

Poetry Series

Laurie Dahl

- poems -

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A Blessing

A Blessing

Lifting off the runway to Cardiff, Wales
Twilight bounds forth in the sky
Darken with kindness
I lean back, as the evening soars

Into the distance of the afternoon
To my right, a field of sunlight
To my left, the wing of the jet waves
Bellows of smoke and fumes blossom

There is no loneliness like that I left
Suddenly I realize
That I have come gladly out of the sky Hopper
For he has walked slowly to me

His winding mane falls on his shoulder
A light breeze moves me closer
And nuzzled his gesture
I inhale the scent of his skin

He welcomes me to his car
I can hardly contain my happiness
We ripple tensely through the streets
We bow shyly as wet swans

To welcome him and me
I am handed a key
We step into the night's pasture
Where we graze all nights long

The long ride moves me to caress his long hair
The cowbells follow one another
The hawk floats over the hill
Blazing up into golden stones, it stands

The rain falls delicate as we stare
If I stepped out of my body I would break
We step through time with tea
I want to hold the slender moment in my arms

Asleep in the underneath blackness
The rusted metal peers through the cracks
At home once more
Where they have been, I mourn

The frail bronze of time escapes
Like droppings of last year's

The stone place has been guarded
It welcomes us

For he has walked over to me
Our last moment to say our byes, I nozzle his scent
Looking back for him I feel weak
I step out of my body

Laurie Dahl

A Speck

A speck in the sand
Twinkling by noon
Worn by land
Dull too soon

A speck in the sky
Twinkling by night
Worn by fly
Dull by sight

A speck in the earth
Twinkling by life
Worn by worth
Dull by wife

A speck in the wind
Twinkling bright
Worn by flight
Dull by spin

Laurie Dahl

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Bitter Sweet

Bitter Sweet

Filled with bitterness,
It comes from silence
From the carved stone
It holds absence

This is not a dream
Under the stars
The rain stops
My heart races

Cover me with darkness
It comes from miles
From the sunset
It holds colors

This is a dream
Under the dark
The wind stops
My heart beats

Laurie Dahl

Fonthill Bishop

Fresh green of a fern
New mown hay
A mossy bank of brown growth
Rain on dust covered gravel

Fluffy white clouds
Rolling white-capped waves
Winds whistling like a fire siren
White buds on the stone cracks

Pink flowers sprinkled on the green hills
Shining colors of a black and white magpie
A gay heart for singing
Rain and sun in my face and the wind from the south

Now I am free as a bird in flight
Which stone or grassy road shall I take?
Staff for climbing or oars for rowing?
Sun, wind, rain, and the world away from going.

Laurie Dahl

Home

Home

I have touched the tip of my past
Not a mere exercise in nostalgic wonder
Rather a journey through England
A cottage paused in time, waiting to be found
Among the green lush stained by past marching grasshoppers
Treading on clear days and nights shake the earth
Black-outs and the wind shakes our flag like a feather
A babies cry is heard in the clear blackness
Their spears are down, bathed in blood
The stars and candles are burnt out embers of heat against the cold
X marks the spot of their guns in the old stone castle
I have come to stake my claim
The village is filled with green wilderness
With blasts from the magic of the sea it waits quietly
The frosted salt on cracked lips and tears give the tongue majestic pleasure
The past has re-visited like family with a tearful reunion
Our country and our family are linked
We know it well and its hold on our loyalties
The further through my journey
The more I want to revisit the past
A vivid picture is born and memoirs come alive
I am home

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Homeward

Getting away,
Was better
Just different
And homeward

Lonelier than ever
Emptier than the ocean
More silent than death
Drifts of snow between me

And homeward

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I Believe

I believe
Fate will come
Maybe, not seen
Near to speak

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Me

I may look like Lily, I have my Grandmother's
Face.
Angel kisses, she called the freckles,
Glancing a look at me
Though ours is covered with winter
Under the dark brown
Like my Grandmothers eyes.

I think about Lily
And how the reflection
To either side of the mirror,
Is me
Where Lily and Arthur's picture
Still remains on the shelf

On the other shelf, poetry remains
I look straight into Lily's face
She looks straight back
I am the first one to back down

I could get the dust out of the picture
But I don't.
What I like best about her
She doesn't say what I should do
She just smiles
Some things I didn't say too

Laurie Dahl

Mother-in-law-Dearest

You broke my unguarded spirit
You made me red-faced and angry
Like swallowing a bitter pill
A mud-puddle day in Spring

You lived up to it well and thoughtful
Blocking the doorway with your expensive perfume
Like a bellow of smoke, I was silent
Creating havoc and confusion was your way

The voice of the oppressor, the enemy within
Clawing the blackboard, you rejoiced
I felt helpless and foolish like an old tired warrior
Never were you content with peace-

All peanut butter and no jelly
The rich tapestry that bounds together
Is but loose frayed broken ends
No more broken silence

For the green monster with tied up black hair
That runs on solar energy, brings warfare
I wished you would go away,
Now it is only hushed board games

For the remaining part of that dusty weathered day
Was transformed one early morning
No more broken or fixed games of invitations
To my new mighty warrior spirit within

Laurie Dahl

Laurie Dahl

MrSanDiego

To the one person
Whom when speaking
Blocks out the dread filled world
In which living

The one who makes
The world seem a better place
Even though day to day
I don't see your face

The one who has shown me
How to love again
So I can be pain-free

The one I think about
When I wake
In the morning light
The one I think about
Last thing at night
When the sunset sky is in sight

The one who I wish
I could see
And stay in the moment
Until we seize

The one who I want to be near
So I can wipe any tear

The one who I know
I can share my hopes and dreams
The one who makes me feel
I can do anything
The one I love from the bottom of my heart
No matter how many states apart

Laurie Dahl

My Castle

If I come to you across the ocean,
If I come to you wet and cold as the sea,
If I came to you, not knowing that I came,
Like an old road lost and traveling in the mist,

If bent trees rattle in the wind-gusts,
If I veil with sunglasses as an umbrella,
If you are stone when you look at me,
And yet you stay to be my home,

Then my eyes are filled with noon light,
And I am dancing restless as the waves,
In the all-night place on the island,
I am home to see what I can become.

Laurie Dahl

Safe

Sleep

Safe in their blankets
Untouched by morning,
Untouched by noon,
Sleep of the alive

Light laughs at the breeze
In her castle above them,
Babbles the rain on the rafters
Sweet satin of stone

Laurie Dahl

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Spirit

The spirit nods its own society
Then opens the door
On its divine maturity
Hollow no more

Unmoved, the spirit pauses
At a low gate
Unmoved, the spirit kneels
Upon its mate

Known from before
Choose one;
Then close the door
Like stone

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The soul

The Soul

Before I go,
Come to see
I pause, that you
My beauty sees

Miles to go
Before I sleep
In one night
I breathe, of white

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Laurie Dahl

What is Love.....

What is love.....

Inclination seized for the moment
Enamored with dew
Delightful at glance
Wrenched with sweat

Rapture kissed
In light of choice
Loses one heart
Drawn with stars

Hopeless in minutes
Twinkling with light
Gems found
Winking with eyes

Flames dance
In light of dark
Captures one heart
Glowing with heat

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Window

Today from the partially opened window
We saw each other on the screen
The cold wind bit through the opening
Long enough to laugh, gaze, and wonder

And because today
You coax the inquisitive soul
I turn to the screen
And I gaze at the thoughts through your eyes

And because today
I think, wonder, and write
Whistling I am all alone
Myself the inhabitant of certain premises

And today out my window
Your wet hankered shirt
Shimmers toward my wet nightgown
The sleeves sail together in the wind

Today our bodices together
Bands of silk ribbon clouds
The sun appears against the cold
The wind sculptures our souls

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World War II

World War II

Grandpa was a young man
When he fought in the
Battle of the Bulge

There wasn't much he would say to
Those days, except cry
He remembered the bombs,
Red of the dead

Grandpa said
That war tore England up
Worse than a tornado,
Worse than a hurricane,
But no matter what
The bombs blew in trail of the fighting
Brightening the English countryside

I can see Grandpa
Glowing out from the colored dust

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Yesterday

Yesterday

Like no tomorrow
Yesterday has passed
Blossomed flakes fallen
Roots taken hold

Like no tomorrow
Yesterday has passed
Fate was interacting
Each minute grew

Like no tomorrow
Yesterday has passed
Essence was born
Loneliness was kissed

Like no tomorrow
Yesterday has passed
Escaping was deemed
Past became present

Like no tomorrow
Yesterday is gone
The accent echoed
Time was spellbound

Like no tomorrow
Yesterday is gone
Feather the nest
Roots are held

Like no tomorrow
Yesterday is gone
The dual intercede
Both innate intimacies

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