

Poetry Series

Dan Hanosh

- poems -

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Dan Hanosh (11/10/1957)

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

Works:

The World Outside My Window

A Chill

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dan Hanosh

My Ghost, the Writer

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

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

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

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

Dan Hanosh

My Last Moments at the Lake

Standing, gazing,
trying to take in
the lakes beauty,
one last time.

The autumn wind blows,
cold and crisp,
chilling me enough
to put on gloves.

A loon dives
deep in the bay
where the dock used to sit,
natures way of saying, Goodbye.

I stood alone, a special moment,
just me and the lake,
not a sound could be heard,
remembering.

Red, brown, orange foliage,
the vistas of fall, fill
my senses, as I stare
across the bay, wondering.

Soon the bay
would be covered
with ice and
I would not see it.

Where has the time gone,
would I ever be so happy
as I was at the lake,
life can be so very cruel.

With Spring, the ice would thaw,
the wild life
would return and
I would not see it.

The others say Goodbye
in their own special way,
some get angry, some take a
walk or even a boat ride.

I enter the van,
pulling away from the lake,
a tear runs down my cheek, for
the lake is gone, forever.

Dan Hanosh

My Secret Place

Deep within my mind lies
a very special place,
nobody's allowed, but me,

always alone, saying
nothing, yet surreal,
calmly, I am transformed,

concentrating, I allow
my mind to wander,
transfixed on nothing,

I hear the rhythmic beating
of my heart, nothing
else seems to matter,

once there, my mind is able
to capture an
idea, so elusive, so

far reaching, so pure, maybe
just for a moment,
original thought,

they come as poetry,
vivid words, splashing on
the canvases of my mind,

my pen, is the receptor
gathering thoughts,
storing them on paper, so

calm, so quiet, peace fills
my soul, soothing me, like
waves lapping at the shore,

I say the words aloud
for they sing my message,
encoded for the cynics,

anything invading my thoughts,
is foreign to my
work, unwelcome,

no one can enter unless
I give in, that will
never happen for

hidden, deep within my mind
there lies a very
special place, my secret place.

Dan Hanosh

Star Lake

Walking upward, toward the sky,
ever so slowly, I ascended the hill,
below, lie the most beautiful vision
I have ever gazed upon, a lake.

It's blue water glistening, sun rays
transforming a hue of the bluest of blues,
blending into the azure of the sky,
broken only by the lime green of the
tree line, north woods pines.

A warm breeze blows,
scurrying over the grass covering the hill,
bending the golden wheat, breaking, reflections
of the sun as it crosses the silent surface
of the lake, it's contour, appearing
to go on forever.

Many times, I have sat there,
gazing over the dark gray water, it's
churning white caps, raging, from being
mistreated, trees swaying, watching the pelting
rain as it crosses the bay, the sun's warmth lost
in battle with the cold of a passing cloud,
darkness descends, allowing the stars
to touch the waters of the lake.

With daylight, humming birds ascend,
flying sorties, attacking feeders, frenzied
abandonment, Loons calling, continuously,
a message of love, Eagles perching, high over head,
watching over the bay, shoulder to shoulder,
Chipmunks scurrying, mouths full, Otters playing
in the shallow water of the Islands.

With night comes large predator fish,
patrolling the waters, searching, for unwitting
victims, Star Lake, it's beauty, constantly,
reminding me of a humility, pulling me,
back, time after time,
year after year.

Dan Hanosh

The Plant

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

Birds chirping
foretelling
of the extended
heat.

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

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

Still the motor
can be heard
in the
distance.

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

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

Still the
hum,
radiates
the ear.

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

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

Dan Hanosh

The World Outside My Window

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Today, I understand,
the world outside
my window, a fragile old world,

that's getting older.

Dan Hanosh

Together Again

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

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

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

Dan Hanosh