Poetry Series

Liilia Talts Morrison

- 467 poems -

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Liilia Talts Morrison (August 20,1937)

Liilia loves Florida, which is the subject of many of her poems and writings. Favorite themes: the spiritual life, simplicity, color, nature & its creatures and things fallen to the wayside.

Works:

'Tuesday, ' a long short story included in the collection 'Seven Days' published in UK by Legend Press.

A Blind Cat

We wandered down a narrow lane
My friends and I that day
Just having lunched in a small bar
That time had worn and frayed

The building was of ancient style
Wood, paint much chipped and worn
But this old restaurant hung on
Though silent and forlorn

I felt the decades rolling back
To times when things were slow
When people stopped and talked a bit
There was no rush to go

We laughed and chatted just as if
The world was fun and jest
For our lives were neatly boxed
Far from this squalor's nest

I stepped aside and saw a cat
A black one, sitting there
So still, so dark, so unconcerned
In midday dust and glare

When I approached, he did not move
He did not seem to care
If strangers stepped too close to him
Of dangers unaware

His eyes I could not see at all
When I approached this stray
Two little slits were in the place
Where cat eyes ought to lay

When I got home I became obsessed
His image reoccurred
Who hurt his eyes and silenced throat
From cat meows and purrs?

It's odd how what had been a day
Of fun with friends and glee
Became compassion's gift of sight
A blind cat made me see.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Bright Hello

I went a'wandering downtown
Where people milled around
They seemed to while away the hours
Some heading up, some down

There was the lawyer in a suit
Who just had won a case
He sat upon the bootblack's chair
Success basked on his face

Then there were men, in shabby dress
Who traded under wraps
With greasy dollars passing hands
Bound in addiction's traps

But most were just meek passersby
Who worked at humble tasks
Their clothes and eyes expressionless
No pomp, no stealth, no masks

And then I saw the orchid man
In sweaty vendor's clothes
He peddled flowers for a trade
Lined up in ordered rows

Then there appeared in his display
A bright and distant glow
I knew the one who made all blooms
Had sent a bright "Hello."

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Bruised Deer

A smitten and bruised deer
I hide in tall bushes,
Too easily spotted
By daylight. A prey.

In night's sober respite,
I venture forth shyly,
Smitten, side bleeding,
From secrets of reeds.

Your wild woods enfolded
With musk scented blossoms,
While dew covered moonbeams
Soon wove a tight cage.

I peeked at the sky
Past glistening tree tops,
Leaves dropping green diamonds,
As soft feet drew near.

The panther was tawny,
Its eyes understanding,
Paws soft to the touch,
Mouth's beauty sublime.

You took me in silence.
For one frozen moment,
Wood creatures in thickets
Stopped trilling their songs.

When morning arose
To a fresh quilt of dewdrops,
It gently embraced
A path touched by blood.

I cannot bear daytime,
Too weak now to wander
To hummingbirds flutter
And mossy delights.

My fate is to suffer
The tearing of cobwebs,
That silences birdsong
In panther's dark play.

A smitten and bruised deer
I hide in tall bushes,
Too easily spotted
By daylight. A prey.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Burning Love

As campfire flames still upward danced
Full knowing they would die
So was our fireside love a trance
A doomed and searing lie

Rekindling your fair youthful dream
I was to heal those scars
That life had singed into your soul
In Satan's lustful wars

And I believed what others deemed
A hopeless, foolish quest
To me this love of passion seemed
A miracle, a test

I lick my wounds beside the hearth
Where long dead embers lie
Yet in my heart it all was worth
The pain for us to try.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Child's Wish

We were just little children
In war torn wayside lanes
Yet roses were still blooming
In fields of pink and white

The little goats were grazing
In yards of villagers
Providing milk and cheeses
When all the stores were closed

I wished that some kind housewife
Would offer me a rose
A pretty one and fragrant
But none stretched forth her hand

I wondered what it felt like
To drink some fresh, warm milk
Or taste a slice of white cheese
On bread so dark and thick

But none was there to offer
A crumb or cup of milk
For I was way too bashful
And would have run away

We were just little children
In war torn wayside lanes
Yet roses were still blooming
In fields of pink and white.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Cypress

A cypress tree stood like a guard
Protecting us against life's threats
Its roots and knees kept summer storms
From shattering our little nest

Small fingers often prayers formed
'Gainst daily struggles we held tight
Sunday we sat on well-worn pews
And read the Good Book Wednesday night

Once in a while the pump would break
Yet somehow it would end up fixed
The old jalopy chugged along
Till we were safely in the yard

One day the weather turned real cold
A little heater must be bought
I still remember how the tire
Decided to go flat that day

An angel came to help us then
Looking to all just like a man
When we arrived at our cold place
That heater took a special spot

How fragile was our thread of days
That could be torn so easily
By people who had clout at whim
Yet we survived through thick and thin

Whom can I thank for those old days
Who was it held us like frail birds
Wings bruised, hearts bleeding, trembling still
From loss of father, husband, friend

Was it the cypress tree up front
The only one down that small road
Was it put there by heaven's door
To keep us safe and fear no more?

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Dog

A woman of grace
came to my place
red eyes filled with fog
lips pursed on smooth face
she had lost her dog

a woman of grace
had lived many years
had shed many tears
had lost many things
and now
she lost her dog

it was not just a dog
it was her log
of marking the day
then he went away

a woman of grace
can not replace
that dog
now buried in bog
ending the race

it's sad when you're old
and can't keep a hold
of tales to be told
so cold with mold
and dogs once bold.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A French Cafe

I wandered into a cafe
The kind with slim baguettes
Their coffee served with creamer cup
Inside a stoneware mug

The customers were most gentile
They did not yell or sprawl
They neatly sat on little seats
And ate their proffered treats

The menu, elegant and clean
Displayed words very French
I had the feeling that indeed
I dined in fair Paree

Croissants and tarts of neatest mean
Were beckoning from shelves
Where chocolate flakes and berries glazed
Peeked out from doilies' lace

The scene was much like a ballet
The servers in starched shirts
Would pirouette around the chairs
On which the diners perched

I left there wondering if this
Was how some folks lived their lives
For me it was a treat of sorts
Diversion, to be sure

I wandered into a cafe
The kind with slim baguettes
Their coffee served with creamer cup
Inside a stoneware mug.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Fury of Days

I laid back on the pillows
And tried to contemplate
Beyond the veils of time
The days passing
The fury of days

Among the dust particles
Dancing in the air
I saw a veil floating
And it blew aside.
Sharply focusing my eyes
I saw a man, a workman
In a plainly furnished room.

He ripped a page
From the wall calendar
It said March 24,1927.
The carpenter's hand was rough
And sunburnt.
Now the calendar read March 25.

Then I saw an alley
Young, strong carpenters
Hammering studs
Plumbers scurrying about
With heavy metal pipes
Fresh paint smells

Then, when the sun cooled off,
Dark bottles of beer.
They sat in the Florida evening
Swatting mosquitoes
And laughing with red faces
talking of the 'Cane of '26.

The veil closed suddenly
And in a moment
Opened again.

A hand of reddish brown
Turned the page of a desk calendar
It now read March 25,1987.
White stucco plastered the walls
Of a small, but neat room.

Then I saw the alley.
Workers again scurried about
Calling out 'Oye' and 'Maricon'
Paint smells of latex and resin
Lent a pungent flavor to this scene.
Humming and buzzing of power tools
Filled the now warm Florida air

Until, mercifully, the sun descended.

I saw them cool off with
bottles of Corona and El Presidente

Then the veil closed again.

When it opened, a thin
Manicured hand clicked
A button on his watch
The red lcd prompted 032606
This room was cool, I could tell
and the blinds were of a rough texture
perhaps a papyrus blend
Like in designer showrooms

Then he was in the alley
Holding a bottle of mineral water
But it no longer looked like an alley
There were brass lighting fixtures
Walls done in faux finishes
And the floor was granite.

This time I saw no workmen
Just one man with the lcd watch.

The veil closed softly
And became blurred
As my tears dropped freely
Mourning the alley,
No longer an alley
Mourning the fury
The fury of days.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Gamin

When I became of full age
I studied books by men sage
So many ways to ponder
Roads leading up and yonder
As life ground me to powder
I pushed and strove yet harder
Till there was no more climbing
No paths or roads up-winding

Collapsing near some ditches
Legs red with scrapes and itches
I knew my life was rending
All great ambition ending
And then I heard a rustling
A child ran skipping singing
He stopped and saw me crying
His eyes were large and caring

"Don't be sad, " he said brightly
And then he ran off sprightly
That's when I saw a highway
Paved with the gold of sun-rays
It was too frail for walking
Nor was it meant for touching
I felt my heart now welling
A spirit in me dwelling

Then all my cares were lifted
With hope and love was gifted
Today you'll find me walking
With friends and strangers talking
There is no rush or hurry
No place to reach or scurry
Who could have guessed a gamin
Would end my spirit's famine?

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Little Friend

I walked along the water's edge
And stopped to take a rest
Some pigeons scampered on the sand
A white one I liked best.

I threw a little scrap to her
She pecked at it with glee
Looking back as I walked on
Her eyes were watching me.

Today I walk along the sea
As I do every day
Two little eyes peek from a dune
And they are watching me.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Little Seashell

Beyond my seaside window far from blue Azores bays
The day begins with birdsong and morning's sweet malaise
Suddenly winds grow stronger in rapid passages
Clouds ominously hiding unnerving messages

I feel compelled to rush out and run against the wind
Yet cries of seagulls warn me, "This is no time to sing
Or celebrate the power of nature's unknown ways -
Some souls in scattered islands will breathe their last today."

From my small spot of safety it's hard to realize
Beyond those beach side windows a liquid death now lies
As at this very moment mudslides are swallowing
Frail homes and island people by drowning smothering

This tragic tale is broadcast by birds flung on sea gusts
A cawing and a wailing for villages turned dust
Though far from my small cottage I can't ignore those cries
Of lands where tropic torment is taking many lives

I fall and kneel in sadness - it is a time to pray
For those engulfed by water as clay returns to clay
Whose devastated neighbors' and children's cries soon wane
Sucked into mighty wind shears of blinding hurricane

Though many had expected its unrelenting eye
Might pummel nearby beaches where my small dwelling lay
No bettor would have wagered on whether this wild horse
Would bolt and in an instant turn to a whole new course

As hours pass the maelstrom spreads terror far and wide
My prayers feel so useless against that raging tide
And then the palm trees whisper in wind whipped rustling sounds
"Can you find just one reason why you're on higher ground? "

This message now grows stronger snuffs out the fearful din
As I'm transported skyward and survey from within
A center still and untouched by whirlpools that surround
And for an instant fathom the need for burial mounds

Returning home those voices are quickly vanishing
The sky outside the window a promise offering:
Life's puzzles were all answered in long forgotten dreams
That light on wings of sea-hawks in windy salt-strewn streams

Refreshed I cross the threshold and soon increase my pace
Now lying at the sea's edge with sand upon my face
Thanking the mighty ocean for giving me this day
For like a sun bleached seashell I'll soon be washed away.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Miser's Hoard

Count not the strong men of the realm
Nor number hairs upon your head
Inquiring if there are enough
Jugs of new oil or loaves of bread

Don’t reckon yields from olive trees
Nor survey groves of sycamores
Trust that your herds are right in size
And wineskins will not cease to pour

For if your eyes are fixed on wealth
While signs from heaven are ignored
May not the blessings that you seek
Be held back like a miser’s hoard?

Liilia Talts Morrison

A New Year

Are secrets soon to be revealed
Old dreams and hopes at last explored
Or will your poems to silence yield
Unheard in two oh ten plus four?

Pray tell, what lies behind that door
The one you've never touched before?
It's key is waiting in your drawer
And can no longer be ignored

A brand new year demands the floor
The past is moved to memory's store
A threshold woos with gifts galore
And promises of songs that soar

Are secrets soon to be revealed
Old dreams and hopes to be explored
Creative paths in firm rock sealed
Hewed out in two oh ten plus four?

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Nicer Ashtray

Each day he scans the sidewalk
Sure as a loser's bet
Intent on finding, smoking
Discarded cigarettes

This little block his kingdom
Where pavements promise tokes
From butts thrown down by shoppers
Who seldom finish smokes

Months pass, the days are warmer
Relief from winter's crush
Safety from nightly muggers
In wayside underbrush

Of late his gait's more springy
Shed coat and cape of fear
Worn knitted cap and sneakers
Replaced by lighter gear

What brutal forces spewed him
To homelessness and want
What tortures and past heartbreaks
His every footstep taunt

I watch this man in passing
As I go through my day
And wonder if my own life is
A pleasanter ashtray

For I may rest on feathers
And sup from cups and plates
but has my life more meaning
Than this man's narrow gate

That's when I start recalling
That I once went astray
Resorting to pick garbage
that others threw away

I pray he may find comfort
In this more tropic clime
As I found warmth and freedom
From that sad scavenge time

Each day he scans the sidewalk
Sure as a loser's bet
Intent on finding, smoking
Discarded cigarettes.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Prayer For The Sad Ones

I watch cut flowers droop and die
Right in my cozy room
And thoughts arise of homeless men
Who lost their childhood's bloom

There was a time when each of them
Was innocent and young
They may have had a parent, too
Now lost, unknown, unsung

But soon their paths began to twist
In hardship's brutal strife
And bit by bit they came undone
Skid row was now their life

My hope is that a seed or two
From flowers dropp to earth
And that the miracle of growth
Will sprout a brand new birth

Could it be, too, that one sad soul
Whose days are filled with dread
Might one day reach for wings of grace
And grab faith's golden thread?

I watch cut flowers droop and die
Right in my cozy room
And thoughts arise of homeless men
Who lost their childhood's bloom.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Ship Is Meant For Sailing

I saw a sailboat on the shelf
A beauty to behold
How could I get it for myself
Inspiring dreams untold

The sales clerk said it was a prop
And was not up for sale
Suggesting I should browse and shop
Perhaps for cheese or ale

Still gazing on that wondrous shelf
Above goods to be sold
I wondered if a magic elf
Would give it me to hold

Much later in my living room
Still thinking of that ship
I thought how my life had assumed
A neat, lethargic trip

No longer do I seek that toy
Too late for games to play
A ship must sail and man with joy
Walk, sing, and seize the day.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Simple Journey

Take nothing for your journey
no scrip or staff or purse
go forth with what you're wearing
for better or for worse

Don't pick and choose your shelter
stay where invited in
eat what is put before you
bless those who dwell therein

Don't fuss and fume if someone
won't welcome you with joy
don't fret when people treat you
with harshness to annoy

Your mission is for healing
to spread the news to all
though some won't pay attention
much folk will heed the call

They went and spread the good news
and those who heard were healed
nobody was excluded
from houses, tents or fields

Though seventy went forward
and more were added, too
quite soon the Master's Gospel
just grew, and grew, and grew

How lucky are the people
who heard and then were healed
who saw that living water
to Prophets long concealed

I hope my earthly journey
moves to a lighter load
may I discard the burdens
that oft my feet have slowed

My goal is in the yonder
where all the earthly things
fall off like extra chattel
and spirit soars with wings.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Slice Of Life

Each moment is a slice of life
Some pleasant some quite flawed
When young, you are too fast to feel
The blessed touch of God

When old, you are too sad to grasp
The Master's offered love
Instead you look on pavement stains
While help waits from above

Look up, bright youth, look to the stars
You won't regret the tour
Let lovers, jobs and travel plans
With heaven's bonds insure

Old man, lift up your face and watch
Clouds dancing in the blue
That simple effort cannot fail
To raise and carry you.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Sure Blessing

There is a blessing
When I help

The homeless
The jobless
The limbless
The hopeless

When I reach out
They seldom
Fail to bless.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Tiled Hearth

The fireplace looked trim enough
quaint tiles all in a row
placed oh so very carefully
each made by hand just so

Years and much time had mellowed it
yet it looked bright and fresh
with tallow candles placed below
as solemn as a creche

The cabinets surrounding it
were made to hold things dear
delighting one and all who gazed
at them throughout the years

But this was just a fleeting thought
I did not make a sound
as gleaners pried off all the tiles
and hardware smoothly ground

For this old cottage was now sold
the land worth many clams
and what had once been home and hearth
not worth a tinker's dam

And now a man knocked on the door
the best that could be found
he'd raze it quick and charge fair price
to tear it to the ground

The fireplace looked trim enough
quaint tiles all in a row
placed oh so very carefully
each made by hand just so.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Violet

Among the rivulets of water
That spring has coaxed from wintry ice
There is a little hidden flower
That peeks from patches of black earth

It's fragrance is quite overwhelming
Its color unbelievable
Though small, its memory unending
Who can forget a violet?

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Wave Offering

I went outdoors that breezy day
Feeling a gloom within
Then saw across the highway's din
A lone pine gently sway

It was a scrawny, aged tree
Bracing with unseen shield
The only one left in that field
From days when land was free

A new and shiny row of stores
Now sat on burdened ground
Why was that trunk still to be found
Where forests teemed before?

Then suddenly I felt a thrill
Warming my skin and face
It seemed that tree was waving grace
For living in God's will

I felt my arms begin to sway
We moved with one accord
As pine and I waved to the Lord
For living in this day

My heart now filled with thankfulness
To that green tree of prayer
It showed me that most anywhere
Faith can renew and bless.

Liilia Talts Morrison

A Wish

We gathered round the modest bedside
Her smile belied the harsh malaise
She looked at us with eyes so glowing
I never will forget that gaze

We knew for her the verdant summer
Would never come, she was too ill
Though hardly past her budding teenage
Consumption took her health and will

'My only wish is yet to wander
To hills where summer flowers bloom
In flowing gown of whitest linen
And run and laugh till I fall down.'

Liilia Talts Morrison

About Counting

There is no need to count all seashells
Or chart a nebula in space
Nor measure golden rays of sunshine
Or add up deeds to earn God’s grace

For all the sins of life are numbered
In books that none on earth can see
All grains of sand are shaped and fashioned
As lovingly as you and me

Each atom and the smallest heartbeat
Pulse perfect synchronicity
Each damaged soul that’s lost its purpose
Is marked for God’s felicity

Each earthly error and transgression
All grief so hard to contemplate
Has long ago been given answers
Repent, forgive - it’s not too late

He dearly paid for our salvation
Already numbered sin and strife
He gave us hope of great redemption
By hewing out the path to life

Next time you walk along the seashore
May lulling waves reminders be
To learn of him, so meek and lowly
And heed his call, “Come, follow me.”

Liilia Talts Morrison

About Keys

There was a man of unknown deeds
No cover shielded his bare head
His home at night a patch of weeds
On byways found his daily bread

When noonday sun seared roots and reeds
He sat among hard cypress knees
For shade a canopy of trees
This man who had no need for keys

Gaunt, lanky like some Southern pines
In winter frost and summer breeze
He made his nest among the vines
Of mangroves edging shallow seas

He walked with grace much like a deer
His kind blue eyes put one at ease
And hearts would warm when they were near
This man who had no need for keys

When rains came he would disappear
Some people wondered how he fared
Then on a gray November day
He'd be there sitting by the bay

'Where is your home? ' some dared to ask
'I have none, ' was his shy reply.
'The world spins round about so fast
In rooms with doors I'd surely die.'

The seasons saw a changing land
Trees were no longer needed here
Dark woodlands cut, rich earth turned sand
There was no time to stop and care
For creatures of the open air

New houses came with shiny doors
Bright plants soon lent an air of ease
It was quite plain to see, of course
This was a place for folks with keys

They never saw that man again
Who walked as gently as a deer
With eyes so kind, like a good friend
Who had no wallet, keys or fear

In wandering the path of life
There are a few whose tracks unfold
Bypassing cunning, greed and strife
Who brave harsh storms in heat and cold
Whom walls, nor doors, nor keys can hold.

Liilia Talts Morrison

About Plowing

An old horse plows the well worn path
in rows where seeds are sown
slow, heavy footsteps bear the weight
from sweat and years of groans

Clop clop, clop clop he pushes on
nor strays to glance aside
till field and earth are black and fresh
with harvest hope supplied

I watch and wonder how this beast
knows when to slow and turn
to follow yet another groove
his daily meal to earn

I never followed any roads
or grooves, or paths or fields
I never did the same thing twice
nor planned for future yields

I was a fool for wayward ways
in dark forbidden groves
with twisted bands and thorny vines
that tore my soul and clothes

I harvested the bread of stones
and buttered it with woe
so different from that faithful horse
whose plowing made grain grow.

Liilia Talts Morrison

About Striving

in this life we're oft found striving
climbing toward wishes, goals
running hither and then thither
urging, surging in our roles

Busy is our uphill journey
spinning, trimming, winning some
stumbling in a skirmish scuffle
then to vanquish, overcome

As one goal has been accomplished
we move on to newer sights
climbing ever grander mountains
of desire's fabled heights

Then one day the road grows dimmer
footsteps weaken, canes appear
hair turns silver, voice a cracking
others pass us as do years

Finally we are too weary
needing help to get around
seldom straying from our doorstep
staying close to hearth and ground

no more crawling high and higher
no more driving toward goals
just some chattering and napping
wondering whose bell now tolls.

Liilia Talts Morrison

About Truffles

They say the woods of Alba
Grow secrets in their soil
And Perigord's fair regions
Hide rarest mushroom spoils

The truffle may be ugly
Dug up by dogs and pigs
But most agree its flavor
Is well worth humble digs

The oak tree seems to foster
This underground delight
Yet even seasoned woodsmen
Are clueless to this rite

Those of the finest learning
And gourmand savoir-faire
Have likened truffles' magic
To youth and love affairs

They also find its impact
Brings thoughts of fresh plowed earth
Fine, gentle rains in autumn
And spring's green, tender birth

So why should I, a woman
Of lowly mien and ways
Trust an old man in hospice
Recounting long gone days

Nobody would believe this
Yet father said I found
When still a tiny toddler
Those lumps in Kehra's ground.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Abundance

Abundance is a lovely thing
who wouldn't want to have it?
a cellar filled with summer fruit
and fields a sea of heather

Abundance can be comforting
wine flowing from rich cups
warm coats and drapes
of woolen cloth
and shoes of sturdy leather

Abundance is a word unknown
to lonely wayside strangers
in threadbare shirts
and broken shoes
they shudder in cold weather

Abundance is a cunning thing
it sneaks beneath the rafters
when soup is thinned
so all can eat
as neighbors get together.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Ad Astra

They can't be seen by light of day
But dark of night brings all to play
The constellations, friends of old
That guided ships and sailors bold.

Their names were always glorious
Resembling gods and animals
From fabled stories gently told
Around the campfire by the old.

Today we scan the ends of space
With telescopes that often trace
A tiny dwarf or dying star
The ancients only guessed was far.

We find new names for galaxies
Atom for Peace is one of these
Black Eye, the Lindsay-Shapely Ring
The Phoenix Dwarf on stellar wing.

It's true, our scientific plots
Have pegged them all in numbered slots
Where sprawling Spider of old lore
Is now D D O Eighty-Four.

Though Zwicky's Triplet marks the end
Of names we into space now send
Our words and language will run out
Overawed by universal clout.

Let's now enjoy those names of old
Orion's hunt and Virgo's gold
Let's celebrate astronomers
Who gave us Hubble's glorious spheres.

But don't forget where it all starts
A throbbing, feeling human heart
Don't tell me He who made it all
Won't cry when even stars will fall.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Ad Helios

Reach for the fading days of sun
This age is ending its slow run
Dance as the decades march along
Sing while you still to earth belong

Reach for night constellations fair
Laugh as the wind enfolds your hair
Trust that Orion will hold firm
Your spirit in its stars affirm

Float as the ocean waves surmount
Neptune's strong draw on your account
Cry as the evening spreads its wings
On the bright flare of your wellspring

Reach for the fading days of sun
This age is ending its slow run
Dance as the decades march along
Sing while you still to earth belong.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Addiction

Addiction is a painful thing
Black widow with a cruel sting
It treats a gentle, loving man
Like refuse in a garbage can

Addiction is a painful thing
A broken bottle shattering
A rasping voice, a swollen throat
That once sang songs of finest note

Addiction is a painful thing
It picks the brightest for its ring
The tender hopes of youthful sons
Are darkened till there's no more sun

Addiction is a painful thing
A raptor's iron claw and wing
The rage and agony it brings
So carelessly on sidewalks flings

Addiction is a painful thing
Black widow with a cruel sting
It treats a gentle, loving man
Like refuse in a garbage can.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Advent

Today I ponder hours that lead
Toward one precious day
When Jesus in a manger lay
To light our errant way

Soon all the world in joy declares
This news with praise to sing
As those who have and who do not
Prepare to meet our King

Young girls with woven candle wreaths
Walk, singing down the lanes
Each evening a new flame is lit
To honor Him who reigns

Each candle signifies a day
Preparing for that light
Born on a night in Bethlehem
Great hope to sinners' plight

When all the wreaths are filled with lights
Then comes that sacred hour
Grand visions of old men and bards
Come true with greatest power

That little babe, a fragile reed
Whom many tried to harm
Became the strongest link of all
To draw us to God's arms

When I see candles burning bright
And flowers knit in rows
I think of Advent's holy weeks
When all hearts are aglow

How fortunate we are today
To be part of that night
Foretold in prophets fondest dreams
The darkness saw great light.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Age Is A Leveler

Age is the great leveler
Smoothing out life's mountains
Even those who scaled high peaks
May drink from its fountains

Timid ones who never could
Leave their dusty corner
Find when evening falls on life
All have the same mourner

Some of us know endless nights
Some are blessed with slumber
Yet when dusk throws down its veil
Each gets the same number

Harvest scythes begin to rise
Youth's fair dreams recurring
Standing by the curtained wall
Death achievements blurring

Medals, handcuffs fall away
Heroes just like losers
All sit down on level ground
Where there's no accuser

Then by clasping bony hands
Huddling close together
All meet looking eye to eye
Freed from worldly tether

Comes a time to everyone
When it does not matter
What they did or failed to do
Shedding those old tatters

Age is the great leveler
Smoothing out life's mountains
Even those who scaled steep peaks
Will drink from its fountain.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Ages Agone

There ain't much left of them old days
When ramblin' men trod flats near bays
An' mangrove swamps 'long tide washed cays
Hid gator nests an' otters' ways
There warn't no need for shame or praise

Them days are gone that time done took
An' turned a yellow hallowed book
O' native ways stomped out by rooks
That nature's whisp'ry ways forsook
Pokin' and stompin' sacred nooks

Ages agone an' times long past
A railway pushed its way an' cast
Pines and palmettos in a last
O' iron snakes that run too fast
Hackin' and packin' cypress masts

There ain't no use in cryin' now
Them flats are dead, no good nohow
Ain't fit for fishin' or to throw
A pole at gators' iron brow
Or crawl home with a deer in tow

Time was we skimmed canals at night
Then slept 'neath oiled tarpaulins tight
An' smoked out skeeters' frightful bite
With leaves in lard cans burnin' light
And now and 'gin a drunken fight

Them times ain't never comin' back
I long since tossed my huntin' sack
Ol' friends long gone, my mem'ry's slack
They took me from that wooden shack
And moved me where there ain't no lack

I reckon there's one thing I need
Is jus' to go a ramblin' free
It sure ain't here 'mong old folks' weed
Not even fit for bugs to breed
No place t'work or do a deed

In Homestead I was born and bred
An' I'll return to that old shed
Where ma with grits the chickens fed
and pa in loud voice scripture read
then sent us to our floorboard beds

Yep, I'll be goin' home real soon
Mebbe when spring turns into June
An' dragonflies swarm in a swoon
An' night sounds sure 'nuff like a tune

I'll steal off like a masked old coon.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Ah, The Stories

Ah, the stories of the glories
challenges of mortal men
striving, driving, ever onward
even as the flame descends

Time will silence praising voices
tide will drown all golden crowns
one day there will come a season
silencing those tales of old

Then the words formed in the ether
will burn off all mortal chaff
then all ears will hear the story
living, loving, flowing forth

in the end there's just one story
when the torch of fame has died
in the end there's just one glory
rising from the ashen coals

Every precious word once uttered
spoken by the carpenter
will endure as our story
after life and death are spent.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Airy Castles

Oh how I loved to dream and build
fine castles in the air
I started with a tower so high
with flags a'furling there

The walls were made of thinnest tulle
well sprinkled with bright beads
the roof of tasty chocolate bars
fair gardens without weeds

The flowers planted at its base
were orchids, roses rare
green ivy gently graced the doors
by alabaster stairs

One day the moon and sun grew dim
and my world disappeared
that lovely castle crashed in flames
and left me bruised and seared

I crawled on murky ground with ants
as sand spurs cut my skin
the sun returned but now it burned
as moon with nightmares grinned

One windswept night as thunder roared
a whisper welled within
'Why don't you build a house with mud
and from the ground begin? '

'You cannot build a solid home
by starting at the top.
A wise man sweats and digs the earth
pounds nails, lays bricks and chops.'

Today I live in a real house
that stands against the tides
of moons and suns and storms of life
with humble thoughts as guides

So long ago I loved to build
frail castles in the air
and I began with towers high
bright flags a'furling there.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Ajungling

I went ajungling in the wilds of life
Amumbling and astumbling on
Rapids arumbling in a steady roar
Tigers apouncing on wild boar

I went abumbling in the wilds of life
Agrumbling as taut, stubborn vines
Enmeshed to thresh me to a floor
Acrawling with sleek snakes of yore

I went atumbling over cliffs and rocks
Aflying as the clouds strolled by
While birds and bats and even gnats
Made jest of humans such as me.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Aldo, Thespian

I am Aldo
I am a thespian
That is what I am
I've been doomed
To stay on the stage
Forever acting my familiar roles:
Tragedy, wise one
Shrew, martyr
And of course, my best one – Hamlet.

Not even Gielgud did it better.
Why, you ask?
It's quite simple, my friend.

For you see, I am not a mortal
As all of you sitting in the
Burgundy velvet chairs
In the first row.

Nor am I mortal
As the hordes with discount tickets
On the balcony.

I am doomed to sit on Mount Olympus
Looking to mortals like a dusty stage.
My ambrosia? The applause, the rave reviews
The orchids, the Mumm champagne.

You will not see me when the paparazzi leave
The fans and press go off with sizzling news
They will tell their children of the day
They saw the great Aldo.

I will never tell you of the agony and rage
Flung against the Doric columns of my lofty peak
I will not tell you I would almost give
My godly fortress for just one, just one
Touch of a human hand.

I will not tell you of my cowardice
No, I am too great of an actor for that.
My cowardice to never have a flop on stage
To never feel the healing splat of a tomato on my
Hallowed head.

Alas, poor Yorick, how I often wish
I was another skull on earth.
Oh, how I wish I could blend with that dark earth
And never, never see another orchid again.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Alexander the Great

There was a man whose span of years
Would never reach too far
Unlike his conquests of the world
Led by a lucky star

They say he spawned a million dreams
In hordes of downcast souls
Who heretofore had been denied
A chance to reach for goals

They say he had an eye so blue
It almost matched the sky
The other was reputed dark
Though none had seen them cry

They say he fondly would embrace
The customs of the East
Encouraging his troops to blend
In oriental feasts

When Egypt fell under his spell
They made him king and god
And even age old enemies
Would give this man their nod

They say so many cities bore
His name and honored ways
A man, a hero, conqueror
Though sickness cut his days

He was no brutal man of war
But loved to learn and read
Absorbing, sharing cultures, ways
By higher laws decreed

We will not conquer lands or seas
Be crowned as trumpets blare
But we can learn from strangers' ways
Like Alexander dared.

Liilia Talts Morrison

An Igot

The other day I found this object
And wondered why it was created
The lion does look fierce and brave
With hieroglyphs engraved around it

By weight it could be made of lead
By size it fits into my hand
By color burnished, greenish blend
Could it be old or newly formed?

I know that many spend their lives
In search of treasure deeply hid
In waters or in caves of mold
And sometimes find a thing of worth

But I am like that wispy clerk
Who when I asked what it would cost
She looked at it with fleeting eyes
And threw it in my bag for nought

Today I look at this antique
Enjoying thoughts of vintage gems
Full knowing that within a week
It will move on to other hands

What value, then, is a rare find
If it takes up my precious day
Whose hours never can return
Whose spirit can be choked with gold

And whether Greek or Mycaneae
Or of some fabled empire formed
What matters if it secrets holds
When all the truth has oft been told

No piece of metal can compare
To words hewn into hearts with blood
The living words and symbols burned
Into the souls of mortal men

I'll never dive into the deep
Or dig for gloried empire's ruins
But oft release rich, worldly goods
To make room for my Savior's hand.

Liilia Talts Morrison

An Old Face

Theres a beauty in the face
Of that sister filled with grace
Gray hair like a halo rests
On her ancient head much blessed

Modest gentle she remains
In my memory's surging veins
When life's toil's too much to bear
Thoughts of her bring respite there

Many came into my life
Through the glories and the strife
Most forgotten left behind
But that one face plain and kind.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Angel Wings

Among the hills and rocks of faith
The stream of life does flow
Its bubbling waters briskly glide
On currents to and fro

I hear the rustling of a brook
Here lucid, there obscure
Then suddenly a chilling sound
From undertow's strong lure

When wind and weather sing their tunes
A whirlpool duly forms
It pulls and forces down lone cries
Soon stilled while nature storms

Alone I cannot swim that stream
Too weak to brace its tide
When ripples grow to giant waves
To take me for a ride

Yet swim I must, for I was born
To be part of that flow
My voice among the chorus formed
So many years ago

My only hope to stay afloat
And safely swim that sea
Is when I cling to angels wings
So oft surrounding me.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Anhinga Trail

Anhingas peek from swampy weeds
As herons stalk with grace
Their necks like swaying saw grass reeds
In flowing nature’s pace

The Sunday crowd now fills the trail
To seek much needed rest
Reflected in the eyes of quail
Or snow white egret crests

This day the price for dignity
Birds pay in unspoiled Glades
Is far from thoughts of urban men
Harsh death in mangrove shade

Breathtaking is the majesty
Of creatures whose frail nests
Are daily torn from limbs of trees
Eggs broken, bloodied breasts

They gaze with calm acceptance still
Though soon they must submit
To a primeaval, ancient will
Whose laws have long been writ

There is a blessing just to see
Glades hammocks’ unmatched flow
If only for a Sunday spree
Scrubbed tourists in a row

When we return to our routines
Where things are safe and real
Will we remember those rare scenes
The sea of grass reveals?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Aquamarine

I saw an ornament today
Meant for a lady's neck
A pale blue stone its center graced
With smaller gems bedecked

The hand that formed this masterpiece
So brilliantly inspired
Was surely led by angel wings
To guide each cunning wire

They told me this gem had a name
That sounded like the sea
Declaring it a very rare
Beryl of fine degree

I knew I never could posses
This most enchanted find
Too dear to ever purchase it
Just keep it in my mind.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Art Moderne

You knew it all along, my friend
Ere Hellenes hewed their gods
Before the Mayan jaguars roared
You knew it would burst forth.

Just look at Adam's finger there
In fresco and cement
That is no muscle seen by man
No tame and sculptured cast.

You knew it all along, my friend
And worked it on the sly
So Braque, Picasso and the rest
Can kiss their pride goodbye.

In days of old Hieronymous
The creatures said it all
What Henry Moore and Klee thought new -
A tale told long ago.

So do not deem to rant or rave
Of moderns and the like
For skin and bones cannot contain
What art so palely fakes.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Artist's Block

The cool fall breeze
Plays with the turquoise cloth
Draped carelessly over my window

Another layer of faded net
Waves just as gently.
My guitar touches the purple chair
Half hidden by silky scarves and golden cloths
A baseball cap sits jauntily on a small TV set
Unused and dusty.

A deep dark rose peeks
From atop the giant blue refrigerator
A relic from a previous tenant
Purple and white artificial flowers
Sit in their frozen silkness
In a broken white basket
Exactly as they did the year
I found them in an alley

Jewelry carelessly tossed
On velvet and silk remnants
Waits for my neck and wrists
A thin scarf of a color
I can only call mandarin
Holds the dark brown necklace
From an ethnic street salesman
It never hung right

The turquoise cloth hangs limply on the wall
And my mother's beautiful profile
(Now sepia or umber)
Smiles from a faded sheet of fax paper

Blue moon images upon the wall and ceiling
Watch, but gave up waiting

For the paints, so many lined against the wall,
Each cased as little bottled dreams
And hopes look palely to the distance

They rest, for my hands are not ready yet
A fragrant cream sits on the table
And the bottle of perfume a hopeful lover brought
They wait for my twisted hands to touch them
But I am not ready
To paint, to pamper or to love

I look toward the window
And watch as a cool fall breeze
Plays with the turquoise cloth.

Liilia Talts Morrison

As He Gives Me Days

May my paths be filled with light
On life's twisted ways
May my footsteps follow Christ
As He gives me days

May my life a witness be
Faith all fears allay
Singing of the Word made flesh
As He gives me days

May my every word reflect
Love and fervent praise
Of the Savior of our souls
As He gives me days

May my candle flicker bright
Faith my heart amaze
To the One who ransomed all
As He gives me days.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Asia Plays Ya

Did you ever try tai chi,
Fenged and shue'd your lair so free,
Written haiku poems with glee,
Yinged your yang quite passively?

Did you brace the martial arts,
Waxed and washed karate cars,
Kung fu fought with scary vest?
Oh dear me, I need a rest!

Is your fountain filled with rocks,
Calm enough to knock your socks
Off the floor of bamboo wood?
Trust me, it can do much good.

Wind chimes, large silk prayer flags,
Bonsai trees with twists and crags
Surely do enhance your scene
And perhaps will cure your spleen.

Bellied statues made of jade,
Incense oils of finest grade,
Auras spawn like lotus' bloom.
You won't want to leave your room.

So when visiting a park,
Where tai chi does make its mark,
Try to think of higher ends.
On your life it all depends.

Tired of western fun and games?
Asian is your road to fame
Chinese checkers, mah jong too.
Look for pandas in the zoo.

At the end of your calm day
Think about the month of May.
Write a poem in haiku form,
For it's only three lines long.

If you meditate and sigh,
Home invasions pass you by,
Specially because you buy
Long, mean swords of samurai.

Moral of this story is
If you wish a life of bliss
Keep on living in the west
And pretend that east is best.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Attic Thoughts

Dusty curtains, tattered veils
Hidden corners, secret tales
Cobweb whispers, rusty nails
Cats curled up like furry snails

Gables, fables, greasy panes
Ghosts of ancient lords and dames
Echoes of forgotten names
Wars of roses, kings called James

Attic lattices worn thin
Travel trunks of weathered skin
Mannequins with pinched in waists
Fancy fashioned, kidneys laced

Shoes and boots once ran a race
Buckles, straps of dated grace
Yellowed lace to edge a snood
Pride of proper neighborhood

When the sun shines very bright
Trying to outrun the night
Creeping into minds to test
Attic thoughts will never rest.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Autumn Treasures

Do you remember wearing gloves of softest calfskin
And sparking rhinestones hugging graceful wrists
White shoulders draped with folds of bluest satin
To grace your every move while dancing at the ball?

Do you remember when he shyly bent to kiss you?
For it was late and you slipped off your silken shoes
Then wondering why bells did not start pealing
Though all the novels said they surely would

Do you remember how his raptured heart was broken
When you could not stay with him any more
A restless demon drove you searching for a mountain
Youth's dreams and reveries could never comprehend

Life carried you to places with no ballrooms
Its twisting crushed you till your clothes were rags
What cloaked as true love turned to branding irons
Marring the skin with scars that would not heal

Today the leaves are brown and falling
The skin too wrinkled now for pearls or gloves
Blue satin gowns were never meant for women
In search of things no mortal man could give

It's late now and old dim eyes wonder
Gaze resting on a well-worn velvet jewel box
The dust of autumn covers every trinket
That has not graced a neck in many years

When winter comes its ice will set forever
The only jewel never known to fade or dim
A radiant gemstone offered you quite freely
A gift no soul on earth can promise or provide

The gift of faith is lovelier than ball gowns
Or diamonds of pure clarity and perfect cut
Its seasons never change or mar its beauty
And you will dance in golden mansions without end

Do you remember wearing gloves of softest calfskin
And sparking rhinestones hugging graceful wrists
White shoulders draped with folds of bluest satin
To grace your every move while dancing at the ball?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Baltic Sea 1944

Cold of night is slowly sinking
Cruel tons of steel upending
Sounds of agony soon blending
Liquid graves yawn muted endings.

Angry blood red Baltic Sea
Throbbing glowers as in spurts
Black waves swallow shrapnel fire
Witness sunset’s funeral pyres.

Fish now scatter in the ebbing
Flesh exposed and metal shredding
Giant warships’ silent convoy
Broken by a small child’s whining.

War is hell and here it is
Bodies bound by fear unending
Armageddon’s rulers sending
Fireworks and sunset galas
Wed in deathly panoramas.

Some survive to tell the tale
As they swim with will unbending
To the breast of earth now scorching
All the while a wife’s life ebbing
Much too damaged to be mending.

In the distance sounds of pealing
Sylphs and mermaids chanting healings
To the souls no longer fettered
Nevermore to pray while kneeling
As Promethean flames are sealing
Unearned fate of unsung mortals.

Cold of night has now descended
Cruel tons of steel upending
Sounds of agony have blended
Liquid graves embracing endings.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Baltic Waters

They say the Gulf stream seeks to reach
Coasts known since ancient times
Fair waters of the Baltic Sea
To bless with milder climes

The old folks say their sea's a tomb
For craft that failed the tests
Of bloody conflicts ill-conceived
In Vikings' roving breast

Beneath protective mermaid fins
Unblemished shipwrecks rest
Entombed in waters free from worms
Corroding ships due west

Today new warriors still pursue
The thrill of hunt and fray
Exhuming wrecks of bulky craft
Long lost in seafloor clay

Yet people living on those shores
Are much like passive craft
They fish and plant and let things lie
In hulls afore and aft

When treasure hunters glean their fill
The Baltic people pray
To bounteous waters sweet and dear
That oft wash blood away.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Bark Gatherers

In the forest they did gather
Bark and moss in sunny weather;
Later rested in the shade
And forgot their daily trade.

Mushrooms, sweet wood, herbs galore
Forest bowels gave of yore.
Men and children, women too,
Picked red berries as they grew.

Time flew by and progress prodded
Products, packets. They all nodded.
Now the land's with pop cans strewn.
Woodlands sing a different tune.

Strawberries as big as fists
Burst from grocers produce lists;
Long stamped out from memory
Tiny, tart, wild strawberry.

Knobbly bark is calling me
Gnarled root twists I long to see.
Ancient oak trees stood sublime.
Let me wander to that time.

Shiny bright are modern wares
Easy pickings, fewer cares.
Why then do I feel that moss
Is the gold, the other dross?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Basqueland

The hillside brims with chalk white houses;
Deep red shutters contain cow's blood.
Basque rouge, say the neighboring French.

Dark woolen berets on weathered, long nosed faces,
Talk of whaling and cod and pil-pil.
Ancient language, ancient people
Gather around the old oak, its leaves now turning.

This land without a place on any map,
Waits in green gold patience.
It's autumn in Basqueland.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Beauty on the Beach

Strong and lithe the well tanned bodies
Frolic in their shiny wear
Curves revealed and others hidden
Oiled and pampered with much care.

Azure seas, and white foam frothing
Orange sails fly out of reach
Laughing, splashing, oh so merry
Bathing beauties on the beach.

But a little yonder southward
There’s a sparser stretch of sand.
Older sister or young mother
Holds a thin girl by the hand,

Sitting in an iron wheelchair
Pulled up closer to the sea.
Darker, older is her swimsuit
And her body pale to see.

Gently smiling at the stranger
Shy eyes, passive, look at me.
I can hardly bear the moment
And hold back a tear or two.

Yellows, purples, golden bodies
Try, but cannot ever reach
Beauty sitting in that wheelchair,
Bathing beauty on the beach.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Bells of Invitation

Childhood's cloak now falling
All protection fleeing
faced with bolts of lightning
of adult temptation

All that's precious dropping
from long night to dawning
murky quicksand calling
dark depression warning

Wading out from under
bracing legs to wander
seeking fresh beginnings
shedding heavy pinnings

Yet dark looms the thunder
fear assuring blunders
tripping 'gain asunder
missing hope and wonder

Courage quickly thinning
Brain and arms fast spinning
Memories of sinning
Devil's red lips grinning

Hot the soul is searing
then a small spark springing
in the breast imprinting
words from earth's beginning

Knees now weaken bending
then a clanging ringing
Sudden bursts of singing
clouds of heaven brimming

Messages now pouring
from above on soaring
wings of angels bidding
to the greatest wedding.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Black Orchid

I bought majestic orchids
To decorate my room
Aglow in darkest purples
With satin velvet blooms

I put them in a chalice
Of purest crystal glass
Then added snowy blossoms
Collected in the past

The sight at first was lovely
An unexpected treat
Then those stark petals whispered
My Bonapartes Retreat

You were the rarest orchid
Grown from exotic soil
My pale untested spirit
Rolled quickly to a boil

You showered me with flowers
At least a thousand strong
There was no choice or option
To whom I now belonged

Yet even much prized orchids
Must wilt in jungles' press
At last our passion withered
In fires of love's excess

They are a grim memorial
Of conquest so complete
By force of man or nature
My Bonaparte Retreat.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Blue Lady

What do you see there far away,
Horizon blue like you?
A touch of purple haunts your gaze
Enfolds your shoulders, too.

You are not real, a cobalt dream
Proportioned strange and tall
Your hand forever frozen still
Gaze steadfast, hid from all.

Persistent is your silhouette
Entwined in thoughts and dreams
Those shadows now more real to me
Than flesh and blood, it seems.

Your turquoise beauty blends so well
With tones cerulean blue
While somber shades envelop you
Like cloaks of nightly dew.

But wait, I hear your message now.
How could I be so blind?
Did gorgeous hues so mesmerize
Eyes also blue in kind?

You always gaze toward the sun
Await its morning glow
Not looking down, nor looking back
Though blue, you're here, you're now.

So thank you lady clothed so pale
For helping me to grow.
Amid life's follies, don't look backm
That 's all I need to know.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Blue Willow World

The sky is ever azure
no cloud dare mar its view
as shepherds gather flowers
sweet maids to win and woo

The grass is soft as velvet
no brambles, thistles there
fair muses chants soon mingle
with birdsong in midair

I'll sit beneath the willows
and watch their weeping cease
as hot tears turn to diamonds
and sorrow finds release

My world is called blue willow
an ancient, timeless place
A dell beside a river
where hope and love embrace.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Blueberry Pie

Long, long ago and bye and bye
Grandma would bake blueberry pie
The children waited for a slice
With hungry eyes like little mice

The oven took a lot of time
While grandma hummed old gospel rhymes
When it was done, and not until
She cooled it on the windowsill

The children grew and moved away
And found a world that did not pray
Nor bake, nor sing, nor stop to bake
Pies like dear grandma used to make.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Bob McCrae

Bob McCrae lived at the Matanzas
He gave me flax seeds that didn't grow
He's long since gone back to Kansas
Where summer flax and skies are blue.

I was to paint the cover
Of a book that he would write
Of two kids in the flax fields
Who held to love so tight.

I saw the Kansas prairie
In his pale and watered eyes
I saw the sea of blue flax
As they cried their young goodbyes.

Neither flax nor mustard seed
Can prosper on Espanola Way
The sun, the feet, the whiskey
Make them wither in a day.

Many are the seeds we planted
On that Way
Many are the dreams that ended
As footsteps turned to clay.

And though the book's not written
Except in Bob's own heart
And none will see the cover
Of fields as blue as larks

I still can see him walking
With purpose and strong gait
As he did so many times before.
But now it is too late.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Bog Thoughts

There are dark timeless wonders that hide in earthen bogs
Preserving ancient people whose ways died in time's fogs
The eyes and sharp expression of victims in a cult
Look out in staring wonder as unseen gods exult

Once blond, a pair of tresses is braided carefully
As if a girl had knotted them only yesterday
Rough linen cloths and bodkins are still preserved in peat
Along with hand-shaped earrings, a bright and cunning treat

When walking on the cool earth of a forgotten glen
I think about the people who lived and suffered then
I amble by the peat fields where past with present meets
And trust that it is fitting to step with gentle feet.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Born to Suffer

He whose life was dark and lonely
in the end became a prayer
as he fended off vile demons
in dank alleys rife with snares

He was born a child most blessed
bright of eyes and golden hair
with a spirit full of goodness
soul so pure and visage fair

As he grew he started singing
music always filled the air
and he chronicled his journey
bold an honest words of care

Many drew to him in friendship
some were wheat and some were tares
yet he countered harm from others
with forgiveness wounds to bear

Time came when the curtain lowered
spreading darkness everywhere
he would walk to ease the torment
miles and miles in stark despair

When his spirit crushed and faltered
much too damaged to repair
in that final desperation
heaven's angel chose him heir

There are those who tread soft grasses
wine and dine on tasty fare
there are others who are chosen
for dark roads that end in prayer.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Borobudur

There is a place far from my village
Where one can move to higher ground
From warm desire, to earthly glory
Arriving last in formlessness

They tell me it was built of boulders
By men of faith in days of old
Though sinews twisted, scarred in hewing
They were embalmed with faithfulness

They tell me tawny black eyed natives
Created sand-filled mandalas
Painstaking intricate creations
Of many days backbreaking work

Then in a sacred ceremony
That work was carefully destroyed
Its colored sand in silk wrapped vessels
Tossed in a rivulet or stream

I cannot go to distant places
Nor yet believe in mandalas
My walk is in a weed-filled byway
Where little shacks still dot the path

Although my earthly walk is simple
No gold, no saffron robes for me
Or orchid gardens purple beauties
Yet my small faith still comforts me

Why does my mind return to Java
To that great maze I'll never see
Why do I dream of colored patterns
So cunning in complexity?

My life has always been a parting
A letting go of earthly goods
If not destroyed by wars or fleeing
I on my own will walk away

So when I hear of men destroying
Their finest artwork made of sand
I also turn to my small cottage
Filled only with fond memories

I never will possess mandalas
Nor travel to Sumatra's shores
There is no plan for me to enter
A golden temple's jade filled halls

Yet I can touch a formless message
Those far-off natives understand

The things that give a life true meaning
Cannot be held by rocks or sand

There is a place far from my village
Where one can move to higher ground
From warm desire, to earthly glory
Arriving last in formlessness.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Bows of Love

Worldly treasures pale
Next to gifts so rare
Sent from up above
Wrapped in bows of love.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Braiding

I watch thick twisted vines embrace
A mighty banyan tree
They bring to mind when I wore braids
In plaited shafts of three

The day came when I cut them off
And hid them in a chest
Then life began to shear my head
When I leaned on your breast

Nobody warned me braids of youth
Would not grow back with time
Nor would my hands return again
To climbing twisted vines

Your arms were sinewy like cords
Around my sapling shoots
They wrapped me in a deathlike grip
Ripped up my very roots

You told me "Grow up" once or twice
Because you were a man
Yet I still dreamed of golden braids
Pain had not been my plan

Today I look at those tough vines
Embracing a tall tree
Remembering how you soon left
In search of what must be

I never found another's hold
Like yours nor could there be
Oh how I mourn my greatest loss
The wish to grow with thee

I watch thick twisted vines embrace
A mighty banyan tree
They bring to mind when I wore braids
In plaited shafts of three.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Bramble Days

I went awandering in prickly ditches
Where childhood's bloody scratches pockmarked skinny legs
Deceptive pretty wild rose shrubs reminding
How orange skins uncovered painful quills

I tasted once again the tempting, tiny berries
Their flavor more than worth the injuries
What can compare to blood red wild raspberries
Acalling from beside a weedy brook?

My life has been an uncut nature garden
Sweetbriar thriving next to saw grass blades
There was no time to tame the chaff or cumin
With hands sunburned and often limp with grief

My heart so often suffered drought and windstorms
At times I had the urge to close the gate
But how was I to know that I was not the gardener
Nobody told me even my plot had a plan

Today I know, and can remember fondly
How nicks and scratches were just part of life
Today I relish golden skies and sunshine
And lovingly relive those painful bramble days.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Briars and Thorns

You were a hardy trailing rose
Creeping where no one goes
I stumbled on your briars and thorns
Soon struggling in their throes

How I escaped, nobody knows
Friends ask me why I chose
To walk in groves of briars and thorns
Where none but bad seed grows

My garden now has ordered rows
Soft flowers kiss my toes
There is no trace of briars and thorns
Unless one looks real close.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Broken Little Chairs

They're gone now. Little children
Dressed in white and pink and blue.
We, the chairs, the cribs, the well-worn hymnals
Are left only to remember.
The children are grown now.
They stopped listening.

There was a time
When the lectern, the cross,
The chalkboard brought fear
To those trusting faces.

Today, what does it matter?
There are real things to do.
Cars, bills, people fill their lives.

What does it matter if feathers from a forgotten bird
Lie on an old wooden chair?
Or that a ping-pong ball
No longer bounces on the table,
Or a clumsy wooden cross hides in the dark?

We are the broken little chairs.
But pity us not, for the new,
The big, the shiny, the grown up
Is not at all what we seek?

We only ask that you leave us
In this darkened room
So we can dream our always dreams:
Those little faces, hands and feet
And what they sang and did and didn't do.
That's all we ask today.
For tomorrow, the furnace and the scrap heap.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Broken Things

Of late I favor broken things
Like palm fronds that a wind gust brings
On sandy dunes resembling wings

Of late I favor broken souls
Reclining eyes closed much like ghouls
No teeth or hope of social roles

Of late I favor sand-spur lanes
Watched from grime covered window panes
By huddled tenants when it rains

Of late I favor morning sounds
A mug of coffee mixed with grounds
And watch the sun go up and down

Of late I favor broken things
Like palm fronds that a wind gust brings
On sandy dunes resembling wings

Liilia Talts Morrison

Brush Fires in the Glades

Last night when all the lights were out
with not a soul or car about
I woke and spied a moon quite low
of orange tone with mystic glow

I thought of what the scripture said
when sun would darken moon turn red
and in the morning saw with dread
the air outside with smoke was spread

Was this the last, the final day
when heav'n and earth would pass away?
but when I wandered out 'n about
a trolley driver clued me out

'Somewhere out there some brush got burned
and smoke blew in when west winds turned.
Them Everglades when lightning hits
will turn into a hellish pit.'

And soon enough the haze had cleared
the sky now blue as sun appeared
yet far off in the wild somewhere
much life was lost in hellish flares

A gator's nest or heron tall
may well have found its final fall
as brush fires with unbridled power
knell little creatures' final hour

Someday and no one knows just when
our lord and savior comes again
my hope and prayer and trust is sure
his word in mercy will endure.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Bubble, Little Pond

somewhere high above the blue
a night moon beckons.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Burial

He plowed the black earth
until the harvest ended
with the reaper's scythe.

Liilia Talts Morrison

By My Side

I want Lord Jesus by my side
A true and never-failing guide
My every need he will provide
Till one day with him I'll reside.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Camp Morning

Soft pineland sounds awaken life
Fog lifts from shallow lakes
Soon golden campfires crackle bright
As sleepy campers wake

A cup of hearty coffee boiled
On smoky flames of fire
With pristine water from a well -
A breakfast to desire

Potatoes soften as they bake
In ashes of night embers
Robust among the morsels gleaned
from Everglades remembered

A cardinal’s bright orange coat
Stands out among the green
Of palm and scrub oak covered ground
He hopes small crumbs to glean

The sky quite blue this early morn
Slash pines soar tall and slim
As if still reaching night’s bold stars
Now shrouded by day’s whim

There’s something to a campground hearth
Warming coarse crusts of bread
Well noted by small woodland friends
Renews the quick and dead

When I’m too old to build a fire
Or gather twigs and leaves
Or rest on canvas cots when tired
Take me to heaven’s eaves

Soft pineland sounds awaken life
Fog lifts from shallow lakes
Soon golden campfires crackle bright
As sleepy campers wake.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Can't Escape

Rising falling
Ebbing flowing
Throbbing life
Surrounds us all

Pulsing reaching
Dropping cutting
Gashes mark us
As we brawl

Who can skirt
This cauldron boiling
Who escapes unscathed and smooth
Neither you nor I can fathom
Wherefore why or what our call.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Cape Horn

He took the risky windward course
In strong depression's wake
Where icebound like an untamed horse
White death would ram and shake
His battered mast without remorse
Strong keel about to break

His hand still gripped the frozen wheel
And now defunct e-probe
As roaring forties spun and reeled
Ballasts and bursting lobes
Hull slammed with frozen tons of steel
From jealous Neptune's robes

Skipper now Southern Ocean's slave
Too late to plan or hedge
Prostrate in merciless rogue waves
As furious fifties pledged
To punish all trespassing staves
Drown with its frozen dredge

The Argus unit did not sound
A frantic call for aid
Nor sign of flares or beacons found
Where he had been waylaid
Friends grieving family on firm ground
Now vigilantly prayed

Had his eyes seen that mighty point
Or had the waters hurled
Their sea-blessed oil to now anoint
As Dead Men's Road unfurled
A cryptic welcome to appoint
With chants of pale sea birds

Was he enticed to that cold road
Much strewn with salty graves
Sad sailors seaweed strewn abode
So still beneath the waves

At night gnarled ghosts from liquid graves
Rise from old wrecks at rest
Their hollow dirges mingling still
With thunderous wave crests

Nor will they tell if he had reached
His Camelot - Cape Horn
A long awaited dream now breached
From blind ambition born

The sea will tempt in Siren's call
The coward or the brave

In certain doom they surely fall
Bold captain and dull knave

He took the risky windward course
In steep depression's wake
Played in harsh frozen latitudes
A game with highest stakes.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Capturing

To catch a tiger by the tail
To seize a dragonfly
To pierce a butterfly's frail wings
Possessing them thereby

That is the quest of those who hunt
And them who gather things
The skilled attempt of silversmiths
To fashion them on rings

Today I saw fine jewelry
In shapes of elves and sprites
And ruby throated hummingbirds
In golden garnet flight

What fairer gifts could damsels seek
Than passion flowers in rows
Alighting on their graceful necks
In amethyst repose

But I will not a tiger catch
Or trap a dragonfly
Nor will I swat a pretty moth
That's hovering nearby

My hunt consists of rarer gems
The kind that have no price
I scout the night for sapphire skies
On winter's diamond ice

The treasures often sought by some
Gems shaped by cunning hands
Can not compare to those I seek
Brought forth by God's command

To catch a tiger by the tail
To seize a dragonfly
To pierce a butterfly's frail wings
In capturing they die.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Census

I awoke with sweat and tension
From a nightmare ‘bout the census
Nosy questions, not to mention
Picky points and word declensions

Tiny creatures quite invasive
Cornered me and were persuasive
Telling me facts are terrific
So I must be quite specific

Were there ghosts hid in my attic
Does my boom-box crackle static
When had I last ironed shirts
Who are Fred and Ethel Mertz?

Do I house a couch potato
Does my neighbor eat tomatoes
Were my forebears svelte or thin
Do I cha-cha on a whim?

Have my dentures lost their glue
Does my preteen pooh-poo stew?
I must mark a box called ‘other’
If I have a freckled brother

Did my mother once knit stockings
While my dad the house was hocking?
If my kin sailed with Columbus
It may cause a numbers thrombus

If I hailed from lands down undrus
Hidden tundras cold and wondrous
And my people had no name
I would lose the census game

Though those nightly little strangers
Scanned my secrets like a ranger
They assured me there’s no danger
If my home’s a yurt or manger

But if i owned manor houses
Hunting lodges, dogs and grouses
My accounts both gross and net
Would soon show up on the net

Waking, I began to wonder
Categories, details ponder
Of great surveys and statistics
Oval markings, big logistics

There may be a good solution
To the census convolution -

Toss the details, count each head
If their blood’s a shade of red.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Children Of God

We are all children, all children of God
We are all kindred to angels though flawed
We are all breathing the breath of our God
With singing and shouting his works to applaud

Come little children, the master once said
He led us to pastures with golden gifts spread
We children partook of his wine and his bread
His body and blood to sure saving grace led

We children must be, must be born again
Nor will of the flesh nor yet will of men
Can open the floodgates of spirit's fair glen
Where love dwells forever, amen and amen.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Christmas Is For Children

Christmas is for children
Time to make a fuss
Christmas is for old and young
And every one of us

Christmas is for old folks
Time to light the tree
Bringing sparks to dim eyes
For some joy to see

Christmas is for mothers
Fathers, sisters, too
Time to think of family
Binding ties anew

Christmas is for loved ones
Whether far or near
Time to kindle friendships
That once were so dear

Christmas is for sad ones
Homeless, wayside souls
Time to spread some goodness
In their beggar bowls

Christmas is for joy and hope
Time to recommit
Lives and ways to Jesus
Humbly to submit

Christmas is for healing
Share, forgive, discuss
Christmas is for you and me
And everyone of us.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Chronicle The Journey

Last night I heard a distant whispered call
Chronicle the journey before the curtain falls
Squeeze every note from throbbing chords of life
As blistered bleeding fingers banish strife

Sing melodies to spheres of heaven's lode
Your chanting making crystal orbs explode
In caves long ceremoniously sealed
Now open yawning mysteries revealed

Walk briskly as the rain melts brutal shields
Cry tears to water thirsty devil fields
Walk, walk, and keep on walking on
Your weary laden journey my dear son

Let sun and thunder crown your head with gold
Eye single as your fevered search enfolds
Stand tall accepting as the curtain falls
Chronicle the journey. Recall. Tell all.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Chronicle The Journey By Michael Leo Morrison

To stand apart
to step out of the stream
this circulation
you lose yourself
in a million faces

I cling to the raft of myself
It's all I 've got

I'm defined by my incompatibility
with society
seething lava passion within me
an upstart
who dares to claim
the hot iron words
which normally reside
in the rosy wooden box.

Some people have reached out to me
given me some sense of family

I suppose there's a secret chamber
somewhere inside my soul
where these feelings can reside

a thorny rosy milk fog dungeon
rays of sunlight
lost forever
collision courses
of sparkling ions

I was the novice magician
in a fairy tale world
all I could do was seize the moment
open my eye
look down the tunnel
chronicle the journey
ignore the jibes
hide and hide
laugh and mourn
and lick my wounds
ans say:
'This moment,
this msoment is all I have.'

Liilia Talts Morrison

Circlets And Ringlets

Circlets and ringlets surround me today
Feelings long shrouded are strewn on the way
Zephyrs and swallows entwine as they play.
Is it then spring or a Fools Gold reprieve,
Cold dusty winter just sifting its sieve?

It's been quite a while since crocuses bloomed
Yesterday's heartaches though faint now, yet wound
Tomes of my heart in hard leather are bound
Bidding forbidding remembrance of old
Halting my footsteps though petals enfold.

Seasons unending oft trampled my loves.
Blue jays, pert sparrows and gentlest of doves
Sang as my gold in cold palms turned to dross
Circlets of youth and sweet ringlets were lost.
When will I know what price and what cost?

Is it too late for Iliad's rhymes,
Odysseus' nectar, Dionysian fields?
Are these plebeian, harsh bronze covered shields
Pounding and squeezing small seeds in my soul
Haunting my dreams of a hope all too real
Solemn hot wax by a Roland to seal?

Circlets and ringlets surround me today
Feelings long shrouded are strewn on the way
Zephyrs and swallows entwine as they play.
Is it then spring or a Fools Gold reprieve,
Cold dusty winter just sifting its sieve?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Cloud Storage

They tell me I can save my files
In something called cloud storage
To search for folders stacked in piles
No longer need I forage

But can I trust my precious notes
To something I can't fathom
My worthy quotes on vapors float
In cabinets of phantoms

And then I look at yonder skies
Where whitest clouds are floating
They look like pillows in disguise
To prayers and love devoting

For quite some time I've placed my soul
In care of God's direction
Surrendering to his control
And trust in his perfection

I do believe that cyberspace
Can offer help and pleasure
Yet there is nothing to replace
God's gifts in greatest measure.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Clutterbug

How can I be a clutterbug
If Webster can't define it
How can I be a clutterbug
If flair is what I name it

Who would not grace their frig with plants
Fake flowers, shells and chains
If that would help and ease the dread
To find the stale chow mein

How dare they say I am a slob
Unique is what I am
Efficient, even somewhat green
For I eat from a can

Ah what a life to never sweep
By turning broom to sculpture
Bohemian, yes and nutty, no
A true artistic creature

How can I be a clutterbug
If Webster can't define it
How can I be a clutterbug
If flair is what I name it.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Come, Come To Believe

Let authors, writers, artists fair
Wear cloaks of finest weave
I only want to seek the Lord
And come, come to believe.

Some people ask me who I am
It's no use to pretend
For not a single hat I've worn
Has fit me in the end

I am a distant traveler
Sent down from heaven's layers
Without a cloak without a name
A spirit filled with prayers

Let authors, writers, artists fair
Wear cloaks of finest weave
I seek the garment of the Lord
To come, come to believe.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Come, Join My Journey

Come join my journey on this bright day
Before the thunderstorms descend
A'whipping and a'tearing
Not heeding what they rend

The hours fly swiftly as the day wanes
Soon dusk will wipe out this fair lawn
Of tiny reeds and blossoms
Meant not to last till dawn

Come now while time still rests on our side
Before the moments melt away
Much like the tender lilies
When night holds sway.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Constant Friend

People come and people go
ever changing to and fro
friendships fade or friendships grow
some we slowly come to know

Some may tell of what could be
some spread trouble make us flee
few there are whom we can trust
fewer harmful and unjust

Sometimes friends may turn to foes
sometimes their affections close
sometimes enemies turn friends
some on whom our lives depend

People places traces things
all are fleeting fragile wings
yet there is one friend that's sure
constant loving true and pure

Even if we scoff and fight
he is there to ease our plight
he was here before the earth
or the heavens gave us birth

His commandments never fail
his example blazes trails
when our journeys come to end
Jesus is our constant friend.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Country Lives

Country preachers, country wives
Country teachers, country lives
Long forgotten now their sighs
As they watched old, plain ways die

Water pitchers made of clay
Butter churns in pantries lay
Rocking chairs and porches creaked
Sundays marked the coming week

Barefoot children walked to school
Splashed in puddles to keep cool
Picking berries in the ditch
Thorns and chiggers made them itch

We will never see again
Those slow days when country men
Sawed pine logs for iron stoves
As their women baked warm loaves

There’s no use to mourn and pine
For church picnics crisp and fine
Pies that burst with fragrant fruit
No foul words mouths would pollute

Those days rest in haunted lairs
Where but ghosts of memories dare
On a sleepless hour prepare
Nightmares digging up those layers

Country preachers, country wives
Country teachers, country lives
Why do I still hear their cries
Binding me with painful ties?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Country Teacher

The forest now is black as night
No distant farmhouse glows
She's taken off her shoes and hose
As mosses hug her toes
The children walked to school today
Most without shoes
Or haircuts, cared for faces, ears
Some clean, some tattered clothes.

The city seems quite far away
Where learning took its toll
Now here she is on country clay
To change these children's role
Ferns, oaks and noises of the woods
Blot out her numbers, charts
The systematic pedagogue
A stranger in these parts

Tall Aaron soon will be a man
While Berta's just a child
And Caleb, eight, can read a book
But Dora never will
Hustles, bustles of the day
The 'dirty dozen's' throng
Can wipe out thoughts of 'what's the use? '
Or 'what is wrong? '

When slates and sponges have been cleaned
And notes put down with pen
The rural night swoops down with haste
And blots out thoughts again.

It's but a mile to teacher's house
A path where crows don't fly
Its craggy roots and stones abound
There seems to be no sky.

When daylight's lantern brightly shone
The children's hope seemed near
But night and forest's cover deep
Brought forth a teacher's tear.

Green ferns and giant oaks did cry
As did the birches tall
'Don't tamper, change, what's holy still,
Don't make the children fear.'

She kept on walking in the woods
And finally reached her den
By candlelight then said a prayer
And slowly took her pen.
'Dear doctors, ' she began to write,

'My loss may be your gain
For I must cancel all my plans
In short, I do resign.'

Nothing was said of shoeless feet
Hair filled with fleas and lice
No word of eyes, so sad and deep
Or hands that could not write
'Dear doctors, it is dangerous
To walk alone at night
In woods so dark and ferns so tall,
I cannot cope at all.'

What could they say, for after all,
To them it was a job.
They didn't know how country woods
And country kids could drain
Book learning and the word 'success'
Of all its weight and fame.

The children tried to understand
To please and comprehend
So innocent with kindly hearts,
Like garments, quick to rend.

But at day's end when all was dark
The forest made it clear
'Go home and leave those kids alone.
Don't trample what is dear.'

The teacher then recalled a truth
For once she, too, was small,
Unspoken wisdom in young eyes
Was better, best of all.

The woods today are still the same
Ferns, mushrooms hold their own,
Tow headed boys and barefoot girls
Have long since grown.

An ancient woman lives alone
And does not mind the pain
For here and there a few of them
Do visit her again.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Craggy Knolls

I chose the path of craggy knolls
According to my light
My basket brimmed with simple fare
Eyes fixed on skies' delight

I chose the path of craggy knolls
According to my light
My sun-baked feet would often bleed
Skin marked by insect bites

I chose the path of craggy knolls
According to my light
Unknown to roads on higher ground
Where strong men loved to fight

I chose the path of craggy knolls
According to my light
How often was my larder bare
Sparse fields a sea of blight

I chose the path of craggy knolls
According to my light
I noted glow worms signal codes
Which answers might invite

I chose the path of craggy knolls
According to my light
In search of faith's eternal flame
God could for me ignite.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Cross-Eyed Burro Love

Once there lived a burro
he was not very tall
his fur was gray in color
he lived in a small stall
the burros of the village
made fun of his big eyes
when one looked east and upward
the other pointed west

Of course he was embarassed
and tried to hide his face
behind his mane of horsehair
or shades he put in place
at night he'd cry in sorrow
and wonder why it was
that one eye pointed yonder
the other stayed up close

One morning very early
while other burros slept
his right eye saw a viper
crawl in where chicks were kept
the snake thought this small burro
was looking someplace low
since his right eye seemed focused
on hay and straw below

The snake had no idea
that eyes could cross like sticks
so he was shocked and angry
to feel the burro's kicks
the other burros woke up
and saw what had been done
and hailed the little burro
as hero one by one

And then a strange thing happened
a first in burro tales
a pretty girl burrito
kissed him and he turned pale
he chuckled 'cause it tickled
she had his heart soon won
and then by some strange magic
his eyes looked straight, straight on.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Cry Of A Ghost Orchid

They came with their gear
Of silvery wires
Stepped on my frail babies
And started mulch fires.

They set off bright flashes
That blinded our bog
And trampled the grasses
Grown tall in the fog

They strewed cans and papers
And flashbulbs galore
A part of a sandwich
And then they were gone.

They blazoned my image
On screens big and tall
With everyone clapping
To see my heart fall.

Please leave us alone here
Where silent we gloam
In weeds and tall grasses
Our Everglades home.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Crystal Crosses

Crystal crosses, silver goblets
Candles bright as amulets
Sparkle, glowing so much brighter
When the sun at evening sets

Altars grand in alabaster
Set the tone of faith reborn
Windows glow with ruby, cobalt
Linen robes but rarely worn

Vases tall and rich mahogany
Statues opulent with gold
Draw the crowds of weary people
Meekly kneeling, never bold

Vespers is a time of sadness
For the day is growing dim
Will the faith that lies in candles
Statues, windows let Him in?

Happy be to dwell in chapels
Carpets soft as fur and down
Happy that your head will never
Feel the sting of thorny crown

Crystal crosses are a symbol
So are hands in folded prayer
Memories of one brief moment
On a wood cross, body bare.

For the ransom has been tendered
Paid for you, all debt is done
Crystal, golden goblets falter
When He holds you, He's the One.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Cuban Coffee - Cuban Men

Cuban coffee, Cuban men
Downtown lunchtime, talk of when
Elders back in Camaguey
Fled their land or chose to stay
Was it only yesterday?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Cuban Sunrise

It is still dark in the west
eastward a faint glow
glides over foggy seas

Dark shapes emerge
fishermen in wooden sloops
row slowly
as the world turns
gold and pink

Sun climbs high quickly
Sea birds send signals
Of where the fish are

Men handle long bamboo poles
Skin rough, calloused
sharp hooks and knives
laid neatly in rigs

Boats fan out in search of luck
'buena suerte'

Hovering above the waves
decaying spirits
once descended
to watery graves
because their luck ran out
float unnoticed

Flying fish
and seagull caws of morning
send the signal

Time to crawl to sunken wrecks among waterlogged boards
slime covered rubber floats
deflated long ago
resting on the black, cold sea floor

An errant bottom feeder
ignores persistent gnawing sounds
chewing, nibbling, very faint
inside a large old stubborn net
wide enough to surround an island

Unseen teeth gnawing
slowly tearing long enduring bands
trapping life and fish

Black seafloor
much too cold and harsh
for breathing creatures
only fit for the unsung, unremembered

Every night, every day
failed in life
spirits gnaw below
while leathered fishermen pull in their meager catch

Another loop broken
net frayed unseen, unnoticed
unheard, the chanting
'poco a poco'

Island sunrises
Come and go
men die
children grow

None hear
the gnawing
on the ocean floor

More spirits join the crew
more bodies descending
work almost finished now

One morning
much like any other
the net will rise broken
unable to hold or trap life

Spirits, freed from labors
to hover, watching
as pink and golden rays
greet the Cuban sunrise.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Daisy Poems

Daisy poems float down
From the ether
settling on my eyelids
now that I have lost everything.

Go ahead, chase your roseate dream
it's hard to see
small daisy poem petals
there are so many of them
among the weeds
more than dandelion puffs

go ahead, count your roses
and leave me the little daisies
for I will touch them
with my stained hand
a soul walking alone
on a jagged path
a lost youth

rich roses spread across
even rows in fragrant fields
go ahead, run through them
then relish the abundant yield

Daisy poems are pale and small
Who can count them?
Petal tips turning
from modest white
To delicate green

Go ahead, reap barley in bushels
And roses fair
Talk of dreams and cornucopias

Don't look at me sitting
On a wet rock
On a side path where
Tall weeds hide secrets

Wild daisies do not occupy your world
Nor should they.
Roses are enough for you.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Dancer of Yore

She no longer decorates her door
she is quieter now
this dancer of yore

She still calls men 'senor'
and wears silk paisley robes
but she no longer decorates her door

She brings food to the first floor
and mentions where she's from
but she no longer decorates her door

She is no longer angry
like she had been before
this dancer of yore.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Danny's Option

Her flowered dress and fresh smile
Belied drugged, pained nights
Under the Jamaica Avenue El

We sat at a sidewalk café
On a sunny Florida morning.
'How lucky I am
to be married to Danny, '
she said.

He left her shortly afterward.
Anne left town without saying goodbye.

Danny's business thrived
And he began therapy.
Then things slowed down.
He dated
But didn't click with anyone.
He never married again.

Two men were resting from
A round of golf
'Did you ever have
a great love in your life? '
One asked.
'No. She was a bitch, ' Danny replied.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Dark Ages

Overtones soft underbellies
Chime chimeras from tall castles
Gargoyles festering on perches

Gothic spikes with threatening glances
Herald secrets of dark ages
Bloody paper cuts from pages

Turned by bony fingers twisting
Ever piercing fragile vellum
Fusing lampblack's painful scribbles

Pen point polished sharp as judgment
Meted out neath spears and banners
To a crowd of unkempt members

Many hordes of tribes in legions
Ever cheering ever fearing
Whether whip and plague of black
Or the yeoman's sudden lack
Dearth of field and coin of gold

It's no wonder men grow old
Hallowed gray as does the village
For its Roland now is pillaged

Read your history feel its pages
Let your tears refresh its sages
Like the Danube rinsed of old
Huns and horses strong or bold

Short indeed your page of strife
Cut your bread with shopworn knife
Love your child and love your wife
Crumbling loaf your feast of life.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Days of Mittens

What happened to minks and chinchillas
Snug earmuffs resembling Brillos
Days fine folks wore skins made of otters
And watched shows like 'Welcome back Cotter? '

Oh, for the days when tight corsets
And scarves made of down shorn from Dorsets
Topped furry chapeaus sporting feathers
And marmoset muffs stayed cold weather

Ripped blue jeans are what girls now borrow
They claim piercing noses lifts sorrow
Such awful tattoos mark their buttocks
They spurn wearing cotton-knit white socks

How awful for old folks to ponder
That gals of the hour can just wander
To restaurants, movies, sans escorts
Clad only in shockingly short shorts

Give us the old days, I am yearning
When nobody mentioned bra burning
I miss those pouffed skirts of horse feathers
And pooh-pooh that ghastly tight leather

Oh, where are the days when a furrier
Could go on vacation much merrier
Convinced unborn caracul creatures
Small sacrifice were to high couture?

For spiders the web’s surely better
Why, people no longer pen letters
They focus on handheld devices
And tinker with cyberspace vices

Oh, where are the days when a nickel
Could buy you an acre on Brickell
Why, for a small sum, a mere pittance,
You owned a fine suit with red mittens?

This world is most surely in trouble
It likely will burst like a bubble
Space rockets now threaten serene scenes
Of cows jumping over bright moonbeams

Oh, give me the days when fine tailors
Sewed suits making lads look like sailors
When mothers refused to snip boys' locks
Until they were grown, or got smallpox

I wish there was more time for whining
But I have a date with 'The Shining, '

So scary a flick, it may bludgeon
And cure this old sour curmudgeon.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Days of Pearls and Lace

Those were the days of pearls and lace
of suitors debonair
of garden parties fancy free
as birdsong filled the air

Those were the days of manors grand
and horses of fine breed
when ladies dressed in silk and fur
rode coaches fine indeed

Those were the days when every cup
was filled with every need
life was delightful and quite sweet
all parties were agreed

Those graceful ones of privilege
could not detect the clouds
so dark upon horizon's end
foreboding days of shrouds

The manor halls and carriages
and days of grace and charm
are but a pile of ruins today
as war caused untold harm

Those were the days of pearls and lace
of suitors debonair
of garden parties fancy free
as birdsong filled the air.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Dead Poets Meet

It was an evening of heady wine
Jaded dreams, naïve love poured forth
Voices now timid, now angry, now bold
Twisted, failed lives tonight transformed
As drums and guitars wove fragments
Into a living book

Pain, laughter, hope built to a peak
As one by one we joined in this weird song
At once puerile, naked, grand.

Years visibly melted
And we were all young again
All pimples and doves' wings
And heartbreak before noon.

Those awkward, shy moves of long ago
Who would have guessed
That was to become our only reality?

This golden strand of ruby red moments
I lay into my jewel box of memories
To open on a lonely, rainy day.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Deer Meets Turtledove

An errant maiden one day wandered
Where little lambs had lost their way
She wore a cape of wool and linen
Her tresses flowed like flaxen hay

A wreath of fragrant hyssop blossoms
Embraced her waist in search of love
Her tender neck with oils anointed
Would she soon find her turtledove?

She listened for the sounds of woodlands
And heard a black hawk's rustling wings
Then without warning he descended
Surrounding her with feathered rings

The night fell darkly in that forest
Its palm pressed down with granite weight
When morning dawned the ground was littered
With trampled blooms and tangled plaits

The sun was high when bushes rustled
As tiny deer came out to meet
The newest neighbor to the forest
A turtledove with wings like wheat

The moral of this yarn is simple:
A maid can search all night and day
To find a suitor kind and faithful
But only turtledoves don't stray.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Dewdrops

I watch the fragile dewdrops
On morning's fertile treetops
Oblivious to scorching
Of summer's noonday torching

Ours was a woodland playground
In vines of passion hearts bound
All hesitation ending
In lacelike ferns soon blending

As dragonflies were glinting
Small butterflies were hinting
Such forest born enfolding
Would lead to earthen mourning

Your face of burnished glowing
Gave no hint you were going
Then without any warning
You left me in the morning

What use remorse or scolding
Allowing that exposing
To lovers heights of rapture
No earthly snare could capture?

The laws of life don't censure
The little deer that venture
To meadows filled with danger
Where death is not a stranger

Yet where can I find shelter
Undone by midday swelter
Soul broken by the rending
That day of baffling ending?

Each morning still brings dewdrops
On lush and fragrant treetops
Before the sun's harsh burning
Incinerates their yearning.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Different Days

Those were the nights and different days
Of blue green polyester cloths
That didn’t mind the rain and sun
On windowsills of broken wood.

Those were the nights and different days
We walked in empty, desolate streets
Dark cruel pavement echoed fear
At three a.m., or was it four?

Those were the nights and different days
When laughter stolen from the thief
Of open hearts and kindest eyes
Rang secretly in unkempt rooms.

Those were the nights and different days
When sorrow was as near as air
A constant neighbor never shunned
No fire exit or escape.

Those were the nights and different days
Life’s sword slashed justice to the bone
As anguish pierced a sky so cold
Bruised human cries fell to the ground.

Those were the nights and different days
The axe of fate slit tender reeds
And brutal men compounded shame
By drawing blood from open wounds.

Those were the nights and different days
Abomination was fulfilled
As bodies pale in twisted ways
Were left to barely breathe at will.

Those were the nights and different days
Of blue green polyester cloths
That didn’t mind the rain and sun
On windowsills of broken wood.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Do You Have Time?

He sat on the bus bench
I knew he would not take the bus
Would he be there
When I returned
From my busy day?

My bus arrived
And I went forth
To meet with friends
Then walked in the marketplace

After a while
I returned home
Yes, he was still there

My day had been full
There was no time to waste
After all, it was Sunday
And I had lots to do

He had nothing to do
He just sat there all day
But he had something
I did not, could not have
He had time.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Don Juan

Too many troubles
too many tries
too many losses
too many lies

Too much to deal with
too little gain
too many heartaches
too many chains

Time to surrender
time to move on
sick of pretending
he's no Don Juan.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Down in SoBe

I met her at a party,
One of those super cool ones, you know.
She had an air of avant garde,
The sculpted look of one 'in the know.'

The years had been kind to her figure:
Carriage erect.
her movement had not slowed
Since her twenties
(or so I imagined.)

Her conversation was strictly on the edge.
She spoke of freedom for the female,
Of injustice.

This morning I walked early
near the beach.
Empty beer bottles
littered the sidewalk
From high life on Saturday night.

Only a derelict or two wandered about
Only those whom hunger
had wakened early.

And there she was,
Clinging to a small tattered bicycle
With little bits of memorabilia
attached to it.

The sight was one of eccentricity,
Of a woman alone.

She said a shy hello.
There was a softness to her.
There was no talk
of freedom or justice now.

It was just an old woman
On the street
Whose dreams
Had not come true.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Dream of Nonsense

Some children in churches
And foxes in boxes
And forest edged trailers
stood out in my dream

The Bushes were skiing
on mountains of seaweed
Where horses ate candy
and clowns blew on reeds

Some housemaids were fighting
On trams going nowhere
A night train blew shotguns
Right out of its stack

I woke up and wondered
What psyche possessed me
What roads much less traveled
Would give me a clue

But all this eludes me
While drinking my coffee
My guess is the pizza
Last night was no good.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Dreams Remembered

Dreams remembered dreams forgotten
From mind's deepest caves begotten
Harsh kaleidoscopic showers
Bursting forth in midnight hours
Fill the darkened dormitory
Of my pristine sanctuary

Fornications full of fouless
Flying horses in gold harness
Stealing baubles from a queen
Who becomes a jug of cream
Spoiling sanity and order
Blotting blurring daylight's border

Slowly dawn brings birds' soft twitter
Will their calls wipe out the litter
Of the sins of night committed
Hidden from those hours more fitted
To obeisance and respect
Inwardly though quite suspect

Dreams remembered dreams forgotten
From mind's deepest caves begotten
Harsh kaleidoscopic showers
Bursting forth in midnight hours
Fill the darkened dormitory
Of my pristine sanctuary.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Drifter

When others go to sleep at night
I wake to find
a world of darkness
Void of sight
And I unwind

When others laugh
in restaurants
I feel a certain chill.
I sneak and wander
to my haunts
An alley dark is my thrill.

The world of care,
of near and dear
I never knew.
Their sounds are strange
For me to hear
I sleep in dew.

Today a soul in friendship
Held my shaky hand
It seemed as if a cozy spot
Was saved for me to stand.

But then I saw
the alley dark
was calling me.

My shaky hand
pulled back at once
And the friend
withdrew.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Eesti

There is a land so far away
A land of many days
Though small, it has a staying power
Enduring conquests' craze

Hard centuries of strife and woe
Long bled it with sharp spears
Defending it, we spilled our lives
In native rivers' tears

Its people kept a song alive
And called it Kalev's son
A hero keeping hope alive
When all was bombs and guns

The day came when this little land
Was freed from cruel whips
And olden, secret, hidden dreams
Now sounded from all lips

It took a chorus of the brave
Who had but one great song
Created from the sounds of pain
A revolution strong

It's good to hail from that small place
Where people shun all force
Who'd rather find their freedom's shore
With God as their one source

There is a land so far away
A land of many days
Though small, it has a staying power
Enduring conquests' craze.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Elfin Woodland

They call it Elfin Woodland
A forest stunted, bent
Pressed down by nature's hard hand
In rarefied torment

On slopes too high to venture
Snow, wind too strong to bear
Dwell trees by fate indentured
For hardship to prepare

They form a tight-knit picket
To ward off hiker's boots
A forest tundra thicket
With stubborn, twisted roots

They bend as blankets hover
In winter's weighty press
Then stretch small shoots to heaven
In spring thaw's blessedness

I, too, have been much stunted
By loves and hopes gone wrong
My feelings frozen, blunted
Throat choked to silence song

Like dwarf pine blocked from growing
To tall and stately trees
I bend and twist not knowing
What my full growth could be

They call it Elfin Woodland
A forest stunted, bent
Pressed down by nature's harsh hand
In rarefied torment.

Liilia Talts Morrison

End Of Dry Spell

How soft and cooling are the drops
of summer rain upon my face
they gently toss my board straight locks
then tickle nose and cheeks embrace

Ah summer rain like heaven's tears
to wash away all cares and fears
keep coming down till ditches swell
and break the back of this dry spell.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Espanola Way

They called you shabby lady
Vile, troubled, violent.
Cocaine flowed freely, wildly
Bodies twisted, spent.

You pulled me to your bosom
Held me with iron grip
Till veins and brains
Were shattered
Body scarred by cruel whip

Today I've found my freedom
I do not walk your way
Today I laugh and frolic
And play

But in the night I wonder
When moon hits darkened strand
Oh cruel street and lover
Would you still hold my hand?

Liilia Talts Morrison

European Places

Window-panes of memory scan
European places
Copper roofs with towers cragged
Rise from broken traces.

Was it Munich or Coblenz
Women wore silk stockings?
Pear trees kissed a sky quite cold
Tempting children's gazes.

Railroad stations big as barns
Silently embracing
Interrupted lives, quite torn
Fleeing timeworn spaces.

Did the farmer leave his kin,
Dog, goat, hand-hewn plow,
Did the old man miss his cat
Thrown from wagon's tow?

Rolands tall in stony pride
Still hold towns together
Foreign boots on cobblestones
Couldn't change the weather.

Shattered memories fill the mind
Much like cunning laces
Will the day break when they leave
European places?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Evening Houses

It's autumn now
Leaves fallen covering the summer earth
Hiding traces of harvest
Acorns scattered by north winds
Palace windows shuttered now
Divans covered with sheets
No sign of life

A little box of jewels lies scattered
On a cold stone floor
Pearls still warm from embracing
A royal neck, a lovely one

Pink velvet graced with silver beads
The box will never feel again
The touch of graceful princess fingers
Seeking just the right emerald
The right bauble
To go with the pale satin gown

There are no more parties
No cotillions
No more violins and chandeliers

For it's autumn now
The leaves have covered up the glory
The grandeur

Now all that remain
Are evening houses
Evening memories
And a little pink velvet box.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Evening Question

The day wears down its hours
the shadows lengthen now
the sounds of laughter ebbing
as mothers hush their kids

Have my frail hands been useful
have my feet trod firm paths
has my worn heart remembered
dear people from the past

Have I sent loving prayers
to friend and foe alike
or have I wasted moments
so precious and so few?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Everest Invitation

There is a distant mountain
Far from oft traveled roads
Some call it Chomolungma
A peak of unknown codes

They speak of it in whispers
They do not dare reveal
Fears of the ancient dangers
The craggy slopes conceal

It wears a shroud of cloud plumes
To hide a mighty peak
The natives dare not look there
Well knowing its mystique

None dare to set their courses
Without rapt prayer and thought
To scale that mighty boulder
That hack men's ways to nought

Yet there's an invitation
This summit near the sky
Still holds for thirsting mortals
and those who often cry

Though they may languish daily
In alleys dank and foul
There is a way of climbing
The mount that conquers soul

The feet of him that bringeth
Good tidings to mankind
How beautiful his feet are
On mountains of the mind

There is an invitation
A supplication dear
To reach for great good tidings
And draw salvation near

There is a distant mountain
Far from oft traveled roads
Some call it Chomolungma
A peak of unknown codes.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Everglades Morning

Slow summer dawn nudges a mourning dove brood
White ibises gather to forage for food
In snowy assurance proud egrets alight
Their liquid reflection a graceful delight
Slim wading birds carefully survey the swamp
Where crocodile death jaws are waiting to chomp

This camp in the wild is my last hope to find
Some meaning and purpose in life’s painful grind
I watch from a hammock of canvas and rope
Estranged from emotions, unable to cope
Yet creatures around me with vigor display
A dignified courage in nature’s harsh fray

My rambling, how different - fear follows each stride
Evading broad highways I cower wayside
Ungainly days shrivel like Glade grass to fold
As tropical darkness turns weeds into mold
How can I gain courage from Everglade ways
Rise high with bold saw stalks in trade winds to sway?

Anhingas now flutter and settle on shrubs
Dispelling black thoughts that infest me like grubs
Perhaps I can linger and hide in a cay
Absorb ancient secrets of herons at play
Watch wood storks and otters impart trust and skill
Blend in with creation as God does his will.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Evil Patisserie

Treats and sweets and tortes and cakes
Cherries, berries, chocolate flakes
My firm resolutions break
Goodness, oh, for goodness sake!

Liilia Talts Morrison

Eyes

In times before our maker breathed into the form of man
A spirit rarer than the work of goldsmiths famed of old
Since then so many seekers tried to hunt and search it out
For after all we have the brains and free will without bounds

So many lives have now been spent in search of that rare brook
Solutions to the universe and where all truth was born
Yet like the eyes set in a face their owner cannot see
What often is so plainly viewed by those who walk nearby

In much the same way answers lie upon a neighbor's face
Because the world is in one's heart and shows up in the eyes
Of others never in the seeker's mind though he may try and try
Since all the answers shine quite bright when I look in your eyes.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Eyes of Argos

The myths of time have spoken
Of creatures who can see
In every known direction
On land and far off sea

They speak of porters vigils
Of those who never sleep
Of mighty feats of courage
Of eyes that can not weep

They mention acts of treason
Of kindness and of hate
Of awesome transformation
To form a tempting bait

They tell of royal peacocks
Whose grand resplendent sprays
Are spread with eyes of Argos
In watchful feathered gaze

Today those myths are fables
Some silly, idle tales
But is there something watching
From preening peacock tails?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Fair Field

I go a'walking in a fair field
Where smiling flowers face the sun
Feet sinking into cool grass
Toes wiggling just for fun

I spent too many years a'trudging
Alone and blinded by my quest
To reach high glory mountains
No time to talk or rest

The seasons wore on as my feet bled
Harsh rocks cut into skin and soles
Then one day without warning
I tripped upon a knoll

"Where are you headed? " asked a low voice
"You look like you could use some rest."
"Oh yes, " I quickly answered
To that unseen request

Then suddenly the mountain melted
It turned into a green plateau
My feet felt a new vigor
Wild flowers touched my toes

No longer do I yearn to scale peaks
You'll find me in that field hard-won
Where friends are always welcome
To skip and laugh for fun.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Fairy Tales

Trolls and blackbirds chasing sprites
gnarly wizards of the bogs
dragonflies or moles in tights
prancing midnight dancing frogs

Such are characters that dwell
with small children wide of eye
from the stories parents tell
who would guess it's all a lie?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Fallow Field

Today I saw a fallow field
Where last year rows of grain had grown
On warm earth resting from past chores
Dry reeds now formed a gentle shield

It called to mind a wayside wood
Where under brambles' silent gaze
A haunting lover tried and failed
To woo me and be understood

Too long had I heard pounding sounds
Of trucks and tractors tilling land
Brash motors buzzing day and night
Collecting wheat in giant mounds

My soul yearned for a different food
That neither corn nor wheat nor grain
Could satisfy my restless life
That somehow languished in lone woods

A yearning overwhelmed my breast
To run away to distant coves
A place where evenings never end
And bruised birds rest in broken nests

Where are the morsels I need taste
Not harvested from fertile rows
Small seeds in forlorn fallow fields
Farmhands on tractors call a waste

This feeble poem is my cry
Trickling in drops of fragile words
An unheard wail expressing pain
Of love that wilted and may die

Is there a force that makes things grow
A something that may bring relief
For tread down soil and torn up hearts
Unfit to plant or till or sow

Where lies a shelter for dashed hopes
Lost love to bloom against all odds
Where clumsy wooing turns to joy
Freed from abuse of long held ropes

Is it too late to seek that quest
Awakened by a damaged soul
Oh let me hope that fallow field
Will show me where my healing rests.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Father, Don't Go Yet

Father, don't go yet.
Wait till I can tell you that I love you
Till I bring you a poem to make you smile.
Wait till I can bring you morsels
To strengthen your tired limbs.

Don't go yet.
You must tell me of the lilac bushes
Of the summers on the farm
Of how mother was young once.
Tell me how beautiful she was.

Don't go yet father.
There is so much I want to tell you
So much I want to ask
That you never heard,
I never asked

For if you go
Only the mango trees will know,
Only the pines.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Final Fire

A dark brown wicker basket
on my wooden porch
brims with fragrant apples.

Afternoon's warm and dusty veil
absorbs the silent messages
from thin tall pine trees
towering behind the roof.

The pungent smell of turpentine
Mixed with ripe apples
Fills my nose.

A lone orange leaf on the vine
calls, no shouts
to neighboring plants
and me:

'It is my final fire.
Celebrate today.
It is my final fire.'

Liilia Talts Morrison

Finally Detached by Michael Leo Morrison

Finally detached and I'm so glad
 That I'm no longer treating you bad
I no longer fear or shed a tear for
 Sad days and rays of light.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Fireflies

While villagers in slumber lie
Rhymes crowd my mind like crickets
And swarms of sparkling fireflies
Landing on night's dark thickets

Foreboding shadows of dark birds
Are brightened by those elves
Soaring in flights of graceful words
Skipping among themselves

My window sill in silver light
Now beckons me to choose
Descend to an eternal night
Or dance with poets muse

While villagers in slumber lie
Songs rise from hidden bowers
Poetic thoughts like fireflies
Alight in nightly hours.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Fishing For Love

A weeping willow touched the water
As evening breezes held their breath
You poured the white Chianti
And tore a loaf of bread
Blue evening hovered
As falling stars
Dropped their nets
To catch
Love

Liilia Talts Morrison

Fleeting Thought

Thoughts of days long gone away
Hymns sung in a humble way
Pious hands in kind laps lay
Fingers crossed to gently pray

Windows letting in God’s light
Softening the coming night
Eyes still red from streams of tears
Holding on though long in years

Thoughts of days long gone away
Hymns sung in a humble way
Pious hands in kind laps lay
Fingers crossed to gently pray.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Florida Acrostic

Faded denims wrap jaded New Yorkers;
Latin pinatas grace holiday porkers.
Okies with dusty pick-up tags
Run into troopers looking for bags.
Immigration gets a run for its money;
Dames trick you with leche and honey
As lobster red Euros soak up the old sunny.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Forbidden Places

There are places I won’t go
Caves not meant for me to know
Layers couched in hidden veils
Ragged sailors’ phantom tales

There are fountains hid from view
Rustling in a thickened dew
Coursing out of sacred sites
Etched in ruins of primal rites

There are sights I must not see
Paths of prisoners who flee
Refugees with knotted sacks
Bulging on their sweaty backs

There are faces very rare
Shaped by years of pain and care
Eyes I would not dare to meet
Hallowed hands and timeworn feet

I won’t stand on holy ground
Nor approach a hallowed mound
Seeking for a rock or word
Few have ever seen or heard

May I wander close to home
Fill my shoes with sandy loam
Never look beyond the fence
Shunning danger’s recompense

Let this be my only goal
Eating gruel from a bowl
In a little wayside spot
Daily welcoming my lot

Let me relish each small breath
Feel my pulse averting death
Thankful for each moment’s hue
Ever giving You Your due.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Fourth of July at the Senior Center

Of course they wore their red, white and blues
They always did the Wednesday before the Fourth
After all, they might not all live to see the Fourth
Being they were seniors
And didn't always eat the right thing
Particularly when a rich chocolate cake
Or a very drippy barbecue rib
Was put in front of them

The line dancers did their thing
Dressed in white tops
'I love America' largely in view
Along with the head
Of the Statue of Liberty
Their jeans and cowboy boots
Went nicely with red plastic western hats

The woman from Kossovo
Was particularly lively
Right next to the gal from Vietnam
Whose profile was orientally slimmer
Than that of the octogenarian
From White Russia

The gals with horsehair crinolines
And bright red gartered cowgirls
Were born and bred
In our heartland, that's for sure.
Their Western twang resounded happily
With heavy accents of exotic birth
And warmer, guttural sounds
From Kirghiz or Ukraine.

A woman, well dressed
Particularly for a ninety year old
let her cane rest
On the long table covered
With many designs of Old Glory
And shimmied and shook
To the tune of the Bossa Nova
Loudly blaring from
A hoarse loudspeaker.

The Kossovo lady outdid
Dale Evans and Roy Rogers,
Not to mention Gene Autry
And Willie Nelson
Her smile and snappy step
Said it all, as did her T-shirt:
'God Bless America.'

Her husband, a reserved type

Sat properly at the head of the table
Filled with seniors in different states
Of wolfing down their barbecue sandwiches
And chocolate cupcakes
Surrounded by a myriad of flags
The same colors as their outfits.
The husband had a pensive look
Amid the laughter and the fun.

I wondered as I watched this golden panorama
What tragic fate brought them from Kossovo
From Vietnam, from wherever?
Then I looked up at the balloons tied to
Each festive table.
I knew the seniors did not have the breath
To blow them up without machines
Even though their lungs were strong
When they danced to burn the floor.

Thoughts of Kossovo and Vietnam
Quickly disappeared among the
Laughter and the love in that old senior center
I knew then that the good old U.S.A.
Ain't dead yet.

Liilia Talts Morrison

French Revolution

Time came when burlap and coarse cloth
had been trod down into dark mud
so deep, so dark, so hopeless then
it seemed to vanish into peat

Yet as with fires beneath the ground
they smolder, spreading till one day
a great eruption bursts the seams
and all old wounds are brought to light

Thus was the scene in France that hour
when everything seemed lost and torn
then did the Bastile brick by brick
become a symbol of that schist

The feudal fabric that was France
was stomped by dreams and hands of men
as spirit vanquished privilege
and hopes of mankind's freedom soared

But that was oh, so long ago
yet I must keep my soul on fire
attentive to attempts to squelch
my hopes, my dreams, my freedom's gifts

Time came when burlap and coarse cloth
had been trod down into deep mud
so deep, so dark, so hopeless then
it seemed to turn to bog and peat.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Friends Are A Garden

So surely do life's pathways wend
toward a distant unknown end
forks in the road mark painful bends
that heart and soul and body rend

Time our companion helps to mend
those hurts on which release depends
serenity at last attends
the few who seek to make amends

May I be diligent to tend
that precious garden and intend
to nourish it and often send
my love to timeworn, dear old friends.

Liilia Talts Morrison

From Cuba, with Love

The mangos are perfection,
the sugar cane is high.
a dark hand with direction
wipes the tear from your eye.

Your poem is already written
your people breathe it now
the love that took your freedom
that love has saved you now.

The gulls of Vardadero
are white in dress
the air is ruc with rhythms
the cry - togetherness!

Your calloused hands
are soft now
no want or need today
love has returned to Cuba
to stay, to stay.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Funny Girl

They call me a romantic
They say I wear it well
I am their entertainment
A funny girl, a swell

The clowning and the laughter
Fit me much like a glove
For fleeting hours forgetting
The hell of my dark love

I thought of Pagliacci
His greasepaint smeared with tears
You came to me raw branded
In flames of lust much seared

There was a tiny kernel
A diamond, oh, so rough
That melded us together
But it was not enough

Our love was like a circus
It came to town one day
With glossy candy apples
And then it went away

Today I watch the ‘carnies'
They raise thin cardboard walls
Where freaks and midgets frolic
Amusing one and all

They call me a romantic
They say I wear it well
I am their entertainment
A funny girl, a swell.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Galactic Girl

Distant comet whirl cotillions
Float beyond white milk strewn millions
While in interstellar billows
Rise new stars from spinning willows.

You were born of brilliant showers
Past the reach of piercing light years
Boiling bowels of creation
Asteroids and souls conception
Formed a girl of rare perception.

You were meant to cut through darkness
Though the cut would bleed your turning
Coursing through a dark red yearning
Offered love to mortal burning.

As the universe expanded
A small planet was upended
Secret cipher of the Maker
No one guessed till it was ended.

Nebulas of rare excitement
Paled and bowed at tiny pulses
Matchless in their faultless function
Though they fell to final unction.

Not a creature knew the difference
Neither grasped the axis reference
Who or what it was that deemed
That blue planet was supreme.

Horse head nebulas soon neighed
At that sparkling globe the focus
Of grace some called hocus-pocus
While they honored stellar dust
As truth crumbled into rust.

No one noticed one small female
Nor did she reveal her birthright
Only those whose songs broke fetters
Could respond as she loosed shackles
Unsung Atlas liberated
While the wise tracked far off places.

You were born of brilliant showers
Past the reach of piercing light years
Boiling bowels of creation
Asteroids and souls conception
Formed a girl of rare perception.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Garments

I want my day's journey to be embraced
By the cleansing power of grace
It's gentle touch slowing my halting steps
In life's ever maddening race

I want to be wrapped in the folds of truth
Feet shod with sure sandals of trust
My head and my hands held firm in love's bands
And humble cloak worn by the just

I want to be dressing green vineyards of him
Who planted and watered the trees
So when night descends and the harvest is done
The maker of all I may please.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Ghetto

The day is gloomy, gray the sky
Yet in this room it’s warm and dry
I dread to go and face the fray
On streets where demons hold full sway.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Girl from India

It was a dreary discount store
The merchandise was cheap
Rough people shopped and tended it
With odds and ends in heaps

Some businessmen from India
Imported shoddy goods
The buyers never gave a hoot
And grabbed what they could loot

I chanced to pass that way one night.
'Miss, would you have some glue? '
'We just ran out, the store will close
There's nothing I can do.'

I was already on the street
When it occurred to me
A pure and shiny dropping tear
Was resting on her eye.

What heartbreak caused this pure, small tear
In such a mundane store?
Was there a young man left behind
That she would see no more?

Would Ghengis or some other stream
Drown pangs and pains of love
Her kindred never knowing why
They lost their little dove.

That single tear seemed out of place
Just like that little girl
Who'd take a notice in their rush
Or who would even care?

Such moments in a shabby store
While looking at a tear
Are moments in my flow of life
So small and yet so dear.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Glades Forever

Golden skiffs glide silently
Night drops slow, then suddenly
Gators croak and soak in glade
Herons rest in mangrove shade

Silent is the Everglades
Hatching ancient sawgrass blades
Dark primordial rookery
Miccosukee sorcery

Men have tried to conquer it
Digging sludge and chewing grit
Black machetes took their toll
Slashing young palmettoes soul

Hearts of palm and hearts of terns
Fed the men who slept in ferns
Poling skiffs with bottoms flat
Killing, skinning otters fat

Tawny panthers were their prey
Feathers, plumes of yesterday
Ladies hats adorned in style
Gold in pockets for a while

Lonesome stands the Everglade
Razed and beaten, like a maid
Blind you wander, past your prime,
Windward leeward, like a mime

Panthers fell with silent thud
Gator holes now filled with mud
Soon the sawgrass, wild oats too
Abdicate to concrete's zoo

Yet when men and dogs do sleep
I can hear the lady weep
Through the throats of herons blue
Ghosts of Indians will court you

Just because you're growing bare
You still nurture orchids rare
And when progress blows away
You'll arise, and show the way.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Glen of the Glades

I read about a man today
Who rambled ancient glades and bays
In Florida's forgotten days
When Indian mounds and gator holes
Were teeming wild and rich with life

I read about a man today
Scarred from a life in hardship's fray
Of skeeter welts deep blade grass cuts
And hellish men with high-blown struts
Defacing lands with prideful plots

I read about a man today
Who watched bold speculators craze
Corrupt time honored lowly ways
Treading on secret treasured stays
Of nature in its golden days

I read about a man today
Who wept as progress took its sway
Canals and roads soon pierced the breast
Cremating what was bright and best
Of his beloved Everglades

I read about a man today
Who saw Cape Sable turn to gray
Still dreaming of those times of yore
When shells and cowries shone so white
Below blue herons splendid flight

I read about a man today
His eyes now dimmed by clouds of age
Who poled for grits by hunting hides
Saw marsh and blue expanse of sky
Soon fill with air boats and blow flies

I read about a man today
He's way too old to even try
To bring back what's now dead and dry
But wonders if just one soul cares
That wildlife burned in rich men's snares

I read about a man today
Who stopped his scribbles on the page
Still hearing key deer haunting bleats
Small critters snuffing out in peat
Tread down my rangers careless feet

God bless that man his name is Glen
I may not see him e'er again
One thing's for sure I'm glad we met
My life is brighter just to know

Someone somewhere still cares somehow.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Glistening Palms

The night was ominously dim,
When I ran from my past.
A small hotel by ocean's rim,
Road's end, escape at last.

A torrid downpour soon assailed,
Hard pounding windowpanes.
I watched while helpless palm trees flailed
By sandy seaside lanes.

Their arms like twisted, magic wands,
In tropic rain did trip.
Storm twisted, lashed dark, graceful fronds,
Firm ground they barely gripped.

The summer promised much more rain,
A somber premonition,
Youth's unrelenting growing pain,
Not heeding intuition.

How greedily I breathed that hot,
Soul draining humid air.
While hopes, like scrub oaks, turned to rot,
Slim palms were always there.

This soil brought love and children too,
We weathered storms and calms.
In humble cottages they grew,
But always there were palms.

The years and seasons quickly flew.
In sun and rain life glistened,
While stately palms our faith renewed,
If we would only listen.

The day has come when many say,
'Let's leave here, it is time
For greener pastures far away.
Why languish in this clime? '

My eyes then fill with hazy dreams.
Palm branches gently wave.
Their silky arms implore, it seems,
'Stay here, your love we crave.'

I never noticed until now,
Those branches are like gold.
Amid the green, resilient boughs
Lights glower in their folds.

How could I leave a land that's held
My fragile life so long,

Embracing with exotic warmth,
While palm fronds played their song?

Sunset of age brings gentle ease.
I don’t regret the past.
Lithe fingers of those faithful trees
Will cover me at last.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Glory

Glory, glory, glory, glory
glory be to God
all the earth reflects his glory
daily to applaud

There are places never conquered
depths of oceans never seen
yet the smallest reed or blossom
holds great secrets in its gene

Who can fathom stars or planets
who can measure space and time
who can conquer the unconquered
or express in words or rhyme

Lowly creatures in the woodland
little babes in mothers laps
understand and trust their maker
while the prudent fall in traps

Blessed are the ones still seeking
for that answer only found
in the heart of our creator
lifting them to higher ground

Glory, glory, glory, glory
glory be to God
all the earth reflects his glory
daily to applaud.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Goatherd

Diggers found a mask of gold
In the earth. A king so bold
Had worn it.

Agamemnon's wealth of old,
Necklaces with cunning rolled
Saw daylight.

One man claims he saw the king's
Mighty face still lingering
In the soil.

I, a goatherd of that time,
Ne'er a trace left nor a rhyme
Of my life.

Skins of goats and sticks of wood
Substance were of all my goods,
Home a hut.

Slave I'd been when just a boy.
It was at the fall of Troy
I ran away.

Milking goats and roving 'bout
Was my way of eking
Out survival.

Far from palaces and moats
Lay the plot I herded goats
And then died.

If ever you abandon fame
And find yourself at Mycenaeum
In that field

Then rest with me at eventide.
No mask of gold is there to hide
My timeworn face.

Liilia Talts Morrison

God's Grace

Had I not stood on the crater
of perdition's rocky ledge
had the spewing of hot lava
not left skin and nerves on edge

Had the arctic avalanches
not heaped ice on my frail soul
I would never have been offered
life beyond my human role

Had my path been filled with roses
softest moss and gentle fields
I would not have cried to heaven
or to see God's grace revealed.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Gospel Thoughts

Precious is that ancient story
not a word is flawed
all the earth attracts its glory
like a lightnin rod

Gloried are the holy mountains
where his feet once walked
ever flowing are the fountains
where the truth he taught

Though today there are no traces
of those storied scenes
we can partake of the graces
of his love unseen.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Grace Elizabeth

I found a gravestone in the woods
Concealed by twigs and moss
Dank leaves its lone memorial
With branches gently crossed

Kneeling to view this startling find
I brushed aside the layers
Then noticed an inscription carved
On a small stone, now bare

The listing of a woman's name
Two dates - a birth and death
Were scant reminders of a soul
Called Grace Elizabeth

A little more than fifty years
Had been her time on earth
By now a century had passed
Since her forgotten birth

Yet someone added a short mark
On that abandoned grave
An adage branded in my heart
Writ 'neath that woodland nave

This death, it read, was 'Earthly loss'
She had not died in vain
For where she went, someone believed,
Was surely 'Heaven's gain'

If you explore a backwoods path
Tread soft near gentle mounds
Beneath the moss and leafy layers
May well be hallowed ground.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Grandma's Advice

Get back basics
uncover the source
early beginnings
no more remorse

Flighty the fancies
and frills of fair youth
old age soon beckons
with simplest of truths

Eat your potatoes
and meat if you will
grind wheat and millet
on stones in a mill

Say a good word
in a sentence or two
fritter not phrases
nor long speeches spew

Measure your bounty
In movable chests
let go of excess
in attic rats nests

Go to the river
and take off your shoes
whistling or singing
what’s there to lose?

Get back basics
uncover the source
treasured beginnings
no more remorse.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Grandma's Kitchen

The old folks retired, this kitchen their dream place
Bright cupboards so pretty and painted with care
In colors persimmon and palest of yellow
With wide open windows to Florida's air

The house a neat pile of local, hard pinewood
Flanked mangos and melaleucas before
Till grandma's old hand coaxed life to this acre
With citrus, tomatoes and palm trees galore

At even she brought in arms full of green bounty
Fresh from the land, her garden of love
While grandpa sat neatly and properly called for
the salad and dinner, and thanked Him above

The kitchen was small, the table quite wobbly
Chairs mostly mismatched, of different heights
Yet honesty, order and simple acceptance
Bathed everything in it with beautiful lights

Each chair was quite special, the family knew it
Grandfather would always sit by the 'frig
While mother was close to the sink and the cooking
Between him and starvation, a steady bridge

How often she gathered the tart calamondins
And fire red cherries of Surinam
Carissas or lemons the size of a grapefruit
Or loquats and kumquats, the Florida plum

She pored over booklets on Florida plantings
Though tropical life came only with age
Pickling and canning or making a jelly
Were daily routines as time turned each page

We all knew this kitchen would not last forever
Nor stand like an oak tree, refusing to bend
To forces so obvious seen in a garden
The planting, the growing and then, the end

So when I look at this faded old picture
A sink, a coffee pot, cupboards now bare
I think of my parents, departed old people
Who left us a blessing that none can compare
I guess you could call their gift an acceptance
Of living your daily reason to be
Which may be just picking a golden persimmon
That fell from a carefully grafted young tree

Or thanking and honoring Him who has blessed us
With life, breath and heartbeat wherever we roam
A memory lingering even as tears fall

That little kitchen, their Florida home.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Grandma's Lament

In midst of violent battles whirl
Rapt prayer brings relief
As bombs destroy what's near and dear
He comes to lift our grief

When special loved ones pass away
To nevermore return
Our Comforter with loving grace
Brings solace to death's urn

In mighty power He stands firm
When warlords fiercely rage
But will He stoop to my small room
My pain to assuage?

For I'm a lonely grandma now
My children live apart
And after visits with grandkids
Those farewells break my heart

I'm grateful for His loving grace
In battles' finest hours
But now, tonight, will He descend
And touch my empty bower?

There are no struggles left to face
No wolf behind the door
No children's tears to wipe away
No scuffmarks on the floor

Just longing eyes and waving hands
Faint laughter in my ears
As their small car turns round the bend
And quickly disappears

I wonder if a soldier's heart
Can hurt much more than this -
A grandma sitting all alone
Past times to reminisce?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Green Branch

I want to be a green branch
In vineyards of the Lord
To grow in strength and beauty
As leaves to light unfold

To dwell close to the true vine
Refreshed by showers of faith
Amid a sea of flowers
No weeds, no seeds of wraith

I want to see the garden
That Jesus tends with love
The true vine of all living
Who blesses from above

I want to be a green branch
In vineyards of the Lord
To grow in strength and beauty
As leaves to light unfold.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Haiku - Evening

Evening darkens hues
Eyes now weary hands at rest
Veil of night descends

Liilia Talts Morrison

Haiku - Sing

Sing my little bird
Too long you have been silent
The trees will listen

Liilia Talts Morrison

Haiku - Sunflowers

one last petal falls
shrivels to a golden crisp
sunflower no more

Liilia Talts Morrison

Happy Birthday Will

Gather round and lend an ear
To an epic, weird, though dear
Of some people long ago
In a place that was so so.

Kids from Brooklyn there were two
Did they make it to Bronx Zoo?
Doesn't matter, for they spent
Happy times with bookish bent.

There were times when they would rather
Cruise the Village and then gather
Flowers from near windowsills
Better far than gobs of pills

Will was of poetic vein
Worshipped odes by Gertrude Stein
Sally felt that medicine
Ruled in occupations' bin.

But alas, how fate does twist
Plans on people's 'will do' list
Love walked in and that was that
Kids grew up in nothing flat.

Sally loved her poet dear
She got tipsy on one beer.
'Cheapest date he ever had, '
Was her comment, that's not bad.

Will then switched to medicine
Under influence of gin
And the lovely Sally, too
She could choose no wrong, it's true.

Years went by and lovers climbed
Alps and traumas of all kinds
Popping babies, settling down
Sunland fair, now that's their town.

Looking back, wow, what a trip
Kids from Brooklyn took a sip
From life's nectar, goblets full
It's a fact; their life's not dull.

Will still travels far and near
Conferences thru the year
Let's not ask just what they are
They will blow your mind too far.

Sally switched from science, meds
Tired of chasing apes with Keds

She prefers to spin the clay
On a wheel, not far away.

In her spare time she does enter
Spheres of art and starts new Centers
Painters, sculptors and the like
Head to Sunland on the 'Pike.

Party time at Will and Sally's
Is a time to fill the belies:
Seafood salad, casseroles
Drinks galore. Let's pass the bowls.

Do you rest at end of week
Sick of working with some geek?
Will must surely have dark powers –
Slams a basketball for hours.

Well, its time to end this ditty
Sorry if it wasn't pretty.
Will your cup is full, not empty.
Best to you Will, you're now seventy!

Liilia Talts Morrison

Harlequins

Through ages they have entertained
Crowds begging for a hearty laugh
To act as nimble fools ordained
Whom men of wheat considered chaff

From Sufi tales to Zanni troupes
Evolve as ridiculed buffoons
Lithe, nimble feet sliding through hoops
On lazy Venice afternoons

There's something in the ways of man
That forces certain lonely souls
To don the ways of Peter Pan
Though grown, adopting circus roles

I saw two actors on the street
In that familiar diamond garb
Black red and white with masks discreet
And wondered why and where their barb

Through ages they have entertained
Crowds begging for a hearty laugh
To act as nimble fools ordained
Whom men of wheat considered chaff.

Liilia Talts Morrison

He

He who makes
The world to spin
I think of him
I think of him

He who causes
Hearts to beat
I pray to him
I pray to him

He who gives
The breath of life
I worship him
I worship him.

Liilia Talts Morrison

He Cares

In my life I knew no journey
no direction and no way
never did I climb a mountain
never had too much to say

In my golden years of aging
suddenly a sea appears
bringing songs and music soaring
healing waters joining tears

Though my limbs are weak and brittle
blue green waves of crests now flow
in my heart and in my spirit
safe from currents undertow

Now I'm glad my path was hidden
detours, dead ends everywhere
now I'm glad for every hardship
now I know the Savior cares.

Liilia Talts Morrison

He Was A Rogue

He was a rogue, a vagabond
his heart no one could tame
he trampled on so many lives
till Jesus called his name

His wanderlust at last was stilled
as angels took his sin
the thrill of faith replaced the need
to conquer and to win

His greatest passions quickly paled
as heaven was revealed
all pain and anguish washed away
and with salvation sealed

He was a rogue, a vagabond
his heart no one could tame
he trampled on so many lives
till Jesus called his name.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Health Food Freak

I wish to be a health food freak
Eat yogurt made by earthy Greeks
Regroup my budget to buy leeks
Drink dulse smoothies for two weeks

My windowsill to grow green sprouts
And cupboards bulge with sauerkraut
I want to shun all farm-fed trout
And crunch on spelt day in day out

I want to relish cheese from goats
They say it may relieve a bloat
Wear sandals made from burlap sacks
Condition toes with jumping jacks

I want to bathe in castor oil
Refuse to bake with metal foil
Grow carrots in organic soil
Boil spinach pasta shaped like coils

I want to wear shirts made of flax
And wool shorn gently from lambs backs
Condition hair with sealing wax
Shun mega-stores that sell large packs

My wish may never be fulfilled
For I am hooked on white flour milled
Rich hot fudge sundaes nicely chilled
And salty pork rinds crisply grilled.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Her Garden

Her garden was her poem
her garden was her song
she tended it with caring
each day and all day long

Her life had seen much heartache
but God her days prolonged
so she could grow a garden
as old age crept along

There were so many roses
vines thick and green and strong
they were her joy and comfort
on days when things went wrong

Her garden was her poem
her garden was her song
she tended it with caring
each day and all day long.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Here and Now

Today I drove along those roads
Well trod, well paved and well maligned
Where danger, heartache, chaos rained
Like drops of blood from skies of gray

Those days of yore are part of me
Those places where we used to live
Yet something's different as I drive
The avenues of what has passed

Today a loved one moved and left
The old place that so long was filled
With things placed with a caring hand
Now scattered, lost or thrown away

It's time for me to wash those veils
With tears and leave nostalgia's wraps
That keep me from the truth so plain
Each moment lived is history

Each little second of this day
These roads, not as they were, but now
Are warp and woof of what is me
And I must daily stitch and sew

It's time to wake up to the gifts
Each breath and heartbeat bring my way
Accepting past things as things past
Embracing what is here and now.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Hiding Secrets

Secrets secrets, telling lies
secrets, secrets, tying ties
tales that pale from males with ale
landing kith and kin in jail

Secrets secrets, telling lies
secrets, secrets, tying ties
none will ever know or tell
none reveal till death does knell

Secrets secrets, telling lies
secrets, secrets, tying ties
we poor mortals are quite sure
heaven's gates will find us pure

Secrets secrets, telling lies
secrets, secrets, tying ties
we forget the good book reads
all will see our dirty deeds

Secrets secrets, telling lies
secrets, secrets, tying ties
hidden snaggles tightly knit
surely draw us to the pit.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Highlands

There is a land called Highlands
Where cattle, citrus thrive
White orange blossoms languish
In rolling hills alive
Sleek birds and boar and vipers
In nature's balance strive

Once long ago I lived there
Nor have returned again
But here and there reminders
Rise in my dreams of when
Our love was fresh as sunshine
That kissed a young girl's skin.

Liilia Talts Morrison

His Eyes

His eyes grew dim as age crept up
days blurring, often gray
but when the shroud of night arrived
street lights burst forth with rays

Though dim and hazy were his days
the night fair blessings showed
in blue celestial velvet skies
all stars like bright bursts glowed

They paved a softness to his path
the one we all must tread
when earthly visions come to end
and constellations blend.

Liilia Talts Morrison

His Hand

The force of life, the fountain
The source of love the first
The end and the beginning
The sure and steady course

The hand that lifts the broken
The arm that proffers strength
The palm of safety's harbor
The bosom of all hope

The righter of misgivings
The lily, rose, the balm
The gold that will not tarnish
The rock in freedom's land

He is the one to look to
When wounds are hard to bear
He is the one who's waiting
To take your hand in his.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Holidays Are Coming

The holidays are coming
Bring out the finery
The kitchen is a'humming
With women's sorcery

It's time for damask napkins
And silver serving trays
The ones meant for occasions
More special than weekdays

Bring out the finest china
That's hid in cedar chests
Pull out the wines of vintage
Delighting honored guests

The jam jars in the cellar
Now leave their hidden nooks
To grace the festive table
Made magic by fine cooks

The ham cured in the smokehouse
Is ready to be served
The candied yams and pickles
For this event reserved

The floors have been fresh varnished
And garlands grace the doors
The children dressed in garments
Not meant for play outdoors

The sound of hooves is nearing
The courtyard swept and clean
What friend or neighbor bearing
Gifts, blessings to this scene

Soon candles will be glowing
As guests and family feast
And prayers and wishes flowing
For living and deceased

The time will come when garlands
Will wither, as will men
But mem'ries of those bright times
Return to live again.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Holy Grail

So many hope at journey's end
To live eternally
When work is done to find sweet rest
In heaven's panoply

For centuries in many lands
Convincing guides implore
Their followers will surely find
Salvation's golden door

A little voice is seldom heard
Faint, humble and quite plain
Oft overshadowed by the roar
Of grand impressive claims

Somewhere in a forgotten cave
A soul spends thoughtful days
Recalling how the Master said
It all will pass away

He thinks of words that once had dwelt
Within God's mind alone
Then given to a carpenter
As firmest cornerstone

He ponders how he only needs
The key that cannot fail
To push apart hell's dreaded gates
The sought for holy grail.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Home Again

They say you can't go home again
I say that they are wrong
How often do I spend my hours
In childhood's sunny fields?

My friends and enemies of yore
Still visit me at times
And all my lovers, every one
Still whisper words I cherish

My home is all that I have been
And all I will become
Today I celebrate my life
Embracing all its hours.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Home-baked Bread

Thoughts arise of home-baked bread
Set on hearthen coals bright red
Grain hulled on the threshing-floor
Coarse hands forming loaves of yore

Embers playful in quick flight
Whittled twigs shed glowing light
Hut now warm, its ceiling black
Worn dark coats hung on a rack

Somewhere in lost childhood's fog
Barnyard swallows swoop by logs
On a languid summer morn
Lilacs back-door stairs adorn

Thick white curds and oats ground fine
Little ones in patient line
Waiting for a longed for treat
Mother offers 'time to eat.'

Memories of those faded scenes
Now arise as old age leans
Strong and heavy on my bones
Easing loneliness and groans

Baking bread this afternoon
I recall harsh winds of doom
Tearing us from land and kin
Wiping out what might have been

Yet, like rising of fresh bread
Long lost memories soften dread
As I summon up those days
Plain and simple country ways

There's a gift in home-baked bread
Eaten after prayers are said
Fragrant slices warm and soft
Keeping love and dreams aloft.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Hope

We come, we go
We reap and sow
We tread upon the Milky Way

We live, we die
We walk and try
To make some sense of every day

We sit, we stand
We reach out hands
And hope the maker hears us pray.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Hounds

The hounds are nipping at my heels
with foaming mouths and lightning speed
wild wolves with ravenous sharp teeth
like lashing crashing roaring steeds

Their mission only to molest
a'hounding pounding on my chest
I'm helpless on the typhoon's crest
no place of refuge or of rest

The snarling jackals closing in
will I escape their galloping
will I endure apocalypse
that night of darkness and eclipse

Will all the demons cover me
or will salvation rescue me
will ending be a silent sound
and leave me breathless on the ground?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Hours Like Threads

Our minutes and our hours
Weave threads of many dyes
Some yarns so tightly knotted
They cannot be untied

Our minutes and our hours
Are cloth that marks our lives
Sometimes a shielding garment
Sometimes a stifling vise

Our minutes can be precious
Or squandered like coarse wool
Our hours can be cherished
Or drowned by tempter’s pull

Our friends and foes are textures
Of interlacing strands
And those whose love still lingers
Like silken, golden bands

Our minutes and our hours
Are set in numbered runs
In a more cunning fabric
Than human hands have spun

Our minutes and our hours
Weave threads of many dyes
Some yarns so tightly knotted
They cannot be untied.

Liilia Talts Morrison

How could they know?

He signaled me, waving a letter in his free hand
The other leaned on a cane
He spoke no English and the notice was official
What did it say?

I looked and saw it was a senator
One who was known for many years
Yes, he would check to see how soon
His case came up with the authorities

Cuba, he must return to Cuba
I could see it in his face, for he was very old
And could hardly walk
Yet he dressed clean and formal
And smiled to everyone who walked by

A while later another letter came
And again he waved me down in the lobby
No, they could not expedite his request
He had to wait like everyone else

How could they know he could hardly walk
And no one drove him to the store for food
And he was brave and he was kind
And now, he dozes on the lobby sofa.

Liilia Talts Morrison

How Swiftly

How swiftly winds
of earth and sky
fly

Much like sunset glows
wane
in a moment's blink of time
fade

The dark descends
and day's fleeting rays
gone

Deep is the dark
that brings the croaks
frogs in swamps
buzzing bogs

For some
the dawn will not
rise
for others
nightly campfires
burn

For me a hope
one more day
one more day

Winds of change
sunset
dawn.

Liilia Talts Morrison

How to be a friend

He looked intense
People said he ate little and smoked much
He cured many of physical ills
And claimed he walked with God

The sentences seemed flawless indeed
Nor had he fought with fists
Words were his sharp rapier

A friend implored me to read of him
Usually angry, her eyes shone then
She wanted that book back, too

That afternoon I scanned the pages
Allowing images of sallow cheeks, haunted eyes
Disturb the tranquil day

Summer sun shone on well-worn pages
As I wondered who he was
And how to later respond to her

The answer came in one word - crucible
As I began to shovel data into a furnace in me
Where the Word dwells

Some fragments burned to gold
Some dross or simply disappeared
So it was a man, after all

Will I be discreet, gushing or blunt to my friend?
The answer, too, will come
Just like it did that sunny afternoon.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Humid, Ain't It?

'Humid, ain't it? ' is the question
Every year, every summer.
'Is it hot enough for you? '

Every year, every summer
'Yeah, that it is.'
'Got any ice? '

Mayans walk the avenue
Slowly, in groups of two or three or four
Anglos stay indoors
Sun so hot the asphalt melts.

The sleepy lumber company
Waits for a customer.
Sports a concrete alligator in its yard
Down by the railroad tracks.

Royal Poinciana trees flash their orange
against a bright blue sky.
But who is there to stop and wonder?

Women do their shopping early
Way before ten o'clock.
Men make sure their six packs
Are cold and ready.

'Got any ice? '

Liilia Talts Morrison

Hurricane

The streets are deserted now,
The air is still.
(Second swath one hundred eighty to two hundred miles per hour)

How strong?
(All arrows point North by Northwest)

I see a bus way in the distance and begin to walk toward it.
Brace yourself, brace yourself.
(Another swath – one hundred eighty to two hundred miles
per hour peak wind)

Will it be strong enough to ease my pain?
(All arrows point west by Northwest)
(The region is covered with f1 damage)

The bus is here now and I board it.
(A structure on the northwest corner
is the most vulnerable.
Most vulnerable of all are buildings with garages facing the wind)

The stronger the wind begins to roar, the more my hope arises.
Would the physical destruction be vast enough
to touch that cold hard center and bring some relief?

People scrambling for their food, their place to sleep
with their loved ones.
I watch as if from another world.
This means nothing to me.

What do I care about that day?
Nothing seems to matter.
All people seem so far away
And death or life are as a charade.

Come, break the sky, and break the tree.
I'm cold, I cannot feel a thing.
(Two other swaths in the second wind attack the area)

Old people are sitting lined up at a long thin table
Talking of Ukraine and eating macaroni.
(This region is already being smashed by first wind swaths
Coming from the Southeast)

I can't feel a thing.
(These second blasts cause huge destruction)

We are on the stone floor, huddled together..
The toilet does not flush.
(The location of a building is of crucial importance.
A drastic change in wind direction occurs in the path of the eye)

Why do they want water?
(Miniswirls along with microbursts contribute to the chaos)

They cry out for food.
The ancient, shaky, wheelchair bound woman
With drooling lips is alive.
I am dead.

Liilia Talts Morrison

I Am A Voyager

I will forever wander among stars
Mute as a ghost ship with stories to tell
Poised on pale banners spewing memories
Sprinkled onto passing galaxies of
Who, when and where
Who, when and where

Probes poised on borders of a dying star
Decoding records of who sent them
And who received

The rings of mighty planets yet unseen
Silent sentinels on brink of interstellar speed
Wrapped in froth of foamy heliospheric walls

I am a voyager
Hair tossed by solar winds stalling my ghostly galleon
Resisting hewing into tomes of space
The golden record of my life

Utterly unknown the hand to touch them
Eye to see them, ear to hear them
Utterly unknown
Who, when and where
Who, when and where

I am a voyager
My traces permeate the galaxy
Burst free, discharging data to the great beyond

I am a voyager
Who passed the frontier
The point plutonium power sources falter and their interceptors fail

All radios snuffed to silence by Europa's lava flow
Lakes spewing rich volcanoes
Watching, watching hellish magma bursting forth
As my ghost ship exceeds the sun's escape velocity

Big dish antennas pick up Neptune's ice-blue blips
As pulsars flirt with geysers from the bowels of a lonely satellite

My ghost ship now in starship mode
Easily penetrates the frozen-nitrogen surface sheath
Of a slow dying faint blue star

I am a voyager
Geysers of stellar showers blast
Circling with a harsh intent
My ghost ship to annihilate
Who, when and where
Who, when and where

Golden record now rubbish floating in a black beyond
Sails shattered, anchor swept away
No destination and without a course
Adrift in space forever.

Liilia Talts Morrison

I Must

I must write to keep
The darkness from falling
I must paint to see light
When drapes are descending

For bones of old castles
And ghosts come a'calling
To bend and to rend
And whisper of endings

My fingers must move
On the surface of days
Make marks and small scratches
Vague imprints on hours

Since muscles and blood
Buffer bonds of decay
Though feeble, my efforts
Can keep hell at bay.

Liilia Talts Morrison

I Never Did

I often wanted to
But never did
I often stretched my hand
But never touched
I often dreamed a dream
But never woke
I often loved you
But you never knew.

Liilia Talts Morrison

I Saw My Grandkids Today

I saw their curly heads today,
I saw their smiling faces.
Their eyes so dark and piercing
Coming from wondrous places

I touched their little bodies
Their arms so dewy, small
Their cheeks all round and dimpled
Their voices like bird song.

I saw my little grandkids
My daughter’s pride and joy
I saw her guide them gently.
Her darling boys.

Her hands were firm, yet gentle
And I remembered when
Those same hands, then much smaller
Brought wildflowers from the glen
.
Her feet, then so much smaller
Skipped light among the fields
Was it yesterday?
Oh God, was it yesterday?

Liilia Talts Morrison

I Travel Light

Gone are tight rings from timeworn hands
Faint vestiges of past life's bands
Quaint bracelets from my hair and wrists
Protecting fists

The jewels of another day
Can now no longer satisfy
My appetite

It's time to dropp those shackles bright
Erasing symbols of the fight
Cold armor of my striving run
The battle's done

Silver no longer satisfies
Though much esteemed and glorified
By those whose hands still hold the plow
Too heavy now

A treasure box of precious chains
Would only pull me down again
And steely pearls of hematite
Block radiant light

Rubies like blood of battlefields
Dry up when ancient wounds are healed
Blue sapphires pale as ages fly
Toward the sky

My sun-tanned hands are unadorned
And cotton garment loosely worn
Freed from the bonds that once held tight
I travel light.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Idyllic Irish Scene

Soft mist lies on the heather
Fair meadow dressed in green
Moss roses peek from craggy rocks
Idyllic Irish scene

The fields yield pleasing harvests
Long gone harsh seasons lean
When mounts of death crushed down this land
The likes no one had seen

I view this isle from far away
An ocean in between
My heart tugs with sad memories
Of youth and dreams pristine

My spirit longs to go there
Return to what has been
Where brambles wed with berries
Idyllic Irish scene.

Liilia Talts Morrison

If There Be Fault

if there be fault, the fault is mine
i loved too much, drank too much wine
the fruits of passion and the vine
imprisoned me in twisting twine
as excess led to my decline

If there be fault, the fault was mine
from life and joy I now resigned
my voice turned to a rasping whine
salvation had to be divine

If there be fault, the fault was mine
when I accepted that sad line
a voice of night gave me a sign
'Repent, and with me you will dine.'

Liilia Talts Morrison

In My Mind

I walk alone in summer grasses
The air smells sweet of burning wood.

The white clouds nudge pale blue heavens
A mild breeze rises from the south.

Black earth beneath my feet brings comfort
I swat a bug that settles on my nose.

Cornstalks stand tall. Rainstorms will soon be coming.
Three mockingbirds salute me from above.

It's been a long while since I've been there.
My dancing hair hides in a heavy cap.

Life's yoke has pressed me to its blackened bosom
Gold fields of corn are just a dream.

But, look! I see those fields so clearly.
Time plays its games in cunning ways.

Now mockingbirds are singing, I can hear them
As morning promises rise from the dew.

Let's go together to those ancient pastures.
Let's dropp the yokes that weigh our tired frames.

Let's go to places locked in distant memory.
Our love will surely bring us home again.

Liilia Talts Morrison

In My Mind by Michael Morrison

A silly fuzzy in a railway station
Happy only with the shoes on his feet
A little dawta dyin' in a whorehouse
Don't ya know she's got nothin' to eat

And my mum, yeah. She don't got a job now.
She's painting for peanuts and beets.
And don't you know by now
That Michigan Avenue's a red light street.

But in my mind, no-one really is unkind
It's all fine - I can't be bothered wit the pettiness and
Now's the time - to get together and happiness

We've passed the test - we're really drunken
on the red life wine.
We've passed the test - we're really drunken
on the red life wine.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Intelligent Design

The search continues through the years
Who made all this, what is his name
So many people have believed
It came about without a cause
Yet others know without a doubt
A wise creator filled the void
And put in place the universe

Today I heard about a man
Who fought to keep his place at work
When fellow workers pushed him out
For something called intelligent design

When hearing this, I thought aloud
How can the depth of stars and space
Be formed or born from anything
Compared to testing scores in schools
Or blueprints architects can use

In contrast, then I thought again
Who am I who can hardly breathe
Or cause my heart to beat just once
To stand on knowledge there's no source
Nor argue that there is a force

Then I remembered an old line
From a dark soul, Faustus by name
Who said with dreamy eyes, I'm sure
‘Who then can name him
or claim to know him.'

Liilia Talts Morrison

Intervention in SoBe

Lincoln Road is fine on Sunday
Strolling with a newfound friend
Sipping on a latte grande
Checking shops around the bend

In the blinding tropic sunshine
Vendors hawk exotic wares
Much like on the day my lifeline
Tore and almost broke with care

T'was a day much like this noonday
As I walked among such wares
On that very charming walkway
World renowed bright thoroughfare

Colors, flowers, palm trees taunted
As I walked with mission grim
Or did they reach out to comfort
As my loved one was turned in?

If your heart breaks for a dear soul
Who is much too sick to fend
all the pressures of the noonday
Or the hauntings of the night

And you have to take some action
Long withheld for fear and dread
May I wish for you a setting
Filled with flowers to the brim

Lincoln Road is fine on Sunday
Strolling with a newfound friend
Sipping on a latte grande
Checking shops around the bend.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Island Swing

There is an island in the sea
Forgot by time and man
Its sandy shoals are plain and cold
Where tiny sealife crawls

But as with most forsaken rocks
This place as dwelling serves
To hardy folk who fear no dearth
Or loneliness or need

They live from day to day and trust
Their little spot on earth
Is just enough for what they need
To run and fish and sing

There is a battered seaside swing
That’s rocked both young and old
Though some have tumbled when too high
Their bursting heart would speed

Some folks who totter from old age
Still wander to that place
Where as a child, they swung so free
Though now they walk with canes

They see the flowers growing wild
As pretty as can be
No florist in a city shop
Could replicate this scene

Is there a place in your worn heart
An island far away
Where you can go when tide runs low
When life is at its ebb?

There is an island in the sea
Forgot by time and man
Its sandy shoals are plain and cold
Where tiny sealife crawls.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Jacob's Well

She woke on a warm morning
and did some simple chores
her life had not been easy
her youth and joy closed doors

Her people worshipped idols
her marriages were banned
her life with whom she lived now
was not what she had planned

With weary feet and footsteps
she headed for the well
where waters of survival
had for long ages dwelled

The well was dug by Jacob
a holy one of yore
that many people honored
and thriving water poured

She could not be expected
to know that from this day
her life would change forever
the living waters way

The words heard at the wellspring
the day when sin's weight fell
are hewn in stone forever
and millions now retell.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Jumeau Tableau

My dainty French doll
Is not at all droll
With velvet and lace
She's all about grace
Her toes won't be found
Where rag dolls abound.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Just A Bird

I saw a bird when morning came
A black one that is common
In our street where concrete reigns
And car exhausts coughs summon

This ordinary bird just flew
As though he did not wonder
If there would be a seed to eat
Nor length of life to ponder

Though my first feelings when day dawned
Were heavy with foreboding
I could not help from noticing
Some of my dread unloading

For though this bird was nothing rare
Or worthy of great study
Yet his appearance in my view
Was like a welcome buddy

He seemed to say without a word
To leave my thoughts behind me
To rise and spread my human wings
So gentle winds could guide me

Tonight I'm glad to comprehend
This day was brightly molded
As this plain bird with silent nudge
My human wings unfolded.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Just Another Day In Old Miami

It's just another day in old Miami
Another day on timeworn Flagler Street
There's yet another hot dog stand awaiting
A hungry worker or a tourist band

There's still another gum-stained pavement
As heat of summer burns quick shuffling feet
It's where another young soul lost direction
Blank eyes now staring at a concrete wall

It's just another day in old Miami
Well-pressed, well-heeled mix well with beggar bags
And form a blend with fleshy floral garments
Adorning buxom folds of limbs and lust

It's just another day in old Miami
Another day on timeworn Flagler Street
There's yet another hot dog stand awaiting
A hungry worker or a tourist band.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Just Imagine

Just Imagine a sphere
In cold space
Clouds of vapor rise
From blue, green and gold patches
Plains rise to high peaks
Housing something called life

Just imagine
Limbs pulsing with red liquid
Digits crossed
Clenching, bending, clasping
Trigger light emissions
Lips mumbling, fervent, sonorous
Now short waves of a spectrum
Flowing upward

Just imagine
A void
Receiving speeding photons
Aural oscillations
Magnetic rays
Fracturing
The preordained collision

Just imagine
A bombardment
Diffused, reversed
By unsung moves
And fragile voices
With shaky entreaties.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Kaleidoscope

The sun looked down from heaven's nave
My moments flowed like sparkling gems
Illuminating sapphire thoughts
Much like a bright kaleidoscope

At every turn I saw a face
Of sparkling mien and azure eyes
Joy pouring forth from hidden troves
Reflecting mirrors of my heart

The moon now rises in the east
And Venus takes her honored place
Will night reveal cold onyx jewels
And twist a dark kaleidoscope?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Kitchens And Crayons

I remember afternoons
dusty screens and sunny reeds
lawns that needed watering
sandy lanes with sandspurs lined

I remember kitchen talk
slow and marked with silences
soup on a much battered stove
carrots simmering in broth

I remember flies on panes
oily walls with yellowed frames
where a child once marked her path
crayon scribbles hard to blot

I remember roses too
though they did not weather well
summer's heat and dearth of care
withered many plants and hopes

I remember long gone hours
spent in backyard wooden swings
as a faint breeze gently sent
fragrances of citrus blooms

Those were days that never can
be erased in my old mind
never leaving my poor heart
further dimming eyes with tears.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Lacy Handkerchief

Lacy whites and flower patterns,
snowflake doilies, will you buy?
Crisp, pure, starched, amazing details,
Sold in stalls by nimble hands,

I will buy and take this treasure
To my room with transient glee.
For as soon as water hits it
Limp and wrinkled it will be.

Who has made these tempting treasures
In a country far away?
Who has starched them, who has knit them
Who has toiled so endlessly?

Did the hands that made this bounty
Ever get to taste of it?
Did they think as they were toiling
Who the purchaser would be?

As I gently touch this hanky
Pristine clean as snow and ice
I do thank the one who made it
Sweating for a bowl of rice.

And I think of hands that made it.
Were they wrinkled, limp and sad?
Were they big or were they little?
Was their owner still a child?

Thank you for the thrill you gave me
Sitting in my velvet chair
Watching crisp and lacy patterns
Lighting up my day of care.

May your toil be for a purpose
May you rest by end of day
May the fates give you a blessing
Like the one you gave to me.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Lady Blue

She wears a smile, much like her shawl
A buffer from cold drafts
From people, weather's vagaries
Afloat on life's frail raft

Yet she is blue
Her look untrue
Behind by her costume's craft

They say a smile brings happiness
And cheer to one and all
But this blue lady's plastic grin
Is her bizarre downfall

She wears a smile, much like her shawl
A buffer from cold drafts
From people, weather's vagaries
Afloat on life's frail raft.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Land of Luther

Snowy hills and sheltered forests
Youngsters crossing icy lakes
Figurines of chubby angels
Dusted sugar on round cakes

Kitchens in steamed preparation
Brimming bowls of spicy lumps
Men with frosty beards and eyebrows
Hewing logs on massive stumps

Clumsy feudal clogs on stockings
Cradling, warming weary feet
Plowing fields of cruel vassals
Daily pay - a little wheat

Long-tailed pheasants boast bright plumage
In he distance a brown hare
Passive oxen tug their burdens
Slowly panting wintry air

In a cobweb covered attic
Lies a finely crafted book
That a girl inclined to hiding
Finds and leafs with furtive look

There it is she finds a story
Of a rose that once burst forth
On a night in dead of winter
Born to light the icy north

Crumbling walls hide many secrets
In that land where Luther preached
Worshipers once hid their Bibles
While men fought religion's breach

Time passed and those daring theses
Once inflaming priests and kings
Thawed the frozen land to open
Hearts and eyes to freely sing

Even now rapt words from hymnals
Still resound with potent force
As the Father, mighty fortress
Shields the lowly with his sword

Luther's is a noble story
Told in history's thick books
Few today forgotten hymnals
Placed in hovels' darkest nooks

In that land where few things linger
Of those days so long ago

Did that youth who found the Bible
Secret readings soon outgrow?

Now gray-headed, she will enter
That long stream of centuries
Sprinkled with the songs of children
And blood shed on lands and seas

Tales of courage, wondrous stories
Are oft spun as campfires glow
Will that heart inclined to hiding
Still remember that small rose?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Last Date

Night now falls
the hour is late
time has come
it will not wait

Days of fancy
and of song
long have faded
moved along

From the shadows
by the gate
fate appears
the final date

This appointment
won't take long
none escapes
nor can prolong

Night now falls
the hour is late
time has come
it will not wait.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Last Love

You kissed me through a chain link fence
That day I saw you last
The one you'd scaled so easily
When on your nightly haunts

I felt those lips, now tinged with steel
As hot as midday burns
I couldn't touch your sinewed limbs
Bronze icons, comely turned

The gate was locked, what did you care?
Unbounded was your soul
A captivating ride in air
On black wings without goal

I tried to leave you many times
In forest brambles hidden
In thickets like a wounded deer
Feet marred from blisters trodden

When I returned (you knew I would)
You hewed a barricade
So I might not escape again
As if I ever could

That chain link fence is long since gone
Replaced by concrete posts
The woods, our secret lair of love,
A tended field of groves

Where are you flying free, my dear?
Whom have you captured now
Besides my heart that won't forget
Those chain links on my brow

You kissed me through a chain link fence
That day I saw you last
The one you'd scaled so easily
When on your nightly haunts.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Letting Go

It was just as it once had been when our house filled with mirth
So much to do so much to care with children blessed from birth
Because the day was brimming with activity and fun
As daughter and her children stayed at grandma’s place hard won

Remembering that long lost time before age came to stay
As bright eyed, hopeful, they went forth and I began to pray
Today we said our fond goodbyes and wishes for good cheer
The room then settled to a pall - they were no longer here

A feeling of a sadness great then filled my waning life
I never would relive again those days of mom and wife
My husband died so long ago, our youngest met the Lord
An unexpected, painful day when angels, spirits soared

Too many things have come and gone - my heart can hardly name
But in my room of solitude it’s hard to still the pain
Yet I am grateful for God’s gifts and blessings from above
As words of faith and hymns of old still carry me with love

As evening falls I try so hard to bear the silence now
When play and laughter are long gone like ghosts in afterglow
I lie here on a narrow bed and feel the sadness grow
A feeling almost close to dread – I cannot let it go

Yet I believe that little babe whose birth we so adore
Can help with faith to comfort me as He oft did before
He is our friend no matter where in time our journey leads
From childhood’s trials and midlife cares to sadness in old age

Yes, there’s a time to let kids go to walk on paths unknown
Their chance to fly and try their wings in fields untried, unsown
All I can do is pray and hope when their feet bleed, hearts faint
That Christ in all his glory comes to pick them up again.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Life Happens Now

This is the moment to breathe free
To turn your eyes above
The birds are flying in the sun
Why miss their gloried run?

This is the time to pull the sheets
Off from your tousled head
Get up and greet the flowing brook
It's waiting for your look.

Life happens now, my friend
Tomorrow is too late
Run barefoot in green meadow gold
What treasures they can hold

This is the moment to breathe free
To turn your eyes above
The birds are flying in the sun
Why miss their gloried run?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Life's Lesson

When young it was so easy
so easy to be me
i ran in dew filled pastures
and climbed on aspen trees

When I grew up the game changed
no more was freedom free
the shackles of adulthood
uncalled for, unforeseen

Old age crept up with vengeance
and my fair hair turned gray
then angels sent from heaven
came down to ease the way

My friend, when life gets painful
and brick walls fence you in
stop clawing them and let go
then true life will begin.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Like A Butterfly

She was a tenant in our building
frail energetic dressed so bright
clothing like veils and rainbow baubles
and patterns like a butterfly

She cried to me that she was useless
her life was but 'what might have been'
for she was now way past those decades
when people still do what they want

What could I say to this slim person
who looked much like a daffodil
or flower from a special garden
was this not good enough to be

She walked or rather tripped like sea terns
and sparkled with most cunning shawls
among the gray slow moving oldsters
she was a peacock among hens

Was this not cause and firm assurance
that living hope and beauty own
to brighten a dirt spattered sidewalk
with fancy sandals and light gait

The meadows fill with summer flowers
and none would wish to be a tree
a bush, a bird or other creature
they know their purpose and their way

I uttered words of bland assurance
that like a blossom she brings joy
to those sad folks who shuffle slowly
and wear old shabby careless clothes

She was a tenant in our building
frail energetic brightly dressed
with sashes veils and rainbow baubles
in patterns like a butterfly.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Like Ripples on the Water

Like ripples on the water
My thoughts so gently cast
Soft glimpses to the future
And houses of the past

The children in the daisies
The old folks at the home
Beyond the hill a swim hole
Where dragonflies held sway

The apples of the autumn
The singing of a tyke
With hair of gold and sunbaked
Whose heart would later break?

Oh, how those days passed quickly
Into a haze of gray
My hands, no longer vibrant
Soon will return to clay

The future still looks rosy
Though eyes are dim with age
My children are my offer
Writ on life's golden page.

Though one of them has left me
A parting oh so hard
He left a little clover
Reminder in the yard.

Although my life is passing
And family spread apart
They left their print forever
Upon this mother's heart.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Like Seeds

Like grains spewn from a sower’s hand
We helpless refugees like chips
Were herded onto cold, gray ships
To distant countries, foreign lands
Then dropped on salty sands

Black fingers of the plague of war
Touched villages remote and kind
Abruptly leveled them with gore
Gripped gloried towns with bombs and mines
Until the terror drained its cup
With nothing left to pour

Then, when the dust and shrapnel shells
Were covered with Spring rain and grass
The ones in charge found refugees
Uprooted from their homes en masse
And they attuned to freedom’s bell

It took some time before the hordes
Began to have a feeble hope
Realizing that their newfound lands
Were peaceful, strong, with helping hands
So after years learning to cope
They saw their roots had been restored

Like grains spewn from a sower’s hand
We helpless refugees like chips
Were herded onto cold, gray ships
To distant countries, foreign lands
Then dropped on salty sands.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Lincoln Road Revisited

I sit and watch the crowds walk by
As they have done for years
Of late, they seem much better dressed
Well scrubbed and full of cheer

Beyond the canopy of trees
And diners in cafes
I note a building by a wall
Still draped in yesterdays

That's where I shed so many tears
In just a little room
Where many hopes and dreams were crushed
In midnight's pallid gloom

I suffered many agonies
As loved ones lost their way
Helpless in bondage of disease
While demons held full sway

Those days are but a memory
Not easily recalled
Unless I happen on that street
And see beyond that wall.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Little Gypsy

Tell me truly, little gypsy
Do you hail from India
Persia, Siam, in the mountains
Or the coasts of Libya

Are your trinkets, sequins, bangles
Meant to shelter from all harm
Golden earrings, velvet ribbons
Colored bodkins keep you warm

Laces, ribbons, flowered sashes
Pearls in rows all dangling down
Is your costume and demeanor
Like the greasepaint of a clown

In the distance is your wagon
Painted boldly, like a toy
Is your life as bright and jolly
Stealing kisses from a boy

When the violins at even
Start the tragic songs of old
Voices mingling by the campfire
Do you cry or still act bold

Soon it's time to move the family
Horses, dogs and children small
Leaving yet another valley
Will you miss it not at all

Are your soul and body fashioned
From a cloth of ancient weave
Strands of silver, fringes scarlet
Asking you to never grieve

Little gypsy, tell me truly
Please don't fool me with a lie
When you leave another village
Do you really mean goodbye?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Live and Learn

She sat across the booth from me
Telling of kith and kin
Unending were her siblings' woes
Valleys of untold grief
Please note, my friend is eighty-two

Her sister who was older still
Is doomed in Mexico
Jorge her no good husband is
Kaput, finis, checked out at last
'Twere best she should go too

I wondered why my lunchtime friend
Just now seemed like a kid
Kayaking on the sea of life
Lamenting much distress
Is this not now a time of rest?

Tides of long lives have washed us down
Until our bodies creak
Ventricles shot, our tired hearts should seek
Where wisdom might be found
But some may never reach that ground.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Long Forgotten Roads

Moving on those time worn roads
 Places, spaces, old abodes
Decades melting heavy loads
Graces, paces goading toads

Poems rising, fractured codes
Stymied rhyming, clumsy odes
Accidental travel plans
Sucked me to this haunted trance

Sizing, rising snails and toads
Bending, tending to corrode
Crows in rows of blackened mode
Marking moments pigeon-toed

Gracing, tracing fingers bold
Colder bony knuckles fold
Over moldy bookmarks rolled
Moisture mottled musk enfolds

Bloated frogs of terror’s game
Leaping, blotting hope in shame
Taunting, haunting hidden lanes
Choosing losers counterclaims

Seeping, creeping in the brain
Scant relief to be insane
Untold fears arise again
Loved ones huddle in the rain

Winter’s cold and heat again
Howling, shouting in white pain
Breaking innocents’ last grain
Harvesting a sought for claim

Cheap the human soul is sold
For a penny not of gold
Trusting, rusting metal molds
Rising, sizing vizes hold

Blessing, dressing cuts in twine
Meshing into wailing tines
Crawling into banyan vines
Ever into time enshrine

Twisted bristling braided knots
Casting flesh to gamblers lots
Numbered daily with have-nots
Sleeping numbly on wet cots

Kittens smitten, strayed from home
Metal pushing, pounding chrome

Till the noonday heat melts domes
Sweating tears in ocean’s foam

Orange glows the summer moon
Bathing buildings dressed in doom
Who will save this wretched room
Wrapped in glitter, stained and groomed

Faces, traces streaming by
Itching witches bending ties
Anger raging from small cracks
Slashing skin and breaking backs

Bring them on, those horses, trains
Mighty muscles, hoofs and manes
Snorting, sporting leather bands
Inky, stinky, grasping hands

Silver rings enmeshing toes
Piercing lobes and fungal woes
Creeping, sleeping in the bush
Clipping hedges green and lush

Blasting music small relief
Breaking pavements blistered grief
Shadows following our paths
Calling, taunting, do the math

Derelicts in ragged threads
Loosely hanging from sour beds
Holding on to grains of grief
Clasping, clutching papers brief

Feebly drawing hungry breath
Marked for suffering and death
Snuffed and puffed and huffed by smog
Self inflicted murky bog

Crows are perched on wires in rows
Winged lives in feathered clothes
Watching human dangers, woes
Stoic as a bird that knows

Wayward cats and parrots small
Stolen gifts in shower stalls
Moments oh so very brief
Glimmering a small relief

Dusty times and musty air
Dank depression everywhere
Fantasy goes for a dime
Pride and prejudice sublime

Lurking murky tarot ways
Sweet the pill of heathen stays
Now evolves to grit and slime
Hard earned bread sopped into grime

Saved by rabbis, guided soon
To a thinking, sinking gloom
Who will listen to this rant
Scantly cloaked in writers cramp

Meshing moments threshing grief
Healing, stealing tortured thief
Prison schism scant relief
Pills and chills in chambers brief

Etched and branded on my dais
Will time’s march wring out that craze
Far removed from those dark days
Drenched in tears and pale malaise

How can I forget past scenes
Etched and branded in my genes
Galloping depression’s blues
That not even death can soothe

May those paths that I once trode
Still stay fresh as age corrodes
Brains in chains and body bowed
Ah, those long forgotten roads.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Longest Running Show

We enter into life’s strong flow
We join the longest running show

Sometimes the spotlight is too bright
The masks grotesque with frigid fright
Sometimes we hide in rafters shade
Old faded curtains cover made

A bard once said the play’s the thing
And I agree it’s quite a fling
As comedies and tragedies
Weave in and out in endless tease

Yet there will be no final act
The theater’s owner is well backed
No earthly angels to implore
Their lucre in this play to pour

The actors in the play of life
Can rest assured their stint is rife
With promises and blessings true
Their show will span beyond the blue

We enter into life’s strong flow
We join the longest running show.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Longing

I long to be part of the life flow
To swim in that bubbling stream
To ebbing and flowing of faint dreams
Unending in bending it seems.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Look Above

Raise your gaze above the blue
watch the creatures of the sky
watch them flying by and by

Shapes of clouds forever new
breezes gnudging them to fly
far beyond the human eye

Look above and take a clue
Evening shadows soon fall nigh
Stretch your gaze before you cry

Darkness soon will swallow you
Night descends with bands to tie
eyes and hands and will to try

Raise your gaze above the blue
watch the creatures of the sky
watch them flying by and by.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Losers, Weepers

Losers weepers, terror seekers
Overwhelming pathos keepers

Witches hovels refuse sweepers
Screaming cursing at grim reapers

Weepers morphing into losers
Who accused and who accuser

Losers weepers, terror seekers
Overwhelming pathos keepers

Who abused and who abuser
Hell their puppeteer and user

Witches hovels refuse sweepers
Screaming cursing at grim reapers

Overwhelming pathos keepers
Losers weepers, terror seekers.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Lunchtime On The Road

Lunchtime happens on the Road
Time to see and to be seen
Sushi, tofu, miso soup
Creole crabs from Guadeloupe
Green umbrellas, orange wraps
Quaint tattoos and baseball caps

Lunchtime happens on the Road
Time to see and to be seen
Pizza done in rustic style
Cognizenti find worthwhile
Models sporting rhinestone pumps
Inline skaters doing jumps

Lunchtime happens on the Road
Time to see and to be seen
Canines of the finer set
Far above a common pet
Nibble on a salmon dish
Never touching tuna fish

Lunchtime happens on the Road
Time to see and to be seen
Peddlers offer palm frond hats
Masseurs spread blue yoga mats
Chocolate truffles offered free
Health freaks sip on strong green tea

Lunchtime happens on the Road
Time to see and to be seen
I observe these daily rites
Colorful and upbeat sights
Then when I have had my fling
Go and eat at Burger King.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Marked For Life

My skin does not display tattoos
Nor piercing dot my nose
I may look like a passerby
But I am marked for life

My leg does not show branding scars
Nor handcuff scabs on wrists
No blisters dot my even skin
Nor scars from jail melees
I may look like a passerby
But I am marked for life

I do not limp from twisted bones
No beatings from man's hand
My knees have not felt pilgrim pain
From climbing Mount Royal
I may look like a passerby
But I am marked for life

You cannot see my heart or soul
Nor comprehend my yoke
Though on the outside I am free
Of earthly signs or bonds
I may look like a passerby
But I am marked for life

One night the Lord asked me to serve
And I have done so since
I still look like a passerby
But God has marked my life.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Meadows Of Life

Among life's sprouting reeds
I was a prickly weed
Hurt others with misdeeds
Puffed with self-centered greed

I watched small humble seeds
Let God tend to their needs
They thrived and grew with speed
With beauteous blooms indeed

I want to join that breed
That follows Jesus' lead
Among his flock to feed
And with his love succeed.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Metal Madness

The metal filings of my mind
Shards piercing a long hidden mine
They stir up pools of brackish brine
And grind, and grind, and grind, and grind

Sometimes it’s hard to just go on
They will not stop until the dawn
They draw me to the lead of guilt
With coils of shame securely built

Sometimes it’s hard to look for hope
Sometimes it’s hard to try to cope
Yet there’s a force that’s tried with fire
That pulls all metals to its pyre

The painful shards that poke my mind
Can with one stroke their tortures bind
There is a magnet in the sky
That tames all metals by and by.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Mexico Lindo

Mexico Lindo crowds my soul
A land where colors rule the day.
Its people have small hope or goal.
With poker face life’s cards they play.

The teeming markets brim with spice,
Chorizos smoke and maize abounds.
Its maidens soon succumb to vice
Of greasy bellies, harsher sounds.

A caballero plunks guitars
As heavy cotton sashes glow,
By light of moon with craters scarred
The peasants breathing slow and low.

Old Mexico is just a dream
In gringos' eyes used to the sun.
Sombreros shade the hidden seam,
A garment tough as whip and gun.

Mexico Lindo beauty carves
From roses red in blood of fears.
Its vision bound by wires barbed.
The rain is but collective tears.

I will not go to Mexico
To celebrate the day of death.
To graves that open, reap and sow,
Beginnings end like choking breath.

Mexico Lindo crowds my soul.
A land where colors rule the day.
Its people have small hope or goal.
With poker face life’s cards they play.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Miami - Dark and Light

There are two sides to every city
Each village has its ups and downs
No suburb lacks a good and bad side
Nor does Miami stand apart

Somehow the crowds that walk on Flagler
The street dividing North and South
Their light sides seem to be more shiny
While alleys dark are much more so

There's something tragic in this fast pace
Amid the well-fed and well-shod
The homeless wretched seem more needy
Than any other place I've been

There are two sides to every city
Each village has its ups and downs
No suburb lacks a good and bad side
Nor does Miami stand apart.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Michael, Tall and Fair

God bless you Michael, tall and fair,
You were the brightest one.
You always were a hero
Gracing our lives with song.

I loved you too much Michael,
A mother’s greatest error.
I felt your pain too fiercely,
Dark cries in nightly terror.

You’re gone now, my dear Michael,
Your voice I cannot hear.
The poems and the singing
Are silenced now, I fear.

You’ve blossomed into manhood,
A child no more.
Can you forgive my holding on?
You were the brightest one.

I had to let you go, son,
It was the hardest thing.
The house is ever silent,
No happy ring.

When time is full, dear Michael,
And angels take you home
I wish for you a new song
That’s not been heard before.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Mocha Moment

It was just a weekend moment
Not expected, planned that day
Friends now met, then parted ever
In a soon defunct café.

Toffee, coffee, cocoa, mocha
Velvet veskits, beads of jade
Dainty teas in thinnest porcelain
Rich aromas, curries rare.

There we sat, sipped tea with biscuits
Spoke of books 'bout love's endgame
Amethysts, éclairs and sapphires
Dancing in the ocean's rain

Did that girl with braids remarry
Or that boy destroy his dreams?
Time has crushed all known existence
In its alabaster schemes

Did the incense fragrance linger
In my hair and grungy clothes
Caramel chocolate blend with laughter
Flowing tresses, bells on toes?

As I sit in distant tower
box of ivory, neat and clean
Memories rise like silken sashes
Golden goblets, pearly dreams.

Far away is that brief moment
Long forgotten, I must say
But each time I feel a sadness
Velvets, toffee, come to play.

It was just a weekend moment
Not expected, planned that day
Friends now met, then parted ever
In a soon defunct café.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Moonbeams and Comets

When I was young I wondered
why stars would twinkle so
while gazing through my window
a most fantastic show

Time came when I no longer
looked up or watched the sky
grown women have their duties
no time to question why

Yet in my deepest bosom
I wondered if some night
an impish little moonbeam
would touch me in its flight

You never gave me warning
you never said a word
it only took an instant
my world became absurd

Though seeming like a lifetime
the time with you was short
obsession overheated
its flame quick to abort

They speak of two ships passing
when night and sea shine blue
our love affair resembled
two comets crashing through

The aftermath is painful
it's hard to settle down
to life of ordered balance
when embers singe my gown

The road ahead looks scary
no signs to show the way
but as my gaze turns upward
the moon and stars still play.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Morning

Now morning sneaks upon my face
Eyes slowly peel their wraps
The night has been quite dark, quite long
An endless, somber apse

The mind now races back and forth
To find a purpose, goal
Yet weight of limbs and leaden mind
Press down with heavy soles

I look upon some scraps of bread
Cold coffee in the pot
Perhaps they'll help to stir me up
To face my present lot

And then I see a glass of blue
Aglimmer on my plate
So pretty and so like a poem
To pen one I can't wait

Of all the strivings high and low
We mortals so oft crave
Can answers lie in just a cup
And rhymes our souls to save?

Now morning sneaks upon my face
Eyes slowly peel their wraps
The night has been quite dark, quite long
An endless, somber apse.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Morning Cup Of Coffee

There's nothing like a cup of coffee
Accompanied by toasted bread
Its bitter flavor helps to brace for
The battles of the day ahead

The bread is like a layer of armor
Protecting fragile plans and hopes
Then in the push and shove of living
You have a fighting chance to cope

When morning gloom has spread its pallor
On furniture and brain and mood
There is one thing to get you going
A pot of coffee, dark, strong-brewed.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Morning Walk

Excellent

Thoughs of morning
Morning Walk by Liilian
Author View
Author Tools:
FAQ: What are certificates? | What are stars? | How do I become a ranked author?

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ABOUT
LIILIAN
a free spirit who has enjoyed the beauty and challenges of Florida her entire adult life. Much of her poetry and short stories have a sub-tropical theme. An empty nester, she finds writing a terrific way to give meaning to life. Loves simplicity, nature and nostalgia.

Portfolio | Become A Fan

Reeds and weeds and morning glories
Wave their greetings as I walk
While a mockingbird pronounces
Chatty plans in twittered talk

Fluffy, bouncy clouds like cotton
Bow to rays of rising sun
As the stage of this day brightens
For its players large and small

Soon the egrets start their soaring
Coos of mourning doves emerge
Whispering of secret wisdoms
Only known to birds and God

As the day wears on so many
Flowers, reeds succumb to death
Yet at sunset my frail flower
Still is given one more chance.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Mountain Fever

They scaled the peaks close to the sky
some never to descend
yet some returning to their homes
bore wounds that would not mend

Like rock-hewn graven images
those faces would return
of bodies that the mountain took
to hoard in snowcapped urns

Survivors nightmares can't be quenched
by time or well lived lives
those painful eyes of comrades lost
cut deep like hunting knives

It's said the summit can't be claimed
by those who reach the peak
until they're safely back in camp
by luck or by technique

Yet blessed or cursed, the quest goes on
in those who have succumbed
to mountain fever's virulence
and hell and heaven plumbed.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Moving Moon

The moon creeps slowly westward
As planets orbit onward
My thoughts fall into channels
Unknown to daylight panels
I think about a promise
Arising from old pages
Of scrolls inscribed in ages
Revealed to bards and sages

A promise not to gather
And swell the earth with flooding
From waters held by heaven
To drown all wicked leaven
The beauty of a rainbow
To seal that mighty promise
A comfort that creation
Is caused by more than whimsy

Thoughts of a time predicted
Invade my mind and memory
Stars losing lights and places
Moons spurting blood in traces
I shudder at that warning
And hope fair morning's dawning
Will gold sun and warming
Instead of doom and dying

May God still stay that ending
For much still needs my tending
Heart needing peace from yearnings
And unfulfilled road bendings
The moon now moves more swiftly
And brightens to a glowing
As of a warm cheek holding
A kindly word intending

It whispers that we mortals
Still stand on respite's portal
To work a work of loving
And broadcast harvest sowing
Though sleep is slow in coming
I somehow feel a comfort
A tiredness to slumber
Assured that all my blunders
Still have a chance of mending
Before that final ending.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Musty Room

I'm trapped in this musty room
All by myself, my mind, my heart
And my stomach.
A dusty window reveals
The time of day, the weather

I'm hungry now.
Find a piece of bread
A voice calls me
Be alone, it says
Rest and let go of
The must, the will and the need to.
My heart whispers now
Embrace the patient call of life.

It's always there
Waiting for me
In the musty room,
The silent space
Between two buildings
To stop the I and feel
The simple miracle of now,
The magic of just being.

Liilia Talts Morrison

My Best

While you are in my life
those few moments
we speak
sit together
have a cup of coffee
mention the weather
the family
the ills
the pills

in those few moments
let me give you my best
try not to lie
to sigh

let me listen
just a little bit more
and talk
just a little bit less

it may be
we will never
meet again
or talk
of weather
or ills
or pills.

Liilia Talts Morrison

My Cup

I recall a tiny room
Cramped with solitude and gloom
Silverfish with minute feet
Crawling on a dusty broom

Haunting fears would not let up
As I warmed my only cup
Hotplate perched on a small chair
Waiting for my evening sup

This was all so long ago
For God took his mighty bow
Flung me as an arrow high
Far above that frightful low

As I clean my sparkling place
A quaint mirror shows my face
Mouth is smiling yet my eyes
Show a trace of days gone by.

Liilia Talts Morrison

My Morning

Morning dawns again
So do I
May my sun shine brighta

Liilia Talts Morrison

My Purple Place

Those days when terrors fill my soul
With claws all thoughts embracing
When tiny breaths are hard to bear
Frustration's threads enlacing
I go into my sheltered place
With purple walls as pickets
They buffer every thorny fear
And hug me in their thickets.

Liilia Talts Morrison

My Room

I’ve lived in many places
That are forgotten now
And traveled many countries
They seem so far somehow

Then in a flimsy shelter
A spot of rest I found
To bind my wounds and harbor
From dangers that abound
This little room with four walls
Far from the beaten path
Has held me safe in solace
From life’s harsh aftermath

Gently like little bird chirps
My tales begin to grow
Like when I ruined that curtain
I knew not know to sew
Or when they fixed the bathroom
As water gushed about
Or when I got a new broom
Of which I was so proud

I’ve lived in many places
I don’t remember where
My wanderings now ended
In ways so small and fair.

Liilia Talts Morrison

My Sandals

Thank you for the pebbles
that rub against my sandals
the little grains of sand that serve
to season tender foot soles

You make my rocky path more firm
and strengthen my resolve
to keep on walking strong and straight
while looking to the distance.

Liilia Talts Morrison

My Silesia

Green are the boughs near my abode
And sunlight fills my room.
Gold blossoms dropp from golden trees
And jasmine fills the air.

Yet my heart yearns for barren fields,
For cloudy skies and rain
For lonely trees of evergreen
And stumps and crags of wood.

Silesia, I long for you
Your ancient fate so cruel
The blood that drenched your stony fields
Does hallow it for sure.

Your people eked a life too harsh
Yet clung to lands so dear
A stranger's blows you suffered well
Your folk well versed in fear.

When all the battlefields lie down
And rest in peace on earth
Silesia will surely cry
'Life's nothing, if not dearth.'

Yes, boughs are green near my abode
I left that land of pain
Yet jasmine sweet and blossoms gold
Will never own my soul.

Liilia Talts Morrison

My Space

Somebody gave me shelter
I have it for this day
I try to keep it simple
And pleasant to display

I move out excess items
And pick up things I drop
So when another enters
It is a pleasing stop

One day a lady told me
God doesn’t really care
If things are somewhat messy
He only wants our prayers

I thought about this comment
And wondered why I should
Not care for shelter given
By God, a room so good.

Liilia Talts Morrison

My Worn Heart

See the evening shadows fall
my worn heart has felt so much
it has slowed down to a crawl
yet it pulses to your touch
and still wants to give its all
groping memories to clutch
yet it pulses to your touch
my worn heart has felt so much.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Nepalese Tea Express

When Ma has stopped her sweeping
And Pa snuffed out the lamps
And all the world is sleeping
It’s time for tales by Gramps

In slow and mellow whispers
The stories start to roll
Of far and distant mountains
And creatures odd and droll

Tonight we hear the scampers
Of tiny little feet
And squeaks and muffled scratches
Of mice who seek a treat

But Grandpa won’t believe it:
“That’s not a mouse at all
But a rare riding rodent
From tall peaks of Nepal

“He drives a little buggy
Bright red with wheels of green
And steals all pretty teacups
From folks asleep in dreams

“For in the Himalayas
There’s lots of spice and tea
But pretty cups and saucers
Are seldom to be seen

“So if your Ma should ask you
Where her nice cup could be
Just tell her it’s been taken
To Nepal for their tea.”

Liilia Talts Morrison

Neptune's Daughter

Oh, may my life a river be
Days flowing like green water
My liquid moments shine like drops
Embracing Neptune's daughter

Oh, may I float in waves of love
Swim out to friend and foe
Move gracefully with seaside nymphs
As trade winds gently blow

Oh, may the ebbing of my tide
Blot tears from sea blue eyes
Forever stayed on clouds above
As seagulls gently fly

Let me be clothed with veils of rose
That color morning streams
Till every fluid mermaid trance
Fades into moonlight beams.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Night Tells

They tell us now to seize the day
And pirouette through hours
It's true the day's indeed a stage
But it's the night that tells

In dawn's fair light we don our masks
Pomading hair in twists
We wrap ourselves in linen robes
Gold bordered, swathed with pearls

By midday audiences throng
As we proceed to dance
White orchids land upon our feet
From clapping, shouting fans

Then evening comes and curtains drop
Their deep red velvet veils
Our makeup greasy now and pale
Fine costumes ripped and worn

Then night falls on our wrinkled beds
Unfit to view on stage
Klieg lights transform to barest bulbs
On ceilings cracked with age

Then slumber numbs out all the jazz
And glories of the day
Masks comic and of tragic mien
Transform to monster size

At last a strange and haunting star
Shines through the dusty panes
Of one small window in our flat
As we succumb to sleep

That's when the one who backs the play
Decides what's wheat, what's chaff
For days are stages filled with props
But it's the night that tells.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Night Visitor

The truth comes out
in the later of the late hours
when there is no traffic hum
no talk or chirping of birds
and I am just alone, so alone
I can hear my mind wander

it goes back to a very old place
wandering child in a large manor
no furniture and no obstructions
only a little child in the world

Then without being invited
the truth settles down
like a fog
long before the world begins again
once again
before the early chirping of birds
before the slow beginning of day
before the present returns

This uninvited visitor will remain
forever in consciousness
but because it is truth
it settles quietly
among the other thoughts
and needs no space

Since it is truth
and has no form
no demands
it just is.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Nightmareland

I wandered in and out of rooms
Enmeshed in clinging cobweb looms
Sharp yellowed shards lined dusty floors
Pierced feet intruding shadow doors

Nobody heard or saw me cry
As pockmarked walls closed out the sky
Whilst from a source I could not tell
A dirge arose to sound its knell

I knew at once it was for me
Yet strangely had no urge to flee
Then suddenly a bony hand
Nudged me awake from nightmareland.

Liilia Talts Morrison

No More Secrets

Time came when hidden knots
dark secrets clogged in clots
arose from rotting cots
revealing feudal plots

time's fingers reached that cave
untangling strings of twine
unraveled whispered lies
lay bare the iron vise
snapped loose old musty chains
turned dust to muddy veins
as rose the tide of years

time stomped on covert schemes
as pus of feuds poured forth
in streams like bloody veins
too stark to dwell in dreams

time's waters wore the flint
and rock of stubborn pride
till all the traps were sprung
as friends and strangers met
on deserts 'neath bare skies

as sun's last rays died down
all stood upon the strand
no longer clothed in fame
or poverty's gray robes

that's when the candle burned
the chaff of falsehood's clothes
and there they stood unshod
unsung, undone by fate.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Nomads Called Aestii

Ancient imprints of dark memories
Deeply wrapped in folds forgotten
Branded unto every fiber
Of my Aestii people's bloodline

Since the dawn of time they wandered
Searching for a hoped for shelter
Riding, walking, seeking daily
Huddling, struggling bands of nomads

At land's end they found green pastures
Rivers flowing rich with fishes
Waters mighty, lakes refreshing
There they rested, there they settled

Yet their epic hero suffered
Where his mother, father lingered
Their fair son was cut asunder
Bloody legs and fist soon shackled
In an underworld of torture

Like a mirror of that saga
Aestii people were uprooted
Rounds of fiery shrapnel bombing
Like a bucking stallion's thunder

Peaceful farmers lost their homesteads
Forced to wander in all seasons
Still recalling fields and meadows
Crops now spoiled and plots left fallow

Yet as lasting as the courage
Of the hero down in Hades
Are the strains of long set patterns
Of those distant hordes of nomads

As my evening draws to ending
I recall my birth beginnings
It seems strange that I'm not broken
Over lost lands and lost friendships

Then recalling nomad imprints
Seared and branded in our blood veins
And as much as we love Aestii
We remain as tough as need be

Knowing that though wars may tumble
Lands and peoples like a jumble
Still we have the earth to walk on
A great sky to see and learn from

That young hero is now loosened

When a sword brought faith on crosses
Pouring balm on times of serfdom
Bringing warmth to harshest winters

Yes the Aestii still are breathing
Air God gave to all his people
None need be displaced or wanting
When his hope is placed in heaven

We no longer have to pine for
Wheat filled fields and blue-eyed neighbors
If our hearts are filled with Jesus
Turning strangers into brothers

Those who spewed us from our lodgings
Are forgiven and forgotten
For there is but one great treasure
Tolerance with mercy's measure

Is there not a deeper instinct
More remote than nomad imprints
Is there not a need a burning
To find God and end all yearning?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Nooks and Crannies

Nooks and crannies of my mind
in odd hours are inclined
much like mice and galley rats
flapping, sapping blinding bats
first to gnaw and then to crawl
on my sanity's thin wall

Nooks and crannies of my room
straw lined nests foreboding doom
rise like nightly fog at sea
quickly overtaking me
spreading like a wind torn sail
on the deck where I now flail

Nooks and crannies, hidden caves
darken lucid ocean waves
where my ship has set its course
underneath the current's source
compass, sextant, instruments
fail in liquid impotence

Never was a voyage free
of those nooks we cannot see
Never was a mast so strong
to withstand the siren song
of a cranny's hidden draw
turning sturdy wood to straw

Nooks and crannies of my mind
in odd hours are inclined
much like mice and galley rats
flapping, sapping blinding bats
first to gnaw and then to crawl
on my sanity's thin wall.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Not Sure

The year is young, my life springs new
a chance to start again
blot out those fields of green and blue
the toil of farming men

No longer are my feet awash
with dirt among the rows
of rich, green okra, corn or squash
and blisters on my toes

In concrete pastures do I laugh
clean, tidy is my room
my baskets rough and full of chaff
I've traded for a broom

The new year brought a neighborhood
so pretty and so fine
I wouldn't trade it if I could
turn back the paths of time

The evening sunset I can see
from windows wide and high
no fighting the mosquito, bee
In fading nightly sky

So why am I quite lonely now
why do I dream of fields
blood red as crotons lowly bow
and bougainvillea yields

'Oh you'll get used to it, ' they say
and they are right, I'm sure
those memories saved along the way
are past, they won't endure

Is not a sunset just as pink
when seen from marbled sill
as running breathlessly to drink
a glimpse of day's last will

My rocky journey is at end
my place so calm, secure
yet when that orange orb descends
at night, I am not sure.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Ocean's Edge

I yearn to sit on ocean's edge
When wind and rain are raging
While clinging to a rocky ledge
Feel God's great power engaging

I want to run on sandy brine
Hair blown in all directions
While seagulls gracefully align
With gusty storm reflections

The beach is just a little while
From my small landlocked room
Yet unseen fingers, cold and vile
Hold me in their dark womb

I yearn to sit on ocean's edge
When wind and rain are raging
While clinging to a rocky ledge
Feel God's great power engaging.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Old Hymns

Thoughts of days long gone away
Hymns sung in a humble way
Pious hands in kind laps lay
Fingers crossed to gently pray

Windows letting in God's light
Softening the coming night
Eyes still red from streams of tears
Holding on though long in years

Dreaming of those days of old
Timeworn pews worth more than gold
Faces plain yet with a glow
Eyes so single voices low

Long forgotten are those days
Laid aside those hallowed ways
Now replaced by mighty powers
Trading gold in granite towers

A lone poet mourns the day
Hymns sung in a humble way
Faded as hearts turned away
Minds and hearts forgot to pray

Thoughts of days long gone away
Hymns sung in a humble way
Pious hands in kind laps lay
Fingers crossed to gently pray.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Old Photo Albums

Cardboard jewels twist around dried petals
On black frayed pages, gray with age
Little babies in stiff starched bonnets
Perch on laps of stern parents
Whose eyes are stark and cold..
Sad sleepless eyes look out from
Timeworn tin types

Musty silver frames hold
Lace hearts as women
with huge brimmed hats
Hold their breaths in waspy waists
Hydrangea bushes hide
a cottage made in style of
Bat on board.

Who is that man standing in the front?
Why he died a week later
In that very house.
He was smiling
Just as if he would live forever.

She, the one with the white summer dress
with butterflies and long tresses
perished in a fire at eighteen.
Mother told me many storie4s.
How many stories remained
Never to be told?

What about that face scratched out
In the picnic photo of a dozen
people on a sunny lawn
next to a cool forest?

Yesterday's pictures haunt.
A child holds a golden cup
While an older sister
eats a piece of chocolate.
Their laces prove their wealth.
What about the sad faced boy
With tight, high laced shoes.
Did they hurt?

Cardboard jewels, dried rose petals
Whisper very quietly.
If you listen, they will tell you
'There are answers in old photographs.'

Liilia Talts Morrison

Old Photo Albums II

Fingers touching photo albums,
Hands are gnarled, where veins unfold.
Eyes still shiny, though much paler,
Scan those fragments, now grown old.

Cardboard jewels, sun dried petals,
Fading lace, quaint fashioned hearts,
Youthful maidens with hydrangeas
Stand in pristine, flowered yards.

Little babies, tiny rosebuds,
Plucked by ravaging disease,
Smile from yesterday's brown pallor,
Held on stern maternal knees.

Brittle folded silver paper
No one crushed or tossed away,
Pasted near a stiffened portrait,
Of a child who never played.

Now a cloverleaf has fallen,
Slipped from slender, bony knees.
Having lost one of its petals
In the thirsty carpet's seams.

There a yellowed sheaf is lying,
Labeled 'fragile, do not fold.'
Childlike scribbles from a schoolhouse,
Though the child is now grown old

Thick the album, quite old-fashioned,
Soon the feed for worms and rot.
All those families and faces,
Fleeting as forget-me-nots.

Starched and shiny stands a young man,
Medals pinned upon his chest,
Innocent with hope his aspect,
Presently was laid to rest.

Thick veined hands now placet the book down
On a kitchen windowsill.
Sad and sleepless eyes try resting
On a cat that's napping still.

Long ago these hands washed children,
Poured fresh water from the well.
Dark brown soap was made of suet.
Ancient ways. No one to tell.

It's too late to fix a teacup,
Age has stolen strength and will,

Though the dreaming has grown stronger.
Cups of gold an angel fills.

Heavy hands now fold in prayer,
Waiting, though it be a while,
For that silent door to open,
Where a son or daughter smiles.

Fingers touching photo albums,
Hands are gnrled, where veins unfold.
Eyes still shiny, though much paler,
Scan those fragments, now grown old.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Old Salt

Salty fish in crusted brine
dark brown bread with sour wine
cod and herring pickled long
sauerkraut fermented strong

Gherkin barrels bursting kegs
wooden stools on triple legs
iron stoves alive with coals
old men drawling tales with holes

Who remembers rocky coasts
rafts and sails and handmade floats
at day's end haul in the mast
nothing tastes like those times past.

Liilia Talts Morrison

On Hearing American Pie

I heard that song again
As I walked on a very busy street
The same one you had paced
So many years ago

I stopped and leaned against a post
Right in front of the tattoo parlor
Blasting the radio

I could have been a derelict
A senior panhandler
A con woman
A broker of goods
This block was full of them

They leaned on posts
Eyes darting back and forth
Some sporting golden chains
Or purple pants
Nobody asked them to move on
Unless they lost their cool

But I had no game to play
Just wanted to hear
What happened
In the gym
And about the pink carnation
And the truck and the levee

What happened afterward?
The song was long
And yet I did not move along
As passersby stared

The man in the tattoo parlor
Came out to look
I threw him a glance
He was the kind
Who could size up people with one look

Could he see it
Could he see
That the school across the street
Was the one you went to
As a little blond child

Doing all your homework
Walking home
With a proper gait
A briefcase in hand
Picking up treasures
On the dirty street

Could he see
That you were the man
Who walked these streets
With your guitar
And you could sing
That song too
And your levee became dry
That one day
Far away from this street

Could he see
That I too had a tattoo
On my heart
For my child
Who became a man
Whose life became a sad song?

Liilia Talts Morrison

On Self-Improvement

I see them going to and fro
Exploring this and that
They chant, they stretch, they twist their necks
And lie on rubber mats

They run, they jog, they rollerblade
And often time their treks
They build their abs to fight the flabs
And sweat on cedar decks

I watch them hiking, biking too
Down on the street below
And then I flop unto my couch
With bod resembling dough.

Liilia Talts Morrison

On the Fifth Floor

A cold compote is now on the table,
Rich fruit and dark syrup in a tureen.
The hand that cooked it is more than able
And tops it with richest of cream.

She walked up the steps bringing the bounty
Climbed somber hills and alleys of ice.
Her ironed white tablecloth, best in the county
Was thawed and dragged from the roof at a price.

Yes, mother prepared all details with great care
As father brought in a fragrant tree.
So long ago, that's how we were.
Those Christmases are still with me.

Liilia Talts Morrison

On Watching A Dead Butterfly

Who put the silver on its wings
In whimsied spots like metal dust
surrounding velvet and brown rust

Was it the wind that stirred its death
And fluttered them on summer's floor
Or ebbing life to fly no more

Our love was birds and butterflies
Flying to dance in summer's glow
As flames of passion's wind did blow

I held on tightly as we watched
Love's beauty crushed by fingers cold
Into a mask of heartless gold

From grasping palm a broken wing
Slips, dances downward as I cry
Fists twisted, cursing at the sky

Sad fragments carried to my room
at dusk to keep remembering
the silver and the pain of wings.

Liilia Talts Morrison

One Yellow Rose

Red and white with lace and roses
Hallmarks are of Valentines
Chocolates, rings and lots of posies
Win the girls more than cute lines

Cards and tender declarations
Open hearts of lasses fair
Then some careful preparations
Pave the way to lovers' lair

You did not fit in this picture
Carelessly neglecting me
Heart aflutter, kept me waiting,
Fearing, crying endlessly

Valentines were meant for others
Though my soul was filled with love
Giving all that I could muster
Yet you turned away your dove

When I see bouquets of roses
In the place where lovers walk
Haunting memory soon closes
Thoughts that fly off like a lark

One night when the moon lay fallow
In the dark you came to me
Filling chambers full of yellow
Roses, roses, like a sea

Can it be you could not conquer
Demons, devils quite sublime?
Even so I hold no rancor
You are still my Valentine

It's been years since I last saw you
Holidays still come and go
Lovers' day is soon approaching
I still love you, did you know?

When I see romancers laughing
Kissing, hugging, love is new
I retreat to my dark chamber
With one yellow rose so true.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Our God

Your mercy always will endure
You are our God, forever sure

You cover me with wings of love
Fenced in by angels from above
I'm lifted over rapids' roar
With steady step to reach the shore

You bathe me with the light of time
Reach out the cup of mercy's wine
I'm shielded from sharp tongues and foul
Their venom cannot spoil my soul

You calm my fevered brow at night
And lend a star to heal my plight
Your arrows never miss the mark
Your wisdom never loses spark

Your mercy always will endure
You are our God, forever sure.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Oxford Bobby

He pounded cobbled pavements
On Oxford's narrow lanes
Tight uniform's enslavement
He wore with no complaints

On chilly winter evenings
His steely gaze surveyed
The hidden, moldy doorways
Where pub rats got waylaid

Time was when brewers prospered
Malt, beer and ale were king
On Cowley Road and Queen Street
Folks drank remembering
The days when old Sir Robert
Helped form a force of men
Called ‘Bobbies' in his honor
Protecting kith and kin

There is a bust that honors
A servant long forgot
Who kept his beat and duty
Tight as a Windsor knot

An unknown, obscure sculptor
Took time to shape and mold
An everlasting tribute
To Oxford Bobbies bold

He pounded cobbled pavements
On ancient, narrow lanes
Tight uniform's enslavement
He wore with no complaints.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Pacific Freedom

Let's get into our boats today
The day is way past dawn
Let's paddle through the gloried Sound
And islands of San Juan

Let's look for gentle Orca whales
And playful harbor seals
Or spot a peregrine who swoops
To catch a salmon meal

We'll marvel at the placid bays
And gnarled madrona trees
Still gracing shorelines of this coast
Where eagles bald fly free

Let's get into our boats today
And celebrate the chance
To breathe clean air of liberty
In Salish Sea expanse

Let's heed the name Deception Pass
And row with firm, sure grip
Determined that no earthly foe
Will spoil our earthly trip

Let's vouch and seal our pact with God
Who formed the Cascades Range
That we will use our every power
To block oppressors change

So many forces high and low
Are ready to destroy
So we, with vigilance and skill
Let's wisdom, strength employ

Like eagles, symbol of our land
We can soar high above
To keep our country's boat afloat
With gratitude and love.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Painter's Block

The canvas sits in expectation
Of gentle strokes with sable brush
Warm hand to channel the creation
Of beauteous blooms in colors lush

Ah, but the table sits in waiting
A little pile of pigment dust
To tempt the painter as if baiting
In flames of beauty to combust

Where are the paints, and where the painter
Why are those still lifes incomplete?
Each day my will and wish grow fainter
To face the task and sloth unseat

The canvas sits in expectation
Of gentle strokes with sable brush
Warm hand to channel the creation
Of beauteous blooms in colors lush.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Painter's Life

I do not envy painter's life
Of turpentine and palette knife
Forever waiting for the hand
That rests upon depression's stand

I do not envy gessoed sheets
Awaiting brushstrokes soon to meet
Yet when the work is almost done
Ripped up, unseen by anyone

I do not envy hopeless hours
Expecting inspiration's powers
To seize and lift a dull malaise
And turn a lifeless work ablaze

I do not envy people's awe
Appreciation's loud hurrah
When masterpieces are displayed
The costs the painter for them paid

There is a price for gifts bestowed
None yet has walked the royal road
For each must very dearly pay
To use them or he'll surely stray

I do not envy painter's life
Of turpentine and palette knife
Forever waiting for the hand
That rests upon depression's stand.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Palm Sunday

These days not many can recall
A journey strewn with palms
Accompanied by shouts of joy
Hosannas, timbrels, psalms

They threw their garments and best robes
To soften his harsh goal
Ascending to Jerusalem
On a young colt, a foal

Nobody guessed the time was near
When our dear Lord would hang
Upon a rough-hewn wooden cross
By cruel men harangued

But those short moments when the king
Approached his fate of old
Would linger in the hearts of men
As prophets had foretold

When I see tall, majestic palms
Dressed in bright green array
I think of how our faith was sealed
On that most splendid day.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Partings

A woman friend the other day
said someone left her stranded
the person moved to other scenes
the parting had been candid

No speeches and no stuff exchanged
no crying and no tears
although it seemed a single drop
left marks of sadness, fear

I thought about the times I left
someone or they left me.
Had there been tears or had the years
blurred out what had to be?

I wondered why two people must
at times play that sad game
it seems unfair to break a heart
yet I, too, am to blame

Those turning points, though few there were
when I just had to leave
seem no less valid as I age
yet I no longer grieve

There seems to be no guarantee
about who shares one's days
some partings are too hard to bear
in many different ways

A woman friend the other day
said someone left her stranded
the person moved to other scenes
the parting had been candid.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Passion Flower

The Shangri-las of dreamy youth
Swept me to greenest coral seas
Deceptive were those beaches, palms
They shanghaied me to brigand lees
On balmy seeming shores I found
Harsh prickles slashing skin and bones
Sun blinding eyes, feet blister bound
I could no longer go back home

One day among thick mangrove roots
Appeared a pretty, purple star
Recklessly I dared to ventured forth
And grabbed that flower from afar
Back in my little wayside room
Those petals glowed when closer viewed
Their secret regions centered round
A wreath of starbursts, violet hued

Then looking at my arms and feet
I gasped as brown and gray small ticks
Clung to my flesh with greedy grasp
Among spur cuts and bloody pricks
Too late I learned a passion flower
Was not 'bout lovers revelry
Its heart revealed the grief poured forth
On sacrificial Calvary

There must be meadows where bare toes
Tiptoe in softest mossy bog
Small children pick blueberries, blooms,
Born in refreshing morning fogs
Valleys where yearnings have no price
Wild rose stalks smooth, bereft of thorns
Chaste brides forever beautiful
Grooms lavish gifts on summer morns

Now evening darkens distant fields
Fair mourning doves long gone to nest
Anhingas, gators settle down
In swampy marshlands to the west
I touch a windowsill bouquet
Fingering dried up purple stars
Recalling lovers of the past
Whose passions quickly wilted, marred

My windows open to the night
Unheeding weather's vagaries
Dark pines and palm trees sway outside
Dancing in evening's calming breeze
In their own rustling way they ask
'Were you to live your life again
Would you still choose this austere land

Or trade it for a velvet glen? '

My spirit answers silently,
Replying quickly, fervently
'I love this land though trade winds sway
Fronds, branches roughly, carelessly
As I have oft been overwhelmed
By lashing storms of love unearned
But how can I on mild ground tread
When our dear Lord all comfort spurned?

'Those brides and grooms of temperate climes
In gardens bearing pleasant fruit
May have their paths with lilacs strewn
Where jealousy and pain don't loot
Yet though my ways are thistle filled
Quite jagged and so often scorned
I'm glad the Lord appointed me
With passion flowers to be adorned.'

Liilia Talts Morrison

Passion's Shore

Warm languid fluids of the day
Now wash against night's darkened pose
again a silver passion grows
and strengthens in the musky bay

are you a sailor bold and fine
or pirate sent to make me die
on sunbaked salty deck so cruel
cursed by old ghosts and albatross

your somber face and words so few
would almost trap a maiden fair

yet night reveals a deeper well
which bubbles up each little shell
day's fascination glibly hid
beneath a skin of pulsing blood

incense and candles' fragrant smoke
curl up against gray salty veils
as harbor lights announce at last
you're free my child from cursed past

fingers of hope now gently tend
green glossy seaweeds in my hair
clam shells glint boldly underfoot
winking at oysters in a dare

the sea still whispers roars in song
as garments drench and fill with hope
of that one island and its shore
where day and night send overtones
to pale green bays of buried bones.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Past Hardships

Narrow was our shelter
low its ceiling, floor
windows tiny, grainy
paint chipped off the door

In the yard were brambles
grass just would not grow
neighbors cold, unfriendly
many years ago

Cold was our well water
yet our little brood
never did go hungry
love was our food

Those were days of sorrow
unimagined blows
crucibles of heartaches
sackcloth, ashen clothes

Yet a fire flickered
an eternal torch
shielding and protecting
from hell's searing scorch

Narrow was our shelter
low its ceiling, floor
windows tiny, grainy
paint chipped off the door.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Peaches

Of all fruits in God's garden
I like the peaches best
Ripe, green or slightly hardened
Their taste is angel blessed

Their golden, dewy cover
So velvety to touch
Like garment of a lover
I'm hungering to touch

With cares of day descending
I know my rescue lies
Caressing and depending
On joy in peach disguise

Of all fruits in God's garden
I like the peaches best
Ripe, green or slightly hardened
Their taste is angel blessed.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Pebbles

Like pebbles in the stream of life
We're weathered by its flow
We're battered, bouncing to and fro
Or sucked in undertow

Sometimes we end up smooth as silk
And let the waters go
Above, below, and through our days
With old age golden glow.

Liilia Talts Morrison

People In My Life

The people in my present
and those from times long past
are markers on my journey
some fleeting, some to last

Sometimes it takes a minute
sometimes an hour will do
at other times a decade
proves if a friend is true

Some people are forgotten
some leave without goodbyes
some show up unexpected
some break old hallowed ties

Some friends are kind and caring
while others strange of ways
in sharing their affection
with scarce a word of praise

Some glide like graceful skaters
in thoughts of past affairs
some tender, some regretful
some burdened down with cares

The people in my present
and those from times long past
are markers on my journey
some fleeting, some to last.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Persian Dreams

Dreams of old Khayyam's Rubayat
And glazed brown shiny doors of old
Now open up to darkened candy stores
Burst from imagination's folds

The doors fly open and alas
I see but bare walls of an empty room
No comics stands or chocolate bars
No Brownie Hawkeye cameras to buy

The candy store was dark and narrow then
So rich with hidden treasures in its womb
For the most part I could not afford
I was but twelve and thirteen then

It must have been in late teenage
That Persian poets came into my life
With jugs of wine, and loaves of bread
Words that could last a lifetime and beyond

So when I woke at three a.m.
The candy store, its doors and shelves
Lay on my pillow, as did phrases of that poem
You know the one, about the keys and veils

I had been walking with two friends
With arms entwined, it was a cheerful time
And clear as I am speaking to you now
I said the lines, I know I did

'There was a door to which I found no key
There was a veil past which I could not see
A little talk there was of me and thee
And then no more of thee and me'

Why did it come to me so clear
And in a dream of places long gone by
Of unknown hopes and wishes of a child
A dream so bright, I felt quite young again

It may be I am growing old
And oriental veils are calling me
Beyond those locks and doors
And deserts of the mind that Omar knew
Will there be candy stores that open wide
To me in spirit as I float
Will bites of chocolate-coated treats
Fill every mouth with widened throat

Is Khayyam's world or afterworld
More sweet then than the one we heard
In Hamlet's saddened speech to walls beyond

The harsh and cold stones of the Danish fold

We Westerners do shine in ghastly tomes
On hell and purgatory drear
Infernos burning all the wicked bones
And squeezing out all forms of fear

So is the truth then in a candy store
Or in a jug of wine beneath the bough
My dream may be the advocate
The tipping of the mortal scale

For as I live, it is quite dear
To contemplate a warm place full of glazed and colored tiles
With mustached, handsome lovers lying near
To bring the first fruits and the harvest's smiles

Perhaps I was a gypsy in Bombay
Or slave girl in the steppes of Caucasus
In times long gone, remembering no more
Except in dreams that grow at three a.m.

Though born to frozen northern lands this time
I cannot feel the sting of Yorick's skull
Or Vikings frosty search for whales and cod
They leave me cold, if you forgive the pun

When all is said and done and I pursue
The hot and heavy struggles of a poet's pen no more
Who will then reach for me beyond the veil
Will it be Omar with the grizzled Rumi, bard or yore?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Persian Sky

Summer roses dripping
from hanging gardens
Were very red
Against the cobalt Persian sky
The outskirts of Tehran sultry, musky
The heat breath defying, choking

A wealthy family employed me as a maid.
Though bright and even educated,
I could not break the barrier
to find better, less taxing work
(perhaps I didn't think I was good enough)

In my duties as a maid I used my mind
I tried to be the best in what I did
and was praised, graced with favors
By the family of my employ

It was just past two o'clock
Gold encrusted clocks inside
Rang the hour with two rich tolls
The afternoon was August twelve
The year no longer matters now

A dust fringed fan
placed by the terrace doors
was twisting, whirring at full speed
Each turn brought cool relief
As one left the main house

Brushing it clean did not work for me.
That's when I had a thought -
The pool of turquoise water
Lined with colorful mosaic tile
Where children played
Their water games
Yes – I'd dip the fan
And clean it In one sweep
amid the fallen rose petals
floating in the pool.

Bending down, I threw a loose veil
From my sari over the shoulder
And dipped the whirring fan.
To my joy the dust immediately
floated loose from the grids
But then the fan blades stopped.

I felt a slight tremble
As my rough hands grasped
The handle of the fan
Beautiful bells began to ring

As I looked down below.

I saw a small woman
Wearing a sari lying by the pool
The fingers of her hands were open
As if having let go of an object.

'I'm up here! ' I called
as loudly as I could
as several people ran
through terrace doors
arounding this body
but no one looked up.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Pillars Of Cloud

Guide me Lord and light my path
As I walk this road
Bless my thoughts with sights and sounds
Sky signs to decode

Let my gaze be upward turned
Where your angels dwell
As great clouds like towers rise
Billowing white swells

Ancient scriptures echo words
Ringing through the years
How the Lord in desert sands
Quelled his people's fears

In the day he sent tall clouds
Brightening sad eyes
When night fell a pillar burned
Flames from darkened skies

I believe those words of faith
Guiding ancient hordes
Are still fresh and true today
Sky signs from the Lord.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Pines

While looking at the photographs
From trips I took last year
It brought to mind a mountain range
Its' forests filled with deer

The soil was rich with minerals
And terra cotta clay
The pines were tall and towering
They reached the clouds half way

I never had seen such lush growth
It all seemed grand and rich
As if a wizard touched that land
With a most cunning switch

When I returned to my small home
The sandy ground looked flat
The scrub oaks and palmetto shrub
Embraced by sandspurs, gnats

Not even pines grew very high
Nor would presume to try
To reach or even yearn to grow
In girth, but just get by

This also has been my life's walk
Still wedded to a land
Where nothing grows to its full height
In poverty's harsh bands

Why did I stay and suffer want
Why did I not go dwell
Where trees and mountains stand so grand
And people live so well?

There is a place within my soul
That needs wealth to deny
And trust that simple, daily toil
Is meant for me to try

May those who live where trees grow tall
Whose fields and cattle spread
To hills and valleys green with growth
May they enjoy their bread

But I was cut from other cloth
My path with rocks is strewn
My sandals often make feet bleed
My thoughts like hard stones hewn

While looking at the photographs
From trips I took last year

It brought to mind a mountain range
Its’ forests filled with deer.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Plain or Fancy?

You were plain and she loved fancies
Staying home, you let her roam
Low your land, your sister high seas
Yet the product of one home

China silks, Parisian perfume
Men of stature couched her life
Spinning, you would card an old loom
Clean out entrails with a knife

Time came and the roller coaster
Cables cut, screeched to a halt
Crystal vase nor oak four poster
'scaping from its deathly vault

When the dust began to settle
She was tossed on higher ground
You drank soup from strangers' kettle
Silence then your only sound

Blackened earth renewed its seasons
Healing sprung from trampled grass
Faces, laces found new reasons
Raising hands in sacred mass

Icons you became as decades
Burned each mind to fragments grim
Gently molding, turning old maids
Spinning laces frail and dim

Finally the water leveled
Tides and ebb-tides growing weak
Plain and fancy were disheveled
Held in carrion's deadly beak

You were plain and she quite fancy
Staying home, you let her roam
Wool your garb, your sister lacy
Yet the product of one home.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Pocketful of Shells

The beaches recently were sadly lacking
In shells once generously spread around
So on that seaside day I was not seeking
Those little trifles on the sandy ground

The sky was much too blue in rapt suspension
The water ominous with dangers held
While round my toes in clinging aspiration
Hot sand burned with a silicon-like weld

Below the garish carnival umbrellas
Brown lazy bodies languished near the surf
Two squealing girls cavorted like Capellas
On summer's stage - their day of soon lost mirth

Had I not once been young - a beach bound beauty
Finding a love quite handsome in black curls
Had he not left me like forsaken booty
To pirate other seas with other girls?

Those days gone by I dared not to remember
When waves and arms were filled with golden shells
Then in the evening next to low lit embers
The surf drowned out our fervor's fondest yells

As aimlessly I trod the curving coastline
A strip of odd white beckoned me to stare
As if from yester-year's abandoned goldmine
Innumerable shells were scattered there

I quickly bent and picked them - often falling
Until my pockets threatened soon to tear
'A thief, a scavenger, ' someone was calling
But all around me were just silent stares

Tonight the full moon lights my wooden doorway
Where lies my bounty spread like little bells
Though love and youth are fleeting in a sad way
I'll always keep my pocketful of shells.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Poor Man's Rain

Some people call it poor man's rain
When pots and pans on nightly stairs
Sound drips and drops from roof leak strain

Some people call it poor man's rain
When duct taped cracks brace to withstand
The pounding flood on window panes

Some people call it poor man's rain
When coats and shoes are frayed and worn
And puddles morning sidewalks stain

Some people call it poor man's rain
When sheets of water wait for dark
A blessing that the night contains.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Portrait of the poet as a sophomore

Call me a poet who is yearning
To make it in these halls of learning
My first year was confused and wild
But now I found my hidden child

Thanks to a teacher who is wacky
I now disdain lines that are tacky
Throw commas, adverbs out the door
Call counting syllables a bore

When reading books of rhyming verse
I feel my nerves get terse or worse
For I spew words quite helter-skelter
Like primal screams in moldy shelters

When rage and anger in me mount
I cannot stop and verses count
Or slow my flow of thoughts and tarry
To search a rhyming dictionary

I say 'pish-tosh' to dots and dashes -
All rules of grammar give me rashes
My venue is to vent my id
In torrents like a school of squids

Oh spare me from the likes of Burns
Who talks of lice and mice and ferns
My poems deal with the surreal
That only I can truly feel

Don't bother me with couplets, sonnets
Describing muffets, tuffets, bonnets
Green freshmen may find them quite charming
But I've matured to dense and barmy

Today I shun all love and laughter
The gritty truth is what I'm after
Weltschmertz in all its grossest forms
I do explore in my small dorm

I won't be cute like Lewis Carroll
Who sports his 'brillings' like apparel
The path of the iconoclast
I tread and stomp traditions past

Let's hope the prof. gives me good grades
Or else my stipend will soon fade
And spoil my hopes for junior year
To float along on kegs of beer

Well, that's my tale of student days
With hopes of shaking hallowed ways

To make a mark with my own slant
In chapbooks sure to make aunts pant

I wonder as I watch the seniors
So cocksure and unlike their teen years
With class keys hung on golden fobs
What it is like to get a job,

Liilia Talts Morrison

Potter's Final Cup

Pots and platters whir about
Spun by weathered, bony hands
Rows of cunning patterns tout
Points unseen on tightened bands

Dreamy castles fill with light
Fire and soot then meld the mass
Long forgotten textures fight
Tamed by earth's unleashed morass

Thick and green the clay soon yields
While an ancient chord commands
Soul's vibrations sun baked fields
Music formed by unsung hands

Potter stands in silence now
Armed with subterranean key
As the mossy door swings slow
Waiting eyes will surely see

Faces peek from covered earth
Clay stained hands now upward turn
Without effort wide their girth
Crawling forth from earthly urn

Touching faces watch the burn
Dank as darkness hugs all pots
Timeless shadows linger turn
Smoke and fire cast their lots

When the hyacinth morning breaks
Rows of clay are fired pots
Golden yellow azure lakes
Pristine goblets twisted knots

Weathered hands weak gentle now
Skyward facing morning light
Eyes delight as rainbows bow
Sooty shadows hint of night

Like Narcissus and as cruel
Mother Earth takes back its child
Punishing the tampered jewel
Of the potter much beguiled

Pots and faces are now one
Melded mended welded mass
Crying out in sacred drone
Potter drink that final glass.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Prayer for Men a Sea

There are those who sail the waters
trusting signs that nature brings
darkened clouds or skittish seabirds
and at night note steadfast stars

There are times a forlorn sailor
finds himself in raging seas
fragile sailboat barely bracing
massive waves and salty sprays

Yet he keeps on sailing onward
barely skirting Neptune's jaws
blinded by the rain and torrents
blistered hands still holding on

When the little wooden churches
on the rocky shores far North
offer prayers to those in hardship
do they think of men at sea?

Is there found a supplication
for those souls compelled to sail
quickening the sailor's heartbeat
echoing like pulsing stars?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Prayer Palm

A friend was fading with old age
whose potted palm had seen bright days
was now enmeshed with webs of time
that drag life down in slow malaise

She called one day and asked if I
would like a palm of goodly size;
at first I thought she said a 'poem'
but found instead a green surprise

Her vision was now blurred and dim
so when I brought this tall thin reed
into my home - at closer look
green aphids used it for their feed

'I pray for it, and for you too.'
Those words of hers still rang in me;
so I proceeded with much care
to wash all fungus from this tree

Though she is now in long term care
and no one knows just how or where
she lives, survives, or how she feels -
I know her prayers still fill the air

For this once thin and sickened plant
has grown in grace and leafy fronds;
as surely as this palm does thrive
I know God holds her in his bonds.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Prima Ballerina

The world kept turning round and round
in its predestined grooves
while I in a well-furnished grove
danced to my self styled moves

I was the choreographer
knew well what I was doing
for was I not called number one
in ventures worth pursuing?

A ballerina of great note
they called me in the papers
adoring fans kept me afloat
in glamour's rarest vapors

One day by some freak accident
I tore my tendon badly
plies and spins and graceful steps
were put on hold quite sadly

Soon there was no one who would deign
to visit or send roses
left by myself in rooms once grand
I could not feign old poses

The mirror was my enemy
no longer clothed in fashion
I was bedraggled, haggard now
the rosy glow turned ashen

In long gone, early childhood years
I had watched dragonflies
and wondered how they learned to soar
in graceful lows and highs

Oh, how I wished in my sad lot
to be like those small creatures
who flit on reeds in fields of green
that they could be my teachers

But it was too late for me now
I had gone much too far
in my ascent to gloried fame
too late for this sad star

For I had stepped on many toes
in my pink satin shoes
spurned many who reached out with love
too many hearts I'd bruised

The world keeps turning round and round
in its predestined grooves

the grove is filled with weeds where I
once danced with self styled moves.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Purple Angel

You floated down and touched us
Your graceful fingers held
A dove with wings of pureness
By love and light propelled

We took you in our circle
And lavished you with praise
Your words and gestures gentle
Of chaste, old-fashioned ways

But soon your veils descended
Into the vat of dye
Life's bubbling, boiling cauldron
And came up full of lies

You were a purple angel
The kind men fear and dread
So pure and caring seeming
Yet chained to purple threads

You floated down and touched us
Your graceful fingers held
A Trojan Horse, a decoy
That we at last expelled.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Quarantine

Bland seclusion of the day
Overtakes then starts to play,
Fast succumbing vanity,
Soon abandons sanity.

Bony elbows watching hooves
Lean on sills of leaden grooves,
As an old cat and tin can,
Perch on pavement void of man.

Crackling perky radio
Warns of storms in Mandalay.
Homeless women walk below,
Picking clover by the bay.

Walls of painted paper worn,
Plastic curtains crushed of form,
Huddling tenant crazed and shorn,
Victimized by solar storm.

Fragrant tea leaves turn to gall,
Homebound face transforms to pall.
Hope and sense directly fall.
Cape of dread soon covers all.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Questions

The day wears down
The light is fading
The afternoon
A hazy thought

Where did it go
That bright beginning
Where did it go
That hope of change

Who were those people
Loudly chatting
What did they say
What did they mean

Did they have thoughts
About tomorrow
Did they remember
Former things

Who are we when
The day is waning
What did we do
To further dreams

The day wears down
The light is fading
The memories
A haze of thought.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Ragged Philosopher

Ef ya ain't
ya cain't
ef ya dunno
ya wont

ef ya wuz
ya's done
ya's ain't
no mo

Liilia Talts Morrison

Rainly Season

Welcome to the rainy season
Summer's heat has ushered in
Every afternoon a shower
We must greet with stoic chin

Welcome to the rainy season
It has never failed us yet
Go dig out that big umbrella
Or you surely will get wet

Welcome to the rainy season
Barefoot children dearly love
Splashing running in the deluge
Never getting tired of

Welcome to the rainy season
It's a time to step aside
Contemplating that our best intentions
May not always float and glide

Welcome to the rainy season
It's what old folks talk about
Glad to have a slight diversion
To their life's fast ebbing drought

Welcome to the rainy season
Summer's heat has ushered in
Every afternoon a shower
We must greet with stoic chin.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Rancid Rags

The rancid rags of sickbeds
Lie limply lingering
Hot fever fading, ebbing
Faint hope awakening

Yesterday’s burning terrors
Like cool baths wash away
My sallow eyes awaiting
Fresh sheets of hope today.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Red Moon

they claimed the blood moon was most bright
when clocks of night
knelled five past three
and I agree

was there a mouse or some odd sound
brought me around
from dreams so sweet
to lunar treat

what could have stirred me at that hour
what mystic power
I must assume
it was the moon

Liilia Talts Morrison

Red Sky

Red sky seen at night
is a sailor's delight
red sky in the morning
is surely a warning

This saying of old
has oft been retold
by captains
and sailors at sea

The weather is fickle
and often plays havoc
when nothing surrounds
but dark waves

They speak of rogue waves
those freaks that breed fear
for no one can guess
how they form

Look unto the sky
dear sailor when doubt
and roving sends you
to sea

The lowering
smoldering heaven above
will be what it will
in the end

For way beyond sunsets
and glorious dawn
the stars in the distance
still spin

The North Star is sure
the Southern Cross pure
Orion's bright belt
standing guard

When your frail sails tear
and storms snaps your mast
look further
look past all the stars

Turn weathered and salty
and foggy old eyes
to the captain
who made you and me

Though leaky the stern
and soggy the bow

your groggy faint cry
will be heard.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Remembered Roads

Long ago I lived on roads
Spanning years and decades
Circumstances brought me back
Driving through those places

Pressing on my mind and heart
Concrete patterns entered
Feelings rising at each bend
And then slowly ebbing

Flashbacks rose of friends I met
Long ago forgotten
Some I left and some left me
For so many reasons

Once those ficus trees were small
As I ran in high heels
Now my feet are clad in clogs
Bending back, hair fading

Suddenly a breeze wafts by
Lightening my feelings
Time plays games on mind and soul
House of cards so fragile

Here's a street my son sang songs
Just before he left us
Over there an alley lurks
Where youth changed forever

There has been so much I hid
In dark, hidden places
Locking doors of memory
Way too hard to open

There were partings, quick goodbyes
While I was pretending
Breaches could be mended soon
Smiling, slowly dying

Now I pass that salty beach
Where tall waves are crashing
Just as they so often did
When I danced with sea oats

Many were the blue moons then
Under streets once sandy
They are well paved now and strange
Where I am a stranger

Sudden tears fall on my blouse
As the car keeps rolling

On those fateful, timeworn paths
Littered with past longings

How can I bear in one day
Seeing life pass by me
How can I find rest tonight
With so much to ponder

Yet I know this trip will stay
Woven in my fabric
Making patterns rare and fine
On my field of being

May I thank the source of life
For the day now ending
And for guiding me this way
For his special reasons

May the people whom I left
And those who have left me
Also find new paths to tread
In their times and seasons

When it's time to rest tonight
I'll trust you have rendered
Sights you wanted me to see
Roads I once remembered.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Remembering

It is the time of spring on earth.
They are breathing the musky Florida air

Through shifts of white clouds
I catch glimpses of them.

Thankfully, I gave in to the disease
Which ultimately killed me
I chose love and death.

I could still be there
Hoarding empty days.
But my time became full.

I really like my new abode
And send you a gentle kiss
As you sit there in evening's shade.
Looking into the distance.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Requiem For Ulli

A hazy image in my mind
Is all I have today:
A summer photo in the sun
You squinted, looked our way;
and loved us all, your family
With children, parents, too.
Until the end you circled us
Though pain and sorrow grew.

There was a pin, a cross so red
With shiny metal bound
It was your nurse's pin, dear aunt
Now nowhere to be found.

You didn't want to leave, not then
But battles took their toll,
Yet ministered your healing touch
Till front lines crushed your soul.

You came to visit one last time
We children wrestled, clung
'Please, let them play, ' you told our mom
'please let them, they're so young.'
We didn't know, they would not say
You had a wound so deep.
It must have hurt when children hugged
Your back. No time to weep.

That afternoon we tousled 'bout
All laughing silver bells.
Much later mom revealed to us
It was your last farewell.

I'm old now, yet your image burns
Etched deep in memory's vein
Dear Ulli, sister to my mom
My idol you remain.
It doesn't matter if that pin
Got lost in sands of time
Or photos damaged in a storm
Were torn or ruined with grime.

What war or hardship can compare
To one young woman's call
While binding soldiers' bloody wounds
Harsh bullets made her fall.
Your smiling face, your trusting eyes
Are clearer, finer still
As years roll on. Your healing love
Forget I never will.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Restoration

I saw a car the other day of nineteen fifties vintage
Restored to perfect quality - a coin of finest mintage
I wondered who had set his hand to bringing back its gleam
For surely rust and time had worn and torn its steely seams

I, too, was young and full of hope when first these cars appeared
And just like theirs, my life became crushed, withered and much seared
I wonder, too, who noticed me in sinful junkyard pits
Transforming me with care and skill to sanity and wits

Today my visage is quite calm, my garments loosely flowing
Replacing ugly scars and wounds with faith's eternal knowing
I'm glad somebody took the time to fix up that old Ford
And ever grateful I've been healed by Jesus, my dear lord.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Riding the Spirit

He rides among the highways
where dawn has strewn her veils
his mane blends into sunsets
his hooves leave clouds as trails

The spirit of this stallion
cannot be bridled, tamed
nor corralled by the mighty
the rich or lords of fame

But when the moon is sleeping
and can't be seen one night
there comes a gentle neighing
to him who lost the fight

Soon that poor lad is riding
the steed all poets claim
and it no longer matters
that he has failed life's game

When riding on that stallion
embraced by dawn's fair veils
and touched by stars at twilight
bliss paves a newfound trail.

Liilia Talts Morrison

River

How quickly our rivers flow
Bright birth in mountains high and low
While death awaits in undertow

How swift the passing of our days
Our victories in worldly plays
Too late to mend mistaken ways

When that small raft that bears my name
Has floated to the sea untamed
It's battered, beaten to the frame

The day arrives with rosy dawn
When striving seems to be forlorn
And I lie back on waves unborn

Ah life, what is its mystery
When will I know, when will I see
When will the Master rescue me?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Rondo

They glide in gorgeous motion
tonight's the night to dance
they've long anticipated
this grand ball of romance

The theme of the sonata
recurs in gold Versailles
As ladies in blue satin
delight the men nearby

The theme is grand and special
it hails from days of kings
when lords and ladies raptured
to Mozart's songs like wings

Then as the night grows older
the pendulum moves on
as tired feet and flowers
are crushed like worn chiffon

This special ball soon passes
into the mists of time
what's left but bitter memories
for soon destruction chimes

Those gowns are now just stories
a mother tells her young
with rough voice and sore fingers
she spins in mother tongue

But through the generations
the rondo plays again
repeating ever surely
the oft repeating strains

I hear that grand concerto
as it winds to its end
the rondo keeps repeating
Fair memories to blend.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Roots of Faith

Night's overwhelming nightmares fade as dawn waves flags of hope
Nocturnal goblins once more bound; now is my chance to cope
My thoughts revisit ancient groves where golden apples grow
And olive branches drip with fruit as gentle breezes blow

I see a narrow path beyond that seems to touch the sky
A place where rain and sunbeams meet and angels swiftly fly
Much like a budding olive tree faith spreads its morning shoots
Into the soil of nightly fears to form hope's tender roots

The olden tales bespeak of groves where golden apples grow
Of tables decked with fish and loaves; of times to reap and sow
I think of lilies in the field we oft are urged to trust
Of heaven's gates bedecked with stones to never fade or rust

So when the morning light appears I think of groves of gold
Of scripture tales of olive trees with roots in sacred mold
And then I view the morning sky spanning so wide and high
Drawing me from my bed of rest to spread my wings and fly.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Rousseau

Jean Jacques, of all the souls of France
Without a doubt, most charming
Confessions, Contrat Social
Tomes quite profound, heart warming
His style, panache and savoir faire
Are in a word - disarming
To think he has been dead so long
Is really quite alarming.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Safety

Tectonic plates beneath the seas
volcanoes feared by Javanese
faults tearing rocks and earth apart
who can foretell when they will start

Bold waves that nothing can withstand
great winds roar whipping coastal lands
and from above an asteroid
can hit the earth and much destroy

There is no place that is secure
no policy that can insure
against the mighty hand of fate
for those who wonder and who wait

Yet there's an island not on maps
that no disaster can collapse
The few who live there can't be harmed
for they are with a strong shield armed

Adventurers exploring lands
or oceans deep or mountains grand
have never found this place apart
because it dwells within the heart

Within the soul for those who trust
with childlike faith to readjust
their hopes and dreams for a safe home
find shelter under God's strong dome.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Saffron Dream

I dream of golden caramel shells
Wrapped gently glow like butterscotch
As tiny bits of toffee crisp
Top puffs of creamy blanc d’mange.

Rich saffron broths in crocus baths
Tart lemon yellow torte glacees
Surround like honeyed Hollandaise
Meringues of pale persimmon hue.

Blond heaps of creamy creme brulee
Spread silk of juicy apricots
Among rose petal ice cream mounds
In curried halls of Taj Majal.

The storied butter teas of yore
Infused by glowing butter lamps
Recall rich feasts in Tibet’s peaks
bejeweled bowls of ochre treats.

Soon copper colored mangoes fill
My burnished Indonesian wrap,
As tangy guava chutneys spice
My lips now seared by orange wine.

Let me then find forgetfulness
In golden fragrant caramel shells
As little bits of toffee crisp
Top puffs of creamy blanc d’mange.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Scars

The wounds of life can't be avoided
in work, in play, or deep within
none is immune to swords of battle
no man, no woman and no child

Some brave the undertows and torrents
of raging rivers, mighty falls
some burn and sweat in distant deserts
while others pound cold prison walls

In confrontations, conflagrations
vile snipers, vipers, pierce and bruise
none can escape the fiery furnace
of growing up and growing old

How often have I seen a sailor
with twisted nose and pockmarked face
how often have I heard the stories
of where and when those marks took place

It's true some show their many clashes
on arms and legs and backs and chests
while those inflicted by the spirit
can hide deep in the veins within

The other day I met a woman
sitting so cold and prim and tall
her skin and hands smooth as a baby's
whose heart was scarred the most of all.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Scary Ride

He went beyond the boundaries
Of dark horizons bending
The blurry road soon vanishing
The stormy swell ascending

He never looked to right or left
Hair whipped in careless blending
As haunted spirits drew him in
The Everglades undending

I could not turn the car around
Though water flooded in
His quest was way too powerful
A terror deep within

He went beyond the boundaries
Of dark horizons bending
The blurry road soon vanishing
The stormy swell ascending.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Scribbles On The Sand

I watch a little crab a'crawling
Along the briny sand of an abandoned beach
His footprints are so fragile and quite fleeting
Obliterated soon by wind and rising tide

I look down at my feet and hands now idle
While in my mind a thousand thoughts create
Word castles of great import and quite worthy
Not ready yet to be set down or seen

And then I ponder tracks of that small creature
Whose purpose is much smaller than is mine
Yet he is busy living his intention
By making marks to celebrate his day

A crashing wave now washes out the traces
Of trails and scratches made by seaside life
I jump up to avoid its drenching
Run quickly home to pen a line or two

I'd rather write a mediocre poem
Than leave that perfect epic in that cave
Of hallowed thoughts and concepts undeveloped
Because the work is not yet flawless or precise

I'd rather scribble transitory ditties
A gentle verse recorded on the wing
Of unremembered dragonflies in breezes
Of little consequence or import to the world

I'd rather chronicle a cipher with no cadence
Recording textures of a gritty sea oats stalk
Instead of planning mighty contemplations
Not to be penned till all the t's are crossed

For when I finally roll up my parchment
And fold my hands to form a final prayer
I'll be assured my pale imperfect musings
Have left a path of scribbles on the sand

I watch a little crab a crawling
Along the briny sand of a forgotten beach
His footprints are so fragile and quite fleeting
Obliterated soon by wind and rising tide.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Seaside Holy Grail

Like sea oats blown by every wind
my days and thoughts were reeling
As sand and grains of murky paths
so oft my dreams were stealing

I had resigned that this would be
my lot in life and future
all fondest hopes of youth were dashed
like salt ground into suture

When storms arose and lightning too
and tidal waves ran free
it seemed that my faint breath would soon
be drowned beneath the sea

That's when a tender spring green branch
appeared within my reach
I grabbed it with a desperate hand
and wound up on the beach

I brought it to my sun-bleached shack
and planted it nearby
until the seasons and the rains
caused it to grow so high

Its sturdy trunk, its blossoms fair
its bark as tough as steel
today withstand all hurricanes
that threaten how I feel

If you are wind tossed and your life
is like a fragile reed
that tosses hither, thither too
take hold of that small weed

Though it may seem a hopeless task
to reach for something frail
you may soon find that little branch
is heaven's holy grail

Like dry leaves blown by every wind
my days and thoughts were reeling
As dust and grains of murky paths
so oft my dreams were stealing.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Seaside Poet

My songs are like small grains of sand
Tossed in the sea of days
Small pebbles from my shaky hand
Cast toward hidden cays

Each poem makes a tiny sound
As waters ebb and flow
Will they be heard or even found
I may not ever know

Yet just as turtles seek to nest
And seagulls need to soar
So I must toss my offered best
Till I can sing no more.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Secrets, Secrets

Secrets are a part of life
Old and new returning
Some dug up in time of strife
Some destroyed by burning

Secrets are revealed in eyes
Glowing much like embers
Mysteries to cover lies
Painful to remember

Are your lies the stuff of dreams
Nightmares fraught with danger
Are those hidden ripped up seams
Shown to wayside strangers?

Secrets are a part of life
Old and new returning
Some dug up in time of strife
Some destroyed by burning.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Shadow of Depression

Somewhere the sun is shining
But not here
Somewhere there’s trust and giving
But not here
Somewhere they laugh while working
But not here
Somewhere there’s hope and caring
But not here
Somewhere there’s love and friendship
But not here
Somewhere the sun is shining
But not here.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Shadow on my doorstep

The someday I thought of in years long gone by
Now sits on my doorstep and won’t go away
It’s time friend, it beckons, to live out those dreams
A youthful mind conjured last heartbeat, it seems

Take stock, a voice whispers, of where you have been
Be bold in your searching and look deep within
Some victories sprinkled with many a loss
Friends, strangers and loved ones, the heartaches, the dross

Drink deeply of memories both noble and small
Relive all the good times as well as the falls
Lament long past errors and smile at the whims
Sing, celebrate, filling your cup to the brim

Where will you be going when life’s path is done
Consider the unknown and trust you have won
Remember your cottage is no longer young
In front of its threshold that shadow belongs.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Shattered

You were a branch of graceful growth
I quickly joined your reaching
We celebrated each new day
For sun and rain beseeching

There was a hairline fracture built
Into our house of glass
Our friends could see it easily
This was not meant to last

For your leaves yearned for eastern light
And mine sought visions west
And even though our bond seemed strong
Each had a different quest

The crystal vase of our green love
One fateful morning strained
It split in half with painful shards
As living water drained

Today I still hold on to scraps
Mementos from those days
A broken cup, a dried up leaf
From gardens where we played

There is a branch of graceful growth
Entwined in my soul's yearning
Those tender times in groves of love
Are evermore returning.

Liilia Talts Morrison

She did not have a Bible

She did not have a Bible
I never saw her pray
For years she labored silent
Until that welcome day

We wandered on cold byways
As she began to talk
Of memories long treasured
We walked and walked and walked

She's long gone from those byways
Though leaving traces there
Of one meek wife and mother
Who labored with much care

She did not talk of Jesus
Nor did I hear her shout
Of chapters or epistles
Soul food for the devout

I sit beside my window
Where waves of night grow dim
And ask a simple question
Who lived most close to Him?

Of all the great faith healers
And sisters who lay hands
I still feel that my mother
Meshed closest with His bands.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Shell Thoughts

The prettiest shell I found today
I cast back in the sea
The perfect one, so delicate, I let it be.
I saw your pain yet held on tight, I loved you so.
Then bleeding fingers turned to stone
And I let go.

I'll not take captive on this day
As once I stole your heart
You're soul, your mind and kisses too
And tied them in a knot.

It's hard to leave a golden shell
Alone upon the sand
Yet harder still to never hold
Your suntanned hand.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Shelter

A baby when it's born
Is cradled soft and warm
In mother's gentle lap
And tucked in for a nap

That same child soon grows tall
And stumbles for a fall
Some lucky ones will find
A God who's good and kind

When days become too hard
And life's a losing card
Just bend down on your knee
And raise your hands quite free

Then miracles unfold
You're back in from the cold
In sheltered arms once more
As God comes to the fore.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Shhh

'Shhh' read the scribbles made in haste
upon that cold gray wall
as darkness covered alley paths
and dread fell over all

A foggy fearful distant light
revealed swift heavy strokes
creating a stark shadow shape
with black hat and black cloak

It was assumed some evil ears
might hear the spoken word
and undermine the victory
so talk must be deferred

For it was wartime in that land
no safety and no laws
nobody mentioned names or news
or said what was the cause

We were but little children then
and could not understand
why we must silence our small sounds
why play and fun were banned

It's been a long, long time since then
and quite a time it took
before I found my voice at last
and closed that frightful book

'Shhh' read the scribbles made in haste
upon that cold gray wall
as darkness covered alley paths
and dread fell over all.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Sign of the Times

The audience is roaring
the music blasting forth
the lights and strobes outlining
young silhouettes of mirth

The show will soon be starting
the anxious crowd awaits
the jumping and the shouting
of wild and angry men

The drinks and moves are flowing
they stand for hours in heels
sometimes all arms are waving
sometimes they kiss and laugh

I sit and watch this movie
I do not find it real
I take some pictures just to prove
this is not just a dream

When I get home I notice
a ghostly figure stands
on one of the side panels
of this great hall of fame

A robe it wears quite loosely
unlike the skimpy clothes
of all the girls attending
this spectacle of note

The hazy figure raises
his arm above his head
that gesture seems a warning
a sign for these crazed times.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Silver Pockets Full

Silver pockets full
is a lovely dream
hopes and aspirations
shine in golden gleam

When the month has five
weekend days in years
that's a rare event
worthy of much cheer

So the ancients found
counting green jade beads
centuries must pass
sowing patient seeds

Though our modern age
found that it's not true
binary trumps jade
Ipads beat bamboo

Yet the old game plays
we still grab the ring
hoping for the day
wealth will crown us king

Secrets never told
hidden caves still hold
can't be bought or sold
gratitude is gold.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Simple Prayer

There's something in a simple prayer
That won't wear out when hopes of day
Fade to apocalyptic layers
Of night's ungodly vampire ways

When headless horsemen pound their hoof beats
On pillows soaked with sweat and tears
When threads of sanity are breaking
One little word can budge those fears

A tiny word, a seed, a leaven
Can soothe when grander verses fail
A word your Father up in Heaven
Will honor when all others pale

'Help' is not a word that's heeded
When striving in the marketplace
It's meant for weaker souls and needy
Shunned by the proud as a disgrace

Yet everyone must face their terror
NH matter how high he has climbed
How tightly clung to mammon's fervor
There comes a reckoning, a time

One night the scales will tip their balance
One side is life, the other death
When human aid fades to a shadow
May 'help' be uttered by your breath

There's something in a simple prayer
That won't wear out when hopes of day
Fade in apocalyptic layers
Of night's ungodly vampire ways.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Skateboarding Ghost

Last year when the televisions
in the windows across the street
went dark
when it was either time to sleep
or try to sleep

It was at that time
or maybe two hours after
the skateboarder would come by
unseen, of course
since I was not about
to go to the window
and watch

Besides
he would probably
have passed by then
leaving behind an echo
on those cracks in the sidewalk
and the rumble
of the little wheels
of the worn wooden skateboard

I haven't heard him this year any more
funny how hearing the absence of sound
is a kind of sound
funny, isn't it?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Sleeping with a Possum

His parties were well attended. Why not?
The mansion of flagstone, couched in marble and granite
Was the talk of the Cape. Italy, did the columns come from Italy?

After a lovely chat on the balcony behind tall French doors
He took me to his wing.
Who would not make love on golden satin sheets,
Porcelain angels amid flowers entwined around tall posts of the bed?

"Darling, I have a little surprise for you, " he said.
His voice and smile so warm, I couldn't wait.
"Darling, let's share all this with Sofia, let's do."
He turned to pick up an ivory phone trimmed with gold.

My Cointreau-sodden mind suddenly cleared Into stark sobriety.
"Darling, " I said, hoping my lips wouldn't quake.
"I must wash up."

It was quite easy to find the garden.
Glass doors and arches opened to all sides.
Running barefoot amid Bushes and decorated tiles
I found an old shack hidden under a grotto of trees.

I couldn't find a door but climbed through a window without glass.
Spotting a small cot in the corner I collapsed on it with relief.
The sharp spines of hay dug into my sides. (I was wearing organza.)

My heart pounded loudly but not loud enough
To not hear a small, faint breathing.
Lights from the party filtered into this place
Just enough for me to see
The little injured possum lying next to me.

I'm fifty-two years old now. I was twenty-one then.
Visiting from Florida I happened to be near the Cape.
I decided to return "to the scene of the crime."

My heart pounded as my car neared the area.
I was wearing a white wide brimmed hat
And piled my hair under it.
My flowing blond hair would be a dead giveaway.
He'd be around seventy by now.

The homes became more and more opulent
As I drove down the seashore. And then I saw it.
A little shack standing like a lone sentinel by the ocean.

There were no grottoes and no flagstone walls
No columns brought from Italy.
It was just a barren bit of land
With a little shack to shelter injured animals.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Soft Raiment

Soft raiment can be much desired
silk, velvet, satin oft admired
a shawl with borders of gold thread
and finely fashioned roses spread
delights and many would acquire

My garment is of different weave
no jewels decorate my sleeve
sackcloth of mercy is my gown
repentant ashes grace my crown
since I have come to trust, believe

On bended knee and face supine
I thrill at bright celestial signs
new bottles brimming with new wine
all worldly glories to decline
when clothed with faith in the divine.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Some Folks

Some choose to live in town for reasons
While others seek plain country steads
Then there are those who know no seasons
Nor where to lay their tousled heads

They once had tried to build a life
A little cottage on a side street
A car, a porch, a comely wife

Some build a home and fill their pantry
Soon friends stop in to have a chat
Then one day something jars this gantry
A truck hauls off man, wife and cat

They once had tried to build a life
A little cottage on a side street
A car, a porch, a comely wife

Abandoned then the little cottage
Its sheets of tin rust on the roof
It reeks of trash wet down with sewage
An eyesore, neighbors low aloof

Some choose to live in town for reasons
While others seek plain country steads
Then there are those who know no seasons
Nor where to lay their tousled heads.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Some Things

Some things you can't remember
Some things you must forget
Some things burn down to ashes
Some haven't happen yet

Some things are gladly treasured
Like pockets filled with gold
They show up on a glad day
Like presents they unfold

A few are stamped and branded
Firm footprints on my soul
Those moments unexpected
A dark love one day stole.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Sometimes

Sometimes the verdant beauty of the world
Survives the curse of bitter tasting fruit.
Sometimes it crushes heart and flowers kind,
As feet of love transform to feet of death.

I waited for you in the noonday sun
While watching Poinciana blossoms fall
Their fiery gold and orange rain profuse
Bathed parching earth with welcome shade

Observing blooms and flowers was my game
Each little star that peeked out from the grass
So lovely, petals, tints and blades unique
Their little faces looked at me with smiles.

Then suddenly a burnished car arrived
It skidded, broke the silence of the air.
The dark haired driver's silhouette intense,
My heart and throat now twisted in a knot

You did not smile and only tipped your head.
What had I done to make you so upset?
Your words were angry. Was it jealousy?
Had I been kind to someone else, not you?

As I rejoiced in Poinciana blooms
And flowers wild or tame that graced the grass
I celebrated people, children, pets
And often smiled and told them so.

Too late I learned that love is stronger still
Than all the blossoms of the world combined,
Far darker than the milk of indigo,
Its searing heat turns Poincianas pale.

You spoke a few quick words, I answered too.
And then in summer's dust you disappeared.
I quickly ran to flame tree's sheltered cool
Then sinking down, my sobs flowed harsh and deep.

Eternity had bathed my swollen eyes
When finally I focused on that spot
No burnished car, no torrid burnished lips
Were there, nor would they ever be again.

Oh Poincianas, daisies, petals fine
Come now and comfort me as you once did
You gave me joy and reason to go on
Till love's dark mantle choked my childlike call.

Fair spring is peeking through my soul again.
When will the flame tree's riot light the day?

When will those daisies rise from death again,
The ones I trampled when I ran away?

There is a time to kiss the rising dawn
To sanctify all vivid sunsets dear
And run with bare toes filled with youthful joy
With tingling fingers touch a brook so clear.

A time will come, yes, it is etched in stone.
When petals, blossoms will no longer quench
A subterranean longing never named.
No one escapes it. All must fall.

Sometimes the verdant beauty of the world
Survives that curse of bitter tasting fruit
Sometimes it crushes heart and flowers kind
As feet of love transform to feet of death.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Song Of The Dream Sparrow

I dreamed I was a little bird
thrown to the winds of chance
a timid sparrow flitting 'bout
much too afraid to dance

I heard the larks and mockingbirds
trill with their ruby throats
while hidden in a leafy branch
my sounds were muted notes

Leaves fell and trees turned bare as Fall
swept in and skies turned gray
my refuge now was bare and cold
no rest or place to stay

The dream turned into heavy storms
my tender breast soon thrown
against a rough and stony fence
as pain shook fragile bones

I cried a hopeless sparrow wail
and much to my surprise
the sound was rich and beautiful
with deep lows and bright highs

As I awoke it seemed quite odd
that from my window pane
I noted tiny birds fly by
as if they knew my name

Could they have heard the cry of dreams
with little sparrow ears
could they tune in to shadow worlds
we humans cannot hear

I still remember that strange dream
and thank those little birds
for giving me a special voice
too deep to put in words.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Songs of the Nightingale

There was a little bird
who was afraid to sing
while other birds each dawn
woke up with happy rings

Once in a while this bird
tried hard to make a sound
but while the others warbled
his little throat just garbled

One day his mother went
to shop for worms and seeds
but on her way back home
her wings got stuck in weeds

The little bird got scared
and without any thought
let out a giant sound
heard all the way around

The others right away
flew off to save the day
and quickly pulled her out
so she could fly away

The little bird was glad
to have his mom home safe
then from his little beak
came melodies most sweet

Today his songs are heard
in woodlands and in dales
and loved in all the world
they call him Nightingale.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Southern Belle

‘She was a gifted Southern Belle, ’
My grieving friend revealed,
‘an artist many knew quite well,
outstanding in her field.

The white magnolia over there, ’
She noted of a scene,
‘done in rich oils with love and care,
won prizes much esteemed.’

Some months went by, my friend had moved
When she gave me a call -
‘To share her paints mom would approve
I cannot keep them all.’

She still looked much like she had then
Quite prim, though touched with grief
As we sat in my sunny den
Sipped tea, a small relief

She then spread boxes on the floor -
Fine brushes, papers rare
Flax canvases and oils galore
All packed with tender care

‘My mother’s treasures, in my heart
‘I know you’ll honor, use,
creating awe-inspiring art
renewing her fair muse.’

I took her gifts with gratitude
Since my own stash was small,
But when she left in solitude
My joy turned to a pall

I lay there, fingering those paints
As eyes began to fill
Remembering so many taints
That blocked my painting skill

Years passed as cares and heartaches grew
Untouched those precious finds
In hidden closets still brand new
They festered in my mind

Remembering that funeral
Of one fine Southern Belle
I feared at my grim reaper’s call
Tales full of woe I’d tell

How sad a painter left untouched
So many fine supplies

While tides and seasons slowly watched
Her life ebb in time's vize

Perhaps the key of poetry
Can broach that hidden cave
Where love and freedom wait for me
A muddled, much chained slave

The poet's muse now gently sings
From far off, sunlit seas,
'This very poem can give you wings,
unblock that stubborn freeze.'

I then resolved to find my nerve
And seize those untouched tools
Carve healing from a yoke reserved
For artists and for fools

I'd open gifts to be pursued
By mortals and by saints
And dying, never leave unused
Clean papers, untouched paints

'She was a gifted Southern Belle, '
My grieving friend revealed,
'an artist many knew quite well,
outstanding in her field.'

Liilia Talts Morrison

Spinning Wheel

Spinning wheel, spinning wheel
whirring memories of yore
fading sunlight on the door
darkened rafters, earthen floor
needlework put in the drawer

Spinning wheel, spinning wheel
I was young once, laces wore
found a lad whom I adored
danced until we almost soared
then one night my heart he tore

Spinning wheel, spinning wheel
whirring memories of yore
days gone past forgotten lore
eyes a'welling must ignore
teardrops on the earthen floor.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Spring Daisies

The fields are green and rich up here
With little daisies growing
The buttercups shine golden pure
This passive park is glowing

I've only been here for a while
I call it now my home
The streets are straight and borders tiled
Where weeds don't dare to roam

My old place never was like this
Roads, alleys more like pathways
No borders framing fields or lanes
With grit and gravel always

The winter was much colder there
I had not many clothes
and morsels were much fewer, dear
But not much fewer woes

So here I am and it is Spring
I now have many jackets
It's all so easy and so warm
My life in pleasant packets

Yet when I look at daisies' hearts
Those centers small and yellow
They look the same as where I'm from
The same, so small and mellow

What difference does it make if I
Move here or there or yonder
If daisies in the Spring still look
The same, it's hard to ponder.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Spring Flowers

They speak of cherry blossoms
And frangipani trees
Of crocuses and daisies
Narcissus on spring hills

They talk of Easter lilies
I see them on store shelves
And peonies aplenty
Among bold daffodils

Yes, springtime is approaching
Wrapped in a showy cloak
Yet there's a flower I yearn for
Whose source can not be named

It hides under a blanket
Of snow and winter frost
Not even spring's warm sunshine
Can coax it from its chill

Those few who found the secret
Of finding this rare bloom
Will gladly share the answer
But sadly few will care

It is the flower of spirit
With petals some call grace
They open with plain prayer
And cannot wilt or die

So many pick fair poppies
And kiss a blushing rose
Quite unaware of standing
On spirit's hidden dale

They speak of cherry blossoms
And frangipani trees
Of crocuses and daisies
Narcissus on spring hills.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Sprites of Poetry

Today I spent on shaky ground
Dark thoughts began to rear
My body crouched in cobweb strands
Of bony fingered fear

Uncaring moments boot-like marched
And quickly moved away
To clear the path for newer feet
That stomped upon my day

Where had they gone, those happy times
When faith spread out like sand
Sweet hours bright as rows of pearls
When I dwelt in God's hand?

I now felt useless like a cloth
Meant to be torn for rags
That soon enough would rot and land
In wayside refuse bags

Then evening fell and little bells
Began to reach my ears
Familiar sprites of poetry
Companions to my tears

So very slowly like the moon
Words rose in gentle flow
And just as slowly I could feel
A lightening somehow

Why do I write those rhyming lines
That seem so weak and small?
Tonight I trust them as dear friends
That lift depression's pall.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Story Tree

My story starts with just a seed
dropped in the soil of birth
then rain and sunshine coax it forth
to open in rich earth

As seasons move along their paths
a tiny sapling peeks
through layers of leaves and fertile mulch
as light and growth it seeks

Time comes when sturdy, textured bark
forms round a trunk now tall
soon reaching to the blue expanse
that towers over all

The branches fill with verdant leaves
each shaped and formed just so
no two alike, each has its own
direction and sure flow

My hope is that my story tree
will spread with grace and love
so dreams and visions can find rest
like gentle mourning doves

Then, if the boughs be tossed by storms
the birds will soar and flee
returning when the winds have died
with greater grace live free

Some tales and chronicles are told
like paths for all to see
my wish is that my story be
much like a growing tree.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Strong House

The world will fling so many rocks
that God can turn to building blocks
to raise a house of faith so strong
no hurricane that comes along
can wipe it from its chosen place
or wipe it out without a trace.

A house that's built with beams of trust
each stone and brick with firm hand thrust
its mortar mixed with seeds of love
and windows looking high above
will stand eternal and with joy
that gates of hell can not destroy.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Sumi

The ancients long ago
Discovered ink
The ancients long ago
Observed birds
In their birdness

The ancients long ago
Washed souls
And placed them
On a scroll
Delighting eyes.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Summer Charade

Verandas dripping lilacs
Pale yellow apples
Burst with tangy liquids
Bowing from dark green branches
Touching northern grasses
Coaxed to fullness by summer sun

In distance small laces of forest
High bushes, some thorny, some not
A patch of tall stalks
Shows a garden
Well cared for by unseen hands

The farm is much more than a family
Or village, or even a clan
It is an illusion of safety
A haven if only in dreams

Who are you that sit there in summer
Surrounded by woods, fields and grass
The children, the uncles, the fathers
The brothers and aunts with their friends

This can't be a casual picnic
The men are in full suits and dress
The women are wearing their finery
The children in white Sunday-ness

I see you back there
You're the father
A patriarch, that is for sure
Your silence speaks louder than iron
That's beat on the anvil of life

And you, lovely lady, quite well fed
You jauntily sport a man's cap
You'll never know why the door closed
To life, to love and to hope

The sea captain wears a white mustache
So proper and trimmed with great care
In time he will come back and visit
But this will not happen too soon.

Then there is the man who knows numbers
His schooling clear-cut and complete
His hair is quite slick and pomaded
His suit well cut, but not new.

He will not be mentioned at even
When family sits down to eat
But proudly relate to his children

His glorious day as a guest

Small children in white are not counted
Too young to be reckoned with yet
They need but to be there and smiling
Wait for their turn and their test

The young men, sons of the great one
In clothes so fine for their girth
They carry the bloodlines dynastic
As fine as are raised on this earth

They cannot stray from the order
As tight as their cravats, necks raw
Their life path a chosen profession
Of medicine, science or law

The girls as they flower to women
Will equally follow the path
Narrow their crinolines waisted
As will be their ways, so help God.

There's no food to be had on this picnic
That is for the others, you see.
The farm and its bounty is richer
For workers and farmhands, not thee.

The hands that toil these wide lands
Will never be brought to this group
For suits and white dresses on grasses
Are not what the farm folk do seek.

The world is here split in two factions
The haves and have nots, they say
The haves with their paths strictly chosen
The have nots pull roots from the clay

It's only a photo forsaken
From timeworn albums found
Its age must be close to a hundred
Its people long since under ground

I feel like a voyeur to venture
And carefully view this parade
A voyeur sadly observing
A long ago summer charade.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Summer Fruits

In summertime the pace slows down
The streets are emptier downtown
Crisp shades of spring have come and gone
Now summer spreads its fertile lawn

What great delight its fragrant yields
Ripe, dripping from tall stalks in fields
While up above a deep blue sky
Embraces them as birds fly by

Oh, give me summer fruits today
My hunger and my thirst allay
Its brightest colors offer cheer
To this best season of the year.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Summer Lecture

Straws drown in
Carbonated orange soda
Leather sandals tip tan legs
Frosted glass walls wait
Pale gray, colorless.
Shiny bottles of summer drinks
Look refreshing
My eyes drink them in.

A straw hat ducks dramas
Flying 'bout the room
No one is listening.
Words absorb each other now.
Talk, talk, talk.
Crisp, positive shoulders
Nudge dark
Surrounded necks.

Sunlight rests on hair
By a window to the street
Beyond a world is rushing by
a world quite obviously
in no need of lectures.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Sunwashed Isles

The waves kiss jagged coral rocks
In trade winds salty sprays
My thoughts fly off to distant docks
And hidden tropic cays

The sky now blue now palest gray
Spans endless distant miles
The seagulls screech as if to say
Those corals have their wiles

Oh carry me on wings so white
To frangipani groves
Where rarest birds soar and alight
On orchids in green coves

May I find rest from northern chill
In huts with loin formed tiles
And drink sweet nectars to my fill
On distant sun washed isles.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Swan Dreams

Today I saw a lovely view
Of pure and lyric style:
A lake with swans and trees in bloom.
I lingered there awhile.

White-laced gazebos; columns fair,
Rose grand from velvet green,
While evergreens of stately blue,
Lent grace to this fair scene.

Chorus
But it is just a painting, dear.
It is not real, you know.
Your mind is growing weak and dim
Distorting youth's fair glow.

There was a time, so long ago,
When mother took us there,
With sister, brother, all in tow,
To see the swans' wet lair.

That surely had to be the place,
(Don't try to tell me no) ,
Before we grew and swam new seas,
Where swans will never go.

Chorus
But it is just a painting, dear.
It is not real, you know.
Your mind is growing weak and dim
Distorting youth's fair glow.

It's true I can't remember it;
My childhoods' memory dark,
Except from mother's blissful tales
Of visiting that park.

The three of us are now quite old;
Our mother passed away;
Yet in a corner of my mind,
Swans always hold their sway.

Chorus
But it is just a painting, dear.
It is not real, you know.
Your mind is growing weak and dim
Distorting youth's fair glow.

But I have proof. It's obvious.
Just look up in the air.
Can't you spot angels dipping down,
Three of them, over there?

I’m in the middle, don’t you see?
And brother to my right;
Our little sister on the left;
All bathed in childhood’s light.

Chorus
But it is just a painting, dear.
It is not real, you know.
Your mind is growing weak and dim
Distorting youth’s fair glow.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Sweet Sixteen

There was a time when passion ruled our love
Hot kisses in the back seat of your car
We sat beneath the budding Linden trees
Drinking fresh beer in sparkling kegs of youth

At eighteen, you were oh, so glamorous
So recklessly I sought to give you all
We raced around the curves of nightly roads
You drove bold, daring, dashing in your way

I lied to you that I was now sixteen
And that I smoked those grown up Chesterfields
A friend soon tried to teach me how to smoke
To breathe in deep without that awful cough

Hot summer days on salty beaches bright
Were our playgrounds where we cast our fate
I in my pale blue jantzen, you so tan
Even our friends knew we were meant to be

Then as the moon and month began to wane
The dreaded birthday time was growing near
I thought no more of what might come of it
Than I had feared the lifelong curse of nicotine

So there we were, all lace and sugar cubes
Gifts, ribbons, bows and tables filled to brim
There was no warning, not in my young mind
Of what your eyes said when you first came in

You stood against the light. That's all I saw
Your eyes and face etched dark against the window
The room was full of birthday party joy
And then I felt so cold, so very cold

Nothing was said, there was no need to speak.
I tried to smile just like a birthday girl
Yet it was all over and I knew it well
And now I really needed Chesterfields

The party guests stayed on and had a time
They talked about their fun for weeks
You slipped out early (no one seemed to care)
Leaving me with just one sentence that you said
Autumn has come. The beach is empty now.
I stay at home and watch the window panes
That very window where you once had stood
And where my life now stands in frozen pain

My pale blue bathing suit fell victim to salt seas
It lies in tatters, shredded like a rag
My world has turned from summer blues and golds

To morbid brown and mottled umber hues

I cannot think of kisses and of love
Or if there's life when I reach seventeen
I only know that growing up is sad
Of longing for the things that might have been

This window is my curse, my haunting chill
Soon I will leave this place, I'm sure
But will those words you said on that last day
Follow like so many daggers in my heart?

Remember how your words were almost lost
Amid the gaily chatting party guests
You said it in a whisper, very low
'But I didn't bring a birthday present.'

Liilia Talts Morrison

T.H.E.Y.

Far away in the land of peaks
Valleys none, nicked by the Greeks
Lives Tonda.

Hespa is his rotund wife
Known to terrorize with knife
The chickens.

Elga is their daughter fair
Sleeps all day without a care
And snores.

Yona must not be forgot
Blows his nose, so has no snot.
He's the son.

Now that you have met them all
Know that they are your downfall
In life.

What will T.H.E.Y. say if you sneeze,
Curl your hair or eat blue cheese?
'No, no, no.'

Write a poem, live in Spain
Pick wet poppies in the rain?
'That won't do.'

Now that you know who T.H.E.Y. are
Just say 'no' to grabbing stars
T.H.E.Y. won't like it.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Tababuie Golden Rain

Late March brings bursts of golden rain
A million petals dance and glide
In showers from a boundless source
As tababuies preen in Spring

The wind persuades the blooms to fly
Soon carpeting lawns, streets and lanes
They cloak the ground with yellow joy
So fleeting, delicate, yet real

Abundant is their flowering
Exploding from trees known to heal
Yet no one notes a single bloom
Amid a sea of richest quilts

Each smiling flower has one day
To spread its magic to the land
The earth by morning will embrace
Those golden messengers of Spring

They say the tababuie tree
Is sacred in its healing ways
Its bark, its sap, its leaves and blooms
Cure natives bound with tropic plagues

There’s something in me craves and needs
To dwell in warmth of clime and hue
To find relief in humid nights
And mark my days like blossoms spent

Spring rains bring fleeting showers rare
Cascading flakes to earth they fly
In yellow bursts of petals fair
So bright against a teal blue sky.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Take a Little Moment

Take a little moment, just to look
Breezes sway the palm fronds,
Gently runs the brook
Sky and trees grows dim now
Curtains softly blow
An ancient fan is humming
A song from long ago.

Take a little moment,
just a little one.
the day has had its laughter,
with friends and fun
Work for the hands aplenty
and then some play
But evening time is here now
It's here to stay.

But stop for just a minute
And lift your eyes above
The treetops seem to whisper
Of things that might have been.

Take a little moment
And think of him.
Then say a little thank you
for a love that might have been.

The autumn leaves are turning
Just some of them
Between the green and olive
are woven leaves of brown.

My leaf is golden yellow,
With orange ripeness now.
The bud of youth has gently
Received its final bow.

I love my golden moments,
now full of joy.
I glory in the nightfall
Sweeter yet than day.

I'm glad I took a moment
And wrote a line of two
The evening always brings me
The lovely thought of you.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Temps and Perms

A temp's a gal who gets no ire
She's only there on two weeks' hire
Not like the perms who hold their jobs
Like cougars clenching meat in jaws
Or lions holding prey ‘neath paws
Or raptors clutching fish in claws

Some think there should be orders
For offices to halt disorders
By perms who violate all borders
Backstabbing, planting hid recorders

The good news for the new recruit
Is that she often is so cute
That though perms hope she will be ditched
Or vanish on a broom bewitched
She often ends up much enriched
Resigning and with boss get hitched.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Tequesta

They braved dark hammocks’ secret threats
And wetlands’ hidden ridges
They cut their skins on coastal rocks
In dugouts’ hand hewn bridges

They lassoed whales as big as mounds
Tattooing their existence
Upon the layers of long ago
In sinewy persistence

They carved sharp tools from conch shell shards
Caught fish from offshore reefs
A hardy breed, they tamed the threat
Of Everglades green griefs

They staked their claim on firm bedrock
The mouth of the Miami
A river once quite beautiful
Though short its length and glory

Tequesta was their settlement
That spanned two thousand years
Tequesta was a tribe of note
Among their native peers

They came, they went, and time moved on
As it is wont to do
But when I walk on ground they tread
I bid a sad adieu.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Thank You

In the morning days begin
In the evening candles dim
As you walk along life's way
Don't forget to stop and pray

Thank him for each grain of sand
Thank him for the sea and land
Thank him for our hands and feet
Thank him for each heart that beats

In the morning days begin
In the evening candles dim
As you walk along life's way
Don't forget to stop and pray.

Liilia Talts Morrison

That one pearl

That one pearl far beyond all price
Cannot be found in halls of trade
Nor hidden deep in crowns of kings
Or earned with well intentioned deeds

Who could have guessed it waits for those
Who huddle in rain sodden ways
And cuddle newsprint to stay warm
Who trade their last dream for a smoke

Who long ago have given up
Illusions - hope gone down the drain
They will not find it on their own
It’s given them, a gift from God.

Liilia Talts Morrison

That Valentine

So smooth your love in summer season
entrancing me with cunning reasons
autumn winds and winter came
some friends no longer knew my name
only you embracing me became my dark reality
nights conquered days as you grew stronger
submerging, I saw light no longer

it was a season preordained
not ever to return again

time came, you vanished in Spring mists
how I recall our last love kiss
entwining me in bygone bliss

seasons pass, a long gray line
unsung, unheard, unknown I pine
no longer mine, that Valentine.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Bear Who Hated Baths

There was a little bear
Who hated to take baths
When it was time to wash
He hid in leafy paths

The other bears would laugh
To see his matted fur
All mottled in dark shades
Mixed in with grass and burs

One windy autumn day
He sat beneath a tree
And oh, so suddenly
Was stung by a small bee

He let out a bear yell
And felt a painful ache
Then without thought or care
He ran into a lake

His mother brought him home
All wet and soaked, but clean
And ever since that day
He's loved to bathe and preen

The village bears rejoiced
And let him join their club
As friend and playmate dear
And bought him a fine tub

They come from far and near
To see this fancy bear
All shiny bright and clean
With fluffy fur so fair.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Blue Candle

It was a hopeless little flame.
The blue seven day candle was on its last legs.
So was my sanity.

The shopkeeper had bled me dry
With his demands for longer hours
Paychecks bouncing
And many other indignities.
I lit a candle in the back
So he couldn't see it.
Its flame was so small
To see it burn seemed hopeless.
I had used my last match, anyway.

After hours of boring waiting
Speckled with rude customers
I went to the back
Just for a private moment.

Against hope I looked into the candle.
There was a tiny flame,
So tiny you could hardly see it.
Had it burned like this for hours?
On that hopeless attempt to light it
With my last, shaky match?

I tendered my resignation the next day.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Bookish Bear Mountaineer

Back in the days of books
When children sat in nooks
To learn of Mother Goose
And what was a caboose
Well, in those ancient days
There lived a bear quite crazed
Who'd sit and read for hours
While others picked wild flowers

His parents wanted him
To jog down to the gym
But that was of no use
He made a thin excuse
Until one fine Spring day
He read a fine essay
About a mountaineer
Who climbed up Mount Rainier

The next thing by surprise
The bear would early rise
To run a dozen miles
And climb up hills and piles
Until he grew quite strong
And took some books along
To scale the tallest peak
With his now fine physique

This was so long ago
But all bears know it's so
That there's a summit tall
Steep as a cold icefall
Where flags are stuck in snow
By those who won the show
Where that small bookish bear
Left booklets to be shared.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Church at Mudflats Creek

'Dem trains quit runnin' years ago, '
The gaunt, old sheriff drawled,
'Dere ain't no church across dem tracks,
Least none I kin recall.'

'I was a Sister over there,
'Walked to it twice a week -
Wood frame it was and whitewashed, too -
Backed onto Mudflats Creek.'

'No maam, you must be dreamin' now,
Or think o' someplace else
Truth is across dem weed grown tracks
Ain't none but cussin' de'ls.

'Time was dem Yankee dollars flowed
Steam trains would rumble in,
Haulin' off timber, marl and sand
An' taters now'n agin.

'Dem lumber lords left years ago
An' drought turned fields bone dry
Dem oldsters dat would set an' talk
Done died off by and by.

'Yep, dey's gone off to meet their ends
Quit telling' all dem lies.
Ain't much left jes' lik' what you see-
Dem rusty railroad ties.

Dere's still some deer back in dem woods
An' I do get me share,
Dis job here keeps de wolf away.
Poor folks ain't got a prayer.

'Look lady, jes' ferget you seen
This bur-infested place
Ghost churches, ghost trains tend to spook
You's gone widdout a trace.'

I left the clearing smelling sweet
Pine tar and sun-dried hay,
Where this gaunt sheriff held his post
Day after weary day.

Nor did I cross those weed grown tracks
Beyond which lay a dream
Of Sunday children, dressed and clean,
Just yesterday, it seemed.

Those children grew and went their ways
To darker days ahead.

Had any seeds remained in them
Of hymns and scriptures read?

That visit is now tucked away -
A thing left to the past
Like rusty iron, rotted wood
Not ever meant to last.

Yet it's not easy to erase
Those long gone simple days,
Before the world like autumn leaves
Spewed us to wintry ways.

'Dem trains quit runnin' years ago, '
The local sheriff drawled.
'There ain't no church across dem tracks,
Least none I kin recall.'

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Church Of The Rock

The winds of life
Whipped raw against my limbs
Clouds brushing by
I squinted
Feet blistered
Parching throat
Sweat burning eyes
Mingled with tears

I sobbed
Collapsed
As it all closed in on me

Then as if on cue
A wave of relief
A lightening
Began to flow into me

There was a gentle touch
On my shoulder
But when I looked
No one was there

Enfolded in a strange mist
My body quivered
Was this the end?

Then my toes
Gripped something
Below

Not looking
I somehow knew
It was a rock
A large one

It didn’t seem holy
As I had imagined
But I immediately
Knew what it was -
The thing
They all had talked about -
The church of the rock.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The City

Wrapped In a mindless concrete crust
The tired earth lies vanquished
Crops of past years long turned to dust
Beneath harsh streets to languish

How heavy weigh man’s monuments
On soil in darkness braving
The unrelenting, pounding steps
Of feet bent on blind cravings

The city throbs with pulsing beats
Heedless of harvest timings
And ancient forces coaxing wheat
In slow celestial rhyming

A field must rest from many years
of earth depleting labor
Instead those gray oppressing layers
pierce it with steely sabers

a little sprout of grass yet peeks
from massive pipes and boulders
delighting in the sun it seeks
nature’s strong, loving shoulders.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Cup Of Power

Ah, mighty emperor, drink of that cup
Its nectar sweet and pungent to the lips
You've earned this golden flagon of the gods
You've spilled much blood and ravaged ships

Ah, mighty emperor, do not delay
None will resist when you have drained its brew
Great hordes and legions you will play like pawns
Returning Rome to glories it once knew

Ah mighty emperor, the sun sinks low
The laurel wreath now hovers high above
And marble monuments would your fair form display
Your wise choice chroniclers will then sing of

Ah, mighty emperor, the men who guard your throne
Have suddenly been overcome and led away
An enemy has spilled the wine that yours would be
Your scepter broken, jewels in disarray

Take heed and learn a lesson from this tale
When life a cup of power to you extends
It may at first appear like laurels of success
Yet soon ferment to hemlock's evil ends.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Darkness

The day you came, I knew it
A prophecy fulfilled
For there had been much longing
Dreams hindered, thwarted, chilled

It was a tragic knowing
An inner whisper told
This would not be a picnic
In meadows to unfold

No. It would be the woodlands
Where brambles, thistles thrive
Cold night falls oh, so quickly
And few escape alive

You pulled me to that darkness
And I gave in to fate
Until a hand predestined
Removed the tempting bait

The twisted tale evolving
Would brand my path of life
Its final strike descending
With bloody, steely knife

A nightmare love lay shattered
Upon the forest floor
When light of day to freedom
The chains of torture tore

The day you came, I knew it
A prophecy fulfilled
For there had been much longing
Dreams hindered, thwarted, chilled.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The God Particle

How thrilling to track tiny mesons and muons
Test theories on atoms of neons and freons
Build underground tunnels to prove the Almighty
Will show all his secrets to physicists flighty

Oh keep on your searches to find all the answers
In labs and wind tunnels as nimbly as dancers
Big bangs and black holes are the grist for your mills
Just make sure your protons won't blow up the hills.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Graveyard

I stumbled on half-hidden stones
With brambles overgrown
A graveyard from an age long flown
Neglected and alone

I wondered who was buried ‘neath
The tangled weedy wreath
What body in its final sheath
Lay lifeless underneath

Was there a soul with gifts innate
Who hoped to pen a line
Caught by a sudden twist of fate
Now coffined and supine

I left there running like a sprite
And found my book of prayers
Where little notes I hoped to write
Were buried in its layers

The day will come when my own grave
May be a hidden cave
No human eye will ever see
Yet poems there will be

I stumbled on half-hidden stones
With brambles overgrown
A graveyard from an age long flown
Neglected and alone.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Hand Of Nature

When pressures of the day rise up
And fill the hours with stress
When every effort is too hard
To strive for, too much pain

That is the time to lift your eyes
And note the sky above
So blue and often graced with clouds
Kissing the earth so green

Lift up your weary hand and stretch
To endless space beyond
And trust that myriads of stars
Are peeking from its depths

Then touch the green grass on the earth
That's carried you so long
And gently move your gaze to trees
Just waiting to be seen

Now stretch your fingers and you'll feel
The touch of nature's hand
That's been outstretched for years
Just waiting to hold yours.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Knife of Life

I had a knife in childhood
A villager had made
It's handle gleamed with birch wood
The sheath a darker shade.

When traveling through thick woods
I took this knife along
And when I found a willow
I whittled, whistling songs.

My father oft went stalking
For deer, the hunter's gift
He didn't mind the grunting
Of lives snuffed out so swift.

One day I saw a creature
Quite green and speckled fine.
I held it with my bare foot
And cut its tail and spine.

Its eyes still looked in wonder
At me, or so I thought.
I ran away. Abandoned
my knife, so cunning wrought.

The village calls me coward
A softie, ne'er do well.
They're right. But did they ever
Meet eyes with heaven and hell?

I'm older now and sadder,
I will not buy a knife.
At evening I still wander
To woods where I took life.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Letter Never Written

I never wrote that letter
The one I promised you,
So you would know me better
And love arise anew.

Time flew while daily measures
Cropped up like mushrooms tall,
Ignoring hidden treasures
Regretting not at all.

It's true, I was quite busy
Too tired to light a lamp
At end of day, too weary
For paper, pen and stamp.

One afternoon when walking
I felt a terror grow
While hearing neighbors talking
'Carl died. You didn't know? '

My heart feels like it's bitten
Sore, bleeding in its fold:
My letter never written,
Our story never told.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Light

Oh, man of clay and feet of dust
Walk on the earth, if walk you must
But if you stop and rest awhile
A light may grace your weary mile.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Little Angel

The little angel in the sunshine basks
With calm, serene expression
I wonder if his church yard task
Is blessing the procession
Of saints and sinners walking by
To pray, to mourn, to die

My father was remembered here
When he reached higher ground
Of crystal mansions much revered
Where choirs with harps resound

Time came my own son's time was full
Those left behind then entered
This yard to grieve, expressions dull
Their lives this man had centered

Few now can see foregone events
Time passing builds high walls
Yet that small angel heaven sent
Sees and remembers all

The little angel in the sunshine basks
With calm, serene expression
I wonder if his church yard task
Is blessing the procession
Of saints and sinners walking by
To pray, to mourn, to die.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Monkey

Remember the days before you got
The monkey on your back?

Can you still remember?
Remember when a world lay before you
and you were going to make it.
Remember?

The money is on your back
The money is on your back.
Ha, ha... he won't let go
He won't let go

You think you can't go back to blue skies
To tasting things, to feeling
Like when you were small
And munching apples.

You think it will taste like paste
Look like brown
Always, till the end

Remember when up as up
and down was down?
The monkey turned it
Upside down.
Remember?

Monkey, monkey, monkey
Monkey on your back

Hey mister, guess what?
Hey mister I blew him off
Look at me mister
I blew the monkey of my back

Keep on crying mister, keep on sad
The time will come you'll get hollering mad

You'll fly, you'll cry, you'll bust out loose
Your heart a coal, your neck a noose
You'll crawl in dust this close to dead

Then suddenly it'll hit your head –
The monkey's gone, the monkey's gone
Hey, man, the monkey's gone
Hey man
Hold my hand.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Old Place

I hadn't gone that way for years
There was no reason to
The place we found our shelter then
Demolished, built anew

There was no sign of that grand tree
We waited for to bloom
And when the time for mangoes came
We scampered from our room

For there was little to be gleaned
In those now distant times
The world was harsh and people cruel
The streets knew many crimes

But we were still a family
And that meant quite a lot
We overlooked those challenges
Our love a tight wound knot

Today they all have gone away
And made lives of their own
But I will not forget that street
Will they, now that they're grown?

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Old Road

Going down the old road
Late afternoon
Sun hazy
On the dusty windshield

A wayside parking lot full
For Saturday night
Worn watering hole hanging on
As new places rise
It's still holding on
Holding on
Like the man
Sitting on the barstool
Just holding on

Going down the old road
That hotel from those days
They talk about
Each year they talk
A little less

The man on the porch
White beard unkempt
Bright for an instant
In that lazy sun
Going down soon
He no longer cares to shave
Makes no difference anyhow

Going down the old road
Junk shop shuttered
Time to go home
Darkness comes fast
Shadows rising
Cover the old road
Worn railroad ties
No longer used

Going down the old road
Car crawling
Over bumps and pebbles

Once there were
Friends things
Stalling fears
Long buried

Now returning
Uninvited
A large black wave
Washing away
People like flotsam

Now so far away
Unreachable

Nothing much left now
Just that old road
Day wearing down
Stray rays of fools gold

I ride into darkness
Again a lost child
Homeless
Hands empty
Feet dusty
On that old road
Down that old road.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Poem of Life

The poem of life
may rhyme or may not
it's put out in stanzas -
whatever you've got.

The poem of life
is sometimes a ditty
a ballad, a sosnnet
sad, lovely or witty.

Some couplets may falter
and burn into ash
as love affairs enter
proverbial crash.

The poem of life
now childish, now grand
reflects the old psyche
asserting its' stand.

The poem of life
will change as you enter
that scary old place
they call 'Senior Center.'

The poem of life
though wobbly in rhyme
is something YOU wrote
you know 'it is mine.'

The poem of life
ah, think of it how
your kin that is next
will treasure it now.

Or maybe your poem
was written in sand
that's even better -
in trash it won't land.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Poets Group

Careening down the avenue
We were a motley crew
spilling from an open jeep
Laughter was long overdue.

We spoke of T.S. Eliot
And bars down in the Keys
We built in blocks of alphabets
And didn't dare to sneeze.

We knew this was the real McCoy
This moment was our charm
Soon we would fall, but just this night
We cheated fate, and then some.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Powerful Woman

The powerful woman does not raise her voice
She does not tell you what to do
She does not ask you for favors
She weeds her own garden
She tends to her chores
She listens to your woes
She shows you how to make jello
She tenderly prunes the tomato plant

The powerful woman moans when her own child dies
But she goes on, tending to her chores
The powerful woman lends shelter
Whether it be a bird with broken wing
Or a young man lost

The powerful woman has no face
She has no name anyone has heard before
The is an image, a memory, a shining light
Glowing through a stained glass window.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Present Is A Gift

The present is a gift
A gift the present
The hours quickly drift
Make moments pleasant

A gift the present
Embracing everything
Make moments pleasant
Take time to sing

Embracing everything
Love life today
Take time to sing
In your own way

Love life today
Your precious gift
In your own way
Your soul uplift.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Purple Hat Society

Do you look good in purple,
Do you dare wear it?
If you ask this question,
You are not ready for
The purple hat society.

Do you discard a shard
Or mock a crooked crock?
Do you see knaves
When looking at princes?
Then you are not ready for
The purple hat society.

Do you dot all your 'i's
And seal all ziploc bags?
Sorry, you won't
Make it with the purples.

Do you help support
The cosmetic industry
Not to mention spas
And salons?
That's another poem
Altogether.

Do you write a purple poem anyway
Though you know darn well
Nothing rhymes with purple?
Then I've got good news.
Send in your purple dues.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Red Bridge

I saw a bridge meant to be crossed
The path to paradise
In shiny lacquered red it glowed
With ancient myths embossed

It beckoned me with jewels rare
Compassion for all men
Humility in word and deed
And moderation's care

The ferns stood still expectantly
Tall bamboos held their peace
Small shrubs and rocks watched as I stood
And urged me eagerly

I never crossed that crimson bridge
But rather chose to dwell
In caves of excess, brashness, self
On evil mountain's ridge

At night when haunting vapors float
Past an unfeeling moon
Regrets begin to cloud my mind
And whimpers choke my throat

We only get one chance in life
To enter that green glen
And cross the fairest of all spans
Beyond which there's no strife

I saw the bridge meant to be crossed
The path to paradise
In shiny lacquered red it glowed
With ancient myths embossed.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Red Miata

If there's one thing you just gotta
It's to buy a small Miata.
Color red is much preferred
Lest you blend in with the herd.

This cool wedge they call a car
Certainly will take you far.
Heads will turn as gas you burn
Top down, shades up, two wheel turn.

Offers pour in left and right
Fend them off with all your might.
Though there is a tiny quandry -
Where to put your dirty laundry.

Whizzing, grooving in the rain
Thumbs up signs from those more sane.
Piling hikers in the rear -
Nabbed by cops can be a fear

Bottom line, my friend, is this:
Though this sports job is a bliss,
When you trade for a sedan
Thank the Lord that you still can.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Redland

They all talk about the Redland.
The locals warn you it's 'Redland, ' not 'Redlands.'
Rich terra cotta soil bursts forth into
giant blood red bougainvilleas
pale purple jacarandas
and creamy white frangipanis,
compete with sky high royal palms
touching the royal blue sky.

Yes, they all talk about the Redland

With all this, why do I sit here terrified?
For you see, your ranch here has no locks.
Many doors with glass panes
look out to the golden day.

But when night falls
What shall I do?
What shall I do?

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Rock

I strolled along the street one day
And saw a coral rock
Among a sea of little plants
And when I stopped I heard a chant
The rock began to talk

I am the center of this plot
Protecting weeds and shrubs
I hold the landscape in firm grip
Shelter from storm and windy whips
The strength, the source, the hub

I moved along and wondered how
My earthly lot could find
A strong and firm foundation stone
Preventing bad seeds often sown
On paths now undefined

Back home I opened an old book
Ignored for many years
It spoke of vineyards, gates of gold
And things that can't be sold
Of washing feet with tears

Soon I was kneeling on the floor
Hands reaching to the sky
The straggling vines of my life torn
Frail flowers withered and forlorn
Soil sandy and bone dry

Then I recalled that wayside rock
That whispered words profound
If things that never spoke can talk
Or blind can see or lame can walk
I might find holy ground.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Seeker

I am the seeker of the rainbow
Inside a broken glass

Brightest blue
Turns into orange hue

I am the seeker of the roar
Inside a conch shell

Lulling me to dream
In an empty room

I am the seeker of shards
Fallen in the cracks
Of silent alleys

My life a torn cord, frayed
Cast into the waters

I am the seeker of the blind man's light
A darkness oh so bright

I am the seeker of the deaf man's sound
Symphony of silence
Floating upward, outward.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Ship Of Fate

Across the distant waves I see
Flag poised above the blue
The ship of fate approaching me
Long decades overdue

For years my life was but a farce
I did not have a goal
My crusts of bread and garments sparse
I played the pauper's role

Then as my evening years arrived
I crawled to hope's fair shore
And when I did, old dreams revived
In whitest seagulls' soar

That's when I saw the gloried ship
Its mast hewed with belief
A wooden cross clung to the tip
In promise of relief

I quickly swam and climbed aboard
And found some fellow souls
Who just like me would be restored
Names writ on heaven's scrolls

My wish for you, dear friend or foe
Is that you find the shore
Where in the evening's fading glow
Your ship finds heaven's door

Across the distant waves I see
Flag poised above the blue
The ship of fate approaching me
Long decades overdue.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Song of Life

The song of life is ever stirring
Its constant music of the spheres
Amazed at its continued whirring
My earthbound heart the magic hears

Though often clouds of strife are blurring
Creation's perfect harmonies
Those muffled melodies occurring
Crescendo soon as symphonies

The tones and tunes within my being
Ring with a pitch set to a key
That undulates while ever seeing
Dreams can be real and ought to be

Our human orchestra is needful
Of every instrument and voice
The great conductor ever heedful
That every member has his choice

Sometimes a drum pounds out its rhythms
Then violins sonatas play
Pianos pierce the air like prisms
And let the concert take its sway

How grand our hall of celebration
Its ceiling spans an endless blue
The floor in green reverberation
Makes the acoustics loud and true

Each soul on earth is sorely needed
In this life's jubilant event
Each sound and note enjoyed and heeded
By our composer, heaven sent

At times I hear in wild percussion
The global opus without cease
An offering of great compassion
It truly is a masterpiece.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Sower

He puts his hand upon the plow
Gaze steady, straight ahead
The sower labors wheat to grow
And earn his daily bread

Rich harvests pour from grain that's thrown
By those who warnings heed
Of ancient orders hewn in stone
'Sow not with mingled seed.'

From wayside shrubs the tempter calls
'Take charge of this, your field.
Choose your own fate, stand firm and tall.
Mix kernels, reap more yield.'

The sower hearkens to this lure
Profaning hallowed ways
While fear wells as the harvest nears
Nights sleepless, restless days

Disdaining sacred timeworn signs
Succumbing to his greed
He finds at long sought reaping time
Arms empty, home in need

Yet like a sprout in desert sand
That pushes through life's drought
He can rejoin the prophet's stand
Set Satan's wiles to nought

He puts his hand upon the plow
Gaze steady, straight ahead
The sower labors wheat to grow
And earn his daily bread.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Spirit is Willing

Sunlight filters thru still air
Bare wood benches worn with care
Echoes of small children’s cries
Now long grown - still living lies

That old church stands feeble now
Hymns of yore still cling somehow
To plain walls that silent stand
Long forsook by praying hands

Circuit preachers' burning songs
Bringing hope to folks gone wrong
Then temptation pressed them sore
Faith and trust fell to the floor

Sunlight filters thru still air
Bare wood benches worn with care
Echoes of small children’s cries
Now long grown - still living lies.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Spirit Sings

Heading for the glory land
golden mansions, silver strand
overflowing gratitude
merciful in attitude

Thank you for the souls that seek
love and mercy through the week
thank you for the grains of sand
thank you for the mountains grand

You created palm tree fronds
life is your eternal bond
words of truth spread through the land
earth and heaven clap their hands

Thank you for the poor who seek
healing and repentance meek
kneeling at the Savior's side
childlike in your bosom hide

Heading for the glory land
golden mansions, silver strand
overflowing gratitude
merciful in attitude.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Torch

Passing the torch
The torch of life
When age descends
The flame grows strong

The fire flickering in youth
Now flares up toward heaven's dome
It lights the dark of midnight gloom
Transforming rocks to brightest jewels

Passing the torch
The torch of life
When age descends
The flame grows strong

Age comes with measured steps to coax
Beliefs and prayers from hidden caves
Pours strength into long wrinkled hands
Parched from the wear of many years

Passing the torch
The torch of life
When age descends
The flame grows strong

My campfire glows in embers' warmth
No snuffing out, no standing still
I'll grab my jewel box of prayers
And lift the torch with feeble grip

Passing the torch
The torch of life
When age descends
The flame grows strong.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Veils Of Time

The wands and veils of time enmesh
Fair portals of past rooms
When youth perched on the future's store
Of undiscovered tunes

Among us one much gifted was
She stood out from the crowd
We knew she was more special then
And surely would go far

Years passed in topsy-turvy ways
And threw us to and fro
Some of us sank, some persevered
But her life left no trace

How could a girl so gifted then
Fall to oblivion's doom
Since talents rare and graceful ways
Could put worlds at her feet

Soon my own path would twist and turn
None came and looked me up
And even fewer touched my life
By thought or phone or pen

Now evening on my desert scene
Brings memories of that time
A point from which so many soared
To recognition's crown

Yet I can only think about
A comely, nimble girl
And wonder just what kind of veil
Tore her and pulled her down.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Veteran

He sits there on the circle
Hair clipped, military style
Turned white and thin long ago
His T-shirt now gray from many washings
Short sleeves still rolled up tight
Like back in training camp

His frame is trim, skin sallow now
Too many cigarettes and coffee cups
Too little nourishment
After things fell apart
After he got out
And couldn't find a way
To get on the track
Others seemed to tread

He sits there on the circle
Meant for those who have the time
To sit and watch
Most just passing through
With their shopping bags
And children romping
Dogs taking a leak

He sits there every day
Some days are crowded
Some are not
He always looks alone
Because he is

His bed in the cheap hotel
Is surely trim and neat
With pants folded
Under the mattress
To keep their crease
Probably his only long pants
The T-shirt probably his only one
For he does not shop
Cannot shop

Cigarettes and coffee
Take most of his money
And of course, the rent
So much more
Than this place is worth
He has no where else to go

He does his routine
Like he used to march
And clean his gun
And even once was in a skirmish

The war was over long ago
The war the only real thing
He had, has
Even now
Except of course
That other war
Inside
The one he will never conquer
Never win
It goes on and on

The other day that spot
His spot on the circle was empty
Nobody really noticed
For they did not notice him ever
He was like a ghost
From somewhere else
Nobody wanted to look there

A few days later
They noticed a stink
Down the hall on the second floor
In that hotel
It was a familiar smell
One they smelled
About every couple of months

Medics came with blank faces
They had seen this many times
It was their job
The tenants wondered
Who of their friends
Could get that room
How much would they raise the rent

'Too bad, ' they muttered
on the porch
'Too bad, ' and shook their heads.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Wanderer

Other people’s places
Other people’s rooms
Other people’s spaces
Swept with well made brooms

Fill me with confusion
Overwhelm my bones
With the strong illusion
I don’t have a home

Other people’s treasures
Other people’s jewels
Other people’s measures
Other people’s pools

Fill my mind with clutter
Fill my mind with awe
Make my tongue to stutter
Make my breath withdraw

Other people’s striving
Other people’s walk
Other people’s pining
Other people’s talk

Fill me with foreboding
Fill me with a dread
Coax me to unloading
My small crust of bread

Other people’s journeys
Other people’s roads
Other people’s gurneys
Other people’s loads

Fill me with a longing
Fill my fading veins
Of a hope where singing
Is the only aim

Other people’s larders
Other people’s bets
Other people’s gardens
Other people’s pets

Cause my hand to falter
Cause my breath to pause
Giving up the psalter
Of my meager cause.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Workman

He sits in silence on a bus
A train, a coffee shop or pub
Most people pass him by because
His clothes are worn and stained

The worker is an unsung man
Who digs and hews and sweeps
With little to look forward to
When evening gently falls

His eyes are glazed from routine jobs
Back hunched though he's still young
A layer of resignation rests
On his much wearied frame

For centuries our world has spawned
The workman for our needs
Yet when we see him on the bus
No one says thanks to him.

Liilia Talts Morrison

The Writer

Some people write because they want to
Some people write because it's fun
Some people write because they have to
To keep the demons on the run

Some people write to make a living
Some people write to fill the day
Some people write because they have to
To keep destructive thoughts at bay

Some people make up funny stories
Some even write amusing friends
Some people write to bare emotions
On which their very life depends.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Then Came Morning

There is a canvas white and clean
That stares you in the face
I cannot is your foremost thought
Its' not the time or place

What can I say or represent
That others have not done
Much better surely, heaven sent
Rapt audiences stunned

The day wore on with shadows cast
The inspiration faint
With shaky hand I tried at last
And filled the void with paint

When morning came and I arose
It looked me in the face
A thing of beauty, like a rose
My thought had found its place

So painter, do not hesitate
To free that fragile thought
Life's way too short to contemplate
What's hidden is for nought

Have faith, my friend, let talent soar

In strokes quite bold and free

Forget the failures from before

Believe, and you will see.

Liilia Talts Morrison

There Comes A Time

There comes a time to take a look
At moments that were painful then
Raw times of wrongs and prejudice
When helpless victims cried in vain.

There comes a time, a safer one
Stark agonies and violence
Too overwhelming in those years
By time's kind fingers gently heal.

There comes a time those little ones
Are softly carried to their fate
Where angels and the just alone
Rejoice in bright eternity.

There comes a time those left on earth
Eyewitness to atrocities
Can finally recall, relive
Pale moments much too hard to bear.

There comes a time, it's here at last
When poems from a hot hand flow
To soothe harsh reminiscences
That only wails can coax to view.

There comes a time all injured ones
Are vindicated, lives renewed
Offending earthly pangs and woe
Much-glorified in mansions gold.

The time has come take a look
At moments that were painful then
Raw times of wrongs and prejudice
When helpless victims cried in vain.

Liilia Talts Morrison

There's Thunder Over Yonder Glades

There’s thunder over yonder glades
Winds lashing gangly saw grass blades
Black clouds pour forth as dangers loom
The deadly deluge bringing doom

Wet wading birds without defense
Stand calm amid the turbulence
As ancient alligator ways
Blot out bewildered creatures’ days

Skies anger spent, the calm returns
Dark forces had their cruel way
Night shadows now bathe liquid urns
Of life turned sacrificial clay

The moon reveals a nest of reeds
Still bent from nature’s sudden wrath
A broken egg yolk spilled on weeds
Sad ending in the aftermath

The golden promise of a birth
That never is to reach full girth
Is part of a much greater plan
Not to be understood by man

The seed of life, though very small
May hold a bird or man-child tall
Some meant to sing, some meant to fall
Someday this fate becomes us all

We are alive, we have been born
From mother’s bloody womb are torn
What greater reason then to be
Than shouting poems endlessly?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Thick the Fog

Thick the fog of my transgressions
As I blindly tread life's way
Searching for a post or anchor
Body weary, tearstained eyes

Each day moves in slow procession
People touch and leave my life
Sunset finds me with one question
Where do I fit in this scheme?

Deep regrets from early childhood
Stumbling into errant ways
When the heavy press of growing
Brought temptations and much pain

Is there hope for my sad journey?
None can answer, though they've tried
All I have is one faint prayer
That the Savior will find me

I am like that wretched creature
Reaching out to touch the hem
Of the Master's healing garment
And break through that fog of sin.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Things Fade

Yesterday I walked a path or was I just dreaming
Did I cook a soup called hope and bake loaves of promise

Things and places fade away not much to hold on to
Days are quickly swallowed by night's voracious hunger

Little moments I resolve not to spurn by wasting
Quickly dropp like dying leaves with no net to catch them

Is my life a song once heard and then lost forever
Heartbeats vanishing in space without trace or meaning

Let me reach my arms up high to the stars that beckon
What else can release the dread of great voids around me

Maybe if I make a sound feeble in its timber
It will bounce upon light rays flying up and bending

Somehow I must make a mark with my tiny efforts
Or has it already been made by the Creator?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Thoughts on Everest

It happened many years ago
A team went up to scale
And challenge a forbidden peak
That made all others pale

The Himalayas had been closed
To those who would trespass
Until a war shook up the land
And opened a crevasse
Upon the southern plains beneath
The mountain's rocky mass

All eyes were on the team's ascent
As inch-by-inch they trod
From foothills, base camp, to the heights
With bulky crampons shod

The sherpas and the Englishmen
Were hardy as can be
But when they saw the summit's face
They fell upon their knees

This was much more than they could bear
Their breath and strength would pale
Had it not been for unseen hands
That sheltered them in gales

Days passed and many challenges
Were conquered one by one
Then flags were stabbed upon the top
The mountain had been won

I sit and ponder this event
Which happened years ago
And wonder where I had been then
In tides of life's vast flow

Why, I had only been a teen
A fragile, bashful girl
A year that should have promised joy
For I was sweet sixteen

Yet I ignored that fabled feat
And now I know just why
My world fell down when my first love
Walked off and said goodbye

I guess we all have special quests
Though no one even knows
How steep the ladder each must climb
How rough the wind that blows

No, I have not done things of note
Climbed mountains or sailed seas
My journey's just a forest path
A dance among the trees

It happened many years ago
A team went up to scale
And challenge a forbidden peak
That made all others pale.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Tibet Forever

I dream of drinking butter tea
By ever burning butter lamps
Hunzukut heights I wish to see
Tibetan nomads, brave in camps.

Thick copper colored silks above
A temple’s golden walls do flow
As Dalai Lama, young as love
Says golden prayers in lotus glow.

Now wave the vibrant prayer flags
In colors seldom seen by man
They sing a song of rocky crags
That kill as only mountains can.

The Himalayas cannot bear
Destruction of their favorite race
In silence suffer though they wear
Their pain with snowy, stoic face.

The nutmeg colored kith and kin
With eyes so dark and trusting, too
Were crushed by new age Gunga Din
Old jewels stolen, bitter brew.

Yet time cannot erase the dream
Of saffron colored incense halls
Of men and women, pure as cream
Who let mice run within their walls.

Too hard to reach by mortal souls
A place where greed will not survive
An Everest of matchless goals
Tibet in dreams is still alive.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Ties To Bind

The earth brings forth abundant gifts
Innumerable trees and fruits
Unbound tall peaks with endless snow
Wild rivers flowing to and fro

No soul can breathe without its air
Nor feed his body on his own
The lowliest as well as kings
Are tied to it by vital strings

Though men dwell live in tall abodes
Eat tasty morsels from fine plates
Their structures rest on humble ground
All food in its dark bowers found

Life's channels are much like the cord
That feeds an infant ‘ere he's born
And when he sees the light of day
Another cord must show the way

Unseen untouched but always felt
Are bands from heaven's great blue girth
Without them life is dry and small
Not worth a tinker's dam at all

It's best to keep feet on the earth
Where nourishment and shelter dwell
With eyes turned up toward the sun
Connecting to the only One.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Time to Let Go

My time has come to let things go
Run barefoot once again
Cast off old fetters as I sow
New seeds in spring's warm rain

Time now for shoulders to relax
Throw off that sequined shawl
And pass it on to waiting backs
Still pressed against the wall

Fine clips fall from my streaming hair
Replaced by morning breeze
My ears are free from cunning pairs
Of ornaments that tease

My fight is done, I'm free at last
Dressed in a simple frock
Unfettered of the burdened past
That weighed me like a rock

You'll see me smiling on the beach
Staring at seagulls flight
The song of life within my reach
Since I gave up the fight.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Times of Tears

Long years ago my eyes were darkened
From painful tears in sorrow's haunts
Tomorrows boding waves of anguish
As life sped by in numbing speed

Years rolled along like balls of lightning
I could not look at yesterdays
Regretful deeds and fear of future
Kept all my childhood dreams on hold

Then came a night of untold terror
Shifting of all that I believed
A hurricane of sick emotions
Was cleansed and crushed by hidden means

Much water has since flowed in millstreams
It almost seems like someone else
Who cried so often and so sadly
For now I only cry in joy

To what can I give thanks for changing
My life, my love, my dreams of yore
Who is it gave me bliss and singing
Releasing me from sin's harsh grip

Some call it doves of peace or blue lights
Yet others do not question why
I only know my path to healing
Was paid for by His ransomed blood.

Liilia Talts Morrison

To Be A Hummingbird

I want to be a hummingbird
that flits from flower to flower
I want to spin my wings so fast
between fresh morning showers

I want to be a little bird
but wear a dress of colors
so pretty and so shiny too
in sunny daylight hours

The eagles hover overhead
and many find them awesome
but I would spend my little life
among the meadow blossoms.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Today's Lament

I left my plot to trespass in tomorrow's garden
Beyond which lay bright future's silver strand
When suddenly a warden touched my shoulder
And hauled me to the court of common sense

I claimed to have the very best intentions
For my own land was sparse and full of weeds
"That's no excuse, " the judge boomed from his high bench
"We will not tolerate the breaking of our laws."

"Your Honor, I had very good intentions.
You see, tomorrow has much better crops than me.
His land is filled with fruit and lovely flowers.
What harm is there to only look and see? "

"Stop, trespasser. Don't waste my time with drivel, "
the judge's voice was deafening and harsh.
"Don't waste my time with tired old excuses.
You probably would tell me many lies."

"But, but, " I stammered, dreading some harsh verdict.
"I was just passing through to reach fair future's strand."
"Oh, " said the judge, "Now you have clinched my verdict.
Your intent was to trespass even more."

"What must I do, " I said, "to lighten my jail sentence? "
"It's simple, " said the judge, now less perturbed.
"I sentence you to five years on your own land.
Plow, till and plant until you're wet with sweat."

"Return to me when this has been completed.
And I will reconsider what to do with you."
"Yes, sir, " I said, for he had all the power.
Now I was doomed to living in today.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Topsy-Turvy

When things go topsy-turvy
And everything feels scurvy
Your teeth are clenched and nervy
It's time to change your focus
Play tricks of hocus-pocus
Instead of plagues of locusts
Pretend that life's a crocus

When too much hanky-panky
Turns you to someone cranky
And someone mean and lanky
Calls you a sorry Yankee
It's time to halt that gabble
And childish fiddle-faddle
Surprise the would be mugger
With a big sloppy hugger

The moral of this prattle
And sorry tittle-tattle
Is you can turn what's hum-drum
Into a happy hum-strum

But hurry and then scurry
To get a pet that's furry
Eat lots of Boombay curry
You'll be too stuffed worry
You'll snicker and get giggly
And look like piggly-wiggly.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Torn Photographs

We stumbled through delusion’s doors.
You woke my spirit free.
While laughing, dancing, burning floors,
I loved, though carelessly.

You were the torch, the only one,
Who sparked my deepest heart.
Why did you vanish with the dawn?
Illusion fell apart.

I couldn’t keep those photographs,
The ones on that bright beach,
Nor when you grimaced, just for laughs.
I tore them since our breach.

For faded loves I treasure most,
I search in albums rare,
Some shameful, some I’d care to boast.
But you are never there.

On evenings, as the sun sinks low,
My thoughts recall the past,
Of freshest loves and bygone flames.
Yes, you are always last.

Young faces, loving eyes still look
From pages, happy, sad.
One face is missing from my book.
Your love I never had.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Traces

Each day is filled with tiny traces
Like footprints of a deer in snow
Or silky snail tracks in small places
And crab holes when the tide is low

Each breath exhaled and new step taken
Leaves markings not to be erased
Small cherished patterns fain forsaken
In nature’s cunning woven lace

The crumbs that fall from modest tables
Are soon retrieved by little ants
A spider’s web the stuff of fables
Embraces woodland’s lushest plants

We make a difference as we wander
Among the throng and rush of day
Our every movement filled with wonder
Touched by a gentle force at play

When pride and prejudice surround us
And things are quite beyond control
Just look at lowly trusting creatures
Their humble ways refresh the soul

No need to faint when your tracks wither
In heat of sun and loss of hope
That pearly snail keeps creeping hither
While deer and crabs still run and grope

Each day we live we leave small traces
Like footprints of a deer in snow
Or silky snail tracks in small places
Or crab holes when the tide is low.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Trick or Treat?

Trick or treat, money or eat
Gimme candy, or you'll meet
Double, double, toil and trouble
Windshield egged and windows bubble

Long gone by are days of yore
That's not what we're looking for
During Halloween's mad rush
Holidays today are plush

Treats in malls with snacks galore
Kids today are looking for
Eggs and soap suds, that's passé
A.C., music, that's okay

Full moons, witches and the like
Rest on store shelves up the pike
Cardboard cutouts, that's the ticket
We want soft, or we will picket

One refreshing thought is this
Punkers live that night in bliss
Costumes are not necessary
For their dress will never vary

Every day is Halloween
When you're sporting leather jeans
Spiked up hair like ghouls of yore
Nails mint green - you're never bored

But whatever is your bag
One thing is for sure, you'll drag
Anything that's orange, black
From that hidden box in back

Then you'll go and turn off lights
TV, radio, hide from sight
Just in case a straggling kid
Finds your house, like you once did.

What's the moral of this story?
Mornings after can be gory
Hyper kids on M&M's
May chuck up in parents' dens.

May the ghosts of Halloween
Bless you like a king or queen
If perchance you've read this ditty
For this holiday I pity.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Tropic Blooms

They say it's good to bloom where planted
And I was born where birches dwell
Yet I was cut and roughly grafted
To tropic shores in palm fronds shade

When very small my world was poppies
Pale lilacs and chrysanthemums
I ran in meadows filled with daisies
Where tiger lilies sprinkled gold

Time came when bluest jacarandas
And speckled pink caladiums
Surrounded my exotic hideout
Where hardy Seminoles once trod

As years passed ruby red hibiscus
And gloried Poinciana blooms
Became my world of tropic flavor
Embracing me as I grew old

Who would have guessed a Nordic childhood
Brisk seasons marking every year
Was left behind and not regretted
Though kept in caves of memory

They say it's good to bloom where planted
And I was born where birches dwell
Yet I was cut and roughly grafted
To tropic shores and palm fronds shade.

Liilia Talts Morrison

True Beauty

There is a flower so amazing
When it is crushed, it sprouts anew
When cut to bleeding it recovers
And blooms with brighter, fragrant hue

Much stronger, thicker briar hedges
Can thrive and prosper in the sun
But winter frost and drought of summer
Will kill them when all’s said and done

So what is this most rare of flowers
That often larger plants ignore
Yet in its unseen modest being
It rises yet to be adored

True beauty is that sweetest flower
Much more sublime the more it’s bruised
Don’t faint or fold your petals ever
You’re one thing we can’t bear to lose.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Turmeric

In the southern soil of India
Thrives a thick, beloved plant
Leaves of gold are tipped with rose hues
And its oil enhances chants

Sometimes called curcuma longa
Its roots promise love and health
Fragrant curries, healing powders
Indian saffron, sign of wealth

Warm and gentle is the fragrance
Earthy subtle undertones
Soon evolving to a sweetness
Therapy for weary bones

Brides are spread with its thick mixture
In the land of Bangladesh
Bodies gleaming golden ochre
Deep red henna hands enmeshed

But like every panacea
This spice has its bitter side
When combined with clove or ginger
Jekyll turns to bleeding Hyde

There are many healing flora
Flourishing in distant fields
Turmeric is one such blessing
In its golden orange yields

In the southern soil of India
Thrives a thick, beloved plant
Leaves of gold are tipped with rose hues
And its oil enhances chants.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Turmeric And Yorkies

She spoke of turmeric and cheese
and cypress trees and yorkie dogs

She was a lonely woman
somewhat thin of build
I heard her family provided
the little apartment
far from where they lived

So the problem was not
where the next meal
would come from
or any fear
of homelessness or want

I saw her on the street one day
and oddly enough
since I barely knew her
she engaged me in conversation

She spoke of turmeric and cheese
and cypress trees and yorkie dogs

Her smile was bright and very white

I used to think her eccentric
but when she pulled out
a jar of turmeric
from her worn shopping cart
and told me
I had said it was healthy
I loved her very much
and no longer thought her odd

And all because she spoke of turmeric
and cheese
and cypress trees
and yorkie dogs.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Twisted

gnarled and twisted trunk
by the wayside stands alone
seemingly without
purpose and directionless
much like me on this sad day

Liilia Talts Morrison

Unable To Attend

Kindness did not enter
Linen damask silver rooms
Men and women dressed in silk
Never noticed
Never knew

Liilia Talts Morrison

Unexpected, Unwanted

Demons howling in the rain
bent on driving me insane
growling, scowling, rolling trains
screaming meemees, whooping cranes

Pounding, hounding, grounding fear
spiking, striking, piercing spears
through the walls of thin veneer
suddenly they all appear

Unexpected are those guests
dreaded and unwelcome pests
holding captive is their quest
leaving me once more depressed.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Unheard Melodies

People, faces, places, things
Weaving through my life on wings
Golden, olden sounding strings
Melodies that we oft sing

Harps and harpsichords of yore
Hidden deep in archives' store
Varnished, tarnished wooden shelves
Only heard by fragile elves

Often sounding like the wind
Ever constant rhyming things
Overtones and ditties bold
Never bought and never sold

Written down on clouds and reeds
Heard by those who sleep in weeds
Errant ones would if they could
Hear what children understood.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Uninvited

You came to me and you were uninvited
Your love was all encompassing and strong
Your moves and declarations unexpected
My need for tender care long overdue
I clung to your embraces and attention
While unbeknownst to me you turned untrue.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Unknown Goal

Many voices, many choices
calling me to fields unsown
corners of my mind's obsessions
I have finally outgrown

No more need for past possessions
new beginnings to take on
mountains, valleys, untrod alleys
unheard melodies at dawn

Untold secrets, unseen treasures
unbeknownst to mortal souls
now in gentle waves unfolding
reaching for an unknown goal.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Vertigo

When the world spins much too fast
It is time to close your eyes
Letting darkness gently pour
Daily cares by heaven's door

When the world spins much too fast
And your balance is at risk
Words of wisdom rise at will
Easy does it, peace, be still

When the world spins much too fast
And your striving is on hold
Lie upon the bed and pray
Savoring your life today

When the world spins much too fast
You may hear a little voice
Calling from a distant past
Silver songs of hope at last

When the world spins much too fast
And your feet refuse to move
Drop down to the humble floor
Kneel in humble prayer once more

When the world spins much too fast
It is time to close the eyes
Letting darkness gently pour
Daily cares by heaven's door.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Waif

There was a time when children roamed
Abandoned in the woods
Their early lives torn from poor homes
Bare cupboards lacking food

Those homeless, hopeless little waifs
With luck would find a friend
A den of wolves as shelter safe
To nurture and defend

Although so many folks would scorn
Such ragged, straggled kids
God chose to love them and adorn
With gifts to most forbid

There is a special glow around
Those orphans left alone
An angel's blessed arms surround
And keep them till they're grown.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Walls of Rosebuds

When I was young my days were endless
Filled with much striving for success
There was no time to dream of mansions
That being old, I now must build

My castle will have walls of rosebuds
And eaves of fragrant violets
All shutters will be soft pressed saffron
The doorstep strewn with poppies red

Its curtains will be apple blossoms
With fringes made of lacy ferns
There will be lamps to light each chamber
With clusters of bright fireflies

Two bluebirds will announce all comers
Approaching on a path of white
Strewn lavishly with spring fresh daisies
That lead to lotus blossom gates

I'll lay the cornerstone with lilies
As soon as dawn has spread its wings
And hurry as the day moves swiftly
To finish work before day's end

I never had much time when younger
To even think of lovely things
Now that old age makes time so urgent
I feel great need to build that home

There has to be another sunrise
Which I so anxiously await
My life must not be snuffed and ended
Before that dream house can be built

As lovely as is my fair vision
Somehow I know it may not be
None but the eye of God can answer
If dawn will break or darkness reign.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Warning Angels

They seem to light when I'm at rest
Not thinking much at all
Then suddenly a feeling comes
And tells me not to call
A former friend who suddenly
Decides to pick up ties
That long ago she tore away
Ignoring many tries
From me to meet or call or care
With pale excuses, lies

They say when someone lets you down
You need to let them go
That angels pulled them from your life
To clear the way and sow
New budding friendships up ahead
Much brighter than what's gone
To newer beauties up ahead
Before your journey's done

As time rolls on I tend to trust
Those warning angels near
Their visits help to soften, heal
The losses once held dear
They guide me in their silent ways
Just when I need a lift
My warning angels soften days
Turn losses into gifts.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Was It Lies?

Gold orange crisp white purple
Ribbed fluted curled and grained
Twists pearly corals winding
Colors man never named

I walk along the seashore
Holding every shell
Each one so precious to me
Like each day I knew you well

The months are passing quickly
My heart no longer blames
The cruel yoke now gently
Is lifted from my frame

Twists pearly corals winding
Your hair your lips your eyes
Your heart mine binding

Was it lies? Was it lies?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Washington Avenue

If only I had kept on walking

It was spring
it was morning
My life was tolerable
If only I hadn't turned
Down that little alleyway
I had been getting by, you know

Suddenly the trap was set
My feet weak on that forbidden path

You literally glittered in the sunshine
Your jet black hair, your lips
Your brow mesmerized me instantly

It was way too late
My fragile world
Now a hundred blue fragments
Of a cobalt bottle
Cutting sharply into the pavement
Aimlessly I floundered in your grip
I cannot tell you how I escaped
This gorgeous hell

I cannot tell you how I crawled
Back onto the avenue

I can tell you I am alive today

A white candle
Coldly leads my path
Today I grow strong
As a Doric column
Out of your greek ruins

I will not dare to stray again, I'm sure
But the memory
The memory is so lovely still.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Watery Cross

I sailed the oceans of my mind
so many windswept mornings
I hoisted sails with ropes entwined
salt spray whipped canvas awnings

I was an armchair buccaneer
held tight when Southern Ocean
tossed ice so I could hardly steer
my craft beyond slow motion

Time came when I could see Cape Horn
in all its deathly glory
time came I did things I had sworn
to never dig or quarry

Then one day as I watched a squall
from my small hut's blurred window
the rogue wave raised its foaming wall
A dark blue liquid billow

Somehow I managed to escape
though choking on much water
somehow a spark of life took shape
as soul in seaweed tottered

Tahiti, I now cried aloud
that's where i must escape
and sail my ship with head unbowed
my life to seek and shape

I left the forties far behind
while gripping my armchair
regrets of yore would soon unwind
and lay my conscience bare

The time came when I reached a shore
that Moitissier had found
as did Gauguin of fabled lore
to free their souls once bound

I never left my little room
although my heart oft wandered
to waves which hid a thousand tombs
unlucky lives now squandered

I did not challenge Neptune's wiles
nor tempt the Albatross
nor court sea serpents fiery trials
with slimy scales embossed

Oh no, my friend, the sails of hope
though once quite tempest tossed

one day threw me a saving rope
tied to a wooden cross

I sailed the ocean of my mind
so many windswept mornings
I hoisted sails with ropes entwined
salt spray whipped canvas awnings.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Weaving Dreams

My life has seen so many starts
completing but a few
so many dreams still to unfold
and hopes to rise anew

Who will be picking up the yarn
when spinning slows to purr
when woven threads fall to the floor
and tired eyes are blurred

is there a young and caring hand
to find a faded cloth
long doomed to a forgotten chest
an attic home for moths

So many hopes have come to naught
in wisdom's burnished mold
so many sparkling cups of joy
dashed to a ground so cold

Through hazy cobwebs fringed with dust
I see a ray of light
As yesterday's fond hopes appear
Like sunbeams in fair flight

I move toward my modest cot
and lay the shuttle down
of that old wooden spinning wheel
that still keeps going round

Tonight my dreams will let me know
if that quilt full of seams
will be attached and somehow patched
to some new weaver's dreams.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Weedy Lot

It was an empty forlorn lot
no focal point to rest
the eye and take a closer look
by nature to be blessed

Harsh shadows crept from hidden nooks
as clearings had been turned
by sun and dust and searing heat
to nought as weeds soon burned

The grass had burned and burned and burned
as time pressed slowly by
gray sand and broken glass remained
ignored by passersby

There was no pathway for a trek
to walk across this plot
no branch or bush popped out to say
touch me, forget me not

The few that wandered past this place
would move without delay
they'd flee to greener, softer scenes
where no harsh shadows played

The weary shacks beyond this span
were like an arm that's cut
small amputated wooden boards
where only rats would squat

This lot drew out all strength and hope
from those who'd stop and sit
no optimistic soul would say
lets fix this up a bit

Those who may wonder where the wind
or stormy clouds descend
may never see the place of doom
where all that's hopeless ends

All boundaries and rules of law
lose meaning in this field
illusions and fair hopes of man
to shrouds of pathos yield.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Well - Being

The feeling of well-being
I did not know before
But as the evening settles
It visits me with love

The feeling of well-being
Is something to be sought
To gently walk the footpath
In harmony with God

The feeling of well-being
More treasured than fine gold
In trusting that all problems
Are turned to joy in God

The feeling of well-being
I did not know before
But as the evening settles
It visits me with love.

Liilia Talts Morrison

What Is a Brother?

When you are small, a brother is someone
Who knows how to whistle
And takes the time to show you how.
He goes to school and handles it
So you aren't so scared when your turn comes.

A brother is someone who
Doesn't complain or criticize
But quietly does his part
Even when times are very hard.

He goes off before the sun comes up
Taking newspapers to homes in a car
And he's only thirteen!

A brother is someone
Who is strong enough
To quietly nurse his broken heart
But weak enough to try again.

He lives life as it is
And not as he would have it.
Someone who takes the years
With humor and acceptance
But in his heart is forever young.

Liilia Talts Morrison

What Is Life?

What is a life but many forces
that push and pull us ever forth
surprising gifts from many sources
nudge and direct us South and North

What is a life but a far journey
without direction, without goal
until our feet stand at the crossroads
appearing from a hidden knoll

What is a life but little footsteps
sometimes with purpose, sometimes not
yet since we're given our existence
why not then give it our best shot?

Liilia Talts Morrison

What Stars?

Great symphonies of galaxies
from Pegasusto Papillon
hide brilliant cosmic mysteries
in vapors of creation's dawn.

Unfeeling Magellanicc Clouds
float frosty in a black abyss
uncaring cosmic starry shrouds
ignore a dying sun's last kiss.

Pale Cygnus cranes her studded neck
wild Horse Head roars in silent space
the Milky Way a ciphered speck
Lost Galaxy a thing of grace.

Stout Capricorn and Ursa Dwarf
scan deepest space, devoid of days
where myriads of monsters morph
in inster-stellar molten rays.

The mighty forces of night skies
make Earth seem insignificant
from fleeting life, a man soon dies
embroiled in life-blood's surging rant.

Of numbers, proofs and learned sheafs
wise men build astral pinnacles
while hid in woodland's deepest reach
a achild can see true miracles.
Red human hearts with mortal souls
fly high beyond the stellar spheres
surpassing mighty astral goals
protected from stark black hole fears.

A Hand prepared infinity
and hammered light years' swiftest swords
exceeding mere complexity
joined us to Him with loving cords.

Next time you see afalling star
or wonder at a comet's size
the answer may not be that far
it may be in a dear friend's eyes.

Liilia Talts Morrison

When A Sunflower Dies

It's sad to watch sunflowers die
That once were strong and bright
Their thick stalks drawing food from soil
To reach amazing height

Their faces once were giant stars
Their hearts an intense brown
Their sunny petals always smiled
And formed a golden crown

When stalks are cut and brought indoors
To parlors decked with grace
They bring its owners fleeting joy
With fresh and glowing face

Nobody cares when in a week
Life ebbs from each dry stem
Each petal shriveling and spent
To certain death condemned

It's sad to watch sunflowers die
That once were strong and bright
Their thick stalks drawing food from soil
To reach amazing height.

Liilia Talts Morrison

When Beth Ann Danced at the Warsaw

When Beth Ann danced at the Warsaw
The night was slow
Dim, dingy, dark and cavernous
Red laser beams aglow.

When Beth Ann danced at the Warsaw
None there was to see
The barhop mixed a drink or two
Tonight the drinks were free

Beth Ann never noticed
She danced with nimble feet
She moved her hands so slowly
Enhanced by some dark beat

A couple started jiving
They jumped with frantic joy
The music louder, louder
A sight to see.

But Beth Ann kept on moving
To a distant, silent tune
Her feet now swift, now sluggish
Her neck bent, forced below.

The night went on so slowly
The laser lights shone red
Men came and played
Then leaving
The floor a silent spread
But for a small dark trickle
Where her fevered feet had bled.

Liilia Talts Morrison

When Do Poincianas Bloom?

When are the months of riots
For Poinciana blooms,
As avenues are covered
Like golden carpet looms?

I never could remember.
Years filled with musk romance.
There was no time to ponder
Or give earth's gifts a glance.

The trees would flash by quickly,
Wild seas of fire red.
I knew not time nor seasons,
Nor where I lay my head

Time's millstone soon ground heavy
As flame trees spent their prime.
Spring, fall and summers melted
As decades stole thru time.

One day I was abandoned
To darkened alleyways.
Among the tainted refuse
My hands groped birds of prey.

The largest one, a falcon,
Cawed clearly "You are old."
My hands indeed were gnarly,
Skin hung in wrinkled folds.

"Oh, what a gift, " I answered
And watched the birds take flight.
"The riddle has been mastered,
Why love's no longer bright."

I watched their flight and noted
A silhouette in space:
The Royal Poinciana,
With hints of orange lace.

This month is called September,
It's just a name, I'm told.
My life unnamed, uncounted,
Except by blooms of gold.

I know those bursts of orange
Will always come again,
Unlike my tortured lovers,
Cursed with the force of men.

"When do they bloom, the flame trees? "
I now have time to ask.

It has to be in summer,
In glowing heat to bask.

But wait. Does it then really matter
When seasons come, or why?
For life’s buds blossom daily
And petals daily sway.

I much prefer to relish
The rich fruits of a kiss
Once stolen in the moonlight,
When young love sealed its bliss.

May deep blue skies find solace
In golden blossoms knell,
While my life ebbs in colors
That only flowers can tell.

Liilia Talts Morrison

When I Was Young

When I was young I liked to see
The smiles on people's faces
Droll puppies running ‘round a tree
In sunny summer races

Time came and bigger things replaced
Those tiny times of glee
I spent my time on worthy things
Fine jobs, fine homes, degrees

Now that I'm old my days revolve
In search of quiet places
A park bench where I'm sure to see
Pups romp and smiling faces.

Liilia Talts Morrison

When striving is ended

When striving is ended
And safety upended
Dream segments are blended
Frail sanity rended
All chores left untended
Hope quickly suspended
Suffering untended

Till the final ending
From a hidden bending
Brightest angels tending
Whose life was appalling
Lazarus attending

At the Master’s bidding
Clean salvation bringing
Like a north star shining
At his feet reclining.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Where Are The Guests?

The table is ready, but where are the guests?
Thick linen is flawless, fine china the best
The silverware heavy, embellished with sheen
Most lovingly polished, fit for a great queen

The napkins embroidered with monograms fine
They have your initials, how can you decline
This grand invitation sent by the king
To sup at his table and praises to sing?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Where Do Poets Go?

Where do poets go
When their hearts overflow
And earth can’t cool the coals
Of hot poetic souls?

In that fevered time
when blades of grass
Pour out their secrets much too fast
The feeble hand pales
At thrills so soon revealed.

Eyes can’t contain, restrain
Still set in caves of flesh
Veins too narrow for that surge
At so much love revealed.

Covered caves and crusts of bread
Shadows of an older time
When those castles built of words
Soar too high beyond the walls.

People, places, common ways
Move along in timeworn days
But where can the poets go
Spirit lifting them away?

There can only be one place
When the time has not yet come
When the Master calls him home
And his words and pen are stilled.

Surely there must be a place
In a space that few can know
Where land gently meets the sky
Though it seems so far away.

That must be where thru all time
Poets who can only rhyme
Without eating, robe or sleep
Only live on words they keep.

Where a rainbow touches ground
And horizon goes around
That is where they all must meet
Poets whom earth's ways can't keep.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Where Is Truth?

I landed on the plains of truth
it could have been in May
I don't remember much of it
since I had lost my way

Deserted was this lonely place
no trees, no birds, no sounds
the air was still, the sky a haze
no grass on stony ground

The sun waxed hot and parched my throat
sweat oozed from every pore
as hours crawled with heavy gait
till I could move no more

It seemed a very long, long time
before dark stars appeared
a sliver of a leering moon
with peering pale face reared

The cool night air was a relief
to my hot blistered soul
and even my once fevered brain
was now a vacant hole

All cunning, scheming, clever plans
had dried up on these plains
my thoughts of yore beyond recall
had I then turned insane?

'My child, ' an unseen voice replied,
'You've finally returned
to freedom's source where fear must die
through suffering you've earned.'

'What is the name of this strange place? '
I asked the unseen voice.
'Truth, ' was the answer uttered low
'You're free now child, rejoice.'

Liilia Talts Morrison

Where Olives Grow

I want to walk on paths of old
where our dear Master walked
to feel the grass beneath my soles
and hear the truths he talked

i want to climb upon the hills
where mounds of olives grow
to lift my arms and feel the thrill
of warming heaven's glow

I want to touch his healing hands
and see his loving eyes
to listen to his new commands
and with his love baptized

I want to walk on paths of old
where our dear Master walked
to feel the grass beneath my soles
and hear the truths he talked.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Where Wild Dandelions Dwell

Brambles, weeds and thorny thistles
Poke their heads from chain link wires
Whispering arcane epistles
Wind and summer rain inspires

If a passerby should linger
Hoping to observe their sounds
They withdraw their tapered fingers
Crouching lower to the ground

Man was never wont to enter
Secrets of low wayside chaff
He prefers a richer mentor
Ruby red or golden calf

It may be grace dwells in humble
Unkempt much neglected dells
Hid behind a stone wall crumbled
Where wild dandelions dwell

I have ceased to walk on highways
Graced with blooms of finest breeds
Now I creep in hidden byways
Hoping to hear songs of reeds

Brambles, weeds and thorny thistles
Poke their heads from chain link wires
Whispering arcane epistles
Wind and summer rain inspires.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Whirl

They whirl
They swirl
They spin around

They sweat
They grin
They hit the ground

These are the young performers
Whose cobweb hopes and dreams
Are fragile as small dewdrops
That die in life's sunbeams

They whirl
They swirl
They spin around

They sweat
They grin
They hit the ground

Feet sore
Bones tore
They can't be found.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Whirlpool

There are days my balance ceases
Sanity decreases
Fear releases
Its dark whirlpool

There are days deep hidden urges
Surface and despair emerges
Life's thread verges
On whirlpool's rim

There are days as black as condors
Mind can't ponder
Body wanders
Into a whirlpool

There are days with no forewarning
Noon or morning
Unadorning
Pull me down.

Liilia Talts Morrison

White Orchid

There is a flower that resembles
A flitting moth in fleeting flight
So fair its name has launched an island
To natives' ever new delight

It is a flower that compares with
White doves in panoramic sight
It's purer than fresh snow in winter
Fair inspirations to ignite

There is a flower kings and nobles
Into their palaces invite
To beautify their lavish ballrooms
From breaking dawn to deepest night

As lovely as is the white orchid
I'll never own this bloom outright
Yet as I dream in my small chamber
Faith blooms in ever spreading light.

Liilia Talts Morrison

White Velvet

Did you ever wear a cloak
Softer than a kitten’s chin
Creamy, milk rich, mild its yoke,
Cradling soft with languid stroke?

Folding, falling, touching ground,
Arms and shoulders blending in,
Couching, tender to surround
Floating o’er the snowy ground?

Did you ever fall on stones
Frozen in a crevice deep,
Soiling garments as your groans
Upward flew, pale, icy moans?

When green spring came with its thaw,
Did you heal as violets bloomed,
Shedding tears with eyes that saw
Once smooth velvet, stained and raw?

Seasons come and seasons end,
Violets, velvets blending bend,
Folds of love will not transcend
Weighting cloaks as you descend.

If you’re offered garments fine,
Softer than a kitten’s chin,
Robes caressing, quite sublime,
They deceive like tainted wine.
Lying robes like tropic clime,
Choking love, both yours and mine.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Whither?

Sea oats gently swaying
Reaching, arching
Softly nodding

Lucid green water
The Atlantic
White crests of waves
Rolling toward
Ever inward

Whereto do sea oats point
What are the waves reaching to?

So is my life
Reaching, ever reaching

I am as real as
The sea oat, the wave

And my reaching
Is as real and purposeful.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Who Are We?

A certain look that's in the eye
A restless gaze in distance
I'm one of them, it seems to cry
I understand you, really.

Worldy pomp and circumstance
Can't hide the mark that marks us
We spot each other in a crowd
Scant few among the many

We hurt much more In senseless cries
We throw away a treasure
We laugh at pain, then die again
Yet never full our measure

Who are we, then. Is there a name
To us whom life can't rein in
Who throw off fortune and so fame
Who are we, who will tell me?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Who Was Crazy Horse?

Born when the Sioux domain ran wide
A giant swatch across the plains
That hugged a mighty river East
Its Western border was Big Horn.

Born with fair skin and curly hair
His path was set in birthing veins

They came to call him Crazy Horse
Not even ponies of great strengh
Could keep up with his furied ways
Nor could his restless soul be bound
By saddles, prairies, or high clouds

So even swiftest steeds could feel
Their limits when this young lad rode

When but a child he saw much death
For by that time the settlers came
The Army did its best to quell
The wilds of Western lands and men

But he whose horse had restless feet
Could not be compromised or bound
Not even common sense or fear
Would to the last touch that dark vein
The vein that to this day runs deep
The thirst for freedom from all chains

The Black Hills were a sacred place
The mountains, plains and rivers held
Footprints of hallowed stories past
Of great respect for what the land
Gave to the Sioux in meat and grain
And never once had their tribe tried
To rape its breast for foolish gold

Time came when Crazy Horse was made
Chief over many, warrior brave
He never signed his name or mark
To papers used in white men’s worlds
Nor would allow his image drawn
For that was not in nature’s plan

He never reached the prime of life
He was cut down when forces great
Had overwhelmed the Indians lives
And winter’s cold had brought disease
And trouble to his wife and kin

A soldier struck him in the back
A bayonet snuffed that brave soul

And even to this day none knows
Just who he was or why he rode
As if his feet had wings of birds
Till his fine mount lost caution, care
And pounded hoofs to break earth’s heart.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Who Will?

I see secrets in your eyes
many ever changing lies
nimbly switching your disguise
newer twisted schemes devise
never binding lasting ties

Fluid as a running brook
quickly leaving hearts you took
who will open your dark book
who will tame your fevered quest
putting all your lies at rest?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Why Did God Create Poets?

Why did God create poets?
To make a gift out of
a bleary, rainy, cold morning (afternoon)
To make a treasure
out of somebody dying.
To make sickness
(mental/physical/spiritual) a gift
To make cars/houses/
TV's/blenders/clothes a farce
To make wisdom foolishness
And foolishness wisdom
To make destruction a sure foundation
And a sure foundation destruction
To make pretending real
And reality a pretense
To make wrong right
And to make sense of life.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Why Was I Here?

A deep and subtle legacy
I took into my grave.
My thoughts were gliders soaring high
More classic than the Greek.

My ports the dusty sidewalks were
That is a poet's curse.
Those same prosaic sidewalks now
Take home my hallowed hearse.

Chorus
(They didn't grasp my special quest
And I avoided their infection.
I only wanted what was best
And took my own direction.)

Now that I'm gone, I'm sure there's one
Who'll read my truth and say
This surely was a noble soul.
Why did he go away?

Posthumous love is better than none
Dissolved will be my fear
As voices ring and gently sing
Why was he here?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Wider Passage

The strait gate is hidden
as brambles 'round thrive
but when it is found
there's no need to strive

the passage gets wider
as ages roll on
the view from the mountain
so lovely at dawn

years do not weigh heavy
on my frail back
as long as I walk on the
narrower track

the winds of the spirit
will move me along
as music of flowers
and clouds hum their song.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Wild Horses

Whose spirit can resist the pull
of seeing horses free
cavorting in unending plains
by nature's sure decree?

They run where few men dare to tread
in badlands courting dread
surrounded by an ancient womb
of peaks that turn blood red

The mesa a hostile place
where rattlers coil in weeds
and horses born of western winds
roam undisturbed to breed

Their gait is unlike any steed
that felt the harness press
or hooves pierced with the nails of smiths
or backs with saddles dressed

Their freedom comes with highest price
each day of life hard won
yet they would die on softer paths
all shackles they must shun

Whose spirit can resist the thrill
Of seeing horses free
Cavorting in unending plains
By nature's sure decree?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Winter War

Fields sparking white
Spread to the edge of the earth
A team of oxen slowly moves
At the ancient pace
No trees to break the snowy spread
The silent sound of hooves

Look! Carrots!
Thick as your arm
Turnips! Hard as stone
Like monuments
And beets! Small blood red
And sweet
The only sweet

Reindeer
A distant herd grazing in the distance
The farmer secretly dreams of meat
But cannot eat

Vibrant, clear
A shot cuts through the sunny morning scene
Slim leather whip prostrates a shapeless back

The booted kolhoznik breaks
A gray hued peasant
Who was in his way
He falls against the frozen earth

An ancient wooden clog is thrown aside
Revealing a home knit woolen sock
With many holes.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Without A Country

'Staatenlos' they called us
a group without a land
nowhere to rest or settle
from liberty long banned

'Staatenlos' they called us
a name and brand quite grim
too fearful then to linger
and face war's cruel whims

Yes, 'men without a country'
a phrase heard through the years
has sadly been the verdict
as rulers seized frontiers

Although so many labels
have branded many tribes
there is a golden kingdom
the ancient book describes

This kingdom needs no passport
all earthly rules break down
it lets me live and prosper
in any field or town

'Staatenlos' they called us
a group without a land
nowhere to rest or settle
from liberty long banned.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Wolf Love

Those memories again are stirring
Of nights in woodlands days in dew
As if on cue my eyes start blurring
Recalling that forlorn adieu

Your wolf like ways so oft recurring
In my mild mind like mourning doves
The things you said are still occurring
Loud echoes of our long lost love

There have been loves in café settings
In well trimmed parks and boulevards
Short lived those sentimental pettings
Dimmed by new beaus soon afterwards

It’s sad to lose the warm embracings
When passions fade neath city lights
Much harder still to brace in facing
The loss of haunted forest nights.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Would He Forget?

The morning sun glows bright today
reflecting from street windows
the day moon looks upon the scene
dew rising from the meadows
with grateful heart and hopeful mind
I'm glad for this new morn
I hear the doves on trees below
a new day has been born

I watch the orange gold of day
in contrast to blue night
and wonder if God might forget
in simple oversight
to turn on lamps from distant space
to make our paths here bright
like you and I so often fail
to do what's good and right.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Your Beauties Never End

Your beauties never end
Your stitches always mend
Lost souls direction send
Hot tears to joy transcend
Your love to comprehend
All hurts and bruises mend

On you I must depend
Your graciousness commend
For errors make amends
Through mercies great transcend
Forgive who would offend
My faith till death defend.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Your Season

'The full fruit of labor lives in the harvest
And that always comes in the right season' Bible quote

We labor with sweaty brow, dusty feet and blistered hands
We wait for end of day, cool evening air, the porch swing
We drink our ice tea and talk with a neighbor
Nothing earth shaking, just simple banter

We light up a cigarette or cigar or pipe
And wish we could stop that dirty habit
But it helps to forget the toil of day, week, the year
Lying in bed, we think of someone we loved when we were young

Sometime during the night we wake and see the moon
A cloud brushes it gently and moves westward
Suddenly the heart warms and a feeling of love grows
A message from heaven whispers in the ear

Your season is here, you are living as you should
It is all right, everything is all right
You are in the palm of a hand
Whose love is too great to comprehend.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Your Special Song

Hold a hopeful candle
As you trudge along
In the dark while seeking
Your own special song

Trust that none is like you
In the Maker’s eye
Trust that he will give you
Songs to make men cry

Do not let big torches
Draw you from your goal
Shield that fragile flicker
Pointing to your soul

Harbingers to help you
Are waves, winds and birds
Let them teach you music
None has ever heard

When you find those rare notes
Sent from up above
Life’s gates will burst open
Bathing you with love.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Zombie Ways

Treading on those darker roads
Like a Zombie dragging loads
Cruel pavement pounds in pain
Hopeless hands bear pulsing veins

Alleys dim with beer cans strewn
Living corpses leaving soon
Heavy gates push down and shut
Heaven's mercy long forgot

Treading on those darker roads
Wily Satan grinning goads
Rain washed refuse mirrors gloom
Where no man escapes his doom

Treading down those darker roads
Alleys pungent bloating toads
Scratching webbed feet embrace
Suffocating without trace

Walking down those darker streets
Where night's vast dominion meets
Sin and vice whose glitter fell
On dank puddles straight from hell

Haunting still those darker ways
When the world was one malaise
Slimy bony fingers pulled
Fragile souls last hope was culled

I remember Zombie ways
How did I escape those days?
Somewhere lies a beating heart
Stepped on, broken, torn apart.

Liilia Talts Morrison

Zoppot

It was Zoppot in the summer
She was the beauty on the strand
The air was filled with schlagers
As she held a stranger's hand

They danced upon the crystal
Lit from below
And spoke of Pola Negri
Where are they now?

She waited at the station
Cloche, chemise and train
Who would have guessed
Her life would end
Down a little country lane?

Liilia Talts Morrison

Zoppot Holiday

The twenties smashed propriety
Or what was thought the norm
Much like the hotfoot FDR
Gave Hoover's pomp and form..

Like lions who had been subdued
Our women roared and then
While smoking, drinking, playing cards
They came to life again.

Yes, suffrage came, as come it must
While segregation's door
Was pried and pounded till at last
All looked at freedom's shore.

A global war preceded this
There had to be a change
Just like the other global war
Brought sixties to its fame.

But I digress, my purpose is
To flash back to a time
When Zoppot was the place to go
On Poland's lovely shore

A bathing beauty, tanned and sleek
Bobbed hair in flapper style
Spent summer holiday abroad
Turned men's heads with her smile

She lounged on Zoppot's famous beach
And danced in clubs so sheek
Glass floors were lit beneath her feet
Sweet whispers cheek to cheek.

A little man did give his heart
To this gal, fresh as dew
Nor would she soon forget his love
As time and memories grew.

'He was so kind, a gentleman
He loved me more than life, '
She told us sitting by the fire
'But I would be Karl's wife.'

We children knew this story well
Loved hearing it first hand
Of mother and her youthful fling
On Zoppot's golden strand.

Liilia Talts Morrison