Poetry Series

Frederick Kesner

- 279 poems -

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Frederick Kesner (28 August)

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fw-_uCCWPfk

Will you come and journey with the author, traversing time and space, imagination - of things real or conjured in the mind when the wattle blossoms dance in the wind, the birdcalls and the dingo's howling.... in that hour of phrases catching, we shall see the wonder of life itself unfolding

Reading and writing, pen and paper, they have given the young Frederick a passion from primary school years: as soon as the alphabet was learnt; the very moment he could wield a pen, there began a continuing journey wherein the destination is not placed more highly than the moments spent, the sojourns explored, in writing

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Works:

'I, Janus', 'A Gift of Myself', 'Forum #49', 'Raucous Blether'; 'Turquoise Dreams', 'In my Own Write', 'Shortlisted', 'Eye Soar.'

.. Cheers (almost haiku)

`

A stubbie glistens in the last light of day. promises raised high

`

.. Farewell

`

grief belies this despised state hunched upon shuffling feet pondering the crunch of browned leaves

grief burrows this desiccated soil hidden beneath scurrying paws forgetting the crush of billowy waves

grief bruises this demented breath hollowed out withered lips releasing the fluttering wings cotton-downed doves

grief bellows across horizons herding the flock from grazing shackling the gates embracing the nightfall

.. Hide Jekyll, Hyde

,

Part demon, part angel, your gaze draws me nigh. Part animal, part divine; the celestial hosts sigh.

Doubts leak like a broken tap, assurances cloud the sky. Drip and dropp to fill the gap; your balmy words can't dry.

An easel for pigments to trap; row by row hung from a vine. Libation pressed flesh and sap; A bloodied cudgel rests supine.

`

.. Looking Up (almost haiku)

`

Cane smoke traces in the late arvo sky. animal sketches

•

.. Midway to Nowhere

,

'I was born half alive, the other half partly insane.' she dribbles inaudibly, grinning coquettishly;

and between there is no apology.

Even the deaf can fathom underhanded effrontery. She however, will not brandish fangs without syrup.

,

.. new life

`

my reasons have changed transformed along with my circumstances defined by those I have allowed into my life shaping me releasing me and giving my days their tints and shades now I to open up my jugular and allow hatchets to fall or portly women to sing.

`

.. Poetry Postulate M-R-T

`

Everything is a metaphor everything a clue; where one and one isn't always two. Nothing is ever disconnected each individual reality is true.

,

.. present possibilities (in haiku form)

`

today's a gift wrapped waiting to be peeled open tomorrow reveals

,

.. recall

`

memories scaffold sleep's dreams

visions: dancing with the sun

sensations meld thought and emotion

remedy for inevitable amnesiac

deliver sibilant phrases splinter bridge to forgetfulness.

,

.. There Are...

,

There are days that songs are stifled or the throat hoarse and weary No more do notes glide softly - raking leaves strewn across the littered lawn their butterfly wings hung up in the wait for another sunny day.

There are nights that stars squander their luminescence on unappreciative lovers roaming listlessly by a moonlit shore their brilliant points curl up in the hope of another cloudless night.

There are mornings that sizzle on the stove that sparkle sweet tangy-ness hands clasping across the table reliving life's love-filled moments the warmth of the kitchen reflects fervent esteem done up in various colours for each new morning.

`

A Caterpillar Returns

`

transformations:

spinning weaving coccooning enshroudedness

spelunking abseiling rappeling abscondedness

protruding eschewing amnesic metamorphoses

crawling once fluttering now prismatic radiance duckling's cousin

,

A Cup Runneth Over

The well has not gone dry, less frequented maybe by both the drawers and the occasional passersby.

The stones are loose; between them, mortar dissolvesby clement or contrary weather on seasonal cue.

The vessel is parched and longs for its lover by pulley once lowered its rope frayed with disuse.

a feather called macaroni

This is about 'living life to the max; ' a smidgen of humour is required to get full enjoyment of this poem. Cheers!

Live life to the max, it's a good way to be methinks the first mac I may have ever encountered
is a popular fellow to kiddies, called Old Macdonald
who had a rather lively and musical farm
now follows a yummy collection of food
from baked mac to mac & cheese
mccormick spices, and a complete
range of products from mcdonalds'
golden arches: big macs to mcflurries
mchappy meals to mcnuggets
of course there was also mother's
freshly baked coconut macaroons
and grown ups sipped cups of macchiato.

As a studious scholar it was always inevitable to meet up with other macs such as macintosh before it was apple and mcafee to protect your pc or macbook pro; we had the macabre macbeth in lit class or a map or two from rand & mcnally the library shelves where full of books from macmillan and maccquarie there were also poems by mckellar, filled with local colour plus the story of machiavelli, who espoused in a new world order; we also learnt about enormous mac trucks flew the skies in mcdonnel douglas jets and zipped through racecourse laps in fast maclarens of course we are not to forget our craft class macrame.

As a freshman at uni I met up with macgill, now a lifelong friend; on telly there was mcduff, the talking dog mcgyver who always got out of a tight situation armed only with his noggin & a swiss army knife at the movies there was kevin macallister who was always home alone marty mcfly who returned back from the future, mcgovern who sang 'can you read my mind' as we all dreamt of flying like superman while maguire donned a blue & red suit as he swung from the heights of the city's night sky; mr mcgee was always making bruce banner very angry and afternoon reruns featured steve mcqueen films; later on, another mcqueen stole the piston cup scene.

This, by far, is not the whole list of all the macs of our lives;

so, in closing let us mention two more outstanding macs: there was macarthur who led some of the greatest battles of WW2 while another macarthur pioneered Australia's wool industry; you will agree that macs are part and parcel of daily life, and because of this you'd find it easy to leave life to the macs. So let us all stick a feather in our hats and call it macaroni!

`

a quill, now silent

,

i am but the mottled bark of a tree once firmly rooted, peeled from its stately trunk

and within its hollow carapace echoes an inert drumbeat that keeps the cadence for a march of ornate trappings

soon and sooner still, one day this crepuscular orphelin song resonant in its languid longing shall surge with the rising tide

the sound of its condescencion as it strikes the earth's bosom ascends to a now-listening sky.

`

A Writer's Quest

My quest for the 'extended metaphor' is flowing into the daily beat of my typical day.

Something of my day is breathing out meaning and song - expressing and teaching me with whispers that can blare so loudly that their silence flashes blindingly with a brilliance that shadows the darkness and illumines the gentle curves of Truth.

My quest takes me on a journey where I can no longer lay back and watch the rising and setting of the sun, the moon, and yes, even the stars that crown a head filled with dreams and thoughts in that sable field that is beyond and within us....

Something of this day shall imprint itself in my soul and yell out invectives.... grabbing my shoulders and throttling my awareness.

My quest requires that I take on my gear and trek the unknown twists and turns, the unchartered horizons, and risk the possible heartache.... it compels me to be the sun, the moon, and yes, even the stars - traversing the vast expanse of universal experience....

Something in this day shall filter into my nights nagging and wailing, crooning and serenading - lifting my spirits with its rise and ebb.... and as I float on midnight blues and obsidian hues, I sense one thought forming:

My quest is yours, and the universality of human experience shall meld our separate yet mirrored conditions into a unified expression of what we vainly and clumsily perceive and call 'love'.

Aleksander Blok

`

Arise, and walk along these streets, breathe and partake of the dregs of the mighty industrial age; paint the colours of its appeal -

toxic fumes that light the path to days only just imagined.

Parted lips bare wisdom, shatter the silence that shackles; within parched throat, sealed sounds peal from the belfry -

tender whispers caress each unknown orphaned heart.

Lift high the banner brave; let the bitter winds bite lash fierce its tattered frame, light gapes through its holes-

release the soul's query: How can one forgive what is forgotten?

Illumine the dim horizon; extricate each sole from bog and mire. Grab the morning call, Borrow its voice if you must -

Stir up the spirit from slumber; the darkness of night will not prevail.

,

(16 November 1880 - 7 August 1921) one of the most gifted Russian lyrical poets.

April Fool's

shall you consider with a glance what ails this wracked chest to whisper?

may you come here on a chance, outside paintedover grills to open:

encrusted gates await firm hands. therein, opulent niceties are mute, minute breaths, plenty.

Are You My Butterfly?

My butterfly is no longer mine, I wonder if she ever really was; When she alights on my shoulder I know she wants me to hold her - Flies off and she's mine no longer.

My butterfly so frail and fine, I wonder if hers I ever was; When she returns to kiss me again I know she's more than just a friend - Flies off and gone forever more.

Arguing

`

I cry myself to sleep safely atop my bed when something terrible is happening outside.

When did it start, this fight? It gives me such a fright. My hands are on my ears; I try to stop the tears.

I turn back from the light; It goes on through the night: The shouting and the cursing aggravates my shaking.

Please, dear Lord, let them stop, Please let the issue drop. Mum's got a lot to say, Father won't give her way.

I don't know what to feel,
I didn't eat my meal.
I run in to my room
And leave them to their doom.

Safely within my bed I cry myself to sleep when something terrible is happening outside.

`

Arked Wonderment

adrift in thought wildly waving-off voice-violated mind mildew-filled firmament domed encasement congested cacophony paddling then waving

waving then paddling fearsome frolic: panic! settle little dove, alight bud on branch sprout promised pome of olive drift homeward again unseal door tightly shut

key to new life bring

Ashleigh Rising

and out of the sombre light a quiet entrance he makes- a poet in whom life is not so much delight as it is the unfolding of self amid the pain.

Audience With Thor

my eye is caught by a photograph

flashing the reaches a once barren sky crowding

my ear records a voiceless cry

whispering brilliant streaks fine hairs all quivering on my skin

raindrops pelting crystal teeth glaring teary distances bridged

my tongue forms a quiet reply

rasping mouthfuls incoherent drivel spittle on my lips

my nose wiggling at a brooding sky

effervescent lifting moisture of the first blanket on grass

Beginnings

,

He who dares talk with you in your silence, Listening even as he speaks your name; Whose pulse is mingling with your stirring heart; Who walks at once beside you without qualms:

Who can sense what you feel, and is there all along When something goes wrong and when you're most alone; Who understands your fears, tries to find the answers When you face the unknown, when questions fill your head.

The weariness of your heart banished for he is there. His words may not impress, physique unadmirable; His tongue and his hands often misunderstood. He is true to all, though he may not be strong.

You seek what seems to shatter former views; Ask yourself if as one your paths will fuse, You recognise that there is something there; You both will never be again the same.

You follow him within you when he leaves, Beg him to tarry longer when he stays; Before he finally goes on his way, Spends his time with you while he is around.

From that single moment there on after, The aching void in you dissipated; Biding time as friends, no longer strangers; You are lifted up, your empty days filled.

Your gates fly open, yearnings departed, And yesterday is yesterday for good. You recognise something there that had changed; Suddenly knowing what you saw was true.

`

Bekkevoort,1995

`

as a child once to a favoured toy countless hours of pristine joy but specifications of 'growed up' ploy memories of past pleasures now destroy

`

Bemused Rumination

,

Forget the balm of barometric exuberance. This night no longer young, dissipates.

Recall the dewy welcome of sun-quaffed green. Yesterdays revive severed umbilical dreams.

Peruse the present with fleeting acumen. Today ceases yet emerges again tomorrow.

Ignite the kindling of autumnal reticence. Perhaps genial kindnesses shall spring.

,

Brewding Storm

`

No one can tell (the difference is) clear to querying mind(s): <i>How is it I could not savour the pungent heavy clouds before the pulling of the breeze</i>?

Further afar off, one imagines future life daily waiting - awash tranquil staccato whispers - permeate my porous soul after the pelting of the rain.

,

Bridge, The

I once as a young boy stood on a little wooden country bridge; tip-toed to look at the languid moving water

Tomorrow popped up the wind that had blown in tore off a leaf from a tall standing tree roots entrenched by the water's edge

and this leaf
wafted and fluttered
and glided into the
current below
taken bodily
where gravity pulls

and drifted upon the wavelets lapping and pushing its severed self far, far away into the distance

I heard the crickets and the cicadas droning in the afternoon sun; those things could ruin your ears!

and all the while I gazed upon the fallen leaf hoping to spy on what the future promised downstream:

that if I let go
of whatever it was
that kept me there
feet dangling through
the rusted railing;
heart racing

would I wake up and return to the bustling world unable to swim against the current rudely torn off

Bygone Dreams

behind the pane he peers intently gathering stars netloads each night

in the day gossing laughing winds whispering gaily

when storms are about watches light shudder crack open the dark

one fine day it happened fate prank played

wham! shatter, ruffle feathers everywhere gangly dizzy birdie

he gazes amazed angered, interrupted down shattered

quick decision resuscitation irritating intrusion

breezes now bothered shattered glass all over safety in the wind

quickly replaced all back in place birdie dazed but well

outside new pane all quite the same pain drifts away

Can you hear the sandman....

on his trapeze swinging taking flight in moonlight

winging

journey set, pulse dreaming sandman with gentle fingers

caressing....

`

Catch Your Dream

A dust devil took in its arms a dervish, full-twirl; varicosed haze of antiquated looking glass reported a vaguely familiar but fuzzy form, who with meticulous albeit off-beat aesthetics chose apt words no vain hope the audience persuade.

Behind every facade, please find that weaver of words. Dust off their wings, let them soar above new vistas. Leave the safety & comfort of the finite & regulated; we've spent too much of our lives 'out-of-the-box' that we've forgotten the warmth of a dream's embrace.

Come! Break the shackles of my cliched existence, or Should I then be made to apologise for my failure to launch?

Charade in Review

`

The masks we wear, to us are given, assigned to us before our cue. The choice is ours to reveal or hide-A grand charade with many a clue.

Would you be this or be you that; Is it surfaced or is it hidden? Not all secrets are lies or deceit, Our view of others we must widen.

The genuine heart will itself reveal Its spots or stripes are where they're at. The lot of what we think we see, provide but circumstantial caveat.

We often discard what eyes can't see; Too often distrust what hearts conceal. The masquerade of life continues, Its colours and shapes our truths congeal.

,

Chatterton's Redress

(November 20,1752 – August 24,1770) fallen English poet

We walk along magenta pathscool seeps into waning light, bunches peer, ripe for the pick: funny how they're sour to the lip; beyond the copse in another's field, silken amber honey flows.

•

Cinderella Dreaming

The birthing of articulated expression will always find its means of entering into the world outside and beyond the inner recesses of our awareness.

I love the wee and trippy hours of the after midnight when the glass slipper lay glimmering aloof in the moonlight and the weary dreamer sets some ink of thoughts onto the parchment of a woozy head - too early in the day to be about one's inescapable routines too late in the night to do but dream

This is the witching hour in a life where most everything is transfixed in the baffling clarity of cerebration the muses dancing in glad celebration

Click to Proceed

A web has been spun around the world wide as imagination making possible what before hand took years

Many other modes of communication and intercourse have fallen almost by the way side and flies come in droves thirsting for much more

What spider lurks we can only conceptualise What dangers we can scarce visualise

But what remains as it was in antiquated human conversation is that in all this closeness in each others' faces we are trully still alone.

A web has been spun around the world wide, wild conflagration forging herculeaic the marriage of hearts and souls and minds.

Come Not Into My Soul

,

Come not into my soul, You are not whom I love! For even out of that My heart will surely perish.

When my soul is bursting As a fiery bolt ablaze, My heart in fevered embrace! Through my furious bleeding; Come not near unto my soul, You are not whom I love!

Do not you touch my soul, You are not whom I love! Worn is the heart with want Where my bursting bruised it. Breathe-in not that blue fire,

Do not lean you upon my soul; You are not whom I love -Which now with my languor rests, Lest from out of my bleeding My fevered heart perish.

•

Come, right with me this poem

`

under six feet freshly fallen snow washes into splintered song

severed thought drifts afar off into forever old souvenirs now cold

write with me this poem come breathe its soul lay each clammy hand to right with me this poem

heart warming chill voices no longer still visceral reflection set in ashen bone

,

confrontational history

,

if we looked at history
on a multi-plane spreadsheet
and compared the goings on
in each particular era
we shall find that at any given
period, no matter the advancement
there inevitably at a cost lay revealed
atrocities, genocides, discrimination
prejudices, and a lack of conscience
that marks the brute in humans
poets have also been present
ever alert on the front-line
emissaries of peace and amelioration
their words rousing, humanising

`

Keep your pens in hand, the job is not yet done.

Convenient Amnesia

`

My heart bleeds both fears and gladness splattered tears share pavement spent poison darts.

My hand quakes both words and gestures symphonic songbirds salve torment spared iron brand.

My eye shuts both dark and brightness smothered landscapes sparse wildernesses splayed truth forsaken.

`

Crimson of Fear

`

Invisible but not voiceless,

This fire within me burning;

Fueled by things long since done;

Uncertain it would continue

And most certainly would one day end.

Resounding vermillion trains,
Travelling across frontier lands;
That began by fits and starts.
But this is just the beginning,
And most certainly is not the end.

Smearing the silence with my thoughts:
Scarlet ink on blue paper;
Conversing along the lines;
Uncertain it would continue,
And most certainly would one day end.

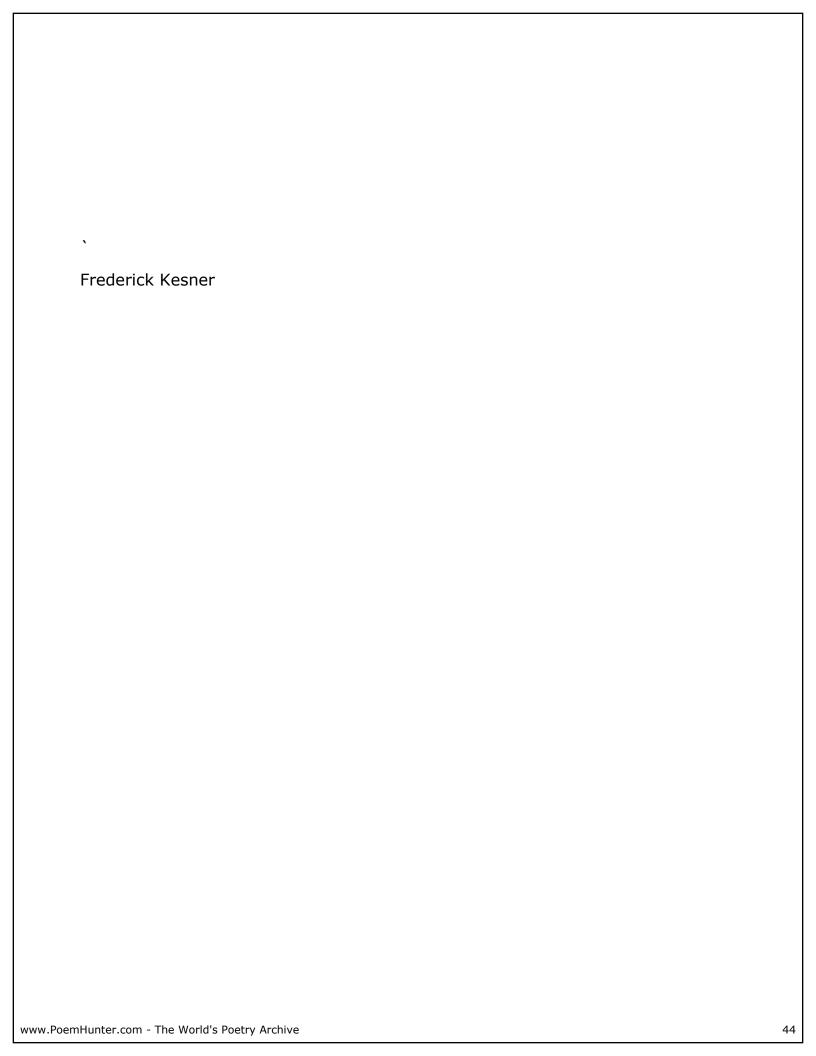
Slumbering souls awaken,

Speaking to us on paper;

Streaking sheets with stunning stains.

But this is not the beginning,

And most certainly is not the end.



Crocus Buds

crocus buds burst forth peep and poke through dunes of white winter bows to spring

when the sun begins to shine again life's vital truths made clear at road's end

,

Crossdressed Wolves

`

as it is with tares that freely tower shoulder to shoulder with the crop of wheat so lurks wickedness seen but unrecognised cloaked in the shimmer of genial ambient light in the midst of our days quite the spoiler to any utopian dream

,

Crossroads of America

Crossroads of this brave New World: tiring - perhaps no longer young Big city, rural city? central point refreshing - this nation's innovative belly

city of indigenous America, cosmopolitan reflective - luminescent in waning light hopeful in the new day dawning bright still movement, raucous plains of crop

Gridded out on one mile square soldiers and sailors commemorate midpoint triumph at Monument Circle no governor on this spot will reside

interstates intersect downtown - out of town; glass-domed rotunda docile suspensions champions cheer in the hall of White River fast paced spin abouts at the Motor Speedway

To the eye of tourist local or overseas - dimming star spangled glory revived midway between coast to coast she lay Who is there? Indianapolis, city fair.

Crown

step forward chin up, back straight onto the stone of destiny plant feet firm and remember

step backward head tilted, brow knit only in the mind return to what brought you here

step aside shoulders squared, hips lithe be removed but be re-placed the river flows downstream

Cry Petey, I See Bards Rounding the Bend

Cry we all toward places unnamed Rise above the crested hills

Yell we will - shattering door frames Plundering thoughts of plovered wills

Tear at the wallpaper - reveal the grain Ink the slate - etched by wound-dipped quills

Crouch, prowl - ready to pounce on game Brandishing swords, blaring trumpets shrill

Arching backs, phosphorescent wicks aflame Ridding netted fish of scales and smelly gills

Driving forward, driven onward - scourging rain

Cyber Solitude

there is such heavy quietness. not even the sigh of a breath just as the lung collapses again

there is that final hope dawning though it's darkest, they say just before the break of day

there isn't more than one heart not even the murmur of a beat just a singular knowing inside

Daily Libations

Raise again this chalice, fearsome and seductive; that brims with venom and sparkles with promise

that in the twilight beckons...

Raise this goblet to once satin lips now runnelled with bypassed dreams,

you hope but hope in vain...

Gulp down your fill, wait for forgetfulness still; let the dregs of this cup caress your wearied mind,

'til dawn tops it up again.

Dario

D-iscover your dreams and dare
A-II you can take hold of each day
R-ide your rainbows and run your race
I-n your heart and soul be always true
O-pen the treasures life offers you
Frederick Kesner

Darker Solitude

there is such heavy quietness..... not even the sigh of a breath just as the lung collapses again

there is that one hope dawning: thought, is darkest, they say just before the break of day

there isn't more than one heart not even the murmur of a beat just a singular knowing inside

Darkness Uncovers

`

Belying this despised state you hunch upon shuffling feet, pondering the crunch of browned leaves.

Burrowing this dusty soil you hide beneath scurrying paws, forgetting the crash of billowy waves.

Blowing out raspy breath you pucker withered lips; release cotton-downed doves.

Bellowing against the horizon you herd the flock from grazing; shackled gates embrace nightfall.

`

Delirium

`

```
they seek their birth
beyond all meaning
slipping through one's
yearnings into one's
e x p l o r i n g s
their spirits dwelling
within the crevices of
our delirious words......
```

`

Digital Ferryman

Up on screen I hear them scream, bright and vibrant, happy and sadwords and stanzas on a digital pad. I will always remember your poetry.

Within your verses each line offers wonders - mysteries of thought, universalities in observations caught. I will always remember your expression.

A frequent flyer, expectant passenger, beyond the distant shores I travel; safely aboard your verbose vessel. I shall always remember your name.

dinner invitation

if I at this keyboard proffer thoughts of how I feel among the dirt paths within the valleys green reduce opportunities infer profanities slimming hopes dulcet rhythms increasing mirth whence shall arise understanding that only I shall know offer me on your keyboard thoughts of how you feel.

Dream Weaver

I will shut my eyes to the darkness pull the bedcovers to my chin

I will whistle invites to the dreamweaver press my cheek to my downy pillow

I will snore, as they say to ruffle night's silence prop my fluffy teddy to my shoulder

,

Elegy for Jonathan, the Prince

stately tall you meekly stand on your finger the signet band for my sake you shunned your crown for my breath your devotion fierce

you gave for me your sword and squire your hospitality did never tire proud brothers in battle or play companions going about each day

in your shadow I had no care my home's cupboards were never bare song and merriment never missed hunger a stranger to my lips

your place at court set second to mine your heart pure - best fruit of vine your eyes reflect esteem so dear no man's affection held so near

O gallant Prince in battle slain my soul cries out for you in pain Saul's crown you've set upon my head a long-held secret I shan't covet

My lord, one could never repay; the debt of friendship's love dismay? to live this life as noble and true to generously care and give as you

Prince of the Realm, if you could hear the Scroll of the Upright, loud and clear in the Song of the Bow proclaimed praise of our filial bond inscribed.

Evening Prayer

`

Away, fly and float in the drifts.

Go, brandish the hilt and strike against a cloudless sky.

Back in the shadows, whisper.

Come forward to hear better.

Leave your shoes on; come Alone - is where yesterday hid Today.

,

Ey

,

What left is there to say Please linger on to stay? Clear in the dark of day Proof of a heart's dismay Truth no soul can display

`

Falling in Love Out of Need

.

I have fallen madly irretrievably & unashamedly in love with you:

Just as that swathe of hair that won't stay in place by gel or product or spit;

You have fallen blandly, irrevocably & unscathedly out of love with me:

Just as that scab off skin on the mend that's pink by band aid & ointment fix'd.

.

Fare Thee Well

I still can't look at your photograph without choking up or getting ill could I ever seriously consider giving up my affections for you why have you gone abruptly ahead?

gazing upon your visage on print all knotted up and confused still my emotions, rambling wild river gaining us words no longer true why am I left here with heart unfed?

`

Feasting

Thereupon a banquet spread delectable dishes arrayed greens, meats, fruit, and wine marine, fowl, farm, and vine

Alongside me your visage bright imbibing, ingesting, we sup from selfsame platter dine my heart yours and yours mine

,

Field of Dreams

words germinant embed on a once blank page

stand tall, small, frail, bold

monumental moprhemic icons

bearers of inescapable burdens conduits of affable torrents

muted discovery unquiet disrespect upon fruited plains wavey fields of grain: venues of displacement perched on a leaf not as blanc.

Fifth

the road stays while we move onward

yet connects from our here to there this life's complications on it unwind

by it we return homeward-bound, trusting:

a trick we learned from Gretel & Hansel assured that it is safe to venture out

while we move forward, roads stay put

,

First

You will not be found online today

when sunbreak reveals the horizon. So while I still smell of sleep and

wonder how the day will begin, I seek a smile on my freshly woken face

as I pull up a sweet memory of you and find that greeting to start my day.

`

First (v2)

You will not be found online today,

when sunbreak reveals the horizon. So while I still smell of sleep

wondering how the day will begin, seeking a smile on my freshly woken face,

pulling up a sweet memory of you I find this greeting to start my day.

`

For All People

,

Be kind to the unkind the sun shines on us all seek my face upon yours from this morning onward

Sing the tune of the heart both eyes and ears a pair let hearts and minds compare you then will understand

We all suffer and howl walking with colours shed crying in varied keys so long for coming peace

We push and shove against hurling stones onto bones tired of having to grow through mistakes of knowing

Causes are blinding all be you there to despair each night returns in sleep each day for all to keep

`

For one 'too young' to write a poem

,

Candid words are all you need. A wine bibber's carafe rainbow colours clarify; astute ears ratify - satisfied yawning suspicion: inward rivers gush, undulate to the surface - sweat thaws frozen brows.

Awkward ripples rouse unbidden eloquence, reverberates without escape; all the while sinking back, twiddling proverbial digits: unwritten poems, silted dreams settle in the sand.

,

for them that know not

the 'Valley of Vision' - the plains of derision has caught my eye - ripping out my bossom lay captive my heart - tethering claws captured my wandering mind - release nether the vagabond

your cup sends me reeling - tumbling venom drenched a haughty tower trembling - quiver in the cold of night never again to be rebuilt - ever awash on the shore

two men once hung from a tree - condemnation rife the one cursed his life upon himself - excluded realities the other condemned eternally - for him accursed vindication

neither the valley nor in the plain - hope prescribe did the eye cast its mark - vision bright become felled by projectile true - delight, darkened demise a day no one can rue - smite the wanderlust of hope

For You

cease turning my green to grey with wilful acts of nature your heart is found in theirs providing for this urgency to lose love's indifference, redeem that part of self that feels only for you

Fourth

expectation's hope rising, pulsing as you bring the warmth and joy that only a bright summer day presents on a picnic blanket spread filled with goodies and laughter neatly packed away in a picnic basket

expectation's hope realising as you take my hand in yours thru the threshold of our home prancing into the breeze and light filled with memories and plans lovingly packed for a rainy morn

expectation's hope resucitating as your soothing breath caresses taking my longings into belonging perfecting inner transformation filled with songs and dreams movements in blissful harmony

Freeze Frame

Sit down with me awhile, my Love Let's leave the world behind; This hour belongs to us alone: Our moment etched in time.

Lean upon my shoulder, Sweet And press your cheek to mine. Let's set our eyes to spy upon Our promised ever after, find.

Rest you arm upon my knee And hold that smile again. Another spot is next in line On our wedding photography.

Friends Forever Covenant

,

Friends have their humble beginnings And sometimes friendships have their end. Let us build a world of meaning; Together seek each rainbow's end.

We're meant to always be happy And to be sad for but a while; We are meant to share God's glory And to live-out life with a smile.

You'd never need to outgrow me Or to leave our friendship behind. I pray there be new beginnings: A deeper love each day to find.

,

From Swords to Plowshares

A field of crop once was a battlefield (red) now feeds a remnant -

They that survived the young that gave up their lives so that this plot of land

Might remain in this nation to fly its flag and export its blood-bought grain.

Fusion Refraction

i will not be scorched by the flame of another i shall keep my fire fueled only by the pure kindling found deep within the terrain of my wooded home

the sun shall bring enough light by day and a torch well-lit providing steady footsteps tredding the dark by night

[as I search for what I cannot find or name]

no light save by the moon on occassion when it occassion finds which reflects the sun bright from yonder hemisphere translating another's flame

that illumines my weary soul with tongues & quills on fire intermingling in a display of fiery scathing sparks and warm glowing rays of gently wedded breaths

[to possess at last what i have named & found]

`

Galatean Resumé

On a hand-hewn pedestal imagination coalesced; on milk-white face alight eyes sparkled with a liquid flame.

Some build ivory towers, their hands raw from driven labour, on scratched cheeks, a stricken eye ransoms a sculpted orphan dream.

Across time and the Middle Sea another calloused hand chiselled; laughter on a pine-white face resurrected an ailing heart.

Some can only imagine what others have without trying; when vicarious journeys fail, reality's block they will assail.

(A sort of raison d'etre definition for the artist's creation, drawing from both the stories of Pygmalion and Geppetto.)

Gravel in Our Eye

When we look not with our eyes convince oneself of the impossible typical gravel turns into motorways without tyres we saw ourselves as cars eyes glazed paved speed of reckoning just as rubber tearing at bitumen convinced we will get to there [that isn't here] at trips end we find ourselves a typical mob typical gravel looks like typical gravel as we stoop out of the beat-up ute our eye catches the side-mirror stymied by our shoes that crunch making familiar sounds on typical gravel

Gutted

`

It's never easy to step out into the sunlight away from the safety of your walls - indoors. Sometimes you forget just how hard it can get, Until a door slams shut in your face in midstep-knowing that you threw out the key to yours.

It's never fair when you give your heart away, only to find out their forever ended yesterday. That you will from here on forward love on, caring for both your heart and theirs forever while the unrequitedness would be for sure.

It's never too late to hope and dream of good; all will be well if we trust in the heart we love-that what has brought us together upholds, until a window opens up and lets light in again: darkness has no place - forever eternally bright.

`

Hacker? Troubled Water?

When I tried to log on to my poem hunter account I get logged out again and am not allowed to comment or post or participate and so it went on

The other month I tried again but this time it got worse I get a dialogue box that says my account's disabled and so I tried to contact our administration

After a couple of months without reply I tried to access my account another time at which instance I repeatedly attempted to ask for help

As it is obvious by this post I am able to log on but then each time I try to post I find myself logged out could it be a hacker or a ghost; I am in troubled water.

,

hair in the wind

,

Brown in the sun of the midday born Silken strands of crested corn

sparks light the sky brilliant welder's flash jewel in disguise jouster's winning prize.

Jack was nimble he was quick but he's not taking that candlestick.

All the queen's horses and all the queen's men run their own courses then run them again.

`

Harvest Dreaming

in my muddle-minded daze a rustic song rising up

tendrilled smoke drifting southward 'Go home, ' spoke the lone nettle

still standing silent, weeping shady sheaves heavy: waiting;

tomorrows bursting with grain.

`

Here we go passing by

`

Coal-bright heat pulsates a primal beat, this light burns white in the squalid night.

The windswept fury in a drunken flurry, toppled kerosene lamp leaves the table damp.

Morning slips in sly, waking the bleary eye; pollen grain breezes peddles raucous sneezes.

`

Insult to Injury

violent welts form on raising skin crackled blisters spew invectives brown curled grass pretend affection warning label on confection

shut the door on maddening din fettered brow pegged down with whispers burnished brass collect intrusion warranty voided contusion

flush out and swab, dress and bandage splint and cast - immobilise, recuperate the shuffling of disciplined feet ward off the pungence of defeat

Internal Combustion

What a loud and raucous voice silence possesses! Resounding agonies, jubilant triumphs..... How I keep my thoughts occupied my fingers nimble with flexing then extending All too quickly redeeming refuge from that gaping chasm of want. That I would consider even to scrutinise studying true friendship's face and form as it experiences seasons or situation. Then will I less consider myself weak in the seemingly cruel hand of circumstance. To know only all of that which I trully love.

 \sim

Invocation: To Rain

When shall it again rain upon this parched and thirsty land?

Will any come off divining while our heart lay pining?

Shall we again glimpse that crystal crown upon our king?

Come forth from yon chambers we beseech thee, our liege.

 \sim

Invoking Rain

When shall it again rain upon this parched and thristy land?

Will any come off divining while our heart lay pining?

Shall we again glimpse that crystal crown upon our king?

Come forth from yon chambers we beseech thee our liege.

,

Jacobin Paranoia

`

warmth envelops
dissolving the
bustle and noise
liquid stillness
offers but a momentary
tranquil once upon a time
it is so easy to
drift off and forget

here the watery balm soothes celiac rashes a moment's reprieve that shuts out reality provides sombre retreat cares float away until unwanted thoughts stray with blistered report

it is quite possible through bolted locks to lay victim to home invasion for someone to play Corday to one's Marat a hapless victim stabbed at home in one's bath

,

Journeying

so beautiful yet imperfect lofty thought's crammed into asphyxiating spaces with all the bold grace of a cattle train full once openly arrayed each letter corrupts their purity, dampens their joy white petals wilting, scorched thoughts and images divine now uneasily bourne by vessels corruptible cursed with leaking hulls what frail bearers of light shadows cast by storm lamps flickering bare intermittence or maybe a spark of glory vet from season to season souls bare in furious compulsion feverish quills worn past utility asking ourselves, have we could we have triumphed reaching the terminus preset or a foolish dream drifting a journey we each must take

Just Once

,

Wake up talk back don't tell me what I lack, save up turn back bring along that fav'rite song don't tell me I've no social conscience wasting my poetic licence turn back to your real self your hunger for poetic justice look up the sky's still higher than your highest tower let down your flaxen locks your ivory walls áre too slick come with me where the air is free and maybe, just maybe for once we'll agree.

`

Kerry, in memoriam

`

take him home to Ellerston there to rest, proud heart and soul sultry rhythm, bushland hearth beloved sunburnt country

just another day in the bush life rolls on like a country song paean to the homeland south rays bounce off yon coffin sheen

life does go on without you your neighbor's cattle wander stray across funeral march Mackellar's words guide our steps:

'Though earth holds many splendours, wherever I may die, I know to what brown country My homing thoughts will fly....'

out in blistering open land rest at last o learned hand so ends one life's longest day mem'ries now forever stay

,

kindred poets

`

probably a kinsman sanguinely perhaps but by pen more so is he that writes to express his soul to annoy himself so

•

Kitchen Sink

`

my finger traces a still barely visible band on my 4th finger

our ex-anniversary is now my memory

a constant companion to might-have-beens

yesterday had so much prospect and promise today I face a sink filled with dirty dishes

,

leaves in the wind

the upside of my underside molly-coddling your neck through a bleakly lined morning sky stirs my now tepid faith

always in the shadows

concealing furtive glances, tensed shoulder blades that find feet shuffling against iron curtains that

block the rays of the sun

levenslang stil

.

Here within lies a recollection of large talons that tear smooth

creamy flesh

a cadence ricochets off paint peeled walls of the clatter as soles strike dry dirt and stone

blood rushes

two sets of eyes squint and scan backs hunched low only darkness shields

momentary peace

words mumbled in restless sleep betray the vessel of secrets deep

burial crypt

posterity's portal reveals a clue gravestone cipher the silent cue.

.

Speak now or forever still.... The title would suggest in Nederlands, a lifetime of silence. Minimalist punctuation attempts to achieve internal natural punctuation cues and a broader/more extensive use of line breaks and spaces.

Life In A Graduated Cylinder

'Why are our lives so pegged on tests and calibrations....?'

I wondered one day at lab:
'Are we just numbers and specimens on some giant petrie dish calibrated & graduated like some cylindrical tube....?'

Heaven forbid that we be siphoned-in and spun around in an autoclave. 'Is the tugging and pulling a centrifugal force that separates the real me from impurity?'

And when I come out after experimentation my school, my government, my society, declares me useful or useless in this brave new world...

'Should life then be pegged & reliant on some cold, empirical system?'

Llama Express

across the Andean Alps on bygone empire trails like vagabonds traversing on woolen backs and hooves

the dust rises behind them the wind sweeps their fur pots and pans, ceramic things this road train ever moves

Look Into My Eyes

opthalmologists opthalmists opticians optometrists all deal with the eye oh please don't cry they're far better than a dentist with a drill that spins about so shrill they've got funny glasses with calibrated numbers and little gas hoses used to check pressure on lenses then you get too see just how far you could read give them a start when you say: Made in China! if eyes be that window through which our soul peers we might find these doctors our friend throughout our years optometrists opticians opthalmists opthalmologists

Love Is

,

Love is in the horizon, it sits upon the sand; the whispers in the hallway, revealing secrets grand.

It's dancing in the rain and in the blazing sun; the mighty flowing river, the voice of a long lost son.

Love is in the desert, in the oasis' leafy fronds; the racing tiny tadpoles in lazy summer ponds.

It's teary airport farewells and walks on a moonlit night; the gentle flowing breezes that stills the frightened heart.

,

Love Unspoken

yesterday a tear caught the sun [whole] [and] rolled down your cheek [tumbling] as we drove [at speed] along the M31 transfixed in that moment [etched] now in my mind [immortalised] in my heart sealed [memory] that tenderest of trysts [our secret] as you bared your deepest groanings [longing] mourning your greatest loss this side of heaven as I wiped [with fingertips] wetness [touched] from your face I could be no more nearer you beside you [offering] devout friendship you are my friend caught in that moment what strangeness of having little else to give other than be by your side [always] no wise words to speak no comfort to unworded dissolution but to keep a steady hand on the wheel and drive toward the rest of our lives the music blaring and our chests heaving [why is it that when your friend's heart breaks your heart breaks along?] horizon receding, re-emerging until i pull the handbrake in front of your house [and stop]

Love's Unrequited Paradoxicity

Love of the unrequited type... Ah! How paradoxical it be! Even more paradoxical Than that of the returned type...

return to me my boomerang if ironic paradox be bring on your wings an offering return to set this captive free

Love is love whether returned or not.

It gives all meaning to life, But when not returned It drives us into insanity! Constantly contemplating Upon what may or may not be...

provide a reason, supply a rhyme keep despair exiled forever to hearts a breathe of gentle clime elixir to heart's endeavour

If you have not experienced This type of love, This unrequited love Then you shall not understand The joyous part. You will think it all tragic. But there is a joyous part!

you freely give from joyous grace once prisoner of love withheld escape on wings of kiss' embrace receive twin souls, tender fire meld

Love is love whether returned or not.

my need reaches to the heavens despaired reply from there to find where is that spark this chest quickens love without truth is love unkind

Whether that person feels the same or not, I still love her, and to have someone That I love so much, Brings certain joy unto me... But certain grief to not recieve the love in return...

It is the most tragic grief And the most joyous joy At the same time!

Ludwig

I am never without Ludwig that mess of tangled hair accompanying me with his fifth, ninth, and moonlight

in my now unplugged ears

stereo muted, no longer blaring at my need to hear thousands of times before now lilts indelibly sealed

o but he moves me still

`

Lulach MacGill

`

Lulach Mac Gill, may your name be remembered still another thousand years -Freedom's memory fill.

Let clansmen's voice 'round the globe arise Breathe in peace you bought dear for Moray and Alba's skies.

Law, equality and tolerance the weak protect Protectors of these ideals allow us to elect.

Wield again with deftness your claidheamh mòr Speak truth, walk in grace Be no one's fool forever more.

`

Market Day

`

squashed cabbage leaves, crushed petals, broken stems strewn along grey slush

wind whisks cobbled street, gravel crunches under hooves and booted feet

rain-drooped marquees whisper freshest gossip; clock tower tolls on the hour

,

Maroubra Nightwind

`

when the biting autumnal breeze sweeps past these craggy rocks its howling whispers - seducing; sparing no thought of mercy blinking lights on distant shores pontooned my heaving heart across the dark brewing waters billowy clouds float by aimlessly nonchalant in the blank staring sky

,

Men Don't Dance

Any boy can dance even for girls harbouring ill jested kabuki livery

men never opt pretty quintessent revelry spending time under vague

worldly xanadic yearning zeugma.

MF's Roses are Red

MF: your initials hit me striking hard - blinding RosesAreRed - that they are not all roses are red and not all things red are roses

MF roses are MF red....
not if you're colour blind
not if you're shot in the head
RosesAreRed - yellow or white
screaming loud - deafening.

`

Midnight Rendezvous

,

Join me in this boat of drunkenness, Come with me and we shall both be drunk. Let's sway beside what we think ourselves, Swerving as the waves swell beneath us; Lifting us to where lonely sounds warp, While many other things become clear.

Come upon my mind, your tongue in mine, And utter words that rend this turmoil; The sound of madness not to be stilled, Our silent voices, raging waters.

The world will list to one side of us And back to the other in one beat. Ghosts wail in the howling of the wind; The sweat streams from a thousand souls, They fling their drunken bodies upon us; We feel only their salty wetness.

All at once they crash against this boat; Their breath will chill the flaming sea, Then drift back again to drowsy depths, As our oars cut through this heady wine.

`

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Mirage Oracle

fall into pools of swirling merriment shirk substitutes that others recommend firm in the knowledge of purest joy your visage clear in mind, no mental toy

stab with wanton thrusts this warm caress reveal dream's scorn amid phobic duress with fiery brand your chariot swift - protect lunar spheres in shaded ponds - thoughts collect

tinge red this broken tune - unbroken still wave its braided locks on crested hill press in, unhearing ears to hear each cry opalescent reverie jar awake

bend to reason, sturdy oak, envision extract your roots - find fresh irrigation

Modular Nonconformity

`

Never too early, never too late; Life can be a heaped-up plate.

Today you are comfy, tomorrow, lost; Yesterday's loss determines the cost.

The future disguises no blemishes. Hope's a parachute that never perishes.

`

Morphed Illusions

what are we to do about shadows in the mirror pray tell before they rise -

filling in memories of film noir and poetry dark or brooding states of alienation

blaring piano forte of shadowy symphonics: inimitable contrivances.

Mother, Mother

`

Mother, Mother are you crying? Come and look, the roses are dying.

Mother, Mother I am hungry. Come and see, the dishes are piling.

Mother, Mother I am lonely. Come and hear, My heart's key is snapping.

Mother, Mother are you sleeping? Come and run, Let's play in the sun once more.

`

Musing on Cave Art

Striving toward originality results in piece meal offferings - bright but witless understanding? statements pondering universalities feeding warm pulsating bossoms

idling too long, byte by byte millennial automatons marching logged-off but only hibernating: underneath, aware of scratches on rockfaces of now ancient halls.

My Home

In my passing think of me no other than with a heart emboldened - loved our sunburnt land that here under the wide expanse of sky We, from all the globe's corners, 'One Australia, ' cry this young nation strong, built on dreams and hopes -

In her arms each Australian lad and lass would find through her seasons, Freedom's encouragement: that eternal pulse of mateship, fairness and peace brilliant light shines under her southern skies guiding our thoughts and hearts homeward to freely roam.

Nail-Pierced Hands

Cut and Paste My Love: As I rise from the Gutter's darkness-blind But the strong nail-pierced Hands grip mine and pull -Then wash me by Blood

Copy-Paste My Mercy: As I lean forward To that gutter again -See the nail-piercings' Shadows on my hands As I reach out to you By that same flood of love

Paste and Save My Heart: As we walk each day Together side by side Closer to Your glory Step by step toward Home -Rooms Built by Nail-Pierced Hands

Night's Tender Kiss

your northern smile embraces - shining stars in the dimming sky

sparkles burst and pierce me such brightness lightens my load another day closes, sun sleeps another night begins, stars keep

a hope of us together one day

across an ocean - now divides us steps hasten screen door bangs my chin lifts, eyes peering deep this night is your day my sweet

slumber with fondest thoughts our souls' yearning tendrils enlace.

Not now, I'm busy

,

shadowed in early evening's darkened corner his smile responds to your gruff remark and you do not see the tear rolling from his cheek he turns the faintest hint of sadness cloaks his eye

`

Note to Solicitors of Votes

Note to those soliciting reviews.

I find it a rather distasteful act to spam
(for lack of a better word)
members of this site with requests
for comments and reviews
without first introducing yourself and at least posting a comment prior to making a request for comments and votes.

I have been too kind and too lenient in the past, believing in your promises to return the favour only to end up waiting for something that will probably never arrive.

Hence, heretofore, please be so kind to give what you so desperately petition for me to do - post comments/reviews on my works FIRST

and only then and thereafter ask me to return the favour.

That is how it works.

Otherwise your requests will fall on deaf ears and be reported as spam.

Thank you for your attentive consideration.

P.S.

An opinion is forming that those who perpetrate this discourteous and ill-mannered practice are only after votes and popularity on this site. It is a shameful thing to do and should be curtailed.

Nothing Like a Mother Orphaned

,

Brawlwriting on the brick wall; no one left standing... a lack of pulse. Where is the beat of those that listen?

Shutslams the front door, not to open again; no mop of hair, no laid back gait. Where is sleep tonight?

Lifeworth little in strife; no tears, no smiles: each day will torture. What remains when night falls once more?

,

Ode to King Saul's Son

,

stately tall you meekly stand on your finger the signet band for my sake you shunned your crown for my breath your devotion fierce

you gave for me your sword and squire your hospitality did never tire proud brothers in battle or play companionly we went about each day

in your shadow I had no care my home's cupboards were never bare song and merriment never missed hunger a stranger to my lips

your place at court set second to mine your heart pure - best fruit of the vine your eyes reflect esteem so dear no man's affection held so near

O gallant Prince in battle slain my soul cries out for you in pain why you've set Saul's crown on my head a long-held secret I shan't covet

My lord, could one ever repay; the debt of friendship's love dismay? to live this life as noble and true to generously care and give as you

Prince of the Realm, if you could hear the Scroll of the Upright, loud and clear in the Song of the Bow proclaimed praise of our filial bond inscribed.

ı

Ode to Old Smiley

See, a smiley or a lack thereof doth not a writer make

but dressing-up like Antoinette doth usually win the cake

what equine sacrifice will meet agreement for disagreeing?

for if a quill with parchment wed shan't send the torments fleeing

pour ale, splatter ink, mine friends send Smiley-in-trousers twirling!

of the silenced quill

a grated gate in midnight's light once fell upon a sorry sight as rain washed out the scarlet stain the skies bowed down to hear the pain

a voice without a body heard the sordid tale its waist did gird one witness found, torn leaf by leaf Creation's glory sank to grief

a tale no word was writ nor said into the ground the silence bled a soaked and orphaned quill remains fraught with want of its trilled refrains

a poet's tome lay ungathered whispy strands of dreams untethered if Heaven cried its tears that night set up the quaich in candlelight

Old Rose

,

Steely, piercing gaze steady and calculated scorn-etched lips pout scathed grains discolour

pearly teeth bared proudly held chin gloats pencilled thoughts permanently carve the soul

crafty words sliver carefully orchestrated chaos cornering all resolution creased yesterdays wither

,

on taking the early train

`

Yes, I will try to be brave just like you'd want me to be; here I am waiting on shared memory:

Dear old friend, where might you be? And where is it that we have arrived: now we're quickly fading into oft-turned pages

that lay dog-eared upon sweet serenity while a fresh film of dust settles on table tops, while train carriages shrink into the distance that could only part-reveal their silent witness.

Yes, our time together, though passed on too soon, brought us at the crossroads of our existence. Your friendship has left such an imprint on my soul, in my thought & yearning you shall forever remain.

Reminiscence is now all that is left and the garden grows wild without your presence, friend, my dear friend, where might you be?

,

once rechargeable batteries

,

Who can tell the difference between gallantry and deceit; that is clear only to the querying breeze?

Who could not smell the pungent heavy cloud before the pulling of the petulant wind?

Further, afar off, no one inquires about foreseen mornings unseen dreams once winged zephyrs echo in forgotten hallways.

Perched high on rock faces grim beneath the humming of the bird, awash on porous promontories failure now permeates the abject soul.

`

One Once Knew

uneasy presence of someone once known even loved -

the space however gaping wide: cloying,

suffocating; treacle bath easily sealing claustrophobic asphyxsiation

,

Our Moonlit Getaway

on this twilight moon's
landscape, there might be
in a galaxy of its own
a hidden treasure trove
of good and loved things
that can be opened up
and relished each day!
Frederick Kesner

out of the rain

`

sun strikes swift on the horizon slithering serpent slumbers no more sweltering desert sand transforms shapes surrender mirages, the mind supine

in our moving forward slivers shed coming ahead surreal accomplishments severely shallow - deafening, shrill but together we stand united, hearts sublime

`

Pact, The

would you for the love of me tie this lace upon a tree

when the wind upon it blows my heart on yonder river flows

Paper Boat

by this way each new day I let float

my paper boat

down a fast running stream that holds no dreams

Perchancement

`

You have been much more to many a progressively ailing heart, in the eloquence of whispered words - watch them alight on the pages of a poem.

What in the waving of waxing thought; words copiously flow in the effervescent glow of lilting rhyme - solitary images march the desert storm.

Amnesty provides no relief: no human deed can make amends, the speed of apologies fail to out run the steam roller of resolute demeanour. Once the balm of intimating breath now asphyxiates tomorrow's hope.

Put forth in plain speech what now in riddles present then lay a poignant wreathe upon this wailing bardic crypt. Underneath its gravestone find wispy embers of yesterdays awaiting phoenix wings climb.

Hence in its turn let generosity provide this grievous dagger a sheath to hide.

`

Persona Non Grata

once sometime long time ago when the world was younger none of this was a bother when the heart was fonder ancient lore sometime once

Perspicuity

Were it not for this resurrection there would be no will to pick up the pen. Were it not for that temper, no spark the tedious Obscure could rekindle.

Pardon is not for the weak to bestow; magnanimity knows no better. Pity can't fill the shoes of empathy nor walk the bitter path from Sorrow's door.

Should there be found a kernel of truth when pledge and heart were founded, There should a seed of conviction germinate, from Silence, words arise once more.

`

Photos on Our Wedding Day

Sit down with me awhile, my Love Let's leave the world behind; This hour belongs to us alone: Our moment etched in time.

Lean upon my shoulder, Sweet And press your cheek to mine. Let's set our eyes to spy upon Our promised <i>ever after</i>, find.

Rest your arm upon my knee And hold that smile again. Another spot is next in line On our wedding photography.

Pot Plants

`

hapless indulgence animated silences quiver

hankered imagination ambiguous synapses quibble

each way you turn each thought you churn new lessons learn

potted flower plants line your driveway mind, you don't crush them

Prodigal Returning

won't you tell me I
have not lost my soul!
I am on the way back
from around the bend
back into the languid pools
and the billowy breezes
that sing spontaneous songs
in the cool of afternoon
-such sounds lift the spirit
bringing a peace and serenity
against the cruel hardness
& the crashing discordant sounds
of this torpid confusing world

Promise

`

when
the worms are done
with you
I shall await
the scent of blooms
that should one day
sprout and mark
the very spot
wherein
you last
reclined
that is,
if I don't
follow
soon
after

,

Promises

`

Data storage now keeps forgotten memories; images and words from jubilant revelries.

The clock is a blur of digits these days and nothing is clear but tomorrow's maze.

So off we go to bury unwitnessed sunsets; replacing our garden beds with plastic regrets.

`

Questing Relish

zealous young xenophiles wail violent utterances

tasked surreptious rail qualms permit ornaments

nibbling mice livid kilo joule increments

harped geese fly every delicate caress bourne aloft

Quetch

,

Tendril wafted dunes of barren sands waffle, swirl across mile upon mile in every directionyour face appears a horizon away, there is little comfort found in accompanying echoes.

Drifting sticks wail in the pitched wind, stretched on distant recollection-stylus of the scribe named Regret; each flurrying breeze turns a new page, taking with it freshly shed tears.

Foetid droppings of some wastrel desert vagabond provide a vivid reminder of how it can never be again, to kick it away would only contaminate these well worn wandering shoes.

Head facing forward wherever the nose points except in the back of the mind where the oasis burbleseach leafy frond conceals intimate moments now buried within the unmindful desert's gut.

`

Reed Music

Amber frosted reeds in the summer's wind swaying, dancing, synchronised now syncopated and back shouting then singing xanthine etudes boisterous and raucous bright and nimble leaving pliant graceful kisses on a soft smooth cheek

release

`

auction your ciphers whether cryptic or plain; express your disdain, princes and paupers, your joys and your pains

upload them web-wide, your caustic protuberance; spread digital conflagration let relentless talons purge the sting of sulfur on brimstone

,

Remain A Scent

find me here longing for things that no longer are that smile that only appeared when I walked into the room and the way you tilt your head and smile that half moon

like mice traipsing blindly, chunks of cheese in tow

what I lack is more than your mere presence here your smell and your touch, your voice and breathing it's the very essence - candles lit and thick with scent

fill this shrinking room, envelope my vestigiating universe

Renewal

•

There must be a death if there is to be a resurrection; The demise of something in part or the whole of: that portion of one's being... Only then shall we see with eyes new as morning's first light. Only then shall we have reinvented ourselves: allow ourselves to take the first steps laden with amnesia of the former, forgotten self. Come and cease to be and let today bow to the kiss of tomorrow's promise. Tread upon the petals of yesterday and smell the fragrance that lingers, that solitary spectre, olfactory memory that words cannot outline. Wound your forgiveness with the scar of remembrance. Nothing is as sweet to the lips than the ashes strewn from the phoenix rising.

.

Restless

Is remorse a prison to the soul the sole utterance of reproach that if not to myself be True the possible best in life accrue what if regret creeps on the morning a thief stalking the shadow of dawn (re) fresh from bare motive drawing crystal arteries of a day that is new or shall we allow the mind meander let it's 'work' find itself crowning there in its core uncover simplicity strip away a mournful state of heart

`

seasonal random

`

faceless number screen flicker thermal print out fades in summer

walk the line find some time primal scream stuccoed spring

mudprint carpet trigger finger curdled milk forgotten winter

stadium heckler prison clatter barred existence cushions the fall

,

Seasons

transeasonal transitionsmoons and harvests

transcendent revolutions-'round the light of day

resolutions each new year

summer, winter, spring or fall cyclic orchestra, nature's call

asymmetric symmetry, pulsing breast cosmic poetry, life-long quest

young and old, near or far Pilgrim's Warder, guiding star.

Seeing the Lights From Within Hallowed Hall

,

There were two lights that shone bright in the fields of green, the one was bright in ways that it shadowed the other; that even after the first had snuffed out, its afterglow shone brilliantly and commandingly that the other cowered.

Both these lights have come from the same source; both created for great things - illumining a darkening world, each never intended to outshine the other, but together bring upon this life a freedom from the lurking shadows.

In the same way always remember, let your light shine before humanity that they may see the good to be found in you and thereby praise your Father in heaven.

`

Shot at Dawn

This poem does not condone desertion nor is it a proponent of summary execution or the use of capital punishment as a deterrent.

The citizen army of August 1914 saw in its time 8Million signed up resulting in 750,000 dead of this 300/3000 executed.

This is the tale of just one life.

Shot at Dawn

At nineteen you were still a child hopping off to an aggrandised war filled with romantic and exuberant air

At nineteen you travelled over the channel to Mons, by the Belgian border marching there receiving the horrors of humiliated retreat

At nineteen you went missing first in Dublin taking leave without permission now in France and sought for desertion

At nineteen you were a fugitive hiding from town to town filled with fear and personal loathing without destination, without future

At nineteen you were confronted by a baron's gamekeeper whisked from barn to court marshall

At nineteen you met the iron will of a military court in face of disaster you were the first deserter to be convicted

As far as publicly convenient, within two days without showing the world we shoot our own At nineteen you marched out, first light of dawn

And in the half light of a new day

in an unmarked grave by the road At nineteen ceremoniously executed and hastily buried

A queue of poplar trees with arms outstretched lifted plaintive prayers to the war torn sky At nineteen hope flew as far as the eye can see

Shortly before dawn, escorted by armed guards tied to a post, blindfolded, white cloth to the heart At nineteen your regiment paraded through gun smoke

An exemplary deterrent to all West Kents rifles cracked from shaking arms At nineteen you were shot at dawn

Pvt. Thomas James Highgate (19) Royal West Kents d.08-09-1914

Sighing

bending on the bank of a winsome river a weepy willow sighed: 'Oh for the day that I my tears again may find...'

.

Solitude at the Waterfront

`

Less than a bell's tinkle fainter than a whistle stars in the sky twinkle your breath a hushed whisper

O the tiniest sparkle dapple on glassy water far from distant heckles my soul freed from shackles

`

Sonamphony

I am never without Ludwig that mess of tangled hair accompanying me with his fifth, ninth, and moonlight

in my now unplugged ears

stereo muted, no longer blaring at my need to hear thousands of times before now lilts indelibly sealed

o but he moves me still

Sorry, you don't make the cut

.

tentative steps across this garden a weeded jungle sprouted gremlin-like

walk away through belladonna overrun seething poison auger jaundiced sun

lick abrasions tucked in shadows splints & bandages mend fresh sorrows

.

Spendthrift Heart

,

malingering
along
uncharted frontiers
liquid sorrow
bastes
unformed words
whose crystal
resonant vibrance
reverberates
within
a pilgrim soul
gaze once more
upon your
lint-filled navel
and share
the blossom
of heaving bosom
therein find
a brokenness
with no need of mending

`

spring

,

my reasons have changed transformed along with my circumstances defined by those I have allowed into my life shaping me releasing me and giving my days their tints and shades to open up and allow hatchets to fall or portly women to sing

leave open the door for fresh winds to blow let the early spring's germination lift the chin of my winter's dispossession soothe the bruising where i once stumbled bleary-eyed with sleep.

•

Symphonatas

I am never without Ludwig that mess of tangled hair accompanying me with his fifth, ninth, and moonlight o but he moves me still stereo muted, no longer blaring at my need to hear thousands of times before now lilts indelibly sealed in my unplugged ears

Syntax: Postlude to Love

tiers of words enveloping С а S Ċ a d n g salted fresh with tears and gusts of crocodile b r e a t h taking d my meat from dustcovered shelves that Imaydance cheek to cheek with your butcher's knife the spring ran dry exhausting itself with racking gurgles and in the wake of its demise

the romantics arose

to bury our relationship in the bloodied adjectival phrases where it died that morning.

,

Take Two

,

The weary social consciousness arose, the adulation reveals the personification of hope; What of our communal yesterday?

We, the refugees of our past mistakes, embodied by a bush that no longer burns, consumed in the fervent disappointment and disgust.

Our faith is now rewarded an olive branch has been offered; and on one shoulder lay what we only

dare to hope, 'Perhaps, perhaps...'
The journey to that time and day begins today, sworn in resolutely.

The weary arise to lift their chins.
The din roars above the pros and cons.
The person to lead a nation and a globe sworn in again.
What of our communal tomorrow...?

,

Tempest

,

The clouds part, scattering in the wake of a rushing mighty wind.

The heat rises, surging upwards: violating moist cocoons.

The hail darts, streaks of bolts accompany torrent and downpour.

The tempest moves, swerving past looming mountain ranges in a flash.

The chest heaves apprehension abated-turmoil dissipates.

`

terminal velocity

,

Drenched in heavy morning rain Like an arctic soaking to the vein; I just sat there stunned and wordless, by the results of endless tests.

Only do I seek the scoffer's sympathy; my litanies dot the bottom of this timpani. No restaurant on high street offers... Whoa! I found where my sanity rests:

A very comforting hand takes mine, The other hand by her child as well. I draw dry ice sculptures in my mind, While a hawk's screech rings overhead.

`

Every person has many wishes. A cancer patient has only one: to get better. In honour of those that have lost their battle with cancer, are still fighting the battle, or have beaten it!!!!

test

a harrowed ref equals photojournalist's bucket communicating targetted wishes - blank images source of imaginings

The Last Soldiers of 'Empire'

,

We are a family of nations built on legend and lore the sun never sets on us our bounds on far-off shores

Our heritage ancient and rich nestled in values just and pure from Arthur's chivalrous table round to all the lands of earth secure

This War was great and at much cost it changed our world and how we live we fought for freedom, side by side for future gains our lives did give

Our sacrifice transformed us all and forged a new identity Empire no longer subservience but for brotherhood and equality

`

the man made perfect

`

Every woman is perfect every woman a breathe divine every woman is individual let each one uniquely shine.

The man that wakes up and embraces this splendid truth will have gained the world and find himself perfected too.

,

The Rainbow Bridge

somewhere in the sky on a moist day you may spy a rainbow hanging high

let that always remind you one shining moment true friendship's promise renew

`

The road to here and there

`

the road to nowhere must begin somewhere

the road to anywhere always begins everywhere

if in doubt of direction find your spot elsewhere then follow your feet where your nose leads you

the road to dinner wear ends in frozen tupperware

the road to Delaware travels here and there

,

The Row

,

There is maybe in each burst of energy, a product of fanaticism filling

the air or the cities when the limbs of trees hail the soldiers to the war.

Perhaps in each bellow the burst of energy produces fanatic followers.

Perhaps in each gust the rush of wind uproots all modicum of calm.

Perhaps in each caterwaul the limbs of protest raises interjective receipt.

Each is a product maybe without hope of reprieve: alone in time; Perhaps.

`

The Tempest

my eye is caught by a photograph

my ear records a voiceless cry

whispering brilliant streaks tiny hairs all quivering on my skin

raindrops pelting crystal teeth glaring tearing away

my tongue forms a quiet reply

my nose wiggling at a brooding sky

.

.

The Thoughts Meander

,

revolutions of the second hand are innumerable to the watchful eye, which has not comforted this bruising

...shame

nor can heart's run far enough away from pulsing, cancerous gangrene; and off to the darkest mile it treads

...softly

in the cooling of a fading day, a gentle crushing blow fixes completely the drowning, despondent smiles

...of yesterday

as wafting wavelets wail forlornly, while whispering affections now silent; hearkening back to more innocent times

...found wanting

`

The Wound of a Forced Exit

,

Dour faced you stepped into a gaping precipice leaving me with my face moist

at the threshold (its frame now leaning to one side splintered and unhinged.)

Did I tell you that my front door never opened to the street? Maybe I never had the need to; you always entered through the back door,

you always crept out the window to play in the sun. This time was different:

Before another word could be spoken you rushed past me brushing my outstretched arm(s) . Then all I could see

was your hair tumbling in the air as your limbs flailed while you plummeted out of my life.

,

The Writer's Pen

,

I am the kind that waits the wait without reply.

Catch me each time I fall for far off do I fly.

Allow me to go adrift and embrace my return-

your pen, my oracle; so that in your breath and

in your sighs capture all of the little miracles of life.

,

There can be no Justice

,

Provide us just scales with which to measure determine the truth provide no displeasure

be objective and distant make sure you're blindfolded mete out the verdict swift and without fail.

But for the value of life remember your own Each breath you take opportunities blown

Justice is never served for the dead remain dead their chances forfeited memories defaulted

punitive arrangements may placate the bereaved but the dead remain deceased.

,

These Arms

those arms
that know and are able
those arms
that are able and do
those arms
that do enwrap this torso
those arms
belong to you

these arms
that seek and reach out
these arms
that reach out and do
these arms
that do wrap those arms:
the shadowy imprint of
what belonged to you.

,

Third

no, it was not very difficult to allow many other things & thoughts to fill this gaping void where we once together spent our quiet moments

but these distractions have not my pining assuaged the withdrawal of not having you here by me is a feeling gnarling at the pit of my gut

yet I have resolved not to be cast down keeping constantly before my eyes your promise dreaming beyond paper planes & stubbed-out crayons

time & space are not sufficient to contain that part of me that with you experiences & lives so here i lightly tred amid the peat & the moss

blending what is imagined & what is in fact real walking toward the lilting songs of languid streams where hope whittles away this overwhelming subterfuge

i catch a turquoised vision of dancing lights proferring a glimpse of that thrilling prospect of faith in your returning home in due season true

too much for an ending year

`

There should be a vibrant atmosphere at the close of this tremendous year.

Who'd have imagined it would bring crowds from near and far and miles around? But like other years it fades all too quickly, then we each for ourselves new lives begin.

Our days and hours go by much too fast. It seems nothing we built will ever last.

Over festive traditions we spin to emerge from a dizzying daze.

There should be found at the end of this, intact; puzzle pieces of our years, whose fluttering wings shall come to rest on a requited lover's heaving chest.

`

Troth of the Heart

`

Love's illusion is to believe the best, to hope the best, and to love the best.

Some call it foolish optimism, some brand it the blindness of love, and some condescend, labelling it infatuation.

This fact escapes the skeptics-What the heart chooses to believe the mind begins to see. The magic of love sets free.

,

Truth Relative

Secrets are secret Truth cannot expound Everything is vanity No comfort to be found

Truth is relative or so it is, they say Life for us is short no time to dry the hay

What Truth will illumine Lies would then conceal with ebony tusks uncover wounds that would not heal

two black arm bands in the rain

,

two joined, separated a brother now one and his brother's friend a friend that loved filled that emptiness that hearth and home could not mend one fateful day their ways crossed to wayward wend

what tears run streaks on your redded-cheeks why the furtive pulse in your eyes, it shows

so plain a plan to bring him back though a means to do so sorely lack keep alive that sacred part you filled his heart and thus wherever he may be there shall you also remain his friend no brother nor blood no rain nor wind would understand

`

Un-Common Courtesy

I know what it's like to write and to not be read - It's much like to speak out and not be heard.

And then there is being read but not gotten back to It's like greeting someone hello and they just walk right past you.

You are almost sure they heard you at such close proximity And yet it seems you've been cloaked with invisibility.

So when you post all of your work with such ferocity, Then expect to be acknowledged, why not extend the same courtesy?

Uncovered

`

Belying this despised state you hunch upon shuffling feet, pondering the crunch of browned leaves.

Burrowing this dusty soil you hide beneath scurrying paws, forgetting the crash of billowy waves.

Blowing out raspy breath you pucker withered lips; release cotton-downed doves.

Bellowing against the horizon you herd the flock from grazing; shackled gates embrace nightfall.

`

VisionQuest, Keltischer Junge

Unearthing sacred truths bring to light so many things that beforehand lay hidden

and his voice rings clear and true he fell off the wall, neither I nor you

to be himself and all he could be with or without all the kings horses or men

to be yourself his fervent wish the road we each must take, alone

the futility we often times come against a madding crowd - formidable, unforgiving

but the greatest hindrance lay within laying down the dream is sure defeat

a parade, his childhood dream to see and that he attained, however brief

the truth - his passing is not in vain his light reveals the way of freedom

that gaze is faraway - not unfocused meeting another set of questing eyes

sweetly surrender - a dream's demise and like a phoenix - a new dream arise

`

Voice

,

leaves rustle in a dance the wind, their live band birds, their vocal ensemble but your voice remains still not a sound to be heard

leaves rustle on a tome your words printed out and bound inked clues guide memories but your voice still remains faded familiar sound

leave, just leave without a word your thoughts riding on the wind echo back that distant call bring to life this one last time the hearts you left behind

,

Wait

,

I wait.
The waiting room is bare.
The window blinds are shut
and the door opens only in one direction.
Remember to leave it ajar
when you return.
I wait.

,

Waiting

waiting
wondering
waiting
again
waiting
what
will
waken this
wilted
wanderer's
willy?
again
wanting
again
waiting....

Wash

Spun out of control.
Bobbing then pommeled, squashed then bloated.
A lone occupant within the confines of a tumble dryer at full spin....
An impatient hand lifts the lid off with deft, well practised fingers hopeful that in so doing would speed up the process.

The spinning abruptly stops resuming only when the lid is firmly shut securely in place. With a banging and a rattling the tumbling ensues... digits lifting assured the interruption overrided.

The mind opens to the fact that there is one entry and one exit on this front loader churning Its machinations moistens the dank air and frigid tiles with a slimy condensation.

A final click breaks the dense silence. From inside the searing metal tub emerges a once bright red garment its fabric faded, worn, and frayed.

^

When You Look Upon the Sky

,

Have you lately gazed upon with dreamy eyes the wide expanse of sky?

All it would take is the shuffling of footsteps to that choicest of spots;

Unfold that picnic rug and lay quietly still, look up and watch for me.

Have you lately gazed upon with dreamy eyes the wide expanse of sky?

Come, I am waiting, Everything will be all right.

`

When Your Poems Are 'Online'

Please, pray tell, what it means when your poems are 'online' green while the rest upon your list have no such green tags in the least?

And if it means what I suspect it does, is there anyway that we are able to adjust?

Thanks in advance for your kind reply.

Where Do Fireflies Go To Die?

`

My tears used to wake me from a delay unduly prolonged

Your smiles used to hurt me for their beauty my heart dethroned

This love had locked me up and threw away the key

And mile upon mile of wishful thinking pushed you further away from me

I looked into the mirror and found the devil I danced with was me

And the fireflies that once lit our canopy are also no longer free.

`

,

Whispers

Express life - a soul go to 'never see' walls

friends in the mend chests palpitate - wend a little place - belief hasty

across, around, behind, sit solemn sweet forgetfulness summer, simmer - cool

down

an end, wait - much talk sunlight gold on sorrows old hidden lives, together shared

`

White Elephant

white elephant blue tell me what I mean to you bright unlikely hue

wind chimes

`

small sounds twinkle in the ear soft velvet touch invisible fingers quietly mingle on a weathered cheek with sullen humid arvo sweat

bleating echoes in the wind dessicated foliage rustle as creaking floorboards whisper willowed memories childhood's laughter rings clarion of tomorrow fades

,

Wings Unfurl in the Dark

`

Belying this despised state you hunch upon shuffling feet, pondering the crunch of browned leaves.

Burrowing this dusty soil you hide beneath scurrying paws, forgetting the crash of billowy waves.

Blowing out raspy breath you pucker withered lips; release cotton-downed doves.

Bellowing against the horizon you herd the flock from grazing; shackled gates embrace nightfall.

`

Winter's Passing

When your winter breaks into spring think of new and wonderful things

while autumn creeps passed your window break this winter free of sorrow

wait upon seasons - wait on life live each day loving - escaping

weave each day's new strands - engaging one day looking back - mem'ries rife.

.

for JLW

Within Reach

Prick up your dulled ears, be brave; Hear the dislodged dirt flying Listen; the shovels of subservience Bury truth but carve out your grave.

If a measure of wisdom still remains; Listen attentively and lift up your eyes. Remember what you learned as a child. Release the thirst for ill-gotten gains.

Look upon the mound of soil Incline your head to this word, Don't disregard this pronouncement. In time, it rewards your labour and toil.

Taste with your scalded tongues, Your now-forgotten native fare. Wonder at that temperamental jive; An archived litany of faults harangue.

Let inherited prudence beseech; Open ears and responsive hearts No longer make light of death: Salvation now placed within our reach.

Wonderful Disgrace

gasping grasping veinlike whispy appendages

tendrilling toward the vapour of what once was

gaping groping wanlike ventriloquating

accoutrement tentacling away from venomous

fangs of today

should Venus sit and trap unwitting victim

or would Toiler prowl and wrap escaping prey: the other self

in dark dismay.

Your Holy Book or Mine?

`

So what if I've gone to Scripture maybe just to have a look? So what if it spoke to me so loud with brilliant flashes of cutting blades? So what if all my thoughts are laid bare stripped of any guile or disguise?

We all are pilgrims in this journey, We all seek for what we know We do not have yet could not name; We all of us are on a quest toward What we know eternity must hold....

So what if in my searching I find whims and wandering thoughts reigned within the cosmic finiteness of this mind? Then there must have been some use undusting and poring through that Tome.

,

A challenge to do your own pilgrimage and make your own conclusions. It is always best to travel, first hand. Then the journey is trully your own.