ahearn

Returning Again

I envision the very first
Uttered words of Man ascending
Like misty vapor suspended
As endless cloud-filled vibrations
That eventually rain down
On forthcoming generations
In the form of inspiration;
Imbuing the susceptible
Psyche with imaginative
Powers of profound expression;
The maker of philosophers,
The artists, writers and poets
Whose effectiveness must return
To its primal source whence it came.

Albert Ahearn

Revivification

I could have been a funny circus clown
With multi- colored makeup on my face.
I could have been the greatest fool around
My face on posters all over the place.
But I chose instead to be a poet
An unknown writer who now writes verses.
A self indulging choice I must admit
But its satisfaction reimburses
The time and effort I devote to it.
I will never be a Poe or Whitman
Nor poet laureate I must admit
And that famous funny-circus-clown man?
I resurrect him occasionally
Like in this present piece of poetry.

Albert Ahearn

Rivers Edge

The swimming hole is deserted
Except for an occasional
Brief stop for indigenous birds
on their way to the other shore.
The Tarzan rope hangs from the tree
Swaying slightly in the mild breeze
Above the dark shallow river
Where not long ago children played
And their laughter resonated
Loudest after each took their turn
Swinging out over the water
Ending with a cannonball splash;
But now these sweet, wet river brats-
God love them, all gone back to school.

Albert Ahearn

Roadside Reminiscence

The sun was shinning and no cloud cover
Was in view. Few cars this early traversed
The road making my ride decidedly
Safer and serene. I couldn’t contrive
In my mind a more beautiful Sunday.
I was consciously consumed; contented
When suddenly I spotted something steel-
Gray not far ahead of me. At first I
Thought that it was the usual soft-shoulder
Debris. The closer I came it became
Clear to me what it was, a dead gray bird.
I stopped my bike, dismounted and approached
It. I stooped and lifted the lifeless thing.
Still warm to the touch, that it could have died
A moment ago. Suddenly saddened
By this find a feeling of guilt arose
Within me. Not knowing the nuances,
With bird in hand I began to bemoan
A rush of muted memories flooding
My senses. I stood there alone; alive
Knowing somewhere, someone or some thing soon
Would suffer the same funereal fate.
Guilty because I live to love this day
Sans mother, father, brother and sister.
A cumulus cloud snuck across the sun
Further darkening my melancholy.
I grudgingly gazed down at my fleshy
Bier, still cradling the feathery corpse.
The cloud continued its eternal course
Across the sunlit sky showering me
With prodigious, radiant rays once more.
I knelt and scooped a shallow roadside grave
And placed the little lifeless bird inside
While elegiac verses passed my lips.
As the last of the moistened earth covered
The unmarked grave I gave thanks to my God
For this solemn Sunday reminiscence.

Albert Ahearn

Robert Fisher

I wrote this poem shortly after his death on January 17,2008.

Bobby Fisher, chess savant and master
Unparalleled among the best that played.
A champion, a genius, destroyer
Of chess opponents, this day passed away.
You either loved him or hated the man
There wasn't middle ground. His time had come.
Eccentricities never lost his fans.
I am the proof, e pluribus Unum.
In life his brief existence was tragic
Perhaps in death we'll gain understanding
Of genius. Chess his forte, his magic
Preoccupation gave us deepening
Enlightenment of Caissa, his mentor.
His spirit now with her forevermore.

Albert Ahearn

Rue

The seemingly moving white cumuli
Above me drifting aimlessly away
Like youthful fantasies: old passerby's
With muted roles in an unscripted play;
Foregone dreams with only one performance
Like yesterdays unique morning sunrise;
Witnessing it should never be left to chance
For the moment may end in sad good-byes.
Oh! The many forsaken dreams that died,
Aspirations that never dawned a day.
Oh! If only my orbs were wide-eyed
Instead of my groping every which way.
Alas! The clouds are a constant reminder
Of youthful dreams I let fade and wither.

Albert Ahearn

Sadness

We have a great deal of sadness
Pent-up inside our fragile selves
Bordering at times on madness-
unhealthy in and of itself.
You'd think we'd learn to deal with it.
No! We shelve it for another day
and indubitably admit
its return in myriad ways.
Sorrow assumes many faces
Far too many to cope with each
Leaving behind tiny traces
of memories and self reproach.
Human minds are the rub, the source.
Their forlorn heart's, the driving force.

Albert Ahearn

Sadness Lingers

As much as I wish this frigid season
Would change into warmer days of springtime.
I can’t help feeling sad for some reason:
Ruefulness within my subconscious mind.
It might be the ending of snowball fights
Where I was the children's adversary;
Or perhaps it was those cold winter nights
When we all sang carols and was merry.
Whatever might be the reason for it
I guess I will never really know why.
Therefore it shall remain indefinite
In the recesses of my mind. Time flies
By so fleetingly season to season
A little sadness lingers from each one.

Albert Ahearn

Saint Patrick's Day

The worst of snow has disappeared
We had a lot of it this year.
But now that it has gone from sight
Our winter blues have taken flight.
The smell of spring is in the air
A robin sings its morning prayer
As morning sun climbs upward high
To brighten up the morning sky.
Among this picturesque display
I stand here on Saint Patrick’s Day
So proud to live in this country
An Irishman of ancestry;
'Erin go bragh' is what I say
But home is here and here I stay.

Albert Ahearn

Sand Island

The crisp cool wind is blowing in my face
Kenny G blowing “forever in love”
In my ears while trying to keep a pace
The blue, cloudless sky looming high above
Me only enhance my recurrent ride
To Sand Island, a very special place
Where all worldly problems are set aside
Awhile and “I” is the objective case
Yes! It’s all about me during this ride:
Pedaling, sightseeing and elation
These of which can not at all be denied
Me. Upon reaching my island mission
I’m Inspired enough for one more sonnet
About a special day I’ll not forget.

The meandering beaten path in front
Of me guides my way through a host of trees.
Some I identify but most I don’t
Have a clue as to their names. Just the breeze
In my face, the earth-colored foliage,
The fauna scampering in front of me,
And birds singing from branches, all upstage
My intruding presence. My mp3
Playing Kenny G songs along the way:
Love songs mostly but it doesn’t matter
I’m in love everyday, more so today.
I love god, wife and nature, all concur
And reciprocate. This is my heaven
In a very special place: Sand Island.

Albert Ahearn

Sandy

The hurricane has now arrived.
Her centripetal Cyclops eye,
swirling wind and wall of water
whirling, churning, surging cyclone
wreaking death and devastation
on the east coast population.
Amidst this inundated scene
the hapless, helpless victims screamed
for mercy but none could be found
instead a swell of water drowned
the most vulnerable victims
lacking the means to escape from
an unforgiving super storm
the entire country now mourns

Albert Ahearn

Sans Animals

How pleasant would our weekend strolls
Be if there were no animals
To grace the places we may walk?
No herds nor prides, no packs no flocks.
To never see or hear a bird
To trek without would be absurd.
What good would be a tryst in spring
Without a redbreast there to sing?
Why should the oak we pass each day
Bear nutty acorn fruit today
If there were no squirrels nesting high
To gather cache and fall supplies.
What be the sense of things withal
Devoid of all the animals?

Albert Ahearn

Saturday's Storm

The angry sky vented its ire
on the unostentatious town:
The lightning discharged, set afire
The atmosphere and rain came down
In torrents while claps of thunder
Frightened the faint of heart below
Due to this tempest spellbinder.
The streets became small streams that flowed
Swiftly by the sidewalk sewers
that were unable to swallow
The prodigious volume incurred
While the children watched through windows
Hoping this rainy Saturday
Cease so they can go out and play.

Albert Ahearn

Seagulls

A prodigious flock of seagulls
float seemingly, effortlessly
on a winter frigid river
like miniature polar floes.
Their harsh wailing and squawking calls
are muffled by the roaring sound
of cascade from an old dam.
Their idiosyncratic moves
manifest aquatic prowess:
Their twirling, swirling, eddying
against the current as though fixed
to each molecule of water
until they rise from the surface
into winters late morning mist.

Albert Ahearn

Second Fall From Grace

A priest was strolling in a glorious
Garden next to a church cemetery.
Deep into daily prayers his serious
Reflection had ceased funereally.
From behind a blackberry bush a man
In agonizing pain pled for his help.
Bloodied, near death he desperately scanned
This holy face and said, "you and me dwelt
In the same house for many, many years
Together. Please tend to my wounds. I must
Not die else many things will disappear
With me." Sir! You think you know me I trust
But I don't recognize you, in good faith.
"That's of no consequence, we are soul mates."

Sir, I do not understand. What's your name?
"First, look into my eyes, what do you see? "
The priest peered into them. I see ill fame
"Correct! What else? " To a higher degree
I see treachery, deceit and falsehood
" True! I am their inspiration, each sin.
I represent all that is deemed not good
The name I go by today is Satan."
What! Prince of darkness, the living devil
The infamous enemy of my god?
"The one and only my dear friend, evil
Incarnate, this face is just a facade."
I'll not treat your wounds that would ease the pain.
Oh, but you must holy man. I'll explain."

"That church and altar, your Sunday sermons
Were built, celebrated and orated
Because of me. Every man and woman
On this earth that was ever created
Knows and fears me due to people like you.
Their lives were and are shaped by your design.
If I die, sin will also perish. Who
Would have need of your shrines
If I did not exist? Now look beyond
Your purpose for living, poor holy man.
Do you wish to sever the unique bond
Between you and me, abandon humans
Or treat my wounds so that I may still thrive? "
Dejected he chose keeping him alive.

Albert Ahearn

Secrete Beauty

She was not blessed with comely grace,
spurned and shunned by cupids arrows
because of her displeasing face
and breasts like kneecaps on a sparrow.
Her scrawny frame one could infer
if dressed in red and eyed sideways
she'd mimic a thermometer;
no outward grace to be displayed.
Her real beauty was deep inside
hidden behind two large, brown eyes
where a beautiful soul resides
eternally and undisguised.
Beauty is a skin-deep grace
it's just a temporary thing:
a short-term asset on a face
that fades away like this years spring.

Albert Ahearn

Sensual Intercourse

Brrring!
Hello! .. Oh, hi
dear...fine.. You? ... that's good to
hear...dinner? ..where? Perkin's is fine.
Bye Love.

Albert Ahearn

Sharing a Volume

'Crime and Punishment'
lies open upon his lap.
A fly alights page
two hundred seventy three
and both continue to read.

Albert Ahearn

Signs of Autumn

The signs of autumn are upon us. Wow!
The Sun is heading south and harvesting
Is ready for a host of crops by now.
In early fall the days are warm as spring.
The leaves are turning yellow, some are red
And few are brown as yet. The oaken tree
Is dropping fruit and squirrels running ahead
Of other squirrels to claim a guarantee
Impending drops are won. The scent of leaves
Is carried by Septembers gentle breeze
Throughout the day bestirring memories
Of seasons past: A time of youth, who seized
The autumn moments with a measured scheme:
To laugh and play; to sing; to love and dream.

Albert Ahearn

Silence

Subtle sounds are all around us
A kind of silence one can’t hear.
A child’s soap-pipe-bubbles bursting
or some lovers eyes shedding tears.
One does not hear a falling snowflake
nor nature’s music of the spheres
for so many go unnoticed
it’s as though we all lack ears.
Silence is a lone taper flame,
a dim flickering solitaire
smouldering on its waxen wick
to a slow deafened melody
extinguished before it is heard.

Albert Ahearn

Sing To Me

Ligeia is my Greek siren singer.
Singing warmhearted songs of happiness
At night, I waking at sunrise to her
Indescribable Psyche* loveliness.
Although oracles consulted are wise
And state her beauty is too great for me.
To leave her on a mountaintop advised
Placate the jealous gods I'll not agree.
Unlike Eros**, Ligeia lights each lamp
And knows her man that loves her every night.
She'll not make compromises -not this vamp!
So serenade me Ligeia, excite
My fancies. Sing to me songs that we love
The kind we dream and those still undreamed of.

* Greek goddess of the soul and one of exquisite grace and beauty.
** Greek god of love, husband of Psyche.

Albert Ahearn

Sisyphean Solace

Eternity is a long time to learn.
Yet Sisyphus was able to adjust
To his punishment. He refused to yearn
For bright tomorrows and knew that he must
Dispel any and all such thoughts of hope.
His salvation was not the morrows but
The moment at hand. Not the highest slope
The boulder could attain, in vain it must
Descend again. But the span of descent
Was his freedom: this brief trek down the hill
Was his only joy before his next ascent
Once more and endless treks as yet fulfilled.
Man through his suffering does find solace
Often long waited yet found anyplace.

Albert Ahearn

Slavery

I found blinded slavery: a persons’
Present tied to their parents’ past that urge
Them to yield to their traditions, worsened
By ancient spirits, fettered and scourged.
I found muted slavery: which mated
The life of a man to a wife he hates
And places her body in a hated
Husbands bed deadening both lives and fate.
I found deafened slavery: which stifles
The soul and heart of man rendering him
An empty echo, no voice, pitiful
Shadow of a body, a grim phantom.
No emancipation proclamation
Freed man from self-imposed subjugation.

Albert Ahearn

Sleepless Symphony

The rain fell steady on the roof
While I lay awake next to her.
Her slumbered sounds while fast asleep
Had scored a midnight symphony:
Each dropp of rain from heaven fell
Made sounds like strings on violins
Each tightly strung and singly tuned
Awaiting for the slightest cue.
A flash, then thunder from the clouds
Commenced the orchestrally sounds
Of euphonic respiration's
And the strings of condensation
Played for an audience of one:
Dreamy arrangements envisioned.

Albert Ahearn

Slow down, smell the Roses

Whoa! Friends, slow down a bit, smell the roses
And appreciate your situations.
We can’t lose sight what’s under our noses
If we do, we invite our frustrations.
Who needs that god-awful discouragement?
Not you or me, so look for the flowers,
They are there. Look around; follow the scent.
But don’t look in other people’s bowers
You have plenty more in your own backyard.
Now take a whiff and thank your lucky stars
For these gifts, you have earned this high regard.
That’s right my friends, give yourselves a cigar.
Over the years we sowed what we reaped
Its harvest time now, the roses smell sweet.

Albert Ahearn

Solemn Bells

Toll the iron bells!
Let the knelling peals linger
In our hearts...Again! For the
Many fallen loved ones. Hear
The tintinnabulation!

Albert Ahearn

Solemn Purpose

Poet!
recite to us
a monody. Let it
be sad. Make us cry for those that
have died.

Remind
us on this day
of mourning, why they died:
So that everyone may live in
freedom.

Albert Ahearn

Solitary delight

Alone
but not lonely.
Pedaling along an
odoriferously perfumed
pathway.

Albert Ahearn

Song Of Love

Some songs are sad songs: dum ♪ de♪ dum♪ dum♪ dum.♪
Others are cheerful: tra ♪ la la ♫ la ling♫
And people are the same. Some may become
A sadden lot, see gloom in everything.
And then there are the opposite, see joy
In what life brings. They dance to different drums.
The sad do dum♪ de♪ de♪ dum♪ de♪ de♪ hooey♪
The merry do Tra♪ la♪ la♪ la♪ tra♪ umm♪
The moral of the story is: The Earth
Is our home and we love it, no matter
Who we might be. Our self-defining worth
Depends if we get along together.
So lets tra♪ la♪ dum♪ de♪ umm♪ tra♪ de♪
And try to live our lives in harmony.

Albert Ahearn

Song of Solomon 2: 15

Catch for us the foxes,
   the little foxes
that ruin the vineyards,
   our vineyards that are in bloom.

Identify the sons of bitches
 Those littered curs
Whose gluttonous manner
    Leaves naught for us and ours.

Catch for us the greedy
  The avarice few
Who take that which is earned
   collectively with toil and tears.

Albert Ahearn

Song without a voice

A saddest song within me idly pursed
Is lodged in lyrical melancholy.
A muted voice attempts to sing a verse
But only soundless words escape from me.
Its somber composition might as well
Be blank without a pleasing melody.
The lyrics are lost as sinners in Hell.
The couplet verses filled with self-pity.
An aria within my doleful soul;
A piece that never will be heard by ears.
A single opus creation, surreal
And limited, saddening with no tears.
A song without a voice to sing its sad
Refrain, enough to drive me raving mad.

Albert Ahearn

Splendor in the grass

Come; lie with me in the grass
Of summer and feel the cool green
Blades give ground to our presence here.
Smell the white clover my dearest?
Its odoriferous fragrance
Pales by comparison with you.
Look! I see a four-leaf clover,
Though rare, it’s not as rare as you;
I picked you out amongst a crowd
And have been in love ever since.
That sun that kisses these flowers
Is not as warm as your kisses
And the warm rustling summer breeze
Lingers long about your tresses
Stilled by the jealous Aeolus
Who claims all things but you my dear.

Albert Ahearn

Spring

Alcyone stared starry-eyed
From heavens clustered quietude;
Below, the dark, deserted night
Anticipates impending dawn.
Melodic notes begin to break
The early morning silence; Spring
Is welcomed warmly from the trees;
Forthcoming light compels the songs
Of robins welcoming carols
And the fiery star begins
To rise above the mountain peaks.
A brightly measured golden glow
Ignites the atmosphere of morn
And winters grip becomes the past.

Albert Ahearn

Springs Splendor

The nighttime air baptized the earth
with a fresh, clean renewing dew
admitting the seasons rebirth
bidding ‘old man winter' adieu.
The sun emerges warm and immense
casting a golden illumine
adorning springtime's resplendence:
yellow daffodils flowering
in meadows and dandelions'
their tiny sunburst dewy globes
drizzled about in disunion;
each claiming its own abode
amidst ground ivy and clover
nurtured by a gentle zephyr.

Albert Ahearn

Springtime

Spring brings the red-breasted robins
To fill the early morning hours
With their cheery chirrs that beckon
The sun to waken the flowers.
Dewy heads of dandelions
Are first to stir from nighttime sleep
Like little yellow rising suns;
And from the trees in nests are cheeps
From newly hatched robin fledglings.
On the dew-covered grass below
A parent thrush struggles, tugging
At a worm lodged in its dark hole
While silent shadows fade away
And springtime births another day.

Albert Ahearn

Star Stuff

"The fate of individual human beings may not now be connected in a deep way with the rest of the universe, but the matter out of which each of us is made is intimately tied to the processes that occurred immense intervals of time and enormous distances in space away from us. Our Sun is a second- or third-generation star. All of the rocky and metallic materials we stand on, the iron in our blood, the calcium in our teeth, and the carbon in our genes were produced billions of years ago in the interiors of a red giant star. We are made of star-stuff."

I am a scion of the Milky Way
Wholly unique to the highest degree
My soul is as old as light-years away
My provenance stems from cosmic debris
I need not religion to guide my life
My quintessence antedates mankind's creeds
The brief time walking beneath starlit nights
Imbue my soul more than mankind's prayer beads
Every thought, all that I am is akin
To these heavenly designers birthplace
The very essence, my soul within
Began eons in interstellar space
Knowing who I am and where I came from
Is my greatest joy than what I've become.

Albert Ahearn

Sterile sermons

An old church stands with a spired steeple
Amidst the townspeople at Fox and Main
Where the hypocrites pray for sinful souls
And clergy holds sermons that entertain.
Within this sanctuary lined with pews
And opalescent glass and glittering gold
Odoriferous breaths of morning booze
Betray inebriants among the fold.
The Sunday sermon lectures temperance
Its message they heard many times before
The spoken words make no difference
Because people don’t heed them anymore.
The pimps and sots, sinners all congregate
Buying forgiveness while passing the plate.

Albert Ahearn

Stream of consciousness

Kenny G is blowing “forever in love”
In my ears on my media player.
His haunting sound makes me want to weep.
Why that song affects me that way
Probably can be explained by my analyst
But I have neither the time nor money
To spend on such a frivolous notion.
The song is nearing its end like this
Stream of consciousness will in a moment.
The flowing series of images and thoughts
Running through my mind are unique
Inasmuch as another person listening
Might be affected differently or perhaps not at all
Nevertheless, the feelings have ended and so has the song.

Albert Ahearn

Summer's End

Gone are the summer wildflowers
those many, subtle scented breaths
that once allured nectar seekers
and me to their wild colonies.
But now those lifeless peduncles
that once bore inflorescent blooms
decay amidst a grand graveyard
of myriad, deciduous dead.
Gone are the summertime players:
the honeybees and bumblebees,
butterflies and dragon flies
mulberries and elderberries;
brief were the roles each had played
in their own, spectacular way.

Albert Ahearn

Summoned

I hear a plaintive

Call: cooOOoo-woo-woo-woooo

That evokes in me

Extraordinary sadness

Yet the sun unyielding shines.

Albert Ahearn

Swan Song

A poets quill lies on his desk
Atop a sheet of coffee-stained
Paper containing stylish script-
An Edwardian handwriting.
The quills point appeared to be dry
For sometime, likewise the inkwell.
On closer inspection the words
On the page became legible:
“My Swan Song” the title began.
It continued: “The flame of life
Grows dim and everything I have
Seen in this light was through the eyes
Of love. Love was writing verses
With this pen.” The words ended there.
Further searching found a yellowed,
Crinkled obituary clip:
“Today the town is saddened by
The loss of its poet Albert__...”

Albert Ahearn

Swan Song 2

His skin was like loose Saran wrap
that no amount of topical
cream could smooth away its wrinkles.
His skeletal bones creaked, muffled
by an old squeaking rocking chair
he gently, rhythmically rocked
to singsong poetry he wrote
nearly fifty odd years ago.
Each iambus spoken aloud
curiously matched his rocking:
the short syllables went backward
the longer ones ever forward.
Suddenly his recital stopped
and the chair went still and silent.

Albert Ahearn

Swansong

"Look! The aging poet sleepwalks again."
"Sir, should we wake him from his nightly tour? "
"No! God no! His heart could not stand the strain."
"He's heading for the open study door.
His ambulant steps on the floorboards creak
With every step along the corridor."
"Listen! The bard is beginning to speak.
Let's heed his words, step softly on the floor."

"Where do you lead me
Erato? Oh! The study
What for may I ask? "

He sits at his desk with his pen in hand
Writing vigorously on a tablet
Almost as if it were by some command.
His outline cast a dreamy silhouette
On the study wall caused by the moonbeam
Shinning through a curtained opened window.
"He writes with eyes closed in his dream"
"Be still! He calls out the name, Erato"

"Erato, you say
This love poem is my last?
How so, may I ask? "

The poets hand stops writing a moment
Than briefly begins again then desists
Completely; lays the pen down and laments
While rising from his chair clenching both fists
Then begins to walk toward his bedroom
"Should we read what the old bard has written? "
"Not now! Let's follow him back to his room
"But..." "Please keep quiet! He speaks once again."

"Erato I have
Finished what you asked of me
This is my swansong."

The old poet reached the side of his bed
And gently slid under the bed covers
A smile appears than wanes. "Is the bard dead? "
"Yes! He's gone where all the poet lovers'
Always go: with the lovely Erato"
"I hear a lyre! Do your ears hear the same? "
"Yes! It plays for another poet's soul
That enters Erato's love poems domain"
****

Standing at the old poets study desk
The two men look down upon the tablet
And begin to read the verses expressed

This saddest of nights both will not forget

My Swansong
In life all things must always reach its end
My life is no exception to this rule
True love was writing verses with this pen
And know for sure I had not been a fool
Love was all I had to offer in life
Expressed in many forms of poetry
Each I shared with my friends and loving wife
Intent was never a commodity
My time has come; the flame of life grows dim
And everything I have seen in this light
Was through the eyes of love I owe to Him
My hand grows weak, my effort ebbs tonight
I see your face, your myrtle crown and lyre
You strum the strings, sweet music to my ears.

Albert Ahearn

Tears

There is a man standing in the rain in a cemetery in front of his deceased wife's gravesite. He appears to be crying. Her death occurred years ago and left him with everlasting grief. He is resigned to this fact so everything he sees and hears casts him further into this state of mind.
This day is no different than all the previous times, except this time, the rain, a bird and a sound of bells contribute to his continued descent.

The rain concealed the tears he shed today.
He cried this way so many times before
but always alone. No rain can wash away
his anguish, anxiety... nevermore!
A tiny feathered harbinger alight
her stone and cocked its head. A dropp of rain
upon its beak it seemed to weep in sight
of him, a tear; then takes to flight again.
A distant tintinnabulation from
a church’s belfry pealed so mournfully.
He muses: fleeting wings of death had come
and taken from me so prematurely
my lover, leaving only heavens tears
to drench my heart with sadness all these years.

Albert Ahearn

Television

In my opinion one of the greatest inventions there ever was. Yet Man has never discovered it's true potential. It has become for the most part entertainment for the boobs.

Colored
talking gadget
programmed specially for
societies mental midget
demands.

Albert Ahearn

Temporal tenure

I stood on shore at rivers edge
And gazed at it as it streamed by
Me. I was mesmerized by its
Uninterrupted babbling voice
That captured my receptive ears.
I thought about eternity:
Thinking how insignificant
I[we] are in the scheme of things.
This majestic river flowing
Through time endlessly to the sea
While I a humbled sojourner
Standing on forever’s shoreline
Realizing temporariness
Even for a moment like this.

Albert Ahearn

Tenacity

A tiny mottled maple leaf
appeared outside my window pane.
Its superficial veiny face
Clung wet glass precariously.
Its nemesis, the wind, blew strong
But yet the tiny thing held on.
Its struggle onset reverie
I saw self-similarities:
bygone years of bold contentions
underdog I need to mention;
but like this leaf I gave my all
I cared not where the chips might fall.
As this enlightenment gave way
The wind had whisked the leaf away.

Albert Ahearn

That Rose And I

Though a lone rose in yonder bed
Blooms all alone in remoteness
Its regal grace reaches beyond
Its small cultivated confines.
Its blood-red petals capture
Sensuous eyes of passerby's;
Thoughts of love materialize
And some are stricken teary-eyed
By measured memories of love.
Then there are those aesthetic hearts
Who are dazzled by its beauty.
As for me, I assume that rose:
The empathy I have for it
I become its flowery soul.
Though a lone rose in yonder bed
Blooms all alone in remoteness
Its regal grace reaches beyond
Its small cultivated confines.
Its blood-red petals capture
Sensuous eyes of passerby's;
Thoughts of love materialize
And some are stricken teary-eyed
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Who are dazzled by its beauty.
As for me, I assume that rose:
The empathy I have for it
I become its flowery soul.

Albert Ahearn

The Beast

The weirdest beast inhabits Earth;
A Human with a brain. It’s large but uses
a tiny bit of what's bestowed at birth.
Whatever primal concept Man chooses,
catastrophes usually soon arise.
Developed fire, but readily is burned,
Invents the wheel, then underneath he dies.
You'd think he would eventually learn.
Impossible you say? I think your right!
This is the beast who thought the world was flat.
Pathetic creature never was that bright.
But ask him if he is, he’ll laugh at that
inquiry. Arrogance asserts itself
when having high opinion of ones self.

Albert Ahearn

The beast sleeps

The quiet solitude of the early
Hours of morning while Humanity
Is still asleep, soothes and heals my Psyche.
The hum of my computer while I type
Is the only bearable sound. I succumb
To this transcendental inner sanctum.
Away from those raucous sounds that are caused
By the beast’s awakening. Injuring
Noise that reverberates throughout my brain
Resulting in insensitivity.
Longing once again the tranquility
Only the early morning balm provides.
I’ll relish this comforting quietude
Until the beast once again rears it’s head.

Albert Ahearn

The Birth Of Verse

The words unspoken rest within the tomes
of dictionaries and thesauruses
Their overpopulated muted homes
await the poet to give them voices.
'Oh! Wordy friends, beseech your help I must.
Inspire me with living elements
that I may structure verse with words I trust.
Let truth bespeak my worthiness intent.
And give it rhythmic regularity.
Allow its message avenues of grand.
Have muse, Erato, speak with clarity
to humankind and make them understand
that poetry, the universe of love
and Truth is His only recourse thereof.'

Albert Ahearn

The Coward

A frightful face floats upon
The undulating waters edge
Like a ship-wrecked casualty.

Its distorted image mirrors
Its vacant eyes and ashen face
Though still alive but dead inside

A failed life, a flubbed suicide
A washed-up failure washed ashore
Rejected by the waxing tide

The sea accepts the very brave
From long fought wars and weathering
But spews its cowards back to shore

Where uncourageous men are made
Those live their lives in masquerade.

Albert Ahearn

The Day Lily

The magnificent perianths
Of the Day Lilies with their six
Spreading bright orange arms (funnel-formed)
Fixed in their clustered colonies
Absent of any luring scent
Still attracts the bees
And the poets aesthetic eyes.
Oblique, penetrating sunrays
Shine through the high canopied trees
Directly onto their blossoms
Seemingly glowing like embers
In a campers dying campfire;
And not unlike the fire, remain
Briefly beautiful and then die.

Albert Ahearn

The End

Death, the final equalizer;
be it a leaf, human or star
their end is inevitable.
Can it easily be conceived?
will it truly be understood?
Do their unique differences:
diminutive or gigantic
change deaths meaning and concept?
Does any of that matter much?
Humans perceive death as macabre
a horror of loss and decay.
leaf and star suffer the same fate
yet both lives end naturally
without a promised afterlife.

Octal Syllabic Verse

Albert Ahearn

The First Deadly Sin

There once was a women who happened to be graced with beauty. She was adorable from the moment she was born. This wholesomeness lasted throughout most of her life. Her eyes were her greatest asset. They could mesmerize almost any man and hold him captive for as long as she wished.
Unfortunately, this beauty was the only thing she had to offer anyone. Her life was great for as long as this skin-deep gift lasted.
Then came a time, as happens to all of us at some point, where this youthful beauty begins to wane. The lovely face and eyes that she was so popular for had changed. Her image in the mirror was now a face of a unappealing spinster. The beauty gone, so were all the suitors.Then.....

In youth her comely grace and eyes entranced
So many suitors. Men accompanied
Her every place she went. A few but glanced
Until they saw her eyes, then joined the stampede.
She enjoyed this charming situation.
It never dawned on her that beauty fades
In time. A slightest of inclination,
the queen of hearts became a queen of spades.
And now the throng of men that used to greet
Her, doesn't bother calling anymore.
Her lengthy lonely nights are not as sweet.
She sits alone and dreams of times before.
So now her mind has gone in seclusion
Loneliness is a foregone conclusion.

Albert Ahearn

The Gulf Of Mexico

The fetid black fluid of crude
Aroused from its watery grave
From geologic slumbering
Awakens with unabated
Vengeance. Its black soul emerges
From the underworld to punish
For an irreparable wrong;
To drown Man in a sea of sludge
And stench and render him helpless;
To ravage his pristine landscape,
His livelihood, all held so dear
To his soon blackened, broken heart;
The aggregate of Man suffers
For the greediness of a few.

Albert Ahearn

The Heart

Each heart has a somber chamber
where Melancholic days are stored.
Those never to be forgotten
Times baptized with life’s anointing tears.
Passing years of joy and sorrow
Both have found their place in the heart.
Though diametrically opposed
Each holds permanent residence.
When joyful manifestations
Dance to the beat of happiness
Sorrow waits in its sad chamber
For inevitability.
When it arrives joy surrenders
Uncomplaining into limbo.

Albert Ahearn

The Jewel

Our brief existence on this marbled sphere
Is meaningless unless we treasure life.
The jewel, love, is obviously rare.
Its importance is great: A man and wife,
A country, town or city knows for sure
Without its presence everything must die.
If hate prevails then war is what’s in store.
It sates itself on humanities cries.
Alas! Our souls are wandering through space-
Our beings on borrowed time, few morrows.
Today? - Almost the past! So embrace
Another day, toast to end mans sorrows.
And keep in mind that time is running short.
Expressing love is Mans only comfort.

Albert Ahearn

The Letter

Walking barefoot on the noon shore
Oblivious of the combers
With their new metal detectors
Her head bowed low as if in prayer;
But at a closer look we see
That she is holding a letter.
Her grimaced face stared long at it;
Then dropped it on the glistening
Wet sand and stood there a moment
As the returning salty wave
Washed over its ink scripted words-
Words now lost forever in time.
Its message known only to her
And the blue eternalness sea.

Albert Ahearn

The Pill Box

I woke up early this morning
And didn’t know what day it was
Until I walked to the kitchen
And spotted my pill dispenser
Sitting on the oaken table
Placed there by my loving wife
Before my angel left for work;
Looking at the seven day-marked
Cells just piqued me at that moment:
To think at this phase of my life
A pill box was my calendar.
I looked at the empty cells marked
“S”, “M” and “T” and realized
This morning has to be Wednesday.

Albert Ahearn

The Portrait

Her legacy of beauty hung unchanged
And serious above my cluttered desk.
The shadows sketched unworldly creatures: strange
Anomalies around her. Their grotesque
Demeanor: demonic, wildly dancing
A celebratory rite on the wall.
Dubiety! Perhaps I am dreaming.
And yet I still observe ethereal,
Surreal visions. Perhaps pinch myself
That's it! I'll twist a bit of living flesh.
Oh! Ouch! The pain is real as life itself.
The portrait! ... Changed! Her likeness diminished
I see. her comely grace I once beheld
Become a hag where beauty once had dwelled.

Albert Ahearn

The Price Of War

Their mangled and broken bodies
return home in flag draped caskets.
Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori
while a band plays patriotic
hymns for their services rendered
and a choir to give them a voice.
If I may be so bold to say
that I see no sweetness in death
nor the acclaimed gloriousness
that lyrical poets have penned.
what I see is sugarcoated
rationale for warmongering
dolts. I see no glory in that.
Mortem est pretium bellum.

Albert Ahearn

The Reign Must Fall

The tyrants psyche is broken.
He sits in his gilded palace
Surrounded by his trusty band
Of armed thuggish cutthroats, waiting
For the inevitable end.
Outside the palace walls a crowd
Of angry, loathing citizens
Whose long suppressed voices bellow
An immediate regime change;
But like most tyrants of the past
Ego and self-aggrandizement
Deludes clear, rational thinking;
As a result, grasping at straws
Hoping for the impossible.

Albert Ahearn

The ring

A small golden ring with a blood–red heart
Rests amid his gadgets and the clutter
Of his desk like some famous work of art.
He gazed at its bright luster then muttered:
“Why must your keepsake evoke this sadness
In my heart each time I gaze upon you?
Her ring remains but also my madness
Lingers on, anguish I’m suffering through.
Oh heart! Must your heartthrob keep on beating
Since my lover’s heart stop beating long ago?
Must this ring bestir in me these feelings,
Unfeeling band must you torture me so?
Will you ever grant the peace I’m seeking
Or remain a hopeless pawn of her ring? ”

Albert Ahearn

The River

The river runs its winding course
along an ageless bank I stand
ceaselessly brewing silty soup
a recipe of dirt and sand….
I played in youth along these shores
And swam its raging watercourse
Wearing makeshift suits, swimming nude,
floating its breadth on inner tubes….
Alas! Those days are nevermore.
… As I mused my lost childhood years
Seeing this eternal river
from a timeless riverbank
it’s hard to fathom life’s changes
until I saw my wrinkly hands.

Albert Ahearn

The Sage

Alone, aloof atop a hill they're lived
A sage whose renowned insight I sought
To gain. Trekking, trudging I soon arrived
Exhausted- Price to pay for abstract thought.
Upon my reaching wisdom's only door
I ventured-dared- an undertaking knock.
"Who's seldom rap I hear, I implore? "
He asked. "A knowledge seeker, please unlock
The mysteries of life, I`m looking for."
"You that entreats abstruse profundity
Request to borrow secrets from my door? "
"Yes master, my climb was steep and weary."
"You're a fool! Your effort was all in vain.
Wisdom's door is closed until it's gained.'

Albert Ahearn

The Second Coming

Conceived a king amid a war, within
The age of Pisces. Newest moon began
The term of human being gestation
The hope of mankind, and savior of Man.
Then from the east a sign ascending, climbs
The scales of justice. Ten degrees hereby
Have marked the birth of Him a second time.
The sun will reach the stubborn Taurus sky
And greet the ever-fleeting mercury.
Disguised a bull from doubting eyes of man
Avoiding cruel exposure: Misery,
The kind of torture where it first began.
This time he'll come to save the few remained.
The wicked shall lose all the few have gained.

Albert Ahearn

The Servitude Of Words

Muted words linger in limbo
imprisoned between many leaves
bound together in the darkness
of a poet's tried thesaurus.
Their alphabetic existence
is but an endless servitude
whose individual meanings
chosen and together sequenced
for the glory of the poet.
The many verses read aloud
gives each utile word a voice
and continues till completion.
Then darkness returns once again
as the reference book is closed.

Albert Ahearn

The Shadow Is You

Young lady! Yes, You! , I'm talking to you!
What do you see looking in a mirror?
Do you see a pretty face as I do?
You do? You're sure about that? Stand nearer
My dear and look into mascaraed eyes
In deeper, deeper still, into your soul.
Does beauty reign in that realm undisguised?
External beauty plays a minor role
In life. Now, my dear, stand back from the glass
See what's behind you? No? It's your shadow
A faceless non-irradiated mass
Devoid of beauty and class, this you know.
It has accompanied you from the start
While beauty waned your soul became its heart.

Albert Ahearn

The Son Also Rises

It was there when a serous sea
Spewed out its only occupant
Through a very narrow fleshy
Cave into a harsh world of light.
It sojourned during the long days
Of never ending crying pleas,
Assuming only a bright smile
Throughout it all uncomplaining.
It witnessed the sound of three words
Coochie, Coochie coo vocalized
While the alien, helpless, squirmed
Under ten soft probing fingers.
It was present when the first two
Steps teetered into outstretched arms.

Albert Ahearn

The Spell Of Spring

Exfoliative sycamore
Limbs splay low above the water
like giraffe's drinking from the shore
at some silty, placid river.
Where once their arthritic branches
at the mercy of winters winds
it's springs meliorative changes
that bring green budding knobby limbs.
Here I sit astride a boulder
overlooking the riverbank
awestruck by springs natural wonders
recurrent offerings enchant
me like a mesmerizer's spell:
enthralled, hypnotized, compelled.

Albert Ahearn

The thief

Recently, I read Kahil Gibran’s prose' The Criminal”. I have read it at least two other times in the past but this recent read had effected me more so than the past reads. So much so, that I was inspired to write this sonnet not too long after I put the book down.
In Gibran’s prose the man from the beginning was poor. How he winds up, to me, at least seemed fated.
In my sonnet, in the first quatrain I added the God Moros (God Of Destiny) to build on my theme (Fate)

The stars were dim when he entered as man.
The angry Moros god unfurled his wrath
on mothers womb, thus poverty began
its dolorous debilitating path.
His youthful foes were painful hunger-pangs.
He'd sit at byways begging alms to no
avail. Idle dinner bells ne'er rang.
He'd think, when might I eat? He didn't know.
Unfed and desperate he took to theft.
Thus headed for the corner grocer's store.
A stolen staple booty was fetched, but yet
a meal was not in store-seized at the door!
Predetermined ill fate forced him to steal
obtaining an incarcerated meal.

Albert Ahearn

The Visitor

Corvus corax with croaking cries
Why look at me with one black eye?

Your presence here I'd not request
What seek you in black splendidness?

Why perch you there on bended bough
Hid beneath your feathery shroud?

Why stare at me with solemn bent
Why do you croak a dark lament?

Begone! Dark shiny messenger
Sound your dirgeful hymn elsewhere.

But still it perched unmoved in tree
And now both eyes transfixed on me.

Unfolded wings that made no sound
The visitor alight to ground

And plucked an iris growing near
I knew right then its purpose here.

Albert Ahearn

The Weary Poet

Lethargic verbs coax sleepy nouns
along verses of poetry
in the wee hours of the night.
A flickering fluorescent Light
tremulously glows its paleness
above the weary poets head,
each tremor depriving him sleep.
The first rays of sunlight shine through
the rooms window, devouring
the artificial annoyance
while his tired head slowly descends
onto his outstretched left forearm;
the pen still resting in his hand
while his dreams devise completion.

Albert Ahearn

The Wind

The February full moon stirred
A wintery blustering
Wind that roared through the neighborhood
Like an out-of-control freight train.
The stark, naked trees swayed wildly
In a ceremonial dance
While low-growing tree branches touched
Intermittently the ground
In swift, servile genuflections.
Then for an abbreviated
Lull, an eerie silence prevailed
Within this moonlit quietude
Until the winds bellowing voice
Was heard echoing its return.

Albert Ahearn

Theatre Of The Absurd

All of us are born ignorant and some
Of us remain that way I'm sad to say.
The knowledgeable flourish and become
The shepherds, the dumb just piddle away
Their lives like sheep in a grassy pasture.
The ignorance in our society
Exists through our own design I am sure
To guarantee an apt propriety.
Without the sheep there can be no shepherds
Therefore a symbiotic relation
Plays in the theater of the absurd.
There's no appropriate explanation.
Don't even attempt to state a notion.
Our roles are predetermined one by one.

Albert Ahearn

Them

What I love most about poetry is that a poet has the license to write poems about subjects that are not necessarily the reflection of him. Case in point is the following poem. I was inspired after reading the atheist author Christopher Hitchens book “god is not great”

They live in a spiritual universe
Where life is controlled from birth until death.
God and religion are somewhat perverse
Their morrows all dawn without any mirth.
The clergy worship tithing’s surrendered
Fleeced from the faithful flock each Sunday.
Sermons of dread are read to each member
Spreading the fear of forthcoming doomsday.
The young and elderly kneel on their knees
While a pretentious priest preaches his lies.
The fold mumbles prayers on rosary beads
In hopes of salvation when death arrives.
Poor souls! Lived their lives by the golden rule
To find out too late they’d all been such fools.

Albert Ahearn

Theory of devolution

I am a pacifist, I despise war.
It’s the only thing I actually hate.
I’m never able to brace myself for
Diplomacy that deteriorates:
Recriminating dialogue amuck
That results in irrationality.
Adults become intellectual schmucks
Whose mentality in reality
Is equivalent to a chimpanzee
In spite of our advances in science.
Our mentality still swings from the trees
Where once apish self’s had claimed provenance.
We haven’t evolved from our ancient source
Thus war is likely a matter of course.

Albert Ahearn

Thief Of Time

Day changes to night without a whimper
Another day of time I can’t retrieve.
The thief of time blithely robbing the hours
From me, a felon that I never see.
I once had youth, my heart was young as spring
Where all life’s offerings were there for me.
But now the yoke that once connected things
Somehow became a distant memory.
Here I am in the autumn of my life
Clinging like a withered leaf on a tree
As the setting sun again turns to night
And the purloiner robs again from me.
How long must I suffer this living death?
Until the thief of time steals my last breath!

Albert Ahearn

Three Score Ten

This spring he will turn seventy
And most people's opinions think
He looks fantastic for his age-
Whatever the hell that might mean.
He has a hard time stifling his
Discomposure when they say that
To him but manages to grin
Like an ancient, anthropoid ape
Rather than express what he feels:
He knows it's not a compliment;
It's more like discriminating
Rhetoric than anything else;
Imagine saying to a child,
"You look good for a ten year old."

Albert Ahearn

Thunderstorm

The dark sky flashes
a silvery, jagged streak.
Thunder booms along

the path of discharge.
Strong winds blow the falling rain
obliquely downward

drenching all below.
Another flash, a louder
boom, rain continues.

Albert Ahearn

Time

Time is a nonspacial continuum
In which events occur in obvious
Irreversible sequencing union:
Past, present and future, continuous.
What does all this mean to us in our lives?
Well, we have many memories don’t we?
Shared with our loved ones and our relatives.
Past experiences that once were new
Are now old, recyclable memories.
Those timely abstract musings cling to
Everyone: today's contemporaries.
The entire past is what we are anew.
The present is shaped by this time “before”
And hinged on what the future holds in store.

Albert Ahearn

Time...

The silent invisible thief
Of life indiscriminately
Creeps along, irreversibly
Filching tiny bits of precious
Youth from us, always leaving clues
Behind yet unbeknown at first
Whereas youth is preoccupied
With its feigned immortality.
But comes a time when youth shuffles
Off this pretentious naïveté
When he first sights that single strand
Of silver hair at his temple
Or those unmistakable fine
Lines subtly etched around his eyes.

Albert Ahearn

Tin Soldiers

Sickening smell of gasoline and gore
I can't take much more of this Goddamn war.
My third tour of duty, I'm all worn-out.
The folks back home lost hope, beyond a doubt.
Our clueless leaders lead the battle cry
My battling buddies gave both their lives
All expendable soldiers, unknown names
Little tin men in some general's war game.
We're here for the sake of Democracy
But I know better, it's hypocrisy.
We’re the victims of this unworthy war
The fallen brave and the esprit de corps.
I pray each night this war will someday close
But I know which way the winds of war blows.

Albert Ahearn

Tomorrows

Ah, tomorrow and tomorrows!
A procrastinators' catchall
future days that he will borrow
freely to do nothing at all;
but presently those days will dawn
calling due his declarations;
promises he'll not keep thereon:
deliberate fabrications.
His wishy-washy character
lacks effectiveness and purpose;
his favorite word is "later"
which can be defined as fruitless.
Is there any hope for him? No!
as long as there are tomorrows.

Albert Ahearn

Trimming

Clipping, smoothing, pruning; silly
dilly-dallies that people do.
Gross lessons in futility
achieved. And Oh! , tis true, tis true!

Albert Ahearn

True Beauty

We do not fit in with esteemed
Authority to ascertain
Beauty that their caste may deem
It to be- how shallow and vain
they are in our amateur eyes!
For us, magnificence finds us:
Virgin snowflakes fall from the sky
In myriad splendiferous
Silence; A flock of ring-billed gulls
Swooping wailing and squawking
In descending widen circles
amid the frozen flakes, settling
like miniature river floes.
This is beauty that’s apropos.

Albert Ahearn

Truth Uncensored

To condemn the modern conflicts
like Vietnam, Afghanistan
and Iraq where there's no quick fix;
and countless deaths in no man's land
are still shamelessly occurring.
If one should speak out against them
those of us are charged as being
leftwing radicals and condemned
strongly as unpatriotic
a catchall word used to censor
opinion against quixotic
military pursuits and measures
that needlessly spill the lifeblood
of a nation based on falsehoods.

Albert Ahearn

Turning Pages

Naiveté in younger years
And meager sense between my ears
What interested me the most
Were comic strips within the Post.

"Deep in Bengalla
Woods within the famed Skull Cave
The masked Phantom waits..."

Throughout advancing teenage years
My interest turned to social spheres
Again the Post is what I read
To see the people who were wed.

"Maryann Fulmer
And Nolan Zane Fullerton
Were married March 3rd…."

Turning the pages to sixty
I sport a silver-white goatee.
I still read the Post but only
Familiar obituaries.

"Nolan Fullerton
Of Whitehall, Pennsylvania
Passed away Monday…"

I keep turning the pages daily
Until the death bell tolls for me.

Albert Ahearn

Turtledove

Six o'clock on a Sunday morn
I hear the call of a forlorn
Dove. Its mourning sound so sadly
pled evokes a melancholy.
It spurred my thinking back in time
When I was of another mind:
A time when we had fell in love
And witnessed by a turtledove.
So many springs have come and gone
And still I hear its cry at dawn
A sound that conjures up in me
A sad but loving reverie:
A daydream of that morning bird
Whose sad refrains we both had heard.

Albert Ahearn

Twin Faces

I gazed into her lovely eyes
and saw miniature faces
of myself looking back at me.
Do these blue orbs see what I see?
Is what I see what she perceives
through these tinted panes to her soul?
Can she see Mr. Hyde lurking
behind the comely mask I wear?
A smile on her innocent face
appeared, then she gently kissed me
caressing my cheeks with both hands.
I knew then it did not matter
what I saw in those twin faces
hidden now behind her closed eyes.

Albert Ahearn

Two Hearts As One

A single heartbeat
Reverberates the ether
Returns twice beating.

Albert Ahearn

Undying Love

In everyone's existence certain sights
And sounds have more importance over all
Other things we occasioned. Some excite
Us more today than yesterday, Enthrall
Is more precise. And others make us sad.
The mulberry tree and dandelion
Reminds me daily, happy times we had
Together picking berries; her crying
Because her hands were stained. To stop the tears
I would then stoop and pluck a yellow bloom
and place it over her ear. I also hear
The sounds that make me very sad. Entombed
My heart becomes, beside my loves' remains
Upon my hearing morning doves refrains.

Albert Ahearn

Unknown Soldiers

Just beneath a grassy meadow
That one time was a battlefield
Lies the bones of two unknown men
Still clothed in their tattered fatigues
in a shallow unnatural grave.
Unnatural because if buried
With the customary honors
There would have been two separate
grave sites with much deeper holes.
One of the uniforms was gray
In color, the other one blue.
It’s fair to assume that both men
Prayed to god for his own safety
But god does not take sides in war.

Albert Ahearn

Unrequited Love Poem

Accidentally chanced upon
While browsing through a set of tomes
An unrequited love poem
Marked between the yellowed pages
Within a volume rifled through.
Thereupon, I eagerly read
The words in Edwardian script
Predated nineteen hundred six-
A sad age of class distinction-
Where lines describe a futile love
Of two unfortunates in love
The beau from high society
His belle of notoriety
The aging ink was droplet smeared
I want to think it was from tears.

Albert Ahearn

Unspoken Words

Words will never convey my thoughts
What I so want to say to her
It often leaves me overwrought
My mind becomes a hopeless blur.
Her comely grace and pleasing eyes
Her sweet amicability
Leaves me goggle-eyed and tongue-tied
when I look upon her beauty.
At home I think up words to say
Articulating syllables
Spoken in a well mannered way
But deem them unacceptable.
The hardest thing for me to do
Is utter three words, “I love you.”

Albert Ahearn

Until death do us part

Most of us at one time or another take this marriage vow. At the time it is usually a rote recitation because we are young and our attention is on other imminent matters. And that's the way it should be. Nevertheless, if we remain married and outlive a spouse we are faced with the same thoughts, doubts, questions and helplessness as the man in the following poem.
On line 14 he does the only thing he can do to express his love for her before the casket is closed.

She lay upon a cold and stony bier
within an open coffin lined with silk.
She didn't look the same: Her face appeared
to have an ashen color; white as milk.
In life her comely facial features glowed
a lovely roseate but now she is dead
Forever gone from me. My head is bowed
in prayer and sadness all around. I dread
the coming years without her next to me.
Is life important anymore? I asked
myself. Her love is still alive but she
is motionless before me with the mask
of death and delicately folded hands.
I gently touched her golden wedding band.

Albert Ahearn

Vampire

His manic mind this particular night
Was dulled by the fractured waning moonlight.
Standing alone amongst the monoliths
Of stone and marble, cold and spiritless.
The sky, all black and bleak, nary a star
To behold. Somewhere distant a bizarre
Sounding canine howled its mournful distress.
A black ominous cloud slithered across
The dying lunar orb like a veiled-face
Demon lurking in an unholy place.
Possessed, his unquietness bestirring
Within his tormented soul a craving
For human blood. Someone's vitality
Will be drained to sustain immortality.

Albert Ahearn

Vanished Egos

The clouds pass silently above
On their way to infinity;
Sojourners drifting in the sky;
Compliantly acquiescent
to whims of dominating winds.
Our paths to perpetuity
are like those hovering above:
Short time stays in this dimension
crammed with egregious egotism;
Marvel at insignificance
as though it were significant.
Our egos pass, notwithstanding,
into amnesic nothingness.

Albert Ahearn

View from above

Look at all the little people
Insignificant lost souls
Hurrying, scurrying below
Like some fast-forward picture show.
Always moving rarely balking
And when walking hardly talking
Tiny animated shadows
Puny dots moving to and fro.
If they were me where I now stand
The whole of them would understand
They’re human lemmings on the run
Behind their leaders one by one.
From high above this bizarre scene
I see folly in their routine.

Albert Ahearn

Voyage through obscurity

A man is standing alone on shore in darkness on a foggy night. He is looking out over the water when suddenly he hears a ships fog horn. He can not see the ship but the repeated sound of the horn and his present state of mind he begins to associate himself with this ship.
The man is at a crossroad in his life. He knows his life has been unsatisfactory up to now and is posed with a choice as to how to proceed in the future. One way is risky, the other is safe.

A heavy fog looms over the water.
A far-off horn somewhere in the distance
Wails its melancholic voice of despair
Repeatedly with urgent persistence.
On shore I stand alone in the darkness
Feeling a coexistence with this ship
That navigates blindly more or less
Onward a potential perilous trip.
Where is my life taking me on its voyage?
What is my warning device? Do I scream
Out loud when life’s pitfalls impede my way?
Shall I navigate without a light beam
Through life’s hazardous chartered odyssey
Or flounder searching for safe guarantees?

Albert Ahearn

Walking through time

This morning I went on my daily stroll.
Only this time it was quite different:
I permitted my mind to take control
How much I knew not or to what extent.
It took me on a tour of memories.
I see a boy walking in this same place.
He hears a call, "Al...bee! " The reverie
Had roused in him his mother's lovely face.
He knew the purpose of her tireless call
It was almost noontime, its time to eat.
He arrived home late that day I recall
And consequently took a little heat.
She said, "Albee, it's rude to be tardy
'I'm Sorry' does not ease severity."
Just as I was about to get a smack
My mind propelled me into the future
Same boy, a bit older. As I think back
I was always getting slapped, that I'm sure.
I couldn't understand, I'd done no wrong.
If angels roamed earth, you're looking at one.
Again I hear her call the same singsong
Inflection. Al...bee! Al...bee time to run.
I could hear her from across the river.
There is no way I can make it back in time.
The kids chanting' run! Run Chicken liver! "
I booked it to the bridges railway line
Crossed over, then across the open field
To where I'm walking now. I'm here! I yelled.
But my words fell on deaf ears. I'm a tot
Again. Standing atop a rail, arms stretched
Out for balance. Not too far from this spot
Where I'm now walking. The memory is etched
Indelibly in my mind. I count steps
One! Two! Buckle my shoe, three, four, close...oops
The door, Five, six pick up sticks. This I kept
Up until I slipped off the rail. Then whooped
Like an Indian, then once more I cried
Out and an echo returned repeating
Wooaheeeah! Aheeah far and wide.
Suddenly I heard a whistle blowing
A freight train on the same tracks where I stand
Better move myself from this piece of land.
The next instant found myself soaking wet.
We were all swinging naked from a rope
That hung from a trestle. I'll not forget
The first time I let go of the towrope.
Plunging into the fast current river
That swept me downstream, desperately
Fighting the fast water that delivered
Me to shore, embarrassed and with skinned knees.
If mom sees these bloodied knees, I'm dead meat.
I could say it happen playing baseball

Yea! Playing in the middle of the street
But will she believe catching a ground ball?
Why don’t I tell her the actual truth?
No way! That might just cost me a front tooth.
I sensed my mind was tiring. The present
Was emerging as quickly as the past
Disappeared. I’m myself again. This meant
A lot to me. Too bad it didn’t last.
Well, got to be a little tot again
Moreover, I got to hear mothers’ voice.
Both boy and mom I thought I had forgotten.
Not true! A mind's a memory device.
All one needs to do is let ones self go
And it will take you places you once were
To relive each special time long ago
Keeps alive the little boy and mother.
As I conclude this walk I say a prayer
I‘m so elated, like walking on air.

Albert Ahearn

Waning Love

There was a time when I knew she loved me.
Yes, that was a very long time ago.
Her every word and deed, the way that she
Looked at me, her way of saying, hello!
I just knew, needing no confirmation.
But when it came: I love you my dearest,
An overwhelming giddiness begun.
A Reeling as though drunk is the nearest
Comparison to explain it.Today
The words are few, most deeds begrudged. Her love
Once true has waned in a well-mannered way:
Like moonlight once bright, now, none to speak of.
It's very hard to state what was the cause
This we know, it will ne'er be like it was.

Albert Ahearn

Waves

Clear undulating waves play tag
with an omnipresent seashore;
each recurring breaker burbles
sounds from an ancient beginning
ebbing back to its salty self
with rhythmic perpetuity.
Subtle unvoiced fricative sounds
echo from sandy, shallow shoals
awash with vacant tiny shells
that once dwelled in this saline soup.
Gray and white gulls hover above
receding breakers scavenging
them opportunistically
in a cacophonous frenzy.

Albert Ahearn

What makes a marriage?

It has been almost forty years
Since we had taken our marriage
Vows. Yes, we are still together.
I guess that means something today

Considering most never last
More than, I suspect, a few years;
Sometimes I can understand why
Marriage is not a piece of cake.

In the beginning all is fine
Everything is brand spanking new
But that finish dulls quite quickly.
That moment after the "I do's"

The gravity of the marriage
Begins to materialize.
Vowing for better or for worse
Were just words uttered thoughtlessly.

Like reciting a bedtime prayer
Never actually listening
To each word we recite by rote
The truth is, marriage is both words

"Better" is a relative term:
What could be considered better
For me would not necessarily
Be the same view held by my wife.

Therefore we are both compromised
And there's the rub of the matter.
Marriage is a balancing act
That's between better and the worse.

Learn the knack of juggling the two
The marriage will certainly last.
In those years we've become a team
And we're both still madly in love.

Albert Ahearn

When time began

Try to imagine our world without time
A timeless world that festers and rots;
But if some change no matter how brief
Could change this world and make a difference.
The “now” would be different than “before”
Indicative of the passing of time.
Thus time and change are related events
Because passing of time depends on change.
In our real world changes have never ceased
Some happen repeatedly some just once:
The breaking of waves against the seashore;
Or it’s a particular falling leaf.
When we first counted repeated changes
It was only then, friend, when time began.

Albert Ahearn

While Angels weep

Lying awake abed and all slept out
I listened to the falling morning rain.
The pitter-patter landing in the spout
Made rhythmic sounds while flowing down the drain.
In vain I tried composing rhyme to it
Instead I found myself just mesmerized.
The drip, drip, tap, tap I must admit
Had totally rendered me hypnotized.
While in this early morning conscience sleep
An inner voice of mine began to speak:
You are a fool to think while angel’s weep
The muse will help you in the quest you seek.
When the rain stops and angels dry their eyes
It’s only then a poem can be devised.

Albert Ahearn

Whirlpool

I gaze into a whirling pool
from atop a small grassy knoll.
It’s like looking into the past.
Its magnetic, impelling force
Draws from my mind sweet memories
while discerning the dark vortex.
Each drawn closer to the center
and one by one I remember
them; and one after the other
is captured in the swirling mass
and instantly fades out of mind.
I look up at the clear blue sky
And espy the coming future
And wait for what tomorrow brings.

Albert Ahearn

Whispering Wind

Standing amid the forest trees
I feel so insignificant.
Small and unimportant can be
Very humbling among the plants
And underbrush that are dwarfed by
The regal, deciduous trees.
Quiet is defined by the sigh
Of the wind breathing through the leaves
And serenity thrives beneath
This lushest leaf-green canopy.
I walk along an ancient path
Once tread by aborigines.
Then, out of the blue, the soft wind
Whispered, ” you're home again my friend.”

Albert Ahearn

White Virgins

This poem was written after the seasons last snowfall, a few days before spring 2009.

It began with a single flake of snow
That fell upon my brow so gently down.
Almost imperceptible, ever so
Subtle and never making any sound.
I love these silent tiny crystalline
Flakes that now are falling numerously
In front of grateful eyes at wintertime.
I extend my open hand graciously
And welcome these white virgins from heaven
That have clung to me so effortlessly.
Their prodigious numbers against my skin
Benumb my hand homogeneously.
I stand alone in winters fading fling
Holding these virgins while thinking of Spring.

Albert Ahearn

Who Am I?

Rene Descartes popularized
The phrase: Cogito ergo sum-
I think therefore I am. How wise!
If I'm thinking, then it's presumed
That I exist because of "I"
The one doing the thinking.
On this point we see eye to eye;
Even so, it begs questioning
Beyond my very existence;
That is, the question: who am I?
A query asked with persistence.
What does "buried beneath" imply?
Does it mean "core sense" of myself
Or an illusion of one's self?

Albert Ahearn

Wildflowers

The fragrances of wildflowers
are now a pleasant memory.
I close my eyes and picture them
still swaying in a gentle breeze;
but when I open them they're gone
and where they once had smiled at me
there's barely evidence to see
their beauty once had flourished there
in kaleidoscopic colors.
Their absence only bears to mind
that beauty last the briefest time
and one day when they reappear
my aging self will not be there
to sniff their bouquets from the air.

Albert Ahearn

Will You Be There

Should early morning sunrise skip
A day or two and nighttime stars
All disappear from view, would you
Be there to hold my quaking hand?
When cherubic celestial wings
Begin their white, feathery molt
And fall to earth as virgin snow
Will you be down below with me
To warm and tender through the storm?
If all laughter turned to sadness
And music sounds on Mans deaf ears
Will we ever hear our laughter
Once the teary, tidal waves'
Incursion floods our precious shore?

Albert Ahearn

Willful Neglect

In youth I often wished on stars
I thought the largest ones came true.
But longing never got me far
So wishing ceased, long overdue.
As I matured and ventured out
Into a world so alien.
A lesson learned I had no doubt
Was always take it on the chin.
In life there are setbacks galore
A definite fact to expect
So never sit and wish for more
Since wishing is willful neglect.
When in life your dreams are plenty
Strive for them, fools wish for many.

Albert Ahearn

Willow

A tribute to Joyce Kilmer

I sit under this willow tree.
Its pendulous branchlets swaying
In concinnity around me,
spontaneously bestirring
a soliloquized pleasantry:
No measured words and rhymes I write
Could ever describe your beauty
Because fools never get it right
and" Poems are made by fools like me"
imperfect presentable lines.
"But only God can make a tree"
creation of perfect design.
So I write down beneath this tree
these feeble lines of poetry.

Albert Ahearn

Winds of passion

The September odoriferous winds
Are not unlike my lover’s perfumed breath.
Their sometimes subtleties, like cherubs wings
Moving warm fragrant air across the earth;
Like unto slumberous respirations
My lover’s exhalations warm my bed.
Yet winds must change, their aberrations,
Those once heated airs turn to rage instead
Whose blustering breaths blow prodigiously
Like our passion’d breaths from pillowed-heads,
Panting, respiring uncontrollably.
December dawns, the wind is lulled unwed
And virgin snow falls onto earthly spread.
Thus, not unlike this maiden in my bed.

Albert Ahearn

Winter Rhapsody

The leafless, arthritic branches
of the sycamore and maple
trees stretched their grotesque, naked forms
now stripped by the blasts of winter;
splaying drearily overhead
casting cold, rickety shadows
over recently fallen snow.
A prevailing wind rushes through
the trees and a choir of creaks
begin their rasping rhapsody.
A momentary lull begins
and the wooded composition
in a Larghissimo tempo
ends on a melancholy note.

Albert Ahearn

Winter Soliloquy

Icicles hang like translucent,
Inverted tapers from house eaves.
Seventy-two winters are spent
but now another winter freeze
wreathes my study window with ice.
How many winters have I left?
Three, Five, perhaps if I'm blessed, thrice
as many- I'll not hold my breath
as though it were a death sentence;
Hell no! Life's too short as it is
to think about morbid nonsense
(besides, all things have their finis.)
I'm yet alive and winters here
I raise my brimming coffee cup
and toast my seventy-third year!
May I see it through; bottoms up!

Albert Ahearn

Wishful Thinking

Wish on your left hand, spit in the right hand.
Tell me my good friend what do you expect?
I'll tell you, Nothing! Do you understand?
Wishing is nothing but willful neglect.
To sit awaiting your ship to come in
is just pie-in-the-sky for all dreamers.
For most if not all, take it on the chin
for the fantasies of these believers.
The spit in the hand is of little use
perhaps flattening cowlick one morning.
Yet even this task of digestive juice
has worthwhileness more useful than yearning.
Young children are known to wish on a star
but as an adult you'll never get far.

Albert Ahearn

Wooded Destinies

The sun-bleached exoskeletons
of old dead trees stand like sentries
along the towpath riverfront
exfoliated and gangling.
In a former age they stood tall,
grandiose to all passerby's
but they too are dead to recall
their once impressive colossi.
Eventually these remains
will meet their final destinies:
to fall-never to rise again-
among forgotten progenies;
yet many springs have passed since then
each sprouted trees, time and again.

Albert Ahearn

Writer's Block

I found myself staring at a blank screen.
I was clueless as to why or how long.
It could have been a moment or fifteen
Minutes for all I know. I’m sure I'm wrong.
Nevertheless, this sort of thing happens
Now and then when I get this writer’s block.
It happens when expectations transcends
Inspiration. It’s like my mind is locked
In a thoughtless vault and my gray matter
Is scattered all over the freaking place.
In this mental state, everything's a blur:
Vacuum in an inter-cranial space.
At this particular moment in time
I’ve written nothing, at least the lines rhyme.

Albert Ahearn

Yesterday And Today

Oh yesterday! I lost your innocence.
I used to sing and hold my head up high.
Today I am a prisoner of greed.
My wealth is restlessness and misery.
O yesterday! I was a singing bird
happily soaring free among the fields.
Today I am a slave to fickle wealth.
Conforming to mans' strange and narrow laws.
The fields! The songs! My freedom! -Where are they?
The yesterdays are lost and gold can't find.
Today my fields are bare, my songs are dumb
enslaved within my palace walls-entombed!
Yesterday I was rich in happiness
Today I am poor in gold and alone.

Albert Ahearn

Yin and Yang

The television downstairs is blaring
"Americans don't want National
Health-care" from the Fox network;
But there are no conservatives
In our house
To listen to that stations commentary.

Upstairs my wife is in her sanctum
Chatting with cyber junkies on facebook.
What I consider a waste of ones time.
But she works all day and if she wants to
Push a mouse
Around a pad and type the keyboard, Amen.

It is amazing how different we are:
What she considers something relaxing
And fun, I think it banal and dull.
Telling her that, I would come across
As a louse
And I wouldn't want that said of me.

Withal, we obviously have chemistry
That works well together and for so long.
It could be a lot worse I should think:
I could be living alone without her
And that's one option I'd never consider.

Albert Ahearn

You can not have it both ways

The practice of professing beliefs that one does not hold or possess.

Pro-lifers are a band of hypocrites.
Profess that fetuses and embryos
Are human beings. Their beliefs conflict
However, when put to the test, you know?
They say that they're human and therefore have
A right to live. But they must not forget
If what they say is factual, this jazz
Has to stand up to scrutiny. I'll bet
The farm their arguments fail withal.
Why? They're pro-choice! I cite one example:
A teen is raped; the parents are appalled.
They want no part of this potential soul.
Thus we have what is termed "non-keeper"
Guess what life, my friends, meets old Grim Reaper?

Albert Ahearn

You have a secret...Want to bet?

Most things men do secretly in darkness
Will soon be clearly revealed in daylight.
His uttered private words become careless
Common conversations. The deeds he recites
Today in the corners of his lodgings
Are shouted on every street tomorrow.
The closet skeletons unearthed yield things
That ordinarily wouldn’t cause sorrow.
Its said, ‘loose lips sink ships‘, I deem that true.
The trouble is there's not a *oddamn thing
One can do as long as men resort to
Antics that have harmful effects and bring
Pain and humiliation caused by louts
Who oft have diarrhea of the mouth.

Albert Ahearn

Your Only Friend

Difficult time again for you;
no safe haven for you to go?
Where are your friends you call true-blue?
Some friends! You can search high and low
and I'll bet dollars to doughnuts
not a single one will be found.
Isn't that usual conduct
of dime-a-dozens' that abound
when things remain hunky-dory
but disappear when things get tough?
It's my same old commentary
quite often repeated enough:
the only friend you have is me
through thick and thin times, ma chérie.

Albert Ahearn

You've been had

I heard a subtle sound from outer stairs
That interrupted peacefulness in house.
I asked myself, what was that noise my ears
Have hearkened to, perhaps it was a mouse?
Although my curiosity aroused
My cautiousness in check I ventured from
My study most perplexed, and than I paused
Because my heart was beating like a drum.
Anticipating what I feared the least
A mouse was not the cause of noise I heard
Nor any grievous, carnivorous beast
Not even Allen Poe’s foreboding bird.
I played a joke on you with all respect
Now the question: what thought you the culprit?

Albert Ahearn

Zombies

Most of the masses are gullible they swallow what their fed.
They feed on exotic canards, prejudice and fibs. Alcohols
Imbibed to dull the aftertaste and nothing goes to waste.
From birth to death it never changes each robbed of true identity
By unseen malevolent minds who sow these seeds of animosity,
Enmity and lies; all poisoned zombies (the living dead) who
Roam the earth mindlessly in numbers that are mind-boggling
To those of us still left. We often watch and hear their rants-
Dissonance of ad-libbed ad nauseam and pledging of dead hearts
While humming individual anthems ad infinitum plus a day.

Follow what we say
Never, ever as we do
That’s our golden rule.

Albert Ahearn