Poetry Series

James B. Earley

- 103 poems -

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James B. Earley (5 April 1934)

James B. Earley was born and reared at Mounds, within the rolling hills of Southern Illinois, nine miles north of the confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. A Californian since 1956, he resides in the San Francisco Bay area. Having served twenty-one years in the employ of the Robert Mondavi Winery, Jim retired October 2006 from his treasured assignment...personal chauffeur to its legendary Founder and Chairman...Robert Mondavi.

An ardent disciple of the Robert Frost philosophy of simplicity in style, and clarity of thought, Earley vigorously pursues that poetic vision, passionately navigating its intoxicating culture...in rhythmic verse.......

Subscribing to the spiritual notion...'poetry is the window to the soul, ' he enthusiastically embraces the medium, in any form, however the content.

Welcome..to the portfolio..of poetically infused short stories. Mostly serious..occasionally contrite...some whimsical...a few wacky...others tacky....though all...consistently...of the soul. Please browse....or linger..if you will!

 $\ldots\ldots$ For taking the flight, experiencing the mood, and sharing the passion......thanks..

Author's Note:

This collection is dedicated to my family...the Muskeyvalleys/Muscovalleys....and...to Southern Illinois, and the little town called Mounds...and all the people in it...in that time...which I thought...would last......forever.....

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Works:

A Vision of Home {1989}

A Sultry Summer's Evening {1995,1996}

A Dream...Deferred......Perhaps

Is happiness...an illusion ...On the wings of time Sought...and pursued... Though impossible..to find

....That infinite mirage One....cannot clasp... An elusive...emotion Beyond....the grasp

A fleeting...apparitionOr...does it exist... Some cruel hoax of natureOr a spiritual....twist

Whatever.....the answerSatisfaction....I take In that measure..of comfort... Only contentment...can make

A Letter.....For Mary

There's an old roadWinding Along the streamMeandering

Romance...of a train
...From God knows where
Echoed......sounds
.....Rumbling

Walking...the hillsThinking....
Of the joy..those soundsAre bringing

Memories...welcome
....The child again
.....She's the treasure
.....Of Jamieson...Canyon

Authors note:

Dedicated to the memory of...Mary Azevedo....and....to her earthly home...Jamieson Canyon.

A Mountain Speaks

That distant valley Far below Was I...as a childEons ago

I've known great happiness Shared...such strife As that of the dinosaur Struggling for life

From a simple existence I've seen Man grow In the scheme of evolution I'll watch.....him go

I question.....my being Invariably...I findA mere speck of sand On.....God's beach...of time

Author's note: The poem addresses Mt. Tamalpais, geographically to the immediate north of San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge. (The Mountain is sometimes known as 'The Sleeping Maiden, ' of Native American legend.) From my home, overlooking the northeastern perimeter of San Francisco Bay, I am blessed with a spectacular panorama of this magnificent creation! Viewing the Mountain, north to south, one can imagine the figure of a reclining female with an abundance......of long...flowing hair.

During periods of intense reflection, considering the Mountain....its splendor...its life...its aggregate history...its future...its reticent humility...and the arrogant juxtaposition of Mankind, I often wondered, should the Mountain speak...What would it have to say? This work is the manifestation of untold hours of meditative thought......a spiritual rendition of extraordinary.....time....and place!

Thanks to Rani Turton.....whose observation was the catalyst inspiring the author's remark....

A Vision Of Home

Somewhere within dwells the soul of a boy And childhood dreams of IllinoisWith thoughts.....of home again

Whose summers of youth are long gone by A returning 'stranger' is the reason why It's not easy to go home again

Why tell a soul who I am Would anyone really give a damn On the streets of home again

A solemn stroll through rolling hills Gaze reminiscent on dusty fieldsThe aroma...of home again

An old house sits.....atop the hill The swing on the porch...is swinging still ...Memories......of home...again

Down the road.....to the aging...Church Again feel the glow of the old folk's touchSo near...it's almost...home again

Autumn encroaching...the kids are in line The classroom..the books...and recess timeAnd sounds......of home again

Mirage in the midst of a desert waste A faint illusion of another place

That vision
Of home
Again

Author's note:

Encompassing an impassioned sense of spiritual yesteryear, 'A Vision Of Home' is dedicated to that sacred Mecca....by the side of the road....at the foot of the hill, 'New Bethel Missionary Baptist Church, ' Mounds Illinois......and to its pastors....and parishioners...past...and present, with all the love.....and affection.......conceivable......

Absent TheftIs It Possible To AmassMillionsBillions
?????????????????
James B. Earley

African Brother

Who was the villain When it all began Some fair-haired stranger From a faraway land

Or the African brother Selling his neighbor away In exchange of whatever The fair-haired stranger would pay

For the brutal betrayal Of his own damned kin Has anything changed Since the original sin

Who was the villainWhen it all...began

An E	pitar	ohI	Stumb	led	Across
------	-------	-----	--------------	-----	--------

May his memory Be Measured
As
His fans Treasured
The
Amateur
Gynecologist
He was
lames B. Farley

An Ounce Of Crack

All......around us Youths.....are dyingVictimized..by greed Of a WALL STREET kind

Frequent......arrestsAn ounce.....of crack This 'War On Drugs'Is it.....really....that

Congress......it's yours
Some answers.....to find
.....Rid......the Nation...this Cancer..
At the source.......of the crime

*

*

Government, for whatever reason, seems disinterested in addressing the devastating impact of 'illicit drug trafficking' pervasive throughout every community across this Country! This epidemic would not possibly survive absent two key ingredients, sourcing and distribution.

Anniversary

A faith with trust
This pledge to give
In thought and deed
As one shall live...
Vows they made
Those years ago...today

Now they celebrate Once again And have this new Year's day begin... As then ...Those years ago...today

Anti-Abortion's Religious Creed

Let them live
SEXUALLY MOLEST
Thensend them away
To DIE
In some
Ill-defined
Politically
Orchestrated
Hypocritically inspired
Criminal activity
Called
WAR
Author's note: History suggests that the fundamental concept of 'War, ' is born of hypocrisy. In this instance, the subject was broached to illustrate its connection to the momentand further the argument thathypocrisy reigns as the critical EVILwithin the 'CHURCH'and indeed throughoutthe HUMAN CONDITION!

Aristotle's Wisdom

Friend - A single Soul Dwelling
Within Two Separate bodies
......Aristotle 384-322 B.C.

Did the crucifixion...ever cross his mind As those eloquent words...poured out Could the love ...which Judas...displayed..to Christ ...Be the friendship ...he wrote...about

Were his thoughts...of the "Shipp"...lost and adrift ...Somewhere...on the sea...of deceit The man...on the stand...the tale of betrayal ...Of whom...did the philosopher...speak

Was the white Bronco...we saw...on the road...one day ...Perhaps....the vehicle....which friendship drove During...the dream...the philosopher...dreamt ...When...that poignant verse...he wove

Of two...distinct and separate...bodies ...Where...A single soul...dwells within Might Aristotle's wisdom...be some...sacred vision ...Through which...God...defined...A friend

*

*

*

...Should ever..."my friend"...be troubled Shoulders bent...from the load....they tote May there...be the friend...to comfort...that friend ...Of such...as the philosopher......wrote

Armageddon's Brink

Social injusticeCommonplace Denounce a man For simply his race

Deny....the child A decent education And his father a job In a plentiful nation

Pass the shelter-less In the cold of night No sense of compassion To that homeless plight

Confusion throughout A world in disarray When God created all Was it planned that way

In.....his image
Everything....everyone
A spiritual kinship
With a common bond

Equally creating
As he placed us here
A universal breath
For all to share

And with that breath
Came an awesome dawning
Will there be....another sunrise
.....In the morning

AS1 Recall
The stranger's face
A visual embrace
Chance encounter
At the marketplace
'Twas
A Wednesday noon
As I recall
lames B. Farley

Atheism

Shadows...of...the evening Morning sun.....all....erased Earth...compelled...by something Revolves....again..in space

Yet.....this..escapes...the atheist Though..he sees..that sun..ashining Just.....as it was...on yesterday Still......a living God...denying

Author's note:

Atheism - A curious....self-centered concept..as no one..is..devoid...of..FAITH! One's...every act..is a demonstrated exercise in faith....that...spiritual...belief...in the existence.....of...a Greater Power. It matters not.....the label!

Atheism's...'Betrayal'...Come Christmas

Deny... 'The Existence'
.....To those who pray
Yet...praise...The premise
......Come
......Christmas Day
James B. Earley

Aunt Cecilia....And Uncle Elbert

Elbert...the fog is thick this morning I'm not so sure...that you can seeAw-shucks.....relax Cecilia Don't concern yourself with me

As well you know...this road I've traveled Some forty years....without a hitch Aunt Cecilia...missed...her bus that morning When Uncle Elbert...failed....to miss the ditch

Balla	ıd	Of 3	John	Mc	Cain
-------	----	------	------	----	------

Joe the plumberand Sarah Hero Johnwas there for them
Too damned old
Concern in the polls
Where are they
When he needs 'em
lames B. Farley

Because Of You...I Rise

An emotional moment For there in the mail Was a bundle of cards All..wishing me well

.....A joy unique As I read each one Pondering the messages Written thereon

You're a special group In a generous way This splendid suprise That brightened my day

Stronger I'm getting And less the pain A few more weeks I'll chuck the cane

And back in your midst Your faces to see With friends like you What a grand place to be

Black Man's Dilemma

Where would we go if told to leave This land where our kidnapped forefathers grieved For life as it once were And not as destiny's mind perceived

We have no heritage to call our own Where could we go if summarily thrown From this oasis of bigotry and hate Long....our adopted home

Would our foreign kin whose blood we share In Africa and Europe.....welcome us there Will they perhaps the least bit care If ever we're told to leave

*

4

May the God who planned Slavery's plight Declare aloud...our vested right To this soil...and grant us strengthTo stand....and fight

Should ever...we're told to leave

Carmel By-The-Sea

She prays her deeds are sanctuariedIn the storage room of time And every indiscretion silenced ...Should the tapes of time unwind

Then may those secrets see her throughAnother lonely night as she.......
Grieves the memory that haunt her stillOf Carmel.......By-The-Sea.....

'Confused Mind'Defined
The
Poet
Subscribing
То
The
Concept
'Atheism'
James B. Earlev

'Congress' - A Comprehensive...Analytical...Interpretation

'The Political Contribution'
....A Congressional resolution
.....To 'BRIBERY'S' intrusion

Joint-session collusion
.....Bipartisan solution

Ah......the semantical illusion!
......'The Political.....Contribution'

Author's note:
......And so, a disingenuous Congress, exhibiting rare bipartisanship, unabashedly enacted 'campaign finance reform legislation, ' strategically replacing nefarious financial practices, with the semantical subrogation...'The Political Contribution! '

Courage...Or Lack Of....

.....This is an open statement in response to the recent PoemHunter postings by the anonymous 'Black Alex.'

As a person of color, I've known the ignominy, the humiliation, the vitriolic pain of racism, both in statement and deed. My years have taught me acceptance, understanding the valued principle of free-speech. However, I do believe that writers..spewing venom..such as this...should dare exercise courage of his/her convictions, and leave free-speech...unfettered.....by the cowardly cloak of.....anonymity!

Definition of Oxymoron

Honest politician......

Definition of Poet

A dime-store psychiatrist.....
.....Desperately seeking,
And occasionally...dispensing
.....A modicum....of...neurotic relief

Democracy

Author's note:

..Bush v Gore...531 U.S.98 (2000) ...the United States Supreme Court Decision of 12 December 2000......effectively APPOINTING George W. Bush President.

Destiny's Choice

Which road....which fork Which path I take Not knowing why This turn I make

Elsewhere my soul Would wont to be That distant turf It beckons me

The horizon fades
My pathway shrinks
In vain I seek
That elusive link

Ah....the ominous glow Of a lightened load The path to love At the side of the road

Destiny's Wisdom

....Once......the winds Of passion flowed ...Amongst the leaves On vineyard's row

Touching the vines With such desire Fueling the flamesOf a raging fire

*

*

Destiny's wisdomThen...rearranged Those winds of passion ...To winds...of change

A frigid chill Displaced the old With angry gustsOf bitter cold

Distant Haze

There was a knock upon my door ...In...the light...was she Grab your coat and in the rain Come take a walk with me

So many times we'd hop the bus To...A faraway...picture show Days of Summer we'd take our poles ...And fishing...we would go

We'd sit atop the earthen bank ...Reflections in...the rippling...water Laughing and talking...the two of us ...Without...romance...to bother

Graduation night...A distant haze I've struggled with...so much ...The day...we went....our separate way And failed to keep in touch

...Inquiring...of her...sometime ago From a relative I chanced to meet 'A prostitute...on drugs...she isWorking...some city street'

Stinging words......in that reply An avalanche...of tears...inside The pain of which I won't deny And now...I hear....that she....has died

If perchance...it was...her darkest hourWhen that path.....she chose.....to take Then...may God please...forgive...the callThe call.....I failed...to make

Ego's Will

'Ego's Will'...A perception.....of Man's inhumanity to Man.....penned late evening,12 March 2003......

*

*

Not..in my name Shall ego's will That obscene thrill to kill

Our hapless youths and others Much too young To buy....one last drink At the brink..of..annihilation

Not...in my name Shall ego's will That obscene thrill to killand maim...

Yet claim that maim 'Salvation's' maim And...therefore...decidedly not the sameBut..democratically different

Not...in my name Shall ego's will That obscene thrill to kill

....Assassinate...
A sovereign nation's head of state
And..confiscate..its resources
...Desecrate..its land...and decimate
....Its people

My country's shame Not...in my name

*

'No man is an island...any man's death diminishes me...never ask for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee.' John Donne (1572-1631)

Eighteen Souls

Woodlawn Cemetery...Santa Monica
...Just beyond......the Palisades
Where eighteen souls...lay buried
......Within....a plot....beneath..the shade
...Of a gnarled...old tree...growing
From a seedling destiny placed
...On hallowed grounds...at Woodlawn
Where eighteen souls...embrace

...In...some sacred...convocation
From a cast...of many drawn
...Eighteen souls.....were favored
Amongst..thousands...dead...at Woodlawn

Whyler....Franco.....Lockwood...Diaz ...Some...of the chosen...few Of eighteen souls....summoned ...To that spiritual.....rendezvous

With the gnarled...old tree...growing ...Whose roots...some reason....sought To touch....eighteen souls...at Woodlawn ...And those...eighteen souls.....escort

Intoforever	
Where Godhas etchedthat lastDecree	
Onits scrollmay joybe written	
For eighteen souls	
Eighteen souls	
And the quain	t
	d tree

Author's note:

Soon after the 1994 'Northridge earthquake' Los Angeles....my wife and I literally stumbled across this extraordinary spectacle. Indeed a striking scene...replete with poignancy all its own. Imagine a large tree...its roots surfacing dramatically, tenacles traveling some distance, then abruptly...disappearing into...18 individual grave sites!

Woodlawn Cemetery...1847 - 14th St....Santa Monica CA 90404

Epiphany, A Valentine Experience

I never knew I'd knowsuch bliss How couldI know I'd feellike this
Inever knew You'devercare Untilalone Whilesitting there
And Through Your _
Eyes
I knew
James B. Earley

Essence.....Of Solitude

Gratitude....to you....my friend For the exotic joy you shared When speaking of an enchanted place Then choosing to take me there

I saw a spot secluded where Such rustic charm exudes A mystic aura which awed my Soul With the essence of solitude

The only sounds....a songbird's chirp ...A falling twig......perhaps And the muted cry of an insect's wail Some spider's web entrapped

Shadows hypnotic in romantic pursuit Danced a ritual of sensual quest To seduce the rays which frolicked about ...At this quaint ethereal fest

Whose drama endsas sunset fades
To resume in the morning's glow
Down the laneacross the bridge
At
Eucalyptus
DOW

Author's note:

Some years ago, I gifted a copy of my book 'A Vision Of Home' to my dear friend, Susan Henderson. Later, she asked if I would accompany her to visit a revered place where she could take my photo to have along with the book.

The poem is a vivid recollection of that Napa Valley moment, and the searing beauty of what I observed and sensed that stunning, sunny, lazy, summer's afternoon.

Regrettably, the spiritual haven as we saw it, no longer exist. Within couple years of our visit, this natural phenomenon was destroyed - lost through development.

'Essence....Of Solitude' is dedicated, with love and appreciation, to Susan......and......to her family!

Ethnicity

JAMES B. EARLEY

American

of

African Ancestry

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k

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BARACK OBAMA

African-American

EULOGY TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER

Rosie Leola Earley 1903 - 2001

Delivered at South Bend, Indiana February 24,2001

We gather here on this day, not to mourn Momma's passing. Rather, we assemble as a tribute commemorating the life of this a true believer. One who was passionately committed to an unswerving faith in the Omnipotent existence of a living God. An abiding faith that served her so well during those trying moments of personal adversity. Suffering the ultimate mother's nightmare, she knew the wrenching heartbreak of losing a child. Death became a regular caller, at times, under tragic circumstances. Yet, through it all, her faith never wavered. Not once doubting the will of God, she would simply bow her head in prayer, saying 'Heavenly Father, let thy will be done.' We celebrate the life of a noble person. One who was handsomely endowed with enormous spiritual wealth. A precious individual who touched our lives in such profound fashion. Difficult though it is to accept her passing, we realize that death is a necessary passage, through which at God's appointed time, we all must travel. We understand and appreciate that significance, for death is simply the mandated process in the continuum of life itself. May I share with you please the poem, 'Patches.' An original verse that explores the essence of that timeless interaction of life and death, and vividly illustrates the unique oneness of both. 'When death ends life....A thread is torn....The knot is tied....And the child is born....The cycle but......A fabric patched.....Together bound.....Though unattached....The needle sews....Yet darkness reign....While shadows ask.....Why is the pain....When death ends life....And the thread is torn.....And the knot is tied....And the child is born.'

Momma was a remarkable lady, authoring the book I hold, titled 'And Grace Will Lead Me Home, ' which she published in 1994. Eloquently writing, she explored her days as a child growing up in her native Tennessee, then Kentucky, and later Illinois, of learning the art of cooking, of working on the farm, and of helping tend her younger brothers and sisters. Poignantly, she addresses her life as an adult, telling of the joy in raising her own family.

Reflecting upon my childhood, I often relive those glorious days of which she wrote. As an adult, my own responsibilities have taught me that those days, while rearing us, must have been emotionally and financially trying times for her. Yet, through it all she focused, persevered, showering us children with an abundance of love, affection, and direction. She raised her family properly, amidst overwhelming odds.

A few years ago I composed the poem, 'Momma's Odyssey, ' as a tribute to her, recalling that tremendous sense of love, goodness, leadership and fortitude which she so vigorously exhibited during our formative years. I first shared the verse with her in the company of my sister Jean and brother Charles. As I concluded the recitation, she addressed us collectively, saying 'I want you kids to place that poem upon my coffin.'.....'Within our home was all we needed....There was not a want for more.....Once grown and on my own...I realized then, that we were poor....She did not 'send' us off to church......Instead, she led the way.....Through the very life she lived...She taught us how to pray.....In retrospect, she must have suffered...At times in abject pain.....Although I'll never know for sure......Not once, did she complain....When God prepared that 'House Of Rest'....I know he saw her face....This gentle soul, who's Heaven bound.....If indeed, there's such a place.'

And so, Dear God, we bow our heads in thanksgiving, thanking you Heavenly Father

for this marvelous gift of life embodied in the person of this extraordinary woman whom you so generously allowed us the privilege to emotionally share, experiencing the wisdom, and the goodness, and the kindness of her magnificent touch. We thank you for lending us a caring and loving friend. One who was a bastion of spiritual strength, whose very life was an odyssey of faith. An odyssey she traveled all these many years religiously in search of your Kingdom...and she's at rest now. We pray that you have within your infinite wisdom, chosen her soul to dwell with you throughout eternity somewhere within that celestial paradise, we call Heaven. We pray your blessings upon the memory of those of her children who have passed on before, my sister Odessa, brothers Edward, Andy, John, and Sam. May their souls be at rest within your keeping. Wrap your loving arms, we pray, around my sisters Zelma, Jean, and Wanda. And bless please my Aunt Essie, Uncle Aaron and my brother Charles. And all the many others who in some way looked out for Momma's welfare during her final years. Touch this bereaved family, dear God, praying that you align us ever closer with Momma's teachings. Guide our feet that we may consistently walk within her footsteps...and in that 'Great Gitten-up Morning, ' may those footsteps be-the-pathway to our salvation. And on that last Day, in that Final Hour, we beg redemption. Bring-us all-together-with-Momma-again, in Jesus' name we pray....Amen.

Fijian Islands

Howling winds in drenching pain Across the Fiji Islands fanned A typhoon's thrust to kiss the surf Where once she walked the shifting sands

Then just as quickly disappeared Into the sea from whence it came In the distance could be heard The mournful wailing of her name

Author's note:

For..... Angie Guridi, a dear friend, and Fijian native, who one day asked, 'Would you write a poem about me? '

Filbert Tree

Now the woman A girl was she Who played beneath The filbert tree

As she spoke An awareness grew That filbert tree I also knew

Final.....Analysis

There is a message somewhere written Etched in the annals of time In that message a list of names And on that list is mine

Would rather you not assemble In some quaint house of prayer Instead go on your daily way As if I were still there

And recollect some thoughts of me Whatever comes to mind Then sing that song to my memory When..at last...it comes..my time

First.....Dalmatian

.....Caucasian mom A father...Black ...Son...dalmatian Genetic fact

Awed the worldSheer admiration... Improbable...truth ...The First... Dalmatian

Gambler's Advice To The Atheist

'Err on the side of caution! '

_	_		cci:	
Georg	e Rug	:h ∆	ttli	ction
3 001 9	u Dui	,,,,,,,		CLICII

Uncontrollable.....Putin

Author's note:

Vladimir Putin (pronounced poo-ten) former Russian President...current Prime Minister.....and, George Bush antagonist.

Glass Of Wine

Romance sometimesA fragile thing...
Perhaps...tenacious ...The spirit cling

For in the textureLies the strength Profound the structure ...The more intense

What logic of... It all becomesYet..mystical It is....to some

....The powers of That noble vine... Romance...a legacy ...In the glass of wine

Good And Evil

Devastation....wroughtIn agonizing ill..... Of God's....omnipotenceOr..Satan's......will

Would...an Omnipotent God Allow...Satan's power..then ...Might...the Devil...himself... Be some....necessary...sin

..And 'good'....and 'evil'
Destiny's.....course.....
Conceived...and executed
..By that...Omnipotent Force

Gospel...According To Eve

...Might it seem sacrilegious Should the world...perceiveThe Garden...of Eden... As.....The Garden of Eve

Where God...createdSoup du jour Documented the originalConnoisseur Caused....Adam ...To righteously believe

'Damn sure ain't sacrilegious'According to Eve

Grandpa's Legacy

That wise..old sage.. A philosophical...gentLegends...he shared And wisdom.....he lent

.....A joy......to visit...
And work......the land
Enraptured..by the presence
....Of that grand...old man

Every now.....and then ...He'll pass this way.... Shadows..of the momentEchoing.....yesterday

With thoughts.....of life....
Believed......to never end
...Thanks...for the memories...
My grandfather......my friend

Dedicated.....to my maternal grandfather...Jasper Lowery.

Greed...Of Death

.....Might....life exist Through sake of chanceSome odd result Of happenstance

Or is...what is ...Supposed to be... Ordained preciseBy destiny

*

Must then...we live ..To...simply die From greed of death ..For want...of why

Happy New Year

I called you up But you were goneSo I do As I am prone

That is to write
When I may not speak direct
......and use
Whatever intellect
I muster

......To get
The message through
Which is...Happy New Year...to your family
....And.....especially......to you

How MightThe Reverend WrightBe Wrong

......The Halls of Congress......at the Liars' Club Where TRUTH.....never once.....belonged... A Nation's hypocrisy.....and the Pastor's wrath ...How might....The Reverend Wright...be wrong....

OBSERVATION:

Of the varied...anti-Jeremiah Wright sentiments, 'divisive, racist, un-American, etc., ' curiously absent is the accusation labeled......'LIAR.'

Insomnia

Sleepless nights Emotionally tossed Caress the line Not physically crossed

Waning hours Life still given Memories haunt Days once striven

The after-life
Why even mention
.....Fiction.....fact
Or supposition

But if there is Why must one toss And grieve the line Not physically crossed

Is Not....Perception......Reality

Reality says......they've passed awayIs not.....perception......reality......
For I feel...a living presence...as thoughThey stand....right next.....to me

Those guiding hands......of long agoSo firm....against....my brow As strong and gentle...as yesterdayIs the warmth....which I....know now

That legacy of......the distant pastStill.....a mighty roar Memories....sustain.....my soulAnd on...whose wings....I soar

Reality says.....they've passed away ...Silenced.....in death.....and then Perception says...they're just...as closeAnd real....as way......back when

Is'Democracy'By Force	
'Democracy'	
James B. Earley	

It's A Doozy....Them Democrats....

Ya know....

It's a doozy them Democrats Delivering a speechSalivating....women Seductively reach

Off fly the panties Purses and keys And wallets of men Caught-up in the breeze Of crescendo's oratorian Orgasmic release

Meanwhile....

At the Supreme Court Scheming away Republicans...anticipate 'SELECTION'....day

Back-room collusion Stacking the deck Finagle the processDouble check

Sneak in a dose Of judicial flimflam Hijack the Presidency At some midnight scam

Then....

....Relax to the rhythm Those Liberals preach

'Cause....

'It's a doozy them DemocratsDelivering a speech'

Author's note: Observations...assessments...conclusion - The only......U S 'DEFICIT'.....perhaps.....

......No buts
Noooo.....Nuts..

Did it....again!

Messy....
.....Jessie

John McCain's Legacy

John McCain......the hero ...Illusionary.....to quite....a few.. Where Palin stands..John's the man ..Sarah's..'current'...point of view

Last Flicker Of An Old Flame

An old flame Passed my way I heard a voice Within me say

Call out to her And say hello Another voice Said oh no..no

What's done is done Is done....is done The Devil passed Your way...my son

Limbaugh

Forgive the lust Of the craving pill Though the choice ...Indeed freewill

Perhaps the ranting ...Raves that gush Not of the manBut.. Pharmaceutical Rush

Margrit's Words....Addressing Jim

Elegy to Mary Azevedo - June 2005

...Julie.....Carissa Laureen and Kim And Margrit's words Addressing Jim

It was...a drearyDay...of June The moment...an evenGreater...gloom

Of death...without A doubt...expected ...Still..the mind Outright rejected

The oddity...of God's will to give Then snatch away That right to live

Much.....we failTo understand Yet...clear...the role Of our fellowman

....An intense glow Amidst the gloom ...Soothed the soul That day....in June

...As oxymoron Lost its meaning ...When joyful sorrow's Songs were singing

Through Julie....Carissa ...Laureen and Kim And Margrit's words ...Addressing....Jim

Author's note:

The assignment; Pickup Margrit Mondavi at Robert Mondavi Winery, and drive to late afternoon appointment:

Arriving onsite some minutes ahead of scheduled departure, I reclined in the limo availing the opportune moment to unwind a bit from the rigors of an earlier excursion into San Francisco. Alerted by distant voices, I looked up to see Mrs. Mondavi approaching accompanied by an entourage of four co-workers. Exiting the vehicle, I

acknowleged their presence, and exchanged a bit of light banter with one of the group. Then Margrit addressed me saying 'Jim, I have some bad news. Mary (Mary Azevedo, Robert Mondavi's Adminstrative Assistant) passed away this morning.' I recall closing my eyes, bitting my lip struggling to maintain composure as I sank ever deeper into the widening abyss of excruciating grief. And just as quickly sensed an oxymoronic joy buoyed by the quintessential gift of friendship demonstrated in the person of these compassionate folks who in their collective wisdom chose to stand with me in spiritual solidarity during a challenging experience they surmised would be one of my most difficult. Often I visit that overcast day, and still I see them all approaching, their presence ever more celestial than before. Some years ago, I composed the poem 'Margrit's Word's Addressing Jim, ' as a note of appreciation praising these precious folks whose very existence helped transform a period of paralytic anguish into the luxurious grandeur of consummate bliss.

Mary Azevedo 1947 - 2005

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

To

Mary Azevedo

Delivered at Vineyard Room, August II,2005, Robert Mondavi Winery - Oakville, California

Good afternoon. I've heard so many speak fondly of Mary. And over and over, and over again, I hear the word compassion. I have my own little story to share.

I've known Mary many years, first as a Winery employee, and later more specifically as Robert Mondavi's Administrative Assistant. As such, I reported directly to Mary. During a late Saturday afternoon incident, May 2001 I found myself subjected to a work-related mental lapse, so radically uncharacteristic, so emotionally disturbing, that caused me to seriously rethink my continuing ability to function at the performance level I'd decreed myself so many years before. Saturday night...all of Sunday I pondered the tragedy that might have occurred. I thought of the enormous responsibility in my position of trust, the lives of all those folks whose ultimate safety the Company faithfully placed in my hands. Amid hours of internal questioning and self-doubt speculation, and later discussing the matter with my family I concluded that I should resign forthwith my position with Robert Mondavi Winery.

Meeting with Mary early Monday morning, I presented the letter of resignation, hand-written on an 8 1/2 x 11 sheet of paper, full-page text. She read the letter through, pausing to ask questions, counseling as she went. Setting the letter aside, she said 'I don't want you to do this. Take a week off, two weeks, whatever time you think you need, but don't do this.' I've always held the utmost respect and admiration for Mary, but I walked away from that meeting with a new-found appreciation that had absolutely nothing to do with anything she had said. Instead, I saw it so profoundly etched in the poignant observation I'd just made. As she read the letter, she began to cry, and the tears continued flowing throughout the duration of our meeting. She took my pain, that Monday morning, and made it......her very own.

*

*

During the July 4th weekend 1995, I attended my family's reunion at Pontiac, just outside Detroit, Michigan. At the conclusion of the event I shared an airport ride with my cousin Alyce. Along the way she reminisced about her late father, saying 'I miss him so much. I think about him every day, and I feel his presence near me...every single day. As I ride along in this car, I feel him seated...right here...beside me.' Turning toward me, smiling, with tears streaming down her face, she asked 'Would you write a poem about that?'

Aboard the aircraft, later that evening, I thought of an urgent matter I needed to discuss with Mary. At that moment, a startling recollection came to mind, of having earlier witnessed Mary's countenance as it displayed the identical spiritual melding of 'joy and sorrow' that I had just observed while visiting with my cousin. Saint Patrick's Day, just past, I'd encountered Mary strolling the Winery grounds, all delightfully

attired in an elegant pale green dress. I commented, 'My, what a beautiful dress.' A broad smile came over her face, and through tears she said, 'This was my mother's dress. My mother went to bed one evening in good health, as far as I knew, but she did not awaken the following morning. She passed away during her slumber.'

I sat there on the plane pondering Mary and her story, her smile and her tears. I was reminded of my cousin and the airport ride. And of the two women, though totally unacquainted, yet together bound....in spiritual magnificence. Just then.....the image of my maternal grandfather came vividly to view.....and somewhere over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, I was moved to write, composing the poem...'IS NOT...PERCEPTION......REALITY: '...Reality says they've passed away......Is not perception, reality....For I feel a living presence, as though......They stand right next to me....Those guiding hands of long ago.......So firm against my brow....As strong and gentle as yesterday...Is the warmth which I know now....That legacy of the distant past....Still, a mighty roar....Memories sustain my soul.....And on whose wings I soar....Reality says they've passed away...Silenced in death, and then...Perception says they're just as close....And real as way back when.

*

*

I was born and reared on a small farm in Southern Illinois, nine miles north of the confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, and moved away the morning following my High School graduation. Fond are the memories of my childhood. I remember standing out in the yard, gazing down the hill, and across the flat-lands. Looming in the distance, I could easily see the highway bridge spanning the Mississippi River. I spent countless hours imagining all sorts of happenings on and about that bridge. I recall the sight and sounds of the approaching rain, long before the showers arrived at my vantage point, there on the old porch swing. In the backyard are the five fruit trees I planted. Out front, just beyond the driveway, is my little red wagon. And down the lane, across the graveled road, sits the old two-room grammar schoolhouse. I was barely seventeen years old when I last laid eyes on any of this. One of the many appreciations I have of Mary is the fact that she never lost sight of her roots. Though she went away for a while, she answered the love of the land, and found her way back to the ranch. And I imagine...the joy she found in the simple act of stepping outside her door to some magical interaction with those magnificent days of her childhood. She might have recognized it in the screech of a passing car on State Route 12, or she may have seen it in somewhere in the shadows of the humongous hills rising only feet from where she stood, or it could have been a random sparkle lurking in the stream that flowed by the house, or she might have heard it in the approaching sound of a distant train, or it could have been a rock, or perhaps a tree. But, clearly I see the woman, and I see the little girl. I see them holding hands, walking and talking, and savoring the moment, and I see this jewel of a person I'm am so blessed to have known as, 'The treasure of Jamieson Canyon.'....There's an old road, winding...Along the stream, meandering....Romance of a train...From God knows where...Echoed sounds rumbling....Walking the hills thinking....Of the joy those sounds are bringing....Memories welcome the child again.....She's the treasure of Jamieson....Canyon.

*

Thank you, and good evening.

Thank you, good evening. James B. Earley
www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Momma's Odyssey

Within our home was all we needed There was not a want for more Once grown and on my own ...I realized then....that we were poor

She did not 'send' us off to churchInstead....she led the way Through the very life she lived ...She taught us how...to pray

In retrospect...she must have suffered ...At times.....in abject pain Although.....I'll never know for sure Not once...did she complain

When God prepared that 'House Of Rest'I know....he saw....her face This gentle soul...who's Heaven boundIf indeed.....there's....such a place

Author's note:

Dedicated to my mother.....Rosie Leola Earley...1903 - 2001.Petite of figure...yet...a bastion of strength...whose very life..was an odyssey..of faith. If there is indeed a heaven..she will own a seat!

Mr. Price....The Principal

The student body adored Mr. Price..the principal Though.....despising his floppy hatUpon the High School grounds...they burned it Mr. Price.....resigned......shortly after that

My Friend

......My friend......
Indeed you've been my friend
Through all these years
Spanning when

I first laid eyes upon your face Fond memories of which No evil may detractNor....shall time erase

Napa Valley				
And now				
I find myself at this placeI never chose				
Yetcould not have planned A more delightful life Thanwith those				

Bewitching years I've knownAt this placeI never chose

Nevada

Come along with me To a place I know Where tumbleweeds And sagebrush grow

Where lizards and scorpions Run around all day At night the Gila monsters Come out to play

Flash floods unleashing A dreadful might Howling sandstorms In the dead of night

The place...of romance It's often called They're lying dear onesI've seen it all

*

*

Imagine....the Creator
An air of great dismay
...A bowed head...'Nevada'..he said
And sadly......walking away

'Nigger' - (Observations..Assessments...Conclusion...A Black Man's Perspective)

Definition -

1.a. a contemptuous caste-driven usage, generally applied to 'non-members' of the Imperial Society of the Socioeconomic Elite. b. a second-class citizen. c. an affectionate term of endearment mutually expressed amongst some Americans of African ancestry.

Author's note:

......'TRUTH' - The true or actual state of a matter. (Webster's College Dictionary)

Nursing Home

They frown
....They smile
They sit awhile
And soon the day
Will pass...and then
...Tomorrow..do...it all

.....Again

O.J. Simpson Jury (murder)

Too dense to sit in judgementToo ignorant....to understand An intellectual....incapacityToo dumb...to comprehend

What sworn liars....say...is gospelNever question why they deceive Twelve...under-educated jurors Lacking wisdom....to believe

Confused.....about the concept
Of the term....integrity
And therefore....see...sand castles crumbling
...Where the mountain...was said to be

...Of those who see....the mountain
Might..intellectual incapacity...be the fear
.....To the twelve.....who rendered judgement
On what the masses.......chose not.....to hear

The following is the narrator's response to the poet Marilyn Lott's query.....'do you feel O.J. Simpson is innocent of the prosecutorial charge of murder?'

Dear Marilyn,

Interestingly...no one previously has asked me that question. Via radio, and television I closely monitored the judicial proceedings from start to finish. What piqued my interest was my acute familiarity with the Los Angeles Brentwood area, gleaned through extensive work-related travel, during the early 1980's.

Innocent.....hardly! Not guilty......yes! The prosecution presented ample evidence to convict. Problem is, there were significant flaws within some of that evidence. The circumstance of the 'glove' was critical to the case. One of the major issues confronting the jury was the testimony of Detective Mark Furhman......and the fact that he lied during its presentation. That falsehood was not related to a material fact of the case....but...a lie nontheless. This turn of events, amongst others, created serious pause in the minds of the jurors....in terms of his overall credibility.....as the defense had raised troubling questions in that regard! The jury, under its burden, rendered the only possible verdict.....it honestly could. Not quilty!

Again.....innocent.....hardly! Acted alone......doubtful!

My friend, this is my take.....and thanks for asking......

JBE

O.J. Simpson Trial (murder)

*Author's Note: It is not the intent to malign, nor denigrate the memory of the two people who died tragically. Rather, the composition addresses brief periods of levity apparent during the course of the 1995 trial proceedings.

Extraordinary talent of such persuasion ...As Uelmen's...analytical mind A finagling......F. Lee Bailey When the man is so inclined

Surreptitiously...Alan Dershowitz ...Of the faculty...at Harvard Law Looking over Ito's shoulders In search...of some...appellate flaw

And the bag-man...Robert Kardashian Shrewdly...in charge...of luggage checks Carl Douglas and Peter NeufeldAnd his sidekick...Barry Scheck

And Johnnie Cochran....and ShapiroLegal sharpies....all perhaps Quite...at home...and most at ease With the concept...of courtroom craps

William Hodgman...somewhat psychic Brilliantly...feigned...a heart attack Then disappeared...to his upstairs office Too damned smart...to ever...come back

Goldberg...Kelberg...Cheri and Woody Every utterance...A poetic display Of Shakespearean prose...in its glory ...No finer thespians in all L.A.

Then there's Harmon...squeezing Charmin Just in case...it gets too deep And there's the fellow...at the table Who...so often...appears asleep

Forever doomed...to a living...nightmare Of Simpson's greatest...commercial hit Waving and smiling....before the jury ...Christopher's gloves...just don't fit

....There is not...an adversary More formidable...than Marcia Clark Which leaves one...somewhat...confused And lost...completely...in the dark

.....Most...of all...Gil Garcetti Analyzing...his wayward scheme What the Hell....is Darden doingOn anybody's...legal team

Obama...The 'Single' Political Truth

....Barack Obama....
Authenticated......thus
.....Fifty-percent....you-all...
And the balance......us....

ObamaCare vs 'Don'tCare, ' The Christian Alternative

...Autistic wretch
That just 'Don'tCare'
Until such time
Its (needs) declare
..Once they converge
And know despair

While in their anguished Distressed fuss ...Demand concern Of the 'Despised Us'

When crisis fades And all is well ...The 'Despised Us' Can rot in Hell

...Genius within Such wanton witDefines the soul Of the Hypocrite

....Sanctimony And...deceit Sunday Mornings ..Meet and greet

In God's name
...Gathered there
Hypocrisy's children
...Who
.....Just
......Don'tCare'

Obamaville

Crim'nals in Congress
At permanent recess
On some junket...spending spree
Us in the backdrop
Romney flip-flops
Super PAC's defining...who we should be

Chorus

Wastin' away again in Obamaville ...Wonderin' what thief...hijacked the vault Some people claim...Bush is to blameBut I know..It's Dick Cheney's fault

Judicial infusions
...Penis intrusions
Corporations are people...they have us perceive
Governed by nitwits
Society's misfits
Their feet up our asses..still we chose to believe

Lies about Iraq
....No bid contracts
Putt'n money in pockets of deliberate few
Economy in doldrums
Political breadcrumbs
Ninety-nine percent...starving anew

Barack in the middle
Caught in a piddle
Try'n to deliver what he promised we'd have
Congressional mishmash
Conservative backlash
Screw'n us eagerly without any salve

I don't know the reason Some folks believe'n That skin tone matters to those at the top Money's the potion 'They're all garbage'...the notion WE'VE got somethin' in common...let's fight till we drop

Wastin' away again in Obamaville Wonderin' what thief...hijacked the vault Some people claim...Bush is to blameBut I know..it's Dick Cheney's fault Some people claim...Bush is to blameBut I know..it's Dick Cheney's fault

Author's note:

	Sung to the tune of 'Margaritaville.'
	James B. Earley
I	Wall De and Luntan come. The World le Deathy Aughine

Oh...It Seems....Just Yesterday

When raging fever wracked my body Who caressed my aching head Before I learned to feed myself Who saw to it that I was fed

Though she needs my help this morning ...There is nothing I can do...
To ease such dreadful suffering ...You've seen fit...to put her through

May I remind You...of my childhoodOh...It seems...just yesterday Family gatherings....around Your altar ...It was she....who led the way

Now..in her name...I beg forgiveness ...Deemed transgressions...whatever sin This...the child....of all those Sundays ...Thank You Lord...Dear God...Amen

Author's note:

.....At my mother's bedside...just before her death...February 2001...South Bend, IN. James B. Earley

Old Folk's Home

They wait...

At times it seems Without a care And then again Resigned despair

They wait...

Whatever blessings Longevity holds Though doubting eyes Betray the soul

They wait...

Till death One day erase The shackles of That wretched place

They wait.....

Optometrist

Cover your eye..Mr. Earley ...Now what do you see.. It's you......DoctorLooking at me...

I sense......Mr. Earley
You're mocking..
.....Me....
No Doctor....as I look at you
...Clearly...it's only you I see

Some..other..optometristI suggest...you see...
There's a pain...in my ass....Mr. EarleyJust......looking at me

Orgasmic Groans

Somewhere beyond horizon's reach Incessant waves lap at her feet She heaves and moans orgasmic groans Her body sways to passion's beat

Pulsating wildly in such throes And though the sounds are loud and clear She doesn't seem at all to mind Who might see or who might hear

And cast some disapproving eye Or watch in voyeuristic lust Her silhouette upon the water-bed Simply doing what she must

To satisfy all.....she's ever heldWithin...her fickle grip... I shared her joy...indeed I did ...On a cruise...aboard..that ship

Oxymoronic......Dilemma

The 'Black' Republican James B. Earley

Passion's Pride

...Alone......I sit...
By...the fishing hole
Didn't bring....don't need
...No....fishing pole

Just want...to catch
A breath.....of air
......And reconcile...
Distraught....despair
.....For in my slumber...
Though...wide....awake
.....Passion's....pride...
Fueled......my mistake
...And now...so alone...am I...
By....the fishing hole
Didn't bring....don't need
...No......fishing pole

Author's note:
....Just...the way...life is.....sometimes....
James B. Earley

Patches

When death ends life A thread is torn The knot is tied And the child is born

The cycle but A fabric patched Together bound Though unattached

The needle sews Yet darkness reign While shadows ask Why is the pain

When death ends life And the thread is torn And the knot is tied And the child is born

Perspective

Pyramids....of Egypt ...Swooning stacks...of stone The Colorado...a fawning stream ...On some quirky quest of home

And the Asian Himalayas ...Mesmerized piles of dirt Awed...perhaps...in the metamorphosis ...Whence cometh...the silken shirt

Portrait

Whenever I ponder
The true meaning of 'friend'
A portrait of you
....Recurs again

Definitions are fleeting And fade with time Forever is the moment When souls entwine

I'll cherish your portrait As a keepsake of when A moment of destiny Defined the word...friend

Pu	irest	t Sa	int

James B. EarleyThe purest Saint To have gracedThe Earth!	
I amJames B. Earley	
AndI approve	
This message	
Author's note:	
Political adsand the fallacythereof!	Iftruthnot nowthenWHEN?
lames B. Farley	

Robert Mondavi......Memorial Tribute

Robert Gerald Mondavi

June 18 1913 - May 16 2008

Delivered

at

COPIA Napa, California

May 21 2008

Reflecting here today, I stand convinced that I am indeed a fortunate man. Having lived 21 years in close communion with such an historical giant of a man, is the gratuitous dream most only imagine.

One of my fondest appreciations of Mr. Mondavi was his extraordinary sense of humility. Though he reigned at the pinnacle of his profession, and traveled the world in privileged fashion, still he reveled in the company of the common man, never finding himself too busy to pause and converse with anyone who cared to approach. He cultivated that innate desire to reach out.....and maintain...a spiritually unique connection throughout a disparate spectrum of mainstream society.

About ten years ago, Emma Koefoed, my neighbor's 9 year-old daughter approached me asking, 'Do you really work for Robert Mondavi Winery? 'She followed with 'Do you ever see, and talk with Mr. Mondavi?' I answered in the affirmative, to which she replied, 'You're so lucky, I'd like to meet him.' Why would you like to meet him, I asked? 'Well, I saw him on the Charlie Rose Show, and I think he's a great man, and I'd really like to meet him.'

Later, I related that story to Mr. Mondavi. A broad smile came over his face.....and a twinkling in his eyes...as he said, 'You're kidding.....bring....her....up! '

A few days before Christmas, little Emma, and her mother, Alexis, were invited to his office.....for a scheduled 5-10 minute meeting. Thrilled with the company of his young visitor, he soon asked Mrs. Mondavi to join. What initially was to be a brief meet and greet session, eventually became a 45 minute festive occasion, adorned with scrumptious servings of milk and cookies fresh from the Vineyard Room!

Though blessed with a wealth of treasured memories, this is particularly favored for its vivid portrayal of character...that spiritual essence so gracefully defining this extraordinary gentleman, my beloved mentor.....and confidant.....Robert Mondavi.

Santa Monica Mountains..Kanan Dume

Santa Monica Mountains....Kanan Dume
There...in the distance...and one day soon
......I'll be on the beach....at Malibu
.....High....in the hills.....of Pepperdine
I gaze.....at the sea...the world is mine
....The beach......at Malibu
Wade in the surf.....of the crescent bay
...Watch the sun say...goodnight....to day
On the beach......at Malibu...
When last...I've traveled...old Kanan Dume
....Strolled.....in the light....of my...last moon
On the beach......at Malibu...
Set...the ashes...of my existence.....free
.....To live......throughout.....eternity
There.......on the beach......at Malibu

Sarah Palin's...'Tea Party'

Sipping with SarahInvitedfor tea Five hundred a cupBrilliantly
Sleightof hand A slip and a sup Ain't Sarah cute Five hundred a cup
*Gorgeous smile Indeedcompelling Got 'Conservatives' buyingWhat Sarah's selling
At five hundred
Bucks
A cup

Author's note: Provide a movement, and a leader shall emerge...rising only to the level....of that movement.

Season's Magic

A taste of harvest Permeates the air Fragrance...ignitingThe atmosphere

Season's magic Wends its way again Wines' passion flowsAt journey's end

Senator Jessie Helms

When as a child...I committed An act sufficiently crass Mother would grab a limb from the elm tree And she'd promptly..whip my ass

Whatever the infraction I was never denied a seat At my mother's table When it came time to eat

A philosophy applicable To the errant Jessie Helms For right there in WashingtonAre plenty......of elms

So...welcome the Senator to your table Don't deny him the seat Just whip his ass..then pass the gavel Now Mr. Chairman.....let's eat

Author's note:

Helms, vying to become Senate Foreign Relations Chair, ignited a 1994 political firestorm with the controversial suggestion, 'President Clinton better not show up around here (Helms' home state of North Carolina) without a bodyguard.'

Helms narrowly survived the heated opposition, and was successfully confirmed by the United States Senate.

Society's Burden

Should not society bear the burden Of what....guilt cannot erase Every soul a soldier fighting On that battlefield of faith

Through example teach the children That bigotry is simply learned The passion will lay in ashes...ruined With the book of hatred burned

And church pews on Sunday morning Where segregation shares an equity Will release God's name from bondage ...Then.....only then....shall we all..be free

Songs...The Angels Sing

Wondering why they ever met Was it chance or fate Doubts and fears..should they not The circumstance...contemplate

Thinking things through..might it be That life has made the choice ..And songs..they hear...the Angels sing Are sounds of Destiny's voice

Crying out from somewhere..just beyond The horizon of right and wrong Harvest the fruit lying in the fields ...Where the seeds of fate..are sown

Stolen Moments

So...long...the day.....so short...the hour Stolen moments....angst.......deceitAnother night.....sooo....long...the hour Stolen moments.....bittersweet *

*
So far away...on an autumn's day And yet...so near they were Two woven lives...two souls in love With many dreams...to share

...Memories.....fueled.....emotions Linger....poignant...in their hearts Painfully....they lay....and visit Intimate....though..a world apart

Once again.....they'll fall together At...some future...time...and place Unrestrained...desire...erupting In a passion.....filled......embrace

*

So....long..the day......so...short..the hour Stolen....moments....angst......deceitAnother....night....sooo..long...the hour Stolen moments.....bittersweet

Sultry Summer's Evening

A frail...old Negro lady ...Born...in Lincoln's day Who knew the taste of freedom Only... when... she passed ...away

Imprisoned... by the hatred Which gnawed... within her soul Agony written upon her face ... From the story...that she told

Of a sultry.....summer's evening She was but...a child...back when Her sister...was dragged away...in the dark ...By a group of sullen men

On horseback...silhouetted Against...a glazed...moonlight ...And White folk...until her dying day Reminded her...of...the night

When the cabin...in the clearing Where the slaves called home Was violated and desecrated As she stood there...all alone

In the yard...and wept ...And silently...prayed A vigil...with a purpose Through the night...she stayed

Returning late...the next morningOf a sweltering day They heaved a box...where she stood ... Without a word...rode away

...Though...they disappeared...forever...
Yet...their faces plagued her mind
...There...beside...her sister's body...
Lying in the box...
.......They made
......Of pine

Dedicated to my paternal grandmother, Sallie Virgie Earley 1855 -1948.....who was born into 'Slavery'...during...the 'American Holocaust, ' witnessed this moment...as a young child, and was consumed with a bitter hatred as a result of the experience. 'Sultry Summer's Evening' is a tribute to her memory....with the prayer...that she has...in death...found that measure of peace...which was so tragically elusive....during her sojourn....on this earth.

The Atheist..And Me

PeculiarhearingAn atheistpray DisabledplaneIndisarray
Andhe chimedRightin AsI bowedTo pray

The Kidnapped Child

Though....they are with youÝet....théy're alone Frightened....and longing For surroundings they've knownSend them on home To loved ones.....awaitingLoved ones.....deprived Of an answer...to the question Is......ny child......aliveSend them on home Time...keeps draggingSeconds......to years Siblings.....and parents Living...the tearsSend them on homeTo the happiness And laughter...once...they knew If there is....any decencyLeft ever....in youThen.... Send them on home

The 'Memoirs'.....Of A Cunning......Linguist

Author's Note:
....Caution....adult material...and....may be considered....distasteful.......to some....

.....Some wizened poets......gathered...
For a challenge......thought absurd ...'Compose...a poem....of driven passion...
Using only......a single......word'

...An old codger....rose.....and made...his way...
To the podium......painfully.....slow ...'Hell...I have two...damn poems...for ya...
Cunnilingus......and Fellatio'

The Obama	Presidency
-----------	------------

'Hope'
That fragile thread
We cling
Humanity's plight
A worthy resolution bring
This ferventprayer
I plead
I sing
Author's note: Toits source of inspirationthe poetTai Chi Italyand the poem'Hope'thanks!
James B. Earley

'USArian'.....I Am

Continents of heritage Africa.....just one Varied such blood lines Of cultures they've come

This land conceived Miscegenation has bred A modern genealogy Apprehensive the tread

A new race of mankind Only yesterday born Historically no lineage That strength to lean on

Once they were Negroes Then Black they became Decades of frustration In search of a name

America by birthright This USA...their land A soul of that soil USArian....I am

Virgin Trail

The path of life A complex way No beacons there ...No footprints say

Beware the perils Of the virgin trail No point of referenceNo maps to tell

Of a sanctuary Should the need arise That haven of refuge Where threatened skies

Intense the journeyHazy at times Yet..through the murk A joy we find

For we discover
As we travel on
Not once are we ever
....On the road....alone

'Weapons of Mass Destruction'......Defined

Bagdad's...Brogans

т *

*

.....size-10

W	hy

When rocks
Are thrown
Our way
Maliciously
Thrown
'Only'
Our way * *
*
*Should we not
*
*Examine * *
*The
Reasons
WHY
James B. Earley

Why No	otJohn	McCain
--------	--------	---------------

If
Nelson Mandela
Found
'Solitary confinement' A
Presidential qualifier
r residential qualifier
Then
NA/I
Why
Not
John McCair

Author's Note:

Ah....the dialogue provoking atmosphere of poetry!

- 1. The poet Al Ramos...(comment below) posed an interesting question 'If we fail in our mission, does that qualify us as heroes? '
- 2. Poet Dorothy A. Holmes' commentary...intuitively grasps the poem's intent....emphatically characterizing...its critical distinction!

Why We Celebrate Columbus Day?

Don't have a 'clue, ' and neither did Columbus! James B. Earley

Winery Nights

Author's Note:A whimsical moment with 'Welcome'.....the musing sculpture adorning the manicured landscape...at...Robert Mondavi WineryNapa Valley......Oakville California. * Discreet...within the Winery groundsa legendary scene unfolds the statue...'Welcome'...somehow transformedat once....became.....a living soul Stealing away from her pedestal base On a darkened night she roamed ...throughout the width and breadth of this...her Oakville vineyard home There was a rustling amongst the vines as she moved swiftly through plucking the grapes....the very best ...for only the best would do And so she squeezed from the fruit... a bit of the juice and supped then satisfied...resumed her pose ...before the morning sun came up Winery nights are silent now ...until crushing time again when shadows will find her scurrying about ...bringing the harvest in Visitors...from around the world ...come sip...savor...and sigh... others are drawn to walk the grounds ...never knowing...the reason...why Author's note:Imagine....a fervent voice....resonating deep within the recesses.......of that......'Great Celestial Vineyard, '.... proclaiming...to the Universe...'I am....Robert Mondaviand I approve.....this message!

Wondrous Words

A life.....chock-full.....and few regretsUntold......blessings.....mounting...
At last...I learned......to live......againTwenty....some years.....and counting

Author's note -

Dedicated....to Destiny - for I know....of no other name....to call it! The poem addresses a spiritually defining chapter in my life....one..where I found...an inner peace...a contentment...I never thought possible. Its words.....a poignant reflection of the moment!

Yes....Yes.....My Friend

Whatever the anguish That grief I share Any burdens you have Together we'll bear

To ease what pain Such misery begets Indeed my friend I owe you that

For the joy which surrounds When I picture your face Mysteriously my woes Are suddenly erased

And my pathway seems brighter Through the mere fact we've met Oh....yes....yes....my friend I do.....owe you that

Yesterday's Hour

As fate would have it...I called your name The afternoon....I know...so vividly A Sunday....awash.....in September sun ...Yet....shadows.....shroud...the memory

You were somewhat....a stranger then ...Someone I barely knew Before the night had claimed the day An old friend I'd found in you

Choosing not to advise or counsel Nor make judgmental calls Instead you simply lent an ear ...And.....listened...to it all

Touching were the gestures shownSo noble were the signs Operator please...you said Place the charges....on my line

Often I visit that Autumn's day Often I see the painful scene Often I think so kindly of you ...And....what...a friendship means

There is I know....a guiding light As sure as the day...tomorrow Which showed the way to friendship's door In yesterday's hour...of sorrow

Author's note:

With....appreciation...to......Bonnie Huntthe stranger.....who became...my friend!