Poetry Series

Peter S. Quinn

- poems -

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A Dream Like This

Is there ever going to be a dream like this,
With all the time in the worlds for us;
So much outside is only merely a wish,
For days to get away and cross.
The rain will fall forever I guess,
Though nothing comes between us two;
The reasons are so faraway for less,
It's all like hope inside name and you.

If you cry baby don't cry tomorrow,
Cause there's time for us both to live again;
All is either joy or some sorrow,
We have come this far in win and vain.
Let nobody take away your dreams,
They are here for to come through;
Sometimes all hope faraway seems,
And there is only dark deep sky and blue.

It's then when everything is beginning,
Bringing forward what we were hoping for;
Like pearls on a band are stringing,
There are always one and one more.
Shine on through the days and years,
Flow your feelings into the time and destiny;
Give a smile and hope for falling tears,
Our love is a song forever to be.

Is there ever going to be a dream like this,
With all the time in the worlds for us;
So much outside is merely only a wish,
For days to get away and cross.
When there really is no way to know at all,
Bring me flowers for the way you feel;
When some fortune comes and gives a call,
And the circumstances are only real

Peter S. Quinn

A Glimmer From Your Heart

A glimmer from your heart
It's the glow you start each day,
And all the others counterpart
That let you talk and be this way;
Feelings are like strings of pearls
That you draw from inside out,
A thought that may settle or whirl
Give assent when your in doubt.

All what's true must be within
Love's a feeling glowing right on,
Or the real affection can't begin
For nothing there is undergone;
Only a sallow leaf in the wind
That the longings still search for,
And in the lives was left behind
When summer time was no more.

A glimmer from those ways
Is everything you said and did,
And how a heart there interplays
When the roots aren't underbid;
You must search the sea of time
To think a thought so differently,
Love steps are acting pantomime
Nothing there seems aberrantly.

Peter S. Quinn

A Simple Love Song

If you want to search for love
You won't find it anywhere
Not in the clouds far above
Only in your heart inside here
Love is around and will stay
If you give it time to grow
There is only love's one way
To let it live or let it go

Life is going slow or fast
Through the many ways around
Laying out its indefinite cast
Only in your secrets be found
Give love time to work it out
Much of it is so very personal
There is always inside much doubt
With its functioning judgmental

If you want to search for love
You won't find it everywhere
Perfectly it fits like a glove
If you give feelings to share
Reasons come and some will die
Nothing forever lasts for long
Only you have the time to try
If your heart will be your song

Peter S. Quinn

A Tune for a Rose

A tune for a rose
That in summer fair grows,
Like beauty in trim
When the moody is dim.

The splendid of flowers
My soul now empowers,
So rich in its shade
What sunshine has made.

You are spring's gift
My spirit shall uplift,
And grows over sorrow
And give me tomorrow.

All love is with you
The freshest new true,
What affection has chosen
That spring has unfrozen.

You'll settle all quarrel
The summer's highest laurel,
In the divine fragrance
Through its coexistence.

Peter S. Quinn

across rooftops

across rooftops
gently bring the quiet night

waiting there in time
the little heart to please

won't you whisper softly

Peter S. Quinn

All is becoming

All is becoming
Snow pale this winter morning
- Faraway from spring

Flower colors gone
Autumn transferred them all on
- To yesterdays done

Times are in the gray
Roads of the barrenness way
- Now come as they may

Peter S. Quinn

All Things Must Past

All things must past what of day is here born
First it gives pleasure and then it is gone,
Like a glow from dawn's new rising pylon
Light of the day that to dark is forworn;
All what to fate is impaired and forlorn
Turning to echoes like fading carillon,
Forgot in darkness what once was of dawn
First it was merry - but now it is lorn.

Dwell not on that - but forget like wish,
All must wither as this summer so sweet
That in shades and beauty welter will treat;
Like every thought that will drift from a mind,
Love is the thing that gives most anguish
And like purest of truth sometimes is blind.

Peter S. Quinn

Allusive River

Allusive river,
Life's colors and fate;
The illusion giver,
Both turning or strait.
What has a meaning,
Which is in your mind?
We must be dreaming,
Searching on to find.

For what never is,
Nor ever shall be;
It's only our mere wish,
Things we can not see.
Allusive river,
Running slow or fast;
Wishful things deliver,
Nothing's going to last.

We can not know,
Outcome of a dream;
What will be tomorrow,
Is just what it seem.

Peter S. Quinn

among aging trees

among stretching
aging trees

from steps
of fierce warriors

a playing garden leaf
softens the ground

Peter S. Quinn

Angel Eyes

There is always morning
In these blue blue eyes
Every sweet and longing
With faraway dream skies
You are comfortably near
When you are by my site
I love to have you here
Each morning, day and night

There’s always dreamy glow
In your northern stars
Tears that from inside flow
Like celestial quasars
You have given me my dreams
From a night gone to day
Where blue to outside streams
Like new dawn on its way

There is always with you
Love with so much earnestly
Irises so sweet and blue
Giving love and hope to me
I will want to have here
With my dreams and longings
Reaching out to somewhere
Like the new morning sings

Peter S. Quinn

anything seems in time

anything seems in time
beyond lights and clouds

with sun and moon
running safe
in our sight

Peter S. Quinn

around the moment

around the moment
when the breeze

speaks soft tongue of music
in timeless harmony

all the birds listen

Peter S. Quinn

Assorted Flowers

Like drifting clouds we all are,
From the past to this day;
There are reasons like peace and war,
For what we do and what we say.
Come together for this age,
All will be here soon in the past;
What you have you got in wage,
So its time will come to last.

Wrong or right you may be,
That is not the question here;
For the coming ages are to see,
Where will it stand all from there.
Enjoying things for right or wrong,
You will soon not ish which is yours;
Please enjoy contemporary song,
And their picks of assorted flowers.

Same I say to all the poems new,
You either give or give not enough;
To make a bouquet of colored few,
Times are elegant or crudely rough.
Nothing here to pull out or provoke,
Only vegetables that you know;
Large and small some that'll choke,
As the times will come and go.

Peter S. Quinn

awakening love

awakening love
with desiring eyes

flirting thick mouth
and purple lips

holding back dark
in a smile

Peter S. Quinn

awakening sky

awakening sky
touching new believes

where night
of desires

comes from
old life's lamps

Peter S. Quinn

Beneath The Nightfall Moon

Beneath the nightfall moon,
The autumn's beauty is in;
Approach of winter's dragoon,
Is near to my goose-skin.
A day now darkens soon,
With all its worldly chagrin;
But love songs are immune,
To the wet and cold yin.

Beneath my sorrow deep,
There is a shadowed morn;
So my eyes may then weep,
And my heart be inside torn.
The summer is now asleep,
And beautiful colors adorn;
Until the next year I'll keep,
The thoughts I had well-worn.

My spirit to darkness attune,
Though nothing there shall reap;
For all is grayish roughhewn,
That comes from cold outleap.

Peter S. Quinn

beneath the willow

beneath the willow
slumber tales
of endless stories

lush array
with bordered green
and buried away

the unknown hero

Peter S. Quinn

Circling Way - Dark

I have dreamt of a circling way,
When winter in darkish mood plays;
The flowers had fallen to earth,
To regenerate seed's new birth.
And a sleep is a way of time,
With passionate desire prime;
The landscape of cloudy curves,
Grow inside to my aura's nerves.

Days have become like night,
Sweet roses are nowhere at sight;
The odd and dim here all around,
Gone are the desires of fire's found.
The world is changing in and out,
With shallowness of the lonely about;
Rough as a flint is now my tongue,
Daydreams in everything I'd long.

Undulate each way and each step,
Moments of memories now into hep;
Crazy I am going out of this fall,
Winter of boreal making its call.
Fly fly away to the relentless heart,
Give me the instants of a flying start;
Concernment dying into the dark,
Another day perhaps again it'll spark.

Peter S. Quinn

Coming Around to Nowhere

Your heart be throbbing around,
Love songs that never were found;
Goodbye to childish thoughts,
With all those unthinkable knots.
That merry go round from here,
And coming around to nowhere;
Whatever I thought I would say,
In each of my puerile's play.

The stars will shine on tomorrow,
Like snow tops of Kilimanjaro;
Our imagination will never stop,
Though different things it'll swoop.
We will search and find its town,
Let its wall go tumbling down;
The fairytales come still along,
In stories and every new song.

Hope will leave nothing undone,
Endless interpretations in the spun;
We' will mature in years and skills,
But always have our youthful thrills.
If young in our soul we will still be,
And hold to expectations and its glee;
Have the summer in heart and mind,
Never leave the young years behind.

Peter S. Quinn

eternity wisdom

eternity wisdom
numerous meanings

steeping stones of creation
the slippery ridicule

dream's spaceless birth
alone like night

Peter S. Quinn

Feelings Are Never Free

Feelings are never free,
They are like fire that's dwelling;
Or flickering there about free,
Bound to enchanting spelling.
A heart is young or it's old,
With feelings that give and touch;
You can not this love hold,
Even though you long for it much.

Rustic like the leaves in fall,
The memories that grow away;
When destiny to feelings call,
There is no more or further to say.
Feelings are never free,
They're always in the hands of fate;
What must there be - must be,
And sometimes we see it too late.

Go with the dying autumn light,
Wishes that dwell on - no more;
Now is time for Icarus last flight,
With the wings that the air abhor.

Peter S. Quinn

Forgetfulness Away Brushes

Do what you must - do it quick,
Time is of no former wail;
Our life is so often very slick,
Coming around like dog's tail.
What will you say or do,
With nothing to go on from here;
Everything is still up to you,
To leave at nil and what to share.

Roads are coming among the rushes,
Playgrounds of time waiting;
Forgetfulness away some brushes,
As the moments are gradating.
Memories are in dripping distance,
Going to somewhere and main road;
Our own had their own existence,
To break away or make their mode.

Life is always so much variety,
Nothing ever stops to wonder aside;
Of all those natures pure rare ty,
That inside a thought might hide.
Flowers are falling with their seeds,
The future decides their fate;
There is plenty of fable and steeds,
To give it each weight and bate.

Peter S. Quinn

Frost Flowers

These are my frost flowers,
On the cold window;
Morning comes in showers,
Falling rain pearls adagio.
Broken thought of autumn,
Into the frigid stream;
Reaching to earth's bottom,
With their droplet ream.

Where will you be tomorrow,
When the dark is gone;
Past their innermost sorrow,
The come of rising dawn.
Seeds of the earth's wisdom,
All of the winter's year;
Sulkiness that's now accustom,
When the day's not yet clear.

These are my frost roses,
All which I'm giving to you;
In colored and pale doses,
With some of the morn dew.
Clearing of sky will be coming,
Into the rising once more;
And again then welcoming,
As it has done many times before.

Peter S. Quinn

Give Us Hope to Live

There will be a time when time will go
Through darkness of years and dying
Like footsteps lost into winter's snow
And rain from the cloudy sky crying

No day will rise to a new born bloom
Or a blue sky fore a darkish evening
For life on earth shall all be doom
Without hope or nightingales singing

Eternally on the darkness will come
With dust of the earth and killing
Be there for years hundredth more some
Never to leave it's death empty filling

Listen to the wind no ears will hear
Only the empty gardens and space
Life’s then lost and dried every tear
Only the silence and desolation days

Give us hope to live here for years
Turn to every hope that you make
We need resources and peace that cares
Into your future be more awake

Every hour is important from now on
We get closer to our own destruction
Before you know earth's beauty is gone
Never return to a safe course reduction

Peter S. Quinn

Goodbye Red Rose

Another day has gone,
The road is lonely;
But lights go on and on,
Flickering there free.
Who knows the road,
That we will walk?
In the days that glowed,
With old epoch.

Goodbye Red Rose,
I'll remember you;
Goodbye Red Rose,
I'll remember you.
Memories we now own,
In the days ahead;
We won't walk alone,
With words once said.

Like a light that comes,
I'm now pondering;
Summers and autumns,
Drifting and wondering.
Goodbye Red Rose,
I'll remember you.

Another day has past,
Like ongoing rivers;
Flowing slow or fast,
Life and feelings delivers.
Taking away our load,
A smile and a talk;
Like a seed once glowed,
In the brios rimrock.

Goodbye Red Rose,
I'll remember you;
Everything away goes,
Into the eternal blue.
Goodbye Red Rose...

~*~ In memory of Sísí ~*~

Peter S. Quinn

harvest fields

harvest fields
memory-laden season

those seeds
found simply in your garden

temporary becomes salvation strength
found in the soft soil

Peter S. Quinn

Heart’s at Stake

Take my heart just like it is
There is so much there inside
Bring your hope with its wish
Where the dark and stars hide
Eyes are with your love tonight
Nothing can go there be wrong
Just like the moon in its flight
Bluish space and much to long

Rising above to a higher ground
To forgotten places of fantasy
Lost in your eyes might be found
Inside our passions constantly
Each hope is never without luck
Fortunate ways make their tour
Feeling grow inside forever stuck
If you are never of them sure

Gain complete control of the lure
That might hide somewhere in deep
If there is for a weakness cure
It won't transpire easy or cheep
Have some luck and give some more
And you will perhaps gain control
Heart’s at stake at peace and war
With its manners and magnet pole

Peter S. Quinn

Here is My Song

Here is my song -,
On going and on going;
To where tones belong,
In the feelings showing.
Distances in the mind,
Innumerable roads to go;
The melodies you find,
Each stepping to and fro.

The complete set of tones,
And harmony breathing;
Their kingdoms - of its own,
What pitch emotions bring.
Carefully or stern bright,
Scales of time and silence;
Rising to through the rite,
Somber and in nonviolence.

Here is my song -,
In moment's affectionate;
Rhythms weak and strong,
Powerful or so delicate.
Web of time and order,
Complete in its own dream;
Without boundary border,
Elements in forward stream.

Peter S. Quinn

Hours of Horoscope

I speak not of 'I love...',
Only with my heart;
And stars and clouds above,
Where thoughts sometimes start.
I have no way to say,
What comes with feelings close;
It with my strings play,
Like stem of a thorn rose.

I speak not what I feel,
For inside it all is;
And sometimes it's not real,
Only a mere wish.
Though there my hope lies in,
And gives me more to try;
I either will lose or win,
Before my hours go by.

I speak as I hope,
That dreams will come to me;
Though hours of horoscope,
Will set them later free.
Like wings through the air,
All will just come and go;
But I love to have love here,
And give - like morn glow.

Peter S. Quinn

I Believe in Dreams

I believe in dreams,
That come in a single wish;
Golden winter beams,
That come in the morn bliss.
I believe in you,
And all that is within;
Days that will renew,
And a heart that shall win.

Hours are now deep dark,
With falling shadows;
Some moments have their spark,
In the dawn's glow.
Fulfill each your dream,
With your new inspirations;
You will have your theme,
In their beautiful sensations.

I believe in dreams,
That are forever flowing;
Exhilaration forward streams,
Aurora borealis glowing.
I believe in you,
And what you'll stand for;
If it is coming true,
Today - tomorrow and yore.

Peter S. Quinn

I Love You

I'll always love you like new spring that comes
And turns my soul to the fresh and the new,
Summer seedlings that soon be new blooms
Like in morning's the sweetest of fallen dew;
You heart's of colors I can not find name
For all our feelings are thread on that string,
You are to me like the life's burning flame
That in eternity always will sing.
'I love you' echoes to clear the road on
Footsteps to pass and come to memory,
All is of feelings and what is now gone
If ever we have thoughts clearly to see.
My heart's a whisper - you softly will hear,
When always you feel me close to your ear

Peter S. Quinn

I Want to Feel What Love Is

I want to feel what love is,
For I know life grows apart;
A love is not merely a wish,
But feelings growing from heart.
I want to feel what love is,
Just like the moon far above;
Though I know a kiss is just a kiss,
And it's only a part of love.

We all have feelings deep inside,
Giving each a tender touch;
Your feelings are the truest guide,
Knowing each other so much.
I want to feel what love is.
For that is what life is for;
I believe it's a beautiful bliss,
Eager to give of pleasures more.

We all have feelings deep inside,
They give us meanings to existence;
Set our war and quarrels aside,
Make each worthy of acceptance.

Peter S. Quinn

It Has Been Quite Awhile

I love to be with you,
When moon is high above;
My heart will then renew,
All thoughts about our love.
I love to see you smile,
And feel your hope inside;
It has been quite awhile,
Since I had such a guide.

You turn your love on me,
And set its height faithfully;
Like all I know and see,
And feel your passion truly.
Come give me wings to promises,
The long forgotten wishing' well;
Each hope inside there blesses,
And keeps its touch and spell.

I love to see you smile,
And feel your hope inside;
It has been quite awhile,
Since I had such a guide.
You know my dream is here,
With love so clearly around;
And that is nearly everywhere,
Where throbbing heart's found.

You turn your love on me,
And set its height faithfully;
Like all I know and see,
And feel your passion truly.
No matter what I say or do,
There is so much inside it all;
And I just know that I love you,
With such a love I'll rise or fall.

Remember everything that goes,
Was our dreams and time to share;
And when the streets tomorrow glows,
We'll know our dreams are everywhere.
What can I say and give more,
Then just these words I've said;
We need to be more self assure,
And keep it close what we once had.

You know my dream is here,
With love so clearly around;
And that is nearly everywhere,
Where throbbing heart's found.
You turn your love on me,
And set its height faithfully;
Like all I know and see,

And feel your passion truly.

Peter S. Quinn

It's Time to Wake Up

The days are going by,
Motionless black sea;
Through open unknown sky,
Into new times delivery.
The hours were strangers,
Joints are made of waves;
Burgeoning tracks and changers,
Thoughts that no one craves.

The sun flower's coming up,
In dancing shadows dying;
There is no ending or a stop,
Only the brief hours flying.
Borders of dim to follow,
Seeking some reflection veils;
Ancient light now hollow,
Fresh morning of other avails.

Switching off blinking stars,
Dancing dawn now rising;
The peaceful going memoirs,
Into colors of life devising.
Slowly the falling night skies,
Road is awaken with living;
It's time to wake up and rise,
Moments of morning giving.

Peter S. Quinn

Life Must Go On and On

Let me now know if there is still time,
To find about love and make a share;
Time is like reasons in a beautiful rime,
Sometimes it flows from here to there.
And when you say honestly you love,
Is it all true or still so plainly untrue;
Like the changing clouds drifting above,
So much of feelings gong through.

I know that life must go on and on,
And be it just like it always never is;
Soon the hours of days are gone,
And all we have are memories of this.
Though the clouds will come over me,
I know that life is still out there all;
Just aim your wings to sky and fly free,
When destiny to your heart will call.

Run run and look what you might find,
Something is out there always trying;
Leave all your sorrows far far behind,
For your days are no longer crying.
You should be happy and have a good day,
Soon there might be laughter around;
Sunshine and living is coming your way,
What was lost is now perhaps found.

Don't ever try to be what you are not,
Life will just move on and get again lost;
Live for your reasons the feelings you've got,
To much complications will take its cost.
Try to find out what makes the sun shine,
What might it be and why the rain falls;
Find out the road to a true straight line,
Tomorrow's unsettled though destiny calls.

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is

Love is never going
Everywhere the clouds are
Something glisten's flowing
Perhaps it's a faraway star
If you and I have love
Like the sweet summertime
Moving away the dome above
It's a reason for love's prime

Take away the dark inside
Eternal empty space
Where the darkish shadows hide
In their cold many ways
If you give nothing at all
What shall it bring for you?
Like that leaves you will fall
As the autumn's going through

Love is never going
Perhaps it's clouds afar
Your feelings you need knowing
They give you peace or war
The winter is always lonely
Clearing the futures to be
From there your trip is only
To come, accomplish and see

Refrain
Love is never going
Everywhere the clouds are
Something glisten's flowing
Perhaps it's a faraway star
If you and I have love
Like the sweet summertime
Moving away the dome above
It's a reason for love's prime

Peter S. Quinn

moments and days

moments and days
of endless memory

echo in
free summer voices

exuberance evening gardens
with gently strokes of breath

Peter S. Quinn

Moods

Time's moods are changing,
Winter is rearranging
- The sky until spring.

I feel the dark night,
That comes now to give its sight
- Autumn's lost in flight.

Forlorn the trees are,
Like faraway twinkling star
- Wind's at peace and war.

Where will the song be?
While the forest is lonely
- Quite unbearably.

Summer breezing come,
Away with dullness ho-hum
- And its moody glum.

Let the seeds now grow,
With some summer wind's ho ho
- Down this garden row.

Give freshness in mind,
Let us new fragrance still find
- Leave unease behind.

Peter S. Quinn

music of nature

listen for the flying words
each serene moment
of timeless feeling

music of nature
to accompany
the snowy flowers

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing is of Reality

Nothing is of reality
Only a dream state of mind
Something to set to see
What the eye catches and find
Brought through a strife and strain
Wearing itself about
Going inside our vain
Putting somewhere its doubt

Closeness like faraway
You are to me just a face
Longings for day and a day
What to the mind spoils and plays
Broken into the difference
Crumbles and burns through
Who knows its true existence
Except the night and sky blue

Rain comes to fall and spins
With raindrops like polystyrene
Where does cloud wet begins
Why does red night sky burn?
Listen to the wind and its go
As it turns around and around
Winter is now in its new glow
Lost in the dark to be found

Closeness like faraway
You are to me just a face
Longings for day and a day
What to the mind spoils and plays
Yesterdays came to go out
Cracking away gravity dreams
Backside in memory about
Blow through the turning streams

Nothing is of reality
Only a dream state of mind
Something to set to see
What the eye catches and find
Brought through a strife and strain
Wearing itself about
Going inside our vain
Putting somewhere its doubt

Peter S. Quinn

Now Nothing Begins

Now nothing begins,
For the sky stars are hiding;
Eternally space spins,
Through present and past riding.
The limits agate,
Through weightless vibrations;
Intact for each rate,
When the limits broadens.

The same that is flowing,
Through invisible hands;
Where every particle's going,
With our limited understands.
The sprouts different bliss,
The nothing of dark matter;
Carried space reminisce,
That crisscross and clatter.

Amber and yellow tinctures,
Flowing ascension presence;
Space flowers - black dimmers,
Keeping distant eyes pleasance.
On and on going somewhere,
Filling each electrical nerve;
Charged of limits and tinder,
Poems of outer space verve,
The spark of its gas and cinder.

Peter S. Quinn

overnight

overnight
when elements are calm
by the water

the sky
dances gently
into oblivion times

somewhere
in my thoughts

Peter S. Quinn

Peaceful Harmony

With its rusty leaves
Autumn drifts on by
The moments in grieves
And red colored sky
Hope in yellow gold
Time from summer bliss
Nothing we can hold
From a winter's kiss

Grey will come in soon
With its sullen days
Thoughts from gone June
Yearns the heart and plays
Flowers that have fallen
With its seed to ground
Will again be callin'
When the earths browned

The ways in lonely dark
Stars from sky shine on
Blinking its milky spark
And snow time's icy fun
Holidays soon are calling
With another year to be
The colored lights falling
Into a peaceful harmony

Peter S. Quinn

people's searching desire

people's searching desire
their soft thorns
without images of love

helpless feelings
through haunting soul

arms embracing
suffering

Peter S. Quinn

picture poem #1

the narrow streets
in a little town

with night houses
chasing dreams

of blue golden sky
and castles

Peter S. Quinn

picture poem #10

a cloud to touch
from stars beyond

long heaven
and light of time

anything you'll awake
and for life like

Peter S. Quinn

picture poem #11

anything changes
that outlasts a crash

with the look
and life
fire is from

in and out

Peter S. Quinn

picture poem #12

fluorescent looks
in tired adornments lights

covered with weak
attempts

ignite the times
of shaking hands
and porcelain dolls

Peter S. Quinn

picture poem #13

life is fire
on going along

lights to each touch

the clouds running
on and on

Peter S. Quinn

picture poem #14

tangled fields
placid silhouettes birds

bare quiet trees
waiting for spring

snow river flows
to icebound water
again and again

Peter S. Quinn

picture poem #15

crossed stars
of time

interfering in desires
never touching
a cloud

changes crash
and run

Peter S. Quinn

picture poem #16

lover's tattoos
flat-black darts

made in years
in looks and taste

like playing piano
and watching soft trees

Peter S. Quinn

picture poem #2

linger on dreams
strength and courage grandeur

impressions
within quiet thoughts

the art of preponderance
drift with inspiration
consciousness

Peter S. Quinn

picture poem #3

hands of life
burning warm desire

holds unexplainably
soul like a night

stars by silent bright
eyes in ice

Peter S. Quinn

picture poem #4

picture in the sky
a night of soul fire

deliciously holds
love to another
moonlight

burning ice heart

Peter S. Quinn

picture poem #5

contradict times
fully highlighted in essentials

performance clothes
of life pleasure
awaits

quarters of truth
and soft oversight

Peter S. Quinn

picture poem #6

inner interest accounts
together balancing

compounding heights
and heart summations

our actuary
of need
and appreciation
through bonds enumeration

Peter S. Quinn

picture poem #7

keep nerves
of heaven

in lights
floating till end

to-night seems
in peace
and waiting
for a moon

Peter S. Quinn

picture poem #8

creeping rays
over pines

like color turns
of glaring fields

sunshine clover
and silver amber
touching and glowing
the flowers

Peter S. Quinn

picture poem #9

transparent silent
lines in vast connection

a window of sounds
slicing through
the ear

combine image
blank empty around

Peter S. Quinn

Rainy Clouds

Rainy clouds outside
Drifting far and high
Shadows in them ride
Raindrops from them cry
The feelings of tomorrow
Cast their way and spell
Lonely is their sorrow
Some heaven is like hell

Blue and silvery morning
Emptily the day’s calling?
Ways are forever learning
From their sweep and strolling
Premonition will display
The broaden clouds and nearing
This winter dullness day
In its darkish moods steering

Hidden foliar of beauty
For all it comes from within
Free from complex duty
And what might have been
The rain sometimes comforts
When it's dropp sounds play
In their many tone shorts
When pounding ground’s clay

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #1

Rain clouds over me,
Autumn sky frighteningly
- So rough-and-ready!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #10

Autumn's tomorrow,
Summer was a while ago
- Footsteps in the glow.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #11

White innocent rose,
Life into oblivion goes
- Fast it comes and slows.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #114

Silent reflection
Of landscape circumspection,
- A small selection.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #12

Growing summer fields,
Through lives productive windshields
- Give more seedings yields.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #13

Summer is ending,
Each color again blending
- Earth innovating.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #14

Days to night return,
with colors of earth pattern
- in autumn we yearn.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #2

Little blossom bird,
once you summer discovered
- now for fall fathered.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #3

Timeless star-flower,
From sunshine to shower
- Every single hour!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #4

Butterflies - away
To a sunshine brighter day,
-Autumn's applique!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #5

Cut into a tree,
the faces of forestry
- wilderness quite free.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #6

The moments like waves,
They one by one the way paves
- some though misbehaves.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #7

Butterflies and dreams,
In music the river streams
- Through life and esteems.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #8

Light and gray darkness,
Twilight's silences endless
- Luminiferous!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #9

Go from here to there,
To mountain tops everywhere
- Be the brave and dare!

Peter S. Quinn

Row Row

Row row your boat
As the wind blows
Let it sail and float
As the going goes
Rain will give desire
Growing seed will know
Reaching longings higher
As their life will grow

All the time that's after
With each new thought
Sunshine ways and laughter
To the surface brought
Will the morrow come
With each timely offer
For the summer bloom
That will grow on here

Row row to the ashore
When drift is in the sail
We are only what we are
Our assortment and quail
Giving what we can give
Reach heights trying more
On the ways we do live
Knowledge gain and on lore

Peter S. Quinn

searching

searching
for the ways
in time traveling

floating space dream
like corridor
to infinity entrance

evermore
as life started

Peter S. Quinn

Seeking Your Smile

Seeking your smile,
In the times ahead;
It's been quite a while,
And many words said.
There's a summertime,
With imagined odes;
Sounding carillon chime,
In all shorts of modes.

And also soft voices,
Of all the days before;
That the time abolishes,
In a new metaphor.
Seeking your smile,
Like a touch of time;
In the passing aisle,
After its forgone prime.

There's an autumn,
In everyone's song;
And so it's ad-infinitum,
As we go with it along.

Peter S. Quinn

Soft or Rough

There is time to do your things,
If you try them well enough;
From what under thoughts springs,
Is sometimes soft or rough.

Give your ways to new ideas,
For all of them have their targets;
Life is up full of its 'gallerias',
To work out with what it gets.

Remember today to do something,
And tomorrow will come in easy;
There are no things worth nothing,
If thoughts are flowing and breezy...

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The Voice of Dreams

The sky in my sunrise comes like avowed
With colors in sunshine and shades in dark,
And everything love will give and then spark
To cast on its light and have more endowed;
For dreams I live can only be unplowed
If days appear as the evenings remark,
Give me the songs from the daybreak's first lark
That once to afternoon singing's allowed.
The voice of my music will move to song
And bring from my soul - to lips and the heart,
For all is of dream that I love and long
And from within touch will never depart;
The voice that's of dreams can it then begin?
If we have others - and never tune in.

Peter S. Quinn

subtle words

subtle words
into hue tones

from diluted dark colors
of complexity

love mixing
a heart's palette
of desire

Peter S. Quinn

Summertime Delights

All summertime delights,
I remember them well;
The brightly warm nights,
With their enchanting spell.
And the beautiful gardens,
With the coloring flowers;
Earth's pleasurable wardens,
Which my soul endowers.

The footsteps I've stepped,
In moments of earnestness;
Each weighing I've kept,
In true colored augustness.
All summertime delights,
That autumn shades change;
Their moments in heights,
And the future will rearrange.

I remember those days,
That are forever leaving;
In the tiding's turning ways,
Which are now interweaving.

Peter S. Quinn

Support, or Don't Bother

Now time is changing my way,
There comes a song in a burning flight;
For love has risen today,
And brought me further into its light.
I have the time - hope and try,
To give of my nature from within;
For all my life will say goodbye,
And take another lightless spin.

Rise high rise low become accomplish,
With things you like to do;
Now love is hope and some say a wish,
To become something that's true.
Fires ignite into the deep yonder,
Find your ways through to bloom;
Differences may keep ourselves asunder,
Make to noting and set to doom.

Now time is changing like dawn fore day,
And morning that comes waves;
There is hope in the falling dime ray,
As your ship sails on and raves.
Home is where friends - live and stay,
There's no passing other;
Either you give or be like a stray,
Support with hope or don't bother.

Peter S. Quinn

Take The Time

Take the time with me,
To come here and talk;
The words are written free,
To ignite images firelock.
Now meet me half the way,
And take with me my load;
The spotlight is the day,
When we walk the same road.

Freedom is much lighter,
When somebody is to share;
And be beside you a fighter,
Be glad to have you here.
Stars are for our wishing,
Whatever comes from dreams;
Go on and further accomplishing,
What from your river streams.

Take time and be a rock,
That spring water will hold;
Some are only in sleepwalk,
The dusk of winter's cold.
Give fervor to your shines,
There is nothing like this;
For apprehending the lines,
That you write down or wish.

Peter S. Quinn

The Name of Each Season

The name of each season - eternity
Like the summers of flowers that come and go,
With luster thus spreading like a wind blow
That lives with the gust - forever so free;
The ancient of times and sometime to be
Dawn with the painting from the palette's glow,
That rises with spring after winter's snow
For the young born in heart always to see.
It's like music of earth in freshness of days
Coming with seeds and carrying their ways,
When the dark is absent on the blue skies;
The primal of colors in waking caress
And giving enjoyment for what was once less,
The sights and the sounds of summer surprise.

Peter S. Quinn

the remaining future

the remaining future
doesn't bother the day

inhaling clean air
is like opening doors
and look in

Peter S. Quinn

The Spirit of The Earth

The spirit of the earth, - the summer song
The soul that is blazing like the new dawn,
Into the sky blue far under the yawn
When moods come together after night long;
River of fellings and colors so strong
Drop away shadows that were on the lawn,
Drive up the spirit that from a wing spawn
Where voices of earth gave a joyous tong.

The sparking of day that's joyous for all
In giving a song where silence once filled,
Upon the earth where sweet longings are;
Yes all of love love's to the true hearts call
And brings to the daylight what was distilled,
When night from the dreams is gone long and far.

Peter S. Quinn

There are Many Roads

Don’t be alone for too long
For every day becomes a night
If your heart is still young
It won't lose out on its flight
Give a dream the might be real
Every longing is at our sight
Thrills and passions I can feel
Never to stop if they are alright

Have your hope inside to reach
All is or nothing it's how it goes
Feelings and dreams you can't teach
It’s like a light its faraway glow
Just give your heart and be true
And your soul will never be alone
There are many roads but only few
That you might call your very own

Some small things have influence
For every day and in its vivacity
Show their ways some confidence
And each will work and come to be

Peter S. Quinn

There Is A Love So Tender

There is a love so tender
With the lips for wishing,
That any who surrender
Need none embellishing;
And all your love be true
For I'll give you my gold,
You don't need to renew
What never can grow old.

There is a love no dearer
Than what you have in this,
For what can be more clearer
Than give a love and a kiss;
You may not hold me close
For the feelings come and go,
But so is all true repose
There is none fully to know.

There is a love so perfect
With everything in between,
That there is no need to evict
What never in a heart is seen;
You can't grow to a distance
Or follow a hidden out path,
For if you get in acquittance
There only is love's aftermath.

Peter S. Quinn

There's a Songbird

There's a songbird in my soul,
It's singing there only for me;
About this world's rigmarole,
Or the deep feelings - cravingly.
There's a love song in the clouds,
Drifting by the nights and days;
Far above the working crowds,
Going through to the endways.

There's a songbird in my soul,
And it's always feeling too sad;
What's the point with life's goal,
If all the love is turning out bad.
Carried away in a gentle touch,
What are my lonely feelings for?
I must just remember inasmuch,
That nothing is here forevermore.

There's a songbird that's singing,
Of its feelings from yesterdays;
And to staying memories abiding,
Past love like withering bouquets.

Peter S. Quinn

Though Sorrow My Thoughts Are Now

Though sorrow my thoughts are now
All things will turn to be bright,
For I'll climb the mountain somehow
To reach and touch the light.

My heart is in pain and no ease
I long for a day of tomorrow,
Be with all the world in a peace
And break away from my sorrow.

Gladness is a gift of the fortune
Making all clear that was dark,
And letting us swift and abandon
Anything but what will spark.

Though sorrow my thoughts may grow
For there is no ease in pain,
Soon swift winds may again blow
Make sunshine instead of rain.

My heart is with stairways to hope
Reaching there for every wish,
I manage with desperate to cope
For life is then just what it is.

Peter S. Quinn

thoughts of silence

thoughts of silence
convey the tongue
with soft lips of desires

timeless words
not wavy sounds
I listen to

Peter S. Quinn

time touches

time touches
life like a cloud

heaven is beyond
twinkling stars

waiting in desire
and longing

Peter S. Quinn

Turning and Turning

Disappearances turning and turning,
Whisperers of water and dust;
Dawn sky into red now burning,
Pleasures from forgotten lust.
Days are badgered to sky's forehead,
The open space covering it all;
Leaves from lost autumn now dead,
Winter's through bleak colors befall.

Appearances of footsteps in the snow,
Golden whirlwinds of dark thoughts;
Silence like graveyard down the row,
Nothing but the breeze there caught.
The hours leave insubstantial faces,
Crumbling earth and old erosions ruins;
For now there are no summer traces,
Only shadows in dark weaving motions.

Deep into lost something is found,
Night with the wind's hundred days;
Water in the river now ice bound,
Pleasantly glowing silver twilight's rays.
Wind carrying away words of the darks,
Murmur its babbles to the gray stones;
Into the evening singing of larks,
The nights tangled in dullness tones.

Peter S. Quinn

Under The Moonlight

Under the moonlight
Where all thoughts drift away,
In the lost deep flight
Before the coming day;
Where stars are born to die
When dawn comes softly in,
And love is like a butterfly
That takes in the air a little spin.

Where you and I are very close
When evening is young and fresh,
Filling the air with a fragrance of a rose
And our worries are little or less;
Before the night comes dim in mood
And fills our heart with sorrow,
When worries again grow its attitude
In the hours before tomorrow.

Under the moonlight
In the hours that are soon gone,
When love is lost into the night
The endlessly drifting aeon;
Where the stars are shining high
In twinkling memories,
And filling the northern sky
With mirages and actualities.

Peter S. Quinn

verdant reflections

verdant reflections
choices in clarity

life-giving art blossoms
imitating depth of imagination

understanding bounty
of time and chances

Peter S. Quinn

Winter haiku

Daydreams in the dim,
As winter comes with its trim
- Stars and moon hymn.

Here's my song, at SibeliusMusic com, called: Daydreams in The Dim - http: //www.sibeliusmusic.com/cgi-bin/show_score.pl? scoreid=93570 Please go there, listen and enjoy, and if you like buy some music, etc.

Peter S. Quinn

with caressing hands

with caressing hands
in darkly mud

my eyes are lifted
to gaze around

the earth hours
often furrowed scores

Peter S. Quinn

within depths

within depths
of my soul

away from
binding earth

enchantment grows
and holds to expectant
of the heart

Peter S. Quinn