Poetry Series

Debora Short

- poems -

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Debora Short (August 4)

http: //mountaintopcottagestudios.blogspot.com/

Works:

*poemhunter.com ebook Debora Short
*published in LMU's Literary Journal- The Emancipator 2007 edition, and 2008 edition
2nd place Charles E. Bull literary award for poetry 2008
*ezine above ground testing.com July 2006 edition
*ezine above ground testing.com November 2006 edition
*http//mountaintopcottagestudios.blogspot.com/
*published in the anthology 'Oh What a Tangled Web'
http: //www.poetsofmars.com/index_copy(1) .html
*
PS. check out my pages if have you have some free time.

http: //www. poemhunter. com/debora-short/

http: //mountaintopcottagestudios.blogspot.com/

- Charleston's Salt Flats

Periwinkle dusk cradled in meringue-d moon -
Beams with tinged sun-drops each echoing its own

Crooning –love for day's sweet end, far-flung skinny oaks
And ocher-ed waves of spindly marshes dance in the

Salty drink, architectural perspectives paint
The gentleness of each sentry's uniform

Tenderly embracing reflection-ed wetness
Slowly emptying the tendril-ed ribbon-ed

Salty streams outward into the great Atlantic
Wilds, divided sepias outline the punctuat-

Ing dance with kisses of our entwined enchantment
Charleston salt flats welcoming lovers hungry souls

(Celebrating Thirty Years of Love,
Charleston, South Carolina, May 17,2008)

Debora Short

- Conchs

Facing due east, Conch shells line the porch rails
As if they were amulets guarding my soul

From the magical charms of English Mount
Her hills quiet for the present, green and still

Multi-hued a rainbow sparkles left
A river of milk-y clouds fill hollows

Grapevine, Shropshire, Muddy, Indian Creek-all
A tiny iridescent bluebird flits

To the taller cedar beyond their watch
My eye lures to its pensive inspection

A cardinal darts from one of the
Heart -shaped leaves of the pod-ing red bud

To the right of their line of guard grey
Doves doze a few feet from a well hidden

Nest, a hawk casts an angled eerie
Mammoth shadow setting off a chorus

Of crow and songbird protest as if they were
Yard-dogs warden –ing for a beloved

Child as the darkening cedars forewarn
Tiny bush pilots to sing it away

(May 28,2009)

Debora Short

- Curling Respires

Wispy calligraphy draws me into
The wintered blue that eyes and so lightly

Veils her shoulders in fine–twigged taupe lace
Fair weathers bop softly near southern skies

Drawn out curly-breaths send life to her clay
As if His chubby cheeks were blowing song

Ethereal devotions to concept
Ancient voyeur for many new quill-ed

Ones, their delicate nests now expose-d
Engineer-ings unique to their authors

Transitory weavings for feathered
Nurseries- playpens of precious plume-d

Three circle and play in her afternoon streams
Gliding peacefully in rays of salience

At a distance, leaves impersonate
Bouncing about on boughs like tiny mocking-

Birds in dappled light, obscured treasures
Dangling withered and dry high aloft

Soon to be gently sent floating to her
Soft moss-ed-beds of fragrant red cypress

Commingling whiffs trail in from heavens hearth
Warming contemplative lures to His love

(English Mountain, Tennessee
November 13,2006)

Selected for the 2008 Edition Literary Journal 'The Emancipator.'

Debora Short

- Seven - forty Seven-ed Ponds

Incidental footprints of your journey
Mirrored olives, blues and strings of white
So many caught in busied travel delight
Olive-d peace in reflection-ed stills
Perfect illusions highlighted - capture
Your wanderings digitized ripples
Pastoral beauty applied to canvas
Floating above, sipping spirits refreshment
Cotton candied lateral landscapes flow
Contrails significant in their passing
Destinations unique for silver
Winged tube's residential occupants
Mornings early shore prints reveal hoof prints
Over near the cattails a young deer drinks
In your journey… quenching a long nights thirst

(Mountaintop Pond, Tennessee
October 27,2006)

Debora Short

- Spinning Wind

Oh whom do you spin for spinning wind
In that pearl-ied-violet sky, do

You spin in candid play amusing
Those finely- drawn lemon- lime leaves?

A lovely compliment sketched
Subtle lines and colored inks

Hand and eye carefully re-
Constructing their dichotomous

Grace, do you spin soft humid streams
Honeysuckle-d charisma

To delight and inebriate
Those newly emerged white pea

Petals or do you seek to bounce
At knee newly fledged fauna

In the sycamore trees, Oh whom
Do you spin for spinning wind do

You simply tango in rhythm
With heady-scented wild rose, un-

Tamed sister soul, delicious
Filled blossoms waving with good cheers

Oh whom do you spin for spinning wind?

(Cumberland Gap, June 7,2008)

Debora Short

- When I Close My Eyes

Allowing the tinkling
Romance to dance
Ethereally into eternity

His
Fingers floating,
Caressing spells
Across those ancient ivories
With the inspiration of Chopin

My mood no longer
Entrenched in worldly
Black
And white
Realities

Only
Gentleness
Tickling my soul
Royal peacock feathers
Flirting
And
Charming
In fullest delight

Sipping
Champagne’s
Sweetest bouquet
Inebriating
Lover’s paired - hearts

A shower
Of purest
White
Rose petal’d
Messages
Ensue
The dancer’s
Embrace
Chased
Into magically
Mystical
Ecstasy …

(The Mountaintop Cabin
December 14,2006)

Debora Short

*** Charleston's Salt Flats (Couplets) .***

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Beams with tinged sun-drops each echoing its own

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(English Mountain, Tennessee
November 13,2006)

Debora Short

*** Harvest's Invitation**

Eyes, sparkling and fully engaged
Witnessing both the food
And the product
Winds blowing cedars scent
Oh, those so many branched places
That call and process
Words
Words that eye both
In mind
On paper
On forest
On those sweet Tennessee warblers
On that hawk that rests
On those power lines out front
On lovely fall wildflowers
On multi-hued maple leaves
On Joe ~ Pye Weeds and Goldenrod
And
On those last morsels
Of Summers Queen Anne Lace
Eyes of full intent
That harvest
In a blessed thanksgiving
All these offerings
Fond gifts of time
A Seasonal habit
Offering colors, last bits
Of summer’s very warmth
Sequels eternal replay
Engaged in spotlights eye
Bringing all to
Harvests’ so bountiful table

(Mountaintop Gifts, Tennessee
~ 14 September,2006)

Debora Short

-*- Nurtured in Peace

The meadow nourished in softest
Sedges scattered amid violet milk weeds

Incredible flowered attractions
Hosting dainty butterflies, moths and bees

Each patrol finding warm sunny skie-s
Perfumed bliss softly summoning in

These many tiny witnesses for life
And too, sentinels diligently shield

Safe-guarding a precious new beginning
The fawn a tawny velvet-coated gift

Sheltered by loving aunts, sisters and
Mum over near the cedars, sedge and sun

She watches me in curiosity
Now a gawky yet cute adolescent

Quietly nibbling crab-apples not far from
My sacred space on this prayer-filled morn

(Sacred Space, Tennessee
November 17,2006)

Debora Short

*** Seven Forty Seven-ed Ponds**

Incidental footprints of your journey
Mirrored olives, blues and strings of white
So many caught in busied travel delight
Olive-d peace in reflection-ed stills
Perfect illusions highlighted - capture
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In your journey… quenching a long nights thirst

(Mountaintop Pond, Tennessee
October 27,2006)

Debora Short

**** Winter's Snow**

With piercing death
Unending woe hotly wails its
Song to Justice’s all hearing ears
Sending winter’s untainted gift
Gently bleaching all bright
Mercifully dusting
Augusts’ fiery abode
In purest translucencies
Of cooling white
Love’s extraordinary comforter
Softly encasing
Domicile’s sorrow
Exposing only
His footprints leading
His beloved
To those most healing heavens

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
~ 31 August 2006)

Debora Short

*******Roaring Sanctuaries**

It was during the reign
Of
Letters
And
Words
That those two
Alpha lions
Learned
They
Were
Connected in states of truest grace
By way of the Sun
In heat and light
Their radiance,
Brilliantly
Danced
Into
Purest souls
Yet they
Danced
In circles
Rarely
Acknowledging
One another
Nonetheless
Their
Growing
Light of truest respect
Glimmered
In
Their
Distant
Souls

(Roaring Sanctuaries, Tennessee
December 30,2006)

Debora Short

*****Sandy Toes Tickled Warm or Home's True Heart

Sands of time, sands of home, and sands of love
Sing such lovely songs to my well traveled

Sandy toes tickled warm Caribbean
Home –d and splashed with turquoise's good sun

Foamy dances and lacey curls make public
Delicate beauty's shells ~ bits of sea glass

Drifting barnacled treasures from above
Collected places, grains distance-d walked

Haulover, Melbourne, Sebastian, Peconic
Sanded estuaries, oceans and bays

Eternal tiny groundings filtering
Paths of His light, His times, home's true heart

(Sweeping Memories, Tennessee
October 27,2006)

Debora Short

***And You Strayed into My Heart

And you strayed
Into
My heart

And I read
A genre
Of strength
Of passion
Of fidelity

Devotion
Of heart
Nourishing
Intensity

A
Soul – gift
Of dearest
Love

(The Mountaintop, Tennessee
December 15,2006)

Debora Short

*****Blowing Soft Kisses (couplets)**

Pragmatism overtakes family tradition
Quietly, I meditate past and dear memories

Smokey Gray, along with his cousin, Charles, and I
Walked out on the front property, the cedar

The perfect size for our cozy eight hundred square
Foot mountaintop cottage, a tall and slender tree

Soon to be adorned with a lifetime of love's
Reminiscences, a spirit of its own, an evergreen

Icon for eternal promises, a song for New Year
Hopes and promised new life, a communion to

Be fully lived, poignant treasure of life's endless
Love, softly, a Mozart CD plays reverent

Tranquility and I think of them, and mist up
Gone now, my dear grandmother, the rock of my childhood,

My dad who always lassoed his dreams, and Pete
A charming gentleman, my favorite one to beat

At family games of Tonk, Smokey Gray's dear old pop
Our dinner table, so empty, so big, so large

Their sweet countenances so very missed, as
I drag that dried up cedar tree to the bonfire

Up on the hill, a peaceful place, encircled gates
At heaven's place, I feel them all blowing soft kisses

(2 January,2007 ~ Heart's Tears, Tennessee)

Debora Short

***Brethrens: Moon, Sun, Distant Constellations

Brethrens: Moon, Sun, distant Constellations
Powerful divine universal life forces

In true wonder and thanksgiving I hail
Thee, this morning's shower of shooting stars

Packaged and dropped in old English's
Majesty most perfectly graced in

Advent's hope for a new year filled with
His wonderful gift of interior peace

Wandering soul now navigating star-lit
Celestial corridors, the holy Three

Calling me to their soft luminosity
Sweet Wisdom guiding this itinerant soul

A generous beacon assuring sound
Voyage to their promised new home port

(English Mountain Shooting Stars, Tennessee
December 6,2006)

Debora Short

*****Curling Respires**

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The wintered blue that eyes and so lightly

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(English Mountain, Tennessee
November 13,2006)

Selected for the 2008 Edition Literary Journal 'The Emancipator.'

Debora Short

*****From Sunset to Twillight, A Floridian's Journey**

Snow-bird Haven
Called my
Rambling Floridian ears

Gregariously grayed
Decked out Bermudas
Dark socks and sandals

They had seemed
So foreign, so frail
So elderly, so frugal

They all came out to
Welcome me, N0-Smokey Grey
And ours labs, Kirstie and Sam

They checked out our boat
Our truck, the books we were reading
They reminded us

About the pooper scoop,
The free videos, kayaks
Bicycles and bar-b- que

A few of their tales
Told
Over and over again

They shared their music
Out on the veranda
And sipped in white wine and sunsets

Yet, they tear about on rented
Motor bikes with tiny
American flags waving

And tenderly
Anointed one another with SPF-30
And called home to let the kids know

Yes, they were enjoying the winter sun
Dad had suffered no angina this week
And the seafood is truly yummy

And some how, I thought
We had crossed
That line in that Cedar-ed sand

(The Sandy Shores of Cedar Key)

Debora Short

*****Oaken-ed Soul**

Voiceless wings, rising dreams
Sounds unknown
Yet, planted and nurtured
Already, Subliminal
Thought’s conversation
A love, within - discovered
A hint from an explorer’s
Heart
A desire to unburden
If only in small ways
Thought’s intoxicated
Interpretations of heart’s
Empowerment
Newly recognized, an acknowledgement
Exposed growth rings of an oaken-end soul
Begging attendance and
Courage’s fitness and focus's countenance
A re-charting of directions
Calling for
This body to make a difference
To dispense
Doses of hope
And dignity
In this so very
Rural old world

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
~ August 30,2006)

Debora Short

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October 27,2006)

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Debora Short

*****The Bird Tree**

For the large flock of tri - colored blackbirds
Who travel through each spring to these lovely hollows.

Before the evening sky
Morphs shades of brilliant coral
And streaks whimsically of lavender
Threading, too with surreal magenta translucencies
And before English Mountain
Changes into her misty purple evening attire
And certainly before
The stars crown her majestic countenance…
That tall tree sitting squarely
Above our cedars in the forest
Down near the Shropshire Hollow begins
Calling its special evening guests ~

The ritual begins with a lone lady
Sitting quietly atop
The very tip of the highest bough
Of that unusual tree each night,
It's thorny branches soaring upward
Near 80 feet…still devoid of
It's spring-time dress
The nectarine and cherry trees
Already adorned in lovely floral frocks…

Those seasoned migrants
Begin an ancient bedtime rite
One small group after another
Quietly descend to the Bird Tree
Soon these gregarious songsters
Begin their evening calling
To the surrounding hollows.
Humming expounds noisily
As if they were seated
In a large room for telephone operators
Calling their kids home to
Supper and lullabies…

And home these small wanderers come
From all directions
From neighboring hollows and
Lake Douglas, too…
As each group arrives their singing
Ceases as they pensively search
Their perching sites to see who is missing…
Then again, their lovely chattering restarts
Until every member safely returns home.

Just as the evening sky
Morphs shades of brilliant coral

And streaks whimsically of lavender
Threading, too with surreal magenta translucencies

To the those ancient cedars
Off each group flies below
Tucking each other in those
Blue-green covers for one last lullaby … before
The stars crown their majestic hostess.

April 4,2006 ~
Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee

The Bird Tree

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Mystical
Ecstasy …

(The Mountaintop Cabin
December 14,2006)

Debora Short

. I'll Start Out With a Fine Chablis

I'd be honored to sit
With y'all
I'll start out with a fine chablis
Civil-ed Spirits
Are so very important
Don't You agree?

Kindly, make mine
A cheese
and
Shrimp, dear sir
I do love those
G.R.I.T.S.casseroles
Yes sir, a side of conch salad
Would be lovely and
As would
A teeny slice of your mothers lovely
Sweet potato bread
And tall glass of unsweet tea
Please, dear
and Thank you

Now down business
Gratuitous you say?
I beg to differ, dear! ! !
Have you forgotten D-Day?

Note:
'In case we find ourselves starting to believe
all the anti-American sentiment and negativity,
we should remember England 's Prime Minister
Tony Blair's words during a recent interview.
When asked by one of his Parliament members
why he believes so much in America, he said:

'A simple way to take measure of a country
is to look at how many want in... And how many want out.'

' Only two defining forces have ever offered to die for you:

1. Jesus Christ

2. The American G. I.

One died for your freedom.
The other died for your soul.'

Debora Short

. A Hiking into Abstract Growth

The under-painting reveals a lightly
Misted late afternoon baby blue sky

Perhaps taking up the top seventh of
 This composition, olive meanders

Tinged sunny – green on distant Western
Cedar'd canopies, evergreen icons

Evidence of a much higher kind of
Peace, an ancient species cleaving pre-cambric

Nutrients to nourish precarious
Life, perched closely together, rooted

 In steep layers of Valley's mountainous
Rock, providing shelter and song for

An interesting natively – born crew
Beddings of softest mosses give respite

Bobcats, possums, catbirds, cardinals and
Carolina Chickadees all cradled in

Sweetly swaying boughs of tender'd embrace
Colorful fungus adorns decaying

Hickory trees, heart and sapwood provides
Cellulose rations for termite's café

Felled horizontal curbs mark ancient
Well traveled hidden paths, a treaded

Multi - generational trek, gateways
To wide open sun - graced feeding hills

Inviting contemplation nurtures all,
Colorful artists, writers, readers, huge

Black bear, white – tailed fawns, yellow jackets
Occasional blue birds flit near thorny

Honey locust, tall violet thistle-d sold
-iers give energy to bumble bee's sky-

Dances, feathered sedges keeping beat, mellow breezes
Supporting hawk's purposeful departure

Crows swagger on overhangs shooting the breeze
Cawing bellicosely to whoever might

 Listen, over painting of this precious

Cacophony features geometric

Light and sepia - shaded angulate
-d planes, criss -crossed fine antlered twigs

Now naked, deciduous and lichen
Festooned branches tidily sweeping heaven's

Edge, three distinct stronger trunks dominate
The foreground, a greater ancient, seeming

Wiser warrior envelopes trinities
 In and as one vine-laced covenant

(Mountaintop, Tennessee
December 13,2006)

Debora Short

. Sweetly, in their Embrace

Glisten-ning reflections of early spring’s love
Mirrors dream-y sky’s tadpoles dancing above
Speckled fair - haired crocus line dew-pond’s edge
Starry young green eyes gaze up in delight
Attentive blue devotion reaches heart
Strong fingers entwine love’s laced white gloves
Light feet step, one step left and turn and twirl
Petal-ed gowns breeze sweetly in their embrace
Coat-tails virile a handsome prince-presence
Delight-fully encircle God-given-ed graces

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You simply tango in rhythm
With heady-scented wild rose, un-

Tamed sister soul, delicious
Filled blossoms waving with good cheers

Oh whom do you spin for spinning wind?

(Cumberland Gap, June 7,2008)

Debora Short

..*. The Gentle Journey of the Cherished

From the highest mountain peaks
Moon’s pale and gentle beams
Like guiding legs of life
Alight in shadows
Up-lifting treasured
Mortal souls
Cradling each softly
In tears of His Love
Comforted with
Winter’s purest feathers
Fluttering overhead on
Wind’s sweet breath
Sending those
Goose-bumped arms of love
To carry an unfathomable
Goodness upward to
Our Father’s ever-lasting love

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
~ September 6,2006)

Debora Short

***.*.*Cumberland Gap Imagery…**

Amalgam and surreal silver fusions
Flow between two ancient peaks, blinding visions

Setting sun’s angled brilliance showcasing
Norris Lake’s halo-ed magnificence

Distant layers of tonal blue – violet
Soaring smoke-y hills and mountains delight

The sky a waning clear winter-ed blue
Contrails weave their icy patterned plaids

Wispy white apparitions of other’s down
Seeing visions from east, west, north and south

Fluffy frump – l’d original gifts
Heaven-d kilts warm imaginations

Pristine golden pastures flank the roadside
Encircled in deciduous umber-

‘d lace, evergreen hemlocks and cedars grace
Dotted cantilevered black - painted

Dairy barns dressed in Pennsylvania
Dutch quilted icons and topped mossy

Green, cows graze in bucolic peace
Fieldstone chimneys sweetly send rising thanks

(F-150 Road-travel, Tennessee
December 6,2006)

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Soon to be gently sent floating to her
Soft moss-ed-beds of fragrant red cypress

Commingling whiffs trail in from heavens hearth
Warming contemplative lures to His love

(English Mountain, Tennessee
November 13,2006)

Debora Short

***.*Cumberland Gap Imagery**

Amalgam and surreal silver fusions
Flow between two ancient peaks, blinding visions

Setting sun's angled brilliance showcasing
Norris Lake's halo-ed magnificence

Distant layers of tonal blue – violet
Soaring smoke-y hills and mountains delight

The sky a waning clear winter-ed blue
Contrails weave their icy patterned plaids

Wispy white apparitions of other's down
Seeing visions from east, west, north and south

Fluffy frump – l'd original gifts
Heaven-d kilts warm imaginations

Pristine golden pastures flank the roadside
Encircled in deciduous umber-

'd lace, evergreen hemlocks and cedars grace
Dotted cantilevered black - painted

Dairy barns dressed in Pennsylvania
Dutch quilted icons and topped mossy

Green, cows graze in bucolic peace
Fieldstone chimneys sweetly send rising thanks

(F-150 Road-travel, Tennessee
December 6,2006)

Debora Short

***.*Kisses os Peace**

Rising pasture as if viewed from angel flight
A mind-blowing beautiful East West imagery

The central topography high up on the hill
To left and east amazing views, hard wood forests

Mature soaring and stately red maples, buckeyes
Black cherries, silver-bells, pignuts, red oaks, hemlocks

Several hundred feet below a snaking Powell
River gurgles pristine over to Norris Lake

Monumental Cumberland Mountain Chains in full
View, just over those peaks views of old Kentucky

The peninsular surrounded in Tennessee
Valley Authority's glistening assignment

Remote, isolated, secluded and gorgeous
Multicolored green quilts lay far out beyond

Revealing one gray and weathered century old barn
A distant farmhouse's chimney sends out kisses of peace

Amazing graces to our country's history, Indians
Of past hunted noble buffalo and became

Cast away savages sent away from sacred lands
Fortune seeking immigrants slowly worked bands

Of great covered wagon teams in Westward dreams
An animation filled in spirit and courage

Sometimes catalogued property of Kentucky
Both Grant and Lee captured the Cumberland Gap

Prized the ability to see great distances
Into wilderness, both raw pain and grand beauty

Intermingle in ancient earth, a warriors' path,
A settler's hopeful promise, a rich hunting ground,

A perilous place of adventure, a Union's grace
All steeped in an awe inspiring beauty

(Hoping and Praying for this place in Tennessee
December 29,2006)

Debora Short

-*..- You and I

(know that they loved you)

Our history closely
Mirrors the shape of our clay
Both, reclusive and introverts
Each secreted in distant and
Separate island sanctuary

You ditched out before me
Or maybe I did, before you…
No matter, we rarely venture back
As if our hearts were ex-patriots of city-self
Besides, they believed we had found paradise

But, did they not direct our paths?
I know they were our glue
They too, were reclusive and, still
We loved them beyond belief
Yet, they also, lived apart…

(Hugging-Cedars Island, Tennessee
July 17,2006)

Debora Short

***.Cumberland Gap Imagery (couplets)**

Amalgam and surreal silver fusions
Flow between two ancient peaks, blinding visions

Setting sun's angled brilliance showcasing
Norris Lake's halo-ed magnificence

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Dutch quilted icons and topped mossy

Green, cows graze in bucolic peace
Fieldstone chimneys sweetly send rising thanks

(F-150 Road-travel, Tennessee
December 6,2006)

Debora Short

***Just People Watching the Brits…**

"As Time Goes By"
Those Brits I have vision-ed
Constantly focus on
"Keeping Up Appearances"
And certainly Hyacinth believes
"To the Manor Born" is she…
The community of faithful
Seek spiritual guidance from
"The Vicar of Dibley"
And believe in the absolute dignity of
"All Creatures Great and Small"
They are frequently drunk on the
"Last of the Summer Wine"
And all find the facilities of
"Fawlty Towers" sometimes lacking
The Great "Doctor Who"
A renown steward of their
Moon, Stars and Sun
Will transport their worries in blink
And there is always someone
"Asking are YOU being Serve-d? "
And if not …the servants
"Upstairs and Downstairs"
Are eager to please
Answering, "Oh yes sir
And pleeease Missus"
Then there is that matter
Of France and Katherine
And those Tennis Balls…
Gifts of Tennis Balls? ? ?
Or that sister-in-law
That goes about begging
For someone to
"Knock me up in the morning"
Well Henry the Fifth sure had that gift
But, then again…NOT
"Everyone Loves Raymond"
Just people watching the Brits…

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
July 20,2006)

Debora Short

-*-Sandy Toes Tickled Warm

Sands of time, sands of home, and sands of love
Sing such lovely songs to my well traveled

Sandy toes tickled warm Caribbean
Home –d and splashed with turquoise's good sun

Foamy dances and lacey curls make public
Delicate beauty's shells ~ bits of sea glass

Drifting barnacled treasures from above
Collected places, grains distance-d walked

Haulover, Melbourne, Sebastian, Peconic
Sanded estuaries, oceans and bays

Eternal tiny groundings filtering
Paths of His light, His times, home's true heart

(Sweeping Memories, Tennessee
October 27,2006)

Debora Short

-*-Seven Forty - Seven-ed Ponds

Incidental footprints of your journey
Mirrored olives, blues and strings of white
So many caught in busied travel delight
Olive-d peace in reflection-ed stills
Perfect illusions highlighted - capture
Your wanderings digitized ripples
Pastoral beauty applied to canvas
Floating above, sipping spirits refreshment
Cotton candied lateral landscapes flow
Contrails significant in their passing
Destinations unique for silver
Winged tube’s residential occupants
Mornings early shore prints reveal hoof prints
Over near the cattails a young deer drinks
In your journey… quenching a long nights thirst

(Mountaintop Pond, Tennessee
October 27,2006)

Selected for the 2008 Edition of the Literary Journal 'The Emancipator'.

Debora Short

***Sweetly in their Embrace**

Glisten-ning reflections of early spring's love
Mirrors dream-y sky's tadpoles dancing above
Speckled fair - haired crocus line dew-pond's edge
Starry young green eyes gaze up in delight
Attentive blue devotion reaches heart
Strong fingers entwine love's laced white gloves
Light feet step, one step left and turn and twirl
Petal-ed gowns breeze sweetly in their embrace
Coat-tails virile a handsome prince-presence
Delight-fully encircle God-given-ed graces

(Under the Twinkling Stars, Tennessee
August 15,2006)

Debora Short

. Evil Wears a Shock Collar

The animal growls menacingly
Continually lunging
Behind the invisible barrier
At my frightened
And blind chocolate lab

Hurrying to pack
This trips memory
I shiver in a
Ninety degree drive

Twenty hours round trip
Every other week
Living out of suitcases
Leaves me feeling disordered

I.N.T.J.s are seldom
Good captives…
The exception,
I am not

Reading to pass the time...
I am struck by:
"Never shall I forget those moments
that murdered my God
and my soul and turned my dreams into ashes."

I think of the neighbor
Who electrifies
His yard to keep in
A rottweiler

And shoots at
Nutrias with a bb gun
For entertainment

And then, I understand
A bit better
Wiesel's "Night"*

~ May 31,2006
Somewhere in the Smokies

published:
www.abovegroundtesting.com July 2006

Debora Short

. Freedoms Dearest Treasures

Saturday dawn brings misty memories
Life-long friends are we, Jay and Joni, Les
And I, standing up for one another at
Our weddings now near thirty years ago
Today, our combined dear and gorgeous
Three, each too have become wonderful friends
Dawn takes us to that seemingly endless
Wall of polished granite, the kids at
First, quietly walking several yards out
In front, high-school-ers, now, too, cool to
Walk with us, slow-ly we read each inscribed
Name on that near endless polished wall
Carefully stepping over memorials
Old tattered love letters, yellow roses
Well loved, cherished teddy bears
And those deeply heart-felt infectious tears
Inscribed bravery, our nation’s blood
Iconic symbols of freedoms very love
Real crosses now carried in so many hearts
Reflecting tear-pools of our union’s soul
A family’s selfless and courageous gift
For a world in need of an ever-lasting
Peace, a great journey’s potent reminder
That quietly whispers love to the very
Deepest seats in each of our grateful souls

Debora Short

. Tomorrow's Manna

My afternoons
mirror timeless struggles
Yahweh's eyes laugh
sending His Wine
and His love
in tomorrow's manna

(November 16,2005 ~ Bell's Island, North Carolina)

Debora Short

.*. Charleston Salt Flats

Periwinkle dusk cradled in meringue-d moon -
Beams with tinged sun-drops each echoing its own

Crooning –love for day's sweet end, far-flung skinny oaks
And ocher-ed waves of spindly marshes dance in the

Salty drink, architectural perspectives paint
The gentleness of each sentry's uniform

Tenderly embracing reflection-ed wetness
Slowly emptying the tendril-ed ribbon-ed

Salty streams outward into the great Atlantic
Wilds, divided sepias outline the punctuat-

Ing dance with kisses of our entwined enchantment
Charleston salt flats welcoming lovers hungry souls

(Celebrating Thirty Years of Love,
Charleston, South Carolina, May 17,2008)

Debora Short

.*.9ll - A Country Grounded

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

No contrails weaving
Ribbons through laced
Gentle skirts of
Those once sweet clouds

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

Beginning sunny
Ending stained
In horror’s fear
Ashes blot on sun

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

Tears reign
A nation’s knees
In prayers
Sent rising up

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

A reverence
Unfolds throughout
This land of love
Such powerful hearts

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
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Singing songs
To courageous
Souls ~ treasured
And much beloved

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The day
Of tears
A ground-ing filled with
Amazing acts of love

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Quiet
Sends answers
Filled with spirit's love
Special souls now above

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An unnerving quiet

(Reflections Tears, Tennessee
~ September 10,2006)

Debora Short

.*.Spinning Wind

Oh whom do you spin for spinning wind
In that pearl-ied-violet sky, do

You spin in candid play amusing
Those finely- drawn lemon- lime leaves?

A lovely compliment sketched
Subtle lines and colored inks

Hand and eye carefully re-
Constructing their dichotomous

Grace, do you spin soft humid streams
Honeysuckle-d charisma

To delight and inebriate
Those newly emerged white pea

Petals or do you seek to bounce
At knee newly fledged fauna

In the sycamore trees, Oh whom
Do you spin for spinning wind do

You simply tango in rhythm
With heady-scented wild rose, un-

Tamed sister soul, delicious
Filled blossoms waving with good cheers

Oh whom do you spin for spinning wind?

(Cumberland Gap, June 7,2008)

Debora Short

.*A Heart-lined Journey

Evidence of your loving heart
Springs awake
Touchstones of delicately
Translucent sunny yellows

Edge your ancient homestead
Dogwoods, peaches, crocus
Carefully heart-line a journey
Back to where your world once stood

Old roses now rabble upon a headstone
Your sweet little girl's final resting place
A crumbled barn near-by
Where Ol' Bossy was once stalled

Providing milk for the children
I can almost hear them
A lively bunch-singing out
…Tag your- it!

Fresh churned butter and home-baked bread
That sweet cream whipped up
Adorning Sunday's special
Blackberry cobbler treats

And I wonder
What became of you and your dear family?
How did these old hills come to claim
Your songs sprinkled in sunny love?

(Back-road Sojourns, Tennessee—March 20,2007)

Debora Short

.*And You Strayed into My Heart

And you strayed
Into
My heart

And I read
A genre
Of strength
Of passion
Of fidelity

Devotion
Of heart
Nourishing
Intensity

A
Soul – gift
Of dearest
Love

(The Mountaintop, Tennessee
December 15,2006)

Debora Short

.*Fabled Calm

Yesterday, when I was angry
With the world
And made you cry…

I went and climbed
That sanctified hill
Where our new dreams should begin…
And I found that fabled calm

Where the bluebirds come
And twitter
In that smaller thorn tree…

The one that looks
As if it was the one …
Where they made His
Crown of thorns…

Standing at the kitchen window
Our evening meal…complete
We quietly watched
The doe wander down
To feed on that newly greened grass

I wondered if you followed
Me back up to that sacred space...
Would those bluebirds return?

April 10,2006 ~
Mountaintop, Tennessee

published:
www.abovegroundtesting.com July 2006

Debora Short

.*Sacred Kisses (couplets)

Early morning mists envelop and swirl
Beneath Smokey's English topography

By day, she sports a stylish new fall coat
Angled vertical ripples in sepia

With textured points of cedar-ed green
Contrasting veins of rust invading her

Lofty domain now halo-ed in fiery
Magenta - fused cyan and yellows

Printing hallowed images in my
Photographic lifetime-d memories

Arising to this early morn's sacred kiss
With morning's peace cupped in steaming

Tea, quietly waking my sleepy space
Wrapped in sixty watt electric lights

Serenity affording sweet silence
A gift sent so I might read in His stillness

(White-Noise Free, Tennessee
November 2,2006)

Debora Short

.*Water, Steam and Ice (couplets)

I am the contrails in the sky
Transporting your love to my heart-felt joy

I am those rolling white riffles splashing
Across those ancient glistening granite rocks

I am the warm tingling steaming massage
Sensate-ly refreshing your tired soul

I am that energizing frozen cube
That cools that sweet tea you sip on our porch

I am the main ingredient carrying
Life-giving nutrients to your keen mind

I am the visible steam rising up
That prepares your scrumptious wild rice tonight

I am those fluffy white clouds high above
That sponge down the dust into the earth

I am that which keeps your Force Five afloat
So you can sail on to your newer dreams

I am your frozen-ed winter delight
Magical crystals spun during the night

I am that drink your ravenous soul desires
Sprinkled grace, His most dear promise-d gift

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
October 2,2006)

Debora Short

.-, -, And, You Strayed into My Heart

And you strayed
Into
My heart

And I read
A genre
Of strength
Of passion
Of fidelity

Devotion
Of heart
Nourishing
Intensity

A
Soul – gift
Of dearest
Love

(The Mountaintop, Tennessee
December 15,2006)

Debora Short

..-.- When I Close My Eyes

Allowing the tinkling
Romance to dance
Ethereally into eternity

His
Fingers floating,
Caressing spells
Across those ancient ivories
With the inspiration of Chopin

My mood no longer
Entrenched in worldly
Black
And white
Realities

Only
Gentleness
Tickling my soul
Royal peacock feathers
Flirting
And
Charming
In fullest delight

Sipping
Champagne’s
Sweetest bouquet
Inebriating
Lover’s paired - hearts

A shower
Of purest
White
Rose petal’d
Messages
Ensue
The dancer’s
Embrace
Chased
Into magically
Mystical
Ecstasy …

(The Mountaintop Cabin
December 14,2006)

Debora Short

.-.-.-. Cherries Tossed on a Sundae

Giant atmospheric nebulous crests gently roll
as if they were foamy white summer seashore gifts

Softly whipped toppings coating autumn's fall fare
Quietly, washing down the delectable delights

The Cumberland escarpment adorned in red
Sumac, rising up from bottom branches, Hardwoods

Exhibit finest gifts in gallery showings
Contrasted with the near ninety degree ivory

Cliffs that lead upland to the Kentucky plateau
Those mountainous risings kiss both Virginia and

Old rocky top's legendary evergreen-ed hills
In life giving droplets of drink, high-lighted with

Prismatic arches in every hue carrying dreams
And golden hopes westward through that so ancient Gap

As the sun sets it fringes those cloud edgings bright red-
Orange, not unlike cherries tossed on a sundae

(Standing Eye to Eye with the Clouds in
Cumberland Gap, Tennessee ~ October 9,2007)

Debora Short

……Freedom's Dearest Treasures

Saturday dawn brings misty memories
Life-long friends are we, Jay and Joni, Les
And I, standing up for one another at
Our weddings now near thirty years ago
Today, our combined dear and gorgeous
Three, each too have become wonderful friends
Dawn takes us to that seemingly endless
Wall of polished granite, the kids at
First, quietly walking several yards out
In front, high-school-ers, now, too, cool to
Walk with us, slow-ly we read each inscribed
Name on that near endless polished wall
Carefully stepping over memorials
Old tattered love letters, yellow roses
Well loved, cherished teddy bears
And those deeply heart-felt infectious tears
Inscribed bravery, our nation’s blood
Iconic symbols of freedoms very love
Real crosses now carried in so many hearts
Reflecting tear-pools of our union’s soul
A family’s selfless and courageous gift
For a world in need of an ever-lasting
Peace, a great journey’s potent reminder
That quietly whispers love to the very
Deepest seats in each of our grateful souls

Debora Short

.-.-.911, A country Grounded

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The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

No contrails weaving
Ribbons through laced
Gentle skirts of
Those once sweet clouds

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Beginning sunny
Ending stained
In horror’s fear
Ashes blot on sun

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Tears reign
A nation’s knees
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Sends answers
Filled with spirit's love
Special souls now above

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An unnerving quiet

(Reflections Tears, Tennessee
~ September 10,2006)

Debora Short

...A Heart Haunted

for all children who live daily with violence

I shall always remember
that bloody ship and shore...

bobbing in that tarnished pail

Forever edgy in my mind
restless, pacing always...

Nostrils flaring,
battling that putrid affront...
that bloody thieving affront,

A smell of death...
death of an intrinsic trust.

(May 3,2005 ~ Bell's Island, North Carolina)

Debora Short

..-.A Heart-lined Journey.

Evidence of your loving heart
Springs awake
Touchstones of delicately
Translucent sunny yellows

Edge your ancient homestead
Dogwoods, peaches, crocus
Carefully heart-line a journey
Back to where your world once stood

Old roses now rabble upon a headstone
Your sweet little girl's final resting place
A crumbled barn near-by
Where Ol' Bossy was once stalled

Providing milk for the children
I can almost hear them
A lively bunch-singing out
…Tag your- it!

Fresh churned butter and home-baked bread
That sweet cream whipped up
Adorning Sunday's special
Blackberry cobbler treats

And I wonder
What became of you and your dear family?
How did these old hills come to claim
Your songs sprinkled in sunny love?

(Back-road Sojourns, Tennessee—March 20,2007)

Debora Short

..-.A Hiking into Abstract Growth

The under-painting reveals a lightly
Misted late afternoon baby blue sky

Perhaps taking up the top seventh of
This composition, olive meanders

Tinged sunny – green on distant Western
Cedar'd canopies, evergreen icons

Evidence of a much higher kind of
Peace, an ancient species cleaving pre-cambric

Nutrients to nourish precarious
Life, perched closely together, rooted

In steep layers of Valley's mountainous
Rock, providing shelter and song for

An interesting natively – born crew
Beddings of softest mosses give respite

Bobcats, possums, catbirds, cardinals and
Carolina Chickadees all cradled in

Sweetly swaying boughs of tender'd embrace
Colorful fungus adorns decaying

Hickory trees, heart and sapwood provides
Cellulose rations for termite's café

Felled horizontal curbs mark ancient
Well traveled hidden paths, a treaded

Multi - generational trek, gateways
To wide open sun - graced feeding hills

Inviting contemplation nurtures all,
Colorful artists, writers, readers, huge

Black bear, white – tailed fawns, yellow jackets
Occasional blue birds flit near thorny

Honey locust, tall violet thistle-d sold
-iers give energy to bumble bee's sky-

Dances, feathered sedges keeping beat, mellow breezes
Supporting hawk's purposeful departure

Crows swagger on overhangs shooting the breeze
Cawing bellicosely to whoever might

Listen, over painting of this precious

Cacophony features geometric

Light and sepia - shaded angulate
-d planes, criss -crossed fine antlered twigs

Now naked, deciduous and lichen
Festooned branches tidily sweeping heaven's

Edge, three distinct stronger trunks dominate
The foreground, a greater ancient, seeming

Wiser warrior envelopes trinities
 In and as one vine-laced covenant

(Mountaintop, Tennessee
December 13,2006)

Debora Short

.-..A Precocious November-ed Gray Sky

Sky a precocious November-ed
Gray, laced with threads of cadet blue

Dark billowed clouds angled half below
Majesty’s now, golden English Mountain

The rest billowing into the grayed heavens
Sheared weak thermal stratifications

Yet, an extraordinary touchable
String to Trinity’s atmospheric heart

Chestnut’s Hills dressed warmly in fall hues
Adorn her feet in shades of gold and red

Cedars’ sweetly scented evergreen presence
Connects head and heart to everlasting life

Delicate laced limbs reach high above
Revealing the occasional straggler

Now, a striking golden contrast against
A promised wintering grayed sky

Black walnut trees' citrus-y scented globes
Drop and hide amongst the scattered crackling leaves

Mr. Gambol’s crepe myrtles now neon-ed, brilliant
Orange like Love’s light - filled radiant face

Steep yellowed hills all so freshly cut
Earth’s bounty carefully squirreled away

Winters nourishment gathered with our
Most mortal hands while singing praise above

(Touching the Heavens, Tennessee
~ 24 October 2006)

Debora Short

.-..A Precocious Novembered Grey Sky

Sky a precocious November-ed
Gray, laced with threads of cadet blue

Dark billowed clouds angled half below
Majesty’s now, golden English Mountain

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(Touching the Heavens, Tennessee
~ 24 October 2006)

Debora Short

.-.-.A Stroll through the Log Home Show (sensual)

An ordinary show
In most respects
Exhibits all tidy
Many offering treats and
Chocolate tidbits

"Will you be building a log home, mam? "
We, No - Smoky Gray and I,
Are quizzed and repeatedly

One exhibitionist demonstrates the
Latest gizmo for eliminating leaves from rain gutters
And another, hawks sealants "guaran-tee-d"
To prevent damage
From carpenter bees
"Now, will you be using hand hewn logs or smooth? "
He questions
Had we considered,
The savings that using a
Quality "engineered' stack stone
May afford us
And
Another merchant quotes us his "best" price
For a huge moose head

Walking on,
My left hand cradled in No-Smokey's right
Suddenly
A young French man
Straight out of a steamy novel
Reaches out for my right
And begins
Messaging ever so sensate-ly
A silky cream
Thumbs gently circling in my palm
Explaining his creams had all the right ingredients
In that delicious French accent
Pure enchantment, I mumbled
No-Smoky (with eyes twinkling) ejaculates:
Guess that was better than another Milky Way

(Red Faced Smiles, Tennessee
October 30,2006)

Debora Short

...All Mountaintop Cousins

We have
Never met
In person,
Have we?
Then why is it
That my heart
Regards
Some
Of you
As virtual
And delightfully
Cherished and Gifted
Daughters and sons
Or as caring Great Aunts
Or cute but quirky old Uncles
Or mischievous
Little Brothers
Who I should rat out to dad but don't…

(Mountaintop Cottage
August 3,2006)

Debora Short

.-.-.An Orchestra's Scoreless Page

Old man fading,
A dusty,
Old quill, nearly silenced

His fingers, ink-stained sensations
Could really fiddle…
Flailing those poetic strings

Like whispers to the ages,
Now a soundless voice, on
An orchestra’s score-less page.

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
~July 12,2006)
~published 2007: The Emancipator LMU Literary Journal

Debora Short

...And You Strayed into My Heart

And you strayed
Into
My heart

And I read
A genre
Of strength
Of passion
Of fidelity

Devotion
Of heart
Nourishing
Intensity

A
Soul – gift
Of dearest
Love

(The Mountaintop, Tennessee
December 15,2006)

Debora Short

...Conchs

Facing due east, Conch shells line the porch rails
As if they were amulets guarding my soul

From the magical charms of English Mount
Her hills quiet for the present, green and still

Multi-hued a rainbow sparkles left
A river of milk-y clouds fill hollows

Grapevine, Shropshire, Muddy, Indian Creek-all
A tiny iridescent bluebird flits

To the taller cedar beyond their watch
My eye lures to its pensive inspection

A cardinal darts from one of the
Heart -shaped leaves of the pod-ing red bud

To the right of their line of guard grey
Doves doze a few feet from a well hidden

Nest, a hawk casts an angled eerie
Mammoth shadow setting off a chorus

Of crow and songbird protest as if they were
Yard-dogs warden –ing for a beloved

Child as the darkening cedars forewarn
Tiny bush pilots to sing it away

(May 28,2009)

Debora Short

.-.-.Cumberland Gap imagery

Amalgam and surreal silver fusions
Flow between two ancient peaks, blinding visions

Setting sun’s angled brilliance showcasing
Norris Lake’s halo-ed magnificence

Distant layers of tonal blue – violet
Soaring smoke-y hills and mountains delight

The sky a waning clear winter-ed blue
Contrails weave their icy patterned plaids

Wispy white apparitions of other’s down
Seeing visions from east, west, north and south

Fluffy frump – l’d original gifts
Heaven-d kilts warm imaginations

Pristine golden pastures flank the roadside
Encircled in deciduous umber-

‘d lace, evergreen hemlocks and cedars grace
Dotted cantilevered black - painted

Dairy barns dressed in Pennsylvania
Dutch quilted icons and topped mossy

Green, cows graze in bucolic peace
Fieldstone chimneys sweetly send rising thanks

(F-150 Road-travel, Tennessee
December 6,2006)

Debora Short

...Diagnosis: Everlasting Love

First let me say,
Thank You
For being
You've been
Such
A powerful presence
In our lives
Always there for us
I want you to know
We love you
So very dearly
We still need you
More than we,
Our-selves can define
Just how does one define such
Powerful affairs of the heart
We want to take care of you
Please do…. let us…
We need your presence
Your smile, your hugs
Your big blue eyes
We need to hold your hands
And feel your heart
And we need You to hold
Our hands and hearts…

Debora Short

.-.-.Dulcimer Psalmody

An earthly intone graced with Spirit's Songs
A guiding goodness gently leading souls

With most enchanted ears to greener life
And steeper royal hills adorned in bands

Of His morning light, translucencies heart
Songs of mourn-full farewells, a leading peace

Cornerstones of love built with hands of faith
Strumming safe passage to glassy blue seas

As promise-d, Jordan's shore storms no more
Uplifting saplings to taller sky spaces

Indigenous mountaintop hardwoods, gifts
Of curly maple ~ shapely hourglass frames

Resonating loves humble thanksgiving
On frets set in black walnut songs of praise

Vows so sweet, so dear, so bountifully
Graced, a communities path to Home

Challenging those who find themselves with Him
At that well to recite His joy-filled song

While treading upward paths sweetly scented
Rose seeds newly watered sprigs of true life

Each treasured lone tree with roots growing deeply
Sings songs, bathe-d in His un-ending love

Dulcimers earthly hymn of higher hearts
Tenders gifts rising up in melody

(Rocking and Strumming on the Mountaintop, Tennessee
October 11,2006)

Debora Short

.-.-.Fabled Calm

Yesterday, when I was angry
With the world
And made you cry…

I went and climbed
That sanctified hill
Where our new dreams should begin…
And I found that fabled calm

Where the bluebirds come
And twitter
In that smaller thorn tree…

The one that looks
As if it was the one …
Where they made His
Crown of thorns…

Standing at the kitchen window
Our evening meal…complete
We quietly watched
That doe wander down
To feed on that newly greened grass

I wondered if you followed
Me back up to that sacred space...
Would those bluebirds return?

April 10,2006 ~
Mountaintop, Tennessee

published:
www.abovegroundtesting.com July 2006

Debora Short

...Flying in Style

Unusual and yet so ordinary
Nearly
Every household owns one

Some are angled and synthetic
Crumbs in corners
Collected completely and simply

Some jobs require designs
For cleaning out yesterday's ashes
Proclaiming dust will be so greatly diminished

And then there are those
Handcrafted beauties
Displayed
At regional craft fairs

I watched the broom-maker
Create one
Physically challenged
And wheel chair bound
He created
Artistry
From gnarled and well knotted limbs
Selecting
From straws
Many hued
Intricate
Weavings
In colored cotton
Signed his creations

Each broom
Tagged
With magic

Long lines
Waited

Mostly
Ladies in dark pointed hats
Hoping
To
Test drive
These lovely new luxury models

(Flying in Style, Tennessee
Halloween Eve,2006)

Debora Short

.-..Freedom's Dearest Treasure

Saturday dawn brings misty memories
Life-long friends are we, Jay and Joni, Les
And I, standing up for one another at
Our weddings now near thirty years ago
Today, our combined dear and gorgeous
Three, each too have become wonderful friends
Dawn takes us to that seemingly endless
Wall of polished granite, the kids at
First, quietly walking several yards out
In front, high-school-ers, now, too, cool to
Walk with us, slow-ly we read each inscribed
Name on that near endless polished wall
Carefully stepping over memorials
Old tattered love letters, yellow roses
Well loved, cherished teddy bears
And those deeply heart-felt infectious tears
Inscribed bravery, our nation’s blood
Iconic symbols of freedoms very love
Real crosses now carried in so many hearts
Reflecting tear-pools of our union’s soul
A family’s selfless and courageous gift
For a world in need of an ever-lasting
Peace, a great journey’s potent reminder
That quietly whispers love to the very
Deepest seats in each of our grateful souls

(Freedoms Treasured Memory, Tennessee
~ 9 September,2006)

(Note:
Thank You for reading my poem, 'Freedoms Dearest Treasures.'
The poem's setting is located within a memorial garden in Washington DC. The Garden honors our nations fallen heros, those Veterans who have gone to fight evil in the name freedom.')

Debora Short

.-.-.Harvest's Invitation

Eyes, sparkling and fully engaged
Witnessing both the food
And the product
Winds blowing cedars scent
Oh, those so many branched places
That call and process
Words
Words that eye both
In mind
On paper
On forest
On those sweet Tennessee warblers
On that hawk that rests
On those power lines out front
On lovely fall wildflowers
On multi-hued maple leaves
On Joe ~ Pye Weeds and Goldenrod
And
On those last morsels
Of Summers Queen Anne Lace
Eyes of full intent
That harvest
In a blessed thanksgiving
All these offerings
Fond gifts of time
A Seasonal habit
Offering colors, last bits
Of summer’s very warmth
Sequels eternal replay
Engaged in spotlights eye
Bringing all to
Harvests’ so bountiful table

(Mountaintop Gifts, Tennessee
~ 14 September,2006)

Debora Short

.-.-.I'll Start Out with a Fine Chablis

I'd be honored to sit
With y'all
I'll start out with a fine chablis
Civil-ed Spirits
Are so very important
Don't You agree?

Kindly, make mine
A cheese
and
Shrimp, dear sir
I do love those
G.R.I.T.S.casseroles
Yes sir, a side of conch salad
Would be lovely and
As would
A teeny slice of your mothers lovely
Sweet potato bread
And tall glass of unsweet tea
Please, dear
and Thank you

Now down business
Gratuitous you say?
I beg to differ, dear! ! !
Have you forgotten D-Day?

Note:
'In case we find ourselves starting to believe
all the anti-American sentiment and negativity,
we should remember England 's Prime Minister
Tony Blair's words during a recent interview.
When asked by one of his Parliament members
why he believes so much in America, he said:

'A simple way to take measure of a country
is to look at how many want in... And how many want out.'

Only two defining forces have ever offered to die for you:

1. Jesus Christ

2. The American G. I.

Debora Short

...Kisses of Peace

Rising pasture as if viewed from angel flight
A mind-blowing beautiful East West imagery

The central topography high up on the hill
To left and east amazing views, hard wood forests

Mature soaring and stately red maples, buckeyes
Black cherries, silver-bells, pignuts, red oaks, hemlocks

Several hundred feet below a snaking Powell
River gurgles pristine over to Norris Lake

Monumental Cumberland Mountain Chains in full
View, just over those peaks views of old Kentucky

The peninsular surrounded in Tennessee
Valley Authority's glistening assignment

Remote, isolated, secluded and gorgeous
Multicolored green quilts lay far out beyond

Revealing one gray and weathered century old barn
A distant farmhouse's chimney sends out kisses of peace

Amazing graces to our country's history, Indians
Of past hunted noble buffalo and became

Cast away savages sent away from sacred lands
Fortune seeking immigrants slowly worked bands

Of great covered wagon teams in Westward dreams
An animation filled in spirit and courage

Sometimes catalogued property of Kentucky
Both Grant and Lee captured the Cumberland Gap

Prized the ability to see great distances
Into wilderness, both raw pain and grand beauty

Intermingle in ancient earth, a warriors' path,
A settler's hopeful promise, a rich hunting ground,

A perilous place of adventure, a Union's grace
All steeped in an awe inspiring beauty

(Hoping and Praying for this place in Tennessee
December 29,2006)

Debora Short

.-.-.Oaked-ed Soul

Voiceless wings, rising dreams
Sounds unknown
Yet, planted and nurtured
Already, Subliminal
Thought’s conversation
A love, within - discovered
A hint from an explorer’s
Heart
A desire to unburden
If only in small ways
Thought’s intoxicated
Interpretations of heart’s
Empowerment
Newly recognized, an acknowledgement
Exposed growth rings of an oaken-end soul
Begging attendance and
Courage’s fitness and focus's countenance
A re-charting of directions
Calling for
This body to make a difference
To dispense
Doses of hope
And dignity
In this so very
Rural old world

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
~ August 30,2006)

Debora Short

...Roaring Sanctuaries

It
was during the reign
Of
Letters
And
Words
That those two
Alpha lions
Learned
They
Were
Connected in states of truest grace
By way of the Sun
In heat and light
Their radiance,
Brilliantly
Danced
Into
Purest souls
Yet they
Danced
In circles
Rarely
Acknowledging
One another
Nonetheless
Their
Growing
Light of truest respect
Glimmered
In
Their
Distant
Souls

(Roaring Sanctuaries, Tennessee
December 30,2006)

Debora Short

...Spinning Wind

Oh whom do you spin for spinning wind
In that pearl-ied-violet sky, do

You spin in candid play amusing
Those finely- drawn lemon- lime leaves?

A lovely compliment sketched
Subtle lines and colored inks

Hand and eye carefully re-
Constructing their dichotomous

Grace, do you spin soft humid streams
Honeysuckle-d charisma

To delight and inebriate
Those newly emerged white pea

Petals or do you seek to bounce
At knee newly fledged fauna

In the sycamore trees, Oh whom
Do you spin for spinning wind do

You simply tango in rhythm
With heady-scented wild rose, un-

Tamed sister soul, delicious
Filled blossoms waving with good cheers

Oh whom do you spin for spinning wind?

(Cumberland Gap, June 7,2008)

Debora Short

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(Cumberland Gap, June 7,2008)

Debora Short

...Sweetly in Their Embrace

Glisten-ning reflections of early spring's love
Mirrors dream-y sky's tadpoles dancing above
Speckled fair - haired crocus line dew-pond's edge
Starry young green eyes gaze up in delight
Attentive blue devotion reaches heart
Strong fingers entwine love's laced white gloves
Light feet step, one step left and turn and twirl
Petal-ed gowns breeze sweetly in their embrace
Coat-tails virile a handsome prince-presence
Delight-fully encircle God-given-ed graces

(Under the Twinkling Stars, Tennessee
August 15,2006)

Debora Short

.-.-.The Essense of Us

Wrapped in soft
Caribbean seas,
Linen, lace and pearls

I am I

Soft gray flannels
Sky blue jeans
And a brave-heart

He is he

Debora Short

...The Meltdown

You saw her once
In colorless kimonos
And again
In agricultural greens
But did you really ever understand her?

Sauntering
Into that tiny crevice
Prismatic
Rainbows once
Glowed pristinely in the horizon

All
Perceived colors
Red, yellow, orange
Violet, blue, and green
Arc-ed ethereally

A spectrum
Where long waves
To the right
Serenade and sooth
Harried souls

To left
Rapidly cast
Short waves
Marking forces
Of ancient darkness

In time and space
She walks
Her shadows
Exist concretely in history
Chameleons' very energy

You saw her once
In colorless kimonos
And again
In agricultural greens
But did you really ever understand her?

(Contextual Electromagnetic Waves
in Contemplation, Tennessee, April 12,2007)

Debora Short

...Trolls

Some-times…
The poetry trolls
Nip at my feet

Other times…
They pucker-up
And kiss them…

June 2006
~ Mountaintop Cottage, Tn.

Debora Short

...Tuesday Morning (edited)

Cloister-ed corporate commuters
Squeezed in noxious rows
And encased in tubular steel
A clan's compulsion
Just streaking underground
All privately yearning
To fly-out
To nest
On stronger shoulders
Flocked in winter's softer wool
As if they were
Moths encircling
That security light
Outside
My mountaintop back-door

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
~ August 29,2006)

Debora Short

.-.-.When I Close My Eyes (sensual)

Allowing the tinkling
Romance to dance
Ethereally into eternity

His
Fingers floating,
Caressing spells
Across those ancient ivories
With the inspiration of Chopin

My mood no longer
Entrenched in worldly
Black
And white
Realities

Only
Gentleness
Tickling my soul
Royal peacock feathers
Flirting
And
Charming
In fullest delight

Sipping
Champagne's
Sweetest bouquet
Inebriating
Lover's paired - hearts

A shower
Of purest
White
Rose petal'd
Messages
Ensue
The dancer's
Embrace
Chased
Into magically
Mystical
Ecstasy …

(The Mountaintop Cabin
December 14,2006)

Debora Short

.-.A Precocious November-ed Gray Sky

Sky a precocious November-ed
Gray, laced with threads of cadet blue

Dark billowed clouds angled half below
Majesty’s now, golden English Mountain

The rest billowing into the grayed heavens
Sheared weak thermal stratifications

Yet, an extraordinary touchable
String to Trinity’s atmospheric heart

Chestnut’s Hills dressed warmly in fall hues
Adorn her feet in shades of gold and red

Cedars’ sweetly scented evergreen presence
Connects head and heart to everlasting life

Delicate laced limbs reach high above
Revealing the occasional straggler

Now, a striking golden contrast against
A promised wintering grayed sky

Black walnut trees' citrus-y scented globes
Drop and hide amongst the scattered crackling leaves

Mr. Gambol’s crepe myrtles now neon-ed, brilliant
Orange like Love’s light - filled radiant face

Steep yellowed hills all so freshly cut
Earth’s bounty carefully squirreled away

Winters nourishment gathered with our
Most mortal hands while singing praise above

(Touching the Heavens, Tennessee
~ 24 October 2006)

Debora Short

..A Precocious November-ed Gray Sky (couplets)

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~ 24 October 2006)

Debora Short

.-.And You Strayed into My Heart

And you strayed
Into
My heart

And I read
A genre
Of strength
Of passion
Of fidelity

Devotion
Of heart
Nourishing
Intensity

A
Soul – gift
Of dearest
Love

(The Mountaintop, Tennessee
December 15,2006)

Debora Short

.-.-Cherries Tossed on a Sundae

Giant atmospheric nebulous crests gently roll
as if they were foamy white summer seashore gifts

Softly whipped toppings coating autumn's fall fare
Quietly, washing down the delectable delights

The Cumberland escarpment adorned in red
Sumac, rising up from bottom branches, Hardwoods

Exhibit finest gifts in gallery showings
Contrasted with the near ninety degree ivory

Cliffs that lead upland to the Kentucky plateau
Those mountainous risings kiss both Virginia and

Old rocky top's legendary evergreen-ed hills
In life giving droplets of drink, high-lighted with

Prismatic arches in every hue carrying dreams
And golden hopes westward through that so ancient Gap

As the sun sets it fringes those cloud edgings bright red-
Orange, not unlike cherries tossed on a sundae

(Standing Eye to Eye with the Clouds in
Cumberland Gap, Tennessee ~ October 9,2007)

Debora Short

.-.Dulcimer Psalmody

An earthly intone graced with Spirit's Songs
A guiding goodness gently leading souls

With most enchanted ears to greener life
And steeper royal hills adorned in bands

Of His morning light, translucencies heart
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(Rocking and Strumming on the Mountaintop, Tennessee
October 11,2006)

Debora Short

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A settler's hopeful promise, a rich hunting ground,

A perilous place of adventure, a Union's grace
All steeped in an awe inspiring beauty

(Hoping and Praying for this place in Tennessee
December 29,2006)

Debora Short

.-.Love Bathed in Red Tea-d Skies

Offering bits of life to the nearly
Dead, a love bathed in red tea-d skies
An office of tremendous importance
Deserts on foot battling heat and soul's thirst
Oasis's flange- d palms and dates wave in dusk
Now, silhouetted people-d forms masked grey
Neither, black or white, journey's midpoint
Just an indeterminate nation state
A-waiting, Love's merciful tenderness

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
~ September 8,2006)

Debora Short

.-.Water, Steam, and Ice

I am the contrails in the sky
Transporting your love to my heart-felt joy

I am those rolling white riffles splashing
Across those ancient glistening granite rocks

I am the warm tingling steaming massage
Sensate-ly refreshing your tired soul

I am that energizing frozen cube
That cools that sweet tea you sip on our porch

I am the main ingredient carrying
Life-giving nutrients to your keen mind

I am the visible steam rising up
That prepares your scrumptious wild rice tonight

I am those fluffy white clouds high above
That sponge down the dust into the earth

I am that which keeps your Force Five afloat
So you can sail on to your newer dreams

I am your frozen-ed winter delight
Magical crystals spun during the night

I am that drink your ravenous soul desires
Sprinkled grace, His most dear promise-d gift

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
October 2,2006)

Debora Short

.-.-You and I

(know that they loved you)

Our history closely
Mirrors the shape of our clay
Both, reclusive and introverts
Each secreted in distant and
Separate island sanctuary

You ditched out before me
Or maybe I did, before you…
No matter, we rarely venture back
As if our hearts were ex-patriots of city-self
Besides, they believed we had found paradise

But, did they not direct our paths?
I know they were our glue
They too, were reclusive and, still
We loved them beyond belief
Yet, they also, lived apart…

(Hugging-Cedars Island, Tennessee
July 17,2006)

Debora Short

.~*. The Tilling Under

Once thick stalked
Near 7 feet
Deep green
With a light
Filled harvest moon face
Fringed tendril
Encircled
Your radiant smile
Reaching out
Warming
Gardened hearts
Now
Glum
Appears
Your
Face searching the earth
Wondering,
It seems,
If your
Once strong
Hard-bodied
Essence will
Nourish
The essence
Of light and love

(Winter Sunflower, Tennessee
December 29,2006)

Debora Short

.9/11 ~ A Country Grounded

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

No contrails weaving
Ribbons through laced
Gentle skirts of
Those once sweet clouds

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

Beginning sunny
Ending stained
In horror’s fear
Ashes blot on sun

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

Tears reign
A nation’s knees
In prayers
Sent rising up

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

A reverence
Unfolds throughout
This land of love
Such powerful hearts

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

Singing songs
To courageous
Souls ~ treasured
And much beloved

Quiet
The Quiet

So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

The day
Of tears
A ground-ing filled with
Amazing acts of love

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

Quiet
Sends answers
Filled with spirit's love
Special souls now above

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

(Reflections Tears, Tennessee
~ September 10,2006)

Debora Short

.And You Strayed into My Heart

And you strayed
Into
My heart

And I read
A genre
Of strength
Of passion
Of fidelity

Devotion
Of heart
Nourishing
Intensity

A
Soul – gift
Of dearest
Love

(The Mountaintop, Tennessee
December 15,2006)

Debora Short

.-Curling Respires

Wispy calligraphy draws me into
The wintered blue that eyes and so lightly

Veils her shoulders in fine–twigged taupe lace
Fair weathers bop softly near southern skies

Drawn out curly-breaths send life to her clay
As if His chubby cheeks were blowing song

Ethereal devotions to concept
Ancient voyeur for many new quill-ed

Ones, their delicate nests now expose-d
Engineer-ings unique to their authors

Transitory weavings for feathered
Nurseries- playpens of precious plume-d

Three circle and play in her afternoon streams
Gliding peacefully in rays of salience

At a distance, leaves impersonate
Bouncing about on boughs like tiny mocking-

Birds in dappled light, obscured treasures
Dangling withered and dry high aloft

Soon to be gently sent floating to her
Soft moss-ed-beds of fragrant red cypress

Commingling whiffs trail in from heavens hearth
Warming contemplative lures to His love

(English Mountain, Tennessee
November 13,2006)

Debora Short

.Curling Respires (couplets)

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Warming contemplative lures to His love

Debora Short

.From the Mist

That mystical flute
Gives
Life songs
A measured
Bearing
A soft treading
Along
Revelation’s path
For so long
Only vision-ed
In myopic mists

(Touching Dreams, Tennessee
December 29,2006)

Debora Short

-.-mortal Goodbyes

For: Dad, Jack & Pete

Red-plaid flannel
Hangs meaningless
On the hook

Waiting silently

For

Your soft laugh
To slip
In my back-door

May 5,2006 ~
Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee

Debora Short

-.-New Sky Smiles

Asleep, laughter sub-sides
Awaiting rains
Now water continence's face
And winds begin
Their scheduled fly-in
A storm release-d
From thunder's
Ugly spitting
Each bit of anger
Speeding away
On zigged spears of love
Striking at its very breath
Deep within its place of hiding
Another new sky smiles
Arising again,
To dance
All day
In pearl-ie
Dress whites
Billowing spirits
Of goodness's battles

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
~September 7,2006)

Debora Short

.Nurtured in Peace (couplets)

The meadow nourished in softest
Sedges scattered amid violet milk weeds

Incredible flowered attractions
Hosting dainty butterflies, moths and bees

Each patrol finding warm sunny skie-s
Perfumed bliss softly summoning in

These many tiny witnesses for life
And too, sentinels diligently shield

Safe-guarding a precious new beginning
The fawn a tawny velvet-coated gift

Sheltered by loving aunts, sisters and
Mum over near the cedars, sedge and sun

She watches me in curiosity
Now a gawky yet cute adolescent

Quietly nibbling crabapples not far from
My sacred space on this prayer-filled morn

Debora Short

.Perhaps at the Next Epoch, Old Timer

Galloping Time
Races dreams
Sending clouds
Veiling hopes
But
Time
Now caught unaware
Finds self
Bound and lassoed
Lessons, Time, itself taught
Dreams' rider
Aces another capture
See you at the next
Stretch, old Timer
Sings Dream
As she sails
Away to newer thrills

Debora Short

.Sacred Kisses (couplets)

Early morning mists envelop and swirl
Beneath Smokey’s English topography

By day, she sports a stylish new fall coat
Angled vertical ripples in sepia

With textured points of cedar-ed green
Contrasting veins of rust invading her

Lofty domain now halo-ed in fiery
Magenta - fused cyan and yellows

Printing hallowed images in my
Photographic lifetime-d memories

Arising to this early morn’s sacred kiss
With morning’s peace cupped in steaming

Tea, quietly waking my sleepy space
Wrapped in sixty watt electric lights

Serenity affording sweet silence
A gift sent so I might read in His stillness

Debora Short

.Sandy Toes Tickled Warm or Home’s True Heart (Couplets)

Sands of time, sands of home, and sands of love
Sing such lovely songs to my well traveled

Sandy toes tickled warm Caribbean
Home –d and splashed with turquoise’s good sun

Foamy dances and lacey curls make public
Delicate beauty’s shells ~ bits of sea glass

Drifting barnacled treasures from above
Collected places, grains distance-d walked

Haulover, Melbourne, Sebastian, Peconic
Sanded estuaries, oceans and bays

Eternal tiny groundings filtering
Paths of His light, His times, home’s true heart

(Sweeping Memories, Tennessee
October 27,2006)

Debora Short

-.-Sweetly in Their Embrace

Glisten-ning reflections of early spring’s love
Mirrors dream-y sky’s tadpoles dancing above
Speckled fair - haired crocus line dew-pond’s edge
Starry young green eyes gaze up in delight
Attentive blue devotion reaches heart
Strong fingers entwine love’s laced white gloves
Light feet step, one step left and turn and twirl
Petal-ed gowns breeze sweetly in their embrace
Coat-tails virile a handsome prince-presence
Delight-fully encircle God-given-ed graces

(Under the Twinkling Stars, Tennessee
August 15,2006)

Debora Short

.The Gift

Gaze
 Into my soul
Gaze
 Into my spirit
Gaze
 Into my heart
Gaze
 Into my world

See
My inner strength
See
My independent essence
See
My wonderful love
See
My beauty that entrances

Feel
The miraculous heart-felt hugs
Feel
The power of emancipation
Feel
The astounding devotion
Feel
The magnificence

Be
Filled in the present
Be
Filled with the Joy
Be
Filled with an interior love
Be
Filled with the gift of life

(Peace Mountain, Tennessee
Friday, December 29,2006)

Debora Short

.The Hills I Now Dance Upon

Decades faded
Remembering
Old school
Mates,
With whom
I had spent
So much time
But who never
Really knew me
The old neighborhoods,
That taught me
To sail away on
Skate boards
While holding on
To billowing
White sheets
As
Those summer storms
Approached
And
How to fly away
On
The highest kite
Or
To design
Private worlds
Reading
Robinson Crusoe
A favorite aunt,
Much beloved
Who sometimes
Wore her sunglasses
In the dark
A generous grandmother
Who always
Saw my needs
Because she
Herself
Had walked
Eons ago in
Shoes not unlike
My own
My lab partners
Always the perfect
Second calls
And
Wonderful mentors,
Like dear old Dr. Bach
Whose grace irrigated
Hopes …his were
So sadly
Left over

In the Fall of Saigon
But
He never fail-ed
In his care, and
Continually,
Coached me
To reach
A bit higher
Bringing
Belief in self
A wonderful
Salesman
Was he
Selling
Goals beyond
The plates
Filled with day
Old scraps
Of lifetimes
Presented
By
Worldly lamenters
Who constantly
Whispered
In our ear
Faded dirty
Hand–me-downs
Tagged with
Ragged beliefs
That it was ok to
Look the other way
Waging
Ideas of old
Those were never
Good
For me
Let alone
Any small soul
I wonder,
What
Happened
To each of them
And, too
Are they
Aware
Of how they
Shaped the
Hills I now
Dance upon?

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
August 1,2006)

Debora Short

-.-The Watering Can

And, what of those
Petunias gracing
Your new deck
Would they not die
If your hand
Did not carry
His water to
Feed their beauty

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
August 3,2006)

Debora Short

.The Weeder

She came out to tend her
Sweetly poetic garden
When I close my eyes
I find they each strayed

Into my so hungry heart
At sunrise they endeared
Their golden bows and ties
Along those one hundred

Thirty three lines and rows
Some arranged in lines of
Five, then seven and five
Again, her personal

Sacred space, a haiku
Apostololic history
With truest natural
Leanings, linear love feasts

Then, were those half dozen
Or so double lined
Groupings each nestled
Two by two, holding hands

A romance linked in
A never-ending embrace
Couples that destiny sent
For vine-d passion-d

Tasty fruits that sing in
Harmony's sweetest daily
Verse, all in the key of
Alleluia for Him

(A Bright New Day, Tennessee
December 26,2006)

Debora Short

.To the Woodshed with You

Oh those naughty
Dippy Duck bills and
Baby bopper roos
Mischievous
Little ones
How is it
That you do not
Know
We walk as one
Together we hold
Each others hands
For freedom’s sweet breathe
Just
Irreverent
And disrespectful
Brats you be
Chattering
Nonsense
While
Your
Uncles,
Fathers and brothers
Walk the walk
With those
Mournful
Bagpipers
And grace-filled
Twin candles
Still dripping
Freedoms very love

(12 September,2006)

Debora Short

.Winter’s Snow

With piercing death
Unending woe hotly wails its
Song to Justice’s all hearing ears
Sending winter’s untainted gift
Gently bleaching all bright
Mercifully dusting
Augusts’ fiery abode
In purest translucencies
Of cooling white
Love’s extraordinary comforter
Softly encasing
Domicile’s sorrow
Exposing only
His footprints leading
His beloved
To those most healing heavens

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
~ 31 August 2006)

Debora Short

~*~The Tilling Under

Once thick stalked
Near 7 feet
Deep green
With a light
Filled harvest moon face
Fringed tendril
Encircled
Your radiant smile
Reaching out
Warming
Gardened hearts
Now
Glum
Appears
Your
Face searching the earth
Wondering,
It seems,
If your
Once strong
Hard-bodied
Essence will
Nourish
The essence
Of light and love

(Winter Sunflower, Tennessee
December 29,2006)

Debora Short

~.~ Seven Forty Seven-ed Ponds

Incidental footprints of your journey
Mirrored olives, blues and strings of white
So many caught in busied travel delight
Olive-d peace in reflection-ed stills
Perfect illusions highlighted - capture
Your wanderings digitized ripples
Pastoral beauty applied to canvas
Floating above, sipping spirits refreshment
Cotton candied lateral landscapes flow
Contrails significant in their passing
Destinations unique for silver
Winged tube's residential occupants
Mornings early shore prints reveal hoof prints
Over near the cattails a young deer drinks
In your journey… quenching a long nights thirst

(Mountaintop Pond, Tennessee
October 27,2006)

Debora Short

~~~Curling Respires~~~

Wispy calligraphy draws me into
The wintered blue that eyes and so lightly

Veils her shoulders in fine–twigged taupe lace
Fair weathers bop softly near southern skies

Drawn out curly-breaths send life to her clay
As if His chubby cheeks were blowing song

Ethereal devotions to concept
Ancient voyeur for many new quill-ed

Ones, their delicate nests now expose-d
Engineer-ings unique to their authors

Transitory weavings for feathered
Nurseries- playpens of precious plume-d

Three circle and play in her afternoon streams
Gliding peacefully in rays of salience

At a distance, leaves impersonate
Bouncing about on boughs like tiny mocking-

Birds in dappled light, obscured treasures
Dangling withered and dry high aloft

Soon to be gently sent floating to her
Soft moss-ed-beds of fragrant red cypress

Commingling whiffs trail in from heavens hearth
Warming contemplative lures to His love

(English Mountain, Tennessee
November 13,2006)

Debora Short

~~Cherries Tossed on a Sundae~~

Giant atmospheric nebulous crests gently roll
as if they were foamy white summer seashore gifts

Softly whipped toppings coating autumn's fall fare
Quietly, washing down the delectable delights

The Cumberland escarpment adorned in red
Sumac, rising up from bottom branches, Hardwoods

Exhibit finest gifts in gallery showings
Contrasted with the near ninety degree ivory

Cliffs that lead upland to the Kentucky plateau
Those mountainous risings kiss both Virginia and

Old rocky top's legendary evergreen-ed hills
In life giving droplets of drink, high-lighted with

Prismatic arches in every hue carrying dreams
And golden hopes westward through that so ancient Gap

As the sun sets it fringes those cloud edgings bright red-
Orange, not unlike cherries tossed on a sundae

(Standing Eye to Eye with the Clouds in
Cumberland Gap, Tennessee ~ October 9,2007)

Debora Short

101 values for oners or Fashioned Masks of Ignoble Inks

One- r consider…

Most ghost writers
Often
Intrigue
Even captivate

Their penned cloaks
Mysterious
Yet
Steeped in
Celebrated integrity

One-r,
Kindly remove
Your cloak
Of anonymity

It, serves you not
There is no integrity
Sewn in its hems

Honor
Has timeless value
It is not a fast kick

Honest, intelligent
Courage
Gets respect

It is embroidered
With a fine hand
And precious threads

A mask that
Is fashioned in
Toxic, ignoble inks

Simply stinks!

Debora Short

3 A.M. and Its Only the Great Wall of China That Still Needs to be Climbed

Awake, catching up on never-ending homely
Tasks, struggling with those late arriving Stafford forms

Short-falling school budgets and that long list of chores
Towels still in dryer that need to be folded

Dinner dishes that must be washed and put up
A fussy old chocolate lab who whines at the back

Door, those steep old wooden steps slick with black ice
A child who inherited wander-lust who dreams

Of exploring Easter Island, Galapagos
The greens of Ireland, his heritage from Scotland

The charm of the dream I suppose, overrides his mom's
Ruling, no travel to terrorist-plagued na-

Tions, wondering if, perhaps one of those great old
Chilean Fathers might consent to be emergen-

-cy contact, then there is that question asked of
Me, "Do you have any pre-existing commitments that

May interfere with your chosen course of study? " A
Smile appears on my mid-century well lined mom- face

Only the Great Wall of China that still needs to
Be climbed, and that book I purchased today

(One Size Fits All, Tennessee
December 28,2006)

Debora Short

9/11 A Country Grounded

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

No contrails weaving
Ribbons through laced
Gentle skirts of
Those once sweet clouds

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

Beginning sunny
Ending stained
In horror’s fear
Ashes blot on sun

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

Tears reign
A nation’s knees
In prayers
Sent rising up

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

A reverence
Unfolds throughout
This land of love
Such powerful hearts

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

Singing songs
To courageous
Souls ~ treasured
And much beloved

Quiet

The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

The day
Of tears
A ground-ing filled with
Amazing acts of love

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

Quiet
Sends answers
Filled with spirit’s love
Special souls now above

Quiet
The Quiet
So hauntingly, quiet
An unnerving quiet

(Reflections Tears, Tennessee
~ September 10,2006)

Debora Short

A dedication for Tom, YOU and I

(dedicated for Tom D.O.D. - January 30,2009)

(know that they loved you)

Our history closely
Mirrors the shape of our clay
Both, reclusive and introverts
Each secreted in distant and
Separate island sanctuary

You ditched out before me
Or maybe I did, before you…
No matter, we rarely venture back
As if our hearts were ex-patriots of city-self
Besides, they believed we had found paradise

But, did they not direct our paths?
I know they were our glue
They too, were reclusive and, still
We loved them beyond belief
Yet, they also, lived apart…

(Hugging-Cedars Island, Tennessee
July 17,2006)

Debora Short

A Heart-lined Journey (In Honor of Mother's Day)

Evidence of your loving heart
Springs awake
Touchstones of delicately
Translucent sunny yellows

Edge your ancient homestead
Dogwoods, peaches, crocus
Carefully heart-line a journey
Back to where your world once stood

Old roses now rabble upon a headstone
Your sweet little girl’s final resting place
A crumbled barn near-by
Where Ol’ Bossy was once stalled

Providing milk for the children
I can almost hear them
A lively bunch-singing out
…Tag your- it!

Fresh churned butter and home-baked bread
That sweet cream whipped up
Adorning Sunday’s special
Blackberry cobbler treats

And I wonder
What became of you and your dear family?
How did these old hills come to claim
Your songs sprinkled in sunny love?

(Back-road Sojourns, Tennessee—March 20,2007)

Debora Short

A Hiking into Abstract Growth (couplets)

The under-painting reveals a lightly
Misted late afternoon baby blue sky

Perhaps taking up the top seventh of
This composition, olive meanders

Tinged sunny – green on distant Western
Cedar'd canopies, evergreen icons

Evidence of a much higher kind of
Peace, an ancient species cleaving pre-cambric

Nutrients to nourish precarious
Life, perched closely together, rooted

In steep layers of Valley's mountainous
Rock, providing shelter and song for

An interesting natively – born crew
Beddings of softest mosses give respite

Bobcats, possums, catbirds, cardinals and
Carolina Chickadees all cradled in

Sweetly swaying boughs of tender'd embrace
Colorful fungus adorns decaying

Hickory trees, heart and sapwood provides
Cellulose rations for termite's café

Felled horizontal curbs mark ancient
Well traveled hidden paths, a treaded

Multi - generational trek, gateways
To wide open sun - graced feeding hills

Inviting contemplation nurtures all,
Colorful artists, writers, readers, huge

Black bear, white – tailed fawns, yellow jackets
Occasional blue birds flit near thorny

Honey locust, tall violet thistle-d sold
-iers give energy to bumble bee's sky-

Dances, feathered sedges keeping beat, mellow breezes
Supporting hawk's purposeful departure

Crows swagger on overhangs shooting the breeze
Cawing bellicosely to whoever might

Listen, over painting of this precious

Cacophony features geometric

Light and sepia - shaded angulate
-d planes, criss -crossed fine antlered twigs

Now naked, deciduous and lichen
Festooned branches tidily sweeping heaven’s

Edge, three distinct stronger trunks dominate
The foreground, a greater ancient, seeming

Wiser warrior envelopes trinities
 In and as one vine-laced covenant

(Mountaintop, Tennessee
December 13,2006)

Debora Short

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(Mountaintop, Tennessee
December 13,2006)

Debora Short

A Precocious November-ed Gray Sky (couplets)

Sky a precocious November-ed
Gray, laced with threads of cadet blue

Dark billowed clouds angled half below
Majesty’s now, golden English Mountain

The rest billowing into the grayed heavens
Sheared weak thermal stratifications

Yet, an extraordinary touchable
String to Trinity’s atmospheric heart

Chestnut’s Hills dressed warmly in fall hues
Adorn her feet in shades of gold and red

Cedars’ sweetly scented evergreen presence
Connects head and heart to everlasting life

Delicate laced limbs reach high above
Revealing the occasional straggler

Now, a striking golden contrast against
A promised wintering grayed sky

Black walnut trees' citrus-y scented globes
Drop and hide amongst the scattered crackling leaves

Mr. Gambol’s crepe myrtles now neon-ed, brilliant
Orange like Love’s light - filled radiant face

Steep yellowed hills all so freshly cut
Earth’s bounty carefully squirreled away

Winters nourishment gathered with our
Most mortal hands while singing praise above

Debora Short

A Stroll Through a Local Log Home Show (sensual)

An ordinary show
In most respects
Exhibits all tidy
Many offering treats and
Chocolate tidbits

"Will you be building a log home, mam? "
We, No - Smoky Gray and I,
Are quizzed and repeatedly

One exhibitionist demonstrates the
Latest gizmo for eliminating leaves from rain gutters
And another, hawks sealants "guaran-tee-d"
To prevent damage
From carpenter bees
"Now, will you be using hand hewn logs or smooth? "
He questions
Had we considered,
The savings that using a
Quality "engineered' stack stone
May afford us
And
Another merchant quotes us his "best" price
For a huge moose head

Walking on,
My left hand cradled in No-Smokey's right
Suddenly
A young French man
Straight out of a steamy novel
Reaches out for my right
And begins
Messaging ever so sensate-ly
A silky cream
Thumbs gently circling in my palm
Explaining his creams had all the right ingredients
In that delicious French accent
Pure enchantment, I mumbled
No-Smoky (with eyes twinkling) ejaculates:
Guess that was better than another Milky Way

(Red Faced Smiles, Tennessee
October 30,2006)

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(Red Faced Smiles, Tennessee
October 30,2006)

Debora Short

Afternoon Tea and Pirate Trees

Swaying shadows gently
Scrub that dappled sepia and grayed bark
Bouncing about as if they were
Puppets on strings
Soft Western breezes
Caress fresh spring leaves
Blowing tall tree-trunk shadows eastward

I begin to think of
Afternoon Tea and Pirate Trees...
Soaring schooners bejeweled
With four lofty white pine masts
Guided with the whitest of clouds…

On deck, those scurrilous crew hands
Serve those much – loved,
Tiny vegetable sandwiches…
Oven – crisped wraps
Seasoned with teriyaki and
Filled with pepper jack,
Asparagus, sweet Texas onions
Sweet peas in their pods,
Red and green bells, broccoli and carrots…
Yum! ... OH …to walk the plank for…

Rounded out with
New Zealand's best…
You know
Those Captain Kidd Apple Slices,
Swimming in pools
Of strawberry
Yogurt,
Dished up with...
Fragrant bergamot
And kissed with
Uncle Dunham's back-yard honey,
Deliciously gracing my favorite
Wild - flowered teacup

In contemplation
I read on …studying
Hematology…
Feet up under those tall trees
And bare to the world

Sailing off in thought
In Tall Ships
With those awe - inspiring
Masts blowing billowy sails
Thru blue skies filled with
Foamy cloud waves

When suddenly, my black lab,
Bluebeard races to that deck
And eats the
Last of my sweet dreams!
Arrrrrrrrrrhhh!

Debora Short

All Mountaintop Cousins

We have
Never met
In person,
Have we?
Then why is it
That my heart
Regards
Some
Of you
As virtual
And delightfully
Cherished and Gifted
Daughters and sons
Or as caring Great Aunts
Or cute but quirky old Uncles
Or mischievous
Little Brothers
Who I should rat out to dad but don't…

Debora Short

And Still, Eagles Fly High

Pelicans and gulls follow these fishing fleets…

"Think before you cast
Me into that cerulean sea", she cried…

Cardinals build nests in thorny places
Even that slippery black snake
Would know this is not
A place to go

Alligators climb garden gates
In hopes of
A short cut to lover's lane
And always searching for a spring date…

Even that young bear
Suns himself
On the knoll above
My homestead ~ hollow

Drunken hummers
Feast on
Reddened plastic trumpets

Winter's rabbits
Fattened on
Newly planted endive
Give exercise to that coyote
Out in the cedars

And eagles fly high
Above that mountainous English lady
Riding those currents
Of truth, love and hope

Surely, you see something of humanity

Debora Short

And You Strayed into My Heart

And you strayed
Into
My heart

And I read
A genre
Of strength
Of passion
Of fidelity

Devotion
Of heart
Nourishing
Intensity

A
Soul – gift
Of dearest
Love

(The Mountaintop, Tennessee
December 15,2006)

Debora Short

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And I read
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Soul – gift
Of dearest
Love

(The Mountaintop, Tennessee
December 15,2006)

Debora Short

And, Still I Walk Away

The essence of true peace
is indeed here in the mountains
yet my soul
still
 requires the sea...
the quiet early morning walks on the beach,
the sunrise
and
the rhythmic energy and sounds of the waves
all call me.
It is a bit like my long-distance relationships
with friends
and loved ones
something is missing in my life
when
we don't meet yet,
I still keep walking away.

(The Mountaintop,5 April,2009)

Debora Short

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(The Mountaintop,5 April,2009)

Debora Short

Ash Heads

Polycephaly’s stinking yellowed breathe-s
Corrupt hands stained with nasty nicotine
Two hundred Hepatic eyes
Swig one too many bottles of gin
Swinging in vicious lampoon
Not unlike those
Murderous plunderers who steal
A cat’s last broken life
Scores of invertebrate cowards
Drunken dancers, just tiny virtual
Balloons Swinging in the wind
Swollen selves easily popped
Typhon’s one hundred
Ill-spirited heads so un-coveted
Preying on innocent angels, puppies and kittens
Alas, that heartless serpent vessel now
Zeus Lassoed ~ casting its many ugly- headed
Visage down under Aetna’s most productive vineyards
Existing now only in grisly frying molten spews just
Destined bits of pumiced ash

Debora Short

Blighted Barrier

Waves claimed
That blighted barrier
Fury and flickering
Blew...
Dismissing futures
Whilist singing out
A dangerous void...
before we awakened.

Debora Short

Blowing Soft Kisses (couplets)

Pragmatism overtakes family tradition
Quietly, I meditate past and dear memories

Smokey Gray, along with his cousin, Charles, and I
Walked out on the front property, the cedar

The perfect size for our cozy eight hundred square
Foot mountaintop cottage, a tall and slender tree

Soon to be adorned with a lifetime of love's
Reminiscences, a spirit of its own, an evergreen

Icon for eternal promises, a song for New Year
Hopes and promised new life, a communion to

Be fully lived, poignant treasure of life's endless
Love, softly, a Mozart CD plays reverent

Tranquility and I think of them, and mist up
Gone now, my dear grandmother, the rock of my childhood,

My dad who always lassoed his dreams, and Pete
A charming gentleman, my favorite one to beat

At family games of Tonk, Smokey Gray's dear old pop
Our dinner table, so empty, so big, so large

Their sweet countenances so very missed, as
I drag that dried up cedar tree to the bonfire

Up on the hill, a peaceful place, encircled gates
At heaven's place, I feel them all blowing soft kisses

(2 January,2007 ~ Heart's Tears, Tennessee)

Debora Short

Brethrens: Moon, Sun, distant Constellations (couplets)

Brethrens: Moon, Sun, distant Constellations
Powerful divine universal life forces

In true wonder and thanksgiving I hail
Thee, this morning's shower of shooting stars

Packaged and dropped in old English's
Majesty most perfectly graced in

Advent's hope for a new year filled with
His wonderful gift of interior peace

Wandering soul now navigating star-lit
Celestial corridors, the holy Three

Calling me to their soft luminosity
Sweet Wisdom guiding this itinerant soul

A generous beacon assuring sound
Voyage to their promised new home port

Debora Short

Calling Old Farts To High Tea ~ (rhyming couplets)

One hundred eleven and not in heaven
Go where kilns can bake or leaven?

Me, thinks I hear a little bell
In a kind of just parallel

A southern welcoming grace
Jalapeño Tea-cakes …laced

Perhaps, calling all
With pale bits of Saul

Old farts to high tea
Washed down with rude litanies

And the current showings at the FU Theater
Thoughts of grace no longer on the meter

The horned one, not at all the wise
Thinks it is more important to chastise

Trashes un-guided lambs graces
But no matter, he ended up in one of those southern places...

Slippery Slope, Tennessee
May 22,2006

Debora Short

Cherries Tossed on a Sundae (couplets)

Giant atmospheric nebulous crests gently roll
as if they were foamy white summer seashore gifts

Softly whipped toppings coating autumn's fall fare
Quietly, washing down the delectable delights

The Cumberland escarpment adorned in red
Sumac, rising up from bottom branches, Hardwoods

Exhibit finest gifts in gallery showings
Contrasted with the near ninety degree ivory

Cliffs that lead upland to the Kentucky plateau
Those mountainous risings kiss both Virginia and

Old rocky top's legendary evergreen-ed hills
In life giving droplets of drink, high-lighted with

Prismatic arches in every hue carrying dreams
And golden hopes westward through that so ancient Gap

As the sun sets it fringes those cloud edgings bright red-
Orange, not unlike cherries tossed on a sundae

(Standing Eye to Eye with the Clouds in
Cumberland Gap, Tennessee ~ October 9,2007)

Debora Short

Children of Uganda

Agony Clad
In black wreaths
Little soldiers…once
Tiny bright-eyed legacies
Now, torn, mud-covered
And cold
Their silent tears
Of
Hope cruelly stolen

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
June 26,2006)

Debora Short

Collateral Damage

Today,
I saw a dad
On CNN
He had lost
Not one
But
Both of
His dear sons
Over… there
And I
Wondered
When will
Our world
Have the heart
To
Cry
For
Them

(Praying for Peace, Tennessee
~ July 27,2006)

Debora Short

Conchs

Facing due east, Conch shells line the porch rails
As if they were amulets guarding my soul

From the magical charms of English Mount
Her hills quiet for the present, green and still

Multi-hued a rainbow sparkles left
A river of milk-y clouds fill hollows

Grapevine, Shropshire, Muddy, Indian Creek-all
A tiny iridescent bluebird flits

To the taller cedar beyond their watch
My eye lures to its pensive inspection

A cardinal darts from one of the
Heart -shaped leaves of the pod-ing red bud

To the right of their line of guard grey
Doves doze a few feet from a well hidden

Nest, a hawk casts an angled eerie
Mammoth shadow setting off a chorus

Of crow and songbird protest as if they were
Yard-dogs warden –ing for a beloved

Child as the darkening cedars forewarn
Tiny bush pilots to sing it away

(May 28,2009)

Debora Short

Cumberland Gap Imagery (couplets)

Amalgam and surreal silver fusions
Flow between two ancient peaks, blinding visions

Setting sun’s angled brilliance showcasing
Norris Lake’s halo-ed magnificence

Distant layers of tonal blue – violet
Soaring smoke-y hills and mountains delight

The sky a waning clear winter-ed blue
Contrails weave their icy patterned plaids

Wispy white apparitions of other’s down
Seeing visions from east, west, north and south

Fluffy frump – l’d original gifts
Heaven-d kilts warm imaginations

Pristine golden pastures flank the roadside
Encircled in deciduous umber-

‘d lace, evergreen hemlocks and cedars grace
Dotted cantilevered black - painted

Dairy barns dressed in Pennsylvania
Dutch quilted icons and topped mossy

Green, cows graze in bucolic peace
Fieldstone chimneys sweetly send rising thanks

Debora Short

Cumberland Gap Imagery (couplets) .

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Dairy barns dressed in Pennsylvania
Dutch quilted icons and topped mossy

Green, cows graze in bucolic peace
Fieldstone chimneys sweetly send rising thanks

(F-150 Road-travel, Tennessee
December 6,2006)

Debora Short

Delicate Patterns of Love

At Evening dusk
We saunter in
Finding
Life’s table set
With finest damask
Covering that well
Worn oaken
Eating place
Illuminated with
Grandmother Mary’s
Candelabra
Delicate patterns
Of love
Embossing her fragile
Dinner plates

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
August 3,2006)

Debora Short

Delicious Wilds...

She's the concrete,
flowers, wind and sky, too!
The strong child

among

the cedars and sun
delicious wilds...

March 29,2006
~Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee

Debora Short

Did You Know?

You reach out
And gently
Touch the
Deepest
Recesses of
My soul
I
Wonder
Sometimes,
Do I
Tenderly
Touch
And
Softly
Stir
About
In yours

(In Awe, Tennessee
December 29,2006)

Debora Short

-Did You Know?

You reach out
And gently
Touch the
Deepest
Recesses of
My soul
I
Wonder
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Do I
Tenderly
Touch
And
Softly
Stir
About
In yours

(In Awe, Tennessee
December 29,2006)

Debora Short

Dust

A lovely hand-tatted
Lace filled with
Devoted affection
Her creative artistry
Lilies graced tiny birds
Swirling in the clouds
Above…
Gifts of life-loved
Tiny knots tied
With threads
Of distant
Contemplation
Woven
In a
Room illuminated
With only an old
Hand-painted
Kerosene lamp
Both now lay
With care upon
A mahogany
Dinner table
Lifting off that
Special gift
I discover
More lovely patterns
Of her
Dear soul
Now housed
In my heart
Of distant past

(Home in heart, Tennessee
August 4,2006)

Debora Short

Echoes Of Love

Waves like eternity
Voicing squealing rebirth
An epicenter of a continual love
Echoes life through me...

~May 3,2006
Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee

Debora Short

Embracing the Roses

Crisp blue sky
Parks
The night
Their love
Rustled
In dewy
Greening gardens
…unobserved

(Mountaintop Gardens, Tennessee
July 27,2006)

Debora Short

'Evil Wears a Shock Collar'

The animal growls menacingly
Continually lunging
Behind the invisible barrier
At my frightened
And blind chocolate lab

Hurrying to pack
This trips memory
I shiver in a
Ninety degree drive

Twenty hours round trip
Every other week
Living out of suitcases
Leaves me feeling disordered

I.N.T.J.s are seldom
Good captives…
The exception,
I am not

Reading to pass the time...
I am struck by:
"Never shall I forget those moments
that murdered my God
and my soul and turned my dreams into ashes."

I think of the neighbor
Who electrifies
His yard to keep in
A rottweiler

And shoots at
Nutrias with a bb gun
For entertainment

And then, I understand
A bit better
Wiesel's "Night"*

~ May 31,2006
Somewhere in the Smokies

published:
www.abovegroundtesting.com July 2006

Debora Short

-Fabled Calm

Yesterday, when I was angry
With the world
And made you cry…

I went and climbed
That sanctified hill
Where our new dreams should begin…
And I found that fabled calm

Where the bluebirds come
And twitter
In that smaller thorn tree…

The one that looks
As if it was the one …
Where they made His
Crown of thorns…

Standing at the kitchen window
Our evening meal…complete
We quietly watched
The doe wander down
To feed on that newly greened grass

I wondered if you followed
Me back up to that sacred space...
Would those bluebirds return?

April 10,2006 ~
Mountaintop, Tennessee

published:
www.abovegroundtesting.com July 2006

Debora Short

Fabled Calm...

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Would those bluebirds return?

April 10,2006 ~
Mountaintop, Tennessee

Debora Short

Fireworks

It began with a lovely meal
Scrumptious Mahi-Mahi
Fried green tomatoes
Picturesque Lake Douglas
Distant red clay banks
Flanked with art-kissed cedars
Water-crafts of every sort
Filled with freedom’s revelers
A Tuscan-like sunny
Love of life
Dancing on glistening
Waters of rural life
Thirty years
Of memories
Play up on
Our private mountaintop
Star blessed
Drive - in theatre
John Deere Gator
Parked and witnessing a
Heavenly red, white & blue
Sparkling salute

Debora Short

Found Bobbing on a Calmed Atlantic Sea

Centuries guarding…
Wild stories, scary legends
…old and crusty whalers,

Long closeted skeletons,
And a pirate’s past
So full of shipwrecked

Ghost-sailors
Frightfully fluttering
Like salt-caked seagulls

Crying mournfully for bait
While a wicked wind scours
Those ancient stormy skies

Debora Short

Frail Rose

Caress
Wisdom’s
Blushing
Warmth

For Love

Is
Indeed
The Sun’s
Frail Rose

Debora Short

Frail Rose*

Caress
Wisdom’s
Blushing
Warmth

For Love

Is
Indeed
The Sun’s
Frail Rose

Debora Short

'Freedom's Dearest Treasures'

Saturday dawn brings misty memories
Life-long friends are we, Jay and Joni, Les
And I, standing up for one another at
Our weddings now near thirty years ago
Today, our combined dear and gorgeous
Three, each too have become wonderful friends
Dawn takes us to that seemingly endless
Wall of polished granite, the kids at
First, quietly walking several yards out
In front, high-school-ers, now, too, cool to
Walk with us, slow-ly we read each inscribed
Name on that near endless polished wall
Carefully stepping over memorials
Old tattered love letters, yellow roses
Well loved, cherished teddy bears
And those deeply heart-felt infectious tears
Inscribed bravery, our nation’s blood
Iconic symbols of freedoms very love
Real crosses now carried in so many hearts
Reflecting tear-pools of our union’s soul
A family’s selfless and courageous gift
For a world in need of an ever-lasting
Peace, a great journey’s potent reminder
That quietly whispers love to the very
Deepest seats in each of our grateful souls

Debora Short

Give a Child...

Proudly for Seth ~ Ryan who graduated as
an Aerospace Engineer last week!

Give a child a great education
You give them the world

Give a child science and math
You give them access

Give a child a sense of wonder
You give them joy

Give a child poetry, paint, l.e.d.s, aluminum foil and sparkles
You give them creativity

Give a child accountability
You give them integrity

Give a child an understanding of spirit
You give them faith

Give a child an entire community
You give them responsilbility

Give a child your undivided time
You give them security

Give a child a life by example
You give them the map for success

Give a child hugs
You give them love!

~May 26,2006
 Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee

Debora Short

Hard Rocks of Love

Life rocks
And it rocks hard

It rocks of love
And love rocks hard…

Choice rocks
And choice rocks hard…

It rocks of love
And love rocks hard…

Time rocks
And time rocks hard…

It rocks of love
And love rocks hard…

Hearts rock
And hearts rock hard…

It rocks of love
And love rocks hard…

Sweet memories rock
And sweet memories rock hard…

It rocks of love
And love rocks hard…

Desire rocks
And it rocks of hard…

It rocks of love
And love rocks hard…

Truth rocks
And truth rocks hard…

It rocks of love
And love rocks hard…

Distance rocks
And distance rocks hard…

It rocks of love
And love rocks hard…

Future rocks
And future rocks hard…

It rocks of love

And love rocks hard…

Debora Short

Harvest’s Invitation

Eyes, sparkling and fully engaged
Witnessing both the food
And the product
Winds blowing cedars scent
Oh, those so many branched places
That call and process
Words
Words that eye both
In mind
On paper
On forest
On those sweet Tennessee warblers
On that hawk that rests
On those power lines out front
On lovely fall wildflowers
On multi-hued maple leaves
On Joe ~ Pye Weeds and Goldenrod
And
On those last morsels
Of Summers Queen Anne Lace
Eyes of full intent
That harvest
In a blessed thanksgiving
All these offerings
Fond gifts of time
A Seasonal habit
Offering colors, last bits
Of summer’s very warmth
Sequels eternal replay
Engaged in spotlights eye
Bringing all to
Harvests’ so bountiful table

Debora Short

Heart Haunted, A

for all children who live daily with violence

I shall always remember
that bloody ship and shore...

bobbing in that tarnished pail

Forever edgy in my mind
restless, pacing always...

Nostrils flaring,
battling that putrid affront...
that bloody thieving affront,

A smell of death...
death of an intrinsic trust.

(May 3,2005 ~ Bell's Island, North Carolina)

Debora Short

I Sipped Spice

I sipped spice
a delicious vice

touching my lips
savoring life's
many-flavored drink

I sipped spice
a delicious vice

two-stepping joy
pantomiming naughtiness
stomach gnawing the anxiety

I sipped spice
a delicious vice

thirty years of his love
the melody of miscreant mischief
renal failure nearly crashes

I sipped spice
a delicious vice

relishing our meal
systolic - diastolic lashes
so close to that last supper

I sipped spice
a delicious vice

Cherishing that long ago oath
in sickness and in health...
we make new reservations

I sipped spice
a delicious vice

Together again, we create
a new authority
setting aside a world gone mad

I sipped spice
a delicious vice

June 26,2005 ~
Bells Island, Currituck, North Carolina

Debora Short

I*'ll Start Out with a Fine Chablis (repost)**

I'd be honored to sit
With y'all
I'll start out with a fine chablis
Civil-ed Spirits
Are so very important
Don't You agree?

Kindly, make mine
A cheese
and
Shrimp, dear sir
I do love those
G.R.I.T.S.casseroles
Yes sir, a side of conch salad
Would be lovely and
As would
A teeny slice of your mothers lovely
Sweet potato bread
And tall glass of unsweet tea
Please, dear
and Thank you

Now down business
Gratuitous you say?
I beg to differ, dear! ! !
Have you forgotten D-Day?

Note:
'In case we find ourselves starting to believe
all the anti-American sentiment and negativity,
we should remember England 's Prime Minister
Tony Blair's words during a recent interview.
When asked by one of his Parliament members
why he believes so much in America, he said:

'A simple way to take measure of a country
is to look at how many want in... And how many want out.'

Only two defining forces have ever offered to die for you:

1. Jesus Christ

2. The American G. I.

Debora Short

Illusion's Love Songs

Soft whispers
Sighing
Silver-soft moon
Illusion's
Voice
Love’s very
Wind-song
Eternally chased
Heart's goddess
Into a
Sweet Mist ~

Debora Short

In honor of Memorial Day: Freedom's Dearest Treasure

Saturday dawn brings misty memories
Life-long friends are we, Jay and Joni, Les
And I, standing up for one another at
Our weddings now near thirty years ago
Today, our combined dear and gorgeous
Three, each too have become wonderful friends
Dawn takes us to that seemingly endless
Wall of polished granite, the kids at
First, quietly walking several yards out
In front, high-school-ers, now, too, cool to
Walk with us, slow-ly we read each inscribed
Name on that near endless polished wall
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For a world in need of an ever-lasting
Peace, a great journey’s potent reminder
That quietly whispers love to the very
Deepest seats in each of our grateful souls

Debora Short

In Search of Blue Mountain

(For: Jamaica
"…fairest island eyes have beheld,
So mountainous and the land seems
to touch the sky." ~ Christopher Columbus)

Hey mahn
No problem mahn...
Sit here and chill with Mr. Bob Marley
……Mam,
Mam, you'll need to wake now…

This is Captain Morrison
Please fasten your seat belts
And place your seats
In the upright position
We've been cleared for landing
The temperature in Montego Bay
Is a balmy 89 degrees
Those passengers destined
For Ocho Rios please exit to the
Right as you de-plane
Soft salty breezes
Sing through
Palm trees
Several
Fellows begin singing
The strangest endorsements…
Detecting an incredible scent
Just what is that?
That most incredible scent
It's the Blue Mountain, mahm
Then
Some French dude
Named Voltaire
Proclaims 60 mugs
a day is the way
And John & Yoko
Politely request two steaming cups
Ian Fleming or was it James Bond?
Whisper in my ear
"Blue Mountain Coffee
The most delicious in the world! "
This is Houston
Gosh darn, where are those astronauts? !
The crew from the Apollo LEM, answer
Sirs, if you will excuse us
We must have
A cup of that
Blue Mountain Joe

……Mam,
Mam, you'll need to wake now…

This is Captain Morrison
Please fasten your seat belts
And place your seats
In the upright position
We've been cleared for landing…

(In Search of Blue Mountain, Tennessee
July 27,2006)

Debora Short

Innocents in Hell

So much pain
So little hope
15 million homeless
And, all completely right-less

Images of three year old babies
Arms machete-ied off
And tiny infant’s fingers
Their only solace …

Now, only a mother’s memory
And, what of their mothers
Raped and tortured
Sentenced to no life

HIV condemns
All as perennial outcasts
Wandering hungry souls
Just who will care for them?

Some rescued young sex slaves
Receive 45 days of rehab…
And, then what...their
Sentence now cast

A lifetime of sleepless torture
One young girl ordered to place friends
Heads in a fire-pit and, view
Their eyes popping and their brains oozing…

So much pain
So little hope
15 million homeless
And, all completely right-less

Debora Short

Just a Pet Rant of Mine

Specifics
Would include
Much more homework
To be placed near
Grocery
Check outs
Off with
Mindless
People
National Enquirer
Pretty Homes, etc.
In place, add
National Geographic
Smithsonian
Scientific American
American Scientist
Artist, Etc.
Promote ~ Lifelong Learning
To adults
Kids
Eating and drinking
Habits
Are learned at home! ! !

(A Rocket Scientist's Mom, Tennessee
~ 14 September,2006)

Debora Short

Just People Watching the Brits

"As Time Goes By"
Those Brits I have vision-ed
Constantly focus on
"Keeping Up Appearances"
And certainly Hyacinth believes
"To the Manor Born" is she…
The community of faithful
Seek spiritual guidance from
"The Vicar of Dibley"
And believe in the absolute dignity of
"All Creatures Great and Small"
They are frequently drunk on the
"Last of the Summer Wine"
And all find the facilities of
"Fawlty Towers" sometimes lacking
The Great "Doctor Who"
A renown steward of their
Moon, Stars and Sun
Will transport their worries in blink
And there is always someone
"Asking are YOU being Serve-d? "
And if not …the servants
"Upstairs and Downstairs"
Are eager to please
Answering, "Oh yes sir
And pleeease Missus"
Then there is that matter
Of France and Katherine
And those Tennis Balls…
Gifts of Tennis Balls? ? ?
Or that sister-in-law
That goes about begging
For someone to
"Knock me up in the morning"
Well Henry the Fifth sure had that gift
But, then again…NOT
"Everyone Loves Raymond"
Just people watching the Brits…

July 20,2006

Debora Short

Keepers, Huh? ? ?

Unbeknown to us
He snapped a picture
A homey setting
Fireplace-centered
His dad
Opened mouthed
Snoring
Feet up
Balding head
Shining bright
In that old
Leather easy chair
Sunday funnies
Laying on
A well- rounded
Belly
His mom
Leaning left
In an old
Painting apron
Copy of Lewis's
Screw Tape Letters
Dropped off
To her side
She, too
Appears
To be
Snoring
Over
On that white
Couch they
Had just agreed
He could sell
He
An entrepreneurial
Light wallet-ed
College student
Made them
Into eternal
Video heroes
With his web ad
Couch for sale
Cautioning:
(Parents not included)

Keepers, huh? ? ?

Debora Short

Kisses of Peace (couplets)

Rising pasture as if viewed from angel flight
A mind-blowing beautiful East West imagery

The central topography high up on the hill
To left and east amazing views, hard wood forests

Mature soaring and stately red maples, buckeyes
Black cherries, silver-bells, pignuts, red oaks, hemlocks

Several hundred feet below a snaking Powell
River gurgles pristine over to Norris Lake

Monumental Cumberland Mountain Chains in full
View, just over those peaks views of old Kentucky

The peninsular surrounded in Tennessee
Valley Authority's glistening assignment

Remote, isolated, secluded and gorgeous
Multicolored green quilts lay far out beyond

Revealing one gray and weathered century old barn
A distant farmhouse's chimney sends out kisses of peace

Amazing graces to our country's history, Indians
Of past hunted noble buffalo and became

Cast away savages sent away from sacred lands
Fortune seeking immigrants slowly worked bands

Of great covered wagon teams in Westward dreams
An animation filled in spirit and courage

Sometimes catalogued property of Kentucky
Both Grant and Lee captured the Cumberland Gap

Prized the ability to see great distances
Into wilderness, both raw pain and grand beauty

Intermingle in ancient earth, a warriors' path,
A settler's hopeful promise, a rich hunting ground,

A perilous place of adventure, a Union's grace
All steeped in an awe inspiring beauty

(Hoping and Praying for this place in Tennessee
December 29,2006)

Debora Short

Large, Strong Hearts Required (in Honor of Mother's Day)

(For: All moms' most precious memories)

Delightedly,
He races out to pick
Juicy red
Homegrown
Tomatoes
As I snip bits of
Fresh basil and oregano
"And, now what mom",
He asks
(Just one
Of his now
Thirty-two questions
This morning)
Well, we will need
A great recipe
Let us give this a try…
***1 cup of warm and sunny days
To tend our garden of love
***1 package of
"Hugs and Kisses"
Brand fertilizer
 to cultivate
Those most prized tiny seeds
Do note: Large strong hearts required
(Fair warning…love
May double, even triple in size)
***>>>kiss, kiss, kiss<<<
*** 2 times throwing
The Frisbee for Kirstie
And a stop to hunt
A skink hiding under
The kitchen deck while
Giggling the whole time
***>>>kiss, kiss, kiss<<<
*** One half the morning
Drawing and painting
Pictures of that big
Black Bear up on the hill
***>>>kiss, kiss, kiss<<<
***and the other half
Wiring a shoe box
With strips of aluminum foil
Yellow leds and batteries
To properly garage
Tiny treasured matchbox cars
***>>>kiss, kiss, kiss<<<
When we mix these all together
We create a yummy
Pizza dough
Topped with delicious

Homegrown
Memories
And a
Lifetime embraced
With all that is truly
Dear and treasured

(The Memory Cottage, over in Tennessee
~July 27,2006)

Debora Short

Long May She Fly

May …
Our Brothers and Sisters
Enjoy these gifts
Of OUR labor, love and blood

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ICONIC SYMBOL of AMERICA,
LAND OF THE FREE, THE BRAVE
THE PROUD HARD-WORKING
SHOULDERS THAT CARRY SO MANY

May …
Our Brothers and Sisters
Enjoy these gifts
Of OUR labor, love and blood

FREEDOM OF SPEECH,
FREEDOM OF RELIGION
BASIC HUMAN DIGNITY,
FULL BELLIES, CLEAN WATER

READING BOOKS,
AND LEADERS of their OWN CHOOSING
GIFTS NOURISHED WITH THE
BLOOD OF OUR MOST

PRECIOUS FRUITED
GOLDEN GRAINS
ALL GROWN IN VESSELS
OF FAITH, LOVE and RESPECT…

May …
Our Brothers and Sisters
Enjoy these gifts
Of OUR labor, love and blood

(THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN, TENNESSEE
July 6,2006)

Debora Short

Long May She Fly Strong, OUR RED, WHITE and BLUE

May …
Our Brothers and Sisters
Enjoy these gifts
Of OUR labor, love and blood

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(THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN, TENNESSEE
July 6,2006)

Debora Short

Love Scales Whistling

Tea kettle laugh-en
Hot Water chort-ling
Bubb-ling Boil-ing joy
Occupational
Love scales whistling
Serving savor-ed smiles
To their garden faces

(Mountaintop Gardens, Tennessee
~August 9,2006)

Debora Short

Love's Face Is Orange

Love's face is tender, sweet and orange.
Her arms are nurturing, full, and golden
Her heart beats, embracing her charges,
Hills baptized in blue up holding,
Love's beloved gifts at Large.

Possessed, We, Her beloved,
in matters that keep us in bondage
Love's face, smiling, embracing Always,
Kindly Awaits the fall of our thrallage.

She sends dauntless wings
to shelter our distal need of Her,
with a never-ending patience
she demurs...
orange, tender, and sweet.

Knowing full well, Her beloved,
Baptized in life-giving Blue,
are already seated,
at the feet,
of our most Highest.

2004 ~
Bells Island, Currituck, North Carolina

Debora Short

maybe this New Year...

We feast on a home cooked breakfast,
Fried eggs,
grits,
delightfully seasoned pork chops,
Freshly baked banana bread,
A lovely grapefruit
And a great pot of fragrant caramel coffee.

During the work week,
never is there time to savor
These precious moments,
Oh to delight
In the goodness that can be…

We wake early,
Race to complete
those never-ending
Home front chores

Off we go...
Driving an hour and half away

Did Samantha have her insulin?
Did you switch the laundry around?
I walked the dogs.
Can you iron my shirt?
Honey, can you transfer some money into my account,
I need to make the truck payment today.
I have to work late...

Can you pick up bread and milk? ?
I made the bed and put the dishes in the dishwasher.
I need gas
I must leave early,
Love you...
Be back around
8: 30 tonight.

Our pace is
Our strength
At least that is what we tell our selves…

Maybe this New Year
We can stop…
Walk on the beach,
Read Robert Frost,
draw my beloved birds,
paint,
Write poetry…
contemplate our lovely world…
Maybe, this New Year.

January 1,2005 ~
Bell's Island, North Carolina

Debora Short

Maybe, This New Year

We feast on a home cooked breakfast,
Fried eggs, grits, delightfully seasoned pork chops,
Freshly baked banana bread,
A lovely grapefruit
And a great pot of fragrant caramel coffee.

During the work week, never is there time to savor
These precious moments, delighting in brief moments,
In the goodness that can be…

We wake early, race to complete those never-ending
Home front chores..
To race off...driving an hour and half away...
Did Samantha have her insulin? ? ?
Did you switch that the laundry around? ? ?
I walked the dogs.
Can you iron my shirt? ?
Honey, can you transfer some money into my account,
I need to make the truck payment today.
I have to work late...can you pick up bread and milk? ?
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Walk on the beach,
Read Robert Frost, draw my beloved birds,
paint,
Write poetry…
contemplate our lovely world…
Maybe, this New Year.

January 1,2005 ~
Bell's Island, North Carolina

Debora Short

Morning Dew

Time cavorting
Into years
Flirtations milked
Reminding wrinkles
Skirted soft lips
Time’s scent
Sweetly smiled on
Yet, still
Desire
Rang and soared
Refreshingly like
Their morning dew

(Mountaintop Cottage
~ July 26,2006)

Debora Short

Mortal Goodbyes

Red-plaid flannel
Hangs meaningless
On the hook

Waiting silently

For

Your soft laugh
To slip
In my backdoor

Debora Short

No Wake Zones

Night’s hazed bridge
Points to the unearthly-ed
Sky cantina stare-ing
Like a dreaming halo-ed solace
Slicing water’s shore
And steadily churning homeward
While life declares
Past fears to Moon’s
Calmed soft face
Shedding Water’s passage
At last to
Those no wake zones

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
~ August 19,2006)

Debora Short

-No Wake Zones

Night’s hazed bridge
Points to the unearthly-ed
Sky cantina stare-ing
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Those no wake zones

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
~ August 19,2006)

Debora Short

-Nurtured in Peace

The meadow nourished in softest
Sedges scattered amid violet milk weeds

Incredible flowered attractions
Hosting dainty butterflies, moths and bees

Each patrol finding warm sunny skie-s
Perfumed bliss softly summoning in

These many tiny witnesses for life
And too, sentinels diligently shield

Safe-guarding a precious new beginning
The fawn a tawny velvet-coated gift

Sheltered by loving aunts, sisters and
Mum over near the cedars, sedge and sun

She watches me in curiosity
Now a gawky yet cute adolescent

Quietly nibbling crab-apples not far from
My sacred space on this prayer-filled morn

(Sacred Space, Tennessee
November 17,2006)

Debora Short

Old Rails

Rare mid-winter sun-drenched warmth swirls
Within my afternoon, a moving song

Propelled along with achy, old knees
And a smiling spirit, freed at the last

From the confines of a torturous cold
The passageway, long sojourned by many

Re-gifted fortitude that takes me far
Not unlike turn of century citizens

Westward bound half –encased in past
Rural-ity and a delightful newness

Rumbling the length of rails, while young cardinals
Peak out from slim branches dappled in buds

Conveyances that tunnel under highways
Unsealing tiny streams of yesterday

March 9,2009
Cumberland Gap Tunnel

Debora Short

Old Rails...

Rare mid-winter sun-drenched warmth swirls
Within my afternoon, a moving song

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March 9,2009
Cumberland Gap Tunnel

Debora Short

Pastel Dreams

Once had a neighbor
Knock on my door
Graciously, I
Invited her in
To share
A pot of tea
She glanced over
At my
Much treasured
Collection of books
Shelved so exquisitely
From floor to ceiling
And asked if she
Could have a few
Of those old books
Stating,
She wanted to give her home
An "air of intellect"
Babbling on
With her latest
Issue of
Best Homes Magazine
In hand
With lovely
Photos accompanied
Proclaiming
Decorating with books
To be the new trend
Sitting silently
I thought of those
Lavender-ed walls and
Rose-pillowed accents
And began to Giggle
Nearly uncontrollably
As I began to realize
It was her intent cover over
Merton,
Lewis, both Clive and Sinclair,
Pearl S. Buck, Dante, Tolstoy,
Emerson, Longfellow, Melville,
Solzhenitsyn,
Hemingway, Defoe
And many more
My most favorite crew
In little dust jackets
Of pretty pale peach
And gorgeous mint greens
These dear old friends
Newly coveted in
Pastel dreams

Debora Short

Petulant Birdsong

The window left open in hopes of netting
Young Spring’s gentle winds, lightly infused

With the sweet fragrance of Father Time’s gifts
Nectarine, plum, pear, red delicious, black

Berry, crab-apple in fanciful veils
Of delicate blossom, each one promises

Willowy baskets, amiability
Filled with His benevolent Spirit

Now winged clutches for new life all
Singing their petulant birdsong, demands

For more… Branches filled with sweet berries
Luscious apples, the juice of pears and

Nectarines, small bittersweet crab-apples
Acquiesce, sending tiny bits of justice

Debora Short
The first week of spring 2011
From the Shropshire Hollow

Debora Short

Plein Air Painting

Red

Emotionally tense
Evoking thoughts
Of sexy red lips
And swaying hips
Strolling through
Red-light districts
Or
That red devil
Lighting fiery matches
Boiling blood pressures

Blue

Color of sky and sea
Symbol of depth, stability,
Loyalty, trust,
Faith, heart and heaven

Red and blue

When swirled
Together with
My sabled brush
Produce noble shades of purple
Threaded with spirituality,
Wisdom, creativity and mystery
And me the painter of
His Mountains majesty
Sitting on top this
Heavenly hill
Before my blank canvas
Trying hard to remember
To paint shadows with
The color
Purple instead of
That dark
Tube of my
Paines' grey

(The Mountaintop, Tennessee
August 3,2006)

Debora Short

Poetic Souls*

Born of
Gifted
Hearts that
Feel, Give, and care
With an
Incredible and profound
Bliss and wonder,
Elation and joy,
Happiness and pleasure,
Hearts that
Bleed
And become
Life-threatening-ly
Anemic
Hearts that
Seek out
Life's trills
As well as thrills
And all it amazing
World-ly delights
Hearts that
Love
Beyond the ordinary
Hearts that
Imagine and think
Both in
Character-driven vivid colors
And reality's stark
Black and white
Hearts that see all
And hearts that
Are
So very needy
That
They sometimes require
Round the clock
Feedings
Hearts that
Are plagued
With memories of
Grief and sad loss,
Heartaches that
Booze and aspirin
Can not chase
Angst and worry,
Pain and sorrow
Misery and woe
Hearts
That
Seek
The magical
Caresses

Of
Wisdom
Hearts
That care
That give
That Love
That Cry
That Smile
That needs hugs
And kisses
Just,
Poetic Souls,
The
Fragile
Players
of
Life

Debora Short

Procrastination's Ways

Invisible gremlins armed with lengths
Of sturdiest twine, huge iron stakes, errant ways
And an un-yielding determination
To keep 99% of heart stated
Goals from ever reaching desired target
Triumphs victory just an under dog
To Procrastinations resolve and might
Spying that tiniest bit of a part
Fraction or portion of indecision
Those naughty gremlins quickly come to life
Such savage task-masters are they ~ tying
Up dreams, ensnaring the whole thought through those
Pin-holed waver-ings…sending souls off
On masked and un-important journeys
Suddenly, documents needing to be
Filled out, important calls and those most
Essential errands are sent to the back
Of Priorities convoluted lines

(Fighting the Good Fight, Tennessee ~ October 16,2006)

Debora Short

Reason Slumbers

Consequence and reason
Slumber
A Holy Test
Of Love
For a delicious Eden

Debora Short

Roaring Sanctuaries

It was during the reign
Of
Letters
And
Words
That those two
Alpha lions
Learned
They
Were
Connected in states of truest grace
By way of the Sun
In heat and light
Their radiance,
Brilliantly
Danced
Into
Purest souls
Yet they
Danced
In circles
Rarely
Acknowledging
One another
Nonetheless
Their
Growing
Light of truest respect
Glimmered
In
Their
Distant
Souls

(Roaring Sanctuaries, Tennessee
December 30,2006)

Debora Short

-Sacred Kisses

Early morning mists envelop and swirl
Beneath Smokey’s English topography

By day, she sports a stylish new fall coat
Angled vertical ripples in sepia

With textured points of cedar-ed green
Contrasting veins of rust invading her

Lofty domain now halo-ed in fiery
Magenta - fused cyan and yellows

Printing hallowed images in my
Photographic lifetime-d memories

Arising to this early morn’s sacred kiss
With morning’s peace cupped in steaming

Tea, quietly waking my sleepy space
Wrapped in sixty watt electric lights

Serenity affording sweet silence
A gift sent so I might read in His stillness

(White-Noise Free, Tennessee
November 2,2006)

Debora Short

Sandy Toes Tickled Warm

Sands of time, sands of home, and sands of love
Sing such lovely songs to my well traveled

Sandy toes tickled warm Caribbean
Home –d and splashed with turquoise's good sun

Foamy dances and lacey curls make public
Delicate beauty's shells ~ bits of sea glass

Drifting barnacled treasures from above
Collected places, grains distance-d walked

Haulover, Melbourne, Sebastian, Peconic
Sanded estuaries, oceans and bays

Eternal tiny groundings filtering
Paths of His light, His times, home's true heart

(Sweeping Memories, Tennessee
October 27,2006)

Debora Short

Shadow’s Lover

Shadow drapes
His lover
In thick tapestries
Of vulnerability
And in islands of
Case-harden-ed steel
All captured so deftly
On an upright easel
Like an artist
Might paint
Worldly scrutiny
Possessed in
Humble complicity

Debora Short

Shared Paper Memories

Shared paper memories
unfold not spent
continue to bind
that holy love...
your heart's
ties to mine!

April 21,2006 ~
Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee

Debora Short

Spinning Wind

Oh whom do you spin for spinning wind
In that pearl-ied-violet sky, do

You spin in candid play amusing
Those finely- drawn lemon- lime leaves?

A lovely compliment sketched
Subtle lines and colored inks

Hand and eye carefully re-
Constructing their dichotomous

Grace, do you spin soft humid streams
Honeysuckle-d charisma

To delight and inebriate
Those newly emerged white pea

Petals or do you seek to bounce
At knee newly fledged fauna

In the sycamore trees, Oh whom
Do you spin for spinning wind do

You simply tango in rhythm
With heady-scented wild rose, un-

Tamed sister soul, delicious
Filled blossoms waving with good cheers

Oh whom do you spin for spinning wind?

(Cumberland Gap, June 7,2008)

Debora Short

-Spinning Wind

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In that pearl-ied-violet sky, do

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Those finely- drawn lemon- lime leaves?

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(Cumberland Gap, June 7,2008)

Debora Short

Strumming Moonlit Proof

Anonymous intricacies
despairing dirges
music washes a solitary mystery
and slowly muses
strumming moonlit proof
of time's mad memories...

February 12,2006 ~
Mountain ~ top Cottage, Tennessee

Debora Short

-Summmer's Salty Distill

Ocean's praise
entrapped
summer's salty distill...
I remember yesterday
...sunny reflections hold love for me
...wrapped in that sea ~mist

November 17,2005 ~
Bell's Island, North Carolina

Debora Short

Sun Tea

That lovely clear glass
Filled with summers
Sunny tea
Now iced, sweet
And chilled
A liquid requirement
Summoned by
Parched
And broken hearts
Once so clear
And light
Now opaque
In broken-ness
Meekly reaching out
For re-fresh-ments
And Promises
New life

Debora Short

Sweetly in Their Embrace...

Glisten-ning reflections of early spring's love
Mirrors dream-y sky's tadpoles dancing above
Speckled fair - haired crocus line dew-pond's edge
Starry young green eyes gaze up in delight
Attentive blue devotion reaches heart
Strong fingers entwine love's laced white gloves
Light feet step, one step left and turn and twirl
Petal-ed gowns breeze sweetly in their embrace
Coat-tails virile a handsome prince-presence
Delight-fully encircle God-given-ed graces

(Under the Twinkling Stars, Tennessee
August 15,2006)

Debora Short

That Cool Star~ North

Compass points
Beginning
NORTH
A place, a being
Both very cool
SOUTH
A place
Well-dressed in pleasant graces
Often kissing waters renewing
EAST
Sun rises here an
Eternal Promising of
Loves new life
WEST
A wild-child so
Independent
And big-hearted
NORTH, SOUTH, EAST and WEST
All still rising up
Catching our most favorite
That so sweet Northern Star

Debora Short

The Answers That Came To Be…

The answers we had in that day
Were not
Necessarily
The answers
That came to be
In this day…

Nonetheless,
They were valid in our hearts
In that moment
And
Indeed… now
Even thirty plus years later.

April 3,2006 ~
Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee

Debora Short

The Bird Tree

For the large flock of tri - colored blackbirds
Who travel through each spring to these lovely hollows.

Before the evening sky
Morphs shades of brilliant coral
And streaks whimsically of lavender
Threading, too with surreal magenta translucencies
And before English Mountain
Changes into her misty purple evening attire
And certainly before
The stars crown her majestic countenance…
That tall tree sitting squarely
Above our cedars in the forest
Down near the Shropshire Hollow begins
Calling its special evening guests ~

The ritual begins with a lone lady
Sitting quietly atop
The very tip of the highest bough
Of that unusual tree each night,
It's thorny branches soaring upward
Near 80 feet…still devoid of
It's spring-time dress
The nectarine and cherry trees
Already adorned in lovely floral frocks…

Those seasoned migrants
Begin an ancient bedtime rite
One small group after another
Quietly descend to the Bird Tree
Soon these gregarious songsters
Begin their evening calling
To the surrounding hollows.
Humming expounds noisily
As if they were seated
In a large room for telephone operators
Calling their kids home to
Supper and lullabies…

And home these small wanderers come
From all directions
From neighboring hollows and
Lake Douglas, too…
As each group arrives their singing
Ceases as they pensively search
Their perching sites to see who is missing…
Then again, their lovely chattering restarts
Until every member safely returns home.

Just as the evening sky
Morphs shades of brilliant coral

And streaks whimsically of lavender
Threading, too with surreal magenta translucencies

To the those ancient cedars
Off each group flies below
Tucking each other in those
Blue-green covers for one last lullaby … before
The stars crown their majestic hostess.

April 4,2006 ~
Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee

The Bird Tree

For the large flock of tri -colored blackbirds
Who travel through each spring to these lovely hollows.

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The stars crown their majestic hostess.

Debora Short

The Day the World Stopped (Dedicated to Walter Cronkite)

Kennedy, the Challenger,9/11...
Each ingrained forever in my heart and mind

When, President Kennedy died,
I was sitting
At my Miami Beach
Third grade
Madie Ives Elementary
School desk
Practicing long hand flourishes and slants
My favorite teacher,
Mrs. Rowe teared-up
But ran to help
my baby brother's second grade teacher,
Mrs. Chicquita,
When the news
Caught up with her ears and her heart
Well, SHE simply passed out cold
(President Kennedy had helped
Save her and her family...
Assisting their escape from Cuba
Just before that Bay of Pigs invasion)

The Christian kids
Each taking turns
Led us in prayer
Each school day morning
With a selection from the New Testament
And
The Jewish ones
Led with a favorite reading from the Old Testament
In the sixties,
We were still allowed to pray…
The Catholic kids
Were seated apart from us all
In the lunch room
So Miss Donnelly
Could be sure they said their blessings right.
There were no black kids
Back then…
Or at least I had never seen or met one…
We all said the Pledge of Allegiance
With our hands placed over hearts
And right after the announcements for the day,
We practiced hiding under our desks
In case a Cuban missile was to attack us.

Newspapers were delivered,
One edition in the morning,
One in the evening and
U.S. Post was delivered the same
Most stores

Were closed on Sunday
And always on holidays
We as children,
Roller-skated round and round the block
After supper
And flew our kites high...
Borrowing our father's fishing poles
To make reeling them in time
For supper a cinch
And when it was 7: 00 pm
We took our baths and
Were sent to read
Our favorite story books
Under the covers
With a flashlight
Purloined from daddy’s utility room

When, President Kennedy died...
The world had stopped
Or so it seemed
In my just turned 8 year mind and heart...
We all stayed home
And, sadly watched
Walter Cronkite
Narrate the evening news
While eating
Our supper
All together
So many came
And prayed
As they filed past
To view
His motionless body
And then they explained,
Yes, he was really dead
Not just play-acting
Like the bad guy actors
Mr. Cartwright
Killed
On Bonanza...

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
July 18,2006)

Debora Short

The Essense of Us

Wrapped in soft
Caribbean seas,
Linen, lace and pearls

I am I

Soft gray flannels
Sky blue jeans
And a brave-heart

He is he

Debora Short

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Debora Short

The Hills I Now Dance Upon

Decades faded
Remembering
Old school
Mates,
With whom
I had spent
So much time
But who never
Really knew me
The old neighborhoods,
That taught me
To sail away on
Skate boards
While holding on
To billowing
White sheets
As
Those summer storms
Approached
And
How to fly away
On
The highest kite
Or
To design
Private worlds
Reading
Robinson Crusoe
A favorite aunt,
Much beloved
Who sometimes
Wore her sunglasses
In the dark
A generous grandmother
Who always
Saw my needs
Because she
Herself
Had walked
Eons ago in
Shoes not unlike
My own
My lab partners
Always the perfect
Second calls
And
Wonderful mentors,
Like dear old Dr. Bach
Whose grace irrigated
Hopes …his were
So sadly
Left over

In the Fall of Saigon
But
He never fail-ed
In his care, and
Continually,
Coached me
To reach
A bit higher
Bringing
Belief in self
A wonderful
Salesman
Was he
Selling
Goals beyond
The plates
Filled with day
Old scraps
Of lifetimes
Presented
By
Worldly lamenters
Who constantly
Whispered
In our ear
Faded dirty
Hand–me-downs
Tagged with
Ragged beliefs
That it was ok to
Look the other way
Waging
Ideas of old
Those were never
Good
For me
Let alone
Any small soul
I wonder,
What
Happened
To each of them
And, too
Are they
Aware
Of how they
Shaped the
Hills I now
Dance upon?

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
August 1,2006)

Debora Short

The Meltdown

You saw her once
In colorless kimonos
And again
In agricultural greens
But did you really ever understand her?

Sauntering
Into that tiny crevice
Prismatic
Rainbows once
Glowed pristinely in the horizon

All
Perceived colors
Red, yellow, orange
Violet, blue, and green
Arc-ed ethereally

A spectrum
Where long waves
To the right
Serenade and sooth
Harried souls

To left
Rapidly cast
Short waves
Marking forces
Of ancient darkness

In time and space
She walks
Her shadows
Exist concretely in history
Chameleons' very energy

You saw her once
In colorless kimonos
And again
In agricultural greens
But did you really ever understand her?

(Contextual Electromagnetic Waves
in Contemplation, Tennessee, April 12,2007)

Debora Short

The Teacher's Desk

A little research reveals she is nearly
One hundred fifteen years of age, born in New York

She was… eight beautiful and dainty turned legs
Support her solid black walnut continence

Her original owner liked to cross his right leg
His boots scarred her lower left inside drawer supports

I discovered her outside under another
Old desk, both stored under an old tarp, mud and

Spiders along with a bird's nest liberally
Housing themselves in every nook and cranny

Her once magnificent finish now bubbled
Scarred with her learned songs and time-worn history

I wonder did she once assist with Latin lessons
Or with a young student's finest penned flourishes

Did she give the gift of wanderlust?
As she taught about the Galapagos

A little gel stripper proved she cleans up well
A clear of coat min-wax restored her lovely rosy glow

Oh her long journey's scars remain under
Her new redo, but she does stand stoically proud and renewed

In purpose, begging off on a good re-
Sanding …lecturing wittily on an important and wise life lesson

We all fall prey to predatory wrinkles and faded
Exteriors, even our very souls are scoffed

Yet our heart cores are still tenderly sheltered
Deep within, and those old pulls are actually

Copper-ey bronze and filled with redheaded determined grit
To stay on task, a job description now to transformed

From those old drawers come lessons in molecular biology
Anatomy and physiology, the healing arts are now her newer gifts

(Refinishing Life, Tennessee,18 May 2007)

Debora Short

The Tilling Under

Once thick stalked
Near 7 feet
Deep green
With a light
Filled harvest moon face
Fringed tendril
Encircled
Your radiant smile
Reaching out
Warming
Gardened hearts
Now
Glum
Appears
Your
Face searching the earth
Wondering,
It seems,
If your
Once strong
Hard-bodied
Essence will
Nourish
The essence
Of light and love

(Winter Sunflower, Tennessee
December 29,2006)

Debora Short

The Trail

Deeply
Squinting
Past his pitiable myopic sight
In a calling discovery
That mark
That gave the notes
To their song
The rhythm to their beat
And a boundless promised delight
Was
Slowly coming
To a new consciousness
He knew the words to their songs
He wondered… why?
He had not
Seen the bonded
Mark of his brow
His sight was so much better
When he was younger
Why now?
Yet he grasped it
And walked
Among one of
Their
Numbered tribes

Debora Short

The Watering Can*

And, what of those
Petunias gracing
Your new deck
Would they not die
If your hand
Did not carry
His water to
Feed their beauty

Debora Short

The Watering Can...

And, what of those
Petunias gracing
Your new deck
Would they not die
If your hand
Did not carry
His water to
Feed their beauty

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
August 3,2006)

Debora Short

Tidying Up

Tidying
World
Anxiety
A most
Sweeping task
Is nearly as
Difficult
As my
Vain attempts
To rid my
White-tiled
Kitchen floor
Of dog fur

(Cleaning Cottage, Tennessee
~ August 8,2006)

Debora Short

Tuesday Morning

Cloister-ed corporate commuters
Squeezed in noxious rows
And encased in tubular steel
A clan’s compulsion
Just streaking underground
All privately yearning
To fly-out
To nest
On stronger shoulders
Flocked in winter’s softer wool
As if they were
Moths encircling
That security light
Outside
My mountaintop backdoor

Debora Short

Twenty-four Seven Screens

Circling, circling
Insincerities
Hammerhead –ed
Sharks
Thrashing
Splashing
Parodies
Of
Worlds
Sad
Bleeding
Scents
Can’t they
Sometimes
Put images
Of bliss
On those
Re-touched
24/7 screens

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
~ August 9,2006)

Debora Short

Waiting Waves

The squeals,
Dripping soft laughter,
Waiting waves
And,
Barefoot grandchildren
Echo
Joy and Love…
Summer so rocks for me!

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
~ June 23,2006)

Debora Short

Water, Steam and Ice

I am the contrails in the sky
Transporting your love to my heart-felt joy

I am those rolling white riffles splashing
Across those ancient glistening granite rocks

I am the warm tingling steaming massage
Sensate-ly refreshing your tired soul

I am that energizing frozen cube
That cools that sweet tea you sip on our porch

I am the main ingredient carrying
Life-giving nutrients to your keen mind

I am the visible steam rising up
That prepares your scrumptious wild rice tonight

I am those fluffy white clouds high above
That sponge down the dust into the earth

I am that which keeps your Force Five afloat
So you can sail on to your newer dreams

I am your frozen-ed winter delight
Magical crystals spun during the night

I am that drink your ravenous soul desires
Sprinkled grace, His most dear promise-d gift

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
October 2,2006)

Debora Short

Water, Steam and Ice (couplets) edited

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(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
October 2,2006)

Debora Short

Weighing By Degrees

The scale of my decisions
Sundering about, weighing by degrees
Hoping to find that bubble in balance
Reading the significant, feeling the importance
So little time...I must make the most of the moment

Dilemmas abound..
Triviliality...am I sound?
Oh...the enormity..

Value systems that travel toward peaks
Glistening with icy purity
Contrasting with the improper
Rules of civility….make some snore
Rules and laws are the convention
How do we melt those hearts?

Shall I challenge the poor
Or
Uplift the challenged?

Shall I seek out the wise
Or
Seek with wisdom?

Shall I lend a hand to the hopeless
Or
Help the hopeless realize they have value?

Be challenged by those who are unjust
Or
Will I be Called to be the voice of justice’s importance?

(March 28,2005 ~ Bell's Island, North Carolina)

Debora Short

When I Close My Eyes

Allowing the tinkling
Romance to dance
Ethereally into eternity

His
Fingers floating,
Caressing spells
Across those ancient ivories
With the inspiration of Chopin

My mood no longer
Entrenched in worldly
Black
And white
Realities

Only
Gentleness
Tickling my soul
Royal peacock feathers
Flirting
And
Charming
In fullest delight

Sipping
Champagne’s
Sweetest bouquet
Inebriating
Lover’s paired - hearts

A shower
Of purest
White
Rose petal’d
Messages
Ensue
The dancer’s
Embrace
Chased
Into magically
Mystical
Ecstasy …

(The Mountaintop Cabin
December 14,2006)

Debora Short

-When I Close My Eyes

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Debora Short

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(The Mountaintop Cabin
December 14,2006)

Debora Short

While, Darkness, Roguishly Pouts

I'm riding warm dragons
Bridled with soft bright feathers
But laughing clouds
Reflect horses and eons
Dancing at water's edge…

While cedars sway
In a new balance
In muddied sneakers…
And red buds recede modestly
As they slip on the latest rustling
Mint green taffetas

Tri ~ colored blackbirds
Lead a gregarious chorus
Breaking at twilight to
Share the stage
With those classic evening songsters,
You know… those local favorites…
The Coyotes and the Pond Frogs

Darkness, roguishly pouts
And my impish dragons
Generously, Illuminate
That Shropshire Pond
With magic and brilliance

While black and white spotted ponies
Stable them-selves
For a pleasant evening performance

April 24,2006 ~
Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee

Debora Short

Why Is My Heart Surprised?

for my dad, the quiet captain of life

Why is my heart surprised?
I can break gravity
Skipping that happy child dance
Then I remember that blue tag
Hanging from my windshield mirror...

Why is my heart surprised?
Walking hand and hand with my dad
Delighting in those wondrous aero-antics...
Then I recall that those Blue Angels
Gave way to flights on the Wings of Eagles...

Why is my heart surprised?
Walking together each afternoon
On those Castaway docks
A strawberried toddler reciting,
Hammerhead, Bull Dolphin, Weakfish, Grouper
Then I remember my Captain sold his vessels
No more are those rocking tuna towers
Seen from those Sandy Shores of Miami..
Farewell, Spindle beak, Farewell Noble Shark...

Why is my heart surprised?
Flying in that squirrelly little tail-dragger
No more Luscombe tales, no more Eastern Flights
No more shouting in that noisy sky...
Piper Cub two o'clock!
Then I remember Carcinoid
Grounded my dear pilot..

Why is my heart surprised?
Suddenly, my heart caught my mind..
Today I recall...sadly,
My head informed my heart
I am no longer skipping that happy child dance
Instead...suddenly my heart
Is turkey ~ necked, old and tired...
Farewell, dear captain, Farewell, dear daddy...

(May 3,2005 ~ Bell's Island, North Carolina)

Debora Short

Winter's Snow

With piercing death
Unending woe hotly wails its
Song to Justice’s all hearing ears
Sending winter’s untainted gift
Gently bleaching all bright
Mercifully dusting
Augusts’ fiery abode
In purest translucencies
Of cooling white
Love’s extraordinary comforter
Softly encasing
Domicile’s sorrow
Exposing only
His footprints leading
His beloved
To those most healing heavens

(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
~ 31 August 2006)

Debora Short

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(Mountaintop Cottage, Tennessee
~ 31 August 2006)

Debora Short

Wise Swimmers Don’t Dive In at Dawn or Dusk

He notes from
His stellar aerial blue
That his beloved strawberry
Has full-fledged

Now, more grey than dishwater
A solid half century on her
Always, the obvious independent
New Horizons continually in view

A life-long history
Of choosing uncommon passageways
Teaching herself immuno-hematology and,
Giving out ashes, her purse stashed under that altar

Lanes of life dappled sunny
Colored with compassion
Didn’t she take in all
Learned lessons of life

The advice he gave on those shadows:
Wise swimmers don’t dive in
At dawn or dusk
Especially, near fishing piers

And the best pilots always
Check for birds nest,
File fresh flight plans
And, remember horizons can be easily lost

Scratching his now, celestial head
He smiles when he spots
Her in his old Lynne - collared white shirt
Under that honey locust

Mowing over that black bear nest
Her eyes focused in VFR as those yellow-jackets swarm
Choosing yet another …uncommon corridor
While studying for MCATS

Debora Short

You and I

(know that they loved you)

Our history closely
Mirrors the shape of our clay
Both, reclusive and introverts
Each secreted in distant and
Separate island sanctuary

You ditched out before me
Or maybe I did, before you…
No matter, we rarely venture back
As if our hearts were ex-patriots of city-self
Besides, they believed we had found paradise

But, did they not direct our paths?
I know they were our glue
They too, were reclusive and, still
We loved them beyond belief
Yet, they also, lived apart…

(Hugging-Cedars Island, Tennessee
July 17,2006)

Debora Short

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(know that they loved you)

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Debora Short