

## Poetry Series

# Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

- 267 poems -

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## **Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR (A Collection of Select Works...)**

BIOGRAPHY of FRANK JAMES RYAN, JR./FjR  
The City That Never Sleeps, New York, U.S.A.

Since I began my passtime lit endeavor in 2006, the majority of my daily readership continues to come from non-member visitor traffic, from the Tri-State Metropolitan Area of the Northeast United States, which includes: Central & Southern New York, Southern & Western Connecticut & Northern to Cental New Jersey. Some of these sources include: Bookstores, local and County Libraries, Junior and Senior High Schools, as well as several New York based Community Colleges. In addition, as of February of 2009, my work has been on display with various literary groups and assosiations throughout the Northeast United States. All of these "off-site" & educational affiliated avenues continue to be the strongest link in my efforts to maintain a healthy daily readership base. Thank you for visiting...I hope you enjoy my work, as well as the work of the many multi-talented members on this site...FjR

Frank James Ryan, Jr/FjR

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### EDUCATION

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The Concordia College of New York / Liberal Arts: Physical Education  
Iona Preparatory Accelerated H.S./ College-Prep A.P. Curriculum

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### BUSINESS/CAREER

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CURRENT OCCUPATION: Cheif Operating Officer/ C.M.S. Global  
Inc./2012-Present

PRIOR: Corporate Vice Pres./ V.M.I. of New York Inc. International Corporate  
Marketing/ 2009-2012

PRIOR: National Multi-Media Marketing Exec. & Advertising  
Co-ordinator/Yellgroup-TransWestern Co./1999-2009

PRIOR: Regional Operations Manager/Marketing Co-Ordinator/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 Programs

.....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

\_\_\_\_\_SCHOLASTIC EXTRA CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES\_\_\_\_\_

HIGH SCHOOL: Basketball, Martial Arts, Track, Tennis, Table Tennis, Handball  
COLLEGIATE -: Basketball(NCAA Div.II) , Martial Arts, Tennis, Swimming, Diving

\_\_\_\_\_CURRENT ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES\_\_\_\_\_

Martial Artist{Taekwondo, Aikido & Shaolin Kenpo Karate}, Weightlifting, Basketball, Tennis, Table Tennis, Swimming and Diving;

INTERESTS/HOBBIES: Music (Psychedelic 60's Rock; Hard Rock/Acid Rock of the 70's & 80's; Irish Ballad) : The Martial Arts; Politics, Public Affairs, Public Speaking; Creative Writing; Following Professional, Collegiate & High School Basketball, Football, Baseball, Pro & Amateur Prize Boxing, Ultimate Fighting, Competition Karate

\_\_\_\_\_CREATIVE

WRITING\_\_\_\_\_

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 & national syndicated news publications.  
Competition Essay...Prose, Short Story & Contemporary Poetry appearing in over 200 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.

\_\_\_\_\_MEMBERSHIPS &

MISC.\_\_\_\_\_

MEMBERSHIPS/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

Other Contributing Memberships:

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

\_\_\_\_\_MISC.\_\_\_\_\_

FAV ACTOR: .....J. Nicholson, A. Pacino, S. Connery, L. DiCaprio, T. Hanks, R. De Niro, C. Eastwood  
FAV ACTRESS: ..Audrey Meadows, Mae West, Michelle Pfeiffer, Kathy Bates, Lucille Ball, Jody Foster



' **BLACK AUTUMN {For My Silent Mentor Edgar Allan Poe}..**

Comes the cold, black, Death of Autumn,  
harbouring its' pique on naked limb;  
stirring damp, feral winds  
to the hawking, stalking,  
insidious squawking...  
of ominous, petulant birds,  
large, pestilent birds,  
inexorably, ever circling  
'neath the late day shadows  
from a cold november sun.

Come the crows, their angry eyes... beating,  
the kind you felt breathing o'er your neck  
the first time you read, 'The Raven'.  
Teasing breeze-spun tumbleweeds,  
rolling over dry cornfields... spewing-  
threads and shard of stems and husk,  
gaunt signs of a harvest dying.  
Clouds bleed deepest sage, and drape  
over tense foreboding presence -  
of dark-winged beasts in flock,  
fecklessly searching  
hopelessly lurching  
for any cynical signs  
that autumn had not yet abandoned them.

Dark and black, blackest black,  
hovering o'er the last man...  
standing,  
in this smoke-dusted cornfield,  
stoic.....and statuesque,  
donned in spirited plaid,  
its cloth, nor'easternly tattered;  
with colors fading as fast  
as the final stages of autumntide.

He is guardian of the Harvest,  
protector of the field,  
intrepidly perched  
over a cornucopia  
of Autumns end-stage.

And so hangs the Scarecrow  
upon six feet of wood,  
weathered, yet sturdy,  
strapped high in pose -  
arm-limbs out-stretched  
resembling crucifixion.

Comes the taunting of the beasts,  
their harsh kick of wing-gust  
as each crow finds its place,

precision arrow flanked,  
with bitter sense and arrogance,  
playing to the wind,  
grieving on the Death-  
Death of the Harvest,  
their Autumn fast slipping  
fast slipping...slipping away;  
to the smirk of winters spite  
spread in wafts of early frost,  
Autumns 'crystal-meth'!

And, the Crows, ever bastards  
take their angst to the Strawman  
obsessively circling, compulsively swooping  
drooping, looping by night-  
their black eyes stab like dart-tips....so piercing.

Thus, the Strawman succumbs  
to a wind-flounced dance, and-  
to the evil delight of its menacing prey,  
while winds choir southward  
in high-pitched soprano  
like fifes on thin air,  
tripping the tree-tops  
with whistle and echo.

Comes Autumns colourless Death,  
bare, brittle...a woeful Death.  
No eulogy be choired here-  
as Winters crypt seals itself  
assuring that Autumn hath passe-  
away on Mother Natures watch -  
ostensibly over night.

And the Crows, cold and jaded,  
fly away as same they came  
to wreak havoc south of cottonland,  
'till the April month  
when melting ice  
unveils verved buds  
on verdant limbs  
of a Spring awaiting birth and breath,  
and Renaissance  
When they come...once again,  
.....they always do.

\_\_\_\_\_ ~ F j R ~ \_\_\_\_\_

Published December 01,2011

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**' RIVERDANCE II [Observations From a Live Performance At New York's Radio City Music Hall,2005]**

I  
Tap, Tap, Tap...  
Shoe-point on wood -  
one lone Dancer  
striking parquet  
with hyperbole,  
ignominiously-  
glaringly, dartingly  
left, right, and dip;  
peripherally deterous  
a flawless opus...,  
dancers are burning,  
the audience sparked-  
fuses are lit!

II  
Ten Dancers,  
on stage now  
followed by  
twenty more,  
awaiting their key  
standing poised,  
stone statuesque;  
clad in dark costume,  
glossy-black organdy,  
theatre lights dim,  
silence breathes heavy.

III  
Orchestra anxiously  
awaiting their cue  
in a pit with their pendulums,  
waiting to commence  
on maestros command,  
to convert scripted silence  
into high fifes 'n strings;  
hear the sound of violins,  
tight-strings, fingers pulling,  
heard someone shout: 'ROSIN!'  
A lone note drops tempo,  
jus' for a moment, and then -  
just like that,  
sweet cadence prevails,  
and, i don't think a single ear  
in the Hall  
cared a lick.

IV  
Juxtaposed Dancers  
neathdomed spotlight orbit  
each Dancers fluxed movement,  
Madonna's.....in tights,

Dark Angels in hard-shoe,  
as the orchestra leader  
SHOUTS.... in soprano:  
'ONE, TWO, THREE..,  
One, Two, Three...,  
one, two, three...AND -'

V

Thirty more Dancers,  
edge of the stage,  
Reelers in mirror  
romp to 'The Firedance",  
while thirty-five more  
Dancers in backdrop,  
blend in like dots  
of black 'n grey stardust  
concourse as one  
great pool of synchronicity.

VI

Confluent, stunning,  
description? ineffable,  
energy....electric,  
as sixty Step-Dancers  
taze each ticket-holders  
heart, soul and mind  
with talent unparalleled.....,  
and, much 'A T T I T U D E'!

VII

Poised, front and center  
like silhouette figures,  
enframed behind glass  
and, synchronized...Yes...!  
And on single mute cue,  
a break from the middle,  
like a gaelic Red Sea,  
and then all suddenly.....,  
forty five more  
Dancers in line,  
synchronized? ...but...YES!

VIII

All in one line,  
all front and center,  
loud stamping feet,  
thunderclap rich,  
violins straining,  
their strings to hold pitch  
with two-hundred-seventy  
feet on the floor...,  
to the beat of the rhythm,

the rhythm of the Dance.

IX

The Irish Step hard shoe  
now sixty-five Dancers,  
in synchronized step;  
the violins stretching in peak....

YES!

And the Dancers stamp harder  
to the drums of 'Riverdance',  
its sound a shrilling rush,  
clamorous harmony  
while the walls of the Hall  
tremor with verve,  
as the Dancers come forward,  
so close, you can feel them  
breating o'er you!

X

Dancing at stagefront,  
legs crossed in full measure,  
knees high over chins,  
legs lift higher, still,  
in measure and balance  
to the kicked-up impact -  
of the titillating music,  
of grandiose stage;  
anti-climax ovation,  
spontaneously charged.

XI

'Til the Maestro takes over;  
.....it's time to do justice,  
render sweet climax  
to a sterling performance.

And with one single clap  
of his dexterous hands,  
Dancers take flight,  
with utopic perfection  
spiraled movement,  
graceful decending  
all toes and heels  
touching wood  
all together  
with one deafening strike!

f i n a l e

All shoes now on floor,  
a moments dead still.  
the Dancers stand tall...silent,  
no movement, feet crossed;  
the Audience stands LOUD...

with applause as deafening  
as the applauded were.  
And it sustains for five minutes,  
'til the very last Dancer  
Walks off the stage....  
"Riverdance has delivered, once again"!

\_\_\_\_\_ e p i l o g u e \_\_\_\_\_

AND, THERE BE NOTHING LIKE IT!

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

' **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, 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  
somewhere still inside me.  
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 up a gift.  
Habitual manners taken right to the grave...excuse the levity.  
"Never visit someones home empty handed",  
that's what Mum always said.  
Flowers are always freshest when laid in the morning dew,  
still, by noon's end, they'll be wilting in the summer-haze,  
laying still, decomposing...and my mind takes to thinking  
just how morbidly apropos, this gift be,  
as i knee-touch soft soil...place the spray by your stone.

[Now peace can be defined in myriad 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 skinny;  
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 to the sky: THIS IS IT? !  
A sudden, stale mist tails me.....all the way home,  
follows me like a pestilent cat, gone stray.

Made it back before noon, walked in to the scent  
of tealeaf, and cinamon...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.  
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...FjR

' **WHILE YOU WERE ASLEEP {Ariels Wake}**

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 pearl rosaries 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 as Buckingham Guards.  
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, depressed veins in migrain;  
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".

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

' **AND YOU MADE JUST LIKE CHURCHILL...**

The word is they found you dead last night,  
alone.....on the porch of your Eastside digs,  
a warm Crème de Cacao 'side a hardbound  
of T. Capote's 'Portraits and Observations'.

[ And wasn't that how you'd dreamt it, mate-  
raise your soul.....and smile forever]?

Ahh, bu' ya' 'ad a God-Good run, chum, ya' did-  
(to use your own endearing cliché) ....did ya' not?

Sailing your pin-striped sunfish....'cross the Bay  
the low, flaming cherry...dripping from the west,  
upon pink liquid salt.....as August sunset's must  
ridin' eve's silver ripple til Sun became the Moon.

We'd anxiously wait along Saint Lawrence Pier  
as you pulled into dock, and quietly took a seat,  
telling us tales.....as long as the Seaway itself,  
painting wide smiles that stretched out our lips;  
.....and the time moved so fast.

And, you had a good run..... said so yourself,  
the morn Doc Quinn sat you down with grim-face  
sent you home with prescription..... for cordials;  
.....God, the time went so fast!

And, i don't think i'll ever forget the stunned faces  
when you'd slump down into your wingback chair,  
tell them all how life is only worth living 'ALIVE',  
...and you made just like Churchill,  
bellowing.....at their blank stares,  
reaching.....into your vest pocket,  
revealing.....that solid gold lighter,  
flicking.....the last of its fire water,  
kissing.....the tip of your fat stogie,  
endulging its flavour with grandeur

[Oh, yes, my friend, indeed you were priceless to the finish]!

And, we miss you quite much...August comes once again,  
because in spite of all the memories, stories and laughter-  
The late days of Summer are so long.....and evertoo quiet.

This morning.....while watching the Sun take its place  
I saw a crisp-moving sunfish 'cross The Bay, before me-

Not a single pinstripe....what a shame.

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

' **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 honeysuckle....arouses my yen  
Shamrock blades in sparkle by th' mid-noon sun  
No clouds abide our scape of choice, to pleasure  
Again i ask you lass.....come lay you down by me

Come close my love...these hungry emerald eyes  
Beg to stare into your warm, black diamond eyes  
Take my hand in bond, lov', and let me assure you  
That Emeralds and diamonds....never fade away

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

' **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 feather past red cheeks 'n lobes  
In contrast to the gusts.....of Winter's sting  
Autumn flails its limbs...like colored wings

In this Autumn of the year, there be rainfall  
A subtle, chilling mist.....that feeds the 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 in bond, of Soul and Spirit  
Spirits of October..... Souls of Hallows Eve  
Cornucopia of nature that's what Autumn be

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## MOVEMENT IN BLACK

Simon makes it all come together, perfectly,  
placing antiques 'n curio's on dusted black shelves,  
window-sil 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 house no bulbs;  
says he might buy some hi-powered torchere lamps;  
lie back in his chaise, absorb the dark warmth  
of clear hallogen,  
and imagine the sparkle of sunshine 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'",  
thinking Bancroft and Duke got it right!

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,  
His Cross's lone compensation!  
And Simon wants to see an oceanfront sunset,  
the kind that gloustermen place before women;  
say's that's all he really wants,  
and his life will all come together, perfectly.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

' **STORIES FROM THE GRAVE...**

Stories fom 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, i've heard premonitions voice.....choirs with credence  
Of Sunday stories taught by men in black with white collars  
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, unleveled 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...FjR

## **UPON THE TILTING OF A ROSE**

There be an air of sensuality, to the tilting of a Rose;  
young stems curving 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...FjR

**BLACK ICED COFFEE {L'été en France}(An Afterlight)**

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 revolution -

"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 chilled summer java...  
there is nothing like the smack  
of darkest jo on ice  
by the bankes of Versailles.

[And, suddenly, you shout aloud]:

FOUR-THOUSAND MILES FOR  
A SWALLOW OF ICED BLACK JAVA? ! ! !

Ooooo la, la! ...What be wrong wit'ya, man? !

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

So, tell me, mes amour,  
just how hot, does August get  
on a lonely night in Paris?  
Go spray any black-top with Perrier,  
listen to the bubbling sizzle  
of H2O, and watch it blow  
grey smoke up your  
ass-umtive notion,  
that French 'hot-roasted' coffee  
in the dead-eyes of summer  
in Paris or Versailles  
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 darkest, hot French roast?

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

Me, loathe steaming coffee,  
light or dark...it matters not;  
Me, I like the swallow  
of that bitter-sweet chill,  
slapping my uvula frozen, and yes-  
asking 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,  
while kneeling down  
on the streets of Brooklyn,  
fixing my bike,  
for the next Tour deFrance?  
And drinking Iced Coffee.  
My throat poteably numb.  
And the quench?

[Et la rafraichissement]?

.....Inexplicable!

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**ICEDANCER- Il ballo Della Principessa di Ghiaccio-{An Afterlight}**

\_\_\_\_\_THE OVERTURE\_\_\_\_\_

In engaging a walk, 'pon a Winter's crisp morn,  
On a snow-feathered path,  
Draped by ice-laden branches,  
My eye's found a pond of most striking impression-  
Mother Nature's touch of December's bliss;  
Crystalized Ice in the shape of a Heart,  
An ardor of Winter's majesty.

\_\_\_\_\_THE SCAPE\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_  
Subtle breezes stir the pines,  
As i approach the glazed pond.  
Wafts of snow leave their landing  
My face [looking up] is bedaubed  
By a freckling of snowmist.  
And the pond, an image of celestial capture,  
Is a figuration of amorous grandeur.

\_\_\_\_\_ | | \_\_\_\_\_  
Its surface iced and hued in shades of silver and amber;  
Like a prism slowly rising to the call of the new day.  
A spindrift breeze  
Snares the cusp of my nose-  
And my eyes close.  
The wind changes course...my ear's are alerted  
To a clarion whispering about me.

\_\_\_\_\_DANCE OF THE ICE\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_  
Opening my eyes with anxious emotion,  
I behold a most utopic image.  
'Tis a Maiden donned softly in white linen gown,  
Kneeling, poised, at the edge of the pond.  
Lacing gold bladed skates, with pearl-studded leather,  
Reflecting their beauty, off the Sun's morning glare.  
Nodding her head, she acknowledges my presence...  
And my heart, skips a beat, as our eyes connect.

\_\_\_\_\_ | | \_\_\_\_\_  
I respond with a shy, boyish grin;  
A curling, sweet smile adorns her flawless visage.  
She engages the Ice...spins, begins her dance;

Swirling, encircling, captured in whimsy,  
Each movement a freeze-frame of eloquence.....  
My breath far behind me, as she raises her arms,  
And with her eyes, she beckons me closer.

\_\_\_\_\_THE DISPAIR\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

Sweat on my temples, Sun gaining strength...  
I haven't much time, the daybreak is warm.

\_\_\_\_\_ | | \_\_\_\_\_

Mother Nature no friend now, to my Lady of Ice;  
I must counter and find her a cold winter shadow.  
And, stumbling to the pond, alas i reach, but descry-  
A puddle... chilled mudied water... my Maiden, begone.  
Teardrops from my wincing eye in unashamed sorrow;  
The wonder if my Lady escaped her arctic eclipse -  
The soulburning Hope, i will see her dance once again.

\_\_\_\_\_THE HOPING\_\_\_\_\_

And i sit by this pond, awaiting the night's frosted stage,  
And my Icedancer's Encore.....

\_\_\_By Frank James Ryan, Jr. \_\_\_  
from 'The Verve of Passion & Peril  
\_\_\_Watermark Press Inc./ (c) 2005\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**' NO WONDER WHY GOD MADE US ALL MORTAL BEINGS...!**

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,  
carry-on 'bout 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 the black El Camino;  
Saw petals.....all shapes and colours,  
strewn through the highway wind,  
streaking past my peripheral view;  
makes me glance out the tinted glass,  
at the cars in the faster lanes,  
counting how many faces  
were staring back at mine,  
as we procession to the yard,  
for last good-byes,  
Father Quinn leads in prayer;  
morose toss of roses,  
Amadeus,  
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,  
how all the flowers,  
now dead..... are irreverantly piled,  
and i muse as to 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...FjR

' **IF JUST FOR A MOMENT WITH YOU...**

But of course you dream....as so do i,  
'bout the way things ought to be,  
'bout the barriers that stand between,  
like negotiating a riptide,  
on a white-capped sea  
'til calmer seas prevail,  
and, i take you.....from all that is grey.

And, If Just For A Moment...  
i could wash away the sorrow,  
of the bittersweet teardrops,  
that warmed my lips  
by the touch of your salted kiss.....,  
And, if only i could turn salt to diamonds;  
on bended knee, i 'd ask for your hand,  
and, forever take you, from all that is grey.

And, If Just For A Moment...  
all our dreams could bear life;  
we would sail past the barriers,  
that occlude our aspirations.  
For, ther' be no barrier, wider, nor stronger,  
than the pulse of my heartbeat.....for you.  
And, together we would ride from the grey,  
my love.....into the blue;  
if just for a moment.....,  
a moment with you.

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

' **P...R...E...S...A...G...E...**

Standing over a presage I saw  
an ocean carrying bodies cold  
on jagged tide, occasionally colliding  
and snapping joints like matchsticks  
all in advanced riga state  
stiff as smoked dry-iced...rising.

Could some I know be within my reach?  
This I was thinking, as a telephone rang.  
Oceans hold presage within their depths,  
great epochs steering a world below land.  
Breeding life, earth...housing the dead -  
far deeper than those beneath carved stone.  
I hear a voice cry that sounds too familiar,  
then a chill of sudden still silence.

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 leapt into the icy surf  
through jagged blades  
of cicled shard.  
I saw your eyes  
look back at mine;  
I took your hand,  
you smiled at me,  
told me to leave  
this abstract dream -  
then said goodbye.

I awoke as you asked,  
despite my fear...and presage  
and here I stand afront your casket, closed -  
asking myself so many strange questions;  
questions that prompt no logical answers,  
and all the while the scent of florals  
penetrate my skin.  
I walk outside, to light and take some drags  
of deja-vu...as I exhale a curl of warm smoke.

And I don't understand,  
dreams are very strange,  
penetrating their visual impact  
upon our Third-Eye,  
echoing their message...their message.

I am not clairvoyant,  
yet I swear on my soul  
that I felt your hand,  
wet....blue icy-cold;  
heard your voice  
summon me  
you were okay.  
Omen, presage....merely a dream?  
Still You're Gone.

FjR

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## ' **SORROW BE THE COLOUR INDIGO**

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...FjR

## ' TIME & CONSEQUENCE [In Forward Movement]

Objects, moved subjectively  
in our skewed peripheral spectrum,  
through moist, dilated pupils,  
one friday night decades gone  
in New Yorks Greenwich Village.  
We hadn't quite yet peaked,  
though our thoughts had been well blottered,  
while we all sat juxtaposed  
in this Village cafe grotto,  
'front a stage of thick brown crates,  
housed by Boonesfarm Apple wine,  
recitations by Bukowski  
'neath the streets of Cafe 12.

Curled wafts of gray-white smoke  
fixed our wandering eyes skyward,  
to the black-strobe lighted ceiling,  
breathing in the vintaged dust  
like a million blue-black stars  
over ashwood table-tops,  
while the sweet breath tongue of verse  
mixed rhythm, sedating flux  
with the punch of sweetest tea -  
[and a chaser of java].

It was nineteen-seventy-six,  
Deborah Harry bought us drinks,  
we'll always swear she really did,  
the same year Cronkite told us all  
'bout the Jonestown Massacre,  
and that 'The War' was just a 'conflict',  
though Watergate was the skinny  
back when vinyl still had spin.

Cat Stevens flew moonshadows  
'fore his peace train sailed mid-east  
with some tillermen from Tehran,  
for a ticket to advocate  
his love for holy war -  
and the plot against Rushdie,  
all while holding the Quran  
and praying that the infidels  
be banished from this world,  
from a mideast mountain top,  
overlooking red-stained desert,  
in the wake of social cancer -  
[pointed towards Mecca].

Such is time and consequence -  
in forward movement.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

' **JUNE...JUNE...JUNE...JUNE...**

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

Tree's are full jacket's...of multi-hue green  
The last pink magnolia leaf still can be seen  
Theres a breeze in the air, carrying a scent  
Of sweet honeysuckle....fresh efflorescence

Still, nights cast a chill; June has its motive  
An inviting warm flame....bright amorous votive  
Moonlite romance...'neath a nautic June breeze  
Make love in June sparkle like starshine on sea

\_\_\_\_\_ - F j R - \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## ' 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 indications, presentations..... of 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, ilixired heart;  
Let me share the weight of this cross....that bleeds you.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

' **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, i require when you're beside me, girl  
Touch my face.....feel the heat.....burning madly

Upon your breasts i place my moist, anxious lips  
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  
Release the surging pour...of your honeyed love  
Upon my tongue, an' I place it on your warm lips  
Come with me and pleasure in loves feral breeze

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

' **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 day's  
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 caring to honour and 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 diamond shopping...at Kay's  
It's the roses.....on Valentine's Day  
It's the sunset.....you nestled under  
It's the lightning...before the thunder  
It's the healing....from all that is grey  
It's the reason....to savour each 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...FjR

**' AND THAT'S WHAT IT'S LIKE WITH YOU, MY LOVE**

Whenever you touch me sweet, my love  
i feel the rapid beat of my pulse  
like a thousand drums pounding,  
fast and hard through my marrrow -  
such hard, percussed sonority.  
And, whenever we move to the dance of love,  
we're like two celestial violins  
with bows freshly rosined -  
rubbing, pulling with bare moist heat,  
complimenting each other with favour,  
to the arousing rhythm and pleasure  
of loves' perfect movement.

And when we perform together,  
in dual concert, dominating exchange -  
solos encounter like soliloquies  
of sensual deliverance.  
And the Rush of this titillation  
is like the bursting of cymbals.....in climax,  
exuberant release...euphoria, and -  
flushed and wet,  
you strike a match;  
i quit years ago,  
but the spiraling trail of smoke, white  
rising over brass and satin  
reminds me of the encores yet to come...  
ne plus ultra!

And that's what it's like with you, my love,  
that's how it feels when you touch me sweet.

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## ' BY THE STREAMS OF KILLCLARKE

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

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**" O " ...{Redux}...**

Empty space, air-tight,  
with exception of a sudden strike  
to an over-aged white shell  
by nubbed thin rubber,  
on grained flat-wood, Ouch!  
Tiny' O', feather light,  
a miniature moon  
that would 'serve' quite well  
in Mr. Rogers 'hood',  
now waiting to be paddled  
with forced back-spin delivery,  
forthwith spiked returns,  
over and over again  
until the highly merciless beating  
takes its ultimate toll;  
a crack in the victims shell  
like a fault line underground,  
seismologically speaking.  
And whats for us to see,  
if you'll excuse the crass cliché  
is what' life inside  
a ping-pong ball' may be!  
For everyone knows  
once a ping-pong ball is cracked  
it is useless, done and dead,  
and will never, ever bounce back  
to life again...so prepare the eulogy.  
So sad, I think I might  
try my hand at billiards,  
a sport I hear whose balls are rarely broken.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## ' RAINPICTURES ON GLASS CANVASS...

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...FjR

## ' 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.

Young stags soon rising fast an' anxiously;  
dancing, darting over clustered branches,  
scurrying for refuge...from the likes of you,  
searching for their own kind and appetite.

And, that's why you should have never left  
the foggy side.....of my bedroom window,  
when all along....we could have been here  
dancing, darting...underneath satin sheets.

Entertaining our yen an' pleasure in dining  
on a breakfast of warm cream, and honey.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**))) White(.) Noise(((**

The noise broke white  
from far behind  
so it seemed,  
that it was,  
as the Douglas Firs bristled  
in anticipation.

We watched from a nearby mountain peak,  
bristled at the onslaught,  
white weight barreling forth in giant sheets,  
snapping hulked bark like matchsticks,  
smothering all that stood in its path  
of hard-hitting waves of frost-drift,  
mountaintop cancer  
like Schools of Stickleback -  
trapped in Nantucket's Sleighride.

Nascent? no...you never see it,  
tho' you'll never forget the sound  
upon you as fast  
as a bullet to the Brain;  
there be no looking back  
at its rush of carnage.....

.....  
A...v...a...l...a...n...c...h...e.....!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**... 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 of different air.

And, women turned warm, and ogled,  
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...FjR

### **...M a s q u e...**

Veiled to silhouette "Itself"...'fore God's penumbra  
Cursed by Hades.....and its concourse of serpents  
Comes by night to place Its jagged badge of stain  
'Pon the heart-thread's of those lost within ersatz  
All accomplished 'fore the bloody day was through  
Such the statesman 'It'was...

No longer small, much larger now'It' breathes deep  
In the brains and bowels of the likes of you and me  
Masqued in sweet aroma, raise the cup....to the lips  
To which pours 'Itself' from the lust of sordid carafs  
All drunk or dead, 'fore the bloody day was through  
Such the fools we be...

And it is said that hands of Power will be the first to Rise 'n War  
And it is said that hands of Power will be wrapped in lambs wool

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Upon The Waking of My Friend...

My friend died last night,  
loved playing the Blues,  
held rock'n roll as sacred,  
bought a Fender Strat,  
a book on playing guitar,  
became a twang master  
in less than 3 years,  
inbetween writing lyrics  
that would make Stalin cry,  
'n all the while making those  
around him s...m...i...l...e...wide,  
and realize what a reward  
the gift of Life really is,  
until it was time-  
for him to meet his Cross,  
and, as he did everything else  
in his far too stunted life,  
he carried this Cross with pride,  
courage...without complaint or rue,  
and because so, I must believe  
he never saw Purgatory last night...,  
the night he died.

['Lost Sam Dudley is safely home...']

{.....Paul G. Nanna.....}  
July 26th,1956~September 13th,2013}  
\_\_\_\_ Friend, Supporter, Teacher \_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_ & Symbol of Intrepidness \_\_\_\_

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Upon The Harbours of Sickness In Death

With endearment, you gently lift  
the dutch door top of the pinewood,  
but, only because within it sleeps  
the one who understood you, and-  
the chaos between your hemispheres,  
the delphian orbs and cherubs,  
ossified...within your abstract wiring,  
and loved you through it all;  
a love that bore no substitute.

who will care for me now, you ask;

NO-ONE! - says a voice from years gone,  
as you stare at the vericose veins  
an old cracked-ceilings ruse;  
you affix a sybilline stare  
of lament that bears no mercy  
from your myriad of strange behavior  
harbouring within your brain,  
pricking the spines live nerve-endings  
like a sterile darning needle;

[Remembering when you were a child]

that your mum laid down gently  
upon the kitchen stovetop flame,  
'fore she'd take the metal tongs,  
pinched the needle at its head,  
said, 'mummy could never hurt you'  
now I need thatfrowning finger

and pull that splinter out  
Oh! Mummy, it burns! It burns!  
So hot... flame stinging hot, it was  
thwarting like a matchstick tip  
one just freshly struck....  
so effectingly that your tongue  
sensed the sage-smoked sulfur  
with Mummy's every stroke  
'til her job completed with a hug  
and kiss, atop a slice of key lime pie.

who will know where the needles are, you ask;

NO-ONE! - says the Modigliani-  
hanging on the pale green wall,  
the stunning woman reminds you  
of her, except for the cold white eyes.  
She's with the sleeping now  
where all good mothers go,  
and thats how love in Death must be  
beyond the pine, with the cherubs...

but only when harbouring sickness.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**` June... June... June... June {2013 Redux}...**

This is for June, and all the lovesong it brings  
Church steeple bells....their wind chasing sing  
Olde songs of wedlock....over top hat, and lace  
'Fore June passes torch....to July's scarlet face

Tree's are full jacket's.....of multi-hue green  
The last pink magnolia leaf.....still can be seen  
There's a breeze in the air, that carries a scent  
Of her fresh honeysuckle...sweet efflorescence

Still, nights cast a chill but June has its motive  
Inviting sparked flame...amorous, warm votive  
Moonlite romance 'neath a nautic June breeze  
Make love in June shine like stars on dark seas

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **` On The Injustice of Difference**

Eye of the Ram..... queer, yet  
its composition.....puissant,  
and, even tho' its preferences  
are not...of my own practices,  
still.... one cannot be justified  
to judge, condemn..... crucify,  
stanced opposed in arrogance,  
on platforms of the differences  
inacted by.....societies tainted  
view of difference as unsainted,  
still..... we look away and shake  
our ignorance for no-ones sake.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## ~Romancing Against Time~

Awoke to feel your voice seducing me  
.....mmmmmmm,  
so sensuously.  
Glancing, at th' hands  
of th' clock  
On th' wall  
Counting minute seconds,  
laying beside you  
Prudently...yet,  
with an air of fierce frustration.

Soon you'll be aroused  
by the warmth of dawn  
an' its breaking sunrise  
painting window panes  
in mornings dew-drop,  
as you rise from dream  
'pon toast warm sheets  
'neath softly black satin-  
wrinkled, an' disturbed  
from... th' evening past,  
when we reveled within  
each others.....fantasia,  
as one.... to dream it all  
again.....'till our soul's  
endulge th'evening next.

An' oh, th' sounds of that clock on th' wall.  
so dreadfully, tauntingly, reminding me  
that time will soon sing it's goodbye song,  
and our musique be stilled silent and sad,  
leaving behind only images 'n silhouettes  
for the imagination to pleasure on and on-  
'til, we love yet, once again... another day.

'Tis the final hour..... you carress my face  
with your stunning black diamond eyes, an'-  
angrily glaring at th' smug clock on the wall  
waning down our final hours...like seconds.

And.....you're looking so damn ostentatious,

To Hell With Time! Damn the Consequences!

Take my love, hold it tight..... dance with me  
thru' th' turning curves an' waves of Romance.

'Tis the movement that makes the good dance!

Come closer, my lov', closer yet, will you come  
and, yes, we'll dance...to th' hands of this clock  
in Harmony.....synchrony.....syncopatedly-

with untamed defiance.....to times arrogance.

Dancing, and dancing, against th' bloody wall,  
a clash between th' hands of rapture and time;  
and, in th' 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 its base  
metal 'n plastic raining down in shards..... yet  
I never glanced once.....at the damage so sweet.  
'Twas as if we had somehow... basterdized time

An', we danced, 'n danced, to the death of time.

\_\_\_\_\_(X)\_\_\_\_\_  
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\_\_\_\_\_(X)\_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## 150 Years Ater Gettysburg...

...In the beginning,  
when insignificance  
upheld its worth  
and passed torch  
to pertinence,  
vouchsafing they  
who laid down their souls  
in fresh cotton fields  
with leaves hung on stems,  
hot. bloody sharp  
as rusted steel knives,  
pricking and piercing,  
the sweating paled flesh,  
the pulse twitching nerves  
of subluxed spines,  
over again,  
and over again -  
over and over again  
for water and stale cornbread.

...so out of control  
this system of hate,  
this powerless feeling,  
a violation of mind,  
a rape of the heart -  
death to the spirit  
of every dark victim,  
while "Paralysis",  
the great emperor of prejudice  
stares down mockingly  
with myopic eyes,  
wants to rule all souls  
who do not mirror his.  
and on it goes,  
this anathema of society  
perhaps 'til the end of "here"  
when heaven opens wide,  
rears its great gold seals,  
and 'paralysis', is crucified  
on an upside-down cross,  
for any other way would bear sacrelig.  
and, then, just ahead,  
for our jaded eyes to see  
is renaissance,  
like a nautical beacon  
rendering unto us  
with much signifgance -  
a new beginning.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **A Sickly Mis-Case(y) of Justice...**

Tattoos, Gin, shopping sprees,  
queer way to wake your dead,  
and, a brown eyed, 2 year old,  
never knew what an evil smile,  
a woman she called...Mommy  
was so abhorrently capable of.  
Masking tape, across her face,  
tiny lip's and cheek's bloodied,  
across her nose...to be assured-  
she'd die...in her shallow grave.  
Just another fowl taste...of O.J.  
'N, thats all i have to say, really.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **A Butterflies Query & A Little Girl's Anomaly**

An Ediths Checkerboard spoke to a child,  
asked, why do butterflies die young, then smiled.  
I have no idea, I 'm just a little girl,  
Chrysalis and Wing-dusts do resemble glossed pearls,  
and a plethora of...the forementioned synchronized duo  
has propensity to transmogrify a promiscuous imago-  
into a houndstooth, wool eating circled hole making,  
mother munching moth of Versace fine tasting,  
albeit, ha-ha, that really never happens, at all,  
as I heard a wise cat tell a "piller", TALL-  
that you can never ever really 'catch a' piller',  
for their addiction to flight is a dangerous thrill-er  
until the 'piller' is caught, cuffed...redeemed-  
so I found out one day reading Time Magazine  
You see 'pillers' fly high... just like you,  
it's what "pillers" and butterflies do;  
they just land from a different dimension,  
due to take-off and half-baked suspension,  
and I heard that it's scarry and so temporary  
that it obscures the "pillers" perception.

My, my said Edith, how precocious you be.  
How is it you possess such knowledge of me?  
an erudite scope of polymorphistic knowledge;  
might I ask if you've attended a bug college?  
Your amplitude finds me and shines me,  
my family and fellow liepidoptra seeds!  
Said the little girl to the Edith butterfly,  
with a wide white-tooth mile of smile  
mischevous, perhaps but quite wise  
that shone through her little girl eyes,  
'I 'm not sure, to be sure,  
but one twilight, by shore  
I saw a Brood of butterflies 'neath the sun,  
and I think butterflies could live past year one  
if they, and their mates could curtail their Brood-ing  
that they appear to exercise with such flair and well-doing,  
in the late afternoon by the curious loons  
as sun passes torch to the new evening moon,  
behind the swampiest of weed that guises the bay  
where butterflies choir their Brood-ing ways  
'neath the summer sky of celestial light  
as they kick-up their wing-dust all through the night.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **A Day Off From A Life Sucking Business...**

The vacuum wasn't working today,  
so a dozen infants were spared aspiration  
from a room custom built as a suite  
for natal anathema;

while the deep, steel disposal box,  
and its cunning guise of shimmer  
is paled by clinical darkness today,  
devoid of small body parts.

So, sleep well, doctors of homicide,  
the vacuum repair-man delivered today,  
guarantees a productive tomorrow -  
to the angst of all mens gods,

who fear dread from the River Styx,  
stalking black-bloody hallways  
into the surgical killing field...  
to terminate innocence.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Aquatic ~ Parallels**

Aquatic parallels  
Moving towards the current  
Stand in awe  
By Mother Natures  
Presence by the shore

'Twill only be scant hours  
'Til her manic side showers  
Reigns of awe  
As Mother Nature  
Tantrums 'cross the shore

Nautical fits and starts  
Surreal as Dali's art  
We watch in awe  
As high-tide brings  
Portugese Men 'o War

Aquatic storms hide  
'Tween the current of the tides  
An' on we'll awe  
As Mother Nature  
Stirs th' ocean floor.

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## A Question Of Dream Or Existence...

The grain of your flesh fits perfectly  
against that of mine,  
like images from Eye's Gallery II.  
Endulging each other,  
tightly pressed, and curling,  
dyslexically in movement...  
at 96 degrees.

Then, feeling like Salvador Dali,  
you transform the picture  
its image twisting  
in subluxed pose,  
and I sense satisfaction  
on your moistened brow,  
as you pull me in  
with breasted grip,  
and you coo.....mmmm  
just like that-.  
The two of us, yes...siamese lovers  
joined at the nethers of romance.  
And I ask you, then to come with me;  
ensconce in my fantasies...incarnate.

Yet, soon I am fallen by query,  
as I rise from a state of existence,  
that I dreamed was a wakened state,  
or did I?

Yes, it must be a dream,  
as i'm delivered, dripping  
from a REM deep sleep,  
sounds of wood-doors and screens  
shutting hard behind you.  
And, just like that...  
you are gone, once again,  
such strangeness here,  
my Minds-Eye in freeze-frame.

Weak ochre shadows circling my head  
like spinning tops,  
the new morning sun  
peeking so slowly,  
washing, painting  
my bedroom walls  
with its nascent brilliance, as I-  
.....,  
perspire, underneath ice cold linen,  
with the only query left unanswered:

Were you really ever here at all?

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

### **A Succinct Symmetric Sex Story...**

We stand naked, afront each other.....fully dressed;  
Ne're a muscle moves.....yet one disrobes the other  
Som'times fantasias' so strong, anti-climax is raised  
Most times it serves itself well; A stimulating tease;  
She runs her moist tongue 'cross'er sweetheart lips.

It's a game you only dare to play.....when you know,  
No ones around to interrupt such emotional energy.  
Fantasia...can become reality in a passions moment.  
So why then do we taunt each other's human need?  
Because 'to need' is to 'enjoy the endz', all the more!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **A Sudden, Succinct Purge From The Mind Of...**

Winds carry upon themselves  
Episodes of natures breath,  
Yarrows stretched in fullest breadth,  
Scenarios of height and depth,  
Embryo's of life and death  
Winds upon themselves do carry

(c) Frank J. Ryan, Jr-2013

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**About November 22nd,1963 {In Respectful Memorium of The 50th Anniversary of The Assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy}**

\_\_\_\_\_P r o l o g u e\_\_\_\_\_

Exactly fifty years ago this Friday afternoon....at exactly one p.m. Central Standard Time/ USA, John Fitzgerald Kennedy was pronounced dead from 2 fatal gunshots to his neck and head.I posted this work last year, and have chosen to re-post it this year, once again with special respect and tribute to this Democrat, from this Republican because he refused to stand-down to or from any and all Anti-Democracy threats from other nations.... against us. Freedom has no price, just value, and Kennedy lived this concept from his innauguration up until the day he died. John Kennedy was more than just a politician who aired from the mainstream left, more than a force for our nemisis's to be concerned about. John Kennedy was America for 1,000 day's, and a foster-leader of so many other less fortunate nations.... We will never ever know for certrain just how great this Irish Catholic United States President may have been.....What we do know is that as far as I can recall in my lifetime, there has never been one single individual in politics who was loved by so many, so passionately in such the short period of time he had in earning it. The below work was inspired after watching a riveting 2 hour documentary about the life, times & death of JFK.

\_\_\_\_\_F j R\_\_\_\_\_

The shocking post-mortems of the brain-spill.....from his skull  
My mind imaged into that horrific November, Friday.....in '63  
Chaos...ruling an autumn knoll...grey imbruing a rich pink dress  
Men in black suits...and smoked ray-bans...with magnums drawn  
Won't ever be a November autumn in Dallas like the one in '63

I remember my Father saying, he'd have voted for him....in '64  
Would have been the first time (he said) ....that he broke his party line  
It will be fifty years this twenty-second of November....My God  
Makes me realize.....this scar will forever be scored thru' the Soul's  
Of those....like me.....a child.....yet how we matured in year's that day

From the shocking news, that as mortal life.....we all shared as one  
Without difference....to colour, culture, lifestyle, politics...or creed  
Made me mealancholy.....wondering where.....God's world had gone  
That our Heart's....'only' be bonded....through self-fear and travesty  
Like on that autumn noon in Texas, on November 22nd...of '63

\_\_\_\_\_F j R\_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **About November 22nd,1963...**

Watching forensic post-mortems of brain-spill.....from his skull  
My mind echoed back to that dark November, Friday.....in '63  
Chaos...ruling an autumn knoll....grey imbruing a rich pink dress  
Men in black suits, and smoked ray-bans.....with magnums drawn  
Won't ever be a November Autumn in Dallas, like the one in '63

I remember my Father saying, he'd have voted for him....in '64  
Would have been the first time (he said) , that he broke party line  
It be forty-eight years this twenty-second of November....My God  
Makes me realize.....this scar will forever be scored thru' the Soul's  
Of those like me, a child.....yet how we matured in year's that day

From the shocking news that as mortal life....we all shared as one  
Without difference to colour, culture, lifestyle, politics.....or creed  
Made me mealancholy.....wondering where God's world had gone  
That our Heart's 'only' be bonded.....through self-fear and travesty  
Like they did, on that Autumn noon in Texas.....

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## About th' Arrangements Upon My Passing...

I've left explicit directives  
to those who i've chosen  
to participate  
on the event of my death.  
And as per these directives  
please understand and adhere-  
that there be no pause, rue,  
pique nor contestment  
in carrying out these particulars.

No one, I said, NO ONE  
shall stare at me  
when I cannot return th' glare.  
Closed caskets cost the same,  
as opened ones, remains included.  
However, you'll save on th' Borrelli tie,  
and Gionfranco sharkskin,  
i'd originally planned to don  
with much pomp and circumstance  
in th' late ninteen seventies,  
when things had to be 'just so'.

Ornate? But of course!  
Just think what a finale grandeur  
it would have been for all,  
back then-  
during my day's with Dapper-D,  
th' Disco King of Queens,  
friday nights outside  
Gambino's (Pasta & Loans... ahemm)  
watching my back by smoking mirrors,  
and everyone looked like mannequins  
from Armani's on Madison West,  
where only spoke-wheeled Eldorado's  
could park by the storefront curb-  
as all th' others had been hooked and towed  
to Giovanni's Seaside Auto.....,  
and that was that!

Things are different now.  
A tank top, and faded Kleins  
will suit my sleep quite comfortably.  
And, what's this grave nonsense  
bout the cold damp winter sod-  
chilling my marrow...My God, Maria,  
it's only a shell of my mortal past  
that will gradually decompose  
no matter what size, shape or color.  
In fact, it's the thought of '  
that makes me bristle, more than death.  
But they too, shall pass, my dear  
by these breathless confinds of thick pine.

And, anyway.....,  
please tell me without quoting old wives,  
'How could weather create any consequence  
that would bear harsh effect on my bones?  
This cortege of tales and traditions  
to euphanize death's morosity -  
be quite chilling in themselves, you know?  
The practice of pathos and lament  
may be therapeutic to those,  
who will walk away-  
and enjoy a free lunch,  
at th' post-internment party,  
watch another sunset,  
two hours of FOX,  
O'Reilly and Hannity  
will make'em smile  
for another day, month or year(s) ...(?)

But, as for me, my lov',  
th' recumbent in sleep...is this-  
when my clock strikes zero,  
and Death whispers gently  
that it's time I bid you a final goodnight  
there should be no 'fan-fare' dealt  
o'er this body, dead and cold,  
which tells me clearly  
that I'll be in no need  
for a 'fan' to keep me cool,  
or the 'fare' of shipping such an item  
that would have to be made coffin-compatible.

Bottom line, my dearest lov',  
is anything short of the skyward rise  
of my Soul aflight to my Maker's Eyes  
is simply a non-sequitur.  
However, 'THAT' arrangement  
is entirely up to 'ME'!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## About That 'God Particle'...

Science teaches us well  
that almost anything is possible,  
so long as elements and chance  
are technologically conducive  
for that something to be possible.

And this tells us all of nothing  
'bout why we should subscribe  
to science and non-seculars,  
scoffing at the notion of God,  
hailing atheisms, yet, then-  
borrow HIS name  
to label that which  
science claims HE did not create!

Such a shallow, ignorant concept  
that Life began its life  
from a hole in the center of space,  
a hole that clearly and scientifically  
had to 'become' from somewhere.  
Ah, but, that would slap the face  
of this hollow, David Blain theory.

And, yet, these very same people  
are strangely dead certain  
that God is Mans creation  
despite stark validation  
to the contrary of time and space.

And, HEY... bottom line,  
lets cut to the chase  
I query you scientists all to your faces  
'Where in the black hole'Hell'.....  
did 'SPACE' come from, anyway'?

Tell me...go ahead, say it...',  
i'm waiting on your spin.  
'Space was always there, you say? '  
Hah! My point exactly.  
So, Space God, we shall call HIM, then,  
that's alright by me!

So glad we were able to resolve  
this gross misnomer of evolution...

Dominos Vos Biskum!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## About The Priorities Upon My Passing

I left explicit directives to those  
whom i chose to participate  
in the celebration of my death.  
No one, i said, shall look at me  
when i cannot look back at them.  
Closed caskets cost the same,  
but you'll save on the Borrelli tie,  
andGionfranco sharkskin,  
that i had originally designated  
in earlier year's,  
for a showcase finale grandeur  
during my day's with Dapper-D,  
the Kings of Queens,  
and things had to be just so.

Things are different now.  
A tank top, and faded Britannias  
will suit my sleep quite comfortably.  
Such grave nonsense  
about the cold beneath the sod  
chilling my marrow...My God, Maria,  
it's only a shell of my mortal past  
that will everso gradually decompose.  
In fact, it's the thought of the earwigs  
that makes me bristle, even now;  
but they too, shall pass  
within my breathless confinds of pine.

So tell me then, without quoting old wives:  
How could earths temperature be a factor'?  
These tales and ornate traditions we've created  
to make death the less morose...  
be quite chilling in themselves, you know!  
The practice of pathos & lamentation  
may be therapeutic to those,  
who will walk away  
from that mound of flowery dirt,  
to enjoy another sunset  
and an hour with Hannity and Colmes.  
But for me, the recumbent in final sleep,  
anything else but the skyward rise of my Soul...  
is a non-sequitur.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Abraham's Angel {Leiby's Song}

Severed limbs, what say you, now  
to your God, to your fellow man?  
Who sent you up from Hades, and-  
you must think yourself 'Creator'  
yet I rather think you, 'destroyer'  
on behalf of the Right To Life.

I'm no Saint, but I am Catholic,  
You are a fool, void of conscience;  
your actions reprehensible  
to everything that The human Christ  
died for so we may live.

He was an infant, sore defenseless,  
you are Man...and you stole-  
innocence, in ruse of friendship;  
taught terror, pain...immeasurable;  
how did you think yourself a mentor?  
I think you more as the Anti-Christ!

Then you pillaged his life  
as if he be  
the Devil, and you-  
the Seventh Sea.

Look in the mirror, it was you...alone,  
annointing yourself "Lord Anathema",  
taking Life in your sin-stained hands,  
playing destiny your way, your way;  
and now My God says,  
you've played your very last hand;  
What will you say, then say you now,  
when Judgement stands before you?

Heaven holds another Angel, now,  
a child whose time was hemorrhaged  
by the under-world of God's Universe;  
he was an innocent Jew...Child of Abraham

I am a Roman Catholic, from a rock-built Church,  
we are children from the same Rib of Man,  
creeds accountable at Judgement by God.

Your actions speak a thousand and one-  
tons of boiling acrid spill  
from a God empty chest,  
where a Heart should be housed.  
Where did it go? Where did it go? !  
This void within you frightens me.

What will say you, when they ask you  
if you have any final words,

'fore they lay you down to ever sleep,  
and Judgement waits on the other side  
along with Justice and Consequence.  
What say you then, when you realize-  
your Mercy has been raped and slain?

(c) Frank J. Ryan, Jr.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Alzheimers...When Will We Just Say No!**

When do the moments begin to move  
on wings of hours, veiled and skewed;  
and what to say to th' silent old man  
who for his Life could not understand  
that the number for 911 was just that,  
then called information to get th' facts.

[Yes I know, that doesn't make sense]!

When will we finally just say 'NO' to  
.....'ALZHEIMERS'.....,  
let the labs and clinics do their thing  
for as a Roman Catholic...'Practicing',  
I cannot conceive The Christ Himself  
wanting HIS creations to die in a shell  
on a cruel, brain-burned "Pilgrimage"-  
these children HE made in HIS image.

Think about it.....One day it WILL be  
some of US...and when our memories  
are forever lost in that empty hole-  
Will someone be ther' to just say NO? !

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **And Then 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 breeze.  
And in every blanket of its angeled mist rainfall  
there be genesis  
of inveterating offerage,  
quenching the yearning thirst of the harvests,  
nourishing the mercurial mind of the Poet  
to take pen in hand and heart,  
fleck an autumn-scape grandeur...indelible.

Comes autumn...  
with her latened warnings of winters nascence.  
And every lost, crisped, brown leave  
speaks of Death to this season of colour  
that beckoned us to appreciate our God-Given senses  
of earthtones and hickory and the scent of Douglas Fir  
that we breathe with Christmas thought, Winter majique.  
Then we'll long wait thru' three new seasons-  
and then comes autumn.....once again.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **And, Out Of Th' Darkness {Vox Spiritus Sancti}**

Darkness, what more can one see among the living,  
of they who breathe deep, from their opaque plane -  
still mortalkind continues to live by War and Time.

Mantra and Morals.....th' Mind's pure conjugation  
yet, that which pours warm from the pulsing Heart  
only be discharged by th' virtued womb of the Soul;

A Dove told me this.... and upon His Ghostly crown  
I believe His word be true for His Tongue never lies -  
and, out of th' Darkness, into th' Light.... Death dies.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Anorexia Nervosa {Who's That In The Mirror}**

What has happened to you,  
your hour glass seems top-light  
of sand-grain and Life,  
so obvious, your changes  
I have nightmares  
of your deep set eyes at night..

Still you squeeze and push  
at the the egg-shell glass,  
'til the crystal bares cracks  
of pertruding veins,  
[Look Familiar? ]  
cracks of caveat,  
while you obsess  
in your world  
of blind disfigurement,  
standing front a mirror  
on bruised, twigged legs,  
beginning to bristle....,  
buckle.....this paradox  
of lean and green,  
so fragile, now,  
as paper rice,  
or a pancreas-  
malignantly dripping  
from the nodes so lymp(h) :  
such cruel, cruel pain;  
if only you could see  
what i see in your mirror,  
this crime nothing short  
of a masachistic,  
self-inflicted dose-  
of Assisted Suicide.

Anorexia Nervosa.  
Should have called  
Jack Kavorkian  
so your final hours  
could have been  
far less painful...  
Should have let you run your fist  
through your mirror that night;  
seven years bad luck,  
the least of your troubles.  
Just a Disorder?  
Not a chance, mon ami;  
this be a Disease called Assisted Death!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Aquatic Affectation...**

Aquatic disturbance  
moving shores under-current  
I stand in awe  
at Mother Natures  
presence by the shore

Only be scant hours  
'til her manic side showers  
her reign of awe  
Mother Natures angst  
sweeping 'cross the shore

Nautical fits and starts  
surrealistic as Dali's art  
watch in awe  
as Natures' Matriarch  
lambastes her shore

Aquatic chaos gone  
replaced by halcyon  
I stand in awe  
at Mother Natures  
mysteries by the shore

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Ariel's Presence {While You Were Asleep XXXII}**

She plays silly games,  
it is the aura about her,  
projecting light and clamor  
amongst the blackness and silence;  
and you'd love to know her,  
call her your friend,  
just because-  
she's that type of person...  
just because-  
her fabric is sewn with providence,  
which will make it the more grievous  
to say my goodbye-  
when that light dims to blackness  
to say my goodbye-  
to the echo of silence  
so clamorous-  
as if she were still here.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**Aristotole's Abstract Acrostical {X 1 To The Power of Zero}**

Attitude, with a format alpha  
Accepting, the linguisticaltic  
Barring algorithmic murmur  
Spoonng for cadence, tempo  
Whilst uttering anglo-saxons  
Sensational lexicon, take that  
Objectionable to Lallus Hindi  
A parlance sweet and socratic

The above work is a 'Double Acrostical', compliments to the additional employment of 'Cryptic Verse'format. In other words, one of the acrostics is a fairly easy find, and, for the most part follows the basic acrostic format. However the other acrostic is encrypted, yet, with a wee bit of keen eyeshot, one should be able to dig it out from within the body of the work without too much shoveling. Good Luck.....FjR

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Arrhythmia (A Stairway Acrostical)**

Anterior percpetion does not guide the privleged eye-  
pRone to the wave of the north and southern p-lines  
foR such a view one must obtain posterior indicators-  
-otHer than invasive forms- of pro-cardio instigators  
-praY to God that when they lie you down for wiring  
-pratTling technicians will induce your mind to tiring  
'n empHatically from the septum to a pulse, prancing-  
the atriuM has been known to act- like Vitus Dancing-  
'n if einsteIn be alive today he'd marvel at the science-  
-arrhythmiA, conditon of the heart with cold defiance.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **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...FjR

## **Autumns Golden Wreath...**

On dusty fields of umber  
Ther' be no trail nor trace of Summer  
Octobers breath unfolds  
A wreath of Autumn, solid gold

Smoked shadow, naked branch  
Leaves like ticker-tape in dance  
Trees stripped of their potpouri  
Of majesty, an artists dream

Of a many hues and tones  
The artists inspiration hones  
Pictorial skills of imagescape  
Depicting Autumn's scent and taste

Of hickory, acorns and rain  
Harvests fertile spread of grain  
Hallowed be these precious gifts  
For soon the winds will shift

Winter bites with lions teeth  
As surely Robert Frost would speak  
Engaged by Autumn's golden wreath  
'Til Autumns Death thus be complete

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Beneath The Shadow Of The Moon**

Pressed rose, sweet suckle...did we savour  
in the brush of a summers eve moving -  
like a moist evening breeze riding Thames.

Moon spurred our moment of Bogart and Hepburn,  
its spotlight reflecting every movement-  
quite audaciously.

Eye-drenched by showers of anthrocite,  
tiny stars, what metaphor for a poem, you say....  
Your beauty beholds my desire, my reply.

And we made love beneath the Moons shadow,  
'til Sun came and stirred our silhouettes -  
quite artistically...

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Beyond Deaths Toll**

In separate worlds, they breathe now;  
so sad, these worlds, like comas-  
existing in silent, hollow sleep;  
yet life be present, still -  
just enough to offer Chance, Hope  
for two Hearts beating, drumming;  
tho' neither will feel  
the others pulse Today,  
only numb memories  
of strange Yesterday's.

Time tolls, and its echo fades into absence,  
its forward arrogance...non-negotiable;  
But, that's alright for if this weren't so-  
perhaps Tomorrow would never come.  
And it's the Tomorrow's that offer Hope and Chance  
for what Yesterday could not afford us in kind, and...  
for whatever reasons that inexplicably....  
may only be revealed by the Death of Time.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Beyond Lunar Eclipse...**

And the silhouettes from the night  
passed torch to the day  
from the night....gently;  
passing o'er the Circle;  
mime dancers bleeding in sage,  
the shroud of a nascent oddity,  
and I ask what could this be  
stroking my Brain.

.....THEN -  
white seams like corespun thread  
criss-crossing midnight eye's,  
strange narrow crescents,  
ostensibly breaking silence  
.....a crackling smile  
across the atmosphere,  
obscuring the absorbance of hues  
from the Iris of my drifting eye's,  
while levitating slowly, softly -  
soft as Egyptian cotton-  
on sheathes of charcoaled winds.

And, what be this stroking my Brain?

Shadows over shadows  
penumbras..... THEN -  
i saw consortiums of comets  
migrating.....like fireflies -  
embering the toasted skies of August.  
Encroaching beacon  
like surgical spotlight....  
orbiting, orbiting....BUT -

So, what be this stroking my Brain?

Silhouettes bearing rims of silver,  
take to passing o'er God's Sun.....,  
beyond this -  
Lunar Eclipse.

\_\_\_\_\_) FjcR(\_\_\_\_\_)

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Book Of Visions**

Visions, bare th' naked scope of futures life's measure  
Stimulates th' rhapsody.....wrapped in loves' pleasure  
Magazine-like images draw shades of prised colours  
Inspiring th' Mind's-Eye sensories....to draft its covers

Visions, cast a shadow on th' plight of dreams to come  
As well as crosses dealt to us fr'm black eastern drums  
Out-of Body premonitions.....strike inspired chord's  
Aspiring thos' with Faith to crack th' deadlocked doors

Visions, book th' voyage.....to our destinies last chapter  
Strange abberation images.....of Life beyond hereafter  
Artly smoke-hazed matchstickmen, odd misconception  
Channeled from Dreams energies, this ruse perception

Visions, are the bloodline of our Spirits living foresight  
Capped in a mortal shell of human God-blessed insight  
Stroking on th' threads of heart beats pulse n' rhythm  
Casting virtued credence 'pon.....Visions catechism

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Born Upon 'th Gaelic Winds 'o Kellenwood Bay...**

So, tell me Mum, did'ya see th spark?  
'Aye, lad...seems 'twas only yest'rday,  
'uv that light that split th' bloody bark  
whin' th' stork' touch'd Kellenwood Bay.

Carry'd-on, we did, that winded morn,  
for, in th' hands of Doctor O'Shay-  
Brigette O'Neil pass'd her first borne  
memb'r, mum, th' fifes, how they played?

Th'm gaelic whisps, 'ow they spun their chords  
fer' th' lassie babe jus' borne,  
an', aye th' orbs of nights accord  
kept eyes on th' wind 'til next dawn.

An, dont'cha dare, sweep yer broom-stick gust  
'round th' halo 'uv this God-Kissed lass,  
'cuz sh'uld we see a speck uv'ya' wind-kicked dust-  
we'll be forc'd t' kick yo'r damn ass!

Ahhh, buh ', Gaelic Wind y'u know we luv' ya' too,  
'tis jus' a special day, if ya will;  
that we ask ya' t' allay yer thrusty shoo,  
keep yer' prowess high 'n still.

An' now forty-three years 'av pass'd,  
Brigette O', now a grandma of eight;  
Seems th' Celtic torch'az surely pass'd  
Like a train on tracks without freight!

So it goes without much more sayin'  
that deliverin' Life for Doctor O'Shay  
wuz' o' poker han' worth 'o playin' -  
Many 'straights' in Kellenwood Bay!

An' mum, 'tis older, wiser...stays young,  
sometimes she still kicks-up a reel; ,  
'cuz truth be told that grandma 'n mum  
both be Kellenwoods Brigette O'Neill!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**Breakfast In Bed...{S` Ru-Erotica}**

Moist and Rich The Pour  
Of Your Sweet Dawn Honey Mist  
O'er My Rising Sun...

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Breath of Presage...**

Senses alive I felt a presage breathing thru' my Brain,  
Time dropped its hands to purge spaced indifference,  
Breadth of Science loses sight by th' open Eye of God,  
Pagans stand silent- as they sleep in their black holes.

Sweating, I felt th' heat of a wooden Cross, burning,  
Choking pine-dust coursing thru' my labored lungs.  
Panic...and I cough like a newborn's first breath, as -  
Seven Angel's voices whisper to me, 'You are Home'.

Where goes th' flesh of my mortalness, beyond th' ash,  
For is that not what th' Gospel preaches every Sunday.  
Time lifts its hands, moves again, so hauntingly quiet;  
Senses alive, I felt them..... from a presage breathing.

\_\_\_\_\_ ~ F J R ~ \_\_\_\_\_

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Breathe Me Within You My Lov'...**

Breathe me in...and exhale  
The coolness of th' passing  
My love so slowly dancing  
By the rhythm of yo'r soul

Feel my breath- upon yo'rs  
The core.....of our existence  
This pulse that tips a goblet  
Of love that pours so sweet

Warm me....with those eyes  
Burning madly through me  
Penetrates....my every sense  
My...quixotic virile fantasies

Enraptured.....we are bound  
By spheres of bonding orbis  
Immersed, within the nexus  
All impervious.....to betrayal

Come with me.....let us love  
Inspire each others....dreams  
I yearn.....yo'r feminine taste  
Crave to pleasur' yo'r hunger

Lay yo'r passion, down on me  
Place yo'r soul aside my heart  
I lie upon yo'r soften'd breasts  
Whil' y'u breathe me in my lov'

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Broken Wings of Innocence {Sad Angel's Lullaby}**

Empty room wreaking,  
imbrued by Mortal Sin;  
opened windows airing  
the stench of anathema  
festering thru' the vericose veins  
of spider-cracked walls.

Parquet floor, damp, cold;  
housing an empty cradle;  
lingering traces of scented powder,  
aloe vera, vanilla...jasmine  
the only signs that human life  
ever existed here.

Comely breezes find opened windows;  
curling whisps, pass naked sils,  
disturbing the fringed curtain hems,  
prompting their haunting dance  
as if they were voicing their angst  
to the essence of what they cannot reverse.

Mobile still hangs from its ceiling hook;  
suddenly aroused by sudden breeze,  
dangling like a pendulum...to and fro  
over hardbounds of Seuss and Grimm,  
stacked neatly in opposite corners,  
each book tightly pressed and closed...apropos.

Still an aura of grief, encircles this room,  
that was built to shelter Life  
but turnned to a chamber of horror,  
until God said: 'ENOUGH',  
and touched the soul of His newest Angel.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**By Th' Silver White Stream's Of (County) Killclarke...**

An' th' stream was long an' narrow  
Running thru' its' crooked marrow  
Off th' smoked-black, wooded bark  
'th silver white stream's of Killclarke

Watching an August skyscape chase  
Two circled flocks of geese in straits  
Off th' windbreaks, and th' shadows  
Silhouettes.....of nesting sparrows

Flight juxtaposed and flanked in "V  
Then breaking flank....in serpentine  
They scurry fast thru' verdant tree's  
Arousing goldenrod's sweet breeze

O'er our heads windpipes in whistle  
Stroking..... prickled flower thistles  
Painting colours.....shades of green  
Creating...th' artists' perfect scheme

And... could life yet get much better  
Then with you, and me.....together  
Sharing warm love.... 'gainst th' bark  
by th'silver white stream's of Killclarke

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Colours...

Earthtones quell the senses, feed the Death of Chaos;  
Such deliverance of serenity gives us precious hope  
that oxygen always fill our toxic lungs -  
somewhere, yes, or am i just quixotic?

Energy is fueled from spark, fervent, rich and hot -  
Like colours bouncing off the iris of the human eye,  
vivid abstract threading natures armageddon...No!  
Mother Nature's wild side ne're born from green-peace.

Verve, Passion stirred by vibrant strikes of inner-fire.  
Crimson, amber, scarlet, come to mind -  
how 'bout magenta?  
Natures' hourglass of time...Autumn's prism.

Draped in colours we be as people, just like Nature -  
[but then]  
We paint each other on empty canvass, stained by bias.  
[so culturally surreal]  
If only we could live, love and die like the seasons,  
perhaps we all could reap our seeds like Autumn -  
In colours, many!

\_\_\_\_\_ ~ F j R ~ \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **C o r t e g e...**

Cobblestone has propensity  
to be ground and swallowed  
by old rusted horseshoes.  
You can hear the pain of the clydesdale  
by the sharp, scraping sound  
from each hoof as it slaps the stone,  
bending awkwardly at the knee,  
with each stride.  
Yet no one really notices, that is-  
except for the other horse,  
juxtapositioned and suffering  
quite equally with its partner.  
Such goes the proverbial caisson  
rolling with the likes of  
Garfield, Coolidge and Hayes  
of presidential privilege,  
passing their homegrounds  
for the very last time,  
as tradition demanded,  
well before the New Deal, ...  
and the age of smooth blacktop  
when horses labored  
the bumps, breaks and hills  
that forced those awkward knee-bends,  
to forge in painful stride  
when called upon...to lead a cortege.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**C...e...r...t...i...t...u...d...e**

\_\_\_\_\_VII-VII-VII\_\_\_\_\_

When I reach th' After of my Life.....where shall I be?  
Th' Moon, a void, black holes, or Housed.....by Deity?  
Th' thought of Death shall not deter...my Souls energy,  
To raise my 'Call' to what The House....expects of me!  
I turn my cards over now.....accept whats dealt to me;  
Faith, my certitude, th' Houses King shall welcome me

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Candles Crossing Rubicon...

Counterclockwise....a movement Destiny won't deign  
Just another chimerical turn.....away from reality;  
One more chance to make.....that same mistake twice;  
A creative way to say that you were only making sure;  
The reason why wise mind's, kind soul's.....die bitter...

.....and, lonely.....so lonely...  
.....you must never look back...  
.....march on, soldier forward-  
.....Lo, 'n embrace your ashes...  
.....'n, PREPARE! PREPARE! ...  
.....for the Birth of Lifes' King...  
.....thru' Emmanuels' Garden...  
.....we will dance...we will sing...

Read, and betrusted His words.....believe-  
Your Faith 'n Heart, His Gardens seeds-

\_\_\_\_\_ T H A T \_\_\_\_\_

'Ther'll be nothing that life denies you,  
that the cards of Destiny has dealt you,  
that will not resurface in Life unto you,  
if Destiny...has so bequeathed it to you'.

You may cross Rubicon now, my friend... go now!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## CASTLE of SPIRITS

The nape of my neck, unexpectedly teased -  
by a stray draft wafting like culs of stringed cobweb,  
clinging to the hairs of my scruff as i -  
shuffle my feet along the cracks of this old parquet floor.  
I stop to brush away the silk-thread from my neck,  
but nothing is there, nothing, and then i -  
hear the whistle of the wind revealing its ruse,  
bouncing 'gainst the walls of a spine narrow hallway,  
claustrophobically surfing for the exodus  
of open windows.

The inhale of mahogany and rosewood -  
ancient castles capture moments through sense,  
echo and solitude.  
You and i share our loneliness  
over sips of Jeroboam, and i -  
wonder if the legend King of Israel  
would imbibe with us, if our spirits  
could sojourn back by sundial -  
to eighth century b.c....renounce Judah,  
allow us to stay the night with in his castle.

You tell me the wine has made your flesh very warm, and you -  
ask me if i'd spill the caraf o'er your moist olive breasts,  
place my lips between the streaking drops of spirit juice, and i -  
follow them on their warm, southern course.  
This castle, now my throne of thirst, and you -  
are my poteable Queen, my chalice of yen, and i -  
never tasted wine so sweet before,  
then again, i always knew a mere dropp of you  
could intoxicate me so.

~F j R~

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Catching Shadows By Nightwatch**

By nightwatch, shadows hide  
until sleep is cast upon the eyes,  
and senses of those waiting  
for shadows to present themselves.

And they wait, night over night,  
suspicious minds lost from dream  
who suffer the naked strangeness  
from earths un-godly substances.

Morning arrives, and all the eyes  
who spent their night watching-  
will realize that shadows of night  
never appear to the cynical eye.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **CIX EL SYD {meop citsorca na}**

Discomfit.....congenitally served.....though Wisdom never compromised  
Yet they....who shade their common sense....by shroud of ignorance-  
Solipsizes their very own amplitude.....and thus they stand fatuous,  
Lost....in their own backwards world.....of daft, hackneyed socratics,  
Equalized by th' notion that to judge from th' eye....is good acumen.  
Xenophobes, are they who discriminate solely out of fear in that-  
Intelligence, to th' power of ten....will permeate their opaque mind's.  
Cheers i say, to th' worlds' dyslexic's.....for they bless us with lesson

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Colors 4th Our Heroes In Arms {Memorial Day-2012**

Blue, th' color of th' Blood  
Th' Blood harboured in adrenalinized veins

Before it breaks.....th' flesh-capped artery

Red, th' color of th' Flesh  
Th' Flesh cut and stained by the spill of Blood

Like, rain, so deep to form...a man-made sea

White, th' color of th' Faces  
That became Soul's before....their own bodies

In Death, they've secured our Right of Liberty

Black, th' color of th' Day  
Th' Day of Internment...for th' grieving family

Ther' be no good words.....of proper sympathy  
Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**Colors of Our Heroes In Arms {In Memoriam of Independence Day, July 4th 1776-2013 & Still Counting Freely}**

Blue, th' color of th' Blood  
Th' Blood that runs thru' adrenalized veins

Before it breaks.....th' tissue artery

Red, th' color of th' Flesh  
Th' Flesh cut and stained by th' spill of Blood

Like, rain, so deep to form...a man-made sea

White, th' color of th' Faces  
That became Soul's...before their own bodies

In Death, they've secured our Right of Liberty

Black, th' color of th' Day  
Th' Day of pipes on air.....Internment

Rose petals adorn the Warriors Field of Peace

Ther' be no just words...to empathise the loss  
of each brave man and woman who sacrificed  
their life so that we may live ours safe and free.

Yet ther' be no just substitute.....for Liberty!

\*\*\*\*\*

~God Bless The United States of America~  
\*\*\*\* Independence Day, July 4th,2013\*\*\*\*  
Two-Hundred-Thirty-Seven Years of Liberty  
\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Conundrums Consequence...

History is not always faithful,  
times and tone portray dueling chaos,  
events become a scene from Golgotha,  
with its teflon and steel outer shell  
coily masqed in a womb of paper-mache,  
a ruse that defies common sense-

yet people have propensity to obsess darkness,  
and for this ther'll be great rue for time ill-spent  
that for which we never shed a light upon.

For, never lay your quandries blame,  
on Cross wounds from self-infliction-  
on any face but the one reflecting  
back at you in your mirror;  
for it is that image, and that alone  
the whole of the onus be laid upon-

and where unplausible excuses  
must remain there, where you stand-  
for your observation, rumination,  
and the realization that-  
some crowns, adorned by diamond tips  
are in fact pentagrams, swathed by thorns;

so, tread then, with cotton step, yes-  
as if window panes lay beneath you,  
and let not a floor of shattered glass  
be all ther's left  
of your quandrys allay.

\_\_\_\_\_ E p i l o g u e \_\_\_\_\_

Truth is solace, .....no matter what the ends.  
Everything else is conundrums consequence.

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

### **Couplets on Life To Muse Upon...**

One never really knows when 'anathema' will strike  
Some see 'portent' of th' bizarre and dread looming

Did th' Mayans really understand God, and science  
Or... did Nostradamas own a Waterford crystal ball

And, should I be awakened in my pinched pine-box  
Will th' cold silence re-instill my warm mortal being

I know nothing so erudite to soothe your manic mind  
I can speculate but that would be merely speculation

Truth is.....I have no quench to deign such queries  
Reason be.....Lifes too short for th' non-negotiables

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Creations of Sunsets In Autumn**

Have y'u ever watched th' pour of an Autumn Sunset  
into th' netherscape of a western skies body of water,  
and if so, did y'u see it.....capture it in your eye-shot

gold over dusk transforming to crimson, as hues bled  
in variable nuance, 'til afternoons Sun empties its last  
breath, by th' even'tide breeze of th' crisp Autumn air.

I have, an' the experience was resplendent as spotlight  
on sea-glass, re-enforcing potentate of science, nature-  
and all they created: After God finished creating them.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Crossed Eyes In The Mirror...(r)

What has happened to you?  
your hourglass weighs  
light of sand-grain and Life;  
so obvious, your changes,  
I had nightmares  
of your deep set eyes...  
last night.

Still you squeeze and push  
at the the egg-shelled glass,  
'til the crystal cracks  
into protruding veins,  
[Look Familiar? ]  
cracks of caveat,  
while you obsess  
in your world  
of disfigurement,  
fronting the mirror  
you stand and snarl  
on bruised, twigged legs,  
bristling from famine....,  
en-vogue paradox  
of lean and green,  
so fragile, now,  
as paper rice,  
or a pancreas-  
malignantly dripping  
from the nodes so lymph(h) :  
such cruel, cruel pain;  
if you only saw  
what i see  
in your masquerade mirror,  
this crime nothing short  
of a masachistic,  
self-inflicted dose and a half-  
of slow, cerebral Suicide.

Anorexia Nervosa,  
you'd been better off  
calling Jack Kavorkian  
so your final hours  
would be painless, serene.  
Should have let you run your fist  
through the mirror that night,  
seven years bad luck,  
be the least of your quandary.

Just a Disorder?  
Not a chance, mon ami;  
a disease this be....chasing Death!

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Cynical Document**

Still, dance....dance we must  
o'er thick skies of anthrocite  
in the search for tabernacles,  
tarnished gold in bible black.

And.....just what do we want when time-  
has taken its last walk around its own face.

Mercy is earned,  
Justice is served-  
Life is a paradox,  
Death is normal  
Love in Dyslexia...,  
Phonetically 'E v o l'

Still, until then, on we must dance.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **D e a t h d r e a m e r s {Transitus Supre}**

Amorphously trancic eyes of an old man, dying  
Effete lids close to a dripping state of morphine  
Dreams of love, war and the twenty-seven Yankees  
Intangibles never traded for souls or extra innings  
Immortality, a Dream for they who fear not Death  
And its pathway that invades the deepest sleep  
But No! Not for the true Dreamer's, for only they  
See Death's nascence as a mere passing cloud

To Dream is to experience life without conscience  
Where quandaries are resolved or abort upon waking  
There are no sandlines drawn, that morning can't erase  
'Tis why the True Dreamer shall never dream their Death

Yet should they die in Dream, they know they will wake come morning  
And, should they die in Sleep....their ultimate Dream breathes forever

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **D e s p i t e 1865**

...in the beginning,  
when insignificance  
upheld its worth  
and passed torch  
to pertinence,  
vouchsafing they  
who laid down their souls  
in fresh cotton fields  
with leaves hung on stems,  
hot. bloody sharp  
as rusted steel knives,  
pricking and piercing,  
the sweating paled flesh,  
the pulse twitching nerves  
of subluxed spines,  
over again,  
and over again -  
over and over again  
for water and stale cornbread.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **D i m e n t i a**

Ebonized wind pervades ashen grey  
upon wisps of old...wrinkled Brain.  
Hemispheres universe sorely estranged.

The obstruction? Indelible, mental stain-  
like leaves besmirched by driving rain,  
waning and draining, veiled, less bereft,  
So cold as so cruel be the final breaths  
until mercy comes in the form of death.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **D u e l i n g P o p p i e s**

Where poppies grow fertile  
there be misnomers  
'bout significance, symbolization,  
their sacredness, unholiness.

Politics, and white crosses  
syringes and mortal combat  
supporting hero and heroine  
on two battlefields of War  
against heresy...and heroin

The poppie was never kissed  
by God to serve up suicide,  
leaders...to practice genocide,  
drug-lords to deal their horse;  
heroin, satan's dark formula  
syringed masquerade,  
for the ignorants play,  
promoting an early grave.

Poppies, symbols of Warriors,  
symbols of Weakness....  
sad oxymorons!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Damning The Deathwatch {An Untraditional Sonnet}**

The river can never catch you  
if you understand white waves.  
Lightening can never find you  
if you heed...distant thunder.  
Symbols can never haunt you  
if your state of mind eschews.

Death not be yours to beckon  
by year, day, hour, or second.  
Go sail a raft.....ignore the sky,  
as cloud formations symbolize,  
before your eyes...as you and I  
must understand and realize...

no matter where our logic lies  
we are all born to live, and die.

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Death After Life... ) X(...**

The vacuum wasn't working today,  
so a dozen infants were spared aspiration  
in a room custom built to perpetrate  
natal anathema,

while the deep, steel disposal box,  
in its lively guise of shimmer  
is paled by 'clinical' darkness,  
devoid of small body parts.

Sleep well, doctors of homicide,  
the vacuum repair-man came today,  
guarantees a productive tomorrow  
to the angst of all man's gods-

as the fallen wings from River Styx  
shadow the black-bloody hallways,  
into the surgical killing field-  
of Death after Life.

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Death By Diamond...

While walking on a snowy beach, miles wide,  
past sand-dunes built for a Clipper Tide,  
saw a brilliant light, winking 'gainst the grain,  
my eyes narrow....squinting from the tiny ray  
What be this twinkling speck of sun-lit shine?  
Could it be an Orb of a strange, spiritual sign?

It was a diamond, white, marquis, all alone,  
without a circled ring to grasp its dome.  
A karat, yes, no more, I thought at best,  
or eighty points, at least...but nothing less.  
How sad, no wedding band or matching cage,  
Razor sharp on either side white blades;  
just a shiny.... lonesome marquis diamond dot  
'neath the Winter Sun... set at twelve o'clock.

I bent to pick this clear, white, romance stone,  
and spiked my finger nearly to its bone,  
on its sharply raised marquis upper stud,  
breaking flesh to a stream of sanded blood.

No one was near, not a soul... no one around,  
not a cab or bus no trace of human sound.  
Blue afternoon soon turned to sunset red  
concernful moments, soon became hours of dread.  
The bleeding, now, a sustaining caraf pour-  
far much heavier than.... it was some hours before.  
I had walked my path too far away from port,  
now darkness comes, I am left with no resort.

Of course, I cried aloud, for someones help;  
Someone, anyone, I could not help myself;  
My only palpable voice...would be the Tide;  
Waving ashore....dis-cognizant, to my cries';  
Alas my final Contrition....I lay down to die!

I guess they found my body.....when the sun rose once again.  
Who'd have thought Death be wrapped in such a beautiful gem.

Alas...it's over now.....and though I shan't look back and weep-  
It's the last time i'll drink IRISH JOE.....before I go to sleep!

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Deaths Overture [Passage I -The Entry, Passage & Crossing]

And when you come for me  
Pass o'er me gently,  
With wraithless, sweet gateway-  
Need to stare thru' those hollow sockets

Whose wells have come to carry me  
To my final magnum opus  
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 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:  
Telling 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 my souls next dimension  
Be an Overture...sweet in essence,  
An emprise utopic and halcyon  
Empowered by swift transition,  
And an entrance to an Erewhonian state  
That i've prayed to live my Eternity in,  
A state of existence like i've never seen before.

End Passage I  
\_\_\_FjR\_\_\_

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Deaths Overture[Passage II-In Search of Closures Covenant]

And when you come for me...Death,  
I'll ask but one request;  
that you afford me the courage to fear not

.....',  
this, mystery I have long feared  
this journey from all I've known,  
to a place I've never been;  
a place supposedly  
more precious than gold,  
yet I need to understand  
if the gold be cloaked with shimmer  
or tarnish or am I being obtuse?  
Tell me.....,  
and I will close my eyes and pray.

And Death, I want to tell those  
who might be grieving for their loss-  
that I have met you...,  
that you bear no horns,  
I have felt you...  
that you harbour Peace...  
no affliction, discomfit,  
no black, hollow sockets,  
as portrayed by Dali's haunting canvass-

but instead...,  
flawless diamonds, clear and trancic,  
to my languid Eye's.  
And, Death....I beg to see-  
all this, and all the more,  
so I know...that somehow, God and You, might be as One.

Death, I believe you be misconceived,  
as the break of birth be as well.  
For birth is merely the onset of You...,  
And You, the onset of Forever Life.....,  
and so on.....

End Passage II

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Deep Within The Holy Tomb of The Saints-{The Sacred Catacombs on New York's Westside} -2013 Revision-**

Visited the Tomb of Gods Holy Saints  
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  
Cools your brow and blood even in Summer  
Centuries of Godliness, deathless as 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 so acrid, boldly un-Christian

The deep ice-chilled ambiance...eerily captured  
Made me wonder if their souls might still be fresh bodies  
Candles at night, the only light that be cast  
On the sacred remains, of this holy cavern  
Walking back on the cobblestone path, i muse  
How faith, and sacrifice, still strike 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 to this catacomb.  
And i'm going back to the Tomb of the Saints  
And revel in its mired, holy echo, once again

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Dior-Ets / Body Mass of Death...**

So addicted to transfiguration  
th' arteries are slowly cracking  
fr'm th' bursting of liquid steel  
until breath becomes homeless  
to oxygens laboured thrust...an'  
no longer feeling like Kratos as  
you are lapped sadly in the bog  
by this concourse of peopleoids  
that rocked to Bowies' Spider's  
as Ziggy with th' Mars stardust  
looking lean...but well defined  
by a tab of instant performance  
tho' less caustic....than th' prick  
of such temporary supermanity  
'til th' fever of th' hot obsession  
breaks mercury o'er th' arteries  
...escaping from th' penetration  
allowing acumen to reign virile  
to the mantra of a million years  
that 'The Mind'be mans temple  
and, th' Hercules of Life 'n Love  
if he ev'r gets th' chance to see it.

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## **Draw The Curtain, Turn The Page...Close The Day...**

Clear th' Stage  
Draw th' Curtain  
Down th' Lights  
Turn th' page  
Close th' Day

Ther' be nothing in this World to help me understand  
Some shapes of Life that cast-out imperious shadows

Saw black crows, wings stretched...pointing skyward  
Perched upon a gangly autumn tree branch.....dying  
Seven crow's, alas, but one was just a strange illusion  
Leaving six, th' number etched upon Abbadons Beast

Watch a clock upon its wall...moves like snail on sand  
Look away to savor life.....Time beats like Arrhythmia

An' what would you like to see in stone as yo'r epitaph  
A Poet....A Muse.....or perhaps just a Soul of Gratitude

Then again, all in time...does it really matter any at all  
When time does take us all.....to th' very same plane

This Game, this Rubics Cube.....of understanding Life  
Like a Passion Play with ballerina's...falling to the wood  
Dark masques of pale white skin an' pink-lipped frowns  
Over flesh.....of pale white skin an' pink-lipped frowns

Sometimes our disguised visages, are reflecting mirrors  
Yet, in th' end, when time an' we.....have far long passed  
What does it matter what masques we wore....in passion

When time it comes, our time...ther' be no time to lobby  
for more time to orchestrate a more auspicious outcome

Today should be th' Tomorrow we planned out Yesterday  
Lifes' precious, ev'ry moment, still we need to know when

To Clear th' stage  
Draw th' curtain  
Down th' Lights  
Turn th' Page  
Close th' Day.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **E p i l o g u e...**

An eerie silence in th' room, this evening,  
a writer on th' keyboards' eye is sweeping  
malignance painted on grim cyber-scape,  
a canvass true wordsmiths deem disgrace.  
Site negligence conjurs up 'cyber stalking',  
spewing knowledge, carnal...filthy talking  
in lieu of words gold and pure.....erudite;  
Seen enough, time to sleep, close th' night.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **E s o t e r i c a {An Exercise in Ornate Imagery}.....**

Sleeping silhouettes  
passing over this Circle,  
glistening its silver...supernally  
on stars absent of backscap;  
a presage of a nascent oddity?  
...THEN-  
white seams like fine thread  
crossing midnights miming  
of strange narrow crescents,  
ostensibly smiling,  
obscuring the absorbance of hues  
from the lightening in my Minds Third Eye,  
while levitating slowly like David Blaine,  
and, landing quite stiffly,  
yet pleasantly -  
crisp as organdy-  
on a rich bedded drape of weaved cotton.

And, what be this experience stroking my Brain?

Shadows over shadows  
penumbras..... THEN -  
i saw consortiums of comets  
migrating like fireflies -  
embering the toasted skies of August,  
encroaching beacon  
like surgical spotlight,  
orbiting, orbiting....BUT -

So, what be this experience stroking my Brain?

Silhouettes bearing rims  
of silver on silver, on...  
passing its silver on to Death, waiting.  
Then....., ostensibly,  
beyond this -  
just a Lunar Eclipse,  
interrupting my dreamfield,  
in midst of the encroaching,  
cycle obscene...  
rapid eye movement,  
stroking my Brain.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

### **Echoes Breathe Deep {Traditional Rondeau Format}**

Echoes breathe deep in Church steeples,  
Chilled toll of chimes from Cathedral's,  
Chords of Love, The Passion...and Death;  
Funeral's hold the deepest breath,  
O'er heads of it's grieving people.

Incense stings the eye's like needles,  
Smoked heat dances 'round the steeple,  
the starched March of Death, agrieving  
Echoes breathe deep.  
'Side the Church mourners sit, weeping

From the heat of the Cathedral;  
August Masses tend to steal breath,  
Leave a hollow sense of bereft,  
Still there be breath from the steeple;  
Echoes breathe deep.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Emerald's & Diamond's [Reprise]**

Lie down 'side me lass, in dark green meadows  
Your blouse flouncing free in th' teasing breeze  
The grass blades feel so cotton.....when we love  
Lay beside me now.....and feel my passion rise

Open field, honeysuckle sweet, annoints my yen  
We search for clovered stems....in leaves of four  
No cloud veils th' scape of choice to pleasure on  
Again, I ask you lass, come lay you down, by me

Come close love...read my tell-tale emerald eyes  
Smiling back into yo'r warm black diamond eyes  
Take my hand lass, I vow to you on bended knee  
That Emeralds and Diamonds....never fade away

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## En Masquerade...

So addicted to transfiguration,  
beauty pinching nerve 'n flesh -  
fr'm th' bursting of liquid steel,  
pouring thru' chemicaled veins -  
until th' lungs becom' homeless  
to breaths... daily requirement  
and, th' side-effects are a bitch!

{And... The Maestro Says...}:

Cloning 'Kratos' has its virtues,  
virile flexing..... with attitude;  
look at me young lassies, come -  
an' see me flex.....my machado.

An' I'm stone drunk on myself  
with a concourse of peopleoids,  
like Bowies Diamond Dogs and  
his genocide from Planet Mars,  
shiny spider's in a dust o' stars,  
a spike of Rock 'n roll Suicide!

{And Reality Replies...}:

Godlike, 'til th' kick of Moksha  
turns into, The Chinvat Bridge,  
all for temporary show and tell,  
all three of you.... for you to see,  
'til th' fever of this masquerade  
breaks like mercury from glass,  
bouncing beads off th' tiled floor  
'n th' moods swing like th' doors  
of a Brookl'n diner at lunchtime.

[And now you've become unhinged]

Yet..... time still be on your side,  
yes.....th' wake-up call is a bitch...  
and th' weening, such th' bastard -  
Lo! Seriphs voices can be heard,  
th' true measure of yo'r strength,  
allowing acumen to reign as 'holy'  
to th' mantra.... of a million years,  
that 'The Mind' be a holy temple  
and th' Hercules... of Human Life...  
so long as vanity not supersede it.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Erotisea Odyssea {Song of The Mermaid}**

\_\_\_\_\_(I) The Notion\_\_\_\_\_

Savouring midnight  
in Atlantic's soul,  
soundless and weightless  
we....gravity-free  
breeze o'er coral,  
erotically fixed;  
will you come to me?

\_\_\_\_\_(II) The Dream\_\_\_\_\_

Your touch scales my back...  
it burns so fine;  
you yearn the warm waves,  
white and rapid.  
Come with me....explore  
the rapture, here, now,  
Time and breath scant,  
the surge through our flesh,  
tides begin ripping,  
rising....risING,  
within the nethers.....  
of this virile Current!

\_\_\_\_\_(III) The R E M\_\_\_\_\_

I am yours, you, mine  
'til next breath we take,  
'pon resurfacing...  
from warm, potent depths  
of this parallel numbered -  
sixty-nine.  
Erotic, blue  
Atlantic, rouge  
bonding, soon lamenting  
climatic souls  
in a Dream....dying.

\_\_\_\_\_(IV) The Wish\_\_\_\_\_

Soon I'll miss you,  
each string of my Heart  
plucked by rue  
for this Dream I dreamt  
did not heed my plea,  
how I wish this Dream  
come o'er me again -  
again, and again,

upon me, o'er again,  
upon this carpet,  
carpet of the sea,  
on the sea, our sea;  
please tell me, my lov',  
my wish become in true,  
that this Dream I dream  
sees reality, or-  
forever may I Dream.

\_\_\_\_(V) The Realization & The Final Wish\_\_\_\_\_

Sweet Atlantica,  
what can I do, now?  
I cannot exist  
in your breathless world;  
May we meet again?  
I will wait by shore  
for another Dream and you-  
and a final wish that I  
May never wake again.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Erudite Lessons From Cats

Siamese Cats perched on eaves,  
Thai eye's coruscate like diamonds  
[\*Wichien-maat (□□□□□□□□□□) ],  
just call them...'Moon Diamonds.\*

Sans the slightest movement of vertebrae,  
cyan eye's, poised, fixed,  
ossified like stonework by Keiffer;  
graceful, adroitly mischievous,  
unless bristled to madly distemper,  
for then perhaps a catty brush of Dali.

Creeping o'er and 'round their world  
wherever 'THEY' decide it will be!  
Wise, cold-shouldered  
yet they sleep well at night  
beneath Moons warm blanket of spotlight.

Mornings crack brings stretch and folly,  
roaming free, leaping high, focussed  
with those spangled ocular almonds  
spanning their vast perimeters,  
ostensibly in defiance of gravities law...,  
moon diamonds.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Erudite Lessons From Cats...{Moon Diamonds}

Siamese Cats perched on eaves,  
Thai eye's coruscate like diamonds  
[\*Wichien-maat (□□□□□□□□□□) ],  
just call them'Moon Diamonds.\*

Sans the slightest movement of vertebrae;  
statuesque, poised, with their cyan eye's  
ossified like stonework by Keiffer,  
graceful and godlike....dynystical!  
'Less bristled or mildly dis-tempered,  
for then perhaps a graphic slice of Dali.

Creeping ominously over and 'round their world -  
which is wherever 'THEY' decide it will be!  
Wise, cold-shouldered, yet they sleep warm at night -  
'neath the spotlight blanket of the Moon...such NERVE!

And, come morning, they are the paradigm for 'Freedom'.  
roaming free, leaping high,  
with those spangled ocular almonds in focus,  
as they span their perimeters, bounding -  
ostensibly, in defiance of gravities law.....,  
like moon diamonds.

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## **Explicitly, Upon My Passing**

I've left explicit directives to those  
who I have pre-chosen to participate  
in the celebration of my death.  
No one, i said, shall look at me  
when i cannot look back at them.  
Closed coffins cost the same  
as those on visage display,  
because pinched quilted frillies  
whether seen or occluded  
are a casket company standard;  
but you'll save on the Pancaldi tie,  
and Gionfranco sharkskin,  
that i had originally designated  
in earlier year's, gone by  
for a showcase finale grandeur  
during my day's with Dapper-D,  
the Kings of Queens,  
and things had to be just so.

But, things are different now.  
A tank top, and faded Britannias  
will suit me, and warm me just fine.  
Such grave nonsense  
about the cold beneath the sod  
chilling my marrow...My God, Maria,  
it's only a shell of my mortal past  
that will gradually decompose.  
In fact, it's the haunting thought of the earwigs  
that makes me bristle, even now;  
but they too, shall pass, they will  
within my breathless confinds of pine.

So tell me then, without quoting old wives:  
How could earths temperature be a factor'?  
These tales and ornate traditions we've created  
to make death the less morose...  
be quite chilling in themselves, you know!  
The practice of pathos & lamentation  
may be therapeutic to those,  
who will walk away  
from that mound of flowery dirt,  
to enjoy another sunset  
and an hour with Hannity and Colmes.  
But for me, the recumbent in final sleep,  
anything else but the skyward rise of my Soul...  
is a non-sequitur.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **FleurFatale...**

Comes nite, fate befalls a Black Moon orchid,  
Toasted umber bedaubs... curled leafed-tips,  
Coursing arbored veins with a wrecklessness  
As cancer permeates, the nodes and marrow.

Comes the rain, Mother Natures sweet elixir;  
Remission.....could Death be not found here?  
Miles away..... a Richelieu rosebush is dying  
Strickened by curse of Black Spot 'n Dieback.

Comes dawn, natures demons smile 'n dance,  
Death has found another genus...to permeate,  
While Mother Nature sobs bitterly for herself;  
And, Black Moon orchid knows there is a God.

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## **F o r A F r i e n d**

In two separate worlds lie separate minds,  
disagreement veiled by assumptive snap  
to judgement, by minds stone set by pride.  
But trust me, as you surely believe its true:  
that this and all will pass away someday as  
so will you and I... and, when that someday  
arrives, ther'll be no time for nails or wood  
in mending broken fences...as all we'll have  
is what we were, 'n how we were preceived,  
by those we held in the greatest of esteem,  
my friend, but truth never lies, 'n truth be  
we were both guilty of ignorance 'n betrayal.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **F o r s a k e n**

And, in lesser worlds ther'd be time to rest-  
ones eyes from the eysores set before them.

For eyesore's cast a veil o'er Natures Heart-  
drains the pacifying milk, from her breasts,  
shaves the newborn bark off the infant Oak.

I know so....believe it to be true and unholy-  
as this is what we do...in our greater World;  
For, God not forsaken us.....We have HIM

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **F o x... I n... B r a s s...**

Tawny beige, young crystal fox...  
she carries her arrogance well,  
poisingly... 'pon narrowed shag,  
plush, wine-deep burgandy.  
No Gaultier Catwalk,  
this be prologue  
to an attitude dripping  
hubrisly,  
poutingly;  
so damn angrily,  
thickly fulfillingly -  
strutting toe o'er toe -  
yet with masked self-woe... such paradox.

No, Dramas' never seen the likes of her before,  
All rise for her gala Brass encore!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **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, should ever your heart feel 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

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## For Edgar Allan Poe {Upon the Anniversary of His Death/October 7th 1849}

Much mystery still surrounds the Death  
Of the Macabre Masters final breath  
One-hundred sixty-two years gone  
Since Edgar Allan Poe passed on

There be cryptic tales, stories crazed  
About this wordsmith's final day's  
He lived with tell-tale heavy-heart  
Love lost, sickness...Death his art  
Reared his vices quite publicly  
Dined hard on poppies 'n whiskey

Opressed, depressed... self-infliction  
Bled by the ink from his dark addictions  
Self-deception, yet in poetic invention  
Was a paradigm for literary perfection

He pioneered the mystery's dawning  
Inbetween his romantic mournings  
His lifeline weak and sore succinct  
But, this he knew, yet never blinked

Eccentric, absurd this genius be  
His critics tagged his work...ghastly  
Still he penned at night by candled flame  
'Til death came tolling one Autumn day

Reclusivity and intimacy  
Many times superseded his poetry  
Such sadness in this man whose Mind  
Was a product of tomorrows time.

There be many conflicting stories, lies  
How this god of The Written Word had died  
Such meritless time spent on this case  
Who cares, what day, what time, what place!

He's been gone eight scores of years, plus two  
His lifepath, an obscured avenue  
Yet, it still cannot sully his legacy  
As Lord of Short Story, Sire of Poetry.

Edgar Allan Poe, O Darkside Father,  
I owe my love for the cryptic and macabre  
I have read a many story...poetry and prose  
Yet none hold a candle to Edgar Allan Poe'.

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Frank James Ryan Jr./FjR

In Memory of The 164th Anniversary of His Passing  
\_\_\_\_\_ EDGAR ALLAN POE \_\_\_\_\_

Below, is a portion of the closing stanza of one of my  
favorite Poe poems.....'THE BELLS'.....FjR

Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the throbbing of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells -  
To the sobbing of the bells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
As he knells, knells, knells,  
In a happy Runic rhyme,  
To the rolling of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells -  
To the tolling of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells -  
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Gifts We Sadly Forget To Remember**

....The Human Element.....affords us excuse for failure  
....Thus 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'  
....Intangibles, all of these.....their value....immeasurable  
....God-Gifts, that too often we sadly forget to remember  
....Yet our human propensities still favour.....mediocrity

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

### **Go Now, Unto Your Silent Sleep...**

Go now, she said...go unto your silent sleep,  
Christ's Seraphim awaits your deliverance,  
Behind pillars of a Kingdom void of crosses,  
And the pass of body to soul consummating.

Go now, to your sweet forever life...my love.  
Leave now- the affliction behind you and fly,  
Holy flames i lit, now extinguished by tears -  
It's time i weep against the cross i bear now.

Life's inevitable silence- has no stipulations;  
It's but time and place, the only question be.  
Destiny- has its penchant for cruel kindness  
When we sense relief despite the bitter grief

Go now, in peace, and greet The Eye of God;  
Where Angel wings flutter and spirits dance.  
Suffering stills...lament be left behind for us.  
Time you go now love, unto your silent sleep.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Great Tales of Poe In Senryu { I }**

Insideous, Oh!

What Was Found At The Crime Scene

Inside The Rue Morgue.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **H e m i s p h e r e s (Lyrical Version)**

Step inside my private Mind,  
exclusively,  
and you will find  
a spectrum  
of a different kind  
of brainwork,  
isometric murk,  
addendums  
to this different Mind.

If you should see  
my matchstick man-  
reaching out  
his matchstick hand,  
'cross my right-side  
Hemisphere,  
past the Third-Eyes',  
image pier,  
try to crack its optic sphere.

Time I tapped  
my upper-tier,  
logics node-  
Left Hemisphere.  
Logic, Philosophic, Reason,  
Sigmund's lighthouse, Albert's beacon.  
Watch these two halves influence  
a cortex-axised confluence,  
blighting Brains' attenuance.

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## **HEROES...**

For A Friend Lost...

Sacrificing the ordinary....they ride  
stone horses of white....sans reigns  
over black..... tumorous mountains,  
and do so.....because they just can.

Insistence- the keystone of strength,  
persistence- the headstone to cower,  
resistance- to the warrants of danger  
make heroes.....because they just do.

All Life must have veins of influence  
for Death to have its badge of honor;  
it's far harder to lead- than to follow;  
heroes lead...because someone must.

...5791kroywenfo(C.M.) sredirtsohgehtotsereh

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## **Hendrix Stratocaster Syndrome((((**

Strange echo, cadence,  
tinnitus stalking  
the auracles, AS-  
the inner-ear reacts  
like sirens, screaming -  
in piercing terminal pitch.

My hands compress  
impregnable audio;  
feckless attempts, TO-  
muffle the maddening shrill,  
that resulted in adamant,  
irreversible detriment,  
and total opposition  
to any efforts  
to allay this mute dystrophy,  
petulant symphony -  
in the womb of my inner-ear,  
and unkindly accompanied  
by mind-chasing hiss,  
as if Boa or Cobra  
were tone and pitch.

And this demon of demons  
deafness its Reason  
'Dark Decibel Demon',  
from years and 'hears' OF-  
much unkempt  
watts and ohms.

[Ohms unkempt....WATT the \_\_\_\_ ]?

Saw Hendrix and his Gypsy Band,  
Woodstock, New York's farmland  
'Twas summertime, OF-  
Sixty-Nine -

It was A W E S O M E!

Jimi messaging...  
with cool white band;  
massaging...  
with skilled left hand;  
long black neck,  
playing fast to his riff  
til' he climaxed...  
young girls oogled and awed,  
came fast, at his beckoned call, FOR-  
the sexual encore...,  
'Electric Ladyland'....

**D E A F E N I N G!**

Now all has passed away,  
dead or mute,  
we've gone away,  
'cept for that echo,  
that echo, that echo.  
that strange stalking echo -  
queer sensation,  
tittilation, AND-  
tintinnabulation....,

d i s c o n n e c t m e n t .

The psychodellic rush,  
of feedbacks thrust -  
the thrill of the shrill,  
for thirty-Five years, OF-  
the sounds I now barely hear!

[And wasn't Dolby a friggin' marketing scam...Damn straight...]!

And, people, I swear  
on a Stratacaster, AS-  
black as the light  
of those strobe-lit nights,  
and my wildest, quietest plights-  
Still it follows me....  
relentlessly,  
incessantly,  
clamorously;  
(and to add a cliché)  
QUITE HAUNTINGLY!

That sound.....

.....,  
that perpetual sound;  
soprano octave, high,  
as a TV test pattern,  
from nineteen-fifty-eight,  
that ruled the tube  
of black and white  
everynight....'TIL-  
the morning prayer spared us.

BUT THIS? !

It never stops...  
and never will,  
nope... 'not until  
destiny says...LO!  
Jimi, Sssssh...yes, I know;  
Not until in deafened death we meet!

\_\_\_\_\_(((FjR))) \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Here Lies The Death of Love**

For, in Love we realize  
That what 'lies' in lieu of truth,  
Can not reap the ivory ties,  
Can not sleep with peace, forsooth-  
And, bereft of passions quantum-  
Will here, fade, still and die.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## How Long A Breath of Moment Be...

The worst is over, you say,  
we hold each others hands  
like we did in seventy-six  
at th St. Ignatius Prom.  
I remember the band,  
remember your kiss  
as Sirius lit your perfect smile.  
Now life has us musing images,  
quite sadly different, today, my lov'...  
yes it does.

For, today, you pray for Silver Steeds,  
you swear you've never felt so free  
of all Lifes speculations  
of the 'After-On';  
images... bizarre...  
how we laughed as you read out loud  
Donnes take on the Reaper's coming.

What you see, I wish to see;  
my Mind's-Eye so entranced  
within your Third sight of prescience,  
obscurring congenital tunnel vision,  
a renaissance of a million hours  
of life and love, that -  
you altruistically chose to embrace,  
and I don't believe this paraxysm  
be coming from the plastic bag on hook  
feeding you by drip.

Still, the burning in my ventricles  
cannot deem my faith opaque,  
tho' I am blind to the complex landscape  
that dwells in the sweet chimeria  
within this vast, deep housing  
of your attenuated Brain.

Could it be this chalice requires to pass  
so cruel-  
as this chalice be your Cross to bear,  
not mine to shoulder,  
tho' my heart and brain throb heavily  
like the man who helped The Christ -  
i'll be your Simon of Cyrene, I shall!

['Times ever rapid hands of Life seem to  
slow like a dirge by approaching Death in  
the final moments of a loved ones Breath']

Your Eye's, far more distant, now  
than just before your nitengale  
released the last clear drop of sleep

thru' your weightless body.

Lights no longer white and still  
as you revel in your lethargy,  
the blinking drops of ochre glint  
replace illusive overheads.

You wink at me and smile,  
lips tightly pressed and dipped  
like a fading crescent moon at dawn  
expiring at natures command.

You tell me 'Life is just a Moment' .....,  
you speak the words as if instilled  
with wisdom far beyond the norm,  
as if you've been 'Somewhere' from here,  
or already on your way  
to that somewhere 'There'.  
And for the first time in my Life,  
I feel helpless to you....empty of you.

Today you died, and left behind  
the Cross you bore so long, and I-  
for the first time in my life realize -  
how long a breath of Moment be.

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Frank James Ryan, Jr/FjR

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **I Asked My Lov', Would She...**

On a carriage, drawn, i asked my lov', would she...  
an' she answered, Yes.  
We rode th' bridal for hours, through cool white showers,  
her soaked satin blouse, upon olive flesh...like a faux paint finish.

At a park, by a river, i asked my lov', would she...  
an' she answered, Yes.  
Together we picked red berries, ripe, from a Rowan Tree.  
We washed them in th' riverfall, dined by th' curves of our shadows.

On a bed cotton soft, i asked my lov', would she...  
an' she answered, yes.  
Passion like an autumn harvest bleeding...to be nurtured.  
For when hearts seed pure, roots grow deep, an' lov' will  
answer, Yes!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## ICEDANCER

### 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 in looking up, my face is 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 soul-burning 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...FjR

## **I n c a p a c i t a t i o n...**

Wings don't always fly  
It's just a credible assumption  
Like saying every person who has legs  
Can walk Or bend at the knees

Logic and Reason  
Be a wise, clamorous duo  
But at what acute decibel  
Does the mind defer to observation

Yet, eyes aren't always perspicuous  
To what boldly stands afront them  
'Tis why most walk through life  
With dreams earmarked for pathos

Wishing we had wings to fly  
Away from the Logic and Reason  
That brings us to our knees  
Blinds us and Deafens us

'Til Death comes for our Souls  
Shaking its head at the likes of us  
Knowing all too well that it be  
Our only escape from the dread

.....of... i n c a p a c i t a t i o n

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **I n c i s i o n**

Touch of fire... cold steel-tip  
that parts its own Red Sea,  
separation of human flesh,  
pathway to abnormality-  
under clear, harsh wafts of ether.

Modern lasers mundungus smoke  
climbing queer as ivy on stone,  
o'er sterile masks, spotlight, loud  
breathe the rising spiral stench of-  
burnt flesh warming latexed palms.

Surgical stainless clamps applied  
to a fissured surge of bloody black,  
prompts sheets of thick meshed gauze  
absorbing incisions upwell  
like dunes drinking Nor'easter tides.

Motion set in the Theatre,  
principals gather in circle,  
while the stale of smoked dermis  
invades old ceiling cracks-  
like mold in its black, germed coma.

Incision defines permanence  
as hypnotics define indifference  
to the theatres introduction,  
the sear of the 'frozen flame',  
its indelible statement.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **I s o l a t i o n...[A Senryu]**

You Are Not Alone,  
Tho' You're Locked In Your Recluse-  
For Your God Has Keys.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**I Sen'se Yur' Erotic Side {A Cryptic-Senryu}**

(((((Cryptic-Ru))))))

Dancing on sunset  
The descension...arousing  
'Pon twilights climax...

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **I Will Not Watch The Lightning Break Before My Eyes...**

I will not watch th' lightning break....before my eyes  
Yet I taste th' salted storm-cloud's fast appraoching  
Boatsman scurry to pull their sail's....in heed of skies  
Emerging colours black on blue....winds encroaching  
Whisped winds sowing dragons teeth....soon hosting

Gale is force beyond th' scope...of ocean storms bed  
I will not watch th' lightning break....before my eyes  
Th' slanted torrents fall, beat my cheeks, amber red  
Stings like spray of wet needles....falling from th' sky  
'Where be God this day'.....I heard a fisherman cry

Darkness, stark....befalls upon an early August night  
White-caps surge 'n leap above th' settled sea, below  
I will not watch th' lightning break.....before my eyes  
Some lubbers offer levity, 'Lets man the oar's 'n row'  
The wind blew with sea-wolf bite.....our faces froze

Came midnite thought I saw a slim crescent of Moon  
Quavering upon th' witched waters....dream or guise  
'Twas a ruse, th' devil's work...a school of 'Halfmoon'  
I will not watch th' lightning break.....before my eyes  
Belial, the Fallen Angel....we've undressed your guise

Woke up to a fresh splash of young dolphins and Sun  
Flags unfurl, clear surf.....beyond th' ocean's blue eye  
Low cotton breeze, quell waves, good sail....web spun  
'God be here today, mates'...I heard a fisherman cry  
I will not watch th' lightning break.....before my eyes

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Immortal Grace {The Da Vinci Ode}**

In the portrait you see  
years of legacy,

of artisans treasure  
in full bountied measure.

Each dove feathered stroke  
flecks a virtuous scope

of immortal grace -  
on this eloquent face.

And her aura surrounds  
the breadth that abounds

from the eyes that explore  
as they follow yours.

Should you study her pose  
you may fall self-engrossed

in her soft, subtle smile,  
a hint of beguile-

'cross her lips quivered ripple,  
meticulous stipple.

And with haunting expression  
such stoic impression

admired and praised  
As Eiffel and Pisa,

this portrait of grace -  
Da Vinci's "Lisa".

\_\_\_\_\_FjcR\_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **IN ADHERENCE TO ARMAGEDDON**

Viral ranks will spread like plague,  
Ravens claws will clinch and pull -  
by way of black mid-eastern gold  
Influentially 'crude' with curling smile  
and serpents dance, and as its ruse  
it mates with every culture, naturally.

Everyday is circumstance  
another chance....consequence  
Yet we choose to challenge the stage  
tho' we talk, and tap-dance very well.  
For when it all comes down to logic -  
we just don't get it at all.

It's a wonder we've survived this long!  
What common denominator bests  
the mortal bond of Life, Death?  
For what in Gods name could be more telling than this?

We all touch Life within warm wombs.  
We all smell Death within cold tombs.  
Why must we spend.....the inbetween  
Inflicting pain.....attending wounds.

\_\_\_\_\_ Frank J.Ryan, Jr. \_\_\_\_\_  
[From The Attic of Beginnings]

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **In Deliverance Of The Doves**

Two doves in motion, exploring their options  
in tune to life from their spire;  
dictating wings expand with suggestion  
in a tone of conviction,  
thrumming like strings form a symphony in presto.  
Pacifying symbols, two doves descend for societies wisdom,  
their conciliatory manner delivering a message of hope  
that no one but they can see.

Above, flies a thrush, a spirited songbird,  
no significant symbol of society.  
Its taupe upper plumage and spray spotted breast  
presenting radical contrast to the image of the dove  
and cultural proclivities.

Two doves now connect with the flight of the thrush,  
appearance and origin, separate and different,  
yet somantics and custom are unwelcome principals  
as the trilogy shares common ground...habitation.  
Exploring their options without bias nor barrier,  
perhaps wondering when we will follow their lead.

Two doves and a thrush delivering one message  
from their kingdom to ours,  
in a tone of inclusion,  
in tune to the chaos below them.  
A potpourri of birds perched on a spire,  
staring down...at the eye's upon theirs,  
Pondering our existence with a brisance of puzzlement

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **In Prelude To Armageddon {Realizing th' Quandary}**

Heard him shout- from th' cockles of his poison diaphragm:  
'I am th' Skull of Hells dominion, watch my malignant eye's  
Red blindness will engulf you like th' scorch of Sun's eclipse  
While 'Apollyon' fawns erotically...'tween Moon and Saturn.  
Tercet of flame, I stir with perfect arrogance.....and dance'!

Heard him cackle to his master 'neath th'bowels of perdition:  
I told them all, 'I am th' Skull of your dominion', my master;  
They shook and ran to pray in their steeple roofed buildings;  
Never saw so many crosses and beads gripped.....so tightly!

FOOL....said the Beast, to the Skull....What have you done? !  
By your ornate display of power.....you have awakened Faith!  
Now they know we hav' arrived; soon th' War will commence;  
For at this moment they beckon their Father's Final Strike...!

Master, NO! This shall not be....have you not read The Book?  
We are destined to strike first...and level the wreak of Chaos;  
Like once we did before.....when we challenged 'The Christ'  
And, thus, once again, we'll take on.....th' Father of Man.

Damn You.....cried th' Beast.....Go and read the last Chapter!  
Do you remember how this Man walked from Death into Life?  
Are you mad to think us worthy...to oppose such Supremacy?  
Armageddon, yes, will rise.....upon th' jagged horn's we rear,  
Yet th' number of I th' Beast, i fear, shall be forever Seal-ed!

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **In Search of Stonehenge & Paradise...**

Time will not deign requests,  
least of all... answer threats;  
hand's methodic, indifferent,  
perpetually..... insistant,  
to the impendings, portendings-  
the ultimate endings,  
we incur on ourselves,  
tossed to back shelves,  
sins we have laid,  
Free Will's sad parade.

And perhaps it's not fair -  
Time carries its air  
with obstinate stare,  
should ever you dare  
to challenge Times hand  
as its glass drops the sand  
by Destiny's power  
dictating 'The Hour'  
that be our last.

You must be agnostic,  
or a Doctor of Space  
who purges prognostics,  
out the sides of your face -  
to take on this question  
of Time, Life and Lesson,  
rebuke Heaven's Gate,  
from logics queer bait  
that bookmarks your your guile;  
look at Abaddon smile.

Still we're searching, searching,  
where great men laid their claims  
'til Time synchronates  
with Destiny's date.  
Poor us.....and in fact-  
damn Us and our acts  
that Time won't take back.

What to do, my friend?  
Is there Time to repent?  
Perhaps time we search  
for some grail of re-birth,  
some renewed ambience...  
RENAISSANCE!

For the God-Gifts we take  
for granted each day,  
and rarely embrace,  
'til Time drops its hands

of age on our shoulders.

Time never veers, never lies,  
it be the one element of Life  
that always moves on and forward,  
non-negotiable, relentless and stalwart,  
and through our memories, cherished in kind  
Time allows us to kindle our minds  
to the many events and stories  
of our youth, friends, love and glory;  
of ships we once sailed o'er riptides,  
storms we met head-on, caps of white,  
on course by the nautical hands of a clock,  
yet, with God-safe return on back to dock  
from whence it all did start-  
still we search for who we are.

Quite silent be this dock  
still the hands of Life's terminal clock -  
methodic, indifferent,  
perpetually insistant.  
Be us death-webbed and caught  
on a string two prayers short,  
so long as we're not,  
souless...begot.

Searching for nothing, nowhere,  
I am fretingly searching, and-  
where be Peters Rock?  
'Neath Stonehenge, o'er Paradise?  
Beside a thick, tattered rope  
used to crucify him  
on an upside-down Cross?

Eye's open....you'll see, -  
of course he'll be  
waiting on your ticket  
to Paradise.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

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## **In Th' Q u i e t s...**

In th' quiets, one can hear th' beating of their Heart;  
Haunting, yet comely; soft echo of a weary drummer.

Close your eyes, and in that moment, you are pulled-  
Into th' calm of a distant world...away fr'm th' chaos,

Somewhere 'tween th' silence.....and th' exhillaration,  
A place wher' yo'r dreams are safe fr'm mad demons,

Like Emerald City, sans th' strangeness of th' journey.  
Feel th' peace within, dwell in th' sweet of th' poppies;

No place like home, perhaps, still dreams yeild peace.  
Open yo'r eyes to th' new day...th' quiets have spoken.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **In The August of `17 {A Memorial Day Tribute}|**

In The August of `17 {A Memorial Day Tribute}|

Then, of course.....there were th' rich, dark bloodstains  
Crusted, red-black, as if scabs had reared...post mortem  
Tho' th' story bleeds diferent now...almost a century ago

Like menstruations strongest surge, young flesh opened  
Some with peach-fuzz overlips...eye's fixed 'n frightened  
Arriving together, now they die together, on strange soil

An' 'though his body still lay 'neath a Marseille chateaux  
Back home th' family grieved, for three day's and night's  
Th' whailing, i was told could be heard thru-out th' town

Father Edward, who passed in '23, offered Bread 'n Wine  
Th' day before the Army delivered th' body, boxed in tin  
Dry ice melts fast in th' ides of a humid New York August

Then they removed th' quarters from his stiff-lashed lids  
An' they buried my great-grandfather, th' very same day  
So i'm told, this they did...one mourning in August of '17

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## **IN THE AUTUMN of OCTOBER [Sonnet 10-08]**

Watching leaves turn like chameleons  
Smelling, th' flowers impending doom  
Scathed by southern winds, breathing  
Through Mother Natures gravid womb  
Conceiving.....upon her earthly throne  
This Autumntide.....wherein she hones  
Lustrous drapes of shadow, and spice  
Leaving August's stridence, far behind

And, o'er th' harvests, gathering field's  
Soft Autum mist.....October's meal  
While, Mother Nature spins her breeze  
Of season's change.....Fall's recipe  
Burnt umber leaf.....'neath sunsets red  
'Til Winter's wrath strikes Autumn dead

FjR

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **In The White of Night...**

Under times wood-fern they laugh -  
inflaming the Host of all providence;  
yet, cowards they be...behind masks,  
sneering, and mocking at innocence,  
yet they hide in the darkest of place,  
at midnight with wood 'n matchstick  
lighting the early morning with hate.

You can see the eyes...angry and cold,  
everyone knows.....who they all be  
such malignant display of blasphemy  
to carry a Cross with such disgrace...  
bastardizing.....God's Human Race,  
behind hoods without face...or heart.  
Sometimes the Mississippi still burns  
In the white of the night by the ferns.

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## Inside The Mind of The Abstract Poet, Somewhere...

Kaleidoscope of verve and vision  
we dare to tread urban lexia,  
steady as the marionette  
dangling o'er a child -  
recklessly, drunkingly,  
grade school tom-foolishly,  
metaphorically breathing,  
teasing and testing,  
delivering loud messages  
so subtly...as 'we' do so well,  
quite collectively, such variety,  
like potpouris scent of diversity,  
synthesizing all principles  
of written locution;  
and have you studied  
the grammatical bible  
of parlance, keen lexia  
in lieu of lingual dreck?  
personally i'd rather  
be accused of shibboleth,  
or the strange esoteric,  
as the Masons so practiced  
so f r e e l y.....covertly  
bizarre in dark legendries,  
by death pledge in blood  
to protect their covenants  
while frightening the bejesus  
out of Quakers and Democrats -  
threaded codes do tell tales  
with their symbols 'n numerals  
not so different then we  
and our underlying themes  
diagnal acrostics  
interpretations,  
indignations,  
surrealistic Dali-ations,  
cryptic lexicon just so -  
we can create our own covenant  
of dark, linguistic pages;  
pages, thick with cold richness,  
"our" richness, and blood;  
blood that pours hard  
from every stroke of our pens,  
from every rush to our brains.  
And thats poetry of the Abstract  
surrealistic free verse  
...yes it is -  
right above,  
as forementioned, yes,  
thats what it be-  
and it's so strangely beautiful to me.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## It's Just Time...iz' All

Time is that which tells us nothing more -  
than a specific position of hands, moving -  
forward, relentless.....and all we can do -  
is tightly press our thumbs, 'n fingertips  
together....point to th' heavens and pray.

In th' interim, we try and make th' most-  
of whatever Time has kindly afforded us,  
like paths of opportunity...that bear fruit  
despite its many pit stops, 'til.....

.....Time -

\_v^v^v\_\_v^v^\_\_^v\_\_^\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_^\_\_\_\_\_s t o p s...

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **It's Not About Science...Just Satellites**

You should have seen the look  
in your pagan eyes  
when the satellites landed  
on the empty tarmac,  
the expectence of encounter,  
the assumption of capture,  
the sight of your heart  
pounding in your throat-  
arrhythmically.

Imagine the look on my face  
as their steel doors lifted up  
and all three satellites merged  
into one supreme vessel,  
as I stood in exhiltation,  
quavering openly.

I'll never forget our freeze-framed statures  
as a trinity of satellite pilots  
walked wovenly down the ramp,  
hand-in-hand  
as a family- together as one.

And, what a strange experience it was,  
this aura that stupified science and time  
and what soon became evident-  
was a father and his son  
on a mission far from here.

And, if I live to the age of Abraham,  
I will never forget the introdction  
to the most beautiful bird  
they had brought with them;  
a dove of purity white  
with a wing-thrust fierce and focussed  
like tounques of fire  
carried by matchsticks to candle wicks.  
And though silent throughout their visit,  
the dove presented itself with an air  
of inexplicable wisdom,  
providence....deity.

I'll never forget the look on your face  
when you realized what I already knew.

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Just A Theory About The Value of Wisdom...**

Wisdom can be defined by acumen's performance;  
As, yes..... Rome could have been built in one day,  
It just would not have survived to see a second day.  
Wisdom sometimes is just common sense applied.  
Yet, then we were taught never to pass Judgement!  
Who then should be responsible to awaken the dead,  
Before the roots of Armageddon.....rear their seeds?  
The answer is, each one of us in sync with all others,  
With our one common thread that cannot be denied.  
We were all borne of ash.....and we'll all die the same.  
Which then places us all.....in the same sinking boat.  
And so, then, in reality.....Wisdom speaks in the end-  
About being in the Right Place....~...at the Right Time,  
Though it might be wise to own a spare boat...Yes, indeed!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FJR

## **Kold Koloured Karma...**

Opressed souls, march forward,  
ther' be no thick Cross to shoulder  
that your shoulders cannot carry  
to th' waterside, for comfort.

For if ther' were, my tired friend  
yo'r shoulders would be thorned -  
as th' cotton plants 'uv 'sippi,  
th' kind that warm cold faces -  
in th'south-most dross of Dixie  
wher' pale-white ghosts at night  
still be found in dark black places  
awaiting th' Devil's hour -  
in hues of red, orange...black  
like amber, umber...char.

An', thes' ghosts who've lost their Soul's  
plant Crosses in th' night  
on th' turf 'uv they 'uv difference  
then they 'uv bred disgrace  
whos' Crosses wreak 'uv blasphemy,  
torched, by hands 'uv cowar.

These yellow moonlight demons,  
in white as th' bales 'uv cotton  
they proudly sell at sunrise,  
still smiling from th' night-past;  
An', sh'uld y'u brush real close, you'll catch-  
th' afterscent 'uv stale burnt wood.

Now, smartly clad in suits,  
thes' business men well guised;  
'cuz th' sun is up an' eye's can see,  
an' that ain't 'gud fer' biz'nezz!  
Bales of thick, rich cotton,  
producing shirts, sheets an' hoods;  
Organdy deserves no touch  
of spite and hate to stain its tag.

Still, ease yo'r Minds an' Hearts all thos'  
who find themselves still shouldering  
this blight of Ignorance.  
'Cuz, Judgement an' its Justice  
shall pass its consequences  
'pon this sad imbrue.  
For, HE knows thos' parts of 'Sippi too -  
that Kan still be so Kaustically Kold at night!

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **L a s t - R e q u e s t {Ariel's Promise}**

Standing close, yet not quite o'er you,  
so as not to disturb your stilled presence;  
your flesh, shades of ecru, 'n like an aura,  
I feel the pulse of your heart, against me...  
touching me...cotton gentle, bisquit warm...,  
telling me, 'Love.....I am not far away".

But come 'morrow, when they open th'earth,  
lower you.....into your final stead,  
will i no longer feel that aura about me,  
as that would inflict great pain on this heart,  
like long rusted nails thru' my arteries;  
tell me love.....you'll not be far away.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Last Days of Earth {A Clockwork Destiny II}**

winnowing..... at the likes of ourselves  
we ocularise antithesis, like charlatans,  
in lieu of th' antipathy..... that of which  
we've all become willing- perpetrators  
desecrators, profligating instigators of;  
and shame on us all, tho' mortals we be  
in betraying, bastardizing all that which  
we were taught in innocence...to glorify;  
so what do we do now, what will we say  
when time doth wash its hands of us all?

-----  
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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Lessons From Cats...**

Siamese Cat's perched on eaves,  
sans the slightest movement of vertebrae -  
sit ossified like creation's by Nengah.  
Below them they sense the same air above them  
as if they care...for they understand freedom.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Life Be Too Short For 'o Ruing**

Read between my words, as I am not about goodbyes;  
hear my inclines speak to you that my tongue cannot.

I feel that ice of turbulence against my spine, burning-  
like yours and it carries a crippling weight of regret.

Life's too short, death too tall a mortal obstacle,  
to think ourselves exempt from mortalities consequence.

We can close our eyes at night yet our actions never sleep;  
In Dream last night i heard the sound of friendship breaking.

And i bristle at the thought of moving on from this;  
So much left unresolved yet my Father always said:

'We can only do the best our best has afforded us to ofer,  
as once we've done all this, we'll be able to sleep again.

Life be too short for 'o ruing, listen to my Father...H E E D!  
For a Heavy-Heart in lieu of Peace of Mind, is no alternative.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Lord Of Affliction...

I am shivering cold  
by chemical means,  
by congenital state,  
through genetic root, that-  
one might toe-tag  
as socially expired  
in medical nature, of course.  
Still, that does little  
for they who have been  
unblessed to witness  
and feel the ice  
that lay in my veins,  
C R A C K L I N G.....

Who am I, you ask?  
I smile with lips pressed...  
I am all and more what my hemispheres feel  
in absurd conditions that confront me,  
as I enter my Mind with attitude,  
wrap my thoughts  
in iron-clad membrane,  
so my toxic, social poison  
doesn't break its bloody dam,  
pour its anatomic lava  
'pon your honey sweet aura,  
stain your Heart to blackest black.  
I am the Lord of Affliction,  
I want you in my circle,  
I'm the Beast foretold in scripture,  
A W A I T I N G.....

\_\_\_\_\_ FjR \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Love...Is...Love...Is...Love...{Reprise}**

It's the kiss.....before the goodnite  
It's the bliss.....after having a fight  
It's the memories...of special day's  
It's the tempering....clouds of grey  
It's the turn of the....other cheek  
It's the silence in lieu of speak  
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 caring to honour and 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 diamond shopping...at Kay's  
It's the roses.....on Valentine's Day  
It's the sunset.....you nestled under  
It's the lightning...before the thunder  
It's the morning.....they call After  
It's the yawning...and the laughter  
It's the healing.....of passions scars  
It's the feeling...the cure is in Heart  
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...FjR

## **M a s q u e r a d e...**

The Weakness of Strenth  
The Ugliness of Beauty

So addicted to transfiguration,  
beauty pinching nerve 'n flesh -  
fr'm th' bursting of liquid steel,  
pouring thru' chemicaled veins -  
until th' lungs becom' homeless  
to breaths... daily requirement  
and, th' side-effects are a bitch!

Yet, the dealing Maestro says...

Cloning 'Kratos' has its virtues,  
virile flexing..... with attitude;  
look at me young lassies, come -  
an' see me flex.....my machado.

An' I'm stone drunk on myself  
with a concourse of peopleoids,  
th' kind Bowie once sang about  
as Ziggy from the Planet Mars,  
shiny spider's in a dust o' stars,  
and peach coated magic energy.

but reality replies...

Godlike, 'til th' kick of Moksha  
turns into, The Chinvat Bridge,  
all for temporary show and tell,  
all three of you.... for you to see,  
'til th' fever of this masquerade  
breaks like mercury from glass,  
bouncing beads off th' tiled floor  
'n th' moods swing like th' doors  
of a Brookl'n diner at lunchtime.

[you fear you've become unhinged]

Yet..... time still be on your side,  
yes.....th' wake-up call is a bitch...  
and th' weening, such th' bastard -  
Lo! Seriphs voices can be heard,  
th' true measure of yo'r strength,  
allowing acumen to reign as 'holy'  
to th' mantra.... of a million years,  
that 'The Mind' be a holy temple  
and th' Hercules... of Human Life...  
so long as vanity not supersede it.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **M a t u r a t i o n... (rev)**

### M a t u r a t i o n

Pearl white, ash grey infant sparrows  
staring at empty bottles of merlot,  
mesmerised by their hued rufescence,  
blind, to their sharp jagged edges.  
Fly not nestlings, still dwarfed you be  
on midnight jaunts with crows stalking.  
Soon you'll feel freedoms heart pulse,  
bare instinct superseding mother-love,  
untangling vined ties ready to break  
by your silent inbred cry for freedom.  
Maternal seeds now sewn, efflorescent;  
time for Mother to rest, and watch them  
take solo flight into the southern winds,  
sparrows live to fly into the southern winds.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **M a t u r a t i o n... {Version II}**

Pearl white, ash grey infant sparrows  
staring at cracked bottles of merlot,  
mesmerised by their hued rufescence,  
ignorant to the bright jagged edges.  
Fly not nestlings, still dwarfed you be  
for midnight jaunts while crows stalk.  
Soon you'll feel the heart pulse to break,  
born instinct superseding mother-love,  
untangling the vined ties of old nestings  
by your own inbred cry.....for freedom.  
Maternal seeds now sewn, efflorescent,  
it is time to rest, nestle and watch them  
take wings aflight into the southern winds,  
sparrows learn, flourish by the southern winds.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **M o r + o g r o p h y...**

Examines their ivory-whites.....for a jaundiced shade of yellow,  
Sometimes challenging sleep by black joe and sugar cane cubes.  
Occasionally dabbing the tip of his index finger 'pon rigid thighs,  
They be the first signs of pre-mature Riga....human ossification.

One look thru' his eyes, dead eyes, his tri-pod drags by his side,  
Immune to the caffeine in his veins, from the natural ice-water,  
Waiting for the celcius to refrigerate the room with sub-zeroe's,  
And, procedes to position his queer craft in theatric, erotic style.

Snap, Snap, a smirk of cynical rush, stretching across his visage.  
What do you do for a living, asks a child....walking past the room.  
I take picture's of the sleeping....boy; what's it look like i'm doing?  
Cold as ice, says the boy.....COLD AS DEATH.....chides the man!

Waiting by the phone for another call with camera, death in hand;  
After all, he's just 'Press', doesn't place the quarters on the Eyes.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **M o r t o g r a p h y...**

Examines their ivory-whites.....for a jaundiced shade of yellow,  
Challenging sleep by black joe..... stirring in white sugar cubes,  
While dabbing the tip of his index finger upon bare, rigid thighs,  
They be the first signs of pre-mature Riga....human ossification.

Modigliani eyes give impression to absence of natural emotion,  
Immune to the caffeine in his veins from the rush of ice-water,  
Waiting for the celcius to refrigerate the room with sub-zeroe's,  
Procedes to vantage his aberrant craft in theatrically erotic style.

Snap, Snap, a smirk of cynical buzz stretching across his visage.  
What do you do for a living, sir, asks a curious child walking by.  
I take picture's of the sleeping, boy; what's it look like i'm doing?  
Having fun, says the boy.....MARKING DEATH, barks the man!

Waiting by phone for the next location; it's only a job, you know?  
After all he's just 'Press', doesn't place the quarters on the eyes.

### Author's Note

Inspired by scene(s) from the movie, Road To Perdition  
that featured a disturbed photographer who made his liv-  
ing by taking photos (for the 30's Chicago crime syndicate)  
of people who had been executed by the syndicate.Great flick!

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**m\ i\ r\ r\ o\ r\ s**

We see ourselves, as other's don't  
Strident with ourselves...we won't

Accept ourselves....for what we be  
Mere flesh, and blood....mortality

Thus mirrors tend t' cast a shroud  
Quixotic hopes....that cast a doubt

On fountain's from De Leon's day  
Imbued for nought yet still we age

Take heed that life be cruel in vain  
Beauty fades.....we too shall wane

Away to fields with different seeds  
Planted where.....we rest in sleep

Take heed...in all your heart extols  
For mirrors cannot save your Soul

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Masquea {A Non-Traditional Sonnet}**

Veiled to silhouette "Itself"...'fore God's penumbra  
Cursed of and cast to the flaming 'Chaos of Hades  
Arrives by sin to place Its thorned badge o' rubicon  
'Pon the heart-thread's of a populous lost in ersatz  
All accomplished 'fore the bloody day was through  
Such the statesman 'It'was...

No longer small, much larger now'It' breathes deep  
In the brains and bowels of the likes of you and me  
Masqued in sweet aroma, raise the cup....to the lips  
To which pours 'Itself' from the lust of sordid carafs  
All drunk or dead, 'fore the bloody day was through  
Such the fools we be...

And it is said that hands of Power will be the first to Rise 'n War  
And it is said that hands of Power will be wrapped in lambs wool

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Master of Darkness

Much mystery still surrounds the Death  
Of the Macabre Masters final breath  
One-hundred sixty-four years gone  
Since Edgar Allan Poe passed on.

There be cryptic tales, stories crazed  
About this Poets final day's  
He lived with tell-tale heavy-heart  
Love lost, sickness...Death his art

[Reared his myriad vices publicly  
Dined hard on poppies and whiskey].

Opressed, depressed... self-infliction  
Bled by the ink from his dark addictions  
Self-deception, poetic invention  
A paradigm for poetic perfection.

He pioneered the mystery's dawning  
Inbetween his romantic mournings  
His lifeline weak and sore succinct  
But, this he knew, yet never blinked.

Eccentric, absurd this genius be  
His critics tagged his work ghastly  
Still he penned at night by candled flame  
'Til death came tolling one Fall day.

Reclusivity and intimacy  
Many times superseded his poetry  
Such sadness in this man whose Mind  
Was a product of tomorrows time.

There be many conflicting stories, lies  
How this god of The Written Word had died  
Such meritless time spent on this case  
Who cares, what day, what time, what place!

He's been gone eight scores plus four  
His life, like an obscured open door  
Yet, it still cannot sully his legacy  
As Lord of Short Story, Sire of Poetry.

Edgar Allan Poe, O Darkside Father,  
I owe my love for the cryptic and macabre  
I have read a many story...poetry and prose  
Yet none hold a candle to Edgar Allan Poe'.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Midnight Walk By The Sea {Cape May, N.J.2003}**

And at midnight we walked  
the serpentine path by the sea,  
over thick, moistened planks  
of aged, splintered wood-  
imbued with salted moisture  
from height anemic dunes  
that had failed surf and shore,  
ravaged by the sea-wolves-  
with such simplicity  
that the splinters felt as smooth  
as sheets of organdy,  
loosing their jagged edges  
from the eye of a June nor'easter.  
Yet it wouldn't have really mattered  
if our barefoot midnight walk  
felt like mal-acupuncture  
from a Greenwich Village cave;  
as when I reached for her hand,  
saw her flushed pink face smiling  
my sense of romance ossified  
virility... my state of mind,  
taken in by her feminine air,  
stoned by her warm, almond eyes,  
and we suddenly became aware  
that the excitement of our jaunt  
was all about 'the before'  
of our midnight walk by the sea.  
And we jogged-on back from where  
we were flushed and pink an hour before  
we had taken to the splintered wood  
for a midnight walk by the sea.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Mindless Of Heart {Prosaic Verse}**

And, yet still now, you are confirmed by the notion that so long as the Mind be strong.....the Heart will always follow...and because so...I find cause now, to educate your own Mind...of the physics....and logics of a sophistic mantra, that you ask me to believe to be objective, factual, when in fact, I find its rationale to be many yards short of such statue.... but further-to be nothing less than solipsism.....at its zenith.

For you see my dear, as much as you would like me to claim 'Epiphany' to your logic and claim but alas, I cannot and shan't, and I will cite modern medicine as my "weapon-of-choice", in deflecting your flawed theory in placing the strength of Mind.....over Heart. Though the Human Brain, be clearly...the most consistently fertile and operational organ in the Human Body, it is only such by way of the continuous feed of nourishment in the form of Human Blood....which is solely delivered compliments.....of the Human Heart.

So you see love, it is the Heart that reigns en potentate when it comes to our everyday existence and NEEDS! On the other hand my dear, it is Passion that controls both...And although I know that you could easily state that it is 'I', now, who is not applying Logic and Reason, I will simply refer to last evening and the smile on your face and how your Heart pumped in rapid-pulse.... as you shared your emotion's with brainwaves from your left Hemisphere, which controls speech...SPEECH, that was articulated, choired & echoed over and over again clamorously L O U D! And the rest, well, let's just say... i'll rest my case with my Mind on how my Heart pumps perpetual Passion for you. (What a Line!) .....THE END

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Moon Diamonds{Erudite Lessons From Cats}**

Siamese Cats perched on eaves,  
Thai eye's coruscate like diamonds  
[\*Wichien-maat (□□□□□□□□□□) ],  
just call them...'Moon Diamonds.\*

Sans the slightest movement of vertebrae,  
statuesque, poised, their cyan eye's,  
ossified like stonework by Keiffer,  
graceful, adroitly playful,  
unless bristled, madly dis-tempered,  
for only then perhaps a catty brush of Dali.

Creeping ominously over and 'round their world  
which is wherever 'THEY' decide it be!  
Wise, cold-shouldered, yet they sleep well at night  
beneath Moons warm blanket of spotlight.

Come morning there be stretch and folly,  
roaming free, leaping high, focussed  
with those spangled ocular almonds  
spanning their vast perimeters,  
ostensibly, in defiance of gravities law...  
like moon diamonds.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Movements Of A Mermaid, In Presto...

### \_\_\_\_\_ (I) The Notion \_\_\_\_\_

Savouring midnight  
in Atlantic's soul,  
soundless and weightless  
we....gravity-free  
breeze o'er coral,  
erotically fixed;  
will you come to me?

### \_\_\_\_\_ (II) The Dream \_\_\_\_\_

Your touch scales my back...  
and it burns so fine;  
you yearn the warm waves,  
white and rapidly  
Come with me....explore  
the rapture, here, now,  
Time and breath be scant,  
the surge through our flesh,  
tides begin to rip,  
rising high....cogent,  
within the nethers.....  
[mmm...mmm...mmm...mmm...mmm]  
of virile Current!

### \_\_\_\_\_ (III) The R E M \_\_\_\_\_

I am yours, you... mine  
'til next breath we take,  
'pon resurfacing...  
from warm, potent depths  
of the parallel,  
numbered sixty-nine.  
Erotica, blue  
Atlantica, rouge  
bonds love, then lament  
climatic soul mates  
in a Dream....dying.

### \_\_\_\_\_ (IV) The Wish \_\_\_\_\_

And soon I'll miss you,  
each string of my Heart  
be shredded by rue  
that this Dream i dreamed  
did not heed my plea,  
and wish that this Dream  
come o'er again -  
again, and again,  
dreaming fantasies,  
upon this carpet  
of the sea, our sea;  
please tell me a way  
my wish become true,  
that this Dream i dream

see reality,  
or remain 'in' Dream.

\_\_\_\_(V) The Realization & The Final Wish\_\_\_\_\_

Sweet Atlantica,  
what can i do, now?  
I cannot exist  
in your breathless world;  
May we meet again?  
I will wait by shore  
for another Dream  
and a final wish:

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## **My Nirvana Love...**

When I see your face in the night,  
I am dreaming.  
When I sense your aura about me,  
I am trancing.  
When I feel your warmth upon me,  
I am awake, in touch and complete;

And, we pleasure, yes! My nirvana love.

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## **N o i t a n i g a ~ m i n u**

Wings don't always fly  
It's just a credible assumption  
Like saying every person with legs  
Can walk Or bend at the knees

Logic and Reason  
Be an erudite duo  
But at what credible point  
Does 'Vision' supersede it

Yet, eyes aren't always perspicuous  
To what images stands afront them  
'Tis why sleep can be quite rewarding  
For in Dreams we can do anything

Wishing we had wings to fly  
Away from the Logic and Reason  
That brings us to our knees  
Blinds and Deafens our worlds

'Til Death comes for our Souls  
Shaking its head at the likes of us  
Knowing too well that it be  
Our only escape from the dread  
.....of... u n i m a g i n a t i o n

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **N o i t r o b a...**

The vacuum wasn't working today,  
So a dozen infants were spared aspiration  
In a room custom built as a suite  
For natal anathema,

While the deep, steel disposal box,  
Its lively guise of shimmer  
Is paled by 'clinical' darkness,  
Devoid of small body parts.

Sleep well, doctors of homicide,  
The vacuum repair-man/accomplice  
Guarantees a productive tomorrow  
To the angst of all of man's gods,

Who see fallen wings from River Styx  
Shadowing black-bloody hallways,  
Into the surgical killing field  
Of the tiniest innocents.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **'Neath Th' Crescent Of Th' Moon**

Pressed rose, sweet suckle...did we savour  
in the brush of a summers eve moving  
fresh as an evening breeze riding Thames.

Moon spurred our moment of Bogart and Hepburn  
'neath its beaconed silver smile ever lambent...,  
quite audaciously.

Eye-drenched by showers of anthrocite,  
tiny stars, what metaphor for a poem, you say....  
Your beauty beholds my desire, I reply.

We made love 'neath th' crescent of th' Moon  
'til Sun came and stirred our silhouettes...,  
quite artistically...

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **'Neath The Crescent Of The Moon {Redux}**

Pressed rose, sweet suckle did we savor  
by the breadth of a soft summers night,  
as fresh as the breeze guiding Thames.

Moon spurred our moment of Bogart 'n Hepburn  
'neath its bow-shaped smile, ever lambent,  
counting stars, and waves by midnights tide.

Eye's drenched by seas of celestial showers,  
its scape a carnal instigator  
to share spontaneities ardent pulse.

We made love by the crescent of the Moon  
'til sunbreak stirred our still silhouettes,  
morning shadows painting nights pleasure.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **No Pyrrhic Badge This Be (An Afterlight)**

They all stood still...juxtaposed,  
sore exhausted by the hate;  
some had lost their Religion,  
wondering how their Mighty God  
could observe such anathema,  
with His Angels and His Saint's,  
And not interface with Abaddon  
and abrogate the carnage,  
Mercy's intercession en... absentee!  
Still, the persecuted faithful  
wore their best God-Trust  
upon their hearts,  
for every soul no longer standing -  
beside them.

'No pyrrhic badge this be',  
(cried one Jew) ,  
ankles bruised, shins raw  
from leg-iron shackles;

final words, historic echoes of '41,  
through the thick, flesh-smoked rancid air  
of a charcoal, rainsoaked night,  
of a movement soon to feel  
the wrath Of an angry God.....,  
administer justice.

And, Lord, how the blackhearts burned to ash that night!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Non-Sequitur...

'She' reads her dust-bathed congeries of Yeats  
over and over and over again at night;  
perhaps(thinks'She') he might appear to her -  
in an Irish legend dream he wrote just for 'She'.  
White majique turned ebony....the darkest of black?  
Such be the occult...Ole Williams interest queer.

When suddenly, I.....

Am startlingly awakened by a hot, darting pain,  
in the centerpiece that lay between my loins;  
the hardbound of Dickinson i'd been ensconced in  
and that had taken me to places far from 'She'-  
had fallen, spine first, upon my sensual attitude;  
I never knew Emily had a thing for me;  
Curling, and slumped, I rise to seize my pride,  
look 'cross the room, and not to my surprise-  
'She' sits stone-still, 'poetically jaded, still she reads;  
ne're an eye-shot nor single muscle movement;  
And, I think to myself does any of this speak logic?  
No, I think not, this be all non-sequitur;  
but for the record.....,  
'She' can oogle Yeats, every night...,  
Emily does me fine!

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Odd's Of Merging

Odd's of coming home for a slice....of Mum's Key-Lime Pie,  
Or watching a virgin sunset bleeding into twilights backdrop

Or, spending forty dollars, for th' Sweetheart Rose corsage-  
You clumsily attempt to pin on yo'r belle's Crepe-Back gown;

All lost somewhere between th' throes of Kabul an' Baghdad,  
Wh'n sweat 'n youth transposed itself to bloodspill 'n 'mortis.

'Tis why a soldier's odd's of living a post-war Life, unscathed  
Are th' same as we, societies pulse...tossing down our swords

And.....m.....e.....r.....g.....i.....n.....g.

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## **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.

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## **Of Clockwork Destiny...**

Winnowing at the notion of judgement  
we ocularise with antithesis  
like charlatans in lieu of antipathy,  
and all that which we've become  
as perpetrators and desecrators...  
steel bound menstruators  
of all that was good and pure.

and shame on ourselves, the likes of us,  
though just mortal life we be-  
for learning how to twist and bastardize  
all we learned in childhood innocence;  
so now what do we do, what can we say  
when time and destiny finally meet  
and wash their hands of us all?

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Of Insignificance...**

One ne'er really knows when catastophia will strike  
Some see 'portent' of th' bizarre and dread looming

Did th' Mayans really understand God, and science  
Or... did Nostradamas own a Waterford crystal ball

And, should I be awakened in my pinched pine-box  
Will th' cold silence re-instill my warm mortal being

I have nothing significant to soothe yo'r manic mind  
I can speculate but that would be merely speculation

Truth is.....I have no quench to deign such queries  
Reason be.....Lifes too short for the non-negotiables

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## **Of M a t u r a t i o n...**

Pearl white, ash black infant sparrows  
Staring...at the empty bottles of merlot  
Mesmerized...by their hues of rufescence  
Bemused...to the slow bleeding nuance  
Fly not nestlings....still dwarfed you be  
On midnight jaunts...while crows stalk

Soon you'll feel freedoms pulsing Heart  
Bare Instinct superseding Mother-Love  
Untie these nurtured threads, break free  
Maternal mission finished, now it's time  
To take wings....into the southern winds  
Sparrows live to fly...the southern winds

\_\_\_\_\_FjR\_\_\_\_\_

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## **Of The Nurturing**

Nestled in curve as crescent moons  
against each other....reverberating,  
the youngest of her flock, coveting,  
jockeying for vantage, favour...for-  
anticipated warmth....sore fruition  
for the suckled breast, moist, hard,  
achieving equal measure.... pooled-  
within her swelled, pacifying glands,  
thus, to ration, nourish, propritiate,  
her brusque wet hatchlings, and -  
the assurance they be well settled in  
for nights soft-sleep by moon-watch.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Of Time And Innocence...**

Underhills and Woodshed  
where Death swam deep  
'neath the iced-capped blue  
to stalk out Innocence,  
and its shelled bloody freeze,  
upon the\*River Styx,  
where Belial ejaculated  
its' black godless spew,  
cracked the glace of virtue,  
stained the sweet of Innocence,  
but only for some moments.

Yet, when Time resumed again-  
nothing was the same...,  
scathed flesh in fadeless sting -  
like an open wound in alcahol,  
and the scars remain forever!

Such queer parallel,  
Time and Innocence;  
for neither be returned  
once lost or stolen.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **On The Injustice of Difference...**

Eye of the Ram..... queer, yet  
its composition.....puissant,  
and, even tho' its preferences  
are not...of my own practices,  
still.... one cannot be justified  
to judge, condemn..... crucify,  
stanced opposed in arrogance,  
on platforms of the differences  
inacted by.....societies tainted  
view of difference as unsainted,  
still..... we look away and shake  
our ignorance for no-ones sake.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **One New York City Night In June...**

Tap tap, tapping 'cross the stained parquet,  
The opening act, some new chisled face  
Like Sinatra's last gig at The Music Hall,  
Goer's flailing in their west-side seats  
'Dancing' like St.Vitus...for the best frontal view.

Snap, snap, snapping...ceiling lights dim softly,  
Reflecting hues of orchid, mauve and thistle,  
Stagefloor spotlights spew a multitude of shimmer;  
Such presence...an ineffable tight cast of feline beauty;  
'The Rockettes' kicking up the City that never sleeps!

Clap, clap, clapping...the show comes to its climax..finale  
Stand up and shout, 'Here! Here! ... beckon your'Encore'!  
These ladies own historical appeal; grab your camera  
Can-Can not keep my eye's off a prime of thighs so ripe,  
A Kodak moment in time...flash, prance, and...  
Say, WHAT? ! ....You lost the camera between whose legs?

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **P e n u m b r a**

Two Eyes fell upon me  
somewhere in God's space  
I blinked,  
closed mine,  
time paused -

[.....]

just like that;  
opened mine and saw  
one eye,  
shadowing the other.

Two shadows fell upon me,  
penumbras, they be,  
crossing back and forth -  
one afront the other;

magnificent a scape  
as Chenas Mountain.

Time resumed with no -  
loss of moment;  
[tick, tock, tick, tock]  
just like that;

a veil dropping darkness  
lifts and passes on  
like Death passing, just like Death passing.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **P O E T I F I C A T I O N ...**

Literary substance is a conglomeration  
of chimeria, illusion and imagination,

none of which- realistically palpable;  
all of which- artistically potable-

to the yen of poetry's taste test,  
solid, yet fluid for the Mind to digest,

and, anything shy of all this-  
abrogates all of this Third-Eye tryst,

and, must not be deigned acceptable,  
but, void of support... non-negotiable,

for without these poetic intangibles-  
one's efforts may be deemed insufferable!

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **P u r g a + o r y**

Somewhere.....between mortality and eternity  
An odyssey incept upon the moment of Death.  
Some intransigent state, of immortal existence-  
Reflection, atonement for all lifes imbrument,  
Incurred from our brush, with flesh and blood,  
Which somehow be weighed...against the gold-  
Representing, Virtue, Providence.....Abstinence.  
Be this our last chance for 'Divine Absolution'?  
Must we shout our rue for mis-using Free Will?  
Or not we not by reason of the human element,  
Will the consequence be a plane of nothingness?

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Peace Of The Paralytic Mind**

They can be whoever they want to be...even themselves,  
simply by believing they are, because security is warmth,  
as they harbour their images in a place called...far-away-  
from logic, reason, and common rule of cause and effect.

An' blessingly, these innocent will never taste the acidity  
of shame nor broken pride.....for that'd be far too cruel.

And outside these minds stand we, the helpless 'an angry,  
burning, stinging with bitter, equal pity for they and self.  
When in fact, these souls in waiting may be the only ones  
since Alex Garland to experience such a prelude to Utopia  
.....in prefix to Death!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**Pearl Harbor {A Metaphoric Adaptation In Honor of Independence Day, July 4th,2013}**

It came upon my Mind abirth  
god, Ra, had launched himself to earth,  
bearing embers of travesty-  
a day to last in 'Infamy'.

No tme to fear this hive of B's,  
no time to pray that Ra thus, heed  
and, be transfigured to -  
a goddess of accord and rue.

But, NO! Instead large metal birds  
swung low, stung hard, like rabid herds  
of crows upon a branchless stead -  
in mornings fog that veiled the dead..

Now, rows of Crosses, curved in flux  
that time and nature have sublaxed,  
and, looking like St. Bridgette's Cross -  
on sacred ground, Pearl Harbors loss.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

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that time and nature have subluxe,  
and, looking like St. Bridgette's Cross -  
on sacred ground, Pearl Harbors loss.

### AUTHORS NOTE

The above work is in Tribute, Respect, Thanks, and in Honor of...D-Day, June 6th, 1944, and the mass multitudes of Heroes who sacrificed their lives for Freedom, & a better world for us to live in. Though Pearl Harbor is not directly associated with D-Day, it was the catalyst that forced the U.S into this War, & ultimately returning home with our Freedom & patriotism very much intact, albeit, at an irreparable human cost, as unfortunately, the throes of War, won or lost come accompanied with.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Playng God in Wyoming....

Th' body had been hanging for some days, i'd say, at least,  
fr'm an oak branch thick n' sharded at its furthest stretch;  
and th' mundungus scent of Death...could be ne'er denied,  
in air, within a hundred yards of this Souls discolor'd flesh.

The temperature in August, o'er Wyoming's grazing field's  
are paled in swelter to th' humid drip, attracting large flies;  
stands to reason why none would approach such repulsion;  
tho' it also lent much thought as to....th' mindset of a Town.

Murder, cried a whore, still collecting from th' night before.  
Suicide! 'Tis a long time coming, a lonely bitter man he was,  
said another bitter man....who saw th' dead man in himself,  
and...th' people took turns playing God in Osage, Wyoming.

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ 2 0 1 2 \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Poe's Senryu...**

Contemporary Senryu

---

Drenched in self-harbour  
I imagine I am Poe  
Sans the Poppie Tears...

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Poetry's Isolated Path...

Orphaned...,  
he  
knew  
not  
what  
Life  
had  
to  
render.  
So  
he  
sojourned  
off  
into  
an  
imaginary  
world,  
to  
see  
what  
he'd  
find.  
A  
short  
time  
later,  
he  
returned  
from  
his  
venture,  
went  
into  
seclusion  
with  
pen,  
paper,  
and  
mind.  
He  
was  
never,  
seen  
again.  
Such  
be  
poetry's  
isolated  
path.

\_FjR\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Point of Submission [Deictic Conclusions]**

You obfuscate these event's as if somehow  
You have been given pontiffical judgement

Might i ask what your viral arrogance costs  
Or be it host to the hell-beast..... Leviathan

Perfidation.... is the inevitable consequence  
When Sun touches down.....for its epilogue  
You suddenly realize....Science had it wrong

And looking up....from your dark black hole  
All you see is space an' for the very first time  
You wonder what or Who- made this happen

Arrogance an'obfuscation no longer sequitur  
Judgement now becomes you.....and so i ask

What you think it will cost...to save your Soul  
While you scramble to "Cross Over Rubicon'

More than catharsis to earn yo'r Redemption  
More than a plea.....to secure your Salvation  
Nothing less....than your point of Submission

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Power of The Written Word-{In 50Words/65 Syllables}-**

Orphaned...,  
he  
knew  
not  
what  
Life  
would  
render.  
So  
he  
sojourned  
off  
to  
see  
what  
he'd  
missed  
for  
so  
very  
long.  
One  
year  
later  
he  
returned  
from  
his  
adventure,  
went  
into  
seclusion  
with  
pen,  
paper,  
and  
mind-  
and  
was  
never,  
seen  
again.  
Such  
be  
the  
power  
of  
the  
Written  
Word.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Prayer To The Helping Hand...**

Long, narrow halls breed echo  
or do they reach out to the walls,  
beckoning their dormant ego's  
to assist its fading call  
And, everyone needs a helping hand -  
every now and again.

Mighty Oaks cast shade and romance,  
or do they call on Mother Nature  
for feed and drink, to enhance  
it's gift of prompting Rapture;  
And, everyone needs a helping hand -  
every now and again.

La Tour Eiffel stands like deity,  
or does its spherical point engage  
on its graphic, empirical history,  
based on human intrigue for the 'strange';  
And everyone needs a helping hand -  
every now and again.

There was this old woman praying  
over the bedside of a young New Yorker,  
her black stringed beads awakened him, saying,  
your Heart problems are this day.... over.  
'And everyone needs a helping hand',  
said the lucky, man 'I am '!

79/90/10...tnemecalperevlavcitroalufssecc usknarf

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Psalm For The Extirpation of Darkness...**

Parallel...'til fracture breaks its course,  
Metaphors moist... 'til metonymys dry,  
Standing juxtaposed dark ranks unfile,  
Souls swim naked in bloody-black seas.

Peace ruled....'til Darkness found Man.  
War will reigns...'til th' skies purge fire,  
Until numbers in Six are slain by Seven,  
Until Death brings Life by Seals of Gold.

No mortal dispensation be afforded here  
For pretext, that be of eschewous artifice  
To the Word, and Law of Michaels' King-  
De verbis sacrae legis.....Domini Dei.

Until then....we'll capitulate to Darkness,  
Whore our souls to the 'Dark Ones' bliss,  
Prick our flesh....on self-inflicted Crosses.  
Wait for Belials ocean to part n' dissipate.

~Donec Dei Oculo eviscerat serpentis, Belial~

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Questionable Random Thoughts For A Fireside Chat....**

A whiff of fresh ether  
penetrating tiled walls,  
lathered in antiseptic wash,  
wonder what happens, now-  
beyond the neuro threadings  
of cognizance and consciousness,  
with scenarios very limited  
when attempting to permeate  
the state of the human brain-  
from the outside looking in;

surgical arenas, like twilight...  
very dim, very strange;  
still wondering all about it-  
just the same.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Quite Sensual In Nature

Between the arbored bridge of seed and stem  
life breaks ground as consequence  
of winter-seed, sweet morning dew,  
blessings of Natures genesis.

And Earth, like man stands firm, protects -  
comfortably...arousing young flowers  
to stem, moisten, glow and blossom,  
be pleased....as flowers must be pleased.

And her efflorescence, so femininely poised,  
spreads open quite sensually with incipient glamour;  
beckoning the Earth, in her own natural way  
to hold "Her" tight as she negotiates position.

Still, Nature will challenge her passion with dragons-teeth,  
threatening her beauty, her eminence...the elements.  
Until like man, Earth stands firm, provides  
all the flower needs to revel in the pleasures of Life.

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **R e D \*) I c E...**

r a i n... k u e... a... c r i m e... i... p u n t... \*)

Waiting on the movement, a child is born  
to diplomats of western conscientiousness,  
with inherited proclivities for great power  
like the rush...clash and riveting capture to-  
the music of The Trans-Siberian Orchestra,  
though Yuletide rock is all this capture be,  
as opposed- to this one child's aspirations  
in setting out to place his chilling mark as-  
a one man band fueled by ruthless chords,  
hell bent on challenging God and Mother,  
opaque to the seeds of basic human ethics,  
cunning tyrant, steel heart....running hard -  
with thick, iced veins and solipsistic mind.

Lo! This child is 'not' what you think he be;  
his name, not Diabolus, his land not Hades.  
Historically, his predecessors perished hard.  
He is about a resurrection of that which died,  
his mission will stop at nothing short of war.  
So black his heart, his wrath could crystalize  
ashes into ice....that no hammer could crack,  
or be sliced....by the strike of a bloody sickle.  
You know his name.... know his motivation;  
this child, be no child today....Or is he, still?  
His dream died, November ninth of 1 9 8 9;  
his hope is to rekindle time with black flame  
lit by the renaissance....of liberty's infarction.

My hopes, my wish he be taken out before  
we're all taken down by a pyre....of red ice.

\_\_\_\_\_ In nómine Pá+ris, e+ Fílii, \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ e+ Spirí+us Sanc+i. \_\_\_\_\_

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **R E M and Realities**

Wings don't always fly,  
it's just a credible assumption-  
like saying a person with legs  
can walk or bend at the knees.

Logic and Reason  
be an erudite duo  
yet, at what point  
does "Vision" supersede it?

Eyes aren't always perspicuous  
to images standing afront them;  
'tis why we sleep in another world,  
for in Dreams everything is possible  
by one brief wave of the Rapid-Eye.

Wishing we had wings to fly  
far from Logic and Reason-  
that sometimes burns our brains,  
blinds and deafens our chimerias,

'til Death comes for our souls  
shaking its head at the likes of us,  
knowing too well that we be  
praying and begging escape -  
from Lifes R E M and realities.

\_\_\_\_\_ [[0]] \_\_\_\_\_  
ks34l2102q22[.]0000105crypt  
.....[[\]].....

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Reaching For Satellites { Dimensions & Speculations }**

All they who seek satellites with parallel orbit  
shall never realize their latitude.... en maxum;  
to conquer that which be so deemed ceaseless  
warrants mindwork that knows no restriction;

space is an obtuse field that bears no network;  
direction, sequence and pattern.....sophistic;  
divisions of many gods speak forth in tongues-  
with temperment yet temperance....bete noire.

what be these satellites all referenced here, and-  
can they be traversed, explored.....possesed?  
Could science be our mortal definition in time?  
Its possible, as all things be, and God says, Yes.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Reading The Tea-Leaves of My Father...

Silence follows...shock an' destitute;  
May i offer you a cup of Yung's Tea?  
Sometimes the ineffable affords us  
strange options and opportunity-  
to realize the measure of our acumen,  
muse upon our where-with-all,  
with our brains opaque of mindlessness  
to the shock and destitute that silenced us,  
and ensconce in the mind-quelling ambience  
of life, time and tea leaves.

For Tomorrow, of course is another day;  
thats what my Father always said to me-  
whenever silence held its breath too long,  
and peril seemed but an arms-reach away.

My Father was a very wise man,  
though he never drank a drop of tea.

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Reflections Of Red...

The following is an excerpt based on my short-story fictional Horror tale titled, 'Tap The Syringe Twice'...And for the sake of poetic respect I have restructured what was once a paragraph....into a variable stanzaic structure that would accomodate 'break-points' as well as my customary adherence to right margin alignment. Hope you enjoy.....FjR

\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_ REFLECTIONS of RED \_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

Upon approaching the third door...on the right, ther' appeared a crackling of wood from within.

And, placing my hand.....on the tarnished brass door knob.....I felt the pain of a million needles; a most torturous stinging....like being incisioned without the mercy of anesthesia.....by syringe, of which I am more.....than mildly familiar with.

Seconds later, the door took wings.....unhinging itself from the melting farenheit.....penetrating-empowering it to combust, blow-out.....strewing, ember's of ruby, cardinal, cherry, brick 'n claret - vermillion, crimson, amber, wine..... 'n scarlet.

And.....behind it all stood a steel mounted mirror, as if I wanted to stare at my flesh burning madly.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Revelation Alliteration...**

.....Seven Seals sans silver steeds-Satan's surreptition;  
.....Regardless, Revelation rapture resolute;  
.....Beleaguers, bedraggles belates bilious Beast;  
.....Causes caustic carpetbagger cancered catharsis;  
.....Hells horned hookworm, hails Heavens Holy heist?  
.....Wrong! ...War wages, wending with wretched wrath;  
.....Battle bleeds Beelzebub black, blue, bare...beaten;  
.....Ruefully retreats, realising Resurrection Rules!  
.....Contemptuous coward, coo's, capitulates Christ!

\_\_\_\_\_FjR\_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Riverdance I-[Observations From a Live Performance At New York's Radio City Music Hall,2005]**

### I

Tap, Tap, Tap...  
Shoe-point on wood -  
one lone Dancer  
striking parquet  
with hyperbole,  
ignominiously-  
glaringly, dartingly  
left, right, and dip;  
peripherally deterous  
a flawless opus...,  
dancers are burning,  
the audience sparked-  
fuses are lit!

### II

Ten Dancers,  
on stage now  
followed by  
twenty more,  
awaiting their key  
standing poised,  
stone statuesque;  
clad in dark costume,  
glossy-black organdy,  
theatre lights dim,  
silence breathes heavy.

### III

Orchestra anxiously  
awaiting their cue  
in a pit with their pendulums,  
waiting to commence  
on maestros command,  
to convert scripted silence  
into high fifes 'n strings;  
hear the sound of violins,  
tight-strings, fingers pulling,  
heard someone shout: 'ROSIN!'  
A lone note drops tempo,  
jus' for a moment, and then -  
just like that,  
sweet cadence prevails,  
and, i don't think a single ear  
in the Hall  
cared a lick.

### IV

Juxtaposed Dancers  
neathdomed spotlight orbit  
each Dancers fluxed movement,  
Madonna's.....in tights,

Dark Angels in hard-shoe,  
as the orchestra leader  
SHOUTS.... in soprano:  
'ONE, TWO, THREE..,  
One, Two, Three...,  
one, two, three...AND -'

V

Thirty more Dancers,  
edge of the stage,  
Reelers in mirror  
romp to 'The Firedance",  
while thirty-five more  
Dancers in backdrop,  
blend in like dots  
of black 'n grey stardust  
concurring as one  
great pool of synchronicity.

VI

Confluent, stunning,  
description? ineffable,  
energy....electric,  
as sixty Step-Dancers  
taze each ticket-holders  
heart, soul and mind  
with talent unparalleled.....,  
and, much 'A T T I T U D E'!

VII

Poised, front and center  
like silhouette figures,  
enframed behind glass  
and, synchronized...Yes...!  
And on single mute cue,  
a break from the middle,  
like a gaelic Red Sea,  
and then all suddenly.....,  
forty five more  
Dancers in line,  
synchronized? ...but...YES!

VIII

All in one line,  
all front and center,  
loud stamping feet,  
thunderclap rich,  
violins straining,  
their strings to hold pitch  
with two-hundred-seventy  
feet on the floor...,  
to the beat of the rhythm,

the rhythm of the Dance.

IX

The Irish Step hard shoe  
now sixty-five Dancers,  
in synchronized step;  
the violins stretching in peak....

YES!

And the Dancers stamp harder  
to the drums of 'Riverdance',  
its sound a shrilling rush,  
clamorous harmony  
while the walls of the Hall  
tremor with verve,  
as the Dancers come forward,  
so close, you can feel them  
breating o'er you!

X

Dancing at stagefront,  
legs crossed in full measure,  
knees high over chins,  
legs lift higher, still,  
in measure and balance  
to the kicked-up impact -  
of the titillating music,  
of grandiose stage;  
anti-climax ovation,  
spontaneously charged.

XI

'Til the Maestro takes over;  
.....it's time to do justice,  
render sweet climax  
to a sterling performance.  
And with one single clap  
of his dexterous hands,  
Dancers take flight,  
with utopic perfection  
spiraled movement,  
graceful decending  
all toes and heels  
touching wood  
all together  
with one deafening strike!

f i n a l e

All shoes now on floor,  
a moments dead still.  
the Dancers stand tall...silent,  
no movement, feet crossed;  
the Audience stands LOUD...

with applause as deafening  
as the applauded were.  
And it sustains for five minutes,  
'til the very last Dancer  
Walks off the stage....  
"Riverdance has delivered, once again"!

\_\_\_\_\_ e p i l o g u e \_\_\_\_\_

AND, THERE BE NOTHING LIKE IT!

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **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...FjR

## **Roses, Roses, Roses, Roses...**

The roses were perfectly sequenced,  
single file... like papal swiss guards,  
flouncing to the reel of hard wind,  
stems in duress bow at their tips,  
inducing unfledged efflorescence  
from natures levy on verdant seed,  
birthmarked to die... limp and stunted.

Fatuous gardener who landscaped this,  
must spend too much time with the grapes.  
Roses were born to blossom in bunch,  
stems intertwined with thorns enabling  
space to breathe yet bonded by root  
from seeds of same for complexions sake.

Juxtapositions were not meant for roses;  
such fix is merely vantage for soldiers,  
and food lines, drawn lines, two pairs of nines...  
valentine massacres;  
quite the stretch from where and how  
a rose might find fertile comfort.

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## S a c r e d

Approaching the stone carved fountain  
on a flesh-toasting noon in Milan  
there's allurements for one  
to turn palms towards the sky,  
immerse them beneath the fresh, cool ripple  
of the iridescent umbrella of liquid  
reflecting its prismsque spout  
off the blinding eye of Gods sun.

However, at the center of town  
in the squares where old folks  
come to sit on stone steps and age,  
where art is unquestionably sacred -  
dipping hands in Borghese or Trevi  
would be likened to the sacrelig  
of ensconcing ones' callused feet  
in the Baptismal of Peter's Basilica,  
though 'sacred' by definition  
is a clear subjective issue....  
with exception of course, to the atheists,  
agnostics and yes, men of the cloth  
who were mortally stained  
by the sins of their own choosing.

Traditionalists tend to scoff at such notion  
and blink? ... not an odds-makers chance;  
castes of olde-garde and bare stripped cultures,  
still embrace the tarnished copper  
that once shone resplendent  
as deep yellow gold;  
rules that withstood  
maverick efforts of change;  
the likes of John XXIII and Vatican II  
which to traditionalists was sheer Papal faux-pas,  
changes in canon law that must have had Leo  
and Ignatius rolling in their tombs...  
for during their time and tenure,  
all which was considered sacred  
was decided by that city within a city  
and was considered very objective,  
indelible....'jacta alea est'!  
And because so... all of this... as well as all of that  
must be acknowledged and respected all the same...  
as that... is 'sacred' in itself.

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **S o u l s - I n - S l e e p ...**

Souls in sleep, beneath morning's dew,  
heard the prayers of Death by graveside,  
smelt the stale of floral, on freshly dug sod  
too soft to take knee and whisper  
words never shared...now lost to regret.

Shadows eclipse this yard of stone,  
sunfall peeks through naked branches,  
twilight casts arched silhouettes  
over rock's cold grey silence;  
names and dates lose their stipple to the night.

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

And if these occupants awoke-  
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;  
Eccentricity pours from my matter.  
We live, die, yet somewhere between  
we speak of the many souls in sleep-  
until we too, rest beneath mornings dew.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**Sandy Hook 26 {A Brief Tribute}**

The Town was unconscionably dark that day,  
tho' the sun shone wide and bright as it rose.  
Perhaps the flames of deliverance, it was  
from a blood-hell entity, absent of God-kiss,  
the kind that doth ne'er waver nor flinch  
from the burning of innocence to ash...to ash.

No time to ask why, or how HE watched,  
for there be other forces here-now who-  
skew HIS great gift of Free Will to us;  
However, let there be no blind mistaking,  
As the 'other' forces reign be short lived.  
Go read John if doubt be your weakness!

God Bless the victims of the Sandy Hook  
Elementary School massacre along with  
their families and friends.....Peace to all

.....

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Saturday's Sultry Soho Spinster {Alliteration Format}**

An Activity a la Alliteration...

Sordidly, she stumbles....shuffling south of th' sunporched Steinway;  
Sighing sensually, supined social-service, such superfluous satiation;  
Stained silk sheets, softly shrouding.....seductively shaped shoulders;  
Savoir faire.....shamelessly spilling such shear satin, sans serfeit;  
Sententiously.....she spews sardonic solipsisms...so, so, so... sanctimoniously.  
Spinster she....satans seed sower....sex sleuth....such stark stamina, S \* \* \*!  
She says, 'so-long, see ya' sleek-snake Sonny, some shaded Saturday soon;  
Sunrise sixty-nine, she says..... Sonny smiles, suffice to say, such shangri-la.  
Shhhhh! Sonny sings a song: 'Soho's Spinster Sits Sooooo Sunday Sore'!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Scenario @ "96"**

I'll pour y'u a cup of mum's tulsu green tea  
Keep yo'r demitasse safe in yo'r breakfront  
For yo'r Ladies Club meeting next Tuesday  
When y'u serve- yo'r Neapolitan crumpet's

And, then i look.....into her sad tired, eye's  
I realise these visit's are her weeks highlite  
So i say..... "This calls for your demitasse"  
Said, it made her green tea, th' more tangy

Som'times i wonder who'll come to visit me  
Share green tea and crumpets when i'm 96  
Thing is i hate Tea, and have no demitasse  
Quite a scenario.....Will i have to die lonely?

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Searching For Stonehenge & Paradise {Revision}

Time will not deign requests,  
least of all... answer threats;  
hand's methodic, indifferent,  
perpetually..... insistant,  
to the impendings, portendings-  
the ultimate endings,  
we incur on ourselves,  
tossed to back shelves,  
sins we have laid,  
Free Will's sad parade.

And perhaps it's not fair -  
Time carries its air  
with obstinate stare,  
should ever you dare  
to challenge Times hand  
as its glass drops the sand  
by Destiny's power  
dictating 'The Hour'  
that be our last.

You must be agnostic,  
or a Doctor of Space  
who purges prognostics,  
out the sides of your face -  
to take on this question  
of Time, Life and Lesson,  
rebuke Heaven's Gate,  
from logics queer bait  
that bookmarks your your guile;  
look at Abaddon smile.

Still we're searching, searching,  
where great men laid their claims  
'til Time synchronates  
with Destiny's date.  
Poor us.....and in fact-  
damn Us and our acts  
that Time won't take back.

What to do, my friend?  
Is there Time to repent?  
Perhaps time we search  
for some grail of re-birth,  
some renewed ambience...  
RENAISSANCE!

For the God-Gifts we take  
for granted each day,  
and rarely embrace,  
'til Time drops its hands

of age on our shoulders.

Time never veers, never lies,  
it be the one element of Life  
that always moves on and forward,  
non-negotiable, relentless and stalwart,  
and through our memories, cherished in kind  
Time allows us to kindle our minds  
to the many events and stories  
of our youth, friends, love and glory;  
of ships we once sailed o'er riptides,  
storms we met head-on, caps of white,  
on course by the nautical hands of a clock,  
yet, with God-safe return on back to dock  
from whence it all did start-  
still we search for who we are.

Quite silent be this dock  
still the hands of Life's terminal clock -  
methodic, indifferent,  
perpetually insistant.  
Be us death-webbed and caught  
on a string two prayers short,  
so long as we're not,  
souless...begot.

Searching for nothing, nowhere,  
I am fretingly searching, and-  
where be Peters Rock?  
'Neath Stonehenge, o'er Paradise?  
Beside a thick, tattered rope  
used to crucify him  
on an upside-down Cross?

Eye's open....you'll see, -  
of course he'll be  
waiting on your ticket  
to Paradise.

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Seer Sees Suns Shadow as Seven Seals Sign{Terza-Rima Format}**

See Suns eclipse first rear its shadowed spine,  
glossed, warm skies veiled by wafts of stone cold grey  
scape, dark and deep as black Italian wine.

Encompassing Night, circled rim of day,  
this Sun a sign, the Beast has come, bewitched  
by numbra's in stage, Orb(ed) by solar ray's.

Precise movement sews each stage on stitch  
in time...as cycles are most most apt to do  
for perfection, science; be no room for glitch.

Four hours, and skies pre-sent normal view,  
'Total Eclipse of The Sun', long now passed;  
black and Gold, yielding to skies, azure blue.

Seer's come, forward, portending their last,  
spilling of ersatz.....from time's future past.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Sensually Symmetric...**

We stand naked, afront each other.....fully dressed;  
Ne're a muscle moves.....yet one disrobes the other  
Som'times fantasias' so strong, anti-climax is raised  
Most times it serves itself well; A stimulating tease;  
She runs her moist tongue 'cross'er sweetheart lips.

It's a game you only dare to play.....when you know,  
No ones around to interrupt such emotional energy.  
Fantasia...can become reality in a passions moment.  
So why then do we taunt each other's human need?  
Because 'to need' is to 'enjoy the endz', all the more!

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **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...

(September 1st,2007)

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **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 one river, and then -  
it spirals to the riverbreak.....,  
kissing the fork, seperating the surge.

And, there be majic, in the riverbreak;  
its' speed and strength 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...Sssssh... of quelling waters...  
resume their course side the riverbreak  
two streams quiet 'til they meet again.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Solipsisms {An Acrostical Dectina-Refrain }**

The below work is an example  
of an Acrostic Dectina-Refrain  
This poetic format requires the  
following four adherences.....

\*The poem must be 10 lines and its  
finished construction should resemble  
stair-steps or a half sided pyramid.

\* The number of syllables in each Line  
must match that Lines number, meaning,  
Line 1 requires one syllable, Line 2,  
two syllables, and so on, with the final  
Line, or Line 10 requiring 10 syllables.

\*The first letters of each line must spell  
out the title of the poem. This is the re-  
quired Acrostic to the poem.

\*Finally, Line 10 must be a repeat of  
Lines 1,2,3 and 4 consolidated.  
Hope You Enjoy.

---

### SOLIPSISMS

Stone  
Occludes  
L o g i c s Eye  
I n- O v e r v i e w.  
Pugnacious, tho' poised,  
Stanced in steel, wavers not,  
I n spite of f a c t s, and d a t a,  
Suggesting they are wrong as sin;  
M y o p i c, to all that may see best-  
Stone occludes Logics Eye, in overview.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

### **Some Couplets on Life For The Cynical Muse...**

One never really knows when anathema will strike;  
Some sense portent of th' bizarre by....malediction.

Did th' Mayans really understand God, and science  
Or... did Nostradamus own a Waterford crystal ball?

And, should I be awakened in my pinched pine-box  
Will th' cold silence re-instill my warm mortal being?

I own no ilixur...that might soothe your manic mind;  
I can speculate but that would be merely speculation.

Truth is... I possess no quench to deign such queries;  
Reason being..Lifes too short for its non-negotiables.

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Sonnet For The Brain On Drugs**

Choking, 'pon herbs an' chemical  
Mercurial Brain....short of breath  
Both Halves.....anti-symmetrical  
In all essence.....waiting on Death  
Still th' User bleeds...for th' Rush  
Which in turn begs logic...to hush  
An' like all black cars attract dust  
Jus' as old coffin nails cling to rust  
So th' user must bond with the fix  
To th' ambience...of emotional trix  
An' the lie, that poppies ne'er prick  
From a face, with jaded Eye's fixed

Mercurial Brain...drained of breath  
Asystole.....then.....Time of Death

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Sonnet For The Dying**

In a dream the Reaper came to me in apparition  
Its ominous orb permeating my lame Rapid-Eye  
Deliverance aborted by th' wings of dawns Angel  
I felt her permeate past my dry, choking arteries  
Heard the whisper of her touch beneath my soul  
Snapping th' Reapers cicle in.....shards of seven.

Upon waking from this paragon of anachronism  
I fear not th' moment my lungs surrender breath

Close my eyes, love, comes th' day I no longer can-  
smile at yo'rs, as that be fate far worse then Death.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Sonnet For the Eve of All Hallows {Souls of The Blest}**

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

Death's voice....cannot be qualified 'less you've been there  
Yet, i've heard premonitions voice.....choirs with credence  
Of Sunday verse sung by men....in black with collars white  
Evoking th' fear of God- for when our winds of Death blow

Stories from th' grave.....shed no light upon those sleeping  
Still, we follow old traditions, in hopes to find new answers  
We'll speak to th' steel-grey stone, upon soft, unlevelled soil  
In hopes all these stories dark, be blest in God-Kissed Light

Still many questions live, in deepest sleep, with our Saint's  
Perhaps somewher' beyond all this lay th' hallowed answers

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Souls In Sleep...**

Souls in sleep, beneath morning's dew,  
felt the breeze of death through the willows,  
smelt the fetor of flowers wilting  
all over each other, on freshly dug sod,  
too soft to take knee and whisper  
unspoken words...now lost to regret.

Shadows eclipse this yard of stone,  
sunfall breaks through naked branch,  
twilight casts arched silhouettes  
over rows of flaking granite,  
names and dates lose their stipple to the night.

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

And if these occupants suddenly awoke  
would they speak of a promised kingdom  
or a passage absent of grace.  
Ashes cannot speak or hear,  
still we talk to the ground,  
and wait for the wind  
that satisfies myths and hopes  
until someday we, too,  
will rest beneath mornings dew.

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Frank J. Ryan, Jr.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**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  
Twenty Dancers  
Being watched  
By twenty more  
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 glancing movement  
Madonna's.....in 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...FjR

**Sounds Inside An Empty Church, While God Listens...[A Senryu]**

Through an empty Church  
Walking past aisles, briskly  
To my breaths echo...

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Story of A Butterflies Query & A Little Girls Anomaly...

An Ediths Checkerboard spoke to a child,  
asked, why do butterflies die young, then smiled.  
I have no idea, I 'm just a little girl,  
Chrysalis and Wing-dusts do resemble glossed pearls,  
and a plethora of...the forementioned synchronized duo  
has propensity to transmogrify a promiscuous imago-  
into a houndstooth, wool eating circled hole making,  
mother munching moth of Versace fine tasting,  
albeit, ha-ha, that really never happens, at all,  
as I heard a wise cat tell a "piller", TALL-  
that you can never ever really 'catch a' piller',  
for their addiction to flight is a dangerous thrill-er  
until the 'piller' is caught, cuffed...redeemed-  
so I found out one day reading Time Magazine  
You see 'pillers' fly high... just like you,  
it's what "pillers" and butterflies do;  
they just land from a different dimension,  
due to take-off and half-baked suspension,  
and I heard that it's scarry and so temporary  
that it obscures the "pillers" perception.

My, my said Edith, how precocious you be.  
How is it you possess such knowledge of me?  
an erudite scope of polymorphistic knowledge;  
might I ask if you've attended a bug college?  
Your amplitude finds me and shines me,  
my family and fellow liepidoptra seeds!  
Said the little girl to the Edith butterfly,  
with a wide white-tooth mile of smile  
mischevous, perhaps but quite wise  
that shone through her little girl eyes,  
'I 'm not sure, to be sure,  
but one twilight, by shore  
I saw a Brood of butterflies 'neath the sun,  
and I think butterflies could live past year one  
if they, and their mates could curtail their Brood-ing  
that they appear to exercise with such flair and well-doing,  
in the late afternoon by the curious loons  
as sun passes torch to the new evening moon,  
behind the swampiest of weed that guises the bay  
where butterflies choir their Brood-ing ways  
'neath the summer sky of celestial light  
as they kick-up their wing-dust all through the night.

(c) Frank J. Ryan, Jr.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Strange Random Thoughts For A Fireside Chat on a Stormy Night....

Imbedded stench of ether  
bleeding from the tile,  
washed in antiseptic drip,...and-  
I'm wondering how to sleep  
between the threaded lines  
of cognizance, nonplussedness;  
my options here quite limited  
in attempting to impermeate  
the state of the human brain-  
from the outside looking in.

Surgical stages, like twilight,  
presenting mood in colours  
until the curtain falls  
before a sea of eyes and masks...and-

I'm still wondering all about it,  
yet with lucid understanding that-  
I'll never really grasp  
the questions of it all,  
the answers to be questioned,  
some dank, stormy night  
by fireside, chatting.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Striking Clocks and Paradox**

Still, dance....dance we must  
over skies of billowing sage  
in search of lost tabernacles,  
tarnished gold now bible black.

And..... what shall we do when Time  
takes its last lap around its own face.

Mercy is earned,  
Justice is served,  
Life is a paradox,  
Death is normal,  
Love dyslexically  
'E v o l', at 'times'?

[Yet, Oooooh...! So burning sweet]

Thus, until then, on we must dance,  
dance, still, we must dance to Time-  
dance, 'til the clocks strike no more.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Surgical Fields and Twilight...**

Last whiff of stale ether  
before the succumbing,  
lathering stone white walls,  
in nexus with antiseptic wash,  
wondering what happens, now-  
beyond the neurological threadings  
of cognizance and consciousness,  
with scenarios very limited  
when attempting to permeate  
the state of the human brain  
from the outside looking in;

surgical fields, like twilight...  
shadowed and strange;  
still pondering their connection  
just the same.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FJR

## **T h e E n d...**

{S` Ru-Darkside}

---

'Pointed circle spins  
Inside Chaos...laughing large  
No way out, he caws...

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Triple X's...**

**\*WARNING\***  
This May Not Turn Out To Be  
What You Might Be Expecting

---

See... two X's wait  
For one more to celebrate  
No 'O's'...Tic Tac Toe!

---

Told You, All You Dirty Birdies!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Taking Nothing 4 Granted**

Thinking out of th' box is not necessarily  
a panacea to a garden of long stem roses,  
for if it were, what else would anyone do  
in achieving.....excellence and accolade.  
A certain positive, that 'Box', out th' gate,  
like the runner who is off 'with' the gun.  
Yet, that advantage attained at the start  
Will only end, with objectives being met  
If the last leg be run as if th' first wasn't.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Taking Nothing 4 Granted...(redux)**

Thinking out of th' box is not necessarily  
a panacea to a garden of long stem roses,  
for if it were, what else would anyone do  
in achieving success, excellence and benefit.  
from a brand of inspiration that discharges  
like a runner who's off at the sound of the gun.  
Yet, that advantage attained at th' start  
Will only end, with objectives being met  
If the last leg is run like a re-run of the first.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## 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,  
Of a shifting caps,  
And in a moments flash  
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...FjR

## Th' Black Rose Fr'm Dublin Town {An Dubh Rós De Gra}

I laid down o'er yo'r sod last night,  
long aft' th' keeper's, beckoned me  
to hold my psalm 'til mornin' next,  
'fore th' shadowghosts of ev'nintide  
bid th' etched gray stones goodnite.

Time...ne'er rolls a fair toss of dice;  
yearn it to dawdle 'pon yo'r lifeline,  
yearn it to bestir th' nights....fleetly.  
Dreamin', steals reality fr'm o'er ye, '  
Morning slaps a bre'th cold n' hard.

I take me down....to th' valley floral,  
lay down th' cost...for o' single stem;  
penurious florist wants mor' for dye  
I say: can ya roll me a fair toss o'dice.  
'e nods, 'n hands o'er th' Black Rose.

I'll lay me down, o'er yo'r sod tonite,  
tho' time ne'er rolls a fair toss o'dice.  
Dreamin', steals reality from o'er ye',  
Morning slaps a bre'th, cold n' hard;  
I com' a long way fr'm Dublin Town-  
to lay this Black Rose o'er yo'r stead.

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Th' White Stone Crosses O' Donnegal...{A Soldiers Tribute}**

The today's begin- as the yesterday's,  
frosted dew from th' nights cold mist  
blanketing acres of serrate damp soil,  
grassblades wear th' sun on their tips,  
a peacefully warm white burst o' light,  
perhaps, Mother Natures kinder side,  
accomodations for they dwelling here,  
boxed below th' sod, forever sleeping-  
th' many souls of unfinished business,  
far-long beyond injustice an' sacrifice,  
taken young, for love of country, and-  
buried in a sea of white stone crosses;  
real names attached to dates and war,  
the dates not nearly far enough apart,  
an' their stories..... would pale a ghost.

'n, from th' Lowlands to th' Highlands,  
beyon' th' scarlett shores of Donnegal,  
there be scant sod, for the future dead  
as th' gren turf, lo, hath turned to sage  
from th' souls asleep, numbered large;  
th' red nascent sunset eclipsing arches,  
shadows creep, gradually....hauntingly  
o'er th' etchings.... of each white Cross  
An' we visit.....lay down a silent prayer  
that Peace be found...by these Soldiers,  
keep them warm in eversleep.....'neath-  
th' chill.....of their white stone cross.

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## The Black 'n White Of It

Still, and for reasons I cannot justify,  
the two ne'er seem to be shamed  
by the blatant polarization....,  
of they to the others!  
These two alien entities -  
the only chemicaled entities  
that be, isolated, ablated  
and, shunned-by the one and only  
Players Club  
of Resplendent Brotherhood-  
spinning their Wheels  
among themselves  
like Yugo's... stuck in Siberian snowdrifts,  
this concourse of 'a-co-existing' colour,  
What Bias! ...Such Arrogance!

### III BEWARE

Still these colours,  
go about their business,  
stretching like rainbows  
across imaginary lines  
of shade and hue,  
in its own coloured clique  
and per-'spect(ive) rum',  
collaged.....,  
yet collectively no match  
for the symbolical, powerful  
Black and White;

Societies original divisional sin  
and, i've witnessed their prowess  
of the two in conspire  
when the two team or partner;  
socratically, philosophically.

### IV SYMBOLISM

And if there be any doubt  
or reason to.....p a u s e.....  
.....\*cough-cough\*.....  
.....\*exhale\*.....,  
please direct your intelligence  
to the non-coloured duo  
that signify and symbolize  
the hallmark of evenflow,  
the trademark of 'Balance',  
and..Oui, mon ami.....,  
the colours of the Yin and Yang....,  
my friend  
or as we say in Tokyo...□□□□!

The Power of The Black and White.  
And to them, I raise my cup-  
re-cap, mon plume,  
close my eyes...and Dream...,  
as we all do.....,  
in Black and White.

\_\_\_\_\_ V 'IN CAUSATUM' \_\_\_\_\_

'Alas, in the Iris of the Grand Spectrums Eye...  
Black and White, like colour, must fade and DIE!  
\_\_\_\_\_ THE END! \_\_\_\_\_

Ooooooops! BLINDED BY THE DARKSIDE, AGAIN.....!  
Sorry...I couldn't help myself...Some things are just not  
as clear and simple as Black & White, you know? ! Do You?

FjR

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## The Climax

Obeisance, your kindly gesture  
as if we were captains,  
of ships, passing bow stride,  
within human reach;  
breaching ole 'quatic laws,  
but, e'er in romance -  
of this beautiful sea.  
So...What of it, lov'...  
it's just you, it's only me!

You curtsy,  
knees dexterously bent,  
your skirt hugging curves,  
like black paint on canvass-  
looking so tastefully you.

[Oui, tres en-vogue]

You wink...I smile  
like the night before,  
when we swam for hours,

So Very D E E P.....-

upon white capped rush,  
sudden thrust 'n surge  
tips foam like cream  
whipped and sweet,  
a la carte, of course  
with mornings exchange  
of honeyed mist.

Dawn's tide had come.....,  
climaxing the night;  
'neath sunrise  
with a sense of replete,  
sensually clamorous,  
and much to a random  
fishermans dismay,  
sitting dockside,  
cursing the fast fleeing Flounder,  
his expected -  
'catch' of the day!  
'Tel est amour, mon ami '!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **The Connection {Pour Ma Reine de Coeurs}...**

In my life lov'..... I'll have no stronger need  
then t' hear th' pulse of yo'r heart next t' mine,  
feel your velvet hair..... drape o'er my chest,  
while we warm each others....sensual chimera.

And in all that I am... and with all that I yearn,  
know this.....I will always require you, my lov';  
Our souls be connected...by th' nexus of Heart  
may our hearts ever beat.....in synchronicity.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **The Connection...**

In my life lov'..... I'll have no stronger need  
then t' hear th' pulse of yo'r heart next t' mine,  
feel your velvet hair..... drape o'er my chest,  
while we warm each others.....sensual chimera.

And in all that I am... and with all that I yearn  
know this, lov'.....I will always require you.  
Our souls be connected by th' nexus of amour;  
may our hearts ever beat.....in synchronicity.

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## The Crucifer And The Bishop...

The Crucifer turned to the 12th Station, and realizing the great honour it was to be the one chosen to carry the symbol of the Crucifixion and stand afront the Station of The Cross that reflected the crucified Christ weak, bludgeoned, and on the cusp of death, the Crucifer, a young man no more than fifteen suddenly took to a state of aural paralysis and froze motionless at the foot of the Station. So, when the Bishop tapped his brass Staff, a signal for the Crucifer to move on to the next Station...the young man did not respond. A second, far louder tap followed, and could be heard throughout the Cathedral, the Bishop looking over a sea of tall candles and deacons ten long and two abreast so as to see what was holding up his pathed ceremony.

Yet, the Crucifer stood still, statuesque, ossified like the tombs of St. Peters catacombs. Now wearing an obvious sense of displeasure, ornately displayed thru' winced eyes and crinkled brow, the Bishop proceded to walk briskly toward the front of the procession, passing the deacons holding the candles, until he finally arrived at the head of the holy calvacade, where-upon he quietly yet firmly confronted the Crucifer. 'Young man, why are you ignoring my requests?' The Crucifer replied... 'I am truly sorry 'Your Eminence', as I mean you no disrespect but although you hold a most sacredly important position in the Church....unfortunately, I've been summoned to respond to anothers request that you once told me takes precedence over yours....Your Eminence'.

The Bishop, now flustered and in complete frustration chided back, 'And whom might this be, pray-tell '? The Crucifer looked sternly into the eyes of the Bishop and said, 'My God...if you don't know the answer to that, then perhaps you should take this Cross and stay here, while I take your Staff and lead this procession before that Man hanging on the Cross at the 12th Station is credited with making His first ever mistake!

Suffice to say both the Bishop and the Crucifer did not break bread and drink wine together that day.

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## **The Death of Autumn...{Sonnet 12-21}**

Watching leaves turn like chameleons  
Sensing Autumns.....inevitable doom  
Scathed by southern winds, breathing  
Thru' Mother Natures.....Winter tomb  
Her October conception bleeds colour  
Autumntide....wherein she finds home  
Sky's lustrous drapes...dropp and cover  
O'er harvests cold, shadow'd greystone  
And, October.....no choice but to yield  
Unto Novembers...harsh, ossified meal  
While, Mother Nature spins her breeze  
Casting Autumn... unto Winters freeze

Burnt umber leaf.....Octobers breadth  
'Til Winter's birth hails Autumns death

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## **The Fall of Providence**

In the center of a Dak-To paddy-field  
laid the last of the dead...smoldering  
like a box of lit Corona's, strewn -  
and the scent was mundungus!

Suddenly a stir o'er the pyre,  
clouds split like that sea of Red,  
fresh air blew hard and fast,  
the touch-down was deafening.

Negotiating the napalmed soil, one by one  
camouflaged men carried charred flesh  
into the grey metal birds, while-  
a woman standing on the field gasped,  
young village woman, painted, sweating,  
shivering from the strike of heat about her;  
never tasted carnage like this before,  
thought she'd seen it all in Da'Nang  
yet, this was worse...this was Saigon.  
And, looking up 'tween bamboo shoots,  
supine and spread for her Lifeitution-  
a fair exchange for food and air?

And in a flash...all was gone  
but the indelible stain of horror.  
And the woman waved at the burning brush-  
in the empty field around her,  
in symbolic respect for the lost,  
was all she could do.

Respect comes in myriad emotions  
that was one of them.  
Tomorrow War will carry-on  
somewhere, everywhere -  
because we can.

Still, we continue to boast about  
how we'd die for our children,  
want to leave them a better world  
to raise our children's children.  
Yet look at the bloody chaos  
they've been earmarked to inherit?

Sometimes i wonder if it's all a twisted reality-show to find out-  
just how so damn ignorant we can live our mortal lives.....yeah.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## The Lucifer Effect {Appocalypse de Abaddon} (rev.)

### I ASPERSIONS

I will not die, will not deign mortality;  
I stand opposed, defiant to Life's reality;  
I guffaw at Times' ever-circling hands,  
Moving faster than wind-swept sand.

How do You give.... then take all away  
This gift of Yours wrapped in years and day's  
Free Will, a gift...temptation guaranteed  
To bait ones yen with Abaddon's seeds.

### II FALSE \*ACCOLADES

You reign with powers lauded 'All Supreme',  
Controlling land, sky, crypts...all the seven seas.  
Certainly a King, more powerful than Time  
Could spare a moment of 'His' time...  
.....for bread and wine.

### III DECEPTION

Take a look into my eys's, see the nuance, and-  
jaunt beyond lights dawning renaissance.  
Take my hand, trust in friendship...and You'll see -  
All that stands before your eye's be yours with me!

Friend, why must we wage war over the past?  
Have you not seen what i've done since we battled last?  
Tear and blood pour deep from shore to shore;  
Take my hand, Yeshua.....and all mine be Yours.

### IV ABATING \*ASSERTMENT'S

You claim Your Father hath bestowed on You,  
Pontiffications, ultimate Light and Rule.  
But if You are all this, please tell me why -  
You hung helpless on a Cross 'til Your Spirit died!

There are no rules with me, no blood to spill;  
My people come from 'blooming' dales and 'aisled' hills.  
Capitols to bunkers....here there be no bias;  
Only fools are altruistic, pure and pious.

### V WISDOM \*&\* TRUTH

So, what say You now, King of Kings, can you see,  
That your Kingdom needs an Overlord like me?  
What's that you say, You're going to take a pass?  
That the green You see is not of greener grass?

Well, then, on we'll move, show me that door,  
The one that will discharge 'The Final War'.  
Do You really think you can make me disappear?  
For if you could, You woul.....  
.....  
.....+

\_\_\_\_\_ V I \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ A D - I N F I N I T U M \_\_\_\_\_

And, by God's Hand.....the Cross stands again,  
O'er the seven horn's...on beastly head's of Ten  
Conquered, by the Seventh Seal, Christsent, Lo!  
Read The Book of Revelation.....comprehend.

Wisdom speaks.....and bears the mark of Light;  
Judgement commeth by a numbers Holy plight,  
And that number be three seven's, Three in One;  
Smybol of the Trinity.....Circle of Eternity,  
Forever within our souls... the mark of The Son.

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

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**The Majique of New York [Acrostical Dectina-Refrain]**

In  
New York,  
No one sleeps,  
Even Dave Blain!  
Waving Majique sparks-  
Your eyes cannot un-masque.  
Overlooking, Chrysler's Sphere,  
Rising 'neath..... the Empire State;  
Know this my friend, an' make no mistake...

.....,  
In New York, No One Sleeps, Even Dave Blain!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **The N u r t u r i n g (Redux)**

Nestled in curve as crescent moons  
against each other...reverberating,  
  
the youngest of her flock, coveting,  
jockeying for vantage, favour  
  
for matriarch warmth, sore fruition  
and the suckled breast, moist, hard,  
  
achieving equal measure, pooled  
within her swelled, pacifying glands,  
  
thus, to ration, nourish, concilliate  
her brusque, wet hatchlings with  
  
assurance they all be well settled in  
for a nights soft sleep by moon-watch.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## The Poppy Isn't Always A Flower...

Poppies, red and pretty be...

Intensely fantasial,  
as they be malignant  
like Autumns leaves  
in the grip of Winter.  
Self-inflicted disease,  
despite outward signs,  
the abstract dreams,  
the tolling of bells  
in the silence of night,  
that deafen sprite ears,  
stun equilibrium,  
fork the numb tongue,  
hurniating the pores  
of your apothecaried Brain.  
And the syringes you stole  
out the bowels of the clinic,  
during a 'trip' thru' your slanted Mind.  
.....Did you really not know you were dying?

Poppies, red and pretty be...

Such a mantra you flew  
off the wings of strange seriphs-  
in guise, fallen angels  
from the depths of Hades,  
tho' you called it, 'Elysium',  
as your cankered mouth,  
exposed your tracked under-tongue.

Tell me how do you feel, now...,  
Not to worry...  
Time will relieve you  
and all this shall pass  
but, if no...Ahhh,  
you're just one prick away  
from that place where you sit  
at the helm of your kingdom,  
as god of your dazed "underworld" -  
.....,  
and the sex is sufeit  
'tween the flaming teaspoons;  
and chimeric guests and hosts,  
confusing 'wants' and 'needs'  
'til time ran your table  
like nine-ball with a Shark  
Did you think you wouldn't'scratch'?

Poppies, red and pretty be...

The metamorphosis is a bitch

chords of breath choking hard,  
and thank God for this,  
for there be no other part  
of your body than this  
that can raise itself up sustainingly.

You place your head  
in your cold swatted hands,  
fingers gripping your hair;  
virility lost,  
your arteries pulsing madly.

And you find yourself hiding  
from mirrors, as they-  
can look right back at you,  
making denial all the more difficult;  
making you wonder  
how your Floridian tan  
has turned a sick pallid ash.  
Damn the Rush, Damn your substed self!  
Did you really think you could soften the 'Crash'?

Poppies, red and pretty be...

Breath be done; still you lay,  
I stare at your eyelids  
pinched yet closed.  
I want to ask questions; ,  
want to curse your life  
want to ask if you'd do it all over again',  
was the thrill worth the means of the'endz'?

Perhaps you dreamt of black limousines,  
being carried 'round in a dark, wood box  
to a field composed of stone and silence,  
where prayers be offered high over you,  
in moist dirt void of smile and poppies.

My turn, now, to dropp that sweatheart rose,  
on the wood as they everso slowly lower -  
your bone pertruding ash-grey flesh  
whose decomposition  
was complete, long, long ago  
and well ahead  
of the last rose petals  
that stain the pine in permanence -  
from their own rigor-mortis...Amen...

You never thought you would really die, did you?

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **The Questions {Senryu-Pentad}**

Won't you come with me  
To Utopic Dimensions  
Honeyed Dreams sublime.

Do you thirst like me..?  
for a taste of Rhapsody..?  
Take me in....imbibe.

You are warm and sweet  
but are you mine forever..?  
Speak your tongue with mine!

Answer my question  
'Fore I close my eye's again;  
Dreams, like Time...pass.

Hour-glass empty  
A very hard decision  
Nirvana, and wine!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **The Realities & Ends of Life...**

Wings don't always fly  
It's just a credible assumption  
Like saying every person with legs  
Can walk or bend at the knees

Logic and Reason  
Be an erudite duo  
But at what credible point  
Does 'Vision' supersede it

Yet, eyes aren't always perspicuous  
To what images stands afront them  
'Tis why sleep can be quite rewarding  
For in Dreams we can do anything

Wishing we had wings to fly  
Away from the Logic and Reason  
That brings us to our knees  
Blinds and deafens our worlds

'Til Death comes for our Souls  
Shaking its head at the likes of us  
Knowing too well that It be  
Our only escape from the dread  
Of Lifes reality and ends

An excerpt from my series, 'Brainworx '

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **The River! River!**

So begins my story, strange...

Young woman in old clothes,  
looking far past her age,  
sits nervously prattling to herself -  
at a square presed-wood table,  
imbrued by dark ink,  
engraved in cut chicken scratch  
obscene, tho', barely legible,  
within the wood-grooved  
whose splinters obscure -  
a clean, clear view.

Then, of course there were,  
the hand-happy wood slammers  
purging their confetti  
of manic emotions  
within the un-holy confinds  
of a stenched, human bandbox,  
mundungus and fullsome.

She has witnessed insidious horror,  
tho' she's guilty of no crime.  
Yet, her congenital mental state  
offers skinny, skewed specifics...,  
to validate what she'd seen.

Then, suddenly her green eye's  
open large and expressive  
as though she'd been deep in dream,  
a dream of a surreal, queerly nature-  
frighteneing her senses to awaken.

The River! The River! ....she begins to shout;  
her pupils dancing with frightening verve.

Then there was silence...for a very long time.....,  
for a very, long time.....-

And tho' it seemed her vibrant eyes  
had so much more to say,  
her four other senses were stricken.,  
while she stared into a blue sea of shirts  
with numbered sheilds in shiny silver,  
who then defered to those standing  
with darker, plain clothes,  
with their hideous K-Mart ties  
well hung over their flies...,  
and who strategically made yeoman efforts  
to crack the imbrued, skewed stem  
of the womans anemic brain...

All for nought -

like attempting to turn a sestina  
into an ode

wasting precious Time!

Time...fascinating...yet ne're a friend to tide nor justice.

And so.....

Two weeks later they found what they needed to find -  
two weeks sooner.

The body was pulled from a river,  
a shallow river...  
and had to be thawed  
from the fourteen days  
of an ice-glaced December.

Some silver shields would soon turn to gold  
for the put forth in kind,  
(albeit a disarrayed mission)  
for their days and weeks,  
of attempting to tap  
wine from a carafe of pepsi...

And the mentally deprived woman  
remained true to her story,  
and for nights aft' returning back home,  
neighbors would be awakened in the mid-night  
to the eerie mono-chanting  
of the woman crying out...  
within her deep-rooted dreams

The River! The River!

Her nights a virtual freeze-frame...

Neighbors moved;  
Houses gutted,  
the land was turned over -  
yet, to this day  
no one really knows what happened  
so many years ago.

Old woman, now one-hundred and three,  
tho' some sware, a half score more;  
self-imprisoned in her house  
all by herself...still sticken by time and events.

No one can hear her wallowing by the stove.

Perhaps this is how it must be.

Last June I heard that the river had dried,  
and though July rains were in plenty-  
the serpentine water-path never drinks;  
perhaps this is how it must be.

So ends my story, strange.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **The Second Presage...[Redux]**

Senses alive I felt a presage breathing thru' my Brain,  
Time dropped its hands to purge spaced indifference,  
Breadth of Science loses sight by th' open Eye of God,  
Pagans stand silent, as they only relate to black holes.

Stunned, yet, still I saw th' light from a passing Cross,  
Bruising, hot breeze coursing thru' my labored lungs.  
Momentary peril, I cough a breath like a newborn, as-  
Seven Angel's voices whisper sweetly, 'You are Home'.

Where goes th' flesh of my mortalness, beyond th' ash,  
For is that not what th' Gospel preaches every Sunday.  
Time lifts its hands, moves again, so hauntingly quiet;  
Senses alive, I felt them, I did....from another presage.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **The Stallion's Parable...**

In observing th' capriole....of a spirited black stallion-  
.....did i...

One Sunday afternoon, 'pon th' grounds of a manege-  
.....sat 'an mused...

That if a wild animal could negotiate such complexity-  
.....why, then...

Can't we, as intelligent life.....employ our Good-Sense-  
.....of Reason...

And of Logic, in exploring our common denominators-  
.....as one...

People, sharing th' same earth and seed....sowing lives-  
.....and destinies...

By behaving with no less class...than th' spirited horse  
I observed one Sunday, upon the grounds of a manege,  
negotiating a capriole, with an air of Logic and Reason-  
.....about itself.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

### **The Star, The Wish, The Coming..**

Some night's.....there be this special star  
that captures th' iris of my mawkish eye.  
And closing both eyes.....I make a wish,  
To feel your soft aura...blanket my senses,  
like sensual elixir.....warm.....intoxicating.  
I open my eye's....yet, never are you there-  
An' whats left of me, breathes th' darkness,  
from th' starlit air...as I sternly ask myself:  
When will our love come.... and rise again?

\_\_\_\_\_(((F j R))) \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **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 strike 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...FjR

## THE TRIALS & TRIBULATIONS 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...FjR

**The War That Supposedly Never Was...{A Soldier's Story/Saigon '75~An Independence Day Tribute}**

The Subluxation

We engaged the Crooked Path  
With trees dropping small grey pineapples

I wanted to fight, not to run...

The Suffocation

We choked on fresh burnt flesh  
And tasted smoldering black plastic bags

I wanted to fire my gun....

The Indignation

We broke down at the finish line  
And wept at the starting gate we never saw

I wanted to say we had won....

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **These Moments of Innocence {La Terza Versione}**

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

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

Verdant and promising,  
yet bleeding for nurture,  
the infant limb embraced  
the presence of the dove -  
.....cautiously.  
And in time, so adopted  
an unconscious bond of trust,  
an expectence, if you will,  
to all the young branch  
grew accustomed to.  
All this... and nothing more.  
Moments such as these  
are as close as perfection comes...  
no closer 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,  
but mere expectence of the limb  
for some reciprocal.  
Still its wing's flutter spritely,  
spinning fresh breeze upon itself  
with an ambience of cherubic peace,  
utopic peace.....in solitude.  
Just this...and nothing more.  
A trinity of doves carry overhead...  
a family, a flock of natures' gold -  
all this....and nothing more.

And within these fertile moments

innocence conceives;  
innocence, incarnate,  
life's sweetest gift.

And all too soon, life moves forward  
as time knows how to do no different.  
And with it, the child limb becomes -  
a branch that will shoulder many years  
of shelter, beauty....and so much more  
providing confidence,  
to its own offspring growth  
upon the natural seed of nature.

And perhaps for a moment  
the remembrance of a dove,  
who has since moved forward in time -  
to perch on other verdant trees  
with newfound landings.  
Yet, always discognizant  
to its' virtuous presence,  
the dove....would never know -  
the gift it brought to an infant limb  
so many "moments" ago.  
All this, and so much more;  
Innocence....a utopic dimension of being  
that has no equal... to so much more.

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

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **This Child Within The Man {When Crossroads Connect}**

Crossroads splitting 'neath July's late sun,  
like a silent tremor,  
four streets meet,  
and it's time for decision-  
where to go now.  
Looking for alternate roads,  
sun dying fast,  
narrowing paths and options.

I see a bridge beyond and 'neath  
a backdrape of golden  
trimmed burgandy;  
high sunset bleeding  
into evenings mergence,  
like a virgin falling,  
falling-  
falling to her knees  
slowly, softly-  
to her knees.

I wait for sunsets torch pass  
to twilight, such nuance  
of final subtle change of light,  
enabling me to find a path...  
and take me home.

But, the 'wait' seemed as endless time-  
endless time;  
made my mind drift away -  
from logical concepts,  
my world of command-  
and inexplicably...I was a child again,  
approaching the Bridge and grinning  
at the illusive kaleidoscops above,  
dripping from the sky.....  
like strawberry syrup.

Darkness free from daylight's womb,  
smothering twilight's breath  
in concert with three-quarters Moon -  
resurrecting light to the nascent eve.

And upon a closer look, i see-  
that these crossroads ne'er split, at all;  
ne'er at all;  
that the abstract drip of Sunset  
had merely cast deception  
on the roads roughshod pavement  
i'd attempted to negotiate,  
as all men tend to do!

And i saw all this, as a child

with limited logic, or so it seemed;  
which made me wonder  
how i'd find my way home,  
now that the child within,  
had left me to become -  
a well versed man of judgement,  
a man of good judgement.

Makes me wonder, still, 'bout many other things,  
as a man of head-strong conviction,  
as opposed to the boy at the crossroads,  
who saw Life with open-mind and eye's,  
knowing somehow, there was a way home,  
by following the familiar lights ahead,  
taking in its shades and colours.  
Hope this boy does not grow up too fast,  
for i have so much to learn from him....,  
before he becomes me...  
becomes me...  
becomes.

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Those Days of Black 'n White Cookies

Remembering when-  
we'd eat black and white cookies  
the size of pie-plates,  
early dawn baked  
in the old world kitchen  
of Morelli's Brick Ovenworx,  
Bridge Street in Washington Heights,  
where Morelli's spirit never died.

Remembering when-  
Our boob-tubes were boxes  
no larger than laptops  
whose term had once meant  
that your pet Irish Setter  
was licking the scalp  
of your fathers bald head!  
And such days they were  
laced with what kids today  
would label, mundane;  
if only they knew,  
if only they'd seen-  
when Sullivan hosted  
every Sunday night,  
in black and white.

Remembering when-  
Philbin and Downs,  
drank Chock Full 'o Nuts  
every Heavenly morning  
'til the game shows kicked in:  
What a deal, What a deal!  
Hall gave the full 'Monty'  
with a young Carol Merrel,  
quite a mid-morning dish  
a decade before  
Dick Clark architected  
his ten-thousand pyramid.

Remembering when-  
Nightly News at Six,  
and eleven once more,  
had Huntley and Brinklley  
who gave us the word  
like gospel and serpico,  
no bias nor banter  
or stoking the flames  
of political errections  
be it left or right handed,

Now flat-screen and botox  
air-brush our tech-minds;

the ten o'clock anchors  
look more like a promo  
for an afternoon visit  
at Madame Tussauds.

Yet we live without Cronkite,  
without his pinache,  
his scrupulous mantra,  
stoking the public  
with pathos and pertinence  
like he did that black friday  
in nineteen sixty-three;  
as we all rained together,  
and good man named King  
cried and preached,  
what a difference that Friday  
could have made,  
could have been the start  
of a new social order-  
but it died in Dallas,  
buried in the earth  
of Arlington...  
three days later.

Now, fifty years past,  
some still bear the chains,  
relive them in flashbacks,  
these memories  
and their ever-scars,  
wounds that forever  
impress upon faces  
and the mindsets of they  
who remember...are reminded  
by moments in Life  
from yesterdays flashback.

For it seems we still remain  
changeless in our ways,  
congenitally programmed  
and habitually biased  
in choice and taste,  
to colors on a face,  
oh, those days-  
of black and white cookies.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Time 'O Death**

I remember the day I died  
orbed circles spinning o'er me,  
permeating my ashened, closed lids.

I spoke....but noone could hear me.

And amid this passage, bizarre as it be  
I did feel upon me a thousand smiles  
of those i'd crossed paths with in difference.

I smiled back....but noone could see me.

I awoke to the clamor and chaos  
of mortals in pale green gloves 'n gowns  
operating machines of resurrection;  
'Time o' death'... I heard someone ask.

I had died....but it wasn't my Time;  
Someone please remove the cold, tarnished coins  
lying o'er the raise of my eye-lids.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Time, Iz All...

TIME.....what a strange word, for when spelled in reverse this word transposes into what many might construe as an apropos term, taking into consideration the function of this action word, EMIT.....which scientifically, has no direct link to the standard definition of TIME....yet does have a direct, complimenting nexus to this ever moving forward thwart of Life 'n Objective. For the fact is, TIME discharges, (EMITS) its intangible and sometimes inscrutable prowess...upon us. It vents.....goes forth....rapid and relentless.....with no End.

The Book of Genesis.....will tell us when TIME began. While, The Book of John sheds Revelation as to how TIME be completed, as well as at what point TIME passes torch to DESTINY.

All things will pass, both good n' evil..a Great War will ensue! Catechismic law will be challenged in force by cataclysmical's. Yet, when the TIME comes for the Seventh 'n Final Seal to be opened, and, if the Good Book be Word.....as i believe it to be, Nostradamas, 'n the Mayan's will have much to explain when God calls for The Official TIME-OUT! Without the help from portending philosophers, or Tenth Century calander-makers! A M E N....Or....if these letter's were juggled around just a bit would it EMIT a new N A M E, n' buy us more space in TIME?

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## To Comfort A Rose

The roses were perfectly sequenced,  
single file... like papal swiss guards,  
flouncing to the reel of hard wind,  
stems in duress bow at their tips,  
inducing unfledged efflorescence-  
from natures levy on verdant seed,  
birthmarked to die limp and stunted.

Fatuous gardener who landscaped this,  
must spend too much time on the grapes.  
Roses were born to blossom in bunch,  
stems intertwined with thorns enabling  
space to breathe, yet bonded by root  
from seeds of same for complexions sake.

Juxtapositions were not staged for roses;  
such fix is merely vantage for soldiers,  
and food lines, drawn lines, two pairs of nines-  
valentine massacres;  
quite the stretch from when, where and how  
a rose might find fertile comfort.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

**'Twas A Mourning of War In The Forest, It Was....{Independence Day  
Dedicational-July 4th,2013}**

\_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ The War \_\_\_\_\_

The mourning dew smacked  
of stale dark blood,  
hideous stains,  
thickly crusted...black as holes,  
drying in Autumns Indian Summer,  
like rain-dry estuaries  
after surging and flowing  
like menstruation...heavy, fast,  
now forever imbued in Death -  
by Wars powdered badge.

\_\_\_\_\_ | | \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ The Letter \_\_\_\_\_

Said he remembered his Fathers final words,  
in a letter he received two months after  
his remains had been exhumed, from The River Meuse,  
and returned home by train, in a flagged, tin box:

He said:

"Argonne Forest forever stands  
by the branches of its tired, limbs...  
proudly and intrepidly,  
upon the brass wings.....of valor.  
So, git' yer' pigskin out, son,  
cuz i'll be coming home soon...,  
and we'll be listnin' to Notre Dame  
on yer' mommas Philips, yes we will  
....., I love you'...Dad.

\_\_\_\_\_ | | | \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ The Burial \_\_\_\_\_

And the mourners were received  
by the scores and grieved -  
for three Christ long day's  
past noon, thru' eves,  
by the family and those in love or debt.  
Father O'Rourke delivered the final rites,  
as the ice melted fast in the swelter of a room  
built to house twenty-five,  
yet thrice times that  
stood breath and shoulders abreast.  
And with pine for a bed and quarters for eyes,  
they laid my Grandfather into 'Ginia soil...deep -  
so long ago, yes....so long ago  
say his friends now souls on the breeze...,  
one mourning..... of 'ot 18,  
October, in a forest, burning-

when my father was a war-child,  
grieving for the death of his own....

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## 'Twas A Mourning of War In The Forest, It Was...{A Memorial Day Tribute}

\_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ The War \_\_\_\_\_

The mourning dew smacked  
of stale dark blood,  
hideous stains,  
thickly crusted...black as holes,  
drying in Autumns Indian Summer,  
like rain-dry estuaries  
after surging and flowing  
like menstruation...heavy, fast,  
now forever imbued in Death -  
by Wars powdered badge.

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by the branches of its tired, limbs...  
proudly and intrepidly,  
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So, git' yer' pigskin out, son,  
cuz i'll be coming home soon...,  
and we'll be listnin' to Notre Dame  
on yer' mommas Philips, yes we will  
....., I love you'...Dad.

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stood breath and shoulders abreast.  
And with pine for a bed and quarters for eyes,  
they laid my Grandfather into 'Ginia soil...deep -  
so long ago, yes....so long ago  
say his friends now souls on the breeze...,  
one mourning..... of 'ot 18,  
October, in a forest, burning-

when my father was a war-child,  
grieving for the death of his own....

---

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## 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.....the Wall St. Journal.  
Meanwhile, outside...on the flagstone patio,  
two elderly women imbibe on gaelic brand-  
while musing 'bout Ellis.....and Irish Coffee,

talking 'bout the lady wading in th' Hudson,  
sipping Irish Coffee.....by a riverside sunset,  
afrent the drifted dunes of th' Hudson River,  
the artist's centerpoint of New York Harbor  
where Sunsets and Liberty paint the twilight.

Admiring the lady, in her long copper drape,  
arm stretched high, amber torch...glistening  
off the falling Sun, inspiring evenings' scape,  
said one woman to the other...quite casually,  
her aged eye's afixed.....on beauty's paragon:

'This is why we may come n' go as we please'.  
Her friend nodded with smile.....and replied;  
'So very true my dear.. so true as true can be,  
But the question in my mind, is do you think -  
Bartholdi could've brewed good Irish Coffee'?

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Upon Ones Worst Fears

Despise the stench of methanal  
hovering o'er this narrow space;

tinnitus, like eerie sirens  
penetrate through the bones....  
of ossified oracles, and -  
some neurological system,  
flatlined from wired Life;  
call it....Time of Death?

plastics and steel support still life,  
by needles, and tubes -  
or do they?  
I'll sleep on it,  
let you know, tomorrow,  
'less the whitecoats give  
orders to fill my veins -  
with morphine, a la drip, drip, drip.

[And will I ever be able to breathe on my own,  
will I ever be able to taste lobster-tail again].

now the green gloves arrive  
in the under-lobby,  
toe-tag me cold and dead;  
please pull me from this frozen vault...  
Gehenna be no final bed...  
or is it...?

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

### **Upon Revelation (Alliteration Format}...**

.....Seven Seals sans silver steeds-Satan's surreptition;  
.....Regardless, Revelation rapture resolute;  
.....Beleaguers, bedraggles belates bilious Beast;  
.....Causes caustic carpetbagger cancered catharsis;  
.....Hells horned hookworm, hails Heavens Holy heist?  
.....Wrong! ...War wages, wending with wretched wrath;  
.....Battle bleeds Beelzebub black, blue, bare...beaten;  
.....Ruefully retreats, realising Resurrection Rules!  
.....Contemptuous coward, coo's, capitulates Christ!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Upon Spiraled Indifference

Indifference, though at times  
we speak with forked tongues,  
aspiring from the backwash  
of cowhide and leather,  
sometimes forced to breathe  
with cold knives protruding  
from our sublaxed spines  
while we war until the sky  
paints a discomposing scape  
of bloody red pools,  
like a Gloucester sunset  
decending its course  
upon November winds  
coveting the Flemish Caps  
of Labrador.

Yet the earth she spins around  
with indifference...seemingly,  
still i'm not yet quite convinced  
as we blanket her black soil,  
God-Woven, still  
with the stain of humanity,  
from the war for of black gold,  
a War some hail, 'holy godhead'.

Still Earth she makes her rounds,  
maintaining her balance  
despite the vertigo  
that mortal existence  
has leveled on her  
despite all portentions  
biblemarked by John.

Now struggling to balance  
her bruised, fissured spine  
her lifeline and axis  
ostensibly numb  
to our indifference,  
our shame, our blind foresight.  
Or perhaps she is waiting  
for the last scene and laugh;  
our Revelation?

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Upon The Eve of All Hallows {Sonnet For The Saints}**

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

Death's voice....cannot be qualified 'less you've been there  
Yet, i've heard premonitions voice.....choirs with credence  
Of Sunday verse sung by men....in black with collars white  
Evoking th' fear of God- for when our winds of Death blow

Stories from th' grave.....shed no light upon those sleeping  
Still, we follow old traditions, in hopes to find new answers  
We'll speak to th' steel-grey stone, upon soft, unlevelled soil  
In hopes all these stories dark, be blest in God-Kissed Light

Still many questions live, in deepest sleep, with our Saint's  
Perhaps somewher' beyond all this lay th' hallowed answers

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## Upon The Harbours of Sickness In Death...

With endearment, you gently lift  
the dutch door top of the pinewood,  
but, only because within it sleeps  
the one who understood you, and-  
the chaos between your hemispheres,  
the delphian orbs and cherubs,  
ossified...within your abstract wiring,  
and loved you through it all;  
a love that bore no substitute.

who will care for me now, you ask;

NO-ONE! - says a voice from years gone,  
you stare at the vericose veins  
an old cracked-ceilings ruse, (while) ...  
affixing a sybilline stare  
of lament that bears no mercy  
from your myriad of strange behavior  
harbouring within your brain,  
pricking the spines live nerve-endings  
like a sterile darning needle;

where your mum laid down gently  
upon the kitchen stovetop flame,  
'fore she'd take the metal tongs,  
pinched the needle at its head,  
said, 'mummy could never hurt you'  
now I need thatfrowning finger

and pull that splinter out  
Oh! Mummy, it burns! It burns!  
So hot... flame stinging hot, it was  
thwarting like a matchstick tip  
one just freshly struck....  
so effectingly that your tongue  
sensed the sage-smoked sulfur  
with Mummy's every stroke  
'til her job completed with a hug  
and kiss, atop a slice of key lime pie.

who will know where the needles are, you ask;

NO-ONE! - says the Modigliani-  
hanging on the pale green wall,  
the stunning woman reminds you  
of her, except for the cold white eyes.  
She's with the sleeping now  
where all good mothers go,  
and thats how love in Death must be  
beyond the pine, with the cherubs...  
but only when harbouring sickness.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **W a n t -vs- N e e d...**

Parallel to a stretch of band-width  
you pray to soar with eagles-eye,  
and so you do...  
with confidence like a bull, running,  
and blind to the myriad  
of nascent consequences just ahead,  
daring to penetrate the silent  
and opaque with jejune mindset...'til-  
your line is mysteriously severed,  
and upon the breathless fall  
you find yourself praying  
to soar on eagles wings...  
Yet, to no avail...and tragedy befinds you.  
Ergo, the difference 'tween  
' The Want and The Need'.

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Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **White() Noise**

The noise broke white  
From far behind  
So it seemed,  
That it was,  
As the Douglas Firs bristled  
In anticipation.

We watched from a nearby mountain peak,  
Bristled at the onslaught,  
White weight barreling forth in giant sheets,  
Snapping hulked bark like matchsticks,  
Smothering all that stood in its path  
Of hard-hitting waves of frost-drift,  
Mountaintop cancer  
Like Schools of Stickleback -  
Trapped in Nantuckets Sleighride.

Nascent? no...you never see it,  
Tho' you'll never forget the sound  
Upon you as fast  
As a bullet to the Brain;  
Their be no looking back  
At its rush ofcarnage.....

.....  
A...v...a...l...a...n...c...h...e.....!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **War is A Cul-de-Sac...**

They count the young Soul's pooled in black;  
iced, blue blood pour... and just like that-  
it crusts like burnt bark on smoldered grain  
'til God say's, 'ENOUGH'...and comes the rain.  
mixing with the oil that rules this deadly game.

Those fortunate enough to dodge, survive -  
the crack of wet flames, the snipers eye  
say, thanks...go to sleep in a sullen foxhole,  
'til War say's 'Good-morning...I'm back for Soul's'!

Such a vicious cul-de-sac tis this beast we call, 'War';  
it harbors no bias...taking both the rich and poor,  
yet millions of years haven't shortened our breadth  
towards the anti-Christ, 'War' that we fight to the Death!

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **Warning...This Be No Fairytale**

Pricking your fingertip  
spinning the magic wheel  
No, this be no DisneyWorld  
'tis your wrankled Brain unfurled

You were once an ugly duckling  
turned into an uglier swan  
No Christian Anderson theory  
'tis your auto-bio dreary

You took the Rabbits word  
What goes up, must come down  
No, this be no Wonderland  
'tis your breaths final stand

~FjR~

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

## **What If Life Were But A Fairly Long 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...FjR

## When Mirrors Close Your Eyes...

What has happened to you?  
your hourglass is top-light-  
of sand-grain and Life,  
so obvious, your changes,  
i had nightmares  
of your deep set eyes...last night.

Still you squeeze and push  
at the the egg-shell glass,  
'til the crystal bares cracks  
of pertruding veins,  
[Look Familiar? ]  
cracks of caveat,  
while you obsess  
in your world  
of blind disfigurement,  
standing front a mirror  
on bruised, twigged legs,  
beginning to bristle....,  
buckle.....this paradox  
of lean and green,  
so fragile, now,  
as paper rice,  
or a pancreas-  
malignantly dripping  
from the nodes so lymp(h) :  
such cruel, cruel pain;  
if only you could see  
what i see in your mirror,  
this crime nothing short  
of a masachistic,  
self-inflicted dose-  
of Assisted Suicide.

Anorexia Nervosa.  
\*Should have called  
Jack Kavorkian  
so your final hours  
could have been  
far less painful...  
Should have let you run your fist  
through your mirror that night;  
seven years bad luck,  
the least of your troubles.  
Just a Disorder?  
Not a chance, mon ami;  
this be a Disease called Assisted Death!

\_\_\_\_\_ F j R \_\_\_\_\_

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

### **Within th' Quiets...**

In th' quiets, one can hear th' beating of their Heart;  
Haunting, yet comely; soft echo of a weary drummer.

Close your eyes, and in that moment, you are pulled-  
Into th' calm of a distant world...away fr'm th' chaos,

Somewhere 'tween th' silence.....and th' exhillaration,  
A place wher' yo'r dreams are safe fr'm mad demons,

Like Emerald City, sans th' strangeness of th' journey.  
Feel th' peace within, dwell in th' sweet of th' poppies;

No place like home, perhaps, still dreams yeild peace.  
Open yo'r eyes to th' new day...th' quiets have spoken.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR