

Poetry Series

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

- 45 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

EDUCATION

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

BUSINESS/CAREER

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

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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' 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___

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' 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

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.

_____) FjR(____)

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

C l i m a x...

Obeisance, your kindly gesture
as if we were captains
of ships passing bow stride,
within human reach, and-
breaching ole 'quatic laws,
yet, e'er in romance -
of this sea, this beautiful sea.
So...What of it, lov', let us dance;
it's just you, me and the sea!

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'!

[El est amour, mon ami]!

C'est fini/FjR

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 after 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 guise to the cynical eye.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

D...i...m...e...n...t...i...a...

Dotage, pervades upon th' ashen grey -
silent whisps...of an old rankled Brain.
Hemispheric's universe sore estranged,
obstruction, occlusion, neurologic stain
like leaves besmirched by driving rain,
waning, draining, consumed by bereft;
so cold, so cruel... in their final breaths-
until mercy comes in th' form of Death.

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

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

Echoes Breathe Deep {Traditional Rondeau Format}

Echoes breathe deep 'neath Church steeples,
wind warped chimes chase spiral pathways,
chords of love... the Passion and the Death.
Funeral's tend to cumber heavy hearts
and lungs of the grievous stricken...choking.

Myrrh stings the eye like a devils darning needle,
smoked heat dances 'round the gothic lamps above
the starched 'March of Death' sleeps below them,
as Echoes breathe deep, sore unlaboured,
while mourners sit in pews profusely sweating-

by the noonday sun off the bright stained glass
'Resurrection' Masses tend to disturb,
leave grey, hollow hearts bereft;
thank God for the steeple breeze-
whenever Church Echoes breathe deep.

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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

FleurFatale...

Comes nite, fate befalls a Black Moon orchid,
Toasted umber bedaub... 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 x... I n... B r a s s

Tawny beige, young crystal fox...
carries her arrogance well,
poisingly... upon narrowed wood;
so dexterous, so 'smooooth', deft,
she could hold a waterford flute
brimmed with the finest grapes
'tween thumb and fore-finger,
spin at edge of a runway,
with a look-away wink
without a blink;
not a drop of red
lost from the glass.

No Gaultier Catwalk,
this be mere prologue
to an attitude dripping
so hubrisly,
poutingly;
stare-down damn angrily,
passing the concourse
of all that's en vogue,
strutting... stamping
toe o'er toe -
smiling inside... such paradox.

Dramas' never seen the likes of her before,
Marie Claire and Elle hold your breath;
tomorrows new fox in brass has arrived!

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 Th' Q u i e t s...

In th' quiets, one can hear th' beating of their Heart;
Haunting, yet a comely 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

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

June...June...June...

This is for June n' 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
Ther's a breeze in the air that carries a scent
Of sweet honeysuckle.....fresh efflorescence

The night casts a chill...yet June has its motive
An amorous warm flame..... a welcome votive
Moonlite romance.....'neath a nautical breeze
Make love in June sparkle like starshine on sea

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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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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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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

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:

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

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 hued 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

Frank James Ryan Jr...FjR

Of Respect To The Rose...

.....

The roses were perfectly sequenced,
juxtapositioned like Vatican 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've spent too much time with the grapes.
Roses were born to blossom in cluster,
stems intertwined with thorns enabling
space to breathe... yet bonded by root
from seeds of same for natures feng shui.

Juxtapositions were not meant for roses;
such vantage is merely for wooden soldiers,
and food lines, drawn lines, two pairs of nines...
valentine massacres;
quite the stretch from where and how
a rose might find respect and comfort.

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Of Social Infection...

I am shivering cold
by chemical means,
by congenital state,
through genetic root,
that one might toe-tag
as socially expired
in cultural terms, 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 smirk, lips pressed...
I am all, no less
than my mindworks permit
in conditions prevailing afront me,
revealing my hemispheres
wrapping my thoughts for the day...
in iron-clad gray,
so my toxic, socialized poison
doesen't break its bloody dam,
pour its neurological lava
'pon your sweet, warm aura,
and scald your young flesh
to ashen-char black.
Ssshhhh...No sense of taking to panic...uh-uh.

I am Social Infection, and
I want to see you
writhing in my tomb,
so keep on doing
all you've been doing-
war on, curse peace,
make bias your faith;
it's your world....
'Make My Day'!

___ FjR ___

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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

Quite Sensual In Nature...

Beneath the arbored root of nature
life breaks ground as consequence
of winter-seed, sweet morning dew,
stimulating Earth with renaissance.

And, Earth, like man stands firm, protects,
aroused by the sense of young flowers
to stem, moisten, blossom and glow,
be pleased, yes...as flowers must be.

And their majesty, femininely poised in curve
opens quite sensually with incipient veil, yet-
beckoning attention by her perfumed scent,
to be wooed, nurtured and satisfied.

Mother Nature will challenge with envious scorn,
threatening the glorious stage of each floral,
discharging her elements with angst and fury,
until Earth like man stands firm, provides
all the flower requires to flourish, be pleased-
and revel in the essence of her warm, fertile soil.

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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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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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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

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

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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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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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

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

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 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

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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