

Poetry Series

Eric Von Rohr

- 8 poems -

Publication Date:

May 2012

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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A Poem From The Sea

It was on the day the dolphin came to me,
Calling me to join them, to play among those romancing waves.
They were beckoning me from those tidal pools
on that still summer day.

Swimming to meet their laughter as the waves
rolled up the beach, they taught me friendship and love,
things I thought were out of reach.

Glancing back at sand castles rising majestically from the
shore, I saw her collecting shells on the bottom of the
ocean's floor.

She called to me from this watery land, while christened
pearls of love she gently laid in my hands.
Under the sea and out of reality's reach, I awoke alone
upon the sands of the beach.

I stood, searching the surface of the ocean, I could see no more,
all was quiet and tame.
But it was love they had left for me, on the day the dolphin came

Eric Von Rohr

Afoot In The Snow

Pale moon shadows fall upon the lone rusted lantern and pole
In the snow where do these sole footprints go
Looking lonely in the lantern's yellow glow
Who lit this light in such a night?

I follow them, syncopated in time
Now they seem to pace steadier, faster, with no reason or rhyme
The whiteness is cold, and at the same time charming
Its existence is beautiful, quiet and disarming

The footprints move by the old wooded fence
My sense of being alone brings me a warmth and pleasance
The footprints head towards old Carter's well
So I march on for this mystery to quell

Snow under my feet crunches and chimes
Bricks and roof have toppled with time
I wonder to myself of a time distant past
When this well was alive and down the bucket was cast

The footprints stop here, at the well and trees
They do not continue on as far as I can see
Searching for more 'round winter's trees branches bare
That hide springtime's hidden flora, fauna and flair

And now I wonder how I was led
Down this path in this peaceful stead
There is nobody to be seen, anywhere, no voice
I have no choice
Afoot in the snow

Eric Von Rohr

Cherished Indiana Night

Fireflies pulsate vibrate beneath
Dimly illuminating drooping apple blossoms
Fading from the unseasonal heartland's heat

A bright crescent moon dazzling plays engages stages
With the zephyr that moves over rows of endless corn
They bend and move as if in a slow waltz

Ever so calmly, rocking chairs rasp the porch floorboards
Railings taken over by ivy lends nuance
No one speaks much, no one wants to

The circadian rhythm drama playing out before us
Rest's its resolve upon us
Life's amphitheatre scintillating our senses
Harmoniously katydids and crickets chime in

We filled our baskets and barrels today
By the sweat of our brow
The barrels now standing by overflowing
In the dimly lit glow of an aged porch light

With the aroma of Blue Ash trees crawling about
I feel poised as if in a depiction of a different era
A living portrait reticent forever in my memory
Cherished was this Indiana night

Eric Von Rohr

Kite Flying, Blossoms and Bloom

Yielding blossoms bound
Coming to flower
Strands of sunbeams find their way
To peek upon my consign where
I respite

My kite plays and seeks to be seen
Lofting restless in the coil of the wind
Above and over the trees
Gazing as if jealous
Peering through the yawning of leaves

My string is spun white lace
Held captive to the earth
Where he took flight
From my hand from whence
I dispense his altitude

Pleasance encapsulates me
I am encompassed in a lazy fair of bloom
Sunshine, daydreams and a parade of blossoms
My Lord has lain before me

Besides the movement of the breeze
And his push of elliptic aromas
There is a stillness of silence
Quiet deafening demanding my attention

I think now
I will lie down
Place my hands behind my head
I will shut my eyes, breathe deep
And sigh, peacefully

Eric Von Rohr

Moongaze and Dream My Darling

Cast your gaze to the sky my little one
It has finally risen
Skirting above the hills
Be quick my Darling daughter
Grab the rising moon
Shake it 'til dreams, comets and moon dust fall

We will run through the field just you and me
The air sweetened with honeysuckle
Under the Lord's radiant canopy of moonlight
Hold tight to the basket we brought
And will we gather them all in

We'll sprinkle moon dust on some comets
And let them give us a ride through the Milky Way
Taking us up in a swirling swoon and whoosh!
Off we go, adventure awaits, so do your dreams
Your nightgown flows and long hair shimmers
From the burst of our shooting star

We do not speak, we do not need to
Your eyes, your glances and smiles tell me everything
I see you breathing it all in
Close your heavy eyelids my Darling
I will lay your head on your pillow

I will kiss you on your forehead and pray
Tucked in, your basket laid next you
The night is still young
Adventure still beckons and awaits you
Enjoy My Darling, Enjoy!

Eric Von Rohr

Sunblush

Behind the backdropp of an enormous horizon,
The sun as her umbrella
She dances, swaying about with the wind,
Moving about, her shadow now playing catch up
She resonates but with no sound.

At a distance you can see her smiling.
Unaware of you, she continues on.
You sense her ecstatic joy, her freedom, she draws you in
That tingle on your skin, is it the warmth of the sun,
Or is it her starting to resonate within your soul.

Still unaware of you, this daughter of Eve continues,
Lost in dance with the sun, swirling with balance and charm, so very graceful
You want to draw near, take her by the hand, join the bliss,
But shyly all you can do is to look up,
Stare into the sun, your eyes blinking and he seems to blush.
You yearn to take her into your arms, but today it's the sun's dance.
Today he is her partner

Eric Von Rohr

This Beautiful Night

Hushed and silent
Thinking
Breathing steadily

Outside moonbeams and night cover shadowed rooftops
Surrealism and His Truth fills in an evening of thoughts
The mind is free to peruse, the spirit to pray

You can feel the coming winter to stagger through the open window to wander about
the edge of your sleep
There is something though, so vivid about this night
Pondering, just to put a finger on it, the mind's eye straining to see
Perspectives become different, changing, cultivating, for His mercies are new every
morning

Maybe it is this vast beautiful stillness in the Spirit, the tranquility that drips, saturating
the night air.
For yesterdays and today are now fading, falling an eternity away.
For whatever is different about this night, I must now turn my thoughts to sleep from
this beautiful night

Eric Von Rohr

Veiled Scenes Behind The Sun

Perceived glimpses cast emotions
Perceptions give glimpses
Wrapped in a draped veil
Cupped hands you hold out with discretion
An offering of vagueness
When a turning sun reveals

Truth maybe scant but
Concealing the obvious is obvious
When a turning sun reveals
Eyes meeting eyes are not insincere
When the turning sun reveals

A pall fades behind the dark side
Truth in abstention drapes around me
It revolves then evolves
Bending the beating heart
When a turning sun reveals

When the turning sun turns
There is dimness, there is luminosity
Aspirations and bleakness
For all this disappears behind the sun gloaming

Eric Von Rohr