Poetry Series

Almedia Knight

- poems -

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A Loving Partner

We found each other in the
orange evening horizon
Hearts tugged by moon and
Swept up in the wave of time.
If ever a woman is happy in her man...
I'm she who delights in calming his needs!

Sweet spring... springs beautiful flowers.
Solstice winter has its gloom...
Yet our love is in bloom and its
Beauty kept by summer's warmth

Your words in ”your killing love”
are like flower heads in spring;
Raising temperature like morning dew.
Your love strikes me like a serpent's;
And send love-venom throughout.

Now, take my life... death is mine.
Thanks for choosing hanging fruit...
Blemishes and all...
Love me with my spots.

Cherry-picking is that which has past:
So cherish my maturity.
Breathe my love
Join me in song...
Lend an ear.

Now ripened and hanging,
Legs weaken...
I'll humbly fall at your feet
Dear, bear with me in weakness
That I can stand up to my age.

Almedia S. Knight or ASK

Almedia Knight

A Mother's Choice

My dear, every journey
Begins with one single step…
then another, they alternate
with each other...the body
follows close behind.

Setting out on my journey in
joyous life, I came to a fork
in the gravel road.

Looking down one
then the other.
Choosing the one with less footprints-
and unconsciously keeping the other
For another point in time.
…, ..., ...

My darling! I met you along
the way; our blood poured together.
I gave you the one I'd saved for another time.

"Here's to the beginning of your own voyage-
pay close attention on your journey…enjoy'!
Remembering...
Ones choice makes the difference.

Almedia S. Knight (ASK)

September 2007

Inspired by:
Jean, my loving sister-in-law
And her daughter-my niece, Von

Almedia Knight

A Mother's Collection: Tissues, Bones, and Blood (first)

Her First born

It seems so long ago.

In my search for lost memories-
Look at what I've found!
At that time, I was new on the job,
And needed on the job training.
Now, what to do with this little stranger,
A little unnamed baby,
That lay quietly in my arms?
Day after day, night after night, time taught me what to do.

Son, step into the now.
A half century has past.
Oh my! How time flies!
Oftentimes, it's when a son becomes a man, that a
Mother realizes how he has touched her heart in many ways.

As a young man, you were filled with many dreams-
More than that, you had hopes and aspirations.
Facing them on your own terms, you pursued your
Dreams. Son you earned them!

At this time, you need to know that,
My love isn't something you have to earn.
You are flesh of my flesh.
I Love and am grateful to you for
Being a wonderful son,
Husband, father, and brother,
Sorry! No do-over-for the first one…but
Without my making mistakes, you may not have made anything.

February 9,2006

Almedia Knight

A Mother's Collection: Tissues, Bones, And Blood (fourth)

Fourth Born

While they were carefully restoring
The damaged done to the sacred house;
I heard a whisper in my ear,
"Mother you have a baby girl."
I had thought I would have another
boy and would call him "Lanzy- granddaddy's name"

Like my first born, I asked myself, what to do with
This little pink bundle of joy?
Oh my, a girl! Your dad jumped for joy
for the little girl born of my pains.

Now a quarter century later- right before my eyes-
You've become a beautiful daughter, wife, mother, and sister…
Your passion to be and to do your best is evident in all of this.

A mother learns much from her daughter:
To be a good listener,
An astute debater,
To be caring and compassionate,
Be her mother instead of her girl friend…
Our reign as females is evident in all of this.

Now allow me to present my gift to you…
Oh how I wish to give you diamonds and sapphires;
Rubies and emeralds!
Sorry darling, those things I have not.
But this I have a whole lot: "my eternal, unconditional love"

April 12,2006

Almedia Knight

A Mother's Collection: Tissues, Bones, And Blood (Second)

Her second born

"Mother You Have A Baby Boy'
She gently placed the seven pound baby boy near her throbbing heart.
Tears fell upon his light –brown hair, rolled past eyes that matched his hair,
Forming a tiny salty pool in the crease of his neck.
I wanted to yell out "Put him back in his safe home".
But knowing that was not possible.
I have to nurture this fruit from my womb.

I placed my tissues, bones, and blood in a small blanket,
Wrapped it in my arms and bestowed it to me!
Oh how delighted in watching him suckle-feed
Warrn sweet milk as my heart beat lulled him to sleep.

"Big Mike" your childhood holds many memorable moments
Klutziness is one:
"Look mommy, the tear in my pants…I was chasing my friend"
"Look mommy my bruised knee…I was running from a bee"
"Look mommy the dog was hungry and thought I was meat"

Son, it seems like yesterday that I held you in my arms not
 knowing what the future held for you and me. But look at you now!
All the drum beats you heard along the way, you chose to ignore, and marched by your own beats-even your dad would say "he walks right on the edge"

Mike, children can't choose their parents; but how delightful it is to know that you appreciate the choice I made.
Now you're a man, this is your special day, two scores and eight…heck who's keeping score! Enjoy this special day.

You're like a bottle of vintage wine and I the wine maker. Now my dear, you're on your own. GO! Soar toward the sky, keeping your spirit high. The warm air that blows in your ears is mommy whispering "son I love you and will always be a current of air underneath your wings.

September 25,2006

Almedia Knight

A Mother's Collection: Tissues, Bones, And Blood '(Third)

Third Born

You filled my life with joy
on that hot sticky summer day.

Daddy had hoped the old car would live to bring
us to the hospital and back-it did just that-
but soon after was buried in the car grave yard.

In spite of the tangled web you'd woven,
you were destined to cross the threshold of the sixties
into the seventies, thus fought with valor, and
loosen my cord from your neck then lifted to safety.
We were separated and you became "you"

Boo, your tender heart and patience has been my delight.
You have a way of smiling appreciation for ordinary
things that change into extraordinary ones.
You stand tall, a man, in the theatre of time.
Son, mama's love is one dimension of your life

Son, from a little boy to present, I promised you that "BIG CHECK".
I have to admit that it must've gotten lost in the mail.
Now I'm giving you all my love.
Here, take it! Deposit it in your heart.

Also, I share my rainbow. Admire its beautiful colors and shape- the arc will be your protection; you can't touch it-no one can. But chase it to your delight!
Just remember you can't have it unless it rains.

A poet's gift:

On teary gray days, wrap yourself in rainbow's rays: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet…a lifetime gift. So cherish it! Finally my dear, I want you to enjoy this special day-and others too. For I tell you, that after the lightning, the storms, the rain… a burst of sunlight will brighten up your day!

July 6,2006

Almedia Knight

A Mother's Jewel

Red and white garlands draped her treasure chest.
They marched in tandem in the quietness of
The cathedral, offering up sorrowful
Tears to her crimson-red body

Not one dropp of red flowed through her veins
As she lay between the walls of the living
And the dead but the silencer had
Muffled her voice

I do tell. From a distance, morbidly taking notes of
My own mortality in a state of gloom …
The pallbearers step forward.

Abundantly reserved, the grieving mother looks on
As white satin covers her precious pearl
Her heart quietly pulsating grief and
Her damp eyes choosing to hide
Behind shades, then with style
And grace, she slowly leads
the procession into the
Entrance, leaving her
Precious jewel in
heaven’s abode.

November 1,2006

Almedia Knight

A Rush of Wild Wind

Love is a wild wind
the scent of a spring rose.
Stopping dead in my track, I
Waited for it to blow over my head, but….

It twist and turned me into
A painful knot, ought I pull this…
or that way?
Head spinning, heart running
Should I follow its path?

Oh sweet heart, see flowers
hanging over picket fence
Five- petallled flowers crying
Out For-get-me-not!
Out in the never-ending heavens hangs
As many blue shinning stars as angles

Yet I seek the dark
Reality much too stark
Desire hunts a captive heart
Eagerly caressing its trembling soul

Sitting alone on the riverbank
Pondering the long dive
the billows leap up to give me a ride
I can only love in age, I have no
Burgeoning bud in waiting…
I grow older against your junior-
You'll never catch up to me

Since years between us are felt,
Its distance can’t be dealt

Almedia Knight

July 9,2009

Almedia Knight

A SPECIAL FRIEND

Your friendship likens the sun-
it lights up the world

Your friendship likens a fruit-
it grows sweeter with age

Your friendship likens a precious brooch-
gives cause to hold close to my heart

Friendship can’t be packaged and delivered-
it is the “great work” of God-not man made.

I’m so blessed to have you as my friend.

Almedia S Knight

Almedia Knight

A SPECIAL LOVE SONG

WOULD YOU BE MY ORCHESTRA?
YOUR MELODY MY FOOD
THAT SUSTAINS ME FOREVER.
EVERY BREATH I BREATHE IS FOR YOU
EVERY BEAT OF MY HEART IS FOR YOU
EVERY SMILE SPRING FROM YOU
EVERY SONG I SING IS FOR YOU
EVERY POEM I WRITE IS INSPIRED BY YOU
MY LAST BREATH I LEAVE YOU.

Almedia Knight

A Special Occasion

While watching the gathering society,
I envisioned the eleven years past.
She made her first debut on the world stage
wearing a peach birth-day dress; soft light
brown threads capped her small head,
and her tiny, pink feet looked like Cinderella's slippers

On this evening, I stood looking out over the misty
Hudson River in its helpless effort to rise up
And wash away the gloom.
Though the veil hung out doors, all sat inside
Awaiting the second coming:

Down the aisle she strolls
Adorning a pale blue gown
That flails around her ankle.
Her radiance and beauty unparallel others
Grandma just stares at the Junior Debutante.

MAY 26,2006

Almedia Knight

A Victim Of Love

Counting unknown days and Five years
The times filled with tears
The times in your arms
Times you made me climb walls

I fell in love with your
Truths and your lies
When I hurt, I needed you
To kiss away my hurt

Is love just a pleasant indulgence or
A natural unlearned emotion?
Ovid, why you see love an art
When these years we know it's not

No teacher of love for woman
We are just victims of your art
Romantic to the core thy art
But loneliness and frustration is our lot

Wounded by cupid's dart
Blood dripping from my heart
Many winter night I shiver and
There's low fire in old age

Leave me not along in the desert
Cure me from this continual thirst
Come to me…. where you belong
Love is war, look at my bruises

I sing my final dirge
I mourn my lost love
Fly up to the sky
Love goodbye.

September 20,2009
Almedia S Knight

Almedia Knight

All Is Well With Your Soul

When tranquility whispers in your ear,
It soothed the soul like kisses
from a love one's lips.

When regrets and lacks come to mind,
Learn the lessons, keep the faith
and leave them behind
All is well with your soul.

Enraptured in peace as you
sit by the cool river bank;
watching hurts and sorrows
roll out to sea, in assurance
That God is in control.

The resting place is low,
Heaven higher-
both are our lot.
Still all is well with our soul.

Almedia Knight

Appreciation

The gracious tree stands tall; blooms strung along its limb-
Now she stands before you bowed with gratitude.

And does not profess to be ranked with
Great poets of yore or presently-
Yet, humbly gives thanks
To all that enjoy fruits
From the tree of poems

This little-known poet’s
Shelf life is like aged wine;
Expressions as free as birds in the sky;
Like soft music even when voices die;
Gives odor to a rose even if it’s lifeless
Most of all, demonstrates the mighty power of love.

Almedia S. Knight (ASK)

Almedia Knight

Beautiful Morning…Witnessed by who?

We lay here visualizing the vanished sun
While, imaging a new beginning.
The light of day can't stay in hiding,
As the old world slips away
We hold tight…

Opening hand and fingers
We let go of everything that was.

Now we lay trembling between what was and what is
Watching the world perform a slow disappearing act.
The heavenly host turns on daylight,
While we lay in the center of our world;
The sun blesses and smiles down upon us.

Many suns and moon, my soul was imprisoned.
Your strong hands hold the key, I'll
Open the door for you to enter.

We begin to dream out loud,
His arms encircles my waist,
Our lips obsess,
Heat and need combines with greed.
Like thieves, we take what we want.
Brake chains, open door, and uninhibit
Aflame in fervor…now what's next:

In the stillness of the morning, she relaxed her eyes on his knee-length nightgown,
With cute little black bears frolicking on the off-white back ground.
She's wearing ruby red satin pajamas-the top cozy up her neck, making unnoticeable her disfigured breasts.
The morning sun slips through the blinds and kiss their cheeks. They looked into each other's eye and exchange love-rings, and place them on their hearts.
Drops of sweet and salty tears roll down her face, over and down the lines
That veils her beauty.
He extends his open hands to her- her hands accept. They looked into each other's eyes and leaped over the broom into the arms of bliss.
… Two hearts joined like the sea and sky with the horizon.

" We humbly accept each and every word and promise to love and cherish each other forever"

BY
ALMEDIA KNIGHT OR ASK
01/11/06
.

Almedia Knight

Cannibal

My love, when we found each other
We were Hungry, thirsty, and singed by love.
Seems, I've been charred by it and now…
dying of hunger.

After you'd scarcely left me-
Lagging behind like a rapacious lioness-
I commence to rage in anger and strangle on saliva,
As water and blood trickle down my checks.
Out of love and alone,
I can't find a way.
I'm a weaken prey.
So rush upon me, you hungry lion!

Almedia Knight

Color Me Autumn

Hanging cloud and gloom
Sunshine nowhere in sight
Herein lies a winter mood:
Daylight shorter and shorter
Trees know winter is nigh

Colorful leaves make beds
Trees stand bare with limbs-
Just as empty as my arms
Green leaves disappear and
Yellow and orange appear.

Color the sadness
With a coat of autumn:
Make winter the etching;
Spring the oil painting; and
Autumn a mosaic of them all…
What luminous work of art!

Almedia S. Knight
October 18,2009

Almedia Knight

Evening's Solitude

In evening’s solitude sipping a glass of wine-or
maybe two while listening to Roberta’s love songs.
I can slowly feel myself being spirited away…
To an unnamed place...

I can recall when your eyes were once never
Weary of mine but now, they’re under heavy lids
Because, they think our love is waning.

Remembering...
The baby breathing quietly and
Passion fell off to sleep…these are
Times to keep.

Now, we’re far away from the stars,
Childhood screams and dreams are
As far away as our last passionate kiss

Now, my dear, we’re tired.
Ahead of us lies eternity.
Our souls.
Our love…

Almedia S Knight

Almedia Knight

Expectation

Expectation

Give yourself
The gift of lowered expectation,
Accept life and its messiness,
You can’t amend
Nor wish it away, so
Lower the bar, so
All can walk under, for
What it is
Is what it is.

Almedia Knight

Feet

Your feet:

Dirt road walkers
Mud squeezers
Street passers
Bike riders
and Caressers

My feet:
In frailty
accepts time’s cruelty
and age with beauty.

Hardly four feet climb
hills and mountains
Can crawl up legs
Wind calf,
inch round
hard thigh
Feet winds up in bed.

Almedia Knight
(ASK)

Almedia Knight

Four Stages of Life

She with child waged a fight
But baby won outright

Then she struggled with self
Innocence and lighthearted left

Later, she struggled with her mind
But, couldn’t gain entry into the mine

Now, the battle with life begins...
If you're wondering…the grim reaper wins.

Almedia Knight

Almedia Knight

Garden Center

There she sits in the midst of my garden
beneath the roses and poses;
delighting in the daffodils like those on the hill.

The sun opened four eyes-
colorful tulips and her brown eyes

The sun just opened before my eyes.
Oh my, what a chore to reach the core!
Look at her hoeing and weeding,
 flinging sweat from her brow;
to behold the beauty within.

Just clear the “stuff”-
 hurts and pains;
 blames and shames;
 cruses and lies;
 chameleonic righteous
 and their exaggerated colors!

 Destroy the lies, then
 bury them in a sand hole.
only in her rich garden flowers grow
look at how she takes great pleasure
in tending her garden and share
the fruits of her labor.

Almedia S. Knight or ASK

Almedia Knight

Gazing From Airplane's Pane

Mountains and small clusters of clouds,
Wandering high in the sky. Below:
Tiny people, valleys and knolls, and
Long strung lines of miniature cars.
Green foliages decorates the grounds,
River- birch perched on riverbanks,
Bluebells flustering and dancing in the breeze!

Strung across the plane of immortal souls-
Miles and miles of the bluest stars,
Twinkling along the Milky Way
Signaling for-get-me-not.
Bayous lay still with no mates

Standing still-it seems- some thirty thousand
Feet above fields of cotton, creeping vines of
Melons with red sweet hearts,
Leaving forth their burgeoning seeds
For mother earth to give life again

A poet’s images and perception
Can bring such delight!
I gazed…and gazed…what a view…
Then the plane pushes through the
Cumulus to meet the runway.

Almedia Knight

Almedia Knight

Gravity of Love

The power of love …oh how over powering!
Lovers joined like butterfy wings
At the same time it brings sunshine
and rains smiles and tears.
Love travels to every corner of the universe:
to caress...so too duress
It tosses water on inflamed lover, and
sweeten the hearts, and
sours stomachs, too.

Oh sweet love-
Oh great healer-
That fresh spring
Where verses
Stay young
Love is not love
Without its goods
so bear the gravity of love.

Almedia S Knight

Almedia Knight

Heart And Soul Of Love

My love measures fully.
My cup brims. My heart whims.
I hereby bestow my love to you, so
Taste and see its goodness!

My rose bush is full with hanging
Bulbs just longing to be opened
Up by your strong hands.
They’re yours’ to prune and groom
Hurry before winter bestows gloom

Our love creates its natural fountain-
A flowing love that
We dare let run dry!

My darling our love is neither
Super natural nor magical…
Remember our first date:
The sensation from your touch,
Your verbal incantation,
Your charm that made it come.

But my darling, it matters not
If our story sounds like a fairy tale
Let me hail the tale for
It behooves me to delude
I welcome the presence of-
.
A love that imparts vitality
Yet hard to fathom…just
Leave it to destroy and
I’ll pick up the ruins!

Almedia Knight

HEAVENLY LOVE

OH, YOUR LOVE IS HIGH...
ALMOST REACHING THE SKY.
WITH TWO
WHO KNOWS BUT WE
WHAT TO DO.

BEHOLD! THE RADIANT
RAINBOW STRECHED
ACROSS THE HEAVEN,
TRILLION STARS RESTING
UPON IT ARC.
IMAGINING IT WE SWING.

MY DEAR, YOUR SMILE SPEAKS,
MY HEART SHRIEKS
OH MY, IS THIS JUST A MYSTIQUE-NO!
HONEY, HARK OUR HEARTS
THUMPING. I DARE YOU QUIET
THE PASSION IN WOMANLY LOVE!
DON’T QUIET THE HEAVENLY HOST
SONGS OF PRAISE.

Almedia Knight

Highway 13

Traveling eastward on highway 13, alongside
an uninhabited-it seems- railroad track
Quickly passing quaint white churches,
Steeples humbly making signs of the cross.

Looking down at her black skin and wondering,
Why not one white church is followed
By a single colored one…
Did god design or paint HIS churches white only?

The poetic architect quickly dismantles such thoughts
And centers her mind on all nature's creation:
The tall pines and naked trees standing
the green and brown plain,

Red, green, and white illuminated homes, and
Luminous Reindeers and round-belly Santa
Announcing as we pass …Ho, Ho, Ho, and a Merry Christmas!
The sleepy children marvel the scenery between naps.
Passing by all, we continued eastward…

Merry Christmas everyone!

December 27,2007

Almedia Knight

I Am From…

I am from my purple and green stripped towel
from bounty and the long broom in the kitchen
I am from the dark scary attic, a coffee scented kitchen
From the rose bush hidden near my porch
The Oak tree covering my backyard
Whose long limbs I feel
As if they were my own.

I'm from Christmas and dark brown eyes
From Heather and Francis
I'm from a sweet tooth and
Sleepy heads and
From joking too much.

I'm always from listen and stand up for
Yourself and curiosity killed the cat
Mississippi and New York City
Cornbread and macaroni & cheese.

From grandma meeting her grand father
Who was once an Indian chief
Pictures of my great grandma, the great grandma on my
Mom's side
On the wall in my room and in my sun room
Who I love dearly and miss a lot but keep her safe in my
heart.

By Ilana Sabio (my 9 years old granddaughter)

Almedia Knight

I Have Had This Thought

For some times…my beloved seems
to not understand what we have done or
what to do about what we have done in
the midst of this tempest.
I have grown weary waiting to feel
the sun’s serene light on my head.

We talk about things said and done
about our unshared youth:
Potatoes we dug from separate fields;
cotton chopped and even picked, that
which we envision from where we sit.

We talk about our growing up in different states.
How midday sand burned my feet;
and the snow you rolled into a big heap.
Though each traveled our separate ways-
there’s little doubt- we had no knowledge
that we were carrying halved souls.

Though at this time, I speak in understanding.
The halves have illegitimately joined their mates.

Almedia Knight

I Shall Dote Myself

I SHALL DOTE MYSELF

I was inspired to write "I Shall Dote Myself" Mother's Day, after noticing I had not received one card from my four (4) children! I thought, perhaps they cannot –after so many Mother's Days-find the words to express their sentiments. Her, my children, I shall dote myself:

I am a widow, mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, a sister, a partner and friend-
just an ordinary woman who can do extraordinary things.
I know how to lead, and
I can follow
I am naive:
shun sophistication in styles and techniques
I am ingenious:
clever, original, and effective.
I am sensitive, but
can be thick-skinned
I am a pragmatic, yet
I have fancies:
Impulsiveness, desirous-sometimes unfounded.

I'd rather truthful pains than comforting lies
I try not to judge, for
I too may be judged
I like goodness,
I dislike wickedness…
I see me in both.
I witness justice and experience its prejudice
I practice tolerance, and
I disavow unpermissiveness
I see love as a present and
give it wholeheartedly

I, myself, believe:
love, loyalty, and honor to be precursors…
to gently tapping the souls of humanity
to bring out the best
of humankind…what I believe
can be a cure for the worst conditions.

-Almedia S. Knight –ASK (May 2007)

(Later, that day, I received calls from my children, and their cards were received the following day!)

Almedia Knight

It Has Not Changed

It has been five years
Still, no change;
Another tries to break it
By throwing insults
On my injury;
Death cannot alter it,
My love will live in
my poems for you
when I'm gone.

Almedia Knight

June 11,2009

Almedia Knight

Joy, Joy, Joy

Joy, Joy, Joy

J oy-filled cornucopia that

O verflows with goodies that

Y ields from joy (the source) :

pleasure
happiness
enjoyment-so
allow no externals
To lay claim to inner joy!

Almedia Knight and
Claude H.Oliver II

Almedia Knight

Love In The Rearview Mirror of The Car

Sitting in the back seat, I could
See his eyes glancing, from
Right to left, as we drove along
Side the grassy hills and plains.

His dancing eyes held me
So close that, I felt like a
Trembling heart of a captive
Bird held under his command.

I thought I saw the moon rise
In his eyes and his pupils
Light up the dark highway
And endless heavens

When I saw his tender heart
Pulsating In his eyes. I could see
The essence of the purest love
permeating the space beyond

Ever time your eyes lay on mine,
They feel like your lips on mine,
And your beating heart on mine
At last, I know our is love heavenly.

Almedia S. Knight

Almedia Knight

Love Is Every Where

Love is in the air…it’s every where
Trees swaying in the breeze
Thousand points of light shimmering in the heavens
The cow jumps over the moon
Look, look…even the dish running away with the spoon!
Love is every where… delight in it!

Almedia S. Knight

Almedia Knight

Love's Life

The first time
We met
Strangers
To vet

The second
Time we met.
We talked
You left.

The third time we met.
Bygone meetings fade
Into blank space

Love lies between the heavens
And the earth- beyond consciousness of
Rational thoughts, feelings, and perception:

I saw the sun rise in his eyes.
I believed he gave the moon
And stars as gifts to the dark

Love is like the endless sky
Does it matter that a heart fears
Like that of a caged animal?

Love captures:
Its blinds
Finally devouring its prey.

Almedia S Knight

Almedia Knight

Measure For Measure

What you give you shall receive, unaltered or
The Karma you put into the universe returns unaltered…I believe

Love and you shall be loved
Hate and you shall be hated
Plant fear and you shall live with fear
Judge and you shall be judged
Smile and you shall receive smiles
Help and you shall be helped
Hug and you shall be hugged
Be the best person you can; in return other become the best they can
Carry the truth with you and you shall be met with the truth
Follow your bliss and you shall be met by paradise!

I wrote this poem (9/3/09) after reading: Steven SRS poem "This I believe" (I wrote this poem in 10 minutes- no editing, some thing I never do. I write and rewrite)

Almedia Knight

Mom Accordingly, You Are Loved

Mom Accordingly, You Are loved

When I look in the mirror,
I see your face.

When I eat biscuits,
I remember your design.

I see you in my red stripped kitchen towel,
carefully drying your favorite dish

I smell you in the aroma of coffee,
waffling throughout the house.

In the spring greens in botanic garden,
I can feel your green thumb.

In the snowy winter nights,
I feel your warm love blanketing me

In nightmarish day and night dreams,
Mom, its thoughts of you that calm my fears

Mom, I see the whole of you, in my sons, daughter
Grandchildren…even the unborn

Mom, I see your eyes in the stars; your smile in the sun;
see you gently pruning each branch of your tree…
Dearest Mom, you are very much alive.

Almedia S. Knight (ASK)

May 9,2009

Almedia Knight

MOTHER EARTH

The sun slowly sinks below her golden borders
as darkness falls over all life form.

Tears of compassion spring up as she watches over her children: the
Squirrels and birds and the tiniest insects; her helpful angleworms
and worthless plants all lay sleeping on her tummy.

She reaches up to the sky, closes the golden gate, and
turns off the light.

Then, In infinite love and care, she
places her finger on her lips, and
orders silence everywhere.

She lay awake pondering
on the morrow.

Almedia Knight

Now I ask you to Pick Me

Look no further at the wilted garden, were
  Roses and gardenias once grew
-An infertile place- fresh
   Firm fruits once flowed,
And unmarked cherries hung untouched.

Now take a look at this new crop,
   Golden and carefree, and happy as a lark;
Singing and dancing all the sun long;
    And with all this time, we can play.
Wishes race through my mind, and
    Nothing, I care more than if you choose me.

Almedia S. Knight ASK

May 3,2008

Almedia Knight

O Love In Your Conquest

O Love in Your Conquest

You captured her spirit-
Now liberate her soul!

Bleeding heart, drenched gown
Your sharp arrow effected

Strange tyrannical power
You lay bare

We kiss, we touch,
and I surrender all!

Almedia

Almedia Knight

PASTORIAL LOVE

I NEVER WAS TOUCHED BEFORE
THE DAY I WAS STRUCK BY LOVE.
I COULDN'T QUIET THE DISCOMFORT
FACE GLOWED IN THE DARK,
BODY FROZE...THEN MELTED.
BIRDS SINGING,
MY BODY TINGLING.

"IN MEMORY EVERYTHIBG SEEMS TO HAPPEN TO MUSIC"
THE HIGH SCHOOL PROM.
DANCING CHEEK-TO-CHEEK
LISTENING TO YOUR SOFT WHISPER IN MY EAR
SOUNDED LIKE CHORDS FROM STRINGS…
LOOSENING THAT APRONSTRING,
MY FEET TOOK WINGS.

WALKING DOWN THE UNPAVED STREET
IN OUR BARE FEET,
WE WATCHED THE MOON TAKE A PEEK.
EVEN MAMA EYED THE KISS THROUGH THE MISTY
EVENING
PASSION, THIEF OF INNOCENCE, CLAIMS ITS VICTIM…
TIME GIVES NO HINT TO YOUTH

LOVE…REVEALS IT'S MYSTRIES: COUTSHIP AND MARTRIMONY, FAMILY AND EMPTY-NESS, JOY AND PAIN, HEALTH-LESS AND ILLNESS, AND THE END.

Almedia Knight

Please Don't Stop Loving Me When I'm Old

Our love rise with the fall of the golden leaves
as rough winter roots for gentle plants in spring.
It seems we were planted in the earth, grew together,
and blossomed together.
When I pass, place a rose petal on my grave

Sweet love is born out of souls; outside winds whistles;
stars and moon twinkles…God’s handmaids.
In abeyance to my heart, I entrust me to you.
Now, let’s continue down lover’s lane, with
Spring grass walking alongside, holding
baby shrubs on its lap.
straining our ears we hear
birds singing songs of praise
reminding us of the good old days.

When clouds no longer can hold the rain; will you shower me with your love?
When my head is covered with snow; will you forever be my beau?
When my eyes cease to be my panes and my strength my cane,
Please don’t stop loving me because I’m old.

Almedia Knight

Present From A Thief

Papa always picked the smallest doll,
Movable legs and arms loosely
Held together by rubber bands.

Sneaking through the door
In bare feet-not waking all
And placing it in a box beside
Little candies and fruits

The firewood snapped and popped
Lighting up the house like firework
On the Fourth of July…they slept.
Was that terrible act
Perfectly covered up?

For years, the act was called into question:
Whose eyes the wool was pulled over?
How could he in his drunken stupor
Slip in and out unnoticed to
Steal her innocence?

I remember mama sitting
At the kitchen table, with
A baby in arm,
Another on her knee, and
Starring down
At the butcher knife.
Eyes dripping blood as
She looked at her little girl.
Then regret slit her heart.

Years later…
I visited her in the nursing home.
She was seated in an old rocking chair with
Head bowed; her silver hair wilted on shoulders;
Each's day's images and thoughts were
Trying to dig a passageway out of her mind…
I asked, ' why you couldn't -or
wouldn’t catch that thief'
“ I had to wait for the grim reaper to catch him”

Almedia S. Knight or ASK,
04/24/07

Almedia Knight

Remembering 'Joyce'

Your joyful smile; your joyful laughter, and your caring for others permeated the community in which you lived and worked.

My eyes never grew weary of your glowing smile,
But now, these eyes of mine are swimming in a river of tears, and
my heart bounded by pain and grief. Yet,
I'm certain your soul is delighting the heavens.

My Joy, you awed me with the love you had for your family and others.
To observe that radiant phenomenon was akin to watching stars fall among
Daffodils in your garden. You are with God every where-in heaven and on earth:
I can see you in the field of stars, the sun is your smile, the moon your glow,
in the flowers that grows.
Shh…I hear a breeze- is it the breath of God whispering
in my ears saying: death is a mystery of all mysteries

You inspired others to believe that God's love would be
Their comforter in times of pain and sorrow…
Away from home or at home.When I despaired, you would say
"Meta" you got to have faith!
I'll never hear those words flow from your warm lips again,
But my heart will always brim these pleasing memories:

I remember those days we shopped until we dropped-
your shopping cart flowing- over with things for the girls-
even something for "Joe" -you could always find the bargains!
I remember the Fridays we sat at either my table or yours enjoying
fried fish and laughing as the grease ran down the corner of our mouths…
yet we never gained a pound!
I remember those late nights we spent in the boardroom
Ensuring the solvency of BEFCU-
Written minutes were no match for your photographic memory.
Now, I hold these memories close to my heart to use as pillows for my weary head.

Joy you had a way of helping others rise above the fray,
You'll always be my "Joy"
I'll always be "Meta"
Good Bye my friend and my Joy!

Almedia S. Knight (ASK)

Almedia Knight

Return to Me My Lover

I rolled over into an uninhabited space in bed
No arms there to hold my head.
Seems like insomnia lay there, instead.
We lay there listening to the thunder clapping;
Rain on the windowpane tapping
Oh, give mercy to my longing soul!
I miss your heart beating next to mine,
Your lips to sip like wine.
Preoccupation turns into despair
Days and nights rise and disappear
Misery floods my heart.
Dearest, return to me when
Sun appears and disappears

Almedia Knight

Rubi's Art

I never miss a special occasion.

She carefully places the rich red fruit on the canvas; peels off
The leather skin, exposing a spongy labyrinth. Careful not to
Injury the tightly packed red juicy sacs,
She cautiously works her way down to the
Delightful pearls…the finest art.

A picture perfect woman thou art:
Virtue covers your person.
Charm coats your smile.
Warm colors encircle your heart.

My friend, go ahead, consider me disloyal in part
in my testament to your modesty and talent-
I know you prefer to conceal. You can accuse me of
"blowing your cover". You're dear to my heart; so I
accept the charges of honesty and the freedom of expression.

Some are of "Noble Birth", others not, still others feel they ought"
But, I'm partial, I crown you queen of womanhood; vessel of life;
a tree that bore luscious fruits to partake.

Take pride and delight in your fine art. Long ago, you started
the image of your neat and orderly world and is ending
every stroke under God's eyes-You are Rubi's Art.
"Ne Plus ultra" …the highest level of excellence in all things

Almedia Knight

Almedia Knight

Rustic Love

We sat on the creaky porch- as
Twilight replaced daylight-
Watching the sun warm down in its
slide into the colorful shades of the West.
Tomorrow will be a day of awakening.

It seems everything fades away-
Though, not where we sit,
We are still here as things are out there, too
The chirping sounds of crickets
The scent of a summer roses…
Even mama's pork smoking in the house

Your arms gently circled my waist
The click of our first kiss, choking.
Hearts quivering like that
Of a captive chick (heart)
Feeling a rush of wild wind-
Untamed affection not reserved
This moment-
Illusion of greenness
Explosion of age…

Almedia Knight

June 16,2009

Almedia Knight

Sakura Matsuri Cherry Blossoms in May

Sakura Matsuri Cherry Blossoms in May

Last night, as I lay
Listening to the raindrops
Pecking on the window pane,
The rain alerted the thought
Of celebrating spring
With the lady (goddess) who
Makes the cherry trees bloom.

As night entered into day and
Immersed into the gray clouds; the
Garden exploded into a patch of the loveliest
Pink and white blossoms in the world,
And commence sprinkling pink flakes
For the adults and kids to take.

I believe the cherry trees were expecting all…
Don’t you think so?
A Pink floral carpet covered our pathway.
While strolling under the flowered canopy,
Bloom strung arm embraces, and sprays a
Squirt of fragrance on each one that passes.

Almedia S. Knight (ASK)

May 2,2009

Almedia Knight

Set This Moment To time

My darling looks at the hands on the clock
keeping pace with time, as yet, to
 wait for you and me, so come on!
Let's just turn back the hands:

And make love under the shining stars,
Under the wrap of the silver moon,
While watching the world go by.

Honey we can do what we want to do
Like, float softly like the clouds,
Gather and huddle as one.

This is the time to roll each into a snowball
Then melt into the sweetest drink, then
You take a sip of me and I of you…Yum!

This is our moment to go with the wind
North, south, east, and west
My darling, we'll take care of the rest
For our love is timeless.

Almedia S Knight or ASK

Almedia Knight

She Just Left...But Not Gone

You were the first on the scene of the Knights -left us-
but the beautiful "you" will never fade out of sight.

Remember the beauty of autumn scene spilling colors down hills
and along riverbanks; and golden leaves lay still about the trees,
tossing and turning before waking up the greens in spring.

Oh, how deciduous the stages of life!

rosebuds fall off
after the blooms

delightful song
can't be sung

morning bird's
voice is mum

children chatter
has been hushed…

but seeing grief rise; attach it to a thread; then let go
to God's wind. Then watch it float like a kite…
higher, higher, higher, then fades out of sight.

Remembering her is our desire…
and her boundless caring, we highlight

In our darkest hour your spirit will be an eternal light
-proof that you left home but are not gone. For your
loving spirit will forever remain aglow in our hearts.

Almedia Knight

Simple Truth Stands Along

… some people
you know all your life; some most of your life;
still others, a short time in your life.
his life was so simple and true that
he would want to be spoken of
without fancy words or poetic
meters and rhymes.
the truth lays out one knife,
a salt shakers-or simply
Individual bag of
Mac's salt
and pepper,
single knife and fork-can't waste time
deciding what to do with the other two,
one napkin-or my sleeve will do just fine,
one glass- filled with air… don't care,
lacking candlelight in the shadows still dust.
Simplicity and truth alone and naked…

Almedia S Knight (ASK)

In memory of an elderly neighbor (lived alone)
recently passed away.

Almedia Knight

Sitting in the Shopping Mall watching the World Pass by

Sitting in the Shopping Mall watching the World Pass by

I watch hundreds of long lifers- the old
the health care system can't hold.

I give Praise to passing parents, their young, and inwardly
aware that early life is ephemeral and nurturing sustaining.

I cast a quick glance at teenagers wander from floor to floor,
and wonders why they're not entering school door to door.

I observe both males and females dressed in martial wares,
but wishing their clothes were peaceful wears.

I watch them line up to wage their last pay, and wishing for
certainty against expectation and probability.

I listen to the languages of the world, and see bodies colored black,
brown, and white; outwardly expressing love to opposite and same sex.

I can hear some speaking in tongues and praising God; others
halfheartedly winding throughtout the aggregate crowd.

O, how I'm going to miss watching and hearing all these things,
While sitting alone in the silence of my small world.

Almedia Knight

Almedia Knight

THE LOTTERY

The Lottery

Through their mind's eye, patiently they stood gazing to the sky,
peering through the floating cloud, hoping to spot the pot
of gold at the end of the rainbow.

From a shorter distance, a day in the month of May,
and in the solitude of self, I studied the long line of
Mona Lisa faces against expectations and probabilities.
Some leaned on canes; others rode in wheelchairs;
still others held up under their own weight.

As the single column shrunk, it grew with young mothers
and their laughing children ducking under their
grasping hands, and using them as Maypoles.

My mind got a glimpse of a young mother with a cute little
house etched on her face for she and the baby
on her hip, and the toddler tugging at her skirt.
In the stillness of self, I was able to see beyond my likeness
into the mind of a round- woman, silently moaning as, she
leaned on inflamed knees that ached for a knee replacement.

I even eavesdropped into the thoughts of an adult male,
weighed down under jobless, moneyless, and homeless.
The gold at the end of the arc is certain to replace
"less" for "more", he thought!

I could not help over hearing the long conversation of two men
standing side by side, in the single line, making loud talk:
''I'm behind in child support payments and can't see my child, said one."
'Are you saying, you sat quietly in the courtroom waiting for
a judge to evaluate your family's needs, the other asked sharply? '
MAN, we got to do better!
We can't keep letting others adjudicate our worth and that of our families!
Let's take back our dignity, and with pride,
place it in custody of our sons and daughters."

As the front of the line was dwindling, I plainly saw a silver haired woman, time lined her forehead; her eye lids drooping like weeping willow branches. Yet she held tightly onto the plastic holder bulging with blessed lotto cards. She fixed her eyes and mind to the heavens, silently praying that God would not forsake she and her three small grand children…though, she had fruitless results before.

The procession moved closer. I stood in awe at the speed and accuracy of the cashier's fingers pecking the keys; as the machine violently spat out handfuls of lottery tickets. And like a robot, taking customers money- at the same time- placing the tickets in their hands. I patiently shuffled along not thinking myself as part of the aggregate in the shopping mall.

Nearing the front of the line, I pulled my cell phone from my pocket,

(Unknowingly) a ten spot fell to the floor. “Hello Boo. I’m good. No.
I’m waiting to buy my lottery tickets. Son, hopefully the cashier has that
“BIG CHECK” we have been waiting for. Okay, bye”

I leaned forward; handing the cashier my number list, then reached into my pocket and pulling out an empty hand. I wondered if gamblers count the times they lose or win.

Almedia Knight

Thinking About Us

As we cowardly grow old
As we sit nodding as our books sneak to the floor
As we rock and talk of to sleep

Lovely moments we share and
No scarcity of delight grace our face

Four lights flicker and
fade into the darkness

This poem descends
Into silence of stillness
But verses stay in motion

Almedia S. Knight or (ASK)

Almedia Knight

Time Tells Time

My mirror tries to convince me that I'm old.
Yet I have a fresh face I'm told.
So these furrows in this body I behold, as
I recognize skin-deep beauty does not rebirth.

Still, I remember things way back yonder:
Sculptured summer grass,
Children ringing around roses
With Pockets filled with poses,
Barren tree leaves
Floating in the breeze...woman!
Waste no time on younger years
For the past archives them.

I'll never be older than the goddess of art.
My lover, you'll never be older than thou art.
Let the earlier years delight in the older ones
For to understand the old-
The new must been known.

February 2,2008

Almedia Knight

'Time Tells Time' 2 of 2 of the original

Your mirror is telling you that you're a beautiful…
Listen to it, not like me, who tried not to hear
It reflects a face as fresh as a recently cut rose

Do not look for wrinkles
Admire the shining stars
Do ponder past moons, then
Anticipate all moons ahead

My dear, distance before is not far back…
So near you can smell sweet- cut summer grass,
Laugh at your children ringing around roses,
and help fill their pockets with poses

Fall trees in back yard stand barren
Just you stand tall to bear all
Just keep in mind the golden rule
Your golden years will happen

Dear daughter, waste not time on bygones
Just make right that you think went wrong

(Dedicated to my daughter Heather L. Knight:
A juxtaposition of the original: Times Tells Time)

Almedia S Knight (ASK)
September 22,2009

Almedia Knight

Today, Let's Celebrate Our Love

The first day we met, fall had
Changed shift with summer

There, two trees had changed colors,
were bare, and fruit-less

The little winged boy launched his arrow,
Striking, and seriously injuring two hearts

Darling, let’s watch the sun celebrate
Its Golden anniversary at the close of day

In praise: thunder claps, lighting strikes,
Wind whispers sweet music in our ears

Here, sun beams, and dances across the sky,
And the rainbow, with its bands color us pink

My dear, our arms shall not hang idle,
And our lips will remain partners

Now, we’re a bit old and grey,
Eyes growing smaller every day

Pains mounting
Minds slowing

Darling, when we sleep, our
Poetry will be forever awake

Almedia S Knight Or ASK

Almedia Knight

Transcendence

Seeds, berries, and other foods in short supply;
instinctive flocks of feathered friends fly above earth to a place of plenty.
The existing regime idealism, over time
has called for changes in the status quo
Ethics and moral of our leaders and their "ism"
in its existence had to comprise or be discarded.

Before. The evening star stood alone in the dark
After a wintry day. In an era of change,
a morning star rose up in its glory;
casting light all the way through hopelessness;
shedding light on healthcare and educations:
jobs, housings, families, and open hands to friends
and foes alike that the entire world can live on a well-preserved
planet.
He proclaimed the reality of the challenges we face.
Now, we're ready to help lead, by showing our respect to
a medley of people's values, and beliefs,
so that each person will have a measure of
happiness.
For we're all a collage of people:
Gays and lesbians, Blacks and Whites,
Asians and Arabs, minorities and majorities,
believers and non-believers.

On this day (01/20/09)
we're been handed individual wings.
Now, collectively let's rise, fixing not
your eyes on the past, but on the timeless words of The Transcendent One.

by
Almedia S. Knight

January 20,2009

Almedia Knight

We Live In The World We Build

You can choose from the crops of unhappiness…
you can unearth the joy from your heart.

You can choose to draw from your dark stormy life…
decide rainbow's beauty that follows sun.

You can choose to pollute the air you breathe…
do no harm to the natural environs of men and birds

You can choose to produce foods by man's means …
allow it to be produced by nature's way

You can choose to live in jealousy or even hate…
you can love and you won't have the above

You can choose to make war…
discover it's no harm in agreeing to make love instead

You can choose to pluck the thorns…
pick red, yellow, and pink roses, in its place.

You deserve your world …
Brick by brick, you built it.

Almedia Knight

October 6,2009

Almedia Knight

When These Hands-

When These Hands-

Reach out to you, yours
remain at your side,
eyes don’t blink
what do you think?

My hands need to roam-
over your face and lips,
chest and back.
Oh how they dislike
not being liked!

When hands can’t wait,
they jitter and twitter.
Can you not see my agony…
Four hands meet and greet then,
in ecstasy they wing to the sky.

Almedia S. Knight (ASK)

Almedia Knight

Where, Where, Where?

Where, Where, Where?

You were not there
As she lay in fetal sleep
Not listening to the soft stepping feet
Of that monster-is this another repeat?

Various unvoiced:
 Preachers.
 Teachers.
 Brethrens.
 Activists.

You were not there…
There but silent
There with closed minds
The weakest amongst them all
The complainers, yet praises! ! ! !

You can’t be here because you are still there
Past deeds don’t die; they live as lies
You’re not here because of enslaved
Minds chained to old ideas.
There, in abhorrence of ones deeds that
Exonerates responsibilities from protagonists; but
Leaving bad seeds for perpetual pollination by bees

Almedia S. Knight (ASK)
April 11,2009

Almedia Knight

Whose Truth?

In every question, elicits an answer
In every answer elicits, a question
In what does the truth exist?

October 1,2009
Almedia Knight

Almedia Knight