Poetry Series

James B. Earley

- 103 poems -

Publication Date:

August 2012

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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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!

.....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...apparition
.....Or...does it exist...
Some cruel hoax of nature
.....Or a spiritual....twist

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

James B. Earley

A Letter.....For Mary

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

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

James B. Earley

A Mountain Speaks

That distant valley
Far below
Was I...as a child
.....Eons 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 find
.....A 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....

James B. Earley

A Vision Of Home

Somewhere within dwells the soul of a boy
And childhood dreams of Illinois
....With 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 fields
....The 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 touch
.....So near...it's almost...home again

Autumn encroaching...the kids are in line
The classroom..the books...and recess time
.....And 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.....

James B. Earley

Absent Theft..Is It Possible To Amass...Millions...Billions..In Personal Wealth

.....? ?

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 villain
.....When it all...began

James B. Earley

An Epitaph.....I Stumbled.....Across

May his memory
.....Be
Measured

.....As.....

His fans...
.....Treasured...

..The...

.....Amateur

.....Gynecologist

.....He was

James B. Earley

An Ounce Of Crack

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

Frequent.....arrests
.....An 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.

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

Anti-Abortion's Religious Creed

.....Let them live....

.....SEXUALLY MOLEST

.....Then....send 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 moment.....and further the argument that....hypocrisy reigns as the critical EVIL....within the 'CHURCH'....and indeed throughout...the HUMAN CONDITION!

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

Armageddon's Brink

Social injustice
....Commonplace
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

James B. Earley

As....I Recall

.....The stranger's face

.....A visual embrace

.....Chance encounter

...At the marketplace

.....'Twas.....

.....A Wednesday noon

.....As I recall

James B. Earley

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!

James B. Earley

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 see
.....Aw-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

James B. Earley

Ballad.....Of John McCain

Joe the plumber.....and Sarah
.....Hero John.....was there for them

Too damned old.....

.....Concern in the polls

Where are they.....

.....When he needs 'em

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

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

Should ever...we're told to leave

James B. Earley

Carmel By-The-Sea

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

Then may those secrets see her through
...Another lonely night as she.....
Grieves the memory that haunt her still
.....Of Carmel.....By-The-Sea.....

James B. Earley

'Confused Mind'.....Defined

.....The

.....Poet

.....Subscribing

.....To

.....The

.....Concept....

.....'Atheism'

James B. Earley

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

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

Joint-session collusion
...Conspiratorial infusion
.....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! '

James B. Earley

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!

James B. Earley

Definition of Oxymoron

Honest politician.....

James B. Earley

Definition of Poet

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

James B. Earley

Democracy

That system of government
.....Where a 5 - 4 plurality....
Unconditionally trumps
....The amalgamated wisdom
.....of.....
105,405,100..franchised
...Voters...who then..exercise...
Their constitutional...privilege
.....To accept it all....

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.

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

Destiny's Wisdom

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

Touching the vines
With such desire
Fueling the flames
....Of a raging fire
*
*
*
Destiny's wisdom
....Then...rearranged
Those winds of passion
...To winds...of change

A frigid chill
Displaced the old
With angry gusts
....Of bitter cold

James B. Earley

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 is
…….Working…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 hour
…When that path.....she chose.....to take
Then…may God please…forgive…the call
……..The call……I failed…to make

James B. Earley

Ego's Will

'Ego's Will'...A perception.....of Man's inhumanity to Man.....penned late evening,12 March 2003.....just prior to March 20,2003 Iraq invasion by U S Forces.
*
*
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 kill
....and maim...

Yet claim 'that maim' Salvation's maim
And...therefore...decidedly not the same
....But..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)

James B. Earley

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

Into…..millennia…….....called…….....forever
…Where God…has etched…that last...Decree
On....its scroll.....may joy.....be written
...For eighteen souls…
.....Eighteen souls
.....And the quaint
.....Old 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

James B. Earley

Epiphany, A Valentine Experience

.....I never knew.....
I'd know.....such bliss
...How could...I know..
I'd feel.....like this

.....I....never knew...
You'd...ever....care
.....Until.....alone
While...sitting 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 ends…as sunset fades
To resume in the morning's glow
…Down the lane.....across the bridge
……..At
.....Eucalyptus
.....Row

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!

James B. Earley

Ethnicity

JAMES B. EARLEY

American

of

African Ancestry

*
*
*
*
*

BARACK OBAMA

African-American

James B. Earley

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.

James B. Earley

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? '

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

First.....Dalmatian

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

Awed the world
....Sheer admiration...
Improbable...truth
...The First...
.....Dalmatian

James B. Earley

Gambler's Advice To The Atheist

'Err on the side of caution! '

James B. Earley

George Bush...Affliction

Uncontrollable.....Putin

Author's note:

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

James B. Earley

Glass Of Wine

Romance sometimes
.....A fragile thing...
Perhaps...tenacious
...The spirit cling

For in the texture
....Lies the strength
Profound the structure
...The more intense

What logic of...
It all becomes
....Yet..mystical
It is....to some

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

James B. Earley

Good And Evil

Devastation....wrought
.....In agonizing ill.....
Of God's....omnipotence
.....Or..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

James B. Earley

Gospel...According To Eve

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

Where God...created
.....Soup du jour
Documented the original
.....Connoisseur
Caused.....Adam
...To righteously believe

'Damn sure ain't sacrilegious'
.....According to Eve

James B. Earley

Grandpa's Legacy

That wise..old sage..
A philosophical...gent
....Legends...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 moment
....Echoing.....yesterday

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

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

James B. Earley

Greed...Of Death

.....Might....life exist
Through sake of chance
.....Some odd result
Of happenstance

Or is...what is
...Supposed to be...
Ordained precise
.....By destiny
*
*
*
*
Must then...we live
..To...simply die
From greed of death
..For want...of why

James B. Earley

Happy New Year

I called you up
But you were gone
.....So 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

James B. Earley

How Might.....The Reverend Wright.....Be 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.'

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

Is....'Democracy'....By Force.....

.....'Democracy'

James B. Earley

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

Ya know....

It's a doozy them Democrats
Delivering a speech
...Salivating....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 process
.....Double 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 Democrats
.....Delivering a speech'

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

James B. Earley

Jealousy

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

Did it....again!

Messy....
.....Jessie

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

Limbaugh

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

Perhaps the ranting
...Raves that gush
Not of the man
.....But..
Pharmaceutical Rush

James B. Earley

Margrit's Words....Addressing Jim

Elegy to Mary Azevedo - June 2005

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

The day a dreary
..One...of June
Its moment...an even
....Greater...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 fail
....To understand
Yet...clear...the role
Of the fellowman

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

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

Of 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, seizing the 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, said Margrit, '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, sinking ever deeper into the widening abyss of excruciating grief. But just as quickly sensed an oxymoronic relief buoyed by the quintessential gift of friendship demonstrated in the personage of these compassionate folks who in their collective wisdom chose to stand with me in spiritual solidarity during the 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 Words Addressing Jim, ' as a note of appreciation, thanking these precious folks whose very existence helped transform a period of paralytic anguish into the luxurious grandeur of consummate bliss.

James B. Earley

Mary Azevedo 1947 - 2005

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

To

Mary Azevedo

Delivered at Vineyard Room, August ll,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

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 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

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!

James B. Earley

Mr. Price....The Principal

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

James B. Earley

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 detract
....Nor....shall time erase

James B. Earley

Napa Valley

.....And now....

I find myself at this place
.....I never chose

Yet.....could not have planned
A more delightful life
Than...with those

Bewitching years I've known
.....At this place
.....I never chose

James B. Earley

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 ones
.....I've seen it all
*
*
*
*
Imagine....the Creator
An air of great dismay
..A bowed head...'Nevada'..he said
And sadly.....walking away

James B. Earley

'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)

James B. Earley

Nursing Home

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

.....Again

James B. Earley

O.J. Simpson Jury (murder)

Too dense to sit in judgement
.....Too ignorant....to understand
An intellectual....incapacity
....Too dumb...to comprehend

What sworn liars....say...is gospel
....Never 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 guilty!

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

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

JBE

James B. Earley

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 Neufeld
……And his sidekick…Barry Scheck

And Johnnie Cochran….and Shapiro
….Legal 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 doing
…….On anybody’s…legal team

James B. Earley

Obama...The 'Single' Political Truth

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

James B. Earley

ObamaCare vs 'Don'tCare; ' Religious Mantra Of Christian Right

Autistic wretch
..Just 'Don'tCare'
Until such time
Its needs declare
..Once they converge
And know despair

While in that anguished
Distressed fuss
...Beg solidarity
Of the Despised Us

When crisis fades
And all seems well
...The Despised Us
'Go rot in Hell! '

..Genius within
Man's wanton wit
....Defines the soul
Of the Hypocrite

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

And in God's name
Chant pioused prayer
..Hypocrisy's children
.....At the Church
.....'Don'tCare'

Author's note:
'Only crime and the criminal, it is true, confront us with the perplexity of radical evil; but only the hypocrite is really rotten to the core.'
~Hannah Arendt

James B. Earley

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 blame
.....But 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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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 blame
.....But I know..it's Dick Cheney's fault
Some people claim...Bush is to blame
.....But I know..it's Dick Cheney's fault

Author's note:

Sung to the tune of 'Margaritaville.'

James B. Earley

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 childhood
....Oh...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.....

James B. Earley

Optometrist

Cover your eye..Mr. Earley
...Now what do you see..
It's you.....Doctor
....Looking 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..optometrist
.....I suggest...you see...
There's a pain...in my ass....Mr. Earley
.....Just.....looking at me

James B. Earley

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 held
.....Within...her fickle grip...
I shared her joy...indeed I did
...On a cruise...aboard..that ship

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

Purest Saint

.....James B. Earley...
.....The purest Saint...
.....To have graced..
.....The Earth!

....I am.....James B. Earley...

.....And...I approve...

.....This message

Author's note:

Political ads....and the fallacy...thereof! If...truth...not now....then...WHEN?

James B. Earley

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.

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

Sarah Palin's...'Tea Party'

Sipping with Sarah
.....Invited.....for tea
Five hundred a cup
.....Brilliantly

Sleight.....of hand
A slip and a sup
...Ain't Sarah cute...
Five hundred a cup
*
*
.....Gorgeous smile
Indeed.....compelling...
Got 'Conservatives' buying
...What 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.

James B. Earley

Season's Magic

A taste of harvest
Permeates the air
Fragrance...igniting
.....The atmosphere

Season's magic
Wends its way again
Wines' passion flows
....At journey's end

James B. Earley

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 Washington
.....Are 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.

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

Stolen Moments

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

James B. Earley

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 morning
……Of 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.

James B. Earley

The Atheist..And Me

Peculiar.....hearing
..An atheist.....pray...
Disabled.....plane
.....In.....disarray...

And.....he chimed
.....Right.....in...
As.....I bowed
.....To pray

James B. Earley

The Kidnapped Child

Though....they are with you
.....Yet....they're alone
Frightened....and longing
For surroundings they've known
.....Send them on home

To loved ones.....awaiting
.....Loved ones.....deprived
Of an answer...to the question
Is.....my child.....alive
.....Send them on home

Time...keeps dragging
.....Seconds.....to years
Siblings.....and parents
Living..the tears
.....Send them on home

.....To the happiness
And laughter..once...they knew
If there is....any decency
....Left ever.....in you
.....Then....

Send them on home

James B. Earley

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

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

.....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'

James B. Earley

The Obama Presidency

.....'Hope'

.....That fragile thread

.....We cling

.....Humanity's plight

.....A worthy resolution bring

...This fervent....prayer

.....I plead

.....I sing

Author's note:
To....its source of inspiration.....the poet....Tai Chi Italy....and 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

James B. Earley

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 reference
....No maps to tell

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

Intense the journey
....Hazy 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

James B. Earley

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

Bagdad's...Brogans
*
*
*
.....size-10

James B. Earley

Why

.....When rocks

.....Are thrown

.....Our way

.....Maliciously

.....Thrown

.....'Only'

.....Our way
*
*
*
*.....Should we not

*
*
.....Examine
*
*
*.....The

.....Reasons

.....WHY

James B. Earley

Why Not.....John McCain

.....If
Nelson Mandela
.....Found....
'Solitary confinement'
...A
Presidential qualifier

...Then

.....Why

.....Not

.....John McCain

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!

James B. Earley

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 Winery
....Napa Valley.....Oakville California.
*
*
*
Discreet…within the Winery grounds
……a legendary scene unfolds
the statue…'Welcome'…somehow transformed
……at 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 Mondavi
.....and I approve.....this message! '

James B. Earley

Wondrous Words

A life.....chock-full.....and few regrets
.....Untold.....blessings.....mounting...
At last...I learned.....to live.....again
.....Twenty....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!

James B. Earley

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

James B. Earley

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 shown
…….So 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 Hunt
.....the stranger.....who became...my friend!

James B. Earley