

Poetry Series

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

- poems -

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Frank James Ryan, Jr. (A Collection of 70 Select Works)

These Poem-Pages are comprised of a Collection of approximately 70 SELECT WORKS, on a wide assortment of theme/topic, and with the employment of various contemporary writing styles.

Strangely, though in terms of exposure, thankfully, (as of July 1st, 2009), the mass majority (over 80%) of my Daily Readership is coming directly from Visitor (non-member) traffic, in large, from what is referred to as the Tri-State Area, or Metropolitan Region of the Northeast United States, which includes: Central & Southern New York, Southern & SouthWestern Connecticut & Northern New Jersey. These supporting sources include: Bookstores, Local & County Libraries, Junior & Senior High Schools, as well as several New York based Community Colleges. In addition, and via some self-promotion, my work is now also on display with various Literary Groups & Associations. All of these educational sources have been & continue to be the strongest link in my efforts to maintain a healthy daily Readership base. Unfortunately, Visitors can not comment, or private message, however, I have maintained a solid connection with the majority of these special supporters through another e-mail address that I set up expressively for them & this agenda. Also, over the past school year, I know that several of my outside supporters did in fact establish PH accounts, and are not only reading my work, but are now able to comment as well. In addition, so they tell me, these new members have been reading & commenting on the work of many other members here on site! So, hopefully, this agenda has & will continue to serve as a successful vehicle not just to my own literary goals & interests, but to the goals & interests of many other PH members, as well as the overall goals and objectives of poemhunter.com, who of course, is a direct beneficiary of every new set of eyes that these self-promotional efforts result in bringing on board, whether it be as Visitors, or Members. Thank you for visiting...I hope you enjoy my work, this site, and its' many talented contributors/members.

Frank James Ryan, Jr/FjR

EDUCATION: The Concordia College of New York
.....Iona Preparatory Accelerated H.S.

CURRENT OCCUPATION: Corporate Director of Global Media & Internal Internet Privacy Operations [FCC License #0172463]/V.M.I. Inc. of New York/March 2009-Present...<http://www.visualmediaimpact.com>
"We Build Customized & Optimized (S.E.O. Websites to Market You & Your Product for Tomorrow's World Today"

PRIOR OCCUPATION: National Multi-Media Marketing Executive & Advertising

Co-ordinator/Yellgroup-TransWestern Co./1999-2009

PRIOR OCCUPATION: Regional Operations/Marketing Manager/Area Sales Manager/Gannett Co.-U.S.A. TODAY/1985-1998

SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS/PROJECTS/COMMITTEES(Managerial)

.....1985: U.S.A. TODAY Northeast Launching Team
.....1987: Established/Commissioned the Company's
.....First Field Sales&Sales Recruitment Program
.....1988: Special Projects Manager/Sales-Promo
.....1990: Regional Markt.Programs Co-ordinator
.....1993: Motivational Speaker(Corp.Seminars)
.....1996: Branch Consolidation Project Director
.....2002: Motivational Spokesperson/Recruiter

AWARDS-BUSINESS: GannettCo./U.S.A. TODAY-District Manager of Month(22) : Supervisor of Quarter(7)
Divisional Manager of Year(2) Presidents Cup Trophy(3)
Yell Group-Transwestern Co.-National Advertising Grand Master 1999,2000;
Winner's Circle Diamond Club 2001,2002,2003; President's Club 2004; 2005;
2006

PUBLISHINGS: Editorial(Op-Ed) including articles
appearing in TIME MAGAZINE; U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT; The
Gannetteer; CIRCUS MAGAZINE; N.Y. Times; N.Y. Post; N.Y. Daily News, as
well as more than 100 local & nationally syndicated news publications.
Competition Essay...Prose, Short Story & Contemporary Poetry appearing in
over 80 Literary Anthologies & various fine-arts/lifestyles news sources.

AWARDS: 1st Place-1997 Creative Arts & Science Spring Literary
Competition; 2nd Place-1998 Creative Arts & Science Summer Poetry Slam;
3rd Place-2008 Autumn Park Literary Competition.

BOOKS: "THE VERVE OF PASSION & PERIL"1999-2000

MEMBER/BIOGRAPHICAL INCLUSIONS

~ Who's Who In America (Business Achievement in the fields of Marketing &
Advertising)
~ Who's Who In The East (Societal & Literary Achievement)
~ International Biographical Centre of England(Literary Achievement in the
Fine Arts(American Contemporary Literature)

MEMBER: Republican National Committee

Contributing Member:

American Heart Assosiation; National Kidney Foundation/Make A Wish
Foundation; National
Assosiation of Paralyzed War Veterans;
New York-Columbia/Cornell Universities
Hospital-Medical Center(Cardio-Thoracic/Telemetry & Arrhythmia Divisions)

INTERESTS: Music; Martial Arts; Public Speaking; Creative Writing;
Professional, Collegiate & High School Basketball, Football, Baseball & Boxing

ACTIVITIES(Current)

Martial Artist/Tae-Kwon-Do(Black Belt/2ndDegree) & Shaolin Kempo
Karate, Competition Kickboxing, Tennis, Handball, Table Tennis, Basketball,
Swimming & Diving

GIVE THE GIFT OF LIFE***BE AN ORGAN DONOR

Works:

The Verve of Passion & Peril/ 1999-2000
Watermark Press (Vanity Publication)

.....MaryInd, U.S.A.....

BLACK ~ AUTUMN

Comes the cold, black, wake of autumn,
harbouring its' pique on naked limb;
damp, feral winds astir
to the stalking, hawking,
and hideous squawking...
of ominous, impetuous crows;
inexorably circling,
'neath the late day shadows
of a cold november sunfall.

And the crows of Autumn, wear angry eyes,
the kind you felt on the back of your neck
when you read Edgar Allan's "Raven".
Teasing the breeze-spun tumbleweeds,
as they roll over cornfields... spewing-
threads and shard of stick, and husk,
gaunt signs of a harvest dying.
Clouds bleed deep sage, and drape
over the foreboding presence
of these dark-winged beasts in flock,
fecklessly searching for any sign
that autumn had not yet abandoned them.

Dark and black, blackest black...hovering,
over the last man standing,
in this smoke-dry field,
rigidly stationed with stoic poise,
donned in spirited, tattered plaid,
guardian of the harvest,
protector of the field,
intrepidly perched over its cornucopia
of waning autumntide-offerings.
Thus, hanging upon six feet of wood
is the Scarecrow,
weathered, yet sturdy,
in a pose resembling.....crucifixion.

And, the taunting begins,
with a strident kick of breeze,
as the crows fly low, in arrowed flank,
with bitter, and arrogance-
their Autumn slipping away.
Swooping to the gust of a winter prelude,
obsessively circling, their black eyes gleaming,
the strawman succumbs
to a wind-flounced dance,
and to the evil delight of its menacing prey,
while Wind choirs strond...in loud soprano
like high-pitched fifes on air.

And Autumn dies colourless;
bare, brittle in its burial.

And the crows, cold and jaded,
fly away as they came.
will wreak havoc elsewhere
Untill the april month..
when once they come again.

FjR

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

'
**A WALK TO THE CEMETERY TO VISIT SOME
FRIENDS.....{Author's Recommendation}**

I'm taking a walk to the cemetery this morning
Be back before noontime for crumpets and tea
I have two friends who died not so long ago
They were brothers, and treated me the same
Had not spoken with them since that night
The night it rained red glass and tears
'Neath the stuttering lights on Dawsonstills Bridge
Still, sometimes at night,
i am awakened by the sound of it
You see, Death....will always find you, when it wants to

Thought it was time i stopped by to say hello
And along the way, i picked you up a gift
Habitual manners taken right to the grave...excuse the levity
"Never visit someone's home empty handed", Mom said...
Flowers are always freshest when laid in the morning dew
Still, by noon's end they'll be wilting in the summerhaze
Lying still, decomposing...and my mind takes to thinking
Just how morbidly apropos, is this gift for your home
As i knee-touch soft soil...place the spray by your stone

[Now peace can be defined in a myriad of ways
But i swear, that serenity had draped its veil, where i stood;
And for the first time since their death, i sensed connection]

So, i filled them both in, on the towns latest scuttlebut
I could almost hear their voices upon the wind-whisps overhead
Took a look at my watch...and it was time to head home

Our time went by so quickly, did it not?
Like breeze through branches... leafless
I really must leave... mortal duties, you know
God, I really miss you guys...Can you hear me?

Yes, you're right..... time, and destiny still be my keepers
But i'll be back soon, to share more news and memories

Just the three of us...yes, we will!

And as i head towards the black wrought iron gates
I look back at the sea, of greystone and crosses....
And in a moment of self-pity, i shout: ...SO, THIS IS IT? !
A sudden, stale mist tails me.....all the way home
Follows me.....like a pestilent cat, astray

Made it back before noon.... walked in to the scent
Of tealeaf, and cinamon...and voices of life
Tea and crumpets taste freshest, before noontime
And silk flowers on a table never wilt... decompose

Think i'll take a drive into town...do my chores and such
I'll take an alternate route, around Dawsonstills Bridge

Then again, in truth... does it really matter?
You see Death will always find me, when it wants to....

.....Written August 14th,2007.....
Frank James Christopher Ryan, Jr.
.....F. j. R.....

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

ROLLING THUNDER...

Movement is born to the stir of speeding rubber
Stones of great proportion crackle, murmur
Instigating sudden dread, impending chaos
Movement hurling rocks and boulders,
grey and black.
Rolling thunder like the kill of A-Shua Valley
or a runaway subway charging through a tunnel,
off its' tracks.
"Pallas and Vesta clashing into showers
is how one commuter defined her morning drive
while fragilely tweezing pebble off her XK Jag.
Pelting metal, fiberglass, jagged shard
Showers cease, silence rises with a waft of dust.
Sirens carry over smokey mountain-tops
Rising dust always seems to mate with silence...
in the aftermath, of rocks that challenge parkways.

[From The Attic of Beginnings]
_____ Frank Ryan, JR, _____

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

'
? A QUESTION OF DREAM or EXISTENCE

The grain of your flesh fits perfectly
against mine,
like images from Eye's Gallery II.
Endulging each other,
tightly curled, supine,
dyslexically moving at 96 degrees.
Then, feeling like Salvador Dali,
you suddenly rearrange the picture
twisting sensually...
in subluxed pose,
and i sense satisfaction
on your moistened brow,
your hold on me
like 2 breathing statues...ossified
and joined at the nethers.
And with images in my head
of my fantasies, incarnate,
you move, and awake me
from a REM deep sleep,
sounds of wood-doors and screens
shutting behind you,
and you are gone, once again.
Strange shadows circling
above my head,
washing the bedroom walls
with morning, as i-
perspire, under ice cold linen.
And the question be:
Were you really here at all?

FjR

Re-Posted By: Lauren Marie Ryan

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

d..e..l..i..v..e..r..a..n..c..e (deux)

Caught a hint of ochre,
dripping off the Sun,
from an April sunrise,
warming the tips
of frail infant twigs,
drinking the chilled drippings
of natures morning mist,
dancing on petals, victoria-pink,
slowly turning soft and ivory,
blanketing freshly laid grass seed
with the stunning white beauty
of a late springtime snowfall.
All this i saw quite nascently...
from my wicker chaise.

And all is swept away
before the ides of June,
that just a month ago
sugared the winds of lions breath
with the sprinkle of Magnolia breeze,
tickling the lamb's that chased the lion's
from their opend cage of winter wrath,
that allows me to lounge in my wicker chaise,
endulge the scents, and the scenes
that place themselves before me,
and i can take with me wherever i go.

So i revel in this myriad of splendor
to a pologue of Summers stage.
Browlines and crows-feet
bear squinted grooves,
from the blinding strike
of a glausterman sunset.
I reach for my smoked sun-shades,
you know, those wraparounds,
with the "X" on the frames,
wrapped tautly, and smooth
in their Nubuck leather.
And i ensconce in my wicker chaise,
take in the sweet of the honey breeze
and memories of loves first taste.

Change on the verge of deliverance, yes.
Her fresh bloom unfolding....a Shangri-la
as utopic as Hilton's "Lost Horizon".

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

' **S O U L S...I N...S L E E P.....{2008/2009
Competition Winner}**

Souls in sleep, beneath morning's dew;
heard the cries of death's internment;
smelt the stale of floral, on freshly dug sod,
too soft to take a knee, and whisper...
words never shared...now left for ruing.

Shadows eclipse this yard of stone,
sunfall peeks through naked branches;
twilight casts arched silhouettes,
over rock's cold grey silence;
names, dates, epitaphs lose their carve in nightfall

And who be these occupants, lying here,
sleeping within these hallowed acres.....?
Were they collar blues, or Wall Street suits,
common folk.....or recherche.....?
Doesen't matter here, for once we are equal.

And if these occupants awoke....suddenly,
would they speak of a Kingdom of peace
or nervously spew of an incubus.....?
Ashes, cannot speak, hear, nor feel;
still we talk to the ground, and wait for the breeze.

Yes, i marvel at graveyards...what can i say;
my eccentric mind, strums in facination.
We live, we die...but inbetween,
sometimes we'll speak of the souls in sleep,
until we too rest, beneath morning's dew.

2008 Autumn Open Poetry Competition...N.Y./ 3rd Place
2009 Lower-Hudson Valley Literary Slam...../ 2nd Place
2009 The Lynbrook Castle Darkside Poetry Assemly..../1st Place

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

NO WONDER WHY GOD MADE US ALL MORTAL...!

Fresh flowers, sliced at the stems, on an angle...,
so they breathe at the parlour....deeper, longer;
still, in two day's they'll lay with the dead...dying,
tossed like trash from a black El Camino.

Coffee, and petit-fours,
from Artuso's Bakery
awaiting our arrival,
from black limousines,
to deliver us from death, back to life,
to the home of the widow in mourning;
and we'll smack our salty lips,
at the site of the pasteries,
and slap each others backs
at the sharing of tell-tale,
and carry-on of the deceased.

Redundant cliches play a pestilent tune, like:
"It's the only time we get together it seems",
and, "'Doesen't he look just like himself"?"
And as a child, i would think: Who else would he look like?

Sat, and watched the last of the arrangements,
flooding the rear of a black El Camino;
Saw petals.....all shapes and colours,
strewn through the highway wind,
streaking past my peripheral view;
makes me glance out the window,
at the cars in the faster lanes,
to see how many faces
were staring back at mine,
as we procession to the yard,
for last good-byes,
Father Quinn leads in prayer;
the morose toss of Amadeus roses,
passion-red, short stemmed, and thornless.

And after the final rose finds rest on the wood,
and we all walk away, like zombies on qualudes,
i look back o'er my shoulder, and marvel,
at how irreverently...
all the flowers, now dead..... are piled,
and why they always seem to resemble
an Egyptian pyramid.
Strange souls we be...When Death arrives;
No wonder why God made us mortal...!

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

'

THROUGH THE GLASS OF MY BEDROOM WINDOW

Saw you walking towards the bridal path,
through the glass of my bedroom window;
virile bucks picking up the scent of Jaipur;
angry doe's, alerted to your morning walk;
rising stags soon be anxiously in fawning;
dancing, darting over clustered branches,
scurrying for refuge...from the likes of you,
searching.....for their own taste of honey.
Yes, that's why you should have never left,
the foggy side.....of my bedroom window;
dancing, darting.....'neath satin sheets,
leaving the deer....to entertain themselves
while we dined.....on warm, sweet honey.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

' **WHILE YOU WERE ASLEEP [Part XXIX / A Final Request to Ariel] {Author's Choice}**

Kneeling close enough to feel you,
though not to disturb your stilled beauty,
i smile for a moment, but only because
you finally sleep without labored breath.
And the thought of that, gives me a rush
warming the threads of my fragile heart...
cotton gentle, bread warm,
telling me...you are not far away.

But come tomorrow, when they lower you,
though i know it no longer be you, here...
will i no longer feel your presence about me?
For that would inflict great pain on my heart,
like long rusted nails or fire-tipped arrows,
as i dropp my rose on symbolic wood.
So, my love, a final request, i ask,
some sign telling me... you are not far away.

FjR (ariel-29)

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

' **T H E.....S....E....E....R**

The old woman rocked.....in her wicker chair;
Embroidering needlepoint.....in trancic stare;
Rolling white paper..... Maryjane by her side;
Pining they who swear.....by the Seer's Eye.

Portending from a mind, borne of omen seed,
Clairvoyant blood-gypsy.....or prophet queen.
Deals tarot, holds your hand, robs your breath,
Says: 'my spirit sees your life, sees your death'.

Blows grey dust off a book.....by a noted sage;
Her powers bare the mark of shibboleth ways;
Borne nineteen-three on injun' grounds of gold;
From the tainted seeds of nomads, so foretold

Still captivates believer's.....like days long past,
Since Teddy, and his Rider's....you do the math.
Never married, pledged her love.....to Maryjane;
Says: it keeps her queer mind.....free of pain.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

' **TWO ELDERLY WOMEN AT A NEW YORK CAFE, TAKING LIBERTY BY
SUNSET**

Dolan's Nook cafe, on the city's west-side;
people come for joe.....to read and to rap.
Meanwhile, outside.....on a flagstone patio
two elderly women dine on some hot spirit,
musing 'bout Ellis, and sipping Irish Coffee,
talking 'bout the lady, wading in the Hudson.
Sipping Irish Coffee...by a riverside sunset,
afrent the drifted dunes of the Hudson River,
the artist's center-point of New York Harbor,
where Liberty and Sunsets.....shine freely.

Admiring this lady in her long copper drape,
arm held high, with amber torch...glistening
off the falling sun...inspiring evenings scape.
Said one woman to the other, quite casually,
her old eyes fixed on the paragon of beauty:
'This is why we come and go, as we please'.
Said her friend in reply, stirring her irish java:
So true, my friend, yes.....true as true can be.
But, the question is, my dear.....do you think
Bartholdi could've brewed good Irish Coffee?

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

' **While You Were Asleep [The Waking of Ariel]...{Six Time Competition Winner}**

I watch you as you sleep;
Feel a warming breeze pass your cold, still lips;
An essence of florals, and my eyes affix,
On the bleeding heart draped upon your silk, blue gown.

A string of azure Rosary beads intertwine alabaster fingers;
The Crucifix looks down on you with venerating passion;
A single ivory rose finds peace beside your breast;
Reminds me of the one you pressed in that paperback of Poe.

And, oh, those abhorrent, catty-cornered torchere lamps,
Juxtaposed, and rigid, like military pallbearers.
You used to say "Why must parlors insist on their presence? "
I despise them too, and for you, my love, i command their removal.

'Tis nine at night; prayers of closure fade to eerie silence;
I exercise temperence with amorphous expression;
Masking wired nerves and pressed migrained veins.
Handshakes of pestilence acknowledge unknown faces.

Woke up this morning to the sound of rain, our final day will cry.
Alone now, kneeling before you; so many thoughts, so little time;
Instead, I kiss your powdered cheek, and whisper in your ear:
"I await the day i'll place an ivory rose on you, again".

FjR (ariel-01)

Frank James Christopher Ryan, Jr.

{ The Above Work Is A Six Time Literary Competition Winner }

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

' **Love...Is...Love...Is...Love* * * * ***

It's the kiss.....before the goodnite
It's the bliss.....after having a fight
It's the memories..of special days
It's the tempering.....clouds of grey
It's the invitement of your first date
It's the excitement...that you create
It's the shoes you leave at the door
It's the muse.....you call your amour
It's the sharing...of wine and seeds
It's the care and desire....to please
It's the start of your day's in the sun
It's the hearts of 2..that beat as one
It's the gown, tuxedo.....and Kay's
It's the roses.....on Valentine's Day
It's the action of words..you profess
It's the passion.....and nothing less
It's the passion.....and nothing less

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

' **BREATHE ME WITHIN YOU, MY LOVE * * * * ***

Breathe me in...and exhale
The coolness of th'passing
My love, so slowly dancing
Within th' womb of yo'r soul

Feel my breath...upon yo'rs
The core....of our existence
An' th' pulse that tips th' cup
Of love that pours so sweet

Warm me....with those eyes
That speak with heart-flame
Penetrate....my every sense
Indulge.....your every need

Enraptured..... we are bound
By the chord....of our desires
Immersed.....within the nexus
Of this bond....so impervious

Come with me.....let us love
Inspire each others...dreams
I yearn, for yo'r feminine taste
I crave to feed.....your hunger

Lay yo'r passion, down on me
Place yo'r soul aside my heart
I rest upon yo'r soften'd breast
While y'u take my breath within

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

' **EMERALDS...AND...BLACK DIAMONDS * * * * ***

Lie down lass, lie down, in sage green meadows
Your blouse flouncing open, in the teasing breeze
The meadows, feel so cotton, this time of season
Come lay beside me lass, and sense th' softness

Open field, sweet air.....will bond our souls desire
Erin blades take sparkle....from the mid-noon sun
No clouds abide our scape of choice, to pleasure
So again i ask you lass, com' lay you down by me

Come here lov', look into my hungry emerald eyes
Let me stare into yo'r eyes o' warm black diamond
Take my hand in lov', and i'll make y'u this promise
That emeralds 'n diamonds.....never fade away

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

' **WHEN FORESTS DANCE BEFORE ME**

When forests of romance dance before me
My sense of pleasure, explores with fervour
'Tis my instinct to explore a forest.....dark
Seek its sweet treasured path and indulge

Willow's tree unfurls, her tear-dropp branches
Adorning her majesty....with graceful spread
Embracing all that lies.....before my senses
Ensnared in the smooth of her velvet drape

When leaves befall their shedding....over me
Blanketing my fancy like sheaths of fine linen
Suddenly you appear and i am lost within you
Love, you are th' branches...of my forest deep

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

' **ROMANCING AGAINST TIME * * * * ***

Awoke to feel your voice beside me
Each Breath: mmmmm.....humming
Sensuously...
Glancing at the hands of the red clock
On the wall
Counting the minutes as I lay beside you
Prudently...

Soon you'll be aroused from your sleep
Within these walls
Upon these pillows
Between soft linen
Wrinkled, disturbed
Fro' th' evening last
Wantingly...

While the sounds of the clock on the wall
Dreadfully, looming, remindfull...
That time will soon play it's goodbye song
And our musique be stilled silent
Leaving behind only images
For the minds-eye to pleasure
'Til we love again
Angst...

'Tis the final hour, and you carress my face
With your darting, black diamond eyes
Glancing up at the clock....on the wall
And, you' re looking so damn ostentatious
Nirvana...

Take my love, hold it tight..... dance with me
Through the curves an' the waves of the linen
'Tis th' movement that makes the good dance
Come over me.....closer.....closer yet
And, yes, we'll dance...to th' hands of th' clock
In Harmony.....synchrony.....syncopatedly
And, with angry defiance...to times arrogance

Dancing, and dancing.....against the damn wall
A clash between the hands of rapture, and time
And, in the merge of souls, and the peak of yen
I hear sounds of cracked glass, above our flesh
As the hands of the clock thrust from their base
Metal 'n plastic raining down from above..... yet
I never glanced once....at the damage so sweet
'Twas as if we had somehow.....stopped time

And we danced, 'n danced, to the throes of time

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

' THE VOID WITHIN THE GRAVID WOMB OF NATURE

Autumn expires, and arbor curdles;
roots still nestle warm, and deep;
ostensibly indifferent to encroaching change;
its' cancerlike process of death....intrudes.
Appearance of lesioned crust...spreading-
malignantly.....as winter infests.....,
its' hard, cold blanket, of ossified soil;
yet, permeating.....prohibiting life;
casting stems' belated petals.....stillborn.

And, if earth bore matriarch instincts,
what an anguishing scathe it'd suffer;
Nine months of fresh efflorescence,
iniquitously aborted, by december's throes.
God made Earth to perpetually gestate,
and its purgence, be nothing less...
than a cold, black-hole, until spring comes,
with growthful birthe, from natures cradle
of renaissance....and verdant breadth.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

' **WHILE YOU WERE ASLEEP (Part XXVIII)**

[Ariel's Autumn Tree]

She'd watch the Japanese Maple
bleed across the bedroom window,
its' rich maroon leaves
forming streaks of darkest red
every Autumn rain.....that November.
Depressive, i would think (to myself) ,
until i'd see the smile that won my eye's
so many rains ago,
a twinkle she never lost.
Is there anything i can do for you?
No, love....just be you, herenow...with me.

She died on the first of December,
the day the last browned maple leaf
lost its battle with mother nature,
falling to the soil, to settle with the earth.
And Autumn passed, in the wake of them both;
So strange, sometimes, when Life path's cross +

FjR (ariel-28)

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

' **FATIMA UNFINISHED (+... [Version II]**

Genuflects with crooked knees,
decends upon the kneeler...

.....fragilely,

as if pressing on rice-paper
that must bare no disturbance
in rising from her meditation,
after hours of excruciating peace...

.....cloistered.

Legs vericosed,
gnarled from years of stalwart vow.
Criss-cross lines on leathered hands
sketch a map of many roads,
many sojourns;
Rests them over the soft
of a cloth covered pew
'til her hands become numb
from the fixed steepled clasp
of praying hands...

.....twitching.

As if temblors found a home
beneath her years-worn marrow.

Yet throughout her holy sessions
a redundant sound be always heard.
Opal beads on copper wire,
gently pulling through frail, old fingers.
And though she cannot tell you
what she had for breakfast,
she forgets, not one syllable
from her litany of Mysteries,
remembering Salutations
like nineteen-seventeen took pause;
each bead of rosary enables her
to revisit her strangely blessed childhood,
when "The Lady" told two friends and she
as children, what would come to be...
through three premonitions...

.....visions

Lucy...the last of the chosen three...
died before revealing
the Third Premonition.

Still questions, theories exist...
while Fatima remains unfinished...

.....eternidade.

FjR

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

' GO NOW UNTO YOUR SILENT SLEEP.....{Author's Recommendation}

Go now, she said, go unto your silent sleep,
Where the Angels.....await your deliverence,
Behind gold pillars of a Kingdom...watching
The passing of your life...from body to soul.

Go now....to your sweet forever life, my love.
Leave now the sickness behind you, and fly;
Time i weep 'gainst the Cross.....i bare now;
Holy flames, i lit....now extinguished by tears.

Life's inevitable silence...has no stipulations;
'Tis but time and place, the only question be.
Destiny has a penchant.....for cruel kindness
As we sense relief.....despite our bitter grief

Go now, in peace and greet the Eye of God;
Where Angel wings flutter, and spirits dance;
Where affliction and lament, are non-sequitur;
Time you go now, love, unto your silent sleep.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

' BLACK ICED COFFEE [In the Summer of Paris & Versailles]

Christopher Bean java,
Versailles' darkest roast.
when fountains will not do.
Summer in downtown Paris
freeze-framing la Eiffel,
structurally stunning
and in the sunlight
her cables shine
like spokes on a bike
in full revoltion
Sur le cours...
de la Tournee de France.

And i thought i'd venture the try-outs this year,
but i left my Great-Basin in Tahoe.
Paris is merely a smaller and dustier
New York City, is all.
But for the jo-jumpin' thirsty
for dark summer java...
there is nothing like the smack
of jo in Versailles.

[And you suddenly bark:
Four-thousand miles
for a swallow of java]? !

[Le cafe un apres-midi d'aout chaud en France?]

So, just how hot, does Paris really get
from July to the end of August?
Go spray any black-top with Perrier,
listen to the bubbling sizzle of H2O,
watch it blow grey smoke up your
ass-umtive notion,
that French roast coffee
in the dead-eyes of summer
in Versailles, or Paris...
is a fatuous choice of beverage,
that doesn't brew a single grind
of common sense.
Or does it?

Who says one can't imbibe
in a refreshing splash
of dark, French roast.

[Ques que se cafe chaud es moi, mon ami]?

Me, i loathe steaming coffee,
light or dark...it matters not;
Me, i like the swallow
of the bitter-sweet chill,

slapping past my uvula,
questioning my throat...
'Can you handle the pour '? !
Black Iced Java,
French roast grind,
with plenty of sugar
in the Summertime,
ME, and Chris,
Christopher Bean,
imbibing Versailles, Paris,
while kneeling down
on the streets of Brooklyn,
fixing my bike,
for the next Tour deFrance?
And drinking Black Iced Coffee.
My throat so utopically numb.
And the quench?

[Et la rafraichissement]?

.....Inexplicable!

FjR

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

*

WHILE YOU WERE ASLEEP (Part XXVII)

[Ariel's Midnight Dance]

I walk quietly out to the kitchen...
tea for one.....no one to ask
what cabinet the honey's in tonight.
So many times i'd rattle your nerves
at midnight, when i could not sleep,
and i knew you'd always know why...
I'd ask: "Do you Tango"?
You'd reply: Are you teaching "?
and you'd move a little bit closer
with your sleek, black negligee
no longer hidden by the pretense of linen.
A very seductive look on your face,
and before long you'd be looking that long stem rose
to dance with.
How we'd Tango through a sweet sleepless night,
then brunching, before a walk to the park,
and talking about the night before,
without saying a word.

Things are different now,
the nights seem so long,
and your black negligee,
when i open the closet, i swear
i can smell the scent of Vera Wang,
though its been almost ten years since.
And i take a midnight walk to meet you,
sometimes i feel like taking pillows, but...
grass stains and dirt stains, are so hard to clean.
So i stand a few feet from where you sleep, now,
in the muteness of the night,
as so not to disturb you,
and i ask: "Do you Tango "?
Silence say's it's time;
I lay a fresh rose by the stone,
take my legs back home,
and sleep through tomorrow.

FjR (ariel-27)

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

*

BEYOND EMERALD CITY

Free from the dreads of mortality,
exempt from balance of power,
dogmatic in their own private Óz,
though illogical...except to themselves.
And within their right, chimerical mind
they can be anyone they they desire to be,
even themselves, if they choose to be,
even the way they used to be,
or wanted to be...be it virtually,
when they were cognizant of time and pulse,
and atune to the abstract as well as the common.

They harbour their smiles in a space far away
that we only see, through faith, hope and spasm.
They are disconnected from consequence,
never having to swallow the acrid backwash
of defeat, shame, regret or sorrow.
Dogmatic in their silent world,
a dimension of silent excitement,
an ambience of colors in movement
prismatic...in their own Emerald City.
King's and Queen's of a magic kingdom.

And because we only see it all from Kansas,
we tend to render pity for their situation.
Silly fools we are,
as except for Alex Garland,
who else could possibly experience utopia
in prefix to their own living Death?

FjR

Re-Posted By: Lauren Marie Ryan

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

* **SORROW BE THE COLOUR INDIGO {Author's Recommendation}**

Bleeding-out the heart like Xylem sap,
oozing from the bark of november trees;
inertia, negotiating crooked grooves,
in depressed, sardonic spiral;
descending to the taste of the Autumn soil,
cold, dark, and bitter.....as sorrow be.

We bleed in darkest indigo,
thru' the rivers of our narrowed veins,
and arteries...streams of purpled blue,
like the wounded heart in pathos;
'less the wound breaks flesh into open air;
colour indigo.....turns darkest red.

Holding-cell for sorrow....the human heart be
harbouring poignance in its bundle branches;
warm pulse cradling, its burning-iced lament,
until faith lightens the heavy, delivers remission.
And sorrow then be a lifeforce....fervent,
as the verdant buddings of the april trees.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

* **DEATH'S OVERTURE [Part I / The Passage]**

And when you come for me
pass o'er me gently,
with essence sweet and fragilityt.
For i need to stare into those hollow sockets
whose deep wells have come to carry me
to my final opus of contrition,
for the blight, the stain i procured in life,
and must now reflect on with penance.

Why can't lament be enough?
Why must there be reparation?
You see, my God....is a merciful God,
and i don't believe there's a Purgatory.
No, i cannot subscribe to such epistle.

Why must Death be so strange...
mysteriously captured in question and aura
through this passage that you, Death,
leave me...to be judged?
You'll be the first pass from my mortal plane
and, the closest connection to my destiny,
though i fear your entity
be of distant, hollow essence,
and cold, dark drape.
Perhaps i have read too many darktales
but it bristles my bones to the marrow.

And, Death.... then there is this Dream...

You are mute...and i fear your silence,
still your existence instills a whisper,
snaring my ears like a fast, cutting wind:
Teling me: 'I'll never see the likes of you again!
And i believe you...because i feel your words.
And though voice, and sound not with you
still i ask you...
that this passage we ride, together....
to the next dimension
be an Overture...sweet in essence,
a movement swift in transition,
and an Entrance to a Passage...of Life
that i have never seen before.

End Part...I
.....FjR.....

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

* **DEATH'S OVERTURE [Part II / Observance of The Entity]**

And when you come for me
I'll ask but one request,
that you allow me to understand
the mystery i'm to embark on,
each piece of this mortal puzzle,
no matter how opaque it be.

And Death, Please let me tell those
whom i have left behind to grieve:
that i have met you...
and you bare no scars,
i have touched you...
yet i bear no affliction,
that the hollow sockets i feared
were but flawless diamonds,
clear and trancic,
resplandantly...under God's perfect Light.

And, Death.....i ask to see all this, and more,
so i know...that God and You, must be as One.

End Part II
__FjR__

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

*** SOUNDS & SIGHTS OF THE RIVERDANCE...[Observations From A Live Irish Step Dance Performance/Radio City Music Hall, New York]**

Tap, Tap, Tap...
Shoe-point on wood
One lone Dancer
Striking the floor
With hyperbole...
While ignominiously
Glaring, left to right
At the other Dancers
Awaiting their key
Standing in position
Clad in dark solids
Burgandy and black
Orchestra anxious
Ready to commence
Turn a silent stage
Alive with fifes 'n strings
Hear the sound of Violins
Tight-string pulling
...Rosin!
Dancers juxtaposed
Spotlights frame each movement
Madonna's.....n tights
Dark Angels in taps
As the orchestra leader
SHOUTS.... in soprano
ONE, TWO, THREE..FOUR
One, Two, Three...
one, two, three...AND....
Twenty more Dancers
Edge of the stage
While Irish reels join
The romp of "Firedance"
And, twenty-five more
Dancers in backdrop
Under white lights
Conflued, and stunning
Commanding the audience
Front and Center
Like silhouette figures
And marionettes
All synchronized...Yes...
And on single deaf cue
Break from the middle
Like a gaelic Red Sea
And twenty-five more
Dancers line...Synchronized...YES!
All in one line...
Front and Center
To stamping feet
To thunderclap
To violins...screaming!
To one-hundred and thirty

Feet on the floor...
To the beat of the rhythm
The rhythm of the dance
The Irish Step hard shoe
As sixty-five Dancers
All in synchronized step
The violins peak....YES!
As the Dancers stamp hard
To the beat of the Riverdance
The Sound is shrilling
As the Dancers come forward
Dancing edged at stagefront
Legs in full measure
Knees over chins
Legs lifting higher
In measure and balance
To the kicked-up impact
Of the titillating music
'Til the grande-leader calls
Time to do justice
Render sweet climax
To this sterling performance
And the Dancers take flight
With utopic perfection
And land with a clamor
Of one deafening strike
Of shoes to the floor.....

.....
A moments dead still
The Dancers stand silent
No movement, feet crossed
.....A N D
The Audience stands LOUD...
The applause just as deafening
As the applauded were clamorous
And sustains for minutes
After the very last Dancer
Walks of the stage....
"The Riverdance".....

AND, THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT!

Dedicated to my daughter, Lauren Marie Elizabeth who in 2003,
at age 9, placed 3rd in a Regional Irish Feis Competition, in N.Y.C.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

'* **THE PRESENTIMENT**

Looking over a silhouette, i saw an ocean
with bodies floating cold, on icy whitecap,
ocassionally colliding and bouncing hard
off each other like overworked bumper cars.
But are they breathing below my reach?
This i was thinking, as a telephone rang.
Oceans hold within...mysteries
of steering tidal waves, and destinies,
breeding life, feeding earth...housing the dead-
far deeper than the souls behind the gates
of hallowed ground....I heard distant crying.

I awoke this morning to the sound of howling
and the gnashing of knuckles on broken glass,
a hideous scene to awaken to...and the news-
the news... made my stomach burn.
You drowned last night
in search of something.
We'll never know what.
We'll never know why.
I saw the ice, i shivered hard,
i lept into the ocean waters'
i awoke from my dream,
all this i did....
still you're gone.

FjR

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[////]

IN THIS AUTUMN OF THE YEAR

In this Autumn of the year there be image
Pictorial earthtone's.....the artist's nirvana
Flecks of shades....bleed into each spray
Summer's closure.....sets on the causway

In this Autumn of the year there be breeze
Whisps feathering past.....your ear lobes
In contrast to the gusts.....of Winter's sting
Autumn hails its thrust upon colored wings

In this Autumn of the year, there be rainfall
A subtle, chilling mist.....that feeds th'soil
Preparing, for the fast confronting Harvest
Showerings fall like angel-hair.....tingling

In this Autumn of the year..... there be spice
A vast potpouri.....of kaleidoscopic majesty
Herbs 'n hickory smoke, from chimney tops
Country fairs and downtown sidewalk stops

In this Autumn of the year there be romance
Love that flowers 'n bonds with Soul n' Spirit
Spirits of October and Souls of Hallows Eve
A cornucopia of gift.....that's what autumn be

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[////]

STORMS THAT CROSS BY NIGHT...[Song of Atlantic]

My Summer's wrap their soul.....'round Atlantic's stir
By dock, i breathe th' majique....."eau claire le bleu"
Riptides, of orange-red.....reflecting August sunsets
Like Ra, n' th' Matet boat, o'er oceans salted sweat

Rain falls cotton soft.....soothes th' burning seaside
Jagged light of current strike.....clouds open wide
Whitecaps rise against th' front.....of storm's entry
Emerging strong and fast....do these ocean gentry's

Night arrives with furried surge.....by seawolf's eye
Waters dark ne're shoo gulls.....from seawitch skies
Storm at peak with lions teeth.....bites surf, and land
Come morning, ther'll be peace...o'er dunes of sand

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[\\] UPON THE TILTING OF A ROSE

There be an air of sensuality, to the tilting of a Rose;
young stems curve gracefully.....as they mature,
so they may support the blossom of their better half,
in glorious rapture, by the fresh mist, of the new day

And the glow in the after.....of this eye-captive event,
be likened to a pink-warm shine, washing the faces
of lovers, as they ensconce.....in juxtaposed nirvana;
until woman wraps her curves around man's desire.

The beauty of a Rose, is fully realised through virility;
its stem, the backbone, and prowess to her majesty.
No thrust of efflorescence....be so beautiful to behold,
as the amorous climax.....upon the tilting of a Rose.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[\\] MOVEMENT IN BLACK {Author's Recommendation}

Simon makes it all come together, perfectly,
placing black curio's on dusted black shelves,
and window-sill ledges with geometric widgets,
navigating his world, by touch, and by texture.
Simon day-dreams about women and stem cells,
despite Canon Law, and his strict Catholic rearing.

And, he likes to muse on the concept of light,
spectrums, and prisms, though opaque to Simon,
still he dusts pleated lamp-shades that cover no bulbs;
says he might buy some hi-powered torchere lamps;
lie back in his chaise...
absorb the warmth of clear hallogen,
and imagine the sparkle of the sun on sea-glass.

And, no one could possibly comprehend,
Simons' world of black imaged movement,
or how it feels to be gifted at birthe,
as an inspiration with Crosses to shoulder.
And of course, there's the expectations from those,
who know not what it's like to live in visual occlusion,
or they who watched Gibson's "'Miracle Worker'",
believing Bancroft and Duke depicted the norm.

Still, Simon opens his eyes every morning,
in nebulous, oblique, movement,
to all that breathes, or rustles before him,
with all four other senses, working overtime...
Crosses lone holy compensation!
And Simon wants to see an oceanfront sunset.....,
the kind that gloustermen place before gratification;
say's that's all he really wants,
and his life will all come together.....perfectly.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[\\] SACRED

Approaching the stone and marble fountain
on a skin-toasting summers noon in Milan,
there's always propensity to take both hands,
and emerse them beneath the fresh, cool ripple
decending in form, like a liquid umbrella,
casting rainbows off the sun's golden eye.

Yet...in the center town squares of Italia
where works of art are non-negotiably sacred,
dipping one's hands in Trevi, or Villa Borghese,
would be likened to sacreliging the baptismal
of St. Peter's Basilica, by endulging a foot-bath.

Sacred is subjective,
though tradition scoff's at such notion
of old-garde castes and cultures
that still embrace the tarnished copper
of that which once stood gold in rule.
Rules that withstand time and tarnish,
and that to traditionalists
will stand quite objectively...
and eternally sacred.

FjR

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[]]]]

FEEL MY SMILE NEXT TO YOU...

Like an April stormcloud....breaking
So you wept upon me.....imbuingly
Felt the hollow shaft of your loneliness

I watch your tears...decend in groove
Along the chisle..of your rose-cheeks
In helplessness....i offer you my smile

Sorrow.....the dark sister of Sadness
Blue memories, like emotional cancer
Somtimes smiles can spur re-mission

And if your heart should feel too heavy
When you lay your head...to dreaming
I 'll be there....to take you thru' the night

So, lean on me...when life strikes hard
Close your eye's...and heed my word's
Feel my smile, my love.....next to you

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[|||] H E M O R R H A G E

Carved deep within the vein.....of your blackest fears,
Are the threadings of your tangled thoughts, bleeding.
Bleeding fast, and heavy.....from the menstruation,
The purging of emptiness.....befelt by me within you.

Lonliness turns to panic, when the fear of it takes form
Into manic presentations, of depression.....and chaos.
Isolation of the human mind is like old, unkempt rooms;
Veils of cobwebs shrouding.....the lucidity of the brain.

So if you would, take comfort, please.....in the knowing,
That my hand, be in yours....as we search for answers.
Place your wrankled mind side my warm, ilixured heart;
Let me share the weight of this cross....that bleeds you.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[||||] UPON WALKING HOME ONE AFTERNOON, DID I....

Upon walking home one afternoon.....did i
Lament about th' woe's.....of my fractious life

Scrambling, dithered thoughts, within my head
I came upon a graveyard, olde.....and took rest

I slept against th' stone.....of a soldier in sleep
And, stood behind th' eyes of this soldiers grief

I saw th' battlefields of bloodspill, young, 'n fresh
To th' killing fields...and th' smell of burning flesh

Then, all at once.....i began to see th' others
Who lay in sleep aside their comrad and brother

Saw thoughts of death 'n love invade their minds
As they lived out th' final moments....of their lives

I woke to a sunset dripping o'er shadowed stone
'Twas time to take afoot.....and travel home

And on my way, my lament would abrade and die
Upon walking home one afternoon, alone..... just i

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[000] ASTRONOMY OF THE HEART [Sonnet LXIX]

I've watched the heart of sunsets red,
descend on waters in dripping mauve,
reflecting the bleeding sky of day,
'closure..... to twilight's curtain call,
'tween mountain peaks in silhouette,
'fore passing off its dying torch,
to nascent, charcoaled skies of night,
its speckled scape of anthracite,
and million stars of silver-white,
breaking space with beaconed light,
washing the hazy face,
of 'the man in the moon';
and night becomes a celestial capture
of Love...no heart be jejune.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[000] JUNE...JUNE...JUNE...JUNE

This is for June, and all the summers it brings
For the chiming of bells.....from a steeple ring
Olde songs of wedlock over top hat, and lace
'Fore June passes torch, to July's scarlet face

Trees are full jackets, in multi-shades of green
The last pink magnolia leaf.....still can be seen
Theres a breeze in the air, that carries a scent
Of sweet honeysuckle....in its full efflorescence

Still nights cast a chill, but June has its motives
An inviting warm flame of bright amorous votive
Loving by night....'neath a nautical June breeze
Makes love in June sparkle, by shore or by sea

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[001] THE TOMB OF THE SAINTS..... [A Visit To The Catacombs]

Visited the Tomb of the Saints last week
At the catacombs, beneath blackened soil
Cracked cobblestone, its entry path
Outer walls wrapped, in pea-green moss
Ancient must grab you by the throat
Coats your lungs like the Takla Makan
Yet, two-thousand years of ashened mire
Ne're waver curious minds, from visiting
Canonized souls, within hallowed walls
It's cellared cold dampness, chilling your marrow
And, the warmest days, cool your blood, and brow
Centuries of Godliness, imbedded, like stonehenge

Walk deep inside its sacred womb...explore
Touch the countless stoneheads one by one
Each crypt a storied tale beyond its epitaph
Tales of martyrdom, aberration....miracles confirmed
Read, the etched carvings 'tween aged crosslines
Remind yourself as to who they were
Before they stood before you here, in silent sainthood
The structure itself, wears a badge of discord
Hieroglyphics still vaguely legible....
Saw the disfigured Cross of James The Lesser
So curved, it mirrored the twist of St. Bridget's
Time's touch is acrid, and boldly un-Christian

The chilled ambiance...eerily captive
Makes Grant's Tomb, seem like Strawberry Fields
Candles at night, only shadow this maze
Of the sacred remains, in thie caverned walls
Walking back on the cobblestone path, i muse
How faith, and sacrifice, still stike the heart
And my God....how my lungs ached for days
From the lingered must and moss that festered
As if Heaven made it clear, i would not soon forget
My visit, and experience in the catacombs
And i'm going back to the Tomb of the Saints
And revel in its holy echo, once again

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[015] THE MISUNDERSTANDING OF POETRY...

Melodrama.....has never been my cup of tea
'Less, the spotlight of center stage.....be on me
Cross pens are mightier...than a sterling sword
Still i'd rather a Bugatti...than a brand new Ford.

When sunsets catch my eye's.....i'm so inclined
To paint a scape of words.....of twilights skyline
I'm just an imagist.....spinning picturebook tales
Some simpatico in weight.....on prosaic scales

'Tis what i do, to keep my mind's eye free of rust
Never wrote Sestina.....6 of 6 is too much fuss
Yet true poetry is fuss about perfection, an' more
Requiring the will, and want to adhere, 'n explore

Many say poetry...is merely image and depiction
Yet this claim falls far short....of its pure definition
Beauty of the substance.....the sweet of the flow
That's what draws the line, 'tween poetry, 'n prose

One need not rhyme, true poetry's self-melodious
Lyrical in flounce 'n flux, and yes quite harmonious
Too many think themselves a "Poet".....so absurd
For so few have mastered the art of Written Word

Thats why prose today....is the substitute of poetry
With no restrictions.....your limits are virtually free
As for me, i am no Poet.....Nor shall i ever be
I'm just an imagist....content with my picture stories

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[020]...'SIDE THE RIVERBREAK

Standing 'side the riverbreak,
watching water move like lightning,
flowing fast, white, narrow brook,
'tween the legs of the Douglas trees.
And these streams have curves so crooked,
subluxed....in serpentine,
'til they merge...become a river,
and the river rides, to the riverbreak.....,
against the fork, that penetrates its surge.

And, there be majic, in the riverbreak;
its' splread dictates the flow,
of white-capped ripple, o'er deep-blue current.....,
where the principals copulate.

Stimulating....the force of the riverbreak;
no virgin surf, this channel, be;
must be the sight of the rapids front.....,
that excites, compels the serfeit fawning.

Ahhh, the rush of the riverbreak,
with the rage and softness of a woman,
spreading her majesty,
coursing, delivering,
'into the rise of the riverbreak;
the fork, its' presence, not be moved...
spreading the river,
like eagle's wings, or two young limbs,
thrusting, flowing.....fertilely,
against the fork, they call.... the riverbreak.
And, the climax be.....the confluence;
and the confluence....be unequivocal;
unequivocal...this liquid rush;
then silence of quelling waters...
resume their course side the riverbreak
'til the streams turn to river, and ride again.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[025] HAVE YOU EVER TASTED THE BREEZE OF LOVE..?

Love, i call your name, beckon you to my senses
Won't you love with me.....taste the moist breeze
Your touch, so soft....when you're beside me, girl
Touch my face.....feel the heat.....burning madly

Upon your moist breasts...i always love you best
You pull me close to my desire, and embrace me
Comes the breeze, 'n its genesis of sweeted mist
Raindrops cool my summer flesh.....steam rises

Then, comes the scent of loves amorous capture
Take in your breath.....and torrent pour of love
Upon my tongue, andl place it...on your warm lips
Come with me and pleasure in loves feral breeze

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[030] OF...W..I..N..T..E..R..S..C..A..P..E...

Sprays of windglaced ice-dust...freezes mornings dew,
on the fresh needled spruce, immune to autumns wake
of feral gusts, that turn sprite colours...to crisp, dry leaf;
while listening to December's fifying...of its' winterwinds.

Grass blades stand like soldiers, silent, in rank and file;
rigid and still, from their full-bodied shell, of iced-armor.
Nothing be quite so sweet.....as winters first showcase;
it's virgin drape of white.....sweeping o'er pined hilltops.

Its majesty, forcing human breath's cold, fogging smoke,
and pleasuring the human mind....with flash-cube image.
There will ne're be a more aural catch....of natures stage,
than the crystal cloak, and crown.....of Winterscape.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[040] SONNET 06-30 [Of Soul 'n Spirit]

Presence of angels.....decorate my soul
Romance....ne're impervious to my spirit
Evermore, we chose from vein and heart
Captured, 'tween the want, and the need
In my world....there be nothing i'd beckon
Of loves fancy...that bears not your name
Understand my love..... whatever ends be
So shall follow the means.... of our hearts

Tell me your soul.....be crossed with mine
Release the anger that harbors within you
I sense your breath pass my nether'd spirit
Serenely purging, each stigmatic impasse
Heart shall hold our dreams til they be true
All i want within my world... begins with you

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[050] OF IMMORTAL GRACE [Honouring Da Vinci]

In the portrait you see
Years of legacy
Of an artisan blessed
On an epic-bound quest.
Each dove feathered stroke
Flecks a virtuous scope
Of immortal grace -
To this eloquent face
And her aura surrounds
The breadth that abounds
From the eyes that explore
As they follow yours
And should you study her pose
You may fall self-engrossed
In her soft, subtle smile
Perhaps some beguile
On her lips quivered ripple
Such meticulous stipple
And with haunting expression
Is this stoic impression
Treasured and praised
As Rome did of Caesar
This portrait of grace -
The Mona Lisa.....

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[060]

TEXTURE.....TOUCH.....SENSUAL

TEXTURE...

Call me velvet...yes
for i am softer than a morning mist
against the warmth of virgin beauty
or a field of newborne grassblade
or bales of Georgia cotton
And the touch is quite sensual

TEXTURE...

Call me silk...yes
for i am smoother than a coin toss
'cross a freshly ice-glaced pond
or the flight of a doves tails fall to earth
or still-water's caressing a riverbend
And the touch is all quite sensual

TEXTURE...

Call me satin...yes
for my sheen casts resplendence
like the glare of an August sunset
or the gold, 'round a harvest moon
or the twinkle in your diamond eyes
And you feel so damn sensual, tonight...

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[070] L X I X

And in Roman times, as in modern times,
hungry men, pleased in fawn...
'Twas a gladiators cup to imbibe from,
after running blades 'cross th' necks, of they...
whose god or science were different.

And, women turned warm, and oogled,
at th' thought of the warrior's prowess;
losing purity, at th' notion of bloodthirst.

And sometimes at night, ther'd be heard,
an echo, of lions, on the wind....roaring,
by th' black of an empty arena,
as th' warrior becomes conqueror again;
while woman returns th' favour.....in kind.

And come daybreak...the lions will sleep.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[090] WHY MUST PEOPLE HAVE TO DIE OF CANCER...?

It is as if.....each morning,
life looks down upon they
who Destiny has chosen...,
to be the new day's afflicted....and says:
Good Morning....Today is the beginning
of your slow, painful, premature Death!
And....in too many cases, these victims
have done nothing.....nothing at all,
to beckon.....this biological anathema,
that rapes children from their childhood,
romance.....from those in love,
and, happiness.....from all those,
whose lives, are forever altered,
by the grief.....of their loss.

And the moments....the final moments,
Are of a flashback in time,
to the very first moments,
of the sufferers' life.....

Conceived, and concluded..... in the fetal position.

And you stand there, arms at side.....as the dying die,
and the living weep...,
and sorrow.....bleeds thru' the walls....of a flowered room.

And Life, Seems Just As Fair, As The Cost Of A Casket!

Can someone tell me, why people keep dying of Cancer?

We've gone to the Moon.....have close-ups of Mars.
We've software that speaks.....and electrical cars.

Yet, people keep dying from this demon....we call Cancer.
Billions on research, yet so many questions unanswered...!

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[100] GIFT'S WE SADLY FORGET TO REMEMBER

....And at some point, yes...we must take a second look
....At the completeness of the whole....we have become

....Deficiencies are elements.....of our human behavior
....Proof true.....by our reliance on technologies cushion
....Promoting our mindsets to follow, instead of leading

....Amplitude varies from person to person....in quotient
....Its cousin, Astuteness...is shrewd enough to compete
....While Motivation.....possesses the 'competitors edge'

[Yet our propensities still favour the fast-track of mediocrity]

....Intangibles, all of these.....their value....immeasurable
....God-Gifts, that too often we sadly forget to remember

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[105] FROM CHURCH PEWS, GRIEVING [In Memory Of The Mourning]

Sitting, in polished wood pews, listening to poignance,
dripping o'er our heads.....from the Church-bell steeple.
Cherubic echoes of the "Ave Maria".....chime sweetly;
amorphous faces are moved.....in St. Andrews Church.
Waiting now, for the slow procession.....to front the altar,
and the Mass of the Resurrection, to soberly commence,
for the soul we here mourn, be passed.....to a Kingdom
fromn the world, wherein we remain.....to carry this cross.
Holding each other, en-masse.....as the casket is raised,
we ask our God for solace.....from Church pews, grieving.
Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[110] STORIES FROM THE GRAVE...

Stories from th' grave, speak their tales....on winds of faith
Methodically, we lay our wreaths and sweet moon orchids
Standing o'er the steel-grey rock, with conscientious hope
Our whispered prayers somehow touch th' soul we beckon

Death's voice, cannot be qualified 'less you've been there
Yet, all that comes 'fore it.....may voice choirs of credence
To stories taught to us by men in black.....at reasons age
An' faith, born of fear, as to when our winds of Death come

Stories from th' grave, shed no light upon th' deep unknown
Still, we follow olde traditions, in hopes to find new answers
We'll speak to steel-grey stone, upon.....soft, unlevelled soil
In hopes that all these stories olde.....be blessed with truth

Perhaps, somewhere beyond th' winds.....lay all th' answers

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[120]

WHAT IF LIFE WERE BUT A DREAM?

What difference would it make.....if life were but a dream
As if we owned th' magic wand, to wake up 'n smell th' coffee
Colorless houses stand tilting.....'neath loud-orange sunsets
And your confusion asks: Is this a dream.....or my life within it

We exercise, motion and thought.....with great redundance
Patterns that jog the rapid eye.....when sleep befalls us
Seems, th' closer we get to th' answers...we supposedly seek
We're pulled further away, 'til illusion takes us to another place

And, if our lives be no more or less....than a continuous dream
What be then th' next dimension, when th' dream so concludes
Will it place us all in a limbo of re-runs of Nightline with Koppel
Or find ourselves in th' world...we already believe to be living in

Existence.....is merely interpretation of accepted surroundings
We sleep with belief that to dream...is to live our subconscious
Image and illusion fabricated by th'stem of our mercurial minds
Yet, what if our subconscious is in fact our conscious existence

What then, my God, be the next plateau.....after internment

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[130] COMES))

((AUTUMN

Comes autumn...
with its addendum of moods and colours
and as nature unfurls its myriad of jewels
there be majique
of ineffable bounty
widening eyes, and broadening smiles
reminding us all of the credence that lies
in that ole cliché:
"change is good."

Comes autumn...
with its eventides of whistlesong nightwinds
and in every blanket of its angel mist rainfall
there be genesis
of inveterate offerage
quenching the yearning thirst of the harvests
nourishing the mercurial mind of the Poet....
to take pen in hand
and cast this season grandeur...indelible.

Comes autumn...
with her latened warnings of the winter approaching
and in every barren tree... and crispped, brown leave
there be death
of the season of colour
that beckoned us to appreciate our God-Given senses
of earthtones and hickory.....and that feeling in the air
that we all too often
take for granted...

'til comes autumn.....once again.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[140] THE SHADOWS OF AUTUMN (A Poet's Dream)

Shadows that haunt me in autumn
Memories of colours lost to winter
The Douglas Fir.....forever green
Keeps the forests from the barren
and desolate winter...

Shadows trail the whispered winds
November's fickle breeze....snaps
Fresh images, for the Poet's mind
Reclusive me, i write my stories in
silent attitude...

Shadows that vision harvests death
Tips of golden leaves, turn to brown
Morning dew is masked in first-frost
I watch it all, by a window, in a room
of Donne and Poe...

All i need is my paper...and isolation
To feed by yen, for the abstract buffet
I bother no one..... harbour no secrets
I'm about words 'n tales from the dark
side of fiction...

For a Poet i am not- and will never be
Poet's paint a canvass, of open doors
Into the passions 'n perils of their lives
And they do it oh so well...'tis God-Gift
Still i write.....

And, the shadows of Autumn, haunt me
They scream and bleed poetic promise
Like the gold that Robert Frost inspired
While captured, in the autumn shadows
of a Poets dream...

....Written: September 1st,2007....
Frank James Christopher Ryan, Jr.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[160] WOMAN AND TIME

Pulse...Perception...Integral...
Woman on a corner,
Under looming stormcloud.
Stands stoically gracefull,
Arm-cossed and waiting,
For her Wall Street suitor;
Should have been there...
Twelve minutes ago.
Anxiety rears, yet demure;
Tap... Tap... Tapping
Her silver-tipped pump
On the cobblestone path,
To the beat of impatience,
Peripherally.....
Grey Flannel Suit...catching,
Her anxious perception...
But, it's not him.
And inside she pouts.
And raising her wrist
towards her anxious eye's,
She affixes her angst
On times eloquence...
Movado never lies.
Twenty minutes past;
Stormclouds threatening;
A Glenn-Plaid three piece
Walks on by...
Still not him.
Pouting, turns to anger,
Within herself
Yet, no visible display
Of rancor....
As stormclouds blacken,
Gathering great strength...
Her eyes to the sky
Right foot, tap, tapping,
And with unconscious impulse,
She begins to pace,
With rapid stride,
On the cobblestone path,
As the sky begins to open...
And raindrops fleck
The tips of her Hair,
Everso gently.....
Until ostensibly...,
Inbetween the raindrops,
An arm reaches out,
A warm smile follows;
Her Suitor has arrived
With umbrella in one hand.
A dozen roses, in the other.
After all, she was early,

In stark opposition
To the vintaged belief,
About Woman and Time....
Movado never Lies.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[170] (((((IT'S JUST MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC))))))

And when i take to singing a tune...i lose friends
They say my chords weren't born to make song
And i always chime in retort: "'That all depends,
Whether tin-eared listeners...have got it wrong"

Yet... it really matters not, if my voice be a moan
For no one needs to listen...i can croon all alone
It's just Music, Music, Music....the temple of song
Those who want to join in, follow me...sing along

For it's Music, Music, Music, and all that its worth
To me it's a like a sprinkling...of Utopia on Earth

For it's just MUSIC.... MUSIC.... MUSIC....is all...!

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[180] WHILE YOU WERE ASLEEP (Part XXVI)

[Ariel's Moonlight]

In the deep of the winter.....i came to visit you
The brisk twilight.....just bringing in the Moon

Bone-chilled from December's Autumn sunfall
Narrowing the beauty of the sprite, New Moon

Penetrating its' beacon...atop each cold stone
Your rock twinkling bright.....as sterling silver

Masking the ashened pale of my afflicted grief
I remember the Moon shining 'round your face

Like an angelic halo.....wrapped in silver
Death, moi bete noire.....of this moonlit night
And on the first of December.....each year

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[190] RAINPICTURES ON GLASS CANVASS.....{Author's Recommendation}

Watching th' ever sadness, of th' rain....am i
Listening to it speak.....between its torrents
On winded wings it strikes defenseless sod
Yet, thru these window panes of fog'n streak
I open th' Pandora's Box....natures teary fall

Water paint images streak th' clouded glass
Like an abstract, surrealistic...faux-pas finish
Streetlights, like spotlite...on a fresh Picabia
Before my watchful mind, th' picture changes
Kaleidoscopic lines invent.....with criss-cross

Some say: "a picture paints a thousand words"
If true, th' artistry of rain, paint thousands more
Radiance of window panes adorned in nature
And, on th' other side...a smiling child marvels
With fingers pressed on fogged glass canvass

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[200] ICEDANCER

In engaging a walk, on a Winter's crisp morn,
On a snow-feathered path,
Glazed with ice-laden branches,
Lies a Pond of most striking impression,
Mother Nature's Kiss.
Crystalized Ice in the shape of a Heart,
An ardor of Winter's Majesty.
Subtle breezes stir the Pines,
As I step towards the Mirror-like Pond.
Wafts of Snow leave their landing
And looking up I'm bedaubed,
With a breath-chilling freckling Snowmist.
And the Pond, an image of Celestial capture,
A figuration of amorous grandeur.
Its surface in shades of Silver and Amber;
Kaleidoscopic, from the young Sun in Birth.
A spindrift Breeze
Snares the cusp of my Nose,
And my eyes close.
The Wind changes course, and am soon alerted
To a clarion Whisper before me.
I open my Eyes with anxious Emotion,
And behold a most Utopic Impression.
'Tis a Maiden donned softly in White Linen gown
Kneeling, poised, at the edge of the Pond.
Lacing gold bladed skates, clad with Pearl-studded Leather,
Reflecting its Beauty, towards the new Rising Sun,
And nodding her head, she has acknowledged my awed presence.
I respond with a Shy, Boyish grin.
Then a curling, sweet Smile adorns her Lips
As she engages the ice, and begins her dance.
Swirling, encircling, indulged in her Whimsy, each Movement
A freeze-frame of Grace...
My Breath far behind me, as she raises her arms,
And with her Eyes, she beckons me closer.
Sweat on my temples, Sun gaining strength...
I haven't much Time, for Daybreak has sprung.
Mother Nature no Friend now, to my Lady in waiting;
I must counter and lay her to Shade.
I stumble to the Pond, but alas, I descry,
As all's left be an Oval of crisp, muddled water,
A Teardrop, as I watch in open Sorrow,
And the Wonder if my Lady had escaped her Eclipse,
And the Soulburning Hope, that this not be a dream.
So I'll sit by this Pond, wait for night's frosted stage,
And my Icedancer's Encore.....

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[210] WOMAN IN THE NIGHT

Woman in the Night
Singing songs to a lamp post
Sparkle dancing on her haughty wrap
Like knock-off diamonds do
Still, with the stoic glare
That once coraled wolves with green eyes
She stands...
'Neath a spotlight showcase
And the desultory manner
Of her social situation
Tawdry venue of choice
Apparent to the people of the street
And the street are the people
Who have watched her for years
Her futile battle with diffidence
And as this passion play, pauses
On the corner speaks a buzz
Of Broadway goers
And the real life as it were
While just two blocks away
Woman in the night
Singing songs of Lou Reed
Waiting for a reprise of 1984
And Bowie.....
That will never come
Still the stories are there
From years of wanton love
And the stories on her face
Of emptiness
Of lovelessness

SORROWEDNESS

Woman in the night
Singing songs to a lamp post
Waiting for a reprise of 1984
For Diamond Dogs
Or Ziggy
And the Spiders From Mars
That will never come
In the stardust of her night...

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[220] UPON THE FIRST OF APRIL[Written,12: 01am, April 1st,2008]

April comes, and upon it's breeze, there's renaissance
And virginity, to nature's newborne host of greenpeace
Shadows cast a sunrise pink.....o'er fields of Magnolia
Day's longer now, through the ide's...of April's eventide

Fresh buds rear their fragile blossom, in virtual eyeblink
Bold naked branches, glazed by frost.....just day's ago
Turn to limbs, adorned by multitudes of springs majesty
Mother Nature dear, ne're fails, to entertain our eyeshot

Sweetened rain, quenches th' earth that winter ravished
Penetrates th' hardened dirt, an' negotiates new growth
Nourishes the promise that April vows, as its gift to May
And there be no finer wine of Spring.....than April's pour

.....Written April 1st,2008.....
Frank James Christopher Ryan, Jr.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[230]

ROMANCE BE THE COLOUR AQUA

Somewhere between emerald 'n topaz is a world of aqua
Coral and rocks that glisten in shining water...like mirrors
Reflecting an aural seascape, that Romance, hasn't seen
Since the theories and legends.....that buried Atlantis

Bermuda makes promise of a fantasy Island.....for lovers
Romance in the shadows of late afternoon.....silhouettes
And after the honey and fruits of the island.....be tasted
Lovers bathe in a pleasure of amorous capture.....of aqua

Oceans be ever instilled..... with the treasures of Romance
One must feel the thrust of the tide as it surges, and peaks
A force that transforms passion... into soul-binding rapture
Somewhere 'tween here 'n there...the waters breathe majic

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[240] BRING ME DEATH, WHILE I SLEEP WITHIN A DREAM

And..... of what may I do for you..... in your final hour
'Fore I silence your body, and resurrect it.....as soul
Bring me Death.....while i sleep within a final dream
Let me walk the paths i smiled upon.....one last time

In my dreams, i am the silver knight....at three o'clock
That would slew the Devil's hour.....its beastly horn
In my life, i long romanced.....the serenity of solitude
In a world i alone built thick.....from image and dream

And in the silence of reclusivity.....i speak with pen
Isolation not be lonliness but... a chance to endeavour
Into the mind to tap the facinations.....that dwell within
Into the soul to understand.....my mind's eccentric eye

And as i sleep in dream....i am the epidome of peace
I walk with confidence....upon Michaels Sea of Blood
The fallen angel screams in tortured angst and seethe
As i cross perdition...and swim to other side of forever

And it is here Lord, i ask of thee to spend my final hour
In my dreams, sewing seeds..... of my world hereafter
Bring down the night and your seriphs flight.....upon me
Let them take my breath and soul, before the dawnlight

Raise me gently please, as my final dream must climax
For i have much to contemplate upon my mortal destiny
There are people i will leave behind in my private world
And memories, i rekindle, each night, within my dreams

So i ask You now, with kind request.... and humble heart
I will do my penance.... pace the halls of purgatory... will i
And though far from pious virtue, still the same i ask You
.....Bring me Death, while i sleep within my dreams

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

**[250] BY THE STREAMS OF KILLCLARKE.....(Summer 2008
Competition Winner)**

And the stream was long and narrow
Running 'side.....the crooked marrow
Of the smoked-black....wooded bark
Through the dark woods of Killclarke

And, on Augustides...afternoons face
We watched magic.....take its' place
Off the windbreaks and the shadows
Silhouettes.....of nesting sparrows

Flight juxtaposed....and flanked in "V
Then breaking flank.....in serpentine
They flutter.....into verdant tree's
And, goldenrod is aroused in breeze

'Bove our heads windpipes in whistle
Stroking..... prickled flower thistles
Painting colours.....shades of green
Creating the artists.....finest dream

And, could life yet, get.....any better
Then with you, and i.....together
Sharing love.....against the bark
By the cool streams.....of Killclarke

2nd Place 2008 Summer Literary Arts Symposium, Westchester, N.Y.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[260] TALE OF A TEAR DROP

A single Tear Drop-
Ovular formed,
Dangling on the tips,
Of a fluttering eyelash.
Suspended for a moment,
'Til impulse incepts;
'Twas a mere, subtle blink...
Yet, the Tear Drop falls;
And it travels so fast,
Like White-Water Rafting,
To "Dueling Banjo's".....
Riding o'er the cheekbone,
Its pace picks up course
A wince slows it 's speed;
But once o'er the cheekbone,
The sleighride doth begin,
Like th' one they called Nantucket;
But With human gust behind it;
Facial grimace...sudden movement,
A crows-foot wrinkle redirects
The Tear Drop from its' course,
Once destined for the jowl,
Now, laterally streaking,
Towards a quavered, trembling lip;
Which catches the lone Tear Drop,
And delivers its' sweetless taste...
Of grief-laced salted water.
And, the Tear Drop disappears;
It's Death quite apropos;
For it's life had been sewn...
From a bitter taste of woe.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.

[290]

THESE MOMENTS OF INNOCENCE...

This morning i awoke from a dream,
to the quintessence of pure innocence,
thru' the window of my sunsoaked bedroom.

Watched the sweet, soft landing
of a dove imposing gracefully,
upon the newborn fragility
of the leanest tree-branch,
lending shade, and confidence
to the infant limb,
by its presence, alone...
and nothing more;
discognizant...
to the virtue of its presence;
just this...and nothing more.
And it washed my face with smile
to see such divinity...before my eye's.

Verdant and promising,
yet beckoning for nurture
the fresh growth embraced
the presence of the dove.
And in time, adopted
an unconscious dependence,
an expectence, if you will,
to all that the branch
had grown accustomed to...
all this...
and nothing more.
Moments such as these
are as close as perfection comes...
no closer they be....
just this...and nothing more.

And ostensibly discognizant,
to the command of its presence
the white bird lays still,
ruminating about nothing
of significance or consequence,
nor expectence of the limb
to reciprocate.
Still its wings flutter softly,
spinning a breeze upon itself
with an ambience...aaahhhh....
of cherubic peace, utopic peace.
Just this...and nothing more.
A trinity of doves carried overhead...
all this....and nothing more.

And within these fertile moments
innocence is conceived;
innocence, incarnate.....

life's sweetest taste.

And all too soon, life moves on,
as time knows how to do no different.
And with it, the child limb,
one day, becomes a branch,
that will shoulder many years
of shelter and beauty,
providing support, and confidence,
to its offspring growth,
upon the natural seed of nature.
And perhaps, maybe, just maybe:
a remembrance of a dove,
who has long moved on...in time
to perch upon the woods
of newfound landings.
Yet, always discognizant
to its' virtuous presence,
to it's virtuous inner peace,
that rendered comfort
and so much more;
inner-peace....
there be nothing more.

These moments of absolute Innocence, i saw...
this morning....upon waking from a dream.

Frank James Ryan, Jr.