

Poetry Series

Peter S. Quinn
- poems -

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Peter S. Quinn()

Hi, my name is Peter S. Quinn, and I'm a composer, poet and lyricist. I write mostly lyrical poetry and texts because of my well educated background as a composer, et cetera...

Lyric poetry, from Wikipedia:

'Lyric poetry is a form of poetry that does not attempt to tell a story, as do epic poetry and dramatic poetry, but is of a more personal nature instead. Rather than portraying characters and actions, the lyric poet addresses the reader directly, portraying his or her own feelings, states of mind, and perceptions. Most lyric poetry is made in a singable and rhymable way, although some lyric poems can be excepted. Lyrical poetry is often used in songs.' - end of quote

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Some thoughts for considerations:

1. Only ¼ of Peter S. Quinn poems and lyrics will be shown at . This will be, At least to begin with, only a showcase of about or over 3000 poems and lyrics mostly in English by the great Peter S. Quinn. Peter is also a very prolific composer (i.e. Google: sheetmusic publishing) , he's also active as a photographer, painter, etc...
2. The first part, or the part you are seeing here of "Short poems of Peter S. Quinn - This is my Wasteland", was written between the years 2004-2007. It will be continued shortly on his blog site.
3. Picture Poems 1-256 were written in the year 2000, and abstract paintings made with each of them. These paintings along with the poems are available elsewhere on the internet.
4. Everything written by Peter S. Quinn is © Copyright by Law, and may thus not be used anywhere, without a written permission.
5. Peter S. Quinn is a member of STEF Samband tónskálda og eigenda flutningsréttar, - to protect his Copyright. Sister societies of STEF are many all around the globe and they include: ASCAP, BMI, SESAC, etc.

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Quotations:

"Peter is one the most kindest and unselfish person I've ever had the privilege to meet, and what a lyrical line this man has..." from, New York Times

"Peter S. Quinn - An artistic talent beyond words! Prolific is an understatement given the vast amount of wonderful music and poetry (not to mention other artistic inclinations as well) that he has graced us with. A kind and gently soul who is truly a blessing to humanity." Robert James Thoms, Newfoundland, Canada – Please see Guestbook at:

"Thank you... It is an honor! - It is an honor and perhaps a bit late that I'm getting around to thanking Peter publically for this little musical tribute. I've never had anyone write anything for me before and this came as quite a surprise. I have enjoyed playing this little ditty over the last couple of years; and recently someone heard the piece and asked 'what is it? ' They now have a copy. Thank you again, Peter. Keep up the good work." David Benning on Bennings-Song (2004) by Peter S. Quinn - See here:

In brief,

Peter S. Quinn is proud to be of 4 nations: America, Iceland, Ireland and Germany. His father was an American Irish and his mother of German ancestors (her father being half a German: Süd Bach [south Bach] that changed over the centuries to Söebech – he [Peter] does not speak German though) . Peter lived in Florida, but moved to Iceland only 3 years of age; he has double citizenship therefore, that of U.S. and Iceland. Always keep him in your heart, because he too sings America! And that's why his showcase of these poems is here... There will be 3000 poems/lyrics in Peter's showcase at , and after that he'll continue with his music at sheetmusic publishing, - see further at

#1 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

I see your face in reflection,
It is to me a distraction.
The past is gone away,
No matter what I say.
But still I wish for direction
And hope again for affection.
These cloudy moods each day,
Hold me and make me stray.

Burning desires for you I feel
And in my dreams you are still real.
Then I wake again and find,
Our time is long behind.

Peter S. Quinn

#1 (From, Picture Poems 1)

a singing man
was sacrificed

by ravens
of night dreams

my silky soft desire
is lying

and denied a wish

Peter S. Quinn

#1 (From, Picture Poems 10)

The night retreats
from the welcoming day

of green grass
and brown soft earth

duel of dark and light

Peter S. Quinn

#1 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Muted wind
shaping things

and saying goodbye
to the road
I walked

presence dreams be soft

Peter S. Quinn

#1 (From, Picture Poems 2)

age and desire
eternally on

love's magnanimous

and memorial-walls
shattered and disfigured

a summer's drying end

Peter S. Quinn

#1 (From, Picture Poems 3)

Past is falling freely
in finished words

only a vainly kiss
stinging the end
over a missed love

Peter S. Quinn

#1 (From, Picture Poems 4)

Bittersweet and haunting
the drops sounding

falling two
before a silent

thoughts dancing
lonely and scared
surrounded in silence

Peter S. Quinn

#1 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Demented love
o stranger's garden

with hedgerows
of wanting

I entered your gates
and found
my stalking desire

Peter S. Quinn

#1 (From, Picture Poems 6)

I entered your
glass house

explaining
where I'd been

and ended my walking

Peter S. Quinn

#1 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Wading rivers
reflecting mountaintops

night songs
with warmness
of breeze

expectants of
spring

Peter S. Quinn

#1 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Along the rivers
sentinels with fires

the neon of night
in reflected banks
of expectant past

the song of vision

Peter S. Quinn

#1 (From, Picture Poems 9)

Earth's blue
the gift of life

a light of day

and gray dark sky
of surrounding clouds

Peter S. Quinn

#1 (From,100 Love Songs)

Love so sweet of summer gone to yesterday,
The passion of air in the deep fragrance;
Sorrow and rage not there to give or say,
Only the true heart that forever abundance!
Quickly over each the tender fires are,
Pointed the way to the love in your soul;
Daybreak in the morning or some cloud afar,
All which is love you can't reach or have control.
Because the day again goes to dark night,
And everything gives something that's of worth;
Declare itself through thorns and heart full of insight,
Slashing around its love from seed to birth.
Conquer each truth from the feelings that hide,
The routs and the maps come through the inside.

Peter S. Quinn

#1 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

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

Peter S. Quinn

#10 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

A love and hate relationship,
Will never do for me;
I must have more in my power chip,
To be or not to be.

The question is to give a try,
The feelings that we keep inside.
The goal, is to reach the sky,
And do what we consider right.

If I could answer only this:
What happened to our heart?
I wouldn't even have to wish,
That we could begin from start.

Peter S. Quinn

#10 (From, Picture Poems 1)

balanced melody
and rhythms
motions within bodies

configurations
of desire and love

Sculptured statues
of bronze and stone

Peter S. Quinn

#10 (From, Picture Poems 10)

Remember the eyes
of a confusing morning

innocent instant

walking blue reality
seeing the lilacs
blooming again

Peter S. Quinn

#10 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Barefoot reality
confusing pages of time

back again
lost in time

innocence tragedy
walking with you

and again love

Peter S. Quinn

#10 (From, Picture Poems 2)

I draw something
and shape again
finding in hands

dearly longings
after I know
my voice

Peter S. Quinn

#10 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Astral plays
in misty rays
and fills the chariot
with light

fate is
a gold glowing yarn

Peter S. Quinn

#10 (From, Picture Poems 6)

Falling promises
softly they ceased

ever-erosive
in their downfall

wherefores tears
that dreamt of end

Peter S. Quinn

#10 (From, Picture Poems 7)

The roses
of your words

morning blooms
with burning fading fire

amongst the heavens
and the cobblestones

Peter S. Quinn

#10 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Desirable places
from lawns
of enjoyed days

streets between
ourselves
crossing time

Peter S. Quinn

#10 (From, Picture Poems 9)

Precious desire
the weaving love

the light that fills
and plays

forget not
the bowing wants

Peter S. Quinn

#10 (From, Poet On Www)

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

Peter S. Quinn

#10 (From,100 Love Poems)

Love is like a kiss to bleak loneliness
Feeling of emotions running through to give
Following that track to be born and live
Each of your daybreak of closest caress
That comes from within to bring to the out
So much of roots that have grown from in there
Flowing like a song for you to fill with care
All that's like water in the tides about
Summer and autumns will carry its shade
Fill each effort with its current waves
For you only its gems stones are made
To bring in to its goodbye a heart that craves
So much of you that make every bloom
In our together roots that never should doom

Peter S. Quinn

#10 (From,100 Love Songs)

Love is like a crown from the inside glowing
With passion and thorns under the surface
Deep in the corolla where the feeling plays
Never to the outside in its heart showing
Pour its tender fire out on the cool flowing
Yellow and sunburned moods of its true ways
Never always viewing each its amaze
A point of tomorrow in an endless going
Nights are in its roots rising with its pain
Circles of tides that come and always depart
Dawn of filled dreams never to become true
To feel affection for - is nature true arcane
River of deep emotions from inside the heart
All that is in a dream all that is in – you!

Peter S. Quinn

#10 Picture Poem (From, Poet On Www)

a cloud to touch
from stars beyond

long heaven
and light of time

anything you'll awake
and for life like

Peter S. Quinn

#11 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

What lies ahead in time and space?
Where shall I be tomorrow?
I'm counting minuets, hours, days,
Resolving up all my sorrow.

Trying to make words to a tune,
Restless going through an agony.
Like the darker side of the moon,
Revealing all inside of me.

Broken chains and bending ways,
A future you cannot borrow.
Queen of hearts becomes of spades,
What will she be wearing tomorrow?

Peter S. Quinn

#11 (From, Picture Poems 1)

at the baker's
are different
delicious sweets

wouldn't it be nice
to taste some

sounds neat

Peter S. Quinn

#11 (From, Picture Poems 10)

Glowing morrows
fades not in rays
or bastions borrows
of an ending day

Peter S. Quinn

#11 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Where all places
are far and near

formed with wisdom
and legacy

dancing thoughts
within new creation

Peter S. Quinn

#11 (From, Picture Poems 2)

The haunting hope
for worried only
none ever missed

crumpled and flipped
tumbled profiles
wanting before
but now demanding

Peter S. Quinn

#11 (From, Picture Poems 3)

Sanctuary virginals
winds of March

like woodwinds
ho-humming
in wilderness

tackling ice
of winter

Peter S. Quinn

#11 (From, Picture Poems 4)

Along fustiness
guarding disembodied spot
the cocoons of fancy

mocked robberies
desolating brain
stained-glass head

admiring blunder

Peter S. Quinn

#11 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Today's
weaving the now
serene and free

while morrow's
are awaiting deep
to be

Peter S. Quinn

#11 (From, Picture Poems 6)

Ego chamber
own Everest
of ambition power

unharvested
with desired goals

found on
the barren fields

Peter S. Quinn

#11 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Untried search
for fresh roads

few among those
who are littered
and battered

in dilate and tasted
battled world

Peter S. Quinn

#11 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Inwards is outwards
whatever you say

reaching some end goals
and changing others way

Peter S. Quinn

#11 (From, Picture Poems 9)

Stabled chilling awaiting while
the glowing seen
of shadows sphere

darkly orchestra
the spinning astral
deep sea

Peter S. Quinn

#11 (From, Poet On Www)

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

Peter S. Quinn

#11 (From,100 Love Poems)

Like a far-off love that becomes a day
Because the outlook are right to fulfill
Every dream that is waiting inside still
When the moments are asleep and away
The love song that is like drops of anguish
Wavering tones in together cleft
For heart that's still or in beating 's bereft
And longs only love in its conquering wish
The seconds that leach in distance nearest
Will dissolve like silhouette beautiful dreams
And come to love that is closest and dearest
When off in deep of wonderment it seems
Feeling the hour that wholly is asking
How it can become a moment of tasking

Peter S. Quinn

#11 (From,100 Love Songs)

A love is like forest - a song in spring
Summer roses so red in the daydreams
River that flows in its ever going streams
Every bird of flower that for you shall sing
Moods of winter hour's icy pearly string
Misty and gray light from shadows deep deems
Everything that whispers on thirsty lips themes
Something that you thought to your heart would bring

Dreams of inside forest from your kindness give
Branches of your daydreams growing out its roots
Climbing to the feelings of what love's about
Land and sea of passion that you must live
Each the morning hours in its timely beauts
Without these love songs your heart shall be in doubt

Peter S. Quinn

#11 Picture Poem (From, Poet On Www)

anything changes
that outlasts a crash

with the look
and life
fire is from

in and out

Peter S. Quinn

#114 (From, Poet On Www)

Silent reflection
Of landscape circumspection,
- A small selection.

Peter S. Quinn

#12 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Trusting me or trusting not,
Everything's an endless plot;
Breaking boundaries between,
With a fresh new scheme.
Nothing is like it should be,
I'm numb inside of me;
Trusting the world for my time,
Reason for each rime.

We have now nothing going,
Just like the wind's blowing;
Love falls apart from inside,
Dark dim out the bright.

Fading rose old valentine,
Lonely moments between;
Sitting and waiting in grey,
Hours lost on their way.

Peter S. Quinn

#12 (From, Picture Poems 1)

fleurira parfum
caessant desire
fragile combattants
glissering love

la vitale jasmins...

laughing
delicious soft you

Peter S. Quinn

#12 (From, Picture Poems 10)

Could we forget
chariots of fire
fading to red
that serene desire

Peter S. Quinn

#12 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Solar bright time
perfect silky lines

playful particles
perfectly balanced

gathered in spaces
bursting through ages

life fingers

Peter S. Quinn

#12 (From, Picture Poems 2)

Away to thinking eyes
or a lover's wounded heart

without the dear
longing to chortle
to trials

Peter S. Quinn

#12 (From, Picture Poems 3)

Black haze
and unearthly halo
crosses over
through foreign passage

feared face
folds dreams of nights
in calm days

Peter S. Quinn

#12 (From, Picture Poems 4)

Tropical waters
with solace shore
and moon above

cantina nights
soften the days ahead

bridges crossed over

Peter S. Quinn

#12 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Dear heart
without you
where is my love

drawing desires
as Odysseus trials
and tests

Peter S. Quinn

#12 (From, Picture Poems 6)

Glimpsing eyes
the flowing open centers

one of two
with the time entwines

illusion-the sweet

Peter S. Quinn

#12 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Towards the moon
all known desires

love can meet
ever changing goals

Peter S. Quinn

#12 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Sallow leaves
fall free
of the branches

when again
the winter comes

alone stand the trees
bare of summer's
beauty

Peter S. Quinn

#12 (From, Picture Poems 9)

Into the rush
turn those silky soft faces

found in the flesh
and yearning
for a lovely crowd

Peter S. Quinn

#12 (From, Poet On Www)

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

Peter S. Quinn

#12 (From,100 Love Poems)

Moon of love's longings is springtime away
The seaweed from the oceans of times light
Secret clarity of the ongoing night
When the new opens through to make a day
When winters journey will end with stars and ice
And bring to the air the fragrances new
That comes with morning of clearances through
As tomorrow gives peek into blue skies
O hear days are chanting infinity's glow
Through the rivers of time in the making
And melting away the wintry cold snow
That the feelings of moody were aching
Carnations of shine with shadows falling
For now is the spring of tomorrow calling

Peter S. Quinn

#12 (From,100 Love Songs)

Each love is like the shading summer rose
With eyes and intonation to be shown
Of dreams that come from in and are not known
But breathe with time to feelings very close
A river from the mountain high to shore
Of ageless touches of marvel near
Giving you songs you always want to hear
That to your heart and inner yearnings store
Each hidden treasure of the color love
Of turning points in day and dimness night
Like cloudlets move so smoothly far above
On to the morning of new sunshine bright
Each love is accent of what it has gained
And thus to its findings once more retained

Peter S. Quinn

#12b (From, Poet On Www)

fluorescent looks
in tired adornments lights

covered with weak
attempts

ignite the times
of shaking hands
and porcelain dolls

Peter S. Quinn

#13 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Can't you look into the deep?
Follow inspiration;
From lost love we always weep,
Without hesitation.
To memories we hold tight,
Strings attached to old leaves;
Whether this is wrong or right,
Depends on our grieves.

Poetic words always amaze,
But is the truth in there?
Your love turns sometimes both ways:
Without a 'smooth cure'.

Can't you look into the deep?
Even though suns don't shine.
Misery and shadows creep:
Loneliness, combine.

Peter S. Quinn

#13 (From, Picture Poems 1)

embraced by sleep
a dream woke wonders
to my soul

from the warmth night
aglow rose
awaked within

Peter S. Quinn

#13 (From, Picture Poems 10)

Now banishes dark
the billion lights

surface of glowing whites
playing rays
the spark

Peter S. Quinn

#13 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Unfolded wisdom
glowing supernovas
created with life

elements and stages
interlinking star systems
circling stardust

creation by God

Peter S. Quinn

#13 (From, Picture Poems 2)

Midnight crossed
into darkly shadows
of blackbirds
and eagles

and many-seasoned
peace-pipe Indians

I swear I saw

Peter S. Quinn

#13 (From, Picture Poems 3)

The black desire
in soft haze nights

feared dreams
on life waters

ended nothing
with the conquistador

Peter S. Quinn

#13 (From, Picture Poems 4)

A languid needle
torpor dreams

on and on
into nights

no churning
of life or past

Peter S. Quinn

#13 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Sustaining ways
of waiting magic
with earthly eyes

impoverished climbing
to desired love

secretions of faith

Peter S. Quinn

#13 (From, Picture Poems 6)

Oh awaiting sleep
of things to be seen

the glowing rays
where morrow's not been

Peter S. Quinn

#13 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Detect beneath
forgotten lines

trails and signs
of midnight squirrels

many-seasoned faces
of manmade shadows
and melted desire

Peter S. Quinn

#13 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Jewelling flowers
gatherings of beauty

a gentle color
in the wakeful afternoon

charming sweet bouquet
to the poets' singing

Peter S. Quinn

#13 (From, Picture Poems 9)

Into the hushing pyre
melts the plea of flesh

wax-coated is the yearn
rushed to the spin-cycle

Peter S. Quinn

#13 (From, Poet On Www)

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

Peter S. Quinn

#13b (From, Poet On Www)

life is fire
on going along

lights to each touch

the clouds running
on and on

Peter S. Quinn

#14 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Dreaming of a better place,
Losing thoughts from my past.
Life has many different ways,
Slow motion and fast.
All alone and lonely too,
Never letting love go.
Alive emotions always new,
A seedling from it grows.

Why am I so tender now?
Fragile in my believes.
I need faithfulness somehow,
Take away my grieves.

Dreaming of a better place,
Time is drifting by.
Learning again my ways,
In a cloudless sky.

Peter S. Quinn

#14 (From, Picture Poems 1)

thoughts created

unfolded balanced dance
made by interlinking creation

formed wisdom
and perfect spaces
gathered with grace
and playful fingers

Peter S. Quinn

#14 (From, Picture Poems 10)

Laugh at me
ever changing moon

only you know
the way to Oz

within those many
stars

Peter S. Quinn

#14 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Wounded again
without shape
or mind

as years bring
trials to the worn heart

we need true love

Peter S. Quinn

#14 (From, Picture Poems 2)

Many-seasoned pain
I'd sign the cliffs
beneath Pine-straight past

trails tossing
forgotten face
of true desire

dust reading those ways

Peter S. Quinn

#14 (From, Picture Poems 3)

Time for stars
to sight

awakening lights
in heaven

floating fire forever

never in life still

Peter S. Quinn

#14 (From, Picture Poems 4)

Is life elsewhere
looking for sun lights

beyond the curves
of clouds

longing for love
and hopes

Peter S. Quinn

#14 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Barefoot in dew

aged morning
walking with lingering time

lilacs of remembering
all ends in a certain time

Peter S. Quinn

#14 (From, Picture Poems 6)

In adventurers
on the oceans
where land is not found

the days
are sometimes enjoyed
alone to ourselves

Peter S. Quinn

#14 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Open and quiet winter
with stillness in air

dresses of faded gray

attractive day
liquefies my thoughts

Peter S. Quinn

#14 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Radiant warmth
across new sky

the feeling
which challenge the world

fills with excitement
and encouraging might
splendidness of colors

Peter S. Quinn

#14 (From, Picture Poems 9)

Illusions are vacant
melting black blood

vaporize found
in cracks and dust

turning senses
into ornate idolatry

Peter S. Quinn

#14 (From, Poet On Www)

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

Peter S. Quinn

#14b (From, Poet On Www)

tangled fields
placid silhouettes birds

bare quiet trees
waiting for spring

snow river flows
to icebound water
again and again

Peter S. Quinn

#15 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Feeling heartsick all inside,
Flying distance through.
Sorrow moods I cannot hide,
- I belong to you.

Can I ask you come back soon?
I will try to care more.
Listen please to this lonesome tune:
What's loneliness for?

Little things that meant a deal,
Are of yesterday now.
Can't you touch me can't you feel,
I'm losing it somehow.

Like an astray - sky is grey,
Nothing here is self assuring.
Life's a misery day by day,
- Sorrow why's it occurring?

Peter S. Quinn

#15 (From, Picture Poems 1)

years without something
shaping the end

wounded and battered heart
a bruised love

like Odysseus trials

Peter S. Quinn

#15 (From, Picture Poems 10)

I who love
softly and endless

desire years
of delicious you

many lifetimes over

Peter S. Quinn

#15 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Thinking
and shaping
alive voices

desire and will
your skill
brings

Peter S. Quinn

#15 (From, Picture Poems 2)

Still shadows
of midnight
soft and dark

many-seasoned
concrete roses

forgotten in time
long past

Peter S. Quinn

#15 (From, Picture Poems 3)

Clouds
interfering still

each end will happen

every fire
will awake at sight

time changes on

Peter S. Quinn

#15 (From, Picture Poems 4)

Hopes are happening
our desire
for peace come

and the drought end
in touching rain

Peter S. Quinn

#15 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Know
the changing end
taking many desires

some dreams
to be
within
me

Peter S. Quinn

#15 (From, Picture Poems 6)

It's a yellow day
scenic burning fall

the wobbling mouth
of the bay
and voices are quiet all

Peter S. Quinn

#15 (From, Picture Poems 7)

The waiting wonders
of beginning springs

the warming land
glistening senses
of invisible marvel

sparkling waves of rivers
creating life

Peter S. Quinn

#15 (From, Picture Poems 8)

The afternoon sun
repose quietly
in to the marsh

and blue reflected water

with ascending shadowy
emerging from the trees

Peter S. Quinn

#15 (From, Picture Poems 9)

Smell- running silky colors
awakes from death

the freedom of earth
soul of peace
and harmony

cries of love

Peter S. Quinn

#15 (From, Poet On Www)

we are
crossed stars
of time

interfering in desires
never touching
a cloud

changes crash
and run

Peter S. Quinn

#16 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Sunshine comes and sunshine goes,
Gently shines on earth;
Life that bears fruit steadily grows,
Carries love from birth.
Flowers without sun and rain,
Have no colours to show;
They are dried and try in vain,
To let their blooms glow.

Sunshine comes and sunshine goes,
Gentle nurtures life and heals;
All on earth comes in a dose,
Love is what one feels.

A broken heart gives man pains,
Follows him - where he go;
Stresses up with its strains
Emotions: friend or foe?

Peter S. Quinn

#16 (From, Picture Poems 1)

the symphony
of the blue open sky
and waving oceans

is like a desire
carrying eternally on

Peter S. Quinn

#16 (From, Picture Poems 10)

The changing ways
and outward goals
are within

inwards and upwards
towards those stars

only desire's seeing

Peter S. Quinn

#16 (From, Picture Poems 11)

A wounded walk
after love

battered mind
is longing still
for something
to come again

Peter S. Quinn

#16 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Frail season
returning

winter's fingers
running through

those gray eyes
lovely afternoons

Peter S. Quinn

#16 (From, Picture Poems 6)

Glowing sphere
light of gold
the candle plays
from in the deep

harmony
with vowing rays

Peter S. Quinn

#16 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Don't confuse yourself
with life's thoughts

for plans and goals
change ones mind

forgets your
search and try

Peter S. Quinn

#16 (From, Picture Poems 8)

The glassy rays
on the surface of sea
with waves it plays
for things to be

Peter S. Quinn

#16 (From, Poet On Www)

lover's tattoos
flat-black darts

made in years
in looks and taste

like playing piano
and watching soft trees

Peter S. Quinn

#19 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Moonlight shines in my eyes,
All my errors all my tries;
Distance drumming in my ears,
Can't we give and share.

Rivers flowing wide and fast,
Nothing shall forever last;
Sun comes up and sun goes down,
Sorrow is my gown.

Like on stage I feel today,
Nothing inside feels ok;
Why do you do this to me?
- You are all I see.

Peter S. Quinn

#19 (From, Picture Poems 1)

gift of lives
with symbols colored
exquisitely and solid

like fabric or glass
architecture
gracefully composed
like period-polished
stone

Peter S. Quinn

#2 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Mists of clouds are everywhere,
Dust from wheels of time.
I long for you and still care,
Brawl has passed its prime.

The mirror shows me your face,
Even though you aren't here.
I remember your caring ways,
You are to me always dear.

Nothing leads to emptiness,
What will others say?
Let's start our love again fresh,
Make blue sky out of grey.

Peter S. Quinn

#2 (From, Picture Poems 1)

between ourselves
were adventures
on childhood lawns
and grasses

where Indians
and pirates went about
crossing every time
and oceans

Peter S. Quinn

#2 (From, Picture Poems 10)

The present time

a purring cat
and a Modigliani print

with window sounds
of continuous traffic

what a crossed moment

Peter S. Quinn

#2 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Careful delusion
cumbersome confessions

soul and body
listen to each hum

a diced life
black reparation

condemning self

Peter S. Quinn

#2 (From, Picture Poems 2)

fragile is nature
the grass
altogether yellow

engineered
by recent delineate

interlocking
embroider poems
transcendental gifts
between the hours

Peter S. Quinn

#2 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Tangible flexes
again in spring time

photograph moments
comfortably in memory

cotton of desire
instant love to read

Peter S. Quinn

#2 (From, Picture Poems 7)

The stars interfere beyond
heaven's fire

lights crossing
the curves of time

and certainly touching
the watcher

Peter S. Quinn

#2 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Anything personal
seems elsewhere

no tingling nerves
to crash our insanity

or looking
for changes

Peter S. Quinn

#2 (From,100 Love Songs)

Remember the way of the heart and air,
Rain must fall to keep the aromas going;
Time is of stream and the feelings to care,
Both together like the water glowing.
Love is the gifts from earth to your giving,
Seeds to grow high and then flower again;
Every true way worth of your own living,
Nothing from there is sown then in a vain.
Bouquets to be picked up loved more to trust,
Everything to hold on flowers of gold;
Feelings of ways that must return to dust,
Nothing of earth you can keep on or hold.
Water flowing - never for long it'll wait,
Give drops of it's river - more to create.

Peter S. Quinn

#2 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

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

Peter S. Quinn

#20 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

You have still the magic touch,
In my heart - everywhere;
Years gone by, the truest judge,
Walking through the years.

Listen to the sound and beat,
When you walk an empty street;
My love is still all around,
Lost is always found.

Why should we now say goodbye,
When we could again still try;
Fight our love back to our heart,
Make a fresh new start.

Peter S. Quinn

#21 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Please don't leave me here alone.
Please talk to me on the phone.
I still need your loving touch,
Missing you so much...

Like a flower in the sun,
All my love goes on and on;
Clouds in skies are turning grey,
Darling won't you stay...

Starry starry starry night,
Try to see what's wrong and right.
If you leave and go your way,
There won't be more day....

Peter S. Quinn

#22 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Beautiful morning so sweet,
Summer is blooming all out;
I saw in my garden, weed,
- Growing there about.

The greenest of tree is you,
All love is so tender now;
The tone inside me is blue,
O unlucky crow.

Why must this be always so,
When skies are so clear and great;
Why must my heart now lay low,
Is it all too late?

Beautiful morning so sweet,
It's raining inside my heart;
I'm walking a lonely street,
Why must we depart?

Peter S. Quinn

#23 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Da da da so slippery,
You don't have a trust in me;
Living your life far apart,
Known not true love's heart.

Stones on the road going nowhere,
Only grey feelings inside there;
Can't you see how tall this is?
First you'll try - then wish.

I've your number in my hand,
Should I phone - try to understand;
Something that I said or did,
Just tell me what's fit.

Peter S. Quinn

#24 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Darling past is past, always,
All your moods and turning ways;
Ships on seas that don't return,
Flames in heart that burn.

Were we just two stupid fools?
Finding out indifference rules;
All this talk of sincerity,
Never meant to be.

Is fate playing tricks on us?
So we'll find out about loss;
Baby, I am still born a fool,
My heart you still rule.

Peter S. Quinn

#25 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

O roses are sweet and true,
I am now feeling so blue;
Because I am missing you,
All the bliss is gone.

Stranger in loves paradise,
Mournful shadows in disguise;
What we had never dies,
Can I carry on?

Moon is full and lost in night,
Falling stars are burning bright;
Only darkness nowhere light,
Loneliness has won.

Peter S. Quinn

#26 (From, 'what's Really Happening – In 54 Numbers')

Rotten apples in between,
Is this just another dream?
Daylight's going out at last,
Past is now just past.

Waiting still in disbelief,
Sorrow darkness all this grief.
Stars have fallen from the sky,
I still ask me why?

Love is still my only hope,
Can I manage can I cope?
Was your love another lie?
I can't say goodbye...

Rotten apples in between,
Is this just another dream?
Life is moving onward fast,
I must learn to adjust...

Peter S. Quinn

#27 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Heard you on the radio station,
Singing to the entire nation;
Songs of peoples love and pain,
Sweet soft loving Jean.

When we were kids still at school,
And puppy love was so cool;
We were often in itchy flame,
Playing the looking game.

Where has all of this gone now?
It has drained all up somehow,
Glowing eyes sweet puppy love,
Two little turtledoves.

Peter S. Quinn

#28 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Wishing stars that never died,
Teardrops that never cried;
Why are you so indifference?
Give no love a chance.

Pearls are shattered on the street,
There is just this feeling of greed;
People walking from their past,
Nothing ever lasts.

Bishop in the chess game died,
Inexperienced love got fried;
Lovers double crossing all,
Love's a mending wall.

Wishing stars that never died,
Teardrops that never cried;
Bygones are so painful, yes,
Life's a game of chess.

Peter S. Quinn

#29 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Take a ride in moonless night,
Show your depth of love and might;
It's a struggle it's a fight,
These feelings inside.

The entire world's a love story,
Full of coruscate and glory;
Of bruised hearts we are sorry,
Love goes into night.

Glimmering thoughts wonder stars,
Folks chatting in coffee bars;
Souls are kept in little jars,
Give me love that's right.

Peter S. Quinn

#3 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Come again into my life,
Come again to my heart.
Forever is here when you arrive,
Let's begin a new start.

This is all I need to say,
This is what my life's about.
We have to meet each half way,
Find ourselves inside the crowd.

Just like water runs to sea,
So my heart will look around.
Just feel the love inside of me,
Where feelings are forever found.

Peter S. Quinn

#3 (From, Picture Poems 1)

desire wave
relieving thoughts

something never heard

maybe something
someone whisper's

a thought
delicious to the mind
and you

Peter S. Quinn

#3 (From, Picture Poems 10)

Cactus flowers
in spring are found

nature's lovely time

of new growing
colors

Peter S. Quinn

#3 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Illusion the circles
of mastery

open to the world
not shown

entwining eyes
and masked

Peter S. Quinn

#3 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Awaken desire
delicious fire
moon over cliffs

song in my soul
waking up

dreams of night

Peter S. Quinn

#3 (From, Picture Poems 7)

The riming
blue sky

life's old symphony
oceans of open notes

eternally young

Peter S. Quinn

#3 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Describing
foolish talking

with words
in thoughtless
phrases

is like catching
nothing at all

Peter S. Quinn

#3 (From,100 Love Songs)

Forest of my heart are the flowers spring,
From the seeds of love and pure ashen;
Like a bird of wildness he comes to sing,
All the songs he knows of true compassion.
Covered by the clouds and dreams far away,
From the forest of the evening in blue gown;
When the twilight comes and dance from the day,
And through the night of stars until new dawn.
Waking in the hours with above glow stars,
Tinkling their light from the distance beyond;
All the feelings from the inside that are ours,
Nowhere from the outside rise to respond.
Everything is within from true love to give,
Find out the ways to go much further and live.

Peter S. Quinn

#3 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

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

Peter S. Quinn

#30 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Growing love is always best,
Extremity laid to rest;
Birds have flown from the nest,
Will you likewise leave?

Raindrops counted before dry,
Fallen pearls from cloudy sky;
I keep asking myself why,
All this worldly grief.

Rainbows colors of beyond,
My love is to yours now bound;
What was lost is forever found,
Stand by your belief.

Peter S. Quinn

#31 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

I have watered under dust,
I've skimmed the deepest sea;
Seen the gold turn into rust,
Inside you and me.

Words and whispers confident,
Creeping shadows all unite;
Darkness from the cold and night,
Here with me abide.

Angels gone to fame and light,
I was behind the stages;
Shifting shadows into fight,
Those were outrages.

Peter S. Quinn

#33 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

I'm summertime to your heart,
Don't take our love all apart;
Drifting clouds and we depart,
Grow your seeds with care.

Forests of souls can not park,
Hound dogs of past to them bark;
Gone are sweet tunes of the lark,
Heartbreaks I can't bear.

Rivers of love gone and lost,
Our affection almost at frost;
Feelings inside all out tossed,
Heart's stones inside here.

Peter S. Quinn

#35 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Cyber song I send to you,
How I felt when I was blue;
Because my heart's always true,
Feeling unlucky.

I know you're a star today,
My love's nothing more to say;
But that doesn't make it ok,
Dreams never to be.

We have drifted far apart,
Passion turned to a cold heart;
Can there be a second start?
We both are now free.

Peter S. Quinn

#37 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

When I heard the news today,
There was not much I could say;
About how everything is going
- Disregard's growing.

Why you left I cannot say,
Thought we had it all okay;
Then you were just gone away,
On this lonely day.

The outside wind is blowing,
Past memories still flowing.
Passion dreams can never stay,
For ever and ay.

Peter S. Quinn

#38 (Ffrom, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

O uneasy memories,
Wind breezing through the trees;
Lonely times again are here,
I thought you'd care.

Love is like a growing breeze,
Some get lost others it frees;
I see your past everywhere,
Wounding like a spear.

I won't beg and I won't please,
Even try to make up peace;
Even though you were quite dear,
Through our loving years.

Peter S. Quinn

#39 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Thinking hard and honestly,
Why you broke up out on me;
Losing love won't set me free,
It hurt when we split.

Now I'm all alone and gone,
Can't keep carrying like this on;
Losing out on all lives fun,
'Cause of what you did.

Self pity is this all about?
Banging in my chest so loud;
Playing with my mood and doubt,
Breaking me by bit.

Peter S. Quinn

#4 (From, 'what's Really Happening – In 54 Numbers')

I came to this world old,
Alien is my second name.
Like a gust from darkness cold,
Is my ravish loving game.

She was innocent and sweet,
Full of youth and tender look.
I found her on a lonely street,
I guess it was just pure luck.

Was it stains of blood on me,
When my thirst was dry.
I was just setting her free,
Never meant to say goodbye.

Peter S. Quinn

#4 (From, Picture Poems 1)

remember love

and be blessed
with a treasure

that is mighty
and delicious

remember love
that walked

and found you

Peter S. Quinn

#4 (From, Picture Poems 10)

Listen to the voice
of the wind

rumbling across skies
awakening mountain peaks

from sleep and snow

Peter S. Quinn

#4 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Taut white sphere
could they sleep in dark

watch the shadows soft plays
with misty yarn

bow that surface light

Peter S. Quinn

#4 (From, Picture Poems 2)

sign of the day
crystal snow
dreams in the alley

fur mink coats
and blue homeless love

a colorful blend

Peter S. Quinn

#4 (From, Picture Poems 5)

The golden
archer
draws his
glowing rays

from the chariot
of light
filling with
tomorrow's days

Peter S. Quinn

#4 (From, Picture Poems 7)

The old searching sea
progressing to land

day and night
the tide glides
the sand

rushes in and out

Peter S. Quinn

#4 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Things of two
in morrow's gold

plays

one is you the other

the rays

Peter S. Quinn

#4 Picture Poem (From, Poet On Www)

picture in the sky
a night of soul fire

deliciously holds
love to another
moonlight

burning ice heart

Peter S. Quinn

#4 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

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

Peter S. Quinn

#41 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Shifting hours growing heart pain,
Love's walked out down the lane;
I have search but all in vain,
Winter's growing long.

Curtains down tempers bound me,
All my love is out and free;
No more sunshine there to see,
Just a heartsick song.

Whispering in lonely hours,
Autumn past and rainy showers;
Earth's bound its blooming powers,
Was my passion wrong?

Peter S. Quinn

#42 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Enduring enduring lights,
Dizziness distress and fights;
World is full of wrong and rights,
From people broken.

Past is slipping through my hand,
Some in black hole space gets strand;
How can I now understand?
What isn't outspoken.

Jumping jack of Eros high,
Catch in his net a housefly;
All this fondness all this lie,
Redemptive token.

Peter S. Quinn

#43 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Growing clusters full of mood,
Flowing tears they intrude;
Loving ways refined and crude,
Past is always past.
Arrows wounding deep inside,
Shifting away all my light;
Nowhere more my tempers hide,
Life is moving fast.

Send a message through the line,
Telling me if you're doing fine;
After you left me behind,
Past is always past.

Flower growing in the dark,
Winter's singing in my park;
I'm feeling naked and stark,
Past is always past.

Peter S. Quinn

#44 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

I'm moving down desolation row,
Where dessert winds of mind blow;
Burned loves in oblivion go,
This is how it goes.

Flying kites in cloudy sky;
Trusting words that don't say goodbye;
I have done what I could try,
Passions with its foes.

Scanning pictures moment's thoughts,
Unloading affection lots;
Skimping all those temper plots,
Torn from a red rose.

Peter S. Quinn

#45 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Never knew we'd be apart,
We had both the best of start;
Then you double crossed my heart,
When you went away.

Cloudy skies and lightless nights,
Broken wings without their flights;
Loveless moods and endless fights,
All my day is grey.

Endless space and blackout holes,
People drifting without roles;
Biggest mountain smallest moles,
What ever I'd say.

Peter S. Quinn

#46 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

There are shadows and some doubt,
Thoughtless people moving about;
Silent thoughts in lonesome crowds,
All is forgotten.

Prayers from songs to the earth,
Freshness having a rebirth;
Love is just what it is worth,
Unspoiled or rotten.

Forgive any state of mind,
Two together one combined;
But one's heart is often blind,
Life's always plotting.

Peter S. Quinn

#48 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

The blue's in my heart today,
It was not there yesterday;
Memories keep flooding on,
In my mournful song.

If you remember me too,
Then maybe your love was true;
I see the sky is so blue,
I'm lost without you.

Forever, wishes dry and die,
We keep moving forward on;
I can't say to you goodbye,
That would seem so wrong.

Peter S. Quinn

#49 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Forgotten and broken chains,
Memories are lost in space;
Hollowness and prickly pains,
My heart is full of maze.

You are just the one for me,
It's all I ever wanted;
Like a sting from bumblebee,
My love is haunted.

Every sun-beam that comes up,
My feelings start to explode;
Drinking grief from coffee cup,
Take away this load.

Peter S. Quinn

#5 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

The green fields of growth,
Slowly fades all our past.
I remember our love and oaths,
But nothing forever lasts.

The lovely smile I once knew,
Is no longer with me here;
But when it was, it was true,
Full of tenderness and care.

Threads are finally broken,
Though I've tried to hold tight.
Words once softly spoken,
Now are in different light.

Peter S. Quinn

#5 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Swimming fish
fulfills its
desire

by surfacing
the dark
and misty sea

Peter S. Quinn

#5 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Dark shadows plays
desire will sleep

the glass white rays
chillingly deep

fading now
to the dark bow

Peter S. Quinn

#5 (From, Picture Poems 7)

View of winter
the glinting trails
of cold pounding beat

cold yellow heart
of frosted breath
in embodied muscle cries

Peter S. Quinn

#5 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Passion comes
to the lover's heart

quick sting of dart
that is feelings deep

Peter S. Quinn

#5 (From,100 Love Songs)

Each the color garden summer of bloom
Crossing the way to the serene of blue
Up to the sky and there drifting in new
Cloudlet moments that come airway with room
Roots of your beat - in the giving vacuum
Everything that is from inside and through
Fulfilled minutes tender flickers the new
Softly and smooth like the skin of your womb
Roses so red and the pinkly yellow on
Summer forest sunshine our dream beyond
Every spurring instant - not to be done
Footsteps from the night soon to be dawned
Love like a butterfly that to sky wings
Eternally on - in the heart there sings

Peter S. Quinn

#5 Picture Poems (From, Poet On Www)

contradict times
fully highlighted in essentials

performance clothes
of life pleasure
awaits

quarters of truth
and soft oversight

Peter S. Quinn

#5 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

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

Peter S. Quinn

#50 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Each love is like racing cars,
Driving through the final line;
Wounds from losing - all its scars,
Shiver up your spine.

You, the driver of speed car,
Formulates through the years;
Rotten deals with feelings are,
Making clouds from tears.

Take the car and steer it well,
To lives fortunes and each fame;
You could likewise drive to hell,
It's a speed life's game.

Peter S. Quinn

#51 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Till I hear it all from you,
It isn't true no it isn't true;
Softly clouds are going by,
Please don't say goodbye.

When you try out your look,
You get variations from life;
Sometimes the past gets too stuck,
It's hard to survive.

Try to keep your life going,
All boredom passes away;
There are moments worth knowing,
Coming to you each day.

Peter S. Quinn

#52 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

In the moonlight and the stars,
I am grateful for your love;
Every heart has wounds and scars,
Like the moon above.

I dreamt you each night and day
And your eyes they meant so much,
Your face to me, a portray:
- Magic lines and touch.

Even if you leave me now,
I will always be by your side;
Feelings are attached somehow,
- Together, is inside.

Peter S. Quinn

#6 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Sing a song of heartsick blues,
Of loneliness I'm not amused.
I must reload my emotion fuels,
Because I'm not like I'm used.

Feeling left out, unstable,
Waiting for the phone to ring.
Going on, I'm not able,
If what we had don't mean a thing.

I relied my faith and trust,
In what was going on.
Now it seems that this is lost,
If our love is on the run.

Peter S. Quinn

#6 (From, Picture Poems 1)

summer wind
breezes softly

sending hope
and harmony
to the hummingbird

love will warm
the cold air

Peter S. Quinn

#6 (From, Picture Poems 11)

The astral fading
candles

of the watchful
dark

on golden sea
are bowing

Peter S. Quinn

#6 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Pinned scenes

high singing
of awoken day's

delicious gently
consumed dreams

the soul
love's fire
by pain-embedded
way

Peter S. Quinn

#6 (From, Picture Poems 7)

A fabrication
restraint fruition

the objective truth
to broken intent

failing all
our allowed fun

Peter S. Quinn

#6 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Passion and feelings
begins in Eros heart

pulse that sweeps
warming flaming fire

scattered to ashes
constantly

Peter S. Quinn

#6 (From,100 Love Poems)

Rain drops falling softly onto untruth
Wandering ways of every occasion
And bring in the flowing forward's spring youth
Take out and sweep every old abrasion
Water keeps still exquisite moments bounds
That soon will find the vaults and they divide
To have again the flowing occurring grounds
Which begun to rise with the in coming tide
Every outline is together for always
In deep dark clouds or the empty vast sky
Of which its one is looking to amaze
Bring their freshness to the splendid new rye
Have not the fair for a month of Sundays
Inside of each growth are withering ways

Peter S. Quinn

#6 Picture Poem (From, Poet On Www)

inner interest accounts
together balancing

compounding heights
and heart summations

our actuary
of need
and appreciation
through bonds enumeration

Peter S. Quinn

#6 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

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

Peter S. Quinn

#7 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

What's happening in our lives?
Why have we stopped talking?
Indifference's cuts deep as knives,
Connection routes are lacking.

Winter's here with all its cold,
Summer's gone far from here.
My loneliness is now unfold,
I still long to have and care.

I can't stop my thoughts of you,
I can't let go of moments gone.
How shall I survive winter through?
Without your love to carry on.

Peter S. Quinn

#7 (From, Picture Poems 10)

In the city's circles
flowing rifts of change

holding fear and defeat
in the flashy beat

Peter S. Quinn

#7 (From, Picture Poems 11)

The shadows rays
of sleepy night

in morrow plays
white glowing light

awaiting
-fading

Peter S. Quinn

#7 (From, Picture Poems 5)

The bloodstained moon
shrinks at the end of night

sacrificed in
awaken day's fire

gently singing
into far cliffs

Peter S. Quinn

#7 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Bowed complicity
rules expense recognition

scoffed truth
correct practiced

making danger
for ourselves

ethics blatantly rendered
and claiming someone

Peter S. Quinn

#7 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Pulse across deep feelings
shadow sweeps the spot

hanging thunderbolts
tranquil to peace

self-consuming future
fancy veneer flame

Peter S. Quinn

#7 Picture Poem (From, Poet On Www)

keep nerves
of heaven

in lights
floating till end

to-night seems
in peace
and waiting
for a moon

Peter S. Quinn

#7 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

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

Peter S. Quinn

#8 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

You left my heart in cold and pain,
You never said goodbye.
I tried to find you again in vain,
But never could, how hard I tried.

And as the rain keeps pouring on,
Shadows creep along the way.
There is no moon there is no sun,
There's no light there's no day.

Can't we try another fresh start?
Without risking everything.
A lonely man with a broken heart,
Can only of his sorrow sing.

Peter S. Quinn

#8 (From, Picture Poems 10)

Barefooted you came
laughing with desire

morning hour soft
and foreign

Peter S. Quinn

#8 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Fire of dreams
high in the day's
clouds

gently wake
at softly night

Peter S. Quinn

#8 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Tomorrow's road
the walking ways
amongst the cobblestones

ancient love's starlight
eternal enough to be
a disenchanting song

Peter S. Quinn

#8 (From,100 Love Songs)

Come here into the night of distances Farwell
The seraphs are trooping on and on all there
In its long forgotten road of its many foretell
The moments they come and go in their blare
Clouds of many moods the kisses beyond
With the whimpering footsteps that you see
Stopping of the rivers that flowed on and donned
Into mystic of the everlasting deep sea
Where have you been in your wandering days?
What have you seen with these flowing dim eyes?
The night is so different in its many ways
Unseen to the most what in outset there lies
Roads are going forth for the travels to go
Into other moments - another row!

Peter S. Quinn

#8 Picture Poem (From, Poet On Www)

creeping rays
over pines

like color turns
of glaring fields

sunshine clover
and silver amber
touching and glowing
the flowers

Peter S. Quinn

#8 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

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

Peter S. Quinn

#9 (From, 'what's Really Happening – In 54 Numbers')

Lust and love is everywhere,
It keeps on burning, in my skin.
I see your face here and there,
But forgetfulness soon shall win.

Treason's for our love begun,
When I found the 'drugs of joy'.
Thereon started lust and fun,
For a party zone driven boy.

If you drift to my cloud one day,
Don't mind, if I've forgotten you.
My ship did leave your 'home bay'
And feelings, we can't renew.

Peter S. Quinn

#9 (From, Picture Poems 2)

blue rivers of life
with woods
and snow

painted on canvas
with hands of love

reaching in to hearts

Peter S. Quinn

#9 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Weaving white gold
light the shadows hold

morrow's days
glowing rays

sleep
in deep

Peter S. Quinn

#9 (From, Picture Poems 6)

Starry days
lonely ways

lifetimes
reaching

soft and silky
changing moon

Peter S. Quinn

#9 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Broken heavens
burning mornings

forgotten ways
for cornered truths

fading song
of trodden blooms

Peter S. Quinn

#9 (From,100 Love Songs)

There is a reason to give and to go
All of the temptations of every each
The fingers that smoothly feeling will teach
And give every touch their intimate first glow
Every reason beyond in the new flow
That comes like an echo of clouds breeze blow
The roots of the morning that to your reach
Colors your ways and some shades bleach
Little words sending into the found heart
Like flames that do flicker before they're lost
Each the gusting on flowing with their rampart
The memories twisted inside and tossed
Each the future of hope that comes here still
Moments of luck the hours thereon fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

#9 Picture Poem (From, Poet On Www)

transparent silent
lines in vast connection

a window of sounds
slicing through
the ear

combine image
blank empty around

Peter S. Quinn

#9 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

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

Peter S. Quinn

.- Haiku

Summer had it all
before it lost its colors
- now winter hollers

Peter S. Quinn

.-. Haiku

the shadows dancing
in halftones of leafless trees
- morning coming soon

Peter S. Quinn

..- Haiku

love songs
like the wind in September
memories only

Peter S. Quinn

.... Haiku

A snowy path
and moon smiling through the clouds
light wind in my hair; -)

Peter S. Quinn

...Autumn Haiku

Drift to inner deep,
loneliness autumn leap
- summer goes to sleep

Peter S. Quinn

...Haiku

the summer is gone
like the fallen forest leaves
in winter's garden

Peter S. Quinn

.haiku.

May darling so young
in its reddish morning glow
- with a song to sing

Peter S. Quinn

.spring Haiku

spring came like a fox
with the rising red of dawn
- tipped toed on my lawn

Peter S. Quinn

.winter Haiku

Leaves of red yellow
moods of the autumn mellow,
winter comes – hello!

*(Hello winter, depression moods won't take me down! ; -)

Peter S. Quinn

~*~ Haiku

tomorrow love songs
is the space between the words
~ unwritten today

~*~

*I have written many songs like these, later I will reveal myself to the earth's heart. I have nearly only shown you here my rhyme poetry and songs but that is only the top of the iceberg.

Peter S. Quinn

'from Rivers Of Time'

falls never ending
each thought and action bending
- each of life's blending

from rivers of time
through wonders of daily mime
- each our thought will climb

Peter S. Quinn

...and 1/2

Mister darkness has come
With his cold hand
Silhouette cuttings
And flowers of depression

"I've a winter rose in my pocket
and many are longing for its real smell
I found it in a garden of dim flowers
That the images of the past gave

I have here within
A moment with a smile
I want to make
Into something with my small hands

Because life is easier
If you know more than you are guessing
With everything that is inside
And still needs to become true

Like I am this for everything
And quite soon not as it would be more remembered
For each this step I gave is a way to be looked at
Of who first finds the smell...

(a summer is leavening inside a garden
of midnight bleaching flowers
pulling away every cherry dream therein
that passed through the hours)

(Inspiration: XXIX, from W [ViVa] by E. E. Cummings)

Peter S. Quinn

2 All Seasonal Haiku

the hardest poem
is one word on everything
- never accomplished

but if it were done
behold only the word I
for each and every

Peter S. Quinn

2 Fragments (From, Longer Poems ...)

1

You have given me
Time for another kiss,
You have given me
What I have always longed for;
It has become
Like the time that I miss
In my memories,
It runs like bliss.
You are a breeze to my lips;
You are like the moonlight
And the ever returning twilight;
With stars above glowing on,
You are love - you are love,
Yes you are love never done.
You have given me
Much in this lonely winter,
You have given me
What I have longed for;
All the pleasures from within,
All the treasures that was dim.
Always more and more
You will glow up my night,
Till my heart opens for sure.

2

It's a day without luck
In this lonesome fall,
When my thoughts
Get all stuck
Both the big
And the small;
Waiting for moments
To become right,
To befall
To my wish again.
Moving from the latest trends
Every hour's a strain,
If I'm knowing

I'm still not finding ways;
That once was
Here so close,
But I may
In coming days
If my fortune
Doesn't away go.
I don't know
What I now feel,
But it has something
To do with her;
Wishes will never
Become real
Until we both
These wishes share,
Someday they'll pass
But I don't fear.
I can not wait
For my heart to stand still,
Though always
I want you
So close and near;
For you are my dreams
That someday may come,
I don't know
What I am looking for
And it looks like
I never will.
All I can say
I am not so sure
Where my dreams are from,
Maybe later
These dreams
We thought about here
Will grow and become true;
Someday I hope
They'll be there,
In the tomorrows
For me and you.

Peter S. Quinn

2 Hækur (2 Haiku)

kaffi og me? ?ví
kannski útskyrist ?á allt
líka árstí?ir

sköpunargáfa
líkt og eilíti? frækorn
vex upp og dafnar

Peter S. Quinn

2 Haust Hækur (2 Autumn Haiku)

fi?rildin eru
sofnu? fyrir næsta vor
vi? gleym mér ei blóm

?ettingsfast er tak
haustsins á skró?gör?unum
senn er hér vetur

Peter S. Quinn

2 New Year's Haiku

it is then it's gone
present turns to memories
- a future begins

today tomorrow
all the same again this year
- begin then ending

Peter S. Quinn

2 Parting Haiku

Now in its parting
The waves of a summer song
- Oceanic seagulls

What we had it was
Felicity now leaving
- Like a dragonfly

Peter S. Quinn

2 Poems To Another Poet...

Beauty is here for evermore
Always the same in each aspect
It is like waves to the shore
You can not stop it or reject
Flowers to keep or to hide
Into your life and your sleep
Use each and each as your guide
Some of the bouquets to keep
Tomorrow will come in earth
Pleasures and beauty there give
Like every time there's a birth
It is a reason to be and live
Dispense no spite from a heart
With everything that's there in
Always be fresh for your start
And every inspirations spin
As love is like beauty to keep
And making every gloomy day go
Sorrow is for eyes to weep
Gladness is for them to glow
Be both of dark and of light
The moon and sun are their ways
Feelings are of day and of night
Each in your mood there plays
Your flowers to keep or to make
Sprouting with shadings of fresh
All seasons of happiness and ace
The muse blooms of minds enmesh
Be always true in the grandeur beauty
For that's your love and poems duty

...and then I'd whisper:

Dream on and never be still
For nothing will be the same
Thoughts are here to fulfill
And giving more of your flame

There is so much in your heart

That finds its way to go
Tunes of the fact must all start
Days gone by is but a glow

Peter S. Quinn

2 Spring Haikus

yesterdays of green
leaves of a fallen story
- scattered on spring road

~*~

I am nobody
like this summertime coming
- to become the fall

Peter S. Quinn

2 Ways

These towers of 2 ways
Side by side in gray and light
As day to day on plays
From colors of sunshine bright
As feeling and touching way
The gray blue steel of time
Clearance for comings of day
Inside their dwellings prime

These towers of high and grace
As wall of time goes on
The structures around to embrace
Till moments of those are gone
Like flowers in gardens' glow
These seeds of time to give
Until to be forgotten slow
In other times to live

These walls to wall man made
In strong steel so fine
To reach highest peak and debate
To glow in tomorrow's shine
Each wall in windows and steel
Looking with modern eyes
As a day of future comes real
In reaching the open skies

Peter S. Quinn

2 Winter Haikus

the path lies frozen
in to the blackish forest
- no one walks there now

~*~

autumn songs are gone
migratory birds have flown
- with few barren leaves

Peter S. Quinn

3 Autumn Haikus

a rainy day song,
one by one the droplets fall
- on withering leaves

just another song,
for the autumn falling rain
- and old memories

in the game of time,
where everything is going
- footsteps drift apart

Peter S. Quinn

3 Autumn Haikus...

A day of sorrow,
in the autumn falling rain
- comfort the mourners.

Bless America,
now in its mourning moments
- to coming winter.

Yesterday was happy,
today is full of sorrow
- in autumn silence.

Peter S. Quinn

3 Colors

I'm the blue in blue
Feelings of love to you
Needing of sky ways
Dreams coming up and plays
Sunshine golden mood
Clear sky truest food
Anything to believe in
Calmness and steady win

Yellow gold to find
Never to deceive the blind
Tricking the fools in truth
Forever in glinting youth
Summer of flowers small
Beaming of lights tall
Anything or nothing at all
Fool's gold that'll fall

Red poundings of my love
Sky of the eve above
The danger in winning you
Power to come and renew
Purity of your feeling
Each of my hour stealing
Attracting every good luck
Forever in love stuck

Peter S. Quinn

3 Haiku

'farewell'

Bring in the springtime
Farewell lonely winter road
- I'll walk you later

'the stranger'

There is this stranger
I am always observing
- In every mirror

'would you? '

If you were a fly
And I were a lovely bloom
- Would you kiss me then?

Peter S. Quinn

3 Haiku (2)

'inspiration'

The bluest jewel
Heaven above awaiting
- Our inspirations

'deep truth'

The truth of ourselves
Lie inside the deep ocean
- We all once came from

'mirror'

You are the mirror
Of your thoughts and self being
- Water's icy now

Peter S. Quinn

3 Haiku Poems

Love and memories,
through times and seasons of life
- passes on and on.

Today I am here,
tomorrow I might be gone
- like leaves of autumn.

Life is melodies,
and the music of its heart
- but winter's coming.

Peter S. Quinn

3 Haikus

Gleaming from above
After tempestuous night
Light from far away

In winter's garden
Where air's clean of pollution
All colours are pure

Colourful red leaves
On a bole of darkly green
What more do you want?

Peter S. Quinn

3 Haust Hækur #2 (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Flygur dagur fram
í ham rauðbrúnna laufa
- haust jarðar litir

Nú falla lauf brátt
og vindur ómar djúpur
- í byrjun vetrar

Átt hef ég laufskrú?
í garði sumar grænum
- en nú fölnar grass

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

3 Haust Hækur #3 (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Stjörnubjört nóttin
og grasi? er enn?á grænt
- veturinn nálgast

Vindurinn hvíslar
a? haust sé aftur komi?
- í laufi trjáanna

Nú er nóttin hljó?
engir farfuglar syngja
- ég sit og bí? dags

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

3 Haust Hækur (3 Autumn Haiku)

líti? sem ?a? er
?etta visna?a laufbla?
er ?á öll mín kennd

væri ég máni
myndi ég líka hella
geislum á laufi?

?ú ert helling af
alls konar tilfinningu
ó hljó?a haust nótt

Peter S. Quinn

3 Haust Hækur (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Brátt snjóar aftur
eitt og eitt snjókorn fellur
- úr dökkum skyjum

Vetur hér á ny
í föllnu gullnu laufi
- hver man vori? enn?

Dagurinn lífur
á dökkum drauma vængjum
- golan kyssir kinn

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

3 Icelandic Poems

ég horfi
en hvert ég horfi
er í dypt augans
og skilningur eftir hverri hugsun
sem ég þekki

stundarskilningsglasi?
er hálfna?

einnig skilningur minn
sem ristir ekki djúpt

í upphafi hverrs ljós
er friður og ást
og friður og ást fyllast rósum
sem ljóma af feguris óskekulleikans
í brósti þínu

og aðeins í lokin
sölna blöðin
sem full voru af feguris
í gær
aðeins í lokin
falla blómahöfuðin

hvítar liljur lífsins
eins og saklaust andlit
á grænum svörði
sem moldin ávaxtar
ásjóna engla
ásjóna lífsins

skuggar ei falla
á andlit þeirra hvíta
lotninga fullar í nekt sinni

Peter S. Quinn

3 Íslenskar Hækur (3 Icelandic Haikus)

Hér hjarta mitt grær
í garði dagdraums nætur
- vetur er kominn

Ljóð er einsog blóm
með rætur í gróðri dags
- blöð gömul og ny

Allt er líkt hafi
í óróa öldufaldsins
- ein báran er stök

Peter S. Quinn

-3 Íslenskar Hækur (3 Icelandic Haikus)

Myrkri? umvefur
hrollkalda nóttina nú
- í dimmum skuggum

?essi október
a?eins rétt svo hálfna?ur
samt klaki um allt

Nóttin svo tvíræ?
í mjúklegu tunglskyni
- a? ?ú undrast allt

Peter S. Quinn

3 Minutes Of The Tick Tock (From, Spring Come Come)

Take or leave this gaming
For the nobody who then knows
The slow in the roll is taming
Inside haste time that flows
Waste time and give me a sign
To let it come what it's at
Draw out its going to define
Whether it's ready to go at that

Somebody is always a real just
Got to show up speed time
With that better that's already lost
In its out-a-way real prime
Time is waiting minutes won't save
It better be what you feel
Follow the beat come into the wave
Don't hesitate keen on the real

Keep it up and get the hop
Take the line to the minute's world
Never let go never let it stop
It's what you all are in to this furled
Tick tock the time it's waiting
Ready to go fast and somewhat slow
Every its sign front line stating
Feeling the stroll inside the roll-flow

Peter S. Quinn

3 Rhyming Haikus

Mother's always best
With her love one is blessed
Feelings truest crest

Spider
Oh spider spider
Come again when day's brighter
And our mood lighter

Miracle
It's a miracle
Winter, spring summer and fall
Colours to enthrall!

Peter S. Quinn

3 September Haiku No 2

In autumn glowing,
where all the summer dreams go
- I am now lonely

mother of summer,
you are gone but still with me
- in beautiful leaves

shine memories shine on,
in life's autumnal gardens
- I'm a fallen leaf

Peter S. Quinn

3 September Haikus

September to you
with its falling ember leaves
- and relaxing songs

Remember summer,
in days becoming darker
- autumn rain is here

Yesterdays are gone,
with gardens of memories
- now ember leaves shine

Peter S. Quinn

3 Vetrar Hækur #2 (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Ljósi? vindbari?
í vetrarins dimmu sló?
- brakar í laufi

Hugsun djúp dimmgrá
vi? skugga nætur kyrr?ar
- komdu stjörnu tí?

Fyrstu frostrósir
á gluggum silfurglerja
- ?inn ilmur hreinn er

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

-

These Icelandic poems by me were put up here by requests from my Icelandic friends – whom read these poetry pages likewise.

To my English friends: All these Icelandic poems shall be translated later to English.

Peter S. Quinn

3 Vetrar Hækur (3 Winter Haikus) #2

Haust laufi? fellur
á regnvot og köld strætin
- allt hverfur á braut

Veturinn kemur
me? tunglskyni og stjörnum
- lengra í fjarska

Fótatak sumars
fjara nú smátt og smátt út
- á au?um strætum

Peter S. Quinn

3 Vetrar Hækur (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Tungl á lofti er
einsog líti? ljósaker
- vetur er komin

Dökk-skuggar dansa
um regnvot stræti og lauf
- um sí?aftaninn

Haustdraumar á braut
einsog laufi? sem gulnar
- enn vetrar byrjun

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Take away this morning grieve
All is inside its lonely brief
Going on and being still
Promises never to fulfill
Night gone with whispering wind
Rowing voices in the rescind
What comes next who'll know?
Life advances easy fast or slow
Broken promises someone fixed
Chemistries in style mixed
Soaking to my skin and brain
Day or two with its pain
The wicked eyes shape or size
Everything is in its disguise
Smoldering fire stormy fight
Another lonesome hour's night
Take away those engines now
With its brushing worrying brow
Hooked lopsided burning wild
I'm all through crooked and tiled

Peter S. Quinn

4 Autumn Haikus

into autumn now,
lonely songs and summer days
- everything's going

Haiku
yesterdays are gone,
our days of many colors
- soon there is winter

Haiku
falling leaves glowing,
in shade of autumn tranquil
- September is here

Haiku
music of summer,
serene and lonely now
- hello fall my friend

Peter S. Quinn

4 Short Poems

Spliced
To straight blade

Kind—but grating
The pleasure

October song
And noise
In me

Walking
The now while on

~*~

On cloud fire
Each certainty
Of time

Nerves to go
And shock the sun

Tingling drought
To a long life

~*~

Some truths
Like crowds
Looked with know-it-all

Dizzying wisdom
In heights—of words

The natural answers
Next to your head

~*~

Abounding sweet rose
Strength to silky whole

Unbending passionless ravages
Resilience with broken fall

Uncertain darkness
Comes to life uninvited

~*~

Peter S. Quinn

4 Winter Haikus

Wind is in my hair,
like memories of days gone
- winter is coming.

I remember you,
days of blossoming summer
- this cold starry night.

Winter blossoming,
blue is its winter color
- farewell autumn lane.

Little bird playful,
before the going autumn
- soon the winter rain.

Peter S. Quinn

5 Hækur

snjó?ungur vetur
líttu út um gluggann - sjá?u
a?eins fáein spor

hvítt vetrar ljósi?
af brestandi hjarninu
vi? göngu stiginn

hrafnninn flygur lágt
hinum megin götunar
vi? fölhvítt túni?

ljós skuggar mætast
hver hefur betur í dag
vori? kemur brátt

enn kul á rú?u
af klakahröngli frostsins
snjóar meir í nótt

Peter S. Quinn

5 Rhyme Haikus

1

Dancing songs of whiles
Grasping the evening styles
- On the horizon reels

2

Day to day nothing
Only silences bluffing
- And cloudlets ruffling

3

Peaceful going waves
On the riverbed braves
- And my longings craves

4

Easygoing spring breeze
Thru the old leafless trees
- Gust winter dillies

5

Time is now leaving
In distract little cleaving
- Of moments weaving

Peter S. Quinn

5 Rhyming Haikus

1

Darkish red red rose
In the evening spring glows
A petal dropp goes

2

What lies there beside?
In its winter wear and glide
Thoughts pounder abide

3

Little seed between
Now in summer beautiful seen
Air a friend has been

4

Rainbow here to long
In a winter frosty song
White in gray still strong

5

Spring is still coming
In kitty dreams and longing
And barrels humming

Peter S. Quinn

5 Winter Haiku

Now they are all white
The roses in the window
- In spring they are gone

One and one lonely
Track by some going under
- The new fallen snow

White snow flakes falling
And whirl all around the ground
- In the blowing wind

Outside is winter
Day's just a little moment
-Of brightness and heat

The raven flies low
I hear when he is cawing
- A ray of hope there

Peter S. Quinn

7 Autumn Haikus

day has become night
with faraway stars to reach
- tomorrow comes soon

blue autumn light moon,
you are not looking at me
- I am so lonely

here comes dark autumn,
with yellow falling leaves
- and old memories

twinkling nighttime stars,
blossoms of darkish winter
- and eyes I once knew

tomorrow comes soon,
but tonight is here still
- with its memories

I remember you,
like blossoming summer days
- in my infancy

love is like autumn
with sprinkles of raindrops
here and there falling

Peter S. Quinn

7 More Autumn Haikus

melancholia,
those days of our gone summer
- never forgotten

our hours of summer,
with all summer birds singing
- their love melodies

be with me always,
in my heart memories
- to make tomorrows

my lotus blossom,
your flowers deep and still
- opening to me

my summer flower,
your seeds are still with me here
- in my spring garden

summer rose falling
to autumn still and darkness
- become memories

you are still with me,
as you always were before
- carnation flower

Peter S. Quinn

8 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Winning the hour
morning time
in dew

innocent looking
instant still
and moving on

Peter S. Quinn

9 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Morning bloomed
of remembered times

when your blue eyes
found me again

and won over

Peter S. Quinn

A Bird Has Flown Away

A bird has flown away
Into the bright new sky
To give its shining day
For earth in quiet high

Dark is deep like ocean
In its forgotten past
Each hour of its erosion
Leaves of a fallen rust

Clouds are now swaying
To give the blue its glow
As ray in clouds are playing
With more and more to show

On to the faraway horizon
By the waves of the sea
My thoughts shall run on
Like everything that's free

And bring the splashes deep
Through flowing billows
And those fresh moments keep
In tides of past gone flows

Peter S. Quinn

A Butterfly I See

A butterfly I see
On a bloom blossom
Flying on so free
Oh how life is osome
Making life an art
Soon there will be spring
Nature in its start
With the birds to sing

Yesterday was cold
In its whitish fold
Rain is now falling
Seeds from earth calling
In its clear drops
Until winter stops

Life is full of turns
Coming here and giving
Habitats and learns
Day to day living
Love in lives clouds
Singing freshly ways
Streets of many crowds
In its coming days

Refrain:

Yesterday was cold
In its whitish fold
Rain is now falling
Seeds from earth calling
In its clear drops
Until winter stops

Peter S. Quinn

A Clock In Time

My song has gone to loneliness
Its freshness is rustic and old
The window sings in wintry wind
For memories that can not hold
The hour is now in to nothingness
Though not everything has been told
Feelings are out and vision sealed
Into a dark shape that now unfolds

You have not my heart learned
None new is to be had here
Only moisten eyes confronting
Old corners to know and see
And bridges to fit themselves burned
In to what does appear
A wall of reflections hunting
Of what has come here by to be

My song has gone to its past
Crumpling like loose molars
And bringing back here to each cast
Their aged siding paintworks
For days have gone in to their last
Of lights and sketches returning
A clock in time - a mirror glassed
I am still alone here yearning

Peter S. Quinn

A Day Is Always In Farewell

A day is always in farewell
That emerges from the rising
In misty of its own spell
And hours of true disguising
To catch a boat that then sails
You'll need to know of land
Many are the shores and trails
To come there to understand

Each voyage takes you on a trip
Of perceptive and discovering
Don't let a chance from you slip
For its aims are in the uncovering
As every distance is an illusion
For tidal waves to move and slope
And give you some of its confusion
So hold securely on to your rope

Each day may be of rain or shine
Or circumstances chimera done
Just hold on to your kind of line
And every battle may well be won
There is a saying in new beginning
That everything's standstill or old
You only need your ways of winning
And to that endeavor always hold

(from my Album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

A Day Is Leaving

The birds have flown together
And found their ways at last.
Day is nearly gone into the forest dark
With passions the hours gave,
And gracious moments awhile ago
With the river into the deep
Is passing remembered moments on

Flowers in white and purple red,
The transmitting colors of life,
With leaves soothing each path
That comes above in air perfumes,
Flying with the wings of the birds
Into the inside dreams forever
Between daylight and the evening dim.

No more these together courses will go
Into the days that will come by,
For this reality will soon be only yesterday.
Now dancing in the sea sun fire
On red yellow beams iridescent waves,
Where time stands still for a moment
Until it's gone forever to the night.

Shining water, seeds on the waves -
Eternally blooms of earth bosoms
Committed to the heart once more - differently.

Peter S. Quinn

A Day Is Next

a day is next
to a night that's gone
with colors complex
to carry hours on
and nothing is for real
just what you feel
going on

a flower is made
to carry true summer
and then it shall fade
in autumn's honor
for nothing will stay
only go to dust
under the sun

□

so much is of everything
and nothing is true
only complexes bring
or make up some new
and let it then go
on to the lost
where all's done

and this all is life
with much still more
work along and strife
for nothing's sure
till end of its day
and pale of its flower
complex become gray
before it's gone

Peter S. Quinn

A Day Like Night Is Hers

A day like night is hers
Ongoing stream of emotion
A heart beating that steers
Like the waves of an ocean

On to a dream to cast
The faces of love song try
All the beats that will last
On to the evening sky

Her thirst for more pleasure
Is always under her skin
A touch of closeness treasure
That she has born within

Peter S. Quinn

A Day Of New Hope Is Breaking In (From, Myspace)

A day of new hope is breaking in
Filling the sky of true blue
Giving freedom a new kind of spin
Now the rest is up to me and you
The faraway glowing horizon line
Is building up hope on new dreams
That came with the morning sunshine
Where glow in glow freedoms all seems

Past is now gone into darkness of deep
Filling dim woes with lost shadows
Nothing in dimness now is to keep
Only the morning that freedom shows
For a day of new hope is breaking in
Filling the sky of true blue
Giving freedom a new kind of spin
Now the rest is up to me and you

Yesterdays lost that were in desperation
Taking away the grieving they made
Everything come in a freshly laudation
After time loses vexation jagged blade

Peter S. Quinn

A Delightful Thought #ii

A delightful thought
Because of its pearly glow
Always with winter is caught
Of icily frosty snow
The footsteps of summer done
Now in this darkness ride
Carrying its quietness on
Peaceful thoughts that now abide

What is this darkness for?
If not to search and find
What a tomorrow shall store
When all this cold is behind
Through paths of joyful strife
Glistening glowing light
When back come spring's life
With every colors bright

Winter is moody now
Dark and lost in ways
Through its deep abyss brow
That in dream weaving plays
Delightful summer gone
We shall see again next year
But winter's often much fun
With our snow angels dear

Peter S. Quinn

A Dream

A dream that is everywhere there
And going still forwarding on
A flower in seaside near where
That carries the seed waves on
A lust of life in the mist
Wheeling time's clocks going
Certain amount of uncertainty twist
Corner at a corners wind's blowing

You and I making a new turn
Into the depth of life's eternity
Yesterdays evening to yearn
Passions that come here to be
Where are the waves of endless tides?
Motions that are coming to and fro
Billows that on the ocean glides
Something you need now to know

Don't bring your time to waste
Everything must come now or leave
Opportunities they come in haste
Stopping while you think and retrieve
Nothing is like the inspiration
Catching each and every thought
What comes out of your gradation?
To be something that you ought

Peter S. Quinn

A Dream 2

A dream that I have found
From in my heart alone
Comes here again around
And feels like weighting stone

It is of all feelings true
And gives as much to tell
But its what it will do
That makes its weighty spell

And I therefore am in dim
Of what this song might be
With full of its acronym
That I cannot thoroughly see

Its wings fly in the night
And gives me dim metaphor
I cannot sketch its light
Nor know what its song is for

It goes here its own way
And I find its travel bemused
I hear only its wings play
But still I am all confused

Peter S. Quinn

A Dream Going By (From 'Meet The Moments')

We always had
Our dreams going by
We always had love
Coming here through
And when gray clouds
Filled up the sky
We always could count
Much upon us two
Our feelings were always
Touched by the heart
It gave us something
We both could understand
But now when the moments
Have drifted apart
And some are gone
That we once did command

We always had moods
Of low and high
With anything that made
It on to the blue
We did not ask questions
Where or why
Because the answers
Would always be new
We gave each hope
To find and start
Drifting on through
In its precious grand
Some of our love ways
We found in counterpart
Like pebble stones
On smooth surface sand

We always had
Many dreams going by
Where we two
Would meet half away
Like reaching through

And finding bluest sky
And meeting fresh love
That was here yesterday
All the answers came
And sometimes did go
Finding their new way
To become more or less
And before it was over
We both would know
How ways could turn out
And be a hopeless caress

Peter S. Quinn

A Dream Within A Dream (From, Illuminating Night)

A dream within a dream,
So lonely in the autumn still;
Wishes going in the air stream,
Never again to fulfill.

A dream within loneliness,
The moments we once had;
The day is now flowerless,
Down this entire winter pad.

A dream within a stone,
So hard and cold of all;
The feeling when we are alone,
A day or two of appall.

A dream within the past,
From nights that were before;
The thoughts that didn't last,
And are therefore no more.

A dream within a reach,
That once was staying here;
And nothing left to teach,
Or nothing gave to share.

A dream within a thought,
That we once knew of some;
But time moved on or bought,
And never again is to come.

Peter S. Quinn

A Dreamy Wish

Dusk is falling shadows growing,
Love is calling with its glowing;
As the light dims all away,
When the night lulls asleep the day.

Site by site the dark and night,
The dwell of lust in dimming light;
The desire of love that ever is,
The burning flame of a dreamy wish.

All the glowing is now going,
For darkish moods now are flowing;
Until tomorrow awakens again,
I'll get up, but only until then.

Site by site the dark and night,
The dwell of lust in dimming light;
The desire of love that ever is,
The burning flame of a dreamy wish.

Peter S. Quinn

A Feeling Or Perhaps Its Bliss – A Song

My home is where my home is
With something inside its clear
A feeling or perhaps its bliss
Of something wonderfully dear
A glass within a glassy wall
Through nobody's but my own eyes
Each day short-rained in its call
With collected faces in disguise

The midair temper of each tide
That's flowing ongoing to please
Each shadow dancing in its stride
With anything one there sees
Like something of a dimension's own
Imaginations like the bluish moon
The many faces that aren't shown
Though you will notice them soon

My home is where my heart is
With all its compartments stores
Each way that let up blindingly this
To make the senses to yours
Attachments that might please a fancy
Or bring them to their own falls
Future entered and exorcised in dancy
Whenever to opportunities it calls

(I am a poem said the poet, and the world is also poetry.)

All the best,

From Peter S. Quinn – who uses rhymes to make music

Google 'Peter S. Quinn'

“Let the new wave come and rise to billow”

...and thanks to everybody who found the time to write some comments, I'll be back soon)

Peter S. Quinn

A Flower For Honey Rose

A flower for Honey Rose,
Oh so sweet of fragrance;
Even in a small of dose,
May you never blanch.

Your summer be endless,
With colors and shades;
Ever so new and fresh,
Blooms that never fades.

Peter S. Quinn

A Flower For Honey Rose (From, Shorter Poems...)

A flower for honey rose,
Oh so sweet of fragrance;
Even in a small of dose,
May you never blanch.

Your summer be endless,
With colors and shades;
Ever so new and fresh,
Blooms that never fades.

Peter S. Quinn

A Flower In The Fall (From, Shorter Poems...)

A flower in the fall has withered
The colors that breathed so free,
For summer songs are now all flown
And lifeless's each bloom and tree.

Now winter's comes in colored gray
As gloomy clouds above are flying,
I can't forget a bloom from fall
And see it still as it lay dying.

When the warmth will come again
With spring bosoms green and right,
I'll remember that withered bloom
That gave yesteryear's colors bright.

Peter S. Quinn

A Flower Is A Lovesome Thing

A flower is a lovesome thing,
For it so much inside pleasures bring;
And spaces are there whole apart,
Everywhere there's a beating heart.

Give a day or two for each and each,
Some of love this feeling will teach;
Give a mood or take it then all away,
There are no more of thoughts to say.

Stranger you can find the new route,
For all your strangest feeling to breakout;
To another and a different time in time,
Be it a way or a thought so sublime.

A flower is a lovesome whole;
An enchanting way to your lonesome soul,
A garden within the different cosmos;
Freedom and beauty along the comatose.

Give a day or two for each and each,
For its beauty to you will then reach;
Give your heart a meaning and a reason,
In all the coming new pleasures season.

Peter S. Quinn

A Flower Of Blossom Dim

I want to touch your inner wing
With a kiss of my dark
Whereas the hours of night sing
With tones of the lark
A flower of blossom dim
My heart on to you will try
With emotions of whimsy whim
That opens up winter sky

Oh hold me in darkness long
With flowers of blackness blue
And give me your night love song
That comes with a cleansing thru
What have you here given me?
That is from the other site
And becomes in my fluid free
When we our love have tried

Sweetness so ever in deep
From roots of the fallen heart
Ours forever to keep
When lights again shall start
Trust every footstep's embrace
That beats the stoned road on
There are many turning ways
To get back when lights are gone

*There's darkness outside, so here's another poem to the lark's singing

Peter S. Quinn

A Flower Of The Mind

A flower of the mind
From inside to be
Where fortune you will find
To set each creation free
Holding it up tight
A head for its thought
And bringing it right
That marvels have taught

Seed of its purpose
From the first rise
Like a multifold rose
Reaching to new skies
Each step is a swift
Through tides of creative
From wings up to lift
Each newly approbative

The earth is its critic
In molding headstone
From stance analytic
To the purest of tone
That gave each the crude
In making brave art
Where sketch is its mood
A plan of fresh start

Peter S. Quinn

A Flower Will Grow And Grow (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

A flower will grow and grow
And give every petals show
Of love colors up and close
In shades that to summer flows
Of every nature's true choice
Is given much speculation
With every tincture's rejoice
In its step by step gradation

Their moments are never lost
They give of their pleasure's glow
Of foliage green to yellow rust
As season in its moment's go
Like blue sky in dreams high
Following new twilight's dawn
Where every our fortunate lie
To carry our good judgment on

A life is like a flower of living
Growing its leaves from steam
Every its laudable there giving
Both of reality and of its dream

Peter S. Quinn

A Frosty Song

A frosty song
In every walking way
Now I will long
For a new summer day
Every cold outside
Within flickering shadows
On the moments glide
Into moonlight glows

Faraway in the past
Autumn's golden leaves
Under snowy aghast
Of cold outback perceives
It's hard to see clearly
When winter goes on
In its gloomy austerely
And avalanche electron

A frosty thought
Bringing the past near
That once was sought
Through the eyes clear
Please come home spring
With your freshly new
So I'll begin to sing
Of all your coloring hue

Peter S. Quinn

A Frozen Leaf

A frozen leaf is found
Of yellow golden green
On the winter's ground
Earth and ice between
Once in summer gave
Its emerald foliage on
Rain and blue did crave
Its days are now gone

Fields of summer past
Ice-covered earth way
Existence goes on fast
Long nothing shall stay
Forget not the pleasures
Those once were made
Colored tone treasures
Each lay and true shade

Earth is full of findings
That we shouldn't forget
In delight posy bindings
And perfect in its set
Beauties of yesterdays
That once gave so much
Now in period of grays
Can still our heart touch

Peter S. Quinn

A Gladness Blossom

I was cheerful with my friend
We in gladness did blend
In every day and every height
Through the dark and to light

Never angry words there said
All hatred from eyes dead
Only morning of increasing high
With its features of blue sky

Day and night of feeling's fine
Summer day and more sunshine
Ascending through to even more
Munificent peace and not war

Bouquets coming in blossoms red
Now's escalation in spring's bed
Thru its happiness and prime
With its delightful way and time

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

Á Götunni

á götunni mætumst við aftur
þar gengum við eitt sinn á leið
með framtíð fulla af vonum
og æskunnar árin ungu
við áttum þar synir og stefnur
og straumarnir báru okkur fram
á götunni mætumst við aftur
göngumót eftir hrjóstruga vegi

Peter S. Quinn

A Heart

Existent from nowhere
It gathered all around
Particles - here and there
Inside a sphere found
Time was itself within
The gates tightly closed
Before the internal spin
And everything aroused

Galaxy flowers bearing
Dispersal seeds through
Eternally flame steering
Making all first and new
Throbbing longest hour
A heart - the mighty one
Just like an earth flower
Unparalleled one by one

Magnificent inside dark
All existence from none
The maiden eternal spark
That carries the tides on
Summer's spreading birth
The colors of a rainbow
The entirety life is worth
Specific presence - now!

Peter S. Quinn

A Heart Full Of Love (From, The River Sings On)

A heart full of love,
Yet still unharmed it stands;
Feelings like clouds above,
Through dreams borderlands.
Crooked with age and done,
All has been said before;
Now it's time to be gone,
Within either peace or war.

Moments unravished over,
Bull's pizzle and lion twins;
Top puffed feather flopper,
Your old and new whiter sins.
Giving the flaws of the wind,
Proving it's worth of telling;
Through each of its chinned,
And sayings worth excelling.

The stones in my pockets,
Shall dazzle yours to shine;
Unlock old heart's lockets,
Open its ways and coastline.
True to a weathering desert,
Prayers with a lewd smile;
Everything is within braggart,
After it's been here a while.

Peter S. Quinn

A Heart Is A Heart

A heart is a heart everyone
Both of joy and sorrow
Love in the deep of one and one
With days of tomorrow
Feelings that go and come
Just as you and I share
Blossoming seeds every bloom
Always with feelings near

A heart is a heart in beating
Bouquet from the inside
All our enthusiasm treating
Giving of its fervor guide
Love of the footsteps through
That is felt and done
Closeness that becomes true
If its devoted affection

We could all always learn
What love's all about
Then our heart would earn
Passion without a doubt
Feelings that go and come
For every heart here
Blossoming seeds every bloom
Through into New Year

Peter S. Quinn

A Heart Will Wait

The day is now becoming dark
With its silver threads and lining
Summer shine that once did spark
Is still from the inside shining
Dreams of love and dreams of whole
In its every gathering hours
Within their touch and grace of soul
Of the moon and its cloudlets flowers

Never show your sorrow
From the gone days
There will tomorrows
In street and alleyways
Every distant coming near
With its many opportunity
Thru this place everywhere
A heart will wait and be

To many days are still leaving
And never to be again here true
Sunshine old day we are grieving
As they go one by one here thru
Driven apart and all touched
Feelings that never saw' love
Yesterday gone to their clutch
Or drifting like clouds far above

Never show your sorrow
From the gone days
There will tomorrows
In street and alleyways
Every distant coming near
With its many opportunity
Thru this place everywhere
A heart will wait and be

Love songs of evening just going
Everything is much like this
Times and words never knowing

The heart is a couture of bliss
The day is now becoming dark
With its silver threads and lining
Summer shine that once did spark
Is still from inside shining

Never show your sorrow
From the gone days
There will tomorrows
In street and alleyways
Every distant coming near
With its many opportunity
Thru this place everywhere
A heart will wait and be

Peter S. Quinn

A Heartfelt Song (From, Shorter Poems...)

A heartfelt song
Is a song tender and sweet,
It's of longings and need;
A tune to carry on
With feeling of inner deeps,
Away the darkness inside creeps
And you feel again so self assure.
A heartfelt song,
Everyone reach and touch
So dear and you love so much;
A passion not ever gone
If it moves on in harmonies
So tender eyes will start to weep,
Away all anger inside sweep
A closer and deeper then human sees.
A heartfelt song
Brings sunshine with dawn
And flowers to a lonesome lawn,
It has no tone of wrong...

Peter S. Quinn

A Heart's Sometimes Like An Arrow

A heart's sometimes like an arrow
That gets lost on its long turning on way
Or a flying high clouded lonesome sparrow
That not for long in the forest can stay
The seedlings of the passionate going songs
That grows on the heart to each sparkling give
And each new aspiring passion belongs
In its fulsome ways there to onward live

The colors of the truest summer blossom
The reddish with the pink shades between
The beauty of moments that kindle love's thought
Delicate and decent where roots are from
Each true compartment that can not be seen
In asking questions what love is and ought

Peter S. Quinn

A Lament Of A Night (From, Shorter Poems...)

If I could say this to you,
I love you always still;
You are like a rose and a lily,
And I'll do whatever you will.

Your beauty lies beyond comparison,
And so does all your grace;
I know of no other like you,
Those eyes in your pale face.

If I could say this to you,
And you were still here;
I would surrender my heart truly,
To you and only you my dear.

But now I stand before you,
On your grave with tears;
And can only remember now,
All those passed on years.

Peter S. Quinn

A Leaf Of The Earth

A leaf of the earth
Awoken with its dream
The spring coming birth
And rivers of easy stream
The casting of the clouds
High above the land
And to and fro crowds
So easy to understand

Imprisonment made free
Of every earthly content
When things come to be
Full of its freshly scent
When summer comes in
For you to kindly embrace
And wash away winter's skin
And each its darkish lace

A Leaf of young green
That comes with liberation
From oldness that's been
Inlying in every creation
You had to come again
To fill my heart of wonder
And open up every your den
Of growth seeds from under

*(A lyric made now to my song, A Leaf of The Earth, at

Peter S. Quinn

A Light In My Winter

A light in my winter
For spring dreams to come
Shady darkish tinter
Where my summer is from
A light in white frost
For the blossoming dreams
Those with autumn were lost
In oblivion river streams

Each morning come glowing
With sunshine and day
Through the darkness going
To lead forthcoming way
When rose shall reddish
So lovesome in my bed
To bring in spring wish
Through their colors red

A light in my heart
To fulfill my dark eyes
For blossoms shall start
When there are blue skies
And again summer spring
With each beauty of worth
And birds in trees to sing
Every song of new earth

Peter S. Quinn

A Little Journey

A Little Journey
Of many things new
Somewhere to go and see
For me and for you

A flower so fine
And a stone that I found
A day in the sunshine
And us dancing around

A happy time's smile
A laughter and curiosity
Looking around for a while
And just being free

All that gives a good hour
With minutes playing
I might search for a flower
But I'm not saying

A Little Journey
Unto the new tomorrow
That makes fresh and free
And forgets about sorrow

Our time in sunshine
And new days that'll come
I hope it all shall be fine
In its growth and blossom

Peter S. Quinn

A Little Silence

In you
A little silence,

In me
A little silence,

In us both
A little silence;

That sometimes
Bursts into a noise,

That silence out
Silences,

In both of our lives.

Peter S. Quinn

A Love (From Shorter Poems...)

Tears in my eyes over you,
I am feeling low and blue;
Though love is everywhere I go,
My heart doesn't care.

But I try to find it here,
In my trials everywhere;
As I go along with feelings of my own,
That is unborn or not known.

Peter S. Quinn

A Love For Love To Keep

A love for love to keep
Can never extinguish or die
It grows like roots deep
Don't ask me questions way
For love is just like this
That grows the leaves within
A morning coming bliss
And hurling zephyrs spin

All life is what us inspires
To bring songs of kindness
And deep emotions desires
In each new ways transgress
We're always what we awake
A light in the dismal of play
Convey to empathy to take
That has gold bars in weigh

Every love is ours to sweep
And construct to become high
What we nurture we will reap
And bestow from it each new tie
Like bouquet of blossoms hue
The freedom is ours to create
So much is up to each across
What you offer at every debate

Peter S. Quinn

A Love Is Always To Give

A love is always to give of and share
Something inside of a human glow
Doing what is worthy to have always here
Into the settings that never shall go
'Beautiful Dreamer' - like the song we sing
With each the earnestness that comes in
Wholeheartedly giving what we bring
With every beat motion that begin

Shift with the ebb of life's concurrence wave
Where debates are stirring everyone
Till there's nothing but alone landing stage
Each has abilities to misbehave
To be the conqueror of what is won
Earning a living - revolving the page

*- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

A Love Song

Oh, a love was born last night,
It came with the evening breeze;
And in the dusky light,
Above the autumn trees.
Oh love sang out to me,
With flowers, summer kissed;
This love is always free,
And longing for more thirst.
Your lips are gentle, young,
And scenting like the rose;
Your love I'll always long
For, when ever it goes.
Oh love so sweet awoke,
More tender feelings in heart;
With each touching and stroke,
The gentle breeze did start.
When wind blows its horn,
And autumn goes away;
New things will then be born,
With more to do and say.

Peter S. Quinn

A Love Song – Crossing To Night

A love song of stillness now in begin
When earth is awoken within its doubt
With icily colors coming about
Glisten of winter with old year that's been
Traveler along in days with less light
Moods of the coldness in carillons year
Into the oblivion each thought to steer
With occasions of sunup vivid sight

Crossing to night in times almost lost
Feelings of transient - wingless in musing
Hours entombed in to the moment's cold rime
Fields of feelings heart - in winter's numb frost
Memories of yesterdays defusing
Until again there is sun rising time

Peter S. Quinn

A Love Song - Forever

Dance like the wind
From the mountain
Forever

Into the hours
Months and years
With the feelings
Of the wind

Dance like the sunshine
In your hair
Flowing golden locks
To the air
Or a cloud that drifts by
In the blue morning sky
Full of hope

Fill the air
With your love song
Till the day becomes evening

Touch the heart
Of the earth
With your fingers
Wholly in gentleness

Give a love song
That renews every day
Bring your heart through
With true kindness
Coming like fresh morning
Little gust without warning
Full of hope

Peter S. Quinn

A Love Song – In To The Evening

Give me feelings to renew
From lonely footsteps days
My love is like the dew
That in the morning plays

Bring me your sweet hours
That comes here flowing on
Like dewdrops on flowers
That in the evening is gone

Let me be yours only
For a moment or a two
Embossing the footpaths lonely
That each has walked through

Touch me with inside feeling
That come and go like this
And our hearts are stealing
Like morning hour bliss

Never let me here leave
Into my very lonely own
For days will swift to grieve
Until those thought are blown

Come here and be mine
Until the next day comes
And let the stars above shine
Like little twinkling blossoms

Peter S. Quinn

A Love Song #ii

A love's like something going or pending
The blossoms of white colors and some red
Flowers of summer often in ending
With shades of the earth in season's bled

Awaken a thought and fragrances sweet
Lives of darkly moods under the sky
Its hour in itself of passing day's greet
Before light shoots off and to dark will die

Man's love is like a fire existing on
Through a hidden meaning of new morning
With hours awaken in chest of dark things

Before love knows it - the desire is gone
Only in its heart lives its yearning
And through the reach of time onward it sings

Peter S. Quinn

A Love Song (From, The River Sings On)

Love by the seaside,
Everywhere you go there's love you know;
The feelings that are right,
Ease and prediction of your flow.
Swinging in the air,
Going to somewhere.

You and I tonight,
Moving fast and slow;
Losing wings at flight,
Knowing not where to go.
Hiding from hunting eyes,
Being for real free;
Truth and no more lies,
All what inside might be.

All what you give in a dream,
From there on inside grow;
Nowhere in a thought seem,
Moving on fast or slow.
All what you love to give,
When there's no one else;
Dreams fulfilled to live,
Futures that all foretells.

Love by the seaside,
Everywhere you go there's this sweet love;
The shadows from deep hide,
Clouds that into mist will grow.
Swinging in the air,
Going to somewhere.

Peter S. Quinn

A Love Song For A Season (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

A love song for a season
Is to come to and shine
With love and ways of reason
Doing everything to combine
In those things that give grain
Filling moments of instance
Traveling through catchy rain
For its flow going trance

There are new and moments on
Finding destinies to try
Before rivers are dry and done
In their flow of going by
Summer moods are here to give
What we know of pleasures
Circle motions that will live
Open ways of wild treasures

Love song to the nature wild
With its many turning ways
Like the cobble stones are tilde
In their concrete colored grays
Something there to build and turn
From their starting point
On gone bridges they will burn
Those connect a joint to joint

Peter S. Quinn

A Love Song For The Night

A love song for the night,
It's the only way to go;
Future comes with morn bright,
First footsteps in this glow

Something is in the air
Giving and taking away
Each tide has its flair
Some ways will never stay

The rain may be falling down
Loosening the earth up
Winter might stay in its gown
But love will reach its top
Right or wrong from here
We will all be moving on
Give of yourselves a little share
Life will be so much more fun

A love song for the night,
It's the only way to go;
Future comes with morn bright,
First footsteps in the glow

Just like dawn comes again
With its wandering light
Search not for love in vain
When you have sky in its height

Peter S. Quinn

A Love Song II

We are going to be friends,
Forever and ever;
And going to meet all ends,
Going to be together.
For every day is new,
In this endless feeling and touch;
If you can find this too,
We mean to each other so much.
There is a season for every song,
That comes alive in one's heart;
We can't ever be wrong,
If our love is true from the start.
We are going to be friends,
If you can find me too;
Our feeling together blends,
If I am a part of you.
Like a flower that blooms in spring,
So shall each love grow;
Love is that unbroken string,
In my heart that you always know.

Peter S. Quinn

A Love Song Into The Night (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

A love song into the night
That started out an evening
Playing with a fiery light
Those that closeness's bring
The effect of each other
Into the desiring fulfill
Coming more closer together
After each silence's still

A feeling that feels so right
When someone is in love true
Every optical future's flight
That goes through to renew
To remember the magical on
The perfumed gardens of now
When summer feelings are here
Filling its wonderment's endow

Everything we both need
In its together and feels
This through these moments read
And with every playing reveals
Longings like songs in time
Catching the nowhere stand
From every sinuous prime
In our own live and command

Peter S. Quinn

A Love Song...

The night's like a day with the moon
Lovely at sight till morning
The beauty of its blueness gone too soon
On to the billows of yearning
Like distant dreams fixed and so plain
Dark in its numinous glow
All is but a dream cloudlets in a chain
As daybreak awakes to grow

Hours with a moon dancing at night
On desires of clouds going
In to the mystic of its dim blue light
From darkness in autumn growing
Yesterday's desires finding its way
In silences of murky and its deep
Meeting daybreak of a new day
When daylight awakes from its sleep

Moon now shine on to the distant far
Graceful in time so endlessly
Blue into the azure of night and star
All in its wonder and free
Love song of the dark on to the deep
Filling my heart with new desire
Dreams of the night for eyes to keep
In a blue glow of its far away fire

Peter S. Quinn

A Lullaby For Winter

Obviously beautiful
Nursery cold winter's rime
Lingering around dull
In the dark starry lime
Obviously for sleepy eyes
Paling tintured ground
Snowy white cloudy skies
Breaking icy sound

Hush hush to every bloom
That now sleeps under
Winter is your frosty groom
With feelings asunder
Daydreams in darkish deep
The earth in stone gray
For the hours of dusky keep
With twilight's dim play

Obviously beautiful
Your seeds will come new
And bring down frosty duel
For each one of spring true
Darling keeps a heart still
In hours away lullaby
Every new morning shall fulfill
Promises of a summer sky

Peter S. Quinn

A Lullaby Of Dark Blue Sky (From The Musical, Lyrics)

A lullaby of dark blue sky,
Coming from a self within;
Singing to another high,
Past dreams there inter twin.

All the whispers all that goes,
Knowledge gained through reading;
Still behind the mermaid glows,
When green blue sea it is meeting.

Joy of hearing different songs,
Billows and curving waves;
Now to this world all belongs,
In a breath of hours and days.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

A Madrigal

Every love is age
In their live together
With its thought and weigh
Making pleasance better
So much of in care
Bringing summer in
Letting love be there
In its passion's spin
Adour is at times stripped
So much full of nothing
In its thinking whipped
With it much of bluffing
Rain may fall and dry
Giving some of aching
Make it not worth try
In its provoke waking
We are here to bring
What we can then tame
In stronger love's grounding
And its brighter flame

Peter S. Quinn

A Misunderstanding

Dance me to your own heart
And never never let me go
I have a feeling one from start
And I think you already know
Touch a feeling as you feel
Let it come easy there on
Have a heart beat for real
Before your beat will be gone

Does dispute come from provoke
Or is it more of a misunderstanding
Like the clouds above in smoke
Each day the storm is commanding

So much is inside for giving
If you are there to awake
Love is a touch of the living
Each plentiful what you take
Days on and feelings for other
Anything that is there made
Give love to sister or brother
And let it grow on not fade

Refrain

Does dispute come from provoke
Or is it more of a misunderstanding
Like the clouds above in smoke
Each day the storm is commanding

Dance me to the rivers going
In its never ending song
You might find me and knowing
My heart is made to long
So much on earth is forsaken
Never to become the expect
Let your dance try and awaken
Everything time has neglect

Refrain

...

Peter S. Quinn

A Moment Of Bliss (From, Illuminating Night)

A moment of bliss
And a minute of wish,
Is all that I need
To move forward and succeed.

What comes and goes there
Like summer time's lane,
What circles in each year
And we must grow and attain.

The flowers on the hill
And beaches and sea waves,
The days that need fulfill
And new thoughts enclaves.

Peter S. Quinn

A Morning Song

Morning threads in clouds
Like fairies golden wings
Above the drifting crowds
Sunshine to them brings
Fragrances in the cold air
Full of colors there too
Love peaceful everywhere
Always up early to renew

Silver strings and sweethearts
Coming there and going
Darling's goodbye departs
Waving and teardrops showing
Feelings inside falling
Outside to the new snow
Longings from the past calling
Like a street wet glow

Morning peaceful bringing
Hours from the lost dark
With few birds singing
In a lonesome winter's park
You and I are walking
To each our waiting job
Sometimes together talking
Sometimes for a probe

Peter S. Quinn

A Night In A Frosty Glow

The future is long in snow
And everything dripping on
A night in a frosty glow
To memories that are gone
Dreams are now inside dark
Finding their own way
Restless in searching spark
All as it may and may

Days of never returning
Feelings from a long past
Ways of its dark burning
Giving frost shadows cast
All is in a way of nothing
Winter's growing season
Flickering lights of bluffing
Deep in a mood of reason

Roads of the onwards gone
Yesterdays leaves falling
Dark of the deep has won
Moon shadows are calling
Red glowing yellow leaves
Scattered here on the trail
Distances and their grieves
All in the approaching sail

Peter S. Quinn

A Poem For You (From, Shorter Poems...)

I sat down just to write
This poem
For you,
I thought you were lonesome tonight
Feeling kind of blue;
Stranger things have happened
You know,
So just be comfortable in your chair
You aren't going anywhere.
Because if you are,
Please do tell;
I would not want you
To sit here,
Feeling like hell.

Peter S. Quinn

A Poem To Get Old

Every day that comes shall get old
With the spinning wheels of infinity
And age in pastimes for you and me
To give each one prosper to raise and hold
Stories activeness that still unfold
To the covet to win or lose and see
That dwells in each belonging inside free
Whereby our living thoughts come and mold

So much is in context within grow charms
To give from and spend while time is still air
In thereby courage that flows and swarms
Of comparisons to set in given share
Virtues of age for personality bend
Of what it has given to comprehend

Peter S. Quinn

A Quiet Dream (From, Illuminating Night)

A quiet dream
The woods are now,
In silences they seem
Going away somehow.

For winter glow comes
Glistening in snow,
And the frosty kingdoms
Surely will grow.

In still of night
Coldness comes forth,
Nothing there to ignite
From the north to north.

For winter glow comes
To give more frost on,
The frosty window blossoms
Will die again in predawn.

Peter S. Quinn

A Quill

I'm just here for a while
A quill of poetry style
My aim is to sing a song
For dreamer to love and long

To stars of the faraway
In night's symphonies play
Where our eyes meet dark
In its golden shine spark

Silent moves on its go
Wonder ways we don't know
All what we are of worth
In our hearts and on earth

Shining brightly beyond
And no man has ever found
Wings of enduring flight
To our prayers and light

Peter S. Quinn

A Road To Many Ways

What feelings you have inside
You must let reach to the outside
Fly - fly away never hide
Give some love on your sky ride
Rain comes - wind blows
Feelings melt into the snow
Flowers fall seeds come
Yesterdays, tomorrow's bloom

I wish my heart could go on
Dry the tears that sadness has won
Play with your lonesome heart
Give it wings make it start
Reach high from your down low
Give a touch in the morning glow
Will there ever be someone listening
What your inside might bring

Try on - never for a moment leave
Flow away this painful greave
Earth is a garden and wildness
Bouquet assorted blooms fresh
Just give everything you must
To bring this feelings into a trust
Never give up your love and grace
Our life is a road to many ways

Peter S. Quinn

A Rose On A Piano

Love is a burning fire
Inside and all out
Life forces of desire
In the feelings about
Day and night rising
Touching hours apart
Always a fresh surprising
From a ticking heart

Love in its tendency
Is coming and going
Wings of fire born free
Like a daybreak glowing
Roses of reddish shade
Perfumed of the day
Only for lovers made
As its shading's play

Love is much inside
Like nothing's ever still
Ages in winter hide
Hour glasses to fill
A rose on a piano
Are yesterdays gone
But all of its hours glow
Keep the fires on

Peter S. Quinn

A Round

I

The explosion of spring,
Bump bump alloy, it is here!
True to its nature,
Happiness goes forever,
If we allow it.

Lets dance together,
Have fun wherever it is;
Spoil us with a smile,
There is no place for depression
When we feel springtime.

All war must soon end,
Just like winter loses too;
Chorus of life: love,
Deny not, it is, yes, true
If we allow it.

II

My head - all my earth,
A round and spinning object
- Of thoughts, space and growth.

The squares in the heart,
Makes to many corners in mind;
- Lets be soft and round...

III

A silent thank you,
To all who commend with me:
- These moments are yours...

A silent thank you,
My own earth, I have water,
For rebirth of life.

A silent thank you,
To people - I call to all:
Remember each love.

That had broken ways,
But won - each on their own,
For they embraced worlds

Of differences.

Peter S. Quinn

A Secret Opens Like A Lotus (From, Illuminating Night)

A secret opens like a lotus,
Revealed on the ongoing road;
This is your time and notice,
For taking away a heavy load.

Days are born worrying free,
And all is set to the forward on;
Nothing is too extraordinarily,
Until it's all one time gone.

What you have is to fulfill,
And give away to the new;
Climb over the forward hill,
So futures may there bedew.

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 Small Bird Of Loneliness

A small bird of loneliness is flying
Through desolate and the many grasslands
Lightless color the ways one understands
When some true heart is there trying
Feelings blue shores the clouds crying
All from inside the heart truly commands
The songs from terrestrial leavens wastelands
Feelings the grass every color drying

Waters that those alone know like perfume
Surrounded and enchained to its foams
Velvets of vet fallen prairies dark flume
Dryness of bleak gloomy earthly chromes
Every inner murky wearied small bloom
Alone structured stamens the roots and domes

Peter S. Quinn

A Song For June's Smile

A song for June's smile,
When love is still so young;
Though summer has been awhile,
To become colored and strong.

Each heart is then retrieved,
To tones we imagined away;
When love is back received,
On a beautiful summer day.

A song for each my flame,
Blazing in your sweetness;
Though hearts stay not the same,
They return new and fresh.

All love is between two,
Consonant to win delight;
It is then all up to you,
Whether it burns on bright.

A song for June's smile,
With passions retuning along;
For each love is so fertile,
Can be the best summer song.

Peter S. Quinn

A Song For The Evening

A Mozart is playing her violin
A song for the evening
Note to note in gliding spin
Her bow is tenderly singing

From falling light to the dark
A nocturnal dreamy lay
The glistens in to the heart spark
To fill up the leaving day

Oh gold bow come and give a heart
In flowing of joyous sound
The truth of one moment's life art
That never again is found

Peter S. Quinn

A Song For You

I am going to sing you a song,
That I heard last night;
Full of whisper and soul,
Both of dark and of light.
It's a song that I heard,
For the first time last night;
When the moon and the stars,
Shined on, ever so bright.
It's a song full of shadows,
Full of thoughts that we hide;
Also things that we look for,
And we know that are right.
Every day and every night.
Come a little bit closer,
So I can sing it all through.
Come and listen to the tune,
So you can hear if it's true.
It's both cosmic and strange,
Full of mystical change,
And it's specially made for you.

Peter S. Quinn

A Song To Her

I found her in autumn
In her new blue dress
Every shade was in bottom
Of gone summer's caress
I knew though her song
Of love that we made
When themes were young
As in early blossoms grade

And as the saying old goes
Each blossom will seed
If its surroundings all glows
In fertile soil without weed
The warm scent of summer
Gives its enchanting appeal
And to every newcomer
A new proliferation feel

I found her also in spring
When she wore all white
And with seedlings did sing
When they turned to the light
All new that here comes
I know is of the living riches
And with her it all plumbs
When the dark ways she 'ditches'

Peter S. Quinn

A Song To The Coming Night

A song to the touch of the coming night
Where the waiting dreams have some now begun
In the ahead road of timeless spun
When the hours go by and come to their flight
There's something timeless each day going
To evenings and later to darkness
That inspires wonderment in its caress
Like feelings of interpretations flowing

What charges us through to give such emotions?
There is no understanding this to know
Though imaginings - are with wishes to give
Where does each dream go after its notions?
Where is its mirage in the timeless flow?
Thoughts are awoken to reverie and to live

Peter S. Quinn

A Song To The Road (From, Bob's Buttercups Songs)

There are days that are going we have known
To the roads of the dreams that have left
With distances in clouds drifts that have flown
In the grass swaying of its time and bereft

Many miles from their home they still long
For the days that are gone on to the road
Memories that come again and are so strong
With their ways and their dreaming in load

Young hearts are now finding what they need
In many times more than the stretching mile
Every given that comes in and the days read
From the looks of the world and its beguile

You may find what you need till it's all gone
But there are no means to bring it all around
For the traveling heart must carry still on
In the dust of the roads that have been found

Like tomorrow is still only a dream in today
With its times in our thoughts that are going
Nothing lives till it comes to us some way
Through the efforts of our own that is showing

*These are around 500 songs

Peter S. Quinn

A Summer Dream

You are still there with me
My dreams of summer – now gone
I have loved the times with thee
And each you flower done
The beauty of your blossoming
While night was young of day
As bird in trees did sing
With early thoughts of May

You are still on my mind
In your golden daybreak
Though you've left me behind
I still with your moments wake
The mysterious beauty skies
Of the red golden burnish
Now still in my pondering flies
Like some short of reverie wish

The dew in a morning young
And colors of radiant rainbow
Are still within singing strong
In darkish low winter's brow
I know you will come soon again
With seeds and daylight crescent
Like a goddess or an equestrienne
From heaven to the earth sent

- in the making –
(Perhaps this dream is finished, I don't know)

Peter S. Quinn

A Summer Song

My love do not cry
Each day is just coming
To say again goodbye
In true life's blooming
My love do not go
I want to have you still here
You are my morning glow
Your footsteps are everywhere

My love I need you
For you are all my colors
That come in summer new
When softly breezes hollers
I love each life's day
And many more to come
Your footsteps are in my ways
Your dreams still true blossom

My love you are so near
Each morning when I rise
You are still around here
In all your joy and ties
And footsteps that are gone
Still echo in my mind
And carry me still on
Though I am left behind

My love you are still with me
Inside my lonely heart
Though I know you are free
Each day I wake and start
Your footsteps are gone
But still your memories I'll find
To carry me still on
Through thoughts you left behind

Peter S. Quinn

A Sundown Delight

In a sundown delight
The evening will come
With feelings of the night
Where darkness is from
The hours of dreaming
Of worlds hidden wide
Moon colors are gleaming
Where dusk owls glide

The weavings of deep
Where blossoms are blue
The lands you can't keep
When dawn comes new
Each fairytale viewing
In the faraway beyond
There is no misdoing
Only imaginaries found

Each day is like a night
And night like day besides
For sometimes in daylight
A star above hang-glides
It's unbelievable seeing
When this is done correct
And quite enjoyable being
There – this dream to inspect

Peter S. Quinn

A Thought (From, Poet On Www)

I give you a thought
I once did know,
Inside on its own
It was there caught,
From a while ago
And was there alone.

The feelings that burn
In longings that hide,
And take each their turn
When others abide.

My love song and more
That inside all is,
And I am not so sure
If it's for real or a wish.

The day and the night
With thoughts that go,
A dream in its flight
And nobody does know.

The instants and hours
That comes on to shine,
Feelings that are ours
And hard are to define,
Or draw an exact line.

My love song and more
That inside me is,
And I am not too sure
If it's for real or a wish.

The day and the night
With thoughts that go,
A dream in its flight
For nobody to know.

Every part that plays

On the strings of a heart,
The many love's ways
That never will start,
Or break a new heart.

I give you a thought
I once did know,
From inside out brought
To a tune on the piano.

Peter S. Quinn

A Time For Seeing

There is a time for our seeing
In our worthwhile to remember
Every inside of our being
Like those footsteps in red-ember

Clearly not for everyone
Are the times to become real?
Letting our bygones be bygone
In the ways we lose and feel

Swinging times to do and say
What is turning here out to be?
In its clutched on to and play
For everything that we can't see

Hit the ground and be dead
Is the way to go here around?
Someone else lies there instead
Giving of his own state and mound

There are rifles to get fired
When the banks have their carnival
And the poor ones aren't desired
They'll take their stand and fall

Let me though know if still's hope
To come our way and give aloft
And can we hold on to that robe
Though it might be from love soft

Peter S. Quinn

A Time Has Now Come (From, Myspace)

A time has now come
For your voices to follow
Where tides are turning from
The days of demise hollow
Those voices mean to me
And have been before spoken
That the streets of the free
In the distances are woken

A chorus of ascendancy
With lines unrehearsed
Its spring new independency
Of understanding immersed
Those are in every flame
That gives awoken hour
And injustice cannot tame
Or break down its clean flower

Summer is enthusiastic
To turn the key and initiate
With its autonomy and elastic
To insert the necessary weight
Midnight is coming in light
And bold to kindle from sleep
That once was of the night
But now is a freedom to keep

Peter S. Quinn

A Touch Of Heaven

A touch of heaven,
Not though close and near;
Such a demonstration,
In darkish atmosphere.
Winter moon is high,
Cold is harnessing too;
I need love to revivify,
In this fancy curlicue.

Words are only words,
Full of moods to find out;
What will be afterwards,
Is not much talked about.
But it's worth checking,
Perhaps it may be too late;
For the winter is decking,
What autumn did abdicate.

A touch of inner mood,
Like tender bluish desire;
Only the rightful attitude,
Love alone may acquire.
But words are only made,
To bring it more close;
What in a heart's unplayed,
Before it again all goes.

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

A Turn In The Calling

The time is now falling like freshly rain
Through the vapor of a surrounded sensual
Feelings that once were in with winter's gain
Are drifting away to aberrational
The beat of its down to another go
Surrounding the flowers in early spring
With love that is found in its way and glow
That to a new heart so many things bring

A turn in the calling of day's coming clear
With beats of tomorrow in songs to play
When colors and shades are pending near
With everything found in bright and clear
The secrets of summer are near-term back
With love into heart occasions bric-a-brac

Peter S. Quinn

A Valentines Rose For You

A valentines rose for you
Day to the night and night
Let my love come here through
Carry on its heart in light

Dreams are going to be true
If love is a love like a song
Now such love's up to you
For a heart to search and long

Life is never as it should be
It's always more or it's less
Into the future you can't see
Only with your heart and caress

Our dreams are never to be
If nothing of love's set right
Times will come and you'll see
That love is just one burning light

Everything comes as it goes
Playfully on and again on
The truth of your heart glows
Till the burn of its love's gone

Remember a heart that's waiting
And never could let you go
There's no time for debating
You only need to know
- What to know

Peter S. Quinn

A Walk Around The Park

Walk around the park
Until you find its end
The hours of day and dark
Where some there spend
In falling flowing rivers
Of ticking's clock time
That each minute delivers
In steadfast and prime

Where life comes and goes
Through every out and in
And wind in wintry blows
In whirling scattered spin
Where love and songs are sung
With every mood and hour
In dreams of old and young
With many colored flower

And a day shall never fulfill
Every walking on through
As nothing is there still
For me or even for you
It goes like blinking gleams
Of every dancing theme
And nothing is as it seems
Inside this living stream

Peter S. Quinn

A Walking Man In The Street

A Walking man in the street
Is out on a nowhere go
Somewhere away trick or treat
In a time of a moment's flow

The hours are moving a way
In many conducts on going
Half-filled hours and astray
With cigarettes once glowing

He walked his way so lonely
On to the corner there
He knew he was there only
No one seen elsewhere

All day is a walking to night
And finding its way about
His thoughts are in a flight
With many of day's doubt

A walking man looking up
And seeing the windows stare
For a moment he might stop
Look thru a window at tableware

Perhaps think about yesterday
When his future was bright
And then go along his way
Further into the lonely night

Peter S. Quinn

A Winged Bird Of Night

A winged bird of night
Comes to sing for day
In bright song of flight
Above the forest ray
Heart's filled with love
From cloudlets drift high
And sunshine here above
That together makes a tie

Everything is in air
Of exiting moment's play
Love song going there
Just for a while to stay
Somewhere in tomorrow
With peace in its awake
Future places to borrow
Of their offer and take

A winged bird of heart
The longings in my beat
Feelings that don't depart
In a walk or in its treat
With protrusion to its go
Divergent tempers about
Like sky in a rising glow
By no awareness to doubt

Peter S. Quinn

A Winter Poem

Time is taken away,
Step by step it goes,
Born to an unknown day,
Nothing forever glows.

Light has left again
Into the deep sea,
Searching's are in vain
For both you and me.

Live or let time die,
What is this hope for?
Do we know reasons why,
Longings drift afar.

I have waited long,
For minutes and hours,
Lonely is this song
When a shadow towers.

Beautiful morning bright
where have you been?
Now is here only night
and twilights between.

How shall this long be,
Plunge into the deep?
Will I the sunshine see,
Depress this dark sleep.

(This is from an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Peter S. Quinn

A Winter Poem...

Now the night is covering everything gone
From autumn days of interminable and sad
As flowers of the freshness are all done
And every morning of rosary red we had

Beautiful between the roses of summer colors
Mornings of glowing torches and high
The wind of the winter now hollers
And times of dark rivers go on by

The life of old summer memories fill
Glowing in clusters of times lonely mood
Everything returns to this earth

Days like shadows of memories still
In its darkness all around interlude
For a year is growing old for a new birth

Peter S. Quinn

A Winter Poem....

Love is everywhere,
glow of its time going;
days to here and there,
nighttime dark glowing.
In hours going to day,
in its endless dancing;
winter time is on its way,
in the air and trenching.

Life's inside a dream,
what is real and unreal?
Sky up high starry beam,
actuality as you feel.
Coming closer to the hour
everything - in its go!
Love is work and a flower,
in each shade of its glow.

It's hard to build love,
but you'll have to try!
With your inside plenty of,
to open up your sky!
There's time for everything
in its hope and finding,
just come on in - for its turning.
For time is rewinding!

Peter S. Quinn

A Winter Prelude (From, Illuminating Night)

A winter prelude,
This song's going to be;
Autumn will denude,
Every summer tree.

And then it's gone again,
Like the summer breeze;
It's easy to arraign,
To feelings of certainties.

Peter S. Quinn

A Winter Song

There's a day there's a night,
All within love songs of living;
Daydreams of reason in its flight!
Through every story giving.
Nights and days through dreams,
Bringing us all closer to here;
Not everything is as it seems,
For the ground's in glow everywhere.

Now there's winter singing its blue,
Flowers of frost cold falling;
Wintry moods going here through,
Dreams of the night now calling.
Earth in white now everywhere,
Gathering blues in dim song;
Showing its wintry here and there,
As night becomes darker and long.

Far in the dim someone is calling,
Perhaps it's winter's fairy queen;
As daylight is further down falling,
More of her glitters are seen.
Northern lights dances in green,
Glow on the northern cold sky;
Pearly stars webs are there seen,
Everywhere on the Milky Way high.

Peter S. Quinn

A Winter Song (From, Lost Song Poems)

There's outside a winter's song
With frore and grayish earth,
We had the summer for so long
For what each day was worth;
I'll long for summer and spring
Each time the night gets cold,
When weather hollowly will sing
In winter so frosty and bold.

A flower so gracefully done
The winter's rose in my window,
I'll greet you gladly on and on
Cherish your pearl white afterglow;
I've often been in a moody down
When darker the short day comes,
Then I see frosty rose jewel crown
And know in the cold it blooms.

Winter romance and candle lights
Longing for green sweet earth,
Longing for clearings sky bright
And all what the day young's worth;
How can it touch the morning flame
The winter that's gray and dark,
Will not each color be there same
Without its golden morning spark.

Peter S. Quinn

A Winter Song...

A day goes on and on
into a darkness night,
for autumn is soon gone
and all its summer's bright.
Dreams of colors deep
flowers of beauty too,
nothing is forever to keep
that comes here through.

A night of winter new
in deep of trans and chill,
coldness of icily through
each and all instant to fill.
Dark are dreams of night
onto reflective of snow,
moments in frosty sight
profound flowers in glow.

Winter's now coming close
filling the light with dark,
freezing's its window rose
silvery white shine to spark.
Everything comes and leaves
times of awake and sleeps,
moments in instants it briefs
before oblivions it keeps.

Peter S. Quinn

A Wish You Sometimes Want

Bring to this coldness new summer to live
Into the darkness that follows this road
Heavy as usual is its eclipse load
With nothing but panes frost roses to thrive
The laces of cold in the cracks of rime
Holding to moments of its dullness sky
Seeds that are trying to earth again shall die
Until again spring comes in its prime

Wish you sometimes want can't come through
For the new beginning is not in yet
To rise from yield of the summer blue height
But one day once more there will be the new
Coming to garden's bed with the right set
Turning the winter to summer night's light

- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

A Wishing Melody

I am singing to the night
A wishing melody
Knock open the flight
Of its measures so free
Enter the coming hours
With a singing to understand
Bring on thy night flowers
Inside my dream command

Encaging picture walls
And streets I am walking
The inside shadow's halls
That daylight all are lacking
I feel you know the fact
That reality has eaten up
In each its conduct act
That makes doggerels – yup

I am singing on to you
Through shallow gone ways
And ask you to renew
What in your musing plays!
I am singing to the dawn
A desiring lyrically
That each its color be drawn
In love songs – eternally

*From,

“Lyric poetry refers to either poetry that has the form and musical quality of a song, or a usually short poem that expresses personal feelings, which may or may not be set to music”.

Thus, if you are writing lyrics, you are probably writing lyrical poetry.

Peter S. Quinn

A Withering Rose

A withering rose
Like summer of blossom goes
- In autumn tint glows.

Peter S. Quinn

A Word Is A Yes And Sometimes No (From, The River Sings On)

A word is a yes and sometimes no,
The fluttering unfinished page;
A time between the lines and a go,
The air of nothing and rage.
The whirlwind of appearances,
The trees of names and body;
Among the lines and acceptances,
The spirit and the cleft of gaudy.

Footsteps into the next room,
Will lead a way to no return;
The feelings that will become doom,
As the ways to flesh adjourn.
Among the words that on show,
Like the leaves between the white;
Or the day that in silence grow,
When distances have more appetite.

A word is a yes and sometimes no,
Though full of life in giving birth;
To all the hours that onward flow,
And you in your thoughts think of worth.
Unreal speech in keeping still,
The strands of language real - unreal;
Before it evaporates to fulfill,
Each of its dark corner and bastille.

Peter S. Quinn

A World Of Dream

In everywhere I go
The music sings and plays
In hearts that'll grow
Though nothing ever stays
Just in a world of dream
A love being around
Where all feelings seem
To be again found

So much in a song I sing
With pictures of between
A love that it will bring
Nowhere around has it been
A heart that is delusion
Like glow in morning sky
Making futures confusion
Without a reason why

Just in a world of dream
A love being around
Where all feelings seem
To be again found
Rainbows sitting there
All because of you
Mirages from everywhere
Going times through

Peter S. Quinn

A Year - Oh Sweet Year

A year oh sweet year is now going soon by
With moments to remember and some lost
The bouquets of memories I have crossed
Each in their mood of a daydreaming high
The love that has come and made me acquainted
With costumes and ways that I found best
Every word sounding ways they have painted
And now forth in closure is laid to rest

Oh words of thy muses how I love thee
With wings so lofty in brightness of days
Those through in their footsteps have walked here on
Endures of thoughts forever to be
When memories drift and to the mind plays
Wonderful occasions I thought were gone

(*I might change this here and there... later, perhaps)

Peter S. Quinn

Abandoned Sundays (From, Illuminating Night)

Abandoned Sundays,
Gone into the oblivion;
With refined absurdities,
My concealed aesopian.

Playing through a heart,
With a spiritual strife;
Cobbling thoughtful impart,
That makes up new life.

Going to a Monday,
With a full new beginning;
Past a root of absurdity,
That was before singing.

Peter S. Quinn

Abc (3 Sonnets)

- A - Every Man Is a Child

Every man is a child of his dreams
Searching through each his going and true coming
From the days that have given some their deems
With each their lost and found in their fathoming

Rivers never go dry with understanding
Those that are found in the deep of the heart
Strange weirdness is there constantly demanding
Adventurous thoughts of their counterpart

Lives central things make the world go around
Like a simple smile shining through tomorrow
Where childhood happiness is often found
Even those that once were buried in sorrow

Before you judge any man try to love him
With your compassion in times turmoil's brim

- B - The Inside of Everything

The inside of everything's still glowing
With wonderments you can never be without
In a go to go it's always there showing
To give you its promises with any doubt
Light of its sweetness that never goes away
In from your true and beautiful that's you
Playing on moments that feelings only play
Something in its times that is here new

The deep secrets from your heart and its beat
Like the rose buds in the thorns of their touch
That in your way of lives each to treat
Giving hope of much or only some of such
Everything that's from inside of the deep
From love and its feelings - for always to keep

- C - Those Times

Those times that is changing from young to old
In searching the world and looking around
The days of the new that no moments can hold
And you in your feeling have some there found
Like understandings of views that come and go
Drip of the times the lost in its looking
Past flowers in moment's memories heigh-ho
That through your roots onward is on hooking

Playing eccentricities to make you feel good
Keeping you as child in life without reason
Each of its compensate and true brotherhood
Changing in adventurous for each season
The strangeness of the ways that love and give
A childhood of conquest to reinvent and live

*Written to this MJ portrait:

Peter S. Quinn

About Love

Time is the day and the hours
Like air filled with old memories
Drifting with seeds of flowers
Going into blue from the tress
Light that comes into the night
Anything that strikes into souls
A heart that is born into its fight
Footsteps from concepts and roles

Love arrives without boundaries
Flowers in dust onward rising
A feeling from inside one sees
Never to true heart disguising
You and I and what remains
Ecstasies of the new born dawn
Pleasures bearing some pain
Each others roots together drawn

Time is of night and the morning
Like shadows dancing through day
The fire inside and its yearning
Anything burning within in its play
What becomes when love arrives
The unknown things of the heart
Feeling that stings and thrives
On something different from smart

Peter S. Quinn

Above The Quiet Sea

Above the quiet sea
Where waves are waving
Love songs forever to be
And each heart is craving
Dreams that never come true
Only meet the lonely night
In its epoch flow renew
And their lost of tall flight

Where the billows are high
In their moments going
And their futures still lie
In surges of fresh flowing
For reality of the peaceful
In the windmills of the old
Every unfathomable is dull
With no moments to hold

Above schedules in making
That never becomes a plan
With their certainty waking
Every sun dreaming wan
Through openness of afar
Where the sails find a beach
From the guidance of a star
That the courses thru teach

Peter S. Quinn

Abyss Of The Sea

The abyss of the sea
Forever flowing waves
Deep colors weaving free
In moment's time craves

Love song so endlessly
In everlasting of deep
Its timeless on eternity
That's never ours to keep

Flow flow on to dreams
On with your billows high
Ocean's turning streams
Never broken down to die

Like dim beats in echoes
Drifting thru the currents
As our own years on goes
With its many furtherance

Arroyo gust of the river
Everything must stream on
For experiment to deliver
Until its flowing is gone

Into chasm Abscondence
The lot again must turn
Unknown in its despondence
Into our heart beat burn

Peter S. Quinn

Accenting Light (From 134 Picture Poems)

accenting light
the dashing bright

sun across the sky

anew on first flowers
and earth's
reddish leaves

Peter S. Quinn

Accidental Opus (From, Illuminating Night)

Just an accidental opus,
A song for another occasion;
Not to cause abrasiveness,
Just to settle some persuasion.

Just an accidental song,
They were singing with a chorus;
A melody to get along,
To get sentimental and sonorous.

Just an accidental passing,
Into an oblivion tune;
A thought here and there classing,
Into time's afternoon.

Just an accidental way,
For whatever there inside is;
To meet the coming day,
And what a future may wish.

Peter S. Quinn

Accidents Of Footsteps

Rain your heart with its inside soft tissues
The stimulus of the thoughts that from there fly
Every hour of the weaving dark dripping issues
Into the earth and up to the very high
Believes to be amused in with its ham
Rainforest leaves promoting natural lines
The instincts of ways in every lurked sham
The core of it all that no one defines

Accidents of footsteps in its own while
Everything since here from the vapors deep
With clever breath dispersal by a verve birth
Lonely thoughts gone walking through each its mile
The straight lines and curved ones you can not keep
Each to its stimulus and calamity worth

Peter S. Quinn

Aching For You (#7 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

Aching for You,
Until the sky is clear,
Don't be to me untrue,
Love to have you here.

Searching steps through,
Each day and each year,
Please don't be so blue,
When I'm close and near.

Aching for you always,
Dancing my time away,
Moments blue and grays,
With my heart still play.

Searching I can't find,
What is gone and lost,
Love is sometimes blind,
Indifference that you trust.

Aching for You,
Darling so close and dear,
The day is coming anew,
But you aren't waiting there.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

Aching To The Pleasure - Sonnet

In my saying there is a playing that goes on
In each reckless and abandoning ways
From the understanding through thin air plays
That to my wonder of cold front is gone
Each dream has a beginning to be done
With those feeling that are clear within you
And come through like a thunder out of the blue
With their falling drum beat constipation

Causing chances that might be now too afar
Gliding through the compass holds of each time
Aching to the pleasure like a falling star
In their twinkling and glow of their shine prime
So much life has taught us in its innocence
Giving way to every steep deviance

Peter S. Quinn

Across

I go my road of fate
Stronghold of my day
Its cry of timeless debate
On to the side way
To enter on to the dark
Once flowers were in shine
A glow like eyes spark
A shimmer of soul's define

Now here is dropp of night
In carnations of mystery
Dark wings in deep flight
Ever so wandering free
Taking eyes to somewhere
Where silences are black
A song of nocturnal somber
Never to return back

O tongue of deepest tongue
Inside this closing abyss
Each night where we long
And enter the garnet bliss
Fountains of evening veins
I cross you mask of bleed
To twilight's coming reins
In all your shadows mislead

Peter S. Quinn

Across (From Album, Like Love Is True)

When dim deep is around here
With mysteries beyond the sky
Reaching light from somewhere
Before the eve says goodbye
Sleep away to the faraway
Across the eternal dark sea
Somewhere to reach a new day
Coming like a caravan to be

Our yesterday is never more
It's gone into ever-flowing space
Like waves that reach the shore
For the sea again to embrace
When dim deep is here gone
Through endless motions wave
And the night is almost done
With its dreaming vision crave

We might recall those imaginings
When we once more are awake
Those were in the night singings
When dreams had their latest take
Across to the oceans of desire
Where thoughts forever revive
The conjures of nighttime's fire
Forever to thoughts shall give

Peter S. Quinn

Across (From, Rockstar)

Time is going through
And leaving from here to there
Into the lonely blue
Surrounding the moments everywhere
I thought of you in illusions
Nothing was sure to be
Minutes and hours intrusions
Can't we for one day see?

Across this empty room
A shadow is cast in dim
Light and some dusky flume
Here through the hours brim
Destiny has its place
Curving the moon and sun
With its easy foot pace
Until there is none

Anyone has a free choice
Giving or making decisions
Listen to your inner voice
With today's real envisions
People are searching finding
Every footstep is taken
With without reason blinding
Before again to be waken

Across this empty room
A shadow is cast in dim
Light and some dusky flume
Here through the hours brim
Because of all this confusion
Beautiful daydreams gone
Road of so many diffusion
Carry me through and on

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

Adjusting With Its Times

Alteration like the wind that goes
Forever inside an outlying dream
Thoughts of the wilderness blows
Everything in its circling stream

Years of flowers and growing seeds
Adjusting with its times many years
Veins of the existence earth reads
Again and again through life appears

(Inspiration:

'It Will Not Change'

It will not change now
After so many years;
Life has not broken it
With parting or tears;
Death will not alter it,
It will live on
In all my songs for you
When I am gone.

Sarah Teasdale)

Peter S. Quinn

Adorable Illusions'

There's something in the mood and mind
Feelings that always came through
Like a stirring instant far behind
All about something in a way to you

Everything into the dark and deep
Cast in its loosing inside my mind
Looks and touches within to keep
Everything that mood surly could find

In between
Hearts and moments made for two
Mind that's confusing and sometimes blind
All that is me and all that is you
Dreams of external moods hard to find

Everything into the dark and deep
Cast in its loosing inside my mind
Looks and touches within to keep
Everything that mood surly could find

Lost love
Pathways to moment's truest aside
Confusing in finding its lost deep
Lost love that in a heart will hide
Nothing in ours forever to keep

Light in a heart, life sunshine!
Days of love with peace of mind
Adorable illusions' line for a line
All in its mistrusts - love that's blind

Peter S. Quinn

Adoration Of The Earth

'Adoration of the earth'
coming through at spring's birth,
flowers so bright
colors and light,
- all what the summer is worth!

Then summer started to come
with a small winsome blossom,
of color blue
innocent new,
- O who knows where it is from?

Refrain:
Blow blow western breeze,
hope new born and alive!
Give green growth to wild trees,
so blossoms leaves may arrive.

-

Merry-go-round blooming time
in jörth's colors and sky's rime,
a poem's birth
from life in earth,
- where the water fresh shall prime!

The white raven is winging
in peaceful harmony singing:
O what have we found
that not goes around,
- and joy to new eyes is bringing!

Peter S. Quinn

Affairs Into Winter Textile Dressed

Under no sign my heart stood there now still
It is the season when dark to day's here
And sends its breath to flowers everywhere
So tinctures bleach and petals become frill
Of the night - to each day it must instill
More dark with the shadows surrounding near
And the premier desire away will steer
From the blossoms of pinks and daffodil

The radiance moments are now laid to rest
Into stillness of the added hours dark
Endeavor of bitter to rise in its line
Affairs we had into winter textile dressed
Love songs to memories instances hark
Till there is again summer in its sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

After Rain

After rain comes sunshine
Everything is like this

Feelings low feelings fine
From their mood and its bliss

Tears away to the heart
Remorse feelings from inside

So much more from its start
Thru contrasting to glide

Every dropp of the rain
Showing moods of its own

Glisten glow or the pain
From the seeds time's grown

Low and high to the sky
Or every ocean to fill

Every coming and goodbye
In the age of its distill

All your tears and mine
Every moment that we give

Like rainclouds or sunshine
In the way of lives to live

Bring a heart to its awake
Though the clouds are above

Everything for its own sake
Dry your sorrow - bring in love!

Peter S. Quinn

Afternoon Dreams

Afternoon dreams
They are coming and going
Oblivion river streams
To forget-me flowing
Maybe it's all a dream
That we really know
So much in between seem
Like a morning glow

Dreams that can't follow
Where we are leaving
All so much hollow
In all their deceiving □
Yesterdays won't be back
They are all gone
Onto their lost sidewalk
That carried them on

Love songs of life
Daydreams of yarning
On and on to strife
In their ways of learning
Nothing is everlasting
In the days that come
Always again recasting
In their instance poem

Peter S. Quinn

Aged Walking Reality (From 134 Picture Poems)

aged walking reality
lingering on
losing and confusing

bloomed and lost time
in the stillness
remembered

Peter S. Quinn

Ages Of Heartache

The day is like night into solitude
Playing its ongoing rhythm of soul
Anything touching its hours dilute
Songs of roads with its rock n roll
Quick into the past of touching hour
Wavering weaves of its gone vast
Sweet of soul and memories flower
Gathered and touched in the past

All in a light that came full of grace
When night and stars went through
Plentiful treasures all in their ways
With views to the futures of new
Songs of the songs where love falls
Days in times of the new and gone
Plunged in love when passion calls
Carrying their wisdoms on and on

Love shall call you into its name
When halls of fame are in darkness
Ages of heartache scalded in flame
Into coming and meeting of fresh
Songs of the roads in passion's fire
Hours and epoch of futures dance
Nothing's the same in day's desire
Flowers of fall grace in their trance

All in a light that came full of grace
When night and stars went through
Plentiful treasures all in their ways
With views to the futures of new

Ages of heartache scalded in flame
Into coming and meeting of fresh
Songs of the roads in passion's fire
Hours and epoch of futures dance

Peter S. Quinn

Ah Mother And Son

Ah mother and son
going through the forest of life,
in their times going on
in life's work and strife.
Not much time for each dreaming
for time flowers are falling,
and sunsets glow beaming
as the winter is calling.

Ah mother my day
I long just to be with you,
for you are my way
to follow and get through.
Ah son I love you
you are me all inside,
when the times are blue
and winter nights abide

Ah together we go
through the forest of rain,
falling leaves they glow
with their sorrow and pain.
But we are still here
within all our dreams,
our souls are everywhere
like water that streams.

Peter S. Quinn

Ah Touch (From 134 Picture Poems)

ah touch
the golden solemn day

with electric silence away

around bewildered days
now wearing a dress in grey

Peter S. Quinn

Air In Its Blow

Each day by day is going unbroken through
Longwinded wasp and providing with its sting
What stumbles me its harmony can't sing
Or anything of worthy bringing new
I trust its nature's in marauding caught
With unbroken drag of air in its blow
Nothing that provides in breezy flow
Seldom are such fevers anything taught

Each is same where wind just comes to be
Gives from nothing that it drags through air
With its speedy play of flight unbroken
Somewhere its spirit comes to set free
The calked sandstones its waves will snare
And what between is trapped in tone stokin'

Peter S. Quinn

Alive (From 134 Picture Poems)

alive in nests
and asleep

in beddings
warm and cold

dwell all the animals
in their home shelter

Peter S. Quinn

All About You

It is all about you
Every day that I wake
Like a symphony new
In its moment and take
Every dream that's awhile
Of the echoes go
Form and its somber style
That we both now know

It is all about love
Every day and dark night
Moving clouds of above
Till the sun comes up bright
Every wandering going by
In their trips and desire
Burning sun setting sky
That's in the glow of its fire

Love is all about this
That you keep and you long
Like a morning freshly bliss
In a springtime new song
All that comes and is staying
With its gold spurring thought
In the times of its saying
That each love has on taught

Peter S. Quinn

All Alone

All alone in the hours of night
Dreams are so tired in glowing
Feelings of doubts that's alright
For darkness keep coming or going

I feel your love is a one way heart
Nothing for sure is always so right
Lets come together make a new start
Love is a dream of dark and light

Going and feeling in all its loneliness
Nothing is coming to give so much
Please stay though near with your caress
Everything comes from the first of touch

All alone can't though understand why
Dreams are in sight in all I find
Thoughts like clouds going through sky
Love's so much what's inside your mind

Let me be where I can find you
Though so much is still in our doubt
Love is like time of days going through
That's what love to love's all about

I feel the night in dark and its deep
Nothing is real outside my mind
Flowers of love to my dreams to keep
I'm now leaving the past behind

All alone in the hours of night
Dreams are so tired in glowing
Feelings of doubts that's alright
For darkness keep coming or going

Let me be where I can find you
Though so much is still in our doubt
Love is like time of days going through
That's what love to love's all about

All alone in the hours of night
All alone...
Yeah let me be where I can find you

Peter S. Quinn

All Circling Around (From, Poet On Www)

I draw these lonely letters,
Around the lights and something;
Some thoughts are like abbreviators,
In space and time abducting.

Can't see the light in front of you,
With directions all circling around.
All is coming lonely too,
Going spinning to renew;
Like winds on the roads going through,
Identical intact the weightless blew.

I feel these words in a lightless falls,
Down the trees like agate whirlwind;
Spinning around something no one calls,
Nothing to lose in self pity disciplined.

Can't see the waves in front of you,
With directions all circling around.
All is coming lonely too,
Going spinning to renew;
Like winds on the roads going through,
Identical intact the weightless blew.

Under drone not flowing the same,
Hours presence beneath each stop;
Silence to sound in naming the game,
Pulsation movements after each hop.

Can't see the dark in front of you,
All is coming lonely too;
Going spinning to renew,
Like winds on the roads going through.
Identical intact the weightless blew,
Identical intact the weightless blew.
The weightless blew,
The weightless blew,
The weightless blew.

All Dressed In Blue (From, Illuminating Night)

All dressed in blue,
Winter in frosty dress;
Wet and rainy too,
Weather fury duress.

All dressed in new,
Spring comes in seedlings young;
First colors impromptu,
Where cold once sprung.

Summer dancing dream,
Blooms fragrance and hue;
A thought flowing its deem,
For what a heart finds true.

All dressed in brown leaves,
A breeze comes to blow;
The moments go in eves,
And the rivers overflow.

Peter S. Quinn

All Footsteps (From 134 Picture Poems)

all footsteps
through the ways

little places
in the heart

so softly
tattered
and huddled upon

Peter S. Quinn

All Her Days

All her days are softly going by
With some dreams to be forgotten
Like clouds that are always in the sky
Only to drift away and be forgotten

Sunshine and rain each day sunshine and rain

Life is sometimes a dream rising high
With every opportunity coming to be
Or some loneliness that cannot die
Only to become an inside part you and me

Sunshine and rain each day sunshine and rain

There are dreams that cannot be hidden away
In the mirrors of glasses that make a day

Every love song
is rising in high
With the times
that come with new spring
And its hopes
with the dreams still lie
Bringing worth
to recollections of old gone thing

Sunshine and rain each day sunshine and rain

*(Thanks go to the late John Denver, for his song 'Fly Away', for without, this could not have happened) .

Peter S. Quinn

All I Ask For

All I ask for
Is your love and devotion
For I am not too sure
Of mine own emotion

The heart is so vast
Contained by feelings like this
Knowing its tender cast
What a beat might just miss
Like rain comes and goes
To bring growth to earth
Nobody really knows
What feelings is each worth?

All I ask for
Is your love and devotion
For I am not too sure
Of mine own emotion

Let conflagration burn on and on
Every day become the last
Like their moment are gone
Into the flowing past
Traveling there eternally
With everything it knows
Feelings from you and me
A withering toned rose

All I ask for
Is your love and devotion
For I am not too sure
Of mine own emotion
All I ask for
In this life's deep ocean
Varieties from the seafloor
Of love's lost notion

Peter S. Quinn

All I Need Is You

Blue sky to you
And beauty each morning
In all the colors true
Love and love's yearning
To the days giving
And to dreams that follow
Every shade of living
In its true aficionado

All I need is you
Heart to a beating heart
Torch of the moments true
Where our feelings start

Yellow skies in sun
Giving moment's of shine
Darkness is on the run
Each shadow - line for line
Somewhere day is calling
New skies to the treat
As here eve is falling
On each corner street

All I need is you
Heart to a beating heart
Touch of the moments true
Where our feelings start

Love is love for everyone
Moods of times going
Soon this day is gone
Onto its reddish glowing
Moods and people's feelings
Drips of drops from sky
Rain on windows ceiling
As the heavens cry

All I need is you
Heart to a beating heart

Torch of the moments true
Where our feelings start

Peter S. Quinn

All I'M Trying To Do (From The 'Upside Down')

All I'm trying to do is find you
With what you have to offer me
Something that is true or untrue
In the things you're set out to be

And I'll know if our dreams be there
Within this vast of everything
Something that we both might share
And outside to the world bring

If it is from within
Complete with your own
Something we can give
From our inside grown
A love that has its way
Even daydreams too
What you say and live
Inside by coming through

If it is from within
Complete with your own
Roads that meet your day
From our within grown
Let nothing just pass
Give it each a try
Living things to live
In your heart and why

All I'm trying to do is being me
Wandering about to find
Feeling my interior part that's free
Leaving the skeptical behind
And we will search on to fulfill
Every dream that isn't there
Walk the row and climb the hill
Trying to give take and share

Peter S. Quinn

All In All Within

All in all within
We speak and yet we spin,
All our wonderings while
Each word performed in style;
And what it is not now
It shall not make a dow,
For things are what they are
A perfect or a scar.

A start in moment fresh
That becomes less and less,
As years drive through the pain
Each one of them will fain;
Or echo quite differently
Form what we thought it to be,
A pain in it's own shell
Or something we couldn't tell.

All in all within
Our thoughts and our sin,
That makes us write more
To bring our boat ashore;
A step by step with time
From what is within begrime,
Where it becomes independent
From each and every attendant.

Peter S. Quinn

All Inside This

There was a time
All inside this
In morning's prime
The first of kiss
When light embraces
The hours on
And new dawn laces
To twilight's gone

There was a way
With passion's flame
In a new born day
Not done the same
When words were whole
Of inspirations thought
That had their goal
In what they ought

There is a word
That is worth knowing
That often occurred
When thoughts were flowing
It was of the kisses
New morning gives
One sometimes misses
When a loss relives

Peter S. Quinn

All Is All – In The Night, Day And Year

All is all in the night
Under the breezing go
Love stories still so bright
That we formerly did know

Time is like the birds flying
Under the tiding's eve skies
Everyone there's ever trying
To give of his best in his tries

All is all in the day
Sunshine gleam winter's sun
Our hope comes a long way
When dim again is on the run

Warmly a heart shall remain
Though there is an icily wind
Not much in darkness to gain
Or day in shudder disciplined

All is all for this year
Soon there will be new spring
Summer becomes quite near
Birds shall again then sing

Love shall be in a thought
With every feeling and sound
Life has both ways taught
Tide goes and comes around

Peter S. Quinn

All Is Here To Give

(In memory of Freddie Mercury)

The day is never the same
Thru each morning and going
Love today in its new flame
Inside your heart and flowing

Refrain

Let this day flow
Thru its moment's go
All is here to give
Be and thru time live
Moments lost in space
In their many ways
Some may return again
Others gone with the rain

Our life is like the flowers
In their way and the sun
Few moments in day's hours
Before their times are done

Refrain

In the secrets of love's go
In all its tomorrow's come
Some we never do know
Where its passion is from

Let the days flow
Thru its moments go
All is here to give
Be and thru time live
Moments lost in space
In their many ways
Some may return again
Others gone with the rain

All Is In Love

There is no gold
As precious as care
All love can hold
That lies inside there

The ways are for the light
To find its twinkling instance
To reach out in its flight
Through each love ways trance

Love picks moments true
Hour's that 'll spark
When feeling come true
There 's no more dark

Only ways for the light
Dreams that touch and are
To reach out in its flight
Like glow of a glisten star

All is in love
Like dreams that come true
Glowing skies above
Like love 's inside of you
All is in love
So let it come through
All is in love
It depends all on you

There is no gold
As precious as care
All love can hold
That lies inside there

All is in love
Like dreams that come true
Glowing skies above
Like love 's inside of you

All is in love

Peter S. Quinn

All Is Inside This

All is inside this
What we have to find
Morning has its bliss
From the night behind
Days are coming clear
Thru fresh and new
Away to evening steer
If its ways come thru

All is tender while
Work in every aspect
In thoughts and style
What you did select
Now is summer near
Leaves of the green
Another sunshine year
I hope will be seen

All is inside love
As it comes on thru
In plenty beauty of
For dreams to renew
Like a little butterfly
Touches moment's heart
So does sunshine sky
Give another start

All is inside this
What we have to find
Morning has its bliss
From the night behind
Life has what it takes
In each find and try
When summertime awakes
And winter says goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

All Is Within

All is within moments to reach
As days come slowly with breeze
Bouquet with a morning to teach
Meadow's grass - green leaving tress
With an instance to conquer and be
Till the day comes to its evening
Love is the inside flower to see
Feelings that give as they bring

Nowhere is never inside this place
What our longings give in its heart
Only the roads to following ways
Where from creation each will start
Listen to love as there it'll speak
From within deep - from where you are
Flowers of love never must bleak
If they are near - even though afar

All is within - even the deep river
That follows its flow till the end
Love is like Mercury the deliver
Each wild rose its foot shall bend
Wings of man's heart drift till gone
Giving and taking what they can do
Carry life's beginning: flowering on
This is the way for time to renew

Peter S. Quinn

All Life And Love

The silver clearings of the sky
Will into the evening die
As sometime you and sometime I
All life and love must end this way
Be drawn with night curtains
Just end in its youthful play
For nothing holds on or can stay
Love is light and its dark
Its tender feelings in hearts will spark
And give clearance like sky blue
If it's beating with roots true
Pure like the waves of the fresh sea
Summer like the one you can now see
All feelings sparkling on in lights
When longings go deep into nights
Where oblivion stars glide
In darkness of memories hide
Freshness of spring youthful early days
Like the sun with golden rays
All life and love must end this way.

Peter S. Quinn

All Life Is Going On

All life is going on
And finding lover's light
Until the day is done
And sun has lost its flight

And everything is you
A love song poetry
Those love words are true
In all its liberty

A feeling and its touch
Is everything of you
And deeper then so much
That high is and blue

And dreams they keep
Every song therein
Its tones are heart deep
In all its song and spin

Oh lover you are true
In each your song and play
Like light that goes through
And never same will stay

So much is in its hour
That no one can hear
It's like a spotless flower
That you hold dear

All life is going on
And finding lover's light
Until the day is done
And sun has lost its flight

Because of love and touch
The hours go and live
For love is love so much
In heart and care to give

Peter S. Quinn

All My Daydreams Come And Go (From, Illuminating Night)

All my daydreams come and go
Like the water in wave ways,
A thought may in a moment glow
Some are even for few days.

Loves are dreams not far away
Like the wind with its sweet kiss,
That will come and joyfully play
Like the hours in a summer bliss.

Like an open view to the sea
All is fronting to coming night,
What belongs inside of me
Shines and falls on its flight.

Peter S. Quinn

All My Troubles (It's Also A Lyric)

All my troubles come and go,
All this love can never stay;
Even though I'll love you so,
There will always come a day.

Yesterdays in time will grow,
Shadows come and in they play;
Like the footsteps in the snow,
Will in a moment - all go away.

What comes next who'll know,
What I long for is hard to say;
Minutes move so fast or slow,
With my feelings they'll play.

Like a seed will sometime grow,
I hope my love - will fortune lay;
In my heart there one time show,
Each my step in weight I weigh.

All my troubles come and go,
To and fro their fate will sway;
Sometimes happy - sometimes low,
Are my feelings right and astray.

Peter S. Quinn

All Of The Heart

It's so easy going
Sometimes love
Like a day's glowing
Or blue sky above
Dreams in days
Like falling rain
In its tincture plays
Of pleasure and pain

It's so easy coming
All of the heart
Like nature blooming
When growths start
Wonders at night
Touches of stars
Glow winter's light
Love and its scars

Nothing is going
All is still inside
Like wintertime snowing
Inside pains hide
Give and take
Dreams still go on
Wonderments awake
Until it's gone

It's so easy going
Sometimes love
Like a day's glowing
Or blue sky above
Sorrows are here
Burning their aching
Memories everywhere
Feelings are waking

It's so easy coming
All of the heart
Forget-me-not blooming

When coldness starts

Peter S. Quinn

All Or Nothing

I have always tried
But times are roughing
Those life knots tied
Everything is between
And going nowhere
Love needs to be seen
To be around here

It's so lonesome
To give and make
And nothing returning from
Its thought's awake
Like the rain outside
It fills all in vain
Sorrows trial abide
From its wasted gain

All or Nothing
Like the tides going
Its circles round abolishing
Weaving water glowing
Far the deep echoes
Nothing returns again
Love comes and goes
In its joy and pain

Peter S. Quinn

All Or Nothing At All (From, The River Sings On)

All or nothing at all,
Is all I make of this;
Take a stand or a fall,
Into a future kind of bliss.
Or rather have nothing,
Appeal to your heart;
What wrong or right will bring,
From very first start.

Come find or be lost,
From the things you seek;
Dices have been tossed,
For earth and its mystique.
Make your heart grow,
With a touch and a spell;
All the future it will show,
What the world can't foretell.

Would you be caught under,
Where love is between?
Our own feelings are asunder,
Like the deep aquamarine.
Have we lost each other,
In the ocean of our past?
There is no future's resolver,
Where fortunes are amassed.

Peter S. Quinn

All Or Nothing In Twilight

All or nothing in twilight
Hours in blue yellow
Dawn with reddish light
Day in a drowsy hello
Nothing is too unclear
Skies in winter's sleep
For the glisten is here
All our hopes to keep

Winter's on lonely song
Days ago in their dream
Afternoons come along
Nothing to reality seem
Dream world in stars glow
Feelings are inside deep
Songs in the winter snow
Earth in its frozen sleep

Days in their new hopes
Everything changes fast
Drowsily coldness slope
Not for along shall last
New Year comes rapidly
Paths in new direction
Freedom again is free
Sparkle in its complexion

All or nothing in twilight
Hours in blue yellow
Dawn with reddish light
Day in a drowsy hello
Nothing is too unclear
Skies in winter's sleep
For the glisten is here
All our hopes to keep

Peter S. Quinn

All Or Nothing Whatever It Is

All or nothing whatever it is
Coming or going by
Something small eternally this
Forever slipping high
Reasons are working
Rifting the past
Shadows there lurking
Making its cast

Time after the fall
Darkish in fever
Flickering fire on wall
The minute's deceiver
Burning the candle
Flaming till gone
Wishfully to handle
Everything there on

Hours in the making
The minutes to go
Strangeness waking
Make anew flow
Are you the bringer?
Wandering man
The fancy-free singer
Of a yin and a yen

Take what you must
Enough of stupidity
Do not though unjust
What comes here free?

Peter S. Quinn

All So Faraway

this is where we are all going
one by one we go,
not like a star galaxy glowing
but dark matter flow

what the universe's about
why is it all so faraway
casting our eyes a doubt
nothing forever to stay

this is where we are living
strange by one and one
doubt through years giving
till we are also gone

why's strangeness among us
not just ordinary ways
communicating views across
nothing is certain or stays

all that we are in living
days nights and our dreams
energy of thoughts giving
though everything only seems

this is what we all are
yesterdays, today and more
brightly shining as a star
till we come to the crossing shore

Peter S. Quinn

All That's In Green

All that's in green
And between
Now yellow ways
That I have seen

Leaves of brown
In the town
And streets of gray
In winter's gown

Full of dappled dreams
And gloomy beams
Of its dark mood
In nocturnal seams

Echoing in the city
All its glisten tidy
Of the rimes intrude
Glowing so witty

Hard in its shell
And whitish soft spell
Of little silvery star
Mirroring well

Now is time for gold
Light of twinkling hold
For the times are
Gifts from paper unfold

Peter S. Quinn

All The Clocks Go On And On (From, Illuminating Night)

All the clocks go on and on,
With the time's withering bloom;
White pedals in clearings done,
Nothing to predict or assume.

Silence of nightfall will come,
In clearings of stars collide;
Who knows where time's from,
And what past hours applied.

All is in the numbers to fall,
Enormous forever eternity;
The clearings in time will call,
When past settles down to be.

Peter S. Quinn

All The Days Get Lost (From, Lost Song Poems)

All the days get lost
For the hours don't stay,
Soon as they get across
The light path astray;
When the night returns
With moods of its own,
In colors alterns
We are all so alone.

All the days were sun
With feelings of their own,
Each drift in attention
In faces not shown;
When death came to light
To bring it all down,
We all must then fight
To bring back life's crown.

All the days that are gone
From the hours we have,
Some of them are anon
But never a caff;
If the fire will burn
That reflects what's blown,
Peace must not adjourn
We are all so alone.

Peter S. Quinn

All The Dreams Faraway (From, Poet On Www)

All the dreams faraway,
They are always with me;
Like new morning day,
That comes just to be.
My heart is inside close,
With feelings some blue;
It stings like a torn rose,
When love turns untrue.

The night is coming clear,
Giving its shadows fall;
Oh close is now and near,
A day in the dark's call.
Where lies my road now,
With all the dreams to be;
Thoughts are still aglow,
For my envisions to see.

My wings shall fly soon,
Into the darkest dust;
In this life's afternoon,
I once gave all my trust.
Oh fly my peace to thee,
Spring has given and fall;
If this must be then be,
I'll take the peaceful call.

Peter S. Quinn

All The Hope In Colors

All the hope in colors
From wintry autumn trees
Around the breeze hollers
Its many symphonies

Time and a time going
Falling leaves of yellow
Like gold on earth glowing
For winter says hello

All the hope in colors
To mornings dark and deep
All the hope in colors
No summer times to keep

Time is now in changing
To its dark and cold
New thoughts arranging
Of stories yet untold

Life is going around
And never the same again
New thoughts to be found
Old you search in vain

All the hope in colors
To mornings dark and deep
All the hope in colors
No summer times to keep

Merry go round on hand
Days like nights now on
Withering coloring bland
From the autumn sun

Remember what's departed
In all your days ahead
Journey of winter 's started
On autumn blossom's bed

All the hope in colors
To mornings dark and deep
All the hope in colors
No summer times to keep

All the hope in colors
To mornings dark and deep
All the hope in colors
Now summer colors sleep

All the hope in colors...

Peter S. Quinn

All The Light Within

All the light within
Comes with knowledge's flow
In its accurately spin
With what wisdom shall know

Sunbeams in different clouds
Is everyone's little fantasy
Somewhere with going crowds
Wakening dreams tenderly

All the stars to behold
That let us not be forsaken
Stories there all untold
For moments they've waken

Romance is only so true
As reality in its distance
Without actuality coming to
Every glimpse of its branch

All the light you will see
Is like conjecture seconds on
Thoughts that come to be
Before the verve is gone

Like deep blue sky above
Minutes that is inspiring
Plentiful perceiving thereof
Each in its tangling desiring

Peter S. Quinn

All The Light Within (From, Myspace)

All the light within
Comes with knowledge's flow
In its accurately spin
With what wisdom shall know

Sunbeams in different clouds
Is everyone's little fantasy
Somewhere with going crowds
Wakening dreams tenderly

All the stars to behold
That let us not be forsaken
Stories there all untold
For moments they've waken

Romance is only so true
As reality in its distance
Without actuality coming to
Every glimpse of its branch

All the light you will see
Is like conjecture seconds on
Thoughts that come to be
Before the verve is gone

Like deep blue sky above
Minutes that is inspiring
Plentiful perceiving thereof
Each in its tangling desiring

Peter S. Quinn

All The Sweet Things From The Night

All the sweet things from the night:
like perfumed air in bluest sight,
day is born a wish
from my dreaming bliss,
- when a star has lost its flight!

Yes now is the time to be
when sunshine comes easily,
into my garden
for spring's start en',
- to grow into colors free!

This my love shall always know,
I am hers with every glow;
again earth's born
from under careworn,
- winter's grave in grayish snow.

Peter S. Quinn

All The World Is Looking

All the world is looking,
For some peace;
In beauty of nature,
To harmonize and please.
And in the lights,
Of things you see;
You shall be rewarded,
With the greenest tree.

For nature is like perfect art,
It bewitches your eyes with beauty.

All the world is looking,
For kindness of thought;
Every step forward,
Mankind themselves brought.
And if it's destructive,
They brought it self in;
All foolishness of any kind,
Seldom shall win.

For nature is one in every part,
And man soon pays for all his sin.

As I grow older,
I dwell on and see;
The beauty of nature,
In each every tree.
And colors of summer,
In blooms that glows;
And rivers with waters,
That freely flows.

Let there be nature on this earth,
Be its friends not its foes.

Our story continues,
As life goes on;
This purest of beauty,

Under the sun.
Where we are born,
Innocent and all free;
Together to understand,
Both you and me.

Let our values have a rebirth,
As our love for all life grows.

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

All Those Forgotten Songs (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

All those forgotten songs that came
Inside a heart when its pure in love
Burning on and burning true flame
Just like the new morning above
Ours yesterdays are never forgotten
When they in dreams must glow
The memories full on and trodden'
Like footsteps in new drifting snow

Here I am with my wings free
To go through the sky in my dreams
Somewhere our feelings shall be
Inside its flow and its streams
Never alone shall I again walk
If I shall have you by my side
Flames of your lips and sweet-talk
Now my way of life and guide

All those forgotten fiery thoughts
That came around to be here
Their twisted on threads and knots
Those outcomes to the moments steer
Like a song in summer was sung
Full of expectations anticipation
Recondite inside passionate tongue
With every intuition of gradation

Peter S. Quinn

All Time Goes Away

All time goes away
Into the emptiness
Forgotten nights and day
With their caress
Feelings touched a heart
One day in past
Emptiness from its start
Nothing's to last

All time is for truth
Touching its blue deep
There's eternal youth
For hours of the heart to keep
This is our only road
Into the futures on
Light walk or load
Till every minute's gone

All time for you and me
Passing here through
Setting the hours free
Loneliness and blue
Feelings that gave a day
When nothing was much for
Days now gone away
Into the deepen shore

Peter S. Quinn

All Trust Is Of Love

All trust is of love and of feeling's touch
A tender music that fills the coming hours
Like a heart that loves with its beats so much
Or breeze among the summer wild free flowers

Their tunes of delights from inside tongue
Every touched desire of feelings and play
The beats upon thousands that each passion long
And never quite the same to the moments stay

Colors in fires that delight and give
Dissuade no senses that cannot ever be
Their beauty that's upon sanity to relive
To make each love feeling of hope and free

This all is from heart and its pounding beat
Forever true in its path none to deceit

Peter S. Quinn

Allt Er Sem Söngur

Áin hefur sönginn
sem tíman leiðir
eitt stef í einu
til dagsins angurværa
sem kyrjar í sífellu

Ó hjartalagi er það sama
allstaðar í lifandi vonum
sem koma og fara

Áin breytir um farveg
og gefur okkur nýja syn
inn í ósnortna náttúruna
sem vilt hefur gróið
í aldarstefja hrúni

Allt er sem söngur
um dagana ljósu tíð
sem vekur og gefur

Ljúfa tóna vorsins
í hjarta hvers einasta mans
sem gefur og meðtekur
söngvana ljúfu hljóma
sem hverfa í rætur jarðar

Tónarnir björtu
og tónarnir svörtu
sem áfram héldu inní
þagnarinnar hvarf

Allt er sem söngur
hugljúfir tónar þýðir
sem vekja hvern vordag
til lífsins

Og slökkva það aftur
að hausti

Allt Hverfur Aftur

Dagur og nótt
í eilífðar eldi
áfram líður
uns vor er að kveldi
vikurnar koma
og mánuðir renna
tímarnir hljóða
og minningar brenna

Fótatak þitt
hverfur í bliki
bergmál tímans
hljóðnar í hiki
allt sem var hér
hvert stigið skref
verður að lokum
aðeins undiröldu stef

Þú og ég bæði
sem gáfum vort vor
endum í garði
við gengin spor
lífsdagsins þróttur
sem ófarin slóð
allt hverfur aftur
í gleyskunnar móð

Peter S. Quinn

Allt Milli Vina

á milli okkar
vonin sem gefur
tekur og fer

allt milli vina
sem sameinast stundum
og brjósti? upp vekja

tálin sem lokkar
ástin sem sefur
hva? sem ég er

allt milli vina
í nyjum endurfundum
sem vonirnar hrekja

á milli okkar
regnbogann hefur
sálin í mér

vonin sem gefur
tálin sem lokkar
allt sem er okkar

fyrnist ei aftur
né í burtu fer

skyin sem rjúfa
grámóta?an dag
koma ?á aftur
voninni í lag

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

Almost Nothing (From, The Barka Lyrics - First One)

Almost nothing
Close and near
Step by step it'll bring
Futures in very clear

Almost nothing
Here and now
With moments to string
Tomorrow's sow

Like balloons into air
Worrying is going
Lightness up the spiral stair
Everybody's showing

Take the plough

Almost nothing
Close and near
Step by step it'll bring
Every inch and square

Almost nothing almost nothing
And try you right on
Feel the minutes how they ming
In between till they're gone

Permanent dwellings
Always feel too small
There are endless retellings
One for each appall

(The Barka Lyrics are around or over 200...)

Peter S. Quinn

Alone I Am Trying

Alone I am trying
To reach to a light,
For feelings are flying
And burning so bright.

Of thirsty hearts
Within searching souls,
It never departs
From all kinds of roles.

And reaches like water
That lives and then falls,
A continues starter
Of controversy calls.

From in my own thinking
Then gone like a blow,
Or a star that's blinking
Far out with a glow.

I know not its home
Nor its wind in the leaves,
But I hear just its roam
That stops here with briefs.

Peter S. Quinn

Along The Passion Way (From, Rock Star)

Everybody is going somewhere,
With each night and day;
Futures are here and there,
Along the passion way.
Hearts are looking dangerous,
With their wings and fire;
Thoughts so often feverous,
In their searching desire.

Love will walk through alleys,
And twisted dreams in cities;
With all its many dillydallies,
And heat of the nights kitties.
Dreams must flicker and burn,
In ways of the pretty moonlight;
There is no way to return,
When love catches the ways of night.

Everybody searches the streets,
Trying with a plan to start;
Fragile and heavy bittersweets,
Messages to understand the heart.
With simple ways for a survival,
Though nothing can be controlled;
Planing schemes for each rival,
Tonight in the city shall unfold.

Every heart is going somewhere,
With each night and day;
Futures are here and there,
Along the passion way.
Hearts are looking dangerous,
With their wings and fire;
Thoughts so often feverous,
In their searching desire.

Peter S. Quinn

Always Be My Friend (A Lyric)

Always be my friend,
Don't let me go away;
I will understand,
When your days are gray.
Love me just the same,
Never let me go;
All I need's your name,
For my love to show.

Hear the wind outside,
Fall is coming in;
Hold my just now tight,
Closer to your skin.
You, I shall reclaim,
If I lose you now;
To your heart I'll aim,
Find you back somehow.

Love is like a glow,
Shining in the eye;
Never let it go, .
Never say goodbye
Feel my heart within,
I'll always be true;
For we are so akin,
In the love we do.

Peter S. Quinn

Always Be My Too Close – A Lyric

Always be my 'too close'
You must know I'll love you so much
Everything comes as it goes
Creating its nowhere out of touch
Love is to be for sure
With everything we'll need
Sweeping each our ocean floor
With what we both read
Always times comes talking
Filling in its empty spaces
It's going to be alright - while we're walking
And the nights our bodies graces

No one is taking you away
I'll be there for each your feeling
Like a night that meets the day
And our precious thoughts stealing

Night like day like always
Times coming in their moment's place
Nothing forever there stays
Each and every different ways

Love is to be for sure
With everything we'll need
Sweeping each our ocean floor
With what we both read
Always times comes talking
Filling in its empty spaces
It's going to be alright - while we're walking
And the nights our bodies graces

No one is taking you away
I'll be there for each your feeling
Like a night that meets the day
And our precious thoughts stealing

I'll fill my heart with all of you
Take my time to be here still

Always give to make it through
For our love to come down hill

Nothing is lost in all this love
Only the day of each day I feel
Like the clouds from here above
It's all drifting too far in real

No one is taking you away
I'll be there for each your feeling
Like a night that meets the day
And our precious thoughts stealing

Peter S. Quinn

Always Dreaming (From 134 Picture Poems)

always dreaming
and quietly walking
over bridges

the emptiness
of days is infinite
and motionless

Peter S. Quinn

Always In My Mood

Always in my mood for more
Fingertips of falling fate
Trusting what is in its store
Pulsating ting at temper's rate
Pressed to find feelings back
That I didn't get to know
Getting on to the right track
Way of thinking with the flow

Confused to be commonplace
Reminded of what it is not
Strange thoughts to be amaze
In each their approaching plot
The beautifully is never defined
Only sighted in shifty weight
Waves of water salty brined
Is sometimes their onward fate

Always in my own craziness
Never getting too left high and dry
Thoughts to take with caress
Without asking questions why
Physical worlds to come to
With spiritual opinion in mind
Something there still left to do
Roots that this state can not find

Peter S. Quinn

Always Keep An Open Mind

Always keep an open mind
For the days ahead
Let them come – not hard to find
With or without, instead
Rain may cause some double clouds
Over the morning brim
Inside every street's town crowds
There are 'scratches' to trim

Always keep the thoughts clear
For each their daily need
Old set ways can be like old wear
Connecting the lines you read
You need to read between the lines
What the thoughts are saying
Sometimes glossy words outshines
What in between is staying

Always keep your keys at hand
To unlock the unknown part
And you will come to understand
From where you did once start
It isn't easy to go somewhere
Where you can't walk steadily through
There are pebbles here and there
To make you things to do

Peter S. Quinn

Always Remember (From 'Always Remember')

Always remember the gone summer songs,
Constantly consider the days that were sweet
Into the instances of every young
That courses has drift on after life's treat
Flowers in the garden of shadows and light
Bringing you colors of everything
Moments of days and hours of the dim night
What you in your heart strings always shall sing

Always remember the moments of worth
They come very tenderly on their own
Trying to find you in your misty round ways
Seeds of left longings in roots of new birth
Everything coming not clearly shown
When hours so spotlessly in memory plays

*This song came 1st:

Peter S. Quinn

Always Sing And Sing (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Always sing and sing
To the weary mountain
Every hour shall bring
Love of its rising fountain
The hope is in the try
To show off and give
It opens every sky
With the enjoyment to live

Always listen and listen
To the moods waving
So much in there is hidden
In its ways of craving
Thoughts that no one knows
Because they are of distance
From the morning blows
In their coming trance

Always bring them forward
Freshly garden on
So much in its yard
With purposes of the spun
Lost themes there are found
Singing to your heart
And flow flow around
From a new beginning's start

Peter S. Quinn

Always Touching The Bare (From 134 Picture Poems)

always touching the bare
with stirrings

covering memory
found deep

the muse eats your anger
with sweet desire

Peter S. Quinn

Always Unexpected (From 134 Picture Poems)

always unexpected
the silky night comes in

playing on the lights
desires mused and soft

Peter S. Quinn

Always...

Lonely times are here today
Some will come and go
There is always some way
To let it be or to know
Maybe it's often a mystery
How every this has a propose
Letting be what you see
Before it again all goes

Lonely times are here today
Some will come and go
There is always some way
To let it be or to know
You can be clear and through
Finding not what you need
Sometimes it's all up to you
To see the lines in the fine read

Always it all comes to this
What you really need to find
For those are just what it is
In all its purpose combined
Right or wrong in either say
Nothing is completely true
In tomorrow from gone today
It's all just still up to you

Peter S. Quinn

Ambitions

Look and look for evermore
Anything will do just fine
Know what this and that's for
Make a decision draw the line
You know what is for you
Help you'll get with what you need
Look into the past and new
Findings are there what you read

Sublime is each dream to move
If you know it's still there
Reality ways need it's prove
Bring it into the right atmosphere
Everything is worth its while
If it has a right life to know
Many ways thoughts and style
Will give more the more they grow

If you think you've got it right
Let the inside come all out
Straight on there you'll know its might
What each its ways are all about
Ambitions will then do its acclaim
Set the heart and world on fire
Admissions reaching the right frame
If you want to build your desire

(This is from an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Peter S. Quinn

Amidst My Illumes (From 134 Picture Poems)

amidst my illumes
realm of spells
capture serene
enchanted ocean

beauty weaves
reminiscent
ephemeral feelings

mystic art
endeavor

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

Among The Blossoms (From, Rock Star)

There is this rose,
In a garden beautiful;
And as life goes,
With thorns cruel.

Among the blossoms,
From earth seeds;
As the life possums,
And the roots concedes.

Like dragonflies above the trees,
In knowledge and abilities;
Finding out each contiguities,
In colored ways and poetries.

The blue of world beyond,
When clouds drift away;
Not to this earth bond,
Each night or new day.

With profound sky around,
So deep in its applique;
The horizon line is found,
Inside all this quixote.

Like dragonflies above the trees,
In knowledge and abilities;
Finding out each contiguities,
In colored ways and poetries.

Our world is so beautiful,
Daydreams fading into sun;
Their ways quite ignitable,
To break out of our ration.

Our spirt flies away high,
To get to the gleaming stars;
Let your imaginations try,
Radio waves distance pulsars.

Like dragonflies above the trees,
In knowledge and abilities;
Finding out each contiguities,
In colored ways and poetries.

Peter S. Quinn

Amphi Houses

It would be nice living there
Under the rainbow
With colors everywhere
In their dreamy glow
It would be nice and friendly
To have a morning shine
Under the bridge of medley
Of tinctures golden fine

Now the heart is playing
In Wishful thinking's hue
As the clouds are graying
And winter's coming through
For dream in urban Camelot
And all its worthy while
That time in reality hasn't got
In all its earthly style

It would be nice to live and be
In those Amphi houses
The city worlds from there see
As the street traffic dowses
It would be nice and jovial
To have the night and moon
In their voyage enigmatical
Through eve of glow swoon

Peter S. Quinn

An Evening Day

An evening day
in a fading breeze
circling play
to the hours
one by one
in blowing ways

Through meadows dark
and inside mountains
in the mist of haze
the shadows dance
the dark into twilight
one by one
they are softly gone

Oh flower so fine
in earth
and still
in the stillness
of time
going by
one by one
the hours come and go

So much to learn
and dreams to know
before the dark
comes again in
and rises the shadows
to deep blithe
sky of forgotten
day

Peter S. Quinn

An Outsider In Tyrants Town (Iii)

We will never say good-bye
To our self even when we sleep
Our dreams are fresh and new
With clearance and in deep

The water waves we splash
Until our thoughts are quiet
We question not imagination
Nor color our canvas at night

Each window is countryside
To hills that are all in bloom
Without rimless waves flight
Our world is gray and gloom

The artist is ferment with brushes
None quiet his blossoms down
To aims and directions he ruses
He's an outsider in tyrants town

Peter S. Quinn

Anatomy Of Each Fortune

Give us some young - old,
What it is I don't know;
Reasons bound to unfold,
Inside this and that show.
Rising like a heat wave,
All that is now going on;
Take away and all enslave,
What is differently done.

Anatomy of each fortune,
Is not what you say or do;
It's like more how you turn,
And if it has that patsy pooh.
Sometimes into empty space,
It's going into reviewers fry;
Not too many different ways,
That you can use or try.

Run away or make your day,
It's a strange turning state;
Feel and understand each way,
Styles apart in each debate.
Easy going one way street,
Where will it then all end;
Here's much rubbish indeed,
Nothing durable to comprehend.

Peter S. Quinn

And Colors Hit

We are the ones,
In endless love;
Finding ourselves,
In purest of times.
We are the ones,
Of high and of spirit;
Letting everything go,
And colors hit.

I love you so,
For ever more;
This will just grow,
Of this I'm sure.
We are the ones,
Of youth so sweet,
Let bygones,
Go, an easy street.

Of this I know,
Because of you;
Such fondness glows,
Because it's true.
And if you try,
To break away;
You'll say goodbye,
For just a day.

Peter S. Quinn

And I Love You So

And I love you so
In my wandering ways
Like the clouds that go
In the manner that plays
Lost and found everyone
Where the days meet night
And we are so alone
In the lost of late flight

With a heart catching fire
From the day of never come
Any loving aspiring desire
Where every love is from
Emotions of deep oceans
That reaches to the land
Flights of such devotions
Only we may understand

For this I love you so
In timeless space of thought
Like a morning coming glow
Those rainbows have taught
Something inside quite dear
Of every peripatetic play
When love is so much near
In words of closeness say

Peter S. Quinn

And I Promise (From 'Meet The Moments')

Meet the stars where they fly
In the deep of the faraway
Through the dim on night sky
Before dawn of a new day
The feelings inside your heart
Will show you where to go
Traveling roads differences apart
Is the way to find and know

Meet my love inside of dreams
With stars in gleaming bright
It shall give its glowing beams
Through the haze of smoky night
All I know is that I love you
And I promise to be what I feel
Something to sense again so true
Instances of fondness becoming real

Meet me on love's own crossroads
Where continuation fiery desire is
I have tried many shading codes
But never found a happiness bliss
All I know is that I love you
And I promise to be what I'm able
Something to sense again for true
In a world unsecure and unstable

Peter S. Quinn

And The Song Shines On To Me

And the song shines on to me,
From the top of every tree...
And I ask myself again and when,
We both each comprehend.
Wishing upon every star,
That has fallen from my sky;
Reaching out and reaching far,
Living full until I die...

Love is all like this
Dream, full - like a first kiss,
Heartfelt memory bliss
You never want to miss.

In my pocket is a buck,
That I keep for charms and luck;
Hope my fortune becoming soon,
Maybe before next full moon.
Inspiration's all I need,
I have full of them indeed;
Maybe something works for me,
To help my Pegasus fly free.

Peter S. Quinn

And Time Will Change Everything

Just the way you are always
And time will change everything
Feeling of old interplays
With your heart and belonging

Like day and night is here
Torching each moment on
Love is a way to share
Everything till it's gone

Just the manner it goes
Into the evening ways
Memories like sun glows
Of to the going yesterdays

When everything was here still
Not too long ago
And hope was in time's fulfill
Within the reddish glow

Just like you and I
Feeling sometimes differently
Under hope's variety sky
That is here drifting free

Nobody knows the reality
Filling the nowhere now
So much is contrasting indefinitely
Into each high era and low

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 side
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

Angels Of The Morning Sky

Angels of the morning sky
With their wings of dreamy night
Every low there and high
With their heavens light

On to the days of sunshine
Glowing fires of new daybreak
Every hour of day's refine
As the morning comes to awake

Storms are waiting by you next door
Feelings that never where really trying
Peace in harmony but there's also war
Hard for a commitment defying
Because all that is past is now dying

Angels of the morning sky
Morning after morning coming
Open up the bluest high
Yesterday before their blossoming

On to the days of early hour
Nothing forever gets there stuck
Bouquets of May blossom flower
If you are in its color's luck

Storms are waiting by you next shore
Feelings that never where really trying
Peace in harmony but also there's war
Hard for a commitment defying
Because all that is past is now actually dying

Angels of the morning sky
With their wings of dreamy night
Every low there and high
In a hope for a sunshine never to die

Peter S. Quinn

Another Autumn Song

Just another autumn song
Where all the leaves are falling
And our hearts together long
Memories now back recalling

When days were starting bright
Young in every new shade
Those summertime flowers night
When our true love was made

Now another winter is near
With all its grayish on glowing
October and a lonesome year
Before again it starts snowing

So goodbye dear summer nights
I hope though to see you after this
When colors again come in lights
Through all next summertime bliss

Peter S. Quinn

Another Dance

Another dance with you
Will be so graceful too
Bring its hours pleasure
That we'll both treasure
The time is deep and dark
With faraway glisten spark
That embarks to our sight
In the glimpse of the night

Another dance is found
That keeps steps so round
And gracefully moving on
Till dark of the far is gone
The wings of moment's time
In flowing and in its prime
Until new coming daybreak
Clears the dark with awake

Another moment is gone
To carry its memories on
Form new to the past along
In each its dance and song
That flickered on the wall
When shades to day did fall
O dreams say now goodbye
To the coming morning sky

Peter S. Quinn

Another Midnight (From 134 Picture Poems)

another midnight
sinking across soft earth

hours fall
through fragments
of desire full dreams

Peter S. Quinn

Another Potential (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Another Potential

Comes our way once more,
A route way for all
To keep it sound and sure;
Love is like life
Full of strange encounters,
To each moment arrive
So different and asunder.

Another walk through

The many nowhere stand,
You will meet it too
Not to understand;
Contradict in disguise
Flight through dark and dim,
With your pair of only eyes
Seeing through the brim.

Another Potential

In a world of contrast borrow,
Way of life are abysmal
Yesterdays and tomorrow;
All is there to take or give
Whatever the society prefer;
Encounter it and just live
You may have your signature.

Peter S. Quinn

Another Summer Day

Another summer day
Now on the horizon

Coming of colored way
In form and deviation

Clouds are drifting by
In their wonderment

Filling up the blue sky
In their yawning distant

Another dream living
Finding the beautiful

Of pleasures in giving
Those never are dull

Their moments of joy
In all hours waking

A summer can employ
In dreams of a making

These days now here
With much to look for

Earth coloring year
That being all adore

In days clear bright
Where dreams on go

New emerald green sight
In opened vision flow

Peter S. Quinn

Another Summer Song (...soon To Be Published At Sheetmusic Publishing)

Another summer song
Just as sweet as before
For the heart to long
Something more and more
Love of the evening
In the gardens' perfume
Where the flowers bring
Exotically hue bloom

You and I so close
While the hours go by
Into the dim red rose
Of amber nocturnal sky
Clouds above to fill
Dreams that go and find
Faraway places thrill
Leaving reality behind

Somewhere in our braces
We will float there too
Into the fair fairies places
That comes here through
When nocturnal hours start
Filling our celestial while
We from our thoughts depart
Through each dream mile

Peter S. Quinn

Any Hour Of Love

Any hour of love
Into the mist of night
Plenty affections of
Till the sun is bright
Feelings that touch a heart
Going and coming
Some though depart
In their summer blooming

Any hour of you
Like a affection's full
Skies of silver and blue
Never a moment dull
Whispering winds hollow
Glow in colors high
There is plenty of tomorrow
As new times fly

Any hour of me
Into the growth of dreams
Always full and plenty
Summer golden beams
Silver skies and blue
Yesterdays gave so much
Now it's up to me and you
To make anew touch

- -

Any hour of love
Into the mist of night
Plenty affections of
Till the sun is bright
Feelings that touch a heart
Going and coming
Some though depart
In their summer blooming

Any Hour Of Love 2

Any hour of love
Into the mist of night
Plenty affections of
Dark blue moon light

Dream going in glowing
Days to awake like new
Hours of the moments going
Light that gets through

Any hour of night
Streaming on to the dark
Dim in its scattered light
That ones in heart did spark

Softly like weaving ocean
Hours that once were
Full of their content and emotion
To distances afar everywhere

Any hour of new day
Now is the time of memory
As early dawn will play
Only for lonesome me

Any Hour of Love
That has all gone to afar
Life is a mystic so much of
Just like a faraway star

Now there's nothing forever more
Only the days that are coming
Thoughts like waves to a shore
Still in my heart are blooming

Peter S. Quinn

Any Sour That Comes

Any sweetness comes there on
With hands to clap about
Things and thoughts that are done
In their meaningless doubt
What has been talked and played
With crowds thoughts drifting
Never for a whole lots long stayed
Nor was it quite much uplifting

Rush time hours are casting
With their untruth at last
Nothing worth in its trusting
That has showed its roughcast
You have thoughts that are shifting
Into dusty transportation fallen
Every opportunity rifting
With its unhelpfulness installin'

Any sour that comes from sweet
As a line of attack thinking
Must be lack or from some need
In its ways of connote stinking
Nowhere roads lead to nothing
Isn't faraway from here or ahead
Only its heart's desires bluffing
By means of their words dead

Rush time hours are casting
With their untruth at last
Nothing worth in its trusting
That has showed its roughcast
Circling ways of clouds lifting
Through their drift and sprawlin'
Quarrelsome words their grifting
From the faraway sky howlin'

Peter S. Quinn

Anyone's Nobody Knowing

I'll take my hat and leave
And walk the street of many
Where the moments are brief
Of thoughts from almost any

I felt cold but almost close
As I was walking there by
In this woven life that goes
Like clouds of drift in sky

Everyone seemed so lonely
In doing their restlessly own
We meet all with eyes-only
And nothing else is shown

The many crowded streets
Are always so alone going
And no one there really meets
For anyone's nobody knowing

Peter S. Quinn

Anything

Anything is possible
On a clear day
The world is full
Of opportunities to play
Anything is in luck
To give and try
You don't need to be stuck
In saying goodbye

Anything is out there
Find it and make
Good luck is everywhere
With your piece of cake
Anything is in you
Just start making
Dreams still come true
In their times of waking

Anything in new spring
With morning sky
Rise up now and sing
Give your life a try
Anything is out there
Like the stars are falling
Good luck is everywhere
To your day is calling

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

Anyway For My Love (From, To Oscar)

O here we go then again,
With this problematic story;
Outside there is still rain,
It looks like the world all sorry.
What to do or say,
Can anybody know;
This or that - it's okay,
Just a little more snow.

The shorter it takes to be secure,
The better it is for the days to come,
Why be alarm when you can be assure.

Get lose, get lose,
Turning your fate around;
Get lose, get lose,
Make ways and expound;
Get lose, get lose,
Anything can be found.

Be smart in your wording,
These days are with flirting and coming in love;
All is in the sunshine,
And the blue sky set line,
That passes me above.

These days are in feelings,
Inside the heart ceilings,
That brings out love's peelings.

Get lose, get lose,
This is what its all about;
Get lose, get lose,
Take away winter's doubt;
Get lose, get lose,
Dance your way to breakout.

Get lose, get lose,
Into heights and clouds;

Get lose, get lose,
From where it enshrouds;
Get lose, get lose,
Over doubting crowds.

Yes anyway for my love,
Anyway.

For my love, for my love,
For my love, for my love,
For my love, for my love,
Anyway.

Get lose, get lose,
Try to be much lighter;
Get lose, get lose,
You'll see the world's brighter;
Get lose, get lose,
If you are a real fighter:

For love, for all love.

Peter S. Quinn

Anywhere I Wander

Anywhere I wander,
I'll be coming back;
I am an 'understander',
Compassion I don't lack.
Give me some to take,
Inspirations I'll create;
So much is here at stake,
I can not abbreviate.

Anywhere I am restless,
I'll be filled with spirit;
There is no abjectness,
For it's all too affectionate.
So give me some to take,
More out of it will come;
With emotions I'll ache,
And all shorts of tantrum.

Anywhere I am asunder,
From the feelings I do;
I am not an abandoner,
When I need to disapprove.
Something I think's wrong,
Anything I can't understand;
Got to know where I belong,
So it's clear beforehand.

Peter S. Quinn

April Is In

April is in with blossom flowers
At my door and some within
Whitish and yellow in their dowers
Shading gracious in a spin
Magical moments and lilies sweet
Garden in new refreshing ways
Everything for a bouquet you need
Turning on coming summer days

April of beginning spring touch
Making moments of pleasures high
Love songs in forest I love so much
Returning clear and bluish sky
Immortals in feelings awaking call
Through every gold blossoms made
To each new dream opportunities fall
In each fragrance and falling shade

Green and in silvery gown dress
Bringing the good day within reach
Summer new morning with its cares
Something of a way again to teach
Goodbye to winter in frosty white
Now here is spring returning again
From under rime and darkish night
Laid out in blossom of golden grain

Peter S. Quinn

Archer Who Plays (From 134 Picture Poems)

archer who plays
with weaving desire

glowing candles
endless fading fire

Peter S. Quinn

Architecture Hands (From 134 Picture Poems)

architecture hands
structure within blank

a wooden piece
and frosty accomplishment

today's lessening
and growing
through others kept chores

Peter S. Quinn

Are The Hours Long Dark?

It's finally gone
Beautiful yesterday bright
Carrying like drift on
Spaces of memories light
Feeling that gave a torch
To love like red above
When you are so much
With my heart still full of

It's finally evening
Glowing on to the night
When old thoughts will sing
What went wrong or right
In love of an love's deep
Like that of oceans wave
Inside for all times to keep
When we a touch shall crave

Are the hours long dark?
With our moments on
Or shall those again spark
When this night is gone
So much is outside there
Always drifting on free
Giving its love to somewhere
Perhaps to someone like me

Peter S. Quinn

Are These Lost Computers?

Are these lost computers?
Found elsewhere
Screen to eyes intruders
From under unreality there

Eyes to screen are living
In their made reality
For our enjoyments giving
That what comes to be?

I feel so lost there too
Inside my loneliness
Though I can still find you
In a keyboard's caress

This sweetness of the gray
That flickers its flame
Is never staying the same
In any given name

Are these lost inside souls?
Finding their mislaid way
In different kinds of roles
When computer is up to play

O hello there internet
How are you now playing?
I'll have to say with some regret
This night is not long staying

Peter S. Quinn

Are You Confused

Are you confused about love?
Like the clouds faraway
Where they drift carelessly above
To meet a new coming day
Or the seagulls out on billows
They eagerly with wings play
With the waves and the flows
That never for long will stay

Are you confused about me?
That is here by your side
Giving love to teach and be
With each coming new tide
My heart is open to you
With every prospect in sight
And I come here to renew
A thought I feel as if right

Are you confused about life?
In each its uncertain way
How their turning give strife
In their much to and fro sway
Every road will come and go
In their widest reaching stay
When to leave you will know
If you trust the distances play

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

Around The Sunshine Going – An Evening Song

I am dreaming into the lonely day
That slowly will make the evening play
Around the sunshine going
And subsiding shadows flowing

So much of autumn colors
Are coming in dark and dim
Around and round like crullers
The blossoming bud will trim

My heart wend away this eve
With thoughts that yearning weave
And makes one happy or sad
Of what one - once had

Like the wind in trees and on leaves
Each moment is so valuable
In what our mind conceives
And gives our thoughts to rule

Their secret lies in their breath
That momentarily comes through
And with their instant death
There comes in a different view

I dream like the flies passing by
Drifting away with the puff of air
Where the perspicuity will untie
What lines I've written here...

Peter S. Quinn

As I Fade Away

As I fade away...
Like the flowers do
From lives ray
With my hours few
Loneliness occurs
With its contend
Long and hurting spurs
Each my will to bend

Rain is like sunshine
Giving to wake
Draw the simple line
What's at your stake
Nothing will come out
When you don't try
Everywhere about
Are bottomless sky

As I fade inside
And my wrinkles come
I'll touch and guide
Younger fresher some
With my little saying
Hopefully I wish
Every concept weighing
As a way to accomplish

Day is like night
Many worthy take
Some are lost in flight
When they finally make
Something to talk about
In their low and high
They'll show some doubt
And unworthy lie

As I fade in play
I'll feel comfortable
None for long will stay

When day's almost full
Lights come to bear
Fading into rust
I'll become my wear
Until I am dust

Peter S. Quinn

As I Grow Old

As I grow old
Times are changing
Waves forgotten cold
With new arranging

Dreams in days were
But now they're gone
Into the water I stare
And then I go on

Ocean in its blue
Softly still singing
Days coming through
Still freshness bringing

All is but a dream
Into the going deep
Their writings in stream
For no one to keep

As I grow old
Flowers falling autumn
Their stories untold
In a lost poem

Peter S. Quinn

As I Wander In My Thoughts

As I wander in my thoughts,
Long way out of the roads;
The curtain becomes more drawn,
And my ponder fills with loads.

The dreams are lifting the heights,
From ground and to the sky;
And all my head thus it fills up,
With questions such as why,

For all I know I'll ask again,
If reasons are behind a cloud;
I search and then I am taken,
To all forms of way and doubt,

The knowledge is so profound,
And everything in doctrine kept;
I've propounded a mystical night,
And have not much since slept.

Peter S. Quinn

As Sweet As The Sin

There is love in moonlight
As sweet as the sin
With feelings in its flight
That dreams do spin
Every hour is of its kisses
And gleaming spell
World's reality one don't misses
For everything is well

Like the moon is always above
In its fairytale blue
So is everyone who's in love
Especially me and you
In moments that come to give
Dreams of feeling fine
We together them shall live
With touches one can't define

Every day is here to long
For night to come
With an easily breezy song
Where love is all from
There is love in all the dark
With an evening bliss
Together we will find its spark
When we meet to kiss

Peter S. Quinn

As The Clouds Go By

As the clouds go by
The night is coming in
To the dark heavy sky
With its wistful spin

Stars like glow flowers
Upon heavens sphere
Timeless space hours
To flights of somewhere

As day becomes in dark
From the evening on shine
The Milky Way will spark
Each its constellation line

So much still to discover
Why on earth we are here
What shall space uncover?
What is still out there?

As the clouds go high
And the moon becomes clear
Thoughts of wonderment fly
And make these ways near

Beautiful glowing sight
On to the dreams flowing
Bewilderment dark night
Where is the future going?

Peter S. Quinn

As The Night Comes

As the night comes
So goes my heart
As the day awakes
So starts my love
Every love is blossom red
Like awakening rose
Passion that lost has bled
Like love that away goes...

As the night comes
So is the black stone
As the earth a glows
So starts my love
Every love is weaving sea
Forever to and fro
Inside streams eternally
We in passion row...

I'm a sand corn in time
For heavens come calling
Now is my sweet prime
Before the autumn 's falling
We both are the same
Days and nights on going
Burring on lives flame
Our kindle is now glowing

Refrain□

Arrows, arrows, arrows
Steady gong here through
Arrows, arrows, arrows
Brief moments to renew

As the night comes
With wings desire
Every bloom blossoms
In its reddish fire
My heart touches you
In the coming shade

Veins of yearning blue
Love sensation made

Refrain

Arrows, arrows, arrows
Steady gong here through
Arrows, arrows, arrows
Brief moments to renew

As the night comes
So goes my heart
As the day awakes
So starts my love
Every love is blossom red
Like awakening rose
Passion that lost has bled
Like love that away goes...

□

I'm a sand corn in time
For heavens come calling
Now is my sweet prime
Before the autumn 's falling
We both are the same
Days and nights on going
Burring on lives flame
Our kindle is now glowing

Peter S. Quinn

As The Night Comes – A Song

As the night comes here through
In its dimly mood melody
And every feeling is blue
In another morning somewhere free

I thought of a love we made
Through the hours with glimmering stars
While we both stayed up late
In the shadows of frosty isobars

We were giving a light to fire
Bringing something from under its sleep
Every love of our desire
That the flickering moods can't keep
And suddenly the night was going
With the doldrums of its fires flowing
And the moon was up there alone
Through the clouds drifting in its blue tone

I have always been so much in love
With every thought I remembered about you
They came and wafted without much thought of
While we were there with longings to do
Every hour is a love song to you
Every hour is a love song to me
There is always a time to be born new
There is always a time to fly free
Come give me the tones of your songs
I'll listen to your enticing melody
Where everything somewhere belongs
Like a love sweet orchestrated symphony

Peter S. Quinn

As The Night Comes In

As the night comes in
I hear the flowing water
In its streaming travelin'
As it squashes and splatter!
Through time alone
With the winds of cry mystery
On down flow pebble stone
That time polishes for free

Every breezing blow
That circles here around
Gives mirror glow
On waves in stillness bound
Like eternity
That comes to my eyes
Forever so free
In its low voiced disguise

Peter S. Quinn

As The Night Went Away

I felt the day closing in
As the night went away
Old dreams in twilight spin
Till they meet first of day
Quietness of the season
Holding its breath when awake
There's freshness in its reason
That the morning will take

Every day is the same
Only new dawn is different
In its glow blue reddish flame
And the whitish out bent
Cloud to cloud drifting high
With their many ways to give
In the awakening of each why
That every day shall live

Yesterdays is old news
Nothing more to wake the senses
As they dance together cues
Fill with answers every tenses
Hypnotize with wintry strings
Songs to entertain the awaken
When glow from dawn brings
Spectrum shades from dark taken

Peter S. Quinn

As The Season Ends

As a season ends
all is here in going,
and its newest blends
in its timeless glowing.
Colors in their making
blossoms differently,
another view taking
for times to come and be.

Yesterdays tomorrows
all in turning flame,
trends of time borrows
never again the same.
seeds of growing wisdom
days that are going by,
start of time's blossom
where time's future lie.

All is in the knowing
what comes here to be,
beauties their showing
for new times eternally.
All colors are of beauty
in their style and view,
seasons come to be
timeless in their renew.

As a season ends
all is here in going,
and its newest blends
in its timeless glowing.
So much like our living
when we build and grow,
roots of futures giving
with their time to show.

All is in the knowing
what comes here to be,
time is coming and going

for this - eternally.

Peter S. Quinn

As The Wind Plays

As the wind plays
Its eternal harmony
Many tones and lays
Of floating on free
Tunes of ever songs
That the wind knows
And to no one belongs
In their infinity flows

Ringin' times thru
Here gone tomorrow
Epochs of all too
Those chords do borrow
Some were for spring
Brightly tones on
Other in autumn sing
Till the shades are gone

Summer moods bright
Freshly pitches flowing
Fluffy and so light
In combinations going
Others moods are dim
Winter deep and dark
A little whimsy whim
In their Christmas spark!

Peter S. Quinn

As The Wintery Breezy Plays

Sing a song of feeling's glow
In the night that is around here
Time comes and times go
With their kindling far and near
Love by circumstances beyond
Into the river of time's broken
Some promises might be found
And their worthy living token

Rising glow without anyone's control
Into the evening of going
As the cold within sideways stroll
In its icily pearly glowing
Deep contained by my heart I'll sing
Of sunshine moody days
And back flowers from them bring
As the wintery breezy plays

Sing a song of autumn still
And the times that are coming by
With their wonderings to fill
With hope dark clouds in the sky
When the longings are hopeless illusions
With my dreams woven into them
In winter's coming confusions
Of instances and conditions ahem

Peter S. Quinn

As Times Go By

As times go by
Night dances away
Opens up bright sky
New time meets a new day
As passions on fly
And each ones forgotten
Breaks up old tie
The new once are tauten

But love is still here
Within everything going
From blossoms everywhere
And all its colors glowing
Their dreams are on high
And always from the free
They never completely die
But always with time be

As times go by
You might forget me
And what we did try
Each love so faithfully
But we stood test of time
Thru dark and the light
When we were in prime
And youth took its flight

Peter S. Quinn

As You Are

as you are
every day and night
like a star
shining on so bright
love's forsaken
if all is for nothing
no fortunate making
only the bluffing

as you be
nothing to worry
just that you see
life in a hurry
moments and after
everything's clear
on a time's rafter
going nowhere

living so breezy
times in a day
some comes easy
others as it may
working and longing
by and bygone
in time's bonging
themes that go on

Peter S. Quinn

Aspiring Time And Its Vignettes

My heart is broken from within
Because the world doesn't speak
There's only a downward spin
In the ways to know and seek
Flowers falling with their leaves
Not yet grown in summer breeze
No opportunities only grieves
Opening chance of success keys

Everybody needs their true just
With its reasoning's and its edge
Or seeds of the future will be lost
Without its proper claimed allege
Nothing ever goes the same
In our world of our many ways
There are desires and their flame
Turing colors with many sways

My heart wishes all its worth
From feelings given to be free
Let my confident be in its birth
Always I need to perform and be
Strangest things to happen yet
With their many assorted bouquets
Aspiring time and its vignettes
To be full blooming in the grays

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

Ástin Hún Leikur

ástin hún leikur
um ljúfar stundir
hvort sem þú vakir
eða blundar
hver strengur hann syngur
í hjartanu hreinu
og aldrei á meðan
verðurðu einn

allt sem þú átt er
í minningum falið
hvort sem þú vakir
eða blundar
fortíðin flygur um huga þér
og upp koma myndir
sem minningin geymir
og aldrei á meðan
verðurðu einn

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

At Long Last Love

At long last love
Has nothing quite new
There's so much inside there of
That never becomes true
Sweet as every day gives
Nothing forever stays
Memories that in our mind lives
With every thought plays

Strong as the outside far-out
That has no completeness
With every aspect there about
That gives of its lost caresses
Be what you are from now on
Like rain drops fall and dry
New futures to be gone
Just as a new morning sky

There shall never be the same
What we have tried to reach
The moments do counterclaim
What understandings beseech
Try reaching your goal to give
Epochs of its many times
You had to accomplish and live
When long last love
Was in its primes

Peter S. Quinn

At The Viaduct

Under the moon sky of float
The wings of my heart are trying
To fill hand in hand note
Of silences from the night dying

Those drift in clouds of easy going
And twinkling sparkle glowing

Each swaying grass on earth alone
With its moistening dew soothing
When heart's in beat of speechless tone
And surface of dreams smoothing

Those drift in clouds of easy going
And twinkling sparkle glowing

In its departing and faraway curving
Of conjure that glow in wave's speeds
Those flames up high preserving
That through endlessness accedes

Those drift in clouds of easy going
And twinkling sparkle glowing

We've found in search of esteem
In dreams that came to be conferred
Of what not is - nevertheless seem
With each of the nightfall's offered

Those drift in clouds of easy going
And twinkling sparkle glowing

Peter S. Quinn

At Times In Shadows – Sonnet

Days of beauty are at times in shadows
Of the cloudlets coming through the deep sky
The feelings of dark in questions of why
With some radiance aspect of their glows
The tender light in a heart that once was bright
Is shading in more and becoming all less
When heaven is in rain clouds without caress
And days become like silhouettes in night

Such days are lacking thoughts in serenely
And impaired to half in their broken dark
Too calm to be in good or endearingly
And never in grace to kindness embark
Shades of their ways are irked yet beautiful
In their raven tress and discordant dull

Peter S. Quinn

Attic Old Flowers

The morning has come
To give back to some
The attic old flowers
From past summer showers
The things from past days
That gave us times to remember
The turning and lost ways
Like autumn in September

You and I so very close
Going for sure and more
Believe in loving giving a rose
Kindness is what life is for
Always to please early on
Nothing could stop our believe
Flowers so sweet in the sun
Ours to give hours to weave

Living our lives caring be gone
Ride on to years with love
Much of it lost still there is fun
Drifting like clouds far above
The morning has come
To give back to some
The attic old flowers
From past summer showers

Peter S. Quinn

August Songs

August songs are coming in
One by one they leave their roads
Sunshine giving with their spin
Sharing moments with their loads
There are not yet starry nights
Only perfumed evening scent
Happy longings no burning plights
Everything is quite well meant

Songs of heart in perfect bound
Crossing ways that haven't done
Eyes of wondering inside found
Everything that gives its fun
Desperation will not show up
Only thoughts that peacefully lie
Drinking the pleasures in its cup
Never catching the sullen sky

Whispering never a disappoint
Paranoid that in darkness comes
Happy existence together joint
Through the scales of mood hums

Peter S. Quinn

Autumn Feeling

Feeling of love is everywhere
As the times go on by
I'll remember it here and there
Like sun glow in the sky
Days gone were lonely some
Everything is again calling
Emotions like summer blossom
Day to the autumn falling

Feeling of a dream in heart
Love like tones of deep
Everything goes night will start
Nothing is ours to keep
Garden flowers falling leaves
Songs of summer leaving
Moments in their lonely grieves
Hours in shadows deceiving

Feeling inside of loneliness□
As autumn says goodbye
Moments of green and caress
Falling leaves on their fly
Everything had its summer dream
Now it time is done
Yesterdays in the autumn stream
Hours of remembrance on

Peter S. Quinn

'Autumn' Haiku

The autumn
each leaf turning gold then brown
soon fallen to earth

-

We want to thank everybody, who has written comments to Peter's poetry, - you are most honorable people. Thank you all ; -)

The Crew

Peter S. Quinn

Autumn Haiku...

Summer is weeping
In autumn leaves now falling
- One by one they go

Peter S. Quinn

Autumn Songs

The river is in struggle
Because of the sand at the bottom and the pebbles that get in its way
But it shall overcome and flow again free
On its way to the sea
It's raining in the desert
Like teardrops from above
With galleries of unknown pictures
In the mud

My naked footsteps are gone in a while
From the heavy rain
That pounds the soil and my bare feet
With its soft caressing drops
I feel them as Inuit songs
From the wilderness
Where my alone thoughts wander
Among the spirits

Today I sat
In front of my tent
And listened to the birds
In their migratory songs
Singing their farewells
Before winter

It's now time for me
Once again
To dance the Rain Dance
And cut half of my long hair
And burry it into the soft earth
For mourning my ancestors
The going of summer
And for Good Luck

Peter S. Quinn

Autumn Wind Haiku

Alone open bloom
to be forgotten next day
- in the autumn wind

Peter S. Quinn

Autumn's Avenues

Glow: It is leave. I had a joyful time
Under the bough of the firs
In the breezing of summer songs spurs

They had its pleasure till evening
So much there to find for yourself
A song to remember till spring
Of a sweetness that of moments tell

My house is now into its own
A darkness of a drifting shore*
The moods of the yesterdays have flown
And time - a stern - is as sure as before
That shadows stay up - whiles, long to go
They wander into avenues of cornered glow
Agitatedly - till they find a new light's row

(Inspiration: Autumn Day by Rainer Maria Rilke)

* Seamen tell me, - when they see a shore in darkness, it often drifts before their eyes, especially if there is mist out there with the darkness...

Peter S. Quinn

Autumn's In The Air (From, Illuminating Night)

Autumn's in the air,
And days of memories;
It's this time of year,
In all gathering unities.
Flowers are withering,
To the colors of dark;
For summer is anchoring,
Its vigor and spark.

The roads to new dreams,
In twilight now are;
And everything seems,
In a mood swing afar.
The silence are prolonged,
In travail voice foretold;
That sully moments pronged,
Before winters behold.

Autumn swings in moods,
From day to days that come;
World of different attitudes,
Standing near and solemn.
Like the summer started,
Patently now going through;
The autumn heavyhearted,
Before its hue time is due.

Peter S. Quinn

Awake

Awake - tones of the wind,
Shine - sunbeams from the sun;
Rise up distance soldiers,
Evoke your pen with words.
Hear your thoughts in the singing,
From the singers of the woods;
Find your heart again with freshness,
Among the newborn and the brave.
Awake in green growing covers,
That heals all earthly wounds;
Rise up and speak in freedoms,
That wilderness alone is born in.
Awake - waves of the water,
That hollows the hardest of rock;
Give birth to life of endurance,
That grows with timeless futures.
Awake - tones of lasting thoughts,
Shine - tolerance of all opinions;
Rise up distance soldiers,
Evoke your pen with words.

Peter S. Quinn

Awake - Our Dreams

There is this time and hours,
We all will come and dream;
And find the little flowers,
That seeds will give to stream.
It's deep within our own heart,
And bright like day in dawn;
From there our wisdom will start,
And all our freedom is drawn.

Oh give that dream more sun,
And playgrounds of the bright;
Let shadows be on the run,
And freedom come with its light.
Though all is still a dream,
It may never be forgotten;
For time will sometime deem,
The shallow dark and rotten.

Break down a shadowed wall,
To bring more sunshine in;
Rectitude to each man's call,
And every dark corner win.
Our hands will build and make,
Freedom to touch the sky;
And every true dream awake,
That gives us the reasons why.

Peter S. Quinn

Awake Two And Two (From 134 Picture Poems)

awake two and two
beyond despaired need

head to head
into desired dreams

from years of asleep reality

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

Awakening Sky 2

Oh sweet awakening sky
My heart awaits you
Each feeling is for the try
In the summerset blue
The flowers in bouquets
Of the past never gone
Turn me to straight ways
Till my road is done

You and I drifting
Just like the clouds high
Moods of each others lifting
As the time goes by
You have my love therein
Moments together are
Each in their turning's spin
Your twinkling eyes afar

Oh my rose to you
I'll give with my heart
Always again to renew
Till the end of life's start

Peter S. Quinn

Awaking Your Heart

Spring is always fresh and free
When it's in here life to give
Greenery meadows and fields to see
Awaking your heart to live
Rearranging your longing ways
Flowers in garden to look
Turning to colors from monodies grays
Flowing a stream from the brook

Changing your heart to give fire
And eyes to gaze out the window
Passion with each feeling and desire
Coming in a pleasurable show
Rain that soothes and ever changing
Carefully giving its drops
Life and emotions rearranging
From hills and mountains tree tops

Where have you been for awhile?
When there were frosty cold roses
Now is the green to green style
With plentiful color overdoses
Night is perhaps the most beautiful
When there's twilight's blue sky
And silently moments never dull
Bringing new dawn to its high

Peter S. Quinn

Away

Darling we have our memories
Twisted and left behind
Some with hours made free
For the folk that go on to be blind
Rain is never for the senseless
Who can't understand a word?
Or an idea coming clear fresh
Into your heart like a crying bird

Flesh to jackal and lightening
I'm surrounded by wasteland
Only to establish the one thing
Not in ease or stricture command
Perfumed of enchanted lilacs
I'm surrounded to find and establish
For when someone in gifts lacks
He will most freshness dismiss

Keep away with such a jackal
That never will give to know
Each sentence for them too tall
To give it its spark or a glow
A scarlet it leaves or volcano
No slender in combatant foam
Like any old saying will go:
Away with such fakes' chrome

Peter S. Quinn

Away To A Dream

Come to sleep
The hours are so dark
Dreams to keep
Thoughts to hark
Fly fly away to a dream
Reality let go
Somewhere everything seem
Floating and moving slow

A yesterday is gone
The streets are empty now
Into a dream drawn
The hours of the row
A fantasy world to be
Catching a thought drifting
The inner eyes to see
To spiritual ways uplifting

Verse

Catch the wind and sail
Into the very deep
Through strangest fairytale
Drift and thoughts to keep
Catch with wings free
Beams of sunshine new
The fantasies to be
Inside a dream with you

Come to sleep
The hours are so dark
A placeless leap
The pathways of spark
So faraway from reality
Where deep oceans are
The dreamy worlds free
Sleeping eyes afar

Bring peace to your mind
In a world of fantasy

Leave reality behind
Mend the road of creativity
Somewhere to go tonight
Many roads to adhere
Everything is going alright
Coming through and clear

Verse

Catch the wind and sail
Into the very deep
Through strangest fairytale
Drift and thoughts to keep
Catch with wings free
Beams of sunshine new
The fantasies to be
Inside a dream with you

Peter S. Quinn

Away To The Dreams Of Morning

Away to the dreams of morning,
I will sing to you a little song;
For I have thoughts and a yearning,
Which in my heart are strong.

The blooms of summer are falling,
With the rusty colours on;
As autumn is back calling,
Each bouquet that is now done.

All beauty does surrender,
To the withering fall and frost;
And every affection so tender,
Is until next spring gone and lost.

Away to dream that once were,
But still in memories sleep;
For flames are momentarily done here,
Though dew from each dawn still weep.

For life is tender and living,
And passions of strong and weak;
Every summer is forward giving,
Assortments each love does seek.

Peter S. Quinn

Away With Each My Longings (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Away with each my longings
That came right down and beside
Like a theme of new singing's
That inside my soul did hide
So much of intermediate feeling
That faces the soaring gone
And each my new path is stealing
Till everything has drift on

Spinning webs spinning sublime
Daydreams from the heart of mine
Something of some every time
Like when day's full of sunshine
Reaching to everything in dulcet
Trying to give of its awake
From the hours gone in neglect
When old fall songs were at stake

Away and drifting on free
To the moods of freshly earth
When things come new to be
In every freshness coming worth
Those days will be different from now
Showing their tinctures play
Like a thought's old glow
That I remembered in a way

Peter S. Quinn

Awesome Delight

Awesome Delight
The little cloud,
That wanders about
Day and night.

Above the earth
For us to look at,
From life's birth
Glad and sad.

Awesome Delight
Of mist and rain,
Mysterious flight
Without our pain.

Your fallen drops
Soothe every thirst,
So all earth crops
Into bloom burst.

Awesome Delight
I wonder why,
You lose your flight
To fall and die.

Peter S. Quinn

Babe All I Want Is You

Babe all I want is you
For good times to roll along
Everything is quite blue
When you are this young
The daydreaming goes on
And anything can happen
You and I could have some fun
Don't let seriousness be trappin'

Babe few years to and fro
Life is but a playground
Just like there's now winter's snow
Our young years won't be always around
Give and take pleasure
Lets be quite good friends
There is so much treasure
When feelings together blends

Oh darling you are my everything
Please bring out the good in me
Let my heart with yours sing
Lets fly with imaginary wings free
Together into fantasy land
They'll call it just puppy love
Because they can't understand
What two young hearts are made of

Babe all I want is you
For good times to roll along
Everything is quite blue
When you are this young
The daydreaming goes on
And anything can happen
You and I could have some fun
Don't let seriousness be trappin'

(From an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Baby Blue Eyes

Beautiful as a rose
Lovely as a tune,
I meet you up close
In the first days of June;
Baby blue eyes
Turning on blue skies,
What have you seen?
Where have you been?

I was turned on
In the early of spring,
With the summer sun
The heart would sing:
'Love is so true
When its all new,
Sweet as the days
It longs for and plays'.

Love is like trust
That comes and goes,
Falling down star dust
That for a time glows;
Longings and beauties
Imprisons and frees,
Inside a young heart
Right from the start.

Night and young days
We must go on,
Tide's turning ways
Almost nearly done;
The garden's so young
With all what we long,
The seeds in the earth
There in their first birth.

Baby blue eyes
Beginning to glow,
After winter's goodbyes

And old frosty snow;
I feel so lucky
With what comes to be,
Knowing new life
When the colors arrive.

Peter S. Quinn

Baby Here I Am Still

Baby here I am still
Giving my heart away
Promises to fulfill
Till the end of a day
All is of a sudden
Way to come and go
Some may be forgotten
Before winter's glow

But I am just this
With what I ever do
Little bit of remiss
And weighty there too
Come be my dancer
In my jungle daydream
I might not be an answer
To the principle theme

You got my invitation
To draw a line in rime
Ways of your imagination
Forwarded music time
Slowly into your emotions
Drawn away from limelight
Passions in its erosions
Love's spirit and delight

Peter S. Quinn

Baby My Heart

Baby my heart is still with you
Every night and every day
Beyond the stars and deep sea blue
I'll be there finding our way
Summer will come in colors shine
Into the dawn and the bright
Every true shading will be fine
Till there again comes the night

You and I and the blue skies
With everything outside to come
Flowery bouquets in their surprise
With what comes to us there from?
Right or wrong whatever it is
Feelings we gave from the inside
All what's here and we miss
Whenever our feelings would hide

Baby my heart feel the beat I give
Just as long as I can do so
There is this feeling worthy to live
Because its importance it'll show
Everything is leaving forever stuck
Into the drafting's of ways
If love hasn't got it its out of luck
Forever in oblivion's dim haze

Peter S. Quinn

Baby, Tomorrow I Wonder

Baby tomorrow I wonder
Where my thoughts shall be
Oceans afar - asunder
Where doubtful questions flee
Try not to long too much
Feelings aside those play
Controls so out of touch
Into sallow fall's ray

Maybe tomorrow will give
What got lost right now?
And we could both live
Through this torment somehow
Yesterdays don't come back
Only their memories
What each reality lack
An instant of actuality never sees

You are still steps missing
Where I'm reaching to
Though your lips I'll be kissing
In my dreams untrue
What did drive us apart?
Was it the differences we are?
Lacking a beat from the start
Our inside feelings of war

Chorus
Maybe tomorrow will give
What got lost right now?
And we could both live
Through this torment somehow
Yesterdays don't come back
Only their memories
What each reality lack
An instant of actuality never sees

Baby tomorrow I wonder

Back Road To Izzard

Back road to Izzard,
Going from eternity;
The end has no start,
Onset none can see.

Refrain:

Tell me where I am going,
Is the road clear to get?
No sign of here's showing,
Who we before met.

Back road in blizzard,
Futures in fraternity;
Somewhere's a wizard,
Knowing magic's a.b.c.

Traveling in the dark,
Somewhere long the road:
A village green park,
With a dwelling abode.

Refrain:

Tell me where I am going,
Is the road clear to get?
No sign of here's showing,
Who we before met.

Back road to Izzard,
Going from eternity;
The end has no start,
Onset none can see.

Peter S. Quinn

Bad Boy – Because

There are moments lost in my natural sky
Feeling times that are done to nothing
Every time travel there asking reasons why
Sometimes giving no answers - just bluffing
Taking my heart to pieces in each try

When I reach down to deepest of my low
Finding no answers to keep me still high
When my life is a shadow of darkish glow
Answering nothing of its reasons and why
Only time spaces between goings to fly

I´m not a substitute for agent 007
Only awake up call to be taken seriously
I'll give you a touch of my heaven
If you are behaving mysteriously
Because I´m a man in black
Pointing my future at you
Keeping you on the right track
Anything to get you here through

Nothing to get excited either way
Only point-blank clear for its go
Feeling pressures of a coming play
To the hours that I don't know
Drifting by and by in their flowing
In the answers that never come
Always something either way going
To somewhere it all is from
Nothing taking a turn to more
Just a seat in the corner of dark night
Coming to nowhere in what it's all for
Because it has lost all its flight

Nothing more to be done or said
For my decisions are staying right here
Don't worry- be happy – stay ahead
Just agree and everything's clear

Nothing to get excited either way
Only point-blank clear for its go
Feeling pressures of a coming play
To the hours that I don't know
Drifting by and by in their flowing
In the answers that never come
Always something either way going
To somewhere it all is from
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Anything to get you here through

Nothing more to be done or said
For my decisions are staying right here
Don't worry- be happy – stay ahead
Just agree and everything's clear

Whenever you try - it's getting lost
Like a flight into nothing from nowhere
Feeling downsides and double-crossed
Reaching to nowhere from here to there

I 'm not a substitute for agent 007
Only awake up call to be taken seriously
I'll give you a touch of my heaven
If you are behaving mysteriously
Because I 'm a man in black
Pointing my future at you
Keeping you on the right track
Anything to get you here through

Because I 'm a man in black

Pointing my future at you
Keeping you on the right track
Anything to get you through

Because I 'm the man in black
Pointing my future to go
Because I 'm the man in black
In point-blank clear to blow

(People are heard singing faraway:
"Yes he can! Yes he can! Everything is coming now clear!
Yes we can follow..." ...)

*This poem and lyric was made for this image:

Peter S. Quinn

Balancing The Happiness

Brought in to true life love fortunate way
Balancing the happiness one surmounts
Of humanity a heartbeat that'll play
In bringing to life what matters and counts
Basketful of strawberries - such is life
That is balancing the outcome in real
You must work hard in the effort to strife
Give every reason for what you feel

Be true to purpose - meet your destiny
The roads are elongated and stretching wide
Splashing and forgetting to toll your bell
What comes by you is set out to be
Opposite adversity or loyal guide
Use wisely - let future's foretell

Peter S. Quinn

Barbara Allen

me? gys og há?i
ég harmi strá?i
í hjarta sem var ljúft og hreint
og a?eins ást mína ?rá?i
ofar heimi hér
uns allt var or?i? of seint

ó ástin mín
ég sakna ?ín
og einmanakenndin mig vefur
mitt brú?arlín
enn óhreift liggur
?ví lengur ei una? hjarta? hefur

?ín kalda gröf
?ín eina gjöf
á köldum dapurlegum degi
ó ástin mín
?ú tár mín ?iggur
?ví sól ekki sér minn sálar tregi

djúp eru sár
í dau?um nár
ég örmum ei fæ ?ér haldi?
mín föllnu tár
eru söknu?ur frá mér
og sí?asta og sárasta gjaldi?

Peter S. Quinn

Básilfra?i Máni

blásilfra?i máni
sem um himininn fer?
og fjarlægist
dagsins brún
ert saklaus sem lífi?
sem sofandi ?ú sér?
er svartnættis nóttin
brei?ist yfir tún

ó glit ?ín eru
sem gylltar óskir
á göngu sinni
um órá?na drauminn
?ín kringlótta ásynd
er aldrei kyrr
sem kenni leiti
sem fer um himininn

Peter S. Quinn

Be

Be in love a little while
All is coming easy
Bring in hope with little style
Moments are quite breezy

Frequent love to remember
Closely beyond the reaching
Autumn song from September
Little by little bleaching

Bring in nothing but flowers
Rooted from the inside
Morning may come in showers
Every thought to hide

Understand what and why
If your love is not accepted
You at least gave it your try
Perhaps not your fault
To be rejected

Peter S. Quinn

Be A Believer

Be a believer
for love is all,
truth its receiver
and last call.
What do you know?
Is there a reason?
Where do you go,
after this season?

Be and awake
love in your heart,
for it shall make
days new start.
All of its glow
in its own way,
seeds that grow
up to new day.

Be an advocate
for all its peace,
life is a debate
in eternal seas.
What do we see?
Is it the truth?
For life is a tree,
of eternal youth.

Peter S. Quinn

Be A Light

I shall be a light
and so shall you
golden glow so bright
each hour to renew

Each day becomes night
in beautiful glow
then comes morning bright
in waking up slow

I shall be the night
with starry glisten on
faraway golden sight
till all the stars are gone

and so shall you
become a star of shine
fill every night too
with glowing that's so fine

And both we bliss the sky
with our tender torch
reach to afar and high
with all our giving much

Like lamp we both are
the life beat in our heart

shining on like a bright star
to love and to afar

Peter S. Quinn

Be A Pilot And Fly

Be a pilot and fly
Everything goes
Tomorrow its sky
For your future glows

Be a pilot and go
Into the afar
For life is a glow
From your star

Be a pilot and reach
On to the day
Learn and teach
That comes your way

Be a pilot and feel
Clouds going by
Dreams can be real
In opening sky

Be a pilot and give
What you have done
So other might live
To carry it on

Be a pilot and dream
Of tomorrow's sky
For life is a stream
Of visions and try

For life is a stream
Of visions going by

Peter S. Quinn

Be Close And Reach Out (From, To Oscar Act 4)

Everywhere you go
There are dreams so unreal
To letting you know
How you not ordinarily feel
Give a touch and flow
To a heart of longing
You will someday grow
Into times of singing

Our life is everywhere
Strong and easy giving
Past and futures there
Inside each ones living
Feelings saying goodbye
Filling the air with waiting
The coming morning sky
With its new debating

Be close and reach out
With your heart and reason
Love is what it's all about
Each and every season

The days are going by
With so much for anyone to say
Every cast and every try
Shall be set to day
Reaching to the moments on
Believing is just being
Happy ends are never done
The futures are for seeing

They are perhaps still too far
To reach with any conclusion
But time is like a lucky star
With a heart beat as its fusion

Be close and reach out

With your heart and reason
Love is what it's all about
Each and every season

Everywhere you go
There are dreams so unreal
To letting you know
How you not ordinarily feel
Give a touch and flow
To a heart of longing
You will someday grow
Into times of singing

Be close and reach out

Peter S. Quinn

Be Different To It All (From, Poet On Www)

There you are still standing
Trying to reach - expand
Give and understand
To be different to it all

There you are still standing
Feeling abused - guilty
All those thoughts so faulty
Nothing to hide the fall

But you have it inside
What it should all be worth
Now it's time to let it go

Rise about your vision
Make the moments come
One by one - show their face

There you are still standing
Trying to make a decision
What you can - what will be
Which suspicions you can see

You'll learn to reach and find
Every day to be different
Give your heart some struggle
There's no need for a juggle

For you have it inside
What it should all be worth
Now it's time to let'em know

Rise about our vision
Make the moments come
One by one - show your face

Giving it lose or use it completely up
All is there behind or in front of you
Clench it through - try everything out

There is a day after tomorrow too!

And if you lose yourself in the hours
They are going to tick through the day
Don't be taken into debts of your egos
For they'll run across your skin like clay

There you are still standing
Trying to reach - expand
Give and understand
Be different to it all

Peter S. Quinn

Be Happy And Dance (From, Occasional Songs)

Be happy and dance,
For the songs're coming;
Make a life - take a chance,
All the future is blooming.
Let the sunshine there be,
On the sky that's quite blue;
There is much prosperity,
In things that we can do.

I've gone the lonely road,
Many years before;
Carried on with my load,
Through the times and war.
Standing I'm though still,
Trying as much as I can;
All my wishes to fulfill,
What I may in draft and plan.

Be happy and advance,
To the future of the ways;
Life is fulfillments enhance,
Never the same to amaze.
Standing here I'll be brave,
For every moment's try;
For man's self is concave,
Reaching goal with birds eye.

Peter S. Quinn

Be Here To Love Me - Just A Little Song

Be here to love me
And give me my turn
I only want to be free
To love and to yearn
Out there being lonely
Somewhere to go on
Wishes for dreams only
Until the days are gone

Be here to give `em too
Dreams that never come
Inside here to renew
Where feelings are from
Roots of their daytrip's
Of an on going reasons
To get with today's grip
In each kind of seasons

Be not for too long
To understand wishes
There'll be a new song
Ruins of rustic kisses
No time to be too slow
Whiles are almost done
Setting the moods on low
To carry the darkness on

To carry the darkness on...

Peter S. Quinn

Be Like Forever

We must stand together
In reasons to love
Be like forever
Like the clouds above
Don't break a heart
If it's for you
Give it its start
Fresh try out and true

You can not leave
Distances dying
Or give much grieve
When your are flying
Through the clear air
A sun shining day
Here there and everywhere
Drifting to the faraway

We must go on always
Giving our own
Open up to our forays
Colorful to monotone
Riding the waves
Through to new expose
Longings that craves
As the distance grows

Refrain
We must stand together
In reasons to love
Be like forever
Like the clouds above
Go through the altitude
Beyond the sky
Everything's infinitude
If deepness you'll try

Be like forever – yeah baby don't cry!

Be Like Morning - Sonnet

Love should be like morning in tenderness flow
If you say in honesty you love me
Like daybreak to the rising in its goal go
That flickers on in its fire in sparks free
Love should be good friend and to get along
With every helping feeling saying it's true
Timeless conquered singing in its song
That puffs up like a smoke onto the far blue

You are what the night gives in your love
Drifting all passion that keeps coming on
Life is but a rain cloud or sunshine above
That with its time is trying before it's gone
Love me tender in your hearts crowded on space
We are both feelings and touches of its ways

Peter S. Quinn

Be My Friend

Be my friend
And let me live forever
Everything to comprehend
And losing it for never
Love is at no end
If you give me this dream
With so much of ours to mend
In our own worthy esteem

Be my little love
Bring it all the best for this
Like eternal sun above
In its waking morning bliss
Bring me some peace of mind
Let me have my need
Leave those other thoughts behind
Just between love lines read

Be my only everything
In those hours that are coming
Let us both again sing
While breeze keeps on strumming
All I ask of you is love
Feelings that are clearly so
With this much to give of
Before its time again to go

Peter S. Quinn

Be Of Love And Eyes

Be of love and eyes
Like the morning new
That into daybreak flies
Becomes something to you
Perhaps only careful
Its love is everything
From hours of the dull
Till they to you'll sing

A trifle less is this
When beyond is very afar
Like somewhere in dim bliss
Or lost with distant star
Be close and remember
Not everything is frequent
Love dices you like amber
And gives less as sequent

Anguish is with most
Forever in its starting
Problems entirely compost
In many views comparting
Sizelessly understanding
Opened to every why
Some even commanding
After each failed on try

*E.E. Cummings wrote about, "sizelessly sunlight" – as many others have undoubtedly done...; so why not write about "sizelessly understanding" ...; -)

Peter S. Quinn

Be The Anchorman (From, 'rockstar')

I want it so and so - more of this
There is so much to like
What ever comes - what ever is
From nowhere it seems to strike
Rain may fall and keep you wet
Or a wintry storm be outside
You may know little - or the alphabet
Play the piano and do the stride

But whatever it is never mind
All's for nothing if you have no plan
Don't be losing or left behind
Come to your senses - be the anchorman!
Fill up all this empty space
Become something - very important
There are so many different ways
Never be afraid for an improvement

I want it so and so - to be assure
Secure my stature for the time to come
Be more professional - not an amateur
Having the vibe to show your stardom
Sunshine may shine and rain may fall
Earth may be turning - tumbling and turning
I have my destiny - I have a call
Every inch of my body is burning

But whatever it is never mind
All's for nothing if you have no plan
Don't be losing or left behind
Come to your senses - be the anchorman!

Peter S. Quinn

Be The Anchorman (From, Poet On Www)

I want it so and so - more of this,
There is so much to like;
What ever comes - what ever is,
From nowhere it seems to strike.
Rain may fall and keep you wet,
Or a wintry storm be outside;
You may know little - or the alphabet,
Play the piano or do the stride.

But whatever it is - never mind,
All's for nothing if you have no plan;
Don't be losing or left behind,
Come to your senses be the anchorman.
Fill up all this empty space,
Become something - very important;
There are so many different ways,
Never be afraid for an improvement.

I want it so and so - to be assure,
Secure my stature for the time to come;
Be more professional not an amateur,
Having the vibes to show my stardom.
Sunshine may shine and rain may fall,
Earth may be forevermore turning;
I have my destiny I have a call,
Every inch of my body is burning.

But whatever it is - never mind,
All's for nothing if you have no plan;
Don't be losing or left behind,
Come to your senses be the anchorman.

Peter S. Quinn

Be What You Are

Whoever cinders of an 'acanthi' heart
To fill swelling ingathering of space
Must from its own erasing even start
Distinguishes between absence own ways
In the woven buried endures image
By oblivion entombed permanent while
Where the avail of passed on is scrimmage
Not its thoughtlessness haughty self praised style

A struggle without endurance is of doubt
There's nothing to keep the houseflies away
Anarchical ship sails just through meekness
Dash during dark space is what it's about
Keep not the dissensions to see clear day
Be what you are though - it's becoming less

Peter S. Quinn

Beam To Me A Spot

Beam to me a spot - so long time ago
With painted stories that aren't often told
That only pallet of colors still know
Though later through the moments shall get old
Somewhere in the sky of written words
Where stories come in shapeless black-drowned
And my thoughts are like the off gone flying birds
I have now in my empathy out gowned

Yellowing spread of memories leaves
The abysmally ripples of your saying
Those now sound to my essence fixed and strange
Yours many thoughts - like finger spreads cleaves
That in my heart of yesterday was playing
Like drops to the aquatic - dry will change

Peter S. Quinn

Beat To Everywhere

Listen to my heart
In its beating today
Tick tack a start
In a pounding's way

Life came along
In its life and glow
A beautiful song
Love's still to know

Everything is turning
Into goings afar
Life its flick burning
Love of peace and war

Across the open sea
Blow blow time here
My heart inside of me
Is a beat to everywhere
Nothing is for new
Moments in their turn
Love is up to you
And what it must learn

Nothing's forever
Some are times to go
But we are here together
In its fire glow

Low on till its high
Fields of time come
Together till we die
Only moment's blossom

Across the open sea
Blow blow time here
My heart inside of me
Is a beat to everywhere
Nothing is for new

Moments in their turn
Love is up to you
And what it must learn

Listen to your heart
In its beating today
Listen to your heart
In its beating today
Listen to your heart
In its beating today

It's a beat to everywhere
It's a beat to everywhere
It's a beat to everywhere

Love is up to you
And what it must learn

Peter S. Quinn

Beats Of Hope

Now let me come
To your heart
With dreams
I have in my day
All future is there
From its start
Love that is inside
Each new play
And give
Of their many treasures
Something to declare
And to call
For each intellect
And its pleasures
Every summer and winter
For all

Yes let me be
The beat of the new
Steadfastly on
In each new going
Be something
Of a moment for you
Like summer memories
Still glowing
All is a dream
From the days of old
That once were here
For spring
Now are memories
In winter's cold
But still
With my beating heart sing

Now let me with you
To futures go
Finding again
Life's blossoming way
Be not memory

But a growing glow
That meets new sunshine
In its ray
For life is growth
And building more
From days of gone
And giving a found
Each day and hour
To a hope's shore
From the beats of life
That go around

Peter S. Quinn

Beautiful Autumn

Beautiful autumn
Before night's winter fall
Slowly with its strum
In frosty nights call

The dreams of darkish play
From evenings in the night
Each winter's icily play
In lost longing's flight

Beautiful yellow red
Leaves of the falling decay
Each peeling blossom bed
That gives the night its day

Their garden going to brown
When life is in its sleep
Like evening in winters gown
In tinctures not to keep

Beautiful dreams going
Flowing the last of autumn
With all its golden glowing
And drowning of river's hum

The dreams of the cloudy sky
In days of the fallen leaves
Questions to ask for why
The world is of smile and greaves

Peter S. Quinn

Beautiful Child

Beautiful beautiful child
Give me a wonderful Christmas day
What can I ask for more
In my daily tasks and pray
May your star shine bright on us all
And we've those wonderful snowy flakes
What can we ask for more
On a wonderful Christmas day

There are candles to be lighten
And presents to have and give
May your holidays be up brighten
And the spirit of Christmas live
And those that are lonely still
May they take part and deploy
In their hearts to be fulfill
With the promises of Christ's joy

Lets be merry and deck the halls
And give true love what it takes
What can we all ask for more
On a wonderful Christmas day
Beautiful beautiful child
Give me a wonderful Christmas day
What can I ask for more
In my daily tasks and pray

Peter S. Quinn

Beautiful Daydream (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Beautiful daydream
Everything is flowing
Like the river stream
Every mood is going
Lights in the faraway
Dark in the horizon
Love songs in sky play
Carrying my heart on

Wistful hour thinking
Early in the morning
Like new dewdrops blinking
Full of early yearning
Peaceful with the sunlight
In the darkish leaving
A new day taking flight
Full in instance briefing

Running here now through
Daydreams once shining
Both for me and for you
In their silver lining

Our yesterdays are old
Like sparkling autumn song
Those leaves paling hold
That you sometimes long
Love is a beautiful daydream
Giving and touching much
Like the early hours beam
Everything wishful to touch

Running here now through
Daydreams once shining
Both for me and for you
In their silver lining

Peter S. Quinn

Beautiful Dreamer

Beautiful dreamer
Bring in your mind game
Yesterday's news demur
Had its burning red flame
Love is a love to begun
Reaching its true destiny
Feeling like walk on the run
Giving true wanderings free

Love song of each hope
Taking and falling apart
Going up like cloud strophe
Into the beat and the heart
Where love is wandering away
To all the trials here alone
Morning comes after this day
Reaching a new different tone

Beautiful women and men
Knowing their true song style
Feeling their wings again
Those've been flightless awhile
New is its heart in the breeze
Glowing in fulsome shadows
Within everyone's peace
As every tide comes and goes

Peter S. Quinn

Beautiful Evening Comes (From, Poet On Www)

Beautiful evening comes,
In sweet rendezvous melody;
Like the silvery amalgams,
With it's wings so playfully.
Daybreak in orange grove,
In the blue blossomy;
That comes for a night glow,
And late hours so bonny.

Where can a brownie be,
That loves a glitter bloom;
And flies a round a tree,
Like summer's little groom.
Heart as gold at daybreak,
When the fairies all fly in;
Newborn in morning wake,
With their little fluffy spin.

Then starts the new singing,
For what was quiet and still;
The fiery light is clinging,
Over the sleepy drown hill.
Come closer you new day,
With breeze there roundabout;
Amid rose bay in the way,
Taking away the nights doubt.

Peter S. Quinn

Beautiful Freedom (From, Spring Come Come)

Beautiful freedom come and gives a go
In with life's prospect from flowering do
Feeling of satin soft in here with you
Giving jade foliage and melting the snow
Magnificent daydream along spring's row
Embracing rain falling reviving the new
The skies of night now in with dawn's of blue
Rose colors blossoms are coming here now

Around every branch the greenery grows
Summer beginning to show many lays
Light of the air and the colors of sea
Feelings of love that moment only knows
That comes to these hours with budding grace
To give of its beauty to you and me

Peter S. Quinn

Beautiful Good Night

Beautiful good night
Your hour is into sleeping
Lost in a dreamy flight
Each my wonder keeping

Hours of the good night
Lost in wishes wings
Until the morning light
Again with birds sings

Everything is so easy
In those forgotten places
Outside the wind 's breezy
In winter icicle laces

Peter S. Quinn

Beautiful Hours

Beautiful hours
One by one they glow
Like winter flowers
In a new morning snow
Days onto night
Just like lives go on
Glow lost in flight
And then it's all gone

Day and its night
All for its clear beauty
Dark hour light
Flickering on so free
Light dreams for a heart
On its night play
Thoughts that depart
On a rising day

Beautiful deep
Stars that shine on
Dreams to keep
When these hours are gone
All that is done
Departing to memories
Flowing, going on and on
The winter breeze

Peter S. Quinn

Beautiful Is True Love

Beautiful is true love
With all its inside flame
Dream drifts like clouds above
Never returning the same
All is true of inside this
Day and night in its glowing
Heart of a beat and its bliss
To affection of love going

Moments in reality like still
Sunset days to new directions
You and I forever to fulfill
True worship and its affections
Our life in its consciousness
Like light and dark in rising
Times of giving new caress
In all its mode and surprising

Peter S. Quinn

Beautiful Love (From, Myspace)

Beautiful love
Never let it go away
If it is much of
Reality that you say
Then give it to me
Every word that's true
So the rest shall be
Something through

Every hour is waiting
For truth to come in
With its debating
For yours to win
Sometimes it's a mystery
What one has to do
To chance ways of history
And find courses for new

Though truth is of truth
There are many turning ways
In eternally living youth
That comes each time and plays
Beautiful summer
Is now outside here
Make it not a latecomer
For summer of love everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

Beautiful Night

Beautiful night
Come here and be
With your faraway light
My eyes can see
On distances road
Where destiny is
And life with its load
And heart full of bliss

Misty full dark
In wonderments glow
Show me your spark
Before I go
On to the deep
Of dreams that are near
And gates keep
Still what's not here

Oh beautiful way
To the starry high
Tomorrow comes new day
And your dreams will die
Put let me still ponder
As the times go by
Yes let me still wonder
About timeless starry sky

Peter S. Quinn

Beautiful Softness

Love is in the air
Though summertime's long gone
Softness here and there
Keeps my heart moving on
Life is like a coffee cup
Drink and taste its bitter
Losing what is down or up
But I have never been a quitter

Mornings I think about you
And how we used to be
As the day moves on through
In its ways and aberrancy
Love was once the two of us
And its happiness around
Now it's gone in a double-cross
Somewhere else now found

Refrain□

Afternoons are closing by
Moments of bright and dark
Red horizon in the sky
Daydreams in vividness spark
You and I had it all
So much of right and wrong
Now time moves like a cannonball
Turning aside its sing-along

Love is in the dark
Nothing is clear aside
We to other actions embark
As we our loneliness hide
Life is like a coffee cup
Drink and taste its bitter
Mornings of future sunup
Finding its brightness glitter

Refrain

Afternoons are closing by

Moments of bright and dark...

Peter S. Quinn

Beautiful Stranger

Beautiful stranger
Be everything of love
Dreams far that lie
In the clouds here above
Wishful and laughing
Never to befall
Inspirations talking
With its freedom all

Take it easy with me
Let me come and stay
Love is for a freedom
In its every way
Something from the passing
Into its new dream
Love that falters never
In its time and stream

Beautiful and on going
That shall come all here
No time for dying
In its heart to share
Love in every arrow
High to cross the sun
Giving from its motion
Never away to run

You and I so real
Finding our own way
That is more and more
Every coming new day
Moving much too fast
Love that's here living
Our touches to take
With what time is giving

Peter S. Quinn

Beauty Is Everywhere

Beauty is everywhere
From distances to near
As sun rises to the air
Motorcars the wheels steer

Somewhere some else is found
Of beauties one day look
And as day to night goes round
A photo perhaps its instant took

Beauty is here and there
On roads to fates ahead
And if you take of it care
It never becomes quite dead

It'll live on in memories past
Give of its moments again
From earth - its pearly dust
Shall never be lost in vain

Beauty of you and me
Like a love in its flowing song
Forever to become free
And inside for evermore to long

Like stars that are shining bright
Bringing their flickering flame
Through day and through night
And never to carry the same

Peter S. Quinn

Beauty Of This World

Beauty of this world is not forever
It comes like spring - fullest of its days
Playful feeling like wind that never stays
A breeze in treetops inspiring clever
Each foliage way or precious stones from
Blossoms of seasons in tinctures free
The harp of summer that beauties shall strum
Come to gatherer a bouquet - a tree

Like a light of gold in the fulsome air
With plenty of substances for daybreak
The astounding forms of mysterious found
Feelings with touch in closeness quite near
For tempers of the spirit to uptake
When each to each is closely tied and bound

Peter S. Quinn

Because (From, Lost Song Poams)

Because the stars all move,
I'll love you for eternity;
Because I need to reprove,
What love means just for me.
The night is young for both,
With feeling that touch and fly;
With love I've taken my oath,
Never to say again goodbye.

Because the night is young,
In its ever eternal ocean;
Because of touch thereamong,
That erodes each emotion.
The night becomes of dawn,
That brightens the darkest sea;
Let bygone be of bygone,
And set your love again free.

Remember all the days gone,
With love like autumn shade;
We carry this all with us on,
For a feeling can never evade.
The night that comes to fall,
With withering torch of time;
For the night is night to all,
That's past its blooming prime.

Peter S. Quinn

Because I Love (From 'Meet The Moments')

I have found each new love because I love
And it's going on and on from my inside
Comes and goes like drifting clouds above
And someday in darkness it must hide
Bouquets of feelings because I love you
With every reason and probably not
Footsteps of passages to come and renew
Anything drifting from inside the lot

You and I always living on its fire
Finding its cold that adjusts every time
Like depth of the ocean always changing
My heart for you in its fullest desire
Though winter's glowing in icily cold rime
We with each tide are always rearranging

Peter S. Quinn

Because I Love You

Because I love you
In so many ways
And because I need you
Through the hours and days
All the sunshine there is
Through our deep emotions
With its many colorful bliss
And its life's erosions

Because of everything
That in my heart is to keep
Because of this I'll sing
Through the ways - so deep
Every day going through
With their moments to hold
And the beats that are true
When their secrets unfold

Because I love you
I shall always be clear
Like the sky above blue
And try to have you with me here
Nothing unties us apart
If we have something to go
Cause it's you and my heart
That those feelings know

Peter S. Quinn

Because I Love You

My heart of passion is like a flying wing
That goes from loving and not to loving
Like the pearls on a sunshine glowing string
Each is of beat to beat of fervor showing

So much there in for a darkish profound
With promises of a new tomorrow
Both which is fresh and what comes around
In each their much gladness and its sorrow

Maybe my heart will make it one day alright
And find the love that is still there missing
In the rays of all the footsteps going through

I shall search for its heartbeat in the light
Those future days of bright fires are kissing
Try to find its passion - because I love you

Peter S. Quinn

Because I Love You, Sonnet

Because I love you I love you more still
In the falling footsteps that go to future
From all those waiting that our dreams fulfill
Till end of time and each unlike suture

This love is here because we always love
Like cloudlets drift in their never ending
With the blue sky and sunshine far above
In all its way and futures blending

Maybe this moment will make more freshly dreams
In love of days like circularity balls
With every beat that touches there on

For love in love in dreams sometimes seems
In rising high with all its giving calls
Until those beats in our hearts are again gone

Peter S. Quinn

Because You Are (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Because you are to me everything
I am here still to give
Because you to my heart still sing
I'll reach my goal and live
Every promise shall become someday
Full of sunshine in the sky
Clear the mists of yesteryears away
Reaching wonders that are high

Give me something for a moment's while
Love that is near and much like this
Filling my thoughts with its versatile
A smiling face and the truest kiss

Because you are to me everything
Like moon and the stars where they play
The pearls on heaven's nightly string
That twinkles in sights so faraway
Every promise shall become someday
Full of sunshine in the sky
Clear the mists of yesteryears away
Reaching wonders wherever they lie

Peter S. Quinn

Become The Air (From, Poet On Www)

Fly, fly, to sky become the air!
For a day is darkening out.
You cannot hide a love that's fair,
That is what it's all about:
To enjoy and talk it out!

The moments are often too dull,
With silence to go between.
The breath of loneliness is full,
For in darkness some have been
Going the minutes between.

Come here to play and find the truth,
Of speaking and of weighing.
It is as much the inside youth,
As like the words you are saying,
Each time words you are weighing.

Peter S. Quinn

Before It's All Lost

Soft is my heart like the wind blows
Reach a feeling of touch and more
Everything comes as it all too goes
Reaching days for what it is for

Life is a going and a turning ways
Giving its spin a gaze awhile
So many hours in moments and days
Each the embroidery of its own style

Love songs to feel light years away
Goals to teach and make into new
Something for love that awakes the day
Giving the clouds or making sky blue

Promises living and touching us all
Something in the making or broken to dust
Seasons coming to us making their call
Everything that turns before it's lost
Everything that turns before it's all lost

Promises living and touching us all
Something in the making or broken to dust
Seasons coming to us making their call
Everything that turns before it's lost
Everything that turns before it's all lost

Love songs to feel light years away
Goals to teach and make into new
Something for love that awakes the day
Giving the clouds or making sky blue

Time is taking footsteps
To forgotten rows
Feelings from our heart
With times to time goes
Everything is filled
With dreams of forgotten places
That once in the times filled

Us with their graces

***Made for this picture:

Peter S. Quinn

Before Love Was Our

Before love was our to go on and live by
With a new morning wavered through the streets
Nothing mattered in its coming of treats
Because our day was young in the new sky
The rooms of houses full of coloring shade□
With the tunnels of dreams that we once found
Each hour to our love infinity made
With pleasures and questions coming around

Darkness from gardens still empty of sorrow
For nothing had been abandoned or decayed
We had our futures fresh in tomorrow
Everything in first steps further on made
Love that belongs to plentiful of spring
Holding together beauty in pearly string

Peter S. Quinn

Before Morning Rises, Or ...

These thoughts out of its stillborn time and sails
Of freshness flowing to shake on my soul
The vigor of its blood in living nails
That cannot still remain in wrenching role
Like the smoking wick at a keenly sight
Of something that turned in sleep astray
With thoughts or longings from deep under night
Before morning rises in flicker play

Whatever stands to arrive here or die?
With the runs on, from the voyage of a dream
Every glory step and turning high
Where shadows in dancing too glary seem
The mounted of time and its eternity
That comes to the stands to give and be

Peter S. Quinn

Before The Moon Comes Up

Before the moon comes up
On to the endless sea
And the day pounding will stop
To become in dreams free
When every blue is a blue
On to the deep of time
And going with darkness thru
To reach out to dim's prime

Before the moon comes up
In mystical ways of dark
Reaching its way to the top
Where stars belong and spark
In its endless time and space
That no one really knows
Where the night is like the days
That turns time and goes

Before the moon comes up
And night is once more awake
In the dreams beyond worship
That fantasies alone ache
Where day is nowhere found
In those shimmering threads
Of faraway Milky Way battleground
With night sky as its wingspreads

Peter S. Quinn

Before The Night

Before the night
When dreams come through
Love's at sight
Just me and you
And everything that's turning
Echoes in the far
Touches of its yearning
To a bright star

Before the night
In cold of day
And the winter light
With flickering some play
All that is within
Darlings of the glowing
Taking a new spin
Before it's all going

Before the night
When light's aflame
And your heart's alright
But never the same
For soon there is dark
In dancing shadows
Fire of burn and spark
And all its fairytale glows

Peter S. Quinn

Before We Forget

I want to show you this
What love is

In days and dreams of night
When love is look to look
Thru windows brightness flight
As evening the hours took
In ash impeccable fire
That carries me to you
When everything is in its desire
Sweet tender while and blue
In everything of aromas
And torches to morning bright
Each hour the look actualizes
Till there is dim twinkling night
In touches of crystal moon
And wings in the morning soon

Well now
There is little by little
And contacts of loving free
Their fragrance is so brittle
And so are the fires to be

That suddenly
Bursts like a sunrise
In promises not-forget-thee

The wind is on window morning
For the day is not yet spring
Each love is a sweetness yearning
As hours to evening sing
And playfully love roots to shore
Where the heart has its play
Bouquets set out for still more
Aroma remember its amour way
Let nothing be in its own still
If the roots are set off like wings
For desiring minutes to fulfill

When love remembers and sings

But

Each day

Is still an hour

Of fulfillment and destiny to feel

The moments of days are a flower

Where nothing of love is real

Each touch extinguished misplaced

In instantaneous implacable peak

And moments to seek backspaced

When heart is with beat so weak

Roots that were set out to live

Now are for modest remembered

For nothing in love they would give

And only for moment adventured

Peter S. Quinn

Beginning Of New Spring

Beginning of new spring
Is a chant sweet of everything
Of the green in glowing gold
When earth summers unfold
Every stream river's play
In a fresh waves that won't stay
When tomorrow shall bring
Fresh scent of early spring

Every hour of love
With the cloudlets far above
When the haze is sifting high
Thru the morning of dawn's sky
Ready to the day's awake
From the cold and yearning's ache
As its mood grows in a trance
Full with breezes and fragrance

March closure to new April
When green becomes the hill
Every hour of longings true
Pleasures moments going thru
As the day in night glows
And the blossoms all grows
Filling pleasures moments high
On the earth and blue sky

Peter S. Quinn

Beginning Time (From,134 Picture Poems)

beginning time
things and moment
to share

today is life
new in dawn

strong open
and trouble free

Peter S. Quinn

Behind Is Everywhere (From, Spring Come Come)

Day and night is flowing
Inside here with me
Through the times locked going
Behind is everywhere
There is what I needed
Making it to the shadows
Everything - you read it
Before, from your eye goes

Lost there on the highway
With so many songbirds
Passing on life wandering ways
On to some old roads dirt
You have given everything
With the singings that's behind
Nothing more through air to bring
What of is left in absent mind

Yesterdays were always
Full of its city starlight falls
Frilling up dirty ashtrays
Against some figured walls
Road is left for nothing
Circling around this freeway
Time to ages is bluffing
To the traveling homeward lay

Peter S. Quinn

Behind Open Dusk

Behind open dusk
The truth dwindles

Towards the life
Of gentle years

Like today
Fading sky
Bleaches steps
slowly

Peter S. Quinn

Behind The Streets Of Time (From, Poet On Www)

Behind the streets of time,
Hours never stop flowing;
The growing trees in climb,
Their age are now showing.
Hiding faces there falling on,
Creating erasion of a vision;
Before too long day's gone,
Into the twilight's precision.

Erasing the light creations,
In clouds that are drifting by;
Black electrifies abductions,
In the evening dimish sky.
Till morn hangs over roofs,
Downpour of glowing black;
Star spots and many spoofs,
Returning the sunshine back.

Behind the slowly minutes,
Never the same hour face;
Dawn together aggregates,
In the coloring aerospace
What has a man then seen?
In a nocturnal dreaming past;
Where have the thoughts been,
While the body lay bedfast.

Peter S. Quinn

Behind This Street

Behind this street of somewhere to go
Is another backyard for you waiting
To another heart and a beat to slow
Through the times of stories debating

With its love in sleep and waking between
Through steps to another street somewhere
Where all the little boys and girls may be seen
Joyfully playing games from here to there

Each story with explanations to an end
From the corners where another street will start
And people meeting each other to befriend
From angles of their own trustworthy heart

Where another page shall be written more on
With the notebooks from street memories gone

Peter S. Quinn

Behold The Very Fine - Of Love

Behold the very fine
That comes to give its made
A read between a line
Of every love's grade

A day of night and dreams
Those give an affluent way
The touching inside streams
That with a heart might play

So much is returned here
And given with feeling's fire
It seems so in mind near
Of every its desire

The written words you give
And ask for even more
For if we them can live
We have something in store

Of love that's not unreal
But something that emerges true
That is of the means we feel
To be there and always new

We must so give and take
That we do it truly believe
And inside the imagining awake
That we might there conceive

Peter S. Quinn

Belgacom Up Up Towers

Belgacom up up towers
Thru the open sky
Mirror glass empowers
To reach tomorrow's high
Every hour in waking
Thru the life below
Telecommunications making
In their goals go

Yesteryears were different
Within other ways
Now it's steel glass bent
With the sunshine days
Clear up on and going
Gathering futures reverse
In all its glassy glowing
Thru its day and year

Dreams of fresh prospect
Giving more of hope
With innovative intellect
And holding to strong rope
Inside their days of living
More to offer to new
Together to future giving
Making dreams come true

Peter S. Quinn

Believe In Love

Believe in love
There is nothing else
Like sunshine above
It has its spells

Like a glow in a play
From morning bright
It's a heart's way
Through dark and night

Believe its touch
It's like a melody
Simple and not much
But for eternity

Like bouquet beautiful
Its colors and shade
Never of moment's dull
If it's truly made

Peter S. Quinn

Believe In The Days Ahead (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Believe in the days ahead
Filling the moments gone
The argues of everything's dead
Feelings locked down and done
Keep every new day to sing
Filling hearts with better outlook
Settling down to something
What the winter away took

Let's climb up a higher hill
Finding the cloths of the green
Moments of futures to fulfill
And everything there between
Summersets are yet to come
Numberless hours to find and fill
Where everything blossoming is from
Making each morning a thrill

Give every new step's walk
Into the unknown spring thrust
There are lots and lots of talk
How to behave and adjust
Let's not get into little details
Just let it all happening again
There are finding at each trails
Clearing the lost ounces regimen

Take another step to tomorrow
Bring each ones loneliness down
Nowhere around is now sorrow
Only the happiness in town
Move above ribbons of rain
Feel the new closeness to spring
Take away the dark numb pain
Talk to the morning and sing

Each day is coming in its glory

Finding the beauty that's coming
Much is in earth's seedlings story
Raising the saplings and summing
What once was here is all undone
Nowhere around its coldness strands
Now is the time of golden twine sun
Joining together people in hands

Let's not now think of an empty room
With darkness bed of snow
With every bottomless winter's gloom
Coming in cold and dim glow
Every dark night in bluish moon
With some of its deep mystery
Are moment's months ahead of June
Love songs to come so passionately

Prurience plays go sometimes rough
Deep from the heart where it's taught
Ways of some are in its own bluff
Making no guarantee of what it ought
Something of new could again teach
Filling new thoughts of sure what's true
Harder to master even to reach
All is in the distances of me and you

Believe when I say you must now sing
Start just over to want so much
Everything to offer is in its new traveling
Reach in darkness that's now out of touch
You have the strings to match wholly
Letting old stories from you leave
You can let it come or pass solely
End of days stories into its weave

Everything is coming into rose's bed
Feelings of sorrow has now all left
Just days tomorrow and days ahead
Bring into the past all darkness bereft
Feelings so easy of something now new
Filling the dust of time and the old
Instead of newly tunes going through

As days into clean fragrances unfold

Peter S. Quinn

Believe In Your Destiny

Believe in your destiny
It's full of everything you love
Dreams that might become free
Full magical moods there of
It's a way of your own day
Making it clear and bright
As every temperament play
From your onward own flight

Those yesterdays weren't that clear
But now there is all tomorrow
With your own oars to steer
Flows of the waves that borrow
In green fields of happiness
And everything in it to be true□
With your own destiny caress
On to the heaven of the blue

Believe in all that's beautiful
Sky of the far and the deep
Never let those colors be dull
They are yours forever to keep
It's a way of your own day
That you can reach to and try
There need not be any of gray
To reach your own goal and fly

Peter S. Quinn

Bella Air

Bella Air,
Bella Air,
With your beautiful hair,
Of golden color so fine
And of stars and sunshine.

Bella Air,
Bella Air,
Through the days and the year
You are everywhere,
With those eyes that shine
You are mine.

You are mine.

Like the waves on the seas,
And the wind in the trees,
You are mine.

I have waited so long,
Just to sing you this song:
Bella Air.

And then when the night
Turns out the light,
And you are out of
Reach and sight,
I still think of you always
My beautiful Bella Air.

(This song is available from SibeliusMusic)

Peter S. Quinn

Bend And Break (From, The River Sings On)

You are in the light,
When in the morn you wake;
Lost your dream's flight,
In the new daybreak.
Don't you suffocate,
When you meet reality;
Simple means and complicate,
From the mere absurdity.

You are on the go,
With the morning bright;
Going to and fro,
Till you make things right.
Meetings on the other side,
Will have to wait again;
You need to set astride,
What reality might enchain.

This old world has its look,
Waiting for a new life;
You might bend its hook,
If you work and strife.
Meet again the morning,
When you wake up fresh;
Longings from night yearning,
Will be faced with less.

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

Beside These Autumn Lanes – A Song

I want to be your friend
Beside these autumn lanes
Along the verses penned
And fare-well leaving cranes
Were yesterdays were born
In longitudes of smiles
And today is rigors torn
Lonesome dimming whites

I want to hold you near
And touch your feeling inside
The circles around the fear
That the wintry nights abide
I know this feeling too
When heart is upside down
And nothing comes new
Into my lonesome town

The heart of months to come
The distances of the heat
Where the colors are all from
And my moods your roots meet
Come here and be a friend
In diffusing skies afar
Hillsides of emotions transcend
Sometimes to catch a star

I want to hold you near
And touch you feeling inside
The circles around the fear
That the wintry nights abide
Come here to my melody
Sing memories that are gone
Be a friend here with me
Carry this song on and on

Carry this song...

Best Of Luck One More Time

So here so much for nothing
Everything comes out lose bluffing
Giving the best of luck one more time

Any day is now on the lose
Through empty borrows and truce
Feelings get slain in their prime

This is just a song in making sorrow
Fill the void with its heart
Sometimes there is no one tomorrow
Only a fresh new start

This is the end of the game
Everything you said in its name
Going to flow through the drain

Somewhere to give and to take
Aspires of the mind in their wake
Flowing through sorrow and pain

This is just a song in making sorrow
Fill the void with its heart
Sometimes there is no one tomorrow
Only a fresh new start

You and I lost on our way
Nothing comes clear through this day
This is the world as we both climb

So here so much for nothing
Everything comes out lose bluffing
Giving the best of luck one more time

*(This is a lyric to a country song...)

Peter S. Quinn

Between (A Lyric)

Between the sea and the sky
I'll stand on my own
Like leaves that fall from high
When summer of dreams is down
The autumn came yesterday
With flowers that were lost
Now winter is here in gray
And footsteps of green tossed

Between the sea and the sky
The river is always calling
Through times and between goodbye
That inside the heart is falling
Like a day going to night
With the hours of its dream
Lost in a lonely flight
Where love sometimes nowhere seem

Between two hearts of ours
There are spaces of many more
Among the deep seed flowers
Those grow up to be petal star
Man is made of love to give
And struggles with this in living
There's nothing to die but live
In a hope for its dream to give

Peter S. Quinn

Between My Heart And Yours

Between my heart and yours is everything
A tensing drumming beat and life's flower
The feelings of the strings we both could sing
Like dropp of time's eternity each hour
The withering and what becomes of dirt
In thousand intellectual transpired tears
Our own love in its burning and each flirt
The waves of tense devoured through the years

The light that broke free to reach the sky
To give us our inner most and truest fire
Like every cloud's dressed in drifting high
And fills our wondering with life's desire
The feelings of my heart that came within
And made you want to know - and me to win

Peter S. Quinn

Between Oceans (From,134 Picture Poems)

between oceans
the year and sky

time and days
are crossing

only to die

Peter S. Quinn

Between The Footsteps

Between the footsteps
Is easy going about
And everything that keeps
In between doubt

The road might be long
Or leading to nowhere
With steps deep and strong
Those were made there

On streets of many
Much is going on
Worth a dime or a penny
Or anything under the sun

The world is a big place
If you are quite small
And turning to many ways
But that is not all

For everything shall unbolt
In one way or two
Or go about and revolt
But that is all up to you

We are here together
In making this a home base
Or something even better
That we'd call our own place

Peter S. Quinn

Between The Going Hours

Between the going hours
Of everything we are
What gets across empowers
The near and the very afar

Light that flows to dim
To enter the new morning
That looks like dreamy whim
In closeness and forewarning

As the moment goes turning
On shadows of many grays
Beneath the stretching churning
That into the beginning plays

When sun rise its arches flowers

Peter S. Quinn

Between The Injustice

Between the injustice
We shall overcome -
Someone on the street cries
Do you know where she's from?
Flowers of the hunger
Blossoms from the light
Children of world's monger
Their bodies at gravesite

What about love
That's before any dreams
Passions and much affections of
That nowhere now seems
Only echoes from the bomber
That started the crying game
Fire and ashes embalmer
War monster without a name

Do you know where a boy's from?
That died much too young
His body now in earth's bosom
With a heart that stopped to long
'For-Get-Me-Not - my leaves
These open wounds of sorrow
With old days full of grieves
And no footsteps for tomorrow'

(from, The Complete Collected Poems of Strains)

Peter S. Quinn

Beyond

Past the blue yonder
All my dreams go
Driven thru asunder
To the horizon glow

Where white is lifting
Times of cell space
Like clouds drifting
In its many embrace

On to sky beyond
Where no one has gone
In its timeless bond
Eternal carries on

Life is so much more
Than of this reality
Coast at different shore
To the deepest sea

On to heaven's gate
Unknown to our mind
Thru the steps correlate
That we come to find

Oceans vast in deep
In their darkness still
Like dreams from sleep
Destinies to fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

Beyond Curves (From,134 Picture Poems)

beyond curves
of sun and moon

maybe nothing

or tingling heaven
fire lights

true harmony

Peter S. Quinn

Beyond The Deep

Beyond the deep
In the ever growing sea
Where dreams do keep
Their growing treasury
The blossoms of shade
Forever to come and be
The mermaids did made
For each opportunity

Beyond the sky
In its cloudlets drifting
With the stars on high
That my thoughts are lifting
Onto the deeply blue
Of everything that 's to be
As the dawn will renew
Its everlasting weaving sea

Beyond my heart
With its beating way
Where my love first start
And its strings all play
The glow of times billows□
Against the afar unknown
Through time weeping willows
From seeds inside grown

Peter S. Quinn

Beyond The Stars (From, Spring Come Come)

Beyond the stars
Where love of love lies
And wounded scars
Are errors of tries
And a day is showing
The time and stills
With every going
That gives and fulfills

The night that comes
To bring you dark
With its ruffle blooms
In gloomy spark
Where there's elapse
And glowing lost
Tangles inside traps
With numb and dossed

A silence in its still
Wandering far sight
Over the beyond hill
With no wrong or right
Only dark garden roses
Bouquet of your time
And each reality closes
In its day of prime

Peter S. Quinn

Beyond The Whispering Easterly

Beyond the whispering easterly
Of furious winter sky
The owls are raving to me
Without reasoning why

Moods that shiver the spine
And hedges high in snow
With red ragged sky line
In for an evening glow

Having encountered the scene
Of shadows moon rising
And the hours in between
In the blue and white disguising

Ensign to snow melting
The chill ramparts of love
With shuddering the skin welting
From the north breeze above

Peter S. Quinn

Beyond...

Beyond the deep
In the ever growing sea
Where dreams do keep
Their growing treasury
The blossoms of shade
Forever to come and be
The mermaids did made
For each opportunity

Beyond the sky
In its cloudlets drifting
With the stars on high
That my thoughts are lifting
Onto the deeply blue
Of everything that 's to be
As the dawn will renew
Its everlasting weaving sea

Beyond my heart
With its beating way
Where my love first start
And its strings all play
The glow of times billows□
Against the afar unknown
Through time weeping willows
From seeds inside grown

Beyond the deep
In the ever growing sea
Where dreams do keep
Their growing treasury
Their blossoms of shade
Forever to come and be
The mermaids once made
For each opportunity

Beyond the sky
Thru the glittering clouds
Where mountains go by

And street going crowds
Ages of time spin
And the lovers that feel
The spinning thread within
Where the heart is real

Beyond the dark
In the falling rain
The cobblestones spark
On the roadways and lain
Dust to dust falling
Blossoms and shade
The echoes gone calling
That was of earth made

Peter S. Quinn

Bí Bí Og Blaka

Bí bí og blaka
björt er hér stund
hljómar heimsins taka
huga þinn og lund
veðrin blíðu vaka
vor fer á þinn fund

grösin nú grænkast
grundunum á
allt í veröld vænkast
vonandi þá
lífið hefur læknast
leiðindum frá

nyt ég lífsins nú
nægar gleði tíðir
hamingjan og hjú
huga sérhvern þryðir
dásemdin er drjúg
djúp í huga stríðir:

á ég slíkt inni
elsku jörðin blíða
einn af kynslóðinni
sem óþust vildi stríða
þjáning á mold þinni
þögull lét ég líða

bí bí og blaka
bæn er á þann veg:
látum til oss taka
tökum á þú og ég
hættum þig að þjaka
þessi jörð er falleg

(The Crew)

Billowed Breeze

Billowed breeze
Toward ancient crops
And ways
You remember

Sun road
Roadside
Toward its atop

Down driving
Your thoughts

Peter S. Quinn

Bird Of Spring

Like butterfly she is
Whispering to the breeze
Early morning cheerful kiss
Shall try her wing and please
On to colors of the sky
Bird of the green spring
Fly on and fly on high
Let your heart to your mood sing

All days have been calling
To reach your goal days
As night and night are falling
You'll have your winged ways
For love is in your hair
And the eyes that ask for touch
To reach an affection and care
In Venus of love so much

Like butterfly a dream
In nature's own color symphony
In the rivers of fervor stream
Each stroke is forever and free
A day again turns to night
And fantasies of love begin
Bird of spring in her flight
Touches her passion within

Peter S. Quinn

Bird Of The Faraway Sea

The bird that arrived from the outlying sea
With a pounding heart and two fair blue eyes
In throbbing of new love through fresh airy free
From the distances of aroused morning skies
It came from overseas of the faraway
To live in the passions of summer's true dream
And to meet the wilderness in its clean play
Where everything is in vividness gleam

Dangers are offered on its feathers white□
From coming sideways of the hills aside
In dark glow of mountains like shadowy night
Where wings of life aspirations onward glide
Her dream is to give birth to the free and new
Little sea gulls of young to soar the sky blue

For this picture:

Peter S. Quinn

Bird On The Road

It's my bird on the road
In the hot clement tempered sun
Feeling lonely and tired inside
Every dream that comes free gives a flight
Like a dreamer on the road
Feeling wandering ways in wings
Distant giving that goes there by
Every feeling is its own
For the drifting times ahead

So much love is in his load
In every turn and in every fun
Like a leaf through skies will glide
Through the day of young and old night
Like a dreamer with his load
Through the time endlessly sings
Darling winged bird of blue sky
In your tender aching tone
And your wings of love ahead

It's my bird on the road
Flying high in the sky till its midnight...

Peter S. Quinn

Birds (A Song)

A bird is a bird for another
With everything in its own day
Like a summer song coming together
In every tone and joyful play
A flight through the woods of singing
With wind that would pass in air
And love songs to lovers bringing
Those are hearing the tones clear

And when the night's coming in
With its dense and darkish flow
You'll hear every song from within
Until to your dreams you'll go
Between every journey returning
Where love is in suspending flight
And your heart is in there yearning
For what shall become to new light

Like perfumes in garden transmitted
With wings that are breaking the sky
And always to its occasions fitted
In every its flying and passing by
So many expectations of returning beauty
Whenever new daybreak comes near
With its mornings in songs of flutey
Through the forest and you shall hear

Peter S. Quinn

Birds Singing

Birds singing in the rain,
Love song it is
Tones of beauty but plain
Before winter's kiss
Autumn is now going
On to the darkish night
But memories are glowing
Still in its fainting light

Nothing's ever the same
Tides come and go
Old and newly flame
In its time's glow
Dreams made to song
Moods of dark and light
Always something to long
For the winter's night

Birds are singing now
Wishes for spring
Cold-heartedly ice brow
Winter shall soon bring
Nothing's ever unchanged
Tides come and go
New world rearranged
With its fresh blow

Peter S. Quinn

Black Angel

Black angels
In time and space,
Black angels
Shall find their ways.
There is this other you
Who lies inside and hide
You know of this too
Always in the night.
Black angels
Strong and wild,
Black angels
Never mild.
Sleeping in the days
When the sky is blue,
Then they show their face
When darkness comes through.
Black angels
Falling sin,
Black angels
All within.

Peter S. Quinn

Black Diamond Heart (From, 134 Picture Poems)

black diamond heart
o crying love

despair in
a bliss mirror

eclipse seas
of my heart beats
bemoaning or lost

Peter S. Quinn

Black Matter

The night is glowing
Through empty space
And our imagination's going
To its subsequent place
Nothing forever lasts
Only little lights we are
Bringing our life's casts
Blinking like point star

How easy it seems to be
To say some words of wisdom
And think it's the truth we see
When it's only our accustom
No truth will hold its water
Flowing continuing its flow
Expressions abstracts squatter
Rhyme to hold its glow

But don't judge these words
For they are something else
Flying and shifting dream birds
No one their future foretells
Wisdom isn't always wisdom
And the rules who made them
The mind and matter dualism
Grow not always the same stem

Peter S. Quinn

Black Sands

Take me to the turnpikes of the distance
I am there to become as one by one
Until the tracks of my footsteps are gone
And allows each opportunity its chance
Peaceful they appear - the lonely gist
The moods of all the forgotten roadways
Turning every instance of its ways
And coming thru the askance for its twist

The silences there will go down to dawdling
From arise of the peace in glimmer glows
That leads to the stand where the sea meets shore
The rise of the billows - to eyes is startling
And see how it comes while the breeze blows
Always from under the rippling sea floor

Peter S. Quinn

Black Waves

Black waves are coming
Into the turfs thereon
Sea shells and weds summing
Each in their ways to carry on
What is it that we don't know?
How come the time runs so fast?
Why is this to and fro flow?
Each in the hours and cast

Years are drifting apart
Just like the black waves are shifting
Where will the morn new start
When the is vapor in lifting
Dances of hours are going
Finding their ways full blown
What do we feel we're knowing?
When there are doubts to be shown

Black waves oh black waves
How the moments pass on
Distance shore ways one craves
Until the hours are gone
How come the time is so lonely?
With every reason to find
There is so much for it only
To go and be left far behind

Peter S. Quinn

Blackbird

Blackbird's sings a sweetest song,
Of love life's futures intend;
In his tune you can hear him long,
Though it's mere flute in blend.
He has so many joys alive,
But sometimes he's distressed;
I eagerly wait for him to arrive,
And with all his tunes I'm blest.

Oh blackbird sings so adorable,
Of everything that he has found;
There is no tone in his tune dull,
I'm happy in having him around.
They say the lark has a clarion call,
And the nightingale a lyre of gold;
But he has colors from them all,
That astonishes me manifold...

Peter S. Quinn

Blanching Blossoms Dreams

Times are coming and going
For the days and nights gone
Flowers of memories glowing
In the thoughts that live on

Blanching blossoms dreams flown
Endlessly to a cloudy sky
Breeze through the trees has blown
For these times to say goodbye

Colored ways to evening wasted
For the months to come
Pleasures that autumn has tasted
Look now dim and numb

Peter S. Quinn

Bláu Augun Þín

Bláu augun þín,
ást við fyrstu sýn.
Þú ert mér ætíð kær,
eins og þessar perlur tvær.

Og allt sem ég segi þér,
er ástin í brjósti mér.
Hún aldrei uppurinn er,
eins og annað, sem kemur og fer.

Bláu augun þín,
eru djásnin mín.
Sælli en sunnanblær,
og sumar sem við mér hlær.

Peter S. Quinn

Blazing Inferno (From, 134 Picture Poems)

blazing inferno
secrets elope you

thunderstorm
coming with
lightning eruption

powers beyond words
midnight in a hurl
mosaic spark

Peter S. Quinn

Bleeding Love

Bleeding love
Always so much inside
Stars falling above
In their eternal glide
Giving its new start
First time is not enough
Interlace from in the heart
Smooth surfaces or rough

Happening for the first time
Into the pulling of truth
Could fall to steps of rime
Or be a spring of youth
Trusting a throbbing vein
Or so lofty above ground
Down to its grain by grain
When reality again is found

Closing and opening you
Love without boundaries
Crazy on going through
Blossoms of cherry trees
Passions to tow and closing
Making no time to bleed
Fires of alight on rising
Never too easy to read

Bleeding love
Always so much inside
Stars falling above
In their eternal glide
Bleeding from their desire
Some to smolder and shine
Steps of effusive higher
Close for two to combine

Bleeding love
Always so much inside
Stars falling above

In their eternal glide
Happening the first time
Into the pull of truth
Could fall to steps of rime
Or be the spring of youth

Or be the spring of youth

Peter S. Quinn

Bloom Upon A Mountain High

Bloom upon a mountain high
In every color known
Sunset to rising in new sky
Into the earth grown

Feeling of seeds in sowing
Endow the day of new
From the roots there growing
Something that's so true

Bright morning efflorescence's
Coming through faraway
Clearing up all your senses
For the newborn day

Tilling the witness of fading
Nothing would be the same
In every tintured shading
That came out of this flame

Bouquets of blameless flowers
Into the garden of love
Through the aspiring hours
That came rushing from above

This was from twilight's own glory
Shining through on to here
New born themes and story
Now it's growing everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

Blooming Of The Night (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Blooming of the night
Hiding in the daylight,
Frost roses on a window
In full moon they glow;
In white and silver gray
And flutter light they play,
Each bouquet delegate
That coldness only made.

You are so roses fine
Onward in darkness shine,
Without the fragrances
In beautiful ambiances;
So graceful is your art
That comes to my heart,
With windy argent linings
In every frost awakenings.

Blooming of the night
I want to hold them tight,
With daybreak they will go
These sculptures of snow;
The blossom colossal white
These beauties of the night,
In innocent they spark
The silvers of the dark.

Peter S. Quinn

Blooming On Sideways

Blooming in sideways
Springing all out
Now is the right way
To saw seeds about
Sunshine is brightly
Filling the air
With smiles and lightly
In everything here

Yellow to the green
With shadings in glow
Wonderment you have seen
That now in time flow
Peaceful in daydreams
All the worrying told
In their quietness seems
As their moments unfold

Flowers on cobblestones
Peaceful in quietness
Shadings in grey tones
Within structured bareness
Love song of street on
With all the days living
Never to quietness gone
In their moods on giving

Peter S. Quinn

Blossom Blue

There is a day and there's a night
Every coming blossom blue
There is a night and there's light
And some love still coming through
Night becomes day and day becomes young
All of the hearts keep going
Let us hear the wild wind how it's strong
Every blow of time knowing

There is a blossom there is a life
Inside their gardens of love
Let me hear your whisper let me know your strife
Like the drifting clouds above
Here I go singing another winter song
Into the night and futures going
Once I did long to still be young
But now I'm old and my wrinkles showing

There is alive and there is a death
All in the times of our own thoughts
Simple minded strategy and Macbeth
Leaves of our history and all of its shots
Give me a reason and give me a song
For dreams that are going and falling
Everything is from the heart inside strong
Till days of the futures are calling

Peter S. Quinn

Blossoms Of Blue And White

Blossoms of blue and white
Onto the hours of dark
From night of deepest night
Once again they 'll spark
Shadings of wonderment ways
All of tintured spring
From dark of winter grays
Now to earth shall sing

I feel much singing in me
As days go by and by
Its freedom of light free
Opening up cloudy sky
There once was dim in deep
Much gray in dark go
But now the sun shall reap
Blooms from seeds grow

Blossoms of life in earth
Wonderment of true call
Living is now much worth
In summer and then fall
The circle of life goes on
In pavements of growing
The struggle of life has won
In brightness of glowing

Peter S. Quinn

Blossoms Of Concert

Stranger be not within
Drive forces come and go
Impel your visions to win
Everything will then show
Hours are going on still
Nothing is left to try
Blossoms of concert spill
Giving their city's tie

Let every day be a desire
Inside these walls you find
Bringing each doubtless fire
With what comes in to mind
Forget not those before you
Everything fought was for
You have thoughts to renew
The essences of old new core

Stranger just find your day
All will become soon clear
Footsteps so much will say
When they are here so near
Now it is your own inning
Finding those forgotten one
Knight of the road winning
Be never with optimism done

Peter S. Quinn

Blossoms Of Winter (From, Rock Star)

Believe in my dreams I tell you
For nothing is as close to my heart
Like a flickering light to the blue
That dyes into deep and the swart

Blossoms of winter they seems
All the words that were spoken
Ice cold and frosty in streams
Old unfilled promises broken

Believe I will try not to deceive
Only our speedy wings will fly
What you'll reach you'll conceive
Only your limits are onto the sky

Blossoms of winter they seems
The feelings that start in the cold
Follow the ways of your dreams
Let all the highways there unfold

Blossoms of winter they seems
All of our ways and our dreams
Believe in my dreams I tell you
Like a flickering light to the blue

Like a flickering light to the blue

Peter S. Quinn

Blossoms White And Blue

Blossoms white and blue
All is of this summer
Love that comes and is true
Truth oh whitish bloomer
Love is right and wide
Inside everyone's heart
Where moment's feelings hide
From first of life's start

Blossoms all my love
Everywhere I'll go
Like the clouds above
All my feelings glow
You are blossoms shine
In these spring days
All those feelings fine
All those roots and ways

Blossoms loving hours
Dreams that may come true
Like the darling flowers
And my feelings for you
Your always in my heart
In all its course of days
In moment's morning start
Spring flowers many ways

Blossoms white and blue
All is of this summer
Love that comes and is true
Truth oh whitish bloomer
Roses crimson and fine
Feelings for summer days
When fields are in sunshine
And colors many ways

Peter S. Quinn

Blow Oh Wind Oh Blow

Blow oh wind oh blow!
For days are coming to dark
Life is but a go and go
The roots of days that spark
For dreams are all to be
Forgotten in the timeless sea

Sing on lives sweet melodies,
With timeless longings and harmonies:
For all comes to be true
If you believe in it too!

Like days in their morning sky,
All is here to come true
Don't ask any questions or why
Just become wise and you!
Life is all in its disguising warp,
Making its certainty or not;
Each mind just needs to be sharp
In what it has in experience got.
Sing on lives sweet melodies,
With timeless longings and harmonies:
For all comes to be true,
If you believe in it too.

Peter S. Quinn

Blowing High And Blowing Low (From, The Songsters Lyrics)

Dreams are to carry on
Blowing high and blowing low
Summerset morning never gone
Every worthwhile and glow
Love songs of looking in to the sea
Morning that comes wonderfully
You in my heart forever to be
Something of love themes so free

Days of longing raising the sails
Through every echoes time's flip
Away to the evening of ongoing trails
Kissed from heaven's eternally lip
Like dreams that are hard to understand
But giving so much from inside
Each of the shades your feelings command
When they each long day abide

Dreams of our heart in steady beat
Whispers of breeze that will go
All of love's talk and every treat
That through times walk shall flow
Something of the morning that soon is here
With every longing to be learned
The blow high and low that will steer
With every pace that must be earned

*These are 200 poem lyrics

Peter S. Quinn

Blue Are The Flames (From, Akhenaton, I)

Blue are the flames
From the gleam of the night moon
Red are the flames
From ardent love
White are the flames
From all the day brightness
Black are the flames
From lonely emptiness

All these colors
They find their existence
In surroundings that awakens again
At times light themes
Everything here is in circle
And procreate again fresh
Maybe they did not go
They where never existing

None riches obliterates
Which is not of this world?
Like a light that lives

(In memory of, Akhenaton/1379-62 BC)

Peter S. Quinn

Blue Blossom

Blue blossom
In the wilderness
pretty and awesome
in your freshness

Stars in their blue
day and spring night
wholesome all through
in new summer light

Blue blossoms
are summer's beauty
with their blooms
always bright new

Captivating youth
all in its flower
cerulean and its truth
every morning hour

Blue blossom
how I adore you
earth like wholesome
in lives through

Captivating reverie
until there's fall
and seeds turn free
for spring next call

Peter S. Quinn

Blue Blue Into The Night

Blue blue into the night
Feelings that forever are there
Lost in their somberly flight
Always in times beat near
Blue blue of longings still
To dreams that are faraway
With hope in my heart to fulfill
New thoughts for a coming day

Mostly all love that is sweet
Delectating each new company
Loves to love not wrongly treat
With each its aspect cosmogony
And songs that in futures lies
Filling moments with someone
Flames between two never dies
If it's trustworthily awaken

Blue blue on to the light
Torches their senses forever
All shall grow to be so alright
In true becoming and endeavor
Blue blue like the leaves axils
In reaching out to freshly airway
With every its fulfillment distils
That makes such affection okay

Peter S. Quinn

Blue Blue Of The Day

Blue blue of the day
From the night of leaving
Sunshine in the ray
Of my summer grieving
As the autumn now falls
On to all the colors
And the coldness calls
When the wind hollers

Blue blue and departing
Now the day is deep
As the autumn is starting
From its tinctures leap
And the shadow's growing
On to silhouettes dark
When eve sun's glowing
With its golden spark

Blue blue then my dreams
And my heart is beating
What the darkness streams
As the day is bleeding
Falling rays of sunshine
On to the endless dark
Of dancing line to line
Once in summer did spark

Blue blue of the day
From the night of leaving
Sunshine in the ray
Of my summer grieving
As the autumn now falls
On to all the colors
And the coldness calls
When the wind hollers

Peter S. Quinn

Blue Blue Sea

Blue Blue Sea
My heart is flying away
What is left of me
Can't rest or stay
Life has been billows high
Over wandering sea
Now away I'll fly
Forever on and on free

Every beat I've made
Is forever for you
Let its colors never fade
For each was true
Shadings wonder ways
Blossoms of earth
Each its many on plays
Truth plenty of worth

Now is time to go
To a faraway shore
Reach its sunrise glow
Start of new for ever more
Life is opportunities
Give them and make
Land of hope in deepest seas
All or nothing at stake

Peter S. Quinn

Blue Gold Sky

Blue gold sky
Your fire is burning
Horizon questions why
Your evening is yearning
For a day that is soon gone
Into oblivion abyss
To carry the night on
In dreamy nocturnal kiss

All the blue gold is bound
Into your drifting clouds
Sunset of silver found
Among the streets and crowds
Love song of dusky distant
Where weaving dreams go
In to the nonexistent
Of ocean's nightly glow

□
Blue gold sky
Yesterday is in your sight
When you come in sweet lullaby
In the falling off the eve light
Chariot of fire gold
Blue silver moon beyond
Nothing your dreams can hold
You are to stars wishes bond

Peter S. Quinn

Blue In Green

Blue in green
Over the ocean
Nowhere seen
Of its own notion
Listen to its song
Of a waving motion
All day long
In dual erosion

Blue sea stream
Black sand heart
Blue moon beam
Darkish rampart
Every motion wave
To and fro and in
Daydreaming crave
In its own spin

Blue love song
Nature in its wild
Every thought long
Drizzling mild
From rainy above cloud
To the pebble stones
Dripping half loud
Rhythmic beating tones

Peter S. Quinn

Blue Sky Or Gray Days (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Blue sky or gray days
They come as they may,
All is in where shadows plays
With the colors of the day;
Summer and winter songs
With each their different mood,
What in times hold belongs
Old thoughts rendezvoused.

Blue sky of deep perspective
Onward drifting and then to fade,
The tears and smiles abrasive
That each and each has made;
The blue within the minutes
That come and go in the ease,
Contrast each it advocates
And gives not in to sculduggeries.

Gray days are different to bear
For it has there too much dark,
With every that comes to air
Shall lose its wise and spark;
These are tidings unlike tunes
With each in their many mind,
That gives advocate or impugns
And often go on in gray blind.

Peter S. Quinn

Blue Song

Blue song in my heart like a glow
Carrying me away from here
Feelings to try on in the winter snow
That soon shall gray on this earth everywhere
Summer moods that are going away
With its feelings of outside skin
Darling here is a song of a darker mood's play
That comes from underneath to give its spin

Feelings are always in yearning's high
Touching my heart with its lonely beat
So much now going as this times fly
And there is loneliness on an empty street
Lonesome waves in muted yellow grass
This autumn is passing in its blue love
Within and sailing away in its song loss
Like a lonely central station dove

Beautiful morning coming in its grey
With a lullaby from winter bringing
As the night sinks to their lonely way
In their starry twinkling's singing
My heart with needles in an empty space
On to the blue of the tumbling waves
Laughter now to somber turning dim ways
With its spring faraway thinking craves

Peter S. Quinn

Blue Topaz

Blue topaz
Blue blue blue
The moon glisten
On you so full of mystic
Blue topaz
My daydreams in the ocean
My night ways
And erosion
Each mood that I have
And I have lost to you
Sweet sweet oh sweet
Into the blue
Of blue blue topaz

Blue topaz
Blue blue blue
The waves of your ways
Meet night in the days
Blue topaz
Each feeling and notion
Like sun shining rays
In touching and devotion
That in the heart plays
When it has lost you
And bled oh bled
When all's lost and through
Blue blue blue topaz

If mystic is blue
Then love is all true
And nothing would go
That once did all glow
Blue topaz
Blue blue blue
You should know by now
I still love you
Each mood that's new
May kindly be freed
Again into the blue

So I wouldn't lose you
Blue blue blue topaz

My dearest blue topaz

Peter S. Quinn

Blueberries

Blueberries
From lives softly kiss
Breaking the scurries
From that and this
Daydreaming pure in thought
Wheeling's going around
Of times of Not and Ought
That everywhere is found

Blueberries
To make this life fuller
And out with your worries
Be a real leg-puller
For the wondering ways at sight
When something is beginning
Like dawn of a new light
A day from the dark is bringing

Blueberries
On the hills faraway□
So much of average varies
Into our own ordinary day
When so much needs to be worked on through
To fill the moments with no mediocre
Like clear sky sweet blue
That from time to time you'll see

Peter S. Quinn

Bluebirds (To Be Published At Sheetmusic Publishing)

Through the days and night
Drifting low and high
With their longings in flight
Through the blue summer sky
Anything can be done
And every dream be handled
With wings carried on
From a tree to tree dandled

Love is sweetly in the air
With flowers on earth so hue
Summer bird's charming affair
Always come by changes true
Rain will cease clouds dry
But your dreams you'll carry on
In these moments you'll fly
Through songs to give till gone

Every moment you have near
With its occasion still and deep
Is in the singing we hold so dear
And that day on forever to keep
With a desire for songs to give
Bluebirds around these hill heights
During sunlight hours they'll live
Till love closes down its lights

Peter S. Quinn

Blues At Night

Here comes night again
Straight through rainy clouds
Drops sliding on those grains
Cobblestones with many crowds
Here comes night so very lonely
In its shadows going through
If I were beside you now only
I would be so happy too

Here comes moon shining above
In its bluish darkish glow
If I only now had your love
I wouldn't be so down and low
Here comes the hour of my heart
In its beat of lonely showing
We are not so different apart
In our ways of to and fro going

Here comes dark in deeper dim
Graceful hours of silence slowing
Any way in its whimsy whim
Letting nobody outside knowing
Here comes night so very lonely
While I'm trying to reach you
If I were beside you now only
We could have so much fun to do

Peter S. Quinn

Boom Boom!

When you come here again
You will be in my arms
Stop your searching in vain
Be with lucky love charms
Happy plans don't ignore
They all have their own task
Only those that are sure
Know their ways and will ask

Nothing will be enough
That doesn't have dark and light
World is soft and rough
And so much there wrong and right
Where do you there belong?
What will set your heart free?
You may be weak or strong
But your love still belongs to me

Happy issues will disagree
Light-hearted space boom boom!
What will be - will just be
Let it grow - yes let it bloom
Sometimes love just wanna die
Without really feeling alive
Raise that shadow not too high
Bring your thoughts into your dive

Peter S. Quinn

Born

A star is born
And so are you
Full of the light
And lonely flight,
To go so far
As thy self are
The star and corn
Which both are born...

An earth is made
Under sky hue
For wrong or right
And greenish sight
It's a blue star
In dark la mar
With love and hate
Eager - won't wait...

Both you and I
On fate so trust
As both we glide
In darkish night
And who we are
I and a star
Of matter made
Colors and shade...

We are each born
With searching light
One of a pride
The other in night
Of unknown fate
We both here are
Worthy debate
Man and a star....

Peter S. Quinn

Born For Its Dream

A night was born for its dream
A day to carry the coming light
Everything in between times gleam
Is either of dim or sparking bright

The looming fog of inside made
Is intimidating dimly in its glow
Like sharp edges of jagged blade
That through the fold must go

Peter S. Quinn

Born From Earth (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

A land is not forgotten
That is born from earth
And with life feet's trotten'
Of every time's worth

The metaphors of playing
In roots of dream revive
Though nothing is staying
That's of growing live

The supplication's finding
In twilight's final meeting
And stone to stone minding
There from past its reading

The twinkling of each fading
In mirror glass water glow
Through wearing cascading
In time that comes slow

This kingdom's walking alone
In boondocks crossing land
With every meeting stone
Life's thought can understand

A glow with its tenderness
Lips of ocean's salty kiss
Narrow through slenderness
Of every reflection reminisce

Peter S. Quinn

Bound To Be That Way

Bound to be that way
Everything for a time is
Something in tones of gray
Through the instants of this
Playful with the night
The spirals movements go
Hours in bluish twilight
Through the sky flow

You came to my heart
In the words you speak
With something to start
From strong pulses and weak
I have all to give
Inside from this all
Worlds of mornings to live
In their moments call

Take away every beat
From old worlds of memories
The easy going street
Through life's turning breeze
What have we here close?
Firm the inner part of everything
Like an evening that goes
And new ways of thoughts bring

Peter S. Quinn

Bouquets Of Cold

Now days are forgetting
Each footstep in spring
Arctic austere spreading
Iced pearls on a string
Flowers made from rime
Bouquets thus cold
For summertime its prime
Grown in to colors old

A heart in winters approach
Slowing down a beat
Passions warmth encroach
On empty verve street
The sky is getting cloudy
With darkness all around
The times of yore dowdy
In bleak hours playground

Now days to coldness go
Ice feathered window sills
Cracking in the nippy snow
In stern moments standstills

Peter S. Quinn

Bouquets Of Flowers Colors Flow

Times are going here and there
With lots of summer everywhere
I felt bad in the winter's high
With not much to live for or die
Feelings dreary are always gone
Into the blank and darkness done
Never a right place to be living
Nothing to have no sunshine giving

Bouquets of flowers - colors flow
Dawn of summers moods spin
The rising skies where clouds go
Everything of day is coming in
You and I with pleasures' need
Everything yesterday didn't show
Colors green and growing freed
No more frost or winter's snow
What is real is all now in here
In the fragrance sweet morn air
And a garden so full of its joy
The winter's mood not to deploy

Feelings dreary are always gone
Into the blank and darkness done
Never a right place to be living
Nothing to have no sunshine giving

Times are going here and there
With lots of summer everywhere
I felt bad in the winter's high
With not much to live for or die

Feelings dreary are always gone
Into the blank and darkness done
Never a right place to be living
Nothing to have no sunshine giving

Peter S. Quinn

Boy, You Have Your Life

Boy, you have your life in front of you
And everywhere to go
Each daydream thought is to renew
Like wind in cycles blow
What you thought you didn't see
Was in your future likewise
To come in closeness to be
From its now faraway disguise

Each step taken is to find
What others have found before
Leaving old roads behind
Looking for different and more
Tomorrows will be what you can
With trusts and errors to catch
Let roads of luck steer your van
For growth is a way to homestretch

Every thought that you found
For your starting point to drill
Each to their eager approach bound
To catch your dream and fulfill
There is no way to turn then back
If your ripen you have down spilled
You only shall in richness lack
What develops lost could have filled

Chorus

Each step taken is to find
What others have found before
Leaving old roads behind
Looking for different and more
Tomorrows will be what you can
With trusts and errors to catch
Let roads of luck steer your van
For growth is a way to homestretch

You just have to say no and select

Bracing Breezy Blow (Haikus)

Bracing breezy blow,
Give a new song with your snow
Some of fairies glow

Little snowy toes,
In frost stillness adagios
Before stocking's clothes

Peter S. Quinn

Brátt Er Hátí? Helg Í Bæ

Brátt er hátí? helg í bæ
hyllum glæ?vær? syngjum ljó?
hughrif finnum me? hei?um blæ
hvít jól vi? kerta gló?

Allt er gott um eina stund
eigum gle?i saman
fagna?ur sem léttir lund
í leikjum höfum gaman

Einu sinni um ári? hvert
eru ljósin björtu
tendru? í trúnni sterkt
í takt vi? snortin hjörtu

Hugljúf eru ævintyr
alltaf er ljósin skína
margleymd minningin er skyr
margt sem var búi? a? tína

Eig?u gó?a glæ?vær? senn
og geymdu ?ær líka allar
vel skal vera um okkur menn
er vi?bur?urinn kallar

Peter S. Quinn

Brátt Kemur Aftur

brátt kemur aftur yndisleg tí?
árvökul vornóttin ástsæl og blí?
allt ?a? besta blómunum af
sem blunda?i á me?an vortí?in svaf
eins er me? men ?eir sofa enn vært
?anga? til aftur vaknar allt kært

núna er vetur og vetrar hrí?
vex snjór í spori vaxandi grí?
brakar enn og brestur í göngusló?
brjótast fram frostrósir frys í æ?um bló?
allt er kalt og kuli? hér enn
kannski kemur ?ó vortí?in senn

svona er allt á ísa landi
örsmátt fræi? vex í klakabandi
uns vori? hefur betur og braggast
sem blundar í jör?u er vetur vil ei haggast
?ar litirnir tæru tímgast á ny
tungli? bjart hverfur sumardaga í

Peter S. Quinn

Break Away To Dreams (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Break away to dreams
Every day must go,
What today is in gleams
Tomorrow maybe glow;
There are reasons here
And some sunshine too,
Dreamers astrosphere
Is a personal construe.

We have our thought to give
Not all can be wrong,
Some maybe though abortive
But it is all our song;
You and I are not the same
Each an island apart,
Feelings with uncertain flame
Two opposed heart.

Break away and let it come
What you have to give or say,
With exchange and emporium
You will live a fuller day;
Never will there be a game
That our feelings will outsmart,
There is no need in exclaim
If your doing your small part.

Peter S. Quinn

Breaking Down

There is still so much in this precious time
Those give illusions to our existence
Gratifies to be made into their set trance
Breaking down the dreams to making real prime
Going to the set off with even more to show
Anything that's in its own giving away
Just what it really means in the same array
Intrigue that never came to give of its go

Showing off to any further extent
Times are energetic digging out
Opportunities better ways to bent
Level-headedness of measures about
Another dreamt day is in the danger zone
If there's no fancy there in its backbone

Peter S. Quinn

Breaking The Waves (From, Rock Star)

Breaking the waves to finally know,
What is the truth in this old game;
Places to hold come to and grow,
Bring some thoughts give it a flame.
Close in a place just like this,
Anything goes down to its start;
Blinking your eyes making a wish,
All roads lead to your own heart.

Somebody told me rumours and lies,
You had it going for too long;
What looked so natural is a surprise,
Inside and out rightly or wrong.
Bring it all back - bring it all back,
I never thought it came so close;
What I did miss was just a crack,
Anything comes and anything goes.

Breaking the waves finding the spear,
I feel tonight more confidential;
It took some years to be so austere,
For love and life are so vulnerable.
Peace with yourself all is forgotten,
What was or ought never to return;
Feelings like roots sometimes are rotten,
Passions like mornings ever to burn.

Bring it all back - bring it all back,
I never thought it came so close;
What I did miss was just a crack,
Anything comes and anything goes.

Peter S. Quinn

Breeze Breeze You Blow (...soon To Be Published At Sheetmusic Publishing)

Breeze breeze you blow
Around minutes and hours
From the clouds you flow
Down to the small flowers
Freshly each new morning
To and fro you're kissing
Ever eager in turning
Corners you were missing

Breeze breeze I know you
From last years passing
Always coming quite new
Between plants and grassing
Bouquets of roses there too
Color assortments so fine
Reddish red to heavenly blue
All with summer sunshine

Breeze breeze you blow
Around the new leaved trees
Whispers that come and go
In tune with the bumble bees
You bring here Eros desires
In beautiful swinging motions
Each of ardent love's fires
The streams from its oceans

Peter S. Quinn

Breeze In The Forest (From 'Meet The Moments')

There are different times to ride the road
Fill the moments of any given load
Let your dreams come true and be
For anything inside this world to see
Never let truth and great hope go away
Fill every thought with its truest play
For the days are to dream and go on and on
Never to lose to those drifts that is gone

Breeze in the forest to find summer new
Let every aspiring come clearly through
The dust of the past now got to leave
Bring in the gladness for winter's old grieve
Love is a feeling that will come and glow
Rain water rippling away the old snow
Okay to you all know what you need
In thoughts and how fulfillments you read

Isn't any one crossing into something alone
The shifts of each bearing are cold as a stone
The need of life's drifting has come to an end
These wings out of darkness to you were lend
Fly on to the frosty low fly on to spring high
Meet the distances of faraway in the open sky
That lets you drift along to the remote horizon
Feelings of my heart to the lonesome ways gone

Peter S. Quinn

Brennir Mig Innan Frá

Brennir mig innan frá,
öll sálin sár og lág;
tí?in í tí?arreyk,
tekur ei frí í leik.

Brennir mig innan frá,
breyskleikinn sem fer hjá;
veröld er háski, veiki,
vandme?farin hljómeysi.

?ú brennir mig innan frá

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Briefly Moment

I am stuck here in this briefly moment
In the midst of the summertime soon going
With a strumming breezy accompaniment
Onto the freshly red autumn glowing

As the summer imaginings collide
Into engaging night of memory
For a short instant the shades abide
Before they forever again are free

Each time of year is like a turning wheel
Forever it goes on in its season
Like each beauty and love is what you feel
Without giving any further reason

These minutes are for us all to share
The flowers of earth and its woodenware

Peter S. Quinn

Brighter Days Are Coming (A Lyric)

There are times
There are reasons
In our love
And all the seasons
To heal what we can
Give a touch
And to understand
Even as much
Brighter days are coming
From inside reality
Saw your seed to blooming
For tomorrow to be

There are people dying
Never had their chances
Little children crying
From starvation circumstances
Because we didn't care
Had no feeling of sorrow
Didn't want to be there
To give them tomorrow

Make a living
For your brother
In your giving
To one and another
Care enough to be free
In your heart an place
Conquest love's liberty
Way out to tomorrow
Give or take opportunity
From bygone's sorrow
Brighter days are coming
From inside reality
Saw your seed to blooming
For tomorrows to be

In space
The blossom tries

Many ways
The light dies
All grace is there
In darkish mood
Through times adhere
And timeless intrude
In a heart
Where our beats are found
Something will start
To come around
In a steady bliss
In the tomorrow's flow
Where all of this
Shall come and go
We two
Apart and close
To renew
Like the petals of a rose
Within everything
That's inside and alive
Together to bring
What may from it arrive?

Brighter days are coming
From inside reality
Saw your seed to blooming
For tomorrow to be
Anything can become true
Within and farther out
All is really up to you
What love is then all about?

You have never tried
To give of what you can
And in your heart denied
To come and understand
For love is not a reason
Or a game to stand by
It's open for every season
With work and each new try

Make a living

For your brother
In your giving
To one and another
Care enough to be free
In your heart an place
Conquest love's liberty
Way out to tomorrow
Give or take opportunity
From bygone's sorrow
Brighter days are coming
From inside reality
Saw your seed to blooming
For tomorrows to be

In space
The blossom tries
Many ways
The light dies
All grace is there
In darkish mood
Through times adhere
And timeless intrude
In a heart
Where our beats are found
Something will start
To come around
In a steady bliss
In the tomorrow's flow
Where all of this
Shall come and go
We two
Apart and close
To renew
Like the petals of a rose
Within everything
That's inside and alive
Together to bring
What may from it arrive?

You are just what you give
Of love or something sundry
Around it comes positive

Whatever it's going to be
The limits are near endless
And carefree in its turn
As such you are defendless
In what way you must learn

Each time takes its distance
To give of its own touch
We need all love's assistance
In every its way inasmuch
For tomorrow is in our way
With everything we give
There comes another day
Where we must together live

Brighter days are coming
From inside reality
Brighter days are coming
For you and for me
Brighter days are coming
For you and for me
Brighter days are coming
From inside reality
Brighter days are coming
For you and for me
Brighter days are coming
For you and for me
Brighter days are coming
For every opportunity
Brighter days are coming
From inside reality
Brighter days are coming
For you and for me
Brighter days are coming
For you and for me
Brighter days are coming
For every opportunity

For every opportunity
Let the children play and sing
You must teach them

Bring A Day To Its Deep

Bring a day to its deep
Some place beyond a dream
Evening shadings to leap
In to the twilight's deem
Cool as the evening goes
Tenderly with its gust
Somewhere to afar flows
Where realities are lost

Bring on night and moon
Over the trees tops
Clouds like drifting dune
Or whitely wooly loops
Nothing is forever done
Always some more to come
Carrying dreams ways on
In to the faraway fulsome

Dreams to whirl and dance
Outlying gleaming bright
Now is its moment and chance
To see star falling light
Wish upon to bring hope
For every quick gone hour
Hazy in red cloudlet strophe
Bringing you morning shower

*This poem is dedicated to the great poet, Langston Hughes, whom wrote 868 poems (see [The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes](#)) . I'm making a list of his poems, which I'll put up later, here:
Check it out! God bless jazz and all its spinning beauty.

Peter S. Quinn

Bring Back (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

There you are wanting more and more
There you are in your own kind of way
There you are going somewhere
There you are learning to know yourself

Take a step into distance
Imagine where you'd be
Give yourself another chance
To find out what you see

Bring Back

Everything you thought right
Before you broke your wings off
Clueless to left and right
Times are often sometimes rough

Everything will go or come
Touching thoughts to burn
Where it goes or comes from
No one cares or ever learn

Peter S. Quinn

Bring Every Flower

Bring every flower
To the inside

There is so much darkness
To know
Like traveling night
With the stars
From the window
Of glassy ice snow

Give me a love to know
Let every existence
In time become real
Losing not its footsteps

Everything is in its distance
Flowing along
To be found
One by one
Like the day...

Peter S. Quinn

Bring Every Flower (From, Coradoba)

Bring every flower
To the inside

There is so much darkness
To know
Like traveling night
With the stars
From the window
Of glassy ice snow

Give me a love to know
Let every existence
In time become real
Losing not its footsteps

Everything is in its distance
Flowing along
To be found
One by one
Like the day
That rises from its dark

We are the seeds
That flow in the breeze
Finding each way
To earth
Making the soil
Full of grass

Those who wait
Shall never find
Destiny wind
Those that go
Are gone forever

Be aware
Of the withering dust

Bring In New Spring

Bring in new spring oh spring
Endlessly in its novel sing
Flowing of gold's May glow
From under winter's old snow

Dreams that are dreams of new
Coming with green foliage thru
All that is now up awaking
Thru summer sunshine making

Love songs of easy and breeze
Flowing endlessly thru trees
Morning oh brightest day break
Coming in its freshness awake

Rising the deeds of the earth
Each in their color and worth
Freshly in painted azure sky
Together in its new-fangled tie

Bring in peace of the fields
Flowing in sun and rain yields
All that is worth their stand
Tinctures at natures command

Living all that is rising again
From under old frost and grain
Footsteps of the new born hours
Days of scenting fresh flowers

Peter S. Quinn

Bring In That Love Tonight

Bring in that love tonight
Wandering ways of the stars
Lost in unknown time's flight
From their lonely isobars
Rotating around their ways
And always to be so alone
Nothing of importance stays
Only their hard rock stone

Sumer tides never come
Only the dark that'll glide
Each minute frosty numb
On their lost flight guide
Where will it reside or go
Turning around and round
Nobody forever will know
Each their way isn't found

Bring reflect on with wings
In to this nowhere land
Heart that continues and sings
Someone who'll understand
Love is the motivation for all
Pleasures that give and take
To the lonesome must call
Every split second up wake

Peter S. Quinn

Bring In The Openness Fire

Bring in the openness fire
Of every morning that comes
Love is a way for its desire
That together everything up sums
Feelings of searching mind
Looking still for the light
Leaving the scarecrows behind
Those only are dark as the night

Somewhere around the shores
Love is like the hopping waves
Coming from oceans floor
Because of its hope it craves
Through every going hell
Moments those are now past
For everything is going well
Coming in growth from lost

Bring in prospects you're hopen'
Everywhere round to this spot
Futures are coming quite open
With requests from all this lot

Peter S. Quinn

Bring In The Passionate Words

Bring in the passionate words
Each every thought that flirts
Love is the conquering road
Taking away life's load
Reasons to give and to take
What is it worth to ace?
When blooms come to grow
Life in its youth to flow

I am a hopeful guy
Swinging on low and high
Never to be out of touch
For everything gives me so much
What is this all made for
Riding its waves to the shore
If you are in love like I
No reasons to say goodbye

You and I give every tide
Closeness that comes to stride
Take the sweet flavor to find
Passions are never too blind
Trying out each of its footsteps
Fervor through unsettled preps
This is why love has its swing
Words flying moods on a string

The shadows are glittering fast
Giving their moments cast
Much is there done for nothing
Catching the image and bluffing
There is so much in a dream true
Finding each way home to you
Why are there minutes like this?
Fill good moment's good bliss

Peter S. Quinn

Bring In The Peace (From, The Barka Lyrics - First One)

Bring in the peace
From wandering ways
All here to please
Colored and grays

I am with you
Always much caring
Times are quite due
In their much blurring

You know your own
What to adore
Not everything's shown
What love is for
Let me say something
Burst into words
Moods often swing
In their own yards

Fly into blue
Oh fluffy desire
I'll come after you
I'll come after you
And bring you even higher
Give some of my luck
It never gets struck

Bring in the peace
From wandering ways
Times are quite due
In their much blurring

(The Barka Lyrics are around or over 200...)

Peter S. Quinn

Bring It In (From, Poet On Www)

Times they come so easily
Before we know we do not know
Everything is born to be free
Just like the breeze in the trees blows

Rain may fall come down to splash
Though there are ways to move inside
Dreams and realities sometimes clash
Though for a while to each may hide

I have a dream to catch and to make
All is for there to come for always more
What in the past you thought you'd ache
Is now in distances like the night stars
Give and take in peace and not with war
Be for ever sure in your sleep and wake

Sunshine may shine into its knowing
Though something is sad like before
Follow your sun wherever you're going
Principles like waves brought to ashore

Remember and learn
Remember and learn
Remember and learn

Always be there for your safe destiny
Finding the ways that keep you alive
What's a new morning with nothings to see
What is the night if stars don't arrive
Keep on your faith bring in your peace
Follow the routs what love shall release

Love is the power
Bring it in

Peter S. Quinn

Bring It Together

The days are going by
One by one they leave
There is stillness in the sky
With some grayness and grieve
The time have moved along
With flowers in the dust
Earth's much now a sadness song
Tomorrow future we trusted

We need to bring it back
From the darkness orbit on
Its dream it now will lack
Each driven aspect orgone
The past is something we know
Truth of promises asleep
There was once world of glow
And ours everyone to keep

Verse

Don't stop a half finished job
It's all up to me and you
There is no reason to stop
If you know what to do
Don't be eluding the outlook
There is no way to loose
The future's an unwritten book
There is no time to choose

What has be come to be
The thoughts that once was new
And careless has come to see
Good times are past and due
Dismissing every new reason
That fills the open still
That maybe comes a lost season
For no man again to fulfill

Oh bring me to the truth
Eternal with each dawn

The spring and summer youth
Where fragrance love's drawn
O gives me peace not trapped
Inside some no man's land
With futures so handicapped
That we will never understand

Verse

Don't stop a half finished job
It's all up to me and you
There is no reason to stop
If you know what to do
Don't be eluding the outlook
There is no way to loose
The future's an unwritten book
There is no time to choose

One by one tomorrow
The days never come back
You can not time borrow
To set things on right track
All is so up to me and you
How things are going to go
Setting it straight and through
That's what we need to know

Verse

Don't stop a half finished job
It's all up to me and you
There is no reason to stop
If you know what to do
Don't be eluding the outlook
There is no way to loose
The future's an unwritten book
There is no time to choose

Peter S. Quinn

Bring Joy (From, Poet On Www)

Bring joy to me,
Set them through and free;
Bring joy to you,
Or set for some new.
Life may rock or falter,
Styles go or alter;
Have no moral compass,
Away clear or trash.

It's worth the loss,
To dice or toss;
To know who 'I am',
You got to make a slam!
Bring away the weariness,
For the new and fresh;
Climb to the ambitions,
Though they cost devotions.

Bring joy to be,
Let it give and see;
Bring joy - be true,
And it will come through!
Life may be a search,
Full of weak spots alerts;
But fate is your reward,
If you work - joyful hard.

Be your own loss,
At any single cause;
You may master phantasmagoria,
Make up ways and gloria.
Someone might as well,
In businesses try and spell;
Never give yours a swap,
'Cause then the fortunes stop

Bring joy to me,
Set them through and free;
Bring joy to you,

Or set for some new.
Life may rock or falter,
Styles go or alter;
Have no moral compass,
Away to clear or trash.

Peter S. Quinn

Bring Me

Bring me to the inside room
Where everybody is going
Stepwise through another flume
Without ever knowing
Show me this and that tonight
Change my colors perspective
Hold on to that lamp light
Some those shades are effective

Let me know what you feel
When the dark is coming in
Is your heart playing for real?
Fragrance temptation of your skin
Give me dreams to carry on
When this night is through
Flickering shadows dead-gone
Everything to build is new

Bring me to the inside world
Of your own temptation
Realms have some been hurled
Into their own damnation
Speak truth and give the same
Before dark leaves its state
Memories in intermittent flame
Bring back ghosts and their fate

Peter S. Quinn

Bring Me Down (From Rock Star)

Bring me up and bring me down for that is life,
Trying all the waves that are coming back to me;
Down to the road where all earth has to strife,
Give every moments thought veins of joy and free.

No one is different and anything can change your goal,
Feeling in the middle may mold and try your size on;
These are the ways and making each new buttonhole,
Different people come when others stories are gone.

The airways will lead and recognize the truest sound,
Pain may be within and never fully found or realized;
Every thought that goes comes sometime again around,
Each morning like the evening it will all again centralized.

No one is different and anything can change your goal,
Feeling in the middle may mold and try your size on;
These are the ways and making each new buttonhole,
Different people come when others stories are gone.

Have you ever tried to see into blue,
Before it changed and became new...?

Bring me up and bring me down for that is life,
Trying all the waves that are coming back to me;
Down to the road where all earth has to strife,
Give every moments thought veins of joy and free.

Nothing is different and no one can change your goal,
Feelings in the middle may mold and try your size on;
These are the ways and making each character role,
Different people come when others patches are gone.

It's just so may roads to all the ways that come,
It's just so may roads to all the thoughts of some;
Please take the only road where you have never been,
For then the roads one day you will be returning from.
Please take the only road that others have not seen.

Much varieties,
In street one sees,
In street one sees - with the free ways of liberties.
In the streets and trees,
In the streets and trees,
Of freedom songs and ad-infinitum liberties.

Peter S. Quinn

Bring Me The Horizon

Bring me the horizon
Of the on and on
Tinctured time works
Flowering cloudy quirks
Of their going while
Shades of timeless style
Love songs of the sky
When evening lights fly

Bring me this love
From clouds far above
With every shade
From eternal made
For the new morning
Again will soon sing
With the breeze blowing
On to the old glowing

Bring me the horizon
When the day is gone
To starry night
With all its shining bright
When dreams return
In their reddish gleaming burn
When dusk is falling
And fantasies calling

Peter S. Quinn

Bring Me The Peace

Bring me the peace
The silent hours on
In moments that please
Until everything is gone
Dreams are so faraway
In the dim of the night
But when there comes new day
There you are in the light

Bring me gone hours
We had together made
Those beautiful flowers
That never in life will fade
All the days and evening
That still the heart knows
Those inside to outside sing
Till everything again goes

Bring my inside memory
That gold cannot find
Peace of mind to free
In the days we left behind
All songs that never made
It into our own reality
Tones that shall not fade
But always in memory be

Bring me the peace
The silent hours on
In moments that please
Until everything's gone
We'll again find the road
Before we drift apart
And free ourselves of load
That sorrowed our heart

Peter S. Quinn

Bring Me To

Bring me to the wisdom song
Of something good and good

Paint my heart in the colors
Of true freedom along

Yesterdays are gone to the beginning
And the free of free are now singing

Bring me forward to the new day
Take me to its liberty

(... after reading Dr. Maya Angelou poem, Passing Time)

□

Peter S. Quinn

Bring Me To You

Bring me to you
Flowers of the blue deep
Something so very new
For my love to keep
Anything there that is
Colorful like a bouquet
The hours of coming bliss
A morning of fresh dew

Bring me closer still
New morning is coming in
Dreams to fulfill
From where in the night's been
Hearts are often lonely
Without a steady beat
A love in love can only
Know what it must meet

Bring every dream ahead
That will give a meaning
In-between lines read
Where every root is leaning

Peter S. Quinn

Bring Me To Your Heart

Bring me to your heart,
Where dreams won't die;
Everything is world apart,
Open space and its sky.
Let me feel your cosmos,
Inside where feelings are;
Outside is never too close,
Everything essences afar.

Bring me to your love,
Where our wings fly on free;
Far about the clouds above,
Thoughts for you and me.
Give me sense to build on,
Find the way to new hope;
In an instant perhaps it's gone,
Through time's oscilloscope.

Bring me to my senses,
Never let my searching die;
Oddly meeting sequences,
Short memories away will fly.
Footsteps in the sand vanish,
Who knows and who will care?
What oblivion time banish,
If this road goes to nowhere.

Peter S. Quinn

Bring Me To Your Heart (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Bring me to your heart close
Be its thorn or its rose
Feeling softly as its sings
And each happiness thereon brings

Take my love make it true
In the wonders being with you
Anything that you might say
That for love's sake forever shall stay

Nothing that you give can be of shame
There is always so much there going on
Like time's joy burning flame
Till the day to the evening is done

Every word is for love in your heart
Some are filled in the ways of rampart
But just come and be yours true
And the day from the night comes through

Nothing else matters here in the evening
With the moods and scents they bring
When the day goes and becomes dim
With their casts flown to night's whimsy whim

Take my love make it true
In the wonders being with you
Anything that you might say
That for love's sake forever shall stay

Forgive the past for it's gone
Every its bouquet's past and done
To the rows of memories lost
Every word that was untrue and double crossed
Every word is for love in your heart
Some are filled in the ways of rampart
But just come and be yours true

And the day from the night comes through

Take my love make it true

In the wonders being with you

Anything that you might say

Let it come and again be okay

Peter S. Quinn

Bring Me Your Peace And Hope

Bring me your peace and hope
In to the palm of your hand
Let me hold on to love's robe
And bring forward to understand
The morning has come in love
And peaceful celebrating beauty
Like open sky in blue above
So flowing on in endless fluty

And with this day night arrives
With purple flowers reality
Many thoughts of deeper archives
Of simple ways and complexity
Transcended by in rays of light
Those many understanding ways
Like something comes to flight
That experience pounder plays

Peter S. Quinn

Bring Me...

Bring me to your heart
Like a wintry melody
Don't forever depart
Be always a part of me
Spring is soon coming
With everything in flower
Days of light blooming
Every minute and hour

Bring me to an emotion
Let me be a part of you
Times of gone erosion
Come again to be new
All that's a part of love
With our feelings inside
Close to and further of
All an emotion can hide

Bring me to a day new
From the winter going
Connect my love to you
As colors are growing
Touch a new break of day
Finding love once more
Moments in strange way
All what we together are

Peter S. Quinn

Bring Mind (From,134 Picture Poems)

bring mind
to true tests
dear you

and love
the years to come

laugh again
my heart

Peter S. Quinn

Bring On The Music

Bring on the music now
From the song that's flowing
Live and be true somehow
Inside your heart and knowing

Give each day what is true
And let it all last for long
Be always whatever is you
In each your beat and song

The love is coming from in
To give more to its out
And every closeness to win
If you are in your doubt

Let's give what we can make
Of love that is at stake
Each hour more up wake
Then we can reach or take
For love is all to give
So feeling still may live
And reach out to us all

Your heart may be slipping
From every beat that's true
If sorrow is there gripping
In turns of what is blue
So bring in brighter morning
If there is darkness warning
In each its heartfelt call

Peter S. Quinn

Bring On The New Year

Bring on the new year,
With its unpredictable ways;
Something new to wear,
In the coming upholding days.
Moments to wish and long,
While they are still faraway;
Winter is now in its song,
Soon there'll come a new day.

Fly with my thoughts high,
Up, up through clouds drifting;
Don't ask for reasons or why,
Every new tides always shifting.
Happiness comes from it all,
When there are variations in life;
Winter, spring, summer and fall,
All with excitement to arrive.

Bring on the new year,
So tender in experienced age;
You haven't been anywhere,
Live up to and things weigh.
Soon spring will come again,
The rising of days in the sun;
Bring down the dark and strain,
So much future shall become fun.

Peter S. Quinn

Bring The Light

Come come morning come
Freshness awaits me then
Tickle each bosom blossom
When they will feel you again
Rise to the edge of the sea
Bring the light there on
Billows that waves so free
Never to shore are all done

A bird in a nest is to fly
Finding the freedom in wings
Reaching the horizons sky
Wondering what morning brings
Flocking to oceans wide
Searching for something to eat
Into the deep they glide
Every small motion to read

Come come to day newborn
With every aspect of light
Dark gown is becoming worn
Taking its dim and the night
Faraway times going around
Each with its moments to turn
Somewhere a glow they've found
To give to the new morning burn

Peter S. Quinn

Bring This Day Into Its Love Path

Bring this day into its love path
Give every hope meaning and pride
There's so much out their new math
Understanding not too far eyed
Somewhere lost is its meaning too
With many unconvincingly to settle
There's no rush getting through
With its diverse fought battle

Let it be in clear understanding
Anything that's worth its while
Briefly thoughts all commanding
Constructing on its very own style
Forward motion weaving threads
Wheels of fire from the middle
The confusion and meaning shreds
Every life's bewilderments riddle

Bring my heart into every phase
So true understanding is indoors
Every corner to know and amaze
Nothing forever perpetuity stores
Ways to drive from side to side
Finding what will there compel
Give experiment what it sighted
What is the frame of this eggshell?

Peter S. Quinn

Bring To My Heart (Here's My Wish For New Year)

Bring to my heart new days of tomorrow
With freshness opening its many ways
Entombed in times of past giving days
With much new pleasure and less of sorrow
Let love here come in silence endures
And convey its produce to each my hour
Carry passion's birth and be its power
To my love songs and lyrical adjures

In freshness opening new ground in worth
Of flowing melodies of softness high
That exists in the heart without a doubt
Like radiance in daybreak on the new earth
Or clouds for awhile giving joy to sky
With their wandering ways around and about

*I ask of this only, because this is what I'm, and in those words only, I can perhaps promise.

Peter S. Quinn

Bringing Me Through

The days are here of my life
What I can have and share
Each moment's stepwise strife
That moves through everywhere
Like candling streets now
Those narrowing crossing lanes
Bringing me through the boughs
Those come after test's strains

Enough is never thus enough
To renew each mind's weight
For life has its ways like bluff
And each is for number and date

There is no way to turn back
That clock that playfully ticks
For life true aims it'll lack
And to simple time only stick
What remains of the sunlight
May give each its warm still
And come with longings right
To question born – to fulfill

Enough is never thus enough
To renew each mind's weight
For life has its ways like bluff
And each is for number and date

Peter S. Quinn

Broken (A Song)

Believe in me to imagine
A day is of love's peace
Through prosper activation
That those moments lease
For love's all in the inside
To for a short time glide

Right or wrong everyone
With their trying all out
What is and what's gone
Through pass ways of doubt
Night can be skeptical light
In its outer surface flight

You may think my heart's broken
In its times to give and make
Every love is just a token
Of its fire to burn and awake

Wondering about each path
As you move on forward
Sometimes much inside wrath
From thoughts once angered
For love's all in the inside
Coming out from its hide

You may think my heart's broken
In its times to give and make
Every love is just a token
Of its fire to burn and awake

Peter S. Quinn

Broken Cords

I remember love songs now
That I thought were gone
Feelings confusing somehow
Running through on and on
To the date of nowhere now

Every waiting is for this
To give time and to recollect
World seem often just a miss
In its gathering of neglect
To those feelings in all of this

Many times are broken cords
Shattered ways and blackboards

Try to catch what you may find
In the moments going by
So much still on your mind
From the yesterday's goodbye
Hard to hold and in combined

Magic ride in today's world
So much still to confide
Through emotions some hurled
In its going away tide
Throughout times that abide

Listening to the echo ebb
Motions steering down street
In their remembering web
Everything to the going beat
From a turn and to its step

Every waiting is for this
To give time and to recollect
World seem often just a miss
In its gathering of neglect
To those feelings of all of this

Magic ride in today's world
So much still to confide
Through emotions some hurled
In its going away tide
Throughout times that abide

By mind-set and their trance
By mind-set and their trance

Peter S. Quinn

Brothers Dream

Our Eden was never of the faraway
It was here in trees of sunshine
And the flowers that kept the day
In colors of its deep shaded line
And its wisdom was in a thought
Of the leaves that are growing on
Each differences life did taught
Until its times were from here gone
We cannot understand within
If there has never been without
Each foundation is of an old spin
That came to be new and about

Yellow flowers of love
On a peaceful meadow hill
A passion to sky above
Brothers dream to fulfill
Times of whispering songs
On to a front line prospect
In a light wind that longs
To be cherished not reject
In gardens of summer green
When the sun stands high
For flowers of beauty scene
And never in care for to die

Like stories are captured in silences
And make their time of being
Their footsteps many ways changes
In what to become and their seeing
Our dreams are like Eden's tree
Growing on to life with a vision
Some of us never though can see
Its roots in its deep and precision
So we never can find its true stand
Or ever follow its previous trail
We have only our doubt to command
And rut of our existence is a fail

Yellow flowers of love
On a peaceful meadow hill
A passion to sky above
Brothers dream to fulfill
Times of whispering songs
On to a front line prospect
In a light wind that longs
To be cherished not reject
In gardens of summer green
When the sun stands high
For flowers of beauty scene
And never in care for to die

Peter S. Quinn

Building And Red Sky

Building and red sky
Always come on
In their low and high
Till they are gone

Giving their city capers
In gray tone concrete
Ambitions are skyscrapers
In wall to wall debate

People there walking
Most of their time
Squabbling and talking
As the shadows climb

Red blood and darkish
Sometimes they beguile
Of a more spacey wish
In another kind of style

Building's top breezy
Buzzing in their blow
Rocket high isn't easy
As the times onward go

Neither is there living
In its pathways steel
Only mirrors giving
For both touch and feel...

Peter S. Quinn

Burning Fires

Burning fires of day and night
Flowers of your wavering love
With every day returning bright
Through the clouds of far above
Morning singings to hold to me
Light in the gardens of thought
Flickering flames of wild free
To the shadows now brought

Day dreaming on in the dark
Of flowers bouquets gone wild
Glow their calling and spark
Every so dreamy and beguiled
All that my heart stands by
When there is nothing but old
In every corner and open sky
And you can't to summer hold

Burning tints of never return
In their distances red making
As wild shades now on burn
With autumn's morning aching
Sweet were the dreams calling
From their footsteps of gone
Just like those leaves now falling
Till there are foliages of none

Peter S. Quinn

Burning Hazes Away (From, Without A Doubt)

Singing through every hour of late night
Love songs that hot temperature are giving
Like a fevered song peaking high and bright
Every tone of the melody living
We shall learn and we shall hopefully be
With the moments of true love to arrive
Like stretching wings fly through the air carefree
And go with the course in their broad contrive

Burning hazes away till morning's dawn
With the look in the equation of a dream
Before brightness comes freshly with its view
I see the night moving away from dim lawn
When the sunup ascends high with its gleam
And the colors make the sky again blue

Peter S. Quinn

But Still The Sweets Of River Comes

Oh time is like the windy breeze
Of many brooks and rivers
The water curving that one sees
And always freshly delivers
Bells that ring between death and life
And gives its hope in swinging
For everything we must strife
That is here worth in bringing

Confusing times are all ahead
With dreams that someone found
Ringing bells and colors bled
Where weed sprang all around
For echoes through are in a bliss
Of blanked thoughts that now's here
It gave wisdom its last kiss
By being the square of nowhere

But still the sweets of river comes
For nothing holds water away
And with its tears chords strums
The lights of the new dawn's day
The aliens' spears will never hit
True fire that comes to win
There is still in the clouds wit
That through these times will spin

Peter S. Quinn

Butterflies Of Freedom

Fly with your wings
To the freedom blossoms
That zephyr about sings

Every colorful play
That resonates in trees
Now momentarily stays
In the frisky free breeze

Summertime's now gone
With all its beautiful
And every flower is done
To love so adaptable

But memories remain still
Every thought's close
That keeps the mind fulfill
Like a stunning summer rose

Butterflies of freedoms
The contentment is ours
Gone summer anthems
Are remembered in flowers

Every its theme was singing
Of its beautiful days
Peaceful thoughts on bringing
In winter's faintly ways

Peter S. Quinn

Butterfly Rhyme Haiku

Butterfly woken
In autumn's peaceful token
- Easily broken

Peter S. Quinn

By No Means (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

By no means
Is this a lonely tune,
By no means
In this afternoon;
Everything has been done
Probably written and said too,
All the gestures here gone
Now it's entirely through.

By no means
And no short of immune,
By no means
Rather like a buffoon;
All's sweet in the hours now
As the day is going out,
We will manage somehow
To write what this's all about.

By no means
The end of the story,
By no means
Another accusatory;
Say just what you like and feel
The rest comes naturally,
Turning up the writer's wheel
What you want to say or be.

Peter S. Quinn

By The River

By the river in the far
Glowing silvery in lay
Like a glisten thread star
In the morning of its day
Every river is going
To the ocean far and deep
In spring tuning glowing
Of day's footsteps keep

On and on to distance
Like new hope in its try
Making growth abundance
And outlook going by
You and I like this dream
In the date of our still
Flush coming onward beam
Every hope to fulfill

By river through the flow
We must surmount everything
Like the waves that on go
And in spatters shall sing
This is living to this day
That has come forward on
In its many glistening play
That to freedom has gone

Peter S. Quinn

Cadmium (From, Rockstar)

I'm so gone in a cloudy way
Never to find anyone
All is around and inside to stay
Giving me pain in everyday's run
Love is like the rivers
Flowing and flowing with amaze
The breezing that shivers
The falling leaves in their grace
Hold me and enlighten me
While the pain is still inside
Free me from my absurdity
The shattered sorrow has multiplied

Yeah yeah I have found within
That everything's like burning flame
Earth in twilight's eternal spin
Tides returning never their same
Give me a free will to lose my mind
I'm to blame what I've said
Is there a time that no one can find
Coming in back doors moving ahead
Life is so okay when it is easy
Everything good showing to me
Buzzing of motions modern and wheezy
Setting my wings into air free

Graving your love - to give it all back
Graving and missing - my heart is black
Graving and caring - what we both lack
Graving and tearing - mending the crack
Graving your love - to give it all back
Graving and missing - my heart is black
Graving and caring - what we both lack
Graving and tearing - mending the crack

I'm so gone in a cloudy way
Never to find anyone
All is around and inside to stay
Giving me pain in everyday's run

Love is like the rivers
Flowing and flowing with amaze
The breezing that shivers
The falling leaves in their grace
Hold me and enlighten me
While the pain is still inside
Free me from my absurdity

Peter S. Quinn

Call Of The Night

Into the growing dark
Deep for what will be
Nowhere a glowing spark
Only shadows to see
Sunshine is gone away
Sleeping time on
For now in its somber gray
For summers are gone

Come to the river
Mountains are high
Shallow water will deliver
Dark oceans sky
All is frozen outside
No heat weaving beat
The icily will glide
Every empty street

Come to the snowy clay
To struggle alone
In the cold outside way
Where coil has blown
All is within the dark
Misty thoughts to give
Though sky might spark
Where twinkling stars live

Peter S. Quinn

Calling Again (From, Poet On Www)

Turning here and turning there,
All is moving on and on;
Give it time and be aware,
What it is before it's gone.
Thought I heard some singing,
Magical moments coming in;
Right or wrong love it's bringing,
Either waste it away or win.

Calling again your name now,
I need you here for every day;
Can not manage alone somehow,
You need to be here and stay.
Right or wrong or what it is,
Love got a come and its calling;
Bring it back what you miss,
Everything is going and falling.

My love is like clouds in sky,
Flying around and disappearing;
I can not tell you reasons why,
I'm always in my heart yearning.
What I want I also most need,
It goes inside so far and deep;
From misconception I might bleed,
But love's for always mine to keep.

Calling again your name now,
I need you here for every day;
Can not manage alone somehow,
You need to be here and stay.

Peter S. Quinn

Calling Answers (From,134 Picture Poems)

calling answers
to unknown fate

silences
concealing feelings
bursting to life

tomorrow
comes for a reason

Peter S. Quinn

Calling For Heroes (From, Rock Star)

Someone will give you a reason to fall,
Every time you try to wake up;
It's your destiny and driving call,
That no one but you alone can stop.
The reasons are calling from within,
There is nothing that is there a fact;
You are both the prayer and the sin,
Leaving each of your driving intact.

Nothing will keep its day in steel,
While the night comes slowly in;
You are just what you inside most feel,
To each shadow a stranger or a kin.
What you do will be kept or be gone,
For like the flowers of time are we;
Bringing seeds to the earth to go on,
Like a song of refrain and continuity.

We'll swim though deep sea or nothing,
Like dolphins in the ocean of age;
Time's centuries like roads evolving,
Carrying every importance and wage.
Every reason is to dive with and play,
Waving billows are calling for heroes;
Like the fishes of night and the day,
Who knows if the breeze settles or blows.

Peter S. Quinn

Calling Out To You

("I shall write my sonnets
from the real world
just like my poems") .

They are not me,
They are them self's;
Calling out to you,
Asking you,
Write us down
Who ever you are,
We are many here
Still unwritten.

With sounds of nature,
Where it started all from;
With sounds from the streets,
That's now our future.
Oh come oh come,
You born and unborn;
Write us down,
We are here
For all you senses.

The creatures
Of puzzling words,
That the wind created;
In the beginning,
When the trees
Grew up from its roots.

We are here,
For all you senses;
Come write us down,
Let the words speak of colors
With shades.
All unborn,
Speaking tongues of senses;
With scenarios from each mind,
That feels the urge

To write us someday
Down.

Every hour is a flower less song,
If it has no singing of words.

Peter S. Quinn

Calm In The Dim Night

Trees are for my heart
In the heat of wind
Undo thoughts of a past
Feelings from the inside in
What you were you are
Coming tonight thoughts
Bells of a singing tone
Calm in the dim night

The yesteryears now gone
Filling my sense with a mood
Carrying silent path
Toward my forest mind root
Flowering wreath hills
Singing their lost songs
On to the dawn now awaking
Lights of the fires of yearn

The hills will go side by side
In to unknown conduit
Winter brings glistening pictures
Never returning home
Tresses are for my love
And the nights to come like days
Humming their baffled airs
In to this ice-covered trail

Peter S. Quinn

Can't Fall Asleep (A Reggae Lyric)

Can't fall asleep
On to the forgotten place
Can't fall asleep
Because there are too many ways
To turn everything on
That it still won't be over and done
Only time will tell
Nothing completely all of a sudden gone
With its lost dispel

Can't fall apart
With every other way
We will know where to start
In time how it'll play
Though so much is still going
Leaving much too soon
Without we now about it knowing
Halfway to the moon

Spin spin to the gray dust
Spinning wheel of time
For everything must turn to rust
Soon after its prime
Yesterday comes just to go
Filling in the empty ways
You will be until you know
How it gives and how it pays

Can't fall asleep
On to the forgotten place
Can't fall asleep
Because there are too many ways
To turn everything on
That it still won't be over and done
Only time will tell
Nothing completely all of a sudden gone
With its lost spell

What it is that makes us feel?

Turn our way to see clear
So much on shoulders to be real
This becomes another year
For everything must turn to rust
Spinning wheel of time
You have means to give and trust
Two ways of each dime

Tomorrow might never come
Everything is of misty air
Where it goes or comes from
Is sometimes all too unclear
We will know where to start
If we follow and obey
It's the beat of our own heart
If we listen to its solid play

Can't fall asleep
On to the forgotten place
Can't fall asleep
Because there are too many ways
To turn everything on
That it still won't be over and done
Only time will tell
Nothing completely all of a sudden gone
In its lost carousel

Peter S. Quinn

Canal Of Brussels

Canal of Brussels - its day to day career
Chasing waves of windblown rattling gear
Outstanding reflection throughout the year
Motions of endless streams going from here to there

Colors of days inside every fare
Flooding on water in picturing blear
Every wave is playing so mild and near
Thru mounts of time streaming in channel stair

Rushing like heart beats thru alongside roads
Giving and taking each contentment free
Full of its moments in its busy loads
Times in steps are coming on to be
Battled scattered street time and volunteers on go
All its recruits like water shining glow

Peter S. Quinn

Candles Of The Past

Candles of the past
In shadows corner cast
Like paintings on a wall
Or tinting blanching fall
Precious moments going
Special people knowing
Of lives so many ways
In vanished yesterdays

Somewhere in my heart
Where memories start
I have again found
Incidents once around
All the music ways
In the magic of the days
Candle lights I've crossed
Those now today are lost

Peter S. Quinn

Captured Sun

Captured sun to follow
Dreams are getting dark
Feelings inward hollow
Once did grow and spark
Evening in golden shine
Dripping in its foggy way
Murky times shading line
Now is early winter's day

Low and high day's light
The futures coming on
Days for clearance bright
Some are thru and done
Yesterdays were so great
In their captured yearning
What is now their fate
In coming lights of learning

You and I were finding
Roadways ahead to know
Every worthwhile combining
In given moments to grow
Phone lines connecting thru
Everything has its own tie
High speeds between the new
Up to the break of day high

Low and high day's light
The futures coming on
Days for clearance bright
Some are thru and done
Tomorrow we are sharing
Every its burn and desire
Each new coat we're wearing
Will shine in its new fire

Peter S. Quinn

Caressing Moments (Of The Wind, Etc.)

The wrinkled agates of each new island
That are like shattered stars on the deep sea
In the greatness of the far awakened
That comes to the shore finitely
With dreams of the clouds and the abyss deep
In the new stories never told before
With the mornings and tomorrow to keep
As the waves keep embracing the shore

Every dream round the stones wet dress
Caressing moments of the secret salt
That to life is its heritage granite
Every flickering cloudy noblesse
Of the pinnacle and the interim vault
Like the codicil of distance gannet

Peter S. Quinn

Carillon Tunes

Carried by undulation of drizzling clouds
Through the kingdom of longing with fresh air
Opening passes of autumn time crowds
In their endures of powers and flair
Light of the new irrevocable fragile
Images of love along without doubt
Something to last the oblivion while
Carillons tunes not to fade-out
Fly to avail like travelers along
The sunshine and rain crossing through shadow
Increment with their passions up waking
Love in the words with the love in their song
Just like a morning of their new dawn's glow
Sparkling of sweetness forever making

Peter S. Quinn

Carillon Tunes (From New Waves To The Shore)

Carried by undulation of drizzling clouds
Through the kingdom of longing with fresh air
Opening passes of autumn time crowds
In their endures of powers and flair
Light of the new irrevocable fragile
Images of love along without doubt
Something to last the oblivion while
Carillons tunes not to fade-out

Fly to avail like travelers along
The sunshine and rain crossing through shadow
Increment with their passions up waking
Love in the words with the love in their song
Just like a morning of their new dawn's glow
Sparkling of sweetness forever making

Peter S. Quinn

Carpe Diem

O beautiful you in garden's heart
From point where tomorrow shall start
Playfully giving and receiving
In all this of going amending
Lasting futures impending
When flowers seeds are reviving

The love that comes into night
And sets out its feelings on flight
Where garden roses are true:
In each their approval and lore -
When love gives to become more
Of all that is to renew

Peter S. Quinn

Carry Me On To Hope

Let this day be going on
In its joy and sorrow
Hours of it to be gone
All again to morrow
Feelings lost inside ways
Times just going by
Colorful and in their grays
All lights of the sky

Carry me on to hope
All my worries going
Let me with life cope
And each worth showing
Dreams are still in heart
Many ways mitigating
Awakening and hope start
Each in their debating

Let this day be bright clear
Hope in bringing still
All the fortunes be there
For new days to fulfill
Open up the blue sky
For new spring is near
Starting fresh each try
when new days are here

Carry me on to hope...

Peter S. Quinn

Carrying The Night Away

Carrying the night away
Some thoughts that never come true
Giving a love scene gray
Is so much up to you?
Endlessly the days in air
Complicating each new matter
Always from here to there
The reasons to dreams clatter

Throwing my heart to explanation
What have I done right now
Love sick of innovation
Though I'll manage somehow
Trusting my foolish thought
What should I mostly now fear?
Whether I shouldn't or ought
Being somewhere else or here

Trusting that you will know
What your heart is searching
And by no means to let go
What in its roots are lurching?
Don't throw out the window
Something that you could live
Opening to the backdoor's row
Never resolves a heart's sieve

Peter S. Quinn

Cast In The Instills Of Time

Bring me some flowers from rain
Those were wasted to the earth
Everything comes within pain
If it has been tried out in worth

Cast in the instills of time
Displaying the reviewing of gales
Coming to growth in its prime
Everything within instance sails

Morning is stirring the blossoms
With every steam and new leaf
Withering roots knots of its sums
Through every hour so brief

The time is a center of motion
That silted below the grass
The stream of the tangling potion
A mirror of time's shattered glass

Pushing the framework of living
Clawing the dreams going by
So much to the framework giving
Just like those thoughts that fly

The silhouettes are in the sun
With pink flowers red from the nape
As the colors wither and run
To make their red brown yellow strap

Daydreaming waiting the shadows
With every curves of backwards still
Morning comes dark in its glows
In every instances and thrill

Like razors edges of the horizon
Outlining the blood red enigmas fire
And moving its pace steady on
To give us new autumn's desire

Yesterday's curvier backwards clutching
Into the deprecate of tides waste
Everything with dark woe touching
From its coming new season's own taste

Enters the lagging of forest's row
And filling the moments with stillness
Now in its memories timeless flow
Where steps become withering chillness

Corridor of the tide's flowing chart
Changing its mood in its observing
Flowing eternally on in the depart
With every withering leaf curving

Peter S. Quinn

Cast Your Fate Into The Wind

Hey there where have you been?
I have been wandering away
So much of the ocean I've seen
From the dawn of new day
Every rock and the billows high
Have been my stepping stone
Like green gray blue open sky
When I was flying alone

Refrain

Cast your fate into the wind
Every hour is behind
Colors burning their chagrined
Prisms joys you'll find
Never ending songs of nature
In times that are gone ahead
Feelings joy befalling rupture
Everything shades have bled

Days of dark and few songs
They come here in mystery
In a timelessness to long
Each with a different armory
Falling grace shadows deep
Flowing through the hours
Nothing in remains to keep
As their minutes towers
Different ways of busy lives
Secret place old ages
With their burning on drives
Going thru life pages

Refrain

Cast your fate into the wind
Every hour is behind
Colors burning their caricind
Prisms joys you'll find
Never ending songs of nature
In times that are gone ahead

Feelings joy befalling rupture
Everything shades have bled

Your dreams are days forever
eternal flames of this life
Fires that burn down never
Thru the oceans of their rife
Coming times of now and then
In all the ways that on turn
When your sky will meet again
As the colors of daybreak's burn

Peter S. Quinn

Castles In The Clouds (From, Rock Star)

Sail on to castles in the clouds,
Dreams faraway into the night;
On lonesome days without the crowd,
My faith will take its flight.

What is out there,
For me to care,
What is out there, what is out there,
Around everywhere?
What is inside,
Where my heart ticks,
What is inside, what is inside,
From here to there?

I'll know you more in dreams I'll find,
When we both share thoughts along;
And leave no faith together entwined,
Of what it is we both want strong.

What is out there,
For me to care,
What is out there, what is out there,
Around everywhere?
What is inside,
Where my heart ticks,
What is inside, what is inside,
From here to there.

I'll know you more of that I'm sure,
I feel your thoughts inside my strays;
Dreams within the dreams of adjure,
Song of heart that comes and stays.

Peter S. Quinn

Catch Love's Fire

Catch love's fire
In every step you take
Life is ways of desire
Opportunities you make
Nothing is there always
It just goes and comes
Into your ahead days
Like summer blossoms

Catch love's make
Trust in what you need
Its flow is awake
And in ways you read
Roots are its optimism
So much there to give
You have not ad-infinitum
Time to rejoice and live

Catch love's trust
It is in what you give
Feelings cannot rust
If you grant them and live
Everything starts in you
Affectionate in making
Be to the heart true
And more love it's awaking

Peter S. Quinn

Catch Me If You Can

Catch me if you can,
Says the wind to the leaves;
You know who I am,
Autumn in the bereaves.

For winter comes along,
With frosty snowy river;
In a cold closeness song,
So the bare trees shiver.

Catch me if you can,
All my dreams are there;
You may understand,
When I am here and there.

But mostly I am sure,
You will look on to find;
Only what I will allure,
In what I've left behind.

Winter comes with cold,
And freshness to birth;
The world can't grow old,
If you'll find life's worth.

Understand coming tides,
And the river that's flowing;
For none from eyes hides,
That is here worth knowing.

Peter S. Quinn

Catch The Wave

Catch the wave
In a different picture
Every time
Oceans to carve
Without a stricture
In its slime
Passing and going
Tiding's play
Onward to purview
To and fro flowing
Never to stay
Always renew
What's in the deep
Cleared in a leap

Peter S. Quinn

Catch The Wave (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Everybody got their own dream
To let again come true
Going with the forward stream
Like it's all up to you
Nothing is forever still
It's only going forward
Dreams of year's to fulfill
Picking up their right card

Catch the wave when it comes
With its forward willing themes
Life to day together sums
Giving from what each deems
Nobody is back on their track
If it's nothing going to bring
Reach the goal with your walk
Let the end tomorrow sing

Here we are in questionable life
Following and searching on
With our ways we will back strife
Till the roads are clearly done
From a search comes full rotate
Finding again where you belong
Each our way and our own fate
In a look for a personal song

Peter S. Quinn

Catch The Wind Desire

Catch the wind desire
Cloud and cloud by
Every longing's fire
Above in the sky
Somewhere high in clouds
Love songs of breeze
Over streets and crowds
Sounding in the trees

Every love song lonely
In and there about
Giving tunes only
In there and out
You and I so truly
In love with spring days
And summers coming July
In its shading ways

Catch the wind high
Flying over here
Everything to try
Coming from nowhere
Love songs in the sky
Lonely there in a cloud
Somewhere you and I
Going with the crowd

Peter S. Quinn

Certainty (From, Illuminating Night)

Oh summer birds are going now
With longings and dreams,
From autumn forest lowbrow
Withering moments beseems.

My words, what's it I write?
In vanishing thoughts and lamping;
Whiles of summer's last flight,
Preparing new winter's encamping.

Peter S. Quinn

Cerulean Winter's Dim Dyes

Amber summer sky
Is now gone to winter's day
With its time of morning high
And moods of summer's play
Those feelings that came along
In the days breaking clear
With the singing of a forest song
In the heat of springtime year

Now here is deepness dark
With its intermittently starry night
And twinkling's assemblies spark
With instants in northern light
Winter's frost loneliness snow
Conveying some twilight's spin
Emptiness in its airstream blow
From the lowest point of within

Cerulean winter's dim dyes
Reflecting moods of nighttime
Through distracting ice-cold cries
In the piercing chilliness rime
Every day's like an evening burn
Reflecting the departed days
Bringing on yesterday's yearn
On to its copious shading plays

Peter S. Quinn

Changing Masks

Changing masks of myriad subtleties today
In the colorful worlds we all live in
Spiral bounds to its many turning way
Head to head in tomorrow's coming spin
Waves from the sky through emotions of song
To follow your spirits from cloud to cloud
Dreams of your golden thrust spinning headlong
From concrete forests and to the street crowd

Opportunities of living color turn
Jesters of every man's inside juggling
Desiring shades that come to mind and burn
From their work about distances and struggling
Masks like transparent ornamentation
Theater of smiles and sadness sensation

Peter S. Quinn

Changing Our Way

Life is changing our way
Getting through the memories
Love is sparking its day
Set out to experience and see
Footsteps running moments through
Lost again into bring
All is so much up to me and you
How we vibrate that inside string

Life takes what it can apart
Nothing is lasting forever
There lies an answer inside every heart
Feelings are sometimes clever

The closer you get to eternity
The looser your senses become
Everything is inside you and me
The circling shadow's blossom
Sooner you realize what it shows
You will know what to make
Like a reason that comes and goes
When you are a sleep or awake

Life takes what it can apart
Nothing is lasting forever
There lies an answer inside every heart
Feelings are sometimes clever

The times are for their telling
Whatever is left inside again to be?
Different exposures or spelling
Whatever you come to learn or see
Try what it takes make the chance
Never let anything alone in its place
There is a reason for every dance
Rhythms and routs – all different space

Life takes what it can apart
Nothing is lasting forever

There lies an answer inside every heart
Feelings are sometimes clever

Peter S. Quinn

Childhood Alone

Mad was he yes quite mad was he
In all his aspects and rivalry
What he saw was in shadows glow
The acquaintance of dark that never go
Passion of fragrances from within
The dimly moods of a twisted spin
From youth of sorrow and depraving
Dreams where forgotten in his craving
Images that rolled in love and hate
Childhood alone in the darkish debate
He was a torrent from inside drawn
Wings of the dark that couldn't see dawn
Feeling of depths from good and ill
All his wanderings onward to fill
Dimness that touched his footsteps by
Drawn from life's glow only gloomy sky
Binding together each his mystery
Never in freedom to become free□
Unknown to the sun into the deep
Lightening from storm was his to keep
Seethe of his dark and darkish cloud
Made him always lonely among the crowd

Peter S. Quinn

Childhoods Dream

From childhoods dream
all was going on to bring,
for life all then did seem
passions of joy and spring.
And new days were dawn
in depth of good fulfill,
from love that was drawn
to give and give more still.

But now I am alone
from childhood mysteries,
in another different tone
like a forest full of trees.
My autumn is coming near
and the sky is getting old,
high mountains everywhere
as days to nights unfold.

I cannot find my view
of what once was awaken,
and nothing gets through
that not is already taken.
If passions becomes spring
for once in a short while,
then once more I will sing
and find my childhood style.

Peter S. Quinn

Chilling Things (From, 134 Picture Poems)

chilling things
sea of dark

playful shadows
rays of gold

fading candles
sleepy and old

Peter S. Quinn

Christmas Come And Go

Christmas come and go
With many things to see,
With a fallen winter's snow
And some past memory;
Peace be with you all
As the night comes clear,
With some hope therewithal
For it is this time of year.

Happy holidays from me
Hope you have it wonderful,
Let your singing come free
In moments dark and dull;
Everything is wishing well
Giving you an opportunity,
Night's under a starry spell
Things of wishes there to be.

Christmas come to you
This be truest in your mind,
As you look into the blue
Leave your worries all behind;
For this time is never long
To give or take the very best,
Reach out to this in a song
You love and have blessed.

Peter S. Quinn

Christmas Lights

Love is here with its spark
Touching the hours divine
Christmas lights in the dark
On the roadway now shine

Bring in love and bring peace
Incarnate the thoughts true
Give your heart and unleash
Everything with kindness too

Hope is in each heart tonight
With harmony to every men
Come and share a candle light
When darkness is in the glen

Peter S. Quinn

Christmas Lights 2

Tender feeling into the night
A love song that is calling
Onto the day a Christmas light
As the evening on is falling
Dreams that got a window's glow
All their bright in believe
Hours in the white winter snow
As we the lights on receive

Feeling hope in the hours long
Of the dark and dim air
This is love of feeling's strong
In lights now reaching near
Candles flickers in their hold
Of the night passing by
Stories written though untold
Touch of bright in the sky

You and I of love singing
Everything is now clear
Peace and hope of love bringing
As the hour of light is near
Troubles gone now to the faraway
As streets light up and shine
Passive tones are in their play
Everything in peace so fine

Peter S. Quinn

Chunky Day (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Chunky day
In the garden of water
Waving motion play
A timeless splatter
Every hour is young
To the chisel stone
Living spirit and tongue
That is never alone

Shining in the fey
Filaments of goddess daughter
Songs of coming day
Of Nefertiti's matter
What the flowers sprung
From the past flown
And the tones strung
Themes of chanting tone

Chunky chunky lay
Garden of the batter
Every glisten stray
Those in contrast clatter
That wisdom sung
With the seeds sown
Powerful as Nibelung
That's to this world known

Peter S. Quinn

Circles Around

Until the end comes to me
I will rise or go low
Wings are set out for free
Onward in the drifting flow
Content has no comparison yet
All is just inside going
We have no moments met
From the distance growing

Floating and splashing too
Billowing to the shore
Footsteps following the true
Always for more and more
The yesterdays we let go
Giving the hills we found
Moods coming fast or slow
Nothing to nowhere bound

What we will say or hear
Is never completely done
Eternals are always near
Nothing of the past is gone
We shall not learn it now
What has been always there?
But thoughts come somehow
From circles around to steer

Peter S. Quinn

Circling Around

Circling around the city
Every day to somewhere
Up and down - the streets ditty
Blowing whistles here and there!
Coming back to and fro
Something new on the horizon
Tripping high on the go
Carrying life just on and on
Dreams flowing through air
Finding ways to give its taste
With their trams in each fare
As the instances are spaced

Time for joy to give and make
Each new street has a smile
Uplifting or still to wake
That could be a waiting while
Here I come with my load
Going to my lives about
Ahead window's an open road
With its objects and doubt
We are in the same street tram
Wondering on and drifting
Carried together in the jam
At times it gets quite uplifting

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

City Lights

City lights
Glowing in red
Pink and white bright
Also they bled
Fingers of freedom
On and on play
Shadows in darksome
Black thru gray
Day's now calling
In tones to me
As dawn is falling
On morning to be
Fantasies of shade
To the new day
Earth and heaven's made
In its color 's play

Peter S. Quinn

City Streets Surrounding (From,134 Picture Poems)

city streets surrounding
the season

people and buildings
reaching to the top

skyward
maze and brick walls

Peter S. Quinn

Cleaving Stones (A Song)

I've never lost in my way
And always said the best I can
Love is something in the play
With the strictures of the ban
Rising high or below its turn
To be there for everyone
To bring forward lets learn
And you shall know how it's done

Cleaving stones of many more
With thoughts that break tides
Flowing strictures on its core
With each gesture that abides
Now is night of easy going
Stillness wind in somber while
Onward strictures easy knowing
Each in that and this new style

I've never given up my try
Finding always something still
Easy comes and reaching high
If our dreams it shall fulfill
There are times that go nowhere
Only to be here still on
But I want to take them there
Carry their roads and be done

Peter S. Quinn

Clock Echo

I sat down
Without any reason at all
Clearing seeds sown
Poem that would make its call
The silences to ring
Into the pool of emptiness
So the words would again sing
Its thoughts caress

Bright stars to collide
In to the deep astray gone
Thoughts of inspiration hide
Nowhere for now for none
Shadows in black numbers
Each on a blank page
A line to none such slumbers
Carrying empty wage

Ring incredible thought
From inside these walls
Out to the open brought
Though none for moment's calls
Stale in its empty pool
Light of a clearing down
Emptiness freshness fuel
Each encouragement out of town

Peter S. Quinn

Clock O Clock Of Times

Hours of the night in their deep
Sinuous on and always flowing
Fog bound rhythm speeding keep
Their onward footsteps going
Yesterday is now becoming new
In the rushes hours gnawing on
Clearance of the daybreaks thru
Till old shadow's dance are gone

In the litter of their lost time
Everything moves forward still
Eve goes and morning's in prime
Every opportunity to fulfill
Clock o clock of times keeping
Rushing hours thru to make more
All old of dust down sweeping
Opening up the pluviose door

So much in the moldering way
Like the cadences of fog bound
Coming thru but no time to stay
All's going in the merry-go-round
Feelings lost in pacing's to break
As this roadway leads to its side
New thoughts in moving uptake
Is there now time for some abide?

Peter S. Quinn

Closed Doors - Sonnet

Closed doors of the times from the within
That each aspect is turning and giving
Oceans of deep in its waves and spin
Opportunities in days of living
Flowing ongoing of everyone's fate's realm
Where their roads cross the ways of new context
The forces or numbers that overwhelm
Puzzled doubt of its uncertainty perplexed
Breast against thorns that always are hurting
Suffering pain of its sorrowing bring
The grieves and the troubles comforting
When hours in loneliness gray mornings sing
The blossoms of clouds darkish coexistence
When friction of ways turn their contrivance

Peter S. Quinn

Closer Tonight

Nothing is now forever
It's the way we need to feel
Thoughts that come out clever
Making the past very real
Come to my heart closer
And bring what you must
You might become the imposer
With everything and your trust

So much comes just once
With the lot to hold on
Edges of feelings blunts
Are never together drawn
We just wander out there
Letting our time to waste
Reasons beside are so glare
Thoughts once wrongly placed

Nothing comes without love
You must just give it all out
Things just kind of might've
Into its very own self-doubt
I want to have it so complete
Let each our desires go there
Without the ways to mistreat
Getting closer tonight to share

Peter S. Quinn

Clots Of Reddish Clay (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Clots of reddish clay,
Mouthed in its vent;
Tender swooning play,
Decreasing and augment.
Morning coming back,
Beneath the milky ways;
Beaconing night black,
With the brighter days.

Clots of darkish society,
Driving its rim's heart;
Giving none opportunity,
Only the fulsome fart.
Black as a black can be,
Nothing in musky vessel;
Seeing not forests for a tree,
Critical eyes of a sessile.

Clots of wind driven theme,
Why has hope been robbed?
What is there only beseem,
Nothing of thoughtways probed.
Morning coming back,
What will the others hold?
Empty and full of its lack,
Rediscovered any untold.

Peter S. Quinn

Clouded Sunshine Colors

Clouded sunshine colors
All their way around
Lost is lost it hollers
To again be found
Beautiful passing's drifting
On to life ongoing motion
And my sprit uplifting
Like soft embellish potion

Sweetness of its high
Through mornings filling
In twilights goodbye
When the bright is willing
Its onward lightness
As it comes here thru
In the day's up brightness
For each color true

Bringing on the sunshine
And giving time to see
Each perfect shaded line
That glimmer to the free
Mirror deep weaving
Thru the watery deeps
In its serene conceiving
That in clearance leaps

Peter S. Quinn

Clouds Are Full Of Teardrops

Clouds are full of teardrops,
Like mountains are full of ice tops;
Each moment dwells shortly,
Though it stays longer inside of me.

Yesterday is of memory,
That flies away and becomes free;
Drifting by, one by one,
All my days of youth and fun.

I'll one day return to earth,
And my creator who gave me birth;
Until then I'll carry my life on,
In the words I have, and song.

Clouds are full of teardrops,
What we sow will be our crops;
Everything what we are worth,
All our hope and all our mirth.

Streets we'll walk are futures still,
We can't see clearly over the hill;
What we have done right or wrong,
We shall carry with us along.

Peter S. Quinn

Clouds Big And Small

Faraway above
Clouds always drifting
Fluffy much full of
In their air lifting

Singing a breezy go
To their circling
So much in easy go
Till they are raining

Clouds big and small
Hazy bluish shade
Some are low others tall
All by nature made

Smooth and all unreal
In their wintry breeze
Cold above feel
Nearly on to a freeze

Faraway in bright
In sunshine glowing
Or reddish at night
When they are going

Like nocturnal dreams
In twinkling blue
From moonlight beams
That dreams sends to
You...

Peter S. Quinn

Cock-Crow Of Sky Clouds

Somebody is waiting inside this way
Feeling some trouble and being alone
Coming to first light and giving its gray
Always on itinerant like stepping stone
Lost in the woods of hopes and new tries
With nothing to give of or from it take
Opening wounds of bottomless skies
Each in its morning that must again wake

Standing on askance and losing the road
Into the chaos of times already gone
All is its holdings and each heavy load
Something of need that shouldn't be done
Knocking on fate wherever it comes
Cock-crow of sky clouds drifting along
Somewhere like a clock in blankness hums
Every of is tick ticking going on song

Anything of need should come in to time
Filling sideways of untaken old thought
Where is its low lay and each its prime
Of opportunities in needs getting caught
Black daybreaks beauty filling that sky
Across an open paddock of deep and dark
Where every span is with its own try
With its today and the night in new spark

Peter S. Quinn

Cold Secrets

Cold is cold
Like frozen river
Each its turn
Passing between the flows
Of icily hands

The channels
Of bitter inside
The bright crystals
Of glowing twinkling
Winter thoughts

A seed stillborn
Lies in the cradle of earth
Unmoving its sleep
And lost
In time's spring
Later to come

Peter S. Quinn

Colonnades Of Glory

Colonnades of glory
Thoughts of the whispering free
Unseen dimensional auras
Of songs sweet melody
Yesterdays in the keepsake
And tranquil of hours to come
Recollections of timepiece flake
That through the thoughts swum

Day in the coming clouds by
Moments there on to find
Openness of the bluish deep sky
Like something that comes to mind
When you get a touching feel
That something lies hidden out there
Not everything is for real
There is something else somewhere

Maybe I'm dreaming too much
Because of veering sights
Tasking reality out of touch
Into its own Pegasus flights
Colonnades of glory
The force of the feathery light
A dream of the poignant expletory
Nothing with wrong or right

Peter S. Quinn

Colors

There is soft breathing inside here
With your love and touch to rise
So much remains in warmth everywhere
In the fine mist of disguise
You are the evening and the night
Reflecting always the truth
Skies are so heavenly bright
In every hour of eternally youth

There is your love in the footsteps
Coming my way and go
Filling the wandering intercepts
In our thoughts to and fro
So many lights to recall
Some remain heavy beside me
Committed heart of a gently fall
Beating in illusions quite free

There you are standing and gazing
Not to be leaving tonight
With all the warmth in your gracing
When the stars reach their height
Warm of the heart to store
Hours away to light of dawn
Torching with its gleam more and more
Gold light awaken day swan

Fill every momentary with your touch
Coming a long way to give
Rise from the shore with so much
Always again to relive
Love is like evening and sky
Finding the moments there lost
Reaching its tincture shade high
That from a fancy has crossed

Crossing the bridges of silence
In every restless and dream
Colors of gray foggy blench

Now on the roads to the far seem
Yesterdays had written songs
To fill their longings and flight
Now into nocturnal they belong
With every aspect of the sight

Peter S. Quinn

Colors Colors Colors

Colors colors colors
Give them to me
Full sky and spaces
My longing to see
Fill every dream way
Of its inside food
Let harp strings play□
Their songs hues

Colors colors colors
Come here to be
Vast as the ocean
Tinctures explosions
The rivers of dreams
Inside their reams
Calling out the fire
Of spring come desire

Colors colors colors
Never be empty
With shading in places
Their tone so free
With nature in bright
And greenery lay
And in summer's night
With coming of May

Peter S. Quinn

Colors That Come And Go

Roses are coming so sweet
Into the perfumed night
Gently them smell and treat
On to their summer's bright
Feelings are all for this
Something to give and take
Be in the twilight dim bliss
Before new dawn is awake

Evening is now coming on
Gardens sweet scented wide
Beyond the tempest yon
Those in each shadow hide
Like the flying clouds around
Forever in their turning ways
Drifting and somewhere found
Inside the sky vast hays

Sing to me summer songs
Of night that is coming in
Aspects of my heart belongs
Inside this purple dark skin
With fireflies in the air
And sun setting moods to glow
Everything is like a prayer
For colors that come and go

Peter S. Quinn

Come And Be A Star

Come and be a star
In your own way
Glowing glowing afar
Into tomorrow's day
Night in a shine bright
Flowing so endlessly
In to the deep of night
Where tomorrow might be

Come and be love
On to morning red
When daybreak's clouds above
Open their sunshine bed
Let's be forever close
Dreams are to make real
O morning of brightest close
This is the way I feel

Come and be mine
From the dark and the deep
Forever my darling sunshine
Into my heart to keep
You and I walking forever
Aisles of the snowy white
Landscapes that go together
Into the winter light

Peter S. Quinn

Come And Give (From Rock Star)

There you are in front of this
All the times are coming on
You are a night of sweet bliss
Twilights setting before it's gone

Flower in its earthy twist
The stream going by my feet
Everything in love I've missed
Loving you is love indeed

Come
Come and give
Everything to live for

Confusions are inside my heart
Going steps to other directions
Save me - come on do your part
I'd want so much your affections
Upon every clearance above
There you are standing for me
Giving me much of your love
Setting every directions free

Come
Come and give
Everything to live for

Come
Come and live
Everything and nothing more

Inside my heart I love you
Inside my heart I love you
Inside my heart I love you

You are confusions
Clearance above
You are - inclusions
Everything about love

There you are in front of this
All the times are coming on
You are a night of sweet bliss
Twilights setting before it's gone

Flower in its earthy twist
The stream going by my feet
Everything in love I've missed
Loving you is love indeed

Peter S. Quinn

Come And Listen

Songbirds are coming to new summer's day
One by one in their feathering born flight
Through darkness of winter to blossoms height
Oh see how they come and hear how they play
To brighten up mornings - those once were gray
The hours are shifting from dim to fresh light
Make of past memories wintriness night
That once with cold earth of icily lay

Come and listen to tunes they're singing
Love songs - for one and all - that needs to be heard
From the trees of the forest of unmarked spring
Each one - their heart therein - the birds are bringing
Of love to acquire with new hope undeterred
When they together in close up once more sing

*Pablo Neruda once said, 'There is no advice to give young poets.'

Peter S. Quinn

Come And Make It A While

Come and make it a while
Days are so often forgotten
Easy in the heart's style
Like love that comes all of a sudden
Nothing's forever you'll find
Because time passes here away
And the old is often left behind
In a new coming careless day

Summer is now in its going
Into the dark autumn yellow
Like leaves were once glowing
All goes softly and mellow
You are dreaming the hours
It's so easy when time's here
Then life rearrange the flowers
And darkness comes everywhere

Come and make it with me
And nothing will be left or is gone
Easy whiles and into the free
We will carry our thoughts on and on
Because sunshine is inside true
And memories are its flourish
Now tomorrow is left to you
In every day and each its wish

Come and make it with me
Love is forgotten and found
The days ahead are carelessly
Into memories bouquets bound
Come and make it a while
Remember though time's changing
Into a different existing style
The future's again all arranging

Summer is now in its going
And there is nothing we can do
Distances of the past growing

All our memories are up to you
Life is rearranging the ways
We thought never would go
Futures ahead are new days
Like fresh footsteps in the snow

Come and make it a while
I'll be the one and the same
The moments ahead beguile
In their cold morning flame
Nothing's forever you'll find
It's all turning and turning
Both outside and in the mind
Love's always ways learning

Come and make it a while
Days are so often forgotten
Easy in the heart's style
Like love that comes all of a sudden
Nothing's forever you'll find
Because time passes here away
And the old is often left behind
In a new coming careless day

Summer is now in its going
Into the dark autumn yellow
Like leaves were once glowing
All goes softly and mellow
You are dreaming the hours
It's so easy when time's here
Then life rearrange the flowers
And darkness comes everywhere

Summer is now in its going
Come and make it a while

Come and make it a while

Peter S. Quinn

Come And Touch My Soul Spring

Come and touch my soul spring,
For I gently walk your street;
Come and again sing,
To the gentle summer beat.
Come to the world again,
With the colors - new to me;
Over meadows and glen,
Let my thoughts wander free.
In fresh and new I'll hear,
Songs to newly born;
All what in summer is dear,
And is not in winter torn.
Come to the earth and bring,
Lovely shades - fresh and neat;
Gray tones away absolving,
All what's past winter bleed.
To new seedlings attain,
For they become a tree;
All what's summers' domain,
And is of pleasures to see.

Peter S. Quinn

Come Be Awake

Come be awake don't fall asleep
Love is in the morning to day
Bring bouquets of flowers to keep
Life has so much still to say
Some kind of a turning notion
Strength for those distressed
Feelings like season's Deep Ocean
Wonders of thoughts are blessed

The today was entered with living
From shrine of the darkness far
Now is your time of love giving?
With courage of new forward yare
Iron brazier dawn's sky's burning
With the reddish bleeding clouds
Sun is coming and heaven turning
Bringing its fire to lonely crowds

The empty streets bitter in smoke
Soon to be filled again with life
All shorts of colors and gentlefolk
Giving their spirit forward strife
The lonely dreams in nocturnal sea
Hours forgotten till turn of dark
Myriad fancies there inside to be
Inactive till with stars they'll spark

Peter S. Quinn

Come Come And Listen In

Come come and listen in
To my melodious song
With a breeze in its spin
And its tones that long

Come come and fly with me
Touch the sky and its deep
Let your heart become free
And aches away sweep

Peter S. Quinn

Come Come And Stay (A Song)

Come come and stay
With the night slowly going
Shades of winter's play
In the snowy white glowing

My dreams now so faraway
From the evening through night
Love words we used to say
Now in their hazy unstable flight

Yesterdays of dreams gone by
With their many moods along
Now like moon in dark blue sky
Or a lonesome breezy song

All once under your steam near
With their many ways to go
Is now out of sight from here
In times own footsteps to and fro

Come come and stay
With the close memories of our past
So much in their lonesome lay
That we're forgetting so steadfast

Life's like dream on the sideways
Filling up inside spaces there
In vein of the rushes-hours melees
With their complex times and flare

Peter S. Quinn

Come Come Now In Spring

Come come now in spring
With your joyful singing
Blue skies for everything
Into my thoughts bringing

With a lyrical along line
Of coming of brighter day
Moment full of sunshine
In each their motifs play

Come come with your joy
To develop like cinder glow
Away with all dark annoy
That muttered its low aero

Sweetness from side to side
Limed twigs and grassy knolls
In with the summer abide
In natural tintured consoles

Come come and be of wealth
Make every day enhanced
Days to be delight and health
Through every step entranced

Silvery shine and true gold
Are all these blossoms bright
Many times worth they hold
Everything that's here right

Peter S. Quinn

Come Do It My Way

Come do it my way
The roads will turn
There's a moment's play
Inside to learn
Give every touch to go
Onward to your dream
There'll be ripples flow
In the coming stream

Learn what you make
Some things are its worth
Opinions are at stake
And also some dearth
Rise to the expectations
Nobody else can but you
Every quarter temptations
That comes here through

Come do it both ways
So much at this time
To find out
Nothing forever stays
Here there
Or somewhere about
Give what you know of you
Not though in completeness
For then you will you renew
So you will become much less

*E.E. Cummings once wrote:

there are 6 doors.
Next door (but
four)

Peter S. Quinn

Come Dream Like A Cloud Above (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Come dream like a cloud above
Uplifting deep and its sunshine
So much of misty worthy of
In every faraway horizon line
Deep as the river is giving
From its watery stream going
Where every gleam is living
And from both sides flowing

A day that has come from deep
Just to bring you shine things
With hours and moments to keep
That with every enjoyment sings
Rain that comes to drip drop
Making freshness more clear
Giving its flow and its loop
In everything that's now near

Come dream in liking of July
Shift windblown grass like hair
Everyone's fate there must lie
In completeness of emerging year
Where light touches soft earth
Never a fraction in icily fears
And blossoms of bright is worth
Each of the day ongoing careers

Peter S. Quinn

Come Follow Me

Come follow me into the new morning.
The songs of yesterdays are now going
Everything goes around and is turning,
life is like summer in sunshine glowing.

Love that you make will not go away.
It is here within as it meets a new day.

Come give your heart to the calling of free.
Take to your wings and fly on to the high.
Voices of wonder so full of life's eternity,
Nothing can stop love that gives of its try.

Love that you make will not go away
It is here within as it meets a new day

All or nothing are sometimes so very true.
In both its truthful feelings and open reality.
But this is the day that gives and comes through,
If you are in no uncertainty of what is to be

Love that you make will not go away.
Love that you make will not go away.
It's here within as it meets a new day.
It's here with you always as it meets a new day.

Peter S. Quinn

Come Here - Light

After light comes darkness
And after darkness comes light
For you and with - I shall caress
And fly onto your flight
To the sunshine nearby
Just across the dim sea
Through the blue morning sky
That the soul sets free

Every hour of the dark
Shall not dwell on too long
For the gleams must spark
In a new day breaking song
That shall melt any ice
That has broken its way
In the roots full of lies
That now meet brighter day

Come here with your speech
In to love of the far
With every thought it'll teach
Of peace – not of war
Come here in your wings
Fly among true love
With what it to the heart brings
Full of sunshine from above

Peter S. Quinn

Come Here (From 'Meet The Moments')

Come here and be tomorrow
Daydreams that never go
Catch a phrase or borrow
Live in the moment of flow

There is something in the air
Flowing from inside sleeping
Love songs that arrive here
And your daydreams are keeping
Welcoming stars faraway
Meeting each reality day

Love songs of future to come
Fantasies inside bliss
Where every whisper is from
Like that of fairy kiss
You and I darling to say
What we have found in each play

Come here and be tomorrow
Move ahead in this while
There is just joy no sorrow
In child's eyes and smile
When they are feeling fine
Giving of their dreams
They are like glowing sunshine
Eyes with a glittering stream

Love songs are never drying
When they are whole and real
Nowhere their refrain's dying
If they come as they feel

There is something everywhere
Just like the blue high moon
Dreams to fuel and share
Coming to you very soon

Come Here (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Come here and love me
Give me a stake of your pleasure
Love songs forever free
Of life statics to measure
Light of the easy going
Where day meets bliss
Forward to remembering glowing
Of its everyday kiss

Come here not to pretend
But to live always through
With tomorrow's coming trend
That will be for me and you
Moves of its wandering hope
Into the skies of blue
Nothing of it to elope
Only to be clear and through

The hours we haven't found
Or grasp a hold for
Everyday's weavings around
That brings its moments for more
Livings of easy coming
Next stop to the future
Into new touches summing
With their lines and suture

Peter S. Quinn

Come Here Give Me Your Song

Come here give me your song
Of the beautiful stars within
Where betoken openings belong
With the flutters of a new spin
The glowing stars - those are blue
Between the cornea of the eye
Open for secrets around you
Never to mourn echoes gone by

Live with me as my mirror
The soul companions to keep
With what lies open for more
From our faraway inside deep
Absent of mislead spot shades
Tying up fatality - if it comes
Open seashores with glades
Where a deep-sea breeze hums

Come give bouquets of infinity's
From inside your love - if true
Bring whispers of its breeze
To my ears so I may fall for you
Something that's always in peace
Full of lyrical light up harmony
Along the roads the future frees
In all that you would like it to be

Peter S. Quinn

Come In Sweet Night

Come in sweet night
Embrace me once more
In the nocturnal light
Of a fancy way shore
Oh sweet your dream is
Its many turning ways
The enchanted filled bliss
That with thoughts play

The hours are dark deep
Unknown are their ways
No reality there to keep
Of dancing fairies and fays
Ride on to morning high
When dawn again ignites
Red silvered threads in sky
After blue dim twilights

Come again morning song
Into lives awaken reality
Though I might still long
To be inside the fantasy
Where time is always still
With many wonders there
And dreams to give its thrill
So faraway from time here

Peter S. Quinn

Come In Young Year

Come in young year,
The old moments are going;
New minutes everywhere,
In the snow glowing.
Days are passing through,
Never staying on strong;
Into the weightiness blue,
Thank you and so long.

Come in young year,
With your freshly ways;
Wind's blowing your hair,
Earth setting your clays.
Have your flows falling,
What will you bring to me?
All the unknown's calling,
Still so fluffy and free.

Come in young year,
I will give you my touch;
Yearnings, what they bear,
The still unborn and such.
Peace be with your heart,
As you uncover the pages;
Now is the space to start,
Coming to outrun the ages.

~*~

Happy new year everybody!

Peter S. Quinn

Come On (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Bring in the good news
Though days go to dark
No one will forever lose
Inside where they spark
Trust your ways and senses
From time that's falling
Each instance away dances
To the distance calling

Chorus

Give your morning needs
Through the day coming
Which way it all reads
Through its time summing
We are here now found
Moving like we want to
Somewhere still around
While we go on through

Every mind is freedom
Finding courses breaking
Inside blossom bloom
Every decisions making
Nothing is an even try
It's only for now existence
In every it's low and high
While it moves in trance
Let every line on the hold
Filling the dreams to reach
Every hour to unfold
Through the step they teach

Give me a time to chose
What in the time will break?
And myself to lose
If it is what it takes?

Come on and bring freedom

Chorus

While we go on through
Come on and bring freedom
Through to the next level
Let there be always some
Giving from its own spell
Peace and love for all
From spring till late fall
The wild wild wallflowers

Fire be in your heart
Filling the dreams on
Never from your depart
Carrying the love songs won
That is for all man's peace
Justice rightfully here
Knots of misfortune unlace
Bring your love around here

Come on and bring freedom
Come on

Peter S. Quinn

Come On In - Silent Night

Come on in with your singing on so bright
The carols of love and every bearing
Bring forth peace with harmonious interfering
So we me catch the highest of clear light
Come to my heart and take out its senses
With melodious in its wondrous beauty
Like the northern lights twilight's sequences
The newborn in their destiny are free

A silent night comes to each man heart
With twinkling stars and the wishes that call
For harmony and prospect to this earth
Let each you're inspiring from inside start
And be like the stars that for wishes must fall
To celebrate again Jesus Christ's birth

Peter S. Quinn

Come To My Heart – A Song

Now the summer songs are going
In to their lonesome road
Each dream away is flowing
Away with its tinctures load
I want to know if my dream
Will be around in lingering softness
Where a darkish winter's beam
Shall show its shadows loftiness

[CHORUS]

Come to my heart close here
And give it away to my feelings
There is a frost song in the air
With their onward realigns

Dreams we had shall be alone
Even feel foreign to be
The summer days have shone
Drifting to the distance free
No one shall escape their feel
All that came lingering here on
Now they seem all so unreal
Dreams of summer they're done

[CHORUS]

There is my love song
Disappearing today
In the lonesomeness
That comes to stay
With the shadowy shade
Those inside now are
And my song of parting made
To the times of yore afar

[CHORUS]

There is a frost song...

Coming to my heart

- still in the making -

Peter S. Quinn

Come To My Heart Again – A Song

Come to my heart again
Into the cloudy misty night
All has been searched in vain
When there was guide to young light
My heart is summer blossom
Into the sky so blue
Now it is gone the day from
In to the nocturnal dim new

Give me a way to a choice
Looking at summer now gone
Inside my longing lone voice
Where the dark is now on
I have my voice now unspoken
Sleeping in dreams that have flown
Every my hope is now broken
Just like fall leaves that have blown

Come to my self with the new
Never again be moved out
I'm in love with summer sky blue
And each every color there about
Now there is only my pining
Troubles of the coming breeze
Twilights of winter are twining
Conducts of ice and the freeze

Refrain
Come to my heart again...

Peter S. Quinn

Come To My Heart New Rose

Come to my heart new rose
With fragrance of fresh air
Life is its virtues as it goes
Now is spring everywhere
Bouquet of blooming white
Each summerset yearning
Flowers of day and night
Into the moments learning

Why have you come this far
Within the days traveling
Form dawn's morning star
When the first bird did sing
Freshness turns forces on
Gives you the powers strong
Until the daylight is gone
Sing on your earnest song

Somewhere a bird in a tree
Shall be in performance too
Try listen and closely seeing
If he sings his tones to you
All is for a purpose complete
No one can change its fate
Now summer begins its beat
In step by step shading's rate

Peter S. Quinn

Come To My Side

Come to my side
In time of new love
When day hours hide
From the clouds above
In passions arising
With body and song
And passion fantasizing
Through dreams along

Be now close to me
With your kind of way
Of wishing ecstasy
When two interplay
In almost what's gone
In the days ahead
But now we carry on
Our feelings have red

So much there behind
And giving for all
And we might again find
When closer we fall
Like raindrops to touch
And heartbeat to hear
Close and love much
From both now near

Come to my love
With your beautiful eyes
Those full passions of
Without any lies
Trust in trust told
Feeling that we need
Flowers of our gold
Never ill to tread

Come to my side
In time of new love
When day hours hide

From the clouds above
I love you more now
Than I ever did before
It's beginning somehow
To be stronger more
And more

Peter S. Quinn

Come With Me (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Come with me to days of tomorrow
Where love songs are born to go
Giving us their dreams to borrow
Filling our loneliness with glow
Everywhere in thoughts that'll show

Tonight forever we again long
Hearing these tunes in the air
Themes of the heart's romantically song
That gives us so much to care
Whenever we feel down somewhere

Love that always will find you
In its sweetness of yesteryears
Reaching from nowhere and through
Every moment of downiness and fares

Tonight is so lonely in its ways
Nowhere to go but to forgotten dreams
Filling space of dark empty trace
With only its lights of faraway beams
That in our heart of unreality seems

Love that always will find you
In its sweetness of yesteryears
Reaching from nowhere and through
Every moment of downiness and fares

Tonight is so lonely in its ways
Nowhere to go but to forgotten dreams
Filling space of dark empty trace
With only its lights of faraway beams
That in our heart of unreality seems

Peter S. Quinn

Come With Your Remarks

Come with your remarks
For the hours are almost done
With parquetry embarks
That once in shine was on
The falling shadows dieing
And filling the woes of lost
Still to the light trying
To make their doodling must

Oh flowers of falling leaves
With sorrows in your shade
That fills the moment's grieves
With two way sharp blade
How painful is your doubt
Of clouds in nesting dim
Those are circling here about
In breezes gust and flam

Rain clouds some to be
And giving ease to pain
Forever in dimness to be
And flowing in soggy rain
Oh doubt now here's your song
In low down voices run
With nothing inside to long
From brightness of coming sun

Peter S. Quinn

Come Write To Me Another Song

Come write to me another song
Of breezing tune and waving melody
So much of love in it I'll long
With freedom softly forever to be
The springs of streams go still there on
From oceans floor up to the sky blue
Until there is no more to be done
And love will be on way - aging to renew

Sweet earths come here and listen to my words
For everything is vibrant there again
You gave me summerset with flying birds
And nothing in your waves is done in vain
Wilt flowers from the fields of memory
When I was still unwritten at you shore
And life was here itself to be born free
To come and give strong for ever more

My song shall travel with you along
Till everything has streamed so interlaid
For each your whisper is always young
And never fully understood or played
Please give me songs to write to your heart
With wings and buds - to blossom every day
I must again be fresh on journey's start
Or else your blessings shall move away

Peter S. Quinn

Coming And Going

Coming and going
World is at never end
Times times growing
Moments of a blend
Catching our dreams
What we have found
In the ocean's streams
Here everywhere around

Yesterdays had hours
Full of its seeds
Morning brightly flowers
In all what earth reads
Footsteps in the sand
Those were made by me
Dreams I could understand
And made my liberty

Clouds are drifting high
Brightly going on
In my amazement sky
Till those pictures are gone
Falling drops of rain
Touch my love and earth
I hope nothing's in vain
That came with my birth

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

Coming From The Sky

Coming from the sky
The gyrating moments for all
Going here low and high
Till those luminous fall
Inside the fluttering bliss
The day of the evening goes
Everything that let to this
For all the fading glows

Yesterday was once new
Till it burned up in the evening
With the dark night to renew
And latest dawn to bring
Full of flowering and leaves
Of blossom's speculation
With their longitude and briefs
Of its wordily education

Coming to this earth
Our wishful thoughts to give
Arrangements and its birth
That truly must grow to live
Nothing is new to be born
In every aspect of learning
Through revelation it's worn
To every circle ways turning

Peter S. Quinn

Coming Thru To Shine

There is loneliness
In the clouds going by
They seem so less and less
As they rise on high
In their misty haze
Skimming all day long
In many day dreams amaze
That is in their morning song

Feeling freedom day
Coming thru to shine
In their many play
Of the red horizon line

Reaching far to dream
Closeness going thru
Not everything be seem
What it is now so new
Like the billon grays
In to their hazy vapors
When the clouds they play
From sky's far shapers

Nothing to believe in
Only dreams to catch
In their going on spin
Of their high altitude touch
Yesterdays seem old news
With the firmament sunset
Like the breezy blues
With their moment's upsets

Feeling freedom day
Coming thru to shine
In their many play
Of the red horizon line

You got your hope to give
Passing on its ways

Truth about to live
In its many stays
Nothing coming easy
Catching dreams to strife
Like the hours breezy
That sometimes comes to life

You and I in turning
Like the clouds in sky
With our passions burning
In the low and high
Reaching to the late
Afternoon's fading stars
Each in moment's crate
Side by kicking bars

Feeling freedom day
Coming thru to shine
In their many play
Of the red horizon line

(from my album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

Commodores Of Times Meanwhile

Why love is always cornered out
To somewhere no one knows
My daydreams are inside me
Showing me ways I didn't see
Residents of cold touch slumber
The rivers of my hold on themes
All that is now and then forgotten
But still is all there inside me

I have always felt I couldn't afford
This affection to know a feeling
For it's something I don't know
Just broken stones and disencumber
Pictures of people are everywhere
Just albums apart or distances away
Though I am outnumbered by a single
None of any emotion residence

Like the wind that blows around
I am a wander inside my thoughts
Finding the silences to nowhere
The commodores of times meanwhile

Peter S. Quinn

Communicating People (To Tori Amos)

The mountain of blue sky and flying birds,
This is something for the climbers to reach their goal;
There is this beautiful morning
That steps inside my dream
And I take a fly to the left and to the right,
A morning full of whispers a morning full of silence.

Ha communicating people,
Reaching your wings into the sky;
Communicating people,
Have you come to say how much you love the world?

Dark eyed horses dwelling
Inside the green colored forest,
I wait for you to come out
To take my ride again,
This is something for the dreamers to reach their goal;
There is this beautiful morning,
Full of changing colors.

Oh dear don't ever try this out at home
You could disturb the neighbors,
This is something for the gray minded monotonous to reach their goal;
There is this beautiful morning,
Of monotonous rousing.

And I try to phone and I try to phone
You,
But you aren't answering.
Have you gone to say how much you love the world?
Have you gone to say how much you love the world?

Peter S. Quinn

Confusing Distances (From,134 Picture Poems)

confusing distances
alone with my
flowing thoughts

where cold ocean
motions
are lost
in the fog

Peter S. Quinn

Conjectural Punch Lines

Conjectural punch lines
Between good and bad,
What in the peace outshines
Both happy and sad;
There's way with indifference
But it will never stay,
If you give peace a chance
In the moment deray

Try not out your luck
With up filling a wish,
You could be forever stuck
In what it then never is;
Fulfillments and changes
On the long roads ahead,
Futures still rearranges
When they are made ared.

What man's from life driven
Are like axes of the field,
From the progeny given
And the soil concealed;
There's way for new hope
Another story untold,
In fate's ancient grope
What destiny will behold.

Peter S. Quinn

Conjectural Punch Lines (From, Lost Song Poems)

Conjectural punch lines
Between good and bad,
What in the peace outshines
Both happy and sad;
There's way with indifference
But it will never stay,
If you give peace a chance
In the moment deray.

Try not out your luck
With up filling a wish,
You could be forever stuck
In what it then never is;
Fulfillments and changes
On the long roads ahead,
Futures still rearranges
When they are made ared.

What man's from life driven
Are like axes of the field,
From the progeny given
And the soil concealed;
There's way for new hope
Another stories untold,
In fate's ancient grope
What destiny will behold.

Peter S. Quinn

Connecting The Lines

I wandered alongside this evening song
Through tempers and roots of their many ways
Might of their warm gone but the fragrant stays
Giving compasses and yearnings to long
Reasons of staircases in crystal clear wood
The little forgotten wheels of treasures
Each of their reasons and unlikelihood
Giving its day to day normal pleasures

Completeness of things is in its cleanness
Smoothing its powers to the time chimes
Filling each matter with existing - indeed
The easy going contrasts and betweenness
That goes with existence of lifetimes
Is all connecting the lines you will read?

Peter S. Quinn

Connection

My heart is a connection
To you and to me
Together in the beat
That makes our love free

These feelings like light
In rising daybreak
Every touch of this relation
That we in love shall make

Your heart is a connection
So much and tenderly
That I feel here inside me
When our love is free

Like dreams flowing between
In their everlasting
Only touches and nothing seen
In love caringly trusting

Peter S. Quinn

Contemplation In The Light

Contemplation in the light
Those need somewhere to go
Into the circling of the night
With some of its dowering glow
Taking the departing by hours
That's been waiting and ready
In the pouring out showers
Of the falling drops so steady

In the look of the city light
At the evening passing gone
Before labyrinth of the night
Shall vanished and be done
From the lanes and city routs
With every sideway in its line
When the shadows here intrudes
With the day and falling sunshine

Reverie in dark shade
Every fulsome turning point
That in stepwise turning grade
Comes to border the dimly joint
Where the hour falls to sleep
In the pondering of a dream
And doorways of reality sweep
Through its gloomy nightly beam

Peter S. Quinn

Contemplation In The Light (From, Myspace)

Contemplation in the light
Those need somewhere to go
Into the circling of the night
With some of its dowering glow
Taking the departing by hours
That's been waiting and ready
In the pouring out showers
Of the falling drops so steady

In the look of the city light
At the evening passing gone
Before labyrinth of the night
Shall vanished and be done
From the lanes and city routs
With every sideway in its line
When the shadows here intrudes
With the day and falling sunshine

Reverie in dark shade
Every fulsome turning point
That in stepwise turning grade
Comes to border the dimly joint
Where the hour falls to sleep
In the pondering of a dream
And doorways of reality sweep
Though its gloomy nightly beam

Peter S. Quinn

Contrasting Shows

Resembling shadows
On a frozen wall,
Immense and tall;
The fire that glows
Within itself,
A storm that blows
The ice needles away.

It came here on,
To answer earths call;
From an underneath,
Ever blazing sea.

The beast is here,
In fire and ice;
Immensely burning,
Intensively surprise.
Evolving glaciers,
And fluxing snows;
Full of burning ices,
Contrasting shows.
Like, phoenix fell here,
With feathers burned up;
To ice sheets
That roars and tears,
And fires that burns ice up.

Peter S. Quinn

Convey My Destiny

Convey my destiny
That to my door calls
And spread its wings free
Before Icarus falls
Profit prosper days
Those to the roads lie
Balance each the bays
The oceans and the sky

Like corn in wind sways
My fate is to and fro
And nothing ever stays
That really has to go
Up to heights - to win
Mount the climbing high
There is so much within
Or efforts will surely die

Peter S. Quinn

Corners Everywhere (From, The Barka Lyrics - II)

Sit down
Wait your change
Nothing is going forever

There are corners everywhere
To begin your journey

Times are complicated
With too much to do
And nothing to please
In the same way

You can give me this and that
And never give too much

You have your ways to accomplish
What surrounds your thought
And sets your mind

There are corners everywhere
To begin your journey

Peter S. Quinn

Corridors Of Time

Corridors of time are passing
Into every introduction's shown
Their fortune and failure tossing
To the daydreams in its night gown
Flying together to embrace
With every confusion there in given
Full of its world and its ways
In what every feeling has liven

Nothing is going to nowhere
With this time that is here coming
Though we have time to share
In their minutes up summing
Finding out where feelings are here
Trusting the way they all go
There is so much in life's steer
Without this all you know

Trusting the dream from the heart
Without much knowing what's hidden
Driving or tearing us apart
Of good fortunes that got ridden
Living is breaking destruction
And taking away every feeling
Making us anywhere in its abduction
Strings of our hope then stealing

Nothing is going to nowhere
With this time that is here coming
Though we have time to share
In their minutes up summing
Only we two that are on giving
From our own that we both have started
In those times we are living
That soon to anywhere is departed

Trusting the dream from the heart
Without much knowing what's hidden
Where every going must again start

That in our dreams seems fitting

(from my album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

Counting-Faraway-Stars

Counting-faraway-stars
One by one they glow
Glistening icily pulsars
Like snow corns they show
Feelings in the heart
Where the coldness is
Drifting through and apart
Following morning bliss

Yesterday is now a dream
In the in between
Where everything in light seem
Where it hasn't been
Love songs of old yesterday
To the night now going
In their lonesome on play
And in far-away growing

Counting still the hours
Everything is falling
Bleaching down the flowers
Oblivion themes calling
You and I are still here
With our dreams giving
Someone is though nowhere
In their times of living

Like a summer song of old
Every dream I felt
Cannot to their seed hold
Where their motives dwelt
Spellbound to the darkness
In the waves of shadows
Each its touch of nearness
That never returns or shows

Counting-faraway-stars
One by one they glow
Glistening icily pulsars

Like snow corns they show
Feelings in the heart
Where the coldness is
Drifting through and apart
Following morning bliss

Peter S. Quinn

Craving

The night now dances close
In its nocturnal dance dreams
Like a dark leaved evening rose
With thorns of yesterdays deems
I watch the shadows shift
In to my thoughts I yearn for
And back again to dim drift
To become nothing once more

My heart is beating loneliness
And echoing through its sound
Feelings to turn out to be less
Until they are nowhere found
So much is though hidden inside
In place of the outlying deep
That ruined my wishes or tied
Until their thoughts they sweep

Now abandoned I do crave
For something that's there still
And through the missing pave
To try to find again and fulfill
I watch the shadows dance
In a fluttering beaming light
Weaving the moment's instance
Through time and missing night

Peter S. Quinn

Crossing

Our days are like water
Hollowing the stone
Ways of difference splatter
In these times alone

The wind of every playing
And escaping here through
Nowhere for long is staying
Always going to renew

Singing in whirling curving
Meeting the going by
Emotions of stilled steering
In clouds or a clear sky

Crossing of vanishing dreams
Emptiness going scatter
In to the times streams
Where nothing seems to matter

Peter S. Quinn

Crossroads

Crossroads of the coming day
Everywhere to keep
This and that in outside play
From gone judgments deep

Flowing on to the astrosphere
Still in unknown from us all
In its going breezy valor steer
Endless dances and stroll

Crossroads lying deep inside
Of the rivers now trying
On its onward fulfillment glide
Before daylight is dying

Coming still again here around
In the clear water drops
Nowhere else on earth found
Before its great plunges stops

Crossroads through curtains free
Of the seasons motions
Harvest ride in colors alchemy
On to tide's oblivion oceans

Day and night to ascend fulfill
In the base of comforter way
Mimic shades of living thrill
Impending with its every lay

Peter S. Quinn

Cure Me

Cure me of this love
That the wind bestows
Like the leaves above
Flying in autumn glows
Red as morning bliss
On a lonely street
Is every fallen kiss
In its bleaching bleat

Cure me from solitary
When the winter comes
And the breeze gets airy
As it coldly strums
When colors fall gray
In an endless dark
And love's not in my way
For its plying embark

Cure me of love sickness
And longing so much
Like leaf in air quickness
Red earth must touch
In blanching autumn burn
When I long for you
Dear, but you won't return
Because we're through

Peter S. Quinn

Curves They Crash (From,134 Picture Poems)

curves they crash
crossed lights of
northern moon

calm is the heaven
waiting to strike

from fire clouds

Peter S. Quinn

Dagar Sem Dimmar Nætur (From Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Nú eru dagar sem dimmar nætur
dansandi skuggar og kvikur,
erfitt er stundum að fara á fætur
við eilífðar nætur blikur.
Norðurljósinn leika um himinn
logarnir hverfa svo brátt,
þungbúinn lífsins þema ég finn
í þögninni við hljóða sátt.

Allt er svo einmannalegt nú hér
sem óráðin gáta draumsins,
andartakið svo óraunverulegt er
í innviðum hugsanna saumsins.
Hugurinn líður hljóðlega um nótt
heimurinn sefur svo blítt,
lífið í draumi leitar af þrótt
að leiða nýjan dag upp á nytt.

Nú eru dagar drollandi og hljóðir
dögun nýs árs kemur þó brátt,
blikandi logar lífsins glóðir
leikandi opnast þá upp á gátt.
Hamingjan er í hringstiga ljós
happ og glöpp spor gengin,
frostið á glugga gefur hvíta rós
gleði úr dimmunni er fengin

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Dagrenning (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Ó dagrenning
í táraskyjum
hve hljó?
er ?ín dög

Ofin silki
vatns ?rá?um
gærdagsins

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Dagur Dagsins Í Dag

Í dag er dagur
dagsins í dag,
þar lendum tímans
hafa sáð sín lönd.
Hver rödd í ómi syngur
enn sinn brag,
sem gefur ar?
við nýja sjónar rönd.

Og skyin gráu
hverfa munu á braut,
í fjarlæga syn
við enda nætur.
það upphéfst allt
uppúr langri þraut,
þegar víðsynin létt
í ljósi lætur.

Nýr dagur sem ásynd
í skyi björtu,
sem skuggarnir ófu
úr myrkri syn.
það koma dagar bjartir
á ný í hjörtu,
er svarnættis hrjóstri?
dökka dvín.

Peter S. Quinn

Dance Dance...

Dance dance to the evening
In a dim golden flow
As the leaves sing
In their breezy breezy blow
Morning comes to live
Glowing waves of day
More than enough to give
Of its colors golden lay

Dreams that were of night
Are now all laying still
For the daylight bright
Those aspirations fulfill
Dance dance to the night
Fill the moods of song
In your dream starry flight
Those dreamy feelings long

The stars are out to shine
Within their golden glow
Thru space in horizon line
That the skies now show
Harmony of deep freedom
To the darkness remote
Colors of the ad-infinitum
Opening dawn's fireboat

Dance dance to the evening
In a dim golden flow
As the leaves sing
In their breezy breezy blow
Morning comes to live
Glowing waves of day
More than enough to give
Of its colors golden lay

Peter S. Quinn

Dance Of Flowers

A dance of flowers
Through time of snow
Those wintry hours
In dawn's new glow

Their stepping through
Existence in cold
For epochs renew
That nothing can hold
Flying in the dark
Breezy moment plays
With their playful spark
From the deep sun rays

A dance of new life
To prime coming
Seasons on strife
For blossoming

Nothing can hold
To grow and become
As seedlings unfold
Earth beginnings from
Just as we are
Now in our own dim
Deep down and afar
In bleak Whimsy whim

Peter S. Quinn

Dance On Your Softly Fairy Toes

Dance on your softly fairy toes
On the waves of the ocean
Anywhere your freedom goes
With the flow of air and emotion
Give your wings a try
On to goings far out
In to the openness of the sky
And high clouds circling about

Dance on the aloft coming air
Out to the distances afar
With your longings gathered everywhere
And wishes for each falling star
Dream away to a different shore
Find your billows to rise
To the evermore and hereinbefore
With your movements and surprise

Break of your chains to freedom
Let everything just go and go
On to where the breezes are from
And the first of the daybreak's glow
Be like a bird and glide high
Above every rooftop and tree
Never let go of the blue sky
Or the liberty that makes you free

Peter S. Quinn

Dance The Night Away

Dance the night away
For a beautiful dreaming
Meet your longing in a day
Like a daybreak beaming
Romantic feelings inside
That in night you found
Thru your day will glide
Till your dreams come around

Dance the night to heart
Find shades you adore
It's a fresh morning start
Like your own wishing star
All the moods in the hour
From a moon-lited night
Is your blooming flower
In your romantic flight

Dance the night and find
What dreams are made of
Leave your worries behind
On dream wings and its love
If you still are in doubt
In a nighttime like this
Look at clouds far about
In their magic and bliss

Peter S. Quinn

Dance To Me Till The Night Is Gone

Dance to me till the night is gone
Carry my heart to the long way
Love is like a song to go on and on
Till the morning meets a new day

Hope is dancing with its flowing
Always more in its future to come
Don't let hopes to the night be going
Feel its softness and fragrance blossom

Dance till the hours are all here in
Feeling its softness in the shadows
Let every smile through emotions spin
Anything of love sometimes again goes

Yesterdays were breaking through waves
Catching the minutes on their leaving
Thoughts to reality longings craves
In their departure and dance conceiving

Dance me to love in tender beguile
Slowly in motions to give and wake
Every its content in beauty and style
That love together can always make

Threads of its kisses feelings in deep
All that has no limits to any end
Bringing together that love can only keep
All of its instants in gathering blend

Peter S. Quinn

Dance With Me

Dance with me through waves of new motions
Growing so far out that I can not hold
Rising billows of deep profound oceans
And reaching there with might that hasn't been told
Paces of circles going in their weaving
Strange sketching finding to destiny's shore
Moments and hours each rotating briefing
What might the future for yesterday store?

Come in to darkness to find again light
Spinning thru black holes through end of space
Twinkling light of a meditative thought
Moods of the dreaming in their transit flight
Hour of fulfillment's many splitting ways
Something from their core that can't be taught

Peter S. Quinn

Dance, Dance, Little Summer Wind

Dance, dance, little summer wind!
there are no winter's chagrined,
yesterdays gone
into new dawn,
that shall come fresh not disciplined.

Peter S. Quinn

Dancer Of The Sky

Dancer of the sky
Dance in clouds faraway
Every reach and try
Drifts and cannot stay
White hazy a yonder
Too far into the blue
Makes a gesture and ponder
As it goes on through

Happy moods going
Wind wind in its blow
Azure sky glowing
Blue and white as snow
Dancer dance your song
Into a distance dream
So I may still long
With sun evening gleam

Dancers of the sky
Run on the silky ways
For the gazing eye
In their heavenly plays
While these moments last
World's beautiful vision
For a hope to recast
In our own precision

Peter S. Quinn

Dancing Fairies (From,134 Picture Poems)

dancing fairies
glistening
on twirling dewdrops
across soft shadows

underneath
the soft cotton
sleepy night gazes

Peter S. Quinn

Dancing His Way To Peace

I will dance like a white dove toward peace
With my both wings set to the sky from here
The motion of my movements set and frees
So I will glow like a ray in astrosphere
I have filled my moments here on this earth
With every aspect of its sensual shade
Now I'm gaining more power in my rebirth
With flowing that the breeze balladeer arrayed

With songs of true peace there's harmonious air
Through the heavens of the moments arriving
We shall fill very quarter of its flair
Before again to tomorrow diving
Both my wings of new freedom shall chains break
And dawn of opportunities awake

Peter S. Quinn

Dancing Light From Sky To Fields

Dancing light from sky to fields
Every flower is glowing
Dreams of nature life now wields
As the winter is now going
Sunshine coming in morning wake
Day is again born new
Darkish shadows away all now take
Let green scenery through

Summers in the sun and sky
Every moment is of gold
Love songs of fields amplify
Stories those yet are untold
Breeze growing through the distance
With colors fresh and wild
All in its revive and its trance
Newborn to earth and styled

Dancing light to rise and quiver
Promising more to come
Sunshine and summer to deliver
To all of its earth blossom
Their love songs of day and night
Bringing life shades through
Once again in their fresh flight
To make all bright and new

Peter S. Quinn

Dancing Mountainous (From,134 Picture Poems)

dancing mountainous
world

concrete
and burned sky

with hope
convincing my thoughts

fresh clouds
showering over maples

Peter S. Quinn

Dancing The Tarantula

Bring all the hours in
One by one they go
Someone to lose or win
Who but fate will know?
Flowers have fallen to dark
Gone to the lonely hour
Wingless is this lark
Seedless is this flower

Bring in twilight fresh
Where shadows can dance
Pondered your deadly flesh
Make it paler and blanch
Emptiness is going by
Filling the corners of old
Closing the gleaming sky
Ghosts from the dim unfold

Cry not a tear for me
Halfway into the ground
Stranger from black sea
Open to susceptible wound
Dancing the tarantula
With every dark and deep
Feeling like the Dracula
As he rose up from sleep

Peter S. Quinn

Dancing Through Time Leaves

Dancing through time leaves
All the thoughts that come
In its instances briefs
Where aimless steps are from
Living and defining
What entrance becomes now
Words to moods tying
Bringing together somehow

Dances through desire
With every touch in smoke
Bringing it to its fire
That gone days did evoke
So much in burning flames
And living in new sparks
Together concepts tames
In filling out fall in darks

Each time's plenty of own
Music of words on page
With your thoughts have grown
To carry its different stage
Ah love song of my time
With some thoughts from me
Allowing it grow its climb
Of new root everlastingly

* From Lyrics and Poems of April

Peter S. Quinn

Dancing Waves

Dancing waves
Thru the endless time
Heart that craves
Each low and prime
Into deep silence
Thru love and song
As the waves dance
Times love will long

To the endless ways
That we all are
Colors and dim grays
In their lonely afar
The giving and taking
In billow's flow
Of life's eternal making
Fast and too slow

In yesterday's answers
To an evening coming
Blue melancholy stirs
Thru stories summing
Their dreams of true
In the glow of music
When waves dance blue
In sunset of its magic

Peter S. Quinn

Dandelions Are Falling

Dandelions are falling
On to autumn song
Destiny is calling
Of day of gone and long
Dreams that stood by
In all the days gone
When the summer sky
Was still here carrying on

Time of lost ways
Weary mornings rising
In their inter moody plays
Of nature winterizing
As their feelings go
Into oblivions fall
With days falling glow
On to the autumns' call

Dandelions now flying
Every worth its lightness
Raindrops dreary crying
Before gloom of brightness
Dreams of winter coming
In their turning tides
Falling now blossoming
As darkness here abides

Peter S. Quinn

Dark

The dark voices now sing
With wintry shadows outside
Bare branches trembling
In the garden that dried
Hold on to the dreams gone
Sometime they may return
From under black winged swan
That gave its somber yearn

Alone and drifting deep
My thoughts to sing away
Pleasures forgotten to keep
Nothing for long will stay
Remembering I thought lost
In a world of endless nightfall
Oblivion some crisscrossed
To make again its call

The dark voices now bring
A dark day cloudy sky
A mood of a moody swing
In each my thought I defy
No warmth outside the lawn
Further it makes its stern
Into my own I am drawn
Scenic dreams - my nocturne

Peter S. Quinn

Dark Advantages (From, Rock Star)

I need your love and dreams too
Before the sky clears again
You are like dawn to renew
With all its glow-ray artillerymen

The dark advantages for a while
Until the sun rises back in
I'll go with the lonesome dark mile
If you will relate and be akin

I'm standing dejected without you
Where shadows are so lonely
Emptiness of the deep and the hue
Now caresses my heart only

I need your love and dreams too
Before the sky clears again
You are like dawn to renew
With all its glow ray artillerymen

The dark advantages
Oh I am totally lost without you
Totally

Peter S. Quinn

Dark Blue (From, Poet On Www)

Dark blue and red bleed,
The sky of the twilight hour;
So much indifference and agreed,
Sweet ways and sour.
There were times we regretted,
Such a long journey and year;
Yesterdays - even absentminded,
And silly jokes to bear.

Then came dawn and new day,
Charging high through night fires;
Turning and running away,
With our forgotten desires.
All this time is now up burning,
Stop it shall not, hence it will steer;
Like threads to the reason learning,
Nothing forever to adhere.

The end we preferred to travel,
Perhaps alone and even forgotten;
And look at our own to marvel,
Inside hidden or store-boughten.
Times will keep coming - going,
Like the ships to the shore reach;
Everything to distance's growing,
Summers to our memories - each!

Peter S. Quinn

Dark Blue Sky (#12 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

Dark blue sky's out there,
Before daybreak is in;
Falling stars here and there,
Taking a dive and a spin.

Night and distant moon,
Sleepless is my night;
Day will close in soon,
Sunshine hot and bright.

Gleaming lights everywhere,
Space dark and unknown;
Now is winter's year,
With snowy darkish gown.

Night dreaming oh not me,
Melancholy and sleepless;
I gaze my eyes to sky free,
For a falling star fresh.

Dark blue sky's out there,
My thoughts out wander;
Away from this little sphere,
The earth that grows under.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

Dark Dark Comes Close

Dark dark comes close,
When day's dreamt away
The sunshine;
Alone now stands
An evening rose,
Like memories from
A chorus line.

I feel the winter's coming,
As light goes
From the day;
Though some the colors
Are running,
Bright like those
From early May.

Dark dark comes close,
Shades dun and all stray
In design;
As night expands
Summer light goes,
Filled with embalm
Of summer divine.

I feel the winter once more,
It steadily grows
And shadows play;
As the wind hollers
And treetops swing,
Once more close
To my walking way.

Peter S. Quinn

Dark Dreams In My Daylight

Dark dreams in my daylight
Sunrise of the night coming in
Only stars loneliness bright
Twilight's in twinkling spin
Coming and going - bursting
Feelings that run inside me
Like breeze out there gusting
Wanting to be always free

Oh the sun shall shine once more
In its summer's blue sky
Now it's drifting to the shore
In ocean's songs of goodbye
Love is an inside feeling
With much there to realize
Always some mood out stealing
With their billows in disguise

Dark is way's - breaking night
In to the sky rise of the far
Lonely wishing in their flight
Defeating dark with a fiery star
Oh let the sun still be inside
With every touch that survive
Shadows of marine waves glide
Dance on their ways to revive

Refrain:

Dark dreams in my daylight...

Peter S. Quinn

Dark Growth

Paint my heart with tincture
Tones of tears from within
Years have become abolisher
For every gray tone and tin
Heart is always in its doubt
Impure symmetry accepted
In and out and here about
Not as before was expected

Lessons the plunge of times
From there and to the hard
Pantomime followed mimes
Every aspect thus so jarred
Perhaps you don't venerate me
Only justify your tattered tins
With its own pneumonia key
Obtained elements phrase-ins

Like a tree of tortured roots
Dumped in the rubbish heap
I've carried some lifeless fruits
In silent run in quiescent deep
Submerged treasured trays
And knotted their dark growth
Conquered freedom many ways
With my own and given both

Peter S. Quinn

Dark Of Love Is Deep

Dark of love is deep
A matter of surprise
Ways of life to keep
Knotting contrast ties

All life is in around
Circling endlessly
Life movement found
Forces of the free

Infinity in all going
Nothing is really real
Just a shine glowing
A touch of its feel

Life a circling around
Days of forgotten cast
New roads then found
Futures of its past

The dark of your eyes
Irises of deep sky
Life in all its surprise
Mirrors of imaginary ties

Remember to be awake
Give of love to all
Future is at stake
Where next it shall fall

Peter S. Quinn

Dark Rainfalls Rhyme Haiku

Dark rainfalls are here
Stirring its moods through the air
My thoughts are nowhere

Peter S. Quinn

Dark Ride

Dark ride through day and night
Winter songs of the eventide
Come and set your glisten light
Through the shadows that hide

Times have gone and given all
Nothing comes though from this
Lightless footsteps only sprawl
With their ways of hit-and-miss

I don't understand my thoughts
From this vantage and point on
Together comes each of its jots
When comprehending is gone

Frost thinking thoughts that play
Something for a short while long
Minutes vanish in nothing to say
This is the texture, way and song

Wearing apparel what comes next
It's a funny thing with your luck
Like its surface quite undersexed
Forever in the pantomime stuck

My desires around the corner go
The coincidence cards they'll draw
Somewhere along footsteps in snow
Sweet love of my longings I saw

Peter S. Quinn

Dark Space Between

Dark Space Between
Every footstep going
Not everything is seen
Or each corner knowing

Days in dreams wonderful
In their drifting here about
Moments comes in life and dull
And some in their doubt
But as long as there is love
To give from and take
In plenty worth feelings of
There is nothing at stake

Dark Space Between
Everything we both do
Some are still and others been
Coming always through

What the hours give and wake
Some for our pleasure
We are here for love's own make
That's our living treasure
Yesterdays and many more
As all is in its own wander
When it comes to our shore
Drifting begotten asunder

Peter S. Quinn

Dark To Dark (From, Lost Song Poems)

Dark to dark feelings now hide
From the face of the day newborn,
Scaly colors through the waves glide
On the ocean's surface this morn.

Circles of hopes run and abide
To the unknown of the wide yawn,
Together foreign wisdom allied
From the peep of day in con.

Peter S. Quinn

Dark Window

Wonder of you
Deep beyond
I can't see thru
It's inside found
Love of a rose
In colors red
Beat to beat close
On loves bed

Dark window
Your deep eyes
Golden glow
Full of surprise
Dreams to give
Crystalline tears
Vitality revive
In lines of years

Dark window
Surfing to deep
In times flow
And dreams sleep
Love of a bird
That away has fled
Love twittered
In gardens bed

Wonder of you
To spring bond
Always renew
Seasons around
Days of awaking
In gladness tone
Smile eyes making
I'm not alone

Peter S. Quinn

Dark Woods Of Love

Dark woods of love
You tangle my heart
Like gray clouds above
Your love will start
Every whispering way
Inside and outside
Meets each darkish gray
That in a heart'll hide

Dark woods so close
In your deep contact
With thorns like a rose
That my love distract
Every day is a flame
In burning of a dark
And never the same
Is each of your spark

Dark woods of my deep
In wonders and fire
Your leaves are asleep
From summer desire
But when spring comes
And day grows higher
Your darkish blossoms
In growth won't tire

Peter S. Quinn

Dark-Awake

There are ways to be awake
For the empty times ahead
Every road will go and take
Where each footstep will lead
I've tried to leave behind
What is now all out of sight
But can not seem to find
What is here wrong or right

Twinkling stars in dark sky
Are the only guiding beams
For each coming and goodbye
And what here in shadow seems
I can't believe blindly in fate
For there is something more
With each mind's touching state
You can never be too sure

Walk around to get through
Falling love is lost in eyes
You must always become true
Leave behind deception lies
Take your wounds make them heal
Fill your dreams with its surprise
You are only what you feel
Heart of fire and sometimes ice

Twinkling stars in dark sky
Are the only guiding beams
For each coming and goodbye
And what here in shadow seems

Walk around to get through
Falling love is lost in eyes
You must always become true
Leave behind deception lies
Take your wounds make them heal
Fill your dreams with its surprise
You are only what you feel

Heart of fire and sometimes ice

Peter S. Quinn

Darker Days

Darker days of dreams
With winter full of adore
Nothing in reality seems
In all this chilliness galore
Hope is though here still
With many moonlight kisses
And tomorrows to fulfill
With abundances of wishes

You and I remembering
What is gone to the past
On to new feelings enduring
When time gives its cast
Love lies in air and ways
Everywhere time's keeping
Winter is now in its grays
Earth and heaven sweeping

Dreams on to new lore
Brightness of days going
Sailing on to another shore
In wind of promises growing
Here no futures stand still
In their ways and pleasures
Times and days shall fulfill
Every new found treasures

Peter S. Quinn

Darker Moods

There is this world of finest sun,
That shadows fall on in the night;
And as this world is all not fun,
Just different ways of wrong and right.
For all the rainbows in the sky,
The colors turn to different ways;
And every cloud away can't fly,
Or drift again into the haze.

From all diminishing darkness,
Again shall sunshine rise high;
Forever as this world is fresh,
There is no moment for it to die.
All our space is of the twilight,
And likewise thoughts are relative;
Moods are all with different height,
And so is also loss and grief.

The feelings of my mood now dark,
For I have leaves of darker green;
I can not sing or give a spark,
Or all those dimensions in between.
The roots will come to spoil the soil,
Unless your wings shall rescue me;
For they are now so dark and foil,
And let me with no fulfillment be.

Peter S. Quinn

Darker Shades

Darker shades in between
Dreams and their reality
In everything never seen
That might make you free
Emotions going to the far
Feelings inside of you
Of what you really are
Within that is there true

Every style on to glow
Filling the air with mist
Anything only you'll know
From its inside all twist
Wings of wandering's play
Going further to the deep
From all its ordinary way
That at times slips to leap

Dim of dimly impression
Most anything from a heart
In a tint certain succession
That daily comes to start
Moods of instant tranquility
As life pounds here around
In its personal acceptability
In darker shades there found

Peter S. Quinn

Darkness Haiku

We all have darkness
Inside and on the outside
Summer sparked away

Peter S. Quinn

Darling New Spring

Darling new spring
Your heart is now beating
Love songs you'll sing
In bright time caress meeting
All life's now giving
And bringing colors thru
To the days of spring living
In seeds of their renew

Every day we are walking
Thru dreams of fire sky
As the breeze is talking
In its gust going by
Love songs to the mountains
As the eve gets high
With its lips of color fountains
In each shading's try

Darling coming summer
Full of roses of bright
Birds of singing strummer
With the evening light
Streaming with the river
Every youngish heart
Beautiful ways to deliver
In all its flowing art

Every day we are walking
Thru dreams of fire sky
As the breeze is talking
In its gust going by
Love songs to the mountains
As the eve gets high
With its lips of color fountains
In each shading's try

Peter S. Quinn

Darling Spring

Come here again darling spring
In fragrance of sights and beauty
With birds that lovely will sing
Forever with passion and carefree
Everything comes from under snow
Leaves and grasses become green
Summer breezing tender to blow
Giving its pleasures in scent keen
Darling I dreamt you last night
In wonderful gardens somewhere
The blooming came back so bright
Summer's sweet notions in air
Recreation of pleasures to know
For thoughts that once were apart
New morning so fresh in its glow
And giving a song to my heart
Come here again darling spring
I will be here expecting for you
When moods of winter upswing
All my thoughts will be in sky blue

Peter S. Quinn

Dawn - In Apple Red Light

Oh my love is coming in apple red light!
The freshness opening in young dawn's sky
My purpose is being - in sight reading right
What I might see in the cloudlets there high
Young morn time without end - silences loom
Giving oblivion to the lost thoughts gone
It's of with its misty drifting far bloom
To carry my pondering - on and on

Beautiful morning I belong to thee
Strength driven forces giving me their call
With their winging throughout any doubts go
Feeling strangely with forces so free
Traveler along - what might there befall
With transformed fields in rosy silver glow

Peter S. Quinn

Dawn Dawn Rise Now

Dawn dawn rise now into day
Morning coming quite so new
Full of airy singing lay
Coming up and coming too

Young opening feeling high
Full with new colors made
Set for bringing blue sky
Over mountains and glade

The day's fire coming up
Nothing can stop it here
Rising its shine over top
Filling the dim dark near

Dawn dawn rise now into day
Bring the young into blue
Come now close as you may
All is so hopeful with you

Peter S. Quinn

Dawn Into The Blue

Dawn into the blue
From night of dreamy play
Sunshine coming though
Till the end of the day

Like love with desire
The evening coming here
In the darkish glow fire
That becomes then near

Dream dreams of love
In the feelings they give
Like a moonshine above
When the night stars live

You and I so true
In night of luminary glow
Everything then to renew
Before morning will flow

Drawn in to tomorrow
With our hearts now beating
In the new born echo
That our ears are reading

Dawn into the blue
From yesterdays so sweet
And remember I love you
In all its shading's treat

Peter S. Quinn

Day After Day There Is Sunset

Day after day there is sunset,
Beautiful ashtrays of yellow dust;
All what days of the days meet,
Rays of the sunshine hours of lust.
The eyes inside the evening,
Before the day is all gone;
Where lark and small birds sing,
There in red layered setting sun.

Dark blue and half lonely,
The hours that dark gives away;
Shadows of night dancing only,
With tone of the wind that play.
Rides of the moon in clouds,
Water that glances in a glow;
Streets empty without crowds,
All is now in silent and slow.

Lips of a dream now kisses,
Wings of the darkish flowers;
Brings to a thought night wishes,
Before return of morn hours.
How does a dim make doubts,
Vividly morning coloured orange;
Brushing away grey burn-outs,
Giving the light again change.

Peter S. Quinn

Day And Day – New Summer

Day and day for the coming
As new summer comes along
Torches of tinctures strumming
In to its green freshness song
Where a darling's young in light
Of its beautiful spring blossom
And away is all winter's night
Where dark to the dark is from

Day and day in the evening
Reddish the clouds in drifting
Where birds upon a tree will sing
And the spirit of airs uplifting
And making the moments shine
With every loneliness going away
Longings in a faraway horizon line
When dark will meet its yellow lay

Days of each promises going
In to the high above beyond
With gold of the gold glowing
Like nowhere else is here found
Dancing of leaves in shadows
Drippy of dew drops one by one
Where moments in evening glows
And soon to the twilight is gone

Peter S. Quinn

Day And Night - Summertime

Day and night of love
Everything is still going
Like drifting clouds above
Earth is in spring glowing
Night is becoming a day
Blossoming colors bright
Life all in summer's ray
Gone is cold winter night

Day and night for you
Bringing in new sunshine
Sky in its heavenly blue
Brighten day on so fine
Now is the time of new
Flowing and going bright
Sun that's coming through
From under the dark light

Day and night of new
Things of its growing wild
Bright days for me and you
Every in its tender mild
Spring to summer growing
Nights becoming new days
Roads to new colors going
From dark winter grays

Peter S. Quinn

Day And Night Between

In a sparkle alphabet
And a wonderful way
Nothing to regret
For a single day
Ember of glisten shine
All to this here
Line to reflect line
Center to everywhere

In moving clouds by
Dreams are gathering
And open up the sky
In glow weathering
As blue becomes more
Shining to the night
And opens heaven's door
For the sun bright

Earth becomes new
In whiteness seen
Wintry morning true
Day and night between
As snow is falling fast
Filling mountains dale
In hours layered frost
Of winters path detail

Peter S. Quinn

Day And Night Dreaming – A Lyric

Day and night dreaming
Of mountains so high
And rivers deep streaming
That never shall die
Of love that is deeper
Than oceans so vast
And you are its keeper
So nothing gets lost

Give your heart sailing
Through time's world now
And you won't be failing
When misfortune's somehow
Give of your heart
Something to follow
Its treasures won't depart
That isn't inside hollow

You shall again this all feel
Even though going old
If you give what's real
For someone to hold
Feelings that are living
Deep where you'll go
And always there giving
Sprouts that will on grow

Refrain
Day and night dreaming

Peter S. Quinn

Day And Night Each Of Two

Day and night come together in their stream
Of nothingness or something of worth
The lone shadows that everywhere seem
When two corners reach each other in birth
Driven through the paths of each pondering
Loneliness is sometimes forgotten in hours
When nothing is coming in for wondering
Only the after clouds of last night showers
Something without a thought of its own
Rifling between the two border lines
Of what is gone to its forgetfulness down
And to each of each other than combines
Day and night each of two contrasting ways
Filling each other with colors and grays

Peter S. Quinn

Day And Night Forever Going (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Day and night forever going
Into the miasma of tomorrow
Memories from hours glowing
Whatever they might borrow

Rising influences and going on
Into their shivering gone past
Wishes warped but never done
Everything moves on so steadfast

Beaming lights into every start
Finding a new way to fascinate
Rising high from its first impart
Always to give of its own weight

Swinging contrast in gentle aim
Building on its past forevermore
Roots to develop and life to tame
Opening up its expectations door

Peter S. Quinn

Day And Night Is All We Have (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Day and night is all we have
To wonder and bring through
The reach of other in its calve
To make up and then renew
Like voices going through moods
One by one in gesture's wrest
The night of dreams in preludes
Those to the mind are dressed

The crossing roads of shades
Without a form to give or take
Their many prisms in its grades
Feelings sometimes up wake
In leanings to its latest form
Those meanings give in gestures
And in several intimate dorms
Of flow through and vestures

Forces of each day and night
In broken rays that soon is gone
Here with mode of flowing sight
Till each dark nightfall is on
Together lost itinerary through
Their forces of going motion
By conduct to refurbish new
Of plummeting light's demotion

Peter S. Quinn

Day And Night To Spring (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Day and night of winter gone
Roads are coming again through
Feelings from the darkness done
Everything just feels quite new

A world filled with frozen ways
With streets of embedded cold
Into the frozen sheets of haze
Where they have no further hold

Refrain

Love song to my heart
Places where I haven't been
Getting up from dim rampart
Nothing yet to the eyes seen

A world of dreams is getting set
Finding beds of new regimes
And feelings that I can't regret
Into the water away now streams

Love song to my heart
Like the love that comes to you
If you know each easy part
Every day will seem like new

Refrain

Love song to my heart
Places where I haven't been
Getting up from dim rampart
Nothing yet to the eyes seen

Places where I haven't been
Getting up from inside leach
Nothing yet to eyes seen
The new day's beginning to teach

Fly away to the nothingness
The morning is going to find
Joys of its many new caress
That an emptiness left behind

Peter S. Quinn

Day And Night We Were Dreaming Away

Day and night we were dreaming away
Summer set moods of our love
Something of feelings in instances stay
Just like the sunshine above
Our feeling of beautiful dreaming on
Where tomorrow will come too
Evenings of purple red tinctures gone
Always in colors to renew

Day and night dreams to fulfill
Giving us glowing head start
Love songs of the woods route still
Those that belong to our heart
You and I holding hand in hand
Surrounded by fragrances in air
Eye glimpsing together to understand
What it is to be close and near

Dream ways from the glowing evening
Giving so much to both of us
With breeze in its shrilling swinging
Coming in soft voices across
Day and night we were dreaming away
Always through feelings inside
Something to stay in its everlasting play
Through momentarily dreams that abide

Peter S. Quinn

Day By Day Gone

Day by day gone
Flowers of time
Those drifting seeds on
Of blooms once in prime
The bouquets that give
Pleasure each day
As we with them live
Until its winter's play

Love songs in key
Of nature's summer long
Until again they're to be
For darker colder song
Like everything is going
And falling to dust
So is autumn glowing
In all its pleasure rust

Till days of winter cold
That comes soon thru
And blanching can't hold
The colors once true
Withering times and leaves
All shall be forgotten
Though our longing grieves
Leaves - those lie now rotten

Peter S. Quinn

Day By Day Then Night

Day by day then night,
Voice left in somewhere's flight;
All is gone for ever more,
Nothing was for real or sure.
Then it's past or going,
Like the winter's glowing;
With fires that once burned,
Memories of no returned.

With a shadow like a name,
Burning burning passing flame;
What will recognition know,
When distant self must grow.
Purpose proper on the road,
What to time was bestowed;
Every thought one achieves,
Like the shallow broken leaves.

Night by night then a day,
Everything in a rustic play;
What must go must be again,
Or each creation is in vain.
Meet up with the roads gone,
All the sights seeds paragon;
Flowering in thoughts new,
Tomorrow's dawn fresh dew.

Peter S. Quinn

Day By Day Then Night (From, Rock Star)

Day by day then night,
Voice left in somewhere flight;
All is gone for ever more,
Nothing was for real or sure.
Then it's past or going,
Like the summer's glowing;
With fires that once burned,
Memories of no returned.

With a shadow like a name,
Burning burning passing flame;
What will recognition know,
When distant self must grow.
Purpose proper on the road,
What to time was bestowed;
Every thought one achieves,
Like the shallow broken leaves.

Night by night then a day,
Everything in a rustic play;
What must go must be again,
Or each creation is in vain.
Meet up with the roads gone,
All the sights seeds paragon;
Flowering in thoughts new,
Tomorrow's dawn fresh dew.

Peter S. Quinn

Day Dreams

Day dreams of gone gone by
All of my left pleasures
The dreams in the hidden sky
Full of its cloudy treasures

There is a love song young
In every summer renew
Something from spring to long
Until its days are through

Day dreams of endless light
Never to keep on still
In their hope and flight
From each morning's fulfill

Yesterday's forgotten tone
In thoughts that never came
Like shadows are now alone
Burning like evening flame

Day dreams in longing's flow
Oceans of hidden ways
Upon fresh morning's glow
Within the new born days

There are its days all new
Endless on tone and shade
Coming like a light through
From moment's colors made

Peter S. Quinn

Day In Rising

Day in rising
Full of its colors view
All shades surprising
From the deep and blue

In new summer air
Love songs of fresh
Covering coldness bare
With its deep intermesh

Touches of the sun
In the flowers patch
With its fair complexion
On to wistful catch

Form a rising horizon
Every day renew
Pure in its clarification
All the bright of view

Day in new spring
With its shine and sense
As sunrise will sing
In its color sequence

Now new summer's in
Flame time of vivid
With its growth and spin
All life is abounded

Peter S. Quinn

Day Is Now In Its Dark Ways

Day is now in its dark ways
From glowing of golden lost
In the winter cold icily rays
That is turning them into rust
Each day now comes and goes
In the darkness misty blears
Their strings with pearls glows
Are crystal raindrops in tears

The revealed shadows towers
Quiver like the tree leaves
In blackness morning hours
With the wind full of grieves
There are so many answers
Around these frozen mirrors
Reflecting light like dancers
And closeness of their veneerers

A day beat now stands still
In its disjuncts prisms spin
Thoughts on crossroads hills
Unreturned seclusion within
Oh come again glowing skies
Like a flow in the rivers run
Twirl again around my eyes
With glow of the coming sun

*(I was reading Federico García Lorca – Reflection; and I found out the moods here, right now, are very similar.)

Peter S. Quinn

Day To Day Pictures – To The Path Of Spring

Day to day pictures
Are everywhere in glow
Dark to white strictures
In the dissolving snow
And when spring comes
With its freshness sung
The cores take plums
In every feeling young

Day to day footsteps
Bringing me on the road
Into the new concepts
Of its furling ode
Every time to escalate
From its starting edge
Become true and great
In its summer's pledge

Day to you - its ignite
Spinning weaves of gold
Into spring's young night
That love has yet not told
Oh come love - convince
Your true heart's desire
I'll be your fairy prince
To start dawning sapphire

Peter S. Quinn

Day Without Fear

The day is always without fear
In its dreams of everlasting,
And now in autumn of this year
Wintertime's are in and casting.
And still the day is always new
In coming gleams of yearning,
You'll notice hours going though
In cerulean and reddish burning.
And still the day is always right
In all its deed and deep liberty,
For day becomes again the night
With stars so reflective and free.

Peter S. Quinn

Daybreak...

O daybreak - rising daybreak my true love
Where the mountains are growing from shadows
In the flow of the light from far above
Ending the murkiness of twilight's glows

Every dream that was once in its night
Filling the corners of thoughts in the mind
Astray in their wandering tranquil flight
Where those eyes of veracity are blind

Sunshine in gold glimmer - on the horizon
With every billow of sea bright and clear
Till the night and the moon is almost gone
And new dances of living again are near
Sunup of fresh brightness creating the way
Making beautiful - yet another day!

Peter S. Quinn

Daydreaming

You and I to make a wish
Living for our daydreams
Feelings somehow to perish
Everything what of dream seems
Love songs into nowhere space
Not to be completely sure
Emptiness and full of grace
Coming here for evermore

Again and again to the night
Wherever our wishes go
Something from inside so bright
With everything to show
You and I always finding
What everything there means
Onto the spaces both riding
With our imaginary scenes

Daydreaming you and I
Finding the clouds of hope
Up up in the highest sky
Where the everydays elope

Love songs without a reason
Across the days of truth
Always for every season
In their eternally youth
Come here to give what seems
Nothing to hold too close
With their fantasy deems
Suddenly a puff away it goes

Daydreaming on and on
And feeling the shifting ways
So much of its occasion begun
In to ordinary simple days

Peter S. Quinn

Daydreaming (#8 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

All in the word, waking up dreams,
Stepping tonight into my own;
Changing the ways I thought I could,
Mystify days in darkish of wood.
Flying like kite rushing the world,
Daydreams it seems Icarus flight;
Stepping tonight on to the stars,
Flying away never like before.
Colour the days open new door,
It is like this, daydreaming on;
Caching a wish before it is gone,
All in the sky with castles in air.
Flying so high but still being here,
Mystify thoughts all on my own;
Then I'm caught by the ringing phone,
All in a world daydreams it seems.
Icarus flight steeping tonight,
On to the stars, yes on to the stars;
Further away than I imagined it to be,
With imagination I'll play, to see what I see.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

Daydreaming Is Often Bad

Daydreaming is often bad
Getting you nowhere at time
Living with once that you had
When it was early and prime

With every move and sensation
Giving you much to think
Love in its much tarnation
Into each catch like a blink

Riding on clouds to the far
Into the beguiled of their dark
Knowing sometimes what you are
Before on journeys you embark
□
When there's time just to know
What it is that you give me?
In every up and air blow
When we on dreams ride free

And if we are lost by a heart
In darker moments than some
Knowing when again then to start
To bring back where good is from

When we dream much of it
It isn't going to hurt us so much
We shall have time then to quit
Before it ever becomes to be such

(Today I've been reading some lyrics by Lorenz Hart, from 'The Complete Lyrics of Lorenz Hart'; Hart wrote about 500-600 lyrics and was called the Poet of Broadway.)

Peter S. Quinn

Daydreams

Daydreams blossom
Wherever you go
Summer days awesome
In their shaded glow
Take me to the sky
Fly me to the timeless
Reaching up and high
Always new and fresh

Only you and I
Dreams of days free
Through times magic sky
For love's eternity
Daydreams flourish
In our heart song
Make a dream your wish
In everything you long.

Take me to the heart
Of a summer night
Never again depart
With its magic flight
Daydreams of love
Thrilling in its youth
Every day it's full of
Stages of its truth

Peter S. Quinn

Daydreams Blossoms

There is a sun that meets the night
In each freshly made coming day
When fresh thoughts go to flight
Turning upside and coming away
Shades of ways to get burned
Filling spaces gone to be found
Places of lay how they turned
Coming again round and around

Daydreams blossoms in your heart
Every true sunflower growing high
Never let love from dreams depart
Let it grow on and reach the sky

Something to fill each worldly turn
Passing time from you each by
How you'll find what you'll earn
If you look for the reasons why
Let them come and be your friend
Trust their shades that carry on
Everything is in twofold blend
To be here before it's too gone

Daydreams blossoms in your heart
Every true sunflower growing high
Never let love from dreams depart
Let it grow on and reach your sky

Let's make a living build a fire
Rise the past from fields of earth
Love is like and open desire
Every corner of its own worth
Raise your flame before you sleep
Showing a new day every respect
All is then yours there to keep
And never again to be in neglect

Daydreams blossoms in your heart
Every true sunflower growing high ...

***(This is a rewrite of my poem: There Is a Sun... here at)

Peter S. Quinn

Days - Haiku - Rhyme

Sunshine coming days
From under the moody grays
- Nature's turning ways

Peter S. Quinn

Days And Days Go By

Days and days go by
With the hour so lonely,
Dark and gray is the sky
And daydreams cyclically;
We have to give and try
What it's worth in effort,
Before we say goodbye
Fore all is to be revert.

Just like a summer gone
That shun for a while,
Times and times are a bon
Given or taken in life's aisle;
What does that then say
In meanings or otherwise,
Maybe just words in play
With an end fully surprise.

Years and years to twist
Before they run to end,
Moments we have missed
Jovial and sorrow in blend;
The task is to have peace
In each of your doing then,
A dream one uniquely sees
Or over and over again.

Peter S. Quinn

Days Are Becoming So Lonely

The days are becoming so lonely
For everything is drifting and going
Meeting with cracked up ache of its only
From every within thought that's flowing
Though some are still far in their lonesome stay
Longings like weekdays there forever made
As they come into their splintering play
Until they break away and again all fade

I hear the cold in its breezing dry call
In to my window of comfort and warms
The feelings that are driven to the fall
With something beautiful that's lost in blaze
When lives austere indifferently transforms
Into oblivion darkness - its many ways

Peter S. Quinn

Days Are Going Nowhere

Days are going nowhere,
Immortal at last;
Stillness is here and there,
Memories of past.
Years like unknown streets,
All going to by and by;
Remembered bittersweets,
Only a faraway cry.

The simmering fragile wind,
Crumpling nothingness;
Blandly from future rescind,
The fruits and flowerless.
Receptive to breath and sleep,
All is in steep descend;
The shining things into the deep,
Till its very own end.

Days that mask in dark faces,
Flowers with mouth of new;
Shadows passing moods abases,
And hiding realities construe.
Days are going nowhere,
Immortal at last;
Is there anybody aware,
The hour has glassed.

Peter S. Quinn

Days Are Going While You Live

Every day is like a new morning
Of the waves ocean song
Where your heart will be turning
And your reasons all long
Nothing sweet will ever stay
Forever the times are turning on
Like the light in dawn's play
Moment's dreams are all gone

Fool yourself with few dreams
For you think it's up to you
But the hour forward streams
Into the gone lonesome blue
Feelings are just to depart
With no reasons to be real
You may know with your heart
How it is that you might feel

Days are going while you live
Anything might turn up there
Ways and thoughts that you give
Taking some and others share
You thought someday you'd be found
With the footsteps you walked
But too much is here all around
No one ever of you talked

Peter S. Quinn

Days Are Sometimes Dreams

Days are sometimes dreams going away
Filling their moments with the lost time gone
Like chalice flowers that still grow here on
To give of beauty for every day
Buds of its summer in the sunshine high
Rising from the dawn to the hours that give
And we in instances always to live
Till existence open ways to eve die

Everything coming living its part
From beginning as every root grows
Those from within a feeling of our heart
And on to the moments flourish and glows
To primes of fields of existence earth
With each its dreams deepness and its true worth

Peter S. Quinn

Days Before Christmas

Days are now so gray
In the month of December
Not much contrasting way
Of its yellow dark ember
Where songs are singing
In the silhouette shade
And in Christmases bringing
With colorful lights made

Look at all the pitch-dark
In its flowing distill
Somber lightness to spark
Before day climbs the hill
Happy moments are coming
With their choruses line
All the favorite strumming
To make those days shine

In sweetness of starlight
The candles are burning
To brighten up the night
For moments we are yearning
We together come and sing
To open up our pleasures
And happy moments in bring
All its days and treasures

Peter S. Quinn

Day's Fever

Oh fever of day
Come here to my heart
And make it cry
To the night

The sorrow
Is always walking
Among shadowed trees
And death

Embrace the flowers
Those are falling

Peter S. Quinn

Days Found And Lost (From Coradoba)

Days found and lost
Into the bursting life
Moment's waves passing
Dark or light ways

Something to be lost
From multiplying reasons
Over to there from here
Circling through and on

Yesterdays coming lost
With its turning impression
Everything inside to blear
Lucking the keys unknown

Sun and the moon showing
From the clouds afar
Diluting moments through
Never restoring again

High and low occasions
Waves to doubtful shores
Dreams some oceans away
Tangles in lives highways

Some paths barely seen
With threads of the passing
Stained glass multiplied tincture
Encircling new forms

Peter S. Quinn

Days Growing Longer

Tongues of the forest will soon awake
With the days growing longer to new spring
And the hours of the sunrise again sing
When winter's ice is released from the lake
Soon rays will explode to bright appearance
Giving silences a voice through the night
And darkness will be blue diamonds of light
In optimistic moods and in clearance

Each tide comes again with new season
Every hour shall become again fresh
Rising to the living toward complete
And the old ways to fall on its reason
With all the yesterdays they did enmesh
In everything previous they did meet

Peter S. Quinn

Days In Graying Shadows

Days in graying shadows
Coming through dawn's ray

In many footsteps glows
Each one making up a day

Different ways of busy lives
Secret place old ages

With their burning on drives
Going through their pages

With the dark and few songs
They come here in mystery

In a timelessness too long
Each with special armory

Falling grace shadows deep
Flowing through the hours

Nothing in remains to keep
As their minutes towers

Stillborn in a midnight choir
Every falling step to come

Morning glow in new desire
Where the light is from

Coming here to give and burn
For their longings while

Till the day to night will turn
In their dreams and guile

Peter S. Quinn

Days In Red

Days days days in red
In days days days ahead
The sun is in autumn light
And moon of glowing dark
Sky deep and high
Days days days in red

Flowing on hours in night
Where love lost its flight
Once those were alright
Now they no more spark

Days days days in red
In days days days ahead
The sun is in autumn light
Is there a horizon of ignite
Where hours go on by
Days days days in red

Flowing memories at sight
No feeling seems now right
But love's still inside
Come come babe now close abide

Days days days in red
In days days days ahead
The sun is in autumn light
Is there a horizon of ignite
Where hours go on by
Days days days in red

Peter S. Quinn

Days In Their Going

Dreams to evening in
Sunset onward glowing
In its enduring spin

Love in gentle while
Summer is calling out
In its growing swart style
And the spackling's about

Night lullabies
Flow infinity on
Red obscurity skies
After evening sun

Eve in its peace
Memories of flowers
Blue moon in high to please
In darkness sleepy hours

All is for dream
Giving of and waking
Not at all what it seem
In shadows dance making

Night lullabies
Here to come and then go
Like a bonfire that dies
In its flickering glow

Peter S. Quinn

Days Of Tomorrow

Days of tomorrow
Are into their bliss
Peace you can't borrow
Only its truthful kiss
Love is nothing or all
For everything that's free
Make your love a call
And it shall come and be

Like flowers on the road
There is no in between
To carry your load
Of what you have seen
It's just always to be true
In all your doing ways
Be just simply you
In all your coming days

Days of hope and love
Shall come to reality
Like drift clouds above
If you truly meant it to be
Love is nothing or all
Just give its life a chance
Sumer becomes Fall
Without its romance

Peter S. Quinn

Dear - Love From Faraway!

Dear - love from faraway!
Into the sea of the deep
Where darkness meets the day
And souls of yester keep
Where all the flowing go
To rest and become dim
And none the flowers glow
In the colors of whimsy whim

Where hearts will stand still
In pounding never more
No dreams there to fulfill
On the dark keepers shore
And all your sayings die
Like drops on ocean's floor
There is none bright sky
Only mysterious unbolt door

I have been there once
A high priest in the spring
I collapsed into its trance
Distant dimensional stone ring
Where shrivel bud is found
Where times will become nil
Into destiny forever bound
To forces of good and ill

*Drudes

Peter S. Quinn

Death Be Death To Some

Death be death to some
But life to those that prospect
For night is surly to come
As thoughts to ways intellect

Though the stars are far away
They sometimes are quite near
And in the musing's play
They're fantasies everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

Death Poison Cup (From, Poet On Www)

How strange is the dim?
With its flowing and glowing;
The entire whimsical whim,
Form each moments going.
I am down and I am up,
With the darkness inside;
And the death poison cup,
Those from corner all hide.

What is wrong with me now?
Who can understand my song?
Show me mercy somehow,
So I can get along.
Through the night and the day,
In the twilight's around;
Every dark that comes my way,
And inside everywhere is found.

Take my ways as they are,
'Cause I can't change a thing;
I'm at peace and at war,
When I whisper and sing.
Roller casting my own life,
With my thoughts I say and do;
Cutting inside like a knife,
Never seeing clear or through.

Peter S. Quinn

Deep

Deep to deep of ocean
Going away and returning
The world is full of emotion
Forever in hearts burning
Each day a lustful hour
Giving its burning flame
Morning of spring flower
All in a set of a name

Dreams that are never ending
Like clouds in the sky
To the future blending
Until there is time to fly
All in its future boundary
Where everything is far and deep
For you and for me
None of it we could ever keep

Deep of the deep afar
Floating in its own reality
Just like a burned out star
That we through a telescope see
Nothing is in its fire
Only the yesterdays gone
Endlessly in ocean space tire
To carry its form on

Deep of the deep afar
Floating in its own reality
Just like a burned out star
That we through a telescope see
Dreams of the ever going
Streams in the dimmest sea
Star shine on glowing
It seems so endlessly

Peter S. Quinn

Deep Blue Dreams

Deep blue dreams
On the sunny glowing
Water flowing streams
in infinity going
Their dark and deep
Moods of ready round
Memories to keep
When on earth it's found

Dreams to relive
In the hours long
With dark days strive
At times winter song
When summer's at sleep
Deep in the ground
Memories we keep
From blue dreams downed

Every day's calling
With its harmony
As hour's ticks is falling
To its Never Be
Melodies of things
Clear in nature's play
Eternally on sings
Till the end of day

Peter S. Quinn

Deep Blue Ways

Deep blue ways
all is in its song,
sunshine through the days
for each heart to long.

Yesterdays are gone
into oblivion grays,
now we must go on
bring out our new ways.

Deep blue ways
here is the new,
no more darkish grays
only me and you.

Love that goes around
finding dreams on wings,
life of fresh there found
in our hearts now sings.

Deep blue ways
among the flowers shade,
many summer days
entirely freshly made.

All the days of fun
in the summer young,
among flowers in sun
and hearts that long.

Peter S. Quinn

Deep Sky

The time is moving by
Like spurs of sliver threads
Opening its deep sky
With many gleaming beads
The lots of Incidental Stars
In light oceans faraway
Time's yesteryears scars
Before coming of the day

Hold on to what you know
For nothing is for certain
This stage is just a show
To draw up a later curtain
We see the same afternoon
Before it leaves here on
The dark site of the moon
Never into sight then drawn

What slips between the two?
The sense and knowledge give
Are we seeing clearly through?
Or can't we that great relive
What's outside there invisible?
From the exposed human eye
Into too many realities divisible
And each one to each - apply

Peter S. Quinn

Deep Sky - Deep Deep

Deep sky - deep deep!
What lies out there?
On earth I'll stay and sleep,
But to the sky I'll stare.

Some erudition to gain
From the swirling galaxy,
Perhaps I look in vain
Knowing not what to see?

The seeds of the years
That man has thought,
Going here and there's
What is after sought.

Searching not through
For life is full of growth,
Eternal springing youth:
Peace embellishing oath.

Ways are unpredictable -
Always new within new!
Some space dark and dull
With twinkling stars so few!

Peter S. Quinn

Deeps Of Time

Morning of new light where everything's from
The whole greenness of the infinite leaf
In its innumerable hours and lived brief
Every struggle and conquering way of some
Deeps of time to the awaken newly
Each distance of the exultation run
The twilights of metallurgic torrents sun
Desolated shades and shores unduly

Glaciers that encircle the unmovable land
Where the abandoned fathomed had once lived
Threshed fields of the endowment solitude
Each mineral root to grow and understand
That through harvest time had given and thrived
With its refinements threading and crude

Peter S. Quinn

Delights Of Love

There's a handful of earth in your hands ways
With its meadows so vast of its love too
And the ways that you are in molding clays
Everything multiplying to renew
Extinguished thoughts brought from its truthful roots
Universe of inside what you still are
Mornings of coming long living pursuits
Times giving heart throbs of each quasar

You - my only in differences play
Lover of giving through a cloudy rain
Search within - deeply with its long waves
Delights of love plays in to the moon rays
Every your inch my feelings shall gain
When alone my heart your body craves

Peter S. Quinn

Desires

Desires

Circle the watchful bright eyes

With smiles

Their precious way

Whispering through

Mama

I love you

Peter S. Quinn

Despondent Feelings

Despondent feelings
Everywhere to go
A heart and its double-dealing
Beating to and fro
The rainbows are gone
Into the dim
Only desperation spawn
With realities grim

Mind over matter
Coming down inside low
Rattling thoughts clatter
Seeds of inopportune sow
Rainy cloudy texture
Into my being trim
With adversity conjecture
Around reflection swim

Take away this moment
My heart is in doubt
Each pleasure bestowment
From perceptions spaced-out

Peter S. Quinn

Deviance

I thought of my voyages
At times end going
Through infinity stages
Of the waves flowing
On to no returning point
That together will bind
With a joint to a joint
That was left behind

Stages of dark outside
Where end of reality goes
And shadows unknown hide
In their starry glows
And you are but a fantasy
Of something very small
Like to be or not to be
A thought into the carryall

We go on to existence
Somewhere we don't know
Given to every deviance
That seems to come and go
From here around in a norm
That we invented to be true
From our own brainstorm
That you thought about too

Peter S. Quinn

Did You Ever Love Me

Did you ever love me
Like day loves a dream
Where wings are born free
And reality only seems

Did you ever think ahead
On to the hours going
To words that were said
In love and truth showing

Did you ever love me

A love has meet silence
And felt its time through
Its footstep like a dance
But thinking still of you

My heart's leaves falling
Like autumn trees red
When winter's again calling
In chilliness icy bed

There's no love in distance
Only a thought that goes
Like summer's last chance
Before the coldness blows

My heart's leaves falling
Like autumn trees red
When winter's again calling
In chilliness icy bed

Did you ever love me
Like day loves a dream
Where wings are born free
And reality only seems

Did you ever think ahead
On to the hours going

To words that were said
In love and truth showing

Did you ever love me

Peter S. Quinn

Dig The Dogs (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Dig the dogs
That bark and bite,
Dysfunctional clogs
That give a blight;
Lightening and thunder
No law and order,
Everything asunder
And over the border.

Dig the dust
Down under you feet,
Where it is lost
On the bystreet;
Once what you had
Nothing is to last,
Much is like nomad
With talky bombast.

Dig the dogs
So much is worthless,
Sinking into bogs
For its tiredness;
Feel not ashamed
To give it no ease,
It needs to be tamed
That gives you a wheeze.

Peter S. Quinn

Dilemmas Just Drifting Around

The night comes so easily now
With all its vanishing ways
Rusting colors get lose somehow
As day to the somber dark plays
Ambition is losing its goals
Dilemmas just drifting around
Our hope lies into the poles
Nothing for now to be found

You say that sleeping isn't easy
Daydreams rewinding its past
Cold winds from north breezy
All our remembering out cast
Dealing with feelings stronger
Now as our goals are inside dim
Nothing of worth applies longer
As we go through this dry skim

Pick up your heart's steady beat
Whiles will come and they'll go
Some of their bearings are sweet
Others will ice too soon in snow
The night is so dark and straight
Flowing and rewinding its deep
Some of our dreams are too late
Others we'll still want to keep

Peter S. Quinn

Dim Dark Night Is Gone Today

Dim dark night is gone today
Casting its lonely instance
Playful harp are now to play
Into the moment's trance
What has been won't be back
With its bleaching shades
What it stood for and lack
Has now been re-over made

Yesterday the cold came in
With darkness to unfold
Giving blasting storm spin
With nothing of light to hold
Shadows dancing up and down
Filling the night with anguish
Hope in shallow sound drown
Light becomes much languish

Everything is gone for now
With those darkness moods
Giving back its lushness brow
From the gone away intrudes
Silence is this morning new
Through the routs of coming
We shall see the ways through
And the new seeds in blooming

Peter S. Quinn

Dim Songs (From,134 Picture Poems)

dim songs
darkening clouds
wind shades
swirls the sight

moon sails
in night
aging memories
lost days in twilight

Peter S. Quinn

Distances – Hello!

Every dream should be a dream coming through
To get to know when it hailstones outside
In the rough icily winter abide
A heart to know so iced cold and blue

Get to make out between us and our spaces
How they lie in the burn from a shadow
That is dancing on a wall in its glow
When our heartbeat of love chrysalises

You are time to touch like a dark flower
On a frosty window in the nightfall
I've been trying to reach you for an hour
But you never answered back my lost call

Now the times of our distances are going
Without finding out what love is showing

Peter S. Quinn

Distortion

Life's look of distortion is never simple
Naked it comes in its lines and face
Minimal transparent in anyplace
Through every its emotion and path wimple
The daughters of sea and the sons of air
Both woven in subterranean of one
Curves to another like subtle waves there
Round the colored surfaces smoothly done

His mouth with rosy lips for loving more
Her eyes of unreachable dreams and longing
To make beyond life's reality to explore
His tongue of pure love never in wronging
Together they drift in fantasy and heart
When the painter's brush makes them its art

Peter S. Quinn

Do Certainty Of My Good Turn

Do certainty of my good turn
Don't be afraid of the dark
Today is for ever to yearn
Living still or give its spark

Primacy nothing in praying
All is to wear inside rags
Gowns today's aren't staying
I ask for fairness not gags

Peter S. Quinn

Do Not Pull The Trigger

Do not pull the trigger
'Cause I might be much bigger
Than the creation of your thought
That from this gun is brought

My life may be in vain
Because of its struggles and pain
But give me another opportunity
Of what you thought of me

My heart is pulling up hill
In finding the colors to fill
To bring breath its death
And I again down to earth

Peter S. Quinn

Do Not Struggle Go With Ease

Do not struggle go with ease
Take it to some distance
Make it a curving form to please
With every word's space existence
Dark is single to a night
Feeling sometimes very small
Make it come in close and bright□
Dissolved ways of the tall

Never let the sun die
That radiance through your word
Instead let them into flight high
Like those feathered flying birds
Moments may give steepness on
Struggle then and climb again
Soon all their dying will be gone
With their blocks of deep and glen

Be sincere in large distinct
And you will just come on through
Everything here seems linked
The rest is all up then to you
Make your ways in the plural tide
With every drowning and girth
Let other inspirations be your guide
And you have something of worth

*E. E. Cummings once wrote: 'Do not struggle go with ease'...

Peter S. Quinn

Do Sing Of Love

Oh love is a joy you could sing
To give it the worth of your heart
And sadness away from it bring
If you could it then again restart

But sing about sadness there too
Of all those that love have shone
Or you would be singing untrue
And never a phrase from its tone

Peter S. Quinn

Do You Believe In True Love (From, Myspace)

Do you believe in true love and its spells?
The magical wands of a passionate feel
This in the heart and the ways foretells
If it is of fires - in burnings real
The love songs of night with wings strongly grown
To fly into feelings that we shall give
Each hour with touches that are not here shown
When we through its instant joy of love live

Wishing wells that are surrounded by the deep
Never have given as much as all this
When love of new desire reaches its high
All ours to live and forever to keep
Like twinkling of dawn in tomorrow's bliss
Hooked on futures that never die

Peter S. Quinn

Do You Remember

Do you remember
The days that were ours
Before it's September
In autumn flowers
Do you still care
About my pounding heart
When summer was here
With colors in start

All is a life playing
Onto days now gone
Wheels of time not staying
They just go on and on
Yesterdays in desire
Withering flowers falling
The one you did admire
From a heart is calling

Do you keep in mind
Each of the tone playing
That was left behind
When the gone isn't staying
Do you still care
Strings on tone's affection
Echoing from everywhere
In their alone reflection

Do you remember
The days that were ours
Before its September
In autumn flowers
Do you still care
About my pounding heart
When summer was here
With colors in their start

Peter S. Quinn

Do You Remember – Autumn Leaves Falling

Do you remember when love was in youth?
Every day so fresh without shadows
Only today and tomorrow - in glows
Showing innocence and colors of truth
Everything was quite invincible in love
Touching the hidden stars inside to free
Everything just - a part of you and me
Making friends that never were enough of

How did we sleep away - and how did we grow
Why has the lit on the lambs now gone old?
And why is my heart this time recalling
Something I once thought never would go
The juvenile flower I always could hold
I never thought of autumn leaves falling

Peter S. Quinn

Don't Bring Yourself Down

Don't bring yourself down
Into a nowhere situation
Our time is now in the town
With thoughts and creation
Somewhere we need to find
The roads ahead to futures
With an even settled mind
Of each complicated sutures

Things we should have done
With its time to satisfy
Moments here are fast spun
The recent past to clarify
Steady on we move across
To the front of everything
Some intention is of loss
Satisfied in its own swing

Don't bring it to its ground
What you have to give
For it's nowhere else found
What only you can live
So rightfully or erroneously
Vent opportunities its try
It might be inharmoniously
Your limits are the sky

Peter S. Quinn

Don't Dress Up For The Occasion

Don't dress up for the occasion
It's only you and me
And a lyric without explanation
With words coming steadily

Writing thoughts on a sheet
Riming it all into place
Naming the text what it need
- Oh, there are so many ways

I could go on and ask you
What should I fix up more?
Then you could tell me what to do
To make me feel more assure

Expressions warped in text
Playfully the words are fixed
I can't explain what comes next
It's complicated and mixed

Something perhaps about Prague
I traveled there longtime ago
Or maybe of a stray street dog
I came through the years to know

Together sometimes we walked the street
And blabbered full of nonsense
He and me and little 'twiddle tweet'
Became all friends by accidents...

Peter S. Quinn

Don't Fence Me In

Don't fence me in
I'm your brother
Don't fence me in
I'm your mother

I'm your bleeding heart
The earth of the free
Where spring and summer start
For our eternity

Don't fence me in
I'm your neighbor
Don't fence me in
Bring peace not war

I'm your footsteps through
The ebbing waves to shore
With much need to renew
And open up freedom's door

Peter S. Quinn

Don't Forget Your Hands

Don't forget your hands or your freedom root
Everything lies tangled in its true ways
The road to the sources of each pursuit
Spectrums and aspect on how it all plays
Follow around in its reaching richness
Freshness that gets loose like your fingerprints
In to the forest of exuberance
That sprinkles like water in wrap up rinse

Transparent brood of the mixing of things
Spreading the rivulet in to brand new
Everything holds - though some back takes
A tone of new freshness in accord sings
Bringing its bushel to the texture queue
Giving entire paint in what it wakes

*- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

Don't Go Too Far

Don't go too far
On to a nowhere sky
Just be a love star
With my hopes high
Reaching to another heart
Inside and outside
Feelings of some apart
Where my kite can glide

Always be within trust
Like new sunshine
Or my kite will get lost
Across a distant line
I'll hold on to my rope
And never let go
If my kite's within hope
With the air flow

Don't be a far-off dream
In diversities about
Catching a nowhere stream
That gives you a doubt
For everything goes then
Further then life is for
And we'll not reach again
To our hope of shore

Peter S. Quinn

Don't Wait Too Long (From, Myspace)

Don't wait too long
For time to come
As it might be wrong
Where you're musing's from
It could be well
Or still occupying
The indoors of hell
From inactivity dying

Distance clouds are gathering
To the lonesome night
Feeling at home with ease
In the gathering of new light
When a day will run again
With freshness that shall sing
And new believes to give
Those hours of light shall bring
As every wind is in its blow
So is each dream on the go

There is no one way
To bring close and near
Cells of points in gray
That and idea could steer
The blossoms of thought
Have seeds to grow
And forward are brought
For occasions to know

Distance clouds are gathering
To the lonesome night
Feeling at home with ease
In the gathering of new light
When a day will run again
With freshness that shall sing
And new believes to give
Those hours of light shall bring
As every wind is in its blow
So is each dream on the go

The courses of the lore
Are rivulets to run
With the appetites for more
Where its threads are spun
The state and right doing
Is what it needs to find
Sequences of each queuing
That has its own headlined

As every wind is in its blow
So is each dream on the go

Peter S. Quinn

Don'T Be Afraid In The Dark

Don't be afraid in the dark,
For love is here and everywhere;
Like all this reflectional spark,
That flies through sky and air.
Our feelings and our love,
Shall touch the ground, renew;
Like the silently stars above,
With everything nearer and true.

Some words are so wise,
We need them more than ever;
Through night this time flies,
To bring us apart and dis sever.
All what we knew and perceived,
Was again to be lead astray;
What in our love we believed,
That made the purpose and way.

This love that is only us two,
Like shooting stars to touch;
The feelings within that are true,
With its love - to love so much.
Don't be afraid in the dark,
Our love is inside for evermore;
Its journey is to embark,
With what tomorrow is for sure.

Peter S. Quinn

Don'T Go Chasing Shadows

Don't go chasing shadows
When the night is a lion
Into a night that goes
With the last of a lonely ion

The night is in my love song
Thru the dark and mist
All days that touches and long
That yearning have kissed
Day by day left behind
Morning weary waking eyes
To the light day shall find
In the mist of daybreak skies

Don't go chasing shadows
When the night is a lion
Into a night that goes
With the last of a lonely ion

All in heart of the deep
Blossoms growing in spring
What they felt in their sleep
As they turn around to sing
Tomorrow ´s awaking call
Feelings torching like lullabies
Beautiful dreams for all
Making love and inner ties

Dreams will never come true
If you keep on going lonely
Never seeing them coming thru
Just being inside of you only

Don't go chasing shadows
Don't go chasing shadows
When the night is a lion
Into a night that goes
With the last of a lonely ion

Don't Leave Me Out In The Cold

Don't leave me out in the cold
All keeps coming and going
New mornings go and get old
Some remembrance glowing
Just come on in and convince
That everything is still fine
Happy and sorrow are twins
Like the rain and sunshine

If you are my friend than show
All your inside feeling to me
For your troubles come and go
Together we can set them free
Don't leave me out of a heart
That ponder its days away
For togetherness shall depart
Just like any ordinary day

For nothing's here forever still
It turns on its time's wheel
If dreams aren't here to fulfill
Life loneliness shall them steal
New mornings go and get old
Some remembrance glowing
We have only memories to hold
Those that are worth growing

Peter S. Quinn

Don'T Wait Too Long (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Don't wait too long for love
It may then never reach you
It drifts like the clouds above
Goes sometimes in to the blue
Feelings are always to have near
The leaves that may turn to gold
Their summer and autumn are dear
Moments in time you can't hold

Endings in the fall to reach
Tumbling down to your heart
In winter moods they may teach
What came close and apart?
Never let time be of waste
There will be someone to long
Always to each feelings and taste
Just like a melody of any song

Don ´t wait too long to be true
Nothing will ever be there
Everything is always up to you
With every enthusiasm to share
Leaves will return to the brown
When their moments are gone
Every emotion circles around
To take you further on and on

Peter S. Quinn

Don'T Walk Away

Don't walk away,
For the days are full of sorrow;
Don't keep them waiting,
Future moments of tomorrow.
This is our world today,
But it won't be forever;
Children come and children go,
Reaching the future together.

So it is and always will be,
Everything just comes and goes;
Summer songs for you and me,
Just for a moment, in green grows.
Yellow tulips and roses red,
Wither, for tomorrow will be here;
Sometime in winter is your garden bed,
Lost in its blooming, in need for care.

Don't walk away,
Though your dreams didn't catch up with you;
Don't give up your hope,
Maybe later dreams will come true.
This is our world today,
Maybe you will change its course;
Though children will never stay,
They'll grow up, and become like us.

Peter S. Quinn

Doubt

I didn't know you loved me
Your song never came through
I didn't hear the melody
Your singing was so untrue

I didn't know you cared so much
Cause nothing was in your words
Your care for me's out of touch
Your compassion like fall's flying birds

I didn't know your heart at all
The beats were so deep inside
Nothing of love from within to call
Every fervor you inside did hide

Times are just waves of memory
Flowing on to the day's shore
Love's like knitting of threads to be
Always for more and more

I didn't know at all your touch
Or the threads of hours to be
Lives beats always say so much
Their music of care is so free

I didn't know you loved me at all
Or if I had a feeling for you
All of life is summer and fall
Touching instances to get through

Peter S. Quinn

Doubtful Seed

Your songs were like love's colorful lipstick
Close to my heart and harder to explain
Each of their beat with an exotic click
Some very complex others simple and plain
So completely yours in enduring love
Always to make out my problem so sweet
Like sky in the far of the cloudless above
All that my heart in those moments did neat

Joy in my life while I wandered the day
Through all those thoughts that really don't matter
Completely yours in their tone and lay
Defeating the mindless out there and clatter
The Songs of your tones giving me much
All about life in their every day touch

Peter S. Quinn

Down Down To Deep

Down Down To Deep
Dreams that never were
To the land of leap
In its night of nowhere

Days that were of light
Filling empty woe
Lost in their own flight
Like a lonely glow

Gone gone to the nothing
Only in memories
Lonesome ways abducting
Lost like winter trees

Days that gave pleasures
Once in many ways
Into darkness erasures
Now in shades of grays

Down Down To Deep
Dreams that lie now still
Ours no more to keep
Or wings over to fulfill

Days in winter glowing
In lonely roads ahead
This all is always going
Like fallow leaves bled

Peter S. Quinn

Down On Dream

Oh my heart is aching for
All the dreams which are so real
Like a new feeling for more and more
It's just how I now feel
People are going to somewhere
Walking apart on their own
The streets crossing here and there
The entire world is so alone

Some will dream through a window
Waiting for someone to go by
Managing their daydreams somehow
Looking for sunshine from sky
Bringing the old memories back
Wondering why they are still here
Filling the moments they lack
With daydreams from their armchair

Verse

Nowhere have I been
Only dreams fly inside my head
Nothing I have yet seen
They're only thoughts I once read
Only dreams fly inside my head
Only thoughts I once read
Where should I be instead?

Oh my dreams they wander away
Giving some pleasurable hours
I'll manage somehow through the day
Watering my window flowers
How many people are like this?
Looking at the loneliness outside
Bringing out a dream or a wish
That long time in the heart did hide

Verse

Draumurinn (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Í kvöld
er ástin dimm
og draumkennd

Á vængjum silfurlitum
koma sögur
í sagnaformi
stjörnuljósa

Allt er þar vafi?
smágerðum þráðum
draumsins
sem kemur of fer
í rökkruðum
saumi

Dagur verður
að nótt
uns ljós
vaknar að nýju

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Dream And Dream On

Dream and dream on
While winter is here
Soon the green is gone
From under everywhere
Days are going dark
Silver threads and white
Glow in a morning spark
Days of summer light

Dream and dream glow
Days are in their night
Winter's earthy snow
In golden glow of light
Dreams are on their high
Wings of a bluish moon
Hearts in beating tie
Night till there's noon

Dreams of feelings close
Everywhere you are
Window's glow icy rose
Wishes on a falling star
You and I a dim dream
Love in winter's around
Reality in fantasies seem
Till again day is found

Peter S. Quinn

Dream Away In The Lights

Dream away in the lights
For hope is still there on,
A thought may lose its flights
But it's never ever gone;
All is in the flying high wings
That are going over or down,
Each adhere to the enfoldings
With the winds of crosstown.

Reasons get away are lost
Nothing more of that to say,
For we complete or exhaust
Everything we communicate;
There are thoughts in confusion
With some reliefs to ways out,
Each in constant invalidation
For to know what it's about.

Dream away don't be clear
With something that's shifting,
Going places in uncertain glare
Like a cloud in the sky drifting;
Going distance with a fantasy
Keep the view almost through,
What you know's what you see
From everything you'll preview.

Peter S. Quinn

Dream Catcher

Dream catcher now you are with me
Taking my songs to your heart
Giving them flying that is free
Somewhere the new morn will start
The wishes are plentiful inside
Something of past and of futures
Through every moment must glide
Lines of the crossing and sutures

The hours are longing for more
To tell of dreams that is passing
What have these words there in store?
When they get numbered in classing
Our futures are nowhere in yet
With every aspect of new thoughts
We haven't still not here meet
Tied every meaning and knots

Dream catcher play with our aspiring
Something is going to nowhere
The flights in their circular gyring
Thoughts that come and go blare
A stranger is still our own prospect
With many knots to be loosen
Threads to the emotions reconnect
To every approach that is chosen

Peter S. Quinn

Dream Days

Dream days here on
Filling the moment's air
Reality is now gone
Only now dreams in here
Thru every dimension
Always for more and new
Perceptive comprehension
Whatever we come to do

Dream thru the reality
Nothing is now clear
Times are currently free
There's no place or year
Only a dream in a dream
Moving in our evolution
We only in mirror seem
Like reflecting resolution

Dreams of our own deep
Inside an abysses space
Only the instances to keep
In playful of many ways
An apparition that is laid
Like desire in some mind
And we have called it fate
That has our life assigned

Peter S. Quinn

Dream Dream

Dream dream like falling rain
All is beautiful though searched in vain
Love is a pain - love is a feeling
Something of a passion somewhere stealing
Love comes and goes like it glows
All is a dream - a dream that goes

Feeling from the darker night
Taking all the blues away
Flying light sweet soft light
That meets another day
Everything that comes to shine
Gives a brighter on day
Something that makes you feel fine
Taking the shadows away

Love is never out of touch
In all its temperaments and play
It's a mood to feel so much
And never the same, always to stay
Love comes and goes like it glows
All is a dream - a dream that goes

Sometimes when we are far apart
And nothing seem comfortably right
It's only the inside beating heart
That makes my dreamy on flight
All is a dream - a dream that goes
Love song of feelings that inside glows

Dream dream like falling rain
All is beautiful though searched in vain
Love is a pain - love is a feeling
Something of a passion somewhere stealing
Love comes and goes like it glows
All is a dream - a dream that goes

Peter S. Quinn

Dream Dream Away! – To Summer

Dream dream away tonight
With each song that feels right
Some bouquets are in your mind
And other's in reality you'll find
Keep them and grow them more
Some of them pictures will lore
Daydreaming going to dreams
The image of uncertainty deems

Spin through clutter and rainbow
Everything that's shining the day
Fill every thought with a wow
Come what should and what may
Tumbling down to new summer
Feeling the warms in its hands
Finding the blossoms newcomer
Each in its field and marshlands

Dream dream away to the bright
Morning that comes after night
Filling the air with its perfume
From every summer bed's bloom

Peter S. Quinn

Dream Dream For Me Today (From New Waves To The Shore)

Give me your dream right now
I have missed it so much
Because fallible I am somehow
Feelings like stars out of touch

No where to run to alone
The carvel of time have found me
Within I recall fairies flown
Giving their trials forever to be

Dream dream for me today
Light every flame - its farewell
Come here and laden its play
In to its wandering airy spell

Show me the way to hillsides
With bridges to roads not gone
Mountains in faraway landslides
Those carry the landscapes on

Warp every worth their stroke
In to the moments of desire
Like ambiance eve to evoke
Horizon's filament like red fire

Dream dream for me today
Light every flame - its fuel cell
Come here and show the way
Where there are moods to foretell

Come here and laden its play
In to its wandering airy spell

Peter S. Quinn

Dream Of Supple Blossoms

Dream of supple blossoms,
Oh my heart still remembers
- the delight with you.

Only wishing stars,
can show me now the way back
- to you lost in time.

Oh dear memories,
when I listen to music
- we are together.

On this lonely road,
I still hear the voice of summer
- oh how I long you.

Time does not stand still,
life goes and becomes of earth
- for spring to blossom.

Peter S. Quinn

Dream Waves

Dream waves to and fro
All of them never the same
On their easy away go
Wild and free not to tame

Songs of oceans dreams
Endless in their pouring out
Forever in a deep that seems
Nowhere in the world about

Keep my heart liberated
Onto the never never land
Forever easy but complicated
Each passion to understand

Of deep emotions within
Unknown paths to chase
Forever in their veering spin
For life is put many ways

Imaginings of true desire
The perpetuity from inside
That seizes wave's desire
Of dreams from eventide

Flow of the dark and deep
Continuously torrential out
No one's forever to keep
In their view tide's wash-out

Peter S. Quinn

Dream Wishes

Dance me to the night and new coming day
Of dreams that are here faraway yearning
Giving true beauty of its new summer way
All what color bright from stars are learning
Night becoming a morning of day's born will
In glory and shinning of newborn daybreak
When hours of the dark and night is here still
Before the beats of day's hearts are awake

Dance like the stars in the dark are falling
Wishing for playful reality in its glow
When heavens of faraway is still calling
Before the dark is away with its show

Oh dreams of the dark night, glow and be still
For wishes of dreams are still to fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

Dreamers

Dreamers come here to me
Love time that goes beyond
Something for each eternity
Inside those seasons found
Feelings like never before
Going from here to there
Existing in its advance core
Drifting round space and air

What we found further on
On each occasions liking
With thoughts together drawn
Easy going and striking
And never is meant for unjust
Only for love in a heart
Through every going thrust
To each cleaving part

Dreamers to fill their hope
Through every walk in life
Precious of occurrence grope
To reach about in the rife
So much in doing and giving
Which they have learned
That goes here on in living
When tides have turned

Peter S. Quinn

Dreaminess Cycles (From,134 Picture Poems)

dreaminess cycles
misty and mazy
truth and passion
whispers of night

ageless falconer
of hazy thoughts
and vanquished vision

Peter S. Quinn

Dreaming Awhile (From,134 Picture Poems)

dreaming awhile
and holding on
to our found dreams

are nebular stars
of flying fates

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams

Dreams are forever
Flowing till they die
Beautiful made and claver
Each their knotting tie
Some can never fly
Onto fields of gold
Make out reality tie
That to life will hold

Only making to wishes
Broken wings of thought
That the world dismisses
To forgetfulness brought
Some will reach their high
Dreams to dream fast
Open up the starry sky
All its glisten vast

Dreams are always here
Everywhere around
Giving their touch to share
When they become found
Find your dreams today
In every field and reach
Let them fly and play
Much they offer to teach

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams Again Rising

The fall and thunders of the daybreak's new
That comes like tongues in shadowed night
And gives new life to morning's fresh dew
To bring back wings in openness and flight
When light is true to tower in its high
Give back lightening of each green leaves
Where before this - the shadows darkish lie
Within silence waters and much grieves

Now a heart is like a thunder striking
Again on flying to with its throbbing go
Bring to freshly view and each one liking
The coming of sun and stars in its glow
Footsteps that were part of the nightly still
Are dreams again rising to live and fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams Are Always Coming True

Dreams are always coming true
One by one they show
It's so much up to you
Never let them go

Every day is for a while
All is within their luck
Days of happy makes a smile
Opportunities on them knock

Dreams are always floating free
They go from here to there
All the dreams you can see
Are your dreams from everywhere

Nothing is though easy on
It all takes a few days
But your dreams are those you won
Counting on their blessing ways

Dreams are always within reach
Like all the years flying
Some will give and others teach
In their whiles of trying

You can have them if you try
To make them in your plays
Dreams like rainbows in the sky
Colors are their many ways

Dreams are always coming true
One by one they show
It's so much up to you
Never let them go

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams Are Here To Follow

Dreams are here to follow one and one they go
Passing away in their spinning on song
Brought on through to the days from that you long
Drifting in the haze as they there shine their glow
Like spinning wheels caught never again free
Offering their times and summoning up
Sign for to see and some to have and be
Like particles of life in times drying cup

Heart of every heart striking in its march
Thundercloud in going adding up the parts
Bowman with his bow striking with some arch
To the mark of feelings with his flying darts
Dreams in their not staying lights that gets fresh in
Some crack of everything in coming spin

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams Are Now Awaken

Now the evening is here
In darkish moods everywhere
Flowing thru glowing flight
On the wings of dimly night
Over you and me in dreams
With light in glowing beams
Delivering thru the dark way
Every mood in its deep play

Dreams are now awaken
On to the dark dark deep
Every step of light taken
For our love to keep
The night is in its glowing
Forever for time to be
Until all dark is going
For new light again to see

Now the hour's dancing thru
Bringing tones forever true
In the waves of twilight hour
Moments like a passionflower
Unknown yearning in the waves
Their songs in spinning craves
Keep on turning the instances
In their harmonically trances

Whenever I need you
Within every nearness touch
You come clearly thru
With the same of loving much
Those dreams that are of night
Standing in imaginings stay
On their way and flight
In the meeting of anew day

Tomorrow comes now singing
In glow and fresh new beginning
Every hour from deep and dark

With the morning coming spark
Glowing over to a rising day
With their turning and clean way
Spinning wheels of fire high
Rising with the newborn sky

Dreams are now trying
To find every flight and go
Never to echoes dying
In their sleepy on glow
Love will never stand still
All shall be shining on
Every heartbeat to fulfill
Until the darkness is gone

Dreams are now awaken
On to the dark dark deep
Every step of light taken
For our love to keep
The night is in its glowing
Forever for time to be
Until all dark is going
For new light again to see

Dreams are now awaken!

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams Are Passing

Here I'm lonely inside
Trying to find my way out
As I thru a moment glide
Finding what life's about

Looking around behind
To everything in its going
Some alleys are blind
Without me still knowing

Dreams are passing some went wrong
Stepping to sideways along
I need my love to live
Moments to future give

As a heart goes on its miss
Futures are falling apart
Noting it seems in reality is
Only a beat from the heart

Finding no way out of here
In its ever on flowing
Circling in own atmosphere
Fire sparks on stowing

Dreams are passing some went wrong
Stepping to sideways along
I need my love to live
Moments to future give

Dreams are around to follow
Bringing you in some luck
Otherwise this world is so hollow
And we in it forever stuck

Finding no way out of here
In its ever on flowing
Times of more chaos is near
Every our accomplish slowing

Give a moment a new try
To reach its true goal
Some are low some are high
Inside their own role
Dreams are passing some went wrong
Stepping to sideways along
I need my love to live
Moments to future give

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams Are To Come And Go

Dreams are to come and go
From the hours in evening
Whisper of thoughts or a glow
That into a heart will sing
Longings of touch to and fro
All of living and your care
Like wind in the wintry blow
When you hold someone near

All I am saying is just this
Longings are never to die
When the air is so full of bliss
From the deep twilight sky
And when your heart's in love
Filled with imagination
Inside tender feelings of
From worries or complications

When love is in starry rays
From faraway glistening light
And torch of the moment plays
Around that is fair and right
As lovers hold hand in hand
Giving each more than taking
Those dream you'll understand
As futures the days are making

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams Are Within Each Dream

Dreams are within each dream,
When there are no roads back;
And the past only a distant seem,
Something not so cul-de-sac.

I have a wish just like a hope,
Every new memory gives it to me;
Then turns on like a kaleidoscope,
I just suppose it wants to be free.

Dreams are within each dream,
Nothing to hold them - that's for sure
Forward and a backward stream,
And we always want some more.

Can't give or take away a thought,
It's just stuck there somewhere;
Is it only a miss matched distraught?
Going from a dream to nowhere.

Dreams are within each dream,
Though the days are all of reality;
Lost ones some you can't redeem,
They become lost inside of me.

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams Filled With Gold (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Dreams filled with gold and silver threads of shade
Into the dismantled rivers that on twine
Each on their ascent complexity made
To turn on red connective of sunshine
Jewels of gods with its glisten starlight
Divided up in ignites wheels of flame
Each mood that comes from under the bright
And never in fervor stays all the same

Places of fable surrounded by its highlands
Like cloud drift to faraway horizon
Till they are never again with eyes seen
Something from a hidden shore and strands
Different dimensions harmonizin'
Nowhere before tangible nature has been

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams Going By And By

Dreams are going by and by
One by one they disappear
Like the clouds in open sky
When breeze in wind them steer
Rhymes tint onward pleasures
Is their drill and true glow
Hours waking in their treasures
Before morning comes to go

Every word that quills in
With its dream in dip of art
In their glow and dawn spin
That came straight from heart
Filling moment's quivery quick
Every day and lightless deep
Fire of the inspiring wick
To the mind and spirit to keep

Dreams of flowing with the day
In the moments of true waking
Each feeling that came its way
Within gush of loves making
Strung on tempered touched string
Of the emotions that rises on
In with that excitement bring
As flames are burnt and gone

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams In A Dream

Love is a dream to start
Anything living to share
That begins in your heart
When love's close and near

Dreams in a dream on going
Giving its way and its feel
Inside your own knowing
What is of a dream and real?

Heart with a beat on playing
Love is its echo and trust
In a world of nothing staying
Times on their way to dust

Moonlight in glow on shining
Sunlight in a dawn to rise
Threads of their silver lining
Love in its flight and surprise

Feeling your heart and kisses
All for a moments in night
Lost in adventures and wishes
When love 's true in its flight

Dreams in a dream on going
Giving its way and its feel
Inside your own knowing
What is of a dream and real?

Then comes the glow of day
Shining thru hours of dream
When every love beat 's away
And reality its customs redeem

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams In Faraway

Dreams in faraway
Never go on to stay
They are like misty clouds
Itinerant among crowds

Never to find a way
Making each day to day
Flowing and going
Drifting in time's glowing

You and I like to be
Lovers forever in free
Dreamers among the mist
Into a dream they've kissed

Flowers of open heart
Spring in its morning start
Tumbling down to age
Growing from every tree

Flowing in drifting sea
All in weightless liberty
Dreams in the sight of all
As times horizon's fall

You and I earth in clay
Morning of newborn May
Dust of the roads ahead
Bouquets in its growing bed

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams In Rough Cold

Night leaves the stars in a morning sky
From the dark the earth is now awoken
And every twine attached there taken
With answers to come in tomorrow's why
Fields of the breaking are rising there slow
Asking for silence in closeness caress
When the eyes of darkness becomes less
In solemn winter daybreak's flowing flow

Look through the views of a prospecting dawn
Nothing comes easy that's here to be
Dreams in rough cold flying all there and falling
Light shall rise slowly from the murky gown
Filling vision with new colors to see
When days of freshness from spring are calling

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams In Thoughts Playing

Here I am now staying
Finding ways to play
Dreams in thoughts playing
All my opinions of gray
Down the brimming oceans
Falling footsteps on
Dreams of loves emotions
That I've never before done
Rising sky of day's clear
In all the days gone by
Faraway pictures some near
Like cloudlets in the sky

Tame the river jumping on
In each its billow fall
Until pictures are gone
From their dreamy call
Squawking sounds of forest
In their call's awaking
Every beat that was in rest
And now life fresh making
Day to day that 's giving
Falling rivers flowing
Clocks ticking are living
Endless in their going

Sweetest ways of years run
In ages that don't hold
All chime for tears and fun
Those times now unfold
Whirring sounds City Street
Roads to pavements broken
Every hour eyes now meet
With no language spoken
First love and last of lost
Deceiving conquered bliss
Allaying passion double-crossed
At times with a fancy kiss

Cupboard of a mirror looking
The face of your distress
Inside feeling hooking
Some emotions and a caress
A plunge of hands growing old
Wishing for its youth back
Something that no times hold
And the years shall lack
Silky smooth and lily white
Hair and wrinkling faces
Seen the days of freshly light
In all its conduct and graces

Each our day 's appalling glows
In its worries and dances
While our times comes and goes
In all its threading chances
Knocks of fortune to deceive
In its interpreting of ages
Nothing of guaranty to receive
From its works and wages
Another lane to nowhere land
As tomorrow is awaking
Unknown ways to understand
As its expectations is making

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams Like Feelings

Dreams come so easily
With nothing more to say
Like the wind breezily
Gone another day
Feelings are like this
Catch the wind's desire
Eternally in a bliss
Inside burning fire

Going on for a while
Then suddenly burn out
Walk an inside mile
Wandering there about
Finding moods high
From each contact's eye
Like a morning sky
Suddenly to die

Faraway or quite deep
Calm on blossom leaves
Only for a day to keep
In its turning heaves
Flowers with love seed
Growth of feelings found
Somewhere there to read
Going then still around

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams Should Always Come True (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Dreams should always come true in softly go
Like fresh summer after aspiring spring
With a voice from the inside that to eyes sing
When new love it has found in its truly glow
Like a walk of life that is going here through
Finding its inspirations in sweetly taste
And never for a moment in wooing waste
But always coming to live and renew

Like leaves of green each life is giving
From moments that are living sweetly on
With dreams and hope that always are living
In loveliness seeking and beauty's drawn
Reverie to be here with you for always
Like rainbows after rainfall in gray days

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams Sometimes Treat You Well

Dreams sometimes treat you well
In their giving and waking
Put your efforts into their spell
In your search and their making

Time is never standing though still
To give their dreams a go
You have the opportunity to fulfill
What you in your search will know

Dreams are like clouds in the sky
Drifting in their coming
We never know the reasons why
Some of them are blossoming

Sometimes it's all in our giving
From what we have gotten inside
And we thru this all are living
The roads of the many and wide

Dreams sometimes find us alone
In every corner of life
Within their existence and tone
That we thought up to strife

Love is so easy when it's showing
So much there in their feel
And everything worth its time going
So it all becomes quite real

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams That Come And Go

Dreams that come and go
All so easy playing
Feelings that I know
Only for a moment staying
Drifting by and by
All my heart and feeling
Moments low and high
Away my days are stealing

In what we say and do
Or what we think is right
My heart is wishing in new
Into the coming's bright
Love that has no return
Only the pleasures giving
That inside your desire burn
And you in your days are living

So much I have in giving
Day to a day drifting
Life is a way of living
Down tempered or uplifting
Something to make and do
Tiniest lights from inside
Seeing its sun right through
So bit of its love can abide

Dreams that come and go
All so easy playing
Feelings that I know
Only for a moment staying...

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams They Come And Go

Dreams they come and go
Somewhere their lonely way
Out of the customs to show
Touch of their alone days
Anything to get along
With every expect and try
Those start as love to long
Before they say goodbye

Yesterdays dreams are far
Glowing in heart and things
Just like a lost love star
That with night wishes sings
Feelings so close in warm
With every twinkling shine
Falling to fade and charm
And drawing an end to a line

Dreams they come and go
Just like awaken daybreak
Through the steps in snow
Giving new morning to wake
Hope is in its rising song
Days gone by left behind
Like light that comes strong
Through lost ways realigned

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams To Follow

Those dreams to follow
Into the deep
Their pictures of hollow
In dreamers sleep

Rivers to the oceans
Into deep space
Our ideas and notions
In future's turning ways

All what's behind
Still circling around
That's inside the mind
And yet not there found

Playful into the hours
Time going places
Space galaxies' flowers
Infinity's many faces

Our dreams to follow
In sharing and going
Pictures in the hollow
Star shines in glowing

Our dreams to follow
Days of new reality
Pictures in the hollow
Futures for you and me

Hopes to the living
Days in reality bright
Dreams to futures giving
Into dark and night

Lights across the dark
Life in future's come
Mighty in its spark
In its seeds and blossom

Those dreams to follow
Into the deep
Their pictures of hollow
In dreamers sleep

Rivers to the oceans
Into deep space
Our ideas and notions
In future's turning ways

Hopes to the living
Days in reality bright
Dreams to futures giving
Into dark and night

Lights across the dark
Life in future's come
Mighty in its spark
In its seeds and blossom

Dreams to follow
Dreams to follow
Dreams to follow...

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams To Follow (From, Without A Doubt)

There are so many ways that move
And give you more to follow
Wisdom words coming through
When all reality is hollow
In each darkness going hour
When an evening is flowing out
Like a yellow fire reddish flower
In the skies near and high about
Dreams to follow dreams to follow
Through the darkish night shallow

People come and people dream
In a reality broken days
Where the colors in grayness seem
In its many ordinary ways
Chances are that we will see
What it is to become free

Dreams to follow dreams to follow
Ordinary wisdoms on
Days to dream in so slow
Till the answers are won

Dreams to follow dreams to follow
Everything is never done
What will we ever know?
Simple thoughts in and done

Dreams to follow dreams to follow
Ordinary wisdoms on
Days to dream in so slow
Till the answers are won

People come and people dream
Something shall becoming soon
Yellow brownish earthly stream
Coming months of May and June
Chances are that there shall be
Somewhere new summer for everybody

Dreams to follow dreams to follow
Ordinary wisdoms on
Days to dream in so slow
Till the answers are won

Dreams to follow dreams to follow
Everything is never done
What will we ever know?
Simple thoughts in and done

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams Within The Dreams

Dreams within the dreams of day
Crossing to the morning new
Mist of times that comes to stay
Giving songs of fresh and true
Like the moments in their feel
All the gifts so good and right
Love song of the day that's real
Thru the morning and to night

Coming sweet and always more
Like a scent of roses red
Dreams of peace not of war
All that deals with words said
Of deepest effect exploding
In the hours of darkness still
Night of the middle flooding
Of their moments to fulfill

Dreams with in lives breathe
Breaking thru moment's take
Its wander in verve and death
Rushing here during awake
Yesterdays that comes to nothing
All the ways those never were
Hope that seems but is bluffing
In their wasteland of the bare

Peter S. Quinn

Dreams Won't Return

Dreams won't return
When the times are gone
Only we can yearn
For what has been done
Thoughts are going evermore
Turning the wheels steady
Nothing is here for sure
You better get inside ready

Rise your ways higher
Into the depth of your sky
Everyone has their desire
Within thoughts and try
You're the one for your goal
Dreams are all here around
Catch and make their roll
Lost will not again be found

Dreams to fulfill in real
It's every goal of dreaming
Do what you need or as you feel
Ways of tomorrow are streaming
The yesterdays have left
Into to their forgotten own
With their breeze in the bereft
So many times that has blown

Peter S. Quinn

Dreamsong (From, The Barka Lyrics - II)

Roads are endless
Going on and on
Bringing together the landscape
That the morning gives
To the edge of time
Like the flowers
That from seeds will come
Endless nights from the evening
To the twilight of new day

I have a walk
Every hour
Before I awake

From the stars
That surrounds me in the dim
With the dreams that are to come
Like a road into time
From nowhere
I am going further
Then I knew from yesterday
Reaching the top
Till I fall again

So much still out there
Not entirely known

I will try every night
To find this path again
To be more secure
And fill tomorrow with it

Peter S. Quinn

Dreamy Sky

Dreamy sky
Above branching tree
Were fantasies lie
And thoughts are free
Where clouds are flowing
Drifting on thru
And our dreams are going
Someone else to

Dreamy earth
Around beds of flowers
In tide's new birth
Between rainy showers
When winter is gone
Summer is beginning
As the breeze carries on
Endlessly singing

Dreamy glow
In the curving river
Were once was snow
Now water shall deliver
On and on to all
Fresh and giving stream
As the birds call
And continue to dream

Peter S. Quinn

Dreamy Way Love

Love is the dreamy way
Conquering heart to a cloud
Sun rising meeting the day
Loneliness among the crowd

Every day in its own surprising
Flames of an underlying desire
When day is in its uprising
As dawn comes in with its fire

You and I in our ordinary play
Inspiring the tones of destiny
All that is here in its own stay
Coming and always will be free

Manifold blossoms of bright
Destiny beats of moment's flow
The stars they're twinkling in night
Its entire bright majestically glow

Feelings touching on endless sea
Rivers of time still on playing□
You and our love for eternity
When nothing else is here staying

Feelings of the good quality inside
Something to find and to grow
Through every reminiscences glide
Fast on its approach and slow

Peter S. Quinn

Drift Glow

Drift glow
Drift glow
As white as snow
Into the openness
Of bright sky heaven fresh

Mighty in its blue
Into going and renew
Drift glow
White as snow

I hear the birds singing
Outside - in a tree
Wonderful tones bringing
Up and down the scale free
Love songs for their nest
And hope to come and see
When with young it's blessed
And cared for compassionately

Drift glow
Drift glow
As white as snow
Into the openness
Of space and clear enmesh

Something to come here through
When tomorrow is up to do
Drift glow
White as snow

In with its many days singing

Peter S. Quinn

Drift Glow (From, Myspace)

Drift glow
Drift glow
As white as snow
Into the openness
Of bright sky heaven fresh

Mighty in its blue
Into going and renew
Drift glow
White as snow

I hear the birds singing
Outside - in a tree
Wonderful tones bringing
Up and down the scale free
Love songs for their nest
And hope to come and see
When with young it's blessed
And cared for compassionately

Drift glow
Drift glow
As white as snow
Into the openness
Of space and clear enmesh

Something to come here through
When tomorrow is up to do
Drift glow
White as snow

In with its many days singing

Peter S. Quinn

Drift With Me - Sonnet

See the light in the day that is all going
Falling through every cloud in the sky
Every wishful thinking there on glowing
With the ways that the evening will die

You are my love of dreams in the rising
Finding ways to the shore of my true heart
Nowhere else are those dreams in devising
With the beat that from inside there shall start

So much somewhere to be still here alone
When the waiting is over like breeze in air
My way is my feeling in the rightful tone
Of each and all that's worth of having you here

Close your eyes and let your thoughts drift with me
In our flights above the clouds peacefully

Peter S. Quinn

Drifting (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Here come hours drifting
With their moods away
Finding and uplifting
Making some life okay
Easy to give and awake
Pleasure in the passing
Much in ordinary stake
For each gather amassing

There are many moods
For such an ordinary find
What their state concludes
In to the ongoing redlined
Risks are making it easy
To complex every state□
In this lifelong so queasy
In any recompensing rate

Here comes hope and going
With its course in number
One way perhaps showing
Through its very latecomer
You may win or even lose
With your stakes and risk
It's all about engendered fuse
On life's CD and DVD disk

Peter S. Quinn

Drifting Darkness (From,134 Picture Poems)

drifting darkness
tempting with
hazy deep waters

oh blue desires
clear upon the limbs
of the sky

Peter S. Quinn

Drifting Through (From 'Meet The Moments')

There is always something coming on
Of the dreams that were sometimes lost
Feeling wonderful in moments almost gone
That were here a while and then got tossed
There are ways that inhabit my soul
Filled with radiant and airy calm
Hours that could speak different role
Inside my body and both my palms

Drifting through what always seem
Ways of light and shadows dancing
Everything from thought of different stream
That is slightly wild and transfusing
Dreams of days and the passing skies
Filled with air and hope of tomorrow
As the morning starts and then away flies
Every hour that into thoughts shall borrow

The glimpse of times passing high
Through the fields and the water that follows
The drifting drops from the cloudy sky
Mirrors pure of the inside hollows
Growing fuel to each your quest
The easy dreams that come and then go
They are pleasing and blessed in their rest
Following wisdom from the meadow's glow

Peter S. Quinn

Drizzles Of Time (From New Waves To The Shore)

Drizzles of time the thoughts we have here sown
Interminable with its feather touches
Through futures of circles and sky blown
With each their means and too many clutches
In a tranquil delusion the head lolls on
All is without or coming there within
Clouds in their drifting until they are gone
Showing clear skies with freshly buoyancy spin

The fires interrupting with their kiss
Eve of tinctures to sleeping travel
That sleeplessness has woven for dreaming
Tomorrow deportment of songs and bliss
With beautiful thoughts for us to marvel
While hours of lateness are redeeming

Peter S. Quinn

Drizzling Rainy Season – A Lyric

Come and be of my world
Where everything goes
Outer space loftiness hurled
As the mighty wind blows
Understandings here and there
Filling someone's pathway
Summer moods that come to steer
When dawn comes to day

Full of something for all
For each need to strive
Daringness of feeling's fall
As each comes alive
Rainbows giving no reason
Only colors more or less
Drizzling rainy season
Always stormy in its caress

Come and give to understand
What it is to need
You have emotions at command
Never to let them weed
Love is perhaps a delusion
That cannot be made
Then life hope's confusion
Like a serrated old blade

Peter S. Quinn

Drops From The Clouds

The fire has its flames
Of burning out desire
These feelings are names
That grows in tender higher
Like inside to deliver
What it is there to give
The ways of sway shiver
Of torches that won't live

Drops from the clouds
In falling rain shower
Among the lonely crowds
Of every down going hour
The weeps in the crying
Those fill the empty void
In feelings that are dying
Or almost full destroyed

Like butterflies are going
On to the hazy blue air
And thoughts almost knowing
Of love that wasn't there
Dusk in heart beat burning
And settling its pulse
To never again returning
Its empty way and trifles

Peter S. Quinn

Drops Of Dark

There are drops of dark today
In the ever parting of love
Its sorrows avow in its play
Like flickering clouds far above
Its dream like a forgotten song
A passion upon brows of dark
Each night away day to long
When evening 's full in its spark

Both you and I will be gone
In its dream of forever night
Like love in past did shone
When days were full and bright
Brightness will be flown away
A day becomes like a night
As the storm of oblivion play
And we take our ending flight

Like a mirage all living seem
The waves of the profound deep
Tormented shore of its stream
Not ours everlasting to keep
Such visions a unfeeling wave
With every to give and take
Longings of the deep love crave
When outside the dark 's awake

Peter S. Quinn

Dry River

Evaporated desiccated river
Your veins are old and dry
Your stream can't deliver
Skies clouds are drifting by

Days were once in stream
Flowing to the deep ocean
Now it's gone pouring ream
Once filled with earth potion

From the valley of Robertville
Were you torrent was flowing
Lies now every moment still
In its dry up of nowhere going

And the sky's lucid in the blue
With heaven's gate there still
No more water coming thru
For every foliage to fulfill

Dried up sprinkling life giver
All you irrigate is now gone
In these instant breeze shiver
Carrying no circle on and on

Your riverbed is now dust
To the coming times ahead
In the valleys of the arid lost
Water blooms are all dead

Peter S. Quinn

Dulcet Time

Dulcet time is always coming,
When the clouds are away with tears;
Little birds in trees are humming,
New songs from forgotten years.

Pleasing love is color blooming,
To sweetest you who is so dear;
All the seeds in earth are booming,
Reaching out for growth and flare.

Trust me you will likewise be glad,
When in your garden roses grow;
And take away your lonesome sad,
That from winter past did show.

Pleasing love is color blooming,
To sweetest you who is so dear;
All the seeds in earth are booming,
Reaching out for growth and flare.

My eyes wander throughout the night,
Looking to a faraway star;
This blazes out its twinkle light,
Without knowing who we are.

Peter S. Quinn

Dust Of Times – Simple Dust (Additional Number To Album, Like Love Is True)

Dust of times will never go
It will always be found
Dust to dust in the old flow
Forever to be around
Each of its true consequence
With day and night parting
Grays elements elegance
Everything of the dirty starting□

Rush out and find its line
So much of wiping old stain
See how it flies in sunshine
Everywhere it's of lives pain
Filling the air with dryness
Gyrating motions swept away
Low in the corners and highness
Always around each day

Dust never leaves the room
Don't matter how you try
Swept away with house's broom
See how the particles fly
Everywhere on the windowsill
It won't get out well shut
Dryness of the air to fulfill
Making its way – dirty spot

Rush out and find its line
So much of wiping old stain
See how it flies in sunshine
Far and wide it's of lives pain
Here comes old dusty time
As spring comes in bit of a hurry
In from the cold and rime
Spring cleaning needs its worry

In all places climbing up hill

Where it lies in front of you
Clean-up dreams you can't fulfill
As cleanliness can't get through
I wish it were all more plain
And simple to skirmish it clean
But everything seems in vain
Where's all this Sunshine Dust been

Peter S. Quinn

Dust On A Feather

Every day is running behind
It's scheduled between the distances
You must wake up, go and then find
Every opportunity and their chances

Like each love in the clouds away
Where our heaven doesn't stand still
You will come again to meet the day
With longings of your hours to fulfill
When the time is still within you
In the many flashes going through

There is love in the past that's in the reach
With its giving and finding threads
In the times of our own hearts beseech
With life's sour cakes and sweetbreads

So much lies in the ashes of left time
Filling the moments with their themes
Gimmicks of their heartbeats and mime
In hope of their ways and lonely gleams

Forever is never in there from the start
Only the dreams that are there together
Satisfying the minutes with their chart
With wishes of dust on a feather

Like each love in the clouds away
Where our heaven doesn't stand still
You will come again to meet the day
With longings of your hours to fulfill
When the time is still within you
In the many flashes going true

(from my Album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

Dust To Dust

Dust to dust - to forever to endure
Life is a circle that comes round to be
Something to give and something to see
That is the way that it's going here for sure
What comes there after is indefinable
Some say it's a road of the never ending
Others say that we to earth are blending
Perhaps both are true in their confinable

But the rivers of dreams where will they go
Into a bliss of a daydreaming thoughts
That's here in dimensions of fables spell
What can we determine and then from it know
Where are the boundaries of our own 'slipknots'
What with certainty can we foretell?

Peter S. Quinn

Dust To Dust Weeds

You and I as one
Into the forest of hours
Times that have now gone
One and one their flowers

Yesterday was here
But now it's gone away
Oblivion is everywhere
Coming in day by day

Time is out grown
Dust to dust remain
Bouquets aren't shown
That once were in their main

All that we had in time
Flowers of many seeds
Are now lost into the lime
Dust to dust weeds

Peter S. Quinn

Each Awakening Hour

Each awakening hour's like dawn to sky
With new mornings coming in with sunshine
Drawing new trust to the horizon line
Every love's feeling from low to high
Coming to evening like fringed blossom
The dreams that I had from some long lost nights
Into the new rising from its lost flights
Tones are now in upbeat's awesome

Each of life's feeling's in with its closeness
Giving bright day to the tomorrow rise
That meets on the crossroads of dark and light
In with true feelings that give to caress
Throws in to faint sinister hours disguise
Ascend to hope in the highest of flight

Peter S. Quinn

Each Beginning

I long for the tomorrow to come
With feelings ahead on the road aside
Like freshness aroma of its blossom
That into oblivion all too soon must hide

Ways of each reaching are distances away
For the senses to know what to find
Like daybreak that comes before the day
Each beginning finds its start – unkind,
But searches for ways - in winds that glide

Peter S. Quinn

Each Day And Night (A Song)

Each day and night my desiring increase
Like a growing spring into summer comes
Giving blossoms wholesome there to release
From under earth and wintry darkish glums
A flower from heart to bring to brightly eyes
With each aspect of its truest beauty call
That's only passion in its flames and highs
That never to decade must again there fall
Each beauties name is like an ongoing dream
With freshness ornaments to give from and take
A living flowing like a calm river stream
That into new growth must always awake
Each day I yearn to love more strongly on
And give from my heart where its beauty has gone

Peter S. Quinn

Each Day Is Like Night

Each day is like night
When my heart is away
I feel not the light
Nor the air in its play
Every dream's at a stop
With its turning around
And down is like an up
Somewhere else now found

Like a day inside dark
Shadows tempers on
That will not now spark
Only lost and be gone
Each love's like evening
That has nowhere to go
Only burnt flames bring
In its feelings and glow

Were we once two stood
With so much to give
And fortune was of good
Making contact to live
There is nothing now there
Were it one time stayed
Only shadows of somewhere
From a time that played

Peter S. Quinn

Each Day New Away Will Go

Each day new away will go
Into the night fore you know,
To memories
The minutes freeze,
- Though some from it's past shall glow!

A song may be like a thought
Where past has been again brought,
Into the mind
For us to find,
- And as music again then taught.

Refrain:

Like dews from early dawns
Each from his life shall give,
Like ducks becoming swans
Is how we all must live.

Each day new away will go
Like the summer wind shall blow,
On sweet flower
Each dwelling hour,
- To reach to the roots that grow!

A song may be like a wish
Or mere thoughts to accomplish,
That we have found
Because of sound,
- But later it becomes all this.

Peter S. Quinn

Each Glowing

Time and a time over once more gray sky,
With moments of dark in the evening
Where songs of the deep and faraway sing
And no one but dancing shadows comply
The day when it's lost in twilight flowing
Like a flickering flame of the candle's fire
Those give of its glow to the hour's desire
And then into dark once again is going

The deep of its dream that you can recall
When extended it comes to give its dream
Like the flickering flame of the day's fall
When in the night its memories are gleam
Each glowing like life's ever farewell
It keeps you in a moment of its spell

Peter S. Quinn

Each Hour Of Mine Is Dark

Each hour of mine is dark
Like wintry times out there
Where shadows come to spark
In flickering dance everywhere

My petal against the cold
Of how I long to go and rise
I cannot inside my center hold
For time's a while that onward flies

I see the morning in its glow
And many pages still writing
Half open book in paging slow
In the knowledge of its lighting

The converge of the days ahead
Are detailed in their happiness□
And what life from page shall read
Is not coincident or sappiness

Like bud that opens to the wind
Half deep inside and amazed
My urgent mood is disciplined
In heart's tenderness and graced

Some words are never fully read
On many pages though detailed
But stunned in ideas in my head
Of its vital that never failed

Peter S. Quinn

Each Life Is Like A Flower

Each life is like a flower
With leaves of green and yellow
And in the rain shower
They become quite mellow
Like dreams that are going by
Or flickering flames by night
The open reddish evening sky
That falls away its light

When love is in our heart
There is so much there going
From the beginning it'll start
To give of its tender flowing
You become with flames about
And feelings that inside glow
For all the fire will be out
Like streams of a river to grow

When all is done you feel inventive
Like grass that sways in wind
And to the world assentive
So tender out sided skinned
With closeness to a life you are
And deliberated with roses
Each night you drift alone with a star
As love again to you apposes

Peter S. Quinn

Each Love Is Love

Each love is love thru day and night
In best of both in every true flight
Like wings in rise or beauty by its look
All two sided feelings like an open book

As trust in order of infinity main
So much to share in both clear and plain
All that is why everything is because
And love that is factual is like applause

If you say you love it must be for joy
Hand in keys hand for a future to give
Nothing in muddle silences to fade

Love that begins and is not shall destroy
Not held close toward again to revive
All just for pretenders clearly thus made

Peter S. Quinn

Each Love Is What We Know

When moon and the night
In the darkness life keeps
When the stars are in flight
Through space and its deeps
We must remember this
Each love is what we know
Its feelings or its kiss
That comes here or must go

Like every progress worth
That gives each life as such
On this day and the earth
With every of its true touch
Our lives are simple facts
That causes each apprehension
With so much in its tack
And every hold of tension

Refrain

Each love is what we know
In its times and every story
The true feelings that we show
Their moments and their glory

Always I'll say I love you
With what in my heart sings
In a hope and future for two
And what that passion brings
A love song never too late
And always with love to apply
That has no worthless hate
Only the moon and blue sky

Each love is what we know
In its times and every story
The true feelings that we show
Their moments and their glory
Like every love coming through
In hope without living trouble

Something for everyone true
Making our expectations double

Refrain

Each love is what we know
In its times and every story
The true feelings that will flow
In the moments and their glory
Like every love coming through
In hope without living trouble
Something for everyone so true
Making life expectations double

Peter S. Quinn

Each Moment Embroidered In Sadness

There is sadness with its lone and crippled feet
By skeletons that come in like shadow
Lonely hours of the dim empty street
With no smiles and laughter that come and go
Like serpent's teeth are those shallow windows
With their curtains falling down like sunshade
Each moment embroidered in sorrow glows
From falling roses and hours of the wade

Breath of the world is never still around there
Crossing the thresholds of lonely people
Like bat's wings of jets above somewhere
That is breaking the sound barrier's roar steeple
Four corners of the wind not ending - crying
While people to their believes are still dying

~*~

There will be no peace if an attack is met with and attack, because the simple truth is, those who go by the bullet shall also fall by the bullet.
Bring peace into your garden and peace shall be upon you - all around!

Peter S. Quinn

Each Morning And Day

We got to give some more of this
In everything we really know
Each time is going through its bliss
With each and every night's glow
And skipping beats are inside me
Rising and stopping there on
Feelings are always drastically
Until their time is done

You know that I moved away from you
But never found love elsewhere
For time is just going here through
Something for us both to compare
Let me know if love is too late
Time is always going so fast
There is so much in each bate
Bringing out their long gone cast

We had all we needed
Discovering on our way
Love in the lines - just read it
Each morning and day
Don't ever let it go by
Something we had for two
Loneliness doesn't ask why
How come this happened to you?

Yesterdays go to their past
Searching the time we were saying
Run run away to the very last
Tune that in the radio was playing
When you were here with my past

You know that I moved away from you
But never found love elsewhere
For times are just going here through
Something for us both to compare
Let me know if love is too late
Time is always going so fast

There is so much in each bate
Bringing out their long gone cast

We had all we needed
Discovering on our way
Love in the lines - just read it
Each morning and day

Peter S. Quinn

Each Night I Shall Be Walking (From Lost Sonnets)

I'm so by myself on these streets tonight
With my shadows filling the darkish flowers
Yellow-brown or the reddish trivial light
Passing here on through with my tunnel hours
How deep and how close are these here inside
For those feelings are now thoroughly flowing
Where the nearness of thoughts for moments hide
With these my footsteps - soon to the past going

Each living hour's there momentarily dark
Through the deep of my soul's ocean windows
Those lonesome hours to the mind now spark
Like a mirror on a glasswork that glows

Each night I shall be walking towards my fate
Through these minutes of the midnight late

Peter S. Quinn

Each Nothing Is Always Something

Each nothing is always something
And so it is always doing
It gives you the thought that it'll bring
Without needing further proving
What truth is to live in right?
Or mountains are made from stones
Every bird has its wings for its flight
And each tongue its own kind of tones

That love can from love all grow
Is yet another to think more about
And if you feel that you this already know
Then don't hesitate or be in a doubt
Show courage and never its fear
How all such things should be coming along
Because though some thoughts are further than near
Your heart is always in a love to long

Welcome every seeing that will find
Where summer is coming in young spring
And leaving the winter ways behind
For new heart to begin again to sing
Where milestones are raising the hills
In sightseeing joys and in their giving
Where blossoms shall come on the hills
Where love and the rightful are living

And tongues of hate will be worthless voice
In the joyfully breezy on blowing
For broken are those worthless decoys
That nowhere was always going
And now there is dream to a dream to fly
On to tickling the new leaves
And opening up the sunshine sky
For love has had enough of winter grieves

Peter S. Quinn

Each Poem Has A Song

Each poem has a song
That echoes on to you,
With different meanings
Each time you read,
'Cause it's a living poem
That goes along,
With images clear and through.
You may have heard it all before,
When it last knocked on your door,
You may have heard its song
When you walked the street,
As it exposed your heart once more.
You may have heard it all before
And if every sentence there is true,
You will then know what to do
And it may show you some secrets too.

Every poem, everywhere,
Is living to be read
It is here, it is there:
In a book, in your head;
With words, you remember
And quotations you later praise,
With words to remember:
Wake you up and amaze.
Poems with strong words,
Both of spices and of taste,
They are giving up their secrets,
You may never, or should waste.
Sometimes, even they are flirting,
or on stories they are based,
Or they send you messages, alerting
That you never may waste.

Each day you live, is like a poem
With each its lyrical line,
You can learn from it and give,
Though it's not easy to define.
Like the waves that come to shore

So the word will come to you,
That's what they are here for,
Use them wise in what you do.
They give strength, they give courage,
Let you go your own way,
Soften you up when outrage,
When there comes such a day.
Like the words that they teach,
So shall they too rise up,
Into minds and soul reach,
Fill with thoughts an empty cup.

Odd and strange they sometimes are,
Some will be learned by heart,
Both from internal and afar,
Like the beginnings of a fresher start;
You have felt this all before,
When you started reading on,
In a good poem you feel assure,
That your reading is well done.

Peter S. Quinn

Each Step

Each step we take we choose
Form what comes from healing
Our days are inside the fuse
What we might call a feeling
The heaven is plain in power
Bridling each argument sown
What matters is sweet and sour
And always earth's fieldstone

We can't change magic seeds
Nor turn them all into the dust
What comes in nature accedes
Turning the additional to rust
Hedges with buds overblown
Will sprang up like wild plants
Invisible from the inside grown
Shall forward in future advance

The truth is only on the roads
In understanding and reasoning
Each temper from several modes
Tides from corners of seasoning
The lightning's for the thunder
To show what there's concealed
Defining phantom paradox under
That mankind has not yet peeled

Peter S. Quinn

Each Time

Each time's in mood of no year returning
Filling empty spaces with mislaid woes
What you try to find - is either win or lose
Nothing's forever - forgetting burning
Flourish casts missing into pale outlook
Deep dispositions fade so much away
Like the rain is falling on to life's tray
Getting back the thoughts the years in old took

Every contrast coming returning dust
Ripples of evening tincturing on
Till every shade has fallen to grim
Years are passing into times of lost
Filling every day with songs once done
As we our posies of times out trim

Happy New Year – everyone!

Peter S. Quinn

Each Time Has Its Good Hours

Flow flow sweet easy rhyme
To its tomorrow's song
Tide's up going to its prime
Like sea waves that come along!

Desires bring to its rise
Always from the new to new
Be as pure as bluest skies
For everything that come so true

Give your touches to embrace
Moments pass so fast from here
Every current in its many ways
Let's keep together in instant share

Each time has its good hours
That discharges along its keeps
Sunshine time and raining showers
Each their distinctiveness reaps

*While listen to a New Year's Concert of the Wiener Philharmoniker in TV (I've done this, each year, all my life; -)

Peter S. Quinn

Each Time Has Its Secrets Going

Each time has its secrets going
Plentiful of today's ever showing
Themes left to know what time's doing
'Much about nothing' like pigeons cooing

Time is a time of many sights highs
Sometimes doing hellos with the eyes
Nowhere going and half truths told
Giving their while with nothing to hold

Day going and bygone for some
Not returning from where it's been from
Newspaper reading on entries that lie
Going out as the night comes in
To
Its
Own
Goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

Each Time's Walking Through (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Each time's walking through
Into the lonesome alone
It's up to me and you
To give its various tone
To shine on in honesty
Or fill it with blackish sky
To make it all instantly
Open up to the low and high
Open up to the low and high

Each time's walking through
To make some hours shine
Into the lonesome blue
Or tenderly each line by line
You and the heart of luck
Waiting for us to go
Strings of opportunities pluck
1 2 3 before we know
1 2 3 before we know

Sometimes days seem longer
With every hope to try
Glance of the moments younger
Until it comes to goodbye
Wonderful meetings to find
Something we didn't know
Stretched inner roads twinned
Snaking their ways to and fro
Snaking their ways to and fro

And now's a time for last light
Bring it from here to there
Numbs of the evening's flight
Cast a shadow up everywhere
Time love songs freely going
Beside the head of earth's dream
Rhythmical life waves slowing

On to the unknown next scheme
On to the unknown next scheme

Peter S. Quinn

Each Way Is Like A Step (From, Dried Flowers)

Each way is like a step in many directions,
Passage ways to the days that have gone by;
Contentment shattered glass the reflections,
All the drifting peaceful clouds of the sky.

In this endless motions turning on curves,
Birth of new dawn in the wetness of dew;
Wild in nature with its hidden nerves,
Coming of the tidings booms of anew.

The pace by pace in the newest finding,
Today and tomorrow in its tenderness,
Paths to starry meanings in the dark blue;

All in all what to reality's abounding,
Eager to come again in new meaning fresh,
Giving of its fortune each new impromptu.

Peter S. Quinn

Early In The Morning

Early In the morning
When the breeze is still
And your heart is in a yearning
Of old dreams to fulfill
When the night is going
Into a whispering go□
As the cloudlets are glowing
From new sunshine flow

I think of you when birds fly
Over the daybreak's town
In the early morning high
When sun's in dawn's crown
Thru mystic of open ways
And night in dancing daybreak
With shadows going grays
As the city comes awake

Dreams are always to try out
Within their ways and mind
That is what it's all about
And more into it to find
When the day is onto dark
Before tomorrow is awake
And the far afield stars spark
Into their fantasies make

Let your dream all come true
They are all from inside
With their ways coming thru
As hours turn and glide
When the day is in coming
Flowing glow and bright
Night dream's blossoming
In their star away flight
Thru mystic of open ways
And night in dancing daybreak
With shadows going grays
As the city comes awake

Peter S. Quinn

Early May

Every bird that's now singing
Is enjoying new spring
With perfumed flowers springing
Like pearls on a string

Here somewhere around is love
In its sweetest summer day
With blue skies clear above
And the feelings of early May

Every heart that is soft untie
Shall enjoy these blossoms living
In every moment that is high
And of colorings shades giving

Where winter darkness once laid
In its shadows dances gone
With hours lightless dimness made
That into past are now done

With its sensation and ambiance
There's something new now coming
From the roots of growing nuance
That in earth till now was numbing

Here somewhere around is love
In its sweetest summer day
With blue skies clear above
And the good feelings of early May

Peter S. Quinn

Earth In Sunshine

The light wraps around
As darkness falls to deep
Earth in sunshine found
From under night sleep

Through posture of blue
The sky tall and high
Glow is coming through
Dream hours say goodbye

Blooms in their splendors
Flourish down the hills
Night wishes it renders
Aspirations of life fulfills

Peter S. Quinn

Earth Songs Are In Our Life

Earth songs are in our life
And always giving more
An ocean waving and strife
That comes to open shore
An ocean for living songs
Are open to billows cleaving
Where a heart in need belongs
And is trusting and believing

There is no different play
To what we have to give
It is just in every ones way
To find out and then live
The earth is for everyone
With deep dreams to share
There are no borders done
If free will is coming here

The past's now only a name
Connected to their yesterdays
For nothing shall be the same
As tomorrow comes and plays
Every door will open wide
Into each given new freedom
And take courses of its ride
Where free will and heart's from

Peter S. Quinn

Earth To Earth In Its Clay

Art is nothing but hardship and struggles
The wound of my flesh and with its jagged blade
Fists of my spirit and its hard juggles
Earth to earth in its clay formative made
Fate in its propositions and well being
Building the barrage that is left behind
To each expectations try out and seeing
Something to produce give of and find

It is the heart and the true circling peak
To every emotion build by man
Efforts in knowing something is there
Worthy its making in knowledge to seek
Showing fortune what adversity can?
If you give everything - to its fare

Peter S. Quinn

Earth's Heart - Sonnet

Earth's heart is a river of faithful dye
That carries me long way through the shadows
Like curving of goings in the northern sky
That in summertime all shines and glows
Radiance tomorrow in the daybreak's rising
Of glow time's blossoming from the dark grays
When festive red-yellow eyes are surprising
With each its intricate and coloring lays

Day comes so easily from starry night
With silvery glow of its burning flow
That the graying twinkling shall all become bright
Once again blue skies in perspective grow
The stills of these times are beats in silence
Through each hour time of life's verve existence

Peter S. Quinn

Easter Spring (From 'Meet The Moments')

Gold sun rolls around the sphere
Summer set moods from earth brown
Somewhere a new love is found there
Filling with fragrances this town
Love woods that climb from sleep
Into the growing's morning high
The grass that sways to again reap
The morning of new born blue sky

Fill my heart with colors of mellow
Deep from the inside of a rainbow
There were some yesterdays in yellow
Old autumn songs that gave their vow
Today new spring again is coming
Filling the air of sweet perfumed kisses
Once again my heart is blooming
With feelings in winter one misses

Darling oh darling new rising spring
Give me the twilight of reddish treasure
When the little bluebirds again sing
Filling their heart with love's pleasure
Some say that frosty winter is okay
It gives them so much with the snow
But I say my heart always goes your way
When dawn comes in blossoming glow

Peter S. Quinn

Easy Days Are Coming

Easy days are coming
One by one they show
In their hours of fathoming
Now in winter white snow

Like golden glow on the road
Every day is on falling
With leaves of autumn load
As new ways are calling

Pretty dresses on white
Every moment in this dark
Where gleam of misty light
From the moon shall spark

Rising day on a Sunday
Falling hours to my dream
That comes here in fainted way
And in unreality some seem

Wintry blow thru the mist
My song is still singing
With its complicated twist
That my thought is bringing

Who did care about my sorrow?
When the days wear abyss
Now they turn on to tomorrow
And I still have all this

Pretty dresses on white
Every moment in this dark
Where gleam of misty light
From the moon shall spark

And the stars are still falling
Thru the endless of time
As futures are out there calling
Like bells in breezy chime

Peter S. Quinn

Ebb And Flowing Daydreams (From, To Oscar)

The ocean is full of waves,
Moving just to and fro;
My longings and my craves,
Moved there from long ago.

I believe in summer light,
And the new day in each heart;
The onset billow flight,
That from a shore will start.

To the other side of the sea,
There is daydreaming going on;
Playing what shall be shall be,
Until all my dreams are gone.

I hear the water flowing,
On to the other side and shore;
The same way the wind is going,
Until it in my heart is no more.

The day is being so mournful,
For all the dreams still to come;
Me to the ocean they pull,
And make me full of delirium.

Cold is the night in moonshine,
All is of longings it seems;
Fate will each morning entwine,
The ebb and flowing daydreams.

Peter S. Quinn

Edges Of Love

Edges of love
Sometimes like birds
Flying in clouds above
Or feeling bywords

Touches of touch
Inside to give and share
Love in heart much
With feel fingers near

Edges in rhythm
Flowing of beat's time
Love like hymn
Rising to its prime

All that is giving
True to its deep song
Pulses of its living
Weak point and strong

Edges of two
Inside its harmony
Message coming thru
Chains to break free

Strings that are playing
Chorus's high line
Never same staying
Its softness to refine

Peter S. Quinn

Edges Of The Earth

Edges of the earth
In their rough seam
Years of time 's birth
And minutes between
Love songs of flowers
Leaves in their lay
Opening thru hours
Along with lives play

Something of love
Feelings in their birth
Keeping skies above
In their variations worth
You and I living
In our days epoch
Passion truly giving
Like a melting snow

Rustic leaves autumn
Of memories past
Forward they all come
In footsteps ours vast
Like a candle glowing
Its iridescent burn
So are times going
Never again to return

Peter S. Quinn

Edges Of Times Town

The days are coming clearly through
With what they want to share and do

With the edges of times town
In their morning of whitish gown

The strangeness of Stillness Street
Of the echoes from goner's feet

The look of the chilled out run
From existence of once children's fun

Doors of every nocturnal Sunday
In vanished songs of work and play

The miles maker though time's dust
That rushed along sideways and got lost

What in to the goings disappears
With burn of the longings in their years

Peter S. Quinn

Edges Of Tomorrows

Edges of tomorrows
Flowers of today borrows
Toward the swiftly drive
Each to each rive

Narrow light towers
Unfolding its avowers
Corners of tilted streets
Through cohesion concretes

Intimate season tumult
Steel and the glass cult
Voyaging tomes of sky
Crumbling hopes high

Into multitudes' of final
Municipal highway spinal
Splitting the spaces quite
Scrutinize out the light

Peter S. Quinn

Ég Á Mínar Óskir

Ég á mínar óskir
ég á mínar þrár
kannski rætast vonir
eða hljótast sár

alla tíð ég unni
aðeins einni þrá
anna? ég ei kunni
það er af og frá

oftast mínar óskir
eins og himinn blár
verða oft af engu
aðeins tilvist grá

Ég á mínar óskir
ég á mínar þrár
stundin styttist fyrr
streyma fram mín ár

Peter S. Quinn

Ég Elska (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Ég elska vori?
?egar ?a? sleikir sólskini?
af tungu frostsins

ég elska hausti?
?egar ?a? tárast
gulbrúnu laufi

ég elska ?ig líka
í draumi náttar
?egar tungl ve?ur sky
yfir dimma voga

og sængina okkar

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Ég Er Ein Lítil Stjarna, Lítil Stjarna

ég er ein lítil stjarna, lítil stjarna
þú ert þa? líka, líka
vi? regnbogann vi? dönsum
og engum veruleika önsum

eins og í balletti tifum vi? tánum á
til og frá, til og frá

þar til vængirnir bera okkur vísdóma í
þar sem vindáttir leynast bak vi? hvert sky
og ny sky, og ny sky

ég er á förum, á förum
og fjarlægist óþum mína vídd
allt verður a?eins móða í fjarska
og lífi? a? lokum
líti? box eða askja

þú ert lífi?
þú ert hamingjan
þú ert þráinn
og þa? er einsog allt
fallvalt

Peter S. Quinn

Ég Er Einmana Og Leita (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Dagurinn hverfur sem elding
í kyrra nótt sem er,
allt hefur sinn draum og tíma.

Regnvatni? slær rú?una
taktfast en ákve?i?,
einsog fótspor sem hverfa
í hi? li?na.

Ég er einmana og leita
í skuggum hinna dimmu nætur trjáa
eftir svörum við skyjarof

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Ég Get Sagt Þér

Ég get sagt þér
í hverju orði,
að ást mín
er ekki uppgerð.
Eins og vindur á blómi,
kyssi ég varir þínar.

Ég get sagt þér
hve tilfinning mín,
er heit.
En hvað stoðar það,
ef slík ást er ekki endurgoldin
af sömu alúð.

Hvað stoðar dög
gulu grasi,
eða vindur
þurru leir.

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Ég Syng Um Hamingju

ég syng um hamingju
ég syng um einmanaleik
og tilfinningar sem fara á kreik
á hverju augnabliki

ástríður sem koma og fara
líkt og blaktandi skuggar
og allskonar ljósbrot
sem tynast hér og þar

ég syng um ást
ég syng um hverfulleika
og þennan streng í brjóstinu
sem verður að hiki

þegar ástríður koma og fara
með andvara hverju sinni
og þegar hjartað hérna inni
á ekkert við neinu neitt svar

Peter S. Quinn

Ég Yrki Til Þín

ég yrki til þín
í magnþrunginni blífu
þeim orðum ei tyn
þótt standir þú í stríðu

hér er ei ljóðstafa bull
til að villa þér syn
heldur orðanna gull
mildust orðin til þín

tak mitt orð í hjarta stað
því það lifir minn dag
þessi orð - skrifu á blað
er minn taktur - slag

eins og vindur á blómi
koma orð mín og gusta
eða syngja hljóðlátum hljómi
sem vert er á að hlusta

þau hafa hjartans hljóð
eru vitrun frá mér
einnig hjartnæman róm
sem halda drunga burtu hér

Peter S. Quinn

Einn Dagur Í Einu

Einn dagur í einu
hverfur á ny
í mósku myrkursins djúpa
er lífandi stund syngur
í trjánum hverfulu

Allt er í heimi hverfullt
sem skuggamjúkt kvöld
og vaxandi djúp þagnarinnar

Einn dagur í einu
sem áður eitt sinn var
endar

Og skuggsælt kvöldi?
færist nær

Og skuggsælt kvöldi?
nalgast dagrenningu

(a poem from Iceland)

Peter S. Quinn

Eins Og Regindjúp

Eins og regindjúp,
um kaldar nætur
sem eiga sér engar rætur,
- eru sum or?, galtóm.

Og ljósi? er eins og ást
- útsprunginn senn,
ef í hjarta ég brenn.
Fullt af syngjandi hljóðm.

Peter S. Quinn

Eins Og Tíðarsöngur

eins og tíðarsöngur
er söngurinn þinn ljúfi
yfir litlum stúfi
í minningum geymdar

eins og tíðarsöngur
man ég þau lög
og heitu hjartaslög
í faðminum þínum hlyja

og alla sú þrá
sem fann ég þar þá
ennþá ég á
um sérhverja tíma nýja

eins og tíðarsöngur
er brosið þitt blíða
úr andlitinu þíða
sem ennþá ég á

eins og tíðarsöngur
er ævi þín ein
fögur og hrein
aldrei mér gleymd

þú ert ein sú rós
mitt eina leiðarljós
sem átt skilið allt mitt hrós
um sérhverja tíma nýja

Peter S. Quinn

Einstaka Sinnum

Einstaka sinnum
á ég stundir
einmanna me? ?ér

?egar ofurgrá skyin
sigla í burtu
úr huga mér

Og sólin læ?ist
lífsglö? og björt

Er aftur eitthva? fæ?ist
og um græna fold fer

Peter S. Quinn

Eitt Andartaks Skot

Hér er or? af or?i
eitt andartaks skot,
sem kemur frá mínu bor?i
og má kannski eiga hér samflot

Ég yrki um ?a? sem ég sé
einnig um drauma mína
ljó? er ?a? laufga?a tré
sem lífi? má ekki tyna

Peter S. Quinn

Eitt Skref Í Einu (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Dagurinn líður
í löngum strætum
áfram hann tifar

Eitt skref í einu
og allt verður öðruvísi
en í gær

Sumar kemur og fer
og haust litir verða
uns vetur byrjar
snögglega

Þú ert sem laufblað
sem lifir
og lafgast í geislum sólar

Það hættir aldrei að rigna

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

El Che Would Be Today A Poet

El Che would be today a poet
Or a singer of a melody
He wouldn't the revolution forget
And with heedful eyes the truth see

Every part of his body's a mixture
Of hope and a love song
In shadowy flickering fixture
With both the weak and the strong

"I could tell you what to do
Make you see rightly on
Letting you know the rebellion's for you
And shall never be gone"

He'd show
That dreams could be build
On something
That is now lost
And nothing
Of the opportunities spilled
Though walls inner structures
Be tossed

El Che would be today a singer
Playing and giving revolution
A man of sunrise that's a bringer
Of the ways of futures intuition

Completing to keep his promise
That theme of his songs are dealing
On grounds that comments his wish
In ideas of freedom's freewheeling

He'd show
That dreams could be build
On something
That is now lost
And nothing

Of the opportunities spilled
Though walls inner structures
Be tossed

Peter S. Quinn

Eldur Logar

eldur logar
um lífsins lei?
í ?ig togar og togar
tímans skei?

uns dagur í aftann eldi
inn í náttmyrkur sofnar

eldur logar
lysir strætin brei?
bjartir regnbogar
binda liti í sei?

uns dagur er a? kveldi
og ævin um lei?

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Elemental Clouds (From Lullabies)

Elemental clouds now ride the skies alone
Through the bound of the net raindrops falling
I hear a little music from some pebble stone
While the drizzles are splashing and calling
Steams in the wild it's the forest song
Flowing with its drum drops earth-rending
Something for my heart in harmony to long
Each the flower petals and leaves bending

You and I we had our different ways
Sunshine and the rain songs that we found
In slanting slashing sky like horses that gallop
Tinctures in its shades dyed many plays
To the underneath water lustrous around
A thought in a walloping like the raindrop

Peter S. Quinn

Embroidery

Embroidery of the forest
On to the fields of time
The wings of gray achiest
All in their grayness prime

Of dreams that once were
In the moments like drift
When summertime was near
In ways of its open whiffed

Foliage of winter falling
Thru steps of time's thread
When gloom shades are calling
In tints of their brownish red

And day is shorter becoming
In each their light of rise
On earth open blossoming
That to the winter cold dies

Draperies of their burgeon lay
That fetches old rustic bled
When the forest murky play
Its wilderness meadows bed

Oh forest my old trail forest
In all the traditions you hold
Once proud habits of the florist
Now's in ashen winter's cold

Peter S. Quinn

Empty Glass Of Gone Pleasures

My empty glass was once full
Of many day's pleasures
But now it's broken and dull
With empty lives treasures

All in its going and get on by
Full of its days once young
Love like clouds upon sky
Into an old pastoral song

Life love was its darlings
Of daydreaming and blues
Now life recollections it sings
Of many pleasures and truths

Cold cold despair from inside
The roads on its turning ways
Kiss of a dream that did abide
In the past nights and days

Love of its future is cold
Flowing on like breezy blow
No pleasures of days it can hold
Only the memories of its glow

Dreams are everything or nothing
Somewhere around in reality
But thoughts of its kiss are bluffing
Something of what might have been

Peter S. Quinn

Enchanted Moments (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Enchanted moments
The ongoing loftiness
Somewhere its relents
Into the earth softness

Moving in shades around
From on shadowing trees
Dance forms there found
Surfaces of eternally frees

Heart that stiffen its play
Lost by a separate vitality
A river returning rock's clay
A garden of fountain carnality

Spaces between whirling plovers
Dream crossed in twilight of birth
The forces of many pullovers
In every quill of its worth

Enchanted in sails stillness
The brief of a frozen time
When wings in flight's chillness
Uplift some dust and grime

Tension between dreams cross
The window towards the shore
Effects that's there and bathos
That we don't know what is for

Peter S. Quinn

End Of The Day

At end of the day
I am still here
In its many play
Of life everywhere
Dreams going by
Reaching dark deep
In glow in the sky
And earth to reap

Morning that come
In blossoms bright
Never here tiresome
In giving a plight
Of their aspirations
The beautiful still
People and nations
In living fulfill

At end of it all
In rippling waves
When dark befall
On daylight craves
And heavens return
To its sullen shine
After crimson burn
At sunset skyline

Peter S. Quinn

Endless Hour

The walls are falling
Thru the endless hour
Each faraway is calling
In the mist of shower
The beautiful things
That is still between
Of pearly glare strings
Those now unseen

When a day will rise
From its fresh root
In the eternal skies
Of all tides interlude
When the dark is still
Here around in deep
With silences distill
In its abysses sleep

Walls of surrounding
Every flow notion
In their first sounding
Moods of new emotion
Like harmonies awake
In the threads of new
Give and some take□
As they come here thru

Peter S. Quinn

Endlessly – A Song

Endlessly through the hours
We drift on with our dreams
Morning comes in its bowers
Mind-sets illumination streams
Submerged in its silver dews
And adorned by a rose
Through the streets and hues
Everything comes and goes

Endlessly we seek and find
Dreams we once did yearn
Leaving the moon behind
In reverie's discovering turn
Something happens always
In different forms and try
Warped around interesting lays
Diamonds pristine and cat's-eyes

Endlessly meeting believes
Melancholy tangled in diffuse
Innovative forms and archives
We still have to learn to use
So much is in the sensations
That passes by - never knowing
The remote ports of creations
Undemanding coming or going

Peter S. Quinn

Enduring Heritage

The remembrance from the grained stone of age
Facade of wrinkles enduring heritage
With more to hold in expectations engage
Of smooth settled forms in what life shall acknowledge
More to each day through the years and the past
Perceptive in footage which found their while
Everything scattered like the stars of vast
Exteriors of oceans in each factual style
The basalt of earth in its wet and dry dress
Touch from the seashores of men's vanished time
Now in detection to follow and caress
Through continuing bequest to the past prime
The truth from the land that has gone to the dark
With ways of their founding that once did spark

Peter S. Quinn

Enfold (From, Poet On Www)

Enfold me to a white,
Rose that's longing out;
Glisten flowers hide,
In the dim sky about.
In the milky ways,
Next to slice and slice;
Coming unborn days,
Where no time doth flies.

What is written trivial stain,
Growing small or tall;
Searching in dark vein,
For the blinking call.
The end to our eyes,
And what we can not see;
Hidden in deep skies,
The hours still to be.

Deep irregular beauty,
A night of other tales;
Seen and pondered barely,
In surrounding contrails.
The breath of icy fumes,
In a deem and longing;
Faraway flowered blooms,
To and fro there thronging.

Peter S. Quinn

Engaging Hands Of Earth - Song

Engaging hands of earth - you touch us still
Around and round in every transparent dream
Each bleaching falling glisten in quietness seem
Dear sweet autumn that my yearnings fulfill
Your smooth earthen mixture of shadings to thrill
With stars in your hair of yellow brown stream
Summer of gold is now leaving in gleam
Giving to dim every song in its skill

Withering dark to the changing grass confer
With ground tincturing that dresses the leaves
In the placid of days that are going by
Now is the time of full harvesting year
Just before tomorrow comes in with grieves:
Crack of dawn calm and the red clouded sky

Peter S. Quinn

Enjoy The Silence

Enjoy the silence
In winter's golden glow
With its icily trance
Of the frosty cold snow
When feelings are blue
In the day of its night
And each moment comes thru
In the flickering light

Enjoy the feelings
It's so tender and white
Where darkness is stealing
The brightness's height
In the love of hours
So rusty on and cold
And window's frosty flowers
Go silver to gold

Enjoy this cold time
With your inside thought
And frosty roses rime
That the moments have brought
In the joy of its gleam
With such beautiful things
Of night and its dream
That to the moon sings□

Peter S. Quinn

Enjoy Your Time (From, The Barka Lyrics - First One)

Can you feel it?
Step by step how it goes
All is coming around again
Like the wind that blows

Give yourself - enjoy your time
All is for nothing if you don't
All reasons go but you won't

Give your love to every day
Motions close and near
Everything just comes to play
Be of yourself though aware

Give yourself - enjoy your time
All is for nothing if you don't
All reasons go but you won't

There comes a day with nothing new
Just the hours in between

Give yourself - enjoy your time
All is for nothing if you don't
All reasons go but you won't

(The Barka Lyrics are around or over 200...)

Peter S. Quinn

Enjoying Life

Enjoying life before it all away goes
On to the winter's playing penumbra field
What was of proceeding is now like glows
One at a time falling in oldness yield
The day becomes dark like evening light
With all its memories broken treasures
This is the extend of each morning bright
Nothing to behold of its going pleasures
In living a dream that once was of spring
Every hour coming is now on so dear
Onto the echoes of old occasions sing
This of the times when winter is near
Love songs of gray and blossoms falling white
When dreams of their sharing becomes night

Peter S. Quinn

Enjoying The Moment

Enjoying the moment
In its day by going day
Their feature and foment
That's coming the way
With sunshine spirits on
And touching a while
Until it's again gone
With its summer smile

Like breeze in the alley
Among dreams going by
Of an urban dillydally
Under blue open sky
Contacts thru moments
Those feelings do employ
In picturesque fragments
Of buoyancy to enjoy

Listen to the fussing
Of people walking near
Some of it's quite buzzing
Inside the close-by ear
As days go here about
Thru the lively street
Surrounded by turnout
In latest gladness beat

Peter S. Quinn

Enn Er Vor Í Mér

enn er vor í mér
er úti veður glíma
sólin enn í mér er
ef sést í lofti skíma

en er vor í mér
einhvers konar víma
sumar um sinni? fer
þennan svara tíma

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Equal Geniuses

We are so much like each other
The world is not far apart
The species of sister and brother
Equal geniuses of the heart

Mechanical electronic machinery
Shall reach to DNA based being
Make us from the precedent free
For more opportunities seeing

Peter S. Quinn

Eternal New Dawn's Flame

The blooms again will die,
And fall like stars to earth;
All things away must fly,
For others in new birth.
Dreams are what we give,
To be here left to live;
I see in future's name,
Eternal new dawn's flame.

Where river meets the sea,
And moments do not dwell;
Where all the waves are free,
And outcomes can't foretell.
Inside each past and heart,
That's found its way again;
From routes that never start,
Though we'll search in vain.

The blooms of a fairy tale,
That will just be in dreams;
When reality will fail,
In darkness all things seems.
Dreams that we can give,
To be here left to live;
We find in future's name,
Eternal new dawn's flame.

Peter S. Quinn

Eternity Of Feelings

How much I long for love
Like butterflies in me
Or clouds drifting above
Always fluffy and free
You are what I need
The moments I have longed
If true your love's indeed
And no one has wronged

Like flowers of the soul
Those seeds will grow on
And have their fulfilled role
Long after time is gone
Be earth and river flowing
The grass the breeze swings
All thoughts endless going
With Pegasus flying wings

How much I long to give
A heart that has it all
And long long time shall live
To make its destiny's call
For I'll be truly to this
Give you my oceans deep
Love should be like abyss
Eternity of feelings to reap

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

Ethereal Tide

Beautiful bluish light
From the deep within
Ethereal tide bright
Gyrating in its spin
Love touch and feeling
We thought were lost
Thru endless wheeling
In its ghostly crossed□

Soul in state of free
Where no one has been
Abyss deep symphony
Life has never seen□
Occult shadowy places
Thru its endless ways
Light and shade erases
As time surges plays

Beautiful though gone
Never again seen
Darkish and scary on
Light of blue between
The hours wear away
None of them to keep
As the elucidation play
From the ethereal deep

Peter S. Quinn

Even Though There Are No Reasons (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Even though there are no reasons
Except the sun moon and the stars
Like flowing ways to every season
In a hot tropical or with alike pars
Love songs never ending stories
Like everything that goes to get lost
The accompanying assorted quarries
Of feelings that never get crossed

You and I taking apart our ways
Drifting like clouds toward sun
In their many tintured interplays
As they drift and scatter on the run
Feelings to no one ever going by
In days we thought we made something right
Everything from questions asked why
To give us some guiding light

Even though we stand far apart
With many ways still to accomplish
Drifting in time with our beating heart
Going through a reason and a wish
Living but daydreaming still on
Into the forgetfulness of a touch
Those feelings that never seems done
Because we were in love once so much

Peter S. Quinn

Evening Song In G

As the evening comes
Day flowering glow
Colorful earth blossoms
In your life's row

Dreams that never came□
Only a brief thought
Burning tender flame
That some had thought

Yesterdays were here□
In their fire making
For a moment's share
Some thoughts awaking

Blue be their blossoms
Into darkish night
As your memories strums
Twinkling and lost flight

Now evening song I hear
In its harp of wings
Pegasus is near
As this melody sings

Dreams that never came
But still they are there
In eve's burning flame
Those to a song adhere

Peter S. Quinn

Evening Traveler

Sailing thru the deep
Somewhere there around
Hours to moment keep
Nowhere is still there found
Flowing away today
Page by page morning
On oceans wave play
With its weave of yearning

Dreams are there still
Coming to their light
With new hours to fulfill
At the seashore sight
Drifting there by along
Oceans waves in glows
In its magic on song
That no one still knows

Primes in to and fro
All through its hours
As these instant's go
And new thoughts empowers
Dark in its leading shade
In freshly colors revolve
To each essential made
For new time to resolve

Peter S. Quinn

Evening Was In Prime

Let me in from the road
With my heart and my thought
Take away this load
What my love has brought
There is nothing there new
Only dreams going by
For my love for you
And the blue morning sky

Yesterdays we were loaded
With our ways that were alright
And on the clouds we floated
Till the break of the night
We were wrong in the time
Just floating there on
When the evening was in prime
And the day nearly gone

Let me in for the road
With my heart and my thought
Take away this load
What my love has brought
There is nothing there new
Only dreams going by
For my love for you
And the blue morning sky

Yesterdays we were loaded
With our ways that were alright
And on the clouds we floated
Till the break of the night
We were wrong in the time
Just floating there on
When the evening was in prime
And the day nearly gone, nearly gone

Yesterdays we were loaded
With our ways that were alright
And on the clouds we floated

Till the break of the night
We were wrong in the time
Just floating there on
When the evening was in prime
And the day nearly gone, nearly gone

When the evening was in prime
And the day nearly gone, nearly gone

Peter S. Quinn

Every Chain – Weak Or Strong

Every chain is meant to brake
As their long years meet their strain
Some are strong others easy to take
So much in their way of pain
Love is something like that too
With every chain weak or strong
So much of its feelings are up to you
How you get the chains along

Weak or strong is every link
Because we are like that in our own life
Red is often from inside pink
To make it reddish work hard and strife
Nothing is easy and so much alone
Chain by chain in each our doing
Just bring in your love stone by stone
As you are accepting and accruing
As you are accepting and accruing

Everything is meant for its staying power
So work on it each hour by hour
Every chain is meant to brake
As their long years meet their strain

Peter S. Quinn

Every Coming In The Take (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Nothing will come to be
Only your work will give
You have a time to see
What you in thoughts live
Try just to give and wake
Pleasures from within about
Every coming in the take
With their spurious doubt

How come we never know?
What makes us turn and feel?
Just like the clouds glow
In their grayish mist real
We must go with each day
Trying our best to trust
This comes to our new way
That from the past was lost

You and I stranger now
Trying our best times to build
Managing life's habits somehow
With the revolving tides filled
Nothing is really innovative
Only our daylight of reflection
Where we our conduct give
For each differences direction

Peter S. Quinn

Every Corner Around (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Every corner around
Shadow glow dancing
Dying twinkling found
Into the night blanching
Flowing hollow light
To the deep unknown
Where once was bright
From the corners shown

The perpetual sightless
Multifoliate kingdom
Every dim to dim caress
Where the night is from
To the eyes reappear
In every meeting going
Circling here and there
Obscure shades showing

Every day is a hope
Nesting the lighting on
To the empty elope
That with sight is gone

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day - Every Year

Every day that I live I'll die
And go just further away
Like the blossoming blue sky
I will fade into yesterday
Love is easy to approach learning
With the meaning of life behind
But on memories I am leaning
For the love I never could find

Every year that passes here on
Will give me a reason to learn
When its days are beyond and gone
There is no way to back return
Something's though in my thought
With a feeling I always trust
I've learned what I was taught
Form it - before it became lost

Every load has its weight to carry
In the times that passes through
It's laden with existence worry
But its destines are made by you
Every day that I live I'll die
Coming nearer to fate that I hold
Feeling flexible in its goodbye
That at this time's to become old

Refrain

Every day that I live I'll die
And go just further away
Like the blossoming blue sky
I will fade into yesterday

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day Beautiful On (From, Myspace)

Every day that is here beautiful on
With lots and lots of memories awake
When moments are here and not gone
Into indifferences at its own stake
And the flowers like bouquets of roses
In their yellow red pink true
When a dream to the reality closes
And it's a part of a wonderful renew

Every day when borders are nowhere
That closes every thought of past
And we are here together to share
While our daydreams forever might last
And the instants are here in your eyes
Every color the soul within keeps
Like the mornings of wondering skies
From the inside of heart and deeps

You and I together like new dawn
Awaking moods across every shade
With e thought in our eyes closer drawn
And all the sweetness therein ever made
When the day is beautiful and not parting
From the love that shines into our windows
Like a summer that again is all starting
With its colors many ways and new glows

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day Has Its Reaching (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Every day has its reaching
Into thoughts that were lost
Finding ways again reaching
Like dice that were tossed

Give me time for every gone hour
That shall never be coming back
Like last summer's flower
That lie now in deep earth black
Feeling only the rain shower

Give me something I wasn't afraid of
And newer tried to know before
Like the blue stretching sky above
That has something for ever more

You and I could make things
Happen like they were in the past
Every attachments be like strings
With our thoughts that could last

Every day has its reaching
Into thoughts that were lost
Finding ways again reaching
Like dice that were tossed

Give me time for every gone hour
That shall never be coming back
Like last summer's flower
That lie now in deep earth black
Feeling only the rain shower

Give me something I wasn't afraid of
And newer tried to know before
Like the blue stretching sky above
That has something for ever more

You and I could make things
Happen like they were in the past
Every attachments be like strings
With our thoughts that could last

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day In Our Lifetime (A Song)

Every day in our lifetime
There are moments coming here
Feelings so wonderful sublime
And everywhere quite near
We will come to understand
What those all mean to us
When the evening's in bland
Of memories that came across

For only time shall tell
What purposes come to do
Contained by their many spell
For years to me and you
And every hour's a precious one
With wings of thought to conquer
These days will soon be gone
As times grows old in year

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day Is A Delight

Every day is a delight
When it comes to you
Moments in their flight
Shall once again renew
Times never stand still
On their roads travel
Something there to fulfill
In each going unravel

Yesterdays were young
In their mood and plays
Every hour we're among
Its many different ways
Forgotten no time is
It journeys in memories
Beautiful in dreamy bliss
Wishes for our believes

Like a glow in the deep
Or sunlight from around
Hours forever to keep
Once again moments found
Some like kisses or wine
Each in a different taste
Coming back here to shine
Our threads to be retraced

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day Is A Dream

Every day is a dream coming through
That is wakened to become once more free
All is freshness of the feeling and new
Just to be what you want it here to be
Demanding nothing but completing life
From the perfumes of the far inside
Like the sweetness of its spiritual rife
That is here for the night to give you guide
Every hour it whispers to those ears
With its thoughts from the angels away high
There is loving in the waves one hears
Of the day and the night always going by
This is love irresistible in beauty's lull
With the roads to dreams that are never dull

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day Is A Love Song

Every day is a love song
Felt so crystalline□
A day rise
In the heart
For dreams to follow
From the uneasy waves□
Those affect your lips
And beats
The gift of life
To give me

This song
Of inspirational mode
That meets me half way
And finds inner flow
To follow
This time
Of beating hearts
To everything
Love wants to say□

It waits for moods
With wings to fly
In days of glow
And sweetness
Each time □
There is love
In your heart□

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day Is A Song

Every day is a song going by
With a heart calling on to you
Never showing a cloud in the sky
Only love that always comes true
Every reason is asking you why
In my mind you are coming through
Always like dreams up there high
In its ways and moments to do
Like a song in tunes that never die
Everything inside always new to try

Moments come and go back once more
Like a life that's going or coming
Every heart has its dreams in to pour
Through the stars and seeds blooming
With a day that is here with its store
Or a dream that is lost in its plumbing
With reality somewhere in its yore
Feelings that come apart for summing
Always inside their catchable lore
Trying to find what every answer is for

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day Is Another Song

Every day is another song
With its ways and emotion
Some of love and so young
In its timeless time ocean
Every love has somewhere been
In its vent and true thought
So much feeling it has seen
What it is and what it ought

Circling joins through the ways
Something of life to tell
Each times stamp in its haze
Like a cloud that cannot dwell
Going on here still to live
From the day it comes to form
In every course done to give
Where its bedim once swarm

Fortunate ways leap of fate
Some to find and to place
Rising sail through the grate
In its varied many ways
Find the dream that surround
In their distance and nearby
Every day is here still bound
In its beginning to make its tie

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day Is Another Song (From, Myspace)

Every day is another song
With its ways and emotion
Some of love and so young
In its timeless time ocean
Every love has somewhere been
In its vent and true thought
So much feeling it has seen
What it is and what it ought

Circling joins through the ways
Something of life to tell
Each times stamp in its haze
Like a cloud that cannot dwell
Going on here still to live
From the day it comes to form
In every course done to give
Where its bedim once swarm

Fortunate ways leap of fate
Some to find and to place
Rising sail through the grate
In its varied many ways
Find the dream that surround
In their distance and nearby
Every day is here still bound
In its beginning to make its tie

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day Is Feeling Its Way (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Every day is feeling its way
Coming closer in to its feel
Like a light of the coming day
That seems all easy and real
There is much there in knowing
Touches that drift its concealing
Going forward in motions flowing
Through endless times wheeling

You and I in away walking
Nothing endless in sensation
With its imaginations talking
And infatuation temptation
It must be love I am feeling
With its revealing moon showing
Endless ways to days stealing
Easy coming and easy going

Every day comes there to nothing
Where the day is in new reach
What you thought is on bluffing
Shall gain and new things teach
Somewhere I will find it out
What it is that I must know
The interim coming here about
Through the melting going snow

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day Is For The Living

Every day is for the living
With any freedom to be free
In so much opportunity giving
Anything might come to be

Yesterdays are what you want to
Cause they are still in your mind
Rising height and going through
What has been left behind?

We could give a two sided way
With our chorus love song
So much here to live for a day
And in the futures to long
And nothing goes so easily
That has not still been here
Momentarily and breezily
Tomorrow is in our everywhere
Living for the yesteryear
Can't be done in our future luck
Because unsigned fates are so near
And with them we will get stuck

Living is not for the past
But a coming day to steer
Nothing is going though to last
Oblivion houses are everywhere

Staying nights and its cloudy grey
Two sided coins thrown
In the time roundly on lay
That is here in our own town

Immortals touch is never known
In its own finding heart
Night is a nightly dim gown
Or a stuck in the middle dart
Giving you unsecure matches
Making and sometimes helping out

Dubs and its many scratches
With every hope and doubt
Somewhere a time is a snitch
Judgments of ways to try
Nothing that gives to be rich
Only a hopeful luck or its lie

You can do anything you do
Nothing seems real these days
So much to come out of the blue
In every temper and grays

(from my Album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day Is Its Completeness Worth

Again there are blooming days
With flowers coming through the seeds
In their colors beautiful ways
When nature from earth reads
Lives yesteryears deeds

Oh darkness has gone to air
With its reasons of all the dim
Now the blooming of bouquets fair
Is instead of the breezy whim
That leaves from each branch trim

Every day is its completeness worth
With spring skin tones deep hued
Growth of the greenish earth
Giving life's complexion mood
In its wilderness land vastitude

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day Is Like A Song

Every day is like a song
That will come and go to sleep
The hours I do long
To hold near and keep
From the whispers of the night
The moments that are gone
In the yesterdays flight
That keeps me going on

Every night is a dream
A flight across the sky
A glowing inside gleam
That never must then die
If feelings that are true
In every departing way
And they shall become new
Each rising opened day

The flight of every hope
Is what those words will sing
And never from me elope
If beauty they shall bring
For tender whiles are here
To keep so very close
Like fragrances in the air
From a soft garden rose

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day Is Never (From, Myspace)

Every day is never here the same
Sweet gatherings of down and above around
What time does dare with its passing on flame
Into the lying of infinity found

Down to anything still discovering
Like yesterdays uncanned safe and known dreams
The within of human souls hovering
Like the carrying river of weaving deems

Clusters of the simple ever and ever
What does have the courage to stand or sit
The going of sensations to the never
In its little congregation around hit

Infinities content of inches looks
The gathering of making to printable books

(After a somewhat in depth study of - "of Ever-Ever Land I speak" by E. E. Cumming)

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day Of Your Days

Every day of your days
You have arms to hold,
Every day of the days
There is a future untold.

Sing a song of your dreams
Every sentence is true,
Though it now only seems
They are all inside of you.

Every day of your days
May your wish be fruitful,
Every day of the days
May our peace always rule.

Because that's what we need,
In our lives - always,
In every corner - every street
All our lives - all our days.

May this wish become true
Every day of your days,
When we are down and blue
Every day.

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day, Sonnet

Every day is a remembering
Glowing its present time on to the On
Something away to adventuring
Until those hours are all together gone
Feelings in the unfilled spaces away
Torching the moments that are there to be
It is the season - this of its today
Everything to future, to set and see

Imaginings conquered in its truth now
Where tomorrow expectations is ahead
Birth of every moment 's disavow
Infrastructure to their, nothing mislead

What you bestow to the further on road
Builds up your ambition, heavies your load

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day's Going

Every day's going to alone adjust
Of yesterdays that once were in reality
With playing of futures still not to be
In their many on gone footsteps and bust
Songs that are fervor that never shall rust
Makes that are worthy of inside and free
Ordinary hope for both you and me
Craft of the days that have now become dust

Blue as the sky and deep as dark oceans
Every our try the reaches its skill
Thoughtful in aspect and whole in emotions
Dreams that we dream to live and to fulfill

Days like main roads and sideways aside
Ruling our future and giving us guide

Peter S. Quinn

Every Day's You

Every day's you
Soft and sweet and new
Garden and roses
As the winter closes
Dreams of yesterdays
In ordinary grays
Finding a new flower
one for each hour

Everything's you
Into the new blue
Where ever you are
On a faraway star
Bright as new day
In the ordinary gray
So much of you
Coming now through

Every heart's you
The things that I do
When I'm without
Love and in doubt
When dark closes around
And love can't be found
When you aren't here
And I'm nowhere

Peter S. Quinn

Every Deep Love There Is

Every deep love there is
Lingering time to time
Moment's spinning round in bliss
As their ways climb

Every deep love of ours
Spinning its round and round
Just like the seeds of flowers
Those are in earth now found

Thrill of your every thought
Times that are coming to plea
Whatever their inside is brought
And we come both to see

Love that is growing to its rise
Like summer of thousands bouquets
Blossoms of affectionate ties
None to have afterwards regrets

Every deep love that grows
Becomes of yours and mine
As their occasions on goes
Just like those days of sunshine

Every deep love that's sweet
Chance of its crazy romance
All things you sweetly so treat
After its flowering dance

Peter S. Quinn

Every Dream

Every dream must come true
In the reaching to understand
Nothing is here really new
To thoughts of ways and strand
Thousand leaves have rust
In the parting seasons glowing
Returned to the earthy dust
With every dividing on flowing

Every reality is like a cloud
In timeless songs clinging
Within moments of their doubt
When reverie's back swinging
You can begin to play memories
From your thoughts on a hold
Like music you hear in a breeze
In the icy of winter's cold

This dream is wonderland alone
When hopelessly we are lost
Each luminous gives a new tone
When we wander in times crossed
In the misty of diffuse and dark
With instances full of old holding
Some thoughts come in like spark
When gone dreams are unfolding

Peter S. Quinn

Every Dream (A Lyric)

Every dream is for two
Sharing equally both
What goes on to renew
From outlying and growth
Like love that goes on
For two there between
Till the fire is gone
And never again there seen

Every dream that is you
Like the song that I know
What the heart makes true
Till its time is to go
Feelings some for a lifetime
With the days to believe
When fervor is in its prime
From liberty of grieve

When the day is in evening
With a love that is more
And we attached our string
To the open love's door
When the feelings are there
Between spaces and dreams
We both this can share
Away from untrue deems

Every dream is for two
Sharing equally both
What goes on to renew
From distant and growth
Feelings that go to heart
Together for all bliss
When love first will start
In its way and to this

Peter S. Quinn

Every Dream Is A Dream

Every dream is a dream
In their openness and try
When a day nowhere seem
In its directness and high
When outlooks aren't great
And there is no time to wait
For a dream to come all true
For both me and for you

Every day leaps reality
With a clear thought to live
With wishes some to be
That any hope might give
With a worldly touch and look
That we all could try on
For a dream is an open book
That with time will be gone

Every dream is much hope
In a burning on and flame
Like a chancing kaleidoscope
Never staying all the same
In efforts long and last
With hook and faintest glow
Your dream you must trust
And learn each one to know

Peter S. Quinn

Every Dream Is A Walk Through (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Every dream is a walk through
With so much of sprinkling down
Feelings close to me and you
What lies inside this soul town?

Ruddy sunset to the high
And the ground of the rising dawn
Where our evenings sometime lie
In their carelessly spinning span

Hour of feeling into old dying
Down the tiny wrinkles of time
When a heart of carefully complying
Is sated on the roads of grime

Love in the rising to its endings
The beginnings of its grays and turns
Every hour sprinkle down mending
In their declined of tomorrow burns

Peter S. Quinn

Every Dream Is Always Going

Every dream is always going
On to its never return
Feelings in forward time flowing
Inside the heart to burn
What is now happening to you?
Falling from your ways
Something that always was true
Loving and retuning your grace

Every new heart that's beating
Flowing in winds of time
Inside a love that is cheating
Of its own passion prime
What you have given of beauty
That there is never enough
Truthfully in its own duty
Feelings that were mere a bluff

Every new way is now coming
Through enduring times not seen
Blossoms of freedom blooming
Where every seed has been
You are my water running
Flowing with winds and the sea
Love that was once so stunning
Given again back to me

Every dream is always going
On to its never return
Feelings in forward time flowing
Inside the heart to burn
Past is the past forgotten?
That happened sometimes after
Not just there for a sudden
Like breeze in the wintry rafter

- Happy New Year! -

Every Dream Is Coming Still (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Every dream is coming still
Into destiny to start
Giving longings to fulfill
Through the beat of every heart
Every day is catching billow
Making reasons for a try
Love songs of the breezing willow
In the skies of low and high

What does matter in a name?
Every road so much ahead
Trying ways and burning flame
That in ruins of life is read
Always feelings drift apart
In the days that go by
What to stop or start
Without knowing reasons why

Moods of lonely lifetime
Contagious wind of flow
Every beat in its prime
On the ways to a somewhere go
Lost pictures in the tray
In stillness of black and white
Beat of the screaming's play
Through the going of new flight

Peter S. Quinn

Every Dream That Is Inside Your Dream

Every dream that is inside your dream
Let it come in with its memories glow
And give you of its following spruce beam
With some those feelings you once did not know
Every day that is easy now going
From the spirit that was once in its day
And your love from the inside are knowing
When your feelings are there in their own play
Follow your heart through the moments you knew
Each in their summer rising and autumn
Be to your feelings straightforward and true
Peace of mind is the great desideratum
Every dream has its go and its fall
Living them is either low or rather tall

Peter S. Quinn

Every Footstep

Nothing's forever eternally here
Yesterdays will go in to its lost sleep
What you thought extinct might though be close near
With each bouquet of true fewness to keep
Fallen walls with ashes remnants and ruins
Flowers between the steaming and burning
Each turbid morning of lives misdoins
Digest of times between and turning

Every footstep in to the nonbeing
To the artillery of cloudy shade
Faces of hollow smoldering desire
To a new future of ways foreseeing
Never your option - but what from it's made
Ignite the fields of tomorrow's new fire

Peter S. Quinn

Every Heart

Every heart is sometimes blue
In its bewilderment and way
And it's so much up to you
How it gives and how it will stay

In the fever of its love
The hearts will approach what is true
Like the drift of clouds above
Everything there to renew

Yesterdays are in its rain
Like the tomorrow's morning song
Every hour close in vain
With those times it will long

You have given trust to this
With those feelings that you hold
Of your love has given a kiss
That to this time is now told

Playful evening of the past
Might be here to close its arms
In the moments you did trust
With those feelings in worthy charms

There is heat in the night
To the sides of its lonely road
Sometimes love is all in light
Taking of your heavy load

Sometimes love is here then it goes
In the dust of times flow
Distance through the moments grows
In your heart that you will know

Easy comes each opportunity
What is there still for you then?
Something needs to be always free
To meet those hours of love again

Peter S. Quinn

Every Hour

Every hour is a feeling
Something to do and give
A heart in a love stealing
Believing and then to live

You are so nice here today
Giving so much from you
Nothing seems of ordinary way
If it comes here to be true

Every hour is you giving
From a heart that is pounding on
And you with that beat living
Until its echo is gone

So much of your own heart
That touches the ground nearby
From the very your first start
That opens up future sky

Every hour that comes to deliver
From every new goal of life
Is like the flowing river
That on the ocean must strife

With anything that has a purpose
With what it is meant to be
Before it again away goes
And becomes in new futures free

Peter S. Quinn

Every Hour Falling Eyes

Every hour falling eyes
Dreams within its kingdom
With a day of lessening skies
Where the dark is from
Sunlight going in to night
With the leaves of bringing
Every instance from bright
And its ways of thinking

Love songs fading into this
Of the diffuse entwine
With its many deep on bliss
Flicker of the glisten wine
Every voice of wind's song
Broken down in shallow
What a heart in days long
And its love might follow

Every hour into its wear
Fading like old day
Now the shadows are all near
In their dance and play

Peter S. Quinn

Every Hour Falling Eyes (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Every hour falling eyes
Dreams within its kingdom
With a day of lessening skies
Where the dark is from
Sunlight going in to night
With the leaves of bringing
Every instance from bright
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Every hour into its wear
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Now the shadows are all near
In their dance and play

Peter S. Quinn

Every Hour Is A Love Song

Now farewell to the day that's gone
Every hour is a love song
Step by step the time has won
To carry its farewells along
Yesterdays rose from nymphs of marshes
Flowing so easily from deep
Peacefully fields together clashes
Newborn from days to keep

Anything crosses the places between
Coming to be new spring
You have tomorrow to be seen
When they come with greenery to sing
Oh heaven's pale capital
With earth in its white gray role
Soon there will be your new call
That will cross to the places of ol'

The city is still to become May
With several more months to go
All frost in its deep under clay
Nothing of water to flow
Over the snowdrift hard land
The whiles go free in darkness
And songs of springs to command
It cannot - and less of its cold caress

Peter S. Quinn

Every Hour Is Flowing High (A Lyric)

That is just your way
Everything is returnable
Coming here or gone today
In an affectionate burnable
Distances always in near
Each moment that is waiting
Feeling on in tempers here
In each they are debating

Every hour is flowing high
Thru the moments and new sky
Dreams forgotten and places
All that was without traces
Every dream that comes thru
Is for you to have and do
Bringing more and more on
Till those hours are all gone

That is just what we give
Every aspect of its force
And we rearrange to live
Thru redeems of the stars
Love songs coming in their try
Memories of forgotten beats
Everything that asks of why
We have love in all its treats

Every hour is flowing high
Thru the moments and new sky
Dreams forgotten and places
All that was without traces
Every dream that comes thru
Is for you to have and do
Bringing more and more on
Till those hours are all gone

Much is made to endure well
Lonely flights onto a heart
Giving of its inner spell

From points of further start
Circling ways in hours dark
Evening comes in wing's flight
Rarely is there again its spark
You had from a closer sight

Refrain:

Every hour is flowing high...

Peter S. Quinn

Every Hour Is Going

Every hour is going
Somewhere to be found
Some event showing
When it comes around

Time and time together
We are all here too
Predictable like weather
That is me and you

So much inside and out
We are showing all
That's what life 's about
When it makes its call

Nothing comes in painless
Times a walking through
With some foundling caress
If its keen on and true

Every existing is turning
For a sister or a brother
Older bridges are burning
Sometime or the other

Let's walk hand in hand
Finding our own way
Give it an understand
The games existence play

Peter S. Quinn

Every Human Is A Pillar

Every human is a pillar
To the mountains low and high
Every weight and distiller
For each purpose to amplify

Up and down stairways going
To find glory for each reach
Always more and more showing
So we learn from it and teach

Every human is like a stairway
To the notions of their call
Meeting tomorrows every day
Of its rivers and waterfall

Much is made with human efforts
Reaching high on to the hill
Through difference and averts
That every day must all fulfill

Every Human is a Pillar
Going through life as a well
Here to reap as its fulfiller
With each taste and parallel

Dreams are filling the hour
With opportunities there driven
We can reach the pillar power
When directions we are given

Peter S. Quinn

Every Love

Every love be like darkish flower
That suddenly starts its growing to come
Pedals of laughter or seeking tears from
Any love that gives of its new hour
Sweetness that suddenly changes the earth
With spring seeds like the freshness of true love
Echoing through the sky from afar above
With everything close and the air worth

Steps to return in the light of new spring
When freshness will open the doors to life
In days of fragrance and brightest thing
And from under loam of the growing rife
Each love that's at ease from the hands of shade
And gladly with the threads of joy be made

Peter S. Quinn

Every Love 2

Every love is a love that goes
Feelings inside from the outside
Dreams of falling leaves and glows
Shadow in the morning that hides
Love stays or goes further away
Nothing can be forever inside here
Love's somewhere spoken day by day
Until its somewhere to share

Dreams you pass away to a feeling
Roughly in heart that's still there
Memories away are again stealing
Nothing to be nothing everywhere
Love has so much touching into give
Ways of every gestures and its call
You just need to come out and live
Your own reality both summer and fall

Every love has its own life to touch
Nothing comes to nothing each time
Calling to hope means always so much
Everything is an opportunity in prime
Love stays or goes away for evermore
There is nothing you can do or say
Just be in your own life self assure
And life shall turn to be what it may

Peter S. Quinn

Every Love 3

Every love comes as it goes
Like a mystery we don't know
Summer morning in its glows
Or a winter in its snow

Love is here and love is there
Dreams coming to get through
There is love everywhere
It's just up to me and you

Times are making all our days
And every dream that comes to be
There's hope in each its ways
All is up to you and me

Every love comes as it goes
Like a mystery we don't know
Summer morning in its glows
Or a winter in its snow

You are here and you are there
Like the flow of tides on
Days I had and dreams I share
Nothing is forever gone

I'll find you in another dream
For I know you are still there
Reality never in reality seem
Love never goes away from here

Every love comes as it goes
Like a mystery we don't know
Summer morning in its glows
Or a winter in its snow

Every love comes as it goes
Every love
Every love

Every Love Is A Song

Every love is a song
For your heart to know
You are right or you are wrong
That's how feelings always go
Bright day or dark night
Here so much on your own
Love is wrong or it's right
Sometimes I am so alone

Touch my moments and give
Any of its happiness now
I must recount and live
Manage love here somehow
Rich or poor on my own
Feelings touch but don't stay
Every love can't be shown
That comes here on its way

Love may grow and be true
That's how love always goes
But its happiness is up to you
Like a seed that on grows
If good fortunate's strong
A heart may find and win
For every love is a song
You'll find from within

Every love is a song
For your heart to know
You are right or you are wrong
That's how feelings always go
Bright day or dark night
Here so much on your own
Love is wrong or it's right
Sometimes I am so alone

Love will give or it will die
In its thoughts and goal
Reach its moment and high

If it has a cherished role
Every minute is of appeal
In its search and finding way
If your love is for real
It's like sunshine every day

Peter S. Quinn

Every Love Song

Every love song of my heart
Dreams to give and fulfill
Warmest sun in morning start
That the days in moments still

Bringing fragrances to the street
As the voices walk on by
Crossing sideways with their feet
In the brightest day and sky

Every love that you have given
That is here for us to feel
And the days in past have liven
That was once in times real

Tales of both sides like a kite
Flying through wandering blue
Fervors from the darkest night
All that is of adoration true

Every love song in your space
Undertaking passions real
Moment's blueprint in grace
That to heart and mind appeal

That is you and all your love
Awaking feelings of emotion
Feathery like the clouds above
Touching minute - magic potion

Peter S. Quinn

Every Love Song - Missing

Every love song that I know
Is now missing or just dying
Tinge will come sun will glow
And the world continues trying
Where's lives gladness gone?
Salvation has left the street
Springtime without its liaison
Ill-tempered mulish heartbeat

I have tried my years to find
Where my future' now's going
Every corner seems so blind
In its distant instant growing
Confusions with edges rough
Crooked is each their contour
Now its time for every bluff
Kindheartedness is too unsure

Bleak nights and hour thieves
Disentwine onto morrow lane
No respect only the aggrieves
That causes heartache and pain
Chose your voice now to speak
So the feeling true-mirrors you
Don't be fooling' or too meek
There is time for humanity too

Peter S. Quinn

Every Love...

Every love
Wherever you go
Like clouds above
To feel and to know

Sunshine of days
Glowing right by
Many love's ways
Right thru the sky

Every heart
In its passion beats
Beginning of start
How feelings it treats

Love song of ages
Knowing its feel
Pounding in cages
Of dreams so real

Each like you
That gives of love
That waits and is true
In a world so much of

Everything going
To yesterdays old
Without ever knowing
That before was told

Peter S. Quinn

Every Love.....

Every love begins in infinity
Thru everything alive and then going
Wings of its stillness before again free
Mind of its own ahead of its knowing

Every love is a key in future's hand
A muddled fate on the wings of its silence
Road to its trust and what it will command
A passion two sided in profundity trance

Like a single dropp that fall to revive being
Each of its own by the sky of thousand lips
All its destiny and character freeing
Lucid or heavy that through the open slips

Beginning and going through the fields of earth
Giving its kisses on casement of birth

Peter S. Quinn

Every Love's A Lost And Found

Every love's a lost and found
Each in its tender while
Times of feelings around
Beautiful in loves`style

Hazy days of delightful
Melodies of life happiness
Sometimes so insightful
In its ways and caress

Always when I find you
You bring peace of mind
From your feelings true
That inside I may find

(That inside I left behind)

Peter S. Quinn

Every New Day Is Mine (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Every new day is mine
Filling daylight dreams on
Holdings of fresh sunshine
Of what shall come and be done
Love skies of misty clouds
Giving their moments too
A summer of moving crowds
Within every caress renew

Let nothing go here by
That is all true inside
Like the open bluish sky
Those with its cloudlets glide
Reasons to take and give
Wandering movements' roads
Days ahead to again live
With none of winter's loads

Every day true in senses
Letting it float here through
Tasking each time and chances
That comes to make and do
Blissfully thoughts to rise
Filling my hour of deep
Showing its wings of surprise
Later to cling to and keep

Peter S. Quinn

Every New Day Is My Life

Every new day is my life
Walking moments of happiness or sorrow
With times breezy blows it'll strife
To catch the waves on tomorrow
Every step is in its bouquet's while
With its flowers in blossoming bloom
Or depression in its tile
And perhaps in its footsteps doom

You and I have this moment together
Living for our longitude day
So much here is up to the weather
How we feel and what we will say
But it's going to catch soon our feet
With its kiss of the earth's love
Or be drifting like clouds to read
In the curving of the hazy above

Every new morning comes to fulfill
Or moments to be again safe
Into faraway horizon mountains hill
And returned with the ocean waif
Love is just a moment's happiness
Something always coming and going
Through times of time touch caress
Every instant is yours for knowing

Peter S. Quinn

Every Night (From, Poet On Www)

Every night I come to my senses,
But it's never going to last;
Seeing stars into sky romances,
With glowing eyes from the past.
Looking back and feeling the same,
When all was right and wrong;
Before this to its situation came,
And we knew not where to belong.

Everything is a dangerous thing,
Disappearing needs and other ways;
To each other most often linking,
When to our inner feelings plays.
Reaching and needing is enough,
For each argument that is out there;
Modern times with its plenty of stuff,
That is most often going nowhere.

Every day is like the one that's past,
With it's feelings passing through;
Slowly moving around its bombast,
Meaning something to each of you.
I can not wait or become younger,
For time is running through its way;
And each my thinking going longer,
Not mattering what I will do or say.

Peter S. Quinn

Every Our Dream ... (A Song Lyric)

Every our dream is always coming through
But sometimes we don't know their complect
Because perhaps in their past we did neglect
Something they gave to become of you
Everything has its purposes entwined
Circling around through the moments they live
With some inner states there on to give
And it is all ours to comprehend and find

The roses in bouquets beautiful done
Maybe a rainbow with a gold pot at the end
Summer leaves falling to carry you on
With every autumn in yellow brown blend

O how our feelings can rise and fulfill
Each of its dreaming in the moment's still

Peter S. Quinn

Every Rose

Every rose has its true own shading
Of remembered touch of other gone days
Breeze so gently through its petals evading
And with its leaves of verdant then plays
A heart may stand away in silent land
With its futures much so planed and given
But come to days of no more understand
For in its throbs of echoes never liven
Like each of you that have their own believe
In plentiful ways of further on to live
Shall afterwards all those moments relieve
When comes the day of darkness on to give
For every smile there's another shadow
That once in a while shall quench out a glow

Peter S. Quinn

Every Shade

Every shade that I've found
Hiding inside and out
In the darkness all around
And what love 's about

Dreamy dark on and high
Every footstep toward a dream
From the profound of the sky
Where hiding places seem

There are outlooks in the field□
Every going dark could brake
Shining triumph in their yield
That the dimmest hours make

As the night is burning desire
Through a dream in hiding place
Of onward shine and its fire
In the night of its many ways

Love that 's waiting to be sure
With its heart in beating still
What desire might have in store?
For the light of day 's fulfill

When the brightness slowly rise
Through the heaven's gate on
Secret shines of lightening ties
All that from a daylight was gone

Peter S. Quinn

Every Step In Peace And War

There's a time to come and go,
Finding every moment to live;
And be with reasons for evermore,
You can share what you can give.
What you have you learn to know,
Use it wisely to be always sure,
For every step is in peace and war.

There's a song that you can sing,
Feelings of freedom in its ways;
Love and passion spinning 'round,
Every mood along there plays.
Hear the sweetness in its days,
Anything lost again may be found,
And to your heart closeness bring.

With your love don't ever give up,
You have roads to walk on through;
Times will flow and they might stop,
Be crisscrossing from the very afar.
Don't be unwise or become untrue,
Without a reason to give and take,
For every step is in peace and war.

Peter S. Quinn

Every Step You Take (A Lyric)

There is always someone who loves you
Though even you won't find out 'fore too late
There is this love that takes control and is all true
And is full of feelings that won't wait

Every step you take must fade away
Even now I'm further, than yesterday

But you could change
My luck and fortune ways
By coming back with dreams
That you have found
And let there be moments
In all the past days
That keeps us together
For always when memories
Are only around

Every step you take...

When nights are lonely
And cold in forgotten dreams
And everything is glinting
Faraway of pleasures it seems

We must be in hopes
And lights in between
For our hope is kept
In a box of a silvery screen

There is always someone who loves you
Though even you won't find out 'fore too late
There is this love that takes control and is all true
And is full of feelings that won't wait

Every step you take must fade away
Even now I'm further, than yesterday

Every step you take...

Peter S. Quinn

Every Sweet Darkness

Every sweet darkness comes and goes
Turning the tides again here around
Softness and touches of summer new found
Now as the wind to the freshly sight blows
There are some questions inside each those glows
Pleasing day delusions to its bluish found
Sky with its notions in silently bound
Filling the days in with greenery rows

Come and fulfill each momentary ways
With fragrances in air and its delight
When wind of summer dances with leaves
And morning of twilight returns to days
Tip toeing daybreak in coming hours of bright
Has no time to give to winter weaves

Peter S. Quinn

Every Thought

Every thought
Of memories is shining,
With threads
Of a silver lining:
The gold
Of the old,
I am defining,
For digging in
The past is like mining.

Our love started
Under a willow tree,
But continued down
To the deep green blue sea:
With our sails on,
For sailing out free,
For our love is everything,
To you and me.

If there is a hope
In everything we do,
Then I am finger picking
On my guitar to you:
With a song
Just out of the blue:
Emotions, like the waves
From the sea
So full of amaze.

Peter S. Quinn

Every Time Has Its Point (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Every time has its point
Rolling by and by
Opening up and joining joint
Everything on the fly
Yesterdays were once new
With many ways weigh
New love songs coming too
In the steady pace

Now like everything is rolling
Into one time flow
Long way street strolling
With its one go
Taking a view of singing
Songs of the moods and day
Around the corner bringing
How it was in the ordinary way

Every time easy on its stop
Living its feeling
Water melons dried up
Something from your heart stealing
Playing with your mood
So many years ago
Sometimes again intrude
Just like a rainbow

Peter S. Quinn

Every Time Is Going Around (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Every time is going around
To the fields of somewhere
From the time of timeless bound
In the ways of morning air
Every reality between's going
Finding existence in the act
As the motion 's windrowing
In their interaction and contact

There's a between in conception
Straight out of its creation
Proceeding course of exception
In desiring essence narration
The existence of true reality
With response of motions falls
Tones between tones modality
The distance of accenting calls

Desire of potency going through
The descent of life's essence
Something to response to new
In notion outlines evanescence
Life's like a chorus into the fall
Breathe of the summer leaving
Every its activity swinging haul
Through existence hours cleaving

Peter S. Quinn

Every Time We'll Try

Every time we'll try to find a way
That's just how emotion always is
Time will either wait or never stay
Something with its momentary quiz
Love may be so easy to understand
Have its sayings without any doubt
Your heart might be at your command
If this is what all true love is about?

No one can be going forever alone
And believing therein for no one
You'll need to end its wrong tone
Before its time is yet again done
Often love makes me a bit wonder
Where my life is heading right now
Many causes are with its blunder
Can I carry it and manage somehow

Yesterdays were never by our side
Everything is always in a hurry
Each one day's reality wants to hide
And the futures of the days burry
Show me baby how you now just feel
Can it become true our love again
Is this heart of ours - feelings for real?
Or is it just another love search in vain

Peter S. Quinn

Every Time You Go (From, Rock Star)

Every time you go
Love is for the breeze and wind
For the time to show
How we could be disciplined

Love is here for me
I have nothing else to give
Whispering feelings to be
Why I experience to live

Oh can't you belong
To the waves of the sea
Like a summer song
Inside and there free
Turning tides and play
Living for a reason
Nothing forever will stay
The new for each season

Come and let me in the heat
Wherever I'll walk
Love is never easy street
Or indifference talk

Heart is where your touch is
Nowhere else to come
Whispering dreams in a kiss
Who knows where it's from

Oh can't you belong
To the waves of the sea
Like a summer song
Inside and being free
Turning tides away
living their acquisition
for a return someday
The life in circling ignition

Why I experience to live

Why I experience to live

Peter S. Quinn

Every Tomorrow ... (A Song Lyric)

Every tomorrow is in yesterdays
Like a circling wind in the top of trees
Those come around again in the summer breeze
One time more in their tiding's turning ways

Love songs of the evening to be born
The tide's life is made of forever tour
One, two, three, but nobody knows for sure
Whether a life is all new or out worn

The ocean is deep in its true abyss
And nothing comes back to tell the truth
There is just this time and its first of kiss
The rest is unknown in its eternal youth

Come here and give your inspiration's find
For the road to the on road have some spot blind

Peter S. Quinn

Every Word

Every word is my way
To be singing to you
Like a cloud in the day
In the sky of the blue
Rising high to morning
For the times going on
Every path truly learning
That is from this gone

Every knowing and say
When we feel so apart
In the rise of its hay
From minutes of heart
Times are turning to this
Falling ways in the fall
Every coming and bliss
Those to truth now call

Singing yesterday blues
With so much in its weighing
Every fall and enthuse
That those thoughts are saying
Find the way from within
Give its call a try
Each new notion has a win
In the feeling of the why

Peter S. Quinn

Every Word Is A Way (From, Illuminating Night)

Every word is a way,
To the unsought moods of pleasure;
Meet the new coming day,
That fills the earth with more treasure.
Bring the gift and joy,
With every inmost care;
There are some moods to destroy,
Each coming up affair.

My thoughts are with the traffic,
The roads that move in time;
All the poisoning words acidic,
That climb up like a begrime.
The horizon deep and sky,
That falls from mood to mood;
All thoughts that can not die,
For they're everywhere bestrewed.

The road and its destination,
The place that goes to anywhere;
Fickles of your inspirations,
Going from moments here and there.
Thoughts that don't get through,
For they have been all over;
And it's all up to me and you,
To find that certain random rover.

Peter S. Quinn

Every Word...

Every word has its own way
In different elements of meaning
With each other they do on play
Together in their contravening

Something there to achieve or speak
When mind in thoughts is collecting
Anything that comes then to peak
Within interests and connecting

Thought put together with new gist
Language of Poetry with its own deep
Usually in conversation missed
Awakened up from its reality sleep

When thoughts go wander into dark
A feeling's mood or frame of mind
From pondering of profound spark
When you don't know what you'll find

Something in silences flow
From the time that keeps coming still
When minutes are in their ticktack go
With each attributes to times fulfill

Every word that weaves its thread
In colorful glimpses and philosophy
Within its way and ageless spread
Those always around to wander free

Peter S. Quinn

Everyone's Give

I have my heart
To give and to awake
From where I start
And with what is at stake
Sweet joy in its time
The whiles we live
Reach to a prime
Of what we may give

This is for us all
Every goal to reach
Everyone has a call
And a way to teach
With a time and an intention
And something to try
Every thoughts invention
Reach low or its high

* Peter has made 5 or more rhyme poems each day and 6-7 unrhymed poems each day, for more than 9 years. Young Peter is now taking pictures...

The Crew

Peter S. Quinn

Everything Carries Me On To You

Everything carries me on to you
Every road that never is from here gone
Distance stars and the sky in nightly blue
All our own footsteps that go on and on
The rivers of time - forever showing
Into the dreams of the flickering moon
The space of stars shines forever glowing
Where everyone shall be traveling to soon

East and west that is closely meeting
And following their dreams to give a try
The dreams of love that in past were bleeding
But have now come clear - to the morning high
Everything carries me on freedom wings
With the past long gone that inside still sings

Peter S. Quinn

Everything Goes Away

However long I stay
Distances are so close
In the morning of day
Everything still goes
Whatever I shall say
Times are still changing
In its going on play
Everything it's arranging

Everything goes away
Like footsteps in snow
Remoteness in their ray
Morning with its glow
Words that are spoken
Dreams that are still free
Love that's heartbroken
Everything from you and me

Everything goes away
Like footsteps in snow
Remoteness in their ray
Morning with its glow
Love songs in the distance
Feelings still so close
Meanings in their existence
All their aficionados

Everything goes away
Like waves of the sea
Mornings become a day
Love becomes again free
However long it'll stay
I shall always love you
Every word you did say
Still is with me to renew

Peter S. Quinn

Everything Goes Away...

Everything goes away
Nothing comes back at all
Here comes another day
Here comes another call
Feeling so lonely now
When there's nothing too sure
Managing though somehow
For what my time is for

Starting and going away
Clock that tick tacks time
Here comes another day
In its height and its prime
Nothing is forever still
All will just come along
Times to know and fulfill
All in a life's going song

You and I walking away
Meeting new opportunity
Here comes another day
Along to find you and me
Listen to its walking on beat
Time that's going somewhere
End of another day's treat
It's minutes are here and there

Peter S. Quinn

Everything Happens To Me

Everything happens to me
Like frosty roses on a window
Something for tomorrow to be
In the early morning glow
Yesterday was somewhere around
In its steps and under load
Now again my heart is found
Taking a new way and road

Everything so easily going
Filling the woes of the hours
Without forever really knowing
These weaving minutes' flowers
Love song from the autumn gone
Into the new and upcoming
Turning the roads that were done
Like a chord of breeze strumming

Everything just for a while
In its corners and flight of here
Structured in timeless style
Of distances' to its somewhere
Coming some and going some
Everything on the moving
Easy going or coming from
Its music flowing of easy grooving...

Peter S. Quinn

Everything Is Clear

Leaving to another road
Everything is clear
Goodbyes to bygone load
Arrived has coming year
Listen to the new wave
That now follows through
Worth awhile in behave
All is in there new

There is so much to come
With ways everlasting
Don't know where it's from
Or its moment's casting
As flowers growing roots
Bringing some to find
With new ways and shoots
Coming about behind

Rising into another year
Sprinkles of morn dew
Now is time of new near
To be coming in view
Follow in the roads ahead
The young becoming old
So many flowers in the bed
That no one can hold

Peter S. Quinn

Everything Is Going

Everything is going
Filling that stands still
Losing to old glowing
Never to fulfill
Line to a line drawing□
Empty in every take
Through present pawing
With its future quake
Down into old exhaust□
Imagination wending
Some get tossed and lost
In their transcending
Endlessly still to come
View of ages that wait
Where every root is from
Growing new mandate

Peter S. Quinn

Everything Is Going...

Everything is going as it goes
Full of hope for a new day
On to moments as the wind blows
Anything that was here to play

Dreams are fable in their try
With every turn on being
Just like the faraway sky
That we think we are seeing

Many dreams will turn before you know
Anything at all that isn't there
Feeling we once had are on the go
Turning wheels of time everywhere

What I'm here saying is just this
Days aren't clear or sincerely
World is full of opportunity and bliss
Nothing comes forever to be

Many dreams will turn before you know
Anything at all that isn't there
Feelings we once had are on their go
Turning wheels of time from here to there

Everything is going as it goes
Full of hope for a new day
On to moments as the wind blows
Anything that was here to stay

Everything is going as our dreams
What we have maybe not be tomorrow
Much of reality only there seems
In time after time we must borrow

Many dreams will turn before you know
Anything at all that isn't there
Memories in past are like a glow
Those thru their days again appear

Everything is going as it goes
Full of hope for a new day
On to moments as the wind blows
Anything that was here to play

Peter S. Quinn

Everything Is Going....

Everything is going
into its past of memory,
distance of times growing
nothing's forever to be.

Everything that was ours
gone into days lost,
times and timeless flowers
that in our days crossed.

You and I never again
only a part of what's gone,
through road ways lain
past that went on and on.

You had your dreams found
onto your days of living,
now they are going around
and only recollections giving.

Everything is turning away
Blue are the hills afar,
here comes future of new day
gleaming in distant like a star.

Where will tomorrow turn?
How shall it go from there?
Yesterdays many still yearn
Hello newcomers from everywhere.

Hello newcomers
From everywhere!

Peter S. Quinn

Everything Is Still Singing

Everything is still singing
Through the ageless thoughts coming
The trials of yesterday's bringing
To the mount of higher summing
Secrets around the roses falling
To the clandestine of burning tint fire
When the autumn in earth is calling
And giving back some lost desire

Daydreaming songs in the learning
Filling up the heart and space
While we are still here yearning
In our many thoughts and ways
Songs of the undisclosed like angels
Giving their passing and flight
Fingerprints of time through the gales
Sunset burning flame to the night

I have hope across the wildness
It's never been easy to walk on through
Somberly colors in their mildness
Shall guide now both me and you
In every truth is much understanding
To receive us on through their blessing
Every day on Earth is mind-expanding
Watching and wonder - steps finessing

Peter S. Quinn

Everything So Faraway (From, Without A Doubt)

Everything so faraway
Nothing seems now close
Evening is coming to the day
Light to the dark it goes
Sunshine somewhere out there
Finding new save roads
When darkness comes be aware
What thru the air floats

Stillness in the air tonight
Enough for each ones wishes
When starry fallings bright
Through the dark sky misses
Somewhere dreams will go
To the end of a nowhere
There shall be an evening glow
For each heart to share

Sunshine somewhere so are you
Deep inside of all this
Everything now to renew
For another tomorrow's bliss
Come and go and turn to age
Every burning thought to hold
Times are rocking in their weight
As they start to unfold

Peter S. Quinn

Everything's Falling Down Apart

There is no point no more
Only something that has gone away
What this was once all for
Didn't last and didn't stay
The hours of its possibility
Are just rushing with each feel
And coming in with its reality
Making the fancies become real

I'm running away to my dreams
Trying to find a way reaching goals
But nothing anywhere now seems
Those thoughts don't have any roles

Everything's falling down apart
With no catchy phrases playing
The deep roots of my beating heart
Everything now down weighing
I'll catch a breath and be gone
On to the ocean of holding back
And nothing is there going on
Only some thoughts losing track

All that was is hanging around
In my conscious mind and just spending
Holding back somewhere be found
Nothing to the outside comprehending

Feelings mean allot but they'll go
Just as those times that were here
And before it's all lost I will know
There is no more to give or share
Chances I believed in they are lost
With every time spending and make
Forever can't once more be crossed
It's just gone in trying and retake

Everything's falling down apart
With no catchy phrases playing

The deep roots of my beating heart
Everything now down weighing
I'll catch a breath and be gone
On to the ocean of holding back
And nothing is there going on
Only some thoughts losing track

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I'll catch a breath and be gone
On to the ocean of holding back
And nothing is there going on
Only some thoughts losing track

Everything's falling down apart
With no catchy phrases playing
The deep roots of my beating heart
Everything now down weighing
I can't go on with nothing there
These times are now so alone
I've tried my best to go from here
But I'm just stuck as a stone

Peter S. Quinn

Everything's Perfect In Imperfectness

Everything's perfect in imperfectness
It has its meanings in its purest ways
Flowing and altering of lives transgress
That into moments of arrival plays
Tomorrow meeting in it's freshly bear
To go with evening's acquaintance on
And equally together - this to share:
Before the radiance from the eyes is gone

Each heart that is love friendliness feeling
From the throbbing pounding of the inside
Like a song of circling tides of expect
Each of each love with affection stealing
Like a star that on pearly thread must glide
To those feelings - never to be of neglect

Peter S. Quinn

Everything's Turning

Everything's turning like love songs in dust
Without me ever going if dreams come true
Feelings without their passion - into the rust
All like fog on the stones coming through
Deep in the blossoms of many colors glows
Inspiringly and suddenly in the breeze
Love I had, like falling petals of a rose
Now they all seem like the autumn leafless trees

Golden in their glowing my thoughts are now free
Suddenly in rush of a lone winter song
Those ardor feelings from the inside of me
Wheat in the breeze with a heartbeat to long

As time goes, life goes on its turning wheel
In sunset glows tomorrow - nothing seems real

Peter S. Quinn

Everywhere Around

Pleasantly like roses are
Everywhere around
Across the heavens afar
Where twinkling's found
Our love appears like this
Filling up the new dreams
With every effortless kiss
That in happiness seems
□

Young like you and me
Everywhere around
Like the clouds above free
That our eyes have found
Love is dreams come true
Never to be alone
So much to me and you
To give of its right tone

Longings that call on now
Everywhere around
Shall come to be somehow
When we've our love found
Someone like you that gives
Everything with its certainty
So every moment lives
Just for these times to be

Peter S. Quinn

Everywhere I Go

Everywhere I go,
There is a time to care;
You and I know,
What we both can share.
Spring is a feeling,
With the days and night;
Fair in each dealing,
Forward in their flight.

Be flexible in line,
What the future brings;
You will then feel fine,
When the day sings.
Onward heartfelt themes,
That were born of today;
When the rivers of dreams,
To the ocean play.

Everywhere I look,
I am hoping for more;
Like an open book,
That washed here ashore.
Tides that drift and stay,
Color filling up the eyes;
In the summer's forward play,
Till the morning dies.

Peter S. Quinn

Everywhere We Go

Everywhere we go
There is something new
Directions to and fro
Always coming through
The times to remember
In hours long lost
All the many embers
Of earth's wounded rust

Living day by day
In varieties oppress
Came as it may
With stupor and caress
Behind the time-table
Its work is brought
With what it's then able
From the ways it's taught

Losing credibility
From its palpably project
Needing more simplicity
Not to be in neglect
Walking increasing speed
Time is of importance
Between words then read
Something is left for a chance

Peter S. Quinn

Exotic Things

Exotic things,
Emotional strings;
Love of the spirit,
Clever and wit.

Keep every aspect,
Show every respect;
Letters of the alphabet,
Spellings, colors, red.

Amour in love,
Like a peaceful dove;
Sweet and fragile,
Tender with style.

Opening a heart,
From the first start;
Waves from the sea,
Billows inside of thee.

Love is so timeless,
Always eager and fresh;
For words of the tongue,
It keeps it so young.

Use every word,
And the meaning will flirt;
Come life to you,
So different and new.

The vernacular spark,
Will bliss up the dark;
And give you blue sky,
That hard is to defy.

Exotic things,
Onward it clings;
Bouquet of meaning,
Of personal dreaming.

How I love thee,
Who gives to see;
What is there on,
In books that are done.

Scriptures and books,
Flocks of herds;
Contents and looks,
The flying birds.

How I love thee,
For always and always;
A knowledgeable sea,
All playfully phrase.

You, authors gave,
Of a golden tongue;
Thoughtful and brave,
Eternally young.

Peter S. Quinn

Exploding Stars And Green Leaves

From a stony tower the hawks are seen
Daughter and sons of the blue daybreak's sky
The lightening of the morning that's been
Close to this our world before they did fly
Green leaves of morning that showed their truth
Exploding stars that in silences lived
Where every dream comes forth in youth
Drops of this world in a light that has lived

Everything new from sun and the stars
Tongues of the dew's in thundering falls
Freshly in glowing and full of its moon
From under its thick-shadowed night radars
Where the tranquility that has lived calls
In the electrified names of things tune

Peter S. Quinn

Eyes

When the day is onto the night
And my feelings are scattered around
In the depth of its embracing flight
With my heart in it nowhere found

When the clouds are drifting on high
And my shadows are growing here still
With a passion fallen to nearly die
In pointless mixtures of nothing to fill

I know my love is like clouds in sun
Rivers of going to the endless sea
Every thought is then on its own run
Departing all the steps inside of me

Love song that came and had to go wrong
With a dream in its black and white blue
Something to sing in an ongoing song
Everything there except the part of you

Sky of its falling onto the deep
Flowers of moments that never were here
Eyes of our emotion in bottomless sleep
The lights of our feelings once so near

You gave me dreams that never seem thru
All is thus endless and sleeping with stars
The days of continual all belong to you
Times are a changing deep wounds and scars

Peter S. Quinn

Eyes Across The Sky

(Look up, look with your eyes across the sky -
Any pair of eyes will do!)

Look up – look with your eyes across the sky.
Look up – look with your eyes across the sky.
Look up (see all the magic there on high)
Look up see the summer sun shining
Look up (to all the clouds there going by)
Look up see how they drift in timeless timing.

Eyes across the sky
Are waiting to meet another new day,
Waiting to meet another new day.

Look up – look with your eyes across the sky.
Look up – look with your eyes across the sky.
Look up (for imaginations you desire)
Look up see the summer sun shining.
Look up (to contact the clouds higher)
Look up see the summer sun shining.□

Eyes across the sky
Are waiting to meet another new day,
Waiting to meet another new day.

(Across the sky)

Everybody... your eyes across the sky,
Look up – look with your eyes across the sky,
Look up (see all the magic there on high)
Look up see the summer sun shining.
Look up (to all the clouds there going by)
Look up see how they drift in timeless timing.

Eyes across the sky
Are waiting to meet another new day,
Waiting to meet another new day.

Eyes across the sky

Are flying in a fantasy play,
Flying in a fantasy play
Now and forever – today.
Today!

Peter S. Quinn

Eyes Of Everlasting Turning Ways

Eyes of everlasting turning ways
The wandering high and lows
A heart that dreamt of kingdom plays
Like a golden thread that always glows
Each tear that dries on a chin
Or drops down to a stone
Endless hours of its touching spin
When feelings are alone

These are my words to the world
I shall not say again
For silver coins are always hurled
Through each of contrast reign
And death is like its own kingdom
With everything like this
You can not teach wise words to some
For those will always miss

Peter S. Quinn

Eyes Of The First Light (From, Without A Doubt)

Strings of care for in summer's night
Beautiful days of its glowing shades
On to early cock-crow coming bright
Every glistening start to muted fades
Days and looks of the drifting clouds
With flowers to touch and hours to feel
Summer in misty and woody shrouds
So much of reason and so much unreal

Sky of the night here is glistening on
Through going lights of the Milky Way
Carrying old dreams till they're gone
In the rousing of a freshly instinctive day
Eyes of the first light brightening high
Through every rising opening new glow
Every of life's footfall again will try
To experience its existence and then go

Day is so easy at dawn's early gleam
When the daylight hour begins to show
When veracity is nothing but a dream
A torch of a morning increasing in slow

Peter S. Quinn

Faces Of The Unknown

Day and night come
Through its purest space
Like a fragrance blossom
Are their many ways
Golden spurs awake
Dressed in gown of night
Each oblivion take
To its restless flight

Times in distance afar
On flowing on and on
Billowing the mar
Till the future's gone
Faces of the unknown
Eons blown to dark
Roads that aren't shown
Recite in their embark

Light in the footsteps
For what is coming
Clear not in precepts
Or deduct summing
Like an auricular sea
Deep water deliver
Streams coming to be
From the eternal river

Day and night come
Through its purest bliss
Like a redolent blossom
The flush of the abyss

Peter S. Quinn

Facing The Truth Is A Fight – A Song

So much is drifting away
Into the day by day
Sunshine and flowers for everyone
Soon they'll lose and be gone
Heart to heart like a stone
Till you settle down and alone
What is it with every song?
Why do we sing it still along

Rise and fall by your ways
Tempers of its turning grace
Something in what you said
Or in the papers old you read
You can not your fate's cast
Dreams need its nature to last
Everything is lost in the crowds
Over blueberry hills - in clouds

So much is never to stay
Doesn't matter what you'll say
Playful moments they go
Just like the breeze down the row
You have to start to be sure
What becomes right in its store?
Facing the truth is a fight
That maybe is wrong though you're right

Many scars are of its worth
Just like the ways of this earth
You better try them and keep
Find their currents and deep
Like anyone knows what to wear
So should you each way compare
But never be too small
To rise not again when you fall

You have to start to be sure
What becomes right in its store?
Facing the truth is a fight

That maybe is wrong though you're right

Peter S. Quinn

Fall Between

My soul would love to be there
Alone in its peaceful mind
Fall between wisdom everywhere
Leaving structured reality behind
Footsteps of echoing space
Something to construct or find
Outward appearance in all its ways
Inside and outside of mind

Yesterday sometimes like new
Tomorrow that comes in peace
That is in reality completely true
Is what you from inside can see
Going thru its experience hours
Is what you know and can trust
So is it with concreted flowers
That time swallows to its dust

My space is inside acquaintance
Two bladed perceptions across
Declining times rumbling trance
Perfectly fine-tuned from chaos
Going thru building and breaking
Deep from the hollow of its view
Inside your thoughts are taking
Some that becomes part of you

Peter S. Quinn

Falling - Sonnet

Here is my joy and here is my sorrow
Only feelings can depart what they bring
Every hour's an onward step tomorrow
With what we give and in our heart can sing
You are hope if you follow right and wrong
Every trial has its destiny to go
To be the beat in your heart you could long
Is only from the inside settling to know

We have brothers and we have sisters falling
The sky's sometimes unclear and not blue
But a heart to heart - to you is calling
To make your decision and become true
I have love and so do you with all this
Though sometimes it all seems like bliss

Peter S. Quinn

Falling Diamonds

All the falling diamonds are always here
Some easy going like a river falling stream
In our dreaming and from everywhere
Like a beautiful worthy inside dream

Some are though quite different in their while
What shall become of them who really knows?
Broken up into many other style
For every dream have its certain glows

Days are giving their glistening prospect
One for each step through its tomorrow on
Later they will show their role and affect
When within their quality they have gone

Diamonds of shine - are seen in every place
Just do a search around numerous ways

Peter S. Quinn

Falling Fall

Falling fall
In endless grays
Darkness to call
Its deep shrivel ways
Blossom blooms
Dry and in bleach
From winter dooms
That death did reach

You gave a heart
In bottomless ocean
A hurting dart
In your emotion
What is there to feel?
That comes to make
Your memories unreal
As they doth awake

My love 's try
Is opening up
To a clouded sky
And gray bottomless cup
All what I have found
Thru days gone
Their inside sound
That now seems done

Peter S. Quinn

Falling In Love In September

Falling in love in September
Is now once more true
While the wishing stars ember
In the faint night to renew
With a feeling so apart
In their directions dancing go
Right from this and that heart
With deep dark again to know

With this loveliest love song□
That is to an end untimely
In a waltz and a sing-a-long
Aloft and set high sublimely
In an alluringly seductive way
When spirit's of love's out stretched
And together in beats would play
When they to love are etched

Falling in love and be touched of
Every comparable turning too
On like a passionate turtle dove
Flying across wide sky and blue
So much here to give and take
With blue feeling coming tonight
From moments of joy to wake
When fervent day was bright

(Today I've been reading some lyrics by Lorenz Hart, from 'The Complete Lyrics of Lorenz Hart'; Hart wrote about 500-600 lyrics and was called the Poet of Broadway.)

Peter S. Quinn

Falling In Love With Love

Falling in love with love,
There's nothing like this,
Become like someone you love,
Is what I hope for and miss.
My love is lonely tonight,
When the stars shine on so bright,
What is for me now right,
Is perhaps all out of sight?

Falling for someone like you,
Is it just impossible?
Why is my heart so blue?
Am I just another fool?
The night is ascending,
Dark hours coming in soon,
My wishes comprehending
In shadows from the moon.

Falling in love with love,
There's nothing like this,
Become like the one you love,
Is it impossible to wish?
Now in this gleaming light,
Perhaps I've lost my flight,
But I shall hold on so tight,
Never give up on that fight.

Peter S. Quinn

Falling Through

Falling through
Like raindrops coming
Me and likewise you
We are all blossoming
Like ageless poetry
Standing tall in light
Like the branches on a tree
In their mighty height

Love songs never die
Till all their love is gone
You and sometimes I
Have our peace to carry on
What is right or wrong?
In these moments unkind
Is ours to get along
And those threads to find

Lights of fiery rays
Eyes of that dreamy touch
Glimpse of their blue grays
Irises saying – love's much
Teardrops like a sphere
Glistening in their drop
Darling stay with me here
And bring my world up

Darling stay with me here
And bring my world up

Peter S. Quinn

Faltering Beats

Faltering beats

As the time moves on
Not easy going streets
Of the old foregone
Sideways to walking
Reaching each turning
Tongues of chalking
Some aspect learning

Riding away yesterdays
Every its departing hour
Solemn of the interplays
Minutes they empower
Learning to be inclusive
Like cinders in ashtray
The realities so illusive
In every hours interplay

Faltering beats

How they are moving
In their impending feats
Now and then improving
Ways to go ahead
With every portion of existing
Those to those hours embed
In something worth resisting

Peter S. Quinn

Fancies - A Kiss (A Song)

Give me a new morning to be
With every thought from my heart
Onward to live and see
Where every footstep must start
Reasons are given and taken
Cast on the feelings of indifference
Somber thoughts inside waken
Never to give love a chance

A love could be a glow so fresh
Inside for ever growing
Sunset amber of hope's enmesh
Like a reddish sky glowing
We must our dreams alone give
With every kiss that was lost
Be here in moments to live
Before the Now becomes dust

Imaginations make each living
Right through the times that come
You must find ways in believing
Just like fresh blooming blossom
Leave me not here from your touch
For love thrives only from this
Speak your truth - and give as much
And fancies might become a kiss

Peter S. Quinn

Fancy

All beauty lies within
And gives from its pleasures
All of its tender kin
Are of this earth treasures
They open up the sky
To gives us joy awhile
And bring us further high
Sometimes have a smile

Let nothing break apart
What love might give or do
It comes all from the heart
And then it is up to you
Whatever you will make
And what will then go on
From pleasures you can ace
If some not rightly are done

Sing and sing your way
To where each touch belong
Mornings come bright or gray
In each and every song
There are some moments still
With everything you need
Carry and dreams up fill
If fancy from them you read

Peter S. Quinn

Fantaisie Of Spring

Ever in closing
From a moment sing
In seeds arousing

Flowers make beauty
In each heartbeat style
Wind on wind free
Little lost for awhile

Summer's closing near
In its fragrance dance
Love the hours here
While this all's in trance

Yesterdays far gone
In their wintry suite
All its darkness done
And nippy sit out dispute

Fantaisie now bring
Colors of the light
Pearls on instant string
When there is this bright

All my heart is waiting
For the golden rise
Truth of dreams debating
Of the summer skies

Peter S. Quinn

Far Away

Love is shining from night
Around the stars so bright
Every heart to fulfill
Of this hour of silent still
Dreams of blinks faraway
Forever on the hemisphere play
Give me true love now on to see
Light through dark lifting me

Fires come now show early day
Colorful morning in its play
Hold your breath until
First of rays are over the hill
Promises to be in the height
Bring me hope starting its flight
Give me true love now on to see
Light through dark lifting me

Always we are searching for love
Through our dreams far above
Who's out there what do we know
Passion of pearls silver lit glow
Bringing us from dim and trite
Strings of stars over the night
Give me true love now on to see
Light through dark lifting me

Peter S. Quinn

Far Out – The Sky (Lyric)

Far out
The sky
Love reaches empty
Somewhere about
Where echoes cry
Freedom is free

Love song
Of my heart
Beating strong
From its start
Far out
The sky
Through the time
Of reasons found
In this rime
Of winter hardship
Dark

Far out
The sky
We must fly on
To the new reach
Till the woe is gone
To give and teach

Love song
Of wildness
Breaking into fire
Of life's caress
And new desire
Where love goes steady
Beat lives there
And life is ready
To lead from here
In this rime
Of winter hardship
Dark

Far out
The sky
I've made out my wings
Falling on waves
To a distance dawn
Far out
The sky
Where echoes sing
And my heart craves
The silvery swan

Peter S. Quinn

Faraway

Faraway trains passing by
One by one they go
Opening up the blue sky
In their distance flow
Yesterday became old
On to the passing hour
Life could not to time hold
It was like fading flower

Faraway in my life
Time is running still
Particles of ongoing strife
For others verve to fulfill
Anything will become gone
To the hours drifting
So much has been on and on
Like vapor clouds lifting

Faraway carriages on byroads
To the morning coming
Carrying someone's other loads
To their trial summing
We have time to reach and live
Within our own ways
Colors of the hours to give
On to the future days

Peter S. Quinn

Faraway Dream

A dream of brightness to faraway deep
Summer set moods once so in its glowing
Flowers in the bouquets of memoirs keep
Now in the tides of withering going
Lovers in their thoughts quietly on there playing
Moods of yesterdays in alone afar
For nothing in colored streams for long's staying
It fades all away like a winter star

Dusk of time is profound in its kisses
Rushing the gardens with rustic leaves
And all in the heart is like soft wishes
Opening thoughts to a dream one grieves

Quiet in its stillness a dream's like a glow
A beat of falling footsteps that must go

Peter S. Quinn

Fate Is A Baby Young Eyes – A Song

Fate is a baby young eyes
In to a morning daybreak
How in the truth you rise
Always yourself no fake
Give it your trying worth
Everything you have got
You came of this earth
What you are - what you are not

The days are ahead for free
Bring them to destiny
Be what you want to be
Most of it's had for free
Occupy dreams come true
Everywhere you go
You will be always you
Walking it to and fro

Something you can live
Is always worth its while
What you know to give
Each of your footstep's trial
Nothing is nothing still
So please give of your love
Others may find their hill
The dales have them plenty of

*Sorry about the Blue versus Young, - the word is Young, not Blue; and the fault is ours. The word got somehow scrambled through the cell phone...

The Crew

Peter S. Quinn

February River (From, Lost Song Poems)

I believe in freedom
Every day and year,
And that peace will come
Without shedding a tear;
Every try and error
On the road that will redd,
Will flow till its bearer
Is again once ahead.

February river February river
Flowing to the new spring,
All new life will deliver
What the heart will then sing.

I believe in singing
When the hours are dark,
Days are in bringing
New summer to the park;
Every way is clearing
The sky becomes blue,
Dun clouds away steering
Verve afresh renew.

February river February river
Flowing to the new spring,
All new life will deliver
What the heart will then sing.

Peter S. Quinn

Feel Joy

Feel joy in whatever ye'll do
then it becomes a part of you,
you'll live longer
become stronger,
- everything renew and renew.

Peter S. Quinn

Feel My Heart (From Rock Star)

Feel my heart just forever giving,
We both know what love is for;
Every breath is worth its living,
Drifting beats from hearts ashore.
What our taste is for this moment,
Will be all that we for life need;
Take away every constraint,
For a cup of love is never emptied.

The touch tonight means forever,
What was made not to be broken;
Every taste has its true endeavour,
Softly the words together are spoken.
Bring together those feelings alive,
That will know whom we really are;
Come so close let this love arrive,
Accumulations of dreams reservoir.

Taste my ways these sweet minutes,
When we know we can't understand;
Two people in love always aggregates,
Each other in their deepest of heartland.
World of everything has its own purpose,
Bringing each wanting to its new truth;
Why else is all this earth's doubtfulness,
With forces of nature agreeing to sooth.

Peter S. Quinn

Feel The Music

Feel the music
As it comes in
Feel time's tick
Inside its spin

Rising and flowing
Missing a beat
And sometimes going
On a lonely street

Feel the music
Of your day
And its newest trick
On strings that play

There with a guitar
Waiting its feel
In thoughts afar
Perhaps some unreal

Love song of touch
Of a beat heard
They give so much
Not speaking a word

Feel the music
Circling my ring
Love's like a wick
Or quench hesitating

Peter S. Quinn

Feeling The Darkness

Feeling the darkness go by
And again to reappear
Upon that 'this and that sky'
Going to eyes nowhere
Now twilight's in atmosphere
Transporting the stars in
With a heart of empty fear
Sightless of darkish grin

Into the lost dark kingdoms
Disguises of dreams are
The strength of its amalgams
And each of the armoire
Swinging in broken column
Trees of the weary wind
Near to the land of solemn
Jointly the roads twinned

Crossing the staves of a fate
Near to the broken stone
Voices in its emptiness made
Each in the anguish alone
A blossom has fallen so gentle
Tossed in a blanket white
Generous with its sacramental
Toward the prince of night

Peter S. Quinn

Feelings

Feelings
Of coming together
In one drop,
The rain,
The sphere,
The cloud,
All of distances
After the first born
You;
I,
Clouds
Endlessly
Ever,
Or never,
Running our
Fate
Alone
In the dark.

Peter S. Quinn

Feelings (From, Rock Star)

You and I don't waste nothing,
Fresh it's going to the heart;
Feelings for tomorrow must sing,
If you give them each a start.
What I find I may not lose,
For the sake of what I feel;
Steps twining in lost avenues,
Life is how you make a deal.

Never be alone inside a crowd,
So much depends on each thought;
Every reason can be reavowed,
With fires within that may be caught.
Begin a day with something fresh,
For all lost feelings and disarray;
Give some excitement gooseflesh,
Bring in new order for the day.

You and I just reaches apart,
Like drifting clouds in the air;
Only a heart knows where to start,
Love and giving - know how to share.
All is in all - just what I feel,
Begin to give waste not a flow;
Summer is in - love is for real,
Bring in your feelings for tomorrow.

Peter S. Quinn

Feelings Are Always (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Feelings are always giving
Something to break and do
Striving blooms at living
It's all so much up to you
A daylight that's forgotten
Into its past if its own
Like leaves of yellow rotten
Under the snowy white gown

Many things like the stars
Filling up empty spaces
Fixing the traces blue scars
Into their many ways's
Coming out to be and belong
Something you will remember
A verse of a forgotten song
Still so full and amber

Feelings are always close
Like the heart in its beat
Fulfillments that goes
To the lonesome back street
Like stars in the moonlight
Gleaming that lingers on
While we are apart tonight
After the daylight's gone

Peter S. Quinn

Feelings Are Always For Us (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Feelings are always for us
Living and giving
Coming clearly across
Simply by believing
Yesterday had no one's chance
But now we have everything
Passions like romance
Of its liberty we now sing

The dream ways ahead
With much to live
Quarrels' of war is dead
With nothing to give
Summer full skies of blue
Coming in to your reach
Just be to them true
Give from and someone teach

Feelings are close and near
Summer is here to stay
Give from your heart and care
Into a soulful play
Let nothing be wrong
Only of hope and try
Love is the morning song
Dispute has said its goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

Feelings Are Fine

Feelings are fine
In every game of life
Rain come and sunshine
For it you must strife
Love is like this too
In all its relives
So much to give and do
Inside its retrieves

Lonely hearts walking
Spinning wheels of time
So much nonsense talking
Downfall and its prime
Easygoing to nowhere
Only to stand and wait
Filling up lonely atmosphere
In every going debate

Song of hearts making
Giving an hour's touch
Anything in its waking
With every small and lots
Step by step here thru
All is revising on
What you and I should do
Before these feeling are gone

Peter S. Quinn

Feelings Are Never Free (From, Poet On Www)

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

Feelings From The Inside

Feelings from the inside
Through the motions go
Slowing down or abide
In their easy way on flow

Lines of hours gasping
Turning point in time
With their shallow grasping
In hours of molding prime

What is love inside of this?
In a world of reality
Nothing but a turning bliss
Feelings coming free

Within skies or empty place
Their going footsteps
That the knots will lace
After some broken precepts

Peter S. Quinn

Feelings Liberated

Make the sunshine come up here around you
Like the waves of the open dark sea
Feel it surround you and make again free
With its rising from daybreak to come through
Every motion is within the soul
Like a dream that's always inside quite near
Giving meaning and everything whole
Going from every cubicle inside there

Like a flower spreads seeds to the earth
So your heart gives feelings liberated
From the strings of the past of your desire
Each motion is like waves of its birth
With the leaves of the spirit there weighted
Like dawn reddish sky in its rising fire

Peter S. Quinn

Feelings Like Fever (From New Waves To The Shore)

I have dreamt every dream to come true
With the love songs that are coming once more
Every hour to be here by with you
Evolving each new word what those dreams are
Giving glow of every day and night
That I have enjoyed being here with you and close
Like a summer with daybreak in so bight
And every cloud that from clear sky goes
Here with you I'm tenderly almost gone
With the thousands of holdings and its care
Feelings like fever in evenings on
From your marrow and climax it will steer
Like sunset to afternoon you bring dreams
Star glisten skies in their unresting reams

Peter S. Quinn

Feelings Of Beings

From somewhere a day is coming
Just as my hours are going
Together they are all summing
Whatever there is there growing
Turning the page of the ages
Through every aspect of life
Giving its prospecting wages
That to the moments must strife

Feeling the darkness of wanting
Everything comes to day's height
Through streets of mystic chanting
Where there was once some night
Feelings of beings and finding
Steadfastly splitting every try
Moments of today some blinding
With their clouds in their sky

Yesterday rivers are paling
In to the forest of resting
Coming and going or veiling
Round their wings adjusting
Love songs to drink like black wine
From the breast of all being
Progress of past must some shine
For generations later on seeing

*After reading, Interior and Across by O. Paz - I wrote the above.

Peter S. Quinn

Feelings...

Love songs of love were lonely
Like dreams that are going
You and your heart only
With every emotion flowing
Days were long in their turn
When our beats were new
Passions that we now yearn
Every part that is true

Feelings that gave us more
Then we did know of much
Opening up affections door
With every smile and touch
We were young and sweet
Endlessly making wishes
Inside our heart to treat
Burning on morning kisses

Yesterday then never was
Only tomorrow's new ways
Nothing ever came to loss
Moods never turned to grays
Love songs in wings height
Making our heart strong
Never showing any fright
Because nothing could go wrong

Peter S. Quinn

Few Words

Sweet baggy
Newspaper-filled
New York

A dollar
To city-of-dreams
In the snow

Gray-flannel Gershwin
Says: remember
Yellow-cab
And Broadway Musical

Peter S. Quinn

Fields Of Love

Fields of love

Your heart with its longing
Distance glows from above
In our day and becoming
Fields of gold
Every dream to its high
Freshly moments to hold
Never again to die

Fields to last

And bringing its glow around
Dreams to gentleness cast
Those are all inside found
Love is treasures never going
Filling the years on
Fields of touch in its glowing
Never from us gone

Fields of togetherness

Their moments to touch
Taking away life's bitterness
And affecting us much
Whatever it is we're made from
From snow to earth dark tin
Wherever its colors blossom
Love is its truest within

Freedom to all!

Peter S. Quinn

Fields Of Summer Growing

Fields of summer growing
Strong in tinctures glowing
Through the days and night
Daybreak's sun and light

The distant arrayed skies
In their bluish highs
Fields in all forms seen
With shades of fancies between

Wings of dare and song
Hopeful each day strong
With their dreams in heart
From the forests apart

Delusions in paint dressed
Each their moment blessed
Filling up with desire
All what passions aspire

Water in clasping splash
Poetic timorous balderdash
Every shade now so dear
That lingers on to here

Beauty frame in symmetry
Giving its green to each tree
Forms of land and air
All pursues to meet us there

Peter S. Quinn

Fields Of The Evening

My song of the evening is to you
Illumining my thoughts in blossoms
For moments and hours to renew
Forgotten days that insistence hums
Pearls of night and hours peaceful
Fields of dream works never to be
Raw materials of memories that pull
Giving their waves from eternal sea

I realize now what music they give
Each receding morning the futures on
How every life is hurrying on to live
Till there is only - its past in there done
Fields that possess each their miracle
As it awakes each morning to a song
Tunes of the temperament so lyrical
The dances to pulsing - that go along

My song in imaging every small cast
Turning and turning the wheel's tide
Paths of my yearning that has grassed
Now into a song my mind-settings guide

Peter S. Quinn

Fields Of Time

So much green, so much blue
In every days of coming renew

Flowers born from their seed
Of the earth and in its deed

Love that's wild in all its play
Of pleasures breeze of the day

So much here to give and take
As the morning comes to awake

So much sky so much seen
Every hour of its between

Pleasures born and then going
Every day its truth showing

In their wakes of the beautiful
Where the fields of flowers rule

Pleasures coming to nest
All that's within one's own breast

Yesterday that once was here□
Those seeds now everywhere

Fields of time in green and blue
Everything that comes here thru

As the day grows in its flight
Bringing fragrances to its height

When love is in the breeze of air
From you to me and both to share

Peter S. Quinn

Fill My Fire (From 'Meet The Moments')

Stand by me for another day
And fill my empty bluing heart
There are turning in directions way
To each find and from each start

Let me love you
Till the day is gone to blue
Fill my fire the night through
Of sweetness from you
Let my life begin again
With its mixture and its strain
Love is heartfelt pain
In disguise or simple and plain

Every day is of burning desire
Close to you and never departing
Keep my heart in its fire
Till again we in distance are starting

I have you like a love song
Something to do and bring close
For every beat that is still young
I will raise in each its goes

Every day is of burning desire
Close to you and never departing
Keep my heart in its fire
Till again we in distance are starting

Close to you and never departing
Close to you from where we are starting
Close to you close up to you

Something so true for two by two
Always in emotions from inside this
Right or wrong it's all up to you
How it comes and why it is

Let me love you

Till the day is gone to blue
Fill my fire the night through
Of sweetness from you
Let my life begin again
With its mixture and its strain
Love is heartfelt pain
In disuse or simple and plain

Every day is of burning desire
Close to you and never departing
Keep my heart in its fire
Till again we in distance are starting

Peter S. Quinn

Fill My Lonesome Daydream

Fill my empty space
Each inside of its happiness
With colorful bouquet's trace
That gives a feeling of caress
A nature to read on
When summer is here close
Before its blue dream is gone
Inside that falling rose

Oh wind come with a song
From outside my window
For days of tomorrow to long
Before it all again shall go
There are so many pages
To give of tinctures to see
Full of summers assuages
From each new morning free

Fill my lonesome daydream
Of what my heart can find
Before mellow shall deem
And leave those colors behind
Each view in its long hush
From leaves of inspiration
Forenoon of a coming lush
Of every nucleus gradation

Peter S. Quinn

Finally

Finally we are equal
That is the place to be
Finally we are equal
Yes finally we are free
There are dreams in our heart
From this moment to start
With so much to give
In rejoice and to live
Every walk in the past
Is now in for its trust
We were flowers and seed
That in past did bleed
But now is our hope
To hold on to that strong rope

Finally we are equal
That is the place to be
Finally we are equal
Yes finally we are free
There is so much to do
Bring it forward and through
With the feelings inside
That will be our guide
What we want to bring
And about much to sing
So we prosper to live
And from ourselves give
There were moments of strife
In our thoughts and life
But now the new shall arrive
Where all our hope will thrive

Finally we are equal
That is the place to be
Finally we are equal
Yes finally we are free
Give from everything like this
Don't just make moment's bliss
But the true reality to go

What we share and what we know
Let's build responsibility
In its greatest durability
And the rise of new day to come
Where every prosper is from
There is hope in this all
Never let it again fall
Make the final takes a go
Come now start freedom show!

Finally we are equal
That is the place to be
Finally we are equal
Yes finally we are free

Ask not what the country
Can do for you
But be its strong support
That makes it all come through

Walking my way with my brother
In every its turn and trial
Where before my father and mother
Had some of the flourish denial
Where everything was in bramble
In every its thorn and din
Through struggling ways and ramble
For the growing to be akin
Where our ancestors are to lead
With their written words and tongues
So we might someday it read
And be their voice and lungs

Oh give the music its true worth
Of singing and the melody
So we might prosper this earth
And become of troubles free
Oh give us the music from birth
In each of its going harmony

In each our walk and waiting try
We consider the changing paces

Where the heart meets the sky
In every its way and graces

So much is to reconsider
And what we must for future aim
So we may come out fitter
In peace and be the same

The road is still to be made
To be someone to grow
And not to the moments fade
That falls in its furlough
There is safeness on the side
To give us something more
And there for each freedom abide
And reach to its peaceful shore

These times must be in safe
To bring us forward still
In every instances waif
To climb to the highest hill

Love everything in right
For that has given the day
And sketched for further light
To lead the tomorrow's way
When tracks of time be brought
Into the raised battlefield
Where love must come from thought
That generation appealed
Through every struggling grain

Each struggle is not plain
And driven through struggle
There is so much strain
In times of hope and juggle

Love is so much to give
And conquering from there
We must in justice live
For us in just adhere

The love is never easy
In times that move along
There might be some breezy
In hours timeless song
And fall be cast on light
On days from bright to dark
For sometimes there is night
Away in glowing spark

Today is sparkle time
Of glowing air
For now is the time made
To go finally there
In to the billow's high
And reach our new sky
With hope of every brim
From the deep of the dim
The growing of glowing
Of well-to-do times to come
With all the best forward
Each fragile bloom

Finally we are equal
That is the place to be
Finally we are equal
Yes finally we are free
There are dreams in our heart
From this moment to start
With so much to give
In rejoice and to live
Every walk in the past
Is now in for its trust
We were flowers and seed
That in past did bleed
But now is our hope
To hold on to that strong rope

Long last
Freedom has come!

-

Good luck to the new US President, Barack Obama

Peter S. Quinn

Find Your Way

You and I
Tomorrow always
When the day comes to grow

Each footstep on
Till the day is here
We both made

Wake up to this call
Before time goes to dust
In the dark deep

Find your way
In the heart of tomorrow
As the wind blows

Follow and adjust
Everything is here
In this earth rust
That makes footsteps
To everywhere

Love songs can never go
In the time of glowing
If you won't there follow
Without ever slowing

Rise up to your go-going
Below the summer rise
When the seeds are glowing
In their darning size

You and I
Tomorrow always
When the day comes

Each footstep on
Till the day is here
We both made

Peter S. Quinn

Finding A Crack (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

All the days come and go
Bring me this and that
Before drifting on

Like footsteps in the snow
Is all what I had
Before they are gone

Daydreaming and trying
To find some reality in this
Sometime unrealistic flying
Making an untimely wish
Staring at the wall
Finding a crack in the landscape
Standing being small
Moving into shape

All the days come and go
Bring me this and that
Before drifting on

I just wish I could know
What everything's about
Before I move into doubt

Peter S. Quinn

Finding Dreams

Another day is going by
Full of dreams that never were
It's a love song to die
On to the hearts of somewhere

Life is so short to live
Don't let it all be gone to soon
Everything you dream and give
Can become another tune
Love is never easy here
The world is full of wishes
Something coming here and there
Like loves and kisses

Open up your heart and try
Finding dreams that never stay
Make connections and a tie
When love comes your way

So much wonder so much expect
Dreams are carrying your part
If you don't your love neglect
Something will come into your heart

Life is so short to live
Don't let it all be gone too soon
The old and forgotten to revive
Soon there'll be spring and June
Love is an ever road to go
With all the reasons to give and try
You will know yes you will know
When there's love and another tie

Everything closes or opens up
Nothing to worry really about
Like rivers float down and never stop
There is hope and doubt

Another day is going by

Full of dreams that never were
It's a love song to die
On to the hearts of somewhere

Life is so short to live
Don't let it all be gone to soon
Everything you dream and give
Can become another tune
Love is never easy here
The world is full of wishes
Something coming here and there
Like loves and kisses

Finding dreams...

Peter S. Quinn

Fire And Ice Nature

Day and night poles apart flaming flame
Moods of the contrast to carry here on
Flowing their times until they are done
Something of feral for life to tame
Sunshine brings day but moon gleams the twilight
The moods to the dreams and fun at the sea
Everything's turning epoch's to be
Glowing of evenings and stars in bright

Icily cold till spring is green and tanned
With precious small flowers some blue and red
And golden sunshine from pure azure sky
Each wave from deep oceans on black beach sand
Weaving erosion to wilderness bed
To this fire and ice nature I can't say goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

Fire Inside (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

Fire inside
Through the years must glide
Days coming through
Each one is new

Through each life's tide
Stormy weather ride
Gray and darkish hue
Blending futures cue

Fire inside
With fire inside
Heart and feelings bide... Yeah!

Fire inside
With fire inside
Heart and feelings bide

Days are clearing the night
On and on we will go
Into inspirational flight
Come let your wings grow

Peter S. Quinn

Fireflies

The summer of joy is here to stay
Like blossoms of winter's deep
The hours are gone into their play
None of its bouquets to keep
Done in its way and forever gone
Something of love some of dark
Now there's its hollow echoing on
Glow of light like fireflies spark

All that was here's nowhere more
A faraway heaven's timeless star
Rays to the night or futures of lore
Into the deep of a changeless afar
Life's like a carousel going here by
Everything comes to its last start
Like a daylight of new opening sky
Beginning of years until its depart

These are wheels of times fulfill
Seeds of their growth and giving
Born to be wise then to be still
All in conduct and times of living
Winter of night in unknown deep
Dreams that were once desire
Who'll its perceptions now keep
When its ways are gone and fire

Peter S. Quinn

Fires Of Flaming Made (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Where is she going now?
Love is of sweetness here
Feeling there somehow
Finding its ways to adhere
Love songs of swiftly air
Turning on and around
Darlings of wild affair
Somewhere in sweetness found

Fires of flaming made
Steady and coming true
Never to lonesome fade
Each sparks again redo
Answers for some one
Finding a heart to hold
Peacefully on and on
Into trust manifold

Each day is a new gift
Saved by the broken sleep
Trials of contrast swift
Colors for days to keep
What they have and prayed
Only time rising gives
To every fate it's laid
And recollections that lives

Peter S. Quinn

First Of First (From, Rock Star)

Oh love whispered the wind,
Its voice soft and sweet;
Years of youth disciplined,
Through moments coming beat.
The days will become years,
With each life reaching high;
In laughter and with tears,
As days and nights passes by.

Slipping the folders through,
The silences and future's talk;
Yesterdays gone for the new,
As seasons circle and walk.
Among shatterers turning ways,
Behind the straws and hills;
The minutes of hours and days,
All what the future fulfills.

Oh love in each dawn and night,
So many voices in the river;
To newborn child first bight,
what thoughts have yet to deliver.
Moments both sharp and unreal,
The clouds and blue skies among;
First of the first when you feel,
And life starts to listen and long.

Peter S. Quinn

First Page

In September
this page is unwritten.
With colors from autumn's earth
turning the tide
to a new dream.
The birds have flown away
or are hiding.
In silver woods somewhere
where 1001 leaves are falling.
I am opening the first page
(to write a song
I yet don't know...) .
Although it's still only August
in another time.

(Inspiration: First Page by Federico García Lorca:

In March
you go off to the moon.
Leave your shadow behind.
The prairies are turning
unreal.
They're raining white birds.
And I'm stuck in your forest
& cry
"Open sesame! "
(Could I still be a child?)
"Open sesame! "

Peter S. Quinn

First Time Is Forever

First time is forever
Nothing is in between
You can not be clever
With no experience seen
All is good to know then
Heart is young and true
We'll never be there again
First time is always new

You and I like aglow
Feeling this inside touch
Our thoughts both to show
Because we love so much
Only the pure and bright
Everything that you feel
Two moons into the night
Castles in the sky so real

The first time to enjoy
What only you can give
Those seeds none will destroy
Only be for now and live
You are so meant for me
Like rain meets a flower
Setting my emotions free
Together forever – this hour

Peter S. Quinn

Five Haikus In Autumn - No 1

This day of autumn,
like a September song
- withering leaves fall.

Hours like falling leaves,
another day in autumn
- ninth of September.

Here I'm standing now,
in these days of falling dreams
- red brown and yellow.

Further on dream days,
onto darkness of winter
- after dancing leaves.

Life is autumn now,
yesterday and tomorrow
- a wonderful time.

Peter S. Quinn

Five Haikus In Autumn - No 2

Fly fly summer time,
like the foliage falling
- everything must end.

Red brownish beauties,
dancing the autumnal song
- ballet by winter.

Sometimes I am dull,
like the wintry darkish deep
- but fall is my time.

I love autumn time,
its colors and moodiness
- symphony of leaves.

Coloring shade book,
as summertime says goodbye
- dance dance now away!

Peter S. Quinn

Five Haikus In Autumn - No 3

Red gold autumn moon,
so far far away in summer
- now's your occasion.

Give more than you get,
like the blossoms of summer
- dancing ruddy leaves.

Symphony of red,
in the breeze of dancing leaves
the patch is your stage.

Memories beauty,
in blossoms of gone summer
- I've in heart always.

Summer leaves now gone,
all for a moment's beauty
- shall be remembered.

Peter S. Quinn

Five Haikus In Autumn - No 4

Oh you dancing leaves,
from the summer now going
- with you autumn's glowing.

The newborn living,
as fresh as summer flower
- autumn's far away.

Today you are here,
tomorrow your leave's falling
- tides of young and old.

Youth had its event,
in summer of tinted days
- hello autumn time.

We are the footsteps,
days of summer and autumn
- times of young and old

Peter S. Quinn

Five Riming Haikus

Once there's summertime,
Like a reason with a rime
- Each is off its prime!

Sun comes new to bless,
Each day when shadows are less
- Dark again repress!

Summer is still ours,
Dreamy days and morning hours
- Withering flowers!

Night and day are young,
In my dream and inspired song
- Difference among!

Day to night's coming,
Darkness the sky's fingering
- To sleep preparing.

Peter S. Quinn

Flash Of Fairness

Each time is a flowing fall
Of drifting disposition to go
With feeling that onward call
On to all the days you know

And like the dream that comes
To give its blossoms true
Each weight shall weight it sums
Bring it with justice through

There is the flash of fairness
That gives all equivalent right
Trust with its many squareness
To outline the corners of light

For noting is here to be broken
Or brought from its retrospect
That has been denied or woken
From wrong doing aftereffect

Peter S. Quinn

Flickering Light

Flickering light - dream lights!
Reflections on the river of time
Blossoms of glow in the flights
Life of light in darkness lime

Man is in the middle stream
With his touch and coming day
Breezy whisper like a dream
As the waves on the river play

Life is like a song
Or a river flowing
Beating heart to long
Till its time of going
Tides of to and fro
In their billows calling
What do we really know?
As the time's falling

Flickering light - dream lights!
Soon the day is again rising
With lights of highest might's
In its daybreak surprising

Every hour a new it seem
Flowing there steadfastly on
Breezy whisper like a dream
Till this day is likewise gone

Peter S. Quinn

Fljúgandi Fuglar

fljúgandi fuglar
flugu svo vel
þeir fóru í suður
og lengra að ég tel
á vængjunum fleygu
um veröld alla
þeir fóru í flokkum
til fjarlæggra fjalla

og svo kom vetur
með vindana tíð
og hrollkaldar vonir
um grösuga hlíð
ég býð þér og vona
að vorboðin eini
sem ég fuglana tel
séu hér enn í leynd

fljúgandi fuglar
flugu svo vel
er sól var í haga
um bjart sumar þel
en nú þarf að muna
þær stundir ljúfar
er vetrar nætur verða
aftur kaldar og hrjúfar

Peter S. Quinn

Flow Flow

Flow flow with the mighty and strong
Passionate ways that love's bringing
The morning of deep warmth and song
While the forest birds are singing

Bitterly now turn to the other way
Never again to be coming in here
Let's bring peaceful love to the day
In heights of its glory everywhere

Flow flow my heart like the rivers
On to the thoughts that welcome all
Each of your way in truths delivers
Love is a song of pledges new call

Trust lives description for desire
Hiding the hedges where grave past
Hour of morning and glory its fire
Love is here staying ever to last

Flow flow like air in the blue high
Freedom is calling and giving more
Never let hope fall or down die
Let it reach like a boat to the shore

Dissolve the hatred that tumbles down
Inside life seed and deeply is undo
Give every root the soil to be grown
All is a part and the making of you

Peter S. Quinn

Flow Flow Flow

I talk to my heart
Because there I have found you
You are now of me a part
With us together coming through
New days are coming on
In turning ways and futures coming
The past is though never gone
For those were the seeds of our blossoming

I talk to you in my dreams
And still you are with me there
Where reality the past seems
From here to the eternal everywhere
Oh love you are still so close
In everything I do and try to be
Though a day to the past goes
You are always here inside me

I talk to my heart
With those songs that I am singing
Each day when I start
And new melodies from my dreams bringing
Flow flow flow
On to a new go
Let it be a start
For the deepness of your heart

I talk to my heart
Because there I have found you
You are now of me a part
With us together coming through
New days are coming on
In turning ways and futures coming
The past is though never gone
For those were the seeds of our blossoming

Flow flow flow
On to a new go
Let it be a start

For the deepness of your heart
I talk to you in my dreams
And still you are with me there
Where reality the past seems
From here to the eternal everywhere

Flow flow flow

Peter S. Quinn

Flow Winds Of Time

Flow winds of time
Whilst the night takes a spin
Stars are falling in deep prime
As the darkness comes in
Feelings like river going
All is within dream reach
Night sky is now glowing
In its twinkling glow bleach

Flow on to a daybreak's light
Reach the awoken call
In dreams blue and height
As the night must fall
Silvery dress of the day
Awaken in its true reality
Every dream's now on its way
To become once more free

Flow to the sounds I heard
Whispers in the deep dark
Like ravens of a winged bird
Shadowed dancing embark
Life is like merry-go-round
Deep into their whole make
Until the light's again found
As new cock-crows' awake

Now is the night in its dancing
Humming a breeze melody
Dreams of bedroom romancing
For a new tomorrow to be

Peter S. Quinn

Flower Flower

Flower flower,
Seasonal art;
Gracious thing
Glory all worth,
New in each spring.

Beauty you are,
Breaking a heart;
Of you I sing,
With my full breath
And spiritual wing.

Flower flower
Fragile and new,
With summer so sweet;
Beauty beyond,
Tenderly treat.

Forever newborn,
When summer shall start;
Crossing my feet
When laid across ground,
In a garden or a street.

Peter S. Quinn

Flower Flower Bloom

Flower flower bloom
In your beautiful shade
Let the breeze be your groom
As the garden is made

Every hour is free
Touching moments of deep
And tomorrow shall be
What this day will reap

Feeling softly touch
Every longing to give
Colors deepen so much
If the shades you relive

Day and night come
In the wonders of glow
And life's like a blossom
That from seeds shall grow

Rain's good and sunshine
Everlasting with love
Growing up can be fine
From those healthful above

Flower flower flourish!
In your beautiful shade
And your day shall be a wish
That in life has been made

Peter S. Quinn

Flower Of The Wild

Flower of the wild
Dream of the field
All short and styled
To the eyes yield
Born from a seed
Values all worth
Tinctures you bleed
To all the earth

Seeds on to grow
Golden field's afar
Filling with a glow
All early stages are
Beginning tomorrow
Making new living
No time for sorrow
In its way of giving

Just a short while
In your blossom new
Eager in its style
Showing colors true
Then is autumn rest
Blanching its way
In gray shades abreast
Till its winter's day

Peter S. Quinn

Flowers For Her Song

Flowers for her song
From the deep inside
What a heart might long
In coming Eastertide
Every feelings touch
From the far away
Shading touches torch
Like coming of new day

Glow in yellow glow
The beauty of beyond
From under spring's snow
Now on earth's found
Every rose shall blush
And bring heart of love
In colors summer brush
Of near and far above

Flowers for her treat
Bouquet of new spring
Coming with life's beat
Those now so freshly sing
Glow in yellow glow
The beauty of beyond
Flow forever their flow
In forest magical found

Peter S. Quinn

Flowers For You

Flowers for you
in my gardens bed,
violets that are blue
and carnations red.

You were a flame in my heart
that gave me so much
and now I will have to start
without your touch.

Mornings come burning on
with days going to night,
but still there's spring sun
and summer's flaming bright.

My darling of memories
so much is still inside here,
recollections like symphonies
on blossoming everywhere.

Our love's now in forever still
for what we had of past,
thoughts tomorrow we can't fulfill
for they've gone to dust.

Yours bed a flowers rise
dreams of earth and season,
but in spirit I still have ties
with its heart and reason.

Flowers for you
in my gardens bed,
violets that are blue
and carnations red.

You were a flame in my heart
that gave me so much
and now I will have to start
without your touch.

Peter S. Quinn

Flowers Forgotten

Our time has come to the evening now
Nothing forever stays the very same
It escapes to the blue somehow
In to its weak burning flickering flame
What you have kept in a garden now rust
Flowers forgotten in their chilly cold
Dry rot and forsaken like that of dust
Nothing to wake its colors to unfold

Striped of its hope and never more to sing
Comforting pleasures inside to please
Only sleet that from winter is taken
Much would I give to new posies back bring
In to this sorrow of stripped alone breeze
That plots of dark to life has awaken

Peter S. Quinn

Flowers In The Background

Flowers in the background
Old times in gray and white
Life songs turning around
In their all and different light
Deems of melodies slow
The timbres in hour's mood
As they turn on and then go
In taste of its beauties fruit

You were singing of yesterday
Once close to days here
Through windows coming play
In memories from everywhere
You gave your song to me
In dreams of your pleasures
Something that flowed on free
And now the time treasures

With sunglasses in tomorrow
Ahead of today's now song
Each beat in simplicity borrow
To move on and get along
I saw you in my lyric book
And I heard your voice humming
Like corners in life streets look
Of sideways blooms blossoming

Flowers in the background
Old times in gray and white
Life songs turning around
In their all and different light
Deems of melodies slow
The timbres in hour's mood
As they turn on and then go
In taste of its beauties fruit

*To this picture:

Peter S. Quinn

Flowers In The Meadow

The Flowers in the Meadow
Like strawberries earth
Falling whispers soft glow
Every looking's in worth
Dreams of loves new spring
Night is there no more
Now in tunes they'll sing
Openness sprits to adore

All the falling tune shading
To the night of a dream
In summer times up grading
Every coloring on a steam
Yesterday's not enthralling
With each their efforts try
Because new time's calling
Within open blue clouded sky

The flowers of my longings
Are in each these routes
Of new horizons awakenings
In the blooming breakouts
Every door is now opening
To wonderful garden of new
Tinctured up earth beckoning
Every color of its coming thru

Peter S. Quinn

Flowers In Their Sun

Flowers in their sun
Are now for long away
For summer is on run
From winter's cold day
You and I in longing
Of our dreams going by
Step by step pronging
Where future roads lie

The day is now in deep
In moods and heart beat
Of frosty layers leap
And empty Crowd Street
Times that were green
Are now only memory
By warm view between
Their never ending sea

Flowers and their seed
That gave pleasures on
Are now in snowy read
With the lot that's gone
Bouquets withering shine
We must wait New Year
To see those seeds grow fine
And have the colors near

Peter S. Quinn

Flowers Like These

Gone and gone into the night
Stars that were never to shine
Flowers of colors bright
Something so precious and fine
All that was ours to take
Time had just made into the dust
Nothing of pleasures to wake
So much from earth was lost

Rain keeps on falling to nowhere
Everything comes just to this
Future of times now beware
Sharing is eternity bliss
Roads maybe finding new days
But the hours will never be long
There are so many battling ways
Nothing comes forever along

You and I we had our share
Something though drove it apart
Now it is all gone long from here
Broken up the beating heart
Don't take for granted what you use
For it's just yours awhile
Someday some others will choose
Flowers like these - so fragile

Peter S. Quinn

Flowers Of Forgetfulness

Flowers of forgetfulness
Into its giving own time
Blackish thoughts so less
Never to blossoms climb
Reposeful the gone hours
Garden of tormented ways
Lonesome ebony towers
The chisel stones of grays

The words gone tomorrow
Chirping without intensity
No one will them borrow
Oblivion will set them free
Not of a hope to turn again
Judgements small and dry
Who can its nonsense explain
When it comes here or why

They are wings that can't go
For merely they beat the air
Never to reach high or flow
Always to earth's decay near

*(..."Given over to oblivion
Grown up and flowering
With incense and tares
And to the wild buzzing
Of a hundred dirty flies" - Arthur Rimbaud)

Peter S. Quinn

Flowers Of Spring (From, Rock Star)

Give what in you take,
Everything is at stake;
Turn again your head,
For you know it - you are dead!

Bleed inside alone,
With pretty songs you sing;
Down on cobbles stone,
Sun and peace you'll bring.
Hear the shooting gun,
With or without a cause;
There are tears inside the sun,
When there is life to lose.
What you say you say,
Bringing tears or smile;
In the breeze it'll stay,
For some hours while.
Know what life all means,
Nothing is to be forgotten;
Yellow or gray tone beams,
The leaves are sometimes rotten.

We can have some days,
With our inside talk;
There are so many ways,
As we take our walk.

Bleed inside alone,
With pretty songs you sing;
Down on cobbles stone,
Sun and peace you'll bring.
Hear the shooting gun,
With or without a cause;
There are tears inside the sun,
When there is life to lose.
What you say you say,
Bringing tears or smile;
In the breeze it'll stay,
For some hours while.

Know what life all means,
Nothing is to be forgotten;
Yellow or gray tone beams,
The leaves are sometimes rotten.

Know what life all means,
Know what life all means,
The leaves are sometimes rotten...

Peter S. Quinn

Flowers Of The Heart (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Flowers of the heart coil
Through the roots and leaves
Many times they foil
With the tides and weaves
Deeply into earth ground
Afflicted by the dark
Somewhere in shadows found
Not again to spark

Life is of ascending
Through the roots of needing
With the forces blending
That their growth is speeding
Sleeping in the ventilate
Of the difference stretch
Finding the bouncing weight
In the needs to catch

Every day's opportunity
With its laid protection
Acquired sleep or immunity
Through its times rejection
Night's born of day to come
Through sleep or unease
Where chasm roots are from
Under the shady trees

Peter S. Quinn

Flowers Of The Night

We are flowers of the night
When hours of darkness comes
And we lose our day's flight
From earth's green field bosoms

Summertime that once was here
In all lives and hour waking
Is now in times of dimly steer
As bitter its dark is aching

The sand of time lies still on
Thru many fields of flowers
With a day that is almost gone
To the winter breaking hours

And as dreams of summer play
In bleaching leaves are falling
Hour of its reality won't stay
For wintertime again is calling

Like a heart that's never same
Every footstep is always going
In turning ways and burn flame
As the autumn days are glowing

We are flowers of the night
As ground will wither and pale
And everything turns in sight
In longings and lonesome trail

Peter S. Quinn

Flowers On The Road

Flowers on the road,
With their pretty colours on;
Eventually die to the dust,
Wither in the winter's sun.

All must become old,
Into a new world though born;
Feather-light and young,
Before, to the road it's torn.

Fresh becomes its flame,
Burning and flickering;
Oh why must this be so?
What fate to life is triggering.

I hear the wind blowing,
Through the roads that move on;
It's telling my years, in distance,
Before I am too gone.

I shall be like these flowers,
That grows beside the road and glow;
Any efforts are in vain,
Like my footsteps in the snow.

Peter S. Quinn

Flowers To Seeds

Say what you need to say
Before love returns to gray
The heart is an open road
Full of its heavy load
Bring every peace in mind
Leave darkish worries behind
New days will come through
What they become is up to you

The rain from a cloudy sky
Falls when the clouds cry
We are like that so much
Needing our feelings to touch
Open the ways to the heart
Let go the pride and rampart
All is to leave very soon
Flowers to seeds earth strewn

You have no way to know
Where next time your seeds grow
All is in the eternal song
Minutes the ways tides long
Rest is like a merry-go-round
Till again new embryo's found
Earth soils of peace and war
Blinking eyes twinkling star

Peter S. Quinn

Flowing

Flowing through day and night
Every our opportunity
New hope comes again bright
In those - for you and me

Love songs through the distance
Of every going move
Where a wish is for its chance
A worthy goal and prove

Look at the moon and stars tonight
When you remember me
See how they glisten in their light
Now and for eternity

And if you have northern lights
To look at and ponder
Some visible are worthy flights
In your minute wander

Peter S. Quinn

Flowing 2

Flow flow in colors blue
In their weaving emotions
Instant touch becomes true
In these contrast oceans

All is inside like a flame
Dreams of taking – going
Artists have tints to tame
To their moods of glowing

Dreams in shades of yellow
All bright thoughts therein
In their instance say hello
As you give a pencil spin

Flow flow in colors seen
Like foliage declining fall
Summer greenish has been
Now brown shades call

Life is like a day and night
Touch of moment's glory
Colors energetic and bright
That is their day's story

Peter S. Quinn

Flowing Rain

flowing rain
like music
coming down

sound streams
air tongues

trees rocking
to nature's
gentle earth beat

Peter S. Quinn

Fluga (Fly)

me? hei?ríkjuna í huga
hér er mitt ljó?
fljúgandi um eins og fluga
fyrir al?jó?

fljúgandi um eins og flugan
full af sumar ?rá
sem allan sinn fögnu? fann
er fór hún um loftin blá

vaka í vitundinni
víddir hins stóra geims
á fljúgandi fer? ?inni
um firnindi ?essa heims

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Fly And Get High

Fly and get high
In everything you do
Love doesn't ask why
Just if you are true

And feelings come
Day by day
Where the truth is from
In every way
And in every hour
Love is such
Like a morning flower
That colors its touch

Fly and get high
Into the deep of clouds
In efforts and try
Never have any doubts

Fly and get high
In everything you do
Love doesn't ask why
Just if you are true

Fly and get high
Your love is at stake
Don't let it all die
Let it come and awake

Let it come and make
New love!

Peter S. Quinn

Fly Fly In Forward

Fly fly in forward
To winter's dark song
All summer's adventured
And now remembered strong
Days in fragrance past
Full of enjoyment and bliss
Layered in leaf falling cast
Shades of now coming to this

Remember July days dance
Full of cadences in enjoy
Its moments of blue sky trance
Now in dark chariot's convoy
Love songs of earth falling
All is just going memories
As the frosty breeze's calling
Before the drooping leaves

Fly fly in forward
All must come to an end
Foliage of jade embroidered
Now in dimness blend
Burn of brownish yellow
Reddish the gold of autumn
Before winter says hello
In its breezy buzzing strum

Peter S. Quinn

Fly To The Sky (From, Myspace)

Fly to the sky
With every new hope
Each trial and try
Is strong in its robe
Days they are going
In evening dim light
Like breeze in blowing
Or footsteps from sight

On to the stars
In the faraway place
From tumbling wars
And trials many ways
The hours shall go
And reach what 's sown
In the abysses grow
Of new weaving tone

So much is falling
In to the ongoing deep
Where no one is calling
It back from its sleep
The withering morning
Of everything gone by
Never again returning
From the deepness of sky

Peter S. Quinn

Fly With Me

Fly with me
When days are dark
Dreams are free
In their shining spark
All is awake
In the dim afar
Through autumn's take
Those colors true are

Touch hours
With feelings true
Window's frost flowers
Always make new
You and I
Take and back give
As times go by
And we both on live

Morning's going
For an evening shine
Life is on flowing
Line for a line
Like dreams steady on
Memory is
All what's gone
Moments gave bliss

Fly with me
With an open heart
Let love be free
Mend its broken start
Though yesterdays are gone
True love is still
Going with life on
After its own will

Peter S. Quinn

Flygur Krummi (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Flygur krummi
í náttmyrkri
einn hann er á fer?

Krunkar hann og krunkar
a? kalt sé núna úti

Krunkar hann og krunkar
a? brátt fari vetur a? her?a
krunkar hann og krunkar
a? von sé allra ve?ra

Flygur krummi
í dagrenningu
vi? lága geisla sólar

Einmanalegt er úti
á lágnættinu

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Foggy Day

Foggy day in the street
Of its wandering play
Giving shadows on concrete
As they grow long their way
Thru the moments of twist
That the streets are now in
And gray morning has kissed
With a diffusional spin

Every hour in its gray
As the evening passes thru
And kids in streets play
For each opportunity new
When feelings are in laughter
In every moments awake
And what there comes after
In their giving and take

Foggy day in the city
Like a haze of the grays
So much playful and witty
That is now in its haze
Sideway kids there talking
Youth of hope and a smile
Brussels playground walking
For its enduring while

Foggy day in the street
Of its wandering play
Giving shadows on concrete
As they grow long their way
Whisper dark soon there
With its nocturnal sleep
As darkness is everywhere
In their dreams to keep

Peter S. Quinn

Follow Me Now

Follow me now
Wherever you go
I'll be there somehow
To let you know
Everything's a dream
Into the unreality
Where love just seem
To be you and me

Remember the days
Of many hours gone
Blue times and grays
And what was done
All love that's hopeless
Within everything
And days that were less
When nothing could sing

Follow your days
Wherever they go
Many are their ways
You still don't know
Everything that's coming
With wonderful touch
That keeps up summing
Have not and ought's

Peter S. Quinn

Follow The Sun

Your light is so flying
Onto a new fantasy
Your hands outstretch and trying
To follow the sun to be
A night worth its debating
To bring to a closer way
Every new footstep rating
To see clearance of new day

In hours of lives awaking
So much is still to come
As daylight to dark is breaking
To make a blue sky blossom
Still sun so deep in shining
From under oceans vast
To glow on horizon lining
With that last day has lost

Your hands wings in stretching
To take wing on and drift
And light of another day fetching
For ways of spirits uplift
Playfully to go thru and on
Finding the moment's answer
Until that day is also gone
By mode of the spirit and dancer

Peter S. Quinn

Follow Your Dreams

Follow your dreams
Wherever they'll go
Life's their deems
In its sunshine glow
Feelings never stay
Everything is turning
Good for a one day
Footsteps new learning

Follow your dreams
For a new delivery
Life's like its streams
A river eternally free
All's in life's freedom
Never to stay the same
Touch its magic blossom
Make your life its flame

Follow your dreams
Into sweet memories
Nothing's what it seems
Only love and peace
Remember life's calling
For everyone's share
Soon autumn is falling
On dreams everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

Follow Your Dreams (From, Myspace)

Follow your dreams that go by
Filling each moment on
Feelings of love low and high
Until each thought is gone
Closeness to them is everything
Of every hour everyday
They are the reason I still sing
Into departures that can't stay

Yesterdays are to remember
With every its old song to borrow
Like the leaves of reddish amber
Or dawn rising once more tomorrow
But our dreams never come true
They are only in the heart to glow
Mind-sets and thoughts to renew
Before they for evermore shall go

Follow your dreams for they leave
Everything is at all times falling
Hours will come of lost and grieve
And again to those times calling

Peter S. Quinn

Foolish Continuance

I and my Foolish Continuance,
What will it all bring?
Shall it give me a further chance?
What shall tomorrow sing?
Give me a morn splendor and new,
Everything fresh to the first;
Only a song for the very few,
What they will long for and thirst.

Can I not bring into the light?
Yearnings that I thought were gone;
Give it another new flight,
Until the wings are done.
Why am I so out everywhere searching?
Living in past and longing;
What will the day tomorrow sing?
When we are nearer to spring.

I and my Foolish Continuance,
But all is though with my thought;
I have seen it at first glance,
Everything that chances have brought.
Why am I so out everywhere searching?
When I am growing too old;
Should I not be more alerting?
For nothing for real I can hold.

Peter S. Quinn

Footsteps (From, The River Sings On)

From my window
I see the winter's snow,
in the morning glow
of the yesterdays.

Footsteps to and fro
- rays from the gone night.
Soft distances adagio
in the evening flight,
- all is in my heart now.

The air, so sweet of spell,
as the clouds go by
with greetings and farewell,
to the dreams
that around here lie.
All is in my heart now.

Peter S. Quinn

Footsteps Of Going

O footsteps of going are all now gone away
Dreams that once were feelings inside of me
Rendezvous to seclusion rustic day
Like breezy blow outside the window so free

My heart in a pounding of whispering still
All that was trying to find the road ahead
Yesterdays of gone thought never to fulfill
Soft lines of leaves that autumn once bled

You and I once morning birds of blue sky
Every passage thru to find low and high
Day by days to future in rising fresh dawn

Love themes of the night that we both knew
Now in dark deep of loneliness upon
What's now of love that once was innocent new

Peter S. Quinn

For A Moment I Had The Word

For a moment I had the word,
But that was just dust of time;
I was sending messages to souls,
But they were just sand corns.
I've been swallowed by the air,
Of all the world forgetfulness;
Like the dust that flies in the wind,
So my spirit has dimmed to the stars.
Every moment is just a breath,
Or a shadow from the rays of the sun;
For a moment I had the word,
Like the flickering light of a candle.
I was gathering around me the stories,
Of the old folklore times;
When there was life in those gray stones,
And the whispering wind had its sayings.
In the moonlight and after dark hours,
And there was mystic in the shadows by the river;
And the callings were the spirits of the past,
For a moment I had the word
(...old folk tales live among the stars) .

Peter S. Quinn

For A Moment I Thought

For a moment I thought - I was growing old
But now I know my youngish beat again
That depression of mood - for awhile did slain
And took its greenness and tried it to mold
Loves songs of young are coming back to me
Entering sweet love like the drifting clouds
From emptiness inside lonely crowds
To become once more of juvenility

Oh sweet rose of verve I give it to thee
To bring me life roots and become alive
For sweet is the kiss from your youthful lips
Hours are always in these instances to be
The love songs from my heart that feelings drive
Till the songs of age - from inside there drips

Peter S. Quinn

For Each Passion

For each passion is another one waiting
With its time of wings to come in and fly
Through the blueness of every hope's sky
And to all disintegrating debating
The basket of your love is like strawberries
With enchantment to clean every shine
And give of heart its momentarily line
That brings away distress and worldly worries

Oh come here and fly with me in to sky bright
Where hope is conquering all happiness
Giving itself to every higher flight
That is from inside from feelings and caress
Sweet temperate ways forever shall live
If you with your touch have something to give

Peter S. Quinn

For Eternity

Sweet day
Now it's dark
In your way
Life's lost spark
Bloom's candlelight
Dreams to be
Lost in their flight
For eternity

Sweet road
Of time and hope
Much is your load
Strong your robe
In wrong and right
Song's liberty
Where truth applied
And is made free

Sweet o hope
Much do you give?
Like cloudy slope
Sometimes you live
Full of pouring rain
In all of its dream
Love aching pain
Down river stream

Sweet day
Now it's dark
In your way
Life's lost spark
Bloom's candlelight
Dreams to be
Lost in their flight
For eternity

For eternity

For Every Occasions (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

For every occasions
There is something new
Times cells intuitions
Coming in perceptive through
Tones that are found
In rhythms of the near
Soundings off all around
From the past and year

The flow of motions
Slowing or fasting on
Weaving thoughts erosions
Till their pace is gone
Rising to the inner chord
Of every togetherness
In the end of times toward
Our own emotional cleverness

For every turn of tides
The song in time is rising
Through deeps or barefields bides
Its flavor exposure surmising
To meet the unknown sky
A tomorrow perhaps seeing
With questions asking why
Or only in time being

Peter S. Quinn

For Every True Day

You are in my head for every true day
Playfully on for inspirations here
Going to the pages that never will stay
Everything of a song fulfilled somewhere

Yesterday was down inside our words
Making some wings of wondering and giving
Love that was of heart like flying birds
Everything inside sentences living

You and I through all this endless rime
Giving what it takes to make songs in line
Coming through the pondering in the beat of time
Like the clouds of drifting or its sunshine

Winter dreams are glowing to the endless plough
Filling every dream with their lines to insight
We have the entire world to make soft and rough
Sketching times and words in their rightful light

Full of illumination in the years showing
Through the achievements of each piece
In the ways of the light and going
That each love song can please
So much into the things of music
As comes and goes by in its lick

Weaving songs with our words in dreaming
From the night that goes on here and by
Every glow now faraway only seeming
When dark is on move on the sky

Peter S. Quinn

For The Ocean Waves

The roads are colored faraway
In distance
Ocean waves that come and set out
In daydreams forever
Watering the shore
With their past acquaintance
The drift of clouds – the castles in the air
My longings attempt to see

A faraway place
With many roads to go off
To Oz
The horizon line
In my dreams flows away
Until its no longer seen
Only signs of my feelings
Now carrying its way

(Inspiration: For Leonard and Lisa by Ted Hughes:

He casts off the weight of space
Like patience

Disguised with life
He advances inevitably
As if squeezed
Into the death-corner

An electric thrill – a cactus flower
Among moon-rubble
An ultrasonic cry,
A tiger-yawn
Of amnesia

A mighty god
Wraps his hunger for the whole earth
In a shawl of feathers
Sign of the sun in Hebrew
And flies in his sleep

Peter S. Quinn

For The Sun Is Red

For the sun is red
And day is unclear
In summer's color bled
When blooms are near
Your heart was still
With the rising sun
Of tomorrows fulfill
In life times on run

For her blood is red
In its own dripping way
In deep oceans bed
Where her billows play
With its beating time
Of the restless sea
Tides of weak and prime
Inside you will see

For love as aforesaid
In everything it need
Like sea bloom dragonhead
With lustrous fruits berried
So much of infinity truth
Of love and love making
Its bosom of unsullied youth
Never in love aching

Peter S. Quinn

For The Wind

For the wind
There is always a song
Free undisciplined
And ours to long
Like days going
On to the night
A light on street glowing
Flickering or bright

For the wave
There is Deep Ocean
Profoundly to crave
In watery emotion
And we both knowing
What sandcastles are for
As water slips flowing
On to our shore

For the sky
There is opportunity
In clouds drifting by
Around always free
Fast ways and slowing
And everything between
Blue skies sometime showing
That not before has been seen

Peter S. Quinn

For You

For you is my love
The redness of the heart
Caring feeling's of
Inside each counterpart

Garland of tenderness
In love's faith made
Mind and body's caress
Each delight accolade

Peter S. Quinn

Forever

Forever my soul
Will whisper
Songs to you

Forever my heart
Will fly
With its longings
To you

For dreams
Are dreams to pass
By night
And by day
Into the love songs
Of you

Forever my soul
Shall sing
What love of joy
There is

Forever

~*~

*I have written many songs like these, later I will reveal myself to the earth's heart. I have nearly only shown you here my rhyme poetry and songs but that is only the top of the iceberg.

Peter S. Quinn

Forever Always

Forever always
My heart shall stay,
Forever always
No different way.

Just as the present shall be,
So shall all life turn;
We are just only - we,
And reap what we earn.

Forever always
In content and worth,
Forever always
From start of all birth.

We know what we see,
It should us concern;
The soul that lies in me,
In flames it shall burn...

Forever always
If I think differently,
Forever always
Please let it not be.

Peter S. Quinn

Forever In Corners Darkish Changing

I knew about the darkness and its twist
The jolt of the dim shadows deranging
Like no one has seen before on its gist
Forever in corners darkish changing
All that is there fallen in to its own
Leaves of branches without breeze are gone
Thoughts of summer times away here flown
Into the reduced memories all done

Each emotion of the day standing still
Through the egos of the barren going ways
In to its fusion of the black and white
Dream woes that nobody can now fulfill
In autumnal breezy reflection plays
Through uncertainty of the on going light

Peter S. Quinn

Forever In The Tidings Turns - A Song

Give me a dirt earth lullaby
Into the morning of feel good
Sunshiny is there going by
I'm with my toes in the mud
Flying my kite away
Where there is wind in the air
Meeting a cloudless blue day
High above clouds everywhere!

There is so much going on
Filling my nostrils with fragrance
Musings of long times done
Just like drifts of each vagrants
Up up and through the high
Viewing there side by side
What is far far away and nearby
Catching my imagined eyed

Give me a dropp of a lullaby
Flowing rain down to the grass
Yellow to the brownish tie
Through the meadow's morass
Sing me a song from my Burns
Each of his poems by heart
Forever in the tidings turns
Come again fresh new start

Peter S. Quinn

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Peter S. Quinn

Forget Not Those ... (Sonnet)

Take every love song to blowing away
In silences land of the heartfelt going
And meet their hours with precious fresh born day
Of eternal turning of lasting glowing
Where times meet by day to carry on
Every whisper remembrance that still is
For departure is planned and always gone
In the thresholds of livings in true bliss

Forget not those moments that are with us now
In giving their splendor and true outlook
There's always some afterwards that somehow
Shall carry it vision like an open book
Be fair to each heart in moment's new try
For hours of the future - they too say goodbye

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

Forget-Me-Not

Forget me not in years ahead
For I will still be there
My blooms again I shall shed
Throughout the summer years

Forget me not, azure I unfold
The colours of heaven so clear
In spring again my blooms you hold
Of sky blue fairest and dear

(.....myosotis)

Peter S. Quinn

Forget-Me-Not...

Forget-me-not in your light
When I become a traveler in death
Look up in to the starry night
And let my songs be in rebirth
Like a light that shall fall in sky
And fill the vows of time
In every sparkling that will try
To give you its glistens prime

I have just time as it is
To bring my songs to you
Forgetfulness shall sometimes kiss
My life's ricochet to renew
But let me be there with you still
To give you and awake
My dreams to flow and fulfill
In every spark they take

Forget me not - my dreams to give
When hours of dark park on
Each moment again to relive
Like stars fallings that are gone
And you and I shall be like this
In every word you will find
And if you sometime me shall miss
You know I've never left you behind

Peter S. Quinn

Fortress Of Aspirations

Inside glory is always in upside stream
Fortress of aspirations to highest peek
A light in the way of its darkness gleam
Where flowers are shattered or become bleak
Like day in their rising full of day beam
In wings steadfastly going through the air high
With flowing of morning that comes to live
From ambitions inside that never shall die
But always goes forward to bring of more
This of what you are and always to give
To reach up mountains that comes your way
Bring every hope to weigh as before
For night comes bright again like anew day
And mends broken wings to reach and explore

Peter S. Quinn

Four Picture Poems

Four Picture Poems
the moon kisses
with dark lips
when bird of desire
returns

midday clouds
swallows slowly
the old day

alone serenity
in peaceful space

slowing
and down floating
echoes of water gills

quivering brushes
of appearing darkness

strange and pretty
first photos
through infant steps
of identities

where passing tales
at earth places
are present

ink-stained score pages
touching alone heart
with silent music

note sensations
in quiet praise
to fingered will

Peter S. Quinn

Fragile Heart's Like Frost (Haiku)

Fragile heart's like frost,
on windows in the morning
- cold roses thawing

Peter S. Quinn

Frail

Frail is the seed of earth
With every falling's time
Day and day by growing's worth
Till it reaches prime

Fair but frail like every rose
That into the morning shines
Away your petal then goes
As fate draws its wilting lines

Peter S. Quinn

Freedom

Freedom freedom flow its wave
Freedom is our song
It's the longing we all crave
Every its path on strong
Its destiny be so blossom
Its gold's like a rainbow glow
Its footsteps are awesome
As times come and go

Your heart is full of flowers
That freedom show's made
It is what life empowers
And never by time will fade
It is our self inside
The turning wheel of time
Life's spiraling point guide
All now that is in prime

Oh freedom freedom calling
I shall trust in you
When times in dark are falling
And nothing is there true
To you I will reach for
When low I'm and down
You are my peace in war
And all my days first crown

Peter S. Quinn

Freedom - Ho!

A time of glisten drops
The low downs and ups
The earth of a life's song
That we all to here belong
Where the green grasses grow
And the rivers of peace flow
Where no heart is in strain
And there's no sorrow's pain

Of life I want to be
Of life and sweet liberty!
And give a part of me
To put a growth into its tree
Put forth and lift - start!
Give your love - your heart
Let the good will go
Side by side with Freedom - Ho!

We are so much alike
Like brothers on their trike
The whole world to give
Growing together to live
Oh life with no stone walls
Oh life that to life calls:
Let the good will go
Side by side with Freedom - Ho!

Side by side with Freedom - Ho!

Peter S. Quinn

Freedom – Sonnet

We have the Freedom Rivers coming through
With every its wobbly wave that goes
Their rippling freshness always in the new
In its sparkling shimmering that on glows
Its juggernaut of the water flowing
With the wheels of time and the things to come
Like all those deluge that through here are going
In every running where justice is from

Our peace that plays in harmonious tones
To give us features of their living truth
Those come here in their passing stepping-stones
Of eternal tides and their growing youth
The freedom that will last through strictures
In truthful mirrors of rightness pictures

Peter S. Quinn

Freedom Distant Heard

Today the dreams catch the wind
Of many flows of its downstream
The beautiful day in its disciplined
Giving shading pleasuring dream
In the falling rain of dark sky
With the narrowing space to see thru
When questions come to ask why
There is a doubt between me and you

Love song in freedom distant heard
Into the wind of the currents on
Still in longing for catching word
Till its breezy singing is gone
Sighting in soft and shadows doubt
Night to the sky again bringing
Filling footsteps with shade about
Thru currents of remote singing

Tomorrow is run the unknown free
Rushing the narrow and open sky
Love songs of truth for you and me
Never in a doubt nor asking why
In the falling rain of spaces dark
To another breezing of its thrill
Where craving dreams again will spark
For moments of pleasure to fulfill

Love song in freedom distant heard
Into the wind of the currents on
Still in longing for catching word
Till its breezy singing is gone
Each day's falling to a forgotten pace
Steps through the evening glowing
Endless colors in their many on ways
Thru the times coming and going

Peter S. Quinn

Freedom From Every Apartheid

Bring me here around to the other side
Of the blossoming sunshine turning ways
Let me to the many colors there abide
Not only to the concrete and the grays
So I can breathe the air of my heart's freedom
And let it be with life's fertility roots
Let me reside over where tranquil is from
Away from the yard keepers disputes

Muddy River from the fall's going away
From the dilemmas of daily insecure
And the feelings with the charming touches stay
To make my living more alive and assure
Every side has its bridge to go across
With their many fields and existing pathos

Peter S. Quinn

Freedom Is In Our Heart (A Lyric)

Freedom is in our heart
Every time we sing those words
Giving love with each impart
When our feelings are like blizzards

Every love is like the first
Singing truly to our soul
You shall always again thirst
If this one doesn't reach its goal

Feelings are here all around
Some are reaching they're aim
And if love's there to be found
It will start a burning flame

Freedoms are with many marge
Giving hope and a fresh try
And it will again recharge
If you don't ever say goodbye

Feelings aren't safe and sound
Some are bleaching they're claim
And if love is impaired wound
It shall be a waiting game

Peter S. Quinn

Freedom Is Not Far

Traveling to a strange star
Is in our hope and dream
Its freedom is not too far
In the space river stream

Clouds of hope there drifting by
Like white pyramids tops
Castles in the far-off sky
Never images stops

Walking on to the near moon
Our beginning steps where
But we will though be going soon
To stars everywhere

Flying across the space dim sea
To in between dark place
There is trance for you and me
The make-believe ways

Walking and holding balance
Is very hard to do
But if you have acquaintance
With dreams it's up to you

Clouds in our times travel
All's within our own stair
New thoughts in times marvel
Are soon all coming here

Peter S. Quinn

Freedom Is To You Calling (From, Lost Song Poems)

Freedom is to you calling,
Give life a heart so brave;
Each night hours are falling,
Into a dim hollow grave.
Hatred can be bottomless,
If you'll allow it to be;
But life is colored so fresh,
If it becomes all free.

Days by days will end,
But love can never so do;
Only down it will bend,
If it's not completely true.
Evening becomes a night,
Gathering shadows around;
Hold your feelings all right,
Lost can again be found.

Freedom is truth wearing,
Never a lie there inside;
Everyone else bearing,
Not from ourselves there hide.
You can grow out wisdom,
If the right seeds are sown;
For the conditions are calm,
If you acknowledge and atone.

Peter S. Quinn

Freedom Oh Freedom

The brick
Walls
Have taken
My balloon
The air
That freedom calls
Is now
Like bluish moon
But love
Shall blossom
And give
Each peace a try
Where every freedom
Is from
A balloon
In the sky

Oh speak
And give us freedom
The flowers
Of this earth
Break those irons
Of some
That had them
From their birth
We need to rise
To clouds
And drift
To a rainbow's glow
Be free
Among the crowds
And feel
That we shall grow

Freedom
Is like sky blue
So clear
And high above
It was made for me

And you
To give
And share in love
Let never its hope
Die
But be to us
Like summer sunshine
In the beautiful
Open sky
That gives
Its shining divine

Peter S. Quinn

Freedom Roads

There are roads taken and roads going by
With freedom of every choice to take
Like the clouds in the far those drifting so high
In their mist and pictures to make
Lonely freedom like footsteps never to keep
Only sand that shall blow it away
With a heart that was chained to a going sleep
Forever and not to live or stay

There are roads broken with the years gone
Trials wasted away with the breeze
Every hope that was carried moving it on
For repression and censors to please
Wasted into the sea of their existing time
Giving no more to hope in their yearning
Only darkness crows in their fullest prime
To the night and it's going all turning

So much freedoms broken a man has found
Every effort just thrown into sea
With tyrants that come in tides going around
To break down wise ones and the free
Mountains exist that never give or make form
Only to be real for the wind to blow
Within their dazed choice and bewildered storm
That in the their slavery will go

There are roads lost for no reason at all
With their people that have tried to exist
With their efforts and hope they've tried to call
But to those that are closed they've missed
Every time has its allowance freedom to give
With all the days that are going about
You must try to exist and try to live
And take from your heart any old doubt

So much freedom's gone because love was lost
To the sleeps of forever that's banned
Every beat of its song turned on and crossed

What each ignorance waste did command
Nothing comes from the lost only falling rain
Dreams from their hopes all wasted away
We may try to take their roads but it's all in vain
For the darkness has come to their day

Peter S. Quinn

Freedom Unblemished Call

Gleam of sunshine in my place
Glowing to review the scene
Summon the shadowy many ways
Where the night atoms have been

Present and past to the downright
Glowing with time's flowing tide
Daybreaks in glistens freshly light
Within coming tomorrow to abide

Rise in the ruins of the highway
Moving the thoughts once said
Like the light on the green of day
Those from irises skies are read

Blue like oceans of never ending
Through every drift of clouds near
Giving their haze in their blending
Love songs of breezes that are here

Lilies that awake the purest heart
With their glow and touch of spring
Where every clover-blossoms start
And the unending forever shall sing

Gleam of the daybreak coming
Giving its freedom unblemished call
In a heart of deep root strumming
That on to this evolution shall befall

Peter S. Quinn

Fresh Air

The day is now fresh air
On to tomorrow coming
Lovely scenery everywhere
In their blossom summing

Daydreams in green and blue
Filling mountain spaces
Sky in the mist coming thru
With every nature graces

Filling air with fresh stream
River in wilderness play
Everything is but a dream
On this first of autumn day

Love in the singing of birds
Flying from tree to tree
Countryside shiny vineyards
Everything eyes wants to see

Rocky icy tops reaching high
Faraway in their place
Taking to the openness sky
In their true colossal grace

Everything summer has given
That still is here to glow
And we thru days have liven
Until in winter comes snow

Peter S. Quinn

Fresh Grass Haiku

fresh grass aroma
and spider webs all over
remind me its spring

Peter S. Quinn

Freshness Now In New Load

Earth's old but it feels young
Nothing can take it away
Fresh morning coming along
Spring walking freshly today
Always with something here
Giving and growing about
Greenery Showtime everywhere
Taking out winter's doubt

Freshness now in new load
Times are a changing to this
Into the morning's summer road
Life is a wandering bliss
Rain will fall on it and flow
Giving the soil new birth
Here comes springtime's row
With every grass of its worth

Rise to the mountain fresh spring
Let your newness there unfold
And early each hour now sing
For nothing new life can hold
River falls falling and singing
Everything is coming to living
Into the days hope bringing
From every growth fresh giving

Peter S. Quinn

Friends

Friends are made each day
By coming together and try
There is this only one way
To reach out tomorrow sky

Daydreaming is in it allot
Feelings together as one
Touches time has taught
Use each moment till gone

Friends are made to give
Part of your whole and heart
Remember joy and relive
That together has start

Love is a two way reach
Bringing you up and close
Some to everyone teach
That's how all love goes

Nothing comes of nothing
If you do not reach out
Such ways are just bluffing
Wasting your time about

So give and you'll receive
Happiness and true smile
It's for your own relieve
Bliss that'll last a long while

Peter S. Quinn

Friendship

Friendship is never ending
Always there for you
Time to fun ways blending
As the days go thru

Yesterday is but a moment
Friendship is always more
Inside approach temperament
Heart beat's own score

Love is friendship feeling
Helping out and give
Times to spend freewheeling
In what the hours live

Tomorrow is for building
On our dreams to stand
Every its aspect yielding
To each portion spanned

Closeness is all like this
Never to leave one alone
When hardship near is
Don't leave him on his own

As feelings move the earth
Give us motives plentiful
That's thousands words worth
And to a heart immeasurable

Peter S. Quinn

From An Open Book

From an open book
I'll read your mind
Whatever it really took
And you left behind
The dust on open road
Like fire flies flying
Each our carried load
Worthy through and trying

Something you can't hold
For its all of you
Like a light to unfold
And becoming again new
This and that we gave
While we had the day
Hours in thoughts to grave
As they come and play

Rushes that are gone
To time's old memory
Days of long left done
We had here wistfully
Walking by some slow
Like stones we picked up
In moments carried glow
When we had time to stop

Peter S. Quinn

From April

These days are from April
When spring is coming in
With the dreams of the hill
In green blossoms to win

Hours grow their backyard
From daybreaks rising deep
And from the dim are barred
With blossoms true to keep

□

Each secret lane of sorrow
Is now in muttered stain
And here is now tomorrow
With their stone and grain

These summer days of April
The song of growing hills
In dreams of silence still
And each new coming thrill

When day and night together
Are like one in each one
In beautiful spring weather
Until those dreams are gone

Peter S. Quinn

From Balloon To Balloon

Falling spaces around
From balloon to balloon
Empty air inside found
In their growing cocoon
Somewhere a season
Life of going on living
In its own kind of reason
That prospects its giving

Like the beat of heart
That is inside found
Every throbbing will start
And then come around
Give and take away
To the oceans far shore
Where a rise of new day
Will begin once more

Every life form that is
Has its never-ending read
Form the times to bliss
In their growth and seed
Love is most everlasting
It's like merry-go-round
Petals of life colorcasting
In existing battleground

Peter S. Quinn

From Flickering Glow (A Winter Song)

Almost there to the open door and field
Playfully going in the shadows dancing
From flickering glow of the lines blanching
Between the jagged radiance of black concealed

Each night is coming from the dreams riding
Spurs of moments giving spiral entrancing
While the deeper moods of dark are advancing
From down under feel they once were hiding

Strange dimensions are showing archived dreams
In every instinct of the falling light
Finding their hidden anonymity deems
That comes from far under from wings of night

O touch not vigor with this frightening hide
That through the twilight and my heart abide

Peter S. Quinn

From Inside To Outside

Every love from inside
Leaving outside something
When daydreams abide
And heart comes to bring
Of well wishing generosity
It has found among strangers
Back together ponderosity
Leaving nothing for changers

I've had in abundance
And shared out of heart
Every aspect of acquaintance
Fortification and rampart
Well wishing like petals
And tenderness between
The displaces that unsettles
Emotions of every spleen

Things are settling rapidly
Moving without knowing
Each and each in the vapidly
Every concrete there showing
We were born like brothers
With secret stirring of things
Much night-fear of others
Like a pendulum it swings

Peter S. Quinn

From Me To You

From me to you
Is this invisible thread
Like leaves going through
Where nothing needs to be said

Two brothers of soul
From corners apart
In this age of rock n roll
And aspects of the heart

From me to you
Of the north and west
All colors there too
In shades between addressed

Born Arctic - born African
Connected thru internet
Like this age republican
Of computer and diskette

From me to you
With the spaces between
Where always something new
In colors are seen

This time on and play
Where the within is awaken
Yesterday and today
Together in thoughts taken

Peter S. Quinn

From Me To You 2

From me to you
There is this string
From under the blue
Where my heart'll sing
Full of memories
Soft and in the light
Swings of weighting trees
And skies yellow bright

Everything of our desire
That comes and goes
Reaching each day higher
In its soft light glows
Every wish of you
For the eternally on
Our memories those were true
In days now gone

From me to you
What we hold so dear
Each feeling coming thru
Every day each year
Moment's forgotten touch
That brought us through
Love that said so much
Both for me and you

Peter S. Quinn

From My Room

From my room I hear
The wind blow
Strings from icy harp
Filling the dark
Now outside

The morning comes with night
And leaves with night
My heart is in dark
Like flickering light
Pounding on and on
Through to dreams gone

In the dark clouded sky
With beams of low sun flight
Time slowly passes by
With shadows left to right

From my room I hear
Where I now dwell
The dark voices near
Of iciness and its cartel

Strings from icy harp
Filling the dark
Now outside

*Federico García Lorca once wrote:

"From my room I hear
The water jet
A finger of grapevine..."

Peter S. Quinn

From Somewhere Around

From somewhere around
There is flowing of gold
Nowhere else to be found
In its glistering hold
Many ways splitting light
With the night coming on
True colors rainbow bright
Till the moments are gone

Falling glow of goodbye
Entire dreams that were told
In a morning of future sky
Never to grow again old
Every whispering breeze
In to the calling of the dark
That in wonderment one sees
In its one way spark

From the somewhere afar
When the day isn't here
In a falling bright star
That we to wishes adhere
Where our love is told
In every way of its track
In moments still bright
With none to depart or lack

Peter S. Quinn

From The Broken Shattered

Our only way is a dream comes true□
Filling my day with my love
Every wave in motion affecting you
Like the clouds in the far above
So many dreams in the world are lost
From times that never shall be
The ways of the heart that crossed
For beats of its echo of free

Refrain

The lost times going and coming
Every aspect of the date that's here
Feeling through the ways summing
From the past and what is near
All those broken by their nothing
In the day that can't be fixed
Sometimes to our ways bluffing
In the way thoughts are mixed
Every moment is a taste
Of their things owing
Some are thou to waste
Or never up here showing
Blossoms sweet to revive
If they ever mattered
And for us to relive
From the broken shattered
From the broken shattered

Love songs of time now forgotten
In their surrounding of the day
Roads of so many ways tauten
Each in their now unreachable lay
Dreams from the past and gone
Feelings that we gave and made
To have the wheels still going on
And never again to be afraid

Our only way is an unreachable dream
Into its own of the living

Just like a mountain's river stream
That fresh water still is giving
From any hope that was found
From within what dreams gave thru
And everything still goes around
Just like a dream that comes true

Refrain

The lost times going and coming
Every aspect of the date that's here
Feeling through the ways summing
From the past and what is near
All those broken by their nothing
In the day that can't be fixed
Sometimes to our ways bluffing
In the way thoughts are mixed
Every moment is a taste
Of their things owing
Some are thou to waste
Or never up here showing
Blossoms sweet to revive
If they ever mattered
And for us to relive
From the broken shattered
From the broken shattered
From the broken shattered

Peter S. Quinn

From The Deepest Dark

There is a love song from the deepest dark
Flowing onward to the tomorrow day
Within its whimsy going and fancy spark
Anything might come to the light to stay

Finding distance on in the front of time
That is coming to give its spark to live
Every thought that blows in their lost prime
Of the ways and things that in truth might give

Like dreams in the fire that never really is
Only a slashing of its in and out go
Like the glow shining of an evening bliss
When it is still in its early most flow
Shining star in its amazing falling whim
Before it goes to darkish roots of dim

Peter S. Quinn

From The Grime We Shall Seek

From the grime we shall seek
Flowers and its true seeds
Make strong out of the weak
Find true fire and how it reads
Winter brushes in snowy gust
Every hillside and low dale
Filling hindrance with its lost
Bringing obscureness to its wale

Life is breathes forward blow
To the time and futures on
Rising billows in its flow
Till the hours are each done
Every feeling worth its while
Shall come with opportunity
Bring us across stretching mile
Make what we have got to be

Wheels of hope you will return
Push us forward on onus strife
Give us knowledge to learn
What is worthy in this life
Every hope is like anew spring
Batter the ashes way aside
Come on forward let us sing
Fill with peace and be our guide

Peter S. Quinn

From The Road Of Nowhere Go

From the road of nowhere go
When the winter settles in
And dark's with its wintry blow
Of its coldness of frosty spin
When hearts are numb and dry
In their mood and their sunshine
With no blueness in the sky
Only clouds of deepest dark line

To the road of an ending year
In their deepness of darkness still
And the murky shadows are here
With their deep abysses to fill
When my longings all get away
Turning tides around and around
I just long for a sunshine day
To be somewhere again here found

From the road of make beginning
Where my dreams still belong
In swift of the north lights spinning
And each shadows dances on strong
I have hope in new times coming
With their aspiring summer spring
Where seeds of earth are blooming
And we still have pleasures to sing

Peter S. Quinn

From Within

I've looked for moments of love
Through air, earth and water waves
Like a caged bird
The scars of my heart have come out
To these frozen veins and foliages
That has found its meaning and place
Well within
Line of secret rocks
That I can not walk but barefoot
My panic is torn between the lines
Of these words
As my heart goes on in this search
Rotating round the craters
Of uneven pondering thoughts
That the night has given
On this piece of paper of half empty thoughts

Peter S. Quinn

From Within Every Ongoing Weaving Dream

From within every ongoing weaving dream
Come the lofty motions through fulsome air
Something from inside tenderness will steer
From the continuing rivers of time's stream
Their drifting through the clouds of timeless time
Delivering their summer voyage and shade
That were revelations in beauties all made
With the golden wings of its rising prime

The reflective from the blossoming sight
We could behold in with our inner eyes
That flies free with every true fairy tale
Like a morning brightness of first dawn's flight
From the hope of tomorrow's purest skies
That to ordinary day has no avail

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

Frozen Earth

Frozen earth
Like silvery ground
Each day 'it's worth
Being here around
Echoes singing
Of the wintry breeze
Winter cold bringing
With Christmas trees

You and I
Hoping for sun rays
Thru open sky
Round moods of grays
Yesterday 's cold
Though colder it's now
As ice threads unfold
On Icy brow

Frozen road
Curving on and on
Moment 's erode
Till they are gone
Winter dreaming
At beautiful sight
In trance all 's seeming
This cold dim night

Peter S. Quinn

Futures Whirl Around (From, Moderate Tempers)

Futures whirl around
Nothing is to be found
Lost in the sightings new
Among the treasured few
Flowers of the past
Inside and outside cast
Into lost yesterdays skies
Drifting their goodbyes

Summerset will come
From each corner from
Lightly weighting load
On to the twining road
Anywhere from there go
Fast paces and the slow
Giving the futures try
Where each our destiny lie

Rising onward morning
In to day's thoughts aborning
Sunshine with its rain
Distinguish beauty and pain
All around to carry out
Flexuous sprouts of doubt
Lingering to life's fate
Loving, respect and hate

Peter S. Quinn

Galaxies Of Wishes

Out come the moments with the stars to catch
Vastly dimensions of in between space
Galaxies of wishes future to touch
Every route junctures many ways
Man shall be conquering dreams immense done
Destiny's conduct knowledge and the skills
Giving full navigation in the run
A dream with purpose veracity fills

Whispers of journeys successfully going
In to wasteland of no one before
Opening distances to the sealed doors
Where we see future's star shine glowing
Through deep sighting of the virgin soil shore
Each of our ideas and data stores

Peter S. Quinn

Game Of Nowhere

Some play the game of nowhere
Like they were in dark sea
Swimming from here to there
Inside and outside to be
Feelings of every pain drifting
Going so endlessly on
Black to the light there shifting
Until the sunshine is gone

Love is deep end touch
Saying but even more thinking
Nothing to give as much
But when you are from it sinking
Heart to be felt and broken
Words that are never to speak
Some are better not spoken
Only make meanings too weak

I'm now deep deep inside
Lonely and much torn apart
Where shadows of arrows hide
Inside a broken down heart
Empty is now all this space
That is sinking me into deep
Love touch and its many ways
Seems now from another leap

Some play the game of nowhere
Like they were in dark sea
Swimming from here to there
Inside and outside to be
Feelings of every pain drifting
Going so endlessly on
Black to the light there shifting
Until the sunshine is gone

Peter S. Quinn

Garden Of Pigments

Like stars above the ground
And roots beneath the earth
Our own is somewhere found
And has its value and worth
The wings of thoughts fly free
Through words that come in sight
For the minutes that settle to be
Inspirations from a risen new flight

And every time we feel our way
In hours of morning and nightfall
With feelings that inside there play
And give us the mode of their call

The deep sea and oceans around
A sky giving longings to more
Reaching your roots and beyond
Faraway hills to further explore
The dreams that crave our taste
Garden of pigments to embrace
Extension complete and emplaced
Life's expressway and ambace

And every time we feel our way
In hours of morning and nightfall
With feelings that inside there play
And give us the mode of their call

Peter S. Quinn

Gef Mér Skóna (Give Me The Shoes)

gef mér skóna
af forspjalli þínu
ég er leitandi enn eftir spori
þú ert allt þú ert ekkert
þú ert vindirinn sem hvín

ég er leitandi eftir vegi
sem í fyrndinni var til
nú lífur að degi
og þá hverfa þau skil

ertu ennþá í mér?
útaf forspjalli þínu
það er eins og ég ei þvori,
því þú ert allt og þú ert ekkert
þegar þú kemur til mín

Peter S. Quinn

Gentle Weather Voice (From,134 Picture Poems)

gentle weather voice
guided carefully
onto the baggy bush

being steady
and oblivious
swirling canes
through unison

Peter S. Quinn

Get On Through

I break my dreams into dark blue
With golden moments flying
A heart is either true or untrue
In each its way it's trying
Reach on and hold to a dream
In the cold that we don't know
Crazy all these times seem
Moving its distance fast or slow

Cry me a star or a cloud of time
All is inside a moments drift
The afterthoughts try to mime
What goes by to strike and swift?
Some will never reach a height
Underneath the downward lies
Why it is that wings lose flight
Or a thought gives up and dies

I'll break lose to go boldfaced
Passing the clouds far in dim
I was born and thus just raised
Never the deep gulf to swim
What it's worth make a mistake
All is not lost because of this
Hindrance to bend and break
Get on though with your wish

Peter S. Quinn

Getting Away

Getting away
From silent sky
Meeting today
In summer bird cry
Tides are turning
For ever more
Life's adjourning
To another yore

June's now at play
In colors dye
Tones of gray
Have loosen their tie□
Life is reviving
Once more in earth
Green arriving
In new growth and birth

Getting away
From winter's mood
Dreary shade's play
And dim solitude
Sky in distant blue
Far as eyes sees
In to renew
And impending peace

Peter S. Quinn

Ghost Walk

I aim in dark to a sunny day,
I'll try to find there a rightful way;
But in all my aims I could not find,
Fore I walked roads so totally blind
And aimed in dark to a sunny day.

Where will this lead what I've found?
Why am I so to this stubborn bound?
To find no way from the moldering yore,
Just like I had walked here before,
Like this was short of another round.

Why do I aim to this sunny day?
When all is before so dark and gray
And what was I in my other, behind;
I need to know but where can I find,
So I aim in dark to a sunny day.

Peter S. Quinn

Gifts Of Blossom

The green in the clamor of coming spring
With feelings of summer like butterfly
On to the moments of azure born sky
When love will be young in a heart to sing
Carrying the flowers of peace and new thought
With the unsullied breeze that comes here through
Colors abandoned in winter's cold furrow
Now again glowing and to the front brought

Gifts of blossom in wholesome reverie
Offerings in the sun filling each day
Brimming joys on to its living every
Now by structures of passing disarray
All the hope coming from silences going
Filling new mornings with freshness showing

Peter S. Quinn

Give A Dream To You

Give a dream to you
With many bouquets own
Roots of what is true
In your soul sown

Trust a feeling too
To catch each desire
Love is to renew
Flames of quenching fire

Anything to last
Into the days ahead
Giving from its past
That love once bled

Dance on to find
World's many dreams
Life's moments wind
Combined paths schemes

Love is all to be
Trust you're to give
Of feelings eternally
That you must always live

Peter S. Quinn

Give A Heart

Give a heart to your love
There's always something there
Like drifting clouds above
Feelings to go everywhere
Summer dreams that go by
Or winter tales in mist
Spring's forever blue sky
Autumn colors tintured twist

You know you have it all
Inside where you're beat goes
And from there will call
When roots of passion grows
For love is like a green tree
Leaves that shiver in the breeze
And from the inside will see
How kindness always frees

You have so much to give
Or take for what you'll need
Each goal an example to live
And thus how love should lead

Peter S. Quinn

Give A Time (From, Rock Star)

Give a time to be a star,
The rivers are out of control;
Some things are quite bizarre,
In and out of this chuckhole.

Give a time to flowing dreams,
Waves of the sea to try;
Though everything faraway now seems,
Let just your thoughts grow high.

Time is at ease or going,
Live with your changes to be;
There is some absolute in knowing,
What your eyes can not see.

Give a time for your freedom,
Follow the roads that are near;
There are many distances ad-infinitum,
But only yesterday becomes clear.

Time is at ease or going,
Live with your changes to be;
There is some absolute in knowing,
What your eyes can not see.

All chains are meant to brake loose,
To make away to your tomorrow;
You have no reasons for an excuse,
To stand against the undergo.
Say what you dream and dream yet again,
Your secrets are only inside your space;
Like rivers from mountains down to the glen,
Attitudes like dreams so many ways.

Like rivers from mountains down to the glen,
Attitudes like dreams so many ways.

Peter S. Quinn

Give A Way! Give A Way!

Give a way! give a way!
For the morning bright,
Here comes the day
From under the night;
Shining with glory on
Dawn from an yonder,
Until all this old is gone
Swiftly like sky thunder.
Day, oh day come full
Awake in playfulness,
Not a moment more dull
Only the hour's sweet fresh;
Neat they will be about
Shining on armor's feet,
Rifting away all doubt
Who darkens the street.
Playful you will be
With all this shining,
For all what you see
Like gold threads lining.
Give a way! give a way!
The new day's in birth,
Another morn coming day
With all what a life's worth.

Peter S. Quinn

Give A Way! Give A Way! (From, Lost Song Poems)

Give a way! give a way!
For the morning bright,
Here comes the day
From under the night;
Shining with glory on
Dawn from an yonder,
Until all this old is gone
Swiftly like sky thunder.
Day, oh day come full
Awake in playfulness,
Not a moment more dull
Only the hours sweet fresh;
Neat they will be about
Shining on armor's feet,
Rifting away all doubt
Who darkens the street.
Playful you will be
With all this shining,
For all what you see
Like gold threads lining.
Give a way! give a way!
The new day's in birth,
Another morn coming day
With all what a life's worth.

Peter S. Quinn

Give Love

Give love wings free
Everything is to be certain
Inside forever to be
Away from worlds pain

Love like Dark Ocean
Drinks from both to share
Flow flow of emotion
Everything that becomes lair

Nothing compares to love
Touching your heart with sound
Beat of the plentiful of
That nowhere else is found

All that is you're receiving
Never a moment dull
Inside of a heart believing
That its cup is full

Wings in the air around you
Touches like never before
All that comes delivering through
Always for more and more

Love of day and night
Everything is to be truth
In circling ways and flight
Of life's eternal youth

Peter S. Quinn

Give Love...

Give Love
From the inside out
Give love
That's what love's about
Fulfillment of everything
That inside gives
In your heart can sing
Outshines and lives

Give all of you
Makes the world go round
That's what comes thru
When true love's found
Everything you are
Inside deep and shining
Spotless near and afar
Each passion refining

Give close
Support that'll hold
Love glows
That's of spot on gold
Everything you share
Becomes a part
If your love's near
To give a heart

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me A Break

I'm the plaza's coffee cup
And I'm peeking to you
Walking on none stop
Street people going here thru

Thinking a working thought
And how the day's going to be
If you should not or ought
Take a stop and drink from me

Give me a break
Let me have your lips
Whatever it will take
To have few coffee drips!
Gents and pretty women
Now is your coffee time
Listen to my invitation
Thru life's pantomime

I have a heart to show
A handle for you to hold
My coffee's hot drip slow
Always free - not sold!

Sip as you like and please
It's a freedom flavor drink
Good in making buddies
And gives you time to think

Give me a break...

*** (written to Ben Heine surreal composition "Give Me a Break" at Flickr)

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me A Love Song To Sing

Give me a love song to sing
To get my day through
I shall my heart then bring
Closer and closer to you

Each life moments are joy
Existing to fulfill and give
Never let bad moods destroy
What you from skill might live
Reveries that are beautiful
And skillfully made from start
With every morning so full
Right from inside your heart

Give me a love song to sing
To get my day through
I shall my heart then bring
Closer and closer to you

Each our different ways
Turning their doldrums on
Colors and cloudy grays
Inside there for everyone
Love that's music to the ears
Giving each heart a try
What in the beats you'll hear
Before those hours say goodbye

Give me a love song to sing
To get my day through
I shall my heart then bring
Closer and closer to you

Yesterday has disappeared
With something we left behind
Thoughts from in we've steered
And we could no longer find
Everything must have its go
Letting us know every feeling

So you shall always then know
Some its views time's stealing

Give me a love song to sing
To get my day through
I shall my heart then bring
Closer and closer to you

~*~

(The structure scheme for this one is somewhat loosely that of Oh What a Beautiful Mornin'! by Oscar Hammerstein II)

*I'll now depart from here for a while, as I'm decorating my room (making it more comfortable) , before I start writing music again (Yes – that's what I was doing the last time I was absent from here... ;) - psq

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me A Smile (A Song Lyric)

Give me a smile before I close my eyes
The world's in blackness to a lonely day
Always living with nothing more to say
Turning always from these tortured done lies

The sun is now set for the morning sky
This living isn't too easy to embrace
If you want to walk in a steady grace
Without giving reasons to where and why

Cards have been played from beginnings to end
Setting the time curves to twisted morals
No one to notice when shadows will chrome

Each of its lies will hold close its own trend
Nothing to rise to the tentative laurels
Where each of its stakes's a long way from home

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me A Time To Run

Give me a time to run
I'm so much in my freedom
Life is of sadness and fun
Contributing ways asylum
Gladness gives me laughter
Sadness only its deep pain
What is this existence after?
Where shall they both reign?

Tomorrow is always coming
Giving its time to share
Some of it is just benumbing
Without its street's fare
Life has its ups and down
With its beauty and ugliness
Each can become a hometown
With its many penurious

Give me a time to laugh
Everything becomes easier
Sometimes it isn't enough
When life gets much breezier
Give muddy bosom - sunset
For golden it will become
If futures in equals are meet
To blooms of the earth some

(Inspiration: Langston Hughes)

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me A World Full Of Hope

Give me a world full of hope
That sings of joy to everyone,
So I may with my sadness cope
Before my life is all here done.
Give me a feeling with a trust
For I too must have my own,
And our striving shall not lie in rust
Though we are low and almost gone.
Give me your smile sweet and mild
Of temper that trusts in each fate,
With a gesture or a feeling not reviled
So route to each love shall lay straight.
Give me a world full of hope
It is not too much to ask for,
Love's not an answer in a grope
That nobody reaches for anymore.
The question of love lies always deep
You can touch with feelings of your own,
Some may lay unnoticed under a heap
Just to reach out for to carry on

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me Another Song

Give me another song
Under dark threshing shed
Love to the feelings belong
Where shall these words lead?
Believe is love's old friend
Visor has its careful steps
So much becomes transcend
When it comes for its schleps

Bend sentences more tender
With dear lips forgiven
Whispering words - each blender
That from emotion is driven
Tomorrow is quite ours too
Over the simmering process
Love words have never a clue
Before they are done and less

What do I long dare I say?
For so many riddles remain
Each with a thought and a fray
Giving their own abstain
Strings of each touch is strung
To new fallen snow or green
Classify not where each belong
But how many times it's been

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me Colors

Give me colors all to see
Always extra and some more

Shades of tomorrows to be
Another view of earth 's contour

Not empty handed to go on
Just the dreams a la mode

Because ways shall be gone
In their own of oldness load

Give colors like the sunshine
In the darkness of the deep

I will draw a desired line
For the hours those to keep

Where fate lies in its future
With all its opening new way

Meet the opportunities moocher
As he comes here to play

Give me colors to paint true
Where the walls are currently

Shadings there I shall all do
Let the walls its colors see

Touching stones with pencil bright
Of every day in newer shade

Sketch of freedom's morning bright!
With the hands - free will has made

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me Dreams (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Let love be here for ever more
Inside your heart to be sure
Of what it is always for

Give me dreams to each day high
So the emptiness of thoughtless goes
Morning that comes like a butterfly
Filling up sky with its reddish glows

Give me a dream that will reach noon
Wandering ways of repenting strings
Never be lost in the bluish moon
When the eternally space of dark sings

Day to the evening of lovely songs
Something you can't forget forever more
Everything where the free dream belongs
And will reach out from its afar

Love songs that are filling your mind
With feeling you feel from inside a heart
Something to start with once you'll find
Giving you ways right from the first start

Love songs that are filling your mind
With feeling you feel from inside a heart
Something to start with once you'll find
Giving you ways right from the first start

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me Heart And Love Of Thistles

Give me heart and love of thistles
And something that unknots the day
Feelings are lonesome too bristles
For so much of them are in gray
Playful are clouds black fissures
Beautiful ones the no one can undo
The flowers to find its wishers
Something of the essence and true

Bleeding up roses of white or red
Gardens where hearts are found
Nickel silver spoons brownish bled
Those together are more purely bound
Lilies on a vermilion white plate
Like electric butterflies bleeding
Each of the emotional corrode state
Those to eyes are momentarily reading

Can you do some somber indulgences?
With flowers that are almost stones
Never to undo the burning trances
That touch has among essences alones
Someone might speak of great love
On doing its bluish golden ointments
Something so faraway in the above
That never again it'll show relents

-

The Crew (not the same as today...)

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me Joyful Bliss

Happy happy mood
Give me wings to sing
My tempers have blued
Into a melancholy string
The end of summer's day
Are in my yearnings still
And allow a cord to play
What memories did spill

I'd like to be so blissful
And find the road I've lost
I feel as the hours are dull
And into gloomy tossed
A rosebud has died today
In a garden of summer's bed
Like colors return to gray
When its bouquets have bled

Give me joyful bliss
With happy clouds going by
So I may return to this
What made my cerulean sky
With laughter in my eyes
Cheering the hours on
And colors of spring new dyes
That now seems lost and gone

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me More

Give me more,
Of the stars out there;
Love is never too sure,
To give or to share.
Daydreaming away,
Feelings of a heart;
The innermost play,
Of two counterpart.

Raindrops falling,
From a cloudy sky;
Memories calling,
Hours that away fly.
Dreams to follow,
Into the loneliness;
Moments are hollow,
And times lovely less.

Daydreams are near,
When day's wintry on;
Crystal's icy clear,
Summer winds are gone.
Loneliness will walk,
With streets from here;
Hours a slowly clock,
In shadows atmosphere.

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me Some Love (A Song Lyric)

Give me some love to let the day begin
A love to be sure in its much disguise
Everywhere is sunshine from within
Like a day that is coming in its rise

You and I forever like drifting clouds
Feeling the ways to give so much there of
Lonely people sometimes in crowds
With our only purpose in our true love

What is it to be in love always again?
There is a purpose from some of all this
Search and you will find joy within and then
Every road leads to undying of bliss

Together flying high to the mornings found
Something there always coming around

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me Some Time

Give me some time
Let me be in your way
As the hours climb
Meeting on the new day

All is in your giving
What it is you must
Right way on to living
If it's me you trust

Flowers grow from seed
In the gardens bed
Never of love be curried
If its truth ahead

Yesterdays were knowing
What you had to make
And in tomorrow's showing
Flowers it did awake

Like the wind goes round
So is love in turn
All its passion found
As its ways must burn

Let summer days be bright
In your love and waking
Before long comes night
And your heart is aching

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me Sunshine

Give me sunshine
With its endless varieties
And I'll feel fine
Among the greenery trees
Just like arising morning
Full of endless high
With dreams for yearning
And its living tie

Give me beauty
From the endless sea
And I'll be free
From inside of me
Glory to the new born day
And its blue glow sky
Now my hope's coming my way
Giving me a try

Give me all of new day's glow
I want to be born free
Before it's my time to go
To show what's inside of me
Please dance with me ☐
And let me be born again
All life's so endlessly
If it's not lived in vain

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me The Dreams

Give me the dreams
That goes beyond
Summerfield streams
Inside and around
Everything new
To grasp close and dear
Sweetly on through
And always near

We lose our ways
With feelings alone
Existence it plays
To lives end zone
When nothing's plain
And we aren't aware
Our search was in vain
Through walkways bare

Give me the blessing
To find what I need
Loneliness is trespassing
Into my feeling's deed
And everything I hold
Is not here to stay
Like a heart stone-cold
Its beats now play

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me The Freshness

Now come here and bring your tuneful with you
Every singing of its stream and ways
Like water drizzling and filling with plays
Each mood of its rainfall coming here through
Give me the freshness of journals of heart
The longings and feelings that never die
Like a morning of daybreak's coming sky
Truth that lies behind each horizon start

Give me the knowing that peace is ready
To find and deliver happenings around
The readings I hear in the callings there
Every footfall that paces in steady
With growth to deliver in wilderness found
Something that only freedom could steer

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me Time

Give me time to be
Give me time to live
Give me time to see
Give me time to give

Let me reach my goal
Let me find my way
Let me have a role
Let me learn today

Give me time to use
Give me time to make
Give me time to lose
Give me time to wake

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me True Fire – A Love Song

Give me a song for love
Fire to fit like gemstone
Feelings like clouds above
Drifting in its hazing tone
Distances where openness
Plays wide and unspoken
Each morning to impress
Dreams from a night woken

Refrain:

True fire
Is anything
Of rewarding

Time floats on
And is done
Or
Waits
A life time

Wakefulness sweet speech
Reaching the mountain snow
Love from two souls to teach
Never to degenerate or go
Linking the moments on
Filling them with recollection
Touch that's never withdrawn
Of feelings full of affection

Refrain:

True fire
Is anything
Of rewarding

Time floats on
And is done
Or

Waits
A life time

Give me a tune of blue sky
A dawn that comes to awake
And never let expectations die
That has a true heart to take
Let every song be sublime
Never to echo customs lost
Let every day be dreamtime
With opportunities embossed

Peter S. Quinn

Give Me Your Love

Give me your love that's true
Darling anything is possible
It's all up to me and you
For the times never to be dull

The night with stars above
Is much in our feelings now
Everything is made of love
That moves here to and fro

Give your heart tonight
From inside your eyes
And touch
Everything feels so right
In its surprise
And loving you so much

When we two together are
Everything's feeling so fine
Like music from bar to bar
Or summer with sunshine
When we two together are
Day and night peace and war

It's all up to me and you

Give your heart tonight
From inside your eyes
And touch
Everything feels so right
In its surprise
And loving you so much

When we two together are
Everything's feeling so fine
Like music from bar to bar
Or summer with sunshine
Everything that we two do
Is like our love - forever new

Peter S. Quinn

Give My Regards

Give my regards to people with hats,
And those that are angry at the weather.
All those lonely people at apartment's flats:
- You could keep warm being closer together.

Don't let your hair disturb humor or mood,
Sooner or later summer shall again be here.
Don't even let the cars disturb you or intrude,
When you walk on an easy street, anywhere...

Give my regards to every joy and fondness,
That future may give you each and every day.
Always catch opportunities - quite you and fresh,
Well - I guess there is nothing more I can say...

.....Except, - smile to the world!

Peter S. Quinn

Give Or Take

Here, I am back again
Wondering with my lonely heart
Drawing words with a pen
Into lines and poetry
Something for both you and me

Chorus

Give or take these feelings away
Nothing forever will be
Tricks with your heart they'll play
With its emotion's swift-key

Take away all this pain
Driven and drifted ways apart
Dust on roads grain by grain
Go without your importance
Never more - a second chance

Chorus

Leave now alone this heart

(Inspiration: Leonard Cohen > Be For Real

Are you back in my life to stay?
Or is it just for today
That you need me?
If it's a thrill you're looking for
Well, honey, I'm flexible, oh, yeah

Chorus

Just be for real oh, baby
Be for real oh, baby
You see I don't want to be hurt by love again

Now you see I'm not naive
But I would like to believe

What you tell me
So don't give me the world today
And tomorrow take it away, oh no

Chorus

Thanks for the song Mr. knight

Peter S. Quinn

Give Some Future (From, Coradoba)

Give some future inside tomorrow
All is drifting in its breeze
Flowering seeds there to borrow
Love is disguise to what you see
The rainy clouds come and go
Everything is quite steady on
You must just feel what you know
Rise to the billows or be gone

Past to future will carry destiny
Nothing we can do about or break
Love songs into open for you and me
Who is the judge to what it takes
Right or wrong may be in your book
Wedging on the things that you know
But who really knows where to look
When footsteps divide them and grow

Not everything's just right or wrong
Something's so much in there between
Just like there is some beautiful song
Others are still dwelling to be seen
You and I have hope for so much
Bringing forward the coming day
Hanging it lose getting out of touch
Life is not brightness or its grey

Peter S. Quinn

Give Us Hope To Follow Dreams

Give us hope
To follow dreams
To the hours
That are long gone
Flowers give seeds
Rivers streams
To carry our devotion
On and on
Nothing forever
Is for us to be
It's only a whisper
From the breeze
Love songs of peace
To set us free
Give us hope
Like roots to trees

Nothing will raise
Tomorrow sky
That falls to earth
Before its time
Love songs of hope
Some will die
Even in its freshness
And its prime
Cast not patches
To yellow leaves
Never let hope
Be broken down
Many are the gardens
Of our believes
Jewels of center
And in its crown

Come here
Give freedom's stillness
With seeds
That will give its worth
There are songs

Of hearts fullness
That to freedom
Will give its birth
Yesterdays
Are now forever lost
Broken down
In its old promises
Roses bright
Been double-crossed
Now reliance
Where are your wishes?

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

Give Your Heart A Try (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Give your heart a try
With the sunshine of a new day
There are clearance in the sky
Following the new day

Everything's either wrong or right
From the first of each play
And when you have seen the light
You know it's going to be okay

Dreams to take you further to stage
Where you will reach the go
Love is is the burden you weigh
In following your rainbow
Something in there must always glow
In what you do and say

Stars have fallen through the years
Some have reached their sight
Others only scattered their tears
Through rainy day and night

Dreams to take you further to stage
Where you will reach the go
Turn on each their walking page
As the enter in life's show
Love is its passion or its rage
Everything in the streams must flow
Fallen stars and the rain clouds
The verves of so many doubts
Everything to learn and know

Give your heart a try
With the sunshine of the coming day
There are clearance in the high
Following them don't let them die

Gliding Through

Gliding here through
To dreams of Milky Way,
Between me and you
Till there's a new born day.

Holding to a rainbow
So I won't lose Earth,
My wings on a row
To a new kind of birth.

Feeling for the center
But losing day's reality,
Now I am to enter
What lies inside of me.

Swirling wheels of fire
Every thought of being,
Man's utmost desire
Something not well seeing.

Colors of space beyond
Glimmering dust of night,
What's lost can be found
If it will shine on right.

Peter S. Quinn

Glistening Stones (From,134 Picture Poems)

glistening stones
flashing their beauty

silver pink and grey
against the blossom green

and wings of yellow
sunlight

Peter S. Quinn

Glow And Glow Away (Haiku)

Glow and glow away,
every snowflakes drifting play
none for long will stay

Peter S. Quinn

Glow Faraway Moon

The day is going
In to the deepest of fall
Red yellow flowing
In dreams of winter's call
The memories keep talking
Through tintured road
As days away are walking
With their summer load

Chorus
Glow faraway moon
In the clouds above
I'll be seeing you soon
With darkness much of
In stars falling wishes
Twinkling bright on
Through the morning blisses
Till the day is gone

Flowers in window
Now winter frost roses are
Of cold icy snow
Silvery shimmer star
My dreams long gone to long
In the cold outside
From outlying dreamy song
Like clouds above glide

Glow faraway moon
In the clouds above
I'll be seeing you soon
With darkness much of
In stars falling wishes
Twinkling bright on
Through the morning blisses
Till the day is gone

Sweet old time in distant
Of its bygone on stream

With this dark coexistent
Gleaming from starry beam
You and I just waiting
For bright morning to rise
Heartbeat anticipating
With shine in new skies

Glow faraway moon
In the clouds above
I'll be seeing you soon
With darkness much of
In stars falling wishes
Twinkling bright on
Through the morning blisses
Till the day is gone

Memories keep talking
Through tintured road
As days away are walking
With their summer load

Peter S. Quinn

Glow Glow

Glow glow into the wilderness my hope
Of yesterdays dreams that are now nowhere
Only a feeling to come again here
With the new pleasures and beyond cloud's scope
Ways are now going that once were much alive
Into oblivion of no return back
Somewhere in morning new lights arrive
From the fields and the meadows of the black

Bring fire of a hidden deeper meaning
To the mountains mystical in the far
Like blueness of the dreams that come and go
Winds of north forever you're careening
Filling the empty vow of glistening mar
That billows to the shore with its light glow

Peter S. Quinn

Glow Glow...

Glow glow in the morning
Flowing forward new ward flame
Colored shades new learning
Some are still without a name
Yesterday was burning red
Flying thru past time's wheel
Where colors of the evening bled
Some so unreal to feel

Glow glow time to this day
Everything is moving here forward
Shadows in the corner's way
This and that from inside acquired
Love songs of the tide's gone by
Where their roses all did grow
From the shadows of sea and sky
Filling the earth with its glow

Glow glow time my beating heart
I am still here going around
Born from the past of my 1st start
Now in my footsteps I'm found
Thru the rush of this endless sea
In the early morning of a tide
What I grow from inside me
Thru my whole and each its divide

Peter S. Quinn

Glow In The Sky

Glow in the sky
Reaching eternally on
Glowing to the high
Until its time's gone
Just like life is
Giving dreams in truth
In its way and bliss
And forever youth

Glow inside a heart
Bet to give and share
From new born start
While we both are here
In everything we do
In finding each way
Till it's all here through
Every single day

Glow is like a wave
On the ocean deep
Feelings that we grave
But we cannot keep
Share inside our living
What it is to be
From our point of giving
Both for you and me

Peter S. Quinn

Glow Night

Glow night come here to be still in my heart
From the morning of the freshly sunshine
Ordeal of love in beginning apart
That has drawn its footsteps in the sand line
Flame of the merry month of a coming spring
Through the day and the dark of earth decay
When the eternal of life to the sprit sing
In roots of my song that's forever like May

The calling from the past of my on going
Through the tides of its many new trials
Forever like summer in shadings glowing
With its ongoing motions and new denials
Blaze of my love like the air in the burning
When it's freshest in its thought and learning

*A picture is available with this poem, at flickr:

Peter S. Quinn

Glowed Window (From, 134 Picture Poems)

glowed window
sun and earthbound climate

cloudy children of desire
early spring skies

where crystal
prismatic eyes
shimmer by perceptions

Peter S. Quinn

Glowing Surface (From,134 Picture Poems)

glowing surface
silky tar

seen in misty gold

billion rays
plays afar

shadows
can not hold

Peter S. Quinn

Go And Catch A Falling Star

In everything between,
Rivers glow and flow afar,
In everything now seen.
Dreams are like the watery ways,
Every hour they're living,
Meet days
In rays
Those thoughts are endlessly giving.

Every love is singing,
Dreams away from its advance,
Luck of the thousands bringing,
In every their strange chance.
Nights of twinkling's quantity fair,
The peculiar of dimly sights,
Cold air,
Now here
In blackness of the colored lights.

Let me know my coming dreams,
Flowing with the frosty breeze,
Thoughtfully in what it seems,
Fantasies fragilities;
Some are untaught to become true,
Oddly conjecture in their act,
Close to
Till through
Like a glimmer that has been tracked.

Peter S. Quinn

Go Away (From, Lost Song Poems)

Go away - go away
They said, come another day,
Bring a kindle in your heart
So the dancing can start;
Go away - go away
And the memories won't stay,
You are the forgotten part
In everything that you art.

Some may say to the spring:
You have followed in the frost,
Footsteps in a fallow string
What the gone autumn had lost;
Some may say now lets bring
Back everything time's tossed,
For the summer will then sing
Away what fate doublecrossed.

Go away - go away
Hear my song and a pray,
For its long way still to go
Before blooming again glow;
Go away - go away
Let rainbow with doubt play,
Frosty footsteps in the snow
They are still for you to know.

Peter S. Quinn

Go Away! No-More-Ignorance

My dreams are here in earthly stay
Like corrode on earth to go
In years to come as it all may
Some be lost like others grow

Each dream in roots of desolate
In all their wordless to give
This and that in pleasures made
And futures new to live

Go away! Go away! No-More-Ignorance
Go away! Go away! Give each of us a chance
We are together to bring art out
Love and peace is what it is all about
We artists of every nation
Bringing our love with anticipation
We don't require any Censored Theme
All we want is true art in its mainstream
Let's sing together now for our peace
And making our dreams coming through to please
Let's give hope when there's a cloudy sky
Be alive and true without asking why

Bliss of touching and feelings found
My guessing with moments on
Times that were and are around
When later I will be gone

My flowers given and taken
With ascend to carry age
When heart-strings are re awaken
That gave my roses their weight

Go away! Go away! No-More-Ignorance
Go away! Go away! Give each of us a chance
We are together to bring art out
Love and peace is what it is all about
We artists of every nation
Bringing our love with anticipation

We don't require any Censored Theme
All we want is true art in its mainstream
Let's sing together now for our peace
And making our dreams coming through to please
Let's give hope when there's a cloudy sky
Be alive and true without asking why

No time shall break my seeds to thrive
And grow its bouquet's blossom
When I'm dead I'll still be alive
In the whole lot my work's from

My flowers given and taken
With ascend to carry age
When heart-strings are re awaken
That gave my roses their weight

That gave my roses their weight!

Peter S. Quinn

Go To The Beach

Go to the beach
Where sea waves teach,
Their to and fro motion
That connects to the ocean...

You can't stop a tree from growing
Or the sun to shine,
Each direction each life is going
Everything shall be fine...

Go to the above sky
Reach the morning rising high,
Flowers shall scent the air
Give of its beauty everywhere...

You can enjoy all of this
With yours - day and night on,
For life is all like bliss
Till every hour of it is gone...

Go to the deep of finding ways
Colors shall take over from grays,
Everything shall again be beautiful
That once you considered dull...

Experience is a gift
Filling the moments air,
Take your spirit and uplift
And everything's again fine around here.

~ ~ ~

Go to the beach
Where sea waves teach,
Their to and fro motion
That connects to the ocean...

Peter S. Quinn

God Is Love

God is love and all love is deep respect
Like a butterfly of light with wings going
On to the air and bluish sky of glowing
Passing through the day with love to connect
Every iron flower to make new
Filling with blooming of coloring shade
Into a delight of life's fulfill made
And giving seeds that become bright and true

Love is thus much purer than any aid
Or manmade offerings to bring pleasure
Joys of its structures in beauty displayed
Brimming out amazement and treasure
A pavilion of feelings that fly around
Inside a heart at every time found

Peter S. Quinn

Goddess Of Light

Goddess of light
With wings from the night
How you whisper softly
To my soul in need
Goddess of stream
In foggy twilight gleam
All my heart you read
Like a river dream...

Goddess of day
There's no other like you
All light comes your way
You make the sky blue
Whisper to me gently
Voices of softly breeze
All my heart you read
As your voice sings in the tress

Refrain:
Beautiful like a swan
Winging on to the free
You are my rising dawn
Always in flight tenderly
Nothing can equal you
As new day is born again
And the first gleam comes thru
After dark nightly spin

Goddess of light
With wings from the night
You are the lucky one
Never have you disagreed
Goddess of river
Earth dreams you deliver
All my heart you read
As the forest quiver

Peter S. Quinn

Going On And On

Going on and on
In to the time passing
Soon these hours are gone
Nothing is for lasting
Days are never the same
All is a time going by
Eternal flickering flame
The horizon and the sky

Going on like dreams
Flickering ocean waves
River of endless streams
All what the hour craves
Nothing seems so real
Into this hour of dream
Our life is as you feel
The flow of its river stream

Going before tomorrow
We - to catch dust of time
In everything we borrow
From beginning to its prime
The endless in going deliver
Oh here my vision is
My thoughts its quiver
On to this afar bliss

Going on and on
In to the time passing
Soon these hours are gone
Nothing is for lasting
My hopes are in life tries
And what I may accomplish
Let futures knot its ties
My reality - become its wish

Peter S. Quinn

Gold Clouds

As the wind goes on to its own stream
In the gold clouds of tomorrow rising
Like a summer of flowers gold sunbeam
Those from a fantasy world are actualizing

With flow in the evening rays

As the wind goes on to its own stream
And everything is in its twilight's dream

When glow of the evening plays

With every gleam that has arisen your mind
In the flickering clouds dancing high
When those moments of days are left behind
In the night falling beyond starry sky

And the night fills with dark allays

*(lyric from 1 of my trance songs)

Peter S. Quinn

Golden Heavy Boughs

My dreams are for days that are coming with rain
Sweet fields converse in to winter's dark feels
Darkness is now in and light from day peels
Woven garland dreaming yielding in pain
Seeds tomorrow flowers in earth's deep reign
Marveled now for nothing but footpath time's heels
Tides of wintry weather stretched are its wheels
With the golden heavy boughs along the lane

Clouds of glowering sky - a dark feathered swan
Where are my joys that were by daybreak side?
Tranquil alter stripping the light its aids
Each of blithe bliss from shadows are now drawn
Vessel for day - obscure spirits to guide
Summer's embossing to memories now fades

Peter S. Quinn

Golden Seaside

Golden seaside
coming my way,
here I'll abide
finding my day;
life is a wave
going on by,
longings to crave
before I die.

Golden youth
morning to come,
that's the truth
where all's from;
feel the singing
of its sea shore,
what it's bringing
more and more...

Golden beach
dreams in your way,
what shall you teach
this coming day?
Life is on going
flying its wings,
in golden glowing
that eternally sings.

Peter S. Quinn

Golden Showering Glow

Just a minute more golden showering glow
Before the evening comes once more in
Feelings of silences waving thus slow
From the inside of deep where it has been
Shadows in coming and bringing on night
Reaching with darkness four corners of sky
Clouds by their indistinct of ongoing flight
Step by step touching so slowly nearby

Clouds like flowers drifting in opening air
Thru their glisten weaving's of glowing gold
For night time of dreaming soon to be here
In flickering depiction nothing to hold
Tomorrow approaches as this day shall end
With new features in impending blend

Peter S. Quinn

Golden Waves

O rainy heart all your beautiful ways
Bringing in dreams of the treasured goings by
In its moist and gray peak profound inlays
As closure of winter comes to sky
The deep within rising of light resuming
With the shades of all tinctures of love
The ways of the flowers in their blooming
From the gleaming of the clouds far above
Yesterday's memories distant from now
Inside the footsteps of longings still here
Golden waves of glow time pending to show
Summer colors so pure in all and clear
New days knocking on to everything
Giving all the beauty of bright fresh spring

Peter S. Quinn

Golden Yellow Evening

Golden yellow evening
On to darkish deep
Every dream bringing
For a thought to keep
Fantasies of shading
Every harmony of sea
From day's gone fading
Always in weaving free

Billows soft and new
From the endless ways
Coming clearly thru
Summer morning days
Yesterdays of the gold
Of its blaze of yellow
Dream enchanting hold
In their weaving mellow

Nothing is similar to this
That can give of it all
Findings of its on bliss
When the evenings call
Dreams of dream break
Filling moment's sundown
When dark hours awake
In their benevolent gown

Peter S. Quinn

Gone

I'm gone
into the shade of day,
carry me on
in your own way.

I'm done
nothing more to say,
into the sun
and summer's play.

I'm gone
like flowers go,
into the yon
of another glow.

This is a time going through,
opportunities coming and calling;
now it's here all up to you,
moments are rising and falling.

Life's a way
with dreams turning,
coming of day
what you're learning.

Into its play
what you are earning,
nothing will stay
bridges are burning.

Gone
into the shade of day,
carry me on
in times own way

Peter S. Quinn

Good Day Dream Land

Good day dream land
Here you are everywhere
Summer moods at command
On to enjoyment here
Yesterdays of winter's deep
Gone to old memories
Nothing of dark to keep
Only new delight one sees

Moody songs dim shrine
Wilderness cold scene
Day to day in its shine
Of its abysses between
Are leaving for the bright
Of the new summer day
Goodbye dream old night
Here comes color to play

Gardens of green field
All that was over and done
Mending charms to yield
With new pleasures waken
Here you are day of sun
Filling the moment's hours
Old scenes are on run
For the gratifying flowers

Peter S. Quinn

Good End In The Beginning

Good end in the beginning from here to there
Everything comes in before showing
That meaning of the day and evening going
It starts to come up to show it's somewhere
Like we in truth are sometimes dreams
Finding our inner self in daily tides
That in each corner of our thinking hides
For nothing's so much as it actually seems

You are making pictures dream clear and true
In the way that you feel it's going to be
Sometimes it's a reverie of dual new
With what in those brush strokes you really see
Is there a promised land behind dreams tall?
Or are there just limits for one and all

Peter S. Quinn

Good Evening

Good evening
Sunshine musical
Your heart is to sing
A song for us all
In pleasuring way
So dreams come true
And color the gray
That came here thru

Good starry night
With a song to fill
In a glowing sight
Of a musical thrill
When days are in sleep
In the hours dark
Your songs will keep
Their moments spark

Good playing song
For a mood of the dim
For a heart to long
In its whimsy whim
When hours are calling
In their dreams feel
As the stars are falling
And nothing seems real

Peter S. Quinn

Good Morning Midnight

There are flowers of light
In the windows all near
This is city neon's night
With some moments in the air

Shadows dancing in a glow
Without people nearby
Outside's winter without snow
And the dim bottomless sky

Good morning midnight
I'll be sleeping on soon
Rising into my dreamy flight
With the peeking old moon

There is a flower in my pot
Christmas rose I think it is
And it's now reddening a lot
In its starry blossom bliss

While I peek out my window
Trying to catch the stillness
Of the night's passive adagio
In the frosty deep chillness

Good morning midnight
May my peace now come in
With its sleepiness alright
And the dreams of whimsy spin

Peter S. Quinn

Good Night

Good night my earth
I'm sending a lullaby
Tomorrow's a new birth
For another blue sky...

Good night to all
The dreaming is on its way
With its mystic befall
Until there 's a day

Peter S. Quinn

Goodbye

You have never loved me
And you will never try
I'm still completely free
in saying to you goodbye
I'm not so very lonely
Because I don't really care
You are for you just only
And I never was with you there

You never gave me much
You were so much just you
All your feelings out of touch
And always completely untrue
I never complained though
Because I had so much to do
But now I must have to go
because I don't really love you

People like you aren't rare
They are all here around
They think they are very fair
But they are just lost and found
Nothing can change their way
For they are too much just 'I'
There's nothing that I can say
Other than goodbye, goodbye!

Peter S. Quinn

Goodbye My Rose

Goodbye my rose
Life is sometimes lonely
It's how time goes
For both you and me
All the days in memory
Feeling together one
Now those hours are free
And forever gone

Goodbye my lovely
I'll always remember you
Now your heart's free
For other things to do
All the days of our spring
On to the timeless
Only in the heart now sing
With its much caress

Goodbye for now
Until it comes my destiny
To close my eye brow
And set my soul free
Then we'll have new hours
With summer blossoms new
My darling of flowers
That day again I'll see you

Peter S. Quinn

Goodbye For Now Moon (Haiku)

Goodbye for now moon
The dim clouds have hidden you
In thick fall of snow

(My window is out into the garden, and I can get out there, to make angels: -)
Yes it's now snowing

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...

Peter S. Quinn

Goodbye Says The Wind

Goodbye says the wind
You'll go higher than high
When you lose and rescind
On the day that you die
Flowers are all still falling
In days of diffuse sunshine
And the clocks are calling
Tick tack tick out of line

Every feeling from the heart
Are like leaves glowing
Now the winter again may start
With its cold and its snowing
Here is nothing more to say
To dreams that are gone
That's just times justified way
As to go but ways carry on

Goodbye say the times lost
Now in the bleak outside
The dice are once again tossed
For a new beginning to abide
Hear the ways of the goings
That are lost to our day
Like the wind outside's blowing
Let it all come as it may

Peter S. Quinn

Goodbye Troubles

Love let new spring be you
Fresh in its new beginning
Heart always young and true
From growth now singing
Let me know of your laughter
Every footstep new and bold
Beautiful day's morning after
Growth in earth from the old

Love look to my path afresh
Let me see the forest growing
So I'll know how to enmesh
With the tide's timeless going
Give my heart spring once more
Pull the way for gracious love
I need your feelings to be sure
What this throbbing is all of

Doubtful old days into the past
Those wonderful sights ahead
Rainy clouds I have by-passed
Goodbye troubles get joy instead
Pull up your friendliest smile
All the outside's now looking in
Let aspiring hope be here awhile
Where has the laughter been?

Peter S. Quinn

Goodnight

Sleep sleep in a moon song
With wings of longing
So many dreams to long
Those in day were singing
Flowers of the night
With your darkish perfumes
Now in nocturnal flight
With its cloudlets blossoms

Sleep sleep in a way
Of beauties of glow around
Till dawn of a day
When reality again is found
Flowers of the light
With your brightening sun
In golden beams height
When life's so much fun

Every space sleep's a turning
Into endless of motion
In the faraway dim yearning
Of rotating galaxies oceans
Flowers of the night
With your darkish perfumes
Now in nocturnal flight
With its cloudlets blossoms

Sleep sleep in a moon song
With wings of longing
So many dreams to long,
Those in day were singing

Peter S. Quinn

Gravity (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Going up in air,
Taking out gravity;
Floating fluffy there,
To and fro free.
Going there and here,
All is easy see;
So much lightly wear,
Where I want to be.

Going places found;
Without any gravity,
Circling round and round,
In this concavity.
Yet I'm still earthbound,
On my spinning journey;
Going around and around,
In its true propriety.

Going up in air,
Taking out gravity;
Everything to share,
In each its peculiarity.
We have dreams to know,
When we reach the way;
Distances may grow,
For a new coming day.

Peter S. Quinn

Gray In The Morning

Gray in the morning
Before rising time
Gray full of yearning
The shadows deep climb
Every hour is waking
Finding its own way
Sunshine colors making
For anew sunny day

Gray in its bringing
Graceful deep sky
On to morning singing
Tones of night's lullaby
Every hour is glowing
With its new shade
Soon a day is growing
Ready for life made

Gray is earthly flower
In the early daybreak
With its tinting shower
Shortly to be awake
Every love is sleeping
In its dreamy of the far
Tales of dark keeping
With the moon and star

Refrain:

Gray in the morning
Before rising time
Gray full of yearning
The shadows deep climb
Every hour is waking
Finding its own way
Sunshine colors making
For anew sunny day

Gray in the morning ...

Greenery For The New Spring

Happiness is dark inside
With lovely moods to spell
Love's sweet mysterious hide
For only the worthy to tell
Moments they come and they go
Everything is but a dream
Somewhere the seeds will show
With its true success esteem

Gardens are growing their leaves
Greenery for the new spring
Summer longings and retrieves
Inside the gateway to bring
Feelings sweet giving forever
Nothing will stand in between
There's no point being clever
After you know what you've seen

You may be sad in your distance
Finding no way to your home
Giving your hope the last change
Adding only grey to your chrome
You may be feeling so lonely
Trying to live to someone's taste
But truly you know you're only
Bringing yourself to a waste

Happiness is dark inside
With lovely moods to spell
Love's sweet mysterious hide
For only the worthy to tell
Moments they come and they go
Everything is but a dream
Somewhere the seeds will show
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Happiness is dark inside
With lovely moods to spell
Love's sweet mysterious hide

Happiness - Greenery (x3)

You may be sad in your distance
Finding no way to your home
Giving your hope the last change
Adding only grey to your chrome
You may be feeling so lonely
Trying to live to someone's taste
But truly you know you're only
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Gardens are growing their leaves
Greenery for the new spring
Summer longings and retrieves
Inside the gateway to bring
Feelings sweet giving forever
Nothing will stand in between
There's no point being clever
After you know what you've seen

Peter S. Quinn

Greenery Haiku

Time of blossoms full
Never a moment there dull
Greenery green to pull

Peter S. Quinn

Grieve

Somewhere along - hope sometimes die
With every love that has given the rays
Morning comes after in dark amber sky
Filling our yearnings - in its clouds of grays
Why is true hope broken down to sad pain?
Filling up shadows of lives death wish
Trying to breath conquer and spilling in vain
Every step from deprived to accomplish

Sorrow has got its dim - to the ocean
Burned up its flowers of fragrances air
All just for nothing or worthless leaves
War is to each peace its splitting potion
Showing never mercy - giving no care
With darkish sorrow - hope it deprives

Peter S. Quinn

Grow Tomorrow

Darkness becomes later like a glow
Filling in the tomorrows with bright birth
Everything is a light on its go
Precious flowers to grow in their own worth
Way of thinking with new moments you choose
With always another fresh change for you
Failure is not a falling down to lose
Only clean aspirations to find and do
Every thought is unmarked in its wisdom
With their belongings to do right or wrong
So much from another to decide from
More to offer of yourself then to long
Remember you are here to grow tomorrow
Yesterdays and today's of whiles ago!

Peter S. Quinn

Gust Your Wind

Mountain, gust your wind
Come down the high hills
Ever so free disciplined
Every moment with thrills
Play with your wings of gladness
Always be in spirits free
Never have doubt or sadness
Wherever you come with glee

Love like the wind so swiftly
The moments to long for
With each their varied ability
From their central core
All the sunshine days ahead
With their breezy leaves
Into each blossoms bed
Now take ways dark greaves

Give your gust for more
So every color does well
What has the summer in store?
With each new morning spell
The flowers we all adore
Now are here growing on
Giving their pleasures - more
Till these moments are gone

Peter S. Quinn

Gypsy Girl (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Gypsy girl oh gypsy girl
All the world is a dance,
Fate comes twisting with swirl
And give away to change;
Who is your lover today
What have you found out,
Strum the guitar and play
There are many songs about.

With eyes so fair and sweet
Everything seems quite true,
There are no tricks to treat
Only the depth in irises blue;
Soft is your skin and dark
And silky your flowing hair,
A face that glitters with spark
Through moods of every year.

Gypsy girl sweet's your pearl
And true to the hidden sea,
Your mood hot tempered whirl
So fresh and more effeminacy;
I long for you those nights
When moon is full and close,
To catch your swan like flights
And come near your dark rose.

Peter S. Quinn

Hækur Um Einsemd Vorsins (Haiku About Spring Loneliness)

Eitt nylegt laufbla?,
á nakinni greininni
- en fleiri sí?ar

Einmana stjörnur,
líkar okkur sem erum
alein, alla tí?

Ég bí? eftir ?ér,
söngfugl minn, frá í fyrra
- en ?ú gleymdir mér

Dropahljó? vatnsins,
smátt og smátt hægist, meira
?ar til ?a? ?agnar

Einsemd er hulin
í sprettu nyja vorsins
- en blikna ?ó blö?in

Peter S. Quinn

Hækur Um Vornætur (Haiku About Spring Nights)

Angandi nótt,
kom inn um opin glugga
í draumlausan svefn

Svefnvana þögnin,
í vorvindinum þýða
andar á glugga

Suþandi fluga,
leitar af skjóli, undan
nokkrum regndropum

Vornóttin bjarta,
þú kemur og fer?, einsog
allt sem að ungt er

Hver getur skrifa?
um vornótt sem er alltaf
ny um hverja nótt

Peter S. Quinn

Hækur Um Vorsins Hljóm (Haiku About Spring Harmony)

Sundra?ir hljómar
eins og vorblær sem kemur
í nýja sprettu

?ú, djúpur tónninn
jar?arliturinn sem vex
í sumar auka

Haf, himinn, blámi
út í eitt, hin fjarlægi
litur ví?áttu

Dreginn bogatónn
í fjarlæggu stafi draumsins
- senn gróa grösin

Næstum ?ví ?ögnin,
a?eins fáeinir tónar
lífsins á rjáli

Peter S. Quinn

Hafblik

Hafblik, hafblik, rótlausa alda,
hátt liggja stjörnur hvelfingu á.
Allt á ég þér margfalt að gjalda,
auðuga náttúra hugsun þín há.
Lysir þú ljósi gengin öll spor,
leitandi hugur til þín ávallt er.
Þú eflir djörfung dáð og þor,
þinn vaxtarbroddur eflist í mér.

Veg þinn og vanda ávallt ég finn,
veröld þín stóra vegsemd og þraut.
Göngum við tímann saman um sinn,
sigur og tap verða á vorri braut.
Lífið er svona leikur og gáski,
leiðir okkar örlög hverja stund.
Örlítil vernd og örlítill háski,
áfram við höldum á framtíðarfund.

Regnbogans litir lita þitt skart,
liggja mín spor um þína vegi.
Bæði í birtu og þegar er svart,
bleikir skuggar bregða af degi.
Alvaldur geimsins gæt þinna barna,
gefðu þeim þroska og vaxandi þrótt.
Þau eru öll af þínum kjarna,
og allan vöxt hafa þangað sótt.

Þroska þú færir fenginni hjörð,
fang þitt sterklegt og glæst af vonum.
Stendur þú stöðug með gljúpan svörð,
og slítur ei tryggð, dætrum né sonum.
Þú ert vort traust, þú ert vor gæfa,
vernd þín og umhyggja er okkur allt.
hvort heldur í byggð, eða til öræfa,
ertu okkar sál, ertu okkar salt.

Við úthafs grand eigum við,
okkar grónu lendur.
Við finnum ætíð okkar frið,

vi? fornar fróna strendur.
Og í gegnum hafsins hauga sjá,
hugi vor ?rautir klífur.
?ar sem aldan bylgist blá,
og bætir oss og hrífur.

?i? nes og fir?ir, fagra grund,
sem fæddir oss öll til dá?a.
?i? drangar, eyjar og annesjasund,
sem yfir vor örlögum rá?a.
Hér átti ég allan minn æskudraum,
vi? elskum ?ig og dáum me? sæmd.
Ég fann ?ína hlyju og styrkan straum,
og stund ?ín var aldrei tæmd.

Og hvert sem ég held mína lei?,
um hau?ur og ókunnugt grjót.
?ú ert alltaf í huganum hei?,
og hugsun hver tengd djúpri rót.
?a? lei?ir engin land sitt í ?raut,
og brei?ir yfir æskunnar ár.
?ótt farin sé á lífsins brei?u braut,
blika á hans kinnum ættjar?arinnar tár.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku (From, This Is My Wasteland - Part 2)

Flow profundity

The water of plummet thought

- Through the forest jade

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Just like nowhere roots
this existence to summer
- growing from the past

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'A Bare Tree Rainbow'

A bare tree rainbow
Shows up here and there somehow
Like a blackish crow

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'A Flight Through The Night'

A flight through the night
My lonesome way, lonesome way
Under the moon light

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'A Graceful Heron'

A graceful heron
And a few bamboos fallen
The winter comes soon

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'A Silence Within'

A silence within,
But not outside in the yard
- Where the wind still blows.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'A Song'

Winter is singing,
A howling wind melody
- Till it calms again.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Above Cloudy Sky'

Above cloudy sky
In an airplane I shall fly
Air is calm and dry

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'All What I Hoped For'

All what I hoped for
Just became another dream
In the deep ocean

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Arctic Blues'

The Arctic darkness
And blue becomes just dark blue
Nearly tenebrous...

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Autumn Haiku'

Calm before a storm,
Like all human nature is
- Stirring up the grass.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Barren Trees: Oh Me'

Barren trees: oh me
With feelings to come and be
Changing unknown sea

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Beautiful Flowers'

Beautiful flowers
Baby is so excited
Mommy will love these

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku Before Fall

Silver green life leaves,
in the hours of summer eves
- till fall comes and cleaves

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Believe II'

I believe in love,
Because there is peace with those
- Who will speak of it.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Blue Sky Faraway'

Blue sky faraway
Brings forth a new summer day
- when rays start to play

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Body's A Butterfly'

Body's a butterfly
With daydreams like the blue sky
Till it's time to die

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Bright New Coming Sun'

Bright new coming sun,
Carry the summer song on
- Life is never done!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Bunnies Of Green Fields'

Bunnies of green fields
your hearts are red like roses
Full of innocent

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Butterflies And Blooms'

Butterflies and blooms,
Both shall return in colors
- Regenerated!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Calm'

Yes rest now night wind,
Your seasonal winter song
- I can hear footsteps.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Christmas Tree'

It's a Christmas tree
Standing in the forest there,
- Celebrating life.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Clouds Coming, Going'

Clouds coming, going,
Worlds of thoughts, without knowing
- Like summer, growing!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku Coloring The Sky'

Coloring the sky
With earthly shadow brushes
This coming moment

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Colourful Tempers'

Colourful tempers,
The twilight and the daybreak
- Near the summer lake!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Contrasts In Nature'

Contrasts in nature
The ocean and the forest
Both have their purpose

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Daily Walk'

Beauty in nature
Those garden open pathways
Restless wandering

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Dancing'

Dancing in shadows,
The yesterday moonlight hour
- Or was I dreaming?

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Dancing Moon'

Dancing moon in clouds
Faraway from manly dreams
- Though coming closer.

~*~

Dancing unspoiled
In the dark and unknown space
- Where we are strangers.

~*~

Dancing moon in clouds
Night fancy for a moment
- Expanding the ways.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Dark And Cold'

Winter, dark and cold
For the seeds from last summer,
- How many survive?

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Dark Tempers And Moods'

Dark tempers and moods
From the sleepy twilight roots
Coloring daybreak!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Daybreak Fills The Day'

Daybreak fills the day,
With summer songs of sweet May
- Where birds interplay!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Daydream Horizons'

Daydream horizons
From the flowing ocean waves
A journey begins

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Daydreams Come And Go'

Daydreams come and go
Like a bare tree they may grow
Or in sunrise glow

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Dessert's Lonely Song'

Dessert's lonely song
Echoing across the sky
Just few coyotes

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Dolphins In Blue Sea'

Dolphins in blue sea,
And happy as each can be
- Smiles are trickery!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Don'T Know Donald Duck'

Don't know Donald Duck?
Well then you are out of luck
- But you know the brook...

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Dreamy Thoughts'

Please just fly away,
A butterfly into night
- Of your dreamy thoughts.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Drifting Horizon'

Drifting horizon
Yellow and darkly amber
Sweet are your colors

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Ducks On The Water'

Ducks on the water,
Far off mountains in presence
- Day comes slowly in

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Earth Meets Unknown Sea'

Earth meets unknown sea
As shadows meets the sunrise
Each and every day

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Enchanting Evenings'

Enchanting evenings
Where all my daydreams go to
Find reality

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Every Sound This Makes'

Every sound this makes
Comes back again and up wakes
- Summer streams in lakes

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Faraway City'

Faraway city
Castles in the clouds and mist
Your dreams will come true

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Fire Lights Of Heaven'

Fire lights of heaven
The day is born again fresh
From beautiful night

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Fly With Wings Of Peace'

Fly with wings of peace
Above water and the trees
- Nature my soul frees

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Flying Clouds Of Night'

Flying clouds of night
Where will you stay in the morn?
When sun shines so bright

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Frost'

Shining bright stars,
In glistening winter snow
- Frost is hardening.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Frost Plays In Water'

Frost plays in water,
Making icy crystal pearls
- Illuminate muse!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Frosty Nights Are Gone'

Frosty nights are gone
Winter melts away in sun
Blooming springtime's fun!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Future Lies Ahead'

Future lies ahead
In the sun rising glory
Is born anew day

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Futures'

Heard it in the wind
It sings to my quite daily
- Though I don't know it.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Future's Bright And Clear'

Future's bright and clear
Together we peace shall share
Conquer every fear

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Glistening Morrows'

Glistening morrows
Seen through the top of the trees
This lovely summer

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Golden Wave Water'

Golden wave water
Sail with reflection across
- To the other shore

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Harmony Adheres'

Harmony adheres
Because its this time of year
Young summer appears

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Here's Another Day'

Here's another day
Coming in, as colors play
Nothing lasts or stays

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'History'

Green Irish holly
And Danny boy is singing:
'Flowers are dying'.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Holding An Egg'

Egg has no corner,
But there is four of the world
- North, east, south and west (?)

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Icarus'

Icarus flying,
Higher then ever before
- But still he falls down.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Ice Laid Little Clouds'

Ice laid little clouds
You escape to wilderness
Winter awaits fresh

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'If'

If Issa was here
He would worship a flower
Like all nature does.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'I'LI Be Like Fresh Fall'

I'll be like fresh fall,
Where water from mountains call
- To each one and all

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'In The Winter Hall'

In the winter hall
Of old frosty the snow man
Where are my slippers?

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Is It'

is it poetry?
the darkly star afar sky
- I wander away...

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Isolated - One'

Isolated - one
Not many would wander off
Winter wind is cold

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'It's A Fairy's Tree'

It's a fairy's tree
Standing in the park lonely
Through every season

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'I've Found'

I've found, in few words
More ocean than in a tear
- And still more follows.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Joy Of The Living'

Joy of the living
all the colors earth's giving
Delightful moments

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Just Starting...'

Colors in the sky,
yellow red blue rainbow lights
- Celebration time!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Let There Be Singing'

Let there be singing
In the flames of each loving
For new day's coming...

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Life Goes On And On'

Life goes on and on
Nothing's new under the sun
Lets have some real fun

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Light My Moody Heart'

Light my moody heart
Bright sweetly summer blossoms
Daises in the morn...

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Lights Of Days To Come'

Lights of days to come
Blazes in the woods of mist
- It's November time!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Little Bird'

Little bird sings now,
The only one in the tree
- A friend who won't leave.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Little Summer Stars'

Little summer stars,
The beautiful ground flowers
-Spirit empowers

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Little Sweet Bunny'

Little sweet bunny
The first of spring's wild honey
Your days be sunny

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Little Tiger Dear'

Little tiger dear,
Do not all men on earth fear
We are partners here.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Many Occasions'

Many occasions,
Colorful blooms, live and die
- How my summer flies

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Milestones'

Blinking Christmas lights
And mood returns to daylight
Minus one weak bulb.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Mirroring Glacier'

Mirroring glacier
summer is born again fresh
Wilderness - God bless!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Moon With Shadows Plays'

Moon with shadows plays
In the middle of nowhere
- What road shall I take?

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'My April Dance Dance'

My April dance dance
spring is coming young again
- Hope in every chance

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'My Dreams Will Come True'

My dreams will come true,
If I will believe in you
- The colors you do!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'My Road Is Silent'

My road is silent
Traveling in the desert
Shadows growing long

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Mystical Night Light'

Mystical night light
Inward, outward - everywhere
Reaches toward me

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Not Out Of Luck'

Oh well, I wonder
Was it not a falling star
- I saw a second?

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku Of Rhyme This Morning

leaf of yellow red
that yesteryear autumn bled
- I found and reread

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku Of Summer

Rivers and mountains
Wilderness cherished fountains
Summer awakens

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Oh Cherry Blossoms'

Oh cherry blossom
Firsts of new born spring's awesome
- How I love thy all

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Oh My Sweetest Rose'

Oh my sweetest rose
Evening stars - beautiful dreaming
How fair is your hair

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Oh Sweet Love Is There'

Oh sweet love is there,
It's in the world everywhere
- Come on, give your share!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'On Cliff Lighthouse Stands'

On cliff lighthouse stands
Desperate are the sea waves
No return of tides

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Praise'

I adore flowers,
the crispy deep color shades
-mystify vision...

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Preserve'

Phenomenal I,
The sphere is my home playground
- I need tomorrow.

Phenomenal you,
With the same destiny goals
- Find your place out there.

All nature's within,
Like a blooming out flower
-But will we see it?

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Prosperous Maggot'

Prosperous maggot
Everything green grows now well
Enjoy the summer

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Question'

Can you describe it
In just a few syllables
- Feelings of the heart?

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Rainbow Oh Rainbow'

Rainbow oh rainbow
You be in my dreams somehow
Golden spectrum brow

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Reflecting Colors'

Reflecting colors,
From the past autumn forest
- Circulation times!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Reflecting Water'

Reflecting water
Entwine memory pictures
In autumnal woods

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Riverside Pencil'

Riverside pencil,
The colors ripen or dull
-Summer is songful

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Ruffling The Water'

Ruffling the water
A little goose family
Farewell to summer

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'sail On Silver Waves'

Sail on silver waves,
Reflecting purest of thoughts
- Summer be fruitful!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'same Words'

I hear the same words,
they come from open windows
-it's a free nation...'

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'she's Walking Lonely'

She's walking lonely
Contrasting forest shadows
Show up here and there

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'short Winter Days'

Snowflakes are falling
Glistening through the sun rays,
- Noon before darkness.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'silver Swans By Sea'

Silver swans by sea
Swimming on billows so free
For a song I plea

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'sing Sing'

sing sing with a heart,
then wonder why you did it
- it is exciting!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'sit By The River'

Sit by the river
Where idle time passes by
Like gleams from the sky

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'sleepless'

Down in it, dark night,
not sleeping for a moment
-moon dancing blueely.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'small Things'

A dew on a bloom,
Is the morning in beauty
- If you notice it.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'snow'

I see little stars,
On the snowy white gravel
- The snow is falling.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'spirit Of The Snow'

Spirit of the snow,
Reaching the lake with the frost
- January sings!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'spring Is Coming Here'

Spring is coming here
With flowers which empowers
Fair in summer's year

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'star-Spangled Banner'

Star-Spangled Banner,
I hear by dawn's early light
- Notes so right and bright!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'summer's Afternoon'

Summer's afternoon
Before the bluish gray moon
Reflects on the sea

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'summer's Early Sun'

Summer's early sun
Into new colors I run
Variations fun

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'summer's Mystical'

Summer's mystical,
For the colors tint till fall
- Life it withers all

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'sun In Golden Rays'

Sun in golden rays,
The forthcoming newborn days
- Between twilight plays!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'sunshine Beaming Ray'

Sunshine beaming ray
Ocean tides and interplay
Spring's coming new day

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'That's Why'

I am here to love,
I can't say it more simpler
- like I were a phlox.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Best Artist'

He draws the ocean,
Each line unknown until done
And then still unknown...

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Cloudy White Swan'

The cloudy white swan
Will spread its wing over sea
When day comes new in

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Day Is Leaving'

The day is leaving
With colorful deep blue sky
What brings tomorrow?

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Eye Is The Soul'

The eye is the soul
The soul is the deep forest
- Live! revive again!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Forest Song's Gone'

The forest song's gone,
Summer's colors shadings done
- But life must carry on

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Mood's Dull And Gray'

The mood's dull and gray
On this open green field day
But that is okay

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Moon Is Dancing'

The moon is dancing
Over the winter's treetops
While I am sleeping

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Night Now Befalls'

The night now befalls,
Dark roses grow till daybreak
- Sunshine summer calls

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Path Is Stony'

The path is stony
Through valleys deep and hidden
But green hills you'll reach

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Radiate Sky'

The radiate sky
with distant ardent of days
- in the dusk burn up

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The River Runs Free'

The river runs free
Through the cliffs toward the sea
In you and in me

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Roots Of Life's Art'

The roots of life's art
Are wondrous and so many
- in content and heart

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Roses For Love'

The roses for love,
Grow here - in the deep forest
- Where butterflies rest

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Silent Moments'

The silent moments
of the winter's twilight fire
Haikus to the wind

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Silvery Swans'

The silvery swans
Are sweet dreams and flying hopes
Like the summer sun

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Songs Of Houses'

The songs of houses
Flows fresh like summer river
- Silent poetry

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Summer's Swan Lakes'

The summer's swan lakes,
Where living colors awakes
- Winter again takes...

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Twilight Bird Sings'

The twilight bird sings
The tunes of yesteryear springs
- For new's still to come

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The Urban City'

The urban city
Waterfalls and lonely hearts
Summer comes again

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'The World Is Scary'

The world is scary
From early daybreak till dusk
Every step's a risk

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'There Are Many Ways'

There are many ways,
To the tree and highest top
- Come on and move up!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'This The Critic's A**'

This the critic's a**
Potpourri, pity, alas
- Plenty of harass

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Transfer'

Give something of you
A feeling or a touch will do
Next, transfer it back

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Under Dried Up Leaves'

Under dried up leaves
Earth's spring is newborn again
Industrious life!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Under The Palm Trees'

Under the palm trees,
The sun comes up yellow red
- In tones, night has bled

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Wakening Daybreak'

Sun in golden rays,
The forthcoming newborn days
- Between twilight plays!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Wandering Night Thoughts'

Wandering night thoughts
Into oblivion time go
With first morning glow

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'We Are'

we are what we are
and be what we ever be
without a courage...

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Weaves Of Passing Time'

Weaves of passing time,
Are like thoughts in wordless rime
- Songs in summer's prime

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Web Weaving Spider'

Web weaving spider
Playful in the summer sun
Lightly and tightly

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Where I Am Going...'

Where I am going...
I am not really knowing,
Daybreak gleam's glowing

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Whitely Velvet Snow'

Whitely velvet snow
Smooth to feel yet so unreal
- With frosty candles!

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Why'

Why is my haiku
So scattering in cold words?
- When the earth is white.

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Why I'

Why did the wind stop,
Is it just waiting as I
- For another year?

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Winter Haiku'

Reflecting mirror,
frozen pond in bare garden
- I am day older...

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Winter Leaves Hollow'

Winter leaves hollow -
It's hard the road to follow,
But still I must go...

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Winter's Rustle Leaves'

Winter's rustle leaves,
Only for a moment briefs
- Blossoming of grieves

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Winter's White Forest'

Winter's white forest,
Inside the wilderness breast
- Little animals rest

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Wise'

Wise man is unwise,
If he believes he is wise
- Someone's not either...

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Wishfull Lonesome Sky'

Wishful lonesome sky
all our dreams of tomorrow
- only frozen snow

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Yesterdays In Eyes'

Yesterdays in eyes,
Will your sun shine again new?
- Each wrinkle a breath

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'You Were Pondering'

You were pondering
For the early time of spring
When green fresh will sing

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku 'Your Thistles And Thorns'

Your thistles and thorns
Are winter's old and out worn
For spring again's born

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku.

o flower flower
all your colors are leaving
before wintertime

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku..

diminishing star
this eve of burning darkness
- half a day half night

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku...

looking over dale
with dreams in its faraway
- like river crossing

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku....

only me and moon
on a darkish winter night
bluish cold footsteps

Peter S. Quinn

Haiku.....

haisei of haiku
maestro and teacher Basho
I do wonder too

(haisei: saint of the haiku)

Peter S. Quinn

Hallucinations

No one is going to love you
So bitter sweet in its moments
Love is taking endless falls through
With its ever living strong trends
What you will admire to make
When a day comes to another one
To endless sites of oceans awake
That with its waves to shore's done

Give what you need and then go
With lost fixation splitting apart
Whole thing of each worth to show
What begins again from its new start?
In and absent from there back too
Losing every limb toward living
Hours making whiles in the new
Never form darkness much giving

No one is going to be returning
Into unmarked and on moving tide
For hours of vanished are burning
Like a smoking cloudy misty ride
For love's only love while it'll last
Into growing reeling what once was?
Returning to lake of recollections past
Through spinning wheels of endless toss

Peter S. Quinn

Hamars Höggin

hamars höggin
dynja
eitt og eitt
gleypa þau tímann
- allt umhverfis sig

endalaus
hrinjandi
óróleikans
eða sjálfsagðrar vinnu
verkamansins

höggin koma
hikandi
leitandi
skildu þau angra
einhvern í húsinu?

Peter S. Quinn

Hand In Hand We Walk

Hand in hand we walk
Together around open sea
Through waves and epoch
Of everything emotionally
You give from your heart
Whatever you can
From first of your start
To let love understand

Like the seagulls afar
Some dreams come through
In their shooting star
But most is up to you
A feeling is like a wave
That comes to the ashore
In its wandering behave
From bottom of ocean floor

Reach out to the love
That's been searching in deep
It fluffs like clouds above
But some are yours to keep
Each day is a prospect
To circle beaches around
From there give take or reject
Whatever is there to be found

Peter S. Quinn

Happy Encounters

Love songs of earth
And fields made
Flowers of new morning birth
Sky tinctures that never fade
A heart of a beating secret
Full of love to you
Nothing in its ways to regret
From inside colors true

Love songs coming by
Every dream of oceans wide
The azures space and sky
In cloudlets drifting and glide
Every thought that comes to be
From hope we know
The world of songs playfully
Like dawn of dewdrops glow

Love songs in each new go
That gives life a new meaning
Every day's ordinary show
From roads of its enduring greening
Spinning slowly on and on
With flowers on the sideways
Past dreams that never are done
In their many shading's lays

Happy encounters
In every step and way
Happy encounters
In gladness you give away
Moments to remember always

Happy encounters
To share and to take
Happy encounters
To enjoy and to awake
With gladness for every day

Moments to remember always

*(Poem to my song, Happy Encounters)

Peter S. Quinn

Happy New Year - Welcome

Occasions are now coming into bliss
Between the glowing light and the now dark
Like a glistening falling starry spark
Are the evening eyes curving its kiss
With their hopes for the futures to be
Love songs that perhaps will clear to new light
With their moments in New Year coming sight
Splendidly calling and giving all free

Come here and bring with you freshly roles
That in to the world shall be brought out soon
And clear away anguishes of the past
New opportunities for each its goals
With hope and true love in everyone's boon
Prospects of wishes that further shall last

Peter S. Quinn

Happy Spring

Happy spring don't mean a thing
If nobody is listening
We all got to give its cling
A worthy again visiting
Singing from bough to bough
Playful birds are there
Bring together their vow
Little hearts pounding everywhere

Happy spring comes every spring
Memories soft glistening
Flowers and tints they bring
Under from earth's snowy wing
Its times come soon now
With their hope to share
New summer fun and now-how
Arriving again through the air

Refrain

Happy spring happy spring
Not too far in distances away
Happy spring what shall you bring
When you light up my May Day
In my heart I always knew
Tide of fresh fragrance would appear
With bluish sky and easy view
I'll be glad to have you here (repeat last line)

Happy spring don't mean a thing
If nobody is listening
We all got to give its cling
A worthy again visiting
Singing from bough to bough
Playful birds are there
Bring together their vow
Little hearts pounding everywhere

*(No song yet with this, also needs some refinishing later, as this was written now outside)

Peter S. Quinn

Happy Year

The wild beauty is coming in clear new
With ravines winter's territory
The aflame of frosty fires to see
Majesty of coldness that comes through
The moment's going to a year that is gone
Devoured with many of its walking life
Railways to forgetfulness pathways done
From its childhood to the old did it strife

Happy year I say to those who answer
A new is born soon to give more ages
Weight upon its fresh on coming bearing
To be in colors of each tidings wear
That growth and aspiring to each wages
With many of its old ways and flaring

Peter S. Quinn

Harmafregn

Mig dreymir hi? djúpa myrkur,
dagsins renna upp;
og ljómi og ásynd lífsins,
lí?a undir lok.

Mig dreymdi fölnu? bló?ug blóm,
blómstra sínum dau?adóm;
og gjósttugur vindur gle?isnau?ra,
grafa upp myndir úr ríki dau?ra.

Mig dreymdi frosinn fölan vanga,
og fálm inn í myrkur, nóttin langa;
og dagsljós var ekki veröld í,
?ví vonin var brostin,
hi? dimmrau?a sky.

Hin gullnu laufblö? lífsins,
lágu á ví? og dreif.

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

Haust Hæka #2 (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Á svörtu söndum
?ar sem hafi? nú syngur
haust sínfóníu

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Haust Hæka #3 (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Hjarta mitt þögult
sem skógurinn á hausti
- meðan blöð falla

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Haust Hæka (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Haustsins stemmingar
úr grá dökku regnskyi
- einn og einn dropi

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Haustlitir (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Haustlitir koma og fara
og setja sín svipmót á
gamla stíga vorsins

Allt hefur sitt upphaf og endir
Dagurinn rennur í vindi
og feykir einu og einu laufi
til og frá
líkt og kátt dansandi barn

Brátt kve?ja haustlitirnir
aftur

Allt hefur sitt upphaf og endir

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Haustvísa

ég nefni engin or?
sem ekki eiga við?
í árstíðar söngi mínum

ég nefni engin nöfn
er ég þyl þuluna
um löngu liðin dag

sem gulnuð blöðin minnast
á göngu stíg haustsins
sem líður hægt hjá

Peter S. Quinn

Have A Happy Time

Moments are going by and by
And Christmas is coming soon,
Outside is darkish winter sky
In a gloomy glow and moon

Have a Happy Time
Day is now like night,
Frosty roses rime
But everything's alright!
Have some happy hours,
The holidays are close,
With Hyacinth in flowers
And a Christmas red rose.

Have a Happy Time
Day is now like night,
Frosty roses rime
But everything's alright...

Peter S. Quinn

Have A Quiet Moment

Have a quiet moment
for the winter is so dark,
find no way to relent
into the night's dull spark.

Forever is always forever,
not a month or two;
intertwined together,
for both me and you.

The songs are coming
and filling up the air,
deep deep dark humming
inside now everywhere.

All is same and nothing,
growing from the roots;
tomorrow is abolishing,
into its steady absolutes.

Each hours is filling,
something of nothingness;
time by time spilling,
- all is to come again fresh.

Forever is always to be,
creating the new from old;
whatever accidentally,
the now can't for long hold.

Peter S. Quinn

He Is A Real Magical Man

He is a real magical man
Walking down the magical span
Making so much magical for everyone's treat

Not everything needs to be true
Though it's going to be like it seems too
In its way on every walking street

Magical man, please have a try
There is deep and there's blue sky
Magical man, make your own magical plan

He's exited for what he is
Reaching the earth in watery bliss
Magical man, never reaching your own feet

Magical man keeps on flying
Go all the way in your trying
Bringing it all up into reality
In magic's for all to see

Not everything needs to be true
Though it's going to be like it seems too
In its way on every walking street

Magical man please has a try
There is deep and there's blue sky
Magical man, make your own magical plan

He is a real magical man
Walking down a magical span
Making so much magical for everyone's treat

***Parody..., for this picture:

Peter S. Quinn

He Is A Real Mystical Man

He is a real mystical man
Walking down the mystical span
Making so much mystic for his own treat

Not everything needs to be true
Though it's going to be like it seems too
In its way on every walking street

Mystical man, please have a try
There is deep and there's blue sky
Mystical man, make your own mystical plan

He's exited for what he is
Reaching the earth in watery bliss
Mystical man, never reaching your own feet

Mystical man keeps on flying
Go all the way in your trying
Bringing it all up from reality
In mystics for all to see

Not everything needs to be true
Though it's going to be like it seems too
In its way and every walking street

Mystical man please has a try
There is deep and there's blue sky
Mystical man makes your mystical plan

He is a real mystical man
Walking down a mystical span
Making so much mystical for his own treat
Making so much mystical for his own treat
Making so much mystical for his own treat

Peter S. Quinn

Hear The Bell

Hear the bell
Of a coming tomorrow
Growing its spell
Of joy and of sorrow
Equality in peace
All wandering by
To give and to please
Of its new coming sky

Hear its singing tone
As the bell calls
Thru earth and stone
On streets and malls
A love song of life
In its melodies
Thru wandering strife
Of people's liberties

A new day is calling
In meetings on go
As time flow's falling
Fast in and slow
Infants cry and the old
All coming into clear
Nothing can hold
Arriving of New Year

Peter S. Quinn

Hear Winter's Spinning Wheels

Hear winter's spinning wheels
As it breezes through the air
And yours last of light it steals
Turning point now to nowhere
Waking up into obscure dim
Love songs in the times done
Feeling quite the whimsy whim
In this lightless day - no sun

Blow blow breeze into this day
Of love in a place somewhere
Now is the sky of a sullen gray
Creatures of dark into the bare
Earth tinctures in twilight noon
Fragrances of the eternity blue
Gleaming though cloudy moon
Lost in its way to come through

Flowers of frost silver unfold
Giving me roses on windows
All of autumn's look to the cold
Only the snowflakes that snows
Candle in a shrine soon beginning
Prayers from kneeling eyes
Christmas comes joyfully singing
Open its lights and high sky

Peter S. Quinn

Heart Of Yearning - An Autumn Song

Catch the fire of new eyes
Before dawn comes in deign
Beautiful and lonely skies
After the falling darkish rain
Trust me baby I have trite
Inside a breast of snow
Roots so tender into the light
Giving of their glow
Never will my heart be lonely
Inside ever turning sky only

Feelings come and drift away
In the hours life's eyes cry
Sunshine rain shall pass today
Longing for more thereby
You eternal and clear in shade
Withering root oh summer bloom
All you grow with life is made
Turn inside the wheels exhume
Into the oceans of deep blue
Heart of yearning forever new

Catch a raindropp in your soul
Love's forever soft summer breeze
Give each morning your whole
Like life's river flows with ease
Everything forever's here turning
Giving away to each new call
Now thoughts are again yearning
In with bleaching returning fall
Come as you may or disappear
Summer to autumn is now near

Feelings come and drift away
In the hours life's eyes cry
Sunshine rain shall pass today
Longing for more blue sky
You eternal is clear as a deed
Withering root summer bloom

All you are will live in a seed
Turn inside the wheels of doom
Into the oceans of limitless hue
Heart of yearning takes us through

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

Heart's Wandering Ways (Additional Number To Album, Like Love Is True)

Darling I am always searching
Through the glittering mold
Where gold to gold is returning
For the summer days to hold
Passionate way's always around
Some love songs in the air found

Give me a reason to live and reach
On to the young bluish sky
Where the waves of clouds will teach
There are distances in each try
Though love has always been waiting
And through time debating

Feelings are of much mystery
Filling up the empty hours gone by
Life is a walk through history
Opening answers with its goodbye
Long I have tried to give and find
To where the roads of search unwind

There's so much hopeless romantic
In each mood and every lives heartache

Through our time we cannot know
Reasons for everything glittering
There are times to move on and go
From the ways of the twittering
Never hesitate to become complete
In whatever you in life shall meet

Peter S. Quinn

Hearts Of Truth And Way

It's all I really know
Feelings for a day
Seeds tomorrow grow
Many different way
All I ask of you
To give what you believe
Not something out of blue
From your latest revive

Hearts of truth and way
Easy on and seen
This is how it will stay
And always has been
Dreams come together
In their purpose and mind
Light as a feather
With nothing behind

It's just all inside luck
What goes away
And what gets stuck

There is so much difference
Everywhere you will go
Made out of luck and chance
And what you don't know
Many ways together
All is there just to find
For the worse or better
In luck its all combined

Hearts of truth and way
Easy on and seen
This is how it will stay
And always has been
Dreams come together
In their purpose and mind
Light as a feather
With nothing behind

Now lets hope for something
That shall come one day
And fortune and luck bring
From life's diffrence and way
That shall come one day

Hearts of truth and way
Easy on and seen
This is how it will stay
And always has been
Dreams come together
In their purpose and mind
Light as a feather
With nothing behind

Peter S. Quinn

Heather Oh Heather

Heather oh heather
how sweet you are,
in summer weather
and blossoming afar!
Heather oh heather
open love's heart,
together together
near and apart.

Sweet's your flower
so white and small,
in morn new hour
and spring's first call.
Sweet's your flower
in days to come,
in mist and shower
with innocent blossom.

On mountain and hill
where wild shelter is,
dreams you shall fulfill
with beauty like this...

Peter S. Quinn

Heavenly Lights (From,134 Picture Poems)

heavenly lights
time beyond time

fiery stars
running in clouds
to-night in sights

Peter S. Quinn

Heimurinn Er Stór (The World Is Big)

heimurinn er stór
en svo ert einnig þú
- allt verður þó svo smátt
í einu litlu ljósi

við eigum aðeins orð
sem móta sérhverja hugsun
við leggjum þau í setningar
sem einhver kannast við

allt er sára einfalt
þegar gramt er skoðað
veröldin mótast og þroskast
af orðum lítills ljóss

Peter S. Quinn

Hello – I'm Your Computer

Days are coming
Clear to the night
The sideways are humming:
'To the left - to the right
Our songs are differences
Experimenting the day
Into new future's glances
Every playing way'

Times are coming
Tones of the new instrumentals
Nothing is staying
The futuristically calls:
'You gave us life
Into our very own
Tomorrows might be strife
In a new kind of town'

Hello and goodbye
The dance masters of tones
Are in your sky
Playing on your phones
We are your computer
And electronic games
A new kind of tutor
Inside the world of tone frames

Dance with us
Dance with us...

*Partly inspired by:

- 1.
2. Hello by Peter (and S.D.) Stavropoulos

Peter S. Quinn

Hér Eru Or? (Here Are Words)

hér eru or?
á au?u bla?i
og allt sem hefur
upphaf

vex einsog
tíminn
frá rótum síns
sjálfs

Peter S. Quinn

Hér Geng Ég Enn (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Hér geng ég enn
í skuggum sem sta?nemast
allt er í myrkri
óra?inna gata

Lauf gærdagsins
er or?i? gulbrúnt
af regni og haustlitum
hljó?látur er vegurinn
framundan

Hér geng ég enn
og leita til beggja átta
af nyjum lei?um
lita?ra laufa

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Her Heart Is Special

Her heart is special in a different way
Like a glow in the morning her beat is
An iridescent sky in its deep bliss
As the morning comes in to meet the day

In its reddish of burn of the dark's play□
Whilst the sun rises up to all life of this
With its flame of fire in the first of new kiss!
When it torches the daybreak's early ray

Like colors full of shades in the oceans
From the cavernous of the sky's waking
Every turn and its touch in emotions
That the nature of love is always making

The scarlet radiance of life when it's all
Thru summer moods tides until lives fall

Peter S. Quinn

Her Music

Old as the sea is her music
Singing so softly in tone
Every division there going
With feelings that fly away
Summer is set to her music
There where she walks alone
Sunshine on ocean glowing
Until the night meets a day

Old as the sky now closing
Is every tune falling in
Dreams that were once full
Now into their beautiful sing
Bring her soul to its rousing
In their mystical dark spin
When only glimpse on sky rule
To the new daybreak to bring

Clean as the waves flowing
To and fro in their time
Her music comes to the shore
Giving fresh tones of beauty
Just like night that's going
With every tone in its prime
Always to bring freshly more
Triumph of orchestral tutti!

*** See the picture here:

Peter S. Quinn

Here Are My Tears

Here are my tears
I give you as pearls
Long fully years
That through time hurls
These are my hours
I live on to see
Seeds and my flowers
Growing up free

I have no others
Resources to give
Some to my brothers
And sisters to live
You have the time
In coming of hope
It's yours to climb
And follow its rope

Chains shall brake
In the freedom days
So much is at stake
In liberties ways
No more teardrops
To fill rivers flow
The sorrow now stops
It's time for it to go

Peter S. Quinn

Here Comes Fresh Spring

Here comes fresh spring
Eternally on singing
Every light color to bring
Shade tones of love stringing
Love of the heart timeless
Winter is now of past
Glow in the sky's caress
Everything growing so fast

Here comes the days of youth
Lovers are all around
Bringing from past their truth
That in the heart is found
Worship is for times to live
The night is like a day
Flowers of romance to give
In every word and play

Here comes the new light on
Life of the hours free
Now darkish dreams are gone
Spring is for you and me
Let all those blossoms through
That at present are growing
Contented days all to renew
Into a new summer showing

Peter S. Quinn

Here Comes My Balloon

I'll be flying in ecstasy
Over to the sun
Colorful like a symphony
I'll have much fun

Dreaming on a long ride
On to the oceans far
Each reality must hide
With a faraway star

Living is never easy
All is a longing for
Time life's are breezy
We are at peace and war

Here come my little balloon
With its inside stuff
I'm flying to the moon
For my life's a bluff

Clouds are in making
Daydreams might then fall
Longings my heart's aching
Some shall be gone at all

Here comes my dream flying
Life is a shadow
Endlessly I'm though trying
To reach to its sun and glow

Peter S. Quinn

Here Comes My Melody

Here comes my melody outside
Heart looked in its beat
Every hour from the indoors hide
Easy comes nowhere street

Love song of 'a going to nowhere'
Always again from its cast
Footsteps so softly from there
Into the grime are now lost

Day of my day through emotions
Longing to dream there on
Like the wind in its erosion
Till it has blown and gone

Telling you nothing is real
Only the rivers of hearts crying
Do what you most and you feel
Each in your way complying

Now that I have again instigated
It's time to leave once more
Otherwise time wouldn't be activated
Only be stranded in on 'nothing for'

Here comes my melody to sing
With the crowds going this morning
Some notions are not for the lasting
Into times sentimental coming

*inspired partly by Caribou: Andorra CD

Peter S. Quinn

Here Comes My New Day

This is my day of new coming
Along with a night in shadow
Blossoms of new there blossoming
In their fresh futures go

All is a long their way
In days of their brightness clear
Here comes my new day
I love just to have it here

Moods of the dark and uneasy
Long gone in its shadows
Times where then a bit breezy
With their far outreached blows

Now there is opportunities coming
Their ways are just getting near
Like spring in its new growth blooming
Soon every growth is here

All is a long their way
In days of their brightness clear
Here comes my new day
I love just to have it here

Let's live and be for tomorrow
In every fresh beating heart
It's new trust like straight arrow
Fresh from a new morning start

There is no way for gone lost
Times that were never so true
They are all gone and tossed
Now is the time for the new

All is a long their way
In days of their brightness clear
Here comes my new day
I love just to have it here

Now is the time for the new
Now is the time for the new

All is a long their way
In days of their brightness clear
Here comes my new day
I love just to have it here

Peter S. Quinn

Here Comes New Christmas

The beautiful dreams come in like a glow
Filling the evening with fantasy
Here comes new Christmas now willingly
Fresh in its falling dreams - in little star's snow
With cold fragrance of hope filling the air
Giving glistens to the high Christmas trees
Everything from the past is now near
Giving us love and again our believes

This is the time when the joy is in heart
Trust to mankind to find the rightful way
And be there for love to give of and feel
This is the time when new morning will start
Dreams in the rising of a coming day:
That breaks of the chains and sets freedom real

Peter S. Quinn

Here Comes The Day

Here comes the day
into its new singing,
freshness is its way
peace to all it is bringing.

Love's its day of light
always there for you,
shine on to its bright
to let you get through.

Here comes the new you
glorying its sunshine,
let it be to the renew
so peace will grow on fine

All I am here saying
we need to grow the sow,
worthy of its weighing
and giving of its glow.

Here comes our dream
that we thought gone,
like an active river stream
that goes on and on.

Nothing is lost in living
when we break it loose,
for freedom is all its giving
if love's what you choose.

Peter S. Quinn

Here I Am

Here I am to you
Sunshine and romance
Something out of the blue
All in its given chance
Dreams that can't go through
Feelings of each loneliness
Days that are coming to you
And yesterdays in their caress

Nothing is never too late
It is just what it is
Even thou it can hardly wait
We never it really miss
Summers in blue sky
Along in our passing days
Memories that can't die
Lives histories many ways

Here I am still going
Alone in a lonesome flight
Just like a daybreak's glowing
From hours of early light
I have still all my ponders
Feelings that come and go
Speculating all lives wonder
That I would like to know

Peter S. Quinn

Here I'm Just Staying

Here I'm just staying
Finding day and night
All my hours weighing
Till I get a new flight
Thru ways of wonder
Into the deeps of heart
Lost in weight under
In each dream depart

Truly amazed in the afar
Where my heart is here
Reaching a twinkling star
From the distant and near
So much loving you
If you give me a reason
As the day clears thru
In its going all season

Just a love song to find
From the in and nothing
Leading eyes of the blind
In their dreams and bluffing
When you fall on its love
Like a cloud drifting high
In the deep blue above
Without nearness and tie

Here I'm just staying
Finding days and night
All my hours weighing
Till I get a new flight
Still in middle of something
As it comes to understand
Days of clearance bring
What your love must command

Peter S. Quinn

Here Is A Heart

Here is a heart of mine
Tick tacking till it's fine
Now the days take a spin
To the out and within

Like a saying all goes
Spring green now grows
Fields of summer coming
Fine pictures blooming

Days are giving their blue
In the shades of new
All that hidden pleasure
From growing treasure

Earth is blossoming light
Take away winter's night
Now the days are young
For lover's heart to long

Here is a heart and its beat
Easy going summer street
And people are talking
Busy boulevards' walking

Here the sun comes again
Darkness is now in its vain
Colors are going of dull
Forest is growing to its full

Here is a heart of mine
Tick tacking till it's fine
Now the days take a spin
To the out and within

Beautiful moments renew
Sunshine is coming through
Be what it may and may
Let's walk together this day

Peter S. Quinn

Here Is My Christmas Welcome Song

Here is my Christmas welcome song
To give with my best wishes to you
I'll be sending it in spirit along
To let all your wishes come true
It's nice to be wishing all here
And I hope it'll bring you new things
It's the time of the winter's year
When every bell rings and sings

So much to please the eye
With every light there found
Silvery moon through the sky
Waiting for Christmases around
May it be joyful and very
Much of a blessing to you
Hope you're in Christmas spirit merry
When it all comes here through

Have a good time and a happy new year
Trust every day be your lucky one
So much to entertain all of you here
And carry your dreams through and on
So have a joyous happy holiday
And find your hopes and dreams
May every color of the lights play
And give you blissful twinkling gleams

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

Here Is My Song To You

Here is my song to you
In a most beautiful day
Inside a heart that's blue
Morning of sad and gray

Love that is now all lost
Gone to the graying of old
Footsteps in memories dust
Outside of nothing to hold

Refrain

Remember my love to you
It's always so fresh in its heart
A feeling so tender and true
And new from affections apart
I was always inside years
Like you were mine sunshine
Now mornings are full of tears
I can't find you in my sunshine

Love I still love through you
Everything inside is sleeping
Feelings are always so true
Reminiscence of love keeping

Heart songs of days to night
Yesterday is to the far
Only now is there a light
Faraway like a Morningstar

Refrain

Remember my love to you
It's always so fresh in its heart
A feeling so tender and true
And new from affections apart
I was always inside years
Like you were mine sunshine
Now mornings are full of tears
I can't find you in my sunshine

Love is now my love to you
Inside this burning desire
Memories coming still through
A light in the dark of its fire

Now I'm differently sleeping
All is so quiet within now
Memories my love is keeping
I'll get by here somehow

Refrain

Remember my love to you
It's always so fresh in its heart
A feeling so tender and true
And new from affections apart
I was always inside years
Like you were mine sunshine
Now mornings are full of tears
I can't find you in my sunshine

I can't find you - oh my sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

Here Is To This Day

Here is to this day
So lovely in its air
With feelings close and near
Coming from every way
Love is such a sweet thing
Within its opportunity
Giving you wings so free
Making your moments sing

Love has its power
With the minutes that go
Morning glow on flower
In its own glistening flow
With every dream that comes
There is something to cling to
The blooms of true blossoms
Always there made for you

Here is to this day
So lovely as it is
Opening up its bliss
In to its drifting ray
Love is never the same
In its skillful singing to
With its happiness to you
And its burning flame

Peter S. Quinn

Here We Go Again (From New Waves To The Shore)

Here we go again
With a song that tunes itself
Over and over like water
For the love of each day
And we must feel inside what it is
Turning our spirits to the clouds

Here we feel inside this song
Rotating sideways over to you
Letting thoughts flood on air
Outside in the drifting breeze
Where our compassion is growing steady
Once more on its go
And the ideas are circling everywhere
Now is the time to bring it back
That got lost once on its way

Let me hear this song from you
Spinning freshly lines through
Every vision that came to reality
When the moments gave opportunities

Peter S. Quinn

Hi Little Boy

Hi little boy with a wondering face
You are still learning to be awake
In each feeling that comes to amaze
With new discoveries in every take

So much to give from every thought
With something spectacular to do
That experiment moments brought
And you gave a meaning and glue

There are places sweet in your eyes
From the profound forestry wood
With something lost from paradise
Some to recall from your childhood

Fairy stories of the right and wrong
Giving their time in timeless hours
Daydreams that you in dreams long
Like innocent break of day flowers

Each new turn is an on finding way
To the fancy where your heart is
And you with the cherubs along play
For your daybreak's still in fresh bliss

Peter S. Quinn

Hi? Bláa Blóm

hi? bláa blóm
sem byr í mér
er fullt af hljómi
sem um mig fer

ég elska enn
sem auga? sér
og brenn og brenn
í brjósti mér

Peter S. Quinn

Hidden Inside The Dark

Night in dark veins
Flowing through the cold
River's icy lanes
To the snow unfold
Boundaries of the ice
Between lines of earth
The many deep disguise
Every inches worth

Hidden inside the dark
Glowing moon blue
Shadowy ice to spark
Blades of coldness through
Swaying of the flow
To the blackness abyss
Brash ice thorny glow
Obliviousness going kiss

Marble-like laden mirror
Reflections in green light
Aurora borealis veneerer
From its sky far flight
Every wing in curvatures
Quaking the open way
Dancing across with slurs
Till the daybreak of day

-under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

Hidden Love Daggers (From,134 Picture Poems)

hidden love daggers
under cut of lies

wound
not blood
but desire

like a silky
mask

Peter S. Quinn

High

All I am saying
Is my heart has desire
In its times and weighing
Burns of its fire
Love is all as it's found
Dreaming a desired course
Time after time around
In its intimate force

So set you aims high
All is claiming to go thru
Every reason every try
Is then all up to you!

All I am giving
Is my dream and its chance
How I am living
In the days of its trance
And your heart is a felling
From inside and out
Courses of way stealing
In its truth and doubt

So set you aims high
All is claiming to go thru
Every reason every try
Is then all up to you!

Feelings are like love
To be had for more
Drifting all there above
In open fate's door
Believe in your heart
Never let hope go
That's the beginning of a start
How to reach far and know

So set you aims high
All is claiming to go thru

Every reason every try
Is then all up to you!

Peter S. Quinn

Himinn Og Jör?

himinn og jör?
hrjúf moldarbör?
fjóra lítil sefur
sem ljúfa gleði gefur
í íslenskum sveitar svör?

haustlæg? um skör?
hrollsöm og hör?
undan blómi grefur
sem blessun vorsins hefur
- deyr nú blóma hjör?

Peter S. Quinn

Histories Forgotten (From,134 Picture Poems)

histories forgotten
memories in time sands
elapses through deserts

delicate confessions
dancing away youthfully
in the shadowy corners

Peter S. Quinn

Hit-And-Miss

My time is to time
Out words I've written
Put inside its rhyme
The metaphors hidden
What I've found
Or sometimes even lost
Bridges that come around
And get my thoughts crossed

We are here to live
In where we are going
And sometimes experience give
Without even knowing
The just in time is this
And few are exactly the same
Therefore it's hit-and-miss
Which of its thoughts
You'll claim

Peter S. Quinn

Hold Me Close

Hold me close
Never let me go
Life's a beautiful rose
From summer's glow
Dreams in a bliss
Falling above star
Night's last kiss
All that you are

We were never
Meant to be
Love together
Forever free
Summer in a song
Day and night
Hearts on to long
Adores flight

Hold me close
O beautiful you
Like the river goes
So all goes thru
Nothing stands still
Only passes away
At times own will
Destines play

Hold me close
Never let me go
Life's a beautiful rose
From summer glow
Wishes are afar
In the night alone
Falling like a star
Into dark of tone

We were never
Meant to be
Love together

Forever free
Summer in a song
Day and night
Hearts on to long
Adores flight

All that's never
A night to be
Comes not together
Never is free

Hold me close
Never let me go
Life's a beautiful rose
From summer's glow
Dreams in a bliss
Falling above star
Night's last kiss
All that you are

Hold me close

Peter S. Quinn

Hold On

Hold on
to the long gone after,
hold on
to time's rafter.
The days are long gone
that once were true,
but keep on going on
from inside what is you.

Hold on
to times hilarity,
hold on
to youth simplicity.
All its days of veracity
for memories go on,
times of night are free
red glows from the evening sun.

Hold on
like the timeless sky,
hold on
reaching on to stars so high.
All is endless in its splendor
flying time like oceans deep,
all is sailing to dreams shore
where the night dreams keep.

Hold on
to the long gone after,
hold on
to time's rafter.
The days are long gone
that once were true,
but keep on going on
from inside what is you.

Peter S. Quinn

Holding On To Dreams

Holding on to dreams
Is what we try to do
Everything what it seems
Is there for me and you

Times in their fantasy
Nothing to be for real
Making safe and carefree
What we all know and feel

Holding on to the old
Making no time for new
Letting our dreams unfold
As reality goes through

Time in their day and night
In what is our dream
Giving dreams fantasy flight
All is only what it seem

Holding on to a fantasy
That is now coming through
All's make believe to be
Like it were always true

This is so much we do
In everything that we try
Trying to make dreams true
Limitless like the blue sky

Peter S. Quinn

Holly Night - Oh Sweet Light

Holly night - oh sweet light!
Come to my feelings and heart
Bring mornings of glorious light
Sweet in its fulfillment start
Give me peace I yearn for in my doubt
In my beings - to the heavenly star
What shall futures to us be about?
With their blinking - wide and afar

We're yearning for a true love song
To mankind's dream in the clear
Where contends of opportunities belong
That gives us the ways to steer
Each of our love is sometimes low
Inside moods without reaching shore
Now is time to let the world know
What every peace in the heart is for

Holly night - again is coming in
With every glistening moment to share
If you believe - you too shall find it and win
Give something worthy for you to have here
Love songs of night like the stars above
Timeless in twinkling for peace on earth
It's the night of harmony and to give love
Show every kindness - of what it is worth

Refrain

Holly night - oh sweet light!
Come to my feelings and heart
Bring mornings of glorious light
Sweet in its fulfillment start
Give me peace I yearn for in my doubt
In my beings - to the heavenly star
What shall futures to us be about?
With their blinking - wide and afar

Peter S. Quinn

Hooked On

Don't let my heart go
To the bottom of this
So much we still don't know
What love really is?
Except if you love me
Don't let me sail away
Because I'll become too free
To be here and stay

A sky of open space
Is how our love really is
In tumult of the grays
In everything of this
So much of reasons high
Or going deep in earth
Like each their tread lie
That has its grown worth

If I am in your dreams
Don't let me walk out
On to the going streams
Of every suspicious doubt
We could build up our mind
And opened up our eyes
What we together bind
In each our compromise

Don't let tears be real
When good things die
Like our touch and feel
Inside every true try
You know my heart's here
To let our love survive
Though apart somewhere
We are trying to be alive

Peter S. Quinn

Hope - Like A Blossom Glow

Hope like a blossom glow
Filling its leaves with sunshine
Rooted in earth to grow
And become with life sublime

Oh darling I have you here
Inside the heart root
That grows its leaves everywhere
And never lets hopeless intrude

The land is to become free
With the swaying from its grass
And ever for always to be
Filled in its tunes of glowing brass

Hope is my heart from the row
Yesterdays sometimes not far
Loosening the tangling toe
And brushing away the dim mar

Peter S. Quinn

Hope In Dreams Of Rushing Hours

I love to be alive like a butterfly
In summer among some fragrance flowers
In the waft of the day of beautiful hours
With my wings flying through the open clear sky
To have all the command to see and to try
Carry the beat of its pulsation powers
That comes as hope in dreams of rushing hours
Never to a fluffy thought wander and die

But most of all like the breeze in the leaves
Giving hope with its song and its confide
That goes from the day to evening singing
Every drifting cloud of man's believes
Those through the air of the blue always glide
Each new opportunity they're bringing

Peter S. Quinn

Hope Sending Hope

Sunlight is everywhere to be found
Hope sending hope to the inside far true
High heavens bluer drifting in sunset through
In your eyes here and there and all around

Playing and moving distant in tomorrow
Giving from its love that will linger on
Moods to remember from a world that's gone
Feelings of care that no one can borrow

A day is in evening saying its goodbye
With yellow red burning into the dark
Dreams to linger on to the calls of night
Clearing reality from luminous sky
Each of its dreams from outer there to spark
Losing each shading to darkish mauve sight

Peter S. Quinn

Hoping Against Hope

Hoping against hope
Are my wings to fly
And hold on to that robe
That pulls me to the sky
And liaises my heart beat
To its full throbbing blow
I'm now on an empty street
To where I want to go

Time's perhaps against time
In my lonely strife
For soon I'll be reaching prime
In my way of life
But thoughts may still wander
To where my dove is
Away from this dispute's asunder
And only with fate's loves kiss

A heart against heart
This is not the way to live
So much of doubt to impart
When there's so much to give
Stretching the chances hours
For a permit to be and lift
From dust all the fallen flowers
Nature of vileness did drift

Peter S. Quinn

Hoping For Love

Hoping for Love
In all its true way
Distant clouds above
As they go and play
Feelings at their worth
Giving and waking
Every loves at birth
When love its making

Like an early spring
Day to day glowing
With a breezy sing
And colors flowing
Heart to stand by
In the blossoms new
Opening blue sky
Getting sunshine thru

Hoping for a heart
All that is inside
Never away depart
In a moment's glide
Love that is free
Without a restraint
Giving to you and me
Touches we could paint

Peter S. Quinn

Hour Of Uncertainty

My hour is now of uncertainty
So much of feelings inside of me
Each memory like a question mark
Those through my thoughts now embark

Meanings going round and around
With some old findings again found
From an early thought
That time has taught
And still within my search are bound

The hours that now have departed
Even before they really started
Those feelings I'd recollect to let go
Like winter times falling melting snow

Peter S. Quinn

Hours In Spring

Hours in spring
Love is in life
Now my heart will sing
After winter's strife
You and I now
On to new days
Managing somehow
New tone ways

Hours of shade
Eternally here on
Darkish colors made
From winter sun
On to burning blaze
Of the very new
Into summer days
For me and you

Hours into deep
Colors black to blue
Coming under sleep
For me and you
And life for timeless
Burning fires dark
Onto spring caress
In first hours spark

Peter S. Quinn

Hours Of Amenities

Hours of amenities standing at its call
Flowers to cast and dressed in shades to be
Standing in the summer decline in the fall
Anything that comes again to be free
Point of surmise always in with what we learn
Daydreams going forever into the deep
Onward outfit losing to its reserved turn
Mornings standing at odds for the nights to keep

You and I and our song adjoining the rooms
Colorful moments that never again come
With their sweetness flowers and playing tongue
Eloquent neglect of the summer blooms
Where our heart and roots are now drying from
Strangeness of the feelings that inside grows young

Peter S. Quinn

Hours Of Dark And Light

In a new new day
Hours of dark and light
I heard the breeze play
And take a strolling flight
In a garden of frost
Of wintry coldness roses
Where dreams get lost
As dawn new day composes

In its fresh fresh hour
Full of morning on bright
In its splendid devour
Of twilight's soft night
When the rising comes in
Softly from under a cloud
Wings of full fiery spin
Without any darkness doubt

In a play play along
Fairytale of the morning
Of a crystal bright song
With its hope and yearning
Of the gathering of new day
Burning kindles of fire
In the frosty earthly lay
Of its arising desire

Peter S. Quinn

Hours Of Forgetfulness (From, Rock Star)

All feelings are tired and sometimes through
Giving no before their minutes are gone
You have your reasons in what you have to do
No battle is taken if none is won
Find every way that sometimes lies hidden
Before the day spread it all around
What becomes like love I guess is forbidden
Black on the walls circling - surround

Give me a reason for your maternal way
Clock works inside that lock the tick tack
Bringing in the dim that comes to the day
All is for the inside and turning into black

Paint me with reasons I won't go away
All I have found like nails into deep
Reasons for together never will stay
Always the twist on the surface will creep
Older ones thought nothing to give
Strife like a flash of light were you are
Worth every time to escape and live
All life is dying like a falling star

Learn while you can before it's gone
Bring out those thoughts that might escape
Hours of forgetfulness have all shone
Into shallowness of unknown landscape
What awaits you will not be none
Until very later when you have learned
You both have to win and take any abjection
Before the bridges behind you are burned

Peter S. Quinn

How Can I Forget A Love Tune

How do I forget a love tune?
Sweetly singing, still to my ears;
That once sang in the early of June,
When there were no autumn tears.
How can I forget you completely?
When everything reminds me, still of you;
How can I set my heart once more free?
When memories keep popping up from out of the blue.
Songs I remember of your nearness,
Fading not away in the rain;
Always to remind me, and fresh,
How can I lose them all again?
How do I forget a love song?
That's enchanting my heart forever,
Why must I be tormented so long?
Will it not vanish till we are together?
How can I forget you completely?
When nights are so full of moonlight,
Yes how can my heart become free?
When love wings haven't lost their flight.

Peter S. Quinn

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When nights are so full of moonlight,
Yes how can my heart become free?
When love wings haven't lost their flight.

Peter S. Quinn

How Do You Love Me?

How do you love me?
If you don't tell
Is it a love of free?
Or one inside its spell
For how longer still
Will the stars shine on?
If the future will
Be lost and night gone

How true is a heart?
That feels not my love
Shall ever therein start
Some care worthy of
Or will it all be lost
In its dark going flow
That thru here's crossed
On its departing go

How do our destines lie
If nothing is between
Only empty lost sky
With none of stars' seen
Deep into deep dark
Oceans of its density
Where hours won't spark
From love's propensity

Peter S. Quinn

How Much (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

How much time is on?
Every footstep you take
Before it is gone
To old yesterday's heartache
How much do I love you?
Before the night is dark
How much is close and true
In each its instance's spark

How will true love give?
If no one is there to receive
Shall it go on and live
If it isn't there to retrieve
If ever we are lost apart
With deep oceans between
Can we again follow the heart?
From where it once has been

How much is nothing at all
When love is somewhere
If you will again call
And come on over to share
For every time's to get around
To find out whom we are
Much the same to be found
If we have been from afar

Peter S. Quinn

How Soon Is Now (A Song)

How soon is now
With all its endless going
That shows up somehow
Without you ever knowing
Like rain that comes
And pours from cloudy sky
In its dripping drums
Without ever asking why

How soon is here
With dreams that never pass
And go to everywhere
What might have come across
Like time standing still
With nothing more to say
And others might fulfill
Later in their own way

How soon is this
Those answers those are gone
Like a morning bliss
To carry just on and on
With nothing more to give
Just parting times near
Or remembrance to live
When something else is here

Peter S. Quinn

How Sweet Is This Music

How sweet is this music of feelings and touch?
The softest of all sayings 'I love you so much';
This voice is so deep - it never could die,
And clearer than any, and further than the sky.

Each feeling there is, of oceans too wide,
Burning in flames like a morning blue eyed;
Oh tender they are, oh and sweet they are,
These loveliest feelings to smooth every scar.

Peter S. Quinn

How Sweet The Rain Falls

How sweet the rain falls
On earth that secret lies
With raindrops peaceful calls
The hour of life's rise
A running stream to river
The water with its flow
That vigor shall soon deliver
In futures bright to go

How sweet this hour comes
To give us so much
With beauty it strums
Each stone soothingly touch
Oh love is sometimes true
How it goes here about
When it comes so very new
Without a declining doubt

Feelings the ways are calling
When nature comes to sing
With light darkness is falling
And everything becomes spring
Oh how this song gives
From its soul of airy waves
And with each seed lives
Bringing life and others saves

Peter S. Quinn

Howling

Howling to clouds of silence
In this game of testing endures
With ease and full of diligence
All thoughts likewise immures
Rest your addicted pleasure
For things that makes a victim
Take each countable measure
To your own personal dictum

Raise the bars to your need
Bring up your voice and breath
The old news is a dying breed
Work is a game of life and death
Make your gamble more intense
The paths are of endless fortunes
What's now low might augments
Later with future abdications

A branded sign undresses you
Makes the shadows blacker
Roads of the unknown are hue
Lets become a fast tracker
Rise tongues of flayed sun
With writings that write you
From the beginning like day one
You need alternate and renew

Peter S. Quinn

Howling (From, Rockstar)

Howling to clouds of silence
In this game of testing endures
With ease and full of diligence
All thoughts likewise immures
Rest your addicted pleasure
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Rise tongues of flayed sun
With writings that write you
From the beginning like day one
You need alternate and renew

Peter S. Quinn

Hugar Harmur

Hugar harmur sár
heimi þessum í,
eitt líti? einmana tár
engin höndin hly.

Gráir skuggar skera
skin sólar rjúfa,
söknu? sáran bera
sætleik burtu kljúfa.

Sortnar sólu yfir
sút sem regnsky,
þungt er þa? sem lifir
þó skal byrja' á ny.

Peter S. Quinn

Human Feelings For A Touch

I 'm mostly always alone
With no hand to catch
In my melodies I tone
Human feelings for a touch

With colors of the rainbow
I dream in my world a lot
Feelings like blue sky glow
That this world has not

All my heart is a robe
Trying to bring me to top
To the high mountains globe
Where my dreams won't stop

I am only me wishing
For another day to begin
Grass of green dreams kissing
Purple fantasies to spin

Yellow rising new daybreak
With the hope of every sky
Much of stress for my ache
For this road I had to try

Morning comes to say hello
With aspiring set to do
We have our roads to follow
Onto the sky of rainbows true

Peter S. Quinn

Hún Læ?ist ?okan

Hún læ?ist ?okan,
langt ny?ur í dal.
Döggvar hvert strá,
og slær ?ví til og frá;
?egar haustríki er,
í ?ér og mér.

Hún læ?ist ?okan,
lúmsk og grá.
Me? kalda kinn,
kemur vindurinn;
?egar haustríki er,
í ?ér og mér.

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Hurting

I am so much in hurting
As my feelings now go
Times are in shadows flirting
Coming in sadness slow
I didn't get the thinking
What was going on?
Just the outside mar blinking
Before much if it was gone

I've become almost lost
In this game of believe
And my heart double-crossed
In its way and grieve
There is no war to be won
Only suffering stray
That keeps pondering on
In their timeless and play

We will all be tried
In what we have become
And what inside has died
From firing thoughts from
There are diseases unlocked
On the road to burnish wears
Only now to be shocked
In our own unsecure tears

Peter S. Quinn

Hush-Hush Values – A Song

Hush-hush values are everywhere
One is here the other there
They flow through time's river
To accomplish and to deliver
Rising to fall - a lonesome dream
With its waves and motion's stream
Sometimes giving something too
If it comes and touches you

Dreams are on their flying notion
Verve's opportunity and its potion
Feelings of what becomes deep
Inside emotions for years to keep
Something that mingles with fate
With its ongoing worth and debate
Provide what you can't put aside
Be to your deciding a bit of a guide

Refrain

Hush-hush values are everywhere
One is here the other there
They flow through time's river
To accomplish and to deliver...

What you've found to bring in love
Life's tinctures not too much of
Ways of your heart and its prospect
Feelings truthful you can't neglect
Buried implication is everywhere
Trying to open each secured door
How to avoid and become aware
When at some times you are unsure

Refrain...

Peter S. Quinn

Hva? Er List

Hva? er list
ég get ekki sagt ?a?
?a? er ykkar a? dæma
mitt a?
yrkja

hva? er líf
eitthva? sem ?ú hefur
á me?an ?a? varir
a? lokum ?a?
deyr

hver ert ?ú
ófullkomin ma?ur
me? ófullkomin markmi?
leitandi
leir

hva? er ?á markmi?
hringsnúast um sólu
?roska hverja grein
uppgötva læ
virkja

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

I Am A Dream (From,134 Picture Poems)

I am a dream
to this

of a balloon weight
flying

keeping friendship young
without aging

Peter S. Quinn

I Am A Singer Of Song

I am a singer of song
In the sweetest melody
My heart's a dreamy long
As it wants to be free
Love's eternally caress
Dreams of the same tune
Bud of summer effloresce
Songs under love's moon

I'm a beguile of an air
Rhythm of love's pound
From influences anywhere
Sunrise and sunset around
My dreams are my part
In rests and soundings do
Straight from my own heart
Onto someone like you

I'm a songster to spring
In freshness of beginning
I only give what I can sing
Trough hope and chagrining
Fly away with my dream
Into tomorrow pending
Lullabies of sundown gleams
Every trouble amending

Peter S. Quinn

I Am Close To You

I am close to you
I am close to you
In the everlasting stream
I am close to you
Closer than before did seem
While darkness comes here thru
In its everlasting dream

Many days before - in new spring
When our hearts where younger still
With the ways we once did sing
For our hope to come and fulfill
When our eyes were filled with sky
Through the blue and the beautiful
And we did ask our questions why
In the answers that never were dull

When life shined like blossoms young
In the senses we once did touch
With the morning of hope to long
And with the feelings that gave so much
When earth was fresh like paradise
And every mountain was green and near
Our hearts didn't know goodbyes
Only our beat that was close to hear

I am close to you
I am close to you
In this everlasting stream
I am close to you
Closer than before did seem
While darkness comes here thru
In its everlasting dream

Let us give and let us awake
What this world has shown us till now
Every mystic be born from to take
We shall manage their ways somehow
For all life is made for new love

And what comes to be always free
Like the clouds drifting here above
Of love that was meant for you and me

Many days before in new spring
When our hearts where younger still
With the ways we once did sing
For our hope to come and fulfill
Every dream has its taste and sacrifice
From the days that are going through
Tell me only truth that never lies
So we can come together again too

I am close to you
I am close to you
In the everlasting stream
I am close to you
Closer than before did seem
While darkness comes here thru
In its everlasting dream

Peter S. Quinn

I Am Coming To Deliver

I am coming to deliver
With something from within
Like cornfields sway and shiver
In the breezing of its daily spin
I will attempt give my view
To see to the inside hold
And reached out to the few
Those never have been told

Oh give me something to try
Like day and darkness on
When sky in clouds are high
With everything that's yon
Yes bring me to my faith I need
And hold nothing from my eyes
There's much love in lines I read
Words of the truth and no lies

Come give me the seed to grow
That never gets old in years
Let love be its expectations flow
For inside to reach its cares
Never let love be without hope
Give it the heart you've found
It's easy to hold to that robe
If it's steady strong and sound

* This will song will be published at sheetmusic publishing, soon I hope.

Peter S. Quinn

I Am Happy (#5 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

I am happy because there's sun,
I see the winter's done;
And all frosty is out of the earth,
The green has now a new birth.

There's peace in new blue sky,
And clouds are easily going;
The past away settles and fly,
All with excitement is growing.

Flowers do colors now show,
Shimmering blossoms so quite;
Before, they were seeds in the snow,
Now they give fragrance in the night.

I am happy walking the meadow,
Over open field - on my way,
Butter-cups and dandelions glow,
As they color up a beautiful day.

In a forest a new nest is eyed,
Of leaves and daisies waved;
A young bird sings with a pride,
Looking at what his heart craved.

The days are like rivers of light,
Sun burning the stones of earth;
A wonderful feeling and a sight,
Of regenerating seasonal birth.

I am happy in morning smells,
With ruffling weaves of a brook;
And toothed leaves of silver bells,
With earth in all its newborn look.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

I Am Happy, You Are Happy

I am happy,
You are happy,
We are happy to be both here;
It's so lovely,
Yes so lovely,
It's summertime in the air.

When a bloom's born in spring,
See how lovely it becomes,
With your heart along sing,
Wake up from winter's glums;
Life is growing again,
From the old that's asleep,
From the mountains to glen,
All the flowers now reap.

You will be singing in tune,
With the wonders of time,
For the blossoms of June,
Fit like a song to a rime;
When all life comes in full,
With its growth and its skills,
No moment's longer dull,
There's just song in the hills.

I am happy,
You are happy,
It's the happiest time of the year;
It's so lovely,
Yes so lovely,
When life's growing everywhere.

Time renews all our wishes,
What grows old is born anew,
After some temporary glitches,
Again earth restores its debut.

Peter S. Quinn

I Am Here For You

I am here for you
Just as you are for me
With something to give
That is worth to be free
Sweet excess existence
So brave in its heart
With each life and living
From cradle of start

Be here always to assure
I have what I need
In my love and my life
That my footsteps shall read
For I want its true call
With its worthy true song
From beginning to end
Where my roots all belong

I am here for life
Just as you are here too
Everything that we try
Let it always be true

Peter S. Quinn

I Am In The Dimness

I am in the dimness of forgotten belief
With outlook of their own those come and go
Like dry flowers from the past these will glow
And rust on to winter like a tree leaf
Fly-by-night is gone with its long while and brief
What does tomorrow share this day doesn't know
Further beginnings and end in its flow
All in distinction of gladness and grief

River returns with a day that is unborn
Every meaning is not forever to be
Just like day clouds that into night will vanish
Autumn bleaches what each summer has worn
Teaching and their sayings eternally
Dream will come closer or gone it will tarnish

Peter S. Quinn

I Am Just Reaching Nothing (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

I am just reaching nothing
With my inside own
Every step is bluffing
Worthy not to shown
Daydreams are glowing
In between the lines
Still outside its snowing
Hours between sunshine's

Catching winking eye
My daydreams that are living
In morning grayness sky
They are each giving
Nothing but still the blues
Down to past regrets
My memories past dues
With hand me down brew collects

Moments that come and go
Feeling of weep and fret
Loves that need to know
Nothing is in here yet
Only the cold and the dry
Mondays all the way through
Like the dim cloudlets fly
So are our courses too

Peter S. Quinn

I Am Just Waiting For You

I am just waiting for you
In a love that comes along
Little moments that are true
In a little simple song
Love that was and still is
In everything that's going here
Simple ways we do miss
In love songs from everywhere

I'm just walking down the street
Finding ways to find you
Catching coldness from my feet
In all that's going through
Simple ways they mean alot
To a love that never dies
Everything those feelings got
Make'em deeper those ties

I'm just waiting for the hours
Those never came along
Falling leaves and flowers
All in a simple love song
Rainy days are always near
With their moments to give
Oh how I wish you were here
With you love again to live

I am just waiting for you
In a love that comes along
Little moments that are true
In a little simple song

Love that was and always is
In everything that's going still
Simple ways we do miss
And love songs do fullfill

Peter S. Quinn

I Am Like The Breeze On The Ocean Waves

I am like the breeze on the ocean waves
Drinking from the breasts of the afar deep
Flowers from the glistening morning weep
And each of its longing that daybreak craves
Sun shining moods that flow around its spell
Weeping clouds in drifting its moments tears
Coming through the dreaming and the real years
Anything desiring I can't foretell

Rivers that feel the veins of softly earth
While it's going with its flowing rivulet
From side to side dust and its growing lime
Each thinking that catches me in its worth
Allows me to completely forget
What hour comes after this instant in time

Peter S. Quinn

I Am Mad (...From King Lear Goes To Town,3rd Act)

Part 1

We are so bewildered doing blooms,
We are so foolish making drama;
While we concentrate of getting what comes,
All with a different karma;
The poem was suppose to be about
You, and also maybe a little about me;
But then came this part of self esteem and doubt,
That set it all going down the drain, free.
Oh here I am standing though still,
Can't escape the world I am living in;
But I think I am just a reckless will,
Dumping down the toilet all my former sins...

I shall rejoin you shortly,
Ever so fresh and new;
I shall live well and be,
Just like morning dew.
Horizons sit besides me,
Hiding its face for now;
Sooner or later I'll see,
Structures and ways of how...

Morning is breaking lose,
Night has begun to fall;
There are starts and through,
I can now see them all.
There are few don't and do's,
After the darkness is gone;
Hope to be losing my blues,
Before the night is done!

Come and join my madness,
While it's having some fun;
Just like the nature is fresh,
So shall it all continue on?
Words are a special bless,
Ever so fresh and new;

They are all more or less,
Being the same and true...

Whatever names you bear,
I shall be riddling in words;
Hope you do same and share,
Or be like a soul that's hurt.
After the darkness we fear,
I shall be enjoying a live;
With all the wordily tear,
That shall then soon arrive.

Respect my fair purpose,
And what I'm striving for;
In the garden like a rose,
That was never too sure.
I must go on with living,
Building on a madly wish;
There is so fruitless giving,
Like in life there always is.

- Oh I am still doing flowers...

Peter S. Quinn

I Am My Dreams

I

I am my dreams

Each one that comes and goes
To give of their ways
The timeless little glows
In every shaping haze

The doors that open roads
To privacy of my heart
Their many variety loads
That drives each it apart
A timelessness to follow
Where everything has its room
At times dreaming hollow
Swept away with time's broom

A dream for me
And sometimes for you
Hopefully

II

I am my dreams

They tag on from here to there
Giving and sometimes depriving
Whatever fancy gives to share
When its instances we're reviving

Like clouds drifting in the sky
Or every new mornings glow
Sensations on the inside fly
And maybe I cannot show
Wishful wheels of moment's desire
Running thru time reality spaces
A light up of its reflection fire
That my point in time gazes

A dream for me
And sometimes for you
Hopefully

Peter S. Quinn

I Am Nobody

I am nobody
But I am not alone
To be somebody
I'll be a personal tone
With my secret charms
Every hour I walk
So the air swarms
Through my rising talk

If you are somebody
I'll be there too
Not to be nobody
But to be like you
Rising the edge of time
Filling my own space
Build up my goals prime
Inside its many ways

So be here this too
Give your room a name
And you will walk through
Variety of the same
Feathery falling full
Or fluffy like a cloud
Exactly your own null
In any given crowd

Peter S. Quinn

I Am Only A Melody

I am only a melody
In a timeless open ways
Always coming in free
To express my longings today's

The river in its going
The tones that my heart has found
Rhythms of my life showing
It comes around and around

I am only a theme singing
In endless times express
To my world this all bringing
For you to give thought or caress

My times are lyrics from deep oceans
The rhythms that waves the sea
I am sailor boy of emotions
Its veins are a part of me

I am only to express myself
Sometimes without any words
My father was an Irish elf
My mother comes from sea birds

Now I penetrate in electro house
My roots lie in classic quintessential
Come read my lead sheets black crows
If you are in music sequential

Peter S. Quinn

I Am So Tired Of Leaving

I am so tired of leaving
And closing the doors after me
A love that was never grieving
Just let me go and be free
Dreams that were never to settle
Only to be there outside
Life like a sound of a rattle
Not to give passion and abide

Open the ways open wide
Let all our years now go by
Feel what you have without pride
Just like a morning clear sky
Wishes were always so lonesome
Dreams that never were here
Every thought were love is from
Took us down all those years

Why haven't you given me more?
Than what is broken to fill
The summers are not like before
Everything is down sided hill
Feeling that brought us tight
Somewhere are now in their hide
This doesn't feel so quite right
When we search side by side

I am so tired of leaving
And closing the doors after me
A love that was never grieving
Just let me go and be free
Always though inside alone
Feelings that never were given
Only stumble on like a stone
When we should be out there liven

- Happy New Year! -

I Am The Breeze

Peaceful I come
I'm the breeze
On summer's blossom
And trees

You may hear
My whispering tongue
I'm everywhere
But I don't stay long

Day and night
Are on my wings
And the early light
In the morning that sings

I'm everywhere
With my hopeful song
I'm everywhere
Weak and strong

I am summer's friend
Coming and going
Each fragrances blend
Circling and slowing

I'm in the clouds
As they drift on by
I'm within the crowds
That look up to the sky

I'm everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

I Am The Wind Says The Wind

'I am the wind' says the wind,
I will improvise pictures in the sand;
What I've explored or chagrined,
You shall come to understand.

'I am the rain' says the rain,
I will sooth your mortal flesh;
With a drink from my reign,
There are no other holier fresh.

'I am the fire' says the fire,
I will open up darkness to you;
Give you longings and more desire,
In each thing you make and do.

'I am a child' says man's child,
Each word I make shall stand;
I'll make my rules out of the wild,
In each my way I command.

'I am the earth' says the earth,
You are nothing without me;
I gave you and your forefathers birth,
I set each thought and thing free.

Peter S. Quinn

I Am Transparent

I am transparent
Like stone in the mud
I am transparent
Like cloud in the sky
I am transparent
Like the watery sea
I am transparent
But that is just me

The flow of my song
In its many clays
The feelings I long
In each of my days
All walking and going
Like transparent glow
My heart is growing
Its beats to and fro

I am transparent
Like yesterdays lives
I am transparent
With downs and its gives
I am transparent
To follow my dream
I am transparent
But still I'm a stream

Peter S. Quinn

I Am Trying To Catch The Wind

I

I am trying to catch the wind,
But I don't know where it's going;
I am trying to find a way,
Without really knowing.

I will find my love in yours...,
You will find your love in mine;
We have to know the past,
If our love is going to last
Through years in time.

We are swimming into deep sea,
Finding our souls again;
Looking through time eternity,
Without knowing the day or when.

We will find the road to goals,
We will find the sun that shines
In our everyday song;
We must join and get a long,
Thorough years in time.

This is the goal of my dreams,
This is the turning of the road;
I shall be dreaming through a day,
In the early morning ray.

II

I am trying to catch the wind
In my hair,
I am trying to remember a thought
From a past year.

Like you I look for a moment,
Gone or near;
Like you I shall be dust,

Going nowhere.

Thoughts in time
Are stranded in our mind,
Wandering inside
Or lost behind.

Like you I look for a moment,
To sing my song;
Like you they turn to rust,
As they go along.

I am trying to catch the wind,
Of the moments gone;
The joys or sorrows they brought,
As they went along.

Peter S. Quinn

I Am Trying To Write: -)

I am trying to write - with an open heart
And everything in simple good English
My words are both attitudes and my wish
That I might come through in what I would start
Some are love songs across the fields and more
Voices so clear and rich in their 'kisses'
Accomplishing before someone dismisses
My words for somewhat - I don't know what's for

I will be true to what I've been giving
For I can not do more to reach the light
Than to be what's inside me - like dark earth
Each sense of the words - across fields of living
I will show as they come in to my height
And each then be nipped off as they are worth

Peter S. Quinn

I Ask For The Freedom Inside Your Heart

I am a leaf in your hands and your eyes
Morning that comes for a day to believe
In the hours of off thoughts the nights gave
Lonely in their mood and cornered darkness
That circles the shade of waves on the water

Don't let my go into loneliness of my own
Dying into sounds of the forlorn woods
With roots to the anguish inside my heart
Those feelings that gets lost with the flow

Give or take this compassion I have cut out for you
With every moment given that mirrors the deep
Inside this waiting of unbearable seclusion

I have been asking for ways to your feelings
Somewhere asleep inside your backwoods
That never comes clearly out - but always is free

Peter S. Quinn

I Believe

I believe
With my own touch
Into heart's reality
Love is inside
Feelings so much
All what you feel to be
Nothing gets close except love
Into the ways of trust
Moving around
Like clouds above
Love is its innermost must
Days of feelings
Making it true
Nothing is quite like this
Love is the reason for you
From inside
And out it really is
Believe with your own touch
And all inside
Becomes free
You are my heart
With so much
A part of my love
The other me
All is you
Like all is me
Love awaken
Into the starry skies
Wings of its moments
Forever free
All what makes life
And its ties

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 Believe In Dreams To Come

I believe in dreams to come,
I believe in them one by one;
Like the stars glisten white,
Dusting gold into our sight.
I believe in the heart of gold,
I believe, but it's hard to hold;
Sliding through the fingers from,
Beaming rainbows of the sun.

Everything's here for a pleasure,
Both in wake and in our sleep;
Dream forms of another treasure,
Some of which is ours to keep.
Love is all like summer blooms,
Reaching lights in distant fumes;
Gold to keep for each and one,
When our luck and fortunes come.

I believe all good will win,
I believe it has already won;
Coming bright into the night,
With their wings of peace as guide.
Nothing then becomes too old,
Nothing in to the dust will mold;
Star dust will become of some,
In the future there'll be much fun.

Everything's of equal leisure,
Corn sown fine again will reap;
Fill the barns in plentiful measure,
Separate the lambs from sheep.
Our love's greatest of kingdoms,
Back to us again resumes;
We are lucky for such fortune,
In the earthly breast and bosom.

Peter S. Quinn

I Believe In Yesterdays

I believe in yesterdays with fine tunes
Where new spring came through in fineness's touch
Where love song were sung 'I love you so much'
And feelings meant all in its afternoons
Sweet summer come back with those pretty things
That filled my longings in its stillness time
With inspirational blossoms in their prime
And still to my heart for always here sings

Rain is now outside and dripping all wet
Filling my emotions with a sullen sky
That never seems ending - day after day
Where are the red flowers my heart once met?
Give me back the dreams of blue darling's sky
Those only are memories - still far away

Peter S. Quinn

I Believe In You (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

I believe in you,
And the way things are;
Nothing's out of the blue,
On any a given star.
Make all things come true,
That has drifted afar;
Get your things through,
From bar to next bar.

I believe in all,
After those yesterdays;
Destiny may call,
Nothing forever stays.
I'm feeling good and bad,
Without any reason;
Once we before had,
Autumn's rustic season.

I believe in thought,
That may come or go;
Everything be brought,
And from it there grow.
Just like life here is,
Rain comes after sunshine;
What you may not wish,
Maybe just as fine.

Peter S. Quinn

I Belong To You Always

I belong to you always, I know for sure
My feelings are everywhere inside
I will give what I can wherever you're
Though there is so much that from it will
Glide

The days will pass and fates become
And skies move around to beautiful and dark
With everything settling into each swum
You'll be the river stream - sun and the lark

My secrets are here for only you to know
Like seeds through the air between us both
When earth's freshest blossoms again will glow
In springtime and summer's promising oath
No hope in my mind can hide from your part
I belong to you always, in heart-to-heart

Peter S. Quinn

I Bring You This In Sadness

I bring you this in sadness
For one is gone away
He gave so much of gladness
In poet's words and play...

Dream a dream of dream
For everything's so close
Nothing as real as it seem
Darkness, a morning or a rose

Love's so tender in its while
Giving of it feeling's grace
Inside and in all its beguile
Has every turn and its ways

Remember songs of singing
That inside your heart did grow
And love of memories bringing
And then for a time did go

I wanted those songs forever
For delight they gave beauty
But now they'll echo together
Inside my compassion so free

All life must from us depart
But songs will keep singing on
Inside our memory and heart
Though its writer from us is gone

Peter S. Quinn

I Cannot But Somewhat Wonder

I cannot but somewhat wonder
What's going everywhere on?
Feelings so much asunder
That should be close and fun
With the emotions of the heart
In to the new day rising
Where our footsteps every start
In a future without disguising

The love so tender and driven
On to its own departure road
Where cross sides are given
For everyone's pressing load
Those times have broken up
Or given it its possess ways
Where meetings come or stop
In the disparity of each plays

Living the habits that fulfills
Making and breaking the waves
Out to the dales and hills
Of all the wonderment craves
Powder of time to roads leaving
Bringing in centuries paces
The moods of its interweaving
In openness of turning spaces

Peter S. Quinn

I Can'T Dismiss Love

I can't dismiss love,
Neither can you;
It's all there above,
In the huge blue.
Stories untold,
Dusty their ways;
When they unfold,
Into the days.

Everything is sure,
Born to grow old;
Giving for more,
That you can't hold.
Love is born free,
Like a drifting cloud;
What comes to be,
So fluffy about.

Nothing is real,
That we don't know;
And what we feel,
Surely will grow.
I have a dream,
Just like you all;
It's like the stream,
In a river's fall.

I can't dismiss love,
Neither can you;
It's all there above,
In the huge blue.
Times maybe cold,
To touch the sun rays;
Or just too blindfold,
For the inner ablaze.

Everything is sure,
Born to grow old;
Giving for more,

That you can't hold.
What you may see,
Different in each crowd;
It all seems apparently,
Exiting and wowed.

Nothing is real,
That we don't know;
And what we feel,
Surely will grow.
Sun shining beam,
Golden and tall;
Every word seem,
Into autumn's call.

I can't dismiss love,
Neither can you;
It's all there above,
In the huge blue.

Peter S. Quinn

I Can'T Forget You

I can't forget you
For you are to me everything
Like a dream that is enchanting
Like a river flowing to the sea
Every song that I know
To your heart will go
And all feelings that will be
Or come from inside of me
I can't forget you
You are to me like spring
Like a dream that forever will sing
Every dream and wishes true
I can't forget you
I'll remember every nearness
How sweet the moonlight seemed
And when this moment becomes less
I'll still have those we both dreamed
I can't forget you
You are what I'm giving
You are what I'm living

Peter S. Quinn

I Can'T Tell You

I can't tell you what's poetry and what's not
For its is so much of the inside things
You have words for what you have lived and brought
And to them attached emotional strings
The feelings that gave your meaning their flight
That no one has transferred outside before
Waves of deep in the ocean of night
That came to its life on a new world shore

A song in your heart that you play and sing
Passionate ways of lyrical lines
Paths to objects hidden - no one else knows
That in from your distance you find and bring
The sense that the experience defines
Flowers in the dirt - trampled on - but still glows

*Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia:

"Lyric poetry refers to either poetry that has the form and musical quality of a song, or a usually short poem that expresses personal feelings, which may or may not be set to music".

Peter S. Quinn

I Carry You With Me

I carry you with me
Through existence of dreams
The hours come to be
Where everything only seems
A day after night
Of a nearly forgotten place
Coming into light
Their many existence ways

Hold on to that dream
Seeds of the dark and lost
The long dried stream
Pictures scattered and tossed
Where have you all been?
In this space circling around
What have your leaves seen?
What else is there to be found?

Day after day I know
Nothing will come to be
Only dark grayed shadowed row
Is what my eyes now see
Memories lost and gone
For new ways that are still there
The flowers once in the sun
Are dusts now everywhere?

Peter S. Quinn

I Celebrate The Faraway Places

I celebrate the faraway places
With songs from natures heart
They are fulsome in their graces
From first till last hour start

The tones of beauty remoteness
Through all their graceful light
With air and mist of bareness
Their morning or moonshine night

O dreams of faraway hold the eye
Of images in their going
Their wistful dreams and open sky
With stars or the sun glowing

*Made with this painting:

Peter S. Quinn

I Come To You (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

I come to you
And beckon my heart
Of what I have here from inside
I come to give
My emotions that start
Like long-ago waves those glide

And offer to you
Each thought of my offering days
Something to few
In molded time clays
And borrowed secrets
In time's stolen kisses
That words sometimes neglects
And the heart therefore misses

I come to you
In borrowed time

Peter S. Quinn

I Could Believe In A Dream (From, Myspace)

Somewhere sometime ago
Love songs were made to be
Just like a morning glow
We come before dawn to see

Fantasies dream come true
Like twilight stars in sky
Here for both me and you
In with the morning high

I could believe in a dream
With you here by my site
Where darkness all away seem
In our view and sight

Let's wake up now to know
Come here and watch with me
How new hope awakes to go
Into a day of young and free

Peter S. Quinn

I Crave Every Voice - Sonnet

I crave every voice from summer's last time
That nourished my heart through the wood and street
When tinctures were full in glow and prime
And feeling were like dawn in their own treat
Oh love of my love, where are you for now?
In every gone footstep that I have lost
I need you back here in my thoughts somehow
For greenery boughs and blossoms are tossed

Where has all the height of your harvest gone?
On to the pale stones of plaid memories
Where once there was springtime and sunshine shone
Through the branches and tops of the jade trees
I crave your fleeting shade and growing much
Each weaving with tenderness, in new touch

Peter S. Quinn

I Crave The Summer

I crave the summer that gave dreams and hope
Those feelings through the streets of blossom bright
When day was busting and there was no night
And I felt pleasures of living grope
When the days were young in their drifting way
Like clouds far above in the brightness sky
Each dream that was falling rose again high
In curves of fairness rising and play

Now winter is dim in its moody song
And drifting in icily snowy white
Morning like twilight in deep oceans dark
Where dreams are to live in memories long
Like indelible scents from autumn gone light
That once in yellow red leaves did spark

Peter S. Quinn

I Don'T No Why

I don't no why
The sun is gray,
And the blue sky
Won't ever stay;
The morning's high
When shadows gae,
And time does fly
Just away glisse.

I have no peace
Inside of me,
Minds' broderies
Act and agree;
Amphigories
Lives expletive,
Each adoptees
In abc.

My love's a song
With nights and days,
That moves along
And never stays;
The weak and strong
Which interplays,
The yin and yang
To future gaze.

Peter S. Quinn

I Don'T No Why (From, Lost Song Poems)

I don't no why
The sun is gray,
And the blue sky
Won't ever stay;
The morning's high
When shadows gae,
And time does fly
Just away glisse.

I have no peace
Inside of me,
Minds' broderies
Act and agree;
Amphigories
Lives expletive,
Each adoptees
In abc.

My love's a song
With nights and days,
That moves along
And never stays;
The weak and strong
Which interplays,
The yin and yang
To future gaze.

Peter S. Quinn

I Dreamt A Dream

I dreamt a dream of breezy fresh and free
Such dreams that triumph over our ways and thought
And from its inward clarity feeling taught
Like each river that flows and falls to be
When summer's of pleasure in give and waking
Bringing moment's silences in its true spin
The touch of notion that comes from within
Never away none for uncertain taking
With wings that rise up to imagination□
To give the heart so much freshly delight
When once again the growth of green is here
With roots of growing acceleration
When sunshine comes behind a cloud so bright
To increase the earth blossoms everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

I Feel Colours In Poems (A Lyric)

I feel colours in poems
Not only words
I feel me there too
And animals and birds
It's a wood deep and evergreen
Not all understood or seen
Sometimes brighter than a morning
Or emotional deeper than an yearning
It's sometimes everything
Then nothing in between
I feel colours in poems
Sure it's all language
But it's this and this too
Always something new
I have seen a tree poem
I have seen a mountain poem
And all the other poems
I nearly understood
I am like a little poem
Just like you

Peter S. Quinn

I Feel No Love

I feel no love
It 's all gone gone
Like clouds above
Away and done
The end is near
In its going by
Like shadows' steer
The glowing sky

I know no heart
I'm always alone
None to depart
From the cold stone
My heart is full
Of sorrow's deep
Flowing on dull
In teardrops reap

I feel no love
It 's all gone gone
Onto mist above
Afar from yon
Lips are cold
Its wings caged
All promises old
Those can't be waged

Another breeze will softly touch thru
In dawn's bright morning full of thrill
And give a heart its promises true
Dreams and thoughts couldn't fulfill

For love's alone in a broken heart
No singing birds or touching breeze
It all is now in a nighttime swart
And no one adores there to please

I feel no love
It 's all gone gone

Onto mist above
Afar from yon
Lips are cold
Its wings caged
All promises old
Those can't be waged

Peter S. Quinn

I Feel Now Old Though Young

I feel now old though young
for poetic verses I long:
the night is dark
with glistening spark,
- from a milky way starry song!

The Earth is still in its youth
circling the darkness for truth,
and beyond hours
man made devours,
- space ocean's full of forsooth!

Peter S. Quinn

I Feel The Earth Move

I feel the earth move
So much heart to teach
Yesterday and tomorrow
All in our own reach
Walking the route of earth
Filling moments with truth
Reaching every footstep's birth
In its ever circling youth

Peter S. Quinn

I Feel The Joy

There is a day in the night
Within beautiful seeing
With the moon close and bright
In our heart times being
Every hour is staying
To times in night falling
As the wind outside 's playing
To the night and dark calling

I feel the joy within me
Where imaginary landscapes go
With the wings of heaven free
In the moonlight hours glow

Every depth has its touch
With its hours of purple sky
In the glow of heaven's torch
As the nightfall again dies

(Chorus)

I feel the joy within me
Where imaginary landscapes go
With the wings of heaven free
In the moonlight hours glow

Nights and days are everything
In our finds and our waking
Every joy to the inside bring
With the colors of nature making

Every hour is staying
To times in night falling
As the wind outside 's playing
To the night and dark calling

(Chorus)

I feel the joy within me
Where imaginary landscapes go
With the wings of heaven free

In the moonlight hours glow

I feel the joy...

Peter S. Quinn

I Feel The Love - A Song (From The 'Upside Down')

I feel the love within of this
A truthful road to carry on
Morning that comes in bliss
With its warmth before it's gone
Love and all the peaceful ways
Of simple soothing feelings
That with your heart inside plays
To nurture from its seedlings

I know love is each our try
To find and reach the heart
To catch a sense from its eye
And mend together - when apart
Each road lies to its inner root
That only true care knows
Its song is close - not absolute
And with our emotions goes

The road of love is covered here
Where deep understandings dwell
They will turn tides to share
And never become a dry well
I feel love to know my pound
Contained by vibrates confidence
Though a love may go around
It's always back with compliments

Peter S. Quinn

I Felt The Coldness

I felt the coldness close up and so real
Adumbration twinkling of starry rays
In its dark kisses and winter's night ways
Grey circles in frost and stagnation feel
The skin of earthly day and night sleeping
Through lonely sequel of tranquil moon
Life's sleeplessness has woven its steeping
In to its travel and in to its tune

Waves if coldness forever dreaming
Knocking at the gates of dark shadows
Light against disappearance - in the deep
Waiting reflections in drizzle plan deeming
In to the blackness of the nescience rows
Where coming time seem forever to sleep

Peter S. Quinn

I Find You So Playful At Times

I find you so playful at times
Bouquets of carefree pictures
Flowers of pointless mimes
Love free from its structures

Wondrous games that'll play
In catching the pearls from sea
Growing the distance to sway
All occurrence that inside plea

Peter S. Quinn

I Gave You Nothing (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

I gave you nothing,
For you were not fresh;
Only for bluffing,
Only for less.

Coming to be,
Where places are from;
I can not see,
The interne's bloom.

Talent or not,
I wouldn't want this here;
Nothing is hot,
Inside somewhere.

Be of to dust,
With a feeling like this;
All things must rust,
For what it then is.

The ways are reptilian,
Like games of their own;
Then do what you can,
In another wise tone.

Yellowing brown soil,
Caresses the heart;
Burrowed in foil,
From the very start.

You are of grey,
The feeling you give;
Lost character's stray,
In what you may live.

The changing's go on,
Though never for you;
For caresses are done,
That never was true.

And what seem to be fun,
Has left into the blue;
Over past yon,
Lays the rest all too.

You are of gray,
The feeling you give;
Lost character's stray,
In what you may live.

You are and say...

Peter S. Quinn

I Give You Everything

I give you everything
My heart and way
Next time there's spring
I'll grow and play
Feelings all so softly
Nights of glowing stars
Wishes that were lofty
Few moments of music bars
A day of never ending
Of flowing dreams going
Colors new in blending
The faraway horizon glowing
A night is never easy
When I think of you
The cold outside so breezy
And I'm feeling blue
I'll give you much more
Every star in the deep sky
I never was of love sure
I can't give answers why
Touches in moments still
Lullabies of yesterdays
So much it takes to fill
Cups of the lonely ways

(2)

And you were everything
Day and day together
I hear your soft whispering
Into my ears unspoken
Love is not easy finding
It comes and then goes
Sometimes of dreams blinding
And giving only wishes

But now I know the difference
Of blossoms dark blue
With early morning in trance

White and yellow in gray
The times are ever changing
And giving all its flowers
The bouquets of chance arranging
Nothing is left aside

There comes a day playing
With thoughts once gone
The time that weren't staying
Of moments in finding
Now shallow hour's hovers
Onto the afar road ahead
Your memories a bouquet of flowers
Oh heart is soft and still!

Peter S. Quinn

I Give You My Words

I give you my words from out of the blue
So full of clear sky around
My heart beat's a song made only for you
That's nowhere else to be found

Each reason I give will come and will go
Always be something to reason
Whatever's in the heart and you already know
Like flowers and seeds of fresh season

Try out my heart and how it will read
When you are here close to me
Love words and feelings always to spread
Just like young spring to be

I give you my words from out of the blue
So full of clear sky around
My heart beat's a song made only for you
That's nowhere else to be found

Peter S. Quinn

I Got The Moon Over Me

I got the moon over me
So wondrous in its shine
The shadows dancing free
Through flickering coast line
The waves coming in
From deep oceans dark
Giving the billows spin
Before on shore they park

Reasons now have their doubt
For nothing is clear
Oceans songs moving about
In cold frenzy steer
Deep are the sea waves
And clouds in haze lifting
Movement's dimness paves
In to lonesome drifting

I got the moon over me
Bluish wistful gleaming
Hours that comes to be
On to the night dreaming
Far into darkness deep
The lost mermaid's songs
Nothing for morn to keep
What to the deep belongs?

Peter S. Quinn

I Had A Dream

I had a dream this morning
Burning bright stars in the sky
With on thought and yearning
Love that should never die
The blue in the irises deep
Searching for souls that's true
Hold on to hope and keep
Every route onward through

Make up gardens with seeds
That is the ways to each love
Reflections gleaming to needs
Overflow heart, the absence of
Turn to directions of promise
Something of risk and a cause
Not of the paths of futility
Only from the sidewalks of OZ

I had a dream to keep going
Finding the blur that's hidden
Revealing truths and showing
How reality today's overridden
Facts that not for long can hold
Stories of 'reality' not too clear
All the current news getting old
Surrounding obscure everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

I Had The White Wind ...

I had the white wind in my beating heart
But it has become blackish as the sand
I knew when I my first morning did start
That love is an eager way to command

To fill every dream with its treasures
And make all the pathway freedoms come true
There is need to be growth of its pleasures
Burning on with its fire from people like you

So much of its ocean is still unseen
How waves come to and fro, to give powers
And love that lies there only in between
Is still only a dream gone with the morn hours

So bring your soul on to rivers fresh fields
And show up the strength of water truest wilds

Peter S. Quinn

I Have A Dream (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

I have a dream,
But so do we all;
A bit in airstream,
Wide and so tall.
There is so much,
I have got to say;
Giving it my touch,
Make it feel okay.

This is my wish,
To give as a song;
Take away anguish,
Make me back strong.
All in all to share,
Have as inspiration;
Take away a fear,
Bring in liberation.

Road to have and be,
What is inside now;
Let you make and see,
Each your solemn vow.
Promises to make,
That you haven't done;
Be more here awake,
Before it is all gone.

Peter S. Quinn

I Have A Piggy-Bank And A Top Hat

I have a piggy-bank and a top hat
But nothing is coming in
I must have done something wrong at that
Perhaps I did a capitalism sin
My money is only few dollars and cents
Nothing to give from or take
I have bills to pay and eyes in 'relents'
And always in restlessness I will wake

My piggy is red pinkish and bright
It is staring on to the future
I have nightmares for it each night
Because of its breaking (or opening suture)
Someone is taking all my money out
Though it is only a little...
And spreading it here and there about
So I feel so wasted and brittle

My piggy-bank talked to me (in my dreams) last night
It said it has had quite enough:
"Nothing is working out for the right
These savings up ideas of yours - only seems a bit rough": -)
I couldn't agree more with this - My Pinkish Pig!
Though I need to safe up for some stuff
It might seem unnecessary at times (and a 'jig')
But I (and all of us) live at times of a consumer's bluff

I've come to the conclusion, in my poems and lyrics, that the rhyme word is the least important word in any given line, whilst before, with other poets and lyricists, it was often the most important word...; therefore, it's my conclusion that no rhymes are clichés in such lines - because they are often so unimportant for the line as a whole, that the line could sometimes even do without the rhyme word...

Why then, put the rhyme in? To make it more singable, because I'm first of all a composer needing words/poem/lyrics to sing (and I started writing because I needed this) - and sometime in the past that was the only reason...

So away with every clichés, - if there ever was one! Your freedom has come,
rhyme word!

Peter S. Quinn

I Have A Song To Offer (Or Come Here And Rise With Me!)

Come be my freedom groom
With your true speech
I am of earth bloom
For the new soil to reach
So much of love to give
Heart within that grows
I'm here to rise and live
Making friends with foes

I have a song to offer
To all you're disputing
It's my only little coffer
For new peace recruiting
Search the ways and find
Love roots in the making
To leave traverse behind
And seeds of play waking

My leaves shall be green
When you are my friend
I will sow love between
When you are my fiend
Give me what I will need
To become strong and free
To every house I'll plead
Come here and rise with me!

Peter S. Quinn

I Have A Winter Feeling

I have a winter feeling
Beats to footsteps dark
As the moments are wheeling
Onto the gloomy embark
Mood of the lonely some
Yellow gray shades falling
Icily silvery of blossom
On my windows enthralling

How lonely is this hour
Of a muted moody stay
Where the gust murmurer
Is chanting psalms of gray
In the caress of the cold
Infinities garden of snow
As winter fantasies enfold
Its luminous light of glow

I have this moody blue
Down cavernous and low
As night's howling thru
On its way to unknown go
I'm without sleep tonight
In symphonies of echoes
Fragile iridescent of light
As nor'easter outside on goes

Peter S. Quinn

I Have Always Loved You (From The 'Upside Down')

I have always loved you
In every sense of that word
From indoor it come trough
Sometimes not to out heard
The footsteps on their long way
In handling the comings clear
Of what is brought in to a day
And always seems quite near

You know my heart is tangled
With words of mood to find
To offshore they are mangled
Each thread of dispute twined
So much in our reality is easy
To carry with us our lives load
With timely on sayings breezy
That from earth corners flowed

I have always made this plain
To where I was going too
Because love is so much its bane
To suffer from old or the new
I knew of this before I started
Feelings are of complex matter
Often not for the fainthearted
When things go rough and scatter

Peter S. Quinn

I Have Been So Faraway

I have been so faraway
in my days alone
sadness in my morning May
for my love has flown
every day is like a night
in its evening going
but I shall not lose my flight
for the past is glowing

I have been so without you
in my all being
with my thoughts I sat alone
memories still seeing
all is gone but you're still here
in my heart giving
I see you around everywhere
where I am and living

I have been so without you
inside in my heart
you were like morning new
each day when we did start
I must keep on living still
making the days new
our dreams to fulfill
until again I'll meet you

I have been so faraway
in my days alone
sadness in my morning May
for my love has flown
give me dreams and give me days
all that can be grown
like the seeds that green the grays
and inside each heart is shown

Peter S. Quinn

I Have Been So Lonely

I have been so lonely
For these days and night
My heart did have you only
In the day of bright
With wings to the distance
Onto the ever going
With a blend of times blanch
Where time clouds are glowing

I have been in sorrow
No feelings from yesterdays
I thought I wouldn't have tomorrow
Only the timeless grays
Give me some hope to borrow
That is on its horizon
From the winds of time's sorrow
My heart was nearly gone

I have been in dark deep
Flowers in the time's dust
My heart did not love reap
Only footsteps of death and rust
With clouds in gray and blue
Everything I thought lost
But here comes the time of new
For hours of hope crossed

I have been so lonely
For these days out of light
My heart did have you only
In the day of none bright
In this dark and helpless deep
Footsteps from going and falling
From distances out of keep
Where nowhere of nowhere is calling

Peter S. Quinn

I Have Been Waiting

I have been waiting for much to come along
And know of everything that's here falling
Thinking nothing of nothing that could go wrong
In its site effects and where to it's calling
Every invisible touch for each right hold
Taking holds and control of reaches apart
From build in ability that there unfold
When you from something to somewhere start
We don't really know what crawls from within
It's never quite the same that we can trust
Feelings from inside like goose-flesh on skin
That to some mysteries is always lost
Catch the low and high of the invisible real
To give some holdings in how you can feel

Peter S. Quinn

I Have Found Melody

I have found melody
Inside this new spring
Songs of air forever free
To new earth now to sing
Fragrances of summer roses
Filling up the air
As summer near closes
Comes on beautiful here

Love songs of the trees
Giving breezy harmony
Landscapes viewing please
The joyful and carefree
So much in blossoms around
Even in For-Get-Me-Not
Its bluish optimistic found
In every its little lot

Bouquets of dales and hills
Giving the eye its beauty
In its fresh daybreak stills
And in the days of each duty
I have found melody
Bound to the sky and lake
Ever so loving and carefree
Always my heart to up wake

Peter S. Quinn

I Have Got Beside This

I have got a feeling
That something is true
Away the hours stealing
To every time's renew
Like a cloud in the sky
In its hazy drifting
The low and its high
Each accomplishments shifting

I have arms to hold
Into the freshness of air
Too many moments unfold
From the spaces everywhere
A clock's running out of beat
With its two arms to turn
All the way down lonely street
In its thoughts and yearn

I have got beside this
Something more than I know
Every tomorrow's bliss
That will come as it will go
Right or wrong feelings
For everyone to find out
All the going away dealings
That life is here all about

Peter S. Quinn

I Have Just Sand From The Sea

I have just sand from the sea,
To build my castle on;
All my thoughts there wander free,
Until my castle is gone.

My thoughts are all about grace,
From natures gifts and jewels;
I always am so amazed,
Of him who truly rules.

There are reasons for all things,
Under this blue heavenly sky;
Eternally to my soul it sings,
You live, and then you must die.

Just like the yearly seasons,
So must we grow and thrive;
We have faith in earth's reasons,
To give us all this dearly life.

I have just sand from the sea,
To build my castle on;
But I hope someday to be,
Able to know, why my life was done.

Peter S. Quinn

I Have Made Up My Mind (A Lyric)

I have traveled and made up my mind
It's so easy to try but never to reach to you
For each love is so unknown and blind
And nothing but clearance can see all through

Yet what has passed away is never done
For each our error is yet another try
And nothing what I've given is all gone
And therefore I will never break off my tie

Our love is still with passion to be filled
So we can swift away clouds that drifts by
Broken affection that was in the past spilled
Shall never again in the forgetfulness lie

I have made up my mind to love you forever
There are no teardrops to shatter my wish
It's you turn now to show we can be together
If you ever make up your mind about this

I have made up my mind to love you forever
There are no teardrops to shatter my wish
It's your turn now to show we can be together
If you ever make up your mind about this

Yet what has passed away is never done
For each our error is yet another try
And nothing what I've given is all gone
And therefore I will never break off my tie

Peter S. Quinn

I Have My Wishes There

My love the night I have my wishes there
Flying around in the sky misty marvel
Circles in the making of hours to tell
Something of tranquil twinkling to share
The songs from the past on there without dying
Giving potential their expectations
With their future's hope and habitations
Aspiring dreams to our reality flying

Lands of faraway space peregrinate
Through the distant and into the deep night
Abyss of sleep to the unknown profound
Tomorrow's of hope that opens new gate
To grant us the knowledge to see its sight
Sailing our sails to the new world and ground

Peter S. Quinn

I Have Not Fallen

I have not fallen
To the ground
My shoulders
Are strong and high
Desolation came
To take me down
But I have risen
With each new try

The hour is lonely
With empty spaces
Surrounding its past
And future days
Sorrowful moments
In their weak themes
Burdening hours
Many are their ways

But I am living
And getting back up
To fulfill each new
Dream and my hope
Darkness was here
With nowhere to go
But now my hands
Hold on to light's robe

Peter S. Quinn

I Have Now Learned (I)

I have now learned
Where dwells the love
You have concerned
It all above

Resentment burned
Of hate there of
And that returned
With further love

I have now learned
What greenest grows
And what has earned
A blooming rose

It is love dear
Affectionate feel
Of one who'll care
Not break its seal

It is all there
If we try find
The feelings here
Those are combined...

Peter S. Quinn

I Have Weighted Each Line

I have weighted each line with an abyss thought
To flow in tomorrow - spin there around
Something to catch - meanings to be found
The long gone past in to our own time brought
With wings of my muse in inspiring way
The summer set roots for the hours to come
Oh how they whisper - oh how they still play
From land of the unknown where they are from

Deepness is deep but not too far outlying
Like these flights are from the black raven's song
Those come with their doubts - from sky full of clouds
Seeing through the gist - their knowledge worthy trying
Each to routes where they in desire long
Amongst the wandering of past gone crowds

Peter S. Quinn

I Hear

I hear the soul,
Twinkle the raindrop
To infinity reactivate;
The forest song
To me lies deep in humanity
Of those few
Who walk there
In the rain,
That soothes all life
And sings to the morning.
A passionate flower,
That gives you its colours
With love.
I hear the rain forest
Sing its chant to me
In the mild gold green,
That touches
My soul
Every hour I am awake,
I must be awake.

Peter S. Quinn

I Hear Sweet Melodies

I hear sweet melodies,
Drifting through the air;
From angels or wind in the trees,
Tuneful whispers everywhere.
My heart belongs to her,
And every word it knows;
Everything becomes clear,
In the sounding that flows.

Singing from sweet angels,
Grows into my soul;
Like summer aromatic smells,
It always is so extol.
Like falls that flow to sea,
Its water nourishes;
Now these songs belong to me,
And my lonely wishes.

Won't you whisper some more,
To sea waving billows;
And bring them homeward to my shore,
On to my sleepy pillows.
So I'll dream melodies,
That will tender my heart;
Bring me wind from the trees,
That will never depart.

Peter S. Quinn

Í Hljómskálagarði (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Veturinn líður
í aftan söng
gullitaðra haust laufa

Ég geng strætin köld
og hugsa um þig
vorið á vængjum
smáfugla

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

-

These Icelandic poems by me were put up here by requests from my Icelandic friends – whom read these poetry pages likewise.

To my English friends: All these Icelandic poems shall be translated later to English.

Peter S. Quinn

I Hope You Like My Doing

I hope you like my doing
And what I think is fate,
I'm not only there arguing
How things and times can't wait;
For all is all in everything
In almost anything you do,
You'll have to hope and sing
Nothing more comes of new.

Though that's not its way
How things work out at all,
There maybe yet another day
That you will get the call;
Though probably not is more so
And many have lost the same,
Worthy ones mature and grow
If that is then in their name.

I hope you prosper the more
For fate will then stand its wake,
Both sophisticated and self assure
In what you will learn and make;
There is no learning at its way
For it is an inborn made gift,
Doesn't matter what we both say
If it doesn't got that edgy up thrift.

Peter S. Quinn

I Just Can'T Walk Away (From, Coradoba)

Give me your heart again
I can't have any doubt
Somewhere my pain and den
Fading to nowhere out
Sunshine like love inside
This and that's now calling
Deep in the deep there hide
All of my love is falling

Forgetting to move on
Always just searching more
All of good days are gone
What will tomorrow store
The way that you moved me
Something I can't forget
Love is so much eternally
Nothing shall come instead

Pictures set in my mind
And sleeping inside my heart
Now they are left behind
Coming around to new start
Smiles that we had so strong
Feelings we felt yesterday
Entirely now moving along
But I just can't walk away

Peter S. Quinn

I Just Want To Sing To You

I just want to sing to you
Songs that I have heard
Quite as many as are true
In their tone and word for word
Given precious this to say
Tender moods and softy
In their cloudy appearance play
That feels sometimes lofty

I just want to bring to you
What my ears are listening on
It might make some come through
That we thought lost and gone
Drifting hours back to me
In their once about time
Showing what comes easily free
In their ways of passing prime

Listen to and bring me in
Threads of weaving forgotten
Every web that has a spin
And is not easily trodden'
Where lines are between realities
And the ones that now on bounds
Every aspect and fidelities
That my ears and dreams hounds

Peter S. Quinn

I Knew You Would Come Back

I knew you would come back
Into my heart again
For never in feelings love's lack
Sweet hours of giving men
I'll give you my life's bouquet
A lyrical line to sing
Take aside disturbing way
And beauty of words instead bring

Oh how you are now mine
In closeness of spirit to reach
With each my sincere line
I give you here to teach
What from my heart will bloom
Like spring's blossoms white
And open up every room
That dark was in the night

I knew you were of love
The clouds have drifted away
For clearance blue sky above
Shall now with our heart stay

Peter S. Quinn

I Know I Know Of This

I know I know of this
All things must come to end
Our happiness is bliss
With lives of many blend
The truth is never clear
Nor understandings true
So much of here and there
The rest is up to you

I know I know some things
But that is about all
The truth in hearts sings
Each time that it calls
The answers are never same
Though something always shows
Because truth's just a name
It comes as it goes

I know I know my time
Or some of it is clear
Today I'm in my prime
But tomorrow is an older year
All things must come and go
Through times going river
This we do all know
And to our days deliver

Peter S. Quinn

I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart

I let a song go out of my heart
Into another yesterday
Tomorrow after tonight will start
Without its words and its play

Love is alive like a swing
Much alive inside of this old song
Still in my heart it will sing
Still in my feelings I shall it long

Don't be too forgetful to find
What is of value and what is not
A bit of worth you leave behind
When you don't know what you've got

World is an occasion on a wheel
Everything goes running fast
Some like moments you once feel
On they go away to their past

I let a song be over and done
Because I thought it was old
Now from my days it's gone
Tones of its scales now untold

I am feeling blue because of this
Not remembering that melody
Somewhere inside I shall miss
This song that was once a part of me

Peter S. Quinn

I Listen (From, The River Sings On)

I listen to the sound
That comes to my ear,
Harmonies and tones found
From here and to there;
Light and shadows I see -
Feelings out of my dreams,
All the things I could be
When reality unreal seems.

The night past many stars -
Places to me unknown,
Hope in peace and wars
Only from it's past shown;
Take my searching hand
Give me knowledge to gain,
Someday I must understand
That my life was not in vain.

I see the past moving on
Into the oblivion dust,
Daydreams from our days gone -
Our spirits and soul it tossed;
Here we will come and stay
And go from here beyond,
With our lofty thoughts play
For life is a search: spellbound.

Peter S. Quinn

I Listen To Your Thoughts

I listen to your thoughts,
Like the wind in your garden
Roses wild in colors
Taking pigments from the earth;
A bouquet of flowers of fragrance so fine
Drunken with eyes like precious wine,
With name like yours of sweetness
Ever so new and fresh
As the wind on the garden walls behind.

Deception is thy name!
Deception, deception is thy game;
Returning from the wildest fantasy,
That once was a part of me.

The gate of the garden is now opened,
The seals of your thoughts are broken;
Neglect ion lies inside your walls
And sprouts of bouquet of flowers,
With name like yours of sweetness.
Ever so new and fresh
As the wind on the garden walls behind,
But who does now care or mind.

Peter S. Quinn

I Love Because I Love You

I love because I love you
All love is just like this
It is to find and come through
To a world so full of bliss
I love and I can't do more
For all love is just like this
A feeling of a touch unsure
That's really what love is

I love you because I need you
With all inside my deep
A love that's touched to blue
and hours of dark and sleep
I love you because you are
so much that I still don't know
Like clouds in the sky so far
At nights - that come and go

I love you mostly because I do
It's all so innocent and fine
You are always to me just you
A flower made out of sunshine
I love just to find your ways
Touch of the moments gone by
Kindness in wandering days
All what makes - you and I

Peter S. Quinn

I Love Songs Like These

I love songs like these
So beautiful in their dreams
Dingaling bells and Christmas trees
Where everything dreamlike seems
Days snowing white
And the love that's inside
Starry starry night
Sleigh bell icy ride

I love songs like these
Glowing in golden light
Wintry singing breeze
In to the starry night

Days in Christmas snow
Beautiful layered on
Silvery frosty ice glow
Every its freshness fun

I love songs like these
Making my wish come true
A little bit stinging freeze
Everything fresh and new

Days snowing white
Love stories winter song
Stars in the dark night
Wishes for someone to long

I love songs like these
So beautiful in their dreams
Dingaling bells and Christmas trees
Where everything dreamlike seems

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 Love You All...

I love you all
But who shall ever know
If I'll never come or call
Like a new morning's glow

To give you this my heart
The torches from inside
That drifted so apart
When I from you did hide

I thought I was so different
To give you of my thought
And never showed a relent
Of what I wished or ought

Though still I was so lonely
And tried to catch your name
Because your are still the only
That gives me all the same

A love song from the deep
That waves on the ocean
And mine in emotions to keep
In time's long going demotion

I love you all
In my songs that I can give
Each summer's shading fall
When we again memories live

Peter S. Quinn

I Love You And I Love

I love you and I love
And to your heart confess
Which is my deep and above
Sweet aspects of caress

So much with it to regain
Touches hopelessly tongue-tied
Causes of distress and feign
When it is to you denied

I love you and I need
The deep from the inside fire
What I from your heart can read
With flowing timid desire

Love that has come so dearly
And even not spoken a word
Its nearness or what is nearly
<i>Like an outside flying bird</i>

I love you and I feel
That inside my heart lies
Sometimes imaginative unreal
Though never in longing dies

So much to give when there
Of the mind-set from the inside
Touches of moments adhere
When they – there - truly abide

Peter S. Quinn

I Love You And Still I Love You

I love you and still I love you
that is what my life is about
everything comes and gets through
there is no beat of a doubt

I feel you and I feel you
every single day and night
there is something always though new
in the time and its light

A dream that hasn't been seen
floating in midstream air
some feelings that are between
circling around here

Love of the day and love gone
all that is inside me
carrying my thoughts on and on
for a minute and eternally

I love you and all that you still are
a part of me wavered through
time is near and time is afar
but still it's all a part of you

There is no beat from inside gone
it's still here echoing
it's with its timeless on and on
for me - still a part of everything

Peter S. Quinn

I Love You Because I Love You

I love you because I love you,
All my words will all tell you so,
I hope that my feelings are true,
From inside and to where you go.

This feeling's of joy and freshness,
All the whiles that make out to one,
For happiness and its sweet caress,
Of moments that are flown and gone.

This love is of every season,
From inside and the outside going,
With every its feeling and depart.

I tell you this - without a reason,
Just dreams of its steady flowing,
- From all that comes from my heart.

Peter S. Quinn

I Love You Did You Notice This

I love you did you notice this
In the swallowing world of dark
I will come with my heart as it is
And softly as life fire shall spark
My dream is
To you as to me
Filling the forest
With its shade
Hoping to be on top coming free
And bring in peace we both did made

I've noticed you trying to reach me
With your hand of such a softly touch
On an open road trustful and willingly
In the coming of closeness so much
The rising
Of love songs that are near
And made just to sing
With freedom
The words in every language you hear
Forever peaceful its peeling blossom

I love you as I guess I'll hear from you
With finding some ways to join hands
For a world of freedom is only so true
That's coming together and understands
My dream is
To give such thoughts wing
That lets the opportunities
Be thriving
So we can lift up the chorus and sing
I was born to be living not depriving...

Peter S. Quinn

I Love You Like A Summer

I love you like a summer starting place
That I can grow my heart to
Each place I know (or shall find) its many ways
That inside is to renew
With you

By each of us (who finds its root) of love
I know is true and more beautiful
Like clouds in a sky the breezes comes of
And never in directions are dull
My love is with you like nobody knows
(even though September is now in)
And when my heart in lost beats goes
To other realms where our love hasn't been
I still love you like a summer starting place
With colors of bouquets in each its vase

Peter S. Quinn

I Love You Like The Stars

I love you like the stars in the sky tonight
In flying times and the going to each deep
Every portion of your heart is golden bright
Where memories of softness is like love to keep
The sorrows never come there to give of its try

From turmoil of its loneliness
And further on goodbye

I feel ways tomorrow that reach on to a shore
Within the dreams that complicate all our destiny
Where every tangling footstep is in peace or war
They make us feel a moment inside new liberty
All aspects of its wings in either low or high

From turmoil of its loneliness
And further on goodbye

I love you like the stars in the sky tonight
In flying times and the going to each deep
Every portion of your heart is golden bright
Where memories of softness is like love to keep
To destinies and distances that further on lie

From turmoil of its loneliness
And further on goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

I Love You So Dearly

I love you so dearly,
For you are life,
In my seasons yearly,
As freshness arrive.
I love you so much,
My moments you fulfil,
The soil that I touch,
Everything until
The day that I die;
And become of you,
Like clouds in the sky,
I'll become you too,
I love you so dearly.
Mother oh mother,
Love me as clearly.
Brother oh brother,
For we are the same
Of nature and all;
Bright burning flame,
Till seasonal fall.

Peter S. Quinn

I Love You Still

I love you still in all my sorrow
Though rough are times to bring tomorrow
Distilling words are still between
For all its joy where my heart has been

Even in hours of dark there's much gold
To find the sky and on to hold
And bring in love like equation lays
To meet the tempers of life grays

The heart that throbs cannot go astray
Or crackle in fright from seeds of weed
It shall find much to meet new day
Though heart of pain has inside bleed

You are equation of love and that you live
And from them both your moments give

Peter S. Quinn

I Love You Still...

I love you still in all my sorrow
Though rough are times to bring tomorrow
Distilling words are still between
For all its joy where my heart has been

Even in hours of dark there's much gold
To find the sky and on to hold
And bring in love like equation lays
To meet the tempers of life grays

The heart that throbs cannot go astray
Or crackle in fright from seeds of weed
It shall find much to meet new day
Though heart of pain has inside bleed

You are equation of love and that you live
And from them both your moments give

Peter S. Quinn

I Love You-A Lyric

I love you
I love you
More than any words can say
I love you
I love you
And I mean it in every way
So much does depend on you
Feelings that come every day
You are what I really love and it's true
Every time I say so
Every time you'll know

Feelings are so wonderful
Like a bluish butterfly
Never a day becomes dull
Always we need to show why
My heart is open to your love
Sunshine in your eyes plays
Everything so full above
Never moments with grays

So it is to be close friends
Like something's always new
With its unlike hope it blends
To this close up and true
You say something that I long
Is that what you hoped for too?
Love is like a new summer song
So much I am in love with you

I love you
I love you
More than any words can say
I love you
I love you
And I mean it in every way
So much does depend on you
Feelings that come every day
You are what I really love and it's true

Every time I say so
Every time you'll know

Feelings what are they for
If you can not answer my heart
Nothing is there more and more
Only what closeness can start
Living is never easily done
There are always rainfalls still
Let just our love be on and on
Every purpose to give and fulfill

I love you
I love you
More than any words can say
I love you
I love you
And I mean it every new day

I love you
I love you
More than any words can say
I love you
I love you
And I mean it in every way
So much does depend on you
Feelings that come every day
You are what I really love and it's true
Every time I say so
Every time you'll know...

Peter S. Quinn

I Love...

I love the oceans of wavering waves
Summerset mornings that come in the meadows
Each shade that in to night there paves
When the evening tempers in their mood glows
I love your wide eyes that only I know
Enchanting colors irises in its deep
Flowering face of your complete glow
And mine for a moment in time to keep

Constellations of light that you too are
Deep mouth and its delights that give desire
Multiplying universe in its turn
I love every sight of each your daystar
That gives me the passion of inner most fire
Inside in flames eternally must burn

Peter S. Quinn

I May Be Your Boy

You and I could go places
With the love we understand
That many situations faces
When it's here at command
For love is never too easy
Though we feel it like that
Sometimes hurts or is breezy
With its consignment and lot

I may be your boy
If the heart's something to say
Like a morning joy
Every word in its weigh
So much effortless to love
With the fire inside
Coming down from above
When the mind-sets abide

Be not my love's mistake
Just a part of my heart
With new wonderings wake
When close situations start
Little late to come back
When every route there's broken
And the feelings something lack
That in words isn't spoken

I may be your boy
When you're sleeping all alone
And your heart could destroy
Every happiness intone
When you feel inside destroyed
In many causes that hurt
That's confronted and annoyed
Through conventions of comfort

Peter S. Quinn

I May Not Reach The Top (From, Bob 's Buttercups Songs)

I may not reach the top
For either or a different way
But what is down comes up
If it is meant to stay
To reach from dark inside
Entwine and climb then high
Is to have someone's guide
To get there on its fly

I have no desire aspiring
To be put up in just a name
For if my thoughts don't sing
In candid plainly flame
It isn't for me being there
And burn my pride on
But go back to the nowhere
That always is never done

Not the best is staying alive
With nothing to give or tell
Only empty circling arrive
With nothing that rings true bell
O let me rest then peacefully
And steer no one's thought
With what is considered breeze fully
By what it sometimes ought

I may not reach the top
For either or a different way
But what is down comes up
If it is meant to stay
To reach from dark inside
Entwine and climb then high
Is to have someone's guide
To get there on its fly

Though anything done faithfully

Should give its good fortune
If it's not measly simple too dully
To be on its top climbing run
And closer that one can bear
The mountains for picnic surprise
Like everything that is down there
Has nothing to do with the skies

And as you can tell by now
There is no ticket for a trip
You just get on top somehow
Or down you go in your own flip
For its not hard to realize
It's simply by fortunate's luck
How upside up you may rise
Or forever on bottom stay stuck

I may not reach the top
For either or a different way
But what is down comes up
If it is meant to stay
To reach from dark inside
Entwine and climb then high
Is to have someone's guide
To get there on its fly

Peter S. Quinn

I Maybe A Stranger

The heart is always crying
Inside its profound deep
When those memories keep dying
Gone into tomorrow's sleep...
Flowers are glowing in the rain
Everything seems for nothing
When the mind's so much in pain
And edges of the soul are roughing

I may be a stranger to you
Without knowing what really to say
But when the spirit is inside blue
Sorrow on my feelings does play

The heart is always crying
Inside its profound deep
Like those moments are away flying
Never for dedications to keep
Things maybe going alright
While nothing survives gone instance
When a passion has lost its flight
Like a flower in winters blanch

I may be a stranger not seeing thru
For everything has its own flame
But my heart is though feeling for you
And nothing forever says the same

Peter S. Quinn

I Miss You

Every dream goes by
The feelings of past

A drifting cloudy sky
In its longing vast

When we were very near
Love's still a flower

I wish you were still here
Each beginning hour

Love was everything
Tender softness wide

In heartbeats we did sing
Rainbows were our guide

Now curfew in feeling
Sunset golden brow

Times the years stealing
It went somehow

Each night I wonder still
Where your star has gone

If our past did fulfill
To show its light on

Nights are so lonely
With dreams memories

If you could still only
To set my heart free

Peter S. Quinn

I Need Beauty

I need beauty
For love's sake
It's impalpably
Nature's awake!

The rise of days
Revive awaken
Instantaneous plays
As winter's betaken

Peter S. Quinn

I Picked A Daisy

I picked a daisy
As yellow as the yellow sun
I am in love, crazy
Where battles are never won
Inside my heart - life is beating
And giving its blossoms away
Love sometimes to love's cheating
With much about nothing to say

I picked a small bloom
To give like love only to you
It's a purified heirloom
Of innocent as it's true
But still you are breaking my heart
Like a rainy cloud in its tears
I become wandering and apart
Of all that love adheres

I picked these for love
I thought it would last
But just like the clouds above
Everything comes to its past
And here I'm standing now alone
Without you (but still within)
My flower is now on its own
And you whom left
Have fresher grown

(Now my daisy lies cut
On the withering sideways
Without a growing butt
Of more summer sun days
Playful evenings are gone
With joyance of scent
When night meets dawn
In light rising augment

Now my daisy has faded
To a withering weak

Its tinctures have degraded
And are now almost bleak
The shade of its yellow
Is white to the gray
Its stem is now mellow
Can't rise in breezy play

Oh my daisy my blossom
How fair you were then
In the flora's kingdom
A true beauty specimen
A love flowers bouquet
Fresh in fragrance new
But now we can forget
That this was once true)

Peter S. Quinn

I Play On My Harp

I play on my harp
Every love song I know
In keys of their flat and sharp
As they come and go

All the colors in the air
Within their flowing about
As they come through here
Swinging positive and doubt

So much giving from their string
The tones weak and the strong
As they to my ears they sing
In their freedom about song

Peter S. Quinn

I Really Don'T Know (Hummed With Jazz Last Night)

I really don't know where this beat's going
Inside my thinking and on growing
Coming in with its ticktack-on time flowing
Steadily on and always for sure knowing
I don't know why it's bursting this way
With a slowly down motion and then rising
Here comes the night with its own play
Giving me something in its own surprising

Let's have it here on - thinking slow or fast
Because yesterdays are never again for sure
Moments that came all have now passed
Giving their moods and someone to lure
I have no way to foresee thoughts at all
They just go into what ever is made
Coming with rhythm - the same way it'll fall!
Down into the alley where the hours' wade

Finding town's streets thoughts – along!
And letting everything freely jazz on
Rising to the beat of a slow motion song
Before its free singing in time's gone?
Jazzing up my head bursting into scheme
So much needs to be steadily told in here
Watching the bar lines breaking the theme
Going from four-four and into somewhere

Peter S. Quinn

I Remember

I remember something
From not very long ago
When the hours all did somewhat bring
Walks through woods we know
And the tides were different then
Flowing to and fro
Never shall this come again
Everything must go

Something in my memory
Every night the moon is here
Washing with its ablutionary
So the thoughts come clear
And the time that passed are on
To give reflection
Of old times that are done
In new direction

I remember old ways
Some tinctures from inside
Playing softly in from the rays
Yesteryears still hide
And the hour bringing them out
One by one they'll show
As pictures turnabout
In a different glow

Peter S. Quinn

I Remember...

I remember the first days of my love
That came into my heart there just to sing
Like the drifting of the clouds far above
How much joy to my heart it all did bring
When the hours were quite young or just new born
With every feeling freshness could live
And no thought were tossed about or too worn
But only sweet ones my momma did give

When I was an infant in to early night
With my own longings all day, and day old
And as youngster I started my early flight
With her blossoms so sweet for me to hold

I remember how much she has given me
To wake up to the morning and become free

The Crew

Peter S. Quinn

I Reverie And My Sprit Takes A Flight

The earth is my watery ways and tongue
With my own moments to give and awake
Elements of loving to share and take
A heart of inside - intimate among
The yesterdays going in its flowing streams
Risings in morning that tomorrow gives
Everything my blue atmosphere lives
Hope of my yearnings and wish of my dreams

I reverie and my sprit takes a flight
To opportunity longings I need
With pleasure full leaves of aroma sweet
I'm of day but also of wishful night
Spring in the rising and glow autumn's bleed
That in these lines - you, your meaning shall greet

Peter S. Quinn

I Saw You In The Evening

I saw you in the evening
Where flowers all are glowing
And little birds do sing
Until their time of going
When a heart's aching lonely
And remembering the past
The trust of love that's only
For a moment to last

I once was quite contented
With everything I'd try
But now my feelings are blended
In hours of its goodbye
Through the morning of its bliss
Till the eve of its night
Each remembrance and its kiss
When we meet days bright

I saw you in the evening
And you were further gone
Each memory was bringing
The hours that life had won
But you were in your doubt
If you had done your best
For continuation is all about
What you to love have confessed

Look through pages long-ago
And find those forgotten one
Like flowers they shall glow
Countersigns in its on and on
Through the morning of its bliss
Till the eve of its night
Each remembrance and its kiss
When we meet days bright

Love is forever if it's true
Never forgotten in its clear
Like break of day always renew

From its rising everywhere
I once was quite contented
With everything I'd try
But now my feelings are blended
In hours of its goodbye

I saw you in the evening
Where flowers all are glowing
And little birds do sing
Until their time of going
When a heart's aching lonely
And remembering the past
The trust of love that's only
For a moment to last

Peter S. Quinn

I See A Pictured Face

I see a pictured face
Like a tune of heart
Innocent and its grace
Love wrinkles 1st start
Ways of all its undone
Time travels many ways
As time carries life on
It marks it with days

I see the old and new
Each day becomes night
As life moves on through
And gives another light
The time is always you
What comes and makes
Purpose in what you do
Each new one awakes

I see a line in the line
Of love feelings strong
Eyes with its sunshine
And a heart with its song
Love that can't define
The purpose of its being
Life of everything's fine
If its use your 'ere seeing

Peter S. Quinn

I See Light (From,134 Picture Poems)

I see light
dark white

fading to be

full of desire
and fire

Peter S. Quinn

I Shall Always Love You

I shall always love you
In my lonely days
You were always so true
In your beautiful ways
Dreams in summer shine
Love that did abide
Always of feelings so fine
With beats from inside

Moments are gone by
Flower's been tossed
Night upon the sky
Through dark crossed
But your dreams are still
In my heart and mind
The minutes to fulfill
For those left behind

I shall always love you
Through my heart song
Every day to renew
For hours lost to long
Dreams are in the way
Of every hour going
You, my beautiful day
All the past knowing

Nothing weights to this
Love that's never dull
You my morning kiss
Still of care so full
Dreams in sunny rays
Nothing over and done
Memories that plays
Constantly on and on

I shall always love you
In my lonely days
You were always true

In your beautiful ways
Dreams in summer blue
Love that gave so much ☐
Always you were you
Sunshine with its touch

Moments are gone by
Flower's been tossed
Night upon the sky
Through dark crossed
But nothing weights to this
Love that's never dull
You my morning kiss
Still of care so full

You my morning kiss
Still of care so full

Peter S. Quinn

I Shall Become

I shall become
What roses are now
Where freshness is from
Of brightness brow

I shall always be
Like morning sunshine
Fresly so free
Never to decline

I shall be true
In every my way
See clearly thru
Day by its new day

Like feeling are its toch
An affair of its heart
Everything that's much
Right here at this start

I shall want love
Coming and to give
Much in much so of
That my ways could live

You and I for this
Just an adore all
Making its coming bliss
Giiving its truest call

Peter S. Quinn

I Shall Become Like Beethoven (From, Myspace)

I shall become like Beethoven
Lost in my heart
Or to a street woven
Never my flight to start
Feeling the seeds growing
Those surround my feet
Never be able in going
Where there is a helpful need

I shall become like a stone
In the earth's road
Always there being alone
With my cold content load
Reasons that come with time
Shall move beyond and be
Each in its own prime
While the mud disables me

Or perhaps I'll be like a leaf
That withers to yellow
In my daytime's brief
That circles the air and fellow
And gives me a thought to drift
And become free for awhile
When I'm in life's lift
And drift with its beguile

Peter S. Quinn

I Shall Follow The Murmur...

I shall follow the murmur,
From the harmony I hear within;
Each fragile tone holds firmer,
Than if they had not there been.
For all the voice from a heart,
Is thunder or drops from rain;
Tones unite can't drift apart,
Or cause some dissonant pain.
They chant mildly through you,
Like a lovely song you hear;
Or a river that streams through,
And water thy roots with care.
Clouds shall drift on in your sky,
And bring forward whatever you won;
And with that you'll grow up and die,
And seedlings from you go on.

All love that comes from within,
Is deeper than truest of words;
Never as ink shall perish or thin,
Or wander away like a flock of herds.
Lift up thy spirit with love that grows,
Let demons of hatred be gone;
What then will happen he only knows?
Who continues his love thereon.
To follow what love stands for,
Is much harder than we all think;
If dissonant faints you rest a sure,
A peaceful harmony it'll bring.
To stretch for a rose without seeing love,
Will only bring a wound from a thorn,
You must handle thy love with a glove,
From all tempers that are ill worn

A heart just done with a stone,
Bears no streams where beauty is born;
It will always keep a lifeless tone,
No joy have therein and nor no morn.
All freshest of blooms that glows,

Came from the fruit that you ate;
And life in each heart there grows,
But not if it belongs to your hate.
Bear with me this thought and mood,
I meant just to upright with this;
It came from my inner most root,
It may be hopeless as any wish.
Moments have those thoughts to give,
To make your fire burn and build;
Therefore you must up rise and live,
Even the windmills you have tilt.

I shall follow the murmur of thoughts,
When ever I find where its road leads;
Purity shall always see thorough frauds,
Weeds are amidst all our feats.
Feel you not with fire delight,
You still have to be born with all of that;
For wrong is always as truthfully as right,
Promises not kept are really never had.
Empty with out love is a word,
But not the feelings as a whole;
You can rub every word with dirt,
But feelings like souls have a role.
In it is a stage of your own,
The play writer of every part is you;
But just as seeds of its fruits are grown,
So must all of you life be too.

Peter S. Quinn

I Sing To You Another Song

I'll sing to you another song,
It may be all the same;
It comes as I go along,
Spelling out your name.
I'll whisper to you softly,
The words I cannot sing;
I hope you'll feel the same for me,
And never break an unbroken string.
I'll sing to you an youthful song,
Of nature and things among us;
Of those that are now quite young,
Who'll still have adulthood to go across.
My songs are among the birds and bees,
And nature calls us to fulfil;
Like the wind in the chestnut trees,
That steadily whispers and never stands still.
I'll sing to you another song,
It may be all the same;
But forces of my feelings are strong,
And still my innocence has no shame.

Peter S. Quinn

I Think About You (From Coradoba)

I think about you
When days come dark like this
Corners of shadows flickering
Inside a dark dim way

Nothing of nothing everywhere
I can not feel its mood
In its vanguard ways twisted
Until my dreams come once more in

Yesterday is nearly forgotten
Of everything it once had
Footsteps to the hills faraway
Never again in reality to be heard

I am lonely like an empty wall
Without pictures to decorate
Only white painting of clear thoughts
Not to be given any other

The gray blue window
Has its curtains covered for nothing to see
Only raindrops falling in echoes
Outside peaceful memories

Away my thoughts wander
Into its forgotten place of gone times
When raindrops were fresh on my face
And not bitter at all like today

I think about you
But you are not here with me
We have drifted too far away and against
Each other like cold delicate nimbuses

Peter S. Quinn

I Think It's Going To Rain Today

I think it's going to rain today
With a flowing of a flow song
I feel as the drops are going to play
A song for my heart to long

There are fires of dust on the road
Many feelings that go around
Keeping ground to your worries and load
Something not in dreams to be found

Our love stories never-ending to die
Only a beat in its place
Something so worthy of low and its high
In its own wonder and grace

Days that begun as a night in dark
Then filling the air with their glow
New in their sky shining and a spark
Until it's a time once more to go

I think it's going to rain today ☐
Flowing away worries and heartache
Maybe tomorrow will be become okay
When you again to this fresh day awake

There are roads going round and around
With their curving in endless find
Something forever never to be found
Until you leave those forever behind

Peter S. Quinn

I Think Spring Is Coming (From, Lost Song Poems)

I think spring is coming
With flowers in the hair,
Its plants ground's plumping
And fragrance to the air.

The love I thought was lost
Is alive again all here,
Earth has broken the frost
New colors now appear.

Dark thoughts of winter gone
There's spring everywhere!
Once again fun's newborn
For the summer is near.

Peter S. Quinn

Í Tímana Rás

Dagur verður nótt,
haust að vetri

Allt rennur áfram
til hafsins óróa

Í tímana rás,
þögullí sveiflu

Öldutak og nybylgjur
við sjónarrönd

Peter S. Quinn

Í Tímans Rás (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Dagurinn er runnin
í nökkva skil
burtu í tímans rás

Fjarlæg mi? endurminninga
tengjast saman
og stö?vast

Allt er eins og var
í myndrænu máli
vegsins

Ef til vil kemur aftur
einn morgun
?essi fer?

?egar dagur ver?ur annar
í augum nyrra væntinga
tímans

Allt er alltaf
a? koma
aftur

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Í Veruleika Og Draumi

Í veruleika og draumi
er öll vitund til
hún flakkar á milli
þau óráðnu skil

og lífið og dauðinn
er sjálfinu háð
þú ert og ert ekki
þar til algleymi er náð

og spor sem er gengið
gleymist ei meir
jörðin er sporið
og þú ert þess leir

hugsaðu um veginn
sem verður á leið
þangað liggur leiðin
sé gata þín greið

Peter S. Quinn

I Wait For Spring

Now is no time for anything
Only some dreams faraway
This winter I wait for spring
The rising of a flowering day

My ears are open to sound
That awakes songs into air
So much newborn is found
Pleasurable around and fair

Memories from gone past
I hold now close to my heart
When summer comes at last
Each of them I again impart

Peter S. Quinn

I Walk In Life The Way I Am (Iv)

I walk in life the way I am
Sometimes strong and sometimes weak
I have my happy hours too
Some are like those you might seek

I hope everybody finds their way
That's the purpose for being here
Different goals we might find out
Coming from distance everywhere

I walk in life with love and care
It's the way we all should do
Sorrows and joys we might share
So come and join by being you

We walk in life imperfectly
For nothing is too absolute
Take a look from inside me
There may lay your different route

I hope everybody finds their way
And joy with dreams they share
For tomorrow is another day
I hope I'll be finding you there

Peter S. Quinn

I Walked Wastelands

I walked wastelands of lonesome days
Where old summer flowers were buried to earth
Through the bitter ranges I walked the ways
And found my footsteps in the waging worth
In the areas of gouging through the cold snow
Whose deadly kiss is chained to tangled crystal
Of inclement tears of frozen lost glow
That came in shivers with last days of fall

Poisonous soil of the deadly kiss frost
Like spread out skin of snowy lustrous white
Realms of blank sorrows crumbling the bygone
In blacks of atoms I felt summers lost
Where eve colors to grayness are contrite
And come into view - in autumn near done

Peter S. Quinn

I Want To Be Loved

I want to be loved here by everyone
If I cannot be loved longer by you
The heart is the glow that never is done
And tries to find love that always is true
If I will wander some footsteps away
Where there is no one to be reached by love
I shall be like a lonesome grayish day
With its drifting darkish cloudlets above

I want to be touched so deep in my heart
With all those feelings that give from and steer
Like spring water that in clearness will start
As freshly as you are truly and dear
Each purpose in life is to be loved on
And Carry those dreams till your times are gone

Peter S. Quinn

I Want To Dream

I want to dream
Through day and night
Where the entire world seem
In the dreamy light
And stars go their way
In a dream come true
Where light is at play
Always to renew
I want to find my destiny
Be guided in its hope
Where all's for you and me
By no means to elope
In every way possible
Where realty doesn't count
Always to dreams accessible
Hard times shall surmount

I want to be a child
To find a wistful ray
Not be in times beguiled
Where dreams all go away
Where hope is impossible
To make active or try
Fantasies are accomplishable
Where make believe lie
I want to have a vision
In every colors too
With nothing of precision
In what to make and do
Just glide in my sleep
To find my own trance
When dream my eyes keep
In nocturnal instance

I want to dream
In flights of mind's eye
Rise thru the airstream
As distant as blue-sky
In every hope and call

Where no one has been
And rainbows are for all
In castle in the sky seen
I want to go and sing
That comes from my heart
And to the world bring
In every trust and part
All that is for a child
In innocence and clean
Ever so kind and mild
All early days have been

Peter S. Quinn

I Want To Dream...

I want to dream like a flower
Morning comes with all its desire
I have blue sky for every hour
Taking my breath higher and higher

Something there all outside this
Daydreams like flying morning wings
The hours of my life are a true bliss
And inside for eternally it sings

I want to dream like a mountain
Reaching to the faraway sky's slights
Tributary currents only fountain
Setting my hope to the highest flights

All that is here to reach to about
With clouds that are drifting here by
Dreams goals without any doubt
All that's smooth in amazement high

I want to dream like a human
In the turning the fortune wheels
Like no other existence form can
Make the proceeds as one feels

Thinking about my wishing ways
Like stars are falling in the night
Coloring all my commonplace grays
As I draw truly their identity light

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

I Want To Give To You

I want to give to you
My dreams today
Bringing them on thru
Anyway I can
For dreams are dreams tomorrow
And onto the past blue
Full of gone sorrow
But gladness is there too

We have our day's tether
In its humdrum way
One way here altogether
No matter what we'd say
Something to give and take
Feelings so ordinary
In every aspect's awake
That sets our wishes free

I want to give you all
Every star in the deep sky
From the hours they fall
Without asking questions why
The dreams gone to the deep
As days to night grow
Nothing for them to keep
Only their moments to flow

I want to give to you
My dreams today
Bringing them on thru
Anyway I can
For dreams are dreams tomorrow
And onto the past do
Full of gone sorrow
But gladness is there too

Gladness is there too
Which I want to give to you

I Want To Give You This

I want to write more words
And fly to the deep inside
Wing to wing with my birds
That through timeless glide
To bring me to new spring
With flowers blossoming light
And with each word new sing
That is in my viewing sight

I want to give you this
Like anew morning coming in
The rising of dawn's bliss
With variations in its spin
Love that's touching a heart
Like a melody spinning around
From every point and start
And nowhere else is found

These things of heart's love
That's burning with its call
And fluffy like clouds above
As they through the sky stroll
Each given new opportunity
That never before has rose
But still here's wandering free
Just as the instant that goes

Peter S. Quinn

I Wanted You Dearly (From, Myspace)

I wanted you dearly
Through time and space
To have you here nearly
To give and amaze
The castings are going
Following your footsteps
In times that are growing
And making its traps

To follow the shifting
We need both the hours
And the fumes of uplifting
After rain soothing shower
For dreams to go by
To give us their taste
To make the breaking sky
That never is in haste

I wanted you near me
To give me some luck
It is always comparatively
What views the sights block
And many are the opportunities
To break away to freedom
All the threading ways disunities
Where a chance came from

Peter S. Quinn

I Was Once A Child So Young

I was once a child so young
With fantasies in my mind
Like flowers from seeds do sprung
Each memory left behind

Like air that is busting to sky
To float with a cloudy mist
Or a brook in its flowing nearby
That earth has wandered and kissed

I look now and find memories
Of so much that life has given
The inside the heart only sees
And you through times have liven

There is so much far and wide
In songs of my singing that call
With moments for a while to abide
Like leaves in their beautiful of fall

My dreams have been pleasantry thing
With so much a child can do
They infinitely to me now sing
And some of them I interpret to you

A love song to fly in the blue
And wander away in youth's countryside
To give of a young heart so true
In a merry-go-round childhood's ride

Peter S. Quinn

I Will Always Come To You

I will always come to you
Without ever be with fail
Each wish to see clear through
Without weep and wail

Dreams in their greens fields
Giving morning with a shade
Like a passion in tint shields
With sky hands every made

Love that 's from inside grown
Every bouquets bundle
Inside waves never shown
Like summer breeze in trundle

I will give you a cut in stone
Of all my heart's throbbing
With its many passionate tone
Never in colors blobbing

I will always come to you
Without ever be with fail
Soothing your leaves like dew
Love won't wither and pale

Peter S. Quinn

I Will Be Wishing Upon A Star (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

I will be wishing upon a star
In to the little spacey ways
Someone to long for in the very afar
With the colors of every place

Listen to the moods of a cloudy sky
With every feeling that is inside
Something is coming or going by
When you listen for a moment and abide

We are only here for a very brief time
Like clouds in the faraway day
With feelings like ocean's in their prime
Going to and fro - either way

Somewhere a day is beginning anew
With light coming up over a hill
Something for love to live on through
Others have only new dreams to fulfill

I will be a moon from clouds to a blue
Into the morning of the leaving dark
Rise with the forest all into the new
Long ways to go till all tinctures spark

Dreaming of flowing in water so plain
Every splash that moves with a flow
Sand and earth gardens with their grain
Rushes through as the breeze will blow

Peter S. Quinn

I Will Catch A Cloud

I will catch a cloud up on the high there
In its murky fluffy and all going day
Around circling to places everywhere
They don't wait a minute on their long way
I'll wake up in the morning to find a new
And never stop trying to wonder too high
The clouds are always on time coming through
On to sky in dimming winter's lullaby

There is nothing like fresh air in cold stream
Going through the day and night on its weightless
With the rising to new day breaking beam
When the new in the morning you caress
Every going day is another carrying
Various hazy mists through the sky varying

Peter S. Quinn

I Will Give You Mine Everything

I will give you mine everything
A bouquet of life
And let you with my heart sing
When its beats strife
When there is joy in my heart
I will show you that line
And then let nothing depart
From my soul and sunshine

I will bring you infinity hour
With what I could find
And mine best of any flower
From inside my mind
For each sorrow to go away
And wake up your gladness
Like the morning freshest day
Without any dim sadness

I 'll give you my mood to take
To sit here beside you
Like the autumn tinctures make
Those now come here through
To the moments of going
Of the summer times given
In the yesterdays glowing
And our memories still liven

Peter S. Quinn

I Will Love You Forever

I will love you forever
I will dream day and night
Again we'll be together
In an other world's flight
Where everything's bright on
And dreams become true
And you were never gone
And I'm still beside you

I will love you and dream you
Where ever I will go
Our memories come through
In the rain drops glow
Just like when I was a boy
And saw a rainbow in sky
It filled my heart with joy
And my thoughts going high

I will love every new hour
Sunshine days and in rain
You are earth bound flower
That I'll meet sometime again
I will love you forever
I will dream day and night
Times come we'll be together
And take another flight

I will love you forever
I will love you forever
I can't be loosing you
Love is to be togther
Every day and every night
I will love you forever
I will love you forever
Let my heart get through
Love is to be togther
Take a new step
Take a new flight

I Will Never Forget You

I will never forget you
Blossoming bloom my rose
You were my heart so true
But everything wither and goes
Everything love and sunshine
Dreams that we made the two
Each hour that was so fine
I'll always remember you

All times they must go through
With dreams that were never to be
The days of the old to renew
All becomes the hours of memory
But I shall not forget your heartbeat
With dreams that were never to be
When I walk again a lonely street
You shall be here inside with me

I will never forget you
The days with your voice singing
Everything that was true
In my childhood and upbringing
Every hour we had as one
In our dreams that came to be
And into my heart's now gone
Like a beautiful memory

Peter S. Quinn

I Will Try To Reach On To You (From Album, Like Love Is True)

I will try to reach on to you
With my broken moods and dreams
Coming so clearly all through
In to this world of esteems
I have a message to give
With the rightfully ways to go
And something still worthy to live
Just like the day that I did know

Chorus

Come here listen to my courage
It's so close with its beating
Everything there in its true weighs
What you in words are reading
Passing from thoughts of nothing
That sometime will fill the mind
When they are reasoning bluffing
And they are sympathy is blind

I will try to hold on to fortunes
That is more inside than out
Everything that comes and turns
And filling the motions about
I have my daydreams to place
Where they'll come to something
After their go round and lace
To some they might somewhat bring

Peter S. Quinn

I Will Weigh Your Love To Mine

I will weigh your love to mine
To let it all come out
Raise all the new glow sunshine
That your heart beat's about
Maybe your thoughts will be bringing
Its glow to a special hour
And you in your timeless singing
Seed to grow a precious new flower

The days are now far ahead
On to moments that nowhere shall go
And old flowers are almost dead
With the winter in morning and snow
But still there is time to weigh in
And give every rising its call
Making new thoughts and its spin
When there are reasons for a fall

I weigh your heart to much bigger
If you give me the time to do so
There is breeze of prospect and vigor
To be here and in higher breeze blow
We are here on the same level
Rising sometimes or going slow down
Each swing is straight forward or dishevel
On the playgrounds of our home town

Peter S. Quinn

I Wish I Could Have A Dream – A Lyric

I wish I could have a dream
That would never be gone
And you could know like a beam
A light to carry still on
I wish I could

There's something behind each door
Giving life new ways and look
Dreams that always go for more
Like the pages of an open book
There's something

Love is time what you want it to be
Going through for you to care
Something clearly for one to see
Having it always inside here
Love is time

Don't tell anybody what to do
'Cause they'll find their own way
Love is so much up to me and you
How things turn out and how they stay
Don't tell anybody

There's a cloud up there for everyone
Drifting about fast or slow
What we have shall never be done
For the moments through air will blow
I wish I could have a dream
That would never be gone
And you could know like a beam
A light to carry still on
I wish I could

Peter S. Quinn

I Write And I Write (From, Poet On Www)

I write and I write and I write...
When I hold a pen I write
When I put my toes into the sand I write

I write and I write and I write...
I dance with my body and I write
I'm a poem of feelings and I write

I write and I write and I write...
I touch everything and I write
I sing to the wind and I write

I write and I write and I write...
Forever to a song I will sing
Forever to my heart a poem I'll bring

I write and I write and I write...
The hours are long and dim I write
Fluffy high and whimsy whim I write

I write and I write and I write...
In a winter where white roses glow I write
And the air fills the earth with cold snow I write

I write and I write and I write...
When I hold a pen I write
Into a world of my own.... I write

I write and I write and I write...

Peter S. Quinn

I Write My Song As Poetry

I write my song as poetry
I write my poetry as a song
I try to be continuously free
In what I do and long
My days are just like a drift
Of markedly ample something
The coiling of nature's swift
That inside my infinitely bring

Every dream is what you are
Every dream is what you have seen
Reaching through the lonesome far
With the wonder where you have been
So much closeness in its play
Where the rivers meet the shore
They have come along long way
Always there for ever more

Like highest mountains blinded spot
The top is reached by step
Of what it is and what it's not
Of depths and echoes hep
What centers me I hear?
Of impassive thoughts going
Each concept is like a spear
Of what is set out in knowing

Every day is like a time drift
To the closeness of your heart
With the morning in its new lift
Reaching times to another start
Like you are always dreaming
To be with your thoughts near
From every hour that's streaming
With its closeness of gone year

So much there in its unknowns
And endlessly in words
Pouring out its hailstones

Into the air like birds
I write my song for you
So you might hear its poetry
And always to endless renew
I have done for you and me

Every dream is what you are
Feeling the touching thought going
To forgotten places like a star
That in sky is lonesome glowing
So much time has been lost for all
On to the hours of dark and gray
Never again to a heart they'll call
In the ongoing moments and day

I write my song as poetry
I write my poetry as a song
I try to be continuously free
In what I do and long
My nights are the skies of far
Of flowing airy the clouds
Sometimes there's a falling star
In the mist that the ways enshrouds

Every dream is what you are
Every dream is what you have seen
Reaching through the lonesome far
With the wonder where you have been
So much closeness in its play
Where the rivers meet the shore
They have come along long way
Always there for ever more

Peter S. Quinn

I, Gaza (A Youth Growing)

There is always some rain
Somewhere
In the day and the night
With feelings and pain
From there
Where there is no daylight

Yesterday went lonely
Full of its own way
We were here left only
With what seemed okay
But dreams were on death-row
Filling the corners of weep
Somewhere footsteps go
Hours of sorrow to keep

There is always some rain
Somewhere
Taking and filling the woes
War into war to reign
As long as any dispute grows

There is always some rain
Somewhere
In the day and the night
With feelings and pain
From here
Where there is no daylight

I cannot find my house
It has been broken down
Like waves of shadows arouse
My beautiful hometown
Oh death has arrived to me
And filled my lonely footsteps
Chains have broken the free
With all its many intercepts

There are always

Some teardrops
Somewhere

Peter S. Quinn

I 'm As A Drifting Cloud

Like my heart is in the gutter of the street going
I 'm as a drifting cloud so high and faraway
Every dream of my inside yearning is always knowing
What it is that comes and gives more to say?

Feelings never seem to stand by at any given door
It looks like they are going to somewhere
With their drifting thoughts that always are for more
And never can be at the same levels here
For the days are always passing on by to there

Each of you who know the truth of my true inside
With the wanderings that came about to give
Where the lights of city lights glimmer and glide
To flicker in the shadows of a glow that can't live

Feelings never seem to stand by at any given door
It looks like they are going to somewhere
With their drifting thoughts that always are for more
And never can be at the same levels here
For the days are always passing on by to there

Somewhere you are in the distances of day
Like a morning coming up that cannot stay
In my thought that are so restless in their play

Like my heart is in the gutter of the street going
I 'm as a drifting cloud so high and faraway

*(Remember this is a lyric... The other part of my writing output is lyric writing and it's as large as my poetry writing. However my largest output is writing music... Please Google 'Peter S. Quinn' If you'd like to see more. Thanks for your time. Peter)

Peter S. Quinn

I´m Speaking Soft

I´m speaking soft not loudly
As the winter is here
With its brawling breeze proudly
Swift cold waves everywhere
Though the earth is still yellow
Brown mud in softly clay
Soon white frost says its hello
As we move on to December's day

I'm speaking tones in cold outside
Dancing leaves on falling
As echoes of yesterdays glide
And old gone summer is calling
Every day is now night in yearning
Playful strings of time thru
None of those are again turning
They are all gone into the blue

I´m speaking soft not too high
With branches of trees swinging
All must end - oh all must die
That our life´'s dance and singing
Think of me in the tides of new
In the freshness of their giving
I tried my best to be true
Both in daydreams and in living

Peter S. Quinn

I'll Be There

I'll be there
In everywhere you go
Softness like sunshine
Each your step and flow
I'll be there
Softly feeling on
Till everything's fine
And your worries gone

I'll be there
Like daybreak new
Dreams of rising slow
If you want me too
I'll be there
Just be there for you
Footsteps in new snow
Fresh breeze coming thru

I'll be there
In all the things you love
Mist in the faraway
Clouds in drift above
I'll be there
You and I are one
Sunshine in everywhere
From the rising sun

Peter S. Quinn

I'll Be There 2

I'll be there
In everywhere you go
Softness like sunshine
Each your step and flow
I'll be there
Softly feeling on
Till everything's fine
And your worries gone

I'll be there
Like daybreak new
Dreams of rising slow
If you want me too
I'll be there
Just be there for you
Footsteps in new snow
Fresh breeze coming thru

I'll be there
In all the things you love
Mist in the faraway
Clouds in drift above
I'll be there
You and I are one
Sunshine in everywhere
From the rising sun

Peter S. Quinn

I've Been Silent

I've been silent for some time
For I listen to growing green
Now summer is in its prime
With colours of voices seen

Treasures of splendid Wisdoms
Every that our earth gives
Treasures of fragrant blossoms
Those that in garden lives

Peter S. Quinn

I'm Going To Blue Dimension

I'm going to blue dimension
Thru my own magic door
It's truly a comprehension
And borderline of life's seashore
In times on passing by
And giving its heart content
It opens to the blue sky
When feeling are in relent

It shows you the magic hours
And all that you can give
Its grass is of wild and flowers
That you on truly must live
To enjoy the moments they make
In magic that is passing on
When you from its dreams awake
It never is really gone

So open your blue dimension door
To see what is there inside
And what's in your heart's lore
In thoughts you did put aside
There are moments of their truth
In everything that we all do
It's magic of infinity youth
As days come and get on thru

Peter S. Quinn

I'm Just A Baby

I'm just a baby
Little kitten in town
And maybe just maybe
I'll again be found

I lost my joy sweet home
With many good hours
Now Braives streets I roam
And look at wild flowers

□

Sometimes a little fly
Comes flying here around
About and around goes by
In a buzzing lively sound

Now and then there is fun
And no dogs that do bark
I can go slowly - not run
Pay attention to a singing lark

I'm just a black kitten
That needs its mamma now
That curiosity has smitten
And drawn near a crow

I'm lost and taken aback
Of people going by
I can't again find my track
How many times I try

Mew!

Hey Ben, oh dear Ben
Please find my Address
Or I'll be lost again
With no fondling caress

***My friend Ben Heine found a lost kitten ...

Peter S. Quinn

Ice Crystal's Beauty (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Ice crystal's beauty,
In a forgotten passage;
The roughness of infinity,
In a fiery afterimage.
The mystic of the dark,
Flowing with the mist;
Drifting light and spark,
Twilight's evening twist.

Ice and fire contrast,
The boundary of each;
Showing deep its cast,
Something to overreach.
Playful in the moonlight,
Expressing the flashes;
Inner structure anthracite,
Wall to wall airspaces.

Ice water reflection,
Within indecisive walls;
The underlying connection,
From within giants halls.
Mystic of polymorphous,
Sculptures of phantoms;
The beauty and fragileness,
Of metaphor inside atoms.

Peter S. Quinn

Ict Overdose

ICT overdose and its 'comatose'
I'm under its spell once again
'Cause I and my keyboard are close
Both within its contrast terrain

There is daytime in my sky
With much to give of hope
As the hours are going by
I'm picker of words chromoscope

There's no reason in my doing
Only a lyrical line to handle
Each keystroke I'm caressing
To light my inner sense candle

Sometimes I'm in luck with a meaning
And everything goes quite well
If the laptop is good for screening
The outcome you could perhaps foretell

Peter S. Quinn

Ideas

There is always something to do
I suppose life is in a hurry
Though it's much up me and you
Not to have any kind of worry
It's so logical just to continue
With what ever we have done
Not everything needs to have a clue
Sometimes the unexpected is fun

So just welcome each indication
Whatever will come from wondering?
Wake up some short of creation
It maybe some idea sundering
You'll be busy the half day around
To figure out what should be said
Sometimes words from old are found
What you might have just lately read

Don't make your words uninspired
Keep welcoming them from day one
You could at times become tired
But that is just a part of the pun
So here you're by its consummation
Eager for each your creation to strike
There is no beginning or gradation
Only the ideas you really like

Peter S. Quinn

If Ever There Was A True Love (Vi)

If ever there was
A true love
It was in the ways
We were taught

The gold in the words
Of our parents
They gave us the truth
They had fought

Each treasure is seen
By the few
That found love
In each true saying

To find out true
Wisdom is hard
For nothing of gold
Is here staying

If ever you
Should listen close
It's when you were
Taught about this

Give ways to a hope
And loves fulfillment
For kindness we firstly
Will miss

Peter S. Quinn

If I Could Fly

If I could fly
I would go to the river
And never become dry
From thoughts of the truest giver
And I would be of earth
A flower or a tree
Its beauties wholesome worth
Each way you could see

If I could swim the sea
I'd be like oceans whales
For always and always free
In my own abyss fairytales
And become its conqueror
Through deeps of the faraway
The skill fullest adventurer
In my own swimming play

If I could give a thought
That would become reality
I'd start with what I ought
And shouldn't permit to be
For ways are always returning
You gave some insight clue
And we from it all are learning
Of whether it is all true

Peter S. Quinn

If I Were A Fairy

If I were a fairy
I'd always be with you
My gray bearded and hairy
Leprechaun in blue
We could be so close
In endless wishing dreams
Where the summer grows
Thru twilight sage beams

If I were a queen
And you were a king
In kingdom of evergreen
Where soft breezes sing
We could give our heart
Flowing endlessly in beat
Where melodies impart
And other worlds meet

If there was no realty
Determined by conclusion
And you would all see
With eyes of illusion
We could be in a dream
King and a queen
Where vague ways seem
The only ones seen

Peter S. Quinn

If Love Comes Clear In Sight

If love comes clear in sight,
It is there for evermore;
For stars that shine through night,
Will bring love's ship ashore.

Yes love is like the flower,
That gives its seed to earth;
With its boundary and avower,
When futures give its birth.

I feel as autumn's coming,
When love's secrets go away;
And there is no more blooming,
In new and unborn day.

Our hearts are full of fears,
And the feelings that go inside;
Varieties of aromas atmospheres,
That in the soul must hide.

If love comes to you now,
It is with a silently touch;
And only goes where you allow,
With feelings in all inasmuch.

Yes love can open the sky,
With the blue colors beyond;
And be there forever high,
Though only in the heart be found.

Peter S. Quinn

If Love Comes Clear In Sight (From, Rock Star)

If love comes clear in sight,
It is there for evermore;
For stars that shine through night,
Will bring love's ship ashore.

Yes love is like the flower,
That gives its seed to earth;
With its boundary and avower,
When futures give its birth.

I feel as autumn's coming,
When love's secrets go away;
And there is no more blooming,
In new and unborn day.

Our hearts are full of fears,
And the feelings that go inside;
Varieties of aromas atmospheres,
That in the soul must hide.

If love comes to you now,
It is with a silently touch;
And only goes where you allow,
With feelings in all inasmuch.

Yes love can open the sky,
With the blue colors beyond;
And be there forever high,
Though only in the heart be found.

Peter S. Quinn

If Love Will Come

If love will come to your heart
Never let it again then go
For the hours they do depart
Like the breeze in evening will flow
Oh darling everything is true
Every word that has been kind
And now it's all up to us two
For the right road go and find

Never again let me be alone
Like a river I'll stream to the sea
Love might again stumble on a stone
Or have wings flying on free
All is so much up to everything
How it's going to turn out for us
Inside my yearnings may bring
Something we can't go across

If love will stay let it be so
Everything is in mist of its own
There is gladness further down the row
Where silences from depression drown
Can you give me something to care?
Where shadows can not have a doubt
Be mine forever be always here
Bring every hope inside and about

Peter S. Quinn

If Singing Is What You Hear

If singing is what you hear,
You have a lucky role,
As music is always near
And going into your soul.

Like birds, which are singing,
Sweet liking, in their tongue:
Growth in, they are bringing,
All the summer long.

If words, are what you speak:
You know books of knowledge,
And more you always seek,
To mature each learning edge.

For everything we know,
Is surly in books to be found,
It is the one way to go,
To build on a solid ground.

Together, music and words,
Is a one complete whole!
It's like the singing of birds:
A pleasure to every soul.

Peter S. Quinn

If The Day Is Not Clear

If the day is not clear
Then go and make its sunshine
Have a love for each tear
And you shall again be fine
Every teardrop is an ocean
Flow on to love that shall be
Full of salty ways emotions
That from inside, heart did see

If the night is not here
Then just follow a wishing dream
There will come another year
Where the rivers flow and stream
Everything is full of heart
Fires from the deep inside
Just you find your love start
Its glow shall then abide

If your heart is not near
Then the coldness shall on grow
Another day without care
Another night without star glow
Give you must of what you take
Some love always in return
This another heart will wake
This another love shall burn

Peter S. Quinn

If You Become Mine ('Meet The Moments')

Something is going around
Inside and outside everywhere
Love like sticky and bound
Giving its feelings and care
What you say is always nice
With everything or two
Touches that come like a surprise
Just for me and you

Let's meet them halfway for more
Dream of their tune we can hear
Love is a wheel going for
Inside and outside quite near
Come with me darling to reap
Bring everything with you too
Yours and mine to keep
Everything thing is up to me and you

Love songs don't ever come easy
They are so spellbound in a kiss
Feelings of breath quite breezy
That no one in love wants to miss
You are my darling and a fairy
I'll will someday buy you a ring
If you become mine quite dearly
I can to you this nice song sing

Chorus

Something is going around
Inside and outside everywhere
Love like sticky and bound
Giving its feelings and care
What you say is always nice
With everything or two
Touches that come like a surprise
Just for me and you

But everything turns here around
Grows from new to old

Other things always are found
You can't to everything hold
Someday will be something new
That we didn't plan somehow
Perhaps some acquaintances there too
That we don't know about now...

Chorus

(Who said it was finished?)

Peter S. Quinn

If You Believe In Dreams

If you believe in dreams
Don't let them go away
For everything then seems
Just an ordinary lonely day
To have a playful thought
You need your conjecture
To untie that reality knot
Show that multihued texture

So give yourself a try
In exiting things to come
And ask never reasons why
Grounds for ordinary some
They are just standing there
To make you worry more
Of each of them be aware
What they have all in store

Dreams must have rainbows
Show how they came to be
Try finding gold pot glows
From nothing of the ordinary
You might their tricks learn
And how time is not there
How everything again will turn
And being to each fancy fair

If you believe in dreams
Don't let them go away
For everything then seems
Just an ordinary lonely day
To have a playful thought
You need your conjecture
To untie that reality knot
Show that rainbow texture

Peter S. Quinn

If You Can Dream It

If you can dream it
You can do it
Anything in every bit
With your own talent and wit
If you can see through
All dreams will come true
Anything at all
Each day has its call

Wonder on by
Through the dreams you see
Open up your sky
Come and follow me
Dreams are a notion
And feelings from your heart
Through its timeless ocean
With each new start

If you can dream it
You can do it
Never feel unfit
When you can prove it
Anything out there
Is for your dreams
Come follow me from here
With what it seems

Have your own try
Through in what you see
Like clouds fly on by
So it must be
Give it magic potion
That never shall depart
Opportunities and emotion
Are its main part

If you can dream it
You can do it
Anything in every bit

With your own talent and wit
If you can see through
All dreams will come true
Anything at all
Each day has its call

Remember
If you can dream it
You can do it
Anything at all!

Peter S. Quinn

If You Didn't Exist

If you didn't exist
I'd have to invent you
For your love I have kissed
And it all was true
Never leave me alone
For you I'm living
Every day is stepping stone
In my art I'm giving

Flowers cast a role
In its worth and prime
Every seed and soul
Is new each time
Days have long been trying
To drift us apart
But the roots aren't dying
That touched the heart

If you didn't know me
I'd be long gone
Like wings of birds free
Those fly and fly on
But still there's fire inside
Catching dreams away
Use them as a guide
To meet me again today

Peter S. Quinn

If You Feel The Same As I

If you feel the same as I,
Never say to me good bye,
Let us our dreams together share,
- You'll be here and I'll be here...

Past is gone into the night,
We can still be in its light,
If we keep our hopes in clear,
- It could come anew from there...

Feeling everything that's gone,
Our future then carries on,
Better is to hope and bear,
- Or we will not go nowhere..

If you feel the same as I,
Reach in to your bluest sky,
Love in life's both full and fair,
- Few moments that time shall spare...

Past is done, we are all right,
If we move, never abide,
Walking from each yesteryear,
- Having hope and giving care...

Peter S. Quinn

If You Forget Me

If you forget me
Into tomorrow's glow
I'll become free
Like the melting snow
Life is through a window
With its touch and fire
Ashes of gone glow
All love's desire

Moments go away
Days become dark night
Sail time and play
In your life's flight
Boats to unknown lore
Isles to opportunity
Nothing is for sure
It only comes to be

Near tomorrow's blaze
Aromas of past night
Future as its many ways
To guide your light
If you want to know
What becomes reality
Give of time's glow
And you might touch it - maybe

If you forget me
Into tomorrow's glow
I'll become free
Like the melting snow
There'll never be a return
In what's already gone
Fires to ashes burn
And futures carry on

Peter S. Quinn

If You Give Someone Your Heart Truly

If you give someone your heart truly,
You give it for more than a day;
Of love there can never be
Enough, in any way...

Remember it's always so,
Throughout your life and years;
You got to give love - to know,
If someone else also cares;

So give your heart that's tender,
With everything there is to be found;
And love shall not return it to sender,
- For love is to that heart bound.

Peter S. Quinn

If You Love

Love is to be adored
Favorite by someone
Give inside feelings stored
Before they are gone

Like a heart that craves
Some of inside feel
Emotions like ocean waves
Become in love real

Disappear they all may
When we only know
How to give affectionate way
That not for long will go

Understanding and learning
How feelings go about
Before they come burning
Inside with their doubt

Love is born of strength
Tenderness like a blossom
Give them a starting length
To know each and some

You must love yourself too
To be of love respected
For no love can be true
That from within is neglected

*Rumi wrote long time ago:

"If I love myself
I love you
If I love you
I love myself"

If You Think

If you think
You have a dream
Let it come true,
Everything you work at hard
Soon will become you;
That's the purpose of it all,
Trying to see things through.
Taking the right step,
Into the right direction,
That's sometimes hard to do;
But you learn on your way,
What you can't
And what you may,
Where to stop
And where to start,
Where to put yourself and heart.
Everybody has a scheme,
A little knoll or a big and tall;
That's the purpose of it all,
Where to go and what to say.

Peter S. Quinn

I'LI Always Be There With You (From 'Meet The Moments')

I'll always be there with you
In songs that I love to sing
While hours are flying through
Something of favorites to bring
And a day closes up there high
As the evening is coming in
Away each our thought will fly
Or drift into a different spin

There is so much of nonentity
That still needs its care to reach
Fill with its possessed identity
To give of its features and teach
We all have different ground
To bring forward this profusion
Sometimes existence are found
To lead together every infusion

Each day has its own melody
Moods of some reaching kind
Convey out make them all free
Never again to be left behind
I'll always be there with you
Reaching our dreams of living
There is no ending in its queue
Only the ways of each their giving

Peter S. Quinn

I'LI Always Hold Summer Close

I'll always hold summer close
With everything there goes
Its sweetest sprung and colored rose
On to memories forever glows
In the melodies of yesterdays
Where everything has long since past
I will feel its songs in many ways
And never to my heart be lost

In every aspect of my future
That turns on still until it's dry
In glowing tins and rock shine suture
And with every run that has its try
I will always hold summer near
And bring its lost epoch to my heart
In every aspect through each year
Where every twirl of time shall start

Peter S. Quinn

I'LI Ask A Bluebird...

I'll ask a bluebird
To sing a summer song
Tones so lovely slurred
For life is coming along
Each day and night tender
Of love songs in the air
My thoughts to this surrender
In tunes of moments fair

I'll ask a thrush that plays
Its summer forest songs
Why each of them dallies
To a heart that longs
When breezy are the leaves
Of the wandering hour
With many thoughts of eves
For the meadow flower

Night of late shall come
To every summer singing
Growing on tincturing blossom
An end to their dreams bringing
For love shall fly away
Into another living wave
Where flowers in wind sway
With the new songs to crave

Peter S. Quinn

I'LI Be Sailing To The Open Blue Sea

I'll be sailing to the open blue sea
Where the silvery waves are going out
With the wings of fresh morning that's quite free
Through the daydreaming without any doubt
Every hope shall be rolling tall and brave
Within billows so high in the shaking
Through rippling of waves the ocean gave
To the in fjords and gales in their making

We're winners to new corners of the world
To the faraway islands and their shore
With every circling wave that there whirled
And are in need of fresh dreams to explore
I'll be sailing to hope in my open boat
Bringing music from my heart that I wrote

Peter S. Quinn

I'LI Be Taking America

I'll be taking America from the inside
And giving her of my complete love
Where clouds from the high sky glide
And drift with my heart songs above
I'll be sowing my love at her freedom's feet
To find out if she likes me or not
And if she will come on to me and read□
In what in words and music I've got

I'll be taking my America on to my home
With every soul that wants to conquer me
To bring me to their alter and dome
To set every word and my tones free
For my existences is for everyone's love
In a dream that never shall settle low
Fore I'll rise like the highest cloud above
In tomorrow's summer for the new glow

I will be taking my songs to her mountain
And filling my words with her hope
Reaching rivers of truth deepest fountain
By holding on to every liberties robe
I shall never be disputed to the deep
Of the anguish that has lost all fate
For America are my songs and words to keep
In each my thought and ongoing debate

Peter S. Quinn

I'LI Find You

I'll find you
In the distance
Of every going road

I'll know
Your heart beat time
When I hear myself

The pondering
Of your dreams
Those never were fulfilled

In every forgetful
Sentence
That came apart
Of ways

You are the days
Of going
The dream
That went along

You are the night
Of shining
The stars
So far away

Peter S. Quinn

I'LI Go My Way By Myself

I'll go my way by myself,
And find the long forgotten;
There's no way ever to tell,
What really lies here rotten.
Each heart is full of content,
Both of which's good and bad;
We need some refinement,
From what we really had.

Each dream is there to try,
For all it is just what is is;
And nothing comes of nothing,
If it's only a mere wish.
So we got to understand why,
Before we go exploring;
Otherwise we won't find,
What the hidden laid storing.

I'll go my way by myself,
Though later you can follow;
Everything comers from that,
It was a dream a while ago.
Something to inspire me,
Give what I need it to do;
Bringing out a new ability,
That was before bestrew.

Peter S. Quinn

I'LI Have To Go

I'll have to go,
Before you know;
For the show must go on,
And my time is now done.
Reflect each my thought,
What visions have brought;
And together we will stand,
With feelings, hand in hand.

I'll have to go,
Before the snow stars glow;
Right before our eyes,
In darker clouded skies.
Each love song - is a flight,
Through tender summer light;
With every breeze, a bland,
We with the heart command.

I'll have to go,
Let the distances grow;
Till all this is lost and gone,
Like the flowers in the sun.
So fragile in these days,
When autumn comes and plays;
And brings into the cold,
Our love we can not hold.

Peter S. Quinn

I'LI Love You Tonight

I'll love you in my eternal heart tonight
All the moments that are from faraway
Each distances in its curving and flight
When the night vanishes for a new day
Where the breeze is in time to turn leaves
And the making of light comes rising shine□
When an instant is sad in its lost greaves
For the day is now dark in its glowing line

Every poem that touches and sings to me
With its feelings of the infinity heart
When night is a matter that plays to be
Before the new dawn rises for life to start

Each far away full of stars in oblivion
Of all that's tonight and tomorrow, and gone

Peter S. Quinn

I'LI Remember You (To 'imagine' ...)

I'll remember you
In imagine times goodbye
Where skies were always blue
In every low and high
It's not so easy now
To bring this out today
Though we'll find it somehow
And make it be okay

I'll remember you
Without strict boundaries
As my mind is set to
The unbounded countries
To live and die for
And have just your ambition
To open freedom's door
And show life truest vision

Where peace is not a dreamer
But love is coming on
And each one is a true teamer
To live what they've undergone

I'll remember you
As brotherhood is reality
When dreams come true
Forever in our hearts to be
When times become real
In every people's trust
Each touch and their feel
We once thought were lost

This maybe still a dream
That we are wishing for
But times will come and deem
Those dreams reach our shore

Peter S. Quinn

I'LI Tell You This

I'll tell you this, when night is young,
A word away, to star away song
That calls on bright, into its own;
And lays its sweetly dawn summer gown.
Of dreams that I heard in one time,
Both that of blank verse and that of rime;
With sweetest word - it ever talked,
In - on those milky ways it walked.

First, tell me what you think of me,
For I have a love and a dream to see;
And I have found flowers, within this fall,
In endless shading, in each their call...
Oh hold attest and listen close,
For you might hear
When the breeze there blows,
Or a daisy, giving its purest delight,
That none for long can give a fight.

I'll tell you this, what I caught aloud,
For I listened closely, and heard what it's about:
The song that is calling from a windowsill
Or from the green woods, or top of a hill.

Peter S. Quinn

I'LI Walk Your Heart

I'll walk your heart,
Side by side;
Into the night,
And be your guide.

Like sunrise beams,
Or steps in ways;
Together dreams,
That never stays.

And what we believe,
Will never be gone;
From where we start,
Out into the sun.

I'll walk your heart,
From wrong or right;
I'll be your dream,
And there I'll abide.

If you want my heart,
Come steal it away;
But know my warning,
It knows of none nay.

Peter S. Quinn

I'LI Write You A Painting Of My Desire

I'll write you a painting of my desire,
It's a rainbow that is touching a cloud;
Color the air higher and still higher,
Bending tall in sky and above the crowd;

Blooming flowers that gives its seeds to earth,
Bringing new spring again to your heart;
Every falling star with wishing of worth,
Giving views innovation - to you from start.

Lonesome ways will soon be beyond,
For everything goes to its own destiny,
Roads of many ways will be walked again;

Footsteps' of the heart with its magic wand,
Bringing compassion that there is to be,
Because never shall sorrow hold to its den.

Peter S. Quinn

Illuminated Eyes

illuminated eyes
of an experienced face
pondering silently

smiles wanders
upon pausing birds
in the soft folding
evening breeze

Peter S. Quinn

Illusions Of Me

Closed eyes are longing for something,
That isn't here with us yet, or anymore;
To its inner self and its soul it'll sing,
Of what it aspires for its own deplore...

But knowing it still, this is of the unknown,
Unborn perhaps, though not uncertain;
A thought for a moment yet not fully shown,
The distances of any dream behind a curtain.

Aims like these are close in their stance,
Like the past is sometimes: a moment still here;
Like it is advancing for its second chance,
It didn't have in the past tense year.

Knowing what they are, I dare not defy:
A thought for the moment I forgot not yet;
But as for all inner grasps - how uncertain am I,
Perhaps it's only an illusion that got backset?

Peter S. Quinn

Ilmur/Fragrance

ég hef vaka?
ég hef sofi?
og fundi? ilm af herbegi mínu
?a? er ilmur af vi?i

eins og vori? sem ég ?rái
eins og skóarilmur
eru blö? mín
og nótur

draumar koma og draumar fara
dvelst ég ?ar um stund
en áfram ilmar vori?
í bókunum mínum

I have been awake
and I have slept
and found fragrance of my room
its a fragrance of wood

like the spring that I long for
like fragrance of forest
are my papers
and sheet music

dreams come and dreams go
I dwell there for awhile
but onward the spring scents
in my books

Peter S. Quinn

I'M A Flower

I'm a flower like a flower
Always singing to my heart
Thoughts of wandering hour
That through life won't depart
Shining, shining so much on
In the goings there about
Shades of feeling never gone
With season bewailing doubt
Love is the altitude of me
With so much for every more
Coming into its own reality
In growing beauties to adore
Meanings pending to my senses
Making fields alive around
As the blooming colors dances
Nowhere else to be here found
Fragrance of my dreams like corn
When winter's heart will spin
Never petals of fade and worn
Only love arising from within

Peter S. Quinn

I'M A Martyr Of The Keyboard

I type all day long
Into the request deep
Sometimes it'll ping-pong□
Right into my sleep
I'm a martyr of the keyboard
Going down deep under
To the alphabet lord
God of the ticktick thunder!

I'll type for a request
Just to please and be ready
I'll try to do my best
If my fingers go on steady
This and that comes out
I have no complete control
Automation knows its ways about
Around 'key-mole'
And keyhole

I type all day to spark
And give it a steady beat
But sometimes it'll all lack
Except its little tweet
This maybe a dark poetry read
With not much in deeper meaning
But to somewhere it will lead
In a steady and closer
Screening

Peter S. Quinn

I'm Always So Alone

I'm always so alone
Wherever I go
I'm like a rolling stone
In sunshine or snow
Feeling every feeling
That is inside here
Moments away stealing
From here to nowhere

Yesterday are all gone
Into time's flow
Hours left undone
That I didn't know
Years have grown by
Dreams become reality
Clouds upon the sky
Still as timeless free

I'm always still finding
Thoughts of old days
Dreams are rewinding
Every tone it plays
Tomorrow might be
Something different set
Floating still though free
Without any regret

I'm always so alone
Wherever I go
I'm like a rolling stone
In sunshine or snow

Feeling every beat
With its inside rhythm
Moments that I meet
Life's gone hymn

Peter S. Quinn

I'm Going To Get Higher

I want to be me
in everything I do,
I want to be free
I guess you want it too!
Though the lot is turning
or going all still away,
bridges aren't burning
and I'm still in my "stay";.

I want to be new
and going to the places,
I want to go there through
my world is full of aces.
Playing and going around
- the times don't stop,
always something to be found
down becomes - upside up!

I want to have it all
but what is it really about?
I have a certain call
I have a certain doubt.
I'll grow and more aspire
to reach what I'm for,
I'm going to get higher
That I know for sure!

Peter S. Quinn

I'M Here On My Own – A Song

The times are coming new
Inside giving ways
Resonates to the few
The moods of summer days
Bring you joy to mind
Each in their instant shine
Whiles of summers behind
Every color and line

Yesterday - easy to love
Everything going to oblivion
Clouds graying above
Now gentle feelings are done
Watching the clouds drifting
Into a lonely fall
Temperaments along shifting
For each autumn call

The woods are alone watching
A footstep chills away
A yellow mood leaves torching
Casting my heart to clay
You are like the birds flown
Into my thoughts again
And I'm here on my own
Searching each route in the rain

Peter S. Quinn

I'm Here, Said The Wind

I'm here, said the wind
my time are the circles of days
remember its tide
learn by heart its ways
for nothing forever is staying
all goes to memory
like a song it's playing
forever to be free

Listen to the wind
the chorus of the blossom sing
love's forever returning
again there will be new spring
listen to its song
it's forever returning
its future days to long
it's dances and songs yearning

Listen to its blow blow
and desires of each morning
dark shall then go go
for rising of tomorrows yearning
playful in its timeless young
joyful for the ear
in every new spring song
that you shall start to hear

Peter S. Quinn

I'M In Love Of Every Day

I'm in love of every day
As I meet the morning
Songs that rise and play
When light is returning
Hour's trots of daybreak
Finding their path again
Feelings of the early wake
Over the valley and glen

I'm in love with the new
Rising with the sun gleam
Like every hope that's true
In first sight's of its beam
When love's like glow in sky
Giving its earliest of begin
Colors that meets the eye
In beginning of hourly spin

I'm in love with eve of light
The cherry colors and red
The day of diminishing flight
When dreams again spread
And nocturnal pathways rise
In mystical reins of reflection
Through timeless space it flies
By castle in sky connection

Peter S. Quinn

I'M In Love With You

I'm in love with you,
Morning is young and sweet;
Everything that you do,
I will so kindly treat.
I'm in love, it's true,
Nothing will stand in my way;
My only love is you,
On this beautiful new day.

This is my dream to share,
Every word is of love;
In my heart you are always here,
Just like the winds above.
Faithful like the morning bright,
All what I ever need;
You are my wings in flight,
With your love I'm freed.

I'm in love endlessly,
Your sweetness is so tender;
Everything that burns inside me,
I will to your heart surrender.
Remember my love always,
For it is meant for eternity;
In all its harmony and grace,
It continues for ever to be.

You are my sweetest thing,
My love story complete;
To you I will forever sing,
With passion and inside heat.
Nothing compares to this,
Everything else is small;
I'll remember our first kiss,
And how it led to this all.

Love is the sweetest call,
Love is the tender ways;
In both our summer and fall,

And how to the heart it plays.
First to everything that's young,
Then to more mature things;
Nothing of love can be wrong,
Together to both hearts it sings.

When I gave you my love,
How it was the nicest thing;
Like the glistening stars above,
That twinklings to us did bring.
Every way that is ours,
Glow like the starry sky;
In our heart shines and empowers,
And never shall say goodbye.

Peter S. Quinn

I'M In Moods Tonight (From, Poet On Www)

I'm in moods tonight,
Faraway from it all;
Lost my wings and flight,
Watch and see me fall.
Love is what I bring,
To the front and end;
Hear my breath sing,
In a sweating blend.

All are broken thoughts,
With the stills right here;
Many bending aeronauts,
Different dark atmosphere.
Feelings down in dirt,
What have I become;
Visions all too blurt,
Given to some freedom.

Why am I so down?
With everything I know;
A traveler in shantytown,
In moods long time ago.
Time is waiting to repair,
Broken ends of everything;
Giving more to after care,
Than songs are delivering.

Peter S. Quinn

I'M Just A Flower Small

I'm just a flower small
On the fields of rustic gold
With a dream for a call
That wants my seeds to unfold
So beautiful at my sight
Invincible in the summer breeze
Many folded petals light
So much for the eyes to please

When darkness is in winter
My heart becomes quite bleak
With love and trust in hinter
And futures of hopes weak
For every bright daybreak's away
With loss of freedom's hue
And there is only a gloomy day
For everything that is true

My times are on the meadow
Of the weak and the strong
With every swaying and grow
That comes in gusty along
My leaves are of living green
Eden's own garden aspiration
My beauty beholds and is seen
In freedom of every nation

Peter S. Quinn

I'm Lost Completely

I'm lost completely
Like day to night
My heart's though free
For another daylight

Nothing's like a morning
Coming to day
Full of gone yearning
In its new ray

How wonderful it is
To feel and find
Such a morning bliss
That's left the old behind

Oh day I'm exited
To find what you give
For it's so delighted
To be here and live

Peter S. Quinn

I'M Nowhere Going Now (From, Occasional Songs)

I'm nowhere going now,
I am feeling deep inside;
Can't connect somehow,
I am just walking alongside.
Day and night going though,
My life must move on;
It's so up to me and you,
What we manage to get done.

Rise and fall to you walking,
I will never let it go;
Here the pathways of the talking,
Take a different street or row.
You can't change how people think,
There will be so many views;
Like a shade out in a blink,
Take directions to right avenues.

I am in darkness I am deep,
Trying to reach the open sea;
What is inside I will keep,
You are you and I am me.
Nothing will forever amuse,
I can only give what I possess;
Time and moments may abuse,
To the limits of every excess.

Peter S. Quinn

I'M On A Nowhere Road

I'm on a nowhere road to nowhere now
With love's feelings in my prosper green suitcase
These times are flying away somehow
In its obstacle and onward intuit space
The flower I loved is now growing old
Of the feelings that once were there for all
No time is for me to their colors hold
Only a check board of black and white wall

The roads of the days are in falling past
With nowhere of today to be there found
Its horizon line has its outlaying cast
With their epochs going around and around
So if you have feelings like I have now lost
Behold them close up whatever their cost

Peter S. Quinn

I'M Only Now Getting Used To My Heart

I'm only now getting used to my heart
Breaking with love from summer to its fall
The moods of sunshine and rain's falling call
From footsteps that inside begin each start
Love songs of dark evening's passing sky
Feelings of love in loneliness go
Just for the singing of a heart in try
Filling moments with the world in its low

Raindrops of heart beating in its growing
Breeze of the wind - time's lonely whisper
All that is not showing in their strict plain
The times of our hope in always going
When blackness comes darker and crisper
And obscures perspectives with strain

Peter S. Quinn

I'M Reaching To Your Heart

I'm reaching to your heart,
With another song;
It gently breezes from start,
And then it moves along.

We have so many dreams,
They come and they glow;
In reality sometimes seems,
Snowflakes that melt and go.

If mind with eyes gazes,
Into the deep inside;
It will find fairyland places,
Where feelings can abide.

Oh kiss my flame of fire,
Before the dreams fade;
With all its great desire,
In deferent coloured shade.

For love is not forever,
When kindles stop their light;
But I'll leave you - never,
If you give me a night.

Peter S. Quinn

I'M Scarecrow Of The Past

I'm scarecrow of the past
Much to do about nothing
In pollution I did trust
Everything green roughing
I have destiny to make
And destruction to flow
My heart of haulm at stake
I have nowhere else to go

I'm a breeder of black dust
There is no future at sight
Only death now to trust
In its wondering what's right
Green earth will be lost
With no leaves on the trees
All prosperity crisscrossed
For shadow and its coveys

I'm war blasting through
Knocking on each ones door
Join my forces won't you
To damage more and more
Crying game I will give a try
Oceans spill in toxic waste
Blacken up the Blue Sky
And every impurity enlaced

Peter S. Quinn

I'm Sittin' By A Whishing Tree

I'm sittin' by a wishing tree
Wishing for a golden song
Tones to sing from within me
A melody in beauty strong

Wishful gardens and bumble bees
All the songs of yearning
Greenery leaves and rooted trees
From nature melodies learning

Here is its voice coming through
in peaceful hushed hours
Every song from inside true
From garden of trees and flowers

Yesterdays and tomorrow
Hopes from its truthful singing
Leaves of golden green glow
What every its day's bringing

I am dreaming on to see
The colors of endless freedom
Bringing hope back on to me
Each in its delicate blossom

Here I am - as wonders go by
Finding a dream world hidden
Underneath the sun and blue sky
From where I'm now sittin'

Peter S. Quinn

I'M Still Here (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

I'm still here in and under waves of time
Giving love songs to my alone standing heart
In the summer breezes that soon shall depart
Every flow of its going and its prime
Deep where the ocean today arise rhyme
Through secrets and its many cutting tart
What life has given or later shall impart
With the tangling roots that to the light climb

Love songs of time in their weaving far on
Trying to reach to every fire inside
Where feelings touch like drifting clouds afar
Everything of love that soon shall be gone
Just like the haze in the blue sky dreams glide
Reaching to destiny of day's wishing star

Peter S. Quinn

I'M Still Searching

I'm still searching for a line
That calls me to its way
A poem in its glowing sunshine
Like daybreak of a new day
Glow in the treasures of light
When morning comes through
Colors in red golden bright
In that is fresh and new

Life that is rising to love
And never to fall again
All its affections plentiful of
And never to search in vain
A feeling of life touches joy
When summer sings to you
No one from love can destroy
If it's whole and it's true

I search through each night
Trying to find its star
Love in a heart that's bright
Always inside and not far
Like day that gives its touch
To each morning new coming
Life that owes love so much
And into old age is blooming

Peter S. Quinn

I'M Superman

Come to my heart knock on wood
Don't worry, be good I'm your super man

I will let you be what you want to be
Bring you through because I'm superman
Let you have wings - set you free
Fly with me with these wings if you can

Don't pretend just come on and really fly
Everything I said - I'm going to try
Bringing in all the hope I gave
Just you wait and see and - be with me brave

There is no one other - I'm the one
I am the man with the super sign on
Giving you what real power is and test
And you will have to imagine with me the rest

Because I have the powers of kryptonite
There is no way to test such might
But just come with me and see what I can
Together we can - yes we can! Because I'm superman

All the strength that you couldn't know
Is inside and now coming out so fine!
Every power known - now superman shall show
Just watch my symbol as it glows up like sunshine

Mightier than a jet plane I'll fly and I promise you
Everything will be to better put and straight
Promises you thought gone I shall again renew
Take away all doubt and settle each debate

I will let you be what you want to be
Bring you through because I'm superman
Let you have wings - set you free
Fly with me with these wings if you can

Don't pretend just come on and really fly

Everything I said - I'm going to try
Bringing in all the hope I gave
Just you wait and see and - be with me brave

I am the guy who will always stand by your side
Give you opportunities and money in your pocket
Don't you worry - let the worries away ride
I'll be your superman and fly like a rocket

There is no one other - I'm the one
I am the man with the super sign on
Giving you what real power is and test
And you will have to imagine with me the rest

Because I have the powers of kryptonite
There is no way to test such might
But just come with me and see what I can
Together we can - yes we can! Because I'm superman

Yes we can! Yes we can! Yes we can!
Because I'm superman

*This poem and lyric was made for this image:

Peter S. Quinn

I'M The Guy With The Green Blue Eyes (A Lyric)

I'm the guy with the green blue eyes,
And I sing a tune of May;
When the summer is in the skies,
And the light grows on with each day.

With sweetest fragrance of blooms,
When buds of the flowers spring out;
When the green growing comes in booms,
And all wildlife is celebrating about.

Winter is all far away from here,
Pleasing moments awaken each day;
There is freshness of summer in the air,
It's the moment when love starts to play.

Aren't wishes in new moments contrived?
Brought in with summer and spring?
Greenish growth has now here arrived,
And momentarily with your heart it'll sing.

I'm the guy with the green blue eyes,
With a heart full of romantic;
Every heart is full of a surprise,
Without ever being frantic.

I'm the guy with the green blue eyes,
Adjusting my life beat with yours;
No deep love is ever whispering lies,
If ever it's constant and explores.

Peter S. Quinn

I'M The Little Yellow Flower

Love is always true
When it awakes a dream
When its love comes thru
In a heartbeat a gleam
You and I will be
Once in awhile truth ☐
Every coming morning see
That night has made of youth

Love is always clean
Flowing on and new born
From the dream it's been
Never between its torn
Endlessly it goes and grows
Deep within the earth
Spring fresh hour's flows
Now is its time of birth

I'm the little yellow flower
That earth has made
A seed of its moment's hour
That winter winds allayed
In summer blossom's light
The early spring morning
I started out my flight
While tides were in turning

Love is always true
When it awakes a dream
When its love comes thru
In a heartbeat's a gleam
I'm the little yellow flower
That earth has made ☐
A seed of its moment's hour
That winter winds allayed

Peter S. Quinn

I'M The Macdonald At The Moon

I'm the MacDonald at the moon
Not the man who was here before
I'll give an impact like a fat buffoon
To these uninhabitable rocky shore

There is so much to eat in me
That makes such pleasures more fun
Your lines and weight becomes free
And your move about forever done

My heart has an M in the middle
And I'll make all eat a little more
My hot stuff is made on the griddle
Of the Slim and Fat peace of war

Peter S. Quinn

I'M Trying To Be Nice – A Song

I'm trying to be nice
I know its hard to succeed
Every beat away dies
That you in the heart read
Drifting afar and through
The morning passing is gone
The sunshine is up to you
That comes within and on

Let us together be close
Night inside always to fall
Like petals of a rose
That perfect shape enthrall
Drifting afar to our dream
Oceans deep and vast
Rivers of freshness stream
Everything what we trust

You and I coming there
The years don't mean a thing
Together hope we'll share
And home to our heart bring
Drifting with wings of two
Letting the clouds find a day
So much is there in the blue
That carries its weightless weigh

Peter S. Quinn

I'M Wet In Your Spelling – Rain Song

I shall come in again
When I'm wet in your spelling
Oh soak me and drain
Pouring on my indwelling
You breeze away my fear
The Marble-heavy load
When September's near
Showering the past road

I wet myself in you
Your drops of crystal white
Onset from my blue
That lost a winged fight
Now give a green perfume
From blossoms dye shade
Your drizzling rapid broom
For this day was made

Cloudy drifts of the high
Now raise my thoughts to you
And fill it deeps of blue sky
That comes by wet tongue through
I never could tell before
Dialect of your poem drops
The mist of the ways and core
That into the silent chops

Peter S. Quinn

Images From The Past

Images from the past
Will come and go - to you
Give near an elapsed cast
In what you thought you knew
So many roads are cleft
Into nothing but memories
Of reasons that are left
Lonesome among life trees

A summer set morning
With what I once had here
Now to the hour's yearning
In from the past gone dear
I have no other pictures
But those still in my heart
The years carry no strictures
Where each contours' start

Beyond our ceaselessness
And footsteps that are gone
Each image less and less
Will take their spaces on
So much is now neglected
That gave us most concern
New roads' been selected
With other manners to turn

Peter S. Quinn

Images Of Its Beauty (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Stay

In the day of completeness
Where green are the fields
That momentarily gives
Enduring hands to grow
A garden of love

Stay

With the blue of sky dreams
Those come like clouds drift
To give images of its beauty
In timeless inhabitation
Of longing for the eyes
That never is drawn to nothing

Stay

To the windows of each time
To view every aspect therein
The fulsome of the lives going
Into the fields of vitality
Love that is making its subtle
In every its tint making

*These are around or over 175 poems

Peter S. Quinn

Imagine

Imagine the summer coming
The seasonal year's twilight
Spring with its colors strumming,
Shades from dark to bright;
All the flowers in the earth,
When life begins to grow.
The new regenerating birth,
In the sunshine's hot glow;
Imagine lovely end of spring,
When leaves come back on trees:
Branches where bird do sing,
And flying of buzzing bees;
Every color and its worth,
In beds of flowers show.
Seasonal life's circle - girth,
Contrasting moods to and fro;
Everything summer does bring,
And eyes and ears do please;
Each of the thing and cling,
In the forthcoming gently breeze.

Peter S. Quinn

Imagine II

Imagine both you and me
Together like fluffy clouds
Circling there and free
High above the city crowds
Imagine always to be□
Without any low doubts

Imagine our dreams for real
Those giving and letting go
That you each time feel
In everything you know
Imagine and then appeal
To what you want to grow

This place can be nice
If you give it your best shot
Like paradise in disguise
With everything you've got

Imagine a fairy tale
That comes to be as true
And never's to fail
Cause it's up to me and you
Imagine it and inhale
And it might come all thru

This place can be nice
If you give it your best shot
Like paradise in disguise
With everything you've got

Peter S. Quinn

Imagine, Me And You

Imagine, me and you
And nothing in between
Just an open sky blue
In the distant afar seen
Dreams coming and going
All because of you
We both knowing
What is really true

Imagine and finding
All the dreams we give
Never reality minding
Because we dreams live
Days be happy waiting
In their way to do
Never worries debating
In all that comes thru

Imagine time and time
So much fun to be
All would be of prime
In what we do and see
Worries would go away
Drift thru the open sky
Sunshine each summer day
Never to go or die

Imagine questions why
And nothing in between
Just an open sky
In blue afar seen
Dreams coming and going
All because of you
We both knowing
What is really true?

Imagine low and high
And nothing in between
Just an open sky

In everywhere you've been

Peter S. Quinn

In A Airway Bus (Faraway)

Come and bring your wings free
For love is to reach to the sky
Be everything you wanted to be
The purpose is to go far and high

Don't let the earth hold you back
For your spirit's for ever more
Love is the wheel with each track
Destiny attainment to the shore

Moons and the suns in Space Ocean
Unknown to men and their tides
Flowing in the distance erosion
Each hope the spring up and glides

Broken are changes of each rationale
Out there is something that calls
Come through each tributary canal
Watery like a point in time falls

Get higher to the future not faraway
Each has their branches to give
Meet every hour with a new day
Show what the reasons are to live

Rise tomorrow always gets through
Sun and the moon in all of us are
Let your wings become here true
Furnish your dream of a twinkle star

Don't let the earth hold you back
For your spirit is for ever more
Love is the wheel with each track
Destiny attainment to the shore

Always the windows will open
To every answer and every part
You are the ways in dreams hopin'
Where every road leads or starts

Nothing is new-fangled in this old
Dust on the road burst in the twist
Let never tangling roots you hold
Bring in the conduct of your thirst

Shall we've time to name each moon?
In this vast spiraling milky way
What is a word in a glinting dune?
What'll a manmade thought to it say?

Nothing is there that seems to be
Every small motion unknown to us
On the wings on a jet outward to thee
Into unknown space in a airway bus...

Blah, blah, blah...

Translated by R.P.

Peter S. Quinn

In A Falling Melody – Sonnet

Black and white to play along together
One by one in a falling melody
Getting by exercise fluffy like feather
Till its music's remembered in memory
The sunshine of sounds on their glowing wings
Filling the room with many charming strays
As every tone to the heart and deep sings
And for a brief moment on here now stays

Dripping like echoes into the deep soul
Giving dreamy colors keen on an ear
Songs in the away singing on their stroll
Reaching infinity always there near
Charming and fainting in its rise and fall
When a note after note lays its musical

Peter S. Quinn

In A House Of The Lonesome Night

Down the streets where I'm from
A song comes easily to play
On the piano chords I strum
But nothing for long will stay
The days are like a river
In their calling and longing's fire
The voices of the wind shiver
While whispering to me its desire

In a house of the lonesome night
Love songs of my dreams away
Come in their fancy and flight
Each of their shading and lay
A love is man's truest giver
Of anything that comes and goes
And the poet their passions deliver
To give words that the wind blows

Down the streets there are no names
Only leaves that are dancing on
In flickering shadows and flames
Till the hours of longing is gone
Every day has its own true meaning
With life that clashes and unfolds
In ways of disclosure and gleaning
Every aspect of its living remolds

Peter S. Quinn

In A Month From Now

There are the days
That you and I know
The playfully ways
Of winter's coming snow
Happy in its bending
Through river streams
Frosty glowing sending
In gleaming starry beams

With a one blue sky
In roads of the tide's
While clouds fly high
In darkness glides
Christmas is coming
In a month from now
With frosty raised blooming
On windows glass bow

You and I hiding
From the coldness outside
With thoughts abiding
For the holydays ride
Give what you need
To turn the lights on
With tricks or tread
Till significances are gone

Peter S. Quinn

In A Morning New

Have you seen the flowers?
In a morning new
Swaying fields of hours
In drops of dawn's dew
Sunshine in the clouds
High in drifting air
Loneliness of street crowds
Going from here and there

Like the thoughts don't stay
For a morning song
In its wandering play
To seize the moment's tongue
Life is never easy
With its catch and find
In its tempest breezy
Leaving much behind

Have you been lonely?
With the people around
That you thought only
You needed to be found
Sometimes life's impersonal
With its streets crowded
Many strangeness drawl
And each ones way doubted

Peter S. Quinn

In A New New Day

In a new new day
Where the dark is going
Sun has found its way
And is now glowing
Morning comes in bright
With its joy of living
Gone is darkish night
With a new day giving

Winter garden is here
Last night it's snowing
Earth's now white everywhere
Life on roads slowing
As the day gives light
Everything becomes easy
Turning all to its right
Though the wind's breezy

In a new new day
So much work's calling
With its seriousness play
That to the hour's falling
Bright is settling on
Filling up every shadows
Soon this dim is all gone
To the night away it goes

Peter S. Quinn

In A Peaceful Way

In a peaceful way
Everything is growing
Steps to a coming day
Slowly start showing

Many colors shade
All the pleasures on
Heavenly there made
Now winter is gone

Morning coming bright
Through a cloudy sky
Summer pending light
With its growing high

Playful breezing quiver
Yellow grass swaying
For the new to deliver
When green is playing

Now spring dances
Thru the ray of hope
All the ways enhances
In its chromoscope

It's a wonderful time
This time year around
When foliage are in prime
And much beauty's found

Peter S. Quinn

In A Small House Near The Sea

In a small house near the sea
with corridors and balcony,
though fresh inside
from relieving tide,
- this is not freedom for me.

There's a glass inside it's heart
like x-rays - bondage start,
twilight from waves
a thought engraves,
where boat from shore departs!

Peter S. Quinn

In And Out The Gossip

In and out the gossip
Whom do we really know?
The tongue is so slippery slip
In smoothness and its flow
Reasons in shadows fight
Lonesome in a moon's smile
Turning on wrong and right
Each in its own short while

Faces coming and going
Everything weaved out of touch
The unbelievable knowing
In its perspective not much
Lending a story new line
Making all the spices fit in
Unsubstantial to outshine
With extended reasoning spin

Building a nest with rumor
Flying wax wings too high
Slithery more and more
Remarks that will never die
Giving and slander making
What has no reasons at all
Credit of knowledge taking
Concluding a mole to be tall

Peter S. Quinn

In April I Love You

In April I love you
When spring is coming in
With everything fresh and new
To catch and catch to win
Days of new grass
Feelings of winter gone
In everything that gloomy was
And in the darkish done

In summer I'll hold you
And sing this lullaby
Where colors become true
In evening lustrous sky
And there is nowhere darkness
Inside that cries
Only full summer caress
As moments of day flies

In this song we both are
Giving of and sharing
And nothing is too afar
That's not worth steering
Life coming through
From dark hours going
All is fresh and new
In its wonderful time glowing

Peter S. Quinn

In Autumn Afternoon

I was into that secret shadow
Of the moods of an autumn afternoon
Where there's rise in a nightly glow
Before the winter comes in soon
Glow of summer going on low
With the morning coming in the evening
Nothing else but dark to show
As the light to the forest will bring

Night in its fire burning play
Slowly on in its timeless space
Where the hours of morning is in gray
Only some glistens into few days
Sparkling steps to the night
Falling feelings to answers gone
What has come to be alright?
To carry these footsteps on and on

Darkish moods of shadows things
Loneliness to have its try
Till the morning rises again and sings
With the hours of a fallen sky
Love songs uncovering the soul
Living to every left and right
Every feeling for a looking role
From the care of its lonely sight

I was into that secret shadow
Of the moods of an autumn afternoon
Where there's rise in a nightly glow
Before the winter comes in soon
Many ways now on their run
Every aspect of the together going
Now there times without summer sun
Only shadows in low light glowing

Darkish moods of shadowed things
The brightness in its goodbye
Till new hours rises again and sings

With new hope in the rising sky
Love songs uncovering the soul
Living to every left and right
Every feeling for a looking role
From the care of its coming bright

(from my album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

In Cold Mood (From Lullabies)

Oh time here comes my song in cold mood
To lift up thoughts that has now gone away
Be to trice inspirations and its food
For lure of days can never for long stay
Each step of feeling toward long black arm
Towering shadows from outside windows
The wintry ways and each its hazy charm
That from a reflect of its frosty glows

The withering blossoms of innocent
Now into the bleakness of grey are gone
With each its redolence and particle made
Pearl white bouquets of dark winter content
Twilights of tomorrow in its sleep drawn
In the many guise of gloom cloudy shade

Peter S. Quinn

In Continuing Motions (From, Lullabies)

I've found my heart in the eventide
With dosage of its freshness and quiet stills
Where the airy vapors of drifting glide
Over mountain clippings and nightfall hills
With a morning song to fulfill me dreams
To last of bliss of the evening sky
In the waves with hopes of the beams
Those through the gentleness moments now fly

A morning that comes in songs quite new
Like a lyric filling silence fresh dream
That is born from the futures you walk
Is heard in its virgin to reverie few
In continuing motions and vary stream
That through every transition shall talk

Peter S. Quinn

In Every Hour Of Its Dark

In every hour of its dark
There are sunshine ways that'll spark
From the deep in the deep
Where the instances leap
And the hours are always coming in
With their moments of fun and spin
Love is so much in here everywhere
Through the magic of flowing air

The sunshine of the coming day
With the earth whiles footsteps play
Rising high in haze here above
Like love that will come to give much of
Every going that leaves on its own
And to earth pathways are only shown
When the fall is with leaves of yellow
And the day to the night says hello

In every hour of its snow white
When the somber moods through sky glide
And clouds will be going to and fro
Within the memories of past on glow
When we remember yesterdays once more
Like the curves of moments from times door
Lovely with lovely always on
Through every footstep of far now gone

Peter S. Quinn

In Gray (From,134 Picture Poems)

in gray
sleeping sea
my island lives

the salty tears
paint waves
with desires
in years gone

Peter S. Quinn

In Harmony

Play play in harmony
Lives beat is going on
Our urban symphony
Till days to past are gone
Day and night a song
With singings of our try
As we come on to long
In each our work and tie

Our feet are in tune
Though playing far too rough
And some are inopportune
Never coming to enough
Like wall flowers grow
The town people live
Taking time fast and slow
With their loves to give

There are no guarantees
Everything's working fine
For those are mysteries
For day to day assign
We have our hope to find
And face an unlocked door
Just have an open mind
In a city of peace and war

Peter S. Quinn

In Its Low Time And High

In its low time and high
Every dream has been fought
From the hours of their try
That the days have taught

So much inside these ways
With believe of each own
Faith in romance and grace
Never to their out shown

In its wonderful dreaming
When we try every reason
Understanding in its seeming
To go with each new season

There were love songs heard
With so much in the singing
And some the unspoken word
Those moments were bringing

In those colorful tries
Expecting something to come
Before again it all flies
To where time's beauty is from

With a note down to hold
In each lingering melody
That never becomes too old
While our dreams here are free

Peter S. Quinn

In Its Openness Way (From, Myspace)

I love to sing
And to look around
To know about everything
That I have here found
It keeps me to yearn
And wishes to know
With every song learn
That from it shall grow

I love to love
And feel its touch
Like the clouds above
It gives freedom so much
And everything is new
Each day and each night
If your are always true
To love desires flight

I love to look
And hear the wind breeze
Nature is like a book
With swaying grass and trees
Everything is perfect
In its openness way
You should never neglect
To have a look each day

Peter S. Quinn

In Its 'Pa Rum Pum Pum' Beat

The day is in its 'pa rum pum pum' beat
For the little drummer boy is now coming
Banging his drum on the busy crowded street
With his steady on - Christmas beat drumming
Everybody's busy going their way
Finding presents - for their joy to uplift
Before the arrival of the holiday
That comes though glisten and makeshift

Happy hours in the wakening of the tide
And carillon bells that are now ringing
Letting us know how the windows are decked

Something isn't right with drummer boy's stride
In how he holds back each hammers dinging
Maybe he's showing the street pauper respect

*(Little Drummer Boy: Lyrics

Come they told me, pa rum pum pum pum
A new born King to see, pa rum pum pum pum
Our finest gifts we bring, pa rum pum pum pum
To lay before the King, pa rum pum pum pum,
rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum,

So to honor Him, pa rum pum pum pum,
When we come.

Little Baby, pa rum pum pum pum
I am a poor boy too, pa rum pum pum pum
I have no gift to bring, pa rum pum pum pum
That's fit to give the King, pa rum pum pum pum,
rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum,

Shall I play for you, pa rum pum pum pum,
On my drum?

Mary nodded, pa rum pum pum pum
The ox and lamb kept time, pa rum pum pum pum

I played my drum for Him, pa rum pum pum pum
I played my best for Him, pa rum pum pum pum,
rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum,

Then He smiled at me, pa rum pum pum pum
Me and my drum.)

Peter S. Quinn

In Life Of Singing

The beauty is soft in life of singing
Each agate of pureness and living
All ephemeral shining through giving
And more of its freshness inside bringing
Dabbling and repeating waves of a thought
That's touching with combustion in their shape
Texture and border of eternal agape
That has been imprinted or in repeating taught

That salt of the feelings that grow like seed
And agitates into constant springtime
From measures of love on to love's need
In lowness forgotten or its highest prime
Resonances of endless lessons and trials
From their worth in accomplishes or denials

Peter S. Quinn

In Loves Red

There is love song in this night
As it goes by the moments still
Heart that is shattered in light
Shall give of it longings fulfill

Bright as the evening is build
Thru every corner of shadows
And with confusion not tilled
Moments rise into their glows

The duo of two together
Is always in loves red
Dreams of summer weather
Into each gardens bed
Love songs of the evening
All days of summer long
To every day is singing
In our heart beat song

Playful are footsteps of waking
When dawn comes slowly in
Light to darkness all making
To every flow and all within

Nothing to promise or keep
All is just wandering thru
Wild of dance from the deep
So much of old coming to new

The days of two together
Is always in loves red
Dreams of summer weather
Into each gardens bed
Love songs of the evening
All days of summer long
To every day is singing
In our heart beat song

Hours of promise or nothing

Life that is ordered in confusion
Footsteps in lost roughing
Captain despair and intrusion

We must keep going on to find
Each of its take and a while
There may be some thought behind
In or out within their style

There is love song in this night
As it goes by the moments still
Heart that is shattered in light
Shall give of it longing fulfill

The duo of two together
Is always in loves red
Dreams of summer weather
Into each gardens bed
Love songs of the evening
All days of summer long
To every day is singing
In our heart beat song
Is always in loves red

Peter S. Quinn

In Me There Is So Much Unknown

In me there is so much unknown,
The contrasting moods of nature;
The footsteps into pasture grown,
All the departures and mature.
The saddest things in the weather,
A working through a Gordian knot;
Everything that's worse or better,
The growth of life and the rot.
In me there are stories untold,
And pleasures I in feelings find;
A gasp of breath I can not hold,
Seeing of lights where I am blind.
The stepwise walking down a lane,
And seeing how autumn comes;
The strain of anguishing my pain,
I feel and to me in accords strums.
In me there is this knowing,
That nothing can be handled alone;
For each notice is then going,
To turn out to be a stepping stone.

Peter S. Quinn

In Memories Retrieving – Sonnet

I walked through the wasteland of frosty field
To find only a silvery rose of cold
Its buds where many and some were still sealed
And thorns of its rime where still icy to hold
The tangling realms of winter's dark blue sky
Are now in those footsteps of a year leaving
They will soon walk the snow on to their goodbye
With our hearts in memories retrieving

This beautiful morning of copper-red daybreak
Shall move on in time and there be neglected
And another year born in to its new wake
That no one before has liven or inspected
Their rises and loss in vineyards or flurries
Along with old forgotten years and worries

Peter S. Quinn

In Memory Of Past Summers (From, Akhenaton, Iii)

I

If time stood still
For dreams and thoughts,
We never would succeed;
They are to fulfill
What wish has brought,
The living way, a creed.

We have no time
For sorrow's pain,
That drifts here anyway;
Young in their prime,
Seeking in vain
And gone the coming day.

All learn to know
And build on hope
That never perhaps was,
It vanishes and goes;
Life loses rope,
All dreams away then pass.

II

We will get by with our love and our dreams,
There is no reason to think otherwise;
Playing along with hearts or so it seems,
All what we do is love in a disguise.
One time we are rough the other we are smooth,
Feelings through errors and a turning trial;
Everything so simple and plain in its truth,
No hurts or disappointments for a while.
Then it happens, as clouded rainy days,
Gray mornings come back again here;
Dark sided corners and fate turning ways,
Never clearly seen but always too near.
What is the truth in all what has been done?
With memories fading and the present soon gone.

III

There is a wish in everything
And dreams they often come true,
But how to keep them,
Who knows how?
This is all up to me and you.

Remember this when days go by
And memories are here,
We know how we all did try
And gained just another year.

There is a wish in everything
And to have dreams to build on,
We must keep wishes
Clean and clear,
Before each of them is gone.

Hope is like - opening clear sky,
With colors and true flair's;
And like it - has the clouds that fly,
And sometimes shedders tears.

Remember this for it is so,
As your life goes you will know.

IV

Close your eyes and find the moon,
It's coming to you full of closeness;
The ripeness of roots eager and fresh,
It's coming through the soil soon.

All old is new or into oblivion gone,
Dried out in obstacles and prunes;
What is left is knot less and done,
For voices are chanting different tunes.

Tomorrow sails ahead of dreams,
That we found in footsteps long ago;

And time is the ever evolving stream,
The starry nights those eternally glow.

So are the moon and the owl of wisdom,
Beholder you see what in your eyes bloom.

V

The arrow you sent,
I'll give it back
With more meanings.

If truth be found
In your heart full of secrets
You gave me
With warm feelings.

The depth of the sky
Does not know these feelings,
But I alone
When I learn to open
Your palm.

Its love,
Perhaps blind in rosy colors;
For feelings,
Quiver their shades.

VI

I'm not going to be won over,
A poem is a poem
To me;
With words that color my mind,
It's poetry soft and sweet
To me.
It's poetry sad that bleeds
And no one can stop it
From reaching my soul,
Freshness is not due to time
Or words that rime;
But to the concept of mind,

And so is poetry
It sets emotions free.
The closeness of an open heart
Which from words they speak,
To give a courage to weak;
And poetry I give all this,
For that is what the concept is,
The free and unhindered way
That emotion alone could lay.

VII

Be dreamy and remember
Summer flowers
And the early morning dew,
When dawn
Bears its lonely hours
Just alone with you.

Remember the blue light
That came with first gleam
Of daybreak,
The morning bright
After a night dream
Close to you.

Be dreamy and remember
Feelings you once bore,
For they were true
Inside there,
In your remembrance
Of all you had
Close to you.

Like the tones
That fades away,
The sound
Becomes unclear,
The melody
You once played,
Alone with you
And near.

VIII

Oh shade away you fading rose,
For summer now is done;
I gladly accepted your color dose,
But now your shades are gone.

Like yesterdays in memories
Are all you greenish leaves?
And so are all the blooming trees
In autumn one now grieves.

The yellow color you give me
Is for this times occasion,
Rest your beauty in fades of thee
Until new spring of season.

I'll wait and have your joy once more,
When days are bright and clear;
To see you bloom on bedding floor,
Once more to have you near.

Oh fade away my dearly bloom
I'll see you again next year,
When once more becomes your groom:
The summer we both will share.

IX

When death comes
With face full of sorrow,
In the morning when the sky is blue;
In the dawn before day,
It will not make you suffer.

When death comes
Unclear into the night,
It is lonely like a full moon:
Pale and blue,
Hidden behind darkly clouds
Which passes by.

When death comes
And you mourn what time
Has given you of hopes,
There are shadows
Full of mirage,
You did not see before
Or ever since.

When death comes
With white cloth to hide your sorrow.

X

So soft
Your lust for life,
The air
Of your deep soul,
Trust has a meaning
In life.

Forgiveness
Has no meaning,
If there is no
Complete trust.

Your skin,
Your hair,
Your everything;
Like the ground
I walk on,
Like the water
I drink.

I love you,
It is not enough
To say these words,
Because experiencing them
Is all.

So soft
Your lust for life,

Difficult breathing
Throughout our entire lives.

XI

I'm the voice of my heart,
Through me my love will be:
The first, the end, and the start,
Whatever I fail not to see.

The moments I have are frail,
Each gone by another day;
Love is my hope and my style,
Until I go back my way.

Bear with me mighty and weak,
Those who'll speak and will not;
We have resemblance to seek,
Keep at the hope you've got. }€xˇ

Peter S. Quinn

In My Dreams Awake

I'm in my dreams awake
Full of craving and of play
Every summerset new take
For my longings won't stay
Oh lose your heart again
Drifting here out of sight
All our feeling were in vain
Each of them wrong or right

I am still crazy for your love
That surrounds me and wounds
Like the drifting clouds above
Some of your inside abounds
Myriad are the crossing roads
Everyone sometimes frightens me
With their wanderings and loads
And everything that comes to be

I am burning up like a fire
Of feelings that get not through
Each longing and my desire
Is countless going to there, too...
I've try to stop many times to live
I admire something in your name
Still here I am - all of me to give
Touching you softly with my flame

I'm in my dreams awake
Full of craving and of play
Every summerset new take
For my longings won't stay
Oh lose your heart again
Drifting here out of sight
All our feeling were in vain
Each of them wrong or right

Peter S. Quinn

In My Garden

In my garden
Are many colors,
With flowers
And shadows
Standing still.

In dreamy weather
When sun is shining,
What could be better?
Then just finding
What lies behind the other hill?

In my garden
Where you are standing,
Just find yourself,
By asking questions
Through work and skill.

In dreamy whether
When rationalism is blinding,
They go together,
Imagination and right timing,
And a freeborn will.

In my garden
Are many colors.

Peter S. Quinn

In My Heart - Memories

In my heart I've found a way
Love that comes and goes
Playful times that won't stay
Like days in their glows

Love is here and then its gone
All dreams we remember
Falling leaves we just go on
Shadow ways in September

Can you find a place of love
Where everything ´s going
Like some clouds so far above
That we see but aren't knowing

Yesterdays they are here still
Like dreams of memory
In tomorrow hopes they might fulfill
And give us love to be

In my heart I've no doubt
Only love and burning desire
Where old days still run about
In their dance and fire

Love is here forever more
Though we are not knowing
Like waves on the open shore
Some come and others are going

Peter S. Quinn

In My Night Of Night

In my night of night
Falling down in days
Where shadows take flight
And momentarily plays
All that is so frightful
With moon rising high
In its emotions dull
Don't ask questions why
For its dark and deep
Old for eyes to see
Inside thoughts to keep
In each lives opportunity

So much in the making
Through night to morning
When we are still waking
With a heart of yearning
Nothing's worth of crying
Only trust and showing
All life is about dying
Before we are each going
Dreams that don't up fill
Only make us wonder
When comes another hill
For us all to ponder

In my night of night
Falling down in days
Where shadows take flight
And momentarily plays
There is no story ending
That we haven't tried
With confessions blending
Knots that made and tied

Peter S. Quinn

In My Own Way

Every word for every day
Is all I have to give
This and that in my own way
Is how I come to live
What you find might be true
In every footstep going
Those could be for me or you
Our prints there out showing

Every feel is a touch to me
To make and do each time
So much of love that is free
In colors of its prime
You know you feel as much too
With everything you are
With what a day is in renew
From the close or to afar

Each opportunity on the road
Is only for a short while
Take of your shoes and load
So much lies hidden in beguile
There is no time to change
The world outside that is old
But you can adjust and rearrange
What you in a footstep hold

Peter S. Quinn

In New And Old

Day and night
never the same,
into new life's flight
of a burning flame.
Nothing's returning
to its beginning,
only its yearning
inside is singing.

Love is here
and then it's gone,
to somewhere
going on and on.
Life is a beat
of times flight,
into life street
and back to night.

A story told
for every one,
in new and old
and then it's gone.
Fly your prime
to another shore,
don't lose its time
for evermore.

In new and old
that comes and goes,
you cannot hold
its burning glows.
For it is existence
of times living flame,
and goes into blanch
of never the same.

Peter S. Quinn

In October (From Coradoba)

In October
Sweet love was in
With the moon in blue
And turning shadows

My window
Kept the cold outside
Of nearly frost earth
And shivering leaves

The birds have flown
To somewhere
And the bare branches
Are longing for next spring

Peter S. Quinn

In Openness Through (Sonnet)

The impressive days of love are going by
With the wings to fly in their true about
In openness through the blue and cloudy sky
And carrying their freshness without any doubt
The moments that to silences have given
The voices of the heart and fields of green
When eternity passes or is liven
Of their beats of endures and between

When the woods are carried with the freshly air
On the winds of fragrance breathy so sweet
And each dissensions comes to closure here
Through leaves of the golden-red that have bleat
To our autumn that carries openness on
Through winter's shallow time till those are gone

Peter S. Quinn

In Quiet Dark (From,134 Picture Poems)

in quiet dark
this sadness day

teardrops slip through
on forlorn flowers

know the deep heart
now alone

Peter S. Quinn

In Reversed Moonlight (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

In reversed moonlight
Where memories get tossed,
There is no wrong or right
Both somehow will be lost;
Like night becomes a day
And dark resolves in light,
There comes another day
As some have lost their flight.

The moments are so full
Of emptiness and space,
Moonlight often will pull
In two reversed ways;
You will not find your luck
When mind is not set straight,
Be for a long time in murk
Till some there will abrogate.

In reversed moonlight
You see things so differently,
Like Icarus in his last flight
Lost raptness to become free;
Thoughts are in a fantasy
Shadows grow and glide,
The question remains to be
In a mood that will provide.

Peter S. Quinn

In Shadows Of Stillness

The leaping streams of all gone yesterdays
Are always with us in memories still
Like a posy of silent gold clay thrill
With everything that in a thought plays
The slowness of forgetful feathers grays
In shadows of stillness remembrance frill
Each hour in lathered up destiny fill
That shows its gifts in ground of many lays
Where there's nothing always in its waiting
Of dreams that come to be forever lost
Though always with this knowledge debating
Broken route or another that gets crossed
So much in wandering searching that stopped
Or was with the ordinary days dropped

Peter S. Quinn

In Silence - Sonnet

In silence rising dawn on the horizon
With the floating ocean's waves going by
I feel as if eternity is still on
In billows high and in the cloud going sky
Where night meets the twilight of a new turn
In curves of shading flow of sleeping earth
Where the reddish yellow colors again burn
With flickering flames in nocturnal birth

Shadows dancing on waves of the sea
Bringing to the shore every distance go
Fragrances of seaweed in eternity
Of the moving tides in their to and fro
Like a bird flying above the clouds drifting
My thoughts to timeless heights are lifting

Peter S. Quinn

In Still Purveyor (Haiku)

In still purveyor
white frosty winter's layers
-in glisten prayers

Peter S. Quinn

In Summer Woods

Now the hours are summer in bright
With love songs of days going through
The woods are in green foliage light
Every day in the sunshine renew

The flowing of tinctures is here
Where dreams go about in their playing
There are color blossoms everywhere
Shades of dark and fair in weighing

Oh dreams come and make no mistake
Your playfully sounds are sweeping
In morning of wonders summer's wake
Those hours of daybreak are keeping

Each yonder is in a faraway blue
Making the sky -lovely dark and deep
All colors are now awaking and true
For the hours of pleasures to keep

Peter S. Quinn

In Sunshine Ways

In sunshine ways
this autumn comes,
beautiful ember days
in its full blossoms.
Blue reddish rays
through the sky going,
these are the days
of September glowing.

On to my heart
feelings are calling,
with its new start
like leaves are falling.
The sky is ember
so far and so wide,
now it's September
for red yellow sight.

Singing a melody
birds that are parting,
tunes in their free
for winter is starting.
Love is here all
to life that's gone,
longings and Fall
to carry times on.

Peter S. Quinn

In The After Midnight Hour

In the after midnight hour
Where changes do occur
Where darkness has its power
Where skins returns to fur

The beast comes back alive
And the eyes begin to slow
Dark shadows there arrive
And flickering lights will go

In the after midnight hour
Where time stood almost still
The Secrets open their flower
And keep your dreams until

The dawn with light is here
Last glimpse from tired moon
The taste of night and flare
Is forgotten in their dark ruin

Flames from flickering candles
The shadows grow wider more
Until daylight again ignite handles
The opening of new dawn's door

Into the morning of a new day
Where colors grow and clear
Shadows that couldn't on stay
Are no longer with me now near

Peter S. Quinn

In The Blue Evening (From, The River Sings On)

In the blue evening,
I wanted to dance;
Stars like pearls - string,
At their firstborn glance.
The nightingale sang,
With a colorful tune;
As shadows wide sprang,
Into darkish afternoon.

At the evenings end,
Orange colors of ray;
With the blue did amend,
As night opened its gateway.
The vivid morn will come,
With the voices of dawn;
At freshness and lightsome,
It's fingers again spawn.

Turn on love of a heart,
Where night stars recall;
Their dreaming flowchart,
In a distance con frontal.
Turn on colors of love,
Like the lights faraway;
They glow and twinkle above,
Till again there's new day.

Peter S. Quinn

In The Blue Night

In the blue night
Where a dream gazes
Love has started a flight
That life all amazes
Dream thoughts to stay
In longing of slumber
A glow in a faraway ray
Countless in its number

Where feeling all shine
And bring bright moon
A love I can't define
But day will show on soon
All whispers of the breeze
In snowy whitish snow
Among the winter trees
That now in dawn will glow

Our feelings in the deep
That flow on and on
For moments we both keep
Till they are all gone
Wishful thinking through
All days and night dark
A love that's almost true
When stars to dim spark

Peter S. Quinn

In The Center - Sonnet

In the center of this are wings to be found
Every heart's in love emerald aside
That come here in its way and turns around
Every flight that has been missed in its glide
What is the world if not deep in its glowing?
Giving transport through the ardor of time
Reaching goals in its powers and its going
Losing out when it is not there in prime

You are my darling sweetness of the love
Everything that I am is for you
Like the stars shining and going here above
So is everything in this quite so true
Love is the road to the steeps of our heart
Where the feelings of new morning will start

Peter S. Quinn

In The Dark Garden

All the branches are old
In this garden of trees
Nowhere futures to hold
In uncertainty of guaranty
Grass grows always dark
In the wonderment of diffuse
Creditability is its spark
Filling tongues with its clues

Pure as moments of gleam
Every worth conquered
Nothing is what it seem
Between lines be awarded
Fancy hold passing outside
Architecture of open space
Silences in their ride
With their many knotting lace

The hour is becoming old
With earth in music reflection
Shadows that a day can't hold
Every occurrence selection
Voices low to answered wind
Where it comes - where it goes
Disciplined and thick-skinned
To and fro to the ears flows

Dedicated to Octavio Paz

Peter S. Quinn

In The Days Of Quietness

In the days of quietness
From memories confined wings
Within love of caress
And themes of gone strings
Where your beauty swift around
With its carefree flames
And some love was there found
In those eyes and names

Flowing cups of summer set
In the wantons of air
Where no passion had regret
Of being freely there
For the dance of liberty
Gave the roses of red
Some just for you and me
From bouquets garden bed

When we were young in grates
To now deep then bound
Or tangled in our debates
Those through years are found
Only tippie beauty to adjust
Within our voice steep
Like the flowering of August
In their morning sleep

In the days of young sweet
At summer tinting flowing
Everything seemed complete
And worthy in its knowing
When you were young as I
With new dreams to embrace
The boundless open blue sky
Of the many adored days

Peter S. Quinn

In The Days Of The Days

In the days of the days going by
Where dreams are not sheets to be read
Only clouds in the misty open sky
Those are going to the times far ahead

To be something for others to seek
From the given of futures not born
We can only think about not to speak
Of those edges in time still unworn

Every hour that 's a walking clock beat
Through time of twelve numbers to a day
And are given to a life for a treat
In every heart of the moment to play

That will go on and be of an evening
When the feelings are felt going
With something from time still bringing
Memories and thoughts you're knowing

Days that's not born but coming here
In their futures and wishes to find
When each moment of theirs is near
And the others gone by left behind

Peter S. Quinn

In The Days Of The Past

In the days of the past
There were roses sweet
With loves colors cast
In the hue reddish treat
Fading into blue dream
Of the blooming beside
With a new spring's theme
Where winters once glide
Coldness is again away
From a new spring mood
Bringing out each gray
From gloomy dark blue
Cloudless horizon of dawn
Rising from drowsy sight
Coming into valley's lawn
With the first gleam of light
Moments are present still
In the gentleness of sleep
Later with voices to fill
And the date again to reap

Peter S. Quinn

In The Deep Blue Sky

Close of from you there is always something
Dreams faraway - though twice is more than enough
Like time passes by to a world that will sing

In something that's happening all over the world
Brining to the ground what from inside is true
Footsteps going around to thinking once hurled

The playful of pulls to the up and the closing
And bringing away what they thought they found
Every aspect of happening in very first arousing

And bring to the distance
Every cloud faraway in the deep blue sky
With so much hazy of dreams that will try
With so much hazy of dreams going there by
To bring to the distance

To find what was once without any falling doubt
And giving enough of spaces there all between
Those go around in their wandering ways and about

In their hours of departing or staying
With every embrace of their opportunity
Like feelings that come for their unity
And everyone is finding inside of each own
For a while for a while

In something that's happening all over the world
Brining to the ground what from inside is true
Footsteps going around to thinking once hurled

And bring to the distance
Every cloud faraway in the deep blue sky
With so much hazy of dreams that will try
With so much hazy of dreams going there by
To bring to the distance

To the goings of my dreams in the faraway

Taking believes to its trail of another day
In the hours that come with each play

In something that's happening all over the world
Brining to the ground what from inside is true
Footsteps going around to thinking once hurled

And bring to the distance
Every cloud faraway in the deep blue sky
With so much hazy of dreams that will try
With so much hazy of dreams going there by
To bring to the distance

And bring to the distance
Every cloud faraway in the deep blue sky
With so much hazy of dreams that will try
With so much hazy of dreams going there by
To bring to the distance

And bring to the distance
Every cloud faraway in the deep blue sky
In the deep blue sky

*(Remember this is a lyric... The other part of my writing output is lyric writing and it's as large as my poetry writing. However my largest output is writing music... Please Google 'Peter S. Quinn' If you'd like to see more. Thanks for your time. Peter)

Peter S. Quinn

In The Evening Light

Where memories go
In their nocturnal flight
Of tomorrow's glow
Flutes of yesterdays
On wings of yearning
Their intimate plays
On the reddish burning

Playful gust and sweet
And memories from past
Love songs that pleat
On the oceans so vast
Dreams on their wings
Still remembered some
As their melody sings
On the spring blossom

In the dawn of bright
Of the coming morning
New tunes of the light
We shall be learning
But remember beauty
From the gone long-ago
Evening light melody
In its tones fine row

Peter S. Quinn

In The House Of The Abyss

Summer is going with comely branches
Turning back into the dark moments mode
With thoughts of flowers in numbly chances
The slow half light voices of winter's ode
Elements have given sleepiness kiss
Inside silence from the feelings clammy
Passing during the noon's butterflies bliss
With the heavens sunset shadows whammy

Regions of aurora coiled with the deep
Hours of daybreak sleeping in with dim tone
Carrying moonshine of the bluish thimbleful
In the house of the abyss spring will sleep
With the brimming colors and joys alone
And tormenting silence the hours to pull

Peter S. Quinn

In The Huge Blue (From, The River Sings On)

In the huge blue,
Are my wandering ways;
What is true and untrue,
Through the inter ray plays.
On to the clouds softly,
It never will stay;
The air full and lofty,
- Day after day.

Nothing is staying,
It's all eternally gone;
With your mind playing,
Till it's clear and done.
The vultures' banquet,
In a garden with looks;
To the mind agglutinate,
Until it - to it hooks.

Into new spring's call,
Alleys of living flesh;
The stranded districts befall,
For the new and the fresh.
Turning dusty dawn rips,
Dissolution of their faces;
Desiring coming apocalypse,
Beginning new abolishes.

Peter S. Quinn

In The Love Of Each Tomorrow

There is love in the love of each tomorrow
With all a stranger can give from to know
The words of your feelings, in times borrow
Will come as they must and then again go
If nowhere is created anywhere around
You will lose every view of the going beat
Something else than love - is then there found
That's not for a passion to give or treat

Round the squares - through the corners of life
There are shapeless forms for each new turn
Every hour's sidewalks scene on to strife
Until from something in life you will learn
A heart is close to the signs of each touch
And its gives to its being just as much

Peter S. Quinn

'In The Name Of My Innocence And Diaper'

In the name of my innocence and diaper
Stop this trespassing and warfare death dance
Take away your tall guns like sky-viper
And give me and mommy a survival chance
Don't go breaking my heart to shattering dust
Let me have opportunities in living
Build up tomorrows in hope we've lost
I'll make you proud someday of your giving
Just grant me a chance to grow up and be free
At the birthplace my parents entrusted me for
Let me prosper with the gift inside of me
Settle you disgruntlement in peace not war
My innocent father and siblings are gone
But still you carry quarreling on and on

Peter S. Quinn

In The Night Tonight

In the night tonight
There is sweetness for you
When every thought is so right
In its closeness and true
When the heart is a beat
Going about in its love
With every tune it'll need
Drifting in dreams far above

In this night of ours
When the moonshine glows
With times shadows flowers□
Of thoughts love knows
And the time is of caring□
For every hour we give
In our closeness and daring
For the passion to live

This is what we are
Emotions falling to be
Twinkling back like stars
In the eyes we see
So much love there to tell
Bring it up from a crave
We together in a spell
Yes it is love and it is save

Peter S. Quinn

In The November Circling Ways

In the November circling ways
Surrounded by dark nothingness
The hours of its deep blue grays
With not much of hope or caress
The coils of these trials in rime
Snowy footsteps onward going
Ice of high evening darkish prime
Where frost mirrors alley's glowing

Its time between lighting states
Of frontiers in blissful twinkling
The moments of darkish debates
In snowy fall air besprinkling
When light bulb to a light will show
All those merry glowing sparking eyes
Of indefinite day in icy snow
In weather of confronted surprise

The night is too profound to hold
With many its unknown trespassing
When day to night dream shall unfold
In its shadowy dance crevassing
Yawning long of snowy far routes
On to the isolated distance breach
Like rivers of glistening fade-outs
That hard in this cold is to reach

Peter S. Quinn

In The Palm Of Space (From, Poet On Www)

In the palm of space,
There are distances growing;
In many unknown ways,
Thoughts are born and going.
Within the minutes fire,
Overturn a scattered page;
The turning wheels don't tier,
In a time without an age.

In the palm of light,
Clear-cut and straight line;
And forever chromocyte,
In the colors melting brine.
Within everything born,
As it dissolves there around;
And together lights are sworn,
In a contriving battleground.

In the palm of falls,
Within the planetary salts;
Future to us nameless calls,
With its ways and gestalts.
What has not been worn,
And is out there to be found;
From what is never forlorn,
Only a busy rapid round.

Peter S. Quinn

In The Space That Lies Between Us (A Lyric)

In the space that lies between us
There's something no one knows
In the space that is within you
Something always onward grows

You don't need to be lonely
If memories do carry on
What your story used to be
But for now's all past and done

River flows to forgetfulness
Or to where all thought goes
Memories of you become less
If no thought from it glows

Stop your way into a rainbow
Find your love that passes by
You will always feel and know
If it is going to live or die

In the space that lies between us
I have found indifference there
Can we survive any deep loss?
If our feelings are nowhere near

In the space that lies between us
There's something no one knows
In the space that is within you
Something always onward grows

Peter S. Quinn

In The Spirit

Go go away in the spirit
Fly through the wind troubles away
Cradles of time in its acclimate
Meeting the shape of air and day

Exchanging sweet messages of souls
Gliding the rays asunder
Uninhabited forests and roles
Like light feels in sky of thunder

Elements of nature calling
Singing a holy hymn of being
Soft notes in melodies falling
Chorus of freedom seeing

Peter S. Quinn

In The Still Of Time

In the still of time,
before darkness comes softly
- with its melody.

In the still with you,
with heartbeats of passing time
- love's eternally.

Life's a mystery,
glow time and a deep darkness
- coming and going.

A heart in a heart,
the beats of eternal love
- nothing can destroy.

Going on and on,
everything that is passing
- but never the same.

Peter S. Quinn

In The Times That Goes On

There are times there are dreams
With every day as we know
There are feelings like streams
Of beats that come and go
Every day like distance across
Spaces between our hearts
Every moment in its instance loss
From the ways it once starts

Circling round somewhere found
In the times that goes on
Feelings bound to their pound
Till its beat are almost done

Every opening through and wide
To yesterdays of memories
Where in thoughts they still abide
Filling heart with wishing ease
Rise and fall to lonely roads
Every day that we can't hold on to
Something done a lost gone load
For the hours of the coming new
With the dreams and hopes to unfold
In the clearance of open ways
Stories living some still untold
As their coming like steady phase

Circling round somewhere found
In the times that goes on
Feelings bound to their pound
Till its beat are almost done

Every day like distance across
Spaces between our hearts
Every moment in its instance loss
From the ways it once starts

Tomorrow in its fields unknown
Comes to deliver with its trust

The many states of what is shown
Some to ripe and others lost

In the times that goes and goes

Peter S. Quinn

In The Twisting Days Of The Coming Dark

There are strangely thoughts that go on here
In the twisting days of the coming dark
Validation of moods everywhere
That in to your days and belief now park
Though morning is dark and breaking out slow
With its partly light throughout the glisten sky
Each hour that passes has its temperate glow
Unstill the evening in its transcends fly

Every hour is broad in its sub-mainstream
At times beyond themes of old outlook gone
Feelings of unconscious godliness dreams
Shall carry me through to the passionate on
Like a truthful hold these passions are giving
Each form their beat that finds its own living

Peter S. Quinn

In These Lonely Days There's Nothing Like You

In these lonely days there's nothing like you
When the law of restlessness chance shall flame
The heart is inconstant danger to be through
And its troubling in beats that are the same
When fragile's the mind and lost for summer verts
In dreams of shadows flickering reflections
From those occasions that come when winter flirts
In dark clouds breaking up and rejections

These darkish days that was drawn from autumn's fire
In feelings deep like axis from dim flowers
Each thought in light here of mans inner desire
Of emptiness and wanderings alone hours
With a heart full of shading daggers heartbeat
To be drawn among shadows of empty street

Peter S. Quinn

In Tick Of Times (From, The Songsters Lyrics)

Like time comes it passes too soon away
In tick of times that dwells not for long
With feelings there and ease of every song
That sings with love and kindness in its play
The hours may be found with every aim
And think of truth that dwells in its short while
Of understood found inside each beguile
To give and take of the moment's going flame

What causes time to go on forward still?
In moment's of toiling unfaltering on
And give the ways of longing to fulfill
Before those stays are forever all gone?
Each fondness is causing every giving
And therefore we are in steadfast living

Peter S. Quinn

In Time's Lullaby

I am restful in time's lullaby
That gives away its dreams free
And opens up my wistful eye
In clearing of thoughts with me

Love song that so softly falls
Filling the air with its harmony
And into these instances calls
To me for my soul - at rest to be

Refrain

Time is like a lovely tune
Coming in so softly
My new thoughts to prune
To become so lofty
I often wonder how it's going to be
I often wonder what today I'll see

O gives me more of evening cast
Flying in strength to dream land
Some forever complete to its last
With feelings anew to understand

Refrain

Time is like a lovely tune
Coming in so softly
My new thoughts to prune
To become so lofty
I often wonder how's going to be
I often wonder what today I'll see

Wistful things in the horizon
For this original day to come
To carry my moods on and on
Where do they all come from?

Where do they all come from?

In Times Crevassed (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Out tonight to the sky red
A fly of clouds brought
Where sunshine evening had bled
The day's thought flight
Oh come my heart and bring joy
From yesterdays now gone
Let never hatred destroy
The shining of pleasures shone

Be here with me through dark
And on going milky ways
Where twinkling stars will spark
Their dust on glowing rays
The morning shall come here after
With stillness of the clear
Through the open rooftop's rafter
With cleanness everywhere

Through the very distant past
Dreams have gone to live
Showing ways in times crevassed
For songs of tomorrow to give

Peter S. Quinn

In Times Of Going

Where the day is clearing and the night is in
One way to the ocean of our destiny
In the heart of my driving to another road
Where I felt I was not before or since
In times of going and drift faraway

Love was young then in the heart of many days
Feeling something inside to give a call
In the ways that I go and follow
When I feel this burn inside
In times of going and drift faraway

Every road path is harder to reach
When the effects are coming on
Every day is another step going

Days are dry in the steps of each our dream
When there is nothing in its return
Only heartaches of the steps to follow
As we try to find whatever we can
In times of going and drift faraway

Let me give you a return to feelings
Where they are brooding inside from sleep
Every day gets no longer in its starting
Nothing to hold to when the dreams go way

In times of going and drift faraway
In times of going and drift faraway

Peter S. Quinn

In To The Distance I Run

In to the distance I run
Away from the trouble ahead,
Where there is no ambition
Just what my fate will embed.

Let me not go though too far
Come every thought to be true,
So I will have it for memoir
When it is gone and past due.

In to the days there ahead
Hours and my minutes will go,
All what once here was said
Who will then care or know.

Keep though the dreams alive
I have made some of my own,
So when late moments arrive
They're the once that are shown.

In to forgetfulness we must die
Some will though stand for sure,
Why must we say good bye
And what is a dream then all for?

Peter S. Quinn

In To The Night - Sometimes

In to the night my dreams go
Light that is mellow and falling
I have forgotten their glow
And each footstep strolling
Make me now happy tomorrow
Into their workings right
There must never be again sorrow
To a low hours flight

Dream must stay and never leave
Only be ours to give
Throw away here now its heave
Let's come together and live
Night felt so close sometimes
In to the dark and forgotten
Moments of well being climbs
From those steps often trottin'

Let it not happen again
Felling that lonesome gray
Then has my hope been in vain
Left every outlook astray
Night is sometimes like shelter
Giving its dark compassion
In to its many shadows welter
With voices of hope clashin'

- in the making -

Partly inspired by, When The Night lyric by Paul McCartney

Peter S. Quinn

In Ways Of This

In ways of this
My heart beats on
In colored bliss
Of dreams gone

Were once was you
Of freshness high
And all that's true
In blue night sky

In ways tomorrow
That soon be here
In lost diminuendo
Of our yesteryear

Like falling rose
In fragrance sweet
Our moment goes
To a silent beat

Peter S. Quinn

In Winter's Bereft

No one is left
only me and my memoires,
in winter's bereft
of leafless tress.

My days are all going
into the lost,
summer once glowing
now it has crossed.

Life is a memory
times aren't still,
the roads on are free
for others to fulfill.

Merry go 'round
sisters and brothers,
new times are found
gone are the others.

Each time and ways
giving so much,
memorable days
magical their touch.

Through years' time
we had its treasures,
life was in prime
- many its pleasures.

Peter S. Quinn

In Your Mind

There is nothing less
That you won't find
In your caress
Its flowers of heart
Everything of pure
Right from its start
That's for sure

Love like no other
Only of within
For sister and brother
Their heart to win
Such is all pleasure
Feelings of joy
Truest of treasure
Never to destroy

In Your touch
All is within each
Love that gives much
Delight to teach
This is the beat
To reach out for
Walking its street
Always for more

Peter S. Quinn

In Your Own Way – You Drive Me Crazy

Every star might be a falling star
Until the time comes here again to give and to believe
From closeness of their glittering and till they are afar
You have your love thoughts and you have your own grieve

Every dream is away in their going
Giving much of every deepness of each your new desire
Falling through the times that are of past but are still flowing
Within the aims of your own heart going higher

There's so much there for nothing but surrender
In those feelings that are memories today
Your heart's aching beat and in its tender
Every footstep you took in your own way

Love sometimes waits in the background
With the dreams that seem faraway but remain there reachable still
Coming closer to what it truly is when once more it's found
Every story that is lost in its thrill

In your own way

Every star might be a falling star
Until the time comes here again to give and to believe
From closeness of their shimmering and till they are afar
You have your love thoughts and you have your revive

Every footstep that you took was in your own way
You drive me crazy with those memories today

Peter S. Quinn

Incidental Dreams (Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Incidental Dreams

With days and days ahead,
In loneliness the hour seems
No blooming in the garden's bed;
My longings for other things to be
With these dimly moods,
The stimuli of a leafless tree
And shadows that alludes.

Incidental Dreams

Lost in the nowhere land,
With flickering dully beams
And dark horizon in backhand;
All is in a song of night mood
Lonely footsteps in the snow,
A world in winter's attitude
Pearl like glistening frosty glow.

Incidental Dreams

The night in the window glass,
A sleeping and dream regimes
The time's other hourglass;
I drift away into space
When sleeping I go to this,
A hour minute anyplace
You dream and therefore it is.

Peter S. Quinn

Independence (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

You walk your shoes on the lane
With twisted thoughts you know
That salt is in your grain
With everything you show
The upside is your mood still on
Angry stairs of your beset
Summer gloomy giving and done
You have the face to regret
Like silver threads in the sun
Each shadow dance wide
There is no walking the fun
Or steps to garden's abide

You see me broken in my eyes
Of bowed head and shaking knees
There are no peaty outside lies
Those sway a little like the trees
The haughtiness that must be tired
And awfully hard to accept
Is only the certainty of the cried
Shoulders falling in reject
Night is the shoot with my own words
Steal bowed and weakened
I had once gold shells spurts
Of pumping and digging' its sheen end

Stairs up the stains I still climb
Meeting the surprise on the still
Impulse of serenity in its whim
To give of its moons to fulfill
Like huts in histories name
Welling the past on its roots
Of diamonds that dance in the flame
Of their flickering glaring nude
Something to bring the rifts
Times of the oceans down leap
A clear in the rise and the shifts
Where everything comes that is deep

Independently (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Reach to each new mystery
Times are like an open book
Stories in every history
Everywhere around to look
Exceptionally inside find
Days are coming from old age
This and that be left behind
As they each carry their weight
What it is that makes a say
Breaking the points and bending
Fill your mind with today
And what has been amending
Carry over each thought and mind
Knot the way all differently
So much to be left behind
When you walk the way independently

When you walk the way
Independently

Peter S. Quinn

Indian Summer (Haiku)

Fragile and small things,
They mean all so very much
- Indian summer.

Peter S. Quinn

Infinite Eternity

Infinite eternity

What will be shall be

Always within its reach

Accomplishment to teach

Never ending time's end

Every going turning

That we know and comprehend

We are always learning

Peter S. Quinn

Inner Constellations

The leaping stream of yesterdays away
Scents gold sprays of wandering aroma
Abandoned land of summer flowing day
Each colors shade and rainbow's diploma
The flowers that have been handing their love
To eyes and light every lover knows
Each delight the fiery heart is made of
That to the inner constellations glows

This burned up form, kissing and weaving shade
Whose blooms are gathering to the white snow
With their incessant feel and tenderness
Each multifarious to nothingness conveyed
That once was in coloration to show
Is now moldering to ground work caress

*- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

Innocence And Desire (From,134 Picture Poems)

innocence and desire
illusions of my thoughts
forsaken into realization

hollow like our ears
is the sifting destiny

Peter S. Quinn

Inside Everyone's Heart (From, Myspace)

I have got my blue eyes
To coil the night away
And open up the skies
That meets the coming day

Filling dreams with dawn
Climbing thru to light
To my love be drawn
When the time feels right

There is a love song out there
Inside everyone's heart
It's singing to give and share
By sending its love sweet dart

The feelings that'll start to grow
If you will show it its need
To some people outside even flow
If they have the way to read

I have got my reddish lips
To sooth in watery ways
When the raindrops above drips
From clouds of rainy grays

Calming dryness of earth
Directing the flow from plight
When times are of equal worth
And coming into the sight

Peter S. Quinn

Inside My Winter

Inside my winter
Of darkness gleaming night
Where cold's now in rime tinter
With not much light
My dreams are going wingless
Thru abysses of frost
And tones of shades songless
That autumn had lost

Inside those going nowhere
Of all my thoughts regain
Their footsteps close adhere
In loneliness and strain
O spring tomorrow's sunshine
Now come again and sing
And draw your sweetness line
Around my fire ring

Inside my loneliness
Where heart beats are depressed
In winter's achiness
That once summer caressed
My dreams are drifting clouds
On roadways to ahead
I walk among the crowds
And leaves from autumn's bed

Peter S. Quinn

Inside Of Me

A garden of night
Until it glows
When there's daylight
As the dark goes
Like life all is
Dim and sunrise
In its eternal bliss
Of love and ties

Now I'm lonely
As hours go by
If you were here only
Not saying goodbye
I'd be bringing
In heartbeats of glee
And my heart singing
To have you by me

A garden of sorrow
For what's gone
To some tomorrow
Though I still go on
My heart oh life
There's much agony
In distress strife
Inside of me

Peter S. Quinn

Inside These Moods - A Song

Inside these moods
Of ever returning
Flying through timbers
All of their own
Love in the frames
Inside there burning
What is there known
That hasn't been shown
The flowers of dust
Eternally falling
Death rows inside
From the thoughts calling
Who is it here?
That is going nowhere
Always bringing up
What timely comes down
You are just this
Lonesome like a flower
Slowly on to a kiss
What comes and goes
You won't surely miss

Chorus

Don't spill to dryness roots
Tokens of your peace
Love songs will come and go
Inside every lease
Lonely ways are footsteps away
With its on to on treason
Give your heart let it here play
Everything comes with a reason

Outside these windmills
Times don't tell
What's up on the hills
Nor down in hell
You may be transferring
Along each trotting route
All the moods steering

Black bearing fruits
The crows in the trees
Not flying today
The longing that frees
With them to say
Who is it here?
That is going nowhere
Always bringing up
What timely comes down
You are just this
Lonesome like a flower
Slowly on to a kiss
What comes and goes
You won't surely miss

Chorus

Don't spill to dryness roots
Tokens of your peace
Love songs will come and go
Inside every lease
Lonely ways are footsteps away
With its on to on treason
Give your heart let it here play
Everything comes with a reason

Peter S. Quinn

Inside This Dream (From Coradoba)

Inside this dream
There are flower cast going
Downward coldness stream
Icy crystals flowing
You could give me your beam
In a blue between glow
Where the dark shadows seem
Always on the go

Inside your brain turn
There is reasons outset
As the clouds in evening burn
And more reddish they get
I will wait for you still
With my beat going on
Dreams and thoughts to spill
Till they are all gone

Inside nights that wake
Whilst I am a sleep
In new purposes to take
And old ways to keep
I have given this my love song
To the dreams of much dim
In my heart I'll long
And outside reasons skim

Peter S. Quinn

Inside-What Never Gets Old

Love is just like a glow
Coming before the sunset
Waves of the onward flow
Where water and stone meet
Leaves of growing trees
Flowers in the new bed
Clouds drifting in the breeze
Colors the rainbow bled

Just like you and me
Anything which is true
Respect that comes to be
Always quite and through
Sunday mornings so fair
Silently logging there on
Summer's sweetness in air
Every day's delighted fun

Each of the hours that plays
With our heart and beat
Giving what never stays
Spring coming to each street
Something you can not hold
Filling your soul and enjoyed
Inside - what never gets old?
Desires that never are destroyed

Peter S. Quinn

Intertwined Into Duskiness

Only the lonely will know
How every love shall go?
Never again to return
Always in memories yearn
Sweet and easy as you are
Everyone has their doubt
Drifting like the clouds afar
Wandering thoughts about

Moon in the dark delightful
We are like paths and roads
Joyous and sometimes so dull
With our pleasures and loads
Eyes like little windows glow
Intertwined into duskiness
Blazing fires of yesterday's flow
Or tomorrow coming in fresh

Only the lonely will know
How every love shall go?
Never again to return
Always in memories yearn
Sorrow braids tightly the night
Were warmth rose on command
Once there were stars bright
To give and to understand

Peter S. Quinn

Into Creativity (From,134 Picture Poems)

into creativity
a world of
altered spin

contrast
their trickles thoughts
flowing brim and burst

quenching cells
the single mind

Peter S. Quinn

Into My Own

Into my own
Where dark is too dark,
Light is not shown
Only its spark;
Tolling a rose
A pomegranate,
Time away goes
The hour is late.

The blue sculled gaped
Through background filed,
Shadowed landscaped
From within compiled;
Into my own
In lost stalactites,
Forgotten grindstone
Found and lost flights.

Into my own
Opening the deep,
Fertilized axone
Sow what you reap;
This is your evening
Fainting wilted eyes,
Morning shall sing
In a different disguise.

Peter S. Quinn

Into New Dream Ways

Into new dream ways
Fresh comes the night
As the evening light plays
In its last going flight

Dream to dream perfection
In every time's glow
Thru realities rejection
That now is on its go

On to the dreamy sky
My thoughts are now running
Asking no question why
Colors are so awakening

Floating my ship from shore
Going to dreams far land
For beauty more and more
Those only thoughts understand

Come with my boat along
To the afar fairytales
With its magical sea song
In its weaving's promenades

Where the feelings are true
Just like the splendid day
For every reflection's renew
That comes thru its way

Peter S. Quinn

Into Passing Days – A Song

Love me for what I'm now
Though you can't more touch give
Let me feel you somehow
With a reason enough to live
Nothing else matters dear
But to see I am still needed
Feelings are always in here
I just need inside to read it

Love oh love into the night
Why have you left me alone?
The sun can't shine on bright
On a lonely cobble stone
Flowers in their rusty shade
Their falling leaves glowing
Life is such an uneven blade
Judgments of times going

Love! - though you are gone
Into this shadows grieve
Our memories are never done
They'll become our believe
I have felt the hand of cold
Into passing days of sorrow
But I know my faith I'll hold
Yet on to – our tomorrow

Peter S. Quinn

Into Reality (To Oscar Act 5)

Everything that goes up comes down same
Winning and losing is exactly what it acclaim
So try what you want to its going to be
What you thought different isn't differently
Only something else for you and me

Giving what you can give
And living in the way you can live
So you can always be free
Always be free

Much to need in its common way ground
Filling the needs of every new turning
Something to do what you have found
Everything has its route in learning
You may be here to turn things around
And giving your senses to each reason
With every though to the earth bound
Each has its time and its season

Trying our best to be in the open seen
And everything else perhaps in between
This is to accomplish from this to there
We are all making the differences here

There is so much to build up
Making the promises grow not stop
So you can always be free
Always be free

Much to need in its common way ground
Filling the needs of every new turning
Something to do what you have found
Everything has its route in learning
You may be here to turn things around
And giving your senses to each reason
With every though to the earth bound
Each has its time and its season

Rise to the open and the promise sky
Feeling the earth beneath your wings
You are the one to go on to the high
Making your way and attach the strings
Everything we build must endure strong
Live to its worth and find its own day
Nothing's right therefore nothing's wrong
Only the way that we make it and say

Much to need in its common way ground
Filling the needs of every new turning
Something to do what you have found
Everything has its route in learning
You may be here to turn things around
And giving your senses to each reason
With every thought to the earth bound
Each has its time and its season

Much to need here around
Bringing it to our living
What we've accomplished giving
Bringing it to our living

Senses are to make every difference
Have every instance of worthy chance

Much to need in its common way ground
Filling the needs of every new turning
Something to do what you have found
Everything has its route in learning
You may be here to turn things around
And giving your senses to each reason
With every thought to the earth bound
Each has its time and its season

Much to need in its common way ground
Filling the needs of every new turning
Something to do what you have found
Everything has its route in learning
You may be here to turn things around
And giving your senses to each reason
With every thought to the earth bound

Each has its time and its season

Peter S. Quinn

Into The Beautiful Sky Blue (From, The River Sings On)

Wherever you are going,
I'll be going thee too;
Distances are coming growing,
Into the beautiful sky blue.
Dreams are sweet none existence,
Seven seas and traveling ways;
Give your thoughts a change,
For the new coming days.

You and I have seen the rays,
From the horizon of faraway;
Like the colors of night plays,
From newborn thought of grey.
Feelings will keep moving on,
Some will only be for a while;
There is always a summer sun,
To give another beautiful smile.

Wherever you are staying,
I'll be following you;
Like night dreams are playing,
For the unknown and the new.
The wind will whistle its breeze,
From the treetops and beyond;
Existence is what one sees,
From within nowhere else found.

Peter S. Quinn

Into The Blue

Into the blue
Falling and falling
My love to you
Never again calling

Freedom is harmony
Dust on the roadway
Now at last I'm free
From what you've to say

My road is new
Take out your heart
You never were true
Only a fire start

Freedom is breaking
From breeze at night
New thoughts awaking
In Pegasus flight

Into the blue
Never again to wonder
Those times are thru
Each of their ponder

Freedom is liberty
No dark reaching out
Now at last I'm free
Flying my thoughts about

Peter S. Quinn

Into The Freeway, Sonnet

All my love into the freeway's burning
Not to return to the comfort of life
On and on in its distances it will strife
Filling its times with those of yearning
All my adore is blue as the dreamy sky
Days going forward with their footsteps far on
Till into reality they nearly are gone
Hills and mountains in my dreams rising high

Wings of all my dreams keep coming here thru
Songs some forgotten that once were so true
Into the ways tomorrow's rising dawn
Exposing its beauty to faraway seen
But now are in dark of night dimmest drawn

Peter S. Quinn

Into The Half Empty Sky – A Song

Into the half empty sky
The night's spinning themes
Flowing evenings to die
Into the red yellow dreams
Cleanliness of the flowers
For the twilight to come
Awakening tomorrow hours
Into the dew on a blossom

Each dream submerge to be
From the waves there under
The inside everlastingly sea
Drifting the moments asunder
A mind goes for a moment
To find its mood and matters
With the comings bestowment
That to the directions clatters

The pictures in earth's palettes
Can't be explained or remade
Like raindrops on rock mallets
Her tunes are in - my every shade

Peter S. Quinn

Into The Night

You are my darling
Of open space
You are my heart
For many ways
I have fallen for you
Into the night
Sweet love for now
That gives me flight

Oh candle flame
Inside your eyes
Like mystic ways
Of starry skies
I hold you close
To have you near
Oh darling love
You are so dear

The morning comes
Inside this blaze
And gives its touch
And each its grace
You are my spring
And blossoms desire
Your bursting flame
At all times I aspire

Peter S. Quinn

Into The Night The Evening Goes

Gilgamesh

Tablet 1

The one who saw all [Sha nagba imuru]I will declare to the world,
The one who knew all I will tell about
[line missing]
He saw the great Mystery, he knew the Hidden:
He recovered the knowledge of all the times before the Flood.
He journeyed beyond the distant, he journeyed beyond exhaustion,
And then carved his story on stone. [naru: stone tablets]

Tablet 4

The skies roared with thunder and the earth heaved,
Then came darkness and a stillness like death.
Lightening smashed the ground and fires blazed out;
Death flooded from the skies.
When the heat died and the fires went out,
The plains had turned to ash.

~*~

- Into The Night the Evening Goes -

Into the night the evening goes
Contrasting moods of light
A wave of the deep eternally flows
On to its unknown flight
What have you brought of mystery here?
Recovering knowledge of time
There's still nescient everywhere
On the meaning of the poets rhyme

Lost from the great past gone ways

Words of the fires and shades
Now it is sciolism that pays
Made with its jagged blades
Knowledge of time is in the stone
Carved in with each lyrical line
Still to its thoughts stands alone
Till there comes wakeful sunshine

Into the distant journeys beyond
Worlds have recovered with truth
Exhausted the tritely donned
With its charisma and eternal youth
The first poems were about love
The light and dark meeting glaze
Something the world hasn't much of
Last call is – love – and its ways

Peter S. Quinn

Into The Silences...

In to the silences he goes
With songs of the heart I know
Onward the sky glows
In drifting breeze songs that go
In to the distances of past
Memories forgotten place
Nine glorious high C's shall outlast
In their dignity and grace

Oh come here again - in your song
And you have - never gone
Because forever is in a song
Your voice carries still on
Within this mournful day
News comes with firing flame
You have gone to the faraway
But I remain here still the same

In to the stillness - my heart
To give to the earth what you love
These are the moments to depart
Now cry all rainclouds above

Peter S. Quinn

Into The Splitting Open (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Into the splitting open,
All the light goes;
Clouds of dust and space,
From the inside grows.
Quicksilver lizards walking,
In epiphanies of wind;
Reflecting what is void,
In the earth's chagrined.

Into the days ahead,
Inventions of the old;
On the planes dances,
Nothing can it hold.
Ruins of restless song,
Through the pines and walls;
Fiery rites in the light,
On open routes and halls.

Constructions are restless,
Closing hand and jewels;
Sky is pink and reddish,
Blue in the azure fuels.
Twittering of green games,
Garden of strange reverence;
All is but in a moment,
Into each given chance.

Peter S. Quinn

Into Twilight (From, Myspace)

Into twilight
Something is today
Every love light
In its one way
Where day is never still
On its way to playing
From the point to fulfill
Every song and saying

Into star shine
Where we don't know
Rows and rows in line
Of evening's glow
Where something is sleeping
From the outside tick
Of the clock that's keeping
Each time space click

Into abyss
Of the deep unknown
With its deep kiss'
Of its very own
Where the water is still
Ripples of the waves
And every hope until
Times long it and craves

Peter S. Quinn

Inventing Other Ways

Inventing other ways
The night is not a flame,
The longing for the days
Shall remain in the same;
And all the heart fell
Complicated and true,
It's hanging on a spell
And what is up to you.

The dreams that not are
To reach or build up,
For they are wide too far
And hard to develop;
With starry glistening on
And all that is not real,
Through rays and dark aeon
You can not hold just feel.

Inventing from the rainbows
Is like holding to gold,
That for a breath it glows
Though harder it's to hold;
Like it is with tomorrow
That may not come to be,
For we with fancy borrow
What we might hope to see.

Peter S. Quinn

Inwards Within (From,134 Picture Poems)

inwards within
changing moon
and men

those desires
to go

up up
and know them

Peter S. Quinn

Irritable Tinted Ways

Oh come bring in the sunshine
Brighten up my day again
Come on babe lets do so fine
The hours before were in vain
Let's give something of gladness now
Move a little happiness in
Right or wrong all is somehow
Coming here with its sidespin

The lovely ways to come and pass
Everything worthy its sunrise
Warnings that last with its crass
Cloudburst ting hours of disguise
Let them all come in the rising
Feelings move till they will stop
Let them move through stabilizing
So much of now is a flop

Darkness only stays in the mind
When the day is young and bright
Morning comes and leaves behind
Anything of the lonesome night
Dark disposition to fade away
Into the faraway lonesome space
Meet the new correct time day
With all its irritable tinted ways

Peter S. Quinn

Is Feeling Of First?

Is feeling of first?
Or second to all?
For this I shall thirst
When a feeling does call.

Am I just a fool?
For thinking like this?
Or is there some rule
That follows first kiss?

Who has the wisdom?
To spell out earth flowers?
Let him then here come
With his magical powers.

And bring to my arms
The love that he knows,
And spell out her charms
So out her love glows.

Am I just a fool?
For love and better fate?
Or is there some rule
To follow - that feelings have made?

Peter S. Quinn

Is Hope In One's Dream?

Is hope in one's dream?
Does love have a scheme?
To justify its purpose,
With friends and its foes.

Is living worth affection?
Can love give us a direction?
To show us where to go,
And help, with what we know.

Is hope in one's dream?
When empty, is in between,
And nothing there could grow,
The coldest winds still blow.

Where is our heart then?
Will we meet it again?
With hope and sanguineness,
Our dreams, all new and fresh.

We know, we need each passion,
It is not out of fashion,
To have one dreams and hope,
And hold on to that rope.

Peter S. Quinn

Is There A Cloud Today

Is there a cloud today
In the songs ahead,
Is there a darkish play
In the colorful bled;
What can I say or do
To take away a spell,
When away goes blue
Where shadows befell.

Is there mood in air
With shadings for fall,
When winter comes here
With its dullness call;
After autumns close
Of yellow and red.
The rustic of rose
In the garden's bed.

Where will I be then
When sunshine is gone,
Shall we meet again
With the summer swan;
In colors clear and new
Where longings awake,
In distances - whereunto
The melting snowflake.

Peter S. Quinn

Is There A Hope In A Wish?

Is there a hope in a wish?
A moment, a place to be free,
Somewhere, where love is a bliss
And your dreams I can see.
Being together, is a beautiful way,
Someplace, in time we met;
In another place, in another day,
No words there need to be said.
Is there a hope in a wish?
A wish in a hope that we share?
Something, somewhere, in all this,
That we both know is all here.

To sing and play, yes to play,
Give each fancy, its own place;
To feel more day, yes by day;
In the long run it all pays.
To wish for more than you know,
For hope will then come along
And give some, when you are low,
So you will then no more long.
To sing and play is just fun,
We could have it all here with us
And when there is no more sun,
It wouldn't be such a loss.

Peter S. Quinn

Is This Just A Dream (From, Rock Star)

Like everything we say or do,
Each time will clear our thoughts out;
The night has come to say to you,
What life and love is all about.
And when your heart opens true,
With everything you got to say;
The hours meet the sky in the blue,
Just before the light goes away.

My love my love is all for you,
With peace in heart to come and find;
There is no love dark and untrue,
Only some reasons of trusting blind.
If time is right it will come and be,
Whatever the moments around us are;
Only two lovers shall find it and see,
Nothing goes together in peace and war.

Until we find it's not only dreams,
We will search the ways that lead us;
Earth in its struggle always seems,
With broken wings and hardheadedness.
Walking the sands we will meet again,
Feelings are wide as times are right;
Stop your heart of thorns and pain,
Love's like a star in the night-light.

Our love will lead the way and find,
All contents of the unfinishable page;
Together we will leave the lost behind,
And grow the roots with peace and age.
Darling my love's here waiting for you,
Like fluttering waves of sweeping sea;
Watch it flow in lightning's flash blue,
Or is this just a dream inside of me?

Peter S. Quinn

It Could Happen More Than Once To Me

It could happen more than once to me,
For love is such a right thing to do;
All the feelings are drifting around free,
For every heart there is a new.

Let nobody take the dreams away,
For love is everything you need;
Days will come but never they'll stay,
Everything is only for a while indeed.

It could happen, to be in love again,
Nothing is forever to be stuck;
Search for inspiration simple and plain,
And sometime you will be with luck.

Clouds will come and drift just by,
Let the emotions fly all there about;
There's an easy feeling with a blue sky,
There's a new try with each old doubt.

It could happen more than once to you,
For the day is often bright and clear;
One new mood that would then overflow,
Could become just as close and near.

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 Is Freezing

It is freezing
We are going nowhere
Coldness in breezing
Gathering around here
We just walk the lake
On a frozen day
Together quack quack make
On our walking way

It is dark still
Even thou its noon
And a bit more chill
Is coming in soon
We together are close
Friends indeed are we
As the bitter grows
Winter becomes breezy

It is sub-zeros
Or so men have told
All of us are heroes
That to hope must hold
And we are never lonely
If we together are
One for each here only
Below a brightly star

Peter S. Quinn

It Is Just Like Yesterday

It is just like yesterday when blossoms were blue
And memories were remote in the day
The basks in their blissful shades of the new
With laughter and tears in the summer's play
Remarkable dreams not long endured in hours
Giving their peaceful arch from the very first
In the varied ways evening perfumed flowers
That love in its longing has always much thirst

Somewhere are now these hours flown to past
Fading in shade of their enjoyable age
Nothing will stand for the winter's coming cold
Daydreams of the heart away it shall cast
Bring in each venture in its stabilized wage
And love songs of summer can not to dreams hold

Peter S. Quinn

It Is Late For The Day To Be Young (From, Illuminating Night)

It is late for the day to be young,
All the feelings that are coming new;
Like a day that begins in a song,
And sometimes only heard by the few.
In the time that is here at this stage,
Growing themes from the silence;
And shall plow its magnitude with age,
When it is within reach of acceptance.

I was born to sing of tomorrows,
That is surrounded by infinity's ways;
What of feeling each time borrows,
And how colors come from grays.
I have chosen a theme that is near,
To my heart and of island serenade;
In the many waters that flow here,
And to the ocean again is conveyed.

Days that were young come and go,
With feelings of those that were once;
Surrounded by the infinity's that grow,
From the memories of candescence.
In the time where the thoughts travel,
With the clearness where all begins;
We will have the incarcerated marvel,
Magnitude of late the state that spins.

Peter S. Quinn

It Isn't Easy

These are our hope days
Finding easy high
In every mood and ways
What we want to try
When the time is right
In these days and light

These are riffling waves
Making dreams true
What everyone craves
Might still get through
When the time is right
In these dreams and night

Our flying isn't easy
Through the times we go
A little bit quite breezy
In its air and flow

These are our good hours
Reaching to each other
Give and share peace flowers
With your sister and brother
When the time is right
And your wings have flight

Our trying isn't easy
Through each stage and show
A little bit quite queasy
But still we, still we go

Still we go

Peter S. Quinn

It Must Have Been Love

It must have been love
When you came here
Dust to dust from above
Sunshine moods in air
All what life is for
Star shines on going
Live on for evermore
In all its timeless glowing

Yesterdays made of sunshine
Coming and all giving
Timeless feelings on line
What we were living
Dreams that nearly came true
With its tender feeling
Love from me to you
Our moments were stealing

It must have been dreams
Coming now to its end
Where sunshine just seems
With shadows in a blend
But darling all goes away
Unwritten in its line
To meet another new day
Full of colors and sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

It Never Stays The Same (From, Lost Song Poems)

It never stays the same
For more than a sweet moment,
This burning fiery flame
Only a passion could bent;
You are like a river of thought
With everything on flowing,
From within yourself brought
Without completely knowing.

It never stays what's living
It's like the roots I've grown,
All pleasures to me giving
And with it I'm never alone;
Emotions like waves to shore
From my ocean so far within,
The body of the self biophore
From eternity and back again.

You are just still what you are
Though there's some drifting inside,
The soul that is close and so far
In all what it grows to divide;
And moods will just pass on by
Giving to inspirations some,
Until the flowing vein's all dry
Like a withering desert bloom.

Peter S. Quinn

It Really Never Was...

the day is getting darker
painting shadows on the wall
broken wings of blue skies
going for a moment

everything's now in the evening
with longings in the deep
and wishes still not happening

the winter
glasses with frosty roses
and perfect days in somberness
in the white weather

every thought
is now alone
reaching to the mountains
faraway
in silences of time

every hour
is cold and getting colder
with drifting clouds
in northern skies
that can't hold back

how do I not be alone
when times are like these
how do I not feel the blues
when the clouds surrounds me
with few landings
into summer thoughts

every hour
is cold and getting colder
with drifting clouds
in northern skies
that can't hold back

the winter
comes soft and sweet
with clean glisten thoughts
and snowflakes that never stop pouring...
when it gets cold outside

the winter
oh the winter
how fresh it can get
how cold it can get

it really never was...
full of romantic
it just has these surprises
in the weather
that can't hold back
the clouds that surrounds me

it really never was...
just the winter

it really never was...
just the winter

Peter S. Quinn

It Was Such A Long Time Ago

It was such a long time ago
When the sky was still in its blue
And gold threads in clouds did glow
When sunup was young and new
Hours were carrying dreams on
Filling the moments with beauty
When nothing in romance was gone
And every wish was still within me

It was such a long time ago
When we were as fresh as the snow
It was such a long time ago
When there were no moods to and fro
And morrows brought us half away
Into the long long of our journey
When new dawn awakened the day
And made us just listen and see

It was such a long time ago
When my heart was in its young beat
And everybody wanted to know
What was to become in each new meet
When longings were still to be known
Reached with its goals and dreams
And into earth fresh richness grown
Like a river that through valley streams

It was such a long time ago
When we were as fresh as the snow
It was such a long time ago
When there were no moods to and fro

It was such a long time ago

Peter S. Quinn

It Whirls Around (From, Poet On Www)

It whirls around,
All what is of existence;
Yet nowhere to be found,
Only in by chance.
A skin of water air,
And loft of flow restless;
The clouds of anywhere,
With breeze of freshness.

It whirls asking,
Still there's no question;
Impatient in its tasking,
Surrounds with suggestion.
Puzzles great numbness,
A light of empty daze;
Sometimes in a glumness,
Continues to amaze.

It whirls stretching,
From the dank woodland;
And in the calm relaxing,
At ease and in command.
A skin of velvet ends,
Yet nowhere to be bound;
What to a nature blends,
And goes around expound.

Peter S. Quinn

It's A Blue Blue World

It's a blue blue world
Everywhere you go
Colors of earth twirled
From the day's glow
Sunlight weaving fine
Dancing on sea waves
Into the deep brine
Moods the mind craves

It's a blue blue love
All that is inside kept
Abundant sentiments of
Leaves of heart swept
Moonshine wings prime
into profound flying
Love on edge of time
In its longings dying

It's a blue blue moon
Lonely in night sky
Hoping to see you soon
Before it says goodbye
Love is the only rose
That again can grow
After forlorn furrows
In reminiscence row

Peter S. Quinn

It's A Dreamy Dreamy Day

It's a dreamy dreamy day
In its all inventive life
Delirious coloring play
As shadows dance and strife

Breaking smoothly thru
Slipping and dropping from sight
On to the grayish blue
That soon is lost in darkish flight

Cloudlets flowers in their glow
From morning going daybreak
Whitish in their drifting snow
As the earth once more is awake

Yesterdays had others dreams
Drunken in their steps smooth
Shimmering in the river stream
Of their ever eternal youth

It's a never ending sweet
Inventing life and new skies
Every color in tincturing treat
Knotting between unseen ties

Miracle crescent in the sea
Flickering duplicate divine
Precious hours forever free
In the morning and night shine

Peter S. Quinn

It's A Rainy Day

It's a rainy day,
Quite often
Freshness pouring play,
Earth of moistures soften
Day and night in peace,
Winter surprise,
Swaying leafless trees,
Dark cloudy skies

Near silence around
Every morning gleam
Dripping drops sound
In sullen daydream
Footsteps echo on
One by one they go
Moment's away gone
Only their memory glow

It's a rainy day,
Quite often
Freshness pouring play,
Earth of moistures soften
In wintry breeze calling
Stars above afar high
In shadows way falling
Where future roads lie

Peter S. Quinn

It's All Up To You

Take this time of life
And make it come to reality
So much still to strife
Before one can be free
Everything is so slow
In its own simple way
But you must try to go
Through to the next day

Take ability make it strong
You are behind it all
Here is a simple song
To just start that call
You are just what you are
Nothing then more you'll start
You could become a star
If you have a beat and heart

Take a step and further bring
To anyway you may go
Here is a lyric out to sing
Whatever you know
It might be dreams just still
But you can give it a try
With promises to fulfill
To go on to its steady high
Here is a lyric to make
Any words can do
Come on lets now awake
It's all up to you

Take ability make it strong
Make it all come out now
You have feelings to long
You will manage somehow
This is all you need to do
And push a little harder
This song was made for you
As your beginning starter

Take this time of life
And make it come to reality
So much still to strife
Before one can be free
Everything is so slow
In its own simple way
But you must try to go
Through to the next day

Take a step and further bring
To anyway you may go
Here is a lyric out to sing
Whatever you know
It might be dreams just still
But you can give it a try
With promises to fulfill
To go on to its steady high
Here is a lyric to make
Any words can do
Come on lets now awake
It's all up to you

It's all up to you

Peter S. Quinn

It's April

Raindrops falling
One by one by one
Echoes earth calling
The rain is going on

All the hours making
Wet and full of spring
Summer though aching
Tunes of nature sing

Days are going clear
Soon are summer days
It's April of a year
Green instead of grays

Daydreams on glowing
Up the clouds fly
Breezy blow blowing
Seeds of flowers high

Now is easy living
All nature's singing
Efforts birth giving
New life in bringing

Love is also near
All the colors by
It's the time of year
To dark we say goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

It's Beauty

Day and night is beauty
The language of contrast ways
Waves from inside ruddy
From tint of sun and grays
Inside and outside heart
Flowing from walls to wall
Where compassion will start
Into its fulfillment call

Sky from the low and high
Rushing the hours to noon
Reddish clouds in eve to die
Coming to twilight real soon
Voices of breezing turning
On to the leaves falling
Love lyric forever yearning
Outside when dark is calling

Ocean tinctures to and fro
To the horizon lines afar
In all knowledge we know
Reaching through night to a star
Morning of people wandering
On to the streets and achieving
Each growth beneath maundering
In its still earth believing

Peter S. Quinn

It's Getting Late

It's getting late
And the time is going
Slowly on to fade
In its once glowing
Morning red sky
Fading its dream away
Reaching to noon high
With its new day

It's getting ordinary
The dawn's breaking song
From waves oceans steery
That to and fro long
Mirror's flickering beam
Surrounding the rocks here
Just like a red glow dream
Turning on shine everywhere

It's getting to morn
In even walking time
Where busy times are born
With much of doings prime
So hectic schedule hours
Each day ahead to break
After wakeup downs dower
That from under sleep awake

*With this picture:

Peter S. Quinn

It's Just Another Night

It's just another night
In its easy going on dark
When clouds are high in flight
On a sky that in day did spark
Every road is on a lonely
Move and footsteps thru
And I'm sometimes there only
Trying to find back you

Every hour is now perfect
For the swart to come on in
With their flowers of neglect
In their whimsy dimly spin
In their whimsy dimly spin

It's just another night
When the wings of dark are deep
From the flowers of the light
That we dearly want to keep
Every road is on a lonely
Moods of touching and defile
Sometimes that's what we need only □
To walk alone road a mile

Every hour is now perfect
For the swart to come on in
With their flowers of neglect
In their whimsy dimly spin
In their whimsy dimly spin

Where the autumn leaves are falling
Where the autumn leaves are falling
Where the autumn leaves are falling
Where the autumn leaves are falling...

Peter S. Quinn

It's Snowing Again

It's snowing again
This winter morning
Silver threads grain
Of icily yearning

Day in cold light
Giving their frost
In February flight
Where silences crossed

In white pearls
And glistening doubt
Silver corns hurls
The ground about

The playfully breeze
Scattering glow
All that accompanies
Winter cold snow

Outside's snowing
From falling sky
Freshly air flowing
Gather and lie

Day is like new
From yesterday old
As thoughts come thru
In words untold

Peter S. Quinn

It's So Easy To Only Take

It's so easy to only take
Without any understanding
Nothing to follow or make
Only our views landing
The rules to break them up
Feeling the dog-gone easy
See something as a flop
Concerned about it or squishy

See only faults and falter
The results of rules about
How things you should alter□
When those rules are in doubt
Making a one sighted view
With every structure asunder
Mending the one sighted too
In all the view of its blunder

Understanding to advance
How the inside shall look
As life in ways will dance
When they're joined in hook
With every aspect of harmony
Pleasant things there around
What comes to give its melody
When right thoughts are found

Peter S. Quinn

It's A Beautiful Day

It's a beautiful day
in winter's time,
frosty in its full play
- coldness in its rime.
Time of light and dark
glittering stars afar!
Times of gone spark,
wishes upon a star!

It's a beautiful dream
in the night's way,
where everything seems
a glow in its play.
Fairytale dancing on
in music of wishful air,
'till dreams are gone
and the day's again clear.

These are beautiful hours
in their splendid ways,
frosty icy flowers
in silver and grays.
In dreams that are yearning
star glows far away,
in time that's turning
to meet another winter's day.

Peter S. Quinn

It's A Beautiful Time

It's a beautiful time
Winter in its dark
And coldness flow rime
In its silvery spark
When the stars shine on high
In their nocturnal dream
And the northern light sky
With its green glowing gleam

It 's a wonderful day
This cold that's outside
In frost sparking play
On the wintry coil ride
Through the hours of morning
When daybreak comes in
And shadows are turning
In their endlessly spin

It 's a beautiful eve
When darkness is near
In gold sky retrieve
Endless colors appear
When eve comes to night
Once again to renew
In the moon bluishness light
That shines cloudlets thru

Peter S. Quinn

It's A Long Story

it's a long story
everywhere you go
a road to its glory
and on with the show
all you are singing
softly in my ear
joy of hours bringing
from everywhere

it's a day by a day
giving jointly on
songs coming my way
till they all are done
all you are saying
in stories that you try
as your guitar's playing
life song's lullaby

a pleasure knowing
sweetness' harmony
the times are a going
into sweet liberty
days are never same
something comes a long
tunes of burning flame
in new lover's song

it's a long story
everywhere you go
a road to its glory
and on with the show
all you are singing
softly in my ear
joy of hours bringing
from everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

It's A Rock 'N' Roll Season (From, Poet On Www)

Hey let all the fun begin,
For the days are being wasted;
Never have any backspin,
In the ways and things you tasted.

Come on and have good times with me,
Times are coming for a great show;
Let's bring on the enjoyment for free,
They are partying further down the row.

We all want to be close and near,
But nobody really wants to start out;
Come on boys and girls everywhere,
Let's just show what that is all about.

Don't take me now away from here,
The good times are just beginning;
Yeah yeah reach out to us everywhere,
We all like to be with the world singing.

Come on and have good times with me,
Times are coming for a great show;
Let's bring on the enjoyment for free,
They are partying further down the row.

We all want to be close and near,
But nobody really wants to start out;
Come on boys and girls everywhere,
Let's just show 'em what that is all about.

Times maybe coming tomorrow clear,
Though it isn't easy to give some reason;
We are going to have all and a good year,
'Cause we know it's a rock 'n' roll season.

It's a rock 'n' roll season,
It's a rock 'n' roll season and it's going to be great;
It's a rock 'n' roll season and I can heartily wait,
It's a rock 'n' roll season,

Yeah tomorrow,
Yeah yeah!

Peter S. Quinn

It's Christmas Again

(Dear Mother, - I miss you so much)

It's Christmas again
In days of dark and blue
Happy hour for all men
A time of joy to you
It's wonderful to be
At a Christmas delight
And glistening lights see
Glimmering through the night

It's Christmas again
How wonderful it is
Happy hour for all men
In its starry bliss
It's wonderful to give
True joy and happiness
And together relive
Memories and caress

It's Christmas again
In love and true peace
Happy hour to all men
In joy and memories
Oh love comes today
When Christmas is here
In its wondrous way
In joy and love everywhere

It's Christmas again
In days of dark and blue
Happy hour for all men
A time of joy to you

It's Christmas again
In love and true peace
Happy hour to all men
In joy and memories

In joy and memories

Peter S. Quinn

It's Easy To Misinterpret (A Lyric)

It's easy to misinterpret
When finding different ways,
For life is all of love and hate
And with our feelings plays.

You found a way with words like I,
Yes that's what it's all about,
Continue to let your emotion fly
And you won't be in doubt.

We can all change the world,
Each with our hope and dream,
Just like the wind that's hurled
The ripples in a river stream.

You found a way with love like I,
Nothing more is to be done;
Just don't let your feelings die,
If you want your dream carried on.

It's easy to misinterpret,
Never be wholly satisfied;
But nothing in our life will wait,
Dreams can be disqualified.

We can all change the world,
Each with our hope and dream,
Just like the wind that's hurled
The ripples in a river stream.

Peter S. Quinn

It's Going To Be A Bright Day

It's going to be a bright day,
For I know the sky is clear;
No matter how our mood will stay,
We shall our love now share.

Moments are so true and right,
Everything's coming our way;
Nothing but true summer sunlight,
To these joyous instants play.

Peter S. Quinn

It's Impossible (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

It's impossible
To live and let die
You are responsible
For the blueness of the sky
Each day is like a love song
With dreams going by
We must just get along
Without asking questions why

There's so much going on
From days of fresh air
But this could soon be gone
With dark clouds everywhere
The days of tomorrow
Is in our own destiny
Don't let it be in sorrow
For our own stupidity

It's not impossible
To give the world its peace
We are so much in trouble
With green fields and trees
Leaves are withering
From the poisons of earth
All this unbalance slithering
Aren't the pennies worth

It's impossible
To live and let die
It's impossible
To ask not questions why
Life is just going away
Into the dark and deep
Meeting its destiny day by day
Hours for us to weep

It's Just Another Melody

It's just another melody
The wind harp song
Set out to be free
And for the heart to long
Feeling of inner touch
Moods of inside out
With their swinging lots
And sometimes its doubt

It's only simple and free
Swing moods of time
Lots of a saying to be
Weavings in pantomime
Nothing much set for
Coming just in easy
Soft timbres of for more
When the day's breezy

It's only a melody
Trying to reach the heart
Leaves of a summer tree
When days again start
Those are songs of a hit
So you can sing along
Both simplicity and wit
Must be in each its song

Peter S. Quinn

It's Only May

It's only May
Month of early spring
A joyful day
When new birds sing
And love's near
In almost everything
When you are here
My love to bring

It's only May
Before its June
In summer's play
I'll see you soon
So much its pleasures
In day and night
Of hidden treasures
In a sunny light
No tone in gray
Only colors bright
Early summer's way
In everything right

It's only May
And love's beginning
Its joyful play
With birds singing
For love's everywhere
With carefree hours
Moments to share
And beautiful flowers

It's only May
O yes - It's only May

Peter S. Quinn

It's Only Us (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

It's Only Us -
No one else there too,
Two spirits fathomless
Contrasting and accrue;
The thoughts we say -
With all the songs therein,
From true minds play
In a thoroughly interspin.

It's only you -
With the songs to sing,
From within the new
And the onward spring;
They are the tones -
From guitar and piano,
The musings birthstones
The voice gives airflow.

It's only me -
With poems I grow,
From Pegasus free
In the breeze they go;
They are the words
From a heart and soul,
They fly on like birds
With seeds and stems goal.

Peter S. Quinn

It's Our Song

It's our song
full heart's symphony
feelings to long
never set them free
It's our day
till the night comes
its many way
of life true blossoms

O we do long
all its true harmony
in our song
and its sweet melody
You and I
with longings fire
in every try
and every life's desire

It's our song
o yes it is
beats weak and strong
in all of this
what makes life's song
and dreams awake
our feelings to long
and more dreams to make

It's our song
full heart's symphony
feelings to long
never set them free
it's our spring
or summer to fall
in it we all sing
till winter shall call

Peter S. Quinn

It's Summertime In The Glowing (From, Rock Star)

It's summertime in the glowing,
But more and more it's going;
In praise of people ways,
The days - the day it never stays.
I'll ask you for a song,
Whatever could go then wrong;
I love to sing to my darling,
About what is now coming.

My feelings are all chained,
Time by and by bloodstained;
And sinking into its fate,
In its forgetfulness state.
My boat at sea and mist,
Rhythms of space that exist;
Befallen into hidden dim,
Low life at reefs and brim.

Please look not back too far,
All things are quite bizarre;
For who can save us now,
In each its desirable endow.
Come run resolve my space,
Whatever the coming plays;
Don't end my ways in this,
On the beatitude and its bliss.

It's summertime in the glowing,
But more and more it's going;
In praise of people ways,
The days - the day it never stays.
I'll ask you for a song,
Whatever could go then wrong;
I need to sing to my easing,
About what is now coming.

Peter S. Quinn

It's Time

It's time for tomorrow
It's time for you
Away with lives sorrow
Away with its blue
For dreams are a going
To give you new ways
Like blossoms are glowing
To rid of all grays

It's time for fresh beginning
In the days going by
For your life's now singing
In a new blue sky
And you are awaking
The feelings once had
New times are now making
You heart again glad

It's time for laughter
And dances of delight
You'll be stronger there after
And set your things right
And dreams will come true
In hope and all way
Life is up to you
And each of its day

Peter S. Quinn

It's Time To Return Home (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

It's time to return home
After the long days strome,
That has taken its great toll
In every dual and each goal;
The day has gone a while
Footsteps tired and beguile,
And thoughts nearly all lost
That through the mind crossed.

It's time to find a road
To mend each new commode,
Some have though gotten lost
That through here have crossed;
The night is not behind
You shall one day though find,
What of importance there is
And moments that you miss.

Therefore I say to rubicon
To carry and function on
The opportunities will come
There can not be more um;
The goals to keep on going
The notion is just knowing.
To have no fears to stay
There comes another day.

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

It's Up To You

It's up to you
What love's about
You need to be true
Not in doubt

Closeness of love
Is here everywhere
Like clouds above
From here to there

Its burning out flame
Like old autumn
Never to the same
Its giving blossom

True dark and deep
Flowers and leaves
Yours to keep
In happiness and grieves

Listen to its quality
Of many symphonies
It's you and me
In our life activities

All that you live
With its opportunities
The beats you give
Others to please

Peter S. Quinn

Its Weight That Is Golden

In the gracious light of all memories gone
The moments of burning of desiring flame
In a word of its forbearing truest in name
That carries new appearing still on and on
Oh love sweetest heavenly beauty still
Its weight that is golden through years to come
The resembling youth in its sparkling bloom
Treasures of look in day's moments fulfill
Each pitch of its high most adorable voice
That reaches the air of instances and age
Passion the converts with happiness rejoice
Each its golden thought and sentences gage
All that's once more in loveliness taken
When we thought it descended or forsaken

Peter S. Quinn

I've Always Wondered

I've always wondered
About the winter's light,
So much thoughts pondered
Through the day and night;
Come and go as feelings are
Everything that I may see,
There is a falling wishing star
In at sight from top of a tree.

Like winter lights flow away
Mood are going on and on,
Shortest is the winter's day
All sky fires now almost gone;
Best of dreaming coming in
As the candles flickers through,
Twilights mornings with a tin
Colors dim in a darkish blue.

I've always wondered
What it was deep and why,
Running risks and adventured
In a beautiful moon less sky;
Nothing is too far in motion
That you can't see it moving,
Every dream has its notion
To earth's reality reproving.

Peter S. Quinn

I've Always Wondered (From, Poet On Www)

I've always wondered,
Where we are going to;
Never there though anchored,
With that real issue.
The times are like before,
Nothing very much;
Either peace or war,
With their varied touch.

The footsteps in the sand,
The wind always blows;
In each to understand,
The onward flowing flows.
Dust is for the earth,
To bring peace here again;
Giving her a new birth,
To the deaths - in vain.

I have always made a search,
Never found the lost;
Through the ways that lurch,
Dices that have been tossed.
Long ways I have been coming,
Through and through it all;
Unknown ways are blossoming,
Each horizon to enthrall.

Peter S. Quinn

I've Been A Traveler

I've been a traveler of love
Into the deep of nothing
Like clouds drift above
I inspired the roughing
Love is a feature of days
Coming and giving much
Inside of feelings plays
A drift that's from its touch

Glow burn time - my heart
Here I am still giving
Footsteps from early start
That my days are living
You were like a shadow
Inside the circles of going
Dreams I became to know
In each concord growing

I am a traveler to you
Whoever you really are
Thoughts itinerant in blue
Reaching our wishing star
Nothing forever lies still
And I've been gone missing
There's still time to fulfill
Stills from stars wishing

Peter S. Quinn

I've Been Dreaming (#14 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

I've been dreaming,
For days and days;
Going further and further,
Into the fairy haze.

Kiss is but a kiss,
Love is not a game;
And this is just this,
All the ordinary same.

I've been drifting away,
Flying with my desire;
Where daydreaming play,
Still higher and higher.

What this will lead to,
Who will ever know?
I'm just thinking of you,
Thoughts come and go.

Over mountains high,
From the deep blue sea;
Faraway into the sky,
All here inside of me.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

I've Been Longing In My Heart

Here I sit in shadowed light
Wondering why my mind is dim
Thoughts are going through night
On its wings of whimsy whim
Day has left with nothing done
Only notions of burned flames
Now my heart in beating is gone
With the days of loves names

I've been longing in my heart
Trying to be what I am not
Now I've closed that comport
With the flames love sought
Waiting games have dwindled down
With feelings that once were up
Streets are many in love's town
Every going there gets down stop

Here I sit in hours going flight
Feeling a stranger to sweet love
What are its ways wrong or right?
Drifts in its gray from far above
Feeling so lonely inside and out
Nowhere to go but being alone
Mind-sets that once where about
Forgotten inside like a heavy stone

Peter S. Quinn

I've Dreamed Of Saying Something (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

I've dreamed of saying something
With the light that's coming
To give of me and to song
Like wind in the ways is strumming
In everything I can give
And bring forward to be my own
Circling motions to live
Just like the wind that has blown

Burned in replacements sky
Filling up my empty head
And asking no reasons why
So much of something is dead
Blown through and getting high
With what its all about
With every new seasons try
That has been left in its doubt

I have dreamt what was a lie
Moments I didn't know much
Just like the hours gone by
Reaching its sometimes out of touch
Listen to the spring beginning
Like yellow haze of the sun
Each every green step winning
Filling the old with its run

Peter S. Quinn

I've Found Sorrow And I've Found Joy (V)

I've found sorrow and I've found joy
Both are as fresh as the water I drink
One was of taste the other a decoy
Which one is either you must now think

I've had pleasures I've had trouble
None did I seek though both did I gain
Value they gave and each they redouble
Some felt like sun the other pouring rain

Both are of life in fullest of content
Bringing yearnings and all shorts of needs
Contrasting ways some making relent
Others with joy and heart-to-heart greets

Peter S. Quinn

January Rhyme Haiku

time is life you know
all its footsteps to and fro
- in January snow

Peter S. Quinn

Journey

The leaves are in now green
With breezy bud's tint
Twilight's of days between
And fragrances of sweet mint

They are swaying to and fro
The branches of the trees
Tomorrow still early to know
What comes in the air ease?

The ballad of old blue road
Is filling the path in green
Where icily luminesce tiptoed
In moonlight reflect between

And day is becoming bright
With silvery petals yellow
From under the coldness night
That once played gelid cello

Peter S. Quinn

June (From, Myspace)

June is now in our way
Her bouquets glowing
Sweetheart of the day
Coming here and going
Whispering winds so softly
Surrounded by sweet air
Within my dream so loftily
Coming around to share

Love gardens of roses
Summer days to follow
Moods so swiftly closes
Of everything in hollow
Fluffy thoughts up line
For the times to come
In its glowing sunshine
Where June blossoms' from

June is now my daydream
In its sight so near
Of dawn's twilights deem
That surrounds now here
Moon's now in sleepiness
Of a darkish winter song
And stars are all leap less
In skies of fall and long

Peter S. Quinn

June Roads

Something lost in the rustic leaves
Of an old September song
I've found again in summer retrieves
Of June daydreaming long
Feelings I thought were lost and gone
Full of hope in their breeze
Are here again to carry me on
In their sideways of believes

Yesterday became young and new
Catching the slight softly leaves
That yellow brown withering blew
Near into the oblivion eves
Fresh again every pathway is
Coming full of musing fantasies on
Treetops in their peeks and whiz
Summer days of pulchritudinous yon

Summer is like a song that comes
With full chorus lines rising
And into every verdure space hums
Full of tincturing surprising
The love songs spring tides weaving
Much hope to look forward to
After a dimwitted night aggrieving
Before June roads came through

(A song from my 'Beautiful Melodies', a lead sheet shall follow shortly on the net)

Peter S. Quinn

Just A Dream

Just a dream in the far-off glow
Drifting in time's infinity
Gleaming mist in horizon slow
Everything comes there to be

Weaving the ocean on and on
Dreams of its being in trance
Till those hours forever are gone
On to the color verve blanch

Daydreams of the evening sky
Playfully giving and waking
Reaching to dusk Greek lullaby
And to memories forever making

Breathing and torching leaving day
As it goes on to the night
In every shade and feelings play
That for a moment has flight

Like love boat on oceans past
Traveling on to the evermore
Times on the hillsides are lost
Thru its wandering on to shore

Billows that play in the deep
Giving and taking of their feel
Some instances is ours to keep
Before they again become unreal

Peter S. Quinn

Just A Feeling

Everything is in a feeling,
touch a moment and go.
Dreams come and passes by,
love's what you feel and know.
Love's what you feel and know.

There's a time to give and try,
open roads that nowhere lie.
Summer songs that no one sang,
heartbeats that no one heard.
Moments come and say goodbye,
everything must go and die.

Peter S. Quinn

Just A Kiss For Easy Going (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Just a kiss for easy going
Once or twice on your chin
Dreamy long times going
Every somber mood within
What you shall know my dear
Is love that is very close?
With streams that dreams adhere
Remembering what then goes

Yesterdays are a long time
When we were young awhile
Blossoming bosom in prime
On to the ways and beguile
You were kiss once or twice
Once more to me and along
Nothing like this ever dies
If you constantly someone long

Just into the darkish night
Where moods were once going
Feelings that are from flight
Into a heart again showing
You were my love theme then
Just like I was all yours
Shall we tomorrow meet again?
In every street side contours

Peter S. Quinn

Just A Rainy Day Song

Just a rainy day song
That's returning and turning
For intermissions long
With its echoes of yearning

Where leaves keep falling
In yellows brown red
Merry go round strolling
That life has bled

Only a love going theme
From the forest road
On to eternal river stream
With its gone summer load

For the dark is now near
With moon in bluish gray
And shadows dance reappear
In all their dimly play
□

Only a song to the night
Flying from the gone year
Washings' from morning bright
Resonance to ocean's steer

Love songs of late coming
Those we knew from past
Onto new spring blooming
Colors in new glowing cast

Peter S. Quinn

Just A Simple Tune

Just a simple tune
To keep of loneliness
Love of clearance soon
Full of moment 's caress
Suddenly you are
Everything to me
Beautiful in your afar
All good hope to accompany

Just a simple melody
To give to you
With its flowing harmony
Forever to be
Inside moments space
Day to day aside
Faithful many ways
Truth be its guide

Just a simple song
To make it worth a while
For someone to long
In its ordinary style
Something from me to give
Flowing here around
And all yours to live
Once you love have found

Peter S. Quinn

Just A Song – Just A Word

I am just a song
That belongs to you
A sweet melody
Lingering though
Its eternal affair
Drips from the clouds
In the autumn air
Over you

I am just a line
In the harmony of time
A flowering shade
Its tintured grade
That love has made
On summer leaves
In moments eves

You and I
Could long for long
Be a song in our song
Its blissful breeze
That gives fresh overlay
In an evening song
The tones that play
When the love is young

I am just a word
That passes on free
Something that comes
From inside of me
Like daybreak that rises
In yellow to red
The colors and spices
From natures thriving bed

Peter S. Quinn

Just A Summer Song

Just a summer song
In everything that's beautiful
After a hard winter's long
Moments so dark and dull
Everything's now glowing
Beautiful on to fresh flowers
Days to new distance growing
In every turn and new hours

It's just a summer day
Finding its peaceful hour
Longings of freshness way
Into each small flower
Colors are giving its feel
Mornings are now singing
Beauty in its summer real
Delight of hours bringing

It's all for you and me
Longings after winter's dark
Now the brightness is free
In its color and its spark
Love songs of morning new
And evenings in red glow
Dreams for you and me
After cold winter snow

Peter S. Quinn

Just An Evening Song

Just an evening song
Feelings flying on
Moment's touches to long
Till they are gone

Breezes of day living
Gleam from sky deep
Heart of longings giving
Of its beat to keep

Just an evening falling
Through colors going
To the autumn calling
While leaves are glowing

Dreams of days through
Sleep in night that comes
All that once was true
From old summer blossoms

Just for you and me
In days of dim shadows
Now the thoughts are free
As time forever goes

Dreams of morning breaks
Flowers of spring fragrance
Now in coldness flakes
As the hours dance

Peter S. Quinn

Just Another Christmas Song

Just another Christmas song
Snow falling winter's time
For singing of old and young
With its lovely ol' rime
You and I to rejoice the night
For love of this occasion
The Christmas star shines bright
In its love and persuasion

If doors will open it's then
When the hearts are together
And peace be with all of men
In beautiful snowy weather
What you'll bring I do not know
But I hope it is your best
Something like incandescent glow
To give each quarrel a rest

Faraway in its darkish dark
Blinking stars are shining on
Like that we all must do and spark
Until these moments are gone
So give your heart a rest and peace
With the songs you need to sing
Your love in your singing release
And serene holiday again bring

Peter S. Quinn

Just Another Day

Love is so tender
All in its way
Sky up and splendor
Day in blue day
Happy this light on
Life in its changing
Though summer's gone
In autumn rearranging

Just Another Day
In the days of living
Autumn in its play
So much gold giving

Love is so easy
Giving and waking
Fall winds breezy
Yellow leaves making
All is life giving
Days through and night
Stars afar living
Lustrous and bright

Just Another Day
Touching your senses
Golden moment's play
In its foliage blenches

Love is so tender
All in its way
Sky up and splendor
Day in blue day
Shades autumn sun
Always fresh blending
Colors never done
Life's never ending

Just Another Day
before coming dark

Glow in September's way
Full of brilliant spark

Love is like glowing
Softly in its tone
Pressures hours showing
When you are alone
All is life of worth
Morning to the night
Made from this Earth
Wings of its flight

Love is so tender
All in its way
Sky up and splendor
Day in blue day
Just Another Day
In the days of living
Autumn in its play
So much gold giving

Just Another Day

Peter S. Quinn

Just Another Love Song

Love is a feeling
Going so fine
Sometimes appealing
Like new sunshine
Anything giving
That is of worth
And you are living
Inside its birth

Refrain

Just another love song
Of no importance
Something though strong
Given it the chance
When approaches grow
And make our heart ache
So we again will know
What love in you can wake

Roses so red
All in bright clear
Bouquets in bed
Each time of year
Everything of touch
From your own heart
Within its lots
Never drawn apart

Refrain

Just another love song
Of no importance
Something though strong
Given it the chance
When approaches grow
And make our heart ache
So we again will know
What love in you can wake

Much of its days

In intimate while
Colorful plays
That's hart to defile
For it is you
In your deep near
Going here thru
From me to you here

***See also Love Sky

Peter S. Quinn

Just Another Love Song (From, The River Sings On)

Just another love song to you,
With all the pretty words and music;
Something that came sweet and true,
Like new day's dawn flickery flick.

You were so lonesome sweet and blue,
With your eyes so sad in tears;
I thought I would play this to you,
Just to show there's someone who cares.

Just another love song to renew,
For old love goes away and is no more;
Everything will grow and become through,
And in a while we don't know what it's for.

We were meant for love to continue,
With all its aromatic and acidic's,
The road was never clear whereunto,
In this world of colorful chromosomics.

Peter S. Quinn

Just Another Song

I love to hold on to the new found
Every day that comes on shining
With feelings around for miles around
Every new tip toe steps lining
To bring every sadness away
Distance to times and the millions ahead
Everything aspiring for a new day
What you in hearts sometimes bleed

Love is the kingdoms we give and take
Bringing us closer like ocean to sand
Feelings that give and thoughts that awake
So you might consider - or understand
Footsteps only you can bring to the valleys
Wherever you walked or would go
Each grain of sand is your follies
Filling the sandbox of times you know

The cities of broken lines no longer
Sum our ambitions and what we have won
Filling our hopes and making us stronger
Each every day that into our past is gone
Works of your life blown to the dust
Something is left to dry up to wonder
What became of the piece we once trust?
Where are they now what made them asunder

Peter S. Quinn

Just Before Winter

Just before winter
In autumn's colors glow
When dreams are going
Into frost and snow

Just before the dark
In glow times away
When colors to gray come
From darkness of day

When the roses go pale
Into deep of fall
Their bouquets frail
Of the icily drawl

Just before winter
When day is almost gone
Where love will stop
That carries summer on

When colors are falling
In their memories
And darkness again calling
In wintry breezing trees

When the roses go pale
Into deep of fall
Their bouquets frail
Of the icily drawl

Peter S. Quinn

Just Bring In Your Heart

Just bring in your heart
To the evening light
Where feeling shall start
On to every blight

This is all I know
With my feelings so much
It's like the white snow
In each of its touch

Just rising so high
Into dreams of my own
That there's endless sky
No faltering tone

Trust in the midday's
Of all our true signs
When the influence plays
And the moments refines

This love is so adorable
In its flickering play
Unspeakable not deplorable
With every spot in its ray

You and I just hoping
Without making a move
Like little clouds stopping
To make their distance prove

Peter S. Quinn

Just Come Along

We are all with different roots
Needing time to grow on
In the night there are beauts
A strayed ways lonesome spawn
Feelings that come and go
Moving the shadows again
Flowers on hills and snow
Dark sighted unknown guardsmen

Desperate ways feeling so alone
You and I - needing it all
Breezing of thoughts pebble and stone
What comes to you in this call?
Never be again without a guide
Medicine is in its bags
Some is gone river have dried
What are left are only its tags

Be what you stand always for
Riding the dales and the hills
Destiny knows if there's more
Pattern and structure out of it twills
Going on never to despair
Waiting and moving destiny
Nothing is ever reasonable fair
Just come along and ride with me

Peter S. Quinn

Just For A Time

Just for a time
love is here
in its new and prime
sweet and young everywhere;
Just for you
love that made its touch
one that was true
in loving you so much.

Just for a time
days were new
with its sunshine
made up for you;
all that made a difference
in is ongoing song
giving you a chance
to be in love and long.

Just for a time
these days were ours
just for a time
among the summer flowers;
this was our instance
in its many ways
feelings love in trance
as the moment plays.

Peter S. Quinn

Just From This Moment To Start

To somewhere I'll always go
Into the flowing stream
This my heart soon will know
Everything there only seem
You cannot know what love is
If you can't understand me
Some say it's more like bliss
Others say its wings are free

Love is to hold on together
Giving the heart its best
Something must get just better
If you with love are blessed

Chorus

Nothing shall ever be for everyone
There are so many truth and lies
Bearing the feelings beside till gone
Rest is that beat that tries
A morning may give its touch
Rise to a feeling that's inside you
Something that always has much
Turning away every glum and blue

I'll try to reach to the night
Filling its empty going ways
Knowing if our live shall be alright
In every turning and grace
I believe in what you will give
Hope that you'll share your heart
Something beside us to really live
Just from this moment to start

To somewhere I'll always go
Into the flowing stream
This my heart soon will know
Everything there only seem
You cannot know what love is
If you can't understand me

Some say it's more like bliss
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I'll try to reach to the night
Filling its empty going ways
Knowing if our live shall be alright
In every turning and grace
I believe in what you will give
Hope that you'll share your heart
Something beside us to really live
Just from this moment to start

Love is to hold on together
Love is to be reason without doubt
Love is the best for you only
Love is the way to go about

Yes anything can be done
Yes anything can be done

Chorus

Nothing shall ever be for everyone
There are so many truth and lies
Bearing the feelings beside till gone
Rest is that beat that tries
A morning may give its touch
Rise to a feeling that's inside you

Something that always has much
Turning away every glum and blue

I'll try to reach to the night
Filling its empty going ways
Knowing if our live shall be alright
In every turning and grace
I believe in what you will give
Hope that you'll share your heart
Something beside us to really live
Just from this moment to start

Something beside us to really live
Just from this moment to start
Just from this moment to start

*(Remember this is a lyric... The other part of my writing output is lyric writing and it's as large as my poetry writing. However my largest output is writing music... Please Google 'Peter S. Quinn' If you'd like to see more. Thanks for your time. Peter)

Peter S. Quinn

Just Keep Going

Just keep going
in everything you are,
dreams are showing
in closeness and afar.
Times are pondering
inside and out,
while we are wondering
what it's all about.

Just keep on dreaming
in everything you do,
and your light's beaming
and getting through.
Times and its turning ways
moments that go by,
color moods of the day
in its times and try.

Just keep on playing
what your life's giving,
and you'll surly be saying
what you heart is living.
Experience comes many ways
giving and again taking,
it goes on as it plays
in its numerous awaking.

Peter S. Quinn

Just Like A Shadow In Light

The morning is coming to glow
Giving its daytime for daydreams
Full of life's enduring vow
From every shadows deep stream
These are the heartbroken hours
Filling the empty time on
Some of them pink pale flowers
That with their leaves will be gone

Dreams never to rise or be
Only the seeming of someone's love
Gleams of the glow to see
In the clouds there afar above
You and I memories finding
Once those were all still here
Now in the treads never minding
Going away to somewhere

Love songs that lasted not long
Only awhile it they seem
In their singing love tender song
That now is but what a dream
You and I never in reality
To give of our truest deep might
Our wishes that never were to be
Just like a shadow in light

- Happy New Year! -

Peter S. Quinn

Just Like Yesterday

Give a peace of mind
Before time is blind
Never let it die
Though times are low and high
You have said so much
Something's out of touch
Spinning and imagine
Every thought's abjection

Countries coming down
In every small town
Living isn't so easy
With it's sky so breezy
And our peace so lonely
Working for us only
Just few footsteps away
Each our envisioning plays

Countries coming down
In every small town
Right and wrong so queasy
Slogans coming cheesy
Give a peace of mind
Before time is blind
Find now your truest call
Take a stand or just fall

Right or wrong most is
And some points it'll miss
But trust your inner notion
It has its potential implosion
Those words are just carried on
With them nothing's ever done
Today is just like yesterday
Caring its pointless weigh

(This is from an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Just Listen To My Song (From 'Meet The Moments')

When my heart is lonely and blue
And just wondering about you
When the world outside is all cold
And my dreams to nowhere are true
And to the dark they surely unfold

Just listen to my song of loneliness
Just listen to the song I'm singing
I'll be touching out for each caress
That my feelings and paths are bringing

Every world has its own to care for
Love is something to adjust and to be
We can never be of us assure
Because freedom is to learn and to see
It's all about free will to you and me

Just listen to my song to the open air
Just listen to the singing from my heart
I will try to reach out and be there
To make each open opportunities start

Just listen to my song of loneliness
Just listen to the song I'm singing
I'll be touching out for each caress
Which those believes and ways are bringing

Whenever you touch and bring out of trouble
Anything you stand for on your own
It shall raise each fortress from rubble
Make each struggle for freedom be known

Peter S. Quinn

Just Out Of Luck

Give me feelings close and true
And never let me again go
Each conclusion is up to you
To make them worth its flow
You can't try me out alone
With no reason giving at all
Come entitle me on your own
Like a reflection to sprawl

Daydreams have to go for now
I can't handle them insecure
It's going downhill somehow
Like an eventless gyrating tour
You are now distances climbing
Bringing me just out of luck
Optimism the habits mistiming
Inside pitch-dark outlets stuck

Fed up with obscurity anguish
That's filling my dreams up
Only sadness of gloom languish
In its black sorrow coffee cup
We are now near distances way
Gray tones in between the deep
Night of longings unease the day
Nothing of ours again to keep

Peter S. Quinn

Just You And I (A Lyric)

Just you and I together now
Into the softly on deep
Feeling our heart close somehow
Inside for our hours to keep

Love that comes easy in its ride
Through every turn of the eve
Where clouds in darkish glide
With every sentiment's believe

Love songs for you and me
Within everything from yellow to gold
Whispering softly and free
With nothing forever to hold

Just you and I under the sky
Running through passions of love
Never to ask any questions why
Just run together close like clouds above

With every temper and in the mood
Of falling heart beats within
Love that is here like inside food
Carrying its pounds to win
Just you and I together now
Into the softly on deep
Just you and I together now
With every whisper of love to keep

Peter S. Quinn

Kangaroo Steps

Like the waves
Of the sea
Are always flowing
You are you
I am me
Always going
Dreaming - with a new thought
That experience - has taught
'Kangaroo steps' - to sea sand
Expectations - to understand

Like the waves
Flow on in
We are here going
Taking steps
In daily spin
Noticing
And knowing
Coincidence - that walk on by
In our error - and our try
Filling rooms - with pictures kept
Lives footsteps – some windswept

Like the waves
To and fro
Morning comes
And goes
Life secrets
We don't know
They are like
Wind that blows
Yesterdays - I still recall
Like the waves - of ocean fall
Following through - time and years
Each its own footprint bears

Each its own...

*(Made this poem now, when I saw this picture: Kangaroo steps:

Peter S. Quinn

Karma Of Summer

Everybody's smiling
Today and for tomorrow
In their word and styling
Away with sadness sorrow
Days are coming new
Finding their greatness
Now it's up to you
To come forward fresh

Don't let days go
And become lonely
Because you got to know
Summer's for you and me
Everything is waking
Into the very new
No one now is aching
So don't let it be you

Everybody's chasing
Summer moment's true
Sun and sunshine phrasing
For the days of new
You and I together
Finding summer days
Counting on good weather
In their happy ways

Don't let days go
And become lonely
Because you got to know
Summer's for you and me
Everything is waking
Into the very new
No one now is aching
So don't let it be you

Days are coming new
Finding their greatness
Now it's up to you

To come forward fresh
Everybody's chasing
Summer moment's true
Sun and sunshine phrasing
For the days of new

You and I together
Finding summer days
Counting on good weather
In their happy ways

Peter S. Quinn

Keep Me Near To Your Heart

Keep me near to your heart
From the very first start,
I will never disappear
For you are to me so dear;
Let me sparkle my love
Like the twinkling stars above,
You are my innermost part
Arousing feelings light and swart.

Everything you do or say
Is like beginning of a stairway,
To my soul that feels and touch
For I love you so much;
Like the clouds need the air
I do so need our affair,
Like the sun comes to the day
I can't keep you away.

Keep me near oh my darling,
You are sweeter than spring;
Keep me close - always near,
So I can your heartbeat hear.

Peter S. Quinn

Keep My Feelings Still

Come here little birds of yesteryear summer
With flying wings of prosper through airy light
Guide the ways to heart with your thoughts number
With a passing through in the blue sky flight
Keep my feelings still in their right greenness
Coming in the wander of entrails tossed
Each in their freshly inspiring cleanness
That through winter sometimes gets lost

You have every bright day in my heart
With what the age can never understand
Like rivers flowing in streams liberated
Each in freshly coming in its new start
By thoughts of their drifting stranded on new land
What with fulfillments metaphors have stated

Peter S. Quinn

Keep The World Always Safe

Keep the world always safe
From the bad and all its evil
Make it a whole lot better place
With promises' of love to fulfill

All in lives on making grace
As your heart and loving will
There are always so many ways
To climb over to another hill

Dreams are sometimes coming thru
In your mind and own feelings
From the sun in sky of blue
Times around its steady wheeling's

Day were once unsafe and untrue
Now they are times love stealing
Riding on to their futures renew□
With all their fortune or misdealing

You're on avenues of love and heart
All is on the road there somewhere
Seeds of blossoms from 1st start
Going thru excitements everywhere

Living is never going too easy
Within our own mind and touch
Some times get stuck and are too breezy
Though you still can love as much

Not everything has its ruling answer
Some things are always to be forgotten
Going from here like some dancer
On all its roads of lives trotten

Peter S. Quinn

Kiss Of Longings - Autumn Love Song

I want to hold you dear,
And be with you forever;
For the autumn is so near,
And the growing weather.
Every step is young,
Just till it grows old;
In this autumn song,
Not all of love is told.

Our wishes fly away,
Into the winter's dream;
The morning comes gray,
And moody in between.
Years move along,
And grows then twofold;
This forgotten song,
Aging into the cold.

This passionate heat,
Like summer dulcet;
To blossoms plead:
Do not wither yet.
Let my tears to you fall,
Water the dryness;
For each very small,
Bloom still young and fresh.

Little sunshine flowers,
You will not get lost?
In the morning showers,
Before coming frost.
Roses will shade more,
In the falls blue whim;
And we know for sure,
Frost roses aren't dim.

All our life is twofold,
Shadings in the eyes;
Some tears we can't hold,

In our love's goodbyes.
Gladness comes and goes,
Grieve then all hides;
For winter winter blows,
Nothing here abides.

Love is in the eyes:
Is of feeling and touch;
Beaming through the skies.
Sun that says so much.
Love is song of romance,
Love is in the air;
Sweetest scent and blanch,
Sometimes everywhere.

Love is all alive,
Love is me in longings;
When the morning arrives,
And the summer sings.
It has all been said before,
Because it is, what it is;
And it is always, always more,
Than the strongest wish.

Eternally on it goes,
Just like the morning shine;
That with a kindle glows,
First on the horizon line.
Everything shall be born,
Out from the deep and dark;
So will this lovely morn,
Come to you with a spark.

Peter S. Quinn

Kiss To Kiss

Kiss to kiss - my kiss
Oh you are my little one
Everything mine yours is
Until my heart is gone
Make me a proud parent
With everything you touch
Our love string's transparent
In what we do as much

Kiss to kiss - my love
Oh what a pleasure you give
Nothing else is a s much of
As this that I now live
My little kitten jollity
It makes me proud in joy
With all your life so free
And nothing this can destroy

Kiss to kiss - I'll keep
In my heart for many years
And when I go to sleep
Don't be lost in wild tears
For we had so much so close
And once we were like one
Remember everything goes
But our love's never done

Peter S. Quinn

Knotted Routes

In my heart I have known you
For a while in season
Beneath this vast space of new
In tides of reason
Knotted routes to the vernal
In remain of this fall
Of new daybreak's eternal
To inner voices call

In my outside of inside
Where a day comes clear
And the winter shadows hide
For the dim is quite near
Through the ages that has come
I'll wonder in the feel
Where the made-up is from
That has now become real

In my footsteps that are gone
Future quarter now lies
Bittersweet memories on
In tracks that away flies
Happenings found each its taste
Some of dissipation
Nothing comes in to waste
That was not its creation

Peter S. Quinn

Lady Bug

Lady bug oh lady bug
Be my truest of luck
With everything to give
Try out and then to live
So blessed I could be
If I had your wings free
When spring is spinning
And love truest winning

Lady bug oh lady bug
I am in reality stuck
With what I can long for
Not free as what is your
Of make-believe's dream
When on a foliage seam
The carefree wings try
From rose buds in your fly

Lady bug oh lady bug
Each blossom you tuck
With little wings so light
On your aspiration flight
Some dreams come true
Each one because of you
From your wishing spell
That no one can foretell

Peter S. Quinn

Lady Of Sunshine

Lady of Sunshine
You are now coming
Through the sky's red line
And breezing tunes strumming

I'm glad to see you here
With your hopes giving
And sunshine everywhere
In to new days living

Lady of Sunshine
You'll bring me new luck
Through the dark's brine
That got me here stuck

With flowers growing high
From under earth's snow
Opening the sapphire sky
For the coming morning glow

Lady of Sunshine
Through the air you bring
Touches from your flames shrine
For the spirits of spring

Every hope's coming through
And bringing their best
Forthcoming days to renew
And with your chance are blessed

*(Several years back, I wrote a music score I called, Lady of Sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

Lady Tomorrow

Lady tomorrow with our new day comes
Futures are in the nearest distance
With every glow of a given chance
We don't know yet when the skies of luck sums
With its road maps so playfully ever on
Daydreams and in their heartbeats of thoughts made
Feelings from inside that everything grade
Until their moments are fully from them gone

Where shall our expectations lie from this all?
When there are manners set-off to find out
From our aspect and the mountains so tall
Those carry no flights of hazy sky doubt
Everything comes in a time to grow
And maybe in the rise of hours we don't know

Peter S. Quinn

Landscapes

My search is through
Time and space,
To moments
They don't belong;
Each search has threads
To new ways,
Like a never
Ending song.

Thoughts wander
To clouds I see,
Drifting off from
Fields of view;
I have landscapes
Within me,
That I'm sending
Out to you.

Peter S. Quinn

Landscapes...

Billows of a traveling
Awaiting for anew
Adventures in marveling
From roads going through
Of ways to go and to

The altered every day
That waits to be seen
With some clouds gloomy gray
Lying there in between
In each its coming way

Steadily going in the clear
That destiny has in sight
And coming through and near
To sketch its unknown light
That waits in front from here

Imagery scenery inside reality
In lines of landscapes free

Peter S. Quinn

Lane To Somewhere

Lane to somewhere
As the morning comes
People from here and there
Walking among blossoms
Daydreaming on their way
Everything on the go
Here comes the new day
In the early morn glow

Yesterday is now gone
On to you oldness dreams
But here you are going on
In early sunshine beams
Where the hours awake
One by one in bright
For your decisions to make
After a peaceful night

Lane to the first gleam
Without a cloud above
Everything in silences seem
In nature's purest love
Come and walk with me
Enjoying life's occasions
Life pleasures are at liberty
For every time's persuasion

Peter S. Quinn

Late Afternoon

I will be going my way
Thru the haze of the morrow
In vast of a shattered day
With nothing to borrow
Singing song of my heart
That have been build on love
Every beat that will start
Full in aspirations of

Times are trying every wish
That has come to my while
Of its exotic novel dish
In each contemporary style
Thru the dance of the light
That yesterday has gone
Till the morning new bright
To carry its future on

Like haze in wild distress
Thru night of its giving
With shadows mist caress
That in twilight's now living
Every hour that is build
Thru the distances of hope
And like cobblestones tiled
When gleam starts to elope

I will be going my way
Thru the haze of the morrow
In vast of a shattered day
With nothing to borrow
For the test of confusion
As clouds dance in trials
With the hours to erosion
And longing of its whiles

Peter S. Quinn

Late August

Late August
In air of treat
Before colors rust
Roses sweet
Of fire sky
And shadings red
Knotting tie
Of flowers bed

Late summer
In flowing dark
For autumn's comer
Of reddish spark
Earth is plumbing
Its ripe enhance
And thus becoming
A world in trance

Late shady blaze
In garden ground
Its many ways
Those now are found
Before the fall
And leaves falling
In breezy brawl
For winter 's calling

Peter S. Quinn

Leaves In The Breeze

leaves in the breeze,
how full of songs are the trees
today for me

Peter S. Quinn

Leaving For Another Day

Now dreams are here
Then dreams are there
Prospects to give to you
Something of each year
Love songs to die
Or rise and go high
Filling with its caress
Everything to try

Leaving for another day
where we are heading into
Somewhere in the world to stay
In make it perhaps through
Reality check once in a while
With every other outlook
Trying out in friendly beguile
To give back what we took

Now dreams are coming through
Dreams of every time renew
Strings of threads tenderly
Feelings I thought once free
Rising to the new sky
In a given taste they made
Always with their alibi
In its jaded bit less blade

Now dreams are here
Then dreams are there
Prospects to give to you
Something of each year
Love songs to die
Or rise and go high
Filling with its caress
Everything for at least once
To try

To try

Leaving For Another Day (From, Myspace)

Now dreams are here
Then dreams are there
Prospects to give to you
Something of each year
Love songs to die
Or rise and go high
Filling with its caress
Everything to try

Leaving for another day
where we are heading into
Somewhere in the world to stay
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In a given taste they made
Always with their alibi
In its jaded bit less blade

Now dreams are here
Then dreams are there
Prospects to give to you
Something of each year
Love songs to die
Or rise and go high
Filling with its caress
Everything for at least once
To try

To try

Leftovers (#15 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

I came from a dream world
Stirring the clock
And flickering the time,
The lights were on
And growing shadows
Still running on.

The night street,
Nothing stood between me
And imagination.

The ghosts of the past
All going with the winter,
Like leftovers
Of all our differences.

Who was the judge
In this situation?
Where words,
Are the last resources
Of passing on feelings;
A traveler to see
With conception of senses,
Our heart stood never
Closer together.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

Legends

A legend in the dreams
The black pitches dark
Not everything it seems
That once made its spark
The munitions are through
With each and every hour
So much there to renew
Like seed from summer's flower

Face of the fall's flame
Catching yellow desire
There is no inside name
Of the unsought turning fire
Like roads that never leave
In a destiny on their own
Catching yesterday's grieve
Into the oncoming brown

We made our thoughts live
And never were driven back
Each inside to outside we give
If temperament of it did lack

Peter S. Quinn

Leit Ég Ljúfan Engireit

leit ég ljúfan engireit
og lífsins gæfu góða
en engin sín örlög veit
eða hvað þau bjóða
leit ég ljúfan stiginn á
sem leyfi mér að dreyma
en alltaf var ég með úthafsrá
svo ég átti hverekki heima

leit ég tímans örlög á
nú er allt fyrir róða
ævin fór mér framhjá
og færin sem þau bjóða
leit ég ljúfan engireit
og lindarvatni tæra
fögur og góð fyrirheit
og framtíð sem þau kunna að færa

leit ég ljúfan engireit
og lífsins sköpun kæra
foldina fríða ég yfirleit
á fegurð sem kann að hræra
leit ég tímans örlög á
því eilífi er eins og brot
sem rennur eins og á
framhjá eins og skot

leit ég leyndar stigu á
sem langt um skógi lagði
en er ég fór þar framhjá
ég einn um stund þar þagði

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Leit Ég Út Yfir Ey?iskaga

Leit ég út yfir ey?iskaga
átti ég mín draumalönd
lífsins sælu sumardaga
sólskyn silfur lag?i á strönd

léku öldur, báran blá
brimsorfnir klettur gör?um hjá
kom hún ?á til mín ?essi ?rá
?á mig langa?i úthöf a? sjá

hérna vi? hinstu sjónarrönd
hugur minn leitar tí?um
ævintyri ?ar binda mín bönd
me? blævindum hafsins ?y?um

ljó? mitt lyftist me? vængjaslátt
langt út í ví?an geim
?ar tekur ?a? sæti en hefur ei hátt
æ hugljúfum kvæ?um ei gleym

?ótt allskonar ímynd blasi vi? ?ér
og um leiki skjöldum tveim
er ljó?i? í sátt vi? sálina í mér
og siglir a? lokum, alla lei? heim

* *

hreinar báru bláar
blakta í vindi smáar
er takast hafsins öldur á
út á hinum stormsama sjá

hugsjóna vonir háar
huldu dypi sjávar
himinn hvelfing blá
halda í alla ?rá

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Leitaðu Ávallt Lengra (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Hér er hjarta mitt nú,
ofur skiljanleg fræði;
enn er löngun mín sú,
að gefa lífsins gæði.
Drauma hef ég átt,
óteljandi og langa;
Við alla verið í sátt,
Sem sótt hef ég hug-fanga.

Eitt sinn rauður logi brann,
er nóttin dimm kyssti mig;
mörgum leiðum ég ann,
allt fyrir trúna á þig.
Hjartað er djúpur brunnur,
dypt þess enn ómæld er;
lífið er þess eini grunnur,
í bæði þér og mér.

Fegurð á rætur í jörð,
vegirnir margir fjær;
halda skal um auðinn vörð,
allan sem okkur er kær.
Leitaðu ávallt lengra,
út á hinn stóra völl;
leiðirnar þræfast þrengra,
þegar við sjáum fjöll.

Vertu ætíð einn af þeim,
sem gefa meir enn þeir taka;
gefðu til baka heim,
þar sem eldfjöllin enn vaka.
Veik er ei trú sem gefur,
í fyllinu tímans sátt;
allt hér í lífinu hefur,
byrjunar og sinn loka þátt.

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Let Freedom Conquer

Let freedom
Conquer our earth
Let it be our
Playful garden
Give every trial
Its own worth
Let this only
In peace be starten'
Every our new minute
Is to live
Prosper onward
And further grow
We must fight
For freedom's give
And tomorrow shall rise
In its glow

Let freedom
Be our singing on
Fill the air
With its soft melodies
Every kindness denial
Be gone
Over the green fields
Swaying trees
My hope is your hope
All the way
That to our load
Has been given
There comes a morning
Of new day
That through harmony
Is all driven

Let me be your guardian
As you're mine
On to the many roads
Here ahead
Stop every teardropp

Bring on sunshine
To those
That in sorrow bled
Raise every freedom
To its true glory
Those feelings
Must never be alone
Let our futures
End in a happy story
Giving the mood
And the right tone

Peter S. Quinn

Let Go Let Go (A Lyric)

Let go let go
Into lives dream space
The time's like a glow
That shines many ways
Its love blinking wide
On to the night deep
Where stars of light glide
In tomorrow's sleep

Let go let go
Run through the dark wheel
Our time is to and fro
With its love and feel
And nothing is too easy
To find there out
Time's luck a little breezy
With what it's about

Let go in deep whirlpool
The sparkling of desire
Look back and refuel
Life's influence backfire
Love will handle its truth
And what from its awakes
In its eternal of youth
And its moments of aches

(Written while listening to the trance of Darren Tate)

Peter S. Quinn

Let It All Flow (A Reggae Lyric)

Let it all flow to the inside
Ready or not easy or slow
Making the beat in a steady guide
As you move along and go
Feeling good in that its saying
As it comes in to give
Take a lift to judgment weighing
With each day you must live

The moments around are sinking
Making it never too easy
Every day is a many time thinking
In its calm and its breezy
People are the heart of life
Filling each day with their trust
So much to lift and to strife
For every new purpose to adjust

Let it all flow same as you make
Till it's really nothing more to say
Take your step to call and wake
There are so many different way
So much to life for in the jiff
When it comes in to your street
Never be thoughtless or stiff
Because love's really all your treat

Let it all flow to the inside
Ready or not easy or slow
Making the beat in a steady guide
As you move along and go
Feeling good in that its saying
As it comes in to give
Take a lift to judgment weighing
With each day you must live

Peter S. Quinn

Let It Be Love

Let my heart see
Every answer it may search
Let it forever be
Within my heart's reach
Let there be an answer
For every speaking wisdom
Let it come from everywhere
Every heart and soul from

Let us together see
Everything we can teach
And let it be free
For everyone's reach
Teach the world to be
Forever in its freedom
And let everyone see
Where true hearts come from

Let there be love
Let it be love forever
Skies no clouds of
We just in peace together
Let it be love
Let there be love for you and me
Like sunshine above
Forever shine on free

Refrain:

Let it be love
Let it be love forever
Skies no clouds of
We just in peace together
Let it be love
Let there be love for you and me
Like sunshine above
Forever shine on free

Peter S. Quinn

Let It Come And Let It Fly

Don't come or stay
Lose yourself now
If you are coming my way
Get rid of your self somehow
I don't mind what drove you here
What you are is just to fit
Perhaps someone from nowhere
Reaching up a little bit

Crumble down again to lose
Spiting words right back
You are what you always choose
Some accomplish or a lack
Breathe your way with your blades
Everything might end up the same
Your cards may have some spades
But your style you must tame

Don't come to remake
Just let you go and burn through
Have your saying and a wake
It's entirely up to you
Nothing can be remade
That fails to fit or go high
Take away what you dismayed
Let it come and let it fly

Peter S. Quinn

Let It Shine On

Let it shine on
All that is glowing
Never be gone
In a world of going
Let it have gold
Shining on so fine
In our eyes to hold
Glisten like sunshine

A bouquet of flowers
In a dream to find
Moments and hours
Those left behind
Everything is falling
Like a glow to dark
Memories on calling
In their old spark

Let it shine through
Weaving its fine
Always again to renew
In days of sunshine
Winter is now coming
Frosty white clear
Past days all summing
In dark that 's near

Peter S. Quinn

Let Love Be Easy

Let love be easy
In its own way
Sometimes life's breezy
When it starts to play

Giving and taking
All of its pleasure
Feelings up waking
Inside true treasure

I think of you
Everywhere I'm going
Messages come thru
In footsteps snow glowing

I had you dear
For moment's brief
But always you're near
In each my grief

Let love be luck
Never let it go
For then you'll be struck
With shine of its flow

Always let love
For a moment be mine
Like moving clouds above
So there'll be sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

Let Love Be Here

Let love be here
For songs are on
And love's everywhere
And never gone
Let love be the heart
To give and trust
And don't let it depart
Or become lost

For dreams are true
In every way
And it's up to you
To meet their day
And all you share
Shall be for right
For love is here
In all its light

Let love be still
The faith so strong
When we climb a hill
Of peace so long
For love is all
In life everything
It shall never fall
If we believe and sing

Let love be here
For songs are on
And love's everywhere
And never gone
For you and I
Are true in its just
Bound to its tie
And to its true trust

Let love be here
For songs are on
And love's everywhere

And never gone
It's up to you
To bring on peace
And become true
In your believes

Peter S. Quinn

Let Love Be My Heart - Sonnet

Let love be my heart in every its turn
And rising like glow of the new morning sky
That on to the day and evening burn
Love that's from inside that never shall die
Let every whisper of its breezing come
Give me my hope and tomorrow true dreams
Where every singing's peacefully from
Into the awaking of life's river streams

Here is my heart for your wonderment on
And finding the joy of being whole and free
Those gifts of the day shall never be gone
Always come in heights forever to be
Love is like a seed the dilates from peace
And never is in doubt what to do or please

Peter S. Quinn

Let Love Come

Let love come in your heart,
Let love have a new try;
You know its time to start,
To say to war goodbye.
There is no winner in hate,
Only your soul and love dies;
But you will never be too late,
For love efforts and tries.
Let love win back its role,
In your place and hour;
Let it be in your soul,
Let it be your lives power.
There is no other force,
That gives you purer strength;
It would be an intimate loss,
If hatred would go on for length.
Give all you can to peace,
It settles and comforts your mind;
And further than hatred - it sees,
For love is never blind.

Peter S. Quinn

Let Love Come 2

Let love come
With hope of spring,
Every its blossom
To moments sing;
Dreams that go by
Filling the distance,
Opening up the sky
Rich days in chance.

Let love be
Everything inside,
So lovers can see
What adores hide;
Changes of summer
Times in its show,
Colors and bloomers
In evening glow.

All that is softly
Clouds in their going,
Days in liberty
Drifting and slowing;
Let love be still
Lovers precious hours,
Blossoming hill
Bouquets of flowers.

Peter S. Quinn

Let Love Come To Darkness Deep

Let love come to darkness deep
And everything will turn to white
What lies beneath a shadow to creep
Can no longer in the night hide

Oh spoil me with golden sunbeams
They are majestic and fine
Just like these flying daydreams
That have no realistic shine

Let love come and kiss my fate
For I don't want to be alone more
I hope my feelings aren't too late
As I can love for much assure!

Oh dreams of deep and far within
I know where all you are
There's none - in love called sin
Just ones like a fallen star

Oh love oh love is there another way
Which I can call and feel the same
For nights and nights won't turn a day
If the blaze on the wick's a dying flame

Peter S. Quinn

Let Love Come To You In Its Light

Let love come to you in its light
Like a morning in dark daybreak
When the night is still in its night
Just before the sun come to wake
Where the hours are still asleep
With every feeling of inside heart
In the night with its stars to keep
Just before the morning will start

Let true love be in all of this
Where the stars shine bright in glow
And our dream is a wish and bliss
Just before the moonshine will go
When we are with the clouds afar
Tripping down to the dawn shine
Ridding high above on falling star
With its twinkling threads and line

Let love come to you in its flight
With every wing that's softly falling
Through the break of the coming light
As life comes awake and is calling
When the mood is so right to agree
With every hour that newly rises
And becomes to our daydreaming free
In its glow and many color surprises

(Today I've been reading some lyrics by Lorenz Hart, from 'The Complete Lyrics of Lorenz Hart'; Hart wrote about 500-600 lyrics and was called the Poet of Broadway.)

Peter S. Quinn

Let Me Be Forth In Your Joy

Give me hope from dark leaves
Tomorrow born mornings of yore
Each life only moments in cleaves
Corners of peace and some war
Try every thought with your own
Never be lost in its destiny
Their space is vast to be shown
For something that can not be

Sow every seed in its worth
Flowers of earth and their wish
A rose in its splendid birth
What burst forth to accomplish
Pluck the lance flowers dark
The sky has no limit there on
Thoughts that suddenly will spark
Until their impressions are gone

Let me be forth in your joy
With what I can to you give
Our life is to worthily employ
What we can exemplify and live
Just like each the sudden wave
Of the inspirations that you feel
Longings to language shall crave
Be in this world to become real

Peter S. Quinn

Let Me Bring You Hope (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Let me bring you hope
And a peaceful situation
Walls and bridges slope
In transferring occupation
Love is at its very own peace
Never again will it break
Only you can truly release
That is in your heartache

Let me take you there
From where you have been living
So much is in the air
Of ways of tomorrow's giving
Never leave it lonely
That's climbing to the real good
For no one's eyes-only
Is a painful lost childhood

Let me bring you peace
To your broken beating heart
A friend indeed that frees
All the secrets of its impart
Love song that gives a smile
Embraces who you really are
Gives a strength to a fragile
From near to the very afar

Peter S. Quinn

Let Me Come Here With You – A Song

Let me come here with you
On the road once more
Bring inside poems - few
That came from stars afar
Tell me about your dreams
And how they set your name
In to your life's streams
Or burn a desiring flame

Let me sing to you
All my summer summing
Trying to see clearly through
What to your day's coming
Let chooses be clearly made
With your heart inside
For feelings will never fade
If they are fate's guide

Let me bring you hope
And turn your ways to life
Hold on to this world's robe
In every ending's strife
We must just feel to be one
To carry this world in peace
This blue world might be gone
If we don't occupy: heart's-ease

Peter S. Quinn

Let Me Come With You Now

Let me come with you now
To roads each person knows
Our thoughts crossed somehow
Knowing what dries or flows
Moments past are not there
Nothing in to get more fixed
Only the ways and old stair
Into our lives've been mixed

With each our broken feeling
Become true and reliable
Every thought that's misdealing
To your past is now deniable
Inside this many are lost
With their loneliness loaded
Years gone by - dices tossed
And every new rail railroaded

Empty are the future pockets
While the days are moving fast
With their photos in the lockets
Memories and stories to recast
Showing doubtful line or two
That each condition will disclose
Everything's here to give a clue
Before into the long-ago it goes

Empty are the future pockets
While the days are moving fast
With their photos in the lockets
Memories and stories to recast
Showing doubtful line or two
That each condition will disclose
Everything's here to give a clue
Before into the long-ago it goes

Inside this many are lost
With their loneliness loaded
Years gone by - dices tossed

And every new rail railroaded

(Inspiration: Leonard Cohen)

Peter S. Quinn

Let Me Come...

Let me come be your something
For this day to be set
Always new things to you bring
That you never before meet
Relax and move on softly
Try your own dreams in luck
Everything comes sometime loftily
And to this earth gets stuck

Chase the ways that it takes
To bring the best on through
And what it from there wakes
To become something again new
Not getting tired their same old way
Never succeeding in getting there
This and that for every day
Always again coming to nowhere

Let this carry in your changing try
With its habits in ordinary lift
Never ask the reason again why
This has something to do with a gift
Lying there and just nothing to fear
Taking it places to be seen
Filling empty spaces from nowhere
And everything that's staying between

Peter S. Quinn

Let Me Get High And Low

Let me get high and low
In its own simplicity
Anywhere thought need to go
To become absolutely free
There is so much to go by
Rising the mood that flies
Reaching the somewhere in try
Limits the deeps to the skies

Early morning coming call
Taking you to its first time
Landing and bringing to all
Something we call rhythm's prime
Daydreaming trips are so hard
If you know where you are going
Become a popular thinking bard
With everything in thoughts showing

Let me get down to the line
One by one they will give
Something of hope to define
Anything you might once live
There are so many feels in a way
Bringing them together what you do
Going by sight in what you play
Everything coming so clearly through

Peter S. Quinn

Let Me Have It All

Let me have it all
Love songs to you
Summer winter fall
All if it is true

Dreams that go by
Life on living on
Spring in open sky
Till those days are gone

You and I love
Feelings inside bliss
Drifting clouds above
Morning summer kiss

All that's done
Feelings never die
Keep us moving on
To no reasons why

Life just like this
Never returning again
Days of dreamy bliss
Search of secrets vein

Heart to heart to know
Love of every feeling
Then we have to go
Old memories on stealing

Let me have it all
Love songs to you
Summer winter fall
All if it is true

Dreams that go by
Life on living on
Spring in open sky
Till those days are gone

Peter S. Quinn

Let Me Know If Love Is All (From, Myspace)

Let me know if love is all
Inside this and evermore
Bringing someone to its fall
When there is no self to swore
Reasons coming inside tall
With its hope and little door
Certainty of each their call
Into this and that to lore

There are hungers that cry
With their vibrations foretell
Asking questions what and why
In each stroke and of its spell
Longings that might say goodbye
If a truth gives tuneful bell
Sometimes they will come as lie
Inside this and all is well

Round and round a dreaming head
Thoughts will look as if lost
In its trimmings they will lead
Dryness ordinary that has crossed
Every dreaded card then shred
For each fate and dust to dust
Before skeptical are even read
Or ways of your means becomes rust

Peter S. Quinn

Let Me Know You

Let me know you
And your many ways
So I may show you
Times again many plays
Dreams are never done
They keep on coming back
We go on and on
In our own kind of luck

Let me know you
And how you go through
There's so much to show you
And what in your time you can do
Our lives are always changing
To something different now
And then again arranging
All hours back somehow

Let me know you
And your many ways
So I may show you
Times again many plays
We are never stopping
All is in its endless ways
And no one from justice hopping
Here comes the morn of new days

Let me know you
And your many ways
So I may show you
Times again many plays
Dreams are never done
They keep on coming back
We go on and on
In our own kind of luck

Let me know you
And your many ways
So I may show you

Times again many plays

Peter S. Quinn

Let Me Move On To You

Let me move on to you
With thoughts flying inside
From the summerset blue
From above clouds glide
When the sky's high clear
And dream's dreaming on
With memories so near
Those with years have gone

Every thought that wings
Will reach back once more
Hope it sometimes brings
To a distance morrow shore
Nothing what we do or say
Will bring back spring old
So much just moves away
As the days and years unfold

Our moments stayed awhile
And gave every pleasure too
A photograph with a smile
Is my recollection now of you

Peter S. Quinn

Let Me Not Go Away (From, Myspace)

Let me not go away
Into dreams of the day
Follow no shadows
Into its after goes
There are reasons for a why
And every cloud that drifts by
Nowhere coming around
For the trials to be found

Let me stay with you here
In your love and your care
While twilight is in drift
With its blue moody shift
That comes within its dim
In dark of the night's hymn
When amber to red is taken
From eve sky once awoken

Let me not be without you
Or a onetime walk through
With its doubt and low tone
In every silence of alone
Longing stretch away to night
Lost in whole and love's flight
Fire of the praising past
Flames that can't in time last

Peter S. Quinn

Let Me See Your Love

Let me see your love
In everything you do
Like the cloudlets above
Those come here thru
Let me touch and feel
What you are about
And if your love is real
Without any doubt

Let me hear your beat
Of your heart's song
Those that daily treat
What your passions long
Every footstep on
Of your day by day
Till the echoes are gone
To their memories alley

Let me see your being
As you move my heart
Everything worth seeing
Right from first start
Let me give and make
This life a token of gold
Without heart's beat break
That cannot life hold

Peter S. Quinn

Let Me Sing

Let me sing to you brother
What the world is all about
This is our home and no other
Don't need any ways of doubt
Feel what you feel in lives trial
Give every result to go clean
Jude every war with its denial
Come make commitment be seen

Nobody else will remind you
What you'll make with your heart
Just need a conscience be true
And you'll know where to start
Not be to rigorous in your actions
All shall then be that you wish
There are plenty worthy attractions
For what you need to accomplish

Let me sing to you sister
For the world to be peaceful again
There is complications twister
In every stride that is in vain
Nobody there to understand you
If you will not give or lent a hand
Let your love justify on here thru
For others to follow and understand

Nobody else there to follow
The world can be a lonely place
Like the unclear ways and hollow
Without any care for or any grace
Touch just another human being
Let every feeling have its meaning
And you will have a heart in seeing
When trouble is here intervening

Peter S. Quinn

Let Me Sing / Dreamy Dream

Let me sing about another hour
Where the moon keeps me company
Until dawn will whiten flower
With its plots and time to see
Be alive and into light heights
Where a freedom powers question
Of darkish conjunctions of nights
Thoughts in sanctuary deceptions

Moon shines above the vapor
Into oceans of dark water deep
Waking up from twilights shore
Every flower the day shall keep
Nocturnal songs swiveled around
Speckled dream scarcely a line
Conical opening now just found
The daily fire for new sunshine

□

Dreamy dream my voyage are
Into forgotten roots and echoes
Sensations that in dark went far
Alone lie now in sundown limbos
We must go on in day's reality
Carry weights into our tomorrow
Never again in gone dreams be
Future's fresh imaginings borrow

Let me sing about another hour
Where the moon keeps me company
Until dawn will whiten flower
With its plots and time to see
Moon shines above the vapor
Into oceans of dark water deep
Waking up from twilights shore
Every flower the day shall keep

Dreamy dream my voyage are
Into forgotten roots and echoes
Sensations that in dark went far

Alone lie now in sundown limbos
We must go on in day's reality
Carry weights into our tomorrow
Never again in gone dreams be
Future's new imaginings borrow

Peter S. Quinn

Let Me Sing You A Song

Let me sing you a song
Of sweet lonesome tender
Feelings of summer's long
In bleach of fall surrender
My heart is not now easy
While days are getting dark
For wintry times breezy
Where earth frost shall spark

Let me just fly today
To some else summer's glow
With my dreams and play
Where there is nowhere snow
Just easy going breeze
Where birds can tenderly sing
Among green leaved trees
And back the summer bring

My heart is tender longing
In outside coldness start
Though I in my song's longing
Feelings of a tender heart
Those days are now leaving
Where flowers fragrances give
And thus my heart deceiving
What I did long for to live

*With this picture:

Peter S. Quinn

Let Peace Be With You

Let peace be with you
While Christmas comes calling
Every bell tinkling through
With the snowflakes stars falling

Give everyone true peace
With your love and good willing
A merry happy time - Christmas trees
Every your wish fulfilling

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
- To everybody! Thank you all for your comments ...; -)

Peter S. Quinn

Let Peace Be Within Your Heart

Let peace be within your heart
With our dreams beyond the light
Where all the reachable start
To set its wings to new flight
With the beautiful things beyond
In the dreams of the faraway
And nothing of reality is found
Only the fancies that will play

In everything that will be playing
Let love songs be yours tonight
In the whole lot fluffy on staying
When dreams are coming in bright
Those feelings are bright as a star
And playfully like clouds free
So much from the very afar
That comes into dreams to be

So join me in my kind of song
That gives every true sensation on
You have in your heart to long
Before night-time twinkling's gone
Let peace be within your heart
With our dreams beyond the light
Achieve with me to a far-off part
Of everything vivid truly bright

Peter S. Quinn

Let Romance Be Romance (From, The Songsters Lyrics)

Let romance be romance
Every dark night be morning
And love our 2nd chance
In love's ever turning
From its doubling dear
Giving so much and close
Just by heaving you here
Like sweet morning rose

Every day is to be fine
Coming in for a kiss
When there's rising sunshine
With everything there is
Love falling younger
Into everything sung
Every day so much longer
In the summer's tongue

Rising and energizing
In new dreams of creation
Imaginations beauty stylizing
With romancing gradation
Love songs to do and give
Feeling of desiring long
This around now to live
In anew found around song

Peter S. Quinn

Let The Clouds Go By

Let the clouds go by
Into their hazy drift
Clear it to a blue sky
And your spring spirit uplift
Every upside and down
Never for too long to stay
Walk the happiness town
Every gray morning day

Lift your heart up to the hills
When the dim is inside you
Every pleasure it fulfills
When you are so much in blue
There are no reasons for sorrow
When the day is beautiful
There might be a tomorrow
When such paths are memorable

Come and give me starlight
Gently softly in its torch
Always day turning the night
Because I love you so much
Let our love be still around
When autumn shall arrive
And yellow leaves are found
In these woods and drive

Let the clouds go by
Into their cloudy drift
Clear it to a blue sky
So my strength shall uplift
Every upside and down
Never for too long to stay
Walk the happiness town
Every dreary morn day

Peter S. Quinn

Let The Cold Be Outside

Let the cold be outside
From the north western wind
Every frosty to hide
From our feelings chagrined

Deep of snowy footsteps
Making us all reaching low
From some moody intercepts
That in dark will go

Let the cold not come in
Finding us by the fire
Taking flicker quench spin
At our flames of aspire

Making cold numb our feel
And catching influenza too
With its frost glaring heel
Coming as draft through

Stay here by the giving heat
When the breezing goes by
And we frost and sullen meet
In the squall from the sky

Yesterday it snowed allot
Made the streets hard across
Ghost of winter with its plot
Showing power of chaos

Peter S. Quinn

Let The Dreams Come And Go (From, Rock Star)

Let the dreams come and go,
For the night will arrive;
When moon's in shadows glow,
Light and dark comes to live.
Inside out is now my soul,
With the feelings I try to hide;
Through the newest rigmarole,
Where our ways are alongside.
In a war we are mistaken,
Death's presents - so motionless;
Love and peace both forsaken,
Open eyes - lost and starless.

Have not death, have not death,
Its world obliterate lives roots;
Give new breath, give new breath,
Be born to live and give your fruits.

Let the dreams flow in making,
Heart in heart to fulfill;
Silences leave voices awaking,
Sunshine through a shadowed hill.
All is same on this earth,
Sky hides - my thoughts fetches;
Beginning days each its worth,
New love and life stretches.
In a war we are mistaken,
Death's presents - so motionless;
Love and peace both forsaken,
Open eyes - lost and starless.

Have not death, have not death,
Its world obliterate lives roots;
Give new breath, give new breath,
Be born to live and give your fruits.

Oh, oh, oh hear my heart call and cry,
Oh, oh, oh hey-oh, yeah live not die...

Let The Joyful Sunshine Come

Let the joyful sunshine come
to the inside little some,
where emotions hide
with our thoughts abide,
- and we don't know where are from.

Summer like a sweetest rose
going through and then it goes,
colored treasures
eyesight pleasures,
- all there in from lightness grows.

Everything is moments new
from the gray and to the blue,
many sunshine days
nothing long though stays,
- for each time is going through.

Peter S. Quinn

Let The River Flow And Flow - A Song

Let the river flow and flow
As the time balances on
Let a heart know and know
Before love from it's dried gone
Any directions will do
Finding each cardinal point
You are the river to see through
Coming to water - the joint

Let the wind blow and blow
Into the clouds nearby
As they move and go and go
Into the bluest of the sky
Love is an attraction to find
Where every river goes through
Some it shall be combined
With what's in me and you

Let gravel be earth and earth
In to the forest of sunshine
There's a reason for each birth
Why it has a central point line
Love is a magnetism to find
Nothing can do it to be true
Each of its ways is designed
To come to be and to renew

Peter S. Quinn

Let The Song Become Old

Let the song become old
before it's all gone
life tones many fold
cannoning through Fall's sun;
wishful are the days
that never had their time
turning tide's ways
past their wake and prime.

Let their song be found
in their chorus line
tones to come around
like new days of sunshine;
give a tune a listen
its melody of beauty
through times glisten
for something more to be.

let the song become old
before it's all gone.
Its beauty is untold
if no one listens on.

Its beauty is untold
if no one listens on!

Peter S. Quinn

Let The Songs Just Come

Let the songs just come
Easy for your heart
Strumming and their hum
Like an Adonis dart

Flowers bouquets are for
Love in its breezy blow
Within agreement or war
Intense moments and low

Give your attractions vow
Easily breakable vase
Each heart is like a plow
Straight lines or jagged paws

We're much like each other
Every one actually ardent
Hear me sister and brother
You aren't flame-retardant!

Peter S. Quinn

Let The Time Be Worth It

Let the time be worth it
Every day and night
When summer strings hit
Colors sunshine bright
As each love awakes
For every pleasant hours
Like the streaming lakes
Shoots bank's flowers

The yesterdays were sweet
In a drifting on moods
The early on hour's street
In their stillness etudes
When dream's still around
Motionless and flaring up
And asleep is there found
In an embrace dew's cup

Let the time open its eye
With each wandering clouds
In the blue morning sky
With the new risen crowds

Peter S. Quinn

Let The World Dream Otherwise

Let the world dream otherwise
In all its left and its right
So much of it's still in disguise
Lost in transition temptation flight

Foliage of stage and mask
In a world that is going its way
Inside is it innumerable task
Growing for another tomorrow day

Let each hope be there deployed
Forward in its transitional control
That in the past has been destroyed
In every part and its role

Dream that did follow each formation
Tasking its risk of its part
Filling our thought with temptation
Everything first in its start

Let the world dream and be full
And all shall become something more
Charisma of its worthy on pull
That we to the futures must store

Depths in the shades of their bringing
Flowing on smoothly or rough
Together like clay everything stringing
That sometimes seems more like a bluff

Peter S. Quinn

Let There Be

Let it be little more than spring
Let it be love in your heart
Something so wonderful to sing
Here from the morning of its start

There is so much joy in all its life
Giving and moving every new day
This is how life is in its way
Flowing on and on to give and strife

Let there be blossoms of new giving
All that is done from their past
Time after time in its many cast
Love so profound of all its living

Day of a night in all their rising
Timeless into their new light
Wings of moments of a going flight
Always like life seed in surprising

Let there be day after day in light
Showing the purpose of everything
Endlessly on in the heart to sing
Flowing like rivers in the deep night

There is the day there is the going
Flawlessly moving step by step on
Everything like sunrise till gone
Full of its day and full of its glowing

Peter S. Quinn

Let There Be Light

Let there be light
In songs of the sky
Clouds in their flight
Drifting here by
Love songs of season
Memories from past
Rainbows of reason
For tomorrow's cast

Let there be light
On to the waves
Out the horizon sight
With my thoughts and craves
Oceans far wide
Dreams to new shore
Thru the times glide
And its dimensional corridor

Let there be light
In poems and the words
Never falling night
On to those birds
That drift in their yearn
To follow the sun
And in their heart burn
For lives true creation

Peter S. Quinn

Let There Be Light...

Let there be Light
Thru our wandering way
Clean shine and bright
Inside and outside ray
Let there be love
In the cloudless sky
Far in the blue above
In each daily try

Let there be you
For what you long
May it all come thru
In your tomorrow song
Each day and night
Flying light daytime
From wrong to right
And strong in its prime

Let there be me
Giving you all this
Hopes in words free
Of dreams you can't miss
Like thoughts are going
On to their reside
As the evening's glowing
From golden light glide

Peter S. Quinn

Let There Be Love

Let there be love,
All inside and out;
Let it be above,
And everywhere about.
Let there be us,
Freedom to give;
Truthful and timeless,
Always to live.

Let there be sun,
Inside a heart;
Hatred all run,
From the first start.
Let there be gift,
Under blue sky;
All there to lift,
Spirits to the high.

Let there be you,
Just as with me;
Holding on too,
Further to see.
Let there be wish,
Comings and new;
Never to finish,
All of them true.

Peter S. Quinn

Let There Be Love 2

Let there be dreams
To conquer and win
Where everything seems
From affections within

Let there be sunshine
With soothing rain
Days of feelings fine
Without misery and pain

Let there be a heart
Finding its true love
From Inside and apart
With plenty affections of

Let there be beauty
For everyone to adore
Freedom of the free
From here to evermore

Let there be you
With good things giving
Freshly on and true
In your days of living

Let there be me
In days of tomorrow
Learn to give and be
In each joy and sorrow

Peter S. Quinn

Let There Be Peace

let there be peace
in our heart
let there be some
on our way

for love
will then not depart
but be become
one with the new day

if there are reasons
for conclusions
let them be so to satisfy
those words

let there be peace
on the roads you walk
for love will become
one with your footsteps

our ways
are either ways
full of aspirations and anticipation
for the hope we want

let there be love
for conclusions
in these words
to those reasons

the new day
is our day if we want it
love is like the butterfly

tender wings
that air will dearly hold
to swift away

let there be peace

for it then grows into love

Peter S. Quinn

Let There Be You

Let there be you
With songs to sing
A love tone so true
Emotions to bring

Let the be waves
On rivers flowing
In feeling that craves
Where love is going

Let there be moon
In the clouds above
Bring singing tune
Full of amours love

Let there be autumn
In a glowing shine
Where wind will strum
Every hour intertwine

Let there be you
With songs to sing
A love tone so true
Emotions in bring

Let there be me
Knowing your adore
With wings so free
And no sorrows anymore

Peter S. Quinn

Let Us

Let us not be old for too long
For we are inside of need
Like love's feeling or a song
Just what you are and read

Let us just be still inside young
In all that we want and do
Here with the youngsters among
Feel your youthfulness too

Refrain

Every feeling is an obsession
And nothing comes easy to go
Take aim of its comprehension
For life in it you shall know
All is here going to its void
You can't stop where life's going
Some may be though decoyed
Into times of time unknowing

Let us therefore be on strong
For everything's turning
Like love's feeling or a song
That inside is yearning

Let us just do what we desire
Everything has its need
Take on life's keenness with fire
Occasions as they read

Refrain

Let us not be old for too long
For we are inside of need
Like love's feeling or a song
Just what you are and read

Refrain

Let us just be still inside young
In all that we want and do
Here with the youngsters among
Feel your youthfulness too

Peter S. Quinn

Let Us Give Freedom

Dream dream away
But never give up your dreams
There shall come a sunshine day
With fresh river streams
Any hope is my hope
And any joy is mine
Hold on to your freedom rope
Let in all the sunshine

All justice is to give
To make equality
And in peace therefore live
To learn and be
Summer is not a thought
But a fresh new spring
'Freedom come' is taught
Together we now sing:

Let us give freedom
For everyone that's in need
Not just for some
That so have plead
But for all mankind
In these days for all
Let us together it find
In our need and call

Dream dream away
But never give up your dreams
There shall come a sunshine day
With fresh river streams
Any hope is my hope
And any joy is mine
Hold on to your freedom rope
Let in all the sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

Let Us Give Freedom - A Lyric

Dream dream away
But never give up your dreams
There shall come a sunshine day
With fresh river streams
Any hope is my hope
And any joy is mine
Hold on to your freedom rope
Let in all the sunshine

All justice is to give
To make equality
And in peace therefore live
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Dream dream away
But never give up your dreams
There shall come a sunshine day
With fresh river streams
Any hope is my hope
And any joy is mine
Hold on to your freedom rope
Let in all the sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

Let Us Together

Let us together spin
Songs to our own heart
From the feelings inside in
Not in any old rampart
This is all perfectly me
This is all perfectly you
Spinning our tunes in free
Something that everyone should do

Let us together sing
Dreams on our own way
Always some new there bring
Turning their catch to play
Love songs of never ending
Always they are so true
With every song voice blending
With their emotions coming thru

Let us together touch
Stepwise and far apart
'Cause words mean so much as such
Both in their end and start
Let us just sing for a reason
Filling up certain space
All time songs and season
With full of catch and phrase

*(I was making a song like Cole Porter, when this came...)

Peter S. Quinn

Let Us Walk Among Freedom Still

Let us walk among freedom still
In its easy going beat
And never up the tyrant's hill
On to no sympathy street!

Let each of us be a liberty maker
Breaking up the old chains
Not the truth and hope breaker
In the censorship grains

Peter S. Quinn

Let Your Balloon Fly

Let your balloon fly
Dreams are everywhere
Reaching far and high
Flying to here and there
All is in its bliss
Glory and its primes
This is how it is
Through the end of times.

Fulfill and take away
Everything you live
Meet times destiny play
With what you have to give
Nothing comes easy
In its endless treasure
Times are flying free
For its own pleasure

Don't give up and die
When you're truly trying
'Cause limitless is the sky
In imaginations flying
And all is taste and luck
Not the best there is
You will always rock
If you take on in this

Peter S. Quinn

Let Your Dreams In

Let your dreams in
Play without any doubt
With its endless spin
Catch the waves about

Let it notice you
Without walking away
See occasions thru
For another new day

Let your dreams win
With its tones aloud
Right ways conquering
Like a sun drifting cloud

Let it be awake
Always while you still are
Other moments make
In your heart and afar

Let your dreams find
Something fresh giving
In a force combined
All its ways of living

Let it reach a goal
In what it was meant for
Have its certain role
Open up another door

Peter S. Quinn

Let Your Heart Be Wild

Let your heart be wild
To tomorrow's stormy ways
Never to hinder knots tiled
Or the ordinary grays
Its every day is a reason
Turning points in time
Full of hopes aspiring season
Sailing brines of prime

Every its day be awake
Onto the shores of freedom
Give your heart and make
Oceans blue waves' blossom
All that is from within
On to your dreams to be
Sun shining ways to win
Each that will make you free

Never be broken by fail
That has begun a thought
You shall begin another sail
When new habits are taught
So much is in a turning fate
That comes and gives a try
Its flows need to be activate
Before it reaches blue sky

Peter S. Quinn

Let Your Heart Flow

Let your heart flow
Brightly and clear
Beats on their go
Of love that's near
Their dreaming and wish
Of all day long
Like a star falling bliss
In another love song

Let me be for you
Someone so fine
Always quite true
And clear as sunshine
In dreams going by
Our wishes come true
Their low beats and high
Inside and going through

Let songs be for pleasures
In dreaming gone by
Each day of its treasure
Like blue of the sky
I know that I love you
Like every beauty
This you now too
If you really know me

Peter S. Quinn

Let's Enjoy Still The Old

Let's enjoy still the old
As it comes in with its charms
So much there still to hold
Inside love and feeling arms
Dreams that never were apart
Only inside to accomplish
For its love and beats of heart
And every truthful new wish

Come and give from all within
Beautiful moments thru the day
Feelings touching to the skin
As the love is on its way
Everything that we two belong
To new days and yesterdays
As it comes there thru in a song
And to love in love's plays

Let's enjoy and feel the highs
As we close both our eyes
For such love really never dies
Or fills the ways with lies
All our trust is inside this
As those feelings around call
Heart to heart in its bliss
Never a beat to a silence fall

Peter S. Quinn

Let's Have It Nice

Let's have it nice in winter's snow
In the garden of dark and breezy
Shinning light in its starry glow
Taking the freezing time easy

Beautiful summer is long gone
On to our dreams in the faraway
We are still here though carrying on
In chilly remote winter's play

Let's have it nice in tender lights
Those on to the night here twinkle
Outside the moon and starry nights
And bells in celebration tinkle

Everything is now dark and cold
Outside in snow white icy earth
Stories of winter soon to be told
Each in their shiny blustery worth

Let's have it nice in hour's dark
When there is coldness outside
Gleam northern lights in their spark
Now through the heavens glide

Bouquets of blossoms memories
Through windows of rosy white
Outside where the barren trees
Are swaying in their breezy night

Peter S. Quinn

Let's Dance Together

Let's dance together
In moments concise
Playful is the weather
Darkness all the skies

Dancing fathered beams
Glow to glow on
Freshly aired dreams
To my desire drawn

Let's dance tomorrow
In days like these
Break away all sorrow
With the morning breeze

Feelings that are lonely
Never should be here
Just our pleasures only
With moments everywhere

Let's dance and enjoy
Years are much too few
Don't let dullness destroy □
This is much up to you

Morning comes to give
Every dream of your heart
Yes let's begin to live
Soon as our dance will start

Peter S. Quinn

Let's Dance Together...

Let's dance together
In moments concise
Peaceful is the weather
Darkness all the skies
Dancing fathered beams
Glow Onto glow on
Freshly aired dreams
To my desires drawn

Let's dance now close
While moments are going by
Everything onward goes
To distance of open sky
Flowers that were falling
While autumn was young
Memories of old are calling
Now in a winter song

Let's dance till Christmas
And find hope in New Year
Remember all that was
Pleasures gone from here
There is a day going to past
All is just a moment's while
Providence has set its cast
Existence in years and style

Peter S. Quinn

Lets Have A Beautiful Day

Lets have a beautiful day
before the stars come to play,
their glistening shine
and twinkling divine,
- out there in the milky way.

Peter S. Quinn

Let's Share

Let's share our heart
It's full of melodies
In a beat of fresh start
That every feeling frees
A love song to you
Like a singing lullaby
Where everything is true
Like blueness of the sky

In going times and coming
Where life roads cross
Water your heart's blooming
So its bloom may emboss
Dreams shall never go
If you give them a try
And your heart you'll know
As the times go by

Life is full of beat
Woven in life's harmony
If you kindly it treat
Your heart will set them free
And give you life's song
In beauty of its living
Something in life to long
That's worth enjoyment giving

Let share our heart
It's full of melodies
In a beat of fresh start
That every feeling frees
Let's share that song
And it's singing to you
Forever to be young
Forever to be true

Peter S. Quinn

Let's Talk About Love

Let's talk about love
Because so much is in its way
Light of sunshine above
It feels each morning and day
Let's give a new touch
Like summer is coming new
In a heartbeat of much
Where each day is new and true

Let talk about you
If you are feeling the same
So much is coming thru
In truth of a burning flame
Love is what gives it all
In every worth single day
Summer it gives its call
Spring it starts its play

Let's talk about you
And everything in its giving
You need to have love that's true
To start your hearts' living
All must be in and about
From days that begin to touch
So you needn't have a doubt
If you love me too much

Let's talk about love
Because so much is in its way
Light of sunshine above
It feels each morning and day
Let's give a new touch
Like summer is coming new
In a heartbeat of much
Where each day is new and true

And if you are not to be true
You need not to give so much
It's all just up to you

What love is in its touch

Let's talk about love

Yes let talk about love

Peter S. Quinn

Let's Walk Hand In Hand

Let's walk hand in hand
In give and take
Coming to understand
What lives make

Everything is two
Sided in each way
So it's up to you
And me each day

Let's not be divided
But bring in peace
Disappointments you can hide it
And see beyond the trees

Life is upside down
Sometimes in its ways
But it can come around
After a few days

Let's walk together here
Make good out of all
Hope we can all share
As providence call

Everything is a hope
In its own truthful right
Let's hold on to that robe
And not make another fight

Peter S. Quinn

Letters

Dreams are done with all the colors inside
One by one they come through and start their glow
With flickering corset from black to white snow
From their deep connotation of shading glide
The reason of words in their meaning define
Sketching a thought with an outside viewing
Within a context of importance arguing
Through their phrases on the page line by line
Senses distorted through time and understanding
Playfully going like black dots to the eyes
Or universes in Big Bangs expanding
Rowing through their mysteries of disguise
Vapors of alphabets into their own
Ordinary or complexes never known

* See the reason for this poem here:

Peter S. Quinn

Letting Go

Letting go ahead in the world
with so much plenty to do
like love's a flammable twirl
in my heart and feelings to you

There's a song for almost all
with its plenty of more to do
winter, spring, summer and fall
I'm always letting go - that's true!

And as we walk thru this day
finding summer old glowing
we know that nothing will stay
on its way to its going

There's some summer in us all
and the love that is singing
till the end of this fall
colored brilliance it's bringing

Letting go ahead in the world
with so much plenty to do
like love's a flammable twirl
in my heart and feelings to you

Memories keep up summing
finding ways to the deep
some with roots on blossoming
and in the mind still to keep

Letting go ahead in the world
with so much plenty to do
like love's a flammable twirl
in my heart and feelings to you

There's some summer in us all
and the love that is singing
till the end of this fall
colored brilliance it's bringing

There's some summer in us all
there's some summer in us all
letting go
letting go
letting go

Peter S. Quinn

Life

O sweetest thing of all is life
How we make it and how we strife
Each day and night in love
So much in affections of
The beautiful embracing heart
Where every fondness must start
The seed of its flowering bud
That on the future is completed!

*(This came while reading Sarah Flower Adams)

Peter S. Quinn

Life Born To Be Free

Nice days are arriving
For everyone,
You just have to sing a song
And get a long
With a life born to be free,
And when you have finished
Finding ways
In those new born days
Where there are no grays,
You just want to reach further to see
What lies ahead?
In your open mind
Where you have not been before;
Because you left behind
Just an ignorant closed door.
So come and dive in
A world of fun,
Where there is happiness and sun
For everyone,
With a life born to be free.

Peter S. Quinn

Life Is (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Life is of heat and cold
Growing tow folded ways
Something to give and fold
Learning of many days
The rivers of moving deep
Finding the flowing stream
Longings for love to keep
Something that doesn't seem

Life is like a morning glow
Red when it comes up
Footsteps in winter's snow
Black strong coffee in a cup
The wind in the garden trees
Whispering a softly tone
Moods that the mind frees
When feelings are alone

Life is both you and me
The whole thing in between
Everything eyes can see
What we've done and been
Turning our wheels both ways
Reaching the high and low
Colors and the many grays
That makes us come and go

Peter S. Quinn

Life Is A Dream

Never go without a dream!
Nothing 's quite as it seem,
For reality is from inside-
Some from the ordinary hide,
Longings of life ´s like rope;
Everything that you'd hope
Giving and take too much,
Finding its way and touch.
For life is a dream for you
And some might even be true.

Be as it may be to some
Colors of life in their blossom,
Some in time to understand
Others never to command-
For life is of dark and deep
Not plants in reality to keep,
This you'll learn and reap!
O nature! so pure and true
You give and you take too.
We 're born to become wise
Though all in life's a surprise!
For life is a dream for you
And some might even be true.

Peter S. Quinn

Life Is A Flower

Life is a flower
In the opening field
Darling rain shower
That rises and yield
All day to long
In the sunshine play
Futures made strong
Through each day

You are its rose
Fragrances of hope
Time as it goes
And the ways elope
Trust in a feeling
All that is driven
Like petals peeling
Thru times striven

People's heart beat
Spring in collection
Love so bittersweet
In ways and connection
Summer full flourish□
Bouquets before fade
Assorted vivid accomplish
That earth has made

Peter S. Quinn

Life Is A Lace-Curtain (From, 'rockstar')

Each love is here so easy
In giving and taking its dreams
Ways of the moments breezy
Everything distantly seems
Come and give your pleasure
Nothing is for certain
Moving measure to measure
Life is a lace-curtain

Blooming away and walk on
Keeping apart darkness
What has been said - the talk on
Thoughts secured starkness
All is a commanding force
Giving or taking a crack
Ways of different dark horse
Each of the bygones to stack

How does a heart really break?
What is in its fashion?
Sunshine or rain is all for a take
Just move it from its dispassion
Don't try to deny freedom
Believe in it to be seen
Never trust what's the custom
The past has before there been ...

Peter S. Quinn

Life Is A Love

Life is a love to flow
Giving and taking away
Everything returns to go
Meeting the night with a day

Sunshine or rain as it comes
Making the flowers on earth
Compassion's truly blossoms
What they've given of worth

*Dear friends forgive me for not always being here to answer you – I'm trying you, your compassion and your patience.

Peter S. Quinn

Life Is A Melody

Life is a melody
songs of never ending,
always thoughts of free
in each times blending.
Life is love for all
dreams that might come true,
times with its call
in days getting through.

Life oh life I love you
every day and night,
while feelings go on through
on their way and flight.
So much is nowhere staying
just leaving all behind,
while time beats are playing
for hours new to find.

Melodies in new songs
sweetly days flowing,
love in a heart belongs
in each daybreak glowing.
you and I a tone
harmony of love's touch,
come don't be alone
for love can give so much.

For love can give so much.

Peter S. Quinn

Life Is A Song

Life is a song
With stars all around
You live and long
Till dreams are found
Days in endless turning
Flowers to the dust
A heart and mind yearning
Till memories rust

Life is a song
Days of your dreams
Starting strong
Like freshly river streams
All is on its going
Till the very end
Like autumn flowers glowing
In rusty color blend

Life is a song
Never to return
With a heart once young
To give from and learn
All is going on
Till the end of coming days
When your betas are done
And feelings of many ways

Peter S. Quinn

Life Is A Spiral

We are together
Everywhere it takes us
Getting better and better
As we come across
Life is never easy
In its way and go
Sometimes too much breezy
On its day and show

Life is a spiral
Through the lights of turning
Keeping the essence adaptable
In its twist and learning

We are here for life
Trying our heart out
How much is there to strife
As we go here about
Dreams are on their wings
Flowing thru the air
As the wind in leaves sings
Through these days everywhere

Life is a spiral
Through the lights of turning
Keeping the essence adaptable
Forever on its roads burning

You and I to find
All our errors and trials
Leaving closed doors behind□
In their blocked up denials
Every road is a spiral
Catching a day unknown
What we dream is achievable
Waiting for us at the horizon

Life is a spiral
Through the lights of turning

Keeping the essence adaptable
Forever on its roads burning

We are together
Everywhere it takes us
Getting better and better
As we come across
Life is never easy
In its way and go
Sometimes too much breezy
On its day and show

Life is a spiral
Through the lights of turning
Keeping the essence adaptable
In its twist and learning

Peter S. Quinn

Life Is A Way

Life is a way on the road
Forever it is changing
Giving experience's load
Traveling joy rearranging
So much to give and hold
Wishful of the days coming
As each course shall unfold
So is its gold up summing

You start your traveling
Soon as you find your way
Much of a wonder marveling
Until there is another day
Anything is in a compare
Leading us as need to be
Some of it we shall share
Others we somehow don't see

Wisdom at all time knowing
Questions that pounder on
Feelings toward others showing
Before it's too late and done
Reaching your destiny trying
In every expect getting there
Knots to those ties tying
For knowledge is everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

Life Is Colorful

Life is colorful
With plenty of giving
No time too dull
In its growth and living
Plenty of daybreak
Moods in the night
Love to take and make
In their feeling 's right

Like opening books
Dreams in forward way
In moments of its hook 's
In what new words say □
Awareness in open trail
Wings of further going
Those feathers want to sail
Onto tomorrows glowing

This unknown playground
That is still in deep
Might be some day found
Within a mind to keep
Look and find your wings
To carry you further on
A yearning in you sings
On currents under drawn

Peter S. Quinn

Life Is Full Of Reinvention

Why does humanity go by like this?
Opportunity becomes nothing
In its to and fro epoch prospect swing
From care taking to its final remiss
Notable pulsation in a life to learn
Ambiguous droppings in the strength undone
The earth across travels in endless spurn
Learning from each existing on and on

Water hard water will follow its course
Borrow new foamy from the scattered shore
Passage its flowing into fresh release
Life is full of reinvention and resource
Always with its planning for more and more
Never in its expectations to cease

Peter S. Quinn

Life Is Just A Song To Sing – A Song

Life is just a song to sing
With a joyous chorus line
Get to it now - and start to spring
Let your heart be sunshine
There's pleasure and there's sorrow
Take it though day by day
Give it a feel - there comes tomorrow
And its going your way

Nothing forever will outlast a singing
If hearts are with rhythms to go
And you make others happy by bringing
Happy moments that you know
Melodies swinging so easy on
Into the songs you sung
There is some joy there for everyone
Keeping you joyous and young

So sing and sing for a while
Never go silently by
Give every line your own style
Fill it in the air and the sky
Joyous of moments feel good
Make someone else sing and play
Just as the ways you should
Do every time - every day

Life is just a song to sing
Making the morning come true
So sing! - don't just do nothing
Because the melody of life is quite new
So sing and sing for a while
Let it just come softly in
It might bring others a big smile
And 'get under someone's skin'...

Inspired by, 'if life were a song to sing' by Dolly Jbin

Peter S. Quinn

Life Is Like A Season

Life is like a season
comes and again goes,
for any given reason
life seed grows.

Times are all falling
one to one gone,
life circles calling
on and on and on.

Life is you and I
dreams coming true,
like the morning sky
both for me and you.

Always something new
for each new rising,
building it up through
is a part of its surprising.

Life is like a day
with its blooms growing,
every hours play
till it's time in going.

Make and build up
dreams of each desire,
never let them stop
if they have life's fire.

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

Life....

Dreams are coming and going
Onto this arriving spring
And before you even know it
You heart it going to sing

For the days are coming so easy
With everything about love
Though still it's so very breezy
In the sky afar above

Life is what you make it
And dreams will some come true
Inside your heart just wake it
What you think should come through
This is just what I know
And have just found it out
All things they come and go
That's what life's all about

So dream and dream just on
And find your own day
These dreams come and are gone
In each their own way

For days are easy living
If you have found your goal
So much some days are giving
Because that is their role

Life is what you make it
And dreams will some come true
Inside your heart just wake it
What you think should come through
This is the fate of living
And what times have found
It's some luck and easy giving
And everything goes around
This is just what I know
And have like you found it out

All things they come and go
That's what life's all about

Peter S. Quinn

Life's Fiery Glow

The day is as night when it's all alone
With heart of the mingling way that gets lost
Inspiration of love and compassion 's glossed
A scripture on the life's rosette gray stone

A day that goes out in its cloudy drift skies
Of feelings so azure darkish and deep
Like dewdrops on flowers that fall to sleep
When a nature to autumn passes and dies

The moods of the moments that come to sing
And give you of love in its reddish burn
When leaves fall and fallow to morning's wing

In hours of beauty that passes and turn
Lights of flames that mortals learn to know
When time comes to quench their fiery glow

Peter S. Quinn

Life's Day Dreams (From,134 Picture Poems)

life's day dreams
dance in wonders

distant standing
from reality

full of roses
and beauty blooms

Peter S. Quinn

Light My Heart (#16 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

Light my heart,
With firers of words;
Give me a glow,
Of your poetic thirst.

Never too late,
Is a moment of wish;
All is in fate,
Dreaming and of this.

Light my mind,
With sentences skill;
Nothing's left to find,
If exciting with a thrill.

Give all of you,
In every hour of life;
The same I'll do,
Or at least strife.

Never too late,
Song's just starting;
Both love and hate,
Constantly departing.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

Light My Light

The night is coming through
In its playfully play
So much of dreams to do
Though none of them will stay
The flight of so many fancy
Of flights in it going
Little points in necromancy
From the faraway growing

Light my light with kindle on
Following dreams higher
Till those dreams are almost done
In their timeless desire
More to come and give flame
Of bright and clear thoughts
Never to stay in the same
In their settling juggernauts

Peter S. Quinn

Light Your Fire

Light your fire
With the sweetest melody
It's a heart desire
To become love's liberty
Every hour is giving
Of its time and way
Like passion we are living
In a favoring day

Light - you flame
With the purest harmony
It your heart will tame
Forever to be free
Like song inside a song
Rising to the high
Where fervor does long
Never again to die

Light the way and burn
Find your own destiny
Tomorrow takes a turn
Just wait and you will see
Like a sun burning bright
Let your wings fly and go
Drift away afar out of sight
Tomorrow you shall know

Light your fire
With the sweetest melody
It's a heart desire
To become love's liberty

Like a sun burning bright
Let your wings fly and go
Drift away afar out of sight
Tomorrow you shall know

Tomorrow you shall know

Lighter And Lighter (Also A Song At Sibeliusmusic)

Into its sudden flare now
Where it is just flowing
Summer morning on the row
Wintry breeze is going
The past is in its bereaving
One by one they are gone
Slowing down its re paving
Days that once shone

Seeds of old yesterdays
Spreading around its shine
Into the many new ways
Those in with spring's line
Silences of the unborn
Into the coming days
Footsteps they've worn
Alongside the many trays

Gatherings and resisting
Afternoons - the between
Morning and days misting
For the hours not yet seen
Everything has its beginning
From the infinite nothing
Like rain pearls on a string
Into attenuated air puffing

Peter S. Quinn

Lights In Clouds (From,134 Picture Poems)

lights in clouds

northern stars
with touch of time

that changes on heaven
till the end

Peter S. Quinn

Like A Bird On A Wing

Like a bird on a wing
In a motions and swing
She is going here by
In an airborne to the sky

Hours in yesterday 's blue
Like waves of the sea
Round and round going thru
On to mist of eternity
Times of deep in a trip
Jumping high and slow
As each coincidence slip
Through the air on its go

Like a bird on a wing
In a motions and swing
She is going here by
In an airborne to the sky

She is always trying
To go to the deep of blue
The sky and ocean tying
For each day to renew
Moments gone - coming still
Thru a thought in a mind
Aspirations to fulfill
Those once left behind

Like a bird on a wing
Open billows accompanying
She is Goddess of the deep
For a photograph to keep

Like a bird on a wing
In a motions and swing
She is going here by
In an airborne to the sky

Like A Butterfly

There was love in his heart everywhere
From inside and out like a butterfly
His distances were there to all of here
From the deep underneath and open sky
Feelings to carry the influence of flowers
Running through the battered seaweed in their prime
Morning of feelings and after night hours
All of the corrosive standings of time

Pure of true gifts and reputation whole
The brimming with joys in offering suns
Greenery fields of the earth in growing role
As every moment in summer now runs
Abyss of silences to give treasures
All is now joy of coloring pleasures

Peter S. Quinn

Like A Butterfly – A Lyric

There's something inside you
That's like a butterfly
Always with wings going through
High in the clear sky
Something that's wanting me baby
Giving me reasons by your side
Something of love's eternity
That through the day air will glide

Every love is always chasing
Catching rainbows that it needs
Feeling of everything it's raising
From everyday life - it some reads
Day and night like butterflies
Open love songs to the air
Love of the wave that never dies
All it needs is you being here

There are some for those always
Never turning to the lost shore
Many thoughts that never stays
Their memories - prized to store
Love that never leaves the room
From inside coming all right here
Walls that fall and are all doom
From the feelings we both will share

Refrain

There's something inside you
That's like a butterfly
Always with wings going through
High in the clear sky...

Peter S. Quinn

Like A Caterpillar Time

In the coming days of darkish winter song
Where the moods are falling to lowered keys
Distant pleasures and forgotten dillies
With pages of yesterdays coming along
When times were beauty of expedition
Like butterflies going gently in the air
With colored wings of ineffable tradition
That through the days is at drift anywhere

Like a caterpillar time is peeling through
Moments of going histories to the distant
Of infinity expectation to new
That comes along with old in coexistent
We are with thousands of radiant pleasures
Some be considered - in book of treasures

Peter S. Quinn

Like A Circling Way

This moment is going on to the dust
Turning around each every must
Reaching its time

That came together and is now going
On to the sideways of their flowing
Reaching its time

Something, like a circling way
Reaching its time

This moment is borrowed from something
That never will come here again
In its time

Billows of oceans never the same
Burning on burning in their flame
In its time

Something, like a circling way
Reaching its time
Something, like a circling way
Reaching its time

In its time, time, time

Ways to the sea are reaching the heart
Oceans of occasion were they did start
Love songs of airways in their rampart

Every dream is giving its stream
Flowing motions that endlessly seem
Reaching its time
In its time

Every time is different from it all
As days comes clear in and fall
Getting away and deliver
Wherever there are moments of call

In its time

Something, like a circling way

Reaching its time

Something, like a circling way

Reaching its time

Peter S. Quinn

Like A Day That Will Start (From The 'Upside Down')

Like a day that will start
I will grow on to be
Somewhere feelings counterpart
To grow on and become free
Love is like oceans away
Coming and going in flows
Just like when night meets day
As hours tomorrow goes

Your are a reaction of sunshine
Rain falling clouds above
Anything that's hard to define
Just like your feelings and love
Footsteps are going to go
Out into their future destiny
Sometimes like water it'll flow
In to the ground to give and be

Never try to understand passion
It appears and goes to the deep
It's deemed beyond every fashion
Never for lovers to really keep
Giving a purpose and its power
With every turn out it knows
A perfect relief for the hour
As it comes in and again goes

Peter S. Quinn

Like A Dragonfly

Like a dragonfly
With its blue wings
Love shall reach high
When its youth sings

Then as we grow old
Love shall still be there
Youthfully and bold
Flying wings everywhere!

Peter S. Quinn

Like A Flower

Like a flower
Fragile and soft,
Enrich in shower
Of mist and aloft.

Never forget
Lilies and roses,
And where it all let
Your exposes.

Mist in the air
Amusing the grays,
Fog in a tear
Water amaze.

Nothing is near
Time couldn't dwell,
But you are still here
And how you fell.

Like a flower
The morning dew,
Each small hour
Among the few.

Peter S. Quinn

Like A Moon Glow Your Love Is

Like a moon glow your love is
Strangeness in dark night
A deep reddish glowing bliss
That never becomes too bright
Each feeling is in its dim blue
With star shines so faraway
Your love is never at all true
Like a night can't become a day

Like wishes that fast are playing
On to their lonesome last
Beats from your heart aren't staying
In the echoes of their past
Through air of lonely remember
Where everything comes clear
Your feelings are like December
When winter is lonesome near

Like a moon glow your love is
With never new sunshine heat
A heartbeat that only has a wish
That hard for anyone is to read
The rivers of time come here through
In every their waving turn
Your love s just up to you
And how you in love will learn

Peter S. Quinn

Like A Tree Of Life

Like a tree of life,
Enchant is this way;
To the shore and rife,
Comes dawn of day.
Can we hold or reach,
What we do not know;
Anything there teach,
Which is still a glow.

Like the root of tree,
River in the stream;
Is the unknown poetry,
From another's dream.
Will it give you much,
When it appears here;
If you can not it touch,
And your feelings share.

Like a branch to reach,
Everything is there for;
Different ways to teach,
For this time's boudoir.
We can give and move,
Make the flowing flow;
Open up and approve,
What was scattered ago.

Peter S. Quinn

Like A Tree's Songbird

Sing a line the same way twice
Is unearthly and unpractical
Like a life has its errors and tries
In each new up and fall
Places are sometimes tempos
Staying in present tense
Anything outside that goes
In its unfolding invents

The leveling is never easy
When experience you got to make
The highways are coming breezy
In each new living take
Rides on the bus line
Making their tempos and rhythms
Composing the solos they define
In each their pace and hums

Sing with lover's declarations
Note to note to read
From the streets their dictations
Anything that will lead
Come with savoring every word
Simply to sing and pluck paying
Like a tree's songbird
Never in the same tempi staying

Peter S. Quinn

Like An Eye

Like an eye
In afar memory
From dark sky
Everything can see
Is someone there?
Watching times being
Hidden from us here
What the eye's seeing

Touch of time found
Blow blowing breeze
Everything comes around
What moment sees
Maybe there's tomorrow
Or it's a state of mind
Those walks of life borrow
As they roads find

All is hidden away
In its mystery
Like tomorrow's day
That always is free
Perhaps it's not lost
What time's brought thru
But in space embossed
Until its time comes too

Peter S. Quinn

Like Autumn Leaves Are Falling

Like autumn leaves are falling
My heart is throbbing on slow
In memories deep down calling
Like leaves in its golden glow
With you my heart is standing
In giving its heavy beats play
In our thoughts and remanding
With rustic roads of grimy gray

My heart is always finding
What dreams may have forgot?
Of roads of lonesome winding
And those footsteps never trot
Oh love my sweet forever
These days are now in dim
Those words of ours clever
I'd hear in deep down brim

Our roses that have plunged
To wintry cold now outside
Forever in hearts are challenged
As tomorrow on earth will glide
My love is still with you
In thoughts you want to hear
And each my song is true
From me to you - quite near!

Peter S. Quinn

Like Dreams (From, Poet On Www)

We love to be and sit and see,
The wonder around the world;
Everything is - should come easy,
With perhaps a little whirling hurl.
As the day hours go away,
Into the deep and sundown;
When the night comes to day,
In it's tip toeing dusky gown.

The air is full of silences dark,
And sky in its cloudy gray;
All reality to dreams disembark,
Through the twilight arch ray.
You and I look both around,
For the stars that are falling;
Somewhere out there we found,
Glowing light that's enthralling.

Like dreams go to somewhere,
To give us new day's reality;
From beneath its dimpsy glare,
To learn from - to see and be.
Like new ways are forever more,
Growing seeds in the early spring;
Each tiding returns as before,
With flowers in summer they bring.

Peter S. Quinn

Like Drifting Snow (From, Illuminating Night)

Like drifting snow the dawn comes in,
With feeling forgotten to the night;
All is in the flowing and the intertwine,
With the horizon and silent light.

The dreams come from dark passing by,
Smiling to and fro from the stars;
From deep blue rays of the waking up sky,
The twinkling light memoirs.

Strings from the harp playing,
All is from deep oceans out there;
Ecstatic skies of the unborn raying,
Life forces entwining to everywhere,
As on to the hours are delaying.

Peter S. Quinn

Like Leaves Of Fall Falling

You got me singing
Full love songs along
Dreams of mine bringing
Into a full time song
All that is here inside
Fading footsteps in snow
Memories that hide
Sometime I have to go
Feelings so inner much
Justice that's never done
Love songs out of touch
With me forever gone

There's tragic in the song
Everything of a feeling
Beats that sometimes long
So much pleasure stealing
Loneliness of the heart
Day by day on going by
Where winter roads start
To open up gray sky
Songs of mine calling
Into the streets of alone
Like leaves of fall falling
In their reddish tone

Peter S. Quinn

Like Little Fireflies (From, Occasional Songs)

Like little fireflies,
We come and we go;
All is in a disguise,
With the air will glow.
Longing for flying high,
Where dreams are free;
Going through the sky,
Just to be and be!

All rainbows are there,
In the wings of air;
Golden threads to wear,
Nothing to compare.
Summer's morning fly,
Every place to see;
Winter comes - goodbye,
With its fortuity.

Like little fireflies,
We have life to live;
Earthly wings to rise,
In colors they give.
Morning is bright new,
Dreaming on and on;
Dawn's untouched dew,
For the glow is gone.

All rainbows are there,
In the wings of air;
Golden threads to wear,
Nothing to compare.
- With spiring wings true,
You will see the sun!
Before day is through,
In hoary coloration.

Peter S. Quinn

Like Love Is True (From Album, Like Love Is True)

River stream glisten glow
Going somewhere with its flow
Coming through to sea

Like love is true
With its beat
And filling you
With its neat

River stream of the heart
Be sure of your part
So much comes and goes
In its many philosophy flows
What is ours shall not be
If we don't have a heart to see

Give me strength to see through
Time's oblivion inside renew
Coming here always to be

Like love is true
With its beat
And filling you
With its neat

Earth with its many seeds
To grow from its needs
So much to give or take
And love beautiful to wake
With its new growing blume
From spring's greenly womb

Peter S. Quinn

Like Morning Flowers Sweet

Like morning flowers sweet
the day has come so neat,
with drops of dew
and songs anew,
from birds of garden and street.

Peter S. Quinn

Like Nature Riches - Sonnet

Power of love is for passion to glow
Without any boundaries timing hours
Each dream of the heart that onward shall go
Like summertime's bouquet of fresh flowers

Feelings from inside like nature riches
Its inherit of ornately graces
It comes with archness and then its itches
And everything endearing embraces

Its playfulness so elegantly meets
In moments of assets that shall not die
Each moving in loyal and adorable sweets
In its occurrences of riches and high

Every its deeds is of new love to bring
Whenever in heart it truly shall sing

Peter S. Quinn

Like Petals Of The Rose

Something is going to somewhere around
Everything is drifting to the time
Feelings and sorrows so often in rime
Inside your touches so much there to be found
You are a heart that is throbbing always on
Following footsteps of love many ways
Everything coming from tinctured plays
Until those moments are forever gone

You and I just two persons far apart
On to the blueness of our daybreak's song
From our beginning where we did both start
With full of hopes and thoughts still we long

Love comes close - we sometimes are one
Like petals of the rose in the morning sun

Peter S. Quinn

Like Shattered Glass - Secret Passageways

Like shattered glass on old autumn's leaves
The yellow brown reddish yesterday's gold
Through mystery air green branches cleaves
Whiles are passing where dreams did unfold
Secret passageways endless motion
Where deep of memories rises and falls
Times going by with summer's emotions
In to the starry nights of winter's calls

Here I am standing clear and young again
Finding the flow where the river reveals
Staring with my eyes though time's portico
'Life's a birth through the instants madeleine'
Some of it's tasteful - in its conceals
Voluptuous - not for too long - down this row

Peter S. Quinn

Like Sweet Aroma

Remember the leaping stream of the hours
Each thought that comes like sweet aroma
Magic of the roots never in coma
Like petals of a rose or wild flowers
Something that you give of words golden clay
Meeting of expressions in a line you picked
Notion in versification or not strict
What comes through your heart and mind each day

Time is a giver of gifts from the earth
Tickets to solemn or passionate roots on
Thorns to be broken in words that it mends
What you convey bear sometimes its worth
Keeping the perfume till to thin air it's gone
Essence to the heart and each of its blends

Peter S. Quinn

Like The Breeze And Butterflies (From Lullabies)

My thoughts are in with ease
With giving and their takings
The profound roots of trees
That each our touch is aching
I feel my ease and confidence
To carry on with my believes
When ways will touch and blench
As they with sources revives

Their secrets sail on through
To give what's pouring out
Understandings are up to you
To resist your customs about
To know the woods and fire
Like the breeze and butterflies
The pathway is full of desire
Of the aspirant lows and highs

Each sails to change the wings
To bring in things that got lost
And with your heart still sings
Existing in the thoughts crossed

Peter S. Quinn

Like The Clouds Above

I could give you love
To your heart and mind
Like the clouds above
That in drifts you'll find
Some are with some rain
Dark and deep inside
Giving from its pain
When the sky they glide

Everything is done
With words that touch
Carrying on and on
With each gripping clutch
Like in colors that lack
Feelings that aren't allowed
Pitching in their black
Inside a stormy cloud

Love's an enduring itch
A little there to assert
Desires that might switch
Inside as actions are alert

Peter S. Quinn

Like The Days Get Older (A Song)

Like the days get older
So shall each love go
And our dreams stepwise bolder
In its attempt to glow
Rising higher and higher
In its deep going magic
Where thoughts never tier
To make out a new trick

Like sun will come and rain
So shall each day be gone
With flowers in pale and fain
To move our own lives on
The easy comes going around
Or its harder counterpart
That with every hope is found
And gives us a pounding heart

Like you and I both know
There is so much of everything
It comes to us in easy go
And inside our hearts shall sing
With hope to bring back to me
Letting me know its touch
With its flying wings on free
And loving me always as much

Peter S. Quinn

Like The Dreams – Love Is

Like the dreams that come and go
To warm our hearts and feel
In everything that love will know
If it is close up and real
With every flowers bouquet's shade
And love songs in the air
Each fondness is their truly made
When it is intimate and dear

Like clouds that drift high above
In their misty glow shine
So is all affection and truly love
That is so rough to define
In every hour and with every heart
When love appears to give
From moments of its peaceful start
When true love is to live

Morning comes in daybreak's light
If love quest is of pure
And happiness be burning on bright
If its day is for sure
Love shall not be in lonesome years
If its agreement of graces
And faded not in their scattered tears
Remorse alone embraces

Peter S. Quinn

Like The Nectar My Love (From The 'Upside Down')

Like the nectar my love has its flower
That will long to the epoch and then fall
With its flourish liberated avower
The working-day light reaching and its brawl
Buried weapons of people's choices to select
Accustomed suffering happiness thought
Extracting fire of centuries prospect
Distances possessed in illusions caught

Arrive from the interior to perceive
Heady scent from the amplest clarity
Hidden in the take of pure repining
Hours of lost in world of make-believe
From the coldness outside austerity
That now to existence is entwining

Peter S. Quinn

Like The Winds Are Blowing (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Baby let me come with you
To the next of everything
Let me see the one thing true
What the inside might bring
The feelings - differences today
Every cast in peaceful making
What they give and what they say
When time flows in - it's aching

Baby here I am so new
With the many times knowing
Always going clear and through
Like the winds are blowing
Nothing new to this and that
Only confronting old time's past
Bringing though controversial pat
Everything you came to trust

Baby always - these are you
Giving thoroughness to new wheels
From the clearness of the blue
Each their casts and feels
Tomorrow when the new one comes
Through with everything to hold
Like the billow waves that strums
From the hot in - to the very cold

Peter S. Quinn

Like Thousand Gunsmokes (From,134 Picture Poems)

like thousand gunsmokes
the night clouds

exposed to the coming sun

Peter S. Quinn

Like Year In Pictures

We go and go like year in pictures
Hangnail pegs on its easy exposure
Birds in yearnings of daydreams fixtures
Filling pathways with thoughts of enclosure
Trying to be in our dreams what we are not
Living its illusion in futile fight
All reaching to be amid in its plot
Sketching its answer in the errand light

The dozens whipped by the high winds across
Failing to get to their quintessence point
In against the breeze that toppled their fifth-wheel
Like a freeway bridge collapsed into chaos
From the bright light of the blaze and the joint
Saying our sayings without reason - not the real

Peter S. Quinn

Lilac Flowers Clustered Thyme

There are times that will come
Be with wisdom and glow
Songs of love they will strum
Through the darkness and grow
Friendship seeds and pleasures
The true values to any doubt
Any given sunshine treasure
That in spring will come about

Give each love song a meaning
For the times that are ahead
Every good thought is leaning
To past ways that have bled
Set your feelings to a heart beat
That will give you its firm trust
Know the good know the sweet
Before it is all gone and lost

Some reasons are wisdom flume
With inner structure and sublime
The roads to root's fragile bloom
Small lilac flowers clustered thyme
Take your bouquets here through
All this melancholy of silent still
The aggregate's always up to you
Every feeling you hold to fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

Listen

I want to touch
To give glow

You know where my heart is
If you try
The hours are flowing on rose's bed
Each giving moments try
I finger your fire
Inside my longing
Like cloud in the sky blue
That drifts for the morning to come
With desiring flows
Rain, aromas and light
Where my waves return in the ebbs
Those are here for a while
Like a song

My heart you know
When it comes throbbing passionate beat
Inside to stop a turning wave

Each song is us both
Into evening to be close
When tree leaves whisper songs
That our love had forgotten

If you try to remember my feeling
Of the days that were brought
To this night
You shall feel the passages
Through this song
That has come like isles that wait
Till your window opens my touch
For the heart and the day
To remember
Each flowing wave to come
To the shores
Where everything exists of love

Like my heart
In its root
Has its own way
I'll bring you to desires I have
Within flowers of dreams and seeds not grown
In their aroma of their innocent truth
Like birds that are flying
Into a peaceful afternoon
And give what I have to give
Without be forgotten or repeated
Into a song that I sung you before
And is now in your heart forgotten

Peter S. Quinn

Listen (From 'Meet The Moments')

Listen to your ways
Like the coming of days
Everything is inventive

Bring your heart to reason
Find its truest season
Before it comes inattentive

Love is like a stone thrown in rippling water
Testing every wave that comes and goes
Differences of opinions to the surface splatter
Everything with the times to and fro flows

We all have our days
Around each different glaze
Some to make some fools

Feelings of people pleasin'
And always some pain up easin'
With their emotion fuels

Love is like a stone thrown in rippling water
Testing every wave that comes and goes
Differences of opinions to the surface splatter
Everything with the times to and fro flows

We give every thought
Of what we shouldn't or ought
To find the right rules
And then our heart is caught
With something it's taught
Or beat to a beat duels

Love is like a stone thrown in rippling water
Testing every wave that comes and goes
Differences of opinions to the surface splatter
Everything with the times to and fro flows

Listen To Autumn Rain

Listen to autumn rain pouring
It's faithfully going on and on
Each pathway of past scoring
Till it is almost from here gone

Flowers in bouquets still falling
On to the new and unknown
As darker moods are now calling
From under earths grayish gown

Life is now almost in asleep
As summer day are still leaving
Hours of morning dark deep
We lost moments still grieving

Love songs that made senses awake
Are now bending in the rain
Reminiscences of time in their take
Laying new corners and pane

Listen for the moments tomorrow
As their footsteps come near
Gone are the ways of old sorrow
What shall new wind preserve?

Days and the years are waiting
Attentive turns in their mist
All is like weightless debating
That no precedent has still kissed

Peter S. Quinn

Listen To Eternity (From, The River Sings On)

Listen to eternity,
And all things that come;
Listen from inside free,
Like the faith of some.
Burning flame glowing,
Trees in the windy breeze;
All is certain and knowing,
What the heart must please.

I have found a feeling,
With roots deep inside;
Love and devotions it's stealing,
From where my beats hide.
Love is like the clouds away,
Drifting to and fro;
Sunshine in the coming day,
The notions that you know.

Waves of the silver sea,
Faraway flickering stars;
Dawn and evening - inside me,
The music each chord and bars.
Give my feelings wings,
For eternity to reach out;
For it inside forever sings,
Like the lights all about.

Peter S. Quinn

Listen To The Moments

Listen to the moments
Of your own thought,
It sounds so whispering soft,
Like an autumn wind
That is stirring the peace
Of the old summer grass;
Listen to them as they sing,
In the days that go by and by.
Moments you still don't have,
But you'll handle them in time;
Just as today is here,
Flowers are born to decay.
Man is born for his thought,
That wanders today and tomorrow
Into the cluttering dark;
Someone might say he has heard
Them already and seen
Like futures ahead in time,
But we both know it's not so,
Tomorrows thoughts are yet to be.

Peter S. Quinn

Listen To The Songs

Listen to the songs
That life has left alone
To empty days belongs
The swans that once flown
Bring back those years
The melancholy evening hour
All flowing remembered tears
The dark colored flower

Sadness subsided without words
The flame of yellow red
Passionate embracing flirts
The shades that from summer bleed
In insomnia and your grief
In today's and tomorrow's room
The little windows of brief
When thoughts are low and gloom

Listen to every mood
That from the inside came
And now are in their nude
And last of burning flame
Like autumn of many diversion
And meetings that never bear
Each life is in empty erosion
From this on to nowhere

Peter S. Quinn

Listen To The Sunset

Listen to the Sunset
In this day going light
Tunes of some regret
Before the coming night
So much is then lost
That no one did remember
In lights of red flow rust
Of autumn in September

Special day and evening
Flowing from the ray
As the dark comes singing
In muted colors play
Bell is ringing a tune
Of melodies in gone past
In each their commune
That now to night runs fast

Listen to the Sunset
As darkness close the sky
In shading tint alphabet
When illumination colors die
So much then gets crossed
In its malleable and ember
That comes with winter gust
In autumn of red September

Peter S. Quinn

Little Bird

Bring in the dawn
And its morning
From under night's gown
And dreams yearning
Fly through the sky
Little bird
Come in - say goodbye
To what occurred

Now comes the day
From under night
Filling moment's play
With some light
Turning stillness
To songs of new
Making the earth caress
For you!

Little bird stay awhile
Find your way
Through lives beguile
That comes each day

Every song
Is a longing
For the minutes
To flow
And you stay
Here singing
Till the daylight hours
Go

Peter S. Quinn

Little Birds Of Loving

Little birds of loving
Everywhere they go
Always with their singing
They let the earth glow
Summer is their sunshine
In anything to do
Best weeks of their time
Their heart is true

Little birds are giving
So much in being there
Each their worth of living
Like summer everywhere
Wings of flying high
Their days of affection
Open up the blue sky
Onto hope's direction

We should take such chances
With our own living
While our time's dances
And their days are giving
Nothing is for sure
In this world of light
So much there to allure
Before there is night

Peter S. Quinn

Little Birds' Sweetheart

My breast is full of song,
With faith I sing to thee;
Like days that move along,
I call and hope to be.

Your true love sweet bird,
With summer tunes I know;
I like with you to flirt,
Until the blossoms go.

Peter S. Quinn

Little Day Dream (A Lyric)

Little day dream
Never let go
Be with the life stream
In golden glow

Feeling that touch me
Always to move
Making every love free
Without any prove

Love that is easy
Rising like a day
Sometime little breezy
From the inside play

Everything that's trust
With its time content
Can't get lost
If it's well meant

Love that rises high
On to the sunshine
Never to go and die
Through darker confine

So much what's ours
When the time gives
All the earthly flowers
That in prosper lives

Peter S. Quinn

Little Flowers On The Glow (A Song)

Little flowers on the glow
Full of their morning bright
Shall be sideways in the snow
With the coming of winter night
For autumn's in with red shade
And its yearnings of tomorrow
Of yellow leaves withering made
In castings of burning borrow

Endless journeys not to end
But give you more life giving
Burn to burn in colors blend
While days are still living
In rising terminate torment
With dreams of wishful dark
For summer is all soon spent
As stars in the night shall spark

Twisting and turning below
Of withering leaves going
Shall bring back yester flow
Without much thought or knowing
And memories from hours send
That only in time will fade
Footsteps of fate thus mend
That we have in whiles paid

Peter S. Quinn

Little Secrets

Little secrets come and go,
Like the day so free;
On this earth there is a grow,
And a time to be.
Summer is now wishing well,
Leaves are on a tree;
We can not though foretell,
What comes next apparently.

Love is easy now here going,
For the day is young;
All the colors still here glowing,
But for how now long.
You and I are in with time,
That is weak and strong;
Easy things like easy rime,
In a today's song.

Little secrets hide in ways,
Like the stars at night;
Coming are the colder days,
With the lesser light.
All with new beats it plays,
Slows down to reignite;
Be fulfilled or still amaze,
On the way to more delight.

Peter S. Quinn

Little Shadows In Your Mind

Little shadows in your mind,
Sometimes grow and make you sad;
Comes like night after days,
Makes your smiles feel so bad.
Hidden shadows all around,
To your heart they come and break;
Creeping into happy times,
Sunshine days away they take.

Raindrops soothes every tree,
Teardrops soften up your chin;
Both are from this lonely world,
Both come suddenly pouring in.
When your heart is a broken piece,
And your thoughts are feeling low;
You may show these souls dews,
Until away your low spirits go.

Raindrops teardrops everywhere,
Hold me tight until I feel
Happiness again to share,
Then I know your care is real.

Peter S. Quinn

Little Songbird In A Tree

Little songbird in a tree,
Are you singing a song for me?
Because I am lonely and blue,
- Quite the same as you.

I am listening with amaze
To your singing so full of grace,
And of love, I hold so dear,
Which in your song I always hear.

Oh little songbird sing your tune,
Full of spirit and gayness in June;
But later when the summer is gone,
Who shall remember it, and carry on?

Like you,
I shall perish too!

Peter S. Quinn

Little Summer Bloom

Little summer bloom
How lovely you are
Freshly splendid perfume
From your minute star
Green and full if shine
In your blossom's way
Perfect bouquets design
Each new coming day

Little summer caress
Sweet of dreams made
Breezily air you bless
In your sway debate
Much you give to earth
Wonderment for eye
So much in hour's worth
As the times go by

Peter S. Quinn

Live And Come And Be Of All

Live and come and be of all
Sweetest pleasures to feel
This be as until there's fall
And the autumn to you is real

Sweetness from the love and brine
So much pleasure like birds sing
With here inside and line for line
Like there was the nesting spring

I will make this love all true
With fragrances of a bouquets rose
Always more every day there renew
Till the spring from my heart goes

Every bud may be of new blossom
With the hours they fulfill
Gracious time in pleasing awesome
Every moment with its thrill

-

Hour is coming in twilight living
Delight be gone before a rise
Each of life days is like buds giving
With every glimpse in life's eyes

Peter S. Quinn

Living Dreams (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Go on to the instance play
Living dreams of true desire
On the roads that come to stay
Of the morning's newly fire
Where the hills have no name
Only their rising to the sky
With hope of its carrying flame
That to evening again must fly

Any long way that rushes on
Rise gush of illuminated dark
Core of the routs never done
Of giving beyond glowing spark
Shells reaching to the ongoing
Growing in reach we can't know
The distance of infinite flowing
That comes to contact and then go

Like ascension of a daybreak
In mist of foggy dreary night
Where wink of life shall wake
Before reaching powerful height
Every deep of the ocean's flow
Through teem of spinnings through
Cling near to nothing of its micro
Always in trajectories to renew

Peter S. Quinn

Living The Ongoing Dream - Sonnet

Are you and I living the ongoing dream
That makes every time be of hope
Like days of tomorrow when they might seem
Unconquerable destines - time's fallen slope
When the day are like driven to nugget shore
Forwards and backwards to each its contend
Like nothing was driving to anymore
Of feelings and true ways to comprehend
The flowers of light wherewith each being
Dreams to follow through to and then confound
With every heart that is still here seeing
What goes about and comes still around
You're your footsteps what they determinate
Going through places and their affectionate

Peter S. Quinn

Ljó? Lífsins (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Ljó?i? kemur
og fer
einsog aldan
kalda
í hafinu hér
sem straumi?um
valda

Lífi? er
einsog bára
sem lí?ur
vi? land
leikur
á milli ára
allskonar
syn í bland

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Loneliness' Forgotten Town

There are many different occasions
A mood comes in with ever season
Something new in every invasion
Moments you embrace only once
Around empty space that lulls on
There maybe days - even months
Till something new is back drawn
Bringing it back to its new fronts

You have yesterdays forever more
The night that dances in shades by
All that is gained through the lore
Giving its rendezvous and each try
Researching songs of new spring
Inspirations that haven't began
Every emotion on the beating string
With its aching and trying out plan

Still there is time for a turning
That gives me a flame like bliss
Every lost while there yearning
That each sweet oblivion past kiss
You and I have been around
Feeling both high and much lowdown
Now we stand tall on our ground
Inside loneliness' forgotten town

Peter S. Quinn

Lonely For Paris In Spring (Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Lonely for Paris in spring
All is so faraway to reach,
A heart for joy could sing
What memories should teach;
Eyes are wide in clearing blue
All is such a joy to glide,
It's always up to me and you
What gets soft or amplified.

Be here and become strong
All has its wandering ways,
Have an opportunity get along
Make the best of all the days;
Ripe your feelings and touch
Nothing else is more of hope,
We have everything inasmuch
As we work things out and cope.

The days begin in nothingness
With the cold pleasure at first,
Then there might be a new fresh
A moment of thought we thirst;
A day is asleep for awhile
And then there's some awaken,
Hard in a lost hour to defile
When a mind's occupied or taken.

Peter S. Quinn

Lonely Snowflakes (From, 134 Picture Poems)

lonely snowflakes
softly through branches
on vacant tree tops

destiny feels somewhere
in the uttering wind
and frozen earth

Peter S. Quinn

Lonesome

Lonesome I'm today
And it's very cold outside
Golden spurs of darkish ray
On the sky now take a ride
Clouds drifting one by one
Passing through the sky
On - till everyone is gone
In the clear blue high

Dreams we are forgetting
From the summer past
Cold and numb are letting
Inside their dusky cast
Frosty times are riding through
With their pink and pale
Giving views quite new
On their lonesome rail

What will become clear?
With this outlying cast
When roads reach the drear
Snow eyes mirrored glassed
Run on with your life
Taste is bitter and difficult
The frosty bitter jackknife
Now stretching out its cult

Peter S. Quinn

Lonesome II

Lonesome through the night
A love song in lost call
Like fluttering of wings in flight
In brownish yellow fall
Days near forgotten we found
Now filling the empty woe
Soon frosty earth all around
In winter's cold wintry blow

Where shadows dance and turn
In forgotten flickers gleam
With our hearts passion yearn
Of rivers of thought and stream
My heart was once calling
In echoing footsteps break
Each trust your own befalling
And both together to awake

Blow blow now wintry cold
So much is passing or going
That love can never again hold
In its distances and flowing
We were so much like a feeling
That turns in difference touch
Its time of turn on wheeling
Shall never again know as much

Peter S. Quinn

Long Forgotten Song

It's just together me and you
Feeling low or feeling high
Something from day to renew
In long forgotten song and tie
Everything is turning in a flame
Burning to be forgotten again
Love is a heart or another name
Sunshine or few drops in a drain

Give me more and always more
Nothing comes though easy
Because affection is what it's for
Little bit of calmness and breezy
With daylight and night in it all
And yesterdays that are all gone
There is summer and there is fall
To carry our feelings on and on

It's just together me and you
Feeling low or feeling high
Something from day to renew
In long forgotten song and tie
Everything is turning in a flame
Burning to be forgotten again
Love is a heart or another name
Sunshine or few drops in a drain

Nothing to be too sure to know
For everything is changing slowly
Come as it may or go if it must go
Let it all be yours 'till again it's free

Peter S. Quinn

Long Journey

Thru the endless sea
Every day is going
To become again free
In new morning flowing
In eve sunshine glow
And night lullabies
Where everything has to go
For tomorrow skies

Thru the dreams of love
Like for you and I
As the clouds above
Meet the rising sky
And the feeling's awake
With so much to give
For each time to make
And true love to live

Thru the endless hours
That shall come and go
Seeds of beautiful flowers
That we still don't know
Every ending journey
That has gone long way
In our hope and liberty
In a morning of new day

Peter S. Quinn

Longings For Spring

Longings for spring
In its ever growing field
When earth to sky sing
And everything is healed
When day grows long
To dreams faraway
In a sea to sky song
Of horizon afar play

Longings to joy
Every reason and try
Thru travel convoy
To the corners of sky
When fragrances fill air
And wings start to go
From everyone here
In fast pace and slow

Longings of heart
In finding its love
With first color start
In much greenery of
When all is fine
And evening's like a glow
With spring sunshine
When away is snow

Peter S. Quinn

Longings For The Lost Tongue (From Lullabies)

Songs that come like dreams
In to the evening tenderly
With their love themes streams
Candle of thoughts to be
Each with their own thought
Singing in from the dark
Weavings profound brought
Giving of glow and spark

The house is full of names
From the dark blue lake
In with the iridescent flames
Carried to give and uptake
Waves of cold sprout between
Meditation of the breeze
Something still not to be seen
Thoughts of the moments freeze

Longings for the lost tongue
Those are still in their sleep
Each of the conduct we long
Never glimpse through or keep

Peter S. Quinn

Longings In The Mist

I'm lonely in the streets of darkness
There is no way to turn back
I'm giving what I can in unsteadiness
On to the gaping lost track
Every feeling is wandering away
On to the lost of the darkness reach
To meet another time and a day
As they tomorrow will teach

I'll try to find means to understand
Everything that is departing
Reaching out to darkness command
From every shadow that's starting
Lonely just wandering here around
On the streets of future's light
Some different turnings I have found
From places to corners of night

Souls that are walking on sideways
Finding no return to the day
Iridescent flames of lonely haze
Longings in the mist of its gray
Every feeling is moving to and fro
On to the poles apart directions
Inside of emptiness of its go
Dimensions dim lights recollections

Peter S. Quinn

Look Into My Eyes

Look into my eyes
And see how they shine
They are made of shade skies
Those feelings define

Each silver thread glow
With copper and stone
That inside will know
In their places and tone

Look into eyes worth
And see how they are made
Quite sight as the earth
In every their shade

The golden twine shine
That comes in its giving
In every made on line
Is for all this of living

And on to each epoch
That shall grow on to go
In their twinkling dock
Until they stop their flow

Peter S. Quinn

Look Into My Eyes 2

Look into my eyes of morning blue
Give me your hope of the day
Look into my eyes of brown hue
Lead every thought on its way
Sunshine infinities going on
Giving much love that you could see
Everything is prospering till it's gone
Come along and become again free
Irises glow shine every new time
With so much hope in every their sky
Love song of low and love song of prime
Don't ever ask for questions there why
I can only give you what I can return
Love in a beat of heartbeat or a feel
Moods of the ways that forever burn
Sometimes in fantasies that aren't real
Look into my eyes of something new
Glinting through emotions of play
Every colors of the rainbow's true
Are in the words I don't really say

Peter S. Quinn

Look Look

Look look and come away
There is a destiny for you and me
Everything comes and will be okay
Just let it through and be
Laughter like love and more
What would you like to be hearing?
Everything as before
Giving in each its wearing

Talk about old time
How you called on to me
Opening ways into prime
Losing ourselves to the free
This and that always going on
Let's talk and have more fun
Windows closing what's gone
Lost pleasurable ways run

Love oh love knock my door
I've been hearing your call
Silences in peace and war
Everyone's calling to all
How can we talk about smile?
The expressions on your face
Sometime has been a while
Oh how we lose each trace

Look look and come away
There is a destiny for you and me
Bring back yesterday
Just like leaves on a summer tree
What is the reason for all of this?
Why has it gone to rust?
Where my young days only a wish
That got drifted and tossed

Talk about old time
I can't remember them some
Words lost the branches climb

Where is my forgotten blossom?
Need it be always so
Through and through never back
Unreasonable as it has to go
Turning our thinking to black

Peter S. Quinn

Look To The Light

Look to the light of the coming
On to the twilight of new day
Flow of its wandering summing
As in the mood it will play
Dream that were nowhere exiting
With every plane we could find
Now to the new day abandoning
Leaving darkish dreams behind

Look at the coming and going
Everything flows according to plan
On to the rays of light showing
Filling the empty with its span
Love songs of skies that are new
Everywhere inside and out
Letting you see another view
That every depth of vision's about

Look to the horizon out there
Coming in brightness of young
Filling up the skies everywhere
From every dark corner among
Love is in the air on its own way
To dimensions of rainbow explode
Carrying with it the new day
From what the future bestowed

Peter S. Quinn

Looks Are Modern Reality (From, Rock Star)

Take me over there,
Where all things start to come;
I am always aware,
Where it's all coming from.

Looks are modern reality,
For making things worth awhile;
Love song's for - to be to be,
In any a given style.

You thought I was a face,
Playing around to be safe;
But now I have made you amaze,
Of what you only could rave...

Give or take any makeup,
And nothing is left of the dress;
Some are like Hollywood hills blob,
Coming out less and less.
I am your one in the flesh,
Giving the stars their shine;
Mystical in the twilight's enmesh,
Shadows that draw the line.
Mickey Mouse is my friend,
And the twinkling starlight around;
Beautiful dresses to apprehend,
Anything glittering that can be found.

Come and take your stare,
For I am what the world's missing;
I'll be around everywhere,
Real voice ranges hissing.

Looks are modern reality,
For making things worth awhile;
Love song's for - to be to be,
In any a given style.

Give or take my show blob,

And you will wake up more and more less;
The sugar is sweet in my cup,
Though colors of contrast are in mess.
I'll go nameless to the sugar ball,
I am so glad I came to there;
Makeup and dressing is my call,
Pound of my flesh how I 'functionaire'.
Give me a call and scream my way,
Star will come out that's not forgotten;
Let all my glittering on the Air play,
It's either showy dress or blue cotton.

Come and take your stare,
For I am what the world's missing;
I'll be around everywhere,
Real voice ranges hissing.

Looks are modern reality,
For making things worth a while;
Love song's for - to be to be,
In any a given style.

Peter S. Quinn

Losing Days

Where the day means something more
Surroundings walls of thing we do
Anything that is not insecure
With its lights that gives on through
Falling days with all their pieces
Rising streams of life and learning
With the sounds that the ears pleases
And turning their diminishing to yearning

Anything that is not all
But some way through new time
When it is for you to fall
In your living up to times prime
With the days that go in waiting
Black holes barely feeling sun
On their role they are debating
When there is still time to run

Losing days to the darkish night
On their ways to their nothingness
When moment's fall in their light
In with only shadow's caresses
Mistaking in its open reaching
Flying across the midnight sky
In their way and tincture bleaching
Without asking questions why

Giving me longtime running night
In their conquer of point to come
With each their thought of out of sight
Where every obstacle of dim is from
With nothing turning or be taking into
Only misguided of open reaching
When the day's light is gone on through
In the hours of giving and bleaching

(from my album: Something More)

Lost

We've lost ourselves on the way
For the small things to come
When end meets night and day
Each life 's short breathing bloom

In nights and dreams to be
Whatever is there from within
How you your own world do see
And how you construe it and spin

So much's there giving and taking
Their dreams to come and play
When what is lost is awaking
For nothing the same will ever stay

You have a certain own universe
Around your fingers and hand
Its involvedness contains stairs
That in time you'll understand

We are lost against this light
In the grain of the sand 's sun
We'll never reach its high flight
For our little time's on the run

Though you can keep on playing
Around those 10 fingers in air
Our tiny dreams aren't staying
For nothing forever's really here

Peter S. Quinn

Lost In Daydreams (A Lyric)

Make my heart a beat in time
With everything in parting prime
Of love that is of cold rime
With love that is like dim night
Of days that have lost in flight
For this is much too much to live
Of feelings here of inside give
Flown to vision of their own
And therefore are now all alone
To know what's of wrong or right
To sketch avow to its gone light

Lost in daydreams for the night
Beats of the sun and themes
Wheels of time turning on bright
Giving sense and touching dreams
Love is a hold to take and feel
Running through words tried
Inside mind they become real
Within every deep they are tied

Morning vows of coming trust
Filling in spaces of going thrust
The glimpses of dawn's robust
Touching the soil and the earth
As the light comes to new birth
Touching the sky in its minaret
All that's within the dim unmet
Over the hills in shadowy deep
And never is for too long to keep
To know what's of wrong or right
To sketch avow to its gone light

Refrain...

Lost in daydreams for the night
Beats of the sun and themes
Wheels of time turning on bright
Giving sense and touching dreams
Love is a hold to take and feel

Running through words tried
Inside mind they become real
Within every deep they are tied

Peter S. Quinn

Lost In My Mind - Sonnet

Now lost in my tomorrow cloudy mind
With the heart beat of every findings way
I left my head there somewhere behind
Before I knew drifts of the coming day

Each hour is darkness now forward to me
And giving me no guidance to the lost
I can't find yesterday - it's now almost free
For I have into dreamscapes crisscrossed

Each minute is darker and darker more still
On to the evening of shadowy light
Worthwhile understandings - diffuses shall spill
Through wandering routes of my headless night

It isn't easy sitting here on a high rock
In search of my head with time's endless clock

Peter S. Quinn

Love

You may think this is a blah blah, but it actually isn't...

Love is an easy word
More or less always so
You may go on and flirt
Nobody needs to know
Lovers have used it much
Given each dream a flow
Somewhere there is a touch
And maybe even a glow

Play with each its sentence
You might find something too
Flowing on each repentance
Everything is there up to you
Words sometimes come easy
Right from this point on
Then disappearing in a wheezy
Into oblivion all drawn

Why it is so I don't know
What is the point in such reason?
Just let it pass - have its flow
When there is love in the season
Love is so much to say
Bringing some inside in
Letting it have its way
Take with a heart throbbing spin

Peter S. Quinn

Love – For Love Is A Feeling (A Lyric)

Love love is a little sparrow
That fast its love on a branch of a tree
The forest is a road to joy and sorrow
And its love song for always to be free
For love of its days of eternity

Love love is a little sparrow
The feelings in a kindly love song
That touches the air like a morning glow
And gives every heart its day to long
For love is a feeling without wrong

Love love is a little sparrow
That is dreaming its way to the air
Joy time from summer it will borrow
And bring it to you and me here
For love to be around everywhere

Oh pick every flower for its beauty sake
And give it the pleasures of a bouquet
The dream of the sky and by the lake
In autumn you shall yearn and regret
But dry flower blossoms shall your love awake
And gives you again yesterday's dreamscape old take

Love love is a little sparrow
The feelings in a kindly love song
That touches the air like a morning glow
And gives every heart its day to long
For love is a feeling without wrong

For love is a feeling without wrong

Peter S. Quinn

Love – Like Candlelight

Our adore is there to give from or take
Of a two equal ways to everyone
In feelings of worth until they are gone
To bring up passions or further awake
For love is like the flowers - in its heart ache
That you have given or you have withdrawn
Complexities like crossing the Rubicon
In every its victory or mistake□

So give its affection like candlelight
That flickers to and fro with each assign
Their flowers shall rise in its worthy right
In its plentiful of earth and the sunshine
The growth within your heart is there to choose
Some at hand to win and others to loose

Peter S. Quinn

Love (The Strongest Power There Is)

Turn love up to life's burning flame desire
That comes and goes to everlasting
Feelings of the heart its inside casting
The flames of eternal glowing fire
Spinning of love that always goes higher
When there are known corners in hearts trusting
The combust of the flare never rusting
Mixture of involvement and admire

Credulous hearts reclaim all awaken
Quest into feelings of deep inside tie
Rising to living that always is taken
Touch of the moment that never must die
Breaching in the walls of flames burning need
Suchlike from in these lines to love read

Peter S. Quinn

Love And Be True

Love love and be true
And everything comes through
For both me and you
Love is a pleasing taste
Don't let it go to waste

Love love and be true
And everything comes through
There is so much to do
Don't bring anything in haste
Were misfortunes are placed

Someone needs you surly as hours are
Always be true and life is a wishing star
Or a moon cut heart
From end to start

Love love and be true
And everything comes through
For both me and you
Love is a pleasing taste
Don't let it go to waste

Love love and be true
And everything comes through
There is so much to do
Don't bring anything in haste
Were misfortunes are placed

Everything has its fortunate ways
Alongside its many trays
Our hearts is a red night moon
And we love mewling in tune

Peter S. Quinn

Love And Joy

I hear the words of the lover
It's going all around
Like none words of another
In life's heart they are found
Playful in their singing
Going on into the deep
Love and joy each on bringing
For its day in its sleep

I hear the words of feelings
Joy of times going by
A time peace of a heart stealing
Till there's again blue sky
From summer nights and days
That are now rising high
Each shade and color it plays
Till summer again says goodbye

I hear the sounds of their playing
Into deep roominess
Every echo that's there staying
For its moment's caress
All the happiness and earth peace
Joyful morning going on
Sliver threads and greenly trees
Everything that's in the sun

I hear the words of feelings
Joy of times going by
A time peace of a heart stealing
Till there's again blue sky
From summer nights and days
That are now rising high
Each shade and color it plays
Till summer again says goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

Love By Love's Lit

The sky will glow
For tomorrow peaceful day
And be its flow
With the hours that won't stay

So powerful is luck
That it will come and go
Not in times old get stuck
That you and I both know

Like love that's sure
In reality made
For uncertainty shall lure
And have its two way blade

Oh forsake if I'm ready
To give of my worth
Like waves that go on steady
To make new billow's birth
In magnificence heights
When they splash on to the shore
After the deep trite
From unknown ocean floor

*Rumi once wrote: "The sky was lit"

Peter S. Quinn

Love Can Be Here Forever

Love can be here forever
And it shall never depart
It can be two us together
In the ways of the heart
Close dreams we shall try
Of everything in times coming
Low moods or feelings high
Summer of life blooming

You and I from yesterday
When we came first close
Touches from era's interlay
Petals of a perfumed rose
Clouds that are drifting by
Nothing of standing still
The beauty of bluest sky
Our futures shall fulfill

Love can be inside this
Like roads of the ongoing
True like the first of kiss
Calm like the sun glowing
Days that shall never stop
Endlessly in their trying
Seedlings that'll grow up
Their roots to earth tying

Love can be here forever
And it shall never depart
It can be two us together
Inside ways of the heart
You and I from yesterday
Petals of a perfumed rose
Touches from time's interlay
When love came first close

Peter S. Quinn

Love Comes Across

Love comes across
Into the space of its own
When you're at loss
Nothing is shown
Teardrops like time stops
Flopping to nowhere
Yesterday becomes what's up
Losing its reality here

Love comes to give
And being a friend
Something to let live
When there comes an end
Tomorrow's ahead in hours
Somewhere in the middle
Pouring down shaded flowers
In to the times riddle

Come here and see with me
Nowhere land of understanding
What once used to be
In to the past is now landing
Roses of bouquets done
Lanes of the faraway
Somewhere to this it's gone
Somber ahead to the day

*Each of my poem/lyric also has a song to it

Peter S. Quinn

Love Comes And Goes - Sonnet

Love comes and goes like petals on flower
Some sweetness in its spiky passion crown
Each its new day and night through passing hour
In their luck with high wings and broken-down
The beautiful pouring in tenderly fire
Like the falling stars on heaven's dim high
To conquer the clouds of life's own desire
Before every flame cools away to die

Burning blazes of the heart is like wine
Making me dizzy with its broken dishes
Or like a cloud that eclipse the sunshine
With each reality going to their wishes
Because the earth is soil to every root
My heart is excitement to each love's fruit

Peter S. Quinn

Love Comes Love Goes (From, The River Sings On)

Love comes love goes,
Slow or fast it moves;
Like rain or wind blows,
Everywhere at once.
Love is like this too,
With each truth or lie;
Eager itself to renew,
Lover's ground and high.

Passion moves with feelings,
Gives or takes it all;
Truth is all there is,
It makes its own call.
Seeds of earth to grow,
With the ways of life;
Fast or coming slow,
With a purposes to strife.

Like the flowers on earth,
Beautiful in its thought;
Colorful of its worth,
To new stories brought.
Give your fruit or take,
With a purpose in mind;
Full of notions to awake,
Each of every new kind.

Love comes love goes,
Like the clouds each day;
In memories it glows,
And in the hearts it'll play.
You and I together now,
Break away to the sky;
With the breeze in our brow,
Going low down or high.

Love is always going free,
To dawn the early morn;
Summer will come to be,

With the seeds and the corn.
Give your fruits or take,
With a purpose in mind;
Full of notions to awake,
Each of every new kind.

Peter S. Quinn

Love Comes To You (A Song)

Love comes to you to give
A heart of standing time still
The dreams that were to live
And stand up to fulfill
Each night that rises high
In tomorrow to be true
And comes again to try
To show its truth to you

The feelings of the dreams
That is sometimes missing
Into the onward streams
That time is always kissing
When these moments are hope
To let home for everyday
And never to pretend elope
When care for becomes okay

We know our love for more
When we come here to try
In every peace and in war
And when it says goodbye
Love comes in peace to revive
Every hour from its dark
And exist and become alive
That once again shall spark

Peter S. Quinn

Love Dances Away

Love dances away
Into morning glowing
Soon is another day
With its sun flowing
Yesterdays are gone
Onto the old lost
Here comes summer fun
With its new trust

You are now memories
Passion of the past
Like breeze on trees
Your ardor didn't last
Billows on the sea
Always run to and fro
Into the past eternity
Everything shall go

Love dances away
Up to the clear sky
Lost its inter play
Lose its knotting tie
Clouds in vapor far
Going out of sight
Upon a wishing star□
Burnt out in the night

Peter S. Quinn

Love Everything For Its While

Love everything for its while
And never really let me go
It isn't old fashioned compile
To move away from the flow
Be just you in your kindness
In every its new showing
And you shall have more caresses
Then now is worth knowing

Love me and touch my soul
It's a road to its many ways
Let every feeling have its role
In coloring full and its plays
Whatever there needs to be?
To set the moments higher
And give you those wings of free
In man's conquering desire

Love is a love for its own shake
And much in touching from you
Inside is a love to give and awake
Always in freshness coming thru
Giving the reasons for its trail
Everything worth there to show
And never old fashioned in style
I just thought I'd let you know

Peter S. Quinn

Love For Eternity

Love for eternity
Always with you
Flying on so free
And coming again thru
Swings of times giving
Flowing in the dark
Love songs for the living
See how they do spark

Yesterday is only
Several steps behind
Going on to the lonely
Lost from day and mind
Dreams that were trodden'
On to footsteps gone
With our tomorrow forgotten
As we move on and on

Like bricks in a wall
The layers of time fill
As summer days to fall
Colors of leaves spill
Now the cold is outside
Filling its vow of air
Moments in hourglass glide
Growing pale everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

Love Freedom Song

Hear the words in each life say
With the coming of the full day
Though everything is soon to be gone
Our heart and love is never done

So much feeling is outside stay
With the coming of the full day
Though everything is soon to be gone
Our work and play is never done

Hear the love that speaks to you
In its loving and it's much of true
There is no freedom in any war
There is just you and who you are

Say peace and bring it through
Much is still like hazy clouds
Give your heart in being true
With your love on to the crowds
Tomorrow comes with all to renew
To bring away those low down doubts

Tomorrow comes with all to renew
To bring away those low down doubts
Hear my song in the peace of day
Give your heart and hear it play
Bright morning comes in freedom's beat
Easy to love on love true street
Yes - easy to love on love True Street

Peter S. Quinn

Love Has An Easy Meaning

Love has an easy meaning
To touch and touch through
Hearts in love are beaming
Into their affections true
Where is your heart right now?
Does it have what it takes?
Can it manage somehow?
When everything's at stakes

Easy go ever returning
Casting their playfully on
Inside the fire is burring
Hot as the bright real sun
Feelings are tricky to treat
Nothing completely cured
Always some tender defeat
Hiding to be insured

Passions one thought easy
Always complexity show
Tender and flickering queasy
Is their flammable glow
You think you have it all
When you in love become
But average soon may befall
On each of your desired plum

Peter S. Quinn

Love Has Many Customs

Love has many customs
And places to go to
Some are small
Like atoms
We still don't know
Filling with its brightness
Giving new meaning to peace
Floating on air in lightness
Becoming someone's heart
Mantelpiece

Every world
Has its good conduct
In what they want us
To resonate
Feelings we live
And are unlooked
Everyone wants to weight
Especially if with love
They are made
To give us a good tone
For then they through air
Forever are played
And never become alone

*E. E. Cummings once wrote:

love is a place
& in this world of
love move

Peter S. Quinn

Love In Its Never Ending Gems

Love in its never ending gems
Is always like a rose
Thorns by its stems
And fragrance at petals close
Filling the dreams of its days
In flames of desires great
Every emotions woven's interlays
It brings in its debate

As sweet as the morning glow
That still is in freshness
Or cold as the freezing snow
Without affectionate caress
The song of the simple and deep
That goes all from within
And ours together is to keep
In its step by stepwise spin

The flower you hold all dear
Though it never comes close enough
Even from the inside here
It sometimes is merely a bluff
Though still we keep searching for
Each its bouquets bright
Though its shallow leaves are more
Closer to winter's dim night

Each festoon you bring to heart
And peaceful is within mind
Those flowers that never depart
Though night has left them behind
Those blessing in dreams are made
With beauty of any nobleness kind
With sharpness like razorblade
That you only in love shall find

*And he said: Love is the main commandment

Love In The Woods - Dreamscapes (From, Without A Doubt)

Day has spoken through the first glow
With summer moods song from birds
Now there's morning for a new day to flow
Leaves with the breeze whispery flirts
A day so sweet is coming on
Full of new wonderments up to wake
Let every its dream live our wishes on
Making of colors for the eyes to take

Love in the woods dark and deep
Where every flower is growing its worth
Dreamscapes of content ours to keep
From freshly brown fragranced earth
Day has spoken from its dawn's start
Anything going in its completeness
You and I living again from its heart
Finding its softness in its caress

Now the rain is falling dropp by drop
Trailing the way to each new play
And what goes down must come up
Every of the new seeds in the beds lay
Love is a whisper from morning breeze
Giving its talk where it must pass
Though the leaves up under the trees
As spring comes in and autumn once was

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

Love Is -

Love is the handful of earth and its song
The summer ongoing of meadows and green
The reach of your wishing and what you'll long
Every tempered shade that lies there between
Your roses that glow in multiplying colors
A river that throbs to its way to sea
Like thunder that roars and to the sky hollers
Everything of mood inside of me

Each beautiful dream extinguished and far
Deep of every delight that comes through
Thoughts making your voice to show who you are
Like flame that reflects and always is new
Love is the kissing and burning across
And never to nothing is in for loss

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is - A Love Poem

Love is the deep from the inside,
The wonderful ways of each season;
Blue sky above and the clouds that glide,
A heart in moments touch - without a reason.

Everything that comes into lives play,
Summer and winter songs that call;
Life in all its many wonderful ways,
Pictures of each season, bouquets of fall.

Daydream of colors, that seem ordinary,
All that is of love - so sweet and so new;
Colors of seasons fresh and so free,
Love that comes from inside and is because of you.

Sweet moments of love in its every go,
From here to eternity in its turning glow.

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is - Sonnet

Love is the handful of all give and take
Closeness together of what you might know
Coming like first steps when dawn is awake
Incessant earth in the first falling glow
Shadows between the secretly delights
When the glow of the light multiplies on
From under the fingers of darkish nights
When the moon and the stars are almost gone

So much of you so much of me in red rays
When deep mouth of space opens in kissing
And shades of the light to instances plays
With silences of thought and ongoing wishing
When beautiful day rises in its glory
Gives us more life with hope in its story

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is (#2)

Bring me through times hopeful of being
Light that is surrendered in tenderness
Like feelings of softly inside caress
That always its powerful wings are freeing
Love a compassion and thought that is seeing
Something to give in its ever transgress
You and I in self-serving becoming less
Every true love's footsteps guaranteeing

Love is us clasping like a closing flower
Giving out happiness for its own call
That expires never to lofty skies air
Every earth's emanating fresh hour
That never to blanching leaves must fall
Because you are always in love and near

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is 2

Love is a love to try
We know it both so much
Never to say goodbye
Always be true in touch
Love is a love to try, love is a love to try

Love is a love to try
And never to feel alone
Opening heart and sky
All with its inner tone
Love is a love to try, love is a love to try

Giving a torch and way, giving a touch and way
Giving a touch and way. Our is love today

Love is a love to try
We know it both so much
Never to say goodbye
Always be true in touch
Love is a love to try, love is a love to try

Love is a love and play
We know it both so much
Making us feeling okay
Never to lose its touch
Love is a love to try, love is a love to try
Yes love is to never say goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is A Feeling

Wherever you go there will be sunshine
In to our daydreams we together share
Each the colorful shades - line to line
Rainbows in clouds going to everywhere
Flowers in bouquets - woolgather glowing
The hours we had always are timeless
In our hearts every feeling knowing
Of touches within our souls to caress

Musing meaningful as the time flies by
Through every doubt in distance road on
Where we departed from the body and souls
I will be yours in the epoch of goodbye
Nothing parts us in season circles done
Love is a feeling heart only controls

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is A Garden

Love is a garden somewhere to be found
Beats in their oddness and own reality
Feelings that are chained or make you all free
Coming again here through and close around
Streets of the time they are born and living
Like dices that role on their sideways
Each of them something more on giving
As opportunities to the moments plays

Promises to keep to summoned new deal
As invincible as the wretched and the meek
Forward to deal its remnant fleet and feel
Instances surrounding some to tweak
A garden of garlands but weed plants there too
Their blossoms of giving when seeds come through

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is A Love

Love is to let it flow and shine
Anything inside of mystery
Giving a feeling you can't define

Something to hope for never let go
Always much inside giving free
What it is I cannot really know

But it is giving me something
That is always much luck
From every inside cord and string
Never to nowhere stuck

Love is a love I have for you
Love is a love that always is
Someone to hold dreams true
Something to give from and miss

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is A Precious Feeling

Love is a precious feeling
With so much tender done
Each from past summer stealing
To carry its whispers on
Heart into heart are falling
Never to be left alone
Memories from there calling
Walking from steeple stone

If you love truly truly
All is in your heart still
Dreams are for always to be
Each footstep they will fulfill
Always believe in you
You can accomplish it all
Beyond the sweetest blue
Each of your dreams may fall

Love is just what you wish
Much of it comes to be
Unremitting sunshine bliss
Always to comfort carefree
You have your times to give
Likewise so many have done
Bring in the feelings you live
Fore all of its love's here gone

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is A Spring

Love is a spring
The real sweet thing,
All is in the air
With the clouds there;
Of this we sing
To our thoughts bring,
From here and there
We drift to everywhere.

Love is a soul
That can't be in control,
With the equipment
This world makes current;
For we are a road
We each carry load,
Which starts from within,
From where we have been.

Love is a star
In peace and in war,
A light on the sky
Until it shall die;
Of this we sing
To this we cling,
Till the end comes
Through time it hums.

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is A Tender While

Love is a tender while
Everything to find
Touch and a feeling's style
From body and mind
Like sun it's rising high
Forming from asunder
Blossoms that never die
In heights of its thunder
Love is you and me
All from its inside blossom
Forever wild and free
In all its new act to come

Summer like a sunrise shade
Free with all it's giving
From the inner self made
Made with a form of living
Dream of mankind's fires
Teardrops of a rainy day
All from passion's desires
In its most intimated play
When you're giving free will
Fantasy play and a touch
Climbing the freedom's hill
With love that'll love so much

Love is a tender while
Never to go on blind
Future walks every its mile
New kind of passion to find
Tides of its deep ocean
Coming to enduring shore
Footsteps of giving emotions
All that a free will can store
In that we can accomplish
Inside and further far out
Dream that becomes a wish
That's what love's about

Love Is A Thing (A Song Lyric)

Love is a thing for you and me
Always just coming in
Just like a breeze on top of a tree
Giving its wonderful spin
Feelings much coming and going
Rising so high or low
Always from the inside glowing
If your are the one to show

Some love is good-for nothing
When it's not sincere
Only from outset always bluffing
Giving you nothing to share
This is the untie one knowing
When there is love to know
Streams away like river flowing
Before it ever will grow

My love I swear I will give
To anyone that needs my heart
And can with me together live
From the moments we make our start
I know I am not that very easy
Sometimes I blow like a breeze
Or I might be in love cheesy
With a little bit too much squeeze

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is All

Love is all
Catch its dream
When you hear a call
Of its river stream
Love is you
Going on and on
Sky high in blue
Everything ever done

Love its fire
Passion's finding way
You are its desire
Awaking its day
Love its ocean
Splendid deep sea
Your heart's emotions
Whatever it's to be

Love can never die
Only go away
If it's only a lie
Not awaking true play
In rhythm and harmony
Building its clay
Wings of the free
Glow from its stray

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Always Calling

Love is pure in dark
Mysteries in their own
Glow in time's own spark
Something not now shown

Love is always calling
Into the unfold going
Like dreams are falling
Without ever knowing

Many ways are changing
Things in life we know..

Our thoughts rearranging
Until it's time to go
To somewhere from moments ago

Different ways of feeling
Nothing's though for sure
Sometimes it's so appealing
In its ways and lure

Love is always debating
Finding new to the old
Changes in their waiting
Nothing forever will hold

Many ways are changing
Things in life we know..

Our thoughts rearranging
Until it's time to go
To somewhere from moments ago

To somewhere
From moments ago

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Always Coming New (A Song In Progress)

Love is always coming new
Freshly born to go on
Every its aspect is so true
Till the heart has been won
Written daydreams among clouds
Or foolish ways to go about
Making loneliness among crowds
Filling spaces with its doubt

Love is always dreams for two
Giving something in return
It is so much to be true
If you want from love to learn
Every heartfelt moment's dear
Giving love its coincidence
Have a feeling that's near
With its mood in every chance

Love is always coming new
Freshly born to go on
Every aspect is so true
Till a heart has been won
It's like heavens blue above
And the clouds drifting by
Much of both in thinking of
In its hazy and clear sky

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Beautiful And Fragile

Love is beautiful and fragile
Though everything is still going
Show of your love and your smile
So love has a purpose in growing

Nothing is surly to be all real
Love is a way in each difference
Coming and going as you feel
Give time its purpose and chance

Love is a way and an embrace
You have its time here in your heart
Feelings of freedoms and its ways
From every day you are apart

Something is growing and giving
Nothing will last though forever
Just take your time in days of living
So you have love being together

Love is a way to be again found
Nothing shall be forever all gone
Times are changing coming around
To carry loves time on and on

So make a chance in your living
So you'll find and give even more
There's so much in love that's giving
If you just know what it's all for

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Colorful

Love is colorful
In its true simplicity
With its inside pull
Always more to be

Like a cloudless sky
In the never ending
Reaching high near by
With its color blending

Love is for all
Always true and new
Summer's winter fall
As they both come thru

Every freshly take
That never stays for long
In its happy wake
Of a summer song

Love is all of this
Never ending glow
Mystic light in bliss
In its evening flow

Rising skies dawn
With their moments give
Where feelings are drawn
And in heart shall live

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Coming

Everything just comes clear
In the night of twinkling
When our love is quite near
With the breezy crinkling

Love is coming through the grays
Of the ways of more and more
To our intermediate time plays
To open up their closed door
Every dream is not so far away
In their passions going stray

You may think a foolish thought
From your day of reality
What you shouldn't and ought
From every turn of simplicity□

Love is coming giving ways
With its inner most flame
Tumult of the various strays
That is never staying the same
Taking always a fresh new turn
In those feelings that we learn

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Endless In A Way (From, Myspace)

Love is endless in a way
With our desire to be forever
Anything you say or may
Becomes true or never

Restless is each day apart
When you are feeling lonely
And you don't know where to start
For you have your desires only

When we are young we need to try
Find out what we need to do
Clear our vision and ask why
What of love shall become true?

Moments are so few among
Wishing ways to love and caress
So we come again to long
For love that's kind of endless

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Everything

You must know love is everything in two
With the touching words alive two sides
Like black clay and a kiss on to collide
The shaping landscapes offered to renew
The Twilights along the roads of delight
When secrets of life are turning along
With the beats of passion both weak and strong
In making the moments of their appetite

A heart that explores the open roads
And shapes the onward stepping stones there
With pleasures and sorrows on each avenue
To give in the weight and carry life's loads
In point of happiness and trusting affair
That always is so much up to me and you

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Here

There are times there are pleasures
In everything we have and do
Finding ways to all those treasures
Is a moment for me and you

Love is here and love is there
Times to make and times to live
In everything we have and share
Heart of dreams is what we give

Dreams are coming some are true
In their ways and moments still
In reality they do come through
If you have them here to fulfill

So much comes through the years
With new times and opportunity
Playful traditions and all its cares
What just makes life come and be

There is time there and there's you
Turning ways to future roads
Everything is coming here through
Taking off to all their heavy loads

Love is here and its everywhere
You just got to find it and be free
Every love you need is here or there
That's how each hour comes to be

Love is here and love is there
Times to make and times to live
In everything we have and share
Heart of dreams is what we give

Love is here, love is here...

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is How (From Rock Star)

Love is here to go around,
Everywhere where lost is found;
Bring back in the singing,
And the quartet's stringing.

Chorus

Love is how the world goes,
Moves you on and gives you glows;
Heart is what is ticking on,
To the days till they are gone.

Love is here and everywhere,
Moving ocean from there to here;
Take my love and bring it higher,
Let my fire burn in desire.

Love is how the world goes,
Moves you on and gives you glows;
Heart is what is ticking on,
To the days till they are gone.

Love is here and everywhere,
Moving ocean from there to here;
Take my love and bring it higher,
Let my fire burn in desire.

Find your feelings in each touch,
When days are longing much;
All your ways go sweet with me,
Hope it goes like that eternally.

Chorus

Love is how the world goes,
Moves you on and gives you glows;
Heart is what is ticking on,
To the days till they are gone.

Love is here and everywhere,
Moving ocean from there to here;

Take my love and bring it higher,
Let my fire burn in desire.

Love is how the world goes,
Moves you on and gives you glows;
Heart is what is ticking on,
To the days till they are gone.

Love is here and everywhere,
Moving ocean from there to here;
Take my love and bring it higher,
Let my fire burn in desire.

Love is how how the world goes,
Sweetness in sweetness,
It glows and it glows.

Love is how how.

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is In Luck

Love is in luck
Of every moment on
We are here together stuck
In our own kind of spun
Listen to the wave sound
Something is coming
Every circling around
Something in sun humming

Bluebirds in a tree
Singing a happy tune
Each one quite secretly
In the daydreams of June
What a fun it is
Being there and playing
No one winter shall miss
When summer fun is staying

Let's be together now
With the sunshine bright
So much gladness somehow
From the day and night
The stars aren't shining
Only twilight's dawn
On the red horizon lining
And its nightly gown

(A song from my 'Beautiful Melodies', a lead sheet shall follow shortly on the net)

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is In The Heart Deep

Love is in the heart deep
Like the seeds of flowers
Every near adore to keep
For the imminent hours

Sweetness in your heart
Touch of moments dear
Every feeling's counterpart
That is within you there

Like the songs of singing
In its refinement melodies
That your beat is bringing
Of the softness in its please

Joyful wonders of the high
All its echoes there giving
Like the blue in a clear sky
That in earth of love's living

Love is always everything
In the softness of its dream
Though some have waxwing
That at times nowhere seem

Each its footfall in life falling
Rivers of deep and through
With songs in a heart calling
If its passion's evidently true

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Just You And Me

I love you with each new thought that comes
Like every dream that from inside will grow
Each of our time is leaves with its blossoms
Magical hours that mustn't be allowed to go
Feelings that touch us because we are in love
Deeper than ocean and higher than the sky
Just like clouds drifting to and fro above
Worth every moment till they drift to goodbye

In every our minute life will beat time
On to tides spring summer and autumn
Even in winter when frost is at prime
Our love gives passion ad-infinitum
Love is just you and me in our own way
Like night starry clear or morning of day

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Like A Blue Lagoon

Love is like a blue lagoon
Filling the nadir of water
Sunshine or coldness of moon
A space star goddess daughter
The objects of inside and out
The casts of the rivers flowing□
Each direction that life's about
Sometimes to nowhere going

Night to the wings of a dream
Breaking the ways to the hour
Glow shine inside its own beam
Northern light flickering flower
Somewhere to go into space
Finding end of a burning flame
Dreams of dreams many ways
Come to thoughts - never same

Love is like combustion through
Flaming the heights of shadows
Deems of the sky far and blue
Morning that comes in its glows
Enduring distances inside
Clouds in the uprising going
Every thread smoothly sublime
Something of tomorrow showing

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Like A Twinkling Star

Love's like a twinkling star,
And umbra there interplays;
I need you for what you are,
In your own ordinary ways.
Thoughts are flying out,
None will for long stay;
Just like a lonesome cloud,
Drifting to the faraway.
I need you by me side,
For evenings are so lonesome;
When somber thoughts abide,
As dusk and night will come.
Thoughts are flying out,
Into the darkest days;
Where forgotten things lie about,
And umbra there interplays.
My heart is full of dreams,
As I walk down the street;
Shadowing the sun beams,
Below my lonesome feet.

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Like An Open Book

Making things and make believe
Are the thoughts we do
Through the waves of vision cleave
Every whisper and its coo
Something like the poems are
Finding words to say
Every nightly wishing star
That shines in its dreamy ray

You and I so to each near
Always with so much to write
Wonderful in mixing dear
Reaching every fancy height
Love is like an open book
Answers to each yes and no
With its irresistible look
Full of undertakings to know

Making thought predictin' on
With a heart not set aside
Till the fluttering is all gone
From the evening and dayside
Always more to say and give
With a wish of every little star
Moments to recollect and live
Though they are from here far

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Like Forever

Love is like forever in the time we have
And then it so easily away goes
Feelings of inside will move to the out
And be forgotten

To feel every part is like nothing else
Always to be there and give from yourself
Watch passing time painlessly go
In to its past in every stanza

How would you describe in an ordinary way
How you love and how you are loved
If not forever
And then some more
As love
Gives more of its continuous beat

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Like New Morning

Love is like new morning glow expression
Corolla of sky irises inception
Each thorn on the rose and its progression
The clouds lifting in their drift perception
Tender lines of the greenery leaves
With its blossom flower of tomorrow
In each heart that's pounding on and grieves
When feelings of its heartbeats bring in sorrow

The earth in its sinuous and growing on stream
Dawn colors filling sky with its beginning
The dance of the shadows in glittering beam
When the wind at top of trees is still singing
All the fervor of love searching and free
In roots of shadings run forever to be

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Like New Spring

Love is like new spring
Wonderful shading blooms
To aspiring heart it'll sing
Different in hue volumes

Give it its occasional woo
So it comes from asunder
Long times are itches due
If you'll stop to wonder

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Love

There is always this love
With sky of sunshiny way
Like the blue heavens above
Sometimes in colors gray
Love is love for always more
Or it goes without a touch
If you are not of this sure□
Perhaps you haven't loved much

There is harmony there too
Something touching instants on
With mysteries for me and you
Never in love fully done
All with dreams in simple truth
Flowing spell forever free
Endless passion in its youth
To love renew or let it be

Love is love for always more
Or it goes without a touch
If you are not of this sure
Perhaps you haven't loved much
You are you in all you are
With your heart and love to give
Dreamy ways and wishing star
Make their moments to revive

Love is love for always more
Or it goes without a touch
If you are not of this sure
Perhaps you haven't loved much

Perhaps you haven't loved much...

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Never Easy

Love is never easy
So much to give and take
Encounters of the breezy
In its moments awake
Feelings to meet halfway
Surrounded by outside
Moon glow in another day
As those thoughts hide

Love is such a feeling
In its certainty and lie
Instant of pleasure stealing
In its tether and its tie
Wall that can grow tall
From echoes of mind set
Never again to make call
On its outside and reject

Love is all we are
In pleasures and learning
Inside deep and afar
Its ways are always burning
Rivers of times reaching
In its giving and taking
Always new ways teaching
In love of hearts making

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Nothing But A Dream Faraway

Love is nothing but a dream faraway,
Sometimes though it seems all so plain and true;
And all pure of feelings inside of you,
Like night that is awoken by the day.
When in early dawn it comes to array,
With everything that is there starting new;
When the things of the dark are overdue,
And light with life again will start to play.

The moods of dreams are like the truest love,
You cannot handle with passion alone,
For it flicks with flames in the rooted heart.
All what is real is from it there above,
Giving to a dream quite a different tone,
Life's realities opposite there apart.

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Of Truth (From, Occasional Songs)

Love is of truth,
Giving and taking;
The futures and ruth,
All in new waking.
Something from here,
And some from within;
Like a river bare,
Spinning on low spin.

Oceans of feelings,
For no eyes to look;
Turning and wheelings,
Forever on a hook.
Treasures and turnings,
Leisure times on;
Inside heart burnings,
Never the flame's gone.

Love is of thee,
With all what I long;
The summer to see,
Breezes in a song.
The birds in a heart,
The lovers doth hear;
Sweet in the depart,
For the balladeer.

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Sometime Easy Go (From, Myspace)

Love is sometime easy go
With its many ending's rein
Feelings that we come to know
With its contrasting grain
Sometimes it leads to nothing
With daydreams only to fill
Junctures of understanding bluffing
Something there that never will

Perhaps I will fall again
With the heart that knows not why
Fulfillments of much pain
Every occasion in its try
Love is love in many ways
Giving and taking from its past
Moods upon the self that stays
Only as each love shall last

So is much still to wonder
And many days to understand
Feelings outside them do ponder
With each touch and command
Love is never in a disguise
With its heartache and soft touch
Neither are there certain lies
When it says I love you much

Perhaps I will fall again
With the heart that knows not why
Fulfillments of much pain
Every occasion in its try
Love is love in many ways
Giving and taking from its past
Moods upon the self that stays
Only as each love shall last

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Such A Ruthless Way (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Love is such a ruthless way
To many of its mores turnings
With the impossible it will play
Closer to hold its burnings
Raising those rainbows deep
From its magic inside out
Not many of its trinkets to keep
When you know its skies about

Eyes that nestle in the beauty
Many times by various glances
Begin to become of only duty
When its golden wand dances
Hand in hand it's all really true
The impracticable of its charms
And it's a lot up to me and you
To avoid its much plainly harms

At day its stars desert the sky
And its dream becomes in vain
Wings of inside that cannot fly
Lure in thrilling hard to explain
Like an ocean rushing to shore
Giving salty water of the deep
For one more desire to contour
When again it awakes from sleep

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is Such A Sweet Way To Go

Love is such a sweet way to go
If it's deep inside your heart
Let it just come fast or slow
Not being something else apart
Try to give in to feelings true
Sacrifice anything for them then
Love's so much always up to you
Wherever we see each other again

You may resist but never for long
If you're a part of my dreams
We might've been so very wrong
Somewhere before our redeems
But now there's love inside here deep
Moments and routs always so near
Ours to give away take and to keep
Something of love to have always here

Rightly or wrongly whatever it might
I can't resist you darling of my desire
You are my forever always so right
Wings into height flame of the fire
I just can stop thinking of you
Before I begin there is no reality
Over the hills into the ocean blue
You're there controlling my memory

(Inspired by the lyrics of Cole Porter)

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is The Deepest Feeling

Love is the deepest feeling that goes for all
And gives of its height its wheat and fresh snow
Its hill and its meadows, if found, you'll know
What makes the water in rivers that call
It is of summer as much as the fall
Unquenched among climbing vines, those go
In lights of fire in the bush that will glow
Through the walking of time and its enthrall

The dark leaves that fall in the passing day
May reach every crown of cold and heat
Be delight of springtime or desert way
At dawn coming blossom or night bittersweet
Love is like peace always quite hard to reach
It takes precious time to give from and teach

*Best wishes to all and a Happy New Year!

I wish you all Love and Peace ...

Peter S. Quinn

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is The Only Way

Songs from revive earth
A heart its strings play
In springtime's rebirth

Affections is like clay
You mold it to its worth
So it'll meet love 's day
In moments of mirth

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is The Thing So Sweet

Love is the Thing so sweet,
Uncurable in its true way;
Everything therein so need,
Like each the word you say.
And if you have a wish,
Love is there too in its play;
Like a dream or a bliss,
Something you can't portray.

Bring in times of wishing,
Let it be true to the heart;
There is a lot of demolishing,
Where roads of love starts.
With hope in each footstep,
And longings there besides;
Turning with interest and hep,
With each to other coincides.

Love is the Thing you know,
If it be so simple and true;
Trust is the only aficionado,
You must conquer and accrue.
Remember all the following,
That comes just trough to stay;
Though it might need abolishing,
Before it's in its truest way.

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is There (From, Without A Doubt)

New days feeling so fine
Coming through to know
Like beginning sunshine
In the grass to glow

The boundaries there between
To every two and two
Something that can't be seen
Except when love's there too

Just the beginning of fresh spring
The early sets coming on
When a latest bird will sing
For a tree in the sun

Love is there to sacrifice
Glowing shining bright
Every error and their tries
Coming to the fire light
When the night is gone away
And the morning's glowing
Before a young summer's day
In the battles growing

So much of each understanding
What it is and what it is not
New daydreams are landing
To the ones you already got

Flow flow to their direction
Give to reverie's start
The old and gone deception
Has bygone from your heart

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is...

Love is just you love is just me
This you ought to know
Love is for two love is free
For moments that come and go
Yesterdays were feelings so much
Now today it's nearly all gone
Heart with its beat love with its touch
Life in its way to live and to go on

You and I are always so near
Moments in winter and night
Reaching for what still isn't here
Days in new summer and light
With its colors of many ways
Of everything outside and in
The days in their many grays
Magnified in reality and spin

Love is just all or love's nothing
Feelings from inside grown out
Love is reality never a bluffing
For love is what love's all about
Today is its moments of treasure
Finding a way to lovers heart
Deep of emotions and pleasure
From the inside where all love start

Love is just you love is just me
This you ought to know
Love is for two love is free
For moments that come and go
Yesterdays were feelings so much
Now today it's nearly all gone
Heart with its beat love with its touch
Life in its way to live and to go on

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is.....

Love is like the deep inside
Of never never ending
Carefully arranging the flowers
Of moments coming
Of everything said and done
Love that is touching
So much of inside and outside
That ripples like the sea

You and I the flowers

It's like spring that plays
On and on its refined tune
Of carefully structured melody
In days beginning
Something a moment has only once
Before it's all gone
Something of togetherness
Only for a short instant
In the touch of the moment

The song that's in our hearts

Peter S. Quinn

Love Is.....

Love is like a dream come true
In its moments and its touch
All is there in bright and blue
Love that gives and says so much

Love is like a bright summer sky
Sunshine coming and glowing
Reasons never to answer way
Only feelings of love knowing

Love is you and love is me
Days and nights like fresh of spring
Always precious and always fee
Inside a heart that's listening

Love is gold of its many ways
With everything of what you are
Holding on to the memory days
When those moments are gone afar

Love is in all the sorrow days
When you are alone with memories
Days coming in bleakly grays
Outside spring and summer breeze

Love is you and love is me
Always true in every its while
Hours that come and become free
Days of its gone in love's beguile

Peter S. Quinn

Love Letters Of The Fall (From, Myspace)

Love letters of the fall
Yellow brown reddish leaves
In stillness moments call
In yearnings and its grieves
Summer day becoming old
And the sky sated in sunset
Autumn bleaching unfold
With feelings of love's regret

Dreaming carelessly in dawn
Falling tinge and its turn
The coming of winter's gown
In the skies of its darkish burn
Dying of the forest singing
In roseate woods golden sight
To the heart now bringing
The evening of sky and light

Love letters of the fall
With days in silences going
Now to every sense must call
In blue shine moon glowing
The end time of ruddy young
Never to come back this made
Only in thoughts still among
In past summer and shade

Peter S. Quinn

Love Love Don'T Let Me Go

Come love sweetheart
Bring me something to say
It's our day now to start
True love is coming our way
Love love don't let go
It's in the times and the air
The touches that we know
Whatever comes to be here

Some love in youngness too
Darling close inside
Whatever comes to you
And can not from outside hide
Love love don't let me go
It's in our time and clear air
The touches that we know
What ever comes to be there

Love roads each turning way
Longitude to the times past
Clear like a full astray
Smokiness of misty cast
Don't ever let me leave you
For there is no reason why
Lets be together times through
Till the final of our goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

Love Love In Sunshine

Love love in sunshine
Dreams that are always free
Times going by so fine
Settles on and to be
Feelings like golden crust
Weaving on to the endless
Life is but earth and dust
Affections and its caress

Love love in faraway
Morning comes then so bright
With blue sky and day
After the sleep of night
You and I lovers to dream
Nothing is here for sure
All is so endless it seem
Horizon in a faraway lure

Love love in a thought
Yesterdays gone to the dark
Life and hope has brought
All that tomorrow shall spark
Giving and taking time
Life as a love song for you
Echoes of years in prime
Coming and going through

Peter S. Quinn

Love Love To Reach

Love is such an eternal feeling
Everything is turning to side
Giving you freedom

Heart in a beat a touch stealing
Each time we search and abide
Where beauty is from

Love love to reach
Give it away and teach

Dreams to the evening are falling
Day of tomorrow every calling
Giving all their freedom

Love love all reaching
Affections or errors teaching
Leaves in passion bleaching

And you are the echo of its call
Dreams of its array and fall
Love in a day dream faraway
All in its reach and its play

You can become a dream 's reality
Bring in love and make it free
Yours to grow and blossom

And you are the echo of its call
Dreams of its array and fall
Love in a day dream faraway
All in its reach and its play

Love love to reach
Giving away and teach
All that 's around you
In futures from past to reach

Love love to reach

Giving away and teach
All that 's around you
In futures from past to reach
Love love to reach

Peter S. Quinn

Love Makes The World Go Around

Love makes the world go around
and brings dreams to your door,
makes the time go to be found
because that's what love's all for.

Life just comes and then it's gone
like dreams come and fly away,
each day is just to go on and on
into other dreams and fresh play.

Love makes my heart want to find
everything that dreams are about,
leaving the yesterdays all behind
never be in discontent or doubt.

Life is just time with those years
making our dreams coming true,
with everything fixed to adhere
for days do get old before new.

Life comes and goes like a dance
spring into summer and then fall,
with winter and memories stance
before the days of love's last call

What you had then you'll remember
dreams were for real - before lost,
days from fresh spring to September
to give memories that crossed.

Peter S. Quinn

Love Makes The World Go Round

Love makes the world go round
it's the day and night of living,
all love is there inside found
more and more always giving.

Be a human of every season
dreaming of hope and its prosperity,
love's a way for a given reason
making life full and everyone free.

Love makes a turning point in view
everything becomes more easy,
be to your compassion always true
though some moments come breezy.

Love makes the world go round
it's the day and night of living,
all love is there inside found
more and more always giving.

Come and find your own true heart
don't be always loathe and selfish,
then your new morning shall start
in awareness of life and embellish.

Everything in existence is forgiving
for nothing is only here for you,
start hope ways with your living
and always be patience and true

Love makes the world go round
it's the day and night of living,
all love is there inside found
more and more always giving.

Love makes the world go round
all love is there inside found.

Love Me

Love me and love me
It's all I ask of you
Let me in your heart be
And I'll always be true

Love me forever
You know I need you so
Let us be together
So we can on grow
Let us be together
Never let love go

Love me and love me
You are my mornng light
Always in my heart be
Through each darkish night

Love me forever
So we can find our way
Love that is forever
In each coming day
Let us bring in sunshine
In every day so fine

Darling please stay close
Whereever you are
Love that never goes
Like the morning star

Love that never goes
Like the morning star

Love me and love me
It's all I ask of you
Let me in your heart be
And I'll always be true

Love me and love me
It's all I ask of you

Peter S. Quinn

Love Me For Love's Sake (From, Poet On Www)

Love me for love's sake,
All is for it here on earth;
Give me like summer wake,
What each love is worth.
My heart is open still,
With love like an youth;
Each dream trying to fulfill,
To make it become sooth.

Love me for what I am,
Be so close and near;
Let it not be a flimflam,
What we have to share.
All my dreams you'll find,
If you'll show treasures too;
Let not a heart be blind,
All of this is up to you.

Love me for our dreams,
Like the shimmering sea;
Where every wave seems,
Billowing on so happily.
Our dreams are like starshine,
Floating high in the clouds;
I'll be yours if you'll be mine,
Not strangers in lonely crowds.

Peter S. Quinn

Love Me Today

Love me today
Don't start tomorrow
Love me my way
Time won't borrow
It goes to distance
And feeling will die
Now is your chance
To open my sky

Love me for now
In every beat
We shall be somehow
Love letters read
Feelings from deep
Home in our heart
Our to keep
From love's start

Love me to night
When dark is here
In the moon light
Closely and near
I am yours as much
As you are mine
With every touch
In every shine

Peter S. Quinn

Love Me Too

Love me too - like a river stream or the air
Give me emotions from your loving wing
Every breath of tone - to my heart to sing
Love me for being with you still always here
In all emotions because I'm alive too
Like a bird flying through the incessant sky
Everything what you hold dear as I
This passion for being just close here to you

Make the light be of flaming fresh desire
Everything that the heart knows inside
With wonderments of feelings going higher
When we together through the blue glide
Oh love in sweetness and always changing
Be forever true in your ways arranging

Peter S. Quinn

Love Me With Your Love (From, Myspace)

Love me with your love
If you feel the same way
These times are so full of
Night and its lonely day
Be my blessing and my worth
Truthfully to love and fulfill
Every hour in its new birth
When we climb another hill

Love me easy love me now
Let the truth be inside there
Give me passion somehow
Every sorrow to disappear
Be my blessing and my worth
Truthfully to love and fulfill
Every hour in its new birth
When we climb another hill

Love me with your kindness on
So my life may become complete
So much into nothing is gone
On our ways and lonely street
This and that won't do for me
If it is not sweet and tender
I just want to love and be free
The rest I'll return to its sender

Be my blessing and my worth
Truthfully to love and fulfill
Every hour in its new birth
When we climb another hill...

Peter S. Quinn

Love Of Love To Be

Love of love to be
Something new and fresh
Every opportunity
In its enmesh
Longings to fulfill
Every aspect true
Moment's silent still
What their ways do

Heart's beating inside
Patching rhythm along
Thoughts that do abide
In each goes along
When there is silence
On a night's row
And the shadows dance
In the darkish glow

Love of love for me
Singing distance ways
Every line is free
In its many trays
Loving that was lost
Through a night and day
In oceans was tossed
With nothing more to say

Peter S. Quinn

Love Of The Night (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Nowhere is near to my heart
On this dark evening night
Love is a song that will depart
When comes again morning light
You and I never the same
In to each yesterday gone
Burning inside forgotten flame
That shall blaze day and day on

Evening in dark lonely way
Like clouds drifting far and high
Love of the night set for a day
Just like the blue endless sky
Rain must fall in to our eyes
Nothing will last with us here
Seclusion low down and highs
With diffused moments of year

Nowhere is with me here still
Giving its friendless nothingness
Empty streets isolations fulfill
When love in a heart can't say yes
You and I have yet tomorrow
To give to days that comes through
Never let deep downward sorrow
Catch up with feelings like you

Peter S. Quinn

Love Oh Love

Love oh love just come to me
Let you your sweet heart begin
Let those beats be forever free
All to the out - from here within

Sweeter song I have not heard
Then the beating of true heart
Like singing of a summer bird
Each beat that from love will start

So here's your song so fresh told
In a beating's songs own way
Those tunes shall then never grow old
And always be new each day

Peter S. Quinn

Love Oh Love Is Everywhere (From, Lost Song Poems)

Love oh love is everywhere
Like inside my dream,
Here and there yesteryear
Puffing up lofty stream;
Spring is once again near
With morning so plentiful,
Winter on its underwear
The last of the frosty jewel.

Love oh love is coming now
Blooms soon starting to show,
Worries die out somehow
With the last winter's blow;
Give me a hope in the living
That will follow a sunny day,
There is so much worth giving
In the beginning of new May.

Love oh love is here to share
With wonderful thing to be,
To heal the old shallow arr
That once were here adoptee;
Spring's again nearly born
Filling my longings and wish,
What in earth ways I adorn
I can't be without all this.

Peter S. Quinn

Love Oh Love You Are Still Here

Love oh love you're still here
Your dreams rising everywhere
In my heart and inside burning
In days and nights of yearning

So much is inside each your way
Like sky of sunshine every day
And burning high in its desire
Your love's spreading out its fire

Dreams of day and into the night
Dreams of heart burning bright
Flowers blooming all like before
So much giving and always more

Night is now with dreams near
Dark is outside from here to there
And still your love's without doubt
Sure of love and what it's about

Love oh love you give my days
Much of dreaming and many ways
All is certain within your heart
Nothing of uncertainty drives it apart

So my days shall find you still
Every morning in dreams to fulfill
Late at night and into my sleep
You shall guide me and safely keep

Peter S. Quinn

Love Should Be Like Morning

Love should be like morning in tenderness flow
If you say in honesty you love me
Like daybreak to the rising in its goal go
That flickers on its fire heat in sparks free
Love should be a good friend to get along
With every helping feeling saying it's true
Timeless conquered singing in its song
That puffs up like a smoke onto the far blue

You are what the night gives in your love
Drifting each passion that keeps coming on
Life's but a rain cloud of sunshine far above
That with its time is trying before it's gone
Love me tender in your heart of crowded space
We are both feelings and torches of its ways

Peter S. Quinn

Love So Sweet You Are

Love so sweet you are
In everything waking
Like wish upon a wishing star
Times and purpose making

Love that comes and grows
Feelings from deep inside
River streams eternally flows
Nothing in love can hide

The morning is full of
Something in fresh day
Purpose and pure love
Meets hope half the way

The rest's up to me and you
Mornings never the same
Everything is meant to be true
For that's in love's name

Love so hopeful you are
Meaning so much to me
Heartbeats near and afar
Everything you want to see

Touch of moment's chance
From the inside and out
Beauty full of romance
That's what love's all about

Peter S. Quinn

Love Song (5 Haiku's)

Rest my heart in night
For sun shone so full and bright
- Before twilights flight

Day was young in light
With perfect assortment sight
- 'Fore it came the night

Rest my heart so full
Of these affections so dull
- Into deep they pull

Will my love there lull
And make each effort a null?
- Now my love is full

Rest my heart in night
Above haven's stars may glide
- I know not what's right

Peter S. Quinn

Love Song (From, Rock Star)

Love is here and then it's gone,
All the same for everyone;
Things to make and to be done,
Two together one for one.
Grow your heart inside a trust,
All things of love are a must;
Nothing to do with evermore,
Always be of your feelings sure.

Crying game and a burning flame,
Riding high and sometimes low;
All is in this earthly same,
Feelings burst to cold or glow.
We do love to lead the full way,
Give as much as we can give;
See the glowing rise the day,
What it's worth just make up and live.

Love is in the clouds and dim,
Riding high with stormy waves;
Beautiful world oh whimsy whim,
Live in the well and misbehaves.
All is within the years to go,
There is nothing to run from;
What you've said the wind will blow,
New thoughts and days are still to come.

Peter S. Quinn

Love Song In The Air

There is a love song in the air
Beautiful full and growing
Sunset of colors everywhere
In the evening of its glowing
Dreams that were going by
Revolve in stillness around
Golden insight into the sky
Never again to be found
Distances turning in light
Red yellow moment's bliss
Shadows dancing for night
Is evening's ultimate kiss

All is reaping into the night
Glorious moments going
Loosing daylight's flowing light
Into the dark of glowing
Dreams would never stay
On for the coming hours
They'll turn to colors gray
Or fall down like the flowers
There is a love song in sight
Yesterdays gone forever
Playfully moments of light
Giving the minutes together

Peter S. Quinn

Love Song Of Winter's Night

Love song of winter's night
With many thoughts to give
Stars falling above bright
Promising wishes to live
Within them everyone's dream
In a love light that glows
Coming through darkish gleam
Before it soft again goes

Love songs for you and me
Everything from the heart
From the beats of eternity
Where everything's to start
Hopes with clear promises
Somewhere out in their dark
The joy of man's caresses
That tomorrow might spark

Love songs of winter's high
With many thoughts found
Hello delights and goodbye
Everything comes around
So much joy in everything
From nights of winter's come
Highest tones now to sing
Where spark of snow's from

Peter S. Quinn

Love Song To Flowers,7 Rhyme Haiku

Blooming blooming red
In the summer's beauty bed
- I have now you met

Blooming blooming white
Where shadings of gray abide
- Contrast to the night

Blooming bloom yellow
It's you time to say hello
- Sunny and mellow

Blooming blooming pink
Let me for a moment think
- While my eyes you drink

Blooming bloom crimson
One of daylight's bygone
- When the sunset's on

Blooming blooming blue
For-get-me-not in renew
- When this time is through

Blooming blooming green
You bear the leaves in between
- Of everything here seen

Peter S. Quinn

Love Song To My Muse (Fragments)

Oh playful heaven – sweet!
How a wonder is star dust;
With lingering so neat,
That never on earth will rust.
We live by strange name,
The spirit only knows of;
With where there's a flame,
And true feelings of love.

This chanting of a singing,
Full harmonies in the length;
To each one it is bringing,
Their spirit so full of strength.
For I never knew before,
Why silver swans did so sing;
Tantalized to earth shore,
Until death silences bring.

Each thought is like a lily,
Or roses of tinting gold;
That throbs like the heart,
And never will stop to cold.
Each fire then reinforces,
Gives the strength and power;
That from other sides crosses,
Like dust in golden shower.

Peter S. Quinn

Love Song To The Coming Morning

I'm like night in the sunset
Feeling red clouds in the sky
Wind in the trees full of breeze
Swirling up leaves so they fly

Meadows and hills shades in blue
Flowers in silver and gold
Darkness comes so untrue
Fairies in the moonlight hard to hold

Magical moments in twilight
Breaking off silences with a song
Leaving the day coming to night
Shadows are still though young

I'm like night in the sunset
Touching the moments that go
Into umbrage of absurdities
That lived in the day a while ago

Lilies and fields are in darkness
Moon is behind a blue cloud
Day shall wake up in dawn fresh
When dusky shadows are disallowed

Peter S. Quinn

Love Song To You

Love song to you
With all my heart to give
In a beautiful morning blue
Where memories live
Every dream that is glowing
Like arising daybreak
When a morning is flowing
New in its first wake

My heart is longing still
In dreams never beyond
In tomorrow to fulfill
Parting again or is dawned
In every love song new
That gives a morning fine□
And we have seen go thru
In hours of our sunshine

Love song evermore
On to the gleaming light
Those days go by and pour
In contingency dim flight
Wishful days are blanching
In mornings still to come
And love songs branching
To Forget-Me-Not blossom

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs

Love songs do live and die
Just like summer moody days
Winter is now near by
Snowing in its snowy grays
All our dreams are now cold
Onto the blackness of ice
Nothing from spring to hold
Only gray morning dim skies

Love songs to make and give
On this old frosty road
We now in coldness live
With every dark somber load
Summer is far away from here
Ribbons in times gone
Love songs of theirs somewhere
Onto the remoteness on

Sunrise skies winter's dream
It's so cold now outside
All frosty in flickering deem
As they to glowing glide
Yesterdays dream now in deep
Never to return here again
Only their memories to keep
Within this lonely between

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs – Easy Going

Some morns are easy going
With wonderful sayings to say
Onward breezy flowing
Turning out their best way
Something that's trouble-free
Effortless and in singing
Sharing a part what's me
In their expressions bringing

Sing them and try to feel
So they may continue their burn
Only be in simple colors teal
In each their way and turn
Personal verses to give and share
In their point of exposure
Going from here to nowhere
In each their refrain enclosure

Songs of my personal approach
Singing themselves to time
Step by step in their encroach
Until they to choruses climb
Love songs to evenings in cast
So you will see the reddish sky
When morn and eve have past
But the melody isn't ready to die

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs – Gone By (From Album, Like Love Is True)

What will it be today and tomorrow?
Shall all your dreams come through?
Feelings of yesterday to borrow
So much is still up to you
Rain comes and clouds get away
Always some new hope bearing
Every love is the hours that play
And get tossed up in their old wearing

If you could feel on like me today
Somewhere to know and then to find
There could be equals justified play
In every wave that to shore grind
Love is a love ever so close
Giving as much as sometimes you do
Evening of pleasures before it goes
Into the old for coming of new

What shall it be that we are searching?
Never to find before its goodbye
There is much deep from inside lurching
Giving our heart heartfelt try
Sun comes and shares its blue sky
Flying of cloudlets from yonder of past
Love songs of mornings gone by
Each in their new flowing and cast

Love songs of mornings gone by
Each in their new flowing and cast

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs (From, Myspace)

Love songs that go by
Filling my heart with glow
Shining through blue sky
With everything they know
Ours to take and give
Everything that is there true
Making our own to live
When their time comes through

Love songs of the deep earth
Raising the seeds to go
Finding the soil that's worth
Building up and to it sow
Ours to make and thrive
Living thru its many varieties
With right moments to arrive
In assortments and contrarities

Love songs of mountains high
And deep valleys low
Anything here that's worth its try
With all the luck you know
The timeless of space and hours
Rivers that to sea are flowing
The wilderness small flowers
That always in spring is growing

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs ...

Bring me nothing but good hope
For love songs shall perish easily
Like winter in thoughts elope
To mornings of tomorrow breezily

Your love's filling the air with song
That comes through dreams moving on
Soon they'll all to yesterday belong
Like everything before told - is gone

Each beauty is simple - not telling why
Only given mystic to you it will show
Listening vaguely to their around tie
Some of their smolder in fallen glow

Simple is not always the flowering shade
With something to say in its flower
Of bouquets so in variety languidly made
Each for every single going hour

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs Of Liberty

There is nobody here that teaches me
Song of hope or liberty
Everything comes in quite unclear
Giving some form of what to share
Love songs of ever ending themes
Sometimes just in forgotten dreams
Some of their hopes are in their due
Living for times that are untrue

If man is to live for never-ending
He needs to try out and mending
Side by side to give and take
Reach to higher ground and wake
Love songs that come to build up
Never to sing too low or stop
Yesterdays were too unreachable
So tomorrow must be teachable

There is nobody here that gives freedom
It must be build up by some
Dealing with what you rightly choose
Be there to rise or to lose
Love songs that are to find a way
Not unreachable in their own day
Standing strong for all to reach
Give their answers someone to teach

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs Of Living

Easy glowing in its going
Just like the day to night
When light to dark's flowing
Into ocean of lost flight
Nowhere to go but under deep
Around the horizon line
Beams of sun rippling weep
There comes dark into sunshine

Yesterday's feelings always old
Lost in their deep memories
Where every ebbing will enfold
Into the forgotten seas
Love songs of living
Deep in ones heart
Through every season giving
Into its new start

Come here and glow morning slow
Into newborn day
Before the gleam again must go
On its twilight way
Hush every leaf in the breeze
Hour of silent close
Coming through dim and trees
Before again it goes

Love songs of night day so bright
All into life showing
Bring in the day high and bright
Every footstep rowing
Nowhere but here in beauty lies
Strangely in dawns fire
When every cloud burns in dyes
Like love's desire

Yesterday's feelings always old
Lost in their deep memories
Where every ebbing will enfold

Into the forgotten seas
Love songs of living
Deep in ones heart
Through every season giving
Into its new start

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs Of My Heart

Love songs of my heart they will come and go
With every song singing for a while
In a feeling with the world and its smile
Freshly coming as the breezily blow
Dreams within a dream we will come to know
Each singing away of love and beguile
Varieties of heart and passionate style
Just like a morning of fresh summer glow

Feel not depressed or in lonely blues
When morning is so young with each bouquet
That woven is with blossoms of new spring
Day is lovely in its full amuse
When nothing comes up needing regret
And my spirit in daybreak wants to sing

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs Of The Faraway

As the dreams come and go
Gliding light through the evening
And the eyes of the night glow
With the stars that twinkling's bring

Yesterday is gone away
Into the walking of going past
Where all our memories still play
In their dream space cast

Love songs of the faraway thoughts
Those once were close and near
With their every moments and lots
That we once did hold inside there

Where our beat falls on the ages
With the living in circles
And the answers are of weighs
Coming through less and less

Dreams of our long gone stay
That behold in the mystic forest
In their long gone turning way
That we were once with blessed
As the dreams come and go
Gliding light through the evening
And the eyes of the night glow
With the stars that twinkling's bring

(from my Album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs Of The Night

Love songs of the night,
Full of the morning to come;
Beautiful within the light,
The shades of dim blossom.
Soul in the evening's end,
Voices of a nightingale;
Glisten stars in the blend,
Nothing too still or stale.

Morning of vivid sun,
Orange to yellow bright;
Dawn of beginning fun,
Reaching to blue sky's height!
Heart in the bursting shadow,
Questions growing to be old;
Last of their dim blue glow,
Night and moon can't hold.

Nights that dream on still,
Tricking the thoughts to believe:
Those are the wishes to fulfill,
Once realities they will relieve.
Love songs of the night,
Brightening up with new crown;
Setting the clouds on their flight,
Shifting away the starlight gown.

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs Of The Night (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Love songs of the night
Every day to be lost
Gleams of the faraway light
Through time once crossed
Where dreams are calling
Outside shimmering sky
From its saunter falling
As hours of darkness die

Flying on going motions
To all vanished yesterdays
Through disturbing commotions
In its perspective plays
What do they know of love?
In its passionate cooperate
With their mist far above
And fates mysterious gate

Like you and I are feeling
In sensation of deep abyss
With moments self-revealing
From outlying time's bliss
Love songs in the deep dim
Circling around the verity
Tinctures of sweltering vim
Inside profound unfamiliarity

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs Of The Night 2

Love songs of the night
Forever you are going away
Times of summer strong light
All those once meet the day

Mind-set of fragrances red
Everything roses can give
That on to withering bled
Flowers that monetarily live

Love songs of the darkness
Dreams in their falling now
Swept away in summer caress
Onto cold winter's brow

The wings of the flying free
Timeless in their singing
For leafless is now its tree
Only the snowflakes swinging

Love songs of beating heart
Now are all scorched away
In their color flames depart
Turning the earth to gray

But never forget your love
It still's from inside burning
Whirling like cloudlets above
Its pleasures forever yearning

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs Of The Past (From, Myspace)

Love songs of the past
Are like a memory glow
In many times and cast
That came to and fro
With hours losing identity
For being not steadily
Everything in life's coherently
Made to be done readily

Love songs of the past
They are always trying
Filling each their cast
Before diminished in dying
Raindrops fall on them
The days shall forget
They'll become bleak emblem
In the times to regret

So much of lost is showing
The opportunities befall
Into the times of glowing
Straps in a sight and trawl
Follows your heart in days
Perhaps love comes again
Turning point darkish rays
Everything is now in vain

Love songs lost and done
Carry the weight no more
Like glisten that once shone
On to times steady shore
No man's territory is this
All that is gone to deep
Like the red of sky bliss
No one is allowed to keep

Love songs of the past
They are always trying
Filling each their cast

Before diminished in dying
Raindrops fall on them
The days shall forget
They'll become bleak emblem
In the times to regret

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs Of The Sea

Love songs of the sea
They drift the shore along
Giving themes wild and free
In their to and fro song

Billows in the faraway
With rainbows above high
Are here to meet tomorrow's day
In new and coming sky

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs That Are Here Today (A Lyric)

Love songs that are here today
Maybe all gone tomorrow
Time is a challenge play
In to the hours it will borrow
Nowhere to go but here
In our destiny on
Something that is somewhere
Till it's all gone

You and I love to stay
Blissfully on a pleasure row
Waiting for times to weigh
What there shall soon go?
Why is there some year
Youthful in a happy run
And then it's a lonely tear
Without those pleasures fun

Love songs that are here today
How awesome they can come
Nothing forever to stay
Only for a moment some
Yesterdays that gave its steer
Into the summer sun
Are some now long gone year
Into time's weaving spun

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs That Fall Apart – A Lyric

In to its nothing
From the ongoing way
Time in their bluffing
Day by day in gray

Reaching to the outside
Falling from within
As the times glide
Into their own spin

Yesterday is nowhere
Only sweet memory
Turning its threads from here
Setting its course free

Love songs that fall apart
Filling the days found
In its own freshly start
That from nothing is bound

Confused and disarrayed
Abandoned in its tangle crawl
Through the twist masquerade
Before they together fall

Trying much to stay alive
In what I believe to be right
The world is in its contrive
Without and sketch of light

Times in its own command
Brushing its way to trust
Reaching complex understand
In that we thought lost

Yesterday is nowhere
Only sweet memory
Turning its threads from here
Setting its course free

Love songs that fall apart
Filling the days found
In its own freshly start
That from nothing is bound

Confused and disarrayed
Abandoned in its tangle crawl
Through the twist masquerade
Before they together fall

Time is lose on the past
Where stillness is found
Make believe in a cast
New skills that come around

Days now are turning lost
From their young bright glow
Those that got double-crossed
On their approach to go

Nothing can protect now
Those that have vanished to die
Time is their disallow
As tomorrow goes by

Peter S. Quinn

Love Songs With Feelings In Its Beat

Love songs with feelings in its beat
The ticker of beats all life through
A love to a moment touching treat
All that is from the inside part of you□

Hours gone by but always delivering
Dream that no one's without and near
Between moments and days giving
All that is inside in the beats you hear

Loveliness of touches that turn you on
Flowers of thought between the two
precious in memories and years gone
All that is a part of me and of you

Love songs that still give their touch
Always their burning in inside and out
Something in the beat that says so much
That is what every love is all about

Peter S. Quinn

Love Sweet Like A Fragranced Rose

Love sweet like a fragranced rose
Ever just going on
Always like true life that goes
Never fulfilled or done
You are just like this way
Carrying your beating heart
Summer on a sunshine day
Coming so fresh from start

Our love is so eager love
Bouquet of roses to fulfill
Going like the clouds above
Into the bluish sky still
Wondering ways that are
Only my heart and you
Love is like a catching star
All is so innocent and true

With warm feelings and touch
We can conquer the scene
We both are in love so much
Nothing may come in between
Raindrops on a cloudy day
The sorrows from long past
Nothing shall stand in our way
This true love shall forever last

Peter S. Quinn

Love That Is Just Pain

Bringing on the feelings
From the inside fast
Love that hurts in peelings
When nothing's going to last
Trust this heart of sunshine
Bring the vast right in
Everything from line to line
In its eternal spin

The daydreams with its heart
Everything in now going
From beginning and start
That from inside is showing
Glory ways and trust
The dream not coming true
Now falling to its dust
For others to renew

Love that is just pain
In questions and soul mates
Searches thru its vain
That with summer fades
All that you were giving
And empty brought on
Now not worth its living
For its days are gone

Peter S. Quinn

Love To A Dream

Give your love to a dream
That drifts like clouds by
Love sometimes nowhere seem
Faraway in a cloudy sky
Everything has a wishing way
Longings that never die
Dreams reaching out to play
Giving each our heart a try

Fervor of love's wing
Things that will come and go
As days forward sing
In its pliable memory glow
So much is still to reach
Finding the road to apply
Dreams to the future teach
Those that with you'll tie

Heart is full of its today
Love beats of fast and slow
All what makes love forte
In its timeless tomorrow flow
Everything adore shall bring
As it accomplish out to show
Forever to the future sing
As dreams to its reality grow

Peter S. Quinn

Love Was Here

Love was here
And then it was gone
From inside to somewhere
To the memories on and on
Feelings from the heart
In every love song true
When days drifted apart
That once got here through

Those sweet memories
Once in their free lifting
Wistfully longing Dees
Every its occasion drifting
Too close now to understand
In their lock nearing days
What those times command
Within thoughts and says

What we had all then
Was next too carefree
And it never comes again
Either for you or me
Only like times flying
In to its lonely aged cast
Without even trying
To be there too long to last

*The above poem, I wrote while reading at:

- And as I was doing so my computer broke down and I lost my poem, so perhaps my 2nd time writing of it is not quite as good as my 1st time, but we shall never know.

Peter S. Quinn

Love With Its Echo In Dream

There are emotions in our dream night cast
Filling space without reality reasons
In a merry-go-round all time seasons
The moon comes up but the sun isn't past
Filling the walls with faces in shadows
Some transfusing cells in the brain matter
Finding each other before they clatter
Their memories stationed inside the goes

Feelings that quiver leaves of the brains
Intruding footsteps through distance thinking
In galaxies of circling next to dream
Mind wave cities suburbs outer lanes
Every thread of its light trap blinking
Before it to nowhere - forever will stream

Peter S. Quinn

Love, Dream About Me

Love dream about me
Let me become your star
A faraway light free
Into the night and afar

Love let me be free
Onto the eternal sky
Faraway forever to be
Light of the rising high

Everything in tonight
In glistening sky dreams
Wishing stars in flight
Where everything good seems

Space of eternal light
With stars glowing beam
Living forever in flight
Of space dreamy stream

Love dreams harmony
Nothing is going old
Just endless lighting sea
Into the dark unfold

Light in glow symphony
Dust of time reveals
Melody - a part of me
Everything my heart feels

Peter S. Quinn

Love, Love

Love, love is so tender awhile
Giving light to freedom
Smooth in its eternal style
Where all passion comes from
Living isn't meant to be easy
Just to open up you're giving
Each its way might be a bit breezy
In the days of its living

Love, love comes here to darkness
And be like the sky blue above
In your full of tender caresses
That each morning is of love
Rise to the shining new world
We have brought in at our own
And many ways of affection impearled
In our hearts were love has grown

Love, love comes now all to me
Like the clearance of the sky
Set my wings up to drift on free
Into the dimensions of high

Peter S. Quinn

Love, Love, Love

Love love love
Is like rain to earth
From the clouds far above
Giving life new birth
Every breath that we take
Through the good and bad
The day that is about to wake
To make the hours ahead glad

Love love love
In the inhalation of its reach
So much in plentiful of
To live it worthy and teach
Like days that aren't here
Though in memories still
Every moment once there
That had our dreams to fulfill

Love love love
In all that are you and me
The secrets romantic cove
That makes the flirting free
To give and also to receive
Within wonderment of you
Treasures of make believe
That sometimes can come true

Peter S. Quinn

Love.....

Love is what you know
a feeling from the inside,
instants that come and go
though some may abide.
Touching soul and heart
in hours worth of gold,
that never again depart,
and never grows to old.

Love's a moment's touch
from everything you do,
it says in silence so much
and secrets to only you.
It is from the inside deep
like flowers that grow on,
yours eternally to keep
when love's forever gone.

Love is what you give
and all you'll everknow,
some moments you'll relive
when you yourself will go.
For love is from the heart
like magic in your thought,
and never it shall depart
if you have well it taught.

Peter S. Quinn

Love's Not To Love

There is time in your heart to grant and take
For two sides to come through and to bring
That in words can't be told - or silences swing
In pulsation which arises awake
Through love of the moments that come to be
Infinity feelings opening to fly
For onwards in loving and reaching their high
Everything that is and always is free

Love's not to love but to give of - as much
Truly in keys of the participant reach
Of their worthily aim and newly touch
That always within will give more and teach
Hearts of true beats that thoroughly on lives
To new levels reaching that further gives

Peter S. Quinn

Love's A Feeling (From, Dried Flowers)

Love's a feeling that everywhere should go,
Burn on like the stars in fiery dark skies;
Flower of waiting - surely must some time know,
Everything there is because truth has no lies.

Love in the heart is like song of the moods,
Measure for each measure so deeply with root;
Takes nothing because of its high altitudes,
Just like a bird or a tree with its breadfruit.

Passions of much hidden meaning as well,
The heart that is throbbing and still awaiting:
With a key you can't see or even touch;

Each part and realm the future can't foretell,
Nothing in there is made of reason debating:
Only what you give yourself - and as much.

Peter S. Quinn

Love's A Melody

Sweetness in the air
Feeling at liberty
From inside here
Dreams on the far
Catching the day
Falling wish star
Made of its clay

Just like you
In all of this
Always so true
In passion's bliss
Day and night
Waves of its touch
Catching its flight
In love so much

Love in its long
Moments and space
This is its song
In plentiful ways
Brightness to be
As it comes clear
And you will see
How love is near

Peter S. Quinn

Loves Eyes

Loves eyes
Within and out
Full of surprise
And has its doubt
Something to do
Feeling inside
Both me and you
Touches that hide

Dreams in the night
Stories untold
Sketches of light
Shadows so cold
Days that are dark
Into their hours
Winter glow spark
Frost silver flowers

Touches of heart
Beat in a melody
Where shall I start?
In its rhapsody□
All is a feel
Strings of affection
Sometimes not real
Only a rejection

Peter S. Quinn

Love's Sweet As It's Bitter

Love's sweet as it's bitter in crown of jewel
This spiky passion of its torrent cosmos
Each corona of sorrow and darling rule
That conquers my soul in each its otiose
Oh fire of love I adore each your way
In the morning of the heart's many truth
You bring to the night the leaves of the day
And your cool leaf is a chalice of youth

The moments are here because of your heart
In longitudes of ways its wine is filled
Declaring the sun in the desire it'll start
But like a shattery mirror it's tilled
Oh how your beauty is like a smoke that goes
On to the air with its fervor - and its glows

Peter S. Quinn

Lullaby

She is rushing into her lullaby
With time she's night and day
In the morning of new dawn sky
When her mood is in a silent way

Every walk that she goes in glow
With the deepen light of hours
When dreams are in rush and flow
Like the opening freshly flowers

As a night goes along to sweep
In its weavings of breathing mist
And dimming clouds are in deep
Of evening that a day has kissed

She returns in golden red light
For awhile to stay there and give
For she's a lady of quiet night
Where dreams are sleeping to live

Traveling from day to afternoon
In their weaves sleepless hollow
And awakening again with moon
With a glow of quietness to follow

She is rushing into her lullaby
With the dreams your eyes desire
Opening up to the starry far sky
With makeup of deeps and higher

Peter S. Quinn

Luminous Night (From, To Oscar Act Iii)

Day and night will never stay
All is gone before we know
Love is like it in its play
It will come and give its glow

Disturbing we sometimes are
With our love and our heart
Either way it's much bizarre
From times it gives its start

Blowing clouds on
Sky will clear too
For we know love's gone
For both me and you
Luminous fires inside
Weightless and its fluky fly
From the moments hide
When love says its goodbye
Going from the ground
Just like dreams of two
Never again be found
Only something new

Blowing clouds on
Sky will clear too
For we know love's gone
For both me and you
Luminous fires inside
Weightless and its fluky fly
From the moments hide
When love says its goodbye
Going from the ground
Just like dreams of two
Never again be found
Gone and passed through

Peter S. Quinn

Lyric To A Babe (From, Lost Song Poems)

Oh baby babe give me a sign
Something I can relate to,
Or I'll be walking a strait line
Trying my luck without you;
Reaching the top from the low
Everything's fine here with me,
We further away shall grow
If we to love can't both agree.

Like the times will settle in
With all the reasons and doubt,
Growing apart is a sin
If we can't live here without;
Feelings we gave to both
With arms reaching to hold,
When giving trust and betroth
Searching the warmth in cold.

Oh baby babe give me a life
That I can call of my own,
Searching I've been in and strife
Never to be more alone;
I've meet faces in a row
That never to love shall agree,
Like lonesome wind that will blow
Unreachable down to any tree.

Peter S. Quinn

Lyric, There Are Stars (#11 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

There are stars here,
There are stars there,
There are stars everywhere;
In your eyes and in mine,
They continue to on shine...

There are flowers in spring garden,
But I ask still for some pardon,
'Cause the winter is hard on:
Snow and frost to combine,
Otherwise, it is doing fine...

We could fool around for a day,
It would feel right and okay;
Tell me just if I surely may,
Or should I wait till you're as I'm,
If we both have still then time...

There are stars in both your eyes,
Time on wanders till and flies;
Your irises are blue as skies,
Little darling still in prime,
Keep my poem, a little rime...

Each our lives - a falling wishing star,
Coming closer or drifting afar...

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

Mad

I live here free
Still in the sound of time,
A reason comes
But there is in there no rime;
In common words
That come and go,
Both backward and forth
Who'll know.

They took away
Fresh pot and new,
Imaginary soaked up
Among the few;
Always gleaming through
To a next day,
Bless full after requesting
What I'd say.

I answer not
Remembering what then comes,
Like a buzz of a bee
It continually hums;
Conversations
Turning away from reality,
Only splitting personalities
Inside of me.

Chatting to myself
Continually on,
Attention giving
And even poking some fun;
Seeing out the window
Garden and the walls,
Like a fragile autumn leaf
That whither and falls.

Then in a split of a second
I'm as born afresh,
Remembering

When my thoughts were less;
Restrained to those
From inner state of mind,
Then again I go
And this world leave behind.

Peter S. Quinn

Made Of Stars

We are all made of stars
That will never die
We are all made of stars
From the low to high
Reaching to every out of way space
Full of moments that come and play
Every heart beat in its own place
Through the night and coming day

We are all with a heart
And like flowers we grow
Each and everyone with need
For their dreams to on glow
Right and wrong through hours
Passes on till it's gone
Born like seeds to be flowers
Every way that is here done

We are all made of stars
With their eagerness to try
We are all made of stars
And through times we fly
Trying all to make our difference
In a world that can give us all
If we will have that real chance
When fresh dreams of ours call

We are all the same to love
Making time for days of joy
Drifting like the clouds above
Nothing can our hope destroy
Indifference we sometimes are
Though we didn't mean to hurt
For we are like a glisten star
Twinkling on in our convert

We are all made of stars
That will never die
We are all made of stars

From the low to high
Reaching to every out of way space
Full of moments that come and play
Every heart beat in its own place
Through the night and coming day

Peter S. Quinn

Madrigal

Take my love song
And bring its whiles
To a heart that'll long
In pleasures and smiles

Take my nocturne
And bring it from night
Sorrow that burn
In their lost flight

Every dream that'll go
To the morning on
From the darkness ago
Of distress liaison

Take my love song
And bring it close
Where feelings belong
Like thorns of rose

Peter S. Quinn

Madrigal: Sweet Is This Autumn

Sweet is this autumn coming in
With its wheels of shadings twin
Everything for inside heart
Bleaching time to start
My dreams now up to fill
With its colors and leaves to spill
Love is here to give its calls
Sweetness comes from dripping falls
Keep my moods in constant stray
Every glowing stillness day
Oh my yearnings in autumn's weal
Thoughts of moments from me steal

(Inspiration: John Wilbye, Madrigal: Love Not Me for Comely Grace

Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face;
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart:
For those may fail or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever.
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why;
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.)

Peter S. Quinn

Madrigal: Sweet Sweet My Love

Sweet sweet my love
Come close now
And give my heart one more try
Each cloud above
Its lowbrow
Shall else fill my sorrow's sky

Sweet sweet my true
You still are
Like the summer sky in glow
Its azure blue
Afar star
That only true lover know

Sweet sweet the one
Never lost
You bring my passions high
Till love is done
Away tossed
When the years will say goodbye

(Inspiration: John Wilbye, Madrigal: Adieu, Sweet Amaryllis:

Adieu, adieu
Sweet amaryllis.
For since to part your will is.
O heavy tiding
Here is for me no bidding.
Yet once again
Ere that I part with you.
Amaryllis, amaryllis,
Sweet Adieu.

Peter S. Quinn

Magic Evening

Magic evening
Thru night and waves
Mirror gleam living
In a heart that craves

Yesterday was ambiance
Now is something more
In aquatic acquaintance
To the vast shore

Magic glowing
Dream of red yellow
On heaven showing
Moments saying hello

Sea of exotic song
Dream to set sail
Romantic heart to long
In its sodden trail

Magic of sky
Thru the ember ocean
As its time goes by
With its full emotion

Love of possibilities
Morning that shall bring
Blue drifting seas
As dawn again will sing

Peter S. Quinn

Magical Poems

Magical Poems
magical poems
glow in time's dream

half-remembered
with illusions
of joy and grief

sung in memory

~*~

eternal dance
goes on and on
each moment
given a change
to find a place
in the sun

sweet blue eyes
with shadows
in twilight grays
your moonstones glow
in love different ways

what come and goes
in life interplays
and nobody knows
what goes or stays

blue ocean waves
tides - on and on...
the coming days
in the red Spanish sun

with love they are
and within beaches of sand
under the twinkling stars
love they come to understand...

...sweet romance cafes
in love's music adagios
with love different ways
and the air full of arrows
where hearts conveys
and nobody knows
what goes
or what stays...

Peter S. Quinn

Make Believes In Summer Dreams

Make believes in summer dreams to tell,
In its coming moments of new growing;
Token ways of the summer dreamy spell,
Now to spring are again here all showing!

Dreams that were in winter's deep cold and dark,
Flow now in with their new difference dress;
Every blossom to their fullest spark,
In the freshly airy morning caress.

The fresh summer seeds are growing fast now,
For the coming of the Ester blessing;
In their whitish and yellow petals brow,
Every terrain is with hope dressing.
Fragrances sweet from the youngish and light,
Those are now full of rising on to start flight!

Peter S. Quinn

Make It Come True

Make it come true
What you want to do
Anything can be
If it becomes free
We just need a light
To make it right
In our way and play
That we need to say

Make the seeds grow
So they learn to know
What is right and wrong?
In their times and song
There are feelings real
In each touch and feel
Give your smiling face
Many times and days

Make it come: Love
To clear clouds above
We can build up
Make all sufferings stop
If our heart is clear
And our passion near
Nothing will get astray
That brings peace its way

...and All together now...1 2 3... (like The Beatles)

:)

Peter S. Quinn

Make It Important (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

Nothing is as important
As not being there
Times are so irrelevant
From this and to nowhere

Measure each life with footsteps
And you will just circle around
Give what you feel and must have
And everything else will be found

Some wishes might come true
If they are worthy your try
So much is entirely up to you
Building it up and why

Measure each life with footsteps
And you will just circle around
Give what you feel and must have
And everything else will be found

Don't count on lady luck
To handle your way of life
You will just get further stuck
Work more suffer and strife

Make it important

Peter S. Quinn

Make Me

Take my hand
And let me fly away
So I may understand
What makes a new day
Let me catch the ray
Of sunshine rising
Feel its onward play
In evening disguising

Make me like a cloud
To drift and dream
Meadow fields unplowed
River's playful stream
Anything to glow
For the eye to catch
White crystal snow
Stars that never match

Anything to create
Make me a pencil draw
In your heart to activate
Puzzles of love's jigsaw
You and I to cooperate
Into passion's ways
Adore in all its weight
With its many roundelays

Peter S. Quinn

Making Time Fast Or Alone

Nowhere is always in
Making time fast or alone
Drifting in circling spin
Till it's nowhere again found
Playful with days unaided
Into their little whiles
Some of instances degraded
Death works and open styles

Neighbors are strangers apart
Beautifully in their own
Giving their own true heart
Inside that can't be shown
Backyards with sitting steps
Strange towns to look for
Flowing tides and ebbs
When it comes to their shore

With numbers to go along
Once you can figure them out
Locked doors and addresses wrong
Knocking down some of its doubt

Peter S. Quinn

Man Is For His Heart

I carry only love
For reasons I don't know
My heart is full thereof
The inside burning glow
I can not have enough
For time are never still
And play is always rough
With promises to fulfill

My hope will die or be
Like winter is for now
No love is here for free
It's just how reasons go
Leaves may fall and die
When autumn is all done
Gray become every sky
But my love carries on

Birds are for the singing
And man is for his heart
Connecting and stringing
Emotions that are apart
Like every essence flowing
So much is for the same
Hush-hush dissent knowing
Every moxie secret flame

Peter S. Quinn

Manifestly Refined (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Manifestly refined
Each thread life weaves,
They come to be assigned
In gladness or grieves;
You have your way to go
Search through the woods,
And only you will know
If there are falsehoods.

Manifestly and right
Heart is the starting place,
You may lose a fight
But hold on to grace;
For nothing is for sure
And no one really wins,
As life is something more
And time with it spins.

Should we start and go
Where the road isn't clear,
The decision you only know
Where your heart is near;
Should we know or wish
For something better yet,
When you have all of this
All your heart and soul asset.

Peter S. Quinn

Many Shades Of Whim

I've had so many phrases
Coming to my thoughts
In cheek brow many gazes
Of each they're on and ought's

The mildly dim ago
That every time is stealing
And what we to ourselves owe
In its today own healing

Like May that comes again
After the winter's dim
To give seeds to our pen
In the many shades of whim

When my heart breaks through
To give of its steady beat
Although it's just up to you
How you these aching treat

Peter S. Quinn

Many Ways To Love

Love mother earth
For she is your heart
For spirits new birth
Where your hours did start

Love ocean wave
In to and fro tide
For life you crave
First in it did ride□

Love deep blue sky
For it is tomorrow
With all its new try
That hope shall borrow

Love the peace way
For it is love of brother
And sister each day
Like there is no other

Love hope that'll come
And give of each strive
It is mankind blossom
That one day shall arrive

And open up hearts
Those still are close
Each love there starts
As future on goes

Peter S. Quinn

March Haiku

March is vanishing
with the leafless winter trees
- each week is greener

Peter S. Quinn

May Desideratum

May is all so beautiful
Of colors in red and white
And yellow ones flammable
In the newborn sunlight

Feelings come to revive
Flames from last autumn
Everything returns to alive
For spring desideratum

Peter S. Quinn

Maybe

Maybe to another day
All is easy going
There'll come another way
Making it and knowing
Love's easy at first sight
If it's of true find
Time will tell what's right
In your heart and mind

Maybe too you'll learn
What makes happy days
Forever love will yearn
In all its lots of ways
Come and give from heart
All your feelings inside
So in love may then start
What it now might hide

Maybe to another year
Love has grown strong
You'll in your heart hear
All of its longing 's song
This is how time goes
If love is true and high
For two to come close
In love that cannot die

Maybe to another day
All is easy going
There'll come another way
Making it and growing
Come and give from heart
All your feelings inside
So true love may there start
Touching you and abide

Peter S. Quinn

Maybe For A Moment

I want to have you here beside me now
Feelings for the right moments in the flow
With dreams that always manage somehow
In our love hours of every wait and go
True inner meaning comes just when we try
To feel our life and in each our giving
There is no moment forever to say goodbye
For we have all the weekdays - always living

Somewhere around in our own little luck
Everything comes - is set by the hour
Maybe for a moment we perhaps get stuck
And we feel as if the whole thing's in a scour
Then once again we see how all comes clear
A day may be forgotten but not the year

Peter S. Quinn

Maybe True Love

Maybe true love is here
With everything that glows
Dreams of night everywhere
In fresh summerset goes

Moss is covered in blooms
Little reddish and white
Birds in their making grooms
Day and thru every night

Maybe true love is you
Flying in moods tenderly
Evening and daybreaks thru
Always on wings cross free

Yesterday as new tomorrow
Finding its route and way
Splendid landscape borrow
every on rising new day

Maybe true love is bliss
On to the tides new mode
Evenings and morning kiss
Daybreak's mounting ode

The feelings of happy joy
In with summer increase
That not anything can destroy
Now for a time shall please

Peter S. Quinn

Me And I

Me and I we need it all now
What we had lost was never found
Try to find out what it's somehow
Before it's gone nowhere around
This is the beginning of the end
Nothing to try only to get lost
With every making you comprehend
That it is getting crisscrossed

Living isn't easy when it's gone
Raising to nowhere on to the dark
Carry those shoulders on and on
Until day from a new will spark
Those are empty from their going
On to badlands of days and night
Feeling bewilderment on growing
Nothing now comes that's alright

Me and my heart for its own sake
Trying to raise the beat more
Giving and showing being awake
Trying to think what it's all for
You and your starlight isn't to be
Because it's gone with its load
So become for real what you see
To go along strong on to the road

Peter S. Quinn

Meet My Heart

Meet my heart
From the inside
Where love will start
As favoring guide
Trust each new day
As it comes and goes
With its own way
That nobody knows

Feelings so worthy
In their own take
Meaning not concisely
That they'd awake
Just a little between
Of what we try to give
Sometimes all seen
When we them live

Meet my love
Halfway to you
Like distances above
Just out of the blue
Complicating each long
That has raised desire
Weak points and strong
In its obsessive fire

Peter S. Quinn

Meet The Moments (From 'Meet The Moments')

Meet the moments
That flow here on
Days that have nothing
Or everything
Soon those surge dreams
Are all gone
Only like a song
That in hearts will sing
Days that go
What did they ever give?
If there is nothing
Of its memories
Roads to our hard work
We once did live
Ways of destiny
Inner touches treasuries

Meet the sky
Full of its cloudy hope
Nothing is forever
In the way they drift
Life's a movement
Filled of its strop
And somewhere between
Is our own gift
Something to say
And move you ahead
Playing with everything
That you have got
The thoughts
In the phrases you read
Fillings with wants
Of what you have not

Meet every distance
In its holding's way
Something will come
Of it one day bound
There in are colors

And the shades of gray
Anything of purpose
In pound by pound
Lets every reason
Have its giving approach
Nothing will stop it
From flowing right in
Give its aspiring
Get-up-and-go encroach
There is just one means
- lose not but win

(This lyric poem was originally written like this:
Meet the Moments

Meet the moments that flow here on
Days that have nothing or everything
Soon those surge dreams are all gone
Only like a song that in hearts will sing
Days that go what did they ever give?
If there is nothing of its memories
Roads to our hard work we once did live
Ways of destiny inner touch treasuries

Meet the sky full of its cloudy hope
Nothing is forever in the way they drift
Life's a movement filled of its strop
And somewhere between is our own gift
Something to say and move you ahead
Playing with everything that you have got
The thoughts in the phrases you read
Fillings with wants of what you have not

Meet every distance in its holding's way
Something will come of it one day bound
There in are colors and the shades of gray
Anything of purpose in pound by pound
Lets every reason have its own approach
Nothing will stop it from flowing right in
Give its aspiring get-up-and-go encroach
There is just one means - lose not but win)

Peter S. Quinn

Meeting With My Love

Meeting with My Love,
Yesterdays won't stay;
Feelings, like a dove,
Flying all away.
Burning deep desire,
Every hour now on;
Bringing these feelings higher,
Until the burning's gone.
Meeting with a touch,
Hearts tender and wide;
Each saying so much,
In their lost flight.
Bright clear new sky,
Coming after dark;
So we both can fly,
Sing on like the lark.
Meeting with your heart,
Bringing down the cold;
Knowing where to start,
So it can't burn up, or grow old.

Peter S. Quinn

Meetings With Summer (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Meetings with summer,
When the spring shall return;
Color varieties strummer,
The new seedlings to learn.
Like the stars above burning,
All is filled with morn light;
And our hope is yearning,
For the new and very bright.

Meetings with new day,
That was not here before;
Growth comes in to the allay,
With flowers to adore.
All what is of innocence,
Now covering the earth;
In great shade abundance,
And the garden of rebirth.

Returning in spring,
Everything in fragrance;
Bee on a rosebud buzzing,
Life is fresh of instance.
Apparitions manifest,
Phrase callow creations;
Summer's beauty abreast,
Full age of expectations.

Peter S. Quinn

Melody Of The Morning

Melody of the morning
Forever in echoes turning
Full of love and yearning
Faraway gleams burning

Dreams of new dawn's sky
Flowing endlessly there on
Moments of life going by
Till the morning is gone

Love in peace so quiet
Entering into the blue
Faraway from streets riot
Just peacefully going thru

Love of a day reaching
On to the forest beyond
Quietness to life teaching
Nowhere else on earth found

Day on today rolling sky
Cloudlets in peaceful dream
Onto oblivion they'll die
In raindrops of mist stream

Nothing is known for sure
All is just in your thought
Feelings of veracity lure
That your incident taught

Peter S. Quinn

Memories In The Wind

Memories in the wind
All the flowers of dust
Together in love twined
Never again to be lost

The love inside my heart
Onto the timeless calling
Hours that won't depart
In its everlastingly falling

Memories from my heart
Beating a timeless beat
A love that had to depart
Onto time's endless street

All of my feelings inside
That never from here'll go
Now on the milky way ride
In its never-ending glow

Memories that will go on
Like the seasons and hours
Winter light wind carillon
Within its musical flowers

The love I now carry deep
Songs of its many ways
Hours of past that sleep
In passing of coming days

Peter S. Quinn

Merry-Go-Round Season

Merry-go-round season,
With variations in reason;
Shades to darkly night,
Or colors so full and bright.
Every way of a spark,
From the morning till dark;
Each so deeply profound,
Circling round and around.
Feelings for each delight,
Earthly spirit in the flight;
You are so full and vast,
Matter beholds you last.
Sweet of taste and fruitful,
Never a thoughtless rule;
In giving and in taking,
New seeds to life waking.
Stranger to none fate,
Like time it's of same blade;
The coming of each dawn,
That lights up dusky gown.

Peter S. Quinn

Metallic White (From, 134 Picture Poems)

metallic white
silvery shining
brilliant sapphire
of misty glows

clouds of blue skies
and scintillant oceans

Peter S. Quinn

Midday Veranda (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Midday veranda

The dawn was so young,
Like an abracadabra
In colors too long;
Feelings were fresh too
Coming to wake,
Just like me and you
For it was daybreak.

Now it's a midday

In wonders and answers,
An intermediate play
Just before evening dancers;
All life is like this
Fresh in first sight,
Then comes the bliss
And make you feel right.

Last comes the evening

For stars in the sky,
Then you sing a lullaby
Just before you say goodbye;
This is how it goes
We all have our travels,
Nobody here really knows
What next steps it unravels.

Peter S. Quinn

Midnight

Oh beautiful midnight hour
Where all dreams are becoming true
The time of the darkest flower
All because of love and you
All from the inside is turning
And giving so much here away
Love that in dreams is yearning
Until the coming of next day

Remember the day That's going
With feelings of love inside
Nowhere form nowhere showing □
Darkness in shadows hide
Oh love give me something to hold
Dreams won't see me all through
I'm left out in dark and the cold
All because of my love for you

Oh beautiful midnight coming
Where has the light all gone
Each day in your glow is summing
And carrying my yearnings on
My thoughts to lead to nowhere
All because of your deep heart
Beat to a beat here and there
Like a new world in morning start

Oh beautiful midnight hour
Where all dreams are becoming true
The time of the darkest flower
All because of love and you
You come with dreams through
In yesterdays memories gone
Only for tomorrow to renew
When new day rises to the sun

Oh beautiful midnight coming
Where has the light all gone
Each day in your glow is summing

And carrying my yearnings on
I lie with my thoughts awake
Remembering hours gone by
The night outside at stake
In dim shadowed cloudy sky

All from the inside is turning
And giving so much here away
Love that in dreams are yearning
Until the coming of new day

Peter S. Quinn

Midnight Is In For Everybody (A Lyric)

Midnight is in for everybody
When times become so lost
The wars can become bloody
At everybody's cost
Rain falling into sunshine
Daybreak loose in dye
All is there on the red line
Giving or taking goodbye

Flowers of love withering
Dues to dusty roads
The affection of every man shivering
To its heavy lost load

Dream may come and they may go
The mornings be shining again
But after each war we always know
Dripping blood and its pain
Tomorrow knows when we are to cross
What is to gain from river dry?
When life is at pain into its loss
Nothing in coming from those that die

Rain falling into sunshine
Daybreak loose in dye
All is there on the red line
Giving or taking goodbye
You are waiting for wears to fall
Into the moments that did stop
Love is a flower of fall
With nothing to show but life's drop

Flowers of love withering
Pain in the hours of lost
Affection of love shivering
Each of life's dreams tossed

Peter S. Quinn

Midnight Shades (From, Occasional Songs)

Midnight shades
Are in the dreams done,
In day's bright blades
They are forever gone!
Starry dreams I know
Are like breezing breeze,
For some moments grow
Over my believe trees.

Midnight stars
And blue moon above,
Sightseeing dreams avatars
From shove to shove;
All that is in there between
Always silent for a word,
What we have never seen
Nor our ears ever heard.

Midnight roads
To the morning new,
Strange abstruse abodes
Known only to the few;
Starry dreams from sleep
Nocturnal songs of their own,
For each soul to keep
Differences to cornerstone.

Peter S. Quinn

Midnight To Be Hard And Fast (From, Illuminating Night)

Midnight to be hard and fast,
To give up tomorrow's cast.
What will there be?
Just wait and see,
- Nothing forever shall last.

We are all made of gold dust
And moved to earth to adjust,
Of soul and heart
Feelings apart,
- Diversities if fire and frost.

Jaundice like yellow snow
Moments in space night glow,
Merry-go-round
All is there found,
- Both fast and as it is slow.

Refrain:
Midnight to be hard and fast,
To give up tomorrow's cast.
What will there be?
Just wait and see,
- Nothing forever shall last.

Planet and orders change
Like circles to rearrange,
Moving forward
In states altered,
- Mystical bodies estrange.

Establishing of the new
Known to the very few,
In silences seen
Where none has been,
- And others in time will outdo.

Refrain:

Midnight to be hard and fast,

To give up tomorrow's cast.

What will there be?

Just wait and see,

- Nothing forever shall last.

Peter S. Quinn

Midnight Winter

Midnight winter is now only memories
For the playful footsteps are in coming
Of summer hopes and its gleaning breeze
Around and around each garden strumming
Night suits day in its ever flowing glow
Dewdrops of daybreak to mirror glisten
Filling the new earth with its wonderments flow
Every different ear to up listen
When a day comes in sun with clouds drifting
And filling empty intervals with air
Fragrances worth - every sprit uplifting
To be for a moment around with you here
When doubt's gone to other sites of seasons
And joy's to play without given reasons

*I called this 'Midnight Winter', because of a song I did once at

**To every instrumental song I've written, I've always made a poem or two
(sometimes even lyrics):

Some poems were sometimes only 4 lines long, which I made though longer (or
joined together) later.

All the best,
Peter

Peter S. Quinn

Midnight Winter...

Midnight winter
In white cold snow
Dreams going
With the morning blow

Days of memories
Everything you were
Like summer trees
Now leafless everywhere

You and I
All we've said
Clouded in the sky
Of what we once had

Blow wintry blow
From there to me
All we had must go
And become memory

Midnight clouded sky
In old and the new
The past about to die
From me and you

Never giving a chance
To what might have been
Now the color blanch
All you might have seen

Midnight winter
In white cold snow
Dreams going
With the morning blow

Blow wintry blow
From there to me
All we had must go
And become memory

And become memory

Peter S. Quinn

Midsummer's Night

Oh love midsummer's night
A glow of its season,
Days like morning bright
Magic without a reason.

Dreams of lovers true
Delightful in night seen,
Strings between the two
Where none's before been.

Oh morning of new rising
Where everything's a go,
Many are its surprising
None we before did know.

From a night full of magic
In the hours of its dream,
The eyes do treat and trick
Its magical glowing beam

Oh love's true fantasy
Glistening hours of spark,
Instances forever free
in times of days embark.

The dreams to be dreams
Only at summer's light,
Magic in reality seems
Into its moment's height

Peter S. Quinn

Minutes And Hours

You and I are together still
With our dreams that never change
Days of tomorrows to fulfill
With a feeling to work with and rearrange

Yesterday had its moments gone by
Something we couldn't fully work out
Like the clear faraway blue sky
That in our heart is and there about

Dreams are going never to come back
Each their footsteps into the faraway past
Nothing remembered in their vanished talk
That is now forever somewhere lost

Affections are for each their living
Pleasures of things that never were before
Minutes and hours to each other giving
With an aim that never is to be too sure

Affections are for each their living
Pleasures of things that never were before
Minutes and hours to each other giving
With an aim that never is to be too sure
With an aim that never is to be too sure

Peter S. Quinn

Minutes Of Falling Days (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Rain is raining now
Filling the past in forgetting
Something will go somehow
Flows of the drops whetting
Dreams that could never be
Only are lost from here
Times of the gone they will see
Hours of loneliness share

Fill the empty sky
With every lost cloud's drift
We have not asked why
These were on a bare rift
Minutes of falling days
Coloring blanching leaves
Each of the many sorrow ways
Full of its grayish graves

Why must it be so?
Only to be of every part lost
Turnings of know one to know
In to the earth of dark rust
Strangers of every reaction
Feelings that come to decrease
Never to our ways attraction
Passing on like wind in trees

Peter S. Quinn

Minutes To The Hours

Minutes to the hours
No matter what we say
We are withering flowers
When the night comes to day
Love is sometimes easy
With storms and thrills still
After awhile some breezy
Dreams must come to spill

Wondering what it is
That gives us glisten ley
Morning ways and whiz
Into the on coming ray
Futures are our witness
How it's all going be
Song sung in the fineness
What it is to be free

Mistakes are so copious
All around the panes
With instances bounteous
Doubtfully thinking brains
Cold little harsh spurs
Inside the garden - wild!
Civilizations wheeling whirs
Extinction's own stepchild

Peter S. Quinn

Mirrors At Midnight

What mirrors entertain at midnight?
With its cracks and glowing
Sometimes gives reflections bright□
Though not much more showing
Nude flesh and structures light
To the image throwing
Breathe of tongue and eye contact plight

Into this some might stare
And find some more skin and bone
Something that is always here
Though not everything is always known
The midnight is for wishing- but be aware
So much has time forward grown
That moment's mirrors can be unclear

Peter S. Quinn

Miss Mary Brightwingle

Miss Mary Brightwingle was my true friend
She lend me her car to drive away
Cared for my heart when I was in distress
Was the joyful partner in days of grey
She had her ways in command and trend
When everything of its opportunities to the downfall went
She was all short of things to soul and mind
Something others didn't notice or find
So much she gave of her inside out
That people sometimes didn't know what that's all about
There has been some time now since I've been gone
In the car she lent me just for a short while
Though I remember Miss Mary still on
For her generous ways and her always sweet smile

(Inspiration: Aunt Helen by T.S. Eliot:

MISS HELEN SLINGSBY was my maiden aunt,
And lived in a small house near a fashionable square
Cared for by servants to the number of four.
Now when she died there was silence in heaven
And silence at her end of the street.
The shutters were drawn and the undertaker wiped his feet—
He was aware that this sort of thing had occurred before.
The dogs were handsomely provided for,
But shortly afterwards the parrot died too.
The Dresden clock continued ticking on the mantelpiece,
And the footman sat upon the dining-table
Holding the second housemaid on his knees—
Who had always been so careful while her mistress lived.)

Peter S. Quinn

Mist In The Air

The day is now not clear
But mist in the air

With little hope of tomorrow sky
Dreams that once were blue and high
Into the differences already

Going like flowers and grass steady
A dream that unfolds in silence
With illustrations of gone green trance

A love song of the never ending
Into time and more time blending

Flowing to the going past
With all that we thought would last
A turning of days in slope
The walk away departure of hope

With something that's still there inside
As we in our thoughts abide

Dreams that we thought were always
Now on to memory plays

That you have given and made
Like flowers of pale that fade
And nothing but abysses sea
With days in clouds forever to be

Like birds in flight playing the night
And finding a song
That serves reminiscences right

(Just like a cloud drifting away
From the days of sorrow
Bring in new trust for another day
So we may have still tomorrow
What has been lost you might find when

Trials are crossed within new hope again)

Peter S. Quinn

Mistreat (A Lyric)

Blooms of love that you mistreat
With hearts so full of sorrow
Shall not give you love as sweet
When you both reach tomorrow
Then it would be cold and dry
Each of your touch and kissing
Both had said last night good bye
Without a further wishing

Blooms that in darkness flower
Shall not in love be lighter
For it is born in darkish hour
And can not become whiter
What love's there in an empty nest
That you could say it mattered
It may be well disguised or dressed
But it would be all shattered

Could one then hold sorrow in him
If he did not love receive
For all such affection would be dim
And so each tear of grieve
We dwell in day or darkness here
Like everything we inure
Sometimes we give away a tear
Even though we are not sure

Peter S. Quinn

Misty Deep (From,134 Picture Poems)

misty deep
playing charm

end now sleep
desired warm

bow from dark
glow and spark

Peter S. Quinn

Misty Fills (From,134 Picture Poems)

misty fills
deep dark

that binds
the surface light
now sleeping
in voiding shadows

and awaiting desire

Peter S. Quinn

Misty To Dark

Stir my boat to mornings going
Flowing evening and afternoons

Dreams formulated phrase glowing
As the sun settled for full moons

Yesterdays are sprawling on a pin
Memories wriggling in a thought

Where should I begin from within?
To presume of what it is or ought

Day in ways of forward wave
All their longings in their phrase

Dying falls of all their crave
In the minutes of their reversed ways

There will be times at window-panes
When I will look thru the mirror glass

Coming and going time's broken lanes
So much from its sleep of what was

Time will descend the stair of light
Onto the oblivion of dying fall

Further behind the darkish night
As memories formulate and call

Hundred visions of what has been
Never again to come near

That my days for long have seen
Now so obscured and unclear

Peter S. Quinn

Misunderstood (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Misunderstood,
Through everything here;
Like in the black wood,
Nothing to spare.
Love is away there,
To whom do I reach?
By walking this year,
And what will it teach.

Misunderstood,
No one to blame;
All is in a bear's hood,
With an adhering flame.
Reach out to no body,
Nothing to give;
Inside feelings free,
If they then live.

Misunderstood,
And tearing me down;
What comes of good?
In a ghost town.
Bring back my wishes,
I'll need them all;
When people me dishes,
And each of my call.

Peter S. Quinn

Momentarily Glow

Rise to the occasion
Every day is worthy
Be its simple complication
Grass of swaying earthy

Love that goes or is found
Time to open spaces
Everything that comes around
Full of moment 's graces

We are two of the same
Giving contrast lines
Only different is the name
And what nature defines

A late night or a morning
In our thoughts and mind
Filling up its learning
With what we both find

Trusting every aspect
That we are getting through
What you need or expect
Is mostly up to you

Finding weaving hours
For your threads to go
Among the deepest flowers
Its momentarily glow

Peter S. Quinn

Momentary Matters

Momentary matters
Are amphibious creatures
The in and out clatters
With their many features
I can't hear their talk
What are they saying?
Paling importance chalk
For each period swaying

The indecisive echoes
Are coming here and going
Directing the wind blows
Without really knowing
And just for a brief interval
Some flashes of flame
Hours that are abolishable
But never exactly the same

Seeds into the dust
Who will carry their ways?
You might perhaps adjust
Their short lived days
Beats of times are turning
Each idea to dissolve
Recollect bridges burning
Their weightiness evolve

Peter S. Quinn

Momentary Thoughts

Each day that on rises must come with ease
Its seedlings and flowers in counting-up cast
To the earth with its sway and on turning lease
Filling out the bars on the tracks that get lost
Center of prowling onward passing stride
Each closer to move to the horizon line
The living roads we walk on and abide
The thousands we can't any time define
Every motion of hours kept in memory
The atoms that center there to again live
Momentary thoughts that come on to be
So we may from each accomplish to give
Towers shall fall and the splitting seconds go
While true feelings circumference the flow

Peter S. Quinn

Moments

Winter days go by
Blissful moments opened sky
- Reasons for each try.

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

Moments Come And Go

Moments they come and go
Itchy they will fly around
In with December's falling snow
Some love of winter is found
Yesterday is never again born
Only vanishing footsteps going
Through their stepwise worn
Open with the moments flowing

Love is found and also lost
Everything we care to remember
Some are broken double crossed
Like autumn leaves of September
Hours have their threading lines
Waking ways of its stimulations
Summer shade flowers that declines
After its growth and graduations

Moments in their flashy spark
Sinuous in purposes and rationales
Ages in its intentional trademark
Bumper stickers and various decals
Split seconds for each occasion's new
What is love without all this?
Mind games playing going through
After a while we don't care or miss

Peter S. Quinn

Moments Of Memory

Moments of memory
The days of gone by

The stand stills inside of me
All its beauty and tie

The love of my beating heart
Trials of each my day

How can I those moments start
And get back on their way

Moments forever free
Gone now into the past

Love in its true liberty
All of life that cannot last

Dreams that were once reality
Before they became a recall

Love that has grown in me
Through summer and fall

Moments that are now gone
Feelings with their touches too

As the days disappear on
I am still thinking of you

Every hour drifting apart
Day becomes night and morning

Still its beating inside my heart
Those flowers of lost yearning

Peter S. Quinn

Moments So Close And Dear

Moments so close and dear
The flowering summer height
This time of blossoming year
In colors of burning bright
Love songs in garden themes
Here to the dawn's light
Casting its many way gleams
That comes with day and night

Love of the evening blossom
Bouquets of tincturing sight
When clouds drift so awesome
In their flickering flight
Star shine glistening glow
Is every small earth flower
Now for a moment's here flow
Each like a diamond in power

Moments so close are here
Nothing is gloomy or slight
Fragrance of air everywhere
Filling in sweetness and might
What has now darkness become
In all this lightening steer
Where the starlight's are numb
That once came across to here

Peter S. Quinn

Moments Will Come

The nights are young and days still
Promises of worship life shall fulfill
As rain comes to earth and forest
A flower shall give its beautiful crest

And a heart will come and be within
Take day by day its twilight's spin
What into the heart grows to learn
Forest of man and street shall earn

Come give your truth to the dreams
Which like a flower from beauty streams
And wishful thinking will come again
And join these powers that now reign

Grow your green on the high hill
Take what is yours and from earth will
All is not there what you now see
Look at the leaves look at the tree

Hold your own with reading of sign
And draw your doubt from its horizon line
Powers within are everywhere about
Giving you spirit and showing you doubt

The question lies there which has power
Street with their names or dawn's own hour
Rise to each name shine with its beams
Moments will come and have their deems

Peter S. Quinn

Mona (From, Peter S. Quinn Shorter Poems - -)

Mona dance with me,
Mona dream with me,
Let's be together tonight;
Look at each other with delight,
Mona what do you like to eat?

Mona, walk with me,
Mona, talk to me,
I am so delirious thinking of you,
Even though Leonardo loves you too;
In his highest moments of flight,
He even saw your feet...

Peter S. Quinn

Mona Lisa Of The Carpentry

Mona Lisa of the carpentry
How lovely is your smile
Dark brownish so splendidly
In every your line and while

Life is so found of you
And giving you silky smooth
Of everything earth and true
Your eyes and skin of youth

Mona Lisa of the daybreak
With glow in your hairy June
The sunshine to up wake
From morning and through noon

Both rivers of golden flowing
The treasures to give me love
And never from roots going
Like drift of clouds from above

My heart is in stillness temper
Of every this beauty shown
Like glow gold to brownish ember
Each line to its purest own

My love be with you for always
When evening comes to my eyes
And still you will have your days
Through morning and night skies

Peter S. Quinn

Monday Time (A Lyric)

Everything moves on eternally,
Or until everything's forgotten;
I feel memories inside of me,
Feelings of love and rotten.

Monday time, oh Monday time,
Quietly comes and goes;
Into the night leaves past prime,
Where to? - Nobody knows.

Endlessly pouring down the rain,
Clouds that are dark and lonely;
Silences dwell much with my pain,
My heart was meant for you only.

Is there no end to sorrows inside?
Can't I forget to trust each desire?
Just like the clouds, yes I have cried
When love extinguished its fire.

Monday time, oh Monday time,
Quietly comes and goes;
Into the night leaves past prime,
Where to? - Nobody knows

Everything moves, there's no return,
Only what is left of memories;
Up in flames in the end it'll burn,
Wishes of desires nobody sees.

Is there no end to sorrows inside?
Can't I forget to trust each desire?
Just like the clouds, yes I have cried
When love extinguished its fire.

Peter S. Quinn

Mont Saint Michel

There is a fairytale place
That reflects its dream
Through centuries of grace
In waves of ocean stream

Mont Saint Michel
With a garden of its light
So much of timeless spell
In search of wrong and right

This place Mont Saint Michel's
In centuries of glows
And hundreds sounds of bells
In rising highs and lows

Where trust in God was true
Like mountains stood high
In its conviction onto
The heaven blue deep and sky

This place where life is creed
And the good shall survive
A tree to grow up not cede
But stay and prosper contrive

The fruit of blossom coming
Like spring comes in its truth
Full insignia blossoming
In eternal of our earth's youth

Peter S. Quinn

Months Like Mirrors (From, Poet On Www)

Months like mirrors,
Frosty time's song;
Clouds of dust adheres,
Winter hard and long.
Frosty darken glow,
Its shadow fierce rites;
Cold and bold snow,
In the lonesome blights.

Through ancient wisdom,
Drill of quicksilver's space;
Frosty silver bloom,
Many threads and ways.
Reflected and effaced,
The restless adobe walls;
In the cold embraced,
Till the insect again calls.

Months like a nest,
Nothing happens there;
Only a darkish breast,
Sweeps the air everywhere.
Dewdropp grain of light,
Not on earth dances;
For there is still night,
Taking frosty changes.

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

Moods (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

Where I'll go I don't know
There is so much in the flow
Places without a name
Thoughts I can not frame

The moods for a short while
With its eager temper to rile

This and that might get tossed
Through the moments lost
With no purpose or an aim
If you can't the structure tame

The moods for a short while
With its eager temper to rile

Chancing facade keep it up
Something might develop
Unexplained a little bit more
Perhaps later to adore
When you know what it's all for

The moods for a short while
With its eager temper to rile

Yep that's the way to go

Bring it in to every say-so
Give it a hope and let it grow
Nothing will be forever same
If you know the job and game

The moods for a short while
With its eager temper to rile

Chancing facade keep it up
Something might develop
Unexplained a little bit more
Perhaps later to adore

When you know what it's all for

Yep that's the way to go

Peter S. Quinn

Moon Dance

You dance
To the night
And the moon,
Into your sleepiness
Away from the day and the sun;
Dreams not faraway,
Mystic not faraway,
Confined in your thoughts
You dance
With closed eyes.
Dreaming away,
Heartfelt tender,
Stormy - scary.

Always in the footsteps
Of the unknown,
You lay your eyes
At dreams;
Your embrace
In distances of thoughts
That comes
For moments
When you dance
Your dreams,
Faraway from reality.

Farther away
You get in your dreams,
The darker the moon
Is in your eyes,
When you awake
Again.

Peter S. Quinn

Moon Of Dreams

Moon of dreams
In my heart tonight
Flowing ion the river stream
In the dimity light
The dark heart to follow
On to dawn's tomorrow
Where there is no hollow
Or depression to borrow

Moon of dreams
From the yesterday's going
The winter skies beams
Up there over rosy glowing
Where the dreams go by
From the river to the sea
As our times fly by
From this point to memory

Heart of troubling going
Nowhere else but here
On the footsteps snowing
From the coldness of air
You and I of dreaming
With the moon gleam above
Opportunities now only seeming
To come out from love

Moon of dreams
In our heart tonight
Flowing on and on river stream
In to the demising light
Moon of dreams always
Rising in dusk high
In its many folding ways
Till the night says goodbye

*I've always wanted to create language of poetry - of music...

Moon Song (#4 From My Musical, Lyrics ...)

Moon song shadow's light,
Going planets disappearing;
Glowing spots into the night,
In a romantic mood steering.

What's the purpose of it all?
Who has made each fate?
Stars burning up in their fall,
Wishes coming in too late.

Morning risen up so bright,
After idle and an yearning;
Coming forward in sun light,
Every heart that's burning.

Gliding time forgotten brawl,
Love contrasting to a hate;
Docketing life form on a wall,
Bending craving what's strait.

What's the purpose, why?
Are we going forward or end run?
Harder and harder to defy,
What's of value under the sun?

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

Moonbeams Creation

moonbeams creation
of nowhere rainbows

around life's wonder
and beyond

world of beauty
glinting with unaged sparkle

Peter S. Quinn

Moonlight And Love Songs

Night of sky and moon
Going on and on
Dawn will come in soon
And my dreams are gone

Flowing tides of dark
Dreams of wings free
Fantasies in their spark
All what must be

What lies in distance?
Glowing fire wide
Moods of pining trance
Where dark shadows hide

So much in the far
Love songs of the night
Like a wishing star
Flying on – blue bright

Dreams that can't be told
In secret's many ways
Beats of echoes old
Still in thoughts for days

What the future brings
Shall be a different story
In to a rising day sings
With all its sunshine glory

Peter S. Quinn

Moonlight In The Dark II

North wind is coming,
On the sea road its humming
- Dreams with you and me.

Linger on dark sea,
Refreshing tide waves singing
- Harmonious stringing.

The bluish white light,
That fires blue blooms to the night
- Dreams changing to be.

Peter S. Quinn

Moonlight Serenade

Let there be a moonlight serenade
When I close I my eyes
The day is getting way too late
Reflecting shadows surprise
Calm in winter's glistening snow
Nocturnal dreams not faraway
Like the picture that still glow
From the setting sun done day
Let it come the sleepy night
Show the stars so far away
Into the serenade moonlight
In bluish shadows and gray
Wandering my dreams they are
From the moments of the dark
Glistening thoughts - in mind a star
Each then gone into the spark
When I close my eyes
Moonlight serenade will harmonies
Stars above in darker skies
With their Hellos and Goodbyes

Peter S. Quinn

Moonlit Night

moonlit night
anchored and windless

embraced us
within love and dreams

sun sweet dawn
in glowing sight

Peter S. Quinn

More Of Songs To Come

More of songs to come
Feelings like sunshine
Where my love is from
Drawing in torches line
A heart that didn't know
Any other little way
But this internal glow
That meets night and day

Love will be on keeping
Dreams that come thru
While moments are sleeping
In their habits and do
Hold on to true heart
Everything is there
The inside sunshine part
All feelings do adhere

More of dreams to be
In our way like past
When our heart will see
What we need to trust
Close your eyes and feel
All those moods aching
Some are not for real
In their dream of making

Peter S. Quinn

More Than Words

The river is playing
On and more on
For its stream isn't staying
It flows till gone

New dreams are giving
Those old ones going
In a beautiful living
Where everything's glowing

More than words
In a summer play
With the flying birds
On a wonderful day

Remember the past
In memories true
Then nothing is lost
That's a part of you

The river is playing
On and still on
Like clouds above graying
With the evening sun

We all are a part
Of love and this earth
With a beat in a heart
And love of its worth

Peter S. Quinn

More Time With You

More time with you
That is all I need
To make each renew
In what I read
Today's for ever more
Feelings to touch
Opening soft ways door
In a love too much

Yesterday is now old
In the stroke of time
Memories to their hold
That was once a prime
And their easy going
Thru the rays shine
Onward footsteps glowing
In their imperfect line

More time to feel
All that we had on
That was so much real
Never to be gone
Easygoing in catching
Purposes and mind
Thru endow stretching
In their way and find

Peter S. Quinn

Morning Comes Bright And Clear

Morning comes bright and clear,
Through darker moods of night;
When waking of dawn is near,
You can see the touching light.
Flowers will then be up waken,
With sweet fragrance in the air;
Man's heart and mind be taken,
With pleasures that he can share.
My eyes have seen the freedom,
That gathers around for the day;
It comes with a colorful bloom,
Mysterious of the nature's way.
The growing of sight and sound,
When morning brightens the sky;
Everything enthralling there found,
When blue and clear is deep high!
Morning comes sweet endearing,
Giving new freshness to continue;
All the dark dreams inside clearing,
Venerable thoughts it will renew

Peter S. Quinn

Morning Fresh (From,134 Picture Poems)

morning fresh
before clouds
and sunshine

passing river
walking through
the quiet vision around

from hills beyond
swale grass

Peter S. Quinn

Morning Of Gold

It's a beautiful dream
This morning of gold
In fantasy it seem
As the new hours unfold
With gray mist in air
In battle of dark and light
From distance of everywhere
Of morning from gone night

Shadowed dance waves
On the ocean of tranquil
Something of dreams craves
Never again to fulfill
Like hours of nowhere to go
So easily on and on
New times are on the flow
To giveaway to what's gone

Each color step by step
Coming into the plain
Unlocking potential hep
In every its hours chain
A beautiful day showing
In nearness of its while
As it comes in glowing
In all of summer style

Peter S. Quinn

Morning Rays (From,134 Picture Poems)

morning rays
the awaiting ways
awaits the night

o music come
emotion ocean

into a dance
of drifting ashes

Peter S. Quinn

Morning Song

So yellow and white
From dreams that long
Into each day bright
Flowers of going
Soft in their shade
Memories past showing
That life has made

Every walking day
Playfully there on
Dream's plentiful play
Into the daybreak's sun
Love is eternally
Bouquets of debate
Pleasures so free
Never are too late

Summer and winter real
Glorious fading line
Each in their color feel
From past sunshine
Daybreak's and evening
There in their paradise
Million pearls bringing□
Of tincture shade ties

Peter S. Quinn

Morning Walking (From,134 Picture Poems)

morning walking
lingering on

time aging
then lost
or remembered

instant bloomed reality
lilacs in
dew's land

Peter S. Quinn

Mornings Of Freshness Briefs

I have always tried to find
Something that will last
What is left here behind?
In its memory and its past
Something that I knew before
In my heart marked for its while
What the days have in their store
That leads them to each new trial

A love is like a flower growing
In springtime and there on
And then to the autumn's going
To carry seeds that are done
Washing away all the leaves
On to the winter grayly sight
Mornings with their freshness briefs
Falling to diffuseness their light

Everything that we had known
Gone into the passing ways
In to the new roots there grown
Their clusters of cloudlets haze
Something will stand though there
Giving back some satisfaction
Through moments passing here
Each in its habits new interaction

Peter S. Quinn

Morrow's Child (From, 134 Picture Poems)

morrow's child
precious rays
spins and plays
white gold so mild

from candles sleep
of deep

Peter S. Quinn

Most Beautiful Poem

Most beautiful poem's the one never written
Like the wind in the trees and the leaves
In summer it comes in moments to please
Or ripples on water in tones hidden
Each hour of longing in the evening sky
With shining drifting cloudlets going there through
Each its coming always more to renew
Of moonlight starry glisten on twinkling's high

Or winter snowing pearly white star flakes
Like fairies falling on the softly earth
And the silent forest of spring reawakes
With colorful blossoms each of its true worth
What is beauty without nature's abrest?
Isn't that the poem of beauty most and best?

Peter S. Quinn

Motivations (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Day light is always passing away
As evening love songs come through
And the night in its shadow to play
With the breakable heart of two

Love is a reason enough to live
Trying to work out taste or choice
A heart to a heart tries to give
Motivations from within its voice

Peter S. Quinn

Move It On (From, Rock Star)

Let my dreams come and stay,
Feeling different day and night;
Everything's in the airway,
Hold on to your loving tight.
Soon it's over gone and dead,
What you had to give and do;
The world may be better instead,
Even though you gone and through.

Human race is starting to grow,
With the days and longings strait;
People moving on to-and-fro,
There's no time for life to wait.
Better get yourself in line,
With whatever makes some sense,
If you want to grow on and be fine,
Give your gravitations more chance.

We all get what we need,
There maybe some tricks or tread;
Or one way going an easy street,
Yes, one way going on an easy street.

Human race is starting to grow,
Gonna give a way to even more try;
Let your brothers onward grow,
Something's hart to teach or classify.
What is it all about being alive,
Letting you in - starting your drive;
Giving and teaching, letting you dive.
What is it all about being alive?

We all get what we need,
There maybe some tricks or tread;
Or one way going an easy street,
Yes, one way going on an easy street.

Yeah come and carry it on,
Give some work and have some fun.

Peter S. Quinn

Moving Shine Fire

Moving shine fire
On to and into
Hearts own desire
Feelings so true

Everything inside
Rousing and glowing
Feelings that hide
Now in their showing

Star twinkle in light
Fondling burn
Dreams on so bright
Rotating ageless turn

Super powers beyond
Times spinning twist
From a glowing wand
Magic has kissed

Poignant spark
Orderly glow beams
Bending the dark
To instantaneous themes

Just like life is
In growing and making
When its bliss
Entangles new waking

Peter S. Quinn

Mr. Skank Junk, After He Met J. Alfred Prufrock:

'All love's alike - the ever returning
Flame of the morning and breeze of the night,
Like the fumes of life in hearts are burning
And weighting upon what is wrong and right.
We leave with clouds that life designed
And confess it's broken or again distressed,
Like darkness in light is love often blind
And not remembering what it once assessed.
Time is both day and night, it comes and goes
With a touch that breathed into silentness,
To the unknown that's awaken in embryos
Before the risen dawn vigilantness.
Love is like this, clearest feelings fitful,
Flows and burns, - contrasts become never dull.'

Peter S. Quinn

Much About Nothing

Everything is going now about so fine
Giving its glamour's glorious driven gleam
Filling every hour with so much sunshine
That shadows of darkness now nowhere seem
Daydreams so many in everyone's heart
Borrowing reality in each of their touch
What comes then next and where must we start?
To feel it enough and give of as much

Times that are going like love songs with words
Marvelous days that never come again
Each of its reflection like spring flying birds
Hard to let it go or even to disdain
Much about nothing so much for everyone
Always trying out before it ever begun

Peter S. Quinn

Much Of Inside - Sonnet

It's so much of inside this everything
That my heart is always wondering about
And thoughts from that brief time thereon will sing
With their drifting going by and without doubt

On such times I feel what I need to say
Speak the momentarily truth that shall be
I try to find my heart in approaching way
Within those instances I learn to see

Yes my feelings are of joy and sadness too
In their low and highs - as with everyone
Some those ponderings shall always come through
In their rightful climbs until their thrill is done

You may feel as I in those situations
To bring about their many formations

Peter S. Quinn

Murky Hours

In my heart was a dark sea
Flowing through so lonely
Nothing but the cloudy sky
In its seclusion of times fly
Reaching to lands of dark
Where moon comes in a spark
Every day is like a night
Desperate hours in its flight

Bottoms like the sea of deep
Every morning mine to keep
Giving nothing to discover
Only darkness my truest lover
With mountains shadows evermore
Reaching to my front door
Life is restless in its fire
Every dream in new conspire
Filling emptiness with a still
Nothing of its wings to fulfill
Making dripping water sound
Tone and tone echoing around

Like whitish lilies lying dead
Are the sheets on my bed?
Chilly breezy through the door
Not answering footsteps anymore
Every hour falling on slow
Time keeps still on its go
Morning comes in red and deep
Like flowers that life can't keep
Memories scattering in my mind
All is long now past behind
Flowing deep through earth of past
Withering passage in the rust
Heart travels and wonders why
Everything has moved here on by
Yesterdays in their melancholy
Meet forgetfulness too promptly
The murmur of the night is living

What the past once was giving

Peaceful ways to come in dreams
Where each reality nowhere seems
Steadfastly like a cloudy drift
Each inspiration to openly lift
Through the air of mysteries
Traveling on through histories
Something the eyes have not seen
Nor any human before there been
With so much seeing in glow shine
Threads of gold and silver line
Beholding sightings of the far
Daybreak's hour and morning star

Road to the home of no one's land
Passages reality can't understand
Rivers of time in distances reigns
From uncertainty of endless gains
Sight of lands on a faraway shore
Lost in a moment of a fancy lore

Peter S. Quinn

Murmured Waves

Murmured waves of the breezy naked trees
Stand in winter's gate in icily froze
Where wind harp of seasons forever goes
The invisible atmosphere of cold breeze
Solitude in its celestial dim light
In a forest that's transformed to silence
Gravel is pouring its weaving's of night
From the demise songs of withering blench

The mysterious shadows of winter's moon
In its hollowing magnetized blue heights
Surrounded by gloominess everywhere
The deserted domains of autumn's gone tune
Still from outside here deleterious blights
To give doubtful meanings to boughs swaying bare

Peter S. Quinn

Music

Music is an endless longings,
all the dreams I know.
in all its many days singings,
that with each occasions go.

Love is there endlessly too,
in dreams of tones free.
A melody going through,
its songs of times endlessly.

Music makes the world go,
like a carousel going by.
A morning in a daybreak glow,
all in my longings and try.

All in its days and night,
music in sweetest melody.
Like a glow on horizon bright,
all in its tune and harmony.

Music my sweetest delight,
all what is within its tone.
Like a daybreaks starting flight,
with it you are never alone.

Dreams in their dreams away,
in beautiful continuing lines.
Like rise of a new starting day,
a sun in its break of day shines.

Peter S. Quinn

Music In The Air

Music in the air of a sweet summer tune
Delights in joy that make up for sadness
Feelings within received in true gladness
Like summer morning in the onset of June
Their bouquets of colors in shadings glow
Where rain clouds are absent in the bluish of sky
And a well tuned pleasure in its unions high
Are receiving its mutual confounds and go

The concords of shadings reaching there out
Like well tuned melodies in their sounding
Sinuous in with tide and contrasting about
By unions married in their style confounding
Characters of lives layers that give their tone
And reach with their consequence never alone

Peter S. Quinn

Music Music – Your Ways (A Song)

Music is a gift
To grow as you feel
Blessings to uplift
Drama to give and heal
Soothing to the ears
With its soul
Misty in thoughts – it clears!
And never grows ol'

Somebody is playing
Day to a day song
With sounds never staying
In their silences for too long
Every love it finds
Gives a comfort to each click
Hope of two combines
With its emotional wick

It can be so powerful
It can be so passionate in its tone
Sometimes moments dull
Will make it quite alone
It's for everyone to listen
Giving comfort to heal
Waves of blessings and glisten
Now and again quite so unreal

Peter S. Quinn

Music Of Day Music Of Night

My dreams are going into deep
Flowers of long gone days
Nothing is mine or yours to keep
Only as long as its tone plays
Seconds leave for other to come
All in the deep of reason
Colors of their musical blossom
Only for a lasting season

Music of day music of night
Outlines in a flickering flame
Here is its song here is its light
And never in nature the same
Hours of dark hours of deep
Always in its iridescent flame
Tones of time no ones to keep
Echoes of instants is its name

There's always some for something
Day into night won't last
Stance of some moments that sing
Flowers of its gone past
Reasons that never came through
The roses you cannot hold
Passions that were not quite true
Feelings left outside in cold

Music of day
Music of night
Outlines in a flickering flame
Here is its song
Here is its light
And never in nature the same

Hours of dark
Hours of deep
Always in its iridescent flame
Tones of time
No ones to keep

Echoes of instants is its name

Music of day

Music of night

Outlines in a flickering flame

Here is its song

Here is its light

It's never in nature

The same

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

Music Of The Deep

Music of the deep in from Dim Ocean
Sweet of delight and new waves singing
All its flow of brine and time's emotion
Thru the tides to the shore in bringing
Alternation thru air its deep harmony
Droning of complex chords in to the ear
Nature's symphony forever of the free
Coming from the distant closer to hear

Swinging its well tuned accordance to sing
Echoes of high from the deep of confound
Pleasures receiving cite to in bring
All that to terrain and convincing is bound
Songs of times flowing in moods and play
Striking its music in a nomadic stay

Peter S. Quinn

Musings Of My Thoughts (From, Poet On Www)

Musings of my thoughts,
Fly into a new day;
They are like cosmonauts,
Coming by their way.
We have dreams to give all,
None should be set aside;
Reasons make another call,
For the daydreams to abide.

Fill the air with your song,
Each new moment on;
We have all feeling to long,
Like those that have forgone.
Bring your fire to this,
Every minute to wake on top;
In life thoughts reminisce,
With your love songs never stop.

Wings are to be used again,
Going places like before;
Nowhere hindrance or constrain,
To the thoughts that deplore.
Clouds go by and by,
Bringing wings higher through;
For the dark and brighten sky,
And the musings hitherto.

Peter S. Quinn

My Beating Heart

A heart desires only love
In flammable conducts prime
Like clouds of flow above
It knows its drifting time
Some beats are unusual
Delimited by throbbing pound
How they do move and fall
To each their different sound

The dancing beauty waves
That flows inside a heart
With longings also paves
From every new falling start
And when I am with closed eyes
And feel my throbbing on
I know it's my heart disguise
To give me time before it's done

Behind covering of its hold
There's sea of salt and tears
That rises to time manifold
Before it falls to old years
Oh my heart of burning desire
I hold not back of you!
When you beat up into a fire
With love – those flames are true

*(Rumi wrote long time ago:

“My heart is burning with love
All can see this flame”

And with those words I wish everybody a Happy New Year; -)

Peter S. Quinn

My Beautiful Dream

My beautiful dream, come again
Burn your desire from within
Let trial errors be in vain
With new heights over to win
Dreams come true for a night
Feelings that touch emotions
Reaching freshness in flight
Thru the deepness of oceans

Life's a beautiful love song
Never ending in its dream
Everything so echoing strong
In its flow on river stream
Yesterday was all in sorrow
Now it's time to rise anew
Here comes first of tomorrow
Gleams feelings for the true

Beautiful dream let never go
With you waves of reaching
Everyone in love will know
What your ways are teaching
Silver threads of days to come
With every while winning
Are your blossoms true bloom
Through every moment spinning

Peter S. Quinn

My Beloved...

I speak from experience here is my bread
Tongues of the dew I slit to the being
My heart long-bearded silences now are dead
Without that virtue upheld into there seeing
Waters of a diamond explode the stars
The light with one bold of your lightening
Each thick shadowed night in minim pulsar
That comes into darkness brightening

My trouble is doubly painful it must lead
Recreations life sometimes yielding
Perhaps I shall get better, perhaps not
It's not easy to hear nothing I read
To give textures - passionate wielding
Bring above motivations - a free thought!

Peter S. Quinn

My Boat Wants To Sail

My boat is all alone
On the weaving mystic sea
Like a bottom pebble stone
That cannot become free
Blue white billow's high
In their faraway circling around
Surround it there and tie
On deep abyss own playground

My boat wants to sail
Through oceans of unknown
In search of a fresh trail
Where easy wind has blown
But brine seas are deep
And get so much there lost
Commitments cannot keep
On rocky shores get tossed

Sea dreams won't elapse
If we can find their way
Sail through hidden traps
Reefs that with ridge play
My boat wants to find
The freedom of the deep
And leave old scenes behind
That my turret can't keep

Peter S. Quinn

My Body - Is A Part Of You

My body
Is a part of you
A flower of mankind
The soft skin
- touches to renew
Everything you can find
Love of young and old
My dreams flying here by
Nothing that time can hold
As blissful
As the blue of sky

My body
Like waves of sea
Going with emotions through
Love song
- The inside of me
Something that's a part of you
Feelings that I 'm to live
Trying to reach my destiny
From all of me
I'll give
To make it forever
- In spirits free

My body
- The roots of earth
Dreams to follow and wake
I'm like you
Of my own worth
And sowing my seeds
To make
Life to become of reality
Fulfilling hopes
And dreams
That you might
In my footsteps see
River going through
In deep streams

Peter S. Quinn

My Body In Line With Its Preconceptions

My body in line with its preconceptions
The truthful and cruel exactness of my flesh
Look that I see in the mirror's reflections
My heart cannot accept in its blink enmesh
A likeness that whirls around its clear-cut
Of its silhouette-shadowy blood-red strait line
A drawing I thought was disproportionate
I've seen in silvery blue moonlight shine

My heart is a seed in the palm of the space
Or a fish swimming straight in its scattered salt
The body bears a meaning to love ways
Through whirling streams of life instigation vault
I'm green like growth and leaves of debate
My chair is the red in the love that I date

Peter S. Quinn

My Brain Is My Brain

My brain is my brain
With every idea new
Or using old ones again
To make it work easily too

Like a seed in deep soil
To bring up and through
Every wise notion embroil
That might someday be true

Giving weight to a thought
With its ease and its pain
Believes to it taught
Though some might be in vain...

Peter S. Quinn

My Darling Sweet Night (From, The River Sings On)

My darling sweet night,
So silent and still;
With thoughts lost in flight,
And dreams to fulfill.

The stars faraway,
There sleeping in yonder;
Till dawn comes to play,
And life begins to ponder.

The last of each meeting,
Before closing eyes;
And wisdom elves treating,
As the fairytale flies.

The wings of the sounds,
Flying through your dreams;
And in the day hounds,
With yearning and redeems.

Peter S. Quinn

My Day To Day Shadows

My day to day shadows fall to ashes
As the springtime comes nearer about
And brings in its traditions with no doubt
In early morning rain falling splashes
When I know the times are arriving
In the blossoming secretly desire
When the tinctures become more with fire
What new hope and caressing are striving

Hours are coming in its deep water hue
Yielding and touching the greenery things
Interventions spreading blossoms to share
Credit of darkness is soon to be brought through
For velvety depths and water blue springs
And joy to come in and give us its flare

Peter S. Quinn

My Days

My days are here and going on
With their sun above to shine
Steps coming forward soon gone
Into the rays of leaving time

People waiting like the light
In streams of rivers going
Days thru and the whole of night
Picking fast pace or slowing

Always more is still to come
Of everything in its making
Opening doors where it's from
From every new corner waking

Yesterdays were never to last
Only to tumble in its dance
Those are gone as rays of past
Never to have a second chance

Here is nothing left between
Only the nameless and the name
Busy in sunlight or never seen
Staying different or all the same

Days that are going into rays
Of a tomorrow still coming
Colorful ventures or in grays
With all its epoch of blooming

Peter S. Quinn

My Dream Called Life (From, Poet On Www)

My dream called life,
In the hours now passing;
The noon to evening arrives,
And star falls are classing.
There is a time called sun,
With hope unfinisable page;
Where shadows are on run,
And a peace before a rage.

My dream of a hope,
That burns among the lines;
With whirlwind some cope,
Before it onward shines.
Unfinished thoughts among,
Body of a flowing peek;
Where there is water song,
Life that one drinks to seek.

My dream world to come,
With every splendid ways;
No mere an empty blaflum,
That goes with lingering days.
What is a word if it's nothing?
Only the air and some names;
There must be sayings that sing,
And actions going like flames.

Peter S. Quinn

My Dreams

My dreams: come and go
And if I can't handle their truth
They move away: fast or slow
In their enticing youth
Like leaves of evergreen
Or a smoldering smoke
Only some remains between
What their thoughts evoke

Stranger some becomes then
In their once ideas so fine
Maybe later they show up again
In another sketching line
What it was its there no more
But a different kind of wondering
Something that has drifted in for
Day of new thoughts pondering

My dreams: up and down
With their many moods going through
Wave's inspirations drown
Something always to come new
Like it was an unknown sea
Drifting with its billows high
Coming in - to become free
Before they'll pass out and die

Peter S. Quinn

My Dreams Are Rivers

My Dreams are Rivers
Thru day and night
True rainbows shivers
When sun is bright
But when it's darker
Its glow will brake
That once was a sparker
Will now in tears wake

Some days are night
In its sorrows land
Where sun is not bright
In joy to understand
But pain in its caress
Its flowing on hours
So much of joy assess
And fallen sun flowers

My dreams that were day
And still are calling
When nights on its way
In darkness falling
Its brightness must go
To become darker still
So joy will have its glow
For new dreams to fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

My Evergreen (From,134 Picture Poems)

my evergreen
Christmas tree

where hearts
hang from boughs

spirits are in minds
and unseen desire beyond

Peter S. Quinn

My Everything (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

I will give you my everything
Forever and a day
And to you I will sing
Bring in my moments and way
For I love you so dear
Each your softly spoken word
You make everything clear
What a doubt might have stirred

Touching ways in the dark
With your passion and heart
Giving juncture its spark
Bringing hope to its upstart
Someone worthy of phrase
For showing strength for me
Giving love its different ways
Setting it all out to be free

I only know this to be you
Turning each trust to its shore
Always up to the point and true
Knowing the central of each core
Never allowing love to leave
When there is still time ahead
Winning gladness over grieve
Putting indifference to its dead

I will give you my everything
Forever and a day
And to you I will sing
Bring in the moments and way
So much has now gone by
With our love and our desire
How hours through moments fly
Nowhere near they'll retire

I will give you my everything
Forever and ever
You are source and wellspring

Lacking want never

Peter S. Quinn

My Footsteps – Rime Haiku

my footsteps in snow
they will come and they will go
- tomorrow dreams grow

Peter S. Quinn

My Heart Go Now To Sleep

Love is to be so still
With songs to smooth the air
And dreams away fulfill
That come when dark is near
The heavy eyelids days
That glow on to the evening
In many shading ways
When birds in sleepiness sing

When a heart is gravelly too
With hours and speech
The corners into dim blue
With loneliness will reach
Where everything is going
Into its peacefulness sleep
And down its minutes slowing
To where the dream will keep

Few songs from the heart
That failed to reach the lips
Day hours from here depart
As dew in the twilight drips

Love is to be so still
My heart go now to sleep...

Peter S. Quinn

My Heart I Didn'T Know

My heart I didn't know
Only its throbbing gone
Like footsteps in the snow
That all disappeared head-on
Wherever life meanders
In picking its inferno
We are its outlanders
By touch and afterglow

My footsteps in the snow
To follow their coming hours
Further down dim row
Structures of rubble towers
The feelings go apart
By stretching out and break
Each saying like rampart
That mounds to further ache

My heart is there to go
With beats in sleep
So you will only know
That I was yours to keep

Oh come now footsteps gone
And glisten on this baste
So memories that have shone
May never go to waste

Peter S. Quinn

My Heart Is A Feeling

My heart is a feeling
Existing in all its try
Soft weaving wheeling
In the variations sky

Dreams that are to be
Flying in instants beat
Setting love wings free
New day moments meet

All is a love inside
Day from night arriving
As we thru years glide
Fresh interests contriving

Don't be a heart of stone
Always be lover of more
You 'll never be alone
Sailing you boat to shore

Moments are precious few
On to their going streams
Tomorrow is up to you
To follow you own dreams

Many times have gone
Nothing to make or find
But carry your purpose on
In Revived truth combined

Peter S. Quinn

My Heart Is Always In My Way

My heart is always in my way
Like a night that comes to shine
With every light of reddish ray
That clearly is of loves divine
In evening silence torching sky
Where horizon shine will glow
And we ask questions for what and why
Our love in touch and feelings flow

Like rustic meadows in the wild
Or the moon behind the cloud
Each loves thread is hard to defile
Like loneliness is in a crowd
The sands of life forever run
And gives its many strange decisions
Between the rainclouds and the sun
Of perfect ways and timeless precision

The garden of love's
Growing everywhere
In sweetness and trust
That around comes
It blossoms prettiest
In strongest affair
Of inner thoughts
In the wisest kingdoms

The gates of their dreams
Were not back shut
For the doors are
Opened up quite and wide
And with its pouring
They are still uncut
In their wholesome sweet
And each bona fide

To aspire there in
Each new going on round
Like the flowers grow

And become of green
You need to aim
In each way and profound
Like seedlings rise up
To be on earth seen
Each passion then be
Of love or its hate
Like opposite directions
In each debate

Our life is like a melting rock
Of its diamonds and pearls to give
That with our time and entire luck
We will find their ways to live
And rise among the dear and dry
That turns all luck into the going
For some will come as others fly
Without it we perfectly knowing

My heart is always in my way
Like a night that comes to shine
With every light of reddish ray
That clearly is of loves divine
Our life is like a melting rock
Of its diamonds and pearls to give
That with our time and entire luck
We will find their ways to live

My heart is always in my way
Like a night that comes to shine

My heart is always in my way
Like a night that comes to shine

*Written to this MJ portrait:

Peter S. Quinn

My Heart Is Full Of Fall's Tone

My heart is full of fall's tone
The leaves of summer's last
So much in their dreams alone
From yesterdays still and past

Their hours now dark and cold
With drifting thoughts only
For nothing to days can hold
They come about here lonely

I tried to reach to hours gone
To give back the moments lost
But I was just then carried on
To go where time had crossed

Through endless fields of dark
In the dreams of all forgotten
The hours that did once spark
But are now leaves of rotten

My heart is in winter's hark
With longings to its tomorrow
O come here again to embark
Of new to give and borrow

For nothing be in times still
To go no further from here□
Like thoughts dreams to fulfill
From this point to New Year

Peter S. Quinn

My Heart Is Here

My heart is here
Into the night of love
The moonshine's everywhere
From clouds above
And the night is like day
In its many shines going
Lights of moon ray
Into your eyes glowing

My heart is here
With you to take away
To wings of somewhere
Into a new day
And love we've made
Was like song in a heart
Contrasting its debate
From its hours of start

My heart is here
Burning of love's desire
Torches of moment's share
Their unquenchable fire
So fly now away
Let the love come again
In a dawn of a new day
Easy love and plain

Peter S. Quinn

My Heart Is In The Songs

My heart is in the songs
Every mood they turn
My feelings all belongs
Whichever way they burn
Like dreams of yesterday
That fills the empty woes
They come again to play
As feelings away goes

There is no other song
But what I feel inside
It's either right or wrong
On to their wistful ride
So much I tried to give
I thought I found in there
And also truly to live
Each their gently song air

My heart's full of singing
To soften up my days
And in to the blank bringing
Its many tempered lays
Pounding that come and go
In rhythmical counterpart
To give more spacious flow
To each ones lonely heart

Peter S. Quinn

My Heart Is Window Of Time

My heart is window of time
With the ways that lie many times ahead
The climbing of its made begrime
That with each robe to the high is read
A way of the oceans so smoothly
And a sky with an open cleanness
Whatever is coming of entry free
And shows it to roundness of leanness

Those hours from dark waving times
From when it was only a shadow
And the sea was vast in its dark sublimes
With momentarily splinter of glow
As these times were of my forgotten past
The lays of the shallow ground liven
A cornerstone of colors to give it a cast
That from outspoken ways was given

My footsteps are now going to prospect
Of distances running its outcome
To give life new meaning from reject
And end every denunciation accustom
Yet what shall tomorrow bring to its door
And lay down for a prospect to make-do
If we shall not feel what the climb's for
And we to this new-fangled frontage drew

Peter S. Quinn

My Heart Is With Stillness

My heart is with stillness in the flowing time
As day blossoms are coming to the light
Of songs in their moments of rising prime
When chorale of life gives its new flight
These hours are always within our own ways
In coming through and so much there giving
Each string of inside their fulsomely plays
For roots of the many themes living

Let love come around there in its strong part
By finding the pathways to new achieves
Where the summer of tincture is growing
The seeds from its fruit will come from its start
In hours of morning's freshly new leaves
Where green foliage of nature is glowing

Peter S. Quinn

My Heart's Yours

Like the blue flowers□
Growing on the pathway
That meets summer each day
My feelings are true
In all that's bright
And always will renew
When day meets the night

Like a flowering touch
Or a fragrance in air
This love gives so much
When it's done in care
And the feelings are straight
Much like anything inside
Without complex debate
Of an incoming tide

□

Your moments are mine
Every glow that's falling
In the day's sunshine
When our love's again calling
And we meet with eyes
Clear trust and give
Every morning of blue skies
As these moments on live

Peter S. Quinn

My Hope Is In You

My hope is in you,
My faithful summer song;
Everything in sky blue,
And earth green and young.
My hope is now burning,
Glossy days arriving;
Every season returning,
Life again surviving.

Yesterdays, old and gone,
Clouds are lightly gray;
Wintry frost roses done,
In the fields of middle May.
Yesterdays lie in oblivion,
Memories took them away;
Into the spells of Vivien,
Nothing for long will stay.

My hope is in you,
The seed of new unborn;
Thoughts fresh and new,
Of ways not done or worn.
Awaiting and learning,
No hope depriving;
This keeps returning,
In each reviving.

Peter S. Quinn

My Joy And Love (From,134 Picture Poems)

my joy and love
together with golden promises

intertwined waves
of passing days
into more years

quickly under waters

Peter S. Quinn

My Kite

My kite my kite
Now fly high
On to far sight
Of a blue sky
Onto the clouds above
So far far away
In its vapor dove
That drifts with day
My kite, go far
Onto yawning blue
Like a little star
That will be you
Afar afar in distance
Like a little airplane
In silences trance
Until we meet again
My kite goes beyond
To a fantasy hour
Only a rope will bound
Me to your tower
Fly fly to my dream
That's wondering deep
Be like a magic beam
In my own night sleep

Peter S. Quinn

My Life Is A Real Musical

My life is a real musical
With every aspect in it
Each eve or night I recall
How much song did spin it
The day is a daydreaming world
With many of first impressions
So much of a thought is hurled
In view of its comprehension

Love songs of night and day
Making me feel and thinking
Everything comes to play
Like the stars shine blinking
And always opened my eyes
So much to wonder and call
This world so full of surprise
Every tide around to fall

Oh life is a wonderful stage
Where everything must begin
In many its carrying weight
When thoughts to fancy win
So much to put to a melody
And giving it every objection
You just need rhythms to see
The harmony and connection

Peter S. Quinn

My Love - Each Moment (From New Waves To The Shore)

My love - each moment has its hereafter
The rainy clouds that fluid with its fresh rain
Sunny day with its yearning and laughter
Worth its gold ingots in every grain
Cold up close and burning heart's desires
That flow behind and in the parts of life
Love we make in earthly ways and fires
With all we have and need to give in strife

Our morning comes in daybreaks so clear
With youthful moments and their young kisses
Friendship treasures full of each surprise
We build on time as life harasses near
With emptiness extinction one misses
Until shadows fill up our torching skies

Peter S. Quinn

My Love - Sonnet

My love keep your heart in the hour stillness
Of your voice and your eyes and sweet kisses
With dreams that come along in their fullness
And for time and a being one surly misses
Like autumn interrupting in the day
With brownish red colors of the leaves
My heart is a beat in time from its play
For these moments are giving in retrieves

Like the hours are playing always with us still
In our reaching to find the likable turns
With the song set to rest and to fulfill
Timeless minutes of retrieving burns
Life has woven its dreamy around ethos
In tranquil spinning that never should cross

Peter S. Quinn

My Love Can Never Die

VERSE

My love can never die
For these moments,
Are just happiness
To your heart;
I can't say goodbye,
For each feeling
Is still so fresh.

REFRAIN

You are my dream and wish,
And every other thinking;
And all that rimes with this,
And heavens star there blinking.
My love can never fall,
Like summer blooms dressing;
I think this says it all,
How much our love's a blessing.
You are my closest call,
Best words the poets write;
Each step both big and small,
You are my only guide.
Somewhere is a river,
Pouring out dreams away;
Somewhere is a heart,
Beating in its interplay.
I have wandered lonely,
Through the dessert sand;
With my thoughts only,
Coming to understand
Every day is another wish.

Peter S. Quinn

My Love I Need You – A Lyric

Take your doubt away
Step by step okay
Someone is for you everything
Love to your own bring

Sweet news and old
With pleasures and moments to hold
The day is young to this
And every part you miss

My love I need you so
With everything inside there
I can not let it go
My passion and its snare
So good as ways can be
To make out and heal
With everything that's free
And hearts away would steal

What right or wrong to say
Our thoughts will come and play
These moments will leave
In the minutes and the brief

What yesterdays did unfold?
The faraway now all told
A world that's never staying
In moments of winter's graying

My love I need you still
To bring the best in me
To give and ever fulfill
Whatever is eternally?
Why can't the words give edge
To show and tech well
Throw out each its dredge
That brings a joy to quell

My love I need you so

With everything inside there
I can not let it go
My passion and its snare
So good as ways can be
To make out and heal
With everything that's free
And hearts away would steal

My love I need you so
With everything inside there
I can not let it go
My passion and its snare
So good as ways can be
To make out and heal
With everything that's free
And hearts away would steal

Take your doubt away
Step by step okay
Someone is for you everything
Love to your own bring

Peter S. Quinn

My Love Song To The Dark (From, Dried Flowers)

My love song to the dark and dim night mood,
That time divides into the two rivers;
The food of the slipping reason prelude,
Expose of the dream that sleep delivers.

The dropp of an instant moment soon gone,
Flowing of episodes - the incidents now;
What takes away the hour present here on?
Transparent time shape of forgetting plough.

The yesterday that is no more to come,
Or be a sprout of tomorrow's new ways;
Pebble in the web of erstwhile fathom,
That night besides the fire - that not long stays.

Freed from loss are anamnesis that grow,
And give away sparkle future - with flow.

Peter S. Quinn

My Love Song To The Heart Is Clear

My love song to the heart is clear
With magic wand of feelings inside
Reaching through those dripping tears
That from the outside most shall hide
Earth of spring and new comer day
Where beautiful is always blooming
Though some be lost on rough's way
And never to the world be perfuming

The sweetness of this my own dream
That crumbles through dust of time
With nothing clear in that to gleam
And outside casting of even rime
Where love is touched by snowy earth
And brings its skies to higher seen
Where my feelings are all its worth
Through life times of a worthy green

My love song that is constantly here
Like those petals of a summer rose
With each my day in its lonely near
In mind-set of joy and gravely flows
This contact of heart that has its rift
And is so hushed like a nightly star
That gives strength my soul to uplift
When it's in distress of sorrow's scar

Peter S. Quinn

My Love The Wind – A Song

My love my love the wind
All things you spoke of
A winter song entwined
From breezing ways above
Between the deep crevices
I heard your murmur sing
In outlined clusters disguises
That something new will bring

A song that echoes a kiss
From deep within the moss
Stone by stone reminisce
Of what this day will emboss
What has passed your name?
In things of existence tide
And never turned the same
To convene a different side

My love my love the wind
That half opens the skies
At times with chance twinned
When you all things chastise
You have touched with blows
And hugged the rain squalls
Made ways for summer rose
For nothing is your equals

Peter S. Quinn

My Love You Are My One

My love you are my one
Like sweetest sun in sky
The clouds that drift on
Until they say goodbye
Each hour you are near
My moments fluffy are
Thy love in my sphere
Like golden shining star
No moment is too late
With such love as yours
That brings joy and fate
Like they're sweet flowers
So much I need you too
In every way and flavor
I wouldn't see clear through
If this love were depraver
So faith we should give
And let no disapproval be
So our sweet love may live
For each of its prosperity

Peter S. Quinn

My Love, All The Stars

My love, - all the stars in the sky,
You are the one I need so far;
You are the feeling in each try,
Like the twinkling night star.
Every hour I needed you much,
Like the rain is to the earth;
I long for each of your new touch,
Each your saying what it's worth.

Nothing is ever the same,
Love is just here to go away;
Burning to dust the inside flame,
All is just a life for a one day.
My love like the moon in dark,
Shining between the clouds;
Each of the dim you'll out spark,
When shadows the earth enshrouds.

Every hour I need you more,
Giving your feelings with a smile;
You are what my loves therefore,
Every footage in my lifestyle.
My love all the stars in the sky,
You are the one I need so far;
You are the feeling in each try,
Like the twinkling night star.

Like the twinkling night star.

Peter S. Quinn

My Name Is Rachel Corrie

My Name is Rachel Corrie
And I am still with you here
Don't let your life be a worry
Just take of it care and be there

I was a flower in life's garden
With the petals to be woken
But winter came in its bombardin'
And all my flowers were broken

I'm still with you in your debate
Of life's growth blossoming ways
Though there's still hasty hate
Within these moments and days

Let my peace bring you a song
To sing my story to your heart
Every day's still a heartfelt long
For what we need to make love start

My Name is Rachel Corrie of peace
My footsteps are Freedom Come
Remember me in the tree breeze
For I never went existence from

Dreams of liberty shall be made
So we can all live here close
Take away all these irons of afraid
And make this earth love's red rose

Peter S. Quinn

My Ordinary Song

I am ordinary as you
Making my own in my living
Something of sweet too
In my worth of giving
Rising above like a cloud
through my dreams always
Alone so much in the crowd
With the streets and place

I am just like you are
My own heart there beating
Wishing upon a wishing star
In those nights I'm meeting
Playful wishes to come in
From their daybreak dream
In their falling wishful spin
That in the sky all seem

I am a song to my earth
Giving till I again depart
Of what my love is worth
From within a beating heart
I know songs can't always stay
With their dreamy glowing
But I will try as I may
Until my days of again going

Peter S. Quinn

My Scandinavian Jul - A Song (Made Around The Christmas Tree, This Jul)

Let new day be born bright
With every hope from night
Each dream be like a glow
In morning untouched snow
I have a song to sing out
All there's here and about
Something of love beautiful
In with my Scandinavian Jul

Priceless moments these are
With good wishes near and far
Hours of our smiles to give
Instances like these to live
Dancing around Christmas trees
Goodwill of spirits to please
Wonderments full of lights
Emotions of love in its flights

Let there be well being for all
Inside each home and wall
These are moments of gladness
With every feeling and caress
I have a song to sing out
All there's here and about
Something of love beautiful
In with my Scandinavian Jul

Refrain

Let new day be born bright
With every hope from night
Each dream be like a glow
In morning untouched snow
I have a song to sing out
All there's here and about
Something of love beautiful
In with my Scandinavian Jul

My Song

My song is a wonderful sight
Into the darkness I know
Turning on flowers so bright
With every wing of its go

I was a daydream of yesterdays
Filling the woes so endlessly
Surrounded by winter fall's gray
Being just me there and quite free

Love is a hurt and my mistress
Introduced to that I thought right
Swing in its moods and caress
Showing me darkness and light

Roses of fallen heart-shape
Burning to sleep in my breast
Either sweet blossoms or grape
Evening of thoughts to adjust

Daydreams so much for autumn
Everything turning in shade
Bleak flickers of tincturing strum
With every old redden made

Turning gardens to love cries
Making my heart become alone
Saying its summer goodbyes
With ashen in its wintery tone

Peter S. Quinn

My Song Like Years Rose End

My song like years rose end
Of promises of tomorrow
Each dewdropp in daybreaks blend
That flows in its clear sorrow
Old time may soon be forgotten
As new ones here will start
Like old roads that are tauten
And lie to the other part

So many words have been written
To give their mean true
Of given ways and what lies hidden
That now soon shall renew
Our promises to make this best
Of any year that has been
Shall in the end of it though rest
What become remains to be seen

This day has its night calling
From few hours till now
The year of 2009 is falling
Onto the deep times brow
And every its way that had its bliss
Shall only become memories
In oblivion untruthful kiss
That nothing but fact there sees

My song like tears on glow
From the sun falling days
Now outside is cold winter snow
With its many darkish ways
And its playful mood of this and that
That never becomes too clear
For what we know is what we had
Till the end of this old year

I have not hope for anything
Or wishes to become of reality
My heart now for peace will sing

And for everything that must be
And rest this year in its forsake
To carry freshly dreams there on
And let us in the New Year wake
What hope has in the old one gone

So much is still for futures saying
That no one shall surely know
Like wind the trees are swaying
To make the fallen snow go
So is all our words of given thought
What we must make and then do
This is a life what shouldn't and aught
And everything is up to me and you

- Happy New Year! -

Peter S. Quinn

My Soul Is You

My soul is you
Flower of early spring
The young and new
Of fresh colors sing
The sweetness of being
In ongoing play
All growth now seeing
This new born day

My soul's like a bird
That wants to sky
With love to flirt
When day reaches high
And song's blue
Of clear and bright
Each shade there true
All to the night

Together we'll see
Whatever there is
And fly about free
In summer new bliss
Within its fresh chance
Where everything glows
My heart will dance
Until it again goes

Peter S. Quinn

My Sounds Of Music

The sounds of music are in my own heart
And every footstep is there with its beat
They come and go begin and again start
Some are soft while others full of rampart
Like day and night is its gush easy go
Within many firers though some are cold
With songs of summer and of winter's snow
In the assorted feelings you cannot hold

Through walks of life - its streets and road
They will try their tones of many deep
And give or take away each part and load
So others can feel the same, and some keep
The sounds of within are everywhere
For someone to truly know and feel there

Peter S. Quinn

My Sweet Love Of Spring

My sweet love of spring
With your morning in glowing
Of your wonders ways I sing
Full of colors there showing

Those were far away in the dark
Of feeling so much awake
In their golden favors spark
When dark came to daybreak

Your roses so amours sweet
With sparkling vivid shading
In all you wondrous treat
In the airy full debating

Of this wonderful color time
From sunshine blossoms bright
When each hue is in its prime
In glow of eve and night

Peter S. Quinn

My Sweet Time The Rain

My sweet time the rain
You conquer my dreams
Flowing away the pain
In the purifying streams
With a steady beat on
All what life has given?
Into the oblivion gone
For the centuries liven

Be or not to be at all
Pleasures awake the flow
Down to the draining fall
Again it will all go
Something can never hide
All will be lost again
For moment it may abide
Just to be lost in vain

You - like the seed of earth
So much for the now
Life is just your birth
Lost in the fall somehow
The rain keeps on falling
Letting everything go
To futures unknown calling
Within the water flow

Peter S. Quinn

My Thank You Note

It's so poetic, not prosaic
the music in your archaic.
Poets on feelings go
between to and fro,
- in a versification spondaic.

Authors go for gorse grain
without abbreviation sane,
sometimes saying it twice
without the metaphors spice
- not briefly, as the poets in vain!

Peter S. Quinn

My Vision Is Singing

I know my vision is singing
And from somewhere a bit in bringing
Of exchange in this time
And epochs of its prime
The exchange of each decision
In the seconds precision
That gives us something to chance
In their ways of our life durance□

Certainty is like daybreak
Always coming in new
Giving its take and then to up wake
When it has its gleaming set through
Night night come here in your dance!
Giving the flow of your mystical trance
Yesterdays were giving their plots
In their inspirations and ranges of lots

Peter S. Quinn

Mysteries (From, The Barka Lyrics - II)

Somewhere my heart is found
Muscling through each step
Thoughts that I thought drowned
From a long time gone hep
Flowers too wordless to name
Growth that I believed asleep
Fire of the impossible flame
Mine or yours never to keep

All that is too deep inside
Waiting in its paleness blanch
Mysteries unknown that hide
The dangerous broken off branch
Wordless to the something new
The dreams that are not to be
Slowly though coming through
Anything without its prosperity

Somewhere its days will arrive
Meeting the promises done
Inside your thoughts still alive
Anything out of its forming spun
You and I always it peeking
What might become or given
Futures of unknown still seeking
Words that need prove to be liven

Somewhere my heart is found
Muscling through each step
Thoughts that I thought drowned
From a long time gone hep
Flowers too wordless to name
Growth that I believed asleep
Fire of the impossible flame
Mine or yours that we can't keep

Peter S. Quinn

Mystery Of The Square Stone

Mystery of the square stone
As centuries drift on by
And the stone is there alone
With earth dust and the sky
Flowers have grown awhile
Giving their seeds of age
For occasions and a style
Each in their own laid stage

The playful circling rising
On every occurrence's tide
In flow of their surprising
When moments awhile abide
A pondering of its mystery
That no one really knows
From strange times and free
No memories ever shows

Though we are still looking
Trying to resolve and find
The past is on blocking
Eyes of knowledge blind
As seeds will come and grow
To make this stone lost
In tomorrows' coming slow
Where history has crossed

Peter S. Quinn

Næturkyrr?in (Stillness Of The Night)

næturkyrr?in
döggvott grasi?
tunglskinsbirtan
stef rökkursins

fullt af draumkenndri dulú?
fullt af dansandi skuggum
fullt af dökkleitum gluggum

ástin kærust ?á er
finndu hjarta mitt slá
heit er ástin í mér
full af kenndum og ?rá

veistu ekki ?a? enn
a? til ösku ég brenn
ef ?ú ?ekkir ei ?a?
sem ekki er skrifa? á bla?

fullt af draumkenndri dulú?
fullt af dansandi skuggum
fullt af dökkleitum gluggum

næturkyrr?in
einmana gangstétt
nyfalli? lauf
tómlegt a? sjá

fullt af draumkenndri dulú?
fullt af dansandi skuggum
fullt af dökkleitum gluggum

allt er einmana nú
ástin farin í ?raut
aftur erfitt a? snú
hinga? heim á braut

en ég man ?ig ?ó enn
?ótt ?ú komir ei senn

ertu alltaf mér kær
þótt þú standir mér fjær

Peter S. Quinn

Naively Forward (From, Lost Song Poems)

Naively forward like the innocent wind
Shifting through clouds that are moving along,
To an unborn thought that comes in a song
Later when it is alive and designed;
Whatever the heart and it's content can find
What makes each breathing come weak on or strong,
When hours aren't ticking and moments prolong
And sky in evening colors - is up pinned.

Fancies that switches to patches to be
Climbing the faltering steps to the sprawl,
When the fingers of sky - eyes again please;
Dreaming awake when dawn alternates free
And the hour raises shadows on the wall,
From the outside flower garden and trees.

Peter S. Quinn

Nature Is My Sanctuary

Nature is my sanctuary
My believes in love
Outside of always free
Like the clouds above

Tones of my approach
Rise of my spirit deep
All of existences touch
Its heart beats to keep

Distances of sunshine
Summer blossoms growing
All that's hard to define
That comes and is going

Life to teach and more
In giving and its making
Waves of its deep shore
That life tides are waking

Earth love grows within
Feeling of each occasion
Where everything's been
In its different equation

Melodies in beats giving
Of all lives opportunity
And touches each living
That makes the heart free

Peter S. Quinn

Nature, The Truest Of Gold

Nature the truest of gold,
The wilderness and meadows;
Where rivers flow and unfold,
The streams in altering glows.

Where greenery sleeps till spring,
With voices awakening then;
When the forest starts to sing,
As sky gets brighter again.

The summer is sweetest of all,
With colors so lovely and fair;
Then comes the fading in fall,
The autumnal symphony year.

Earth starts growing into cold,
And leaves start falling away;
A flowery becomes again old,
For now there's winter to stay.

The snowy seasonal while,
With frosty prairies and brooks;
Greetings and a Christmas smile,
A future in the New Year lucks.

It is the most - loveliest thing,
For nature is never - not living;
Circles of tides they will bring,
Treasures of each their giving.

Peter S. Quinn

Nature's Incarnadine (From,134 Picture Poems)

nature's incarnadine
from grand atonement abyss

purged white heaven
in the ozone deep sea

against universal ways
of destructive waste

Peter S. Quinn

Nature's Trilogy (From, 134 Picture Poems)

nature's trilogy

abused victims
in deep red ashes

whose altar
is offering
these slain creatures
to reckless hands
and pain

Peter S. Quinn

Near By The Sea I'M Now

Near by the sea I'm now
In ever flowing distant between
Where flowers are scattered in a row
For never again to be here seen
But life goes on to unfold midnight
In the coming of rosy morning light

A heartbeat was here before
In longing's and its giving need
But now on its far-away shore
From another road it will read
So much that was said here on
With every posy that's now gone

All rushes forever to loose
And then be unfolded for the new
No coil makes the selective to choose
As days of tomorrows comes through
But life is like transom of its morning
With all its new calling and warning

Near by the sea I'm now
And time is only of its infinity
Filaments between shall break or grow
Become either more closer or free
As life goes on to unfold midnight
In the coming of a rosy morning light

Peter S. Quinn

Near You Always

Near you always
I am the untold
Interweaving that plays
And no time can hold
Drops to drops of clouds
In the sky deep
Among the going crowds
Nothing to hold or keep

Near your drifting now
Through those times going
Accomplishing somehow
Everything that's showing
The wrinkles of your face
Each their trial caring
Moments of going days
What they together are sharing

Love song of evening years
Where every lost is from
Flowing on clearing tears
Those that sometimes come
Near you always and eyes
Making instances take awhile
Every true effort and tries
Some of your wishes beguile

Peter S. Quinn

Nearest To You - Lyrics

Take every step I make
In to its questionable state
Pushing my away with each take
And love with its debate

Show me and please understand
Everything of me comes through this
Rise and fall going on their command
Through undercover of a final kiss
I can be yours into each cast
Drifting with instants you come across
All I'm saying is out of its past
Into the brine of everyone's loss

Doubt me and trust whatever you like
Circling ways are mine like yours
Each of its line back you'll strike
Showing its worth in its endures
Show me and please understand
Emotion is sometimes life's wasteland
Taking for granted every its way
Bringing no insurance to their waste
All is or nothing to their taste
Not meeting command in what they say

Love circles around sometime lost
In to its doubts belonging to lust
There is a moment of life and its cost
Each of its shine comes to its rust
Burning and yearning whatever they are
Falling for moments coming uphill
Time is too real to feel what is far
Only the nearest shall give and fulfill

I can be yours into each cast
If you just let me come to you across
I can be yours – in futures and past

Needed Poems (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Needed poems for everyone
So the world may come to see,
Much is to learn from elevation
If your thoughts are set free;
Lexicons and dictionaries
Are the books for wanna-bees,
Pick em up to your own abilities
And conquer the impossibilities.

Needed poems are always here
With some advantages of thought,
Give or take your fair share
Of what you shouldn't or ought;
Numbers call for others new
Absolute no one accomplishes,
Fresher moments then hitherto
May still get through in wishes.

Needed poems for this old earth
Is a way to get and go along,
Give your ideas new stand birth
And it may become a fortune song;
Use the ancient and useful ways
That so many found and tried,
There might come fortune days
That hard is now to see or decide.

Peter S. Quinn

Needlessly Shy

Needlessly Shy

Into the morning come
Ask not questions why
Or where it's from
It's only you there
Nothing in return
Footsteps to earn
Before you'll learn

Deserts and hills
On and on landscape
Thoughts and its quills
Vines or sour grape
What do you need?
Inside this doom
Walls you have keyed
And doggerel deplume

Needlessly high
Of feathers too fluffy
Times will say nigh
To their scruffy
But you say it's great
Another like Dylan
Then you can hardly wait
For the next villain

Peter S. Quinn

Neo-Realism – A Lyric

I love the handsome dote
That you actually down wrote
With everything in the color true
That came to be the same
In every tone you tame
That's here up and down becoming you
This every word to last
And giving its cleaver play
Each outspoken and cast
That never though for long will stay
Oh dreams in their own dressing
So much unspoken caressing
And giving it all a while
Exotic in their own bottom style
The black and white to last
The ways of every new cast
That's hard to point out or defile
Each little mold and mote
On black and white note for note
Just what you are singing now
And giving your personality somehow
That what it is in style
And hard to sketch a light in its rille
The game of the game we play
Each night and the coming day
Those others have tried before
And still we can reach for more
Yes all that makes this time new
And gives of its out of sight
Both of everything for me and you
To make it come back alright
This is how it should be done
To make nights of special thrill
To carry the dance on and on
With every personality at will

Everything just got to give in
Everything just got to make a spin
With our feelings line to line

In their hard way to define
Middle of nowhere to now
Managing somewhere to somehow
All is for nothing in tries
Special for decision and ties
Right or wrong in its vision
Neo-realism in colorful precision

Peter S. Quinn

Nettles Between (From,134 Picture Poems)

nettles between
the red juniper trees

in the grasses crossing
childhood streets

along times
remembered
enjoyed days

Peter S. Quinn

Never Been For Another (From, The River Sings On)

Be mine tomorrow,
When skies are clear and new;
Be mine to borrow,
When hours are dawn in dew.

Few steps away,
When love is beside me;
And again comes a day,
With footsteps silent and free.

So many treasurers,
So many new hours;
Inside the known pleasures,
Among the lawn flowers.
You and I for always,
Till night of evening comes;
And darker get the rays,
The pedicel and the blooms.

This is my heart,
Never been for another;
From the very start,
Like a sister or a brother.
You have shown life complete,
With what is between us;
Every going treat,
That moment's away rush.

Be my iris,
And flowers of the dawn;
Every truth becomes from wish,
And from what love is drawn.

Peter S. Quinn

Never Give Up

Never give up
It's too easy to do
Let difficulty be your cup
Integral part of you
The world isn't always easy
Such moments come and go
Out there it's breezy
Walking the path on slow

But never surrender
You are not made to rest
Be in life a big spender
Work on becoming your best
It's never going carefree
Just a difficult life task
But you'll be rewarded liberty
If your berries and fruit basket

Never give up
Work hard on your doing
Effort is to develop
And each to the world proving
That you are worthy of all
That has been given
In your prosper and call
That you in your life are driven

Peter S. Quinn

Never Give Up On Your Flight

Never give up on your flight
Always have hope in your try
Day is of shadows and light
And sometimes there's blue sky

Every your touch is a glow
Giving you dreams you found
Footsteps to go in the snow
Sometimes they'll come around

Never be broken down at all
For you have your wings on
There are dreams yet to call
Those rise like awakening dawn

On to your heart and beyond
Where every drifting goes along
Never any more to be donned
Into a lonesome dream song

Peter S. Quinn

Never Leave Me Alone

Never leave me alone
I want you to stir me up
Be my pebble and stone
And my strong coffee cup

Bring me the clouds of the sky
Outside like a rainfall
Be the reason for me and why
I'm in my devoting call

The sunbeams are always new
Forces of contrasting days
So in this way - same be you
In your colors and plays

Peter S. Quinn

Never Leave Me Alone...

Never leave me alone
In this world of loneliness
Your love's a stepping-stone
By mother's paws of caress
You're the heart to my beat
In experience of your years
Show me ways around the street
Everything that love adheres

Thou some times are rough
There's always time for allure
Mother's heart's quite enough
If it's complete and sure
Life's never an easy knowing
For the poor on their way
But to have you, is going
To another brighter day

Never leave me all alone
For I am young in the year
Your purr is purest tone
My heart could ever hear
Mother mother - I love you!
Guide me while I'm young
I shall come then strongly thru
Become burly - cats among

Peter S. Quinn

Never Let Me Go

Never let me go
And always be my friend
You know I love you so
There is no end
I feel your heart by mine
And all the inner touch
A love that is to shine
Cause I love you so much

Oh never let me down
I'll fall so deep and low
All the way to the grown
I'll fall and I'll go
I see it in your eyes
You feel for me too
Your sweetness never dies
If it's clear and true

Enough is not enough
If nothing is to live
A heart may sometimes bluff
And nothing from it give
But we are always here
And giving all we can
We have so much to share
And both to understand

Never let me go
And always be my friend
you know I love you so
There is no end
I feel your heart by mine
And all the inner touch
A love that is to shine
Cause I love you so much

Peter S. Quinn

Never Let Me Go Away

Never let me go away
And I'll always be with you
Inside while hour's play
And each day renew
Feelings are for everyone
When they are in love
Moments there are never done
Like the clouds above

Hold me and give a touch
With everything you believe
Reasons are much too much
While they last for they leave
Nothing is without you
In your own kind of thought
What you thing's fair and true
Is the way you ought?

Footsteps go - move on
To bring your time through
Life's like a sprinter's run
Tick tock touch and do
Closer to me you can't get
Than to be yourself always
Every opportunity meet
When reasonable are its plays

Peter S. Quinn

Never Let Your Dream Go By

Never let your dreams go by,
Never let your dream die;
Nothing here goes on forever,
Like, 'I love you always so'.
You should always feel and know,
But our ways are sometimes blind;
Every thought that lives and flows,
Like the time that grows and goes.
Opened doors are left behind,
Just as time passes down and flies;
Everything in life here dies,
But every soul goes together.

There are laughter's in the air,
There are cries everywhere;
We have time so we can try,
Never let our dream go by.
Never lose what you have found,
Take your dream to a solid ground;
Reach a mountain reach the sky,
Reach the top before you die.

Never let your dreams go by,
Have a time and have a try;
Opened doors are left behind,
On the mountains you shall find,
- Those open doors go everywhere.

Peter S. Quinn

Never You Came

never you came
you only went away
a burn out flame
those flickering won't stay
you are dust to dust
a stone of cold
burned out rust
not worthy to hold

all is a burn
both old and new
rotating on turn
going here through
dust into the air
flying all away
here and then there
never to stay

never you came
promises they'll fade
nothing stays the same
that's man made
soon in beyond
thoughts from your heart
newer roads found
into fresh start

life is like river
flowing through chance
some must deliver
all of its circumstance
dance on and dwell
time love's to travel
no one can foretell
any of its marvel□

Peter S. Quinn

New Day

without any words
new day so lonely
still it's dark only

silences are awaking
all around night sleep
in a new keep

life on move going
into time sight
before day's bright

Peter S. Quinn

New Day Has Come (From, The River Sings On)

New day has come bright and clear,
With lonely hearts away to steer;
For everything must go on and on,
Though yesterdays are now all gone.

In the skies of the lonely ways,
Where colors meet the bluish grays;
All things have become space between,
Forgotten and never again to be seen.

Now again as new summer shows,
Blooms in fields approach and grows;
We must give strength to our own heart,
So all good things will surely start.

Wherever your dreams now all are,
And what has been done insofar;
We must believe in the better days,
That soon will come and still amaze.

New day has come bright and clear,
With lonely hearts away to steer;
For everything must go on and on,
Though yesterdays are now all gone.

The day has come bright and young,
To open doors of fresh high-strung;
To give us more feelings inside,
That from the dark winter would hide.

New day has come...

Peter S. Quinn

New Days

New days are now opening for spring's heart
Flowers of glowing on to the old leaves
Sunshine of daydreams where longings start
All is gone brand new that was of old grieves

Mornings are brighten up in cloud free sky
Yesterday's winds in their blowing on low
Fresh love is starting asking questions why
Everything's rising high in its freshness glow

Once they were scattered on earth desire
Blossoms of yesterday's dreams in the cold
Like raindrops on winter's withering string
Now they have reddened in love and its fire
Nothing from winter's past can to them hold
For spring and new summer in sunshine sing

Peter S. Quinn

New Days Are Coming (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

New days are coming
Of white pinkish blossoming
And every red knob true
That comes and touches you
The gardening is freshening up
As those shadings won't stop
To fill in the moments on
Till their time's gone

New hours of blossoms
In every corner looms
That hope has been calling for
To the eyes for more and more
Light in the tintured plays
True colors of rainbow rays
Filling each aspiring shade
With nature hands made

Tenderly it's all yours
Glowing summer buds and spurs
Everything to bring you love
From the sunshine above
Sparkling refreshment green
So much of instances between
Every garden and lane
To take away winter's strain

Peter S. Quinn

New Morning Coming (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

A flying cloud
In sunshine high
Above the peaceful crowd
Of an open sky
Each day a graceful turn
With patterns of scene
Much secretive burn
Of hours there between

A cat's eye
Insidious moon
Up in the far and high
Like always there was noon
In desolate bluish night
Of tranquil morning in
Or stillness fainting sight
Like goose-flesh naked skin

Changing fire's amber
Consuming the misty air
Through heavens blaze chamber
That now's coming fair
Its sweetest glow
From up and everywhere
These hours in their go
From the rising of mist in glare

*These are around or over 175 poems

Peter S. Quinn

New Morning Has Come

New morning has come
Brighter than any before
True splendent is from
Waves of its open shore
Its heights I didn't know
With a more time to give
In tides of eternal flow
Pleasures like this live

Like all weaving flame
That burns its fire on
You need a thought to tame
Before its cleanse is gone
Nothing will stand always
With every day's awake
These are lots of interplays
Giving verve and take

Each time to time here
Will flow like rhythm
Build treasures everywhere
Within its humming hymn
Glow that will give bright
Must not be forced in
From the shadowy night
That insipid will then spin

Peter S. Quinn

New Rime Haiku

All's a deep within
day to a day moments spin
- you lose or you win!

Peter S. Quinn

New Spring Is Coming

New spring is coming
Blossoms white and yellow
Fresh on moments booming
With their summer 's hello
Mood of blue in a day
Dreams are turning around
Through the blossom's play
Those that are now found

Reaching gold sunshine
With everything in a bliss
Green 's yonder horizon line
Into tide 's turning kiss
Feelings like nature green
Finding ways of new wonder
Somewhere you haven't yet been
And still now 's in earth under

Love in new seedlings awake
Gowns of earth in her beauty
Dancing waterfall and lake
Reaching tranquil liberty
Roots in forest new living
Routes through many yearning
Now freshly pictures giving
As new tones we are learning

Peter S. Quinn

Newborn Is This Day (Haiku)

Newborn is this day,
Coming fresh out of the blue
- Energy renews!

Peter S. Quinn

Next To Nothing (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

It's next to nothing
What's going now on,
The stars are bluffing
With time that's gone;
Nothing within a reason
In travelling through,
Contradicting a season
That comes to imbue.

It's here or everything
That makes it so whole,
Together the circle bring
To make more cajole;
Nothing without a thought
Lying around somewhere,
To enlighten then brought
To be or not to be aware.

It's next in line to find
Each its purpose and goal,
What in its way is assigned
The flickering fire steam roll;
Nothing without an artery
Fulfilling its own reaching,
What lies out there's for free
Not all for earth's teaching.

Peter S. Quinn

Nicknamed Lights

nicknamed lights
early morning guides
street stairs to a beacon

window broken
shadows leave quietly
from a dozing room

Peter S. Quinn

Night

night is
becoming a day
for summer
is soon here
glowing in
its glory way
colors
are everywhere

longings
for dreams true
moments
of right fulfill
blooms
are coming new
on to the woods
and hill

night is
becoming living
and going
to other ways
so much out
there giving
soon
there are new days

life in every
its variations
what'll become
and why
days
of new born nations
opening up
the fresh sky

night in
freedom through
the future

sees time clear
tomorrow comes
all new
in its instant
everywhere

life in
every its sensations
finding ways
of the deep
laying
its new foundations
in fresh seeds
it will reap

Peter S. Quinn

Night Beat - Near Wintertime

Night beat to the down town street
Only a mood of its darkish night
Feeling so tender below your feet
In the gloominess of the frosty light
Yesterdays are now quite old news
With their wings of half way flight
Everything's going away in its fuse
What comes tomorrow might be right

Shadows of evening dancing away
On to the moments of darkness glow
Meeting with daybreak of a new day
In their coming and its works to go
Breezing on rising and circling around
About fall leaves of reddish yellow
To every memory now gravel bound
In greetings of winter in its cold hello

Time beat o time how flowing you are
Giving your flickering twist of hours
Moving away like a falling blue star
Bring to windows some frosty flowers
What has been falling is still all here
Daydreams scattered in rainy showers
Autumn's nearly out and winter's near
With darkness and love seeking towers

Peter S. Quinn

Night Becomes A Day

Night becomes a day
Love songs move on
A heart becomes clay
When its beats are gone

Nothing is for eternity
Only for life's hour
Then again it's free
Like the autumn flower

You and I are here
Drifting in our days
Some thoughts to share
As the moment plays

Dancing beats of heart
Playful in their sharing
Like a musical part□
We together are hearing

A life becomes clear
In its footsteps going
Memories of each year
Evening shine glowing

Everything's here to be
Like a morning ray
For a moment to see
Before the evening gray

Peter S. Quinn

Night By Night

Passing time

The wind is playing
With leaves in rime
And winter staying
Every dream goes by
Day becomes night
In the evening sky
There is sunset light
Hours keep on going
Moods in tones thru
Ocean waves glowing
Always in renew
Dream of day in shade
White frosty bloom
Heaven's daylight made
In their window costume

Passing time

As my dreams sleep
Take another flight
Into mind and deep
Feelings came through
In their nippy fire
Twinkling shining made
Each their picture desire

Passing time

The wind is playing
With leaves in flight
Never staying
All is imagining free
In its endless arraying
For futures to see
And fate reconveying
Passing time
As my dreams sleep
Take another flight
Into mind to keep

What lies in its delight?
Kaleidoscopic pleasures
Dreams in timeless height
Golden future treasures

Peter S. Quinn

Night Dance

Night dance to dark
Flowing in gleam mood
Swaying fullest spark
On to trance interlude
Breezing of echoes
Symphonic colors
As it moves - glows
All the posies hollers

Sweet dream to night
In a fantasy
Lost in last light
Iridescent gusty
Earth in a dance goes
By summer breaking
Last of its gleam glows
Before autumn's waking

Night dance of love
Whispering so soft
Clouds go above
In a flickering waft
Hours in blanching call
Colors getting lost
Leaves wilt and fall
As day to night is crossed

Peter S. Quinn

Night Embrace Song

Oh love come here close
For the day is going
The evening scented by rose
And the light is glowing

The dreams are coming here
One by one they spin
A somber touch everywhere
Till the dark shall win

The stars are kissing blue
Upon the windows brow
The moon's coming through
Dreams night's here now

Peter S. Quinn

Night Flower

Night flower oh night flower
What fragrance you now give
All the darkness in coming hour
Where shadows of longings live

And dreams are in their dim
Flowing so carelessly here thru
Full of darkness whimsy whim
With every new flow to renew

Night flower in your dim mood
Where love is making its wing
And passion is the hours elude
As its conduit to frontiers sing

Of passion in its ardor making
Like leaves in its wind caress
So much tender of feeling making
In creation of its love fearless

Night flower in dreams beyond
Here shades of the night and flow
Where only its fruits are found
Those give of a gleam its glow

And the moon is its fallen angel
Thru the fairies of dream's flight
All the wonderful and devotional
That makes such a passion alright

Peter S. Quinn

Night Has Fallen

Night has fallen
Onto blue rising dawn
As day is calling
From under its gown
Birds in their singing
What a beautiful day
Enjoyment in bringing
That'll guide us the way

As shades goes crisper
In their shadow dancing
The breezes will whisper
Their adore romancing
Between trees and leaves
And bouquets of flowers
Away with wintry grieves
For spring fresh dowers

A new day's rising
Full of hope and delight
In its new ways surprising
That is not of the night
Soon there is spring
With its playful escalation
And together we'll sing
Like one flower nation

Peter S. Quinn

Night In (From,134 Picture Poems)

night in
soft darkness

stained by
the milky way

little angels
with hunter's eyes

sleeping day-long

Peter S. Quinn

Night Now Comes... Sonnet

Night now comes in its shadowy play
With its deep blackness from inside riding
Exhausted themes of thrown out abiding
In its crystals miasma painfully gray
Smiles that once were are now in allay
Slippery walking of heart beats residing
Every thought of world's pleasure dividing
With momentarily misuse and astray
Like an orchestra striking its chords dim
While the heart is on empty in gone space
Or Odin's ravens in a whimsy whim
Lost at grumbling sea without any trace
This now heart is beating like timer of fate
Distressing in its sinister dictate

Peter S. Quinn

Night Of Sweet Love

Night of sweet love
Everywhere you go
Like clouds above
In their reddish glow
Far reaching high
Dreams that don't come
Filling up the sky
In their rainy blossom

Daydreams are stealing
Flowers of within
All your heart set feeling
In their love spin
Days are in to nothing
Dreams that aren't true
Just a way of bluffing
Nothing there for you

Hand in hand reaching
Times to understand
Ways of feelings teaching
In their own command
Yesterdays were rivers
Of your heart's spin
Tears them now delivers
From their beats within

Love I have missed
Nights of lonely sky
Distances have kissed
In their echoes die
Flowers drying up
How I loved you dear
Like a lonely raindrop
On the leaves clear

Peter S. Quinn

Night Poems

The night is now passing by
Every footstep it carries on
Onto the dark of drifting sky
Until its illusions are done
Dreams that can never stay
Only their song on going
Soft tones in a nightly play
Until the morning 's glowing

Like time that 's standing still
Giving more dreams across
Mind-set that cannot fulfill
Only be missed in its loss
Thoughts we did not know
Echoes of mirage setting beat
Slow in their passing adagio
Hallucination on a bare street

Its dark's now endless inside
Waiting till morrow comes in
Silences of questions abide
With its uncertainty and chagrin
Dreams in their night poems
All the feelings of the heart
Love and its endless diadems
Cupid gave you with his dart

Peter S. Quinn

Night Stars

Night stars onward flying
Till the morning comes brightly in
Their glistering glow dying
In the dances of twilight's spin
Dance dance time of darkness deep
All is in your eternity on song
Dreams of the faraway always to keep
Heart to heart forever to long

Night stars in nocturnal dreams
Bouquets of mystic and magical glow
All the afar away nowhere seems
As far-away stars to new daybreak go
Endless forming of glowing light
In the sphere of time and deep mist
Dreams of never losing flight
All what imaginations has kissed

You and I in dancing light hours
Seeds of growing flying wings
Many days of new born flowers
And what daylight to the heart brings
Imaginations like the roads away
Everything airborne to the distance
When our awakenings meet the day
In its far-off starry light dance

Peter S. Quinn

Night Time (From, Illuminating Night)

Night time I welcome you,
With dark from door to door;
Reborn shadows or the new,
All that is drifting here ashore.
Name of those still unborn,
Sparkling mirror like a glass;
Souls of shores wet and torn,
Living repeatedly life's bypass.

Each beaten guest of decipher,
Immortal lights of stars shine;
Those that is raw or yeastier,
Between the others and asinine.
Wallflowers that never will be,
Broken every minute this death;
Who kills innocent illegitimately?
Mothers in black - their breath.

Night time grass in the morning,
Things of things without names;
The dreams each of my yearning,
Twilight of dawn broken flames.
Those that are in somber park,
Hurrying before springs of time;
Songs of the autumn dying lark,
All those rosebuds in life's rime.

Peter S. Quinn

Night Time (From, Rock Star)

Night time I welcome you,
With dark from door to door;
Reborn shadows or the new,
All that is drifting here ashore.
Name of those still unborn,
Sparkling mirror like a glass;
Souls of shores wet and torn,
Living repeatedly life's bypass.

Each beaten guest of decipher,
Immortal lights of stars shine;
Those that are raw or yeastier,
Between the others and asinine.
Wallflowers that never will be,
Broken every minute this death;
Who kills innocent illegitimately,
Mothers in black their breath.

Night time grass in the morning,
Things of things without names;
The dreams each of my yearning,
Twilight of dawn broken flames.
Those that are in somber park,
Hurrying before springs of time;
Songs of the autumn dying lark,
All those rosebuds in life's rime.

Peter S. Quinn

Night To Night Music

Night to night music
While I'm thinking of you
Day evening's aesthetic
In red glowing through
Playful moments and free
Turning on wings desire
Before morn you'll see
In its new torching fire

Night to night music
How beautiful your style
Catching night charismatic
In all its wonder while
Love to love forever to be
Lifting my wings higher
For this hour eternity
And its moment beautifier

Night to night music
Drifting through to here
Romantically in its acoustic
Its tones to everywhere
You give longings to me
Passions that don't tire
Wings on air sensitivity
Your looks I admire

Peter S. Quinn

Night Wind (From,134 Picture Poems)

night wind
passes through
a window

dying inside
the walls

like my heart
faithlessly falls

Peter S. Quinn

Nightly Stars Hide In The Dark (Viii)

Nightly stars hide in the dark
They are glistering away their spark
Nightly stars that hide away in dark

Far away in open space
Lies the road that no one knows
Sowing light in lonely rays
On heavens high where northern light glows

Nightly stars hide in the dark
Behind the moon and clouds afar
Glistering dusty little star

For me and you when there's night
When love hits us with its might
And we don't know wrong and right
Just glowing stars and blinking light

Oh faraway my sweetest rose
That sets my fire all within
And gives me feelings as overdose
Make my longings all go spin

In this oh night of starry rays
I know not fate's turning ways
Or what my deepest mood there says
Only there're nights before there's days

Oh darling have my love within
It is the truest water to drink
Though shadows're its mirror's twin
When fate goes another then we think

Peter S. Quinn

Nighttime Of Dreams

Nighttime of dreams
Everywhere to go

Nothing in reality seems
In its wandering glow

Dreams of the faraway
Flying around there

Just like in a day
Full of its breezy air

Clouds drifting by
Thru the airy space

Filling moment's sky
With their fluffy grace

Dreams of almost true
In their own reality

Just like everything you
With your eyes can see

Past as the present now
From thoughts awaken

Coming around somehow
Into memories retaken

What is the dream for?
Making its fantasy ride

Much in them we adore
In their timeless glide

Peter S. Quinn

No Boundary

No boundary to each travel
The sea is clear and new
Each day a new marvel
To see in sightings thru

Dreams are on the waves
And coming to the shore
All longing that life craves
That in memories we store

A night becomes fantasy
To islands that we go
When we sail on their free
Into the blue sky glow

In twilight's stillness hour
When boundaries are gone
In awaking morning dower
When times of beauty carries on

No boundary to the voyage
Or callings of the billows
When we our trip advantage
In times and tide flows

Our dreams are in our finding
From shore to open road
As torrents are in grinding
With each their heavy load

Peter S. Quinn

No Dreams Fly Away (From, The River Sings On)

For you no dreams fly away,
For you over clouds in blue;
Each love's a feeling to play,
What becomes true or untrue.
The nights are what days are not for,
Of something that's more of and more.

To you I will give everything,
To you every pleasure I find;
Inside is a song that will sing,
Like a day that in morn will shine.
The nights are what days are not for,
Of something that's more of and more.
To give and adore - the taken promisor.

Peter S. Quinn

No End For Time

There is no end for time in its endless going
Flowing on and giving all its waves
Day to day goes by without ever knowing
What it is that the heart and mind craves
Beautiful daybreak like night on wings singing
All the flow of ticking clocks adjusting
Onto seasons and work happenings bringing
We to life and advent are entrusting

Together we go on in forward notion
Time and I making and comprehending
Stretching a thought and ticks like locomotion
Each of its way endlessly transcending

No end to creativity - in its living
It runs coexistence from instance giving

Peter S. Quinn

No More Daydreams

No more daydreams for me
Only gray sky now found
Let my wings again free
To enveloping them around
To be adorned like a rose
Or diamond like tear drops
To be with someone close
And effectuate on own opts

Everything happens to a poet
As he twists and then writhes
The ideas vague and inchoate
Curving through every scythes
There is fire there is suffering
The locomotives scraping hell
Every way in its many altering
That from inside he must quell

No more dreams those are gone
Flying objects deliberately dark
Tangled miseries that have shone
Through streets and each park
Importance through each song
That has struggled over high
Grassy woodlands that belong
To the inlaying earth and sky

Peter S. Quinn

No More Routine

In your heart you wear love
Like a sundown falling sky
In the cloudlets far above
Into a sunset going lullaby

When dreams are coloring light
Thru the shadows of a while
Before morning comes on bright
In daybreak freshly style

In your heart you wear dreams
Building days of much spring
Like a river falling streams
Within your eyes of freshness sing

Remember joys of gone things
All the days that light dawn
In the time tomorrow brings
Thru rising days silver swan

In your heart remember me
Every teardrop days have kissed
All our love joy found free
And our thoughts now missed

Every day that is now gone
Into bouquets of yesterdays
Love and joy forever on
In their flights of many ways

Peter S. Quinn

No Place For Conversing

Come to me with all your love
Just the way you said you'd do
Like rain and clouds afar above
Our feelings are strange and new
Love is sometimes not too easy
With its many ways and their story
A heart can be discomfort and breezy
Without much passion or glory

Leave not your feelings far behind
When it comes to you to hold
Though some of its ways maybe blind
Nowhere to go but to cold
Fly fly away through each denial
Take your mind of a doubt
For your sweet love you must fall
Before it all goes about

Rain not your tears into doubt's cast
For what you said or should be
Such love will never for long last
Just try your ways and see
Did I say, come give it your all
If you really care for that person
You may be adjusted for a free fall
But there is no place there for conversin'

Peter S. Quinn

No Road Map?

Like the cells - we are living inside it all
Never ending boundaries quivering
When we through heart and mind are delivering
The purpose of its true being and the call
Like the fire in the bush of a desert tree
That gives the knowledge of its burning glows
And shows you the side road where the truth goes
For you to walk off there and become free

The mountains are calling in mist unknown:
'Come here and carry the peace to your heart
Rivers we deliver give water fresh
There is so much behind our foggy gown
That gives no road map on where to start
For it needs your courage of spirit and flesh'...

Peter S. Quinn

Nobody Is Exactly Like You – A Song Lyric

Take my love that's reaching out
That's what it's all about
To be with in and have some fun
And making time outside in sun
Never let it fall away
What you can do today
To reach in with your closeness
And give from your caress

Nobody is exactly like you
And nobody feels the same as you
Anything is therefore up to you
To reach out and become free

Your love makes it all count
If it is there inside found
You may please and you may astound
But everything comes around
If you don't give of your loving care
Everything from inside there
That will teach someone to reach
With their heart to give and teach

Nobody is exactly like you
And nobody feels the same as you
Anything is therefore up to you
To reach out and become free

Yeah oh yeah oh

Nobody is exactly like me
To show and give of too
Nobody is exactly like me
I want to be a part of you

Yeah oh yeah oh

Reach out to my heart and feel

Everything in this world's reachable
If you give it your best try
The hours are of luck so full
And clear of hope in the blue sky

Nobody is exactly like you
And nobody feels the same as you
Anything is therefore up to you
To reach out and become free

Yeah oh yeah oh

Nobody is exactly like me
To show and give of too
Nobody is exactly like me
I want to be a part of you

Peter S. Quinn

Nobody Is The Same

Nobody is the same
That is the value of life
Finding out is its game
And also its longing's strife
We have all our flame
Burning from the inside
Sometimes without any name
As they like star falls glide

Nobody knows the whole truth
In its endlessly spinning□
Love is its eternal youth
Finding and sometimes winning
Twinkling out like a star
On to the depth of a heart
Near in its closeness or far
All that comes in and will start

Nobody is always here
So much is astray in space
Feelings are lost everywhere
Mournful and true in their grace
We have all our flame
To give and then take away
Answers are often hard to tame
And night comes after a day

Peter S. Quinn

Nobody Knows

Nobody knows what this love is all for
Nobody feels like this for too long
Life is just living each day for more
Give it its way let it become strong
You lose your heart I lose my way
Nothing becomes out of nothing
Love is for the clouds colors and gray
It's from there what the inside might bring

Chorus

Right or wrong what it is
Fruits of dark and somber
Tongues of days that we miss
In the ways of slumber
Somewhere to nowhere
Nothing to be found
Love comes to here and there
Goes around and round

Paper and glue together are true
Securing means to hands that are tied
The feelings behind are all up to you
Falling like drops each time you've tried
Everyone's a prisoner to what they make
Bring down the wall inside your own
Love is a thought some of it will break
Into the ground that it has been sown

Chorus

Right or wrong what it is
Fruits of dark and somber
Tongues of days that we miss
In the ways of slumber
Somewhere to nowhere
Nothing to be found
Love comes to here and there
Goes around and round

Rise to the knowledge know how to use it

Nothing will last that comes to fails
Give it best shot and make it to the fit
You are the smith banging up the nails
Right or wrong that is your own health
Life is never too easy anyway you try
Secure your own give it some wealth
Knowledge to gain somewhere in the sky

Chorus

Right or wrong what it is
Fruits of dark and somber
Tongues of days that we miss
In the ways of slumber
Somewhere to nowhere
Nothing to be found
Love comes to here and there
Goes around and round

Peter S. Quinn

Nobody Knows How Love Can Be

Nobody knows how love can be
When it's inside these feelings
Incisive moods those are always free
From every tempered healings
You're so engaged in the heart true
Always from inside so whole
Coming through ways to renew
With every purpose and role

What you are giving is hope for me
Music and rhythms dealings
Something that always is set to be
Lots of its moods and peelings
Love is trouble and pleasure in vain
In handling its own luck
Sometimes it comes in feelings of pain
Getting in nowhere hopes stuck

Feelings those are anything more
Love that is a dream away
You are never though of this sure
Just like the day in its play
Finding a heart that moves you on
Is never too easy at all
So much is drifting till it's gone
Going like leaves in the fall

Peter S. Quinn

Nobody Waits (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Nobody waits,
For the sails to be full sails;
Unreasoning debates,
Are to no future avails.
Singing sweet muses,
Igniting the crystal rays;
The broth with laurel abuses,
In many different ways.

Nobody's voice,
Like birds in their beaks;
Brings back sweet rejoice,
From under the reeks.
There upon my head,
Voice spectrum in cloud;
Nothing there aforesaid,
That couldn't be reavowed.

Nobody still,
Extraordinarily suddenly flowed;
Within the drifting airmobile,
From past sunset that glowed.
It was like break in the breath,
Gently rising with a wing;
Flowers and grass from their death,
When again there's river in spring.

Peter S. Quinn

Nocturnal Dreams

My love have you found your destiny way
The whispering winds are playing all around
Nothing in a dream forever shall stay
All is in the freshly summer now found
Dreams that gathered longings of the gone past
Trials of today for a gold still to come
Rivers of eternal – their falling last
Blooms of spring colors in seeding blossom

Day to day footsteps of your echoing high
Thru the green foliage to the road ahead
Spring of a circle flavor never to die
All its tintured shadings that ligh as bled

Each love's reason to come and be awake
As the days of season new bouquets make

Peter S. Quinn

Nocturnal Dreans

My love have you found your destiny way
The whispering winds are playing all around
Nothing in a dream forever shall stay
All is in the freshly summer now found
Dreams that gathered longings of the gone past
Trials of today for a gold still to come
Rivers of eternal – their falling last
Blooms of spring colors in seeding blossom

Day to day footsteps of your echoing high
Thru the green foliage to the road ahead
Spring of a circle flavor never to die
All its tintured shadings that life as bled

Each love's reason to come and be awake
As the days of season new bouquets make

Peter S. Quinn

Nocturnal Imaginings (From,134 Picture Poems)

nocturnal imaginings
liquid air reality
the unseen jungle
in the head

soft vines of desire
buzzes with encroachment
and flits

Peter S. Quinn

Nocturne

Try to find me
Inside the forest
Where songs will be
At their best

The shivering leaves
Of autumns going
The yearning believes
Of earth in glowing

Try to find me
In the river's waves
Where songs will be
In slowly paves

All is for love
On the tintured row
The feeling's true of
What now must go

Try to find me
In clouds drifting by
Where songs will be
In the deep blue sky

In to our dreams
Of the deep unknown
Where everything seems
Of its very own

Take me to songs
Inside the forest
Of farewell sing-alongs
In parting dressed

Peter S. Quinn

Nokkrar Haust Hæku Stemmingar (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Hausti? er komi?
aftur gul rau?brúnt lafi?
- eitt, tvö, ?rjú, falla

~*~

Flugunum fækkar
ein og ein kemst ?ó inn enn
- fyrir veturinn

~*~

Í haustvindinum
eru lafin svo fögur
- enn?á er allt grænt

~*~

Fuglarnir syngja
fallega söngva sumars
- nokkra daga enn

~*~

Lei?in er ?ögul
eftir gangstígum lafsins
- ?a? skjáfar a?eins

~*~

Kyrr?in hvarvetna
eftir sumarblí?una
- nú falla rau? lauf

~*~

Vatnsdropi fellur

úr krana um hljóða nótt
- endurómandi

~*~

Tíminn sem eilífur
í hljóðri næturkyrrínni
- senn er vetur hér

~*~

Hver dagur sem fer
kemur aldrei hér aftur
- samt er haust komi?

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Nokkrar Haust Hækur (Few Autumn Haiku In Icelandic)

Hausti? er komi?
aftur gul rau?brúnt laufi?
-eitt, tvö, þrjú, falla

~*~

Flugunum fækkar
ein og ein kemst þó inn enn
-fyrir veturinn

~*~

Í haustvindinum
eru laufin svo fögur
-ennþá er allt grænt

~*~

Fuglarnir syngja
fallega söngva sumars
-nokkra daga enn

~*~

Leiðin er þögul
eftir gangstígum laufsins
-þa? skjáfar a?eins

~*~

Kyrr?in hvarvetna
eftir sumarblí?una
-nú falla rau? lauf

~*~

Vatnsdropi fellur

úr krana um hljóða nótt
-endurómandi

~*~

Tíminn sem eilífur
í hljóðri næturkyrrínni
-senn er vetur hér

~*~

Hver dagur sem fer
kemur aldrei hér aftur
-samt er haust komi?

Peter S. Quinn

North Star

North Star North Star
I'm following your glow
You're glistening afar
Like footsteps in snow
Soon winter's coming
With its treasures found
Frosty roses blooming
In crystals icy sound

Dreams of night flying
For the day to long
Road to future 's crying
In its chanting song
Every day has a reason
To walk away to find
Beauty of each season
That day's left behind

Thru Dance of the mist
Under starry falling sky
Dreams of past have kissed
Each glisten bonding tie
Soon flowers will fall
In fall's yellow-brown red
For beauties forever call
Onto time's living bed

Peter S. Quinn

Northern Planets (From,134 Picture Poems)

northern planets
beyond touch

time like clouds
changing heaven's look

in star lights
from moon to sun

Peter S. Quinn

Not A Drifter By No Means

Not a drifter by no means
Clean I'll come and go,
Follow whatever convenes
That onto my hours grow;
There isn't a place or purpose
That gets stuck up for long,
It comes just as it goes
Like a refrain in a song.

Drift like clouds into dawn
Be there with the light first,
White winged feathered swan
That brightly minutes thirst;
The coming of the hour
That has no others before,
To be there in all its dower
And open up others door.

Not a drifter but a dreamer
That gives away a thought,
A long way cloudlet steamer
Like deep hidden oceanaut;
With its waves and billows
That come and drift to shore,
What else who then knows
For there is so much more.

Peter S. Quinn

Not A Lament

O love! O you! O I!
On whose dreams shall not die,
Our futures bright like a shining star;
With its glory to give and reaching high!
Yes - true, near and afar!

Inside is hope to find
And leave darkness behind:
Those profound of the deep and its wounded scar,
Shall lose its feeling and new ones find;
Yes - true, as we both are!

Peter S. Quinn

Not In Mensa (Discrimination? ; -)

Shakespeare was not in Mensa
Neither was little Willie
But there were stubborn Clemensa
And Joachim the silly

John Keats was not in Mensa
Neither was Lily Dilly
But there were Methuselah Henza
And Billie Hillbilly

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing

Nothing is really new
all is in its old,
memories and you
all the hours could hold.

Dreams in their glowing
of days going by,
all comes around in going
before it says goodbye.

Nothing is never to be
only a dream for you,
like an autumn tree
with leaves so few.

We just hold on
while the days open up,
so much of life is gone
merry go round none stop.

Nothing this day is
though fresh in its air,
moment's of going bliss
all or nothing everywhere.

Day by day going through
summer still shading,
nothing is really new
in these times fading.

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Comes Easy

Nothing comes easy
The world is a big place
A little bit breezy
And a little bit of grace
Colors in the daytime
And star shines in the night
Emotions in their prime
Love songs in high flight

Right or wrong always
With everything to allure
The moods of shadow grays
And misty clouds in blur
Flights of gone yesterdays
And futures coming soon
Everything in intimate plays
Like the shining of the moon

Nothing comes too fast
Always working in slow motion
Rolling down the past
Through its timeless oceans
You and I playfully on
With all our expectations
Till the day to end is done
In all its lovely temptations

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Comes From Nothing

I wanted to say
Dreams are ripping away
With every longing that's done
Into its forgetfulness gone
Like a wave of our dreams
In its haze drifting by
Where every dreaming seems
In their lost of each try

Nothing comes from nothing
When there is no one to care
So much into its bluffing
From nowhere to nowhere
Don't try to be yours only
With none else around too
Because you'll become so lonely
When there is only you

I wanted to let you know
Nothing comes without sense
There is only what will go
If you give it a long last chance
Like the billows are rising
From the sea of far out
Nothing comes as surprising
In its way and it's about

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Compares To You

Nothing compares to you
My heart and day
You are the deep sky blue
You are my way

Night of the coming still
Dreams on its wings
Every new mornings fulfill
All that anew sings

Raindrops with its sorrows
Glow in the night dark
Futures and its tomorrows
Way in away to spark

Love in each turning play
Hours that come and go
A love that cannot stay
Memories like a glow

You are my love and all
Wings of my further flight
When I do get my call
Into the starry night

All hours in moment's still
Morning of a new return
Treasures of love to fulfill
From the deep my yearn

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Forever Is Waiting

Nothing forever is waiting
None will be forever the same
So much of hurt's debating
Burning up its living flame

You and I stuck in its living
With everything falling apart
Nothing in return from its giving
Close to its coldness and heart

Nothing forever in return
Everything falls to its earth
Feelings out wither and burn
From its morning of birth

Love is a love to be broken
Wandering ways in its flight
Some not meant to be spoken
Words from a dream that hide

Nothing keeps still for promise
Everything goes to its past
Thoughts of a dream and a wish
That once was in height bombast

You and I motivating our while
Filling its emptiness on spot
All within texture and style
For what we in talent have got

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Here Comes Easy

Nothing here comes easy
For everything is on its go,
Temperament times breezy,
Just like a morning glow.

Times they are a changing
Everything is coming new,
Latest thoughts rearranging
When it's an occasion to do.

You and I are still standing
In all this new and the past,
Our own steps there blending
Through its display and cast.

Times they are all here going
Into the forgotten on days,
Memories still though glowing
Every their poles apart ways.

Nothing here's ever on lasting
Times are just what they are,
Bringing out different casting
Each one with its lucky star.

Centuries go and are coming
Opportunities finding their way,
Some are in fortune and booming
To assemble their destiny day.

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Is For Ever More (From The 'Upside Down')

Nothing is for ever more
Only to the hours made
What days have inside store?
In memories are later played
You may feel this thought
Not to be true at all
Before to time it's brought
Through ever moments thrall

Sunshine is not like rain
They are of a different kind
Just like each singular reign
Those lives sometimes find
You are so much of you
In the same way as I am me
Giving your thoughts true
And setting each target free

Though please remember this
Time is with few hours
Old becomes each new wish
Like the seeds from flowers
Young we all start out
In finding our true goals
Life is so much this about
Parts and our dissimilar roles

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Is For Sure

I've been loved and I've been forgotten
All in a single year at life's own stake
Memories of roads not often in life trodden
All in its future's own pleasurable awake

Life's not for sure for everything's for its try
As being is neither wrong nor is it right
Like a newborn thing that is starting to fly
Onto the morning before it goes to night

Nothing is for sure in its own time and play
All is a wakeup to the futures onward call
For living is a walking on in reality's way
Either winter to spring or summer to fall

Dreams in your daydreams some for evermore
Each on its waves to a different hope of shore

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Is Forever

Glowing night of dark
Into the going apart
Glistening starry spark
Giving feeling to heart
Times ever on turning
On new thoughts flying
Like horizon red burning
Onto their afar dying

Dreams never to say
All is forever in echoes
Tomorrow from day to day
Like afar on its glow
Here my heart is feeling
In this of winter deep
Futures to past concealing
Nothing forever to keep

Why is all going away?
Never returning here back
Day of new air to play
Lost in its turning track
Love that I had from old
Flowers I picked in past
Hours to night unfold
Nothing 's forever to last

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Is Forever In Longing

We could be in a lonesome song
Feeling the night coming clear
Give what we have seen and long
With everything from inside dear

Nothing is forever in longing
Only footsteps away it'll be
Like bell-clocks are ding-donging
So shall our heart beats come free

I believe in nothing but sweet romance
Coming to take way each pretending
Love with its opportunity chancing
Everything of tomorrow's hope spending

Let me just come because I'm aching
Yours to take to bring body and soul
The pleasures within just making
Be everything that I now can need
Something that never grows old'
Inside from your heart love could read

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Is Like A Feeling (From, Poet On Www)

Every love is like a song,
We feel it in so deep;
For love I say and love I long,
Inside of me forever to keep.

What is out with the dark and the dim,
Flying around and shadows making;
What can be said to the cherubim,
That in his heart is passion akin.
Row row my love never go,
You are a part of a song in my heart;
All you could say in my soul to glow,
You are my desire - from end to start.

Give me my love forever,
Nothing is like a feeling like this;
You may be a fool you maybe clever,
But only love is not merely a wish.
Give me a song that grows higher,
From the clouds that go away;
I'd be faking and called a liar,
If feelings like this i only could play.

Every love burns and burns,
Though noting is taken to keep;
Every moment each way it turns,
You either are awake or sleep.

Oceans are deep forever more,
Filled with billows that move and go;
Love is the way of that I'm sure,
We need to see we need to know.
Fighting for themes that never come,
What is the purpose to be mistaken;
We need our cause we need our freedom,
If love shall in our heart be awaken.

Give me my love forever,
Nothing is like a feeling like this;

You may be a fool you maybe cleaver,
But only love is not merely a wish.
Give me a song that grows higher,
From the clouds that go away;
I'd be faking and called a liar,
If nothing comes tomorrow from lost yesterdays.

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Is New Just Old

Nothing is new just old,
Full of feelings there too;
Try to catch and then hold,
What is in the heart true.
Maybe ways are different,
Left somewhere behind;
For everything is abhorrent,
That isn't to trust consigned.

Nothing is new to me,
It has been there before;
Just need a time to see,
I would to it all forswore.
Just like the day is light,
Flying to evenings long;
There is a moment of flight,
In every new tune or song.

Bring in those feelings all,
That came with ways to hold;
Each one is there for a call,
With a story to tell or enfold.
Just like the night is so dark,
With stars in faraway sky;
Come to a heart and hark,
Before moments say goodbye.

Nothing is new just old,
Full of feelings there too;
Try to catch and then hold,
What is in your heart true.

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Is New Or Old

There is time to go and be
In fashionable ways that spark
Every love is not always free
From inside their ways of dark

A dream that is a fantasy
And feelings sometime low
Yesterdays in their turning's be
As all contemplation will go

They shall come and bring vim
Nothing is new or old
As drift on their way will swim
The futures tomorrow hold

Black oceans deep in fears
Everything heads to its drift
We have only moments in years
In its endlessly going on shift

Days are in contrasting walk
All is of time and in emotion□
Hesitates ways and their talk
Through every flow of potion

Inside this sphere of reality
Hope is forever to prosper more
In this endless variety symphony
That comes to each open shore

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

Nothing Is Really New (From Lullabies)

Nothing is really new
Only the old side by side
Coming as sky clear blue
Or like the stars that glide
Yesterday's gone to memories
With everything it has done
You still hold to believes
To carry its thoughts on

Things that you hold dear
Never shall go away
Doesn't matter time or year
Inside your heart it'll stay
Nothing is too perfect
Outside these ordinary days
Some instants we might reject
Such are the purposes and ways

Life is to get here along
Share what you want to share
Nothing is really wrong
Dreams come true everywhere
You have your needs to fill
Listen to what they are
Decide on what you will
Vision is like a wishing star

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Is Standing Still

Nothing is standing still
Only the dreams that go
Hours of something will
Depart in its flow
Something to lose or pass
Words over definition
Whatever it really was
It's gone in its transmission

Harness of the loose
Like brickstones in a wall
The oracularity adduce
In its stepwise fall
Between fragment and prose
Brought back their relation
Anything that goes
Moment's causation

Performances to forms
A window against open sky
Mixed up with norms
And asking every why
Again and again between
Something over meaning
That needs still to be seen
In its begin convening

- In memory of Frank Zappa

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Matters Only Your Heart

Nothing matters only your heart and believe
The truth lies hidden in the ashes of time
Summer and autumn shall all past their prime
On to the ocean of the forgotten weave
Questions get rough and even get there lost
While tunneling through each notion of way
Emotions of the heart stir on and play
With every love that might get there crossed

Obscure like gravel the secrets are revealed
Into their time of silences falling
Dreams that are like horses from chariot unsealed
When reality to their sleep is calling
Leaves of their summer on to the autumn
Following footsteps through secrecy strum

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing New

Always some time for nothing new
Just a little light shine in a cloud
In strawberry fields there's much to do
For the going and coming crowd
Everything is moving into its own
Drifting away perhaps to be found
Futures new ways to the past flown
All the lost minutes' together mound

Mysteries deep of the sky and blue
What is the purpose of this whole?
Why is this shown to only the few?
What good can it be for each soul?
A heart is so strange with its love
Giving passion and taking it away
Drifting in feelings like a cloud above
Some will though always inside stay

Wings overheated will never fly
They will just try till tired and done
We are unseated until we both die
And into darkness our hours are gone
Close to something love is at stake
Shining its light into the deep hood
Bringing back trust to give and take
All is not lost in the absinthes wood

Always some time for nothing new
Just a little light shine in a cloud
In strawberry fields there's much to do
For the going and coming crowd
What will tomorrow's destiny wake
With existent for everyone to share
At its stage a feature and a new take
Something so untouched some so dare

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Of Hope Is Sure

Bring in your hope here in
Where breath is still full of life
Love is either to lose or win
Inside its daily strife
Nothing of hope is sure
For moments are only between
What the future has in store
Is still here to be seen

Suffocating modern society
With fatal beat of its thought
Gives a tasteless style free
That fashion alone has brought
Every spasm of the new
Is not all what you need
So much not seen through
A one way easy street view

Come into world of unknown
Waves to tide every dream
Rising to high and low
Not everything there seem

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Should Be Drifting (From, To Oscar)

The day is here to be for it's gone,
And all the time I had will go away;
There is no denying or even defying,
For time will come soon another day.
Take my burden for the sun comes up,
We should be here for each other only;
All things are set up much to serious,
I'm feeling proud but likewise lonely.

Nothing should be drifting,
Good times bring them from strain;
Nothing should be drifting,
No things must start in vain.
Nothing should be shifting,
Good times bring them - be fain,
I'm worried about you again.

Love is like an ongoing lost road,
With to and fro driving to your heart;
Some are quite easy others queasy,
I don't know when or where to start.
All is in the planing and the game,
Counting on the feelings that are there;
Just bring everything a little closer,
And I will be in the right atmosphere.

Nothing should be drifting,
Good times bring them from strain;
Nothing should be drifting,
No things must start in vain.
Nothing should be shifting,
Good times bring them - be fain,
I'm worried about you again.

If there is a moment in space,
That brings two close as one;
Let it now be turning its ways,
So we can have some more fun.

Nothing should be drifting,
Good times bring them from strain;
Nothing should be drifting,
No things must start in vain.
Nothing should be shifting,
Good times bring them - be fain,
I'm worried about you again.

Peter S. Quinn

Nothing Will Come To Stay (From, The River Sings On)

Days are going one by one
To the past - in a haste
Before you know they are all gone
And your life brought to a waste
Time has never been won
Like a sunbeam - how it flies
All of today will be abandon
Nothing will stand in anyway

Meaning to share yesterdays
Determined to be destroyed
Mirror's reality turning ways
Futures not for long conveyed
Finding a meaning in the days
As they go through to an end
To and fro their interlude plays
Some we will truly apprehend

New will become soon too old
Everything is taken away
Nothing of a circustent to hold
Just as it must go today
Invent some invigorating to begin
A thought that'll applique
Before it's there time will unpin
Nothing will come to stay

Peter S. Quinn

Nóttin Dimma Rau? Svört

Nóttin dimma rau? svört
á torginu valta skuggar
inn á öngstræti
óravegu frá lífinu
ódreymandi
óravegu frá brei?strætum.

?ú og ?eir eru fjarrænir nú
langt frá bylgjóttum draumum
allavega litum
sem ekki er frásagnarvert
sem um höfu? lí?a
uns draumar fölna.

Nóttin skuggsæla kyrra
me? va?andi tungl í skyjum
bylgjandi tálmyndir
úr höf?um ókunnar rakar
lí?ur um andartaki?
örstutta eilíf?.

Dagurinn opnar dyr
inn í hellandi geisla
sem eru enn grunsamlega nærri
kyrrlátu rökkrinu sem enn varir
?ótt draumurinn affja?rist
vængjum sínum fleygum.

Aftur um stund.

Peter S. Quinn

Now (A Song)

Now the night is here
day becomes dark everywhere,
winter dusk growing
sunshine and autumn going.

Now there's song of fall
leaves declining withering white,
nighttime dreams then call
in shimmering star shine light.

Now dreams are coming
with its whitish frosty windows,
outside breeze humming
melodies of dimness and glows.

Now earth is sleeping
in its layered whitish snowfall,
blossoms seeds keeping
until again new spring will call.

Now all is lonely
in darkness of night and days,
what shall come to be
tomorrow knows only its ways.

Peter S. Quinn

Now 2

Now is the night,
in its dark dream wing;
only starry light
on its eternal pearly string.
Follow your dreams,
be you and be true;
light in faraway seems
coming to my windows through.

Now is the night,
dreams in their darkish way;
gleams of old light
that once was another day.
Follow your heart,
find out what is true;
somewhere a reason will start
in certainty on to you.

Now is the night,
from another day gone;
pleasures of yesterday's flight
carry those memories on.
Follow your desires
through a world that's changing;
reach for dreams higher
what tomorrow is arranging.

Peter S. Quinn

Now Autumn Is Falling

To the evening where love's now going
From shadows falling and dancing away
Where night comes again in winter's play
With its icily frosty on glowing
Now autumn is falling with shading's apart
On to the road with yellow brown leaves
And thoughts in time's longings and deep grieves
Those come from inside of a lonely heart

Daydreams to nighttime like glowing red skies
Filling the moments with thoughts of the past
Every hour like flicker flames that dies
In to the drifting of old summer's cast
What shall tomorrow then bring us instead?
After those moments that autumn has bled

(Today I've been reading some lyrics by Lorenz Hart, from 'The Complete Lyrics of Lorenz Hart'; Hart wrote about 500-600 lyrics and was called the Poet of Broadway.)

Peter S. Quinn

Now Autumn Is Here Today

Now autumn is here today
In its colorful leaves falling
In every outside breezy play
Before the cold is here calling
Memories that summer gave
Are filling the shades on
In outside dance misbehave
That soon into dark is gone

Everything is going lonely
On to earth's winter land
Into their dreams only
For old views to understand
Turning the their gold to red
Tinctured dances pavilion
Where there are roses in bed
Soon in winter there are none

Now autumn is shading in
Dancing in shading's glow
With every dream colorful spin
From yellow red until its snow
Pleasures to give and take
A morning so sweet and strange
From pastures blossoms' awake
Those colors in mature arrange

Peter S. Quinn

Now Come...

Now come to the garden of the places
Where the days have all gone in to the lost
And every of their lovable graces
Go into the differences there tossed
Places of dispute and opposite wars
Downfall of gladness - a sorrowful sky
Where love is nowhere only deep wounded scars
And each of your friends must perish and die

Battles on blood fields that never take end
Painfulness ways - expecting new glory
To give to its mission and scarifies
With the hatred to parade and comprehend
Heartless crises to different stories
Broken down prospect where tomorrow dies

Peter S. Quinn

Now Comes Sweet Night (A Song)

Now comes sweet night
On to the darkish deep
With every starry light
Hours of dream to keep

Now comes the hour still
In to your heart to dwell
With some to fulfill
That I cannot now tell

Now is the dreamy hour
Where the stars shall fall
Endlessly glisten shower
From Milky Way enthrall

Now is the deep and dark
On to a glowing moon
With its shine bluish spark
Until the daybreak soon

While we together are
In with our sleepy lay
There is a falling star
Twinkling in Milky Way

Giving us newly dreams
To have and go on by
Where those wishful beams
Come through the night sky

Peter S. Quinn

Now Day Is In Its Middle Bright

Now day is in its middle bright
Of working and its being
Soon comes a turn a close with night
And every dream then freeing
Oh how the time is going by
In its wonderment and turning
Clearing blue and dim on high
As we in thoughts are yearning

O song of the night be still
In their starry falling ways
When dreams come in to fulfill
My reality hours of the grays
They burn on bright the faraway
And clever some really they are
Though only here until new day
With a bright shining of a star

And as my thoughts go on a drift
To find new ways in their hooking
Some others old my heart to lift
And bring new turns in looking
For every hour is holding tight
To what it brought in explaining
In search on ways a newer light
That each my thought is training

Peter S. Quinn

Now Give Away To Dreams

Now give away to dreams
That never came to you,
For reality there seems
To be so quite untrue;
As the day becomes night
And the night darker still,
The shadows grow in flight
And minutes and hours fill.

Now give away your thought
You have nothing to gain,
For all has been sought
And it was all in vain;
You have a spirit only
And all else is forgotten,
This walk is quiet lonely
With the road flowers rotten.

Now give away and sleep
For future it shall come,
And what of value keep
The struggle and its bloom;
Who will then know it's way
If you have never found,
Its morning and new day
To make and be astound.

Peter S. Quinn

Now Hear The Love

Now hear the love
As the wind comes
From clouds above
On wintry blooms
Now hear their singing
Their memory song
That earth's bringing
For a heart to long

All of its truth
When days grow dark
From summers youth
And colors spark
Its wonders glow
That gave so much
In new mornings flow
And summer day's touch

Now hear new days
When the dark is deep
In its dim and grays
When life does sleep
For all moments go
To somewhere and sorrow
Without its grow
Or a new tomorrow

For death comes here
And breaks lives ties
In moments everywhere
When a loved one dies
And nothing's forever
That once was all
Of love bound together
In summer glows and fall

Now hear the love
That is no more
But drift clouds above

To another shore
When you have lost
The dearest and one
To death has crossed
And now is gone

Peter S. Quinn

Now Here Again Is Spring

The day is now in sun high
And everything its pleasure
From winter's footfall try
Of dark and frost erasure

Now morning comes in glow
And glory songs of life
Before there were in snow
The footsteps of our strife

Now here again is spring
So full of life and green
From under winter's wing
That only gloom had seen

And every while is now fun
Of much light and flowers
For darkness deep's on run
In every new coming hours

The yesterdays of sprung deep
In all its gray and dark
Are now whiles in joys sweep
With joy and light to spark

Come spring and sing again
With delight of life new born
And let old winter be in vain
With its loneliness outworn

Peter S. Quinn

Now I'M Going Away

Now I'm going away away
Lonesome heart along the road
I've meet my night today
And my heart's between a load
I tell you a story
Full of sadden new and bold
There are no hearts of glory
Only those that have some gold

I have given much to time
But the dark is still thick between
Outside in it icily rime
There's nothing much to be seen
Only love that's gone wrong
Full of nothing to do
In my dark and lonesome song
I have tried to make up to you

Now I'll sing and go away
Fill my heart with lonesome tune
Meet my future in its gray
Nowhere to be reached anytime soon
There is love inside this deep
Full of heartbeats ticking strong
Hours gone yours to keep
Nothing more from here to long

Peter S. Quinn

Now Is New April (Haiku)

reviving forest
spring days are coming again
- now is new April

Peter S. Quinn

Now Is The Day

There was loneliness on the street
Giving so much of its lost
Filling pages of much empty read
Sheets turned and tossed
Birds are coming back to every tree
As the summer is neighborly glowing
Something to do and give tenderly
After gloomy winter snowing

So much to confess and try out
With the wings of the days that are coming
Talking to someone so much about
As every window is blooming
Pain confidently be kept away
Filling just yesterdays' woes
Now is the day of the new summer day
From every shadow that goes

Peter S. Quinn

Now Is Time Of The Dark

Run to the distances dreams of the 'effloresce'
Now is the time of the dark turning ways
Pruning around into molded dim clays
The sweep of the going and turning transgress
Each of its own boundary fluoresce
That came with the sundown of tide sways
All the many effect of recollect haze
Causeways to the winter in its progress

Gentle wind swirl now up the old foliage
Of times gone by with their tender touch
Serenely shades those once were fresh and new
In to the cold riverbed reflecting stage
Brash ice flowing water in time's crisp clutch
When low temper sensations once more renew

Peter S. Quinn

Now Isn'T It Sweet Isn'T It Great (From, Lost Song Poems)

Now isn't it sweet isn't it great
All things how they are going,
Fragrance is not a hour too late
In with the wind that's blowing;
How must it be all that I know
Feelings that flames are burning,
I'm like the seed that on must grow
Without away here turning.

There is my love in a new song
Waiting to know what to do,
Who has it where does it belong
My love that I once gave to you;
Turning way another direction
Everything's going to the rust,
We have to know in every inspection
Whom we shall follow and trust.

Now isn't it sweet when we know all
Follow the right from the wrong,
When we are there bent to a call
Knowing a weak from a strong;
You are what I have each of my way
Rising from dawn to an evening,
What it's worth in a single day
When I feel as good as a king.

Peter S. Quinn

Now No One Will Listen To Songs

Now no one will listen to songs
If they are still singing of yesterdays
With full pages the aged belongs
Those dusty old roads of gone grays
Dull are their birds and there void
Remembering times of down shone
Pulse and their beats once enjoyed
Into times thick ticking it's all flown
□

Like beats that were of imperium
Profiles have gone to their course
Strength of the forgotten delirium
Into the pages now write its source
Dark gnawed breath counterpane
Words we could cherish once more
Stories that inside the books reign
Giving life as many times before

Like water that's running its destiny
Life will not ask you questions
Everything comes just to memory
From pages of different suggestions
And nobody but the future will know
The stories now inside these books
Behind them the ocean waves flow
Drifting to and fro - fate's hooks...

Peter S. Quinn

Now Sing

Now sing to the dark night and ongoing day
Fill every moment with its new-fangled flow
So rivers of feeling shall come there and go
And carry their weight in its fluffy on play
Soundless of winter in grayness and cold
All within thoughts of its darkish dim moods
Northern lights shimmer in glowing of gold
Each of its soft twilight's interludes
Moments so fair in the summer new year
Generous colors thru fragrance and shade
Pleasures of being from tender heart and air
Each of their moments like forever are made
Times like dreams in quietness and laughter
With all that in memories comes after

Peter S. Quinn

Now Spring Is Ending

Now spring is ending
Because summer is here
In all its blending
Of colorings fair

The dreams of flowers
From day to day
In the bouquets hours
Of tinctures play

Now spring is blending
Always more and more
To the shades wending
That June has in store

Of the new reaction
And the days more bright
Of emotions all attraction
In the coming light

For blue new sky
That makes us avowed
In each days try
Of fresh and the wowed

This heart of life
That gives the pleasure
Thru enduring rife
Of times true treasure

Peter S. Quinn

Now Summer Is Here

Now summer is here
For a while,
With birds
Singing in the trees;
Everyone
With a sun shining smile,
After the winter's cold
And freeze.

I hope you'll have
A good time too,
While flowers
Are all around;
For it is always
In the world so true,
When depression gets lost
Happiness is found.

Peter S. Quinn

Now Summer Is Here (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Now summer is here
With moments fair and bright
Beautiful weather in the air
And hope around everywhere
A happy time together
With something new to sing
It couldn't become better
Then again what these days bring
The hours are coming clear
With blossoms growing wide
So much of pleasures near
And everywhere abide
With lovely days of July now
Any love could become true
And open up wishes somehow
Making them again bright new
Now summer is here
With beautiful gardens around
And fragrances in the air
That nowhere else is found

Peter S. Quinn

Now The Day Is Dark

Now the day is dark
For winter's coming
Blossom bluish spark
Moon above is booming

Morning hours are going
Into night and sleep
Dreamy ways glowing
Breezy blows them keep

Now the day is falling
Darkish profound way
Angels of sleep calling:
Here comes winter's day

Frosty flower silvers
Everything is quiescent
As nighttime delivers
What for dark's meant

Life is now sleeping
In the times of yore
My memories are keeping
All their gone lore

Oh much I'm in sorrow
For my departed missing
I hope new tomorrow
Vivid times be kissing

Peter S. Quinn

Now The Night Is Calling

Now the night is calling
Thru the dreams going by
And times footsteps are falling
To openness of each try
Longings are still in heart
With their wandering ways
All the filling of day's rampart
As it participate in and plays

Now you have its alloyage
In everything you will know
Before its times voyage
Pining that then might go
Breaking their rules in weighing
What it is they got to tell
All the times in each saying
That meets its sliding morel

Now you have been trying
To fill the moments lost
Though time is still all flying
In getting scattered and tossed
Longing of each the same
Nothing comes to further touch
All is in its seconds tame
And is bountiful in so much

Peter S. Quinn

Now The Night Is In

Now the night is in
Full of lull lullaby
In its shadowy spin
And dark night sky

Every hour is of dark
Going on endlessly
Till the morning spark
And the light is free

Dreams of drift and play
All the easy on flow
At the early of the day
That comes up now slow

Every hour is of dark
Going on endlessly
Till the morning spark
And the light is free

Now the night is in
Darkish deep and gray
Many shadowy sin
On their dance and lay

Dreams of drift and play
All the easy on flow
At the early of the day
That comes up now slow

Peter S. Quinn

Now The Summer Is Here

Now the summer is here
And the sky has lost its gray,
There are flowers everywhere
On this beautiful sunshine day;
I have been walking in the warmth
With fragrances and freshness in air,
Life is beginning to show its charm
For us all to enjoy and share.

Every house is full of life,
Every church bell rings out loud,
Because enjoyment has arrived
With its growing all about;
People walking on every lane,
Children starting with their play,
After winters frost and strain
Life has begun to find its way.

Now the summer is back here
And the sky has lost its gray,
There are flowers everywhere
On this beautiful sunshine day;
Winter with all its snow and damp
That kept me so low and down
And with all its cold and cramp,
In happier times has now drowned.

Peter S. Quinn

Now The Time Is Night

Now the time is night
To the days coming
On to dream deep flight
Tones of future humming
Wind is in the rain
As drops keep falling
Silences to entertain
In their echoes calling

Softly thru the trees
Gleam is glimpsing thru
Hours of rediscoveries
Thoughts for me and you
In the ways of darkness
All is here moving on
Winter leafless starkness
November is now gone

Flying on wings of deep
Swaying tree shadows
Nothing in dawn to keep
Of its now shining glows
Morrow might come easy
With its chilliness feel
For outside is so breezy
As chance turns its wheel

Wind is in the rain
As drops keep falling
Silences to entertain
In their echoes calling
Gaping is the hour going
Embracing the far away
Glimpse on sky glowing
As night meets new day

Peter S. Quinn

Now There Is Love Everywhere You Go

Now there is love everywhere you go,
Let the dreams come and let them glow;
Heart is a way onto its truly own,
Whatever you into it have sown.
Now there is love drifting there to grow,
Feelings so tender you don't really know;
Everything in you affectionate grown,
All that's here while you are not alone.

Beautiful ways into the unknown,
Ever today, tomorrow, future;
Everywhere the wind has blown,
And the musing's wings flutter.

Now there is love bringing you through,
Giving a hope that time will renew;
Heart will not stay if it has flown,
You are the one who gives it the tone.
Now there is love soon it may leave,
Give it your touch into its breve;
There is a way that will depone,
Nothing is certain and will be enthroned.

Beautiful ways into the unknown,
Ever today, tomorrow, future;
Everywhere the wind has blown,
And the musing's wings flutter.

Peter S. Quinn

Now This Year Is Leaving

Now this year is leaving for recollection
Its courses together in clouds and sunshine
Each time in its flowing and reflection
Those quarters which passion made to consign
With moon glows in the twinkling darkish night
Or summer in daybreak's uprising new day
These blossoms of color through indistinct light
Minutes of ways - those carry on and play

Each carnation of approaching fresh verve
In to the deep of ocean's streets of time
Where it will touch and memories conserve
The flowing epoch of its own way and prime
Like diamonds together life contrasting feel
Some were of fantasies other quite real

*To everyone, Happy New Year and best of luck...
I admire you all for what you are, peace is with you always...
Peter

Peter S. Quinn

Now Those Times Are Here Again (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Now those times are here again
When the days will become darker
And in the hearts of various men
Yesterdays shall become sparker

When the snow will fall and glow
Bringing chilliness and holidays
As each month to darkness will go
In the glisten down falling glaze

When the snow is back in here
Silvery white on a frozen earth
For now this time's coming near
With its mistletoes and mirth

With its snow-white cold ice
Bracing windows in a frosty rose
Morning dark and twilight skies
When on treetops cold wind blows

Peter S. Quinn

Now, Here Comes The Sun

Now, here comes the sun:
A beautiful new born day,
Gleaming up the bay!

Clouds are drifting by,
As daybreak wakens the sky,
And dreams away fly!

Ocean was asleep,
And all the obscure dark deep,
Day, night away sweep!

The water is clam,
As day rises from its palm,
Earth greets you: salaam!

At the horizon,
A new silvery winged swan:
Early hours of dawn!

Now, day is born new,
With plenty of things do to,
Worth thought and value!

Peter S. Quinn

Now, You Come Here

Now you come here
With your smiles
And lips to steer
My thoughtful whiles
The footsteps long
Turned into forgetfulness
Of its lonely song
And doldrums of regretfulness

Each move you make
That gives time real
Will counter up wake
And make me feel
Like this and that
This departed long ago
Emotions like a diplomat
That nowhere now show

Now you come here
With your smiles
And lips to steer
My thoughtful whiles

Now you come here
But the inside's moved out
Our love is light year
From where it was once about
Nothing more to outlay
Only to show remorse
Lonely tunes to play
Off their right course

There is no time - for another mistake
The stakes are too high for ache

(A jazz pop song written in the spirit of John Legend...)

Now...

Dreams are in their glowing
Faraway tomorrow and today
Every leaf's yellow brown showing
Before long there 's winter to play

Yesterday was easy from start
Filling moments with their green
Giving complex pulses to my heart
In every feeling that's between

Now there is progress in shading
Filling every instant with a glow
As the breezy wind is upgrading
In the morning hours of its go

Remember everything of summer new
As days are clearing to cold
Once there was sunshine coming thru
With times of happiness manifold

Now there is this autumn love song
With its many colors bleaching
Dreams that were once coming strong

Now to oblivion they are reaching
Now there is a feeling full to long
All that comes from inside teaching

Peter S. Quinn

Nowhere Hours - Sonnet

Nowhere hours are always here some in between
Flowing easy in their going on the day
What remains steadfastly or to be seen
In the dripping thought from each coming play
The eagerness in what you can really do
In taking all together those never match
From the conviction and how it goes through
In its honesty and tenderness touch

Every saying is not always quite true
There is other things fire imagination
With its touching in black and white dots few
Like photographs in their combination
You have everything to bring and doubt
That it is which goes in honesty about

Peter S. Quinn

Nowhere Is Somewhere (From, The River Sings On)

There is a song in my heart
For each day that comes new
The feelings of love for a start
For the both of me and you
Nowhere is somewhere between
Together for love always
Something of touch that can't be seen
Morning and coming days

You and I have the freshest to give
Every sense that we know now of
There's a reason for love now to live
All the days and the sky here above
Bring to love every reason you know
Give every joy to the moments that are
Now the winter will come with snow
And more glows will be in every star

Nowhere is somewhere between
Together for love always
Something of touch that can't be seen
Morning and coming days
Bring every way to the time that's here
Give every joy to the moments now
Feelings and senses are everywhere
And we will manage them somehow

All has been said and done for sure
And there is no turning back
Our love is the best way to cure
What has gone lost on our track
Everything comes after a while
With reasons and feelings inside
Just give it your plentiful smile
And all things that are good will abide

Nowhere is somewhere between
Together for love always
Something of touch that can't be seen

Morning and coming days

Peter S. Quinn

Nowhere Man No 2

Reach for the distant,
the faraway ageless glow
-where you'll go one day!

Fly oh fly timeless,
creations of our moments
- with spring in your eyes.

To the new morning
of unborn continuance
- where seeds of time grow.

Dance dance timeless rain,
water's reminiscences
- where all life is from.

Nowhere man I'm here,
starting out again freshly
- from yesteryear seeds.

Peter S. Quinn

Nowhere To Go (From New Waves To The Shore)

Nowhere to go right now
Only to whisper soft words
We shall come here back somehow
With our lonesome flirts
Yesterdays gave their evening
In their dark and in white
Let me hear you beautiful singing
Just like a luminous steering light

All we have underneath the skin
Sinking our thoughts to dry
Love songs and lines to fill in
Asking some questions of why
Waves that are going here through
Like emotions from the air
Both of us to the very renew
Drifting to places from here

Keep me thinking for pleasures
That might hide here inside
Tracking of longings erasures
Throughout the moments must guide
You are my anchor of epoch
Something that holds me and fills
Evaluating out tide's clock
Photograph motions and stills

Peter S. Quinn

Nú (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Nú fjalli? stendur eitt í snjá
tundurskorinna kletta
farlæg?ir hafa farlægst auga?
inn í frost og vetur

Nú myrkri? er bró?ir ?inn
og stjörnuþjört nóttin
umvefur au?nir brekkunnar
sem eitt sinn var í blómaskrú?a

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Nú Eru Dagar Dimmir

nú eru dagar dimmir
og drungi yfir tí?
enn?á sefur sólskyn
og sumur gó? og blí?
og engin vakir enn?á
sem elskar vorsins sól
hérna drunginn hímir
?ótt helg séu jól

í mér er hrollur mikill
me? mæ?ulegum hljóm
vakir yfir vitund
vetur me? köldum róm
ári? er brátt á enda
ekki sakna ég ?ess
sútum ei me? sorgum
segjum bara bless

í upphaf nýja ársins
óskir fara á stjá
en hverjar vonir ver?a
ver?ur erfitt a? sjá
látum tímann lí?a
léttu koma tí?
?á ver?ur betra ví?a
vonir og sigru? strí?

Peter S. Quinn

Nú Vaknar Vori? Aftur Enn

Nú vaknar vori? aftur enn
og vitjar mín í ljóði.
?a? kemur, braggast brá?um senn,
bjart af dirfsku móði.

Og fuglar syngja fallett lag
um sumartíðir ljúfar,
sem vakna eftir vetrar dag
og veður stundir hrjúfar.

Og vorsins mold hún dafnar vel
og vekur líf af mildi,
eftir vetrar hríðar él
sem áttu marga hildi.

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Nuance Of The Sky (Haiku)

Adore this beauty,
For it will soon be over
- Nuance of the sky.

Peter S. Quinn

Nurtures Frail Florets

The watery pearls,
From the freshly flowing fall
- Nurtures frail florets.

Peter S. Quinn

O Autumn Sweet Song

I enjoyed colors,
Sunshine and everything
But now the wind hollers
That winter's coming

O autumn sweet song,
How colorful you are
For a heart yet to long
And wish upon a star

The evening is aglow
And the night is dark
Soon there 'll be snow
Cold adventures to embark

Nothing is for real
In my daydream's land
Only what I feel
And come to understand

Give me some pleasures
Every moment's hours
I'll find hidden treasures
With the snowy flowers

I remember spring
How I felt inside
And now within I'll sing
To autumn outside

O autumn sweet song,
How colorful you are;
For a heart yet to long,
And wish upon a star

Peter S. Quinn

O Baby, My Time's Here

O baby my time's here
In now what's worth knowing
Life Sea streams everywhere
From the past on growing
Days are never too old
Life is just all worth being
Come here outside from cold
Let it be worth for your seeing

O baby you've found my way
All inside there is changing
Let it have wings for a day
And give its worth of arranging
Play along and touch a heart
All is forever worth giving
Moments will pass others start
That's how the days are living

O baby nothing's set out to real
All has its depth to the deep
You are just what you only feel
Worthy hours from inside to keep
Touching a moment and going by
Nothing is set for the lasting
Feelings each worth low and high
To every situation adjusting

O baby my time's here
In now what's worth knowing
Life Sea streams everywhere
From the past it's growing
Hear as waves come to the shore
How they tone to the living
Always from deep to ever more
Each of their song their giving

With hazy eyes of coming morning
Days are burning on bright
Love's forever in daydreaming turning

Catching day before the night
Touching a moment live and let go
Nothing is set to be lasting
Turn to sideways as the wind blows
Nothing forever in life trusting

Peter S. Quinn

O Delight Delight

O delight delight those days
When the sky stars are singing to me
With their colors of bluish grays
To make me become again free
With wings into everything
That grows and grows and never slows
And with my Venus heart shall sing
Until the soil is moonlight glows

O darling fecund soil of frosty earth
Of flowing icily mirror shine
Each step of my step is in their worth
Of every their being breathes line
Where clouds are radiant brows glows
With fertile in their making haze
And I'm as angle in their falling snows
Of white delights on roads of grays

Oh delight be mine in dispels sight
And each azure high heavens on
When night becomes like morning light
And all my wishes will be dawn
In roads of convey sweet tenderness youth
Beneath turnings of cloudy drift
And fill the skies with moments of truth
When you - my soul to those castles lift

Peter S. Quinn

O Flowers Come To Flower

O flowers come to flower
And bring in heart of time
These hours are true hour
In days of timeless prime

Full of its tintured glowing
That daydreams fall on
In their pathways going
Until their glow is gone

O flower of my life
My heart is with its beat
It to and fro must strife
On summer's living street

Now fill my heart with joy
To make these moments true
And pleasures more employ
For my flourishes to renew

Peter S. Quinn

O Here I'M Now

O here I'm now
With my dreams to fulfill
Through the alluring bowwow
Of its turning axil

Daydreams that come and go
In the breaking beat
Each way and its glow
On our through making street

O Here is everything
That gave its breezing turn
When wind in beret sing
In this whispering yearn

Daydreams of melting flow
Form the ways that we learn
In so many thoughts ago
Of so many ways that stern

O Here to follow
The brims of yesterdays
With following its furrow
Of life felting absorbencies

Daydreams of brimming waves
Those to the shore will fall
And the hours later craves
In every its distills call

Peter S. Quinn

Ó Líf

ó líf
?ú endar
á einn veg

og bjart
ver?ur svart

ó depur?
breytt ?ú
farvegi ?ínum

í sælt
augnablik

ég naut ?ín ei
nema stutta stund
vi? svolíti? hik

og svart
var? sí?an blik
?itt skart

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

O Little Boy Blue

O little boy blue your road is full of dust,
What shall guide your way is your enduring light;
Stones on the way look like gold but turn to rust,
You walk in your youth but soon shall abide.
O little you know, of all deaths and world wars,
You thought life was fresh when you started your walk;
But wishes are only like the faraway stars,
Full of meaningless words and even more talk:

My innocent stands so firm and so fresh,
Of what I belief to be the inner most truth;
But for what I stand for I do not think of any less,
Of what is beyond me to comprehend because of my youth.
For the road is still so much unknown to me,
Just give me the chances to learn and to grow;
And maybe later on ahead I shall be able to see,
For all knowledge out there: is learning to know...

O little boy blue with youth and youngsters joys,
You shall become one day a man to lead the way;
But now you're still just like an ordinary boy,
That walks through experience that comes every day.
You think not much of struggle and survive,
Each day is just a joy to find out new things;
Your manhood shall bring what is needed when it arrives,
But now in the nature you play out and sing...

Peter S. Quinn

O Little Boy Blue 2

Dreams never come true,
If you don't let them;
Your wanderings ways,
They are all up to you.
Shine on to the clouds,
That rain - with drops of tears;
Swift of all those shrouds,
That held you back for years.

Dreams never come true,
If you don't participate;
It's all up to you,
Start doing, don't just wait.
Everybody has their dream,
But building them is hard to do;
Lay your best of scheme,
It's hard, but it's up to you.

Dreams never come true,
Just by sitting there;
You'll just keep on being blue,
And losing a dream so dear.
Yes, it's all up to you,
To make each step proud;
Then you may get through,
And be heard - aloud!

Peter S. Quinn

O Love

You are like spring
Or drift clouds above
In breezy mood swing

O dear
Those feeling 's touch
Each blossom year
They mean so much

Sea waves
In your bloody stream
Heart craves
Inside its dream
O touch my dear
And give me all
Be close and near
Before my fall

O heart
Of reddish lust
Do not depart
When years do rust

For all my feeling
Is inside this
And to you appealing
For all love's bliss

Peter S. Quinn

O Love My Love

O love my love
You have my way
Like night meets day
In their roundelay play
Every dream that goes above
In its desiring long
With sea and heaven song
That we need in rhythms strong

Feeling's of each desire
Catching love in fire
Burning ways to the deep
No hours forever keep
Only times in their dreams
Flowing endless river streams
To the inside here about
With their prospect and doubt

O love my love
Young but surly growing old
For no days forever hold
And our youth to time unfold
Burning bright the flicker of
Nothing is forever young
With sea and heaven song
Though we youth forever long

O love my love
You have my way
Like night meets day
In their roundelay play

Every dream that goes above
In its desiring long
With sea and heaven song
That we need in rhythms strong

Peter S. Quinn

O Love, Come Here

O love, come here in beauty and give me some
Something so vivid from the inside
To far far away is now your blossom
In the hollow deep where touches all hide
Bring back your loveliness to the above
With stances of its prettiness to me
I take notice there is not much love of
In this dark world interminable to be

Life should be days of love everlasting
Not of this darkness - that has changed to vain
Wonders of first smiles and its trusting
So much of pleasure - should be here again

O love bring again your beauty and smile
You have not notched me for quite a long while

Peter S. Quinn

O My Heart, My Heart

O my heart my heart is so full of moon
In masquerade light of a lonely song
A journey with stars to see you here soon
For you are the fires that I do long
Sweetness in clarity open secret
All lightening of feeling in scented air
Its light and shadows I cannot regret
A blossom of summer to have you here

Quick like the narrow that slips on here through
Our borders are rivers of freshly stream
Like journeys of love to faraway stars too
Every little secret that is our dream
O my heart is like a tapered roadway
When roses of depression to it play

Peter S. Quinn

O Night (To Oscar Act 5)

O night
Reach out to me
Give stars bright
Sky of free
Love is a longing and touch
Moments that is apart
Feeling this so much
Inside my wondering heart
To you and me always calling
With every dream come true
While the stars are falling
I'm still in love with you

One day we will both find
What these moments gave
For threads of our heart combined
When we its love did crave

There is so much to do
There is so much to live
You are for me I'm for you
Both our times to give

The city might be sleeping now
Under a starry Milky Way sky
But we'll reach together somehow
In our dreams and try
In our dreams and try

Peter S. Quinn

O Silken Woods

O silken woods,
Of winds and fire;
With many roots,
Of earth desire.
That lies and waits,
For knowledge on;
When thoughtless hates,
Are all here gone.
These greenish leaves,
And waterfall grails;
With truth and believes,
That never fails.
O silken woods,
We all admire;
Air freshest fruits,
That brings us higher.
And gives each life,
From breast of milk;
So we can strive,
In the woods of silk.

Peter S. Quinn

O Sweetest Little Flowers

O sweetest little flowers
Of spring and summer while
Please be with us for hours
In all your loving style

You blossoms so beautiful
In fragrance of freshly scent
There's never a time dull
In all your fair augment

The foliages in their green
And petals in tintured shade
Of colors so pretty seen
From natures own hand made

How beautiful is your bed
In marvelous glowing dear
Of colors blue yellow red
And all between them here

Peter S. Quinn

O Tender Song

How sad the tune of heaven is
Now turning to dark deep
Like morning that is in its bliss
And love can never keep

O feelings tender in their while
So much of sorrow's touch
Of this true inner feelings style
And love that give as much

O tender song of heart's cry
That now is here with me
Please let your tones to heaven fly
And become once again free

So I may see the blue opening sky
Of the faraway hidden place
With longings of my love there fly
In God's own mysteries ways

Peter S. Quinn

O What A Dream Day

O what a dream day
Everything in its yearning
Come wind harp to play
As clouds of sky are turning

All is for a reason to go
Dream that are on the horizon
Wonderful way and its glow
Every mood reality realizing

O what a lovely hour
In every moody on breeze
Swaying the blooms of a flower
Bending the branches of trees

Love is a morning of springtime
Every yours wishing foretell
Rise green colors in prime
As summer comes quite so well

Promise a kiss to long
Wishes infused with a feeling
Morning arising new song
Away all tender is stealing

All that you feel from inside
When you are high in your joy
Wishing a moment to abide
That nothing unlucky shall destroy

Peter S. Quinn

O Where Have You Gone Away

O where have you gone away
You that I adored so much
Now's winters coming day
Lights and colors out of touch

Everything is again chancing
Flowers going into the past
New thoughts are rearranging
Out from those that are lost

Love darling love please stay
Though its cold outside and dark
The moments are dim and gray
Lost from all autumnal spark

Moods in their cavernous ocean
For not anything is like it was
Thoughts in memories emotions
For times vanished into loss

Oh were is all spring beauty
We shared for a moment's while
My thoughts are drifting free
Through dim hours of beguile

All reminiscences are traveling
In missing words and tone
And my heart's still marveling
The times I wasn't so alone

O where have you gone away
You that I adored so much
Now's winters coming day
Lights and colors out of touch

O where have you gone away
My beloved and my heart gold
Skies are now in endless gray
In this wintriness daytime cold

Peter S. Quinn

O Winter Winter White

O winter winter white
A song of snowfall free
Now you in coldness abide
In your frosty liberty

These wander ways ahead
In every your road going
When autumn has all bleed
Its yellow brownish glowing

You night is starry fair
They'll fall there one by one
In timeless dream's blear
Until your dark is gone

What more have I to say?
For your snow is yet not falling
And no outside winters play
With frosty roses walling

Peter S. Quinn

O You Beautiful Flower

O you beautiful flower
Of pinkish and white
Earth blossoming shower
In spring's new light
Ground is your embrace
With the sun radiance
Each bud is of grace
And splendor appearance

Light wind singing bell
Will swing your sprout
Like a sway carrousel
In its movement about
A dance of new spring
In meadows of green
To ground now sing
Of budding fresh scene

Rose-tinted so fine
Under blueness of sky
Your growth in sunshine
Now mounting so high
O you beautiful flower
Of pinkish and white
Earth sweetest endower
And spring's delight

Peter S. Quinn

Ódysseyfur

Ódysseyfur er enn?á,
úti á hinum rótlausa sjó.
Hann í sírennunum heyrir,
og hefur fengi? nóg.

Hann átti ?ar ei heima,
Í hinum dimmmjúka sjá;
sem hefur grí? a? geyma,
og gerir oss öll svo smá.

Hann heimlei?is vildi halda,
og hásæti? setjast á;
en djúp og dimmblá alda,
dró hann til og frá.

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Of Nocturnal Dreams Daytime

The day is as deep as night
In every its tranquil state
Dim and beautiful
Asleep in its many way
And promising endless time
The gold horizon - radiance

A beat of the going beat
Near eternal throbbing flows
Right in to my heart and out
And moonshine of dwelling time
The river of profound keep
That fills every empty cup
With blue dark blue hours

This face, of endless time
Of nocturnal dreams daytime
And the whistling breeze in trees
Those hover so steadfastly on
In danger alert
And strangeness songs
Of bottomless glistening mode
That seems to go forever - like goose-flesh

Peter S. Quinn

Of Oceans, Rainforests And Creatures

Oceans are a part of our world
So please keep them forever clean
Much together they have hurled
Each their creature we haven't seen
Everyone, with water - is a user
Drink it and nourish your spirit
Don't become a skeptical loser
Should every ocean become a pit

Rainforests likewise are full
Of creatures we do not yet know
Our world would become so dull
If we would let them all go
All what you take please try
You only borrow its pleasures
The mighty elephant like the fly
Both are unique in their treasures

Become a traveler of the light
A desert is not a nowhere place
If you think so you'll lose a flight
With nothing in your heart to amaze

Peter S. Quinn

Of Sky And Ocean

Of sky and ocean, here comes the rain,
Into desert dust, without leaving a grain.
Roaring and roaring its water aimlessly on,
Until from the earth's floor each dropp is gone.

Of dessert and storm, here comes a corn,
It goes in your eyes and rips there and torn.
Your sightings are poor after drifting in sun,
It looks like the weather has beaten and won.

Peter S. Quinn

Of The Earth...

The water's ripple,
both the origin and ending
- earth's matter divine.

Flavor and fragrance,
is the illumine in the fire
- the life of what lives.

Peter S. Quinn

Og Ég Féll (And I Fell)

og ég féll og ég féll og ég féll
er orusta var haldin í þessum heim
á orustuvelli drifnum blóði
við blóm eitt sem kallast mér ei gleym
en kem aftur fram í þessu ljóði

og ég féll og ég féll og ég féll
ég var aðeins einn af mörgum þeim
sem dóu er hörmung yfir oss flóði
því við búum í heimum tveim
alsnægtum og svo drifnum saklausu blóði

og ég féll og ég féll og ég féll
hver þekkir þau andlit sem eru á sveim
yfir dauðans gröfum í hljóði
þið gleymið aðeins aftur þeim
og enn á ny fyllist stríðs eldmóði

og ég féll og ég féll og ég féll
saklausa áfram í gröf núna teym
því mikilvægur er stríðsherrans gróði
er við komum aftur í líkpokum heim
á heiðurmerki valmennisins glóði

Peter S. Quinn

Ogle

Hey this is something different
Because we all have it
Something so much different
Because of what we are

This is what truth is then
Everything to be come right
To set up and show again
On to the such kind of light

That is of its own worth
In bringing in so much to take
Of this and that from this earth
When everything is at stake

Of what it is henceforth made
To build it up always as new
The two sided of every its blade
That is to become clear through

Line from a line to a line
That never settles down to stop
But sometimes rain and sunshine
Is either its other side up

Hey this is something different
Because we all have it (the eye)
Something so much different
Because of what we are

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Beautiful Springtime

Oh beautiful springtime come here again
In the basin green and so splendid all
In their youthful captures in spring call
Where each circling motion's never in vain
Under the clouds that are drifting here by
Fill my spirits of your wandering ways
Summerset moods the fresh colors and plays
Green valleys and mountains under blue sky
In hue oceans of tintured completions
Love songs of the eve till dark skies come on
With dreams of their own weaving in to earth
Harmony voices and their accretions
When light wakes new morning in predawn
And gives brightness to every scene worth

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Bird Of Love

Oh bird of love
How wonderful
You have the sky above
And your heart so lovable
In moment's hours
As you fly around
Thru trees and flowers
That you have found

Oh bird of inspire
So much to give
As you fly higher
In your life to live
Of dawn breaking days
And night to come
Your many ways
Like nature's blossom

Oh bird, my heart
That'll sing a tune
When spring will start
That's coming soon
Every hour of giving
In its many treasures
When nature starts living
Full in its pleasures

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Breath Of Darkened Day

So high in no-one else sky
I will fly now on to you
Never saying again goodbye
And always try to be true
What more can be inside?
Than love like morn glow
That every shadows hide
That the night didn't show

My feelings are to give
A sense and time to share
And come and try to live
What we have within here
So much can we from it learn
If these feelings we know
While leaves in autumn burn
And darkness shadows glow

Oh breath of darken day
How much you bare now life
Flickering fires won't stay
That in silent hour's strife
The woods are now alone
In its lonesome walking row
The passage birds have flown
Like a joyful breezing blow

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Christmas Night Oh Christmas Night

Oh Christmas night oh Christmas night
So quiet all and splendor
We celebrate Christ birth and might
With candle lights so tender
For on this night is born a king
The king of peace on earth
We glorify and humbly sing
About this child and holy birth

Oh Christmas night oh Christmas night
When night's around and dark
We find his love's a guiding light
And see his angels hark
We hope this time peace will bring
And guide our footsteps all
For he's the forth of everything
The protector of big and small

Oh Christmas night oh Christmas night
The spirits of love and greeting
When each love will burn on so bright
With kindness and good treating
We hope one day peace will arrive
For every life that's living
We must therefore still on strive
Remembering what Christmas is giving

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Come And Be With Wings

Oh come and be with wings in lover's dream
With your beautiful wishes to release
Creative forces - in their tranquility peace
Where everything in desires seem
Where love appears always to give and awake
Something of freedom that with wings is reached
When conditions are right in thoughts beseeched
And you have fancies to go on and make

Beautiful garden of spirituality
With bouquets of rainbows so far from truth
By all in 'go beyond' you'll understand
Somewhere in nonexistence you can't see
That will change your heart and entice in youth
Each of your wish that you want to command

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Come And Go (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Oh come and go with each sweet moment on
Filling of figures like clouds in sky
The wandering hours of every try
That dances in sweetness and dull till gone

Flowers to keep of bouquets withering
Totals of stirrings of the breezy sang
Those are in our thoughts and wordings to long
And nature through tides again shall sing

Step of every step through fulsome air
Showing their places of dreaming unfold
Center of moments in timeless plays
Something from emotions coming near
When given a touch of obsessive hold
When dances from nature carve up its ways

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Darling

Oh darling sweet summertime
Of its confronting real
Of waking themes of higher prime
That heart is made to feel
A dream often in reality true
In every its find and making
The ways that beats can renew
In points of life and taking

Oh darling trust of new hours
Those come to touch more
Like the seeds of all flowers
That gives colors of its core
To satisfy each our passion
Or moonlight in realms dark
Those don't go out of fashion
And many times new will spark

Oh darling reaching to find
All strong points in view
The constellations of open mind
In untied fields of pursue
All longings those are strong
To reach a dream and goal
The kind of way and inside song
That gives purposes its role

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Dearest Lover

Oh dearest lover
Never let a feeling go
Love is like a flower
Just to sow and grow
Approaches are inside
With many ways to play
Touches that glide
For they never stay

Feel my tomorrow
Rest your hand in mine
Take away your sorrow
Let the future shine
All is from within
Through the blue sky
Dark and lights is twin
With every goodbye

Oh dearest you
Please forget-me-not
Let your heart be true
With what we have got
The entire world is free
With its wandering ways
You'll someday see
How each heart plays

Oh dearest lover
Never let a feeling go
Love is like a flower
Just to sow and grow
Approaches are inside
With many ways to play
Touches that glide
For they never stay

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Did Your See My Ocean Ship – A Song

Oh did your see my ocean ship
Gliding its way in sails of air
Salt-sprayed plight away strip
Into the waves close and near
Taking the breath of wind highs
Sailing on through and away
Where every future of shore lies
Dawn of dreams meets the day

Word's be carried in their own
Just like the waves of green sea
Give every word a peaceful tone
So it might always in freedom be
Make your sailing - love for words
Don't surrender to a revolting flight
Such aphorism befall hurried birds
To fly on throughout a sullen night

Fill the dreams till they find land
On to their own in oceans by
Let generations come to understand
What sailed your ship - and why!

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Dreams Forgotten Days

We shall remember each day of their past
In fragrance of passions of faraway dreams
Those wearing old minutes of days now lost
But still lie inside like a ray of gleams
Those earthly filled out moments of soul's dark
In feathers of feelings that faraway are
And still fly in their momentarily spark
Like wishes of twinkling faraway star

When silence meant moments of shadowed touch
Like water in flowing on the smooth skin
And Love said to Love: I need you so much
And everything was of breeze from within
Oh dreams forgotten days and aromas varied
How much now in winter those feelings we need

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Flower Why Are You So Small?

Oh flower
Why are you so small?
With many blooms
Of white and blue

I've found you
Again - this summer
So faraway
From my town of town

In sweetly scent
You embraced me
So tenderly now
You make me safe
And worthy too

Sweet flower
I kiss your buds
Don't be afraid
I won't snap your stem

Because of you I came
To this green forest
To have you here
And blossom

I've found you
In a silent garden
Of wilderness shrine
And beauty

Your little green leaves
Welcomed me
With so much
For me to see

Now I can stare
And be proud
That you stand

In your freedom

With many wonderful blooms
That freedom gave
To life

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Gentle Morning Blossom

In to the night we are going
From departing September's fall
Where autumnal leaves are glowing
Through emotions of songs enthrall

Innocence from yellow to red
The morning where dawn began
Where colors of heaven bled
From the chariot of daybreak's van

Love songs of the heart tenderly
To the midnight of glowing sky
With a heart song of a summer's tree
In the moments of colors that fly

Shining beauties and stars up tall
With luminous autumn's to long
Each moment in their echo call
When leaves were green and young

The happiness in a carefree wonder
That glows to us its honest plea
And then drifts like love asunder
In what we were allowed to see

Oh gentle morning blossom
Of gone summer's remembrance
To each your bouquets awesome
I'm thankful for its beauties glance

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Heart's Cradle Sweet Time

Time to come of give and take
Fruit carriers of all that past
In history and centuries make
This in its whiles shall last
Sails on ships that come and go
And giving fulfillment's joy
The pages that we all now know
And no oblivion could destroy

Oh heart's cradle sweet time
Those men gave by their shade
And come to last in its prime
To bring us pleasures once made
Going on like the breezy wind
With moments to trod the road
Its many occasion intertwined
In time's heavy thought and load

Peter S. Quinn

Oh How Sweet Is The Day

Oh how sweet is the day
That comes and brings the light in
To every compartment it'll play
And give of its dreamy spin
Casting the dispute so far to dark
Knowing the rising of blue sky
Flowers like glow to thoughts spark
Until it's time to say goodbye

Yesterday was on its own self sure
Peacefully weaving its ocean deep
Giving some footsteps to more cure
Some of its bouquets to keep
Where every cloud shall be drifting
On to the hours of even more light
And the ways and moods uplifting
When it up rises to new high flight

Oh how sweet is the day
In every of its moments going by
Filling the air with momentary way
Reaching new goals with each new try
Wonderful dreams still going there on
Searching for pathways to the shifting
Moments of billows never to be gone
Until its time every footfall is rifting

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Joy Oh Joy (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Oh joy oh joy come here to me
With a morning coming in a song
And set my wings a little free
In rising freedom to cherish among

O love my love let me awake
Where the water is crystal clear
And find the breeze by the lake
With the time of sweetness's air

Flowers give their blossoms sprung
And bouquets of colors to shade
In living green and seedlings young
Each garden of joy in summers made

Where love is freedom without haste
A living art that gives its pleasure
With every tincture of nature's paste
In every unfolding we must treasure

Enjoy your freedom in summer's time
Of colors fulsome and youngish look
When growing is giving of its prime
Each day a garden like an open book

Where nothing remains in the same
Of joy to take from to give and bring
Every new morning in its fresh flame
Endlessly to admire and by joy to sing

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Let Not My Dreaming Just Come (From, Dried Flowers)

Oh let not my dreaming just come and go,
For life is too short in contrasting ways;
When grey moods move forward spoiling the days,
Give away its pleasures that were while ago.
Each day is a spot of darkness and light,
With all that is here to give and then take;
Like a dawn that comes in morning quite bright,
Life's simple pleasures before a heart ache.
River moves on with a thought that is old,
All is just here with the hours that they give;
Fortunes are in though nothing is foretold,
What is of dreams and what is there to live?
Bring all your hope to the outside of field,
For life's relish in the thoughts are annealed.

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Life My Song

There's a song in my heart
Playing tones from the sea,
With sounds echoing apart
From the waves that are free.
There's a singing that'll start
Giving peace and its harmony,
For everything that'll depart
That's of life for you and me.

Oh life oh life my song
How endlessly time passes on,
And we in hearts do long
For times that are now gone.
There's a reason for each try
And ways to give and go,
Like clouds drift in the sky
And we of love begin to know.

For everything has its reason
And days to make a way,
There's a song for each season
And a night before a new day.
Oh life oh life my song
How endlessly time passes on,
And we in hearts do long
For times that are now gone.

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Little Bloom In A Field

Oh little bloom in a field,
You live once then you die;
When your colors are relieved,
Down your seeds fall and fly.

Beauty you gave to enjoys,
Both for man and beast;
Until wilt you destroys,
You're small, but not least.

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Love

Oh love

You are the one I need
You set my wings free
From your eyes I read
All that I need to see
The feelings with you are true
And always coming new
The times are inside always
For all the remaining days

Oh love

So much you give of love
Your eyes so much care
I can not get enough of
What you from you is dear
With each your touch you give
You make it worth to live
Each heart beat longing still
Where promises to fulfill

We are two

Inside this great amaze
And closer than ever before
A heart with longing plays
To make each feeling more
And nothing can it stop
Until beats go down and up
And fills your breath with care
It's only having you here

We are two

For this and every day
So much of love to make
Forever is its own way
What life and love will make
This endless love and fire
Of feelings straight and on
Each beat and every desire
Before our connection is gone

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Love - My Darling

Oh love come here and be like morning bright
A star of the night that shines on and on
Such darling affection that it is like a light
A glow upon heaven till the morning is gone

Oh love my darling my heart of affection
You give me the freshness of every coming day
In the shine from your eyes I can see no rejection
Only freedom of love that has come as it may

In each your feeling is a little something of me
Those blossoming flowers so bright and clear
That days become summer so early and free
Your blue unflawed eyes so close and near
Each day and night I think of all what you are
An adore of beauty like a morning bright star

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Love - My Song

Oh love my song come here in moment's spin
And flame to my heart your tender true fire
From nocturnal ways of flowing desire
That comes to my dreams when night is in
These ferocious passions in loftiness brought
And carries me through the deep with its care
You are to me sometimes close and near
Giving feelings of sensations and thought

My soul you conquer with leaves of life
Those are rooted deep under and around me
Filling my moments with delight to give
Each case you 've shown I'll breathe of and thrive
Sing from my longings until they come free
And later perhaps in my life - each too live

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Love 2

Oh love is so sweetly during,
Each honey flower bud
Like spring in the morning
That has its seeds florid
To bring in freshly fragrance
Like feelings in to the day
Of the instant abundance
That comes in its fair play

Oh love of every devotee
That is revived like spring
When blossoms come to be
Like heart in love to sing
When new daybreak is in light
To give its clearest vision
For a day to come in bright
With all its shade precision

Oh love that arrives and grows
With verve touches to give
That never again goes
If it's with roots that live
Like carnations in posy
Of pinkish whitish and red
The days of sweet love rosy
Not to go pale in spring's bed

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Love Be Here Still

Oh love be here still
Though summer has gone away
Give a heart to fulfill
In your love and new day
For life is here still singing
Deep inside my heart
And new hope out bringing
From what has depart

Oh love now you are free
From sickness and sorrow
But in my heart and me
You still have your glow
And dreams that we found
Shall fulfill every day
For you are still here around
In each of my own way

Oh love I have missed you
So much and your heart
For you were always so true
In what your life did start
Though still I can find you
In everything you left behind
I wished we together could do
What new days might find

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Love Is A Sweet Love (From, To Oscar Act 4)

The night is always so single
With the hours that come and go
Whatever your might mingle
There is always a while to know
And love comes so easy in dark
With daydreams to give and wake
Like oceans of feeling's spark
There is so much there to take

Refrain

Oh love is a sweet love love
With much to anyone to say
It comes like a smoke from above
Though never for long will stay

The night is for us to keep
Full of its embracing hope
The colors of tender and deep
With each of its ways and slope
Into the risings of songs to be
Casting their corners close
In to a world of their own
Before the dim dark away goes
Like a wind that before has blown

Night dreams away to you heart
Reaching untouched ways
Beginning and giving its start
Anything what the thoughts play
Lonely is never there around
Only the waves to a reaching shore
The feelings nowhere else found
Further of its finesse to pour

Refrain

Oh love is a sweet love love
With much to anyone to say
It comes like a smoke from above
Though never for long will stay

And love comes so easy in dark
With daydreams to give and wake
Come with your feeling to embark
Each of our dreams is at stake

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Love Is Coming

Oh love is coming
In autumn delight
Blossoms are blooming
Into the night

Fragrance of autumn
On to dark glow
Breezy blow strum
Withering slow

Oh love oh fall
Blowing your song
Soon winter will call
In wind gust strong

Leaves are falling
Yellow brown red
Memories are calling
From the bloom bed

Oh love my darling
I miss you so
From our last spring
You had to go

But times will come
When I'll be like you
A garden sweet blossom
That summer shall renew

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Love Love

Oh love love comes so easy
When it to life comes
Though life's hardship breezy
Happiness is its bloom
Oh love love that is you
Inside of every find
If your love comes through
And leaves the rough behind

That is love oh love yes
With all its things to do
On to its fortun'd bless
That is life and you
And every dream is true
That has its true caress
Hopefully to come through
For life of future address

Oh love love you are it all
In giving days fine
Through every seasons' call
You are its sunshine
Oh love love your way
Is doing the time so sweet
When love's in the day
And happiness on its street

That is love oh love yes
With all its things to do
On to its fortun'd bless
That is life and you
Oh love love comes so easy
When it to life comes
Though life's hardship breezy
Happiness is its bloom

Oh love love you are it all
In giving days fine
Through every seasons' call

You are its sunshine

You are its sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Love Of The Night

Oh love
Oh love of the night
How close are you
To the wind outside
Bouquets of displays
Are everywhere
Though summer is gone

Oh love the night
With stars
Bright and clear
You shape the skies
With blue
And dreams from faraway
To every day coming

Oh love dim night
You are poetry
In the breeze
Cold and clear
Outside my window
Whispering tomorrow
That will come
Like a child newborn

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Love Oh Love - Oh You

Oh love oh love
Bring your heart
Its plentiful colors of
In everything that'll start
A dream that's gone by
Into the drifting days
The sun in the morning sky
All the hours wondrous ways

Oh love oh you
My darling of pounding heart
All minutes to renew
Each beat that will start
The dreams that come true
And each that's ours
The name that becomes you
Like life bouquets of flowers

Oh love oh love
You are giving your all
Dreams so plenty of
Days of living till its fall
The one that makes you
Every hour day and night
Each sunray that comes through
And make my days more bright

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Love...

Oh love oh love
I miss you now so much
You are far away above
Like clouds out of touch
My heart is feeling lonely
Not seeing you once more
If I could just only
Know what this is all for

Oh love my heart
I wish I had you still here
Though now you must depart
In going to somewhere
My heart - my gold
Oh darling, my sweetest of all
I couldn't to you hold
When you heard the last call

Oh love you're gone
My soul is now so lonely
But your memories go on
Inside my heart so free
Oh love my darling
I'll always remember you
Each joy and feeling
From a love that's true

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Mistress...

Oh mistress of his that is gone
From true love of words and tone
You carried your fragrances on
Until all those kisses were alone
Of sweetness forever in being
From moods of each flickering sweep
In dreams of the hold on in seeing
From inside your thoughts deep
The love that I know isn't easy
Like a wick the quenches to die
When it come the love that's breezy
And asking such questions as why

Peter S. Quinn

Oh My Darling Darling

Oh my darling darling
All's inside our reach
To my heart you'll always sing
Every feeling within teach
So much love goes around
Every time and always
Your love I once found
Gave me touch that stays

Sky is blue and beyond
All is within clouds drifting
Every feeling goes around
Tempered ways and moods shifting

Give me time to know you well
Beyond our reality
You have put me inside your spell
For our love and eternity

Oh my darling darling
All's inside our reach
To my heart you'll always sing
Every feeling inside teach
So much love goes around
Every time and always
Your love I once found
Gave me touch that stays

Flowers of the past
Bouquets there to last
Nowhere days to come
Lonesome ways to some
All that you can give
Bewilderment back roads to live
Strange is some occurrence

Give me time to know you well
Beyond our reality
You have put me inside your spell

For our love and eternity

Oh my darling darling
All inside our reach
To my heart you'll always sing
Every feeling inside teach
So much love goes around
Every time and always
Your love I once found
Gave me touch that stays

Reasons come and some go
Into their own and lonesome ways
We will not time completely know
Their tempered colors and grays

Some though reaches to your heart
With feeling that inside touch
Give you a complete fresh start
How you can reach with your love
So much

Yes so much

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Profound Epoch Millpond—a Song

The evening is coming in near
With its dear dark night song
Each day thought away shall steer
For dreams of delirious long
Goodbye to a gleaming dream
That no way was for me to catch
A brook sings its lo-low stream
Tones of the evening to watch

Goodbye my dreams of daylight
You have not answered me yet
Now comes in my darling night
Of satin's silk to let me forget
We'll meet in dreams beyond yore
Where the old time pipes did sing
And nothing shall be as before
Where hours of forget did cling

Oh profound epoch millpond
That lets me stand up or fall
Each tomorrow in you've found
That provides its place and call

(Inspiration, somewhat from: Over the Water by Anna Akhmatova)

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Sensual Spring

Oh sensual spring,
A day to come;
To the hour will sing,
So it may bloom.
Like morning fire,
Of dawn's new gold;
The burning desire,
That none can hold.

Bring forth the truth,
That lies in a flower;
Young in its youth,
Enriched by new shower.
With pearls from sky,
Those breezes only know;
Before it will die,
Where each one will go.

Oh glory of day,
The shine that's bright;
Ray's golden stairway,
That brings in the light.
How much I adore you,
When I catch the sight;
Of the moistening dew,
From jade's dark nephrite.

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Sometimes I Feel (From 'Meet The Moments')

Sometimes I can't find what surrounds me
For it's so vast in its everyday going to be
Full of its time's from past gone memory
Stuck inside this love that once was free

Reaching to gray skies up high
Filling empty spaces that surrounds
Living for hours that die
Into the dreams that shall on fly
Onto the giving of notions that mounds

I felt I had somewhere to reach out and contact
Bring in those longings that age had blacked
Something once ready even if still in its intact
Living its emptiness that nothing could enact

Reaching to gray skies up high
Filling empty spaces that surrounds
Living for hours that die
Into the dreams that shall on fly
Onto the giving of notions that mounds

Oh sometimes I feel I'm lost there somewhere
A dream in dim mislaid without its day prayer
With only behaviors no one could prepare
Always so unfilled and always so unfair

Reaching to gray skies up high
Filling empty spaces that surrounds...

□

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Summer Moods Come With Treats

Oh summer moods come with treats
The greenery green of growing fields
On every corner within the streets
Blossoms true blossoms you wield
And day is young in spring's new
Song be sung by its happy tongue
The treasured moments are so few
And precious while you're still young

A thought clears like a cloud on sky
With reasons that come clear
There are so many questions of why
For each the concepts where to steer
You feel you know the answers all
But then you find a new verity
And that might be a different call
Than you thought you could ever see

Each time and tide that comes here
Is always quite different and new
Roads have many sites made clear
That only are known to the very few
What drives them we do not know?
For we're surrounded in much doubt
But then reasons approaches to show
What everything in existence is about...

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Sweet Caresses

Oh sweet caresses
Come hold me close
Time to spring passes
For a new summer rose
This love in fresh heart
Singing here in touch
As evening shall start
In its glowing red torch

Bring me new flower
And birds that sing
Each the morning hour
With a glow on everything
You and I to enfold
Summer's new melody
This still is much untold
Of its beauty here to see

The songs of songs
Are coming now through
Where love sweet belongs
In a heart that's true
Yesterdays are gone
To cold wintry brawls
Hours of dark deep done
Till autumn again calls

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Sweet Rose Of My Dreams

Oh sweet rose of my dreams
Where have you been?
Now everything in twilight seems
Icy and darkish mean
Inside flowers and garden
Can't follow this all up
As winter brings more harden
For each little blooming cup

But day will come again
When you will rise to be
With color gorgeous regimen
For all the love to see
Your heart will grow with wings
To give a rose's fragrance
Soon as new springtime sings
To bring down wintry fragrance

My heart oh now be still
In our pondering dreams
For wishes will come to fulfill
The river when it streams
Though now it's dark and dim
In every aspect and hour
Our love will once more trim
The cups of the passion flower

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Sweet Time

Oh sweet time you gave me everything
In sweetness of its fragrances flow
With passion that to moments shall sing
When the tides to the evening must go
Dreams in the hearts own compartments
With the oceans of billows there calling
In the footsteps of ongoing departments
Where the sand of the river is falling

The living times of the easy on going
With the peaceful of living on thriving
Every day into night fully growing
Giving much of their depth and its living
Justifying the means by the outcome
When there is something there starting
Where every seed and flower is from
And breeze from the leaves is departing

Pinching the feathered morning shine
The easy of quick rising daybreak
When the glow comes to red on the line
And the forest shall come to its wake
In delightful get-together limb to limb
When life complacency we shall meet
From the hours of darkish deep rim
Before esprit comes again to the street

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Sweet Time - A Song

Oh sweet time you are
Love in a happy song
Glistening winter star
All what the hearts long
Dreams and wish believes
Days worth longing for
Moments of retrieves
At peace and loves war

You and I loving all
Finding the hours gone
Memories old on call
Struggles that life has won
Silence in many ways
Winter is showing me □
Step by step through days
Life that makes history

Oh sweet time you are
Giving much and taking
Years those are gone afar
Every care for is making
Dreams they never go
Always they come and give
Like light in winter's glow
Appears and years revive

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Sweetest Harvest Time

Oh sweetest harvest time
Now come to the forest and sing
Its grass is now in prime
And sways to the sounding bring

The distance skies are away
In cloudy drifting spirit
Here is only summer's day
In its blue faraway through lit

Such an art is every flower
In yours fields and ground
With longings to meet the hour□
That nowhere else is found

The freshness gardens colors
Are full of hope and try
And while the breeze wind hollers□
Birds' sprit flies up the sky

The far-off mornings fade
Those once were in stars of glisten□
When this new dawn is made
And every ones ears in listen

This time is always aspiring dear
Of giving its appeal to the eye
With everything of beauty near
Those never to the senses lie

Oh sweetest harvest time
Now come to the forest and sing
The grass is now in prime
Its swings to the sounding bring

Peter S. Quinn

Oh The Sun Is Always Graceful

Oh the sun is always graceful,
As the space between our souls;
If you find you are not fearful,
You have found jewels and goals.

And I say this in the moonlight,
Where our skins are in faint blue;
All I have is your heat and breath,
As I reach much closer to you.

Oh the sun is always graceful,
When the highest moment is here;
Then my wings fall back so peaceful,
We were both in dreams out there.

Oh the sun is always graceful,
Like the kindness from your smile;
Every sunbeam is so joyful,
But after that we rest a while.

And I say this closer to you,
Then I was before I met you last;
You can feel that I am true,
In the heat now as in the past.

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Those Beautiful Colored Lights

Oh those beautiful colored lights,
That the evening gives and night;
The star falling twinkling's flights,
Till the day again is morning bright.

All that is quite beautiful in the dark,
Holding you spellbound with wonder;
With glistening winter's frosty spark,
When you in your dreams ponder.

Why is our life in so wondrous ways?
Love songs with touch for eternity;
Longings that old memories interplays,
Setting the past times again flight free.

Who controls this merry-go round,
With glittering stars in the deep sky;
Where can old love songs be found,
Why do they all have to say goodbye.

Oh those beautiful colors far away,
Have they perhaps been here before?
Like the night that comes after a day,
And holds you in wonder for evermore.

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Tiger Green And Sweetly Blue

Oh tiger green and sweetly blue
With honest eyes and very true,
How can we again meet
And each kindly treat,
When wise men say there is none you.

Oh bloom that comes again in spring
With green leaves that whisper and sing,
Fragrance so adorable
With colors splendid full,
Candid life to the world you bring.

Oh creature that man has killed
On your earth the blood has spilled,
And broken natures nest
For he thought he knew best,
With folly the forest he filled.

Oh tiger green and sweetly blue
You are now but a dream so true,
Of endangered species gone
That embrace of lead has done,
And soon others will follow you.

Oh Eden's garden's of concrete now
Like hearts of men are somehow,
Made out of chisel stones
Or yellow weathered bones,
A death comes with a blackish crow.

In days that are passed and away
I heard you roaring and play,
With beasts now all lost
Or returned to whited dust,
Like I will likewise do one day.

Oh creatures of this earth so wild
Why hasn't man treated you mild?
He's within a soul too

But not as innocent nor true,
As one, so of freedom defiled.

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Weave Me A Song

Weave me a summer air
Oh sully autumn breeze
Give me the blossoms there
Before the ground will freeze
This earth is now so cold
With a darkness coming day
And frost tones to unfold
The glisten frost drops play

Darling my bouquet's spring
How much I now long you
And to you songs sing
With the fair of sky blue
My mood is still of yours
And feelings of greenery
I adore the bed flowers
In my garden and scenery

Oh weave me a song of love
For clouds that come in
And give me the rain above
To take that frosty pin
And now my window is white
Wait! - What is it that I see?
Some blossoms glass glide
Frost roses of winter's beauty

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Wind Give Me A Direction

Oh wind give me a direction to follow,
I know I never found the way I walked;
My thoughts were fresh less and hollow,
And I just lived empty and talked.
Butterflies need flowers to sit on,
So does my heart have to search too?
All flowers need rain and the sun,
Just as always my love needs you.

Oh mountain don't make it hard to climb up,
Though everyday I lose what I am looking for;
Let me go on searching and never to stop,
There are many roads and none of them sure.
Man needs power and soul within,
Finding his way and the sky blue;
Wheels on the road travel and spin,
Leads us directions to follow through.

Oh wind give me a direction to go by,
There is emptiness in every word I know;
I just want directions and a try,
And have every reason to carry on and go.
Man is not assured of anything he does,
He always has to wonder what the purpose is;
And every time he steps into a river and across,
Old things he left behind, he always miss.

Peter S. Quinn

Oh Winter - Now Coming

Oh winter that is now coming,
With tides of its glow and season.
The frosty roses there blooming,
The dark of the deep and its reason.

Oh icicles of the true cold frost,
The deeps of the weighty of dark.
Its way and its mood that gets lost,
When night is starry in its spark.

Oh heart of deep coming in snow,
With wonders of seasons alone.
Each footstep in profound shadow,
Where winds of the ice have blown.

You come in your footsteps silence,
With all that the dark is giving.
Breeze from the night and dawn trench,
All what the chill coldness is living.

Peaceful each moment of night,
Resting its beats from gone songs.
Until rise of life's daybreaks light,
Beginning of summer again longs.

Peter S. Quinn

Oh You I Loved

Oh you I loved
For all your beautiful days
For You I loved
In many different ways
In all that you gave
In times that were changing
Your heart was so brave
In love rearranging

The days were so close
In affection for each
But each way it goes
When its time it reach
But remembrance are
Always within the heart
Bright though afar
Though its drifted apart

Oh you I loved
But nothing for long stays
For You I loved
In my heart always
Times have gone all through
In their glistening shine
But still I'll remember you
And you'll always be mine

Peter S. Quinn

Old Becomes New

Old becomes new
and new becomes old,
someone becomes you
as the epochs unfold.

Moments in time's wave
all is in its to and fro,
love you once did crave
again will make a go.

You become to see
everything from within,
and perhaps you'll be
inside its next spin.

Love becomes so right
when it's to you close,
it becomes a light
through time that goes.

Old becomes a part
of new ways to see,
if you see with a heart
that is forever to be.

Nothing gets away
time seeds are growing,
as being beats play
nothing is really going.

Peter S. Quinn

Old Dreams

Old dreams are now going by
One by one they leave
To forgetfulness deep sky
With their finding and conceive

Dreams once sought much
But have now become old
With their weaving and touch
Those today have been told

To the dark of the night
They are all now going
With their wings old in flight
Like the evening on glowing

We shall find tomorrow now
In new thoughts set of fire
Flying to futures somehow
Finding other ways of desire

Peter S. Quinn

Old Forest's Aflame (From, Without A Doubt)

Flowers of wild beauty appear to glow
For new springtime is coming soon here in
Old forest's aflame in going winter snow
Whirling broken whispers of wintry spin
Love songs of golden leaves from the old
When autumn was with us in the gone year
Now remembered in greenery unfold
Which every murmur through now can hear

The roads that where so hard once to follow
Are clearing up into the deep dust earth
Somewhere still are dreams of mournful plays
Going away again in to the hollow
Coming with the heights of summer time's birth
Boundless fresh blossom in the breezing ways

Peter S. Quinn

Old Love Songs (From Coradoba)

A flower in my heart
because spring is not here
a love song of earth
is inside growing

Thoughts of footsteps gone
unfolding from the past
through daydreams coming
with the hours away

My love song to you
to the night stars above
in a winter gray and dark
and new feelings

The poems of secrets on
in to the heart of dreams
like a river of old innocence
nested in our thoughts

Emotional breeze of leaves
from the garden dark chill
sleeping blossoms of past
inside our roots

The books that we remembered
from love songs fading
like days of old September
in to the dawn tomorrow

Peter S. Quinn

Old Lyrics (They Are Coming Again To Mind)

They are coming again to mind
Every song that has lost its ways
They will never be left behind
They always have lines and space
The moods are so many that live
In every their memorable line
And still from the old pages give
Recalls of recollection's sunshine

Old lyrics shall never die
While there is still world of beauty
And filling the heart and the sky
With every song line memorably
The hours may pass and lose hope
And differently ways be trottin'
Like clouds in faraway hazy strophe
They'll go but never be fully forgotten

Times are all drifting to somewhere
And losing their written dives
With fingers of blench they'll wear
And become piles in archives
But old lyrics shall never die
While there is still world of beauty
And filling the heart and the sky
With every song line memorably

Peter S. Quinn

Old Lyrics (They Are Coming Again To Mind) (From, Myspace)

They are coming again to mind
Every song that has lost its ways
They will never be left behind
They always have lines and space
The moods are so many that live
In every their memorable line
And still from the old pages give
Recalls of recollection's sunshine

Old lyrics shall never die
While there is still world of beauty
And filling the heart and the sky
With every song line memorably
The hours may pass and lose hope
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And losing their written dives
With fingers of blench they'll wear
And become piles in archives
But old lyrics shall never die
While there is still world of beauty
And filling the heart and the sky
With every song line memorably

Peter S. Quinn

Old People And Young

Old people and young
Making this world much better
For every heart to long
A strike to beat trendsetter
Giving much or taking
Is what we do to grow
Every our decision making
With feelings to touch or go

You are so much like me
Wanting to make your way
Being happy and carefree
To let wishes come true today
So much we need to find
To make this a better place
But everything's inside mind
Of opportunities turning ways

We need to connect the bridges
Those are too far across
And mend the wounds and stitches
Those heal each personal loss
The nights are waking daybreak
To give us another try
Our happiness is all at stake
Like morning of an earth blue sky

Peter S. Quinn

Old Yearnings Do Not Fade

No need to give away
Dreams that haven't been steady
Just meet another day
And be again quite ready
For burning desires to burn
And give of their thousands or more
And something from this all learn
When you are wholesome and sure

Year shall be going on to lost
For everything drifts here on
Or becomes like the leaf's rust
When life from the times are gone
Decades will fly and you'll long
Every footstep that went away
Remember each touch so strong
That once was here but couldn't stay

Old yearnings do not fade
They just become so 'newfangled'
When daylights in sunsets are made
And differently weaved and tangled

Peter S. Quinn

Ómur

ómur a? handan
er vegurinn heim
ó?ur til lífsins
og við tilheyrum þeim

vegur sem er farinn
fer?u ymist aftur
e?a ei á ný
torskilinn gáta
sem tíminn einn botnar í

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

On A Journey (From, Lost Song Poems)

On a journey until,
Peacefulness is in air;
Promises to fulfill,
For the world everywhere.
There's love and a thrill,
Faraway and near;
And I wish for it stil,
Every new coming year.

On a journey to bottomless,
All the broken ways;
Peace must come again fresh,
Though world it dismays.
It's quiet now the stream,
In the water by the lake;
But again it will adeem,
And life's force up wake.

On a journey to inside,
Where my crossroads are;
And I must there abide,
To refix my ajar.
If afectionis are to be,
For a certain thing;
I must once again see,
Full compassion in bring.

Peter S. Quinn

On A Journey To Within (From, Lost Song Poems)

On a journey to within
Where my feelings all are,
I'll find dreams again
Before drifting afar;
All I say and then do
Is for love that I know,
Only known to the few
When a heart I avow.

On a journey to dreams
That my ways couldn't see,
Radiating like beams
Where my heart does agree;
I'll find the one way
That I haven't looked for,
In moments that stray
In the days forevermore.

For all's only an illusion
Flowing to destinies,
With drifting confusion
That comes with each breeze;
All I say and believe
Is in my heart to grow,
And with the roots alive
And to the sky ablow.

Peter S. Quinn

On An Open Road

On an open road
To somewhere
Taking my load
To here and there
Songs - melody
Like cobblestones
Justify you and me
In moment's alones

Feelings in time
Rhythm beat falling
Some in prime
Closeness from calling
All that is bliss
Thru night to day
Asphalting kiss
As we walk its way

On to each other
To meet again
Sister or a brother
Lives thru journeymen
All that is outside
To footsteps going
In our urban ride
And closeness knowing

On an open road
To somewhere
Taking my load
To lives thoroughfare
Counter harmony
Street noise cry
Justify you and me
In its moments high

Peter S. Quinn

On Autumn 's Earth

This is the beginning
Now carry me away
On to the faraway new day
That now is born to play

Yes this is the beginning
Moments dreamed and found
Everything in its singing
That comes again around

Flowers on autumn 's earth
Reaching their own goal
Times of days and worth
Each their together role

Flowers on autumn 's earth
Reaching their own goal
Times of days and worth
Each their together role
On autumn 's earth

Yesterdays were all turning
In their beat 's echo heart
Forever in lay and burning
Poles and miles apart
Flames of their color giving
All that came from within
Days their dreams own living
As worlds take their spin

Flowers on autumn 's earth
Reaching their own goal
Times of days and worth
Each their together role

Flowers on autumn 's earth
Reaching their own goal
Times of days and worth
Each their together role

On autumn 's earth

Swept away in their call
Dreams that were carried on
Love songs of colors fall
Until their moments are gone
You and I had our calling
Dreams that were not to be
Now like autumn earth's falling
All that we had is now free

Flowers on autumn 's earth
Reaching their own goal
Times of days and worth
Each their together role

Flowers on autumn 's earth
Reaching their own goal
Times of days and worth
Each their together role
On autumn 's earth

Flowers on autumn 's earth
Reaching their own goal
On autumn 's earth

Peter S. Quinn

On Autumns Earth

This is the beginning
Now carry me away
On to the faraway new day
That now is born to play

Yes this is the beginning
Moments dreamed and found
Everything in its singing
That comes again around

Flowers on autumn ´s earth
Reaching their own goal
Times of days and worth
Each their together role

Flowers on autumn ´s earth
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Times of days and worth
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Reaching their own goal
Times of days and worth
Each their together role
On autumn ´s earth

Flowers on autumn ´s earth
Reaching their own goal
On autumn ´s earth

Peter S. Quinn

On Floating Wings

Mist before my dark eyes
In beautiful everlasting's
Deep azure and purple skies
With pearly raindrops strings

On floating wings ☐
Across the ocean
My free heart sings
Full of fresh emotion
Of the truest love
Winged in fluffy fly
Like the clouds above
Conquering new sky

Sounds before my own ears
In its gathering breezy tone
Each feathered wing to steer
To shine glistening shone

On floating wings ☐
Across the ocean
My free heart sings
Full of fresh emotion
Of the truest love
In my fluffy fly
Like the clouds above
I'll conquer the sky

O beautiful heaven far
I shall deem in my dream
Across the diffuse sea
Through the daybreak's beam
Finding aspiration ways
On the mountaintops reach
At night and coming days
Within new turning each

The answers all open are
In lofty ways and haze

From ambitions so free
That in my heart plays
As I clear on with my wings
The sky of heaven blue
And in my throbbing sings
Through breezy air to you

Misty before my dark eyes
I'll glide the space and find
What in future's front lies
As day's long behind
Soaring through the airy turn
Reaching the heaven's gate
Proudly the wild I yearn
In each tides debate

On floating wings ☐
Across the ocean
My free heart sings
Full of fresh emotion
Of the truest love
Winged in fluffy fly
Like the clouds above
Conquering new sky

Peter S. Quinn

On Love

All love is like a love song
With feelings that come and go
All what the heart shall long
And much of it you already know

The deep of the edge inside
Listening encircles of dreams
Sunshine and shadows that hide
All what in life unreal seems

The forest of songs and colors
Reveled in summer set days
Just like the breeze that hollers
As when its harp in heart plays
Calling by life fires and name
Overtaken of its never return
The endless of oceans deep flame
That inside of lovers always burn

Nothing does matter on where
All is of touch in its hours
Heart burning feelings everywhere
With scent of its falling flowers
Love that calls out and calls
Just like the dreamless night
When everything from inside falls
Of love that has lost its flight

All love is like a love song
Making its burning and flame
Weak with its beat or strong
Never returning its feelings the same

Peter S. Quinn

On The Day I Met You

On the day I met you
Something sweet was in the air
And when I thought I had you
You were gone to somewhere
Sweetly ways and turning tides
Everything is leaving
Through the pathways and its sides
Love still sits in grieving

Every heart is wonderment
Like the waves of the shore
Inside feeling cannot comment
When there is so much in store
Evening comes like red dark line
In to the dark it's going
Some day again there'll be sunshine
In its new day glowing

Now the heart is searching too
Through the long gone past
Love songs of the sky so blue
To the drift have gotten lost
Every time we long to find
What we thought once was dear
Leaving something in behind
To emotions inside here

Peter S. Quinn

On The Horizon - Sonnet

On the horizon of the evening
Where destiny for everyone truly lies
Where all the birds in their sleep shall on sing
From the going of the day rise sunshine skies

And all love is so sweet in romantic mood
With the playing of the twinkling starry shine
The morning on coming is dreamy on food
So glistening falling in day breaking twine

Where shadows are dancing into the night
And our dreams will go sailing in desire
From falling of day in diminishing light
When the sun will blow out its living fire

As the reddish-golden sky away goes
So our dreams come in with their fancy glows

Peter S. Quinn

On The Other Side

The Stars Are In Their Glow

The stars are in their glow
Yes tonight yes tonight
Each day to evening will go
Lose its awareness and light
And nocturnal dreams come in
In their red glow fire sight
Give a touch in twilight spin
Anything to raise its flight

The stars shine up on the sky
Knitting glisten pearly beam
From evening till dawn high
Everything is like a dream
Flowing on and closing hours
In flames of blue and ember
Sky is like silvery flowers
In its sentiment and temper

The stars are now bright blue
Faraway in glistening dance
Blinking look coming through
Crossing viewpoint at a glance
Nothing in this grows on old
Time is like a stopping clock
Fantasies that I cannot hold
Just glimpse at their golden lock

~*~

On The Other Side

There's some difference on the other side
With so much flowing in growth fertility
We must go there and for a moment abide
Know if it shall take us somewhere to be
Something of crystal clear sand for living
Feelings that come and fall in grubby rivers

Anything worth for a while in its giving
But can't come of reality that delivers

The mountains are high and the walls are rough
The daily schedules done involving choice
Apartheid is always a tryout of its bluff
It immobilizes free will - in devoice
Those hours are long in their forgotten stage
But wisely be bright when freedom engage

Peter S. Quinn

On The Road

The moon gleams silver
On the road, on the road,
Moist breasts of earth
Are bluish in the light

From the blue moon night.

The naked earth that lies before me
With pond of water and flower beds
In middle of August of matured trees
And before, autumn of color bleeds

In the blue moon night.

The wind in trees whispers soft and slow
Of dark night shadows, dark night shadows,
It comes with whisper and then it goes
But the moon still from distance glows

In the blue moon night
On the road, on the road.

(In memory of Federico García Lorca/1898-1936)

Peter S. Quinn

On The Way Of The Living Road (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Love is heaven and hell
Fascinations and a charming rein
Coming through if all goes well
Muscle of emotions strain
Lost and found by each heart
Something inside that can't depart

Take the sweetness of its flame
Bring its stones with your load
Anything that needs to tame
On the way of the living road

Feel its spell through the night
Reveal its burning flick
Searching lost in their flight
Destiny for every new trick
Everything that depends upon
Broken down till it's won

Take the sweetness of its flame
Bring its stones with your load
Anything that needs to tame
On the way of the living road

Trials and errors in disguise
In the footsteps passing by
Where the road of destiny lies
Through each dale and high
Where the broken promises are
Near the ways or in the afar

Take the sweetness of its flame
Bring its stones with your load
Anything that needs to tame
On the way of the living road

Faithful judges in each affair

Behind ruins of fatal beauty
Passing steps in a spiral stair
In the lines of life's duty
Anything that you hold on to
Through day and night of blue

Take the sweetness of its flame
Bring its stones with your load
Anything that needs to tame
On the way of the living road

Peter S. Quinn

On The Wings Of The Wind

On the wings of the wind,
As we carry life on;
Leaving memories behind,
From the days we were young.
Glittering on like gold,
All what is now of past;
We can no more on hold,
What is withering fast.
Into deep forgetfulness,
Every day we once knew;
Everything becomes less,
Drifting into sweet blue.
On the wings that can fly,
Far away from all here;
Over mountains too high,
Where the past is not clear.
We can gather old ways,
In the stories we've learned;
But they aren't - same days,
'Cause bridges have burned.

Peter S. Quinn

On To The Blossoms White

On to the blossoms white
Let all our roads begin
Into the new summer light
That comes now clearly in

To every heart out there
To give the moments new
For everyone to share
Each hope in the sky blue

Spring and hope gets you far
Its flourishing perfection
So tranquil they both are
In their untouched direction

Oh come to summer sweet
And carry your light on
Love is the truth you need
To bring peace to your lawn

~*~

Peter S. Quinn

On To The Evening And The Night

When I'm alone
The heart is like a falling beat
In its weakening tone
And empty on crossing street
I feel of life absent
For you are not with me
And through the ways of present
My heart is not free
For everyone's going
In to the bliss of alight
And as tomorrow is glowing
On to the evening and the night

There is no time to say goodbye
With a love that was really never
And it's easy going so high
For the hours to spent together
Right across the deep blue seas
Or experience from them all
That our wings shall set and frees
When right moments shall call

When you are like the rising day
And I like a dream that is falling
In the oceans weavings and play
Of its very own timeless strolling
And you are still here with me
With the prospects of skies and clouds
Today and forever in eternity
Among the deep sea waving doubts

There is no time to say goodbye
With a love that was really never
And it's easy going so high
For the hours to spent together
Right across the deep blue seas
Or experience from them all
That our wings shall set and frees
When right moments shall call

On to the evening and the night
I'll go with the billows of far
And when the day comes again bright
My experience be a wish like a star
Through across the seas of love
Which I know that exist not for now
But as the wind blows the clouds above
I'll reach to your heart again somehow

Peter S. Quinn

On To The Night

Just another day
Into the in-between
The colors are so gray
When only dark is seen

I thought it would go
But nothing goes at all
On to the night its flow
Before daybreak's call

So playful in its run
Its shadow's cloudy light
Onto the rising sun
After a sleepless night

I thought it would go
Like everything before
But still it has a glow
A drift on to the lore

A day did start dark
From night in moon dance
But now it has a spark
In shadows falling trance

I thought it would go
In finding its own way
When hours in light glow
And morning meets a day

When life is on its beat
And hours have its sound
Full of peoples street
And gladness is there found

A day did start dark

Just another day
Into the in-between

The colors are so gray
When only dark is seen

From yesterdays of blue
The hours are on falling
Let life get here through
For night again is calling

Peter S. Quinn

Once Again I Love You (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Is it you
That is calling
Coming through
To each echo falling

Once again I love you
Feel so close now
Everything is up to you
To manage somehow

Listen to the songs of silence
Listen to my beating heart
There is something in the trance
Making love in its moment's start

Is it you
That is calling
Coming through
To each echo falling
Bringing on truth
Into every turn
Love is always eternal youth
Moving wheels forward yearn

Once again I love you
Feel so close near
Everything is up to you
Come and bring it here
Love songs that don't die
Inside the throbbing on
Fill spaces in tones high
Till the mood's almost gone

Listen to the songs of silence
Listen to my beating heart
There is something in the trance
Making love in its moment's start

Peter S. Quinn

Once Again...

Once again there's time to sing
Of anything worth knowing
And knowledge to the light bring
How worthy love is glowing
Hands before were so much subtle
In each their trust making
Filling the around with its rebuttal
Ghosts of misfortunes waking

Once again 'dawn's winter late'
Into the darkness is aching
With every footstep in its debate
That frostily ice was taking
For now is time to rise and find
The long and liking catch
Leaving mirrors of shadows behind
That too far to sun did stretch

Peter S. Quinn

One By One

One by one they go
steps into the future,
tomorrow's a glowing glow
nothing is for sure.

I had a dream like you
day and into night,
morning is coming blue
from its dreamy flight.

One by one we know
how time passes by,
it's either fast or slow
as time moments fly.

I had a dream like you
morning comes all bright,
time is flying through
a day becomes a night.

One by one they go
hours into their past,
time we do not know
until its hours are lost.

Like flowers do come
from seeds of life new,
our life's like a blossom
if it is pure and true.

Our life's like a blossom,
if it is pure and true!

Peter S. Quinn

One Cell In Time

one cell in time the eternal space flying away to dreams one little moment
it's gone forever into the world of a broken chain
the unknown sea of swirling motions
running around space one cell in time
the flickering light bulb that comes and goes
far into to the misty skies
that breathes out our lives
the circling shadows
of dreams
the understanding of this world
not comprehended in others
night finding forests
one cell in time
the protoplasm
we never knew
that comes
and goes

bang!

Peter S. Quinn

One Day Like This

One day like this
Beautiful morning going on
In to its faraway dreamy bliss
What has come shall be gone
Before the day has reach its kiss

Everything is turning on to you
Through the sky of everlasting
On to the high and blue
What to the faraway is casting
And coming so clearly through

One day like this love
Yesterday is gone forever
Burning the clouds far above
Reach to its destiny never
Only to be like a white hazy dove

Everything is turning to new
Giving its sunshine for now
Love songs that come always through
Managing with destruction somehow
When there are ways so untrue

Dreams of the dreams together
Reaching the far beyond
Good of the peaceful weather
That now in these times is found
When we together come back around

Peter S. Quinn

One More Step To Dark (From, Poet On Www)

One more step to dark,
The hour is now late;
Shadows deepen spark,
Fills up faceless fate.
Greeting to the wind,
That follows to the sea;
Fresh not disciplined,
That comes so vigilantly.

One more day ahead,
In autumn shady ways;
Colors have all bled,
And wither now to grays.
Summer's long time gone,
With dreams in sky blue;
New thoughts now in drawn,
Seemingly deeply through.

One more dreaming hides,
Full of longings still;
When winter thought abides,
With emptiness to fill.
Cold is wintry breeze,
That in footsteps follows;
Shakes the leafless trees,
And branches full of crows.

Peter S. Quinn

One Summer Day (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

One summer day
I felt your heart
How love came to play
In its morning of start
Like a dawn was in
With its escalating fire
The wings ruffle's spin
Of its innermost desire

The yesterdays gone □
From wintry arctic blow
And numbness there done □
In the hoary icily glow
Feelings lost in weather
Touching the mood of dim
No one close together
Only the chill whimsy whim

One summer night
When songs are heart's new
In the evening of light
Puffs of ways that are true
I gave you my all
Across every bright awake
In a morning shines loll
That such pale make

Peter S. Quinn

One Thing's For Certain

One thing's for certain
I'll have to go,
For I've searched in vain
For new love to grow;
But nothing will befall
The tears still come,
Like the rain comes for all
Though more eager for some.

One thing will perish
When true love disposes,
What we hold and cherish
Like bleeding roses;
Anger and dissent
My heart is mislead,
If to hatred acquaint
For it will then bleed.

One thing I'll know
That trust will progress,
Like seed has to grow
Before it's address;
I'll open my arms
And try to prevail,
Though war only harms
And makes love stale.

Peter S. Quinn

One Thing's For Certain (From, Lost Song Poems)

One thing's for certain
I'll have to go,
For I've searched in vain
For new love to grow;
But nothing will befall
The tears still come,
Like the rain comes for all
Though more eager for some.

One thing will perish
When true love disposes,
What we hold and cherish
Like bleeding roses;
Anger and dissent
My heart is mislead,
If to hatred acquaint
For it will then bleed.

One thing I'll know
That trust will progress,
Like seed has to grow
Before it's address;
I'll open my arms
And try to prevail,
Though war only harms
And makes love stale.

Peter S. Quinn

Ónefnd Eru Ljó?in

ónefnd eru ljó?in
sem tungl og stjörnur eiga
sem fara um
hverja nótt

ég veit ?au eru óravegu
me? blik
sem koma og fara
og engin skilur alveg

og álíka langt í burtu
og heimar
hinu megin
sem rá?ast ekki hér

ónefnd eru ljó?in
sem tungl og stjörnur eiga
hverja stjörnu bjarta nótt
á dökkum vefi tímans

Peter S. Quinn

Ónefnt Kvæði

Brosir við mér björt sól
blæbyrðarík og mild
klæðir láð í grænan kjól
gróska kemur í fylgd
lífsins leiði hverfur nú
landi öllu yfir
því blómin móti birtu snú
björg svo að lifir

brosir við mér björt sól
blærinn leikur um að vild
gróska gægist fram úr hól
grösin verða bráðum gild
allt er fagurt allt er ljúft
undur núna gerast
það sem hvíldi dulið djúpt
drjúgt með vindi berast

brosir við mér björt sól
sem blærinn heitur er í fylgd
sumar sem í fyrra kól
sig upp hefur af stakari snilld
allt er fagurt allt er blítt
elsku foldin fríða
þú aftur byrjar upp á nytt
og ár og dagar líða

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Ongoing Reasons

Bring me some peace in here
Where bewilderment's still falls
Shadows dance everywhere
And destinies always give calls
The seasons still come and go
Some will settle your growth
Be buried like footsteps in snow
Or give you something of both

Give me some picture in mind
To imaging what to do next
Ongoing reasons can be blind
If there is no following text
City lights lead the remoteness
From darkness and till sunrise
Always the autobahn is fresh
With traffic that's low or high

Try once each of existence taste
You will know what you need
So much is gathered into waste
Nothing can ever be guaranteed
Forests of knowledge are there
Surroundings' only with distress
Take just your need and be aware
Quantity is of quality much less

Peter S. Quinn

Only A Time For So Much Peace

There is only a time for so much peace
Flying away with every moment to go
As days become easy and the nights here flow
Love is the magic to do what it please
Let the junctures leave and discharge its lease
That in to each unconsciousness flow
Like enduring morning with its sunshine glow
Awakening its colors in the day release

Hours are many that never come through
Something by no means is done with relieve
Pining like birds drifting above here by

Drill of the old with the days to renew
Much is in there - in the ways to retrieve
Just like sunup with the coming blue sky

Peter S. Quinn

Only An Autumn Song

Only an autumn song
That's returning and turning
For intermits long
On to the evening burning

Where leaves keep falling
In yellow's brown red
Merry-go-round strolling
That life has bled

Only a love going theme
From the forest road
On to eternal river stream
With gone summer load

For the dark is now near
With moon in bluish gray
And shadows dance reappear
In all their dimly play

Only a song to the night
Flowing its tones through
Of once inspirational delight
And colors bright and new

For winter is now calling
On to the time's ahead
With autumn leaves falling
Quietly on garden 's bed

Peter S. Quinn

Only Bring Me Melodies

Only bring me melodies
To sing along and live
Time's past memories
Forever to dream and give
Sweet love flows easily
Through moments awakening
Like summer wind breezily
Feelings again in making

Easy footsteps going
Through the time distances
Our breezing blowing
Giving worthy chances
Everybody always trying
To find the rising sun
Hours through here flying
Till the day is done

Only bring me lyrics
That my heart can know
For life are much of empirics
In its time's of to and fro
Love songs that come to sing
With a beautiful mind
Distances together bring
Leaving indifference behind

Only bring me what I need
For each coming trials
True love is what has freed
All the lost aching miles...

*

Peter S. Quinn

Only Sweet Love

Sometime our stars will shine
Into the darkish night
Twinkle together and twine
Making the sky bright
When that occasion comes
Bringing us together close
There will be no more numbs
Only sweet love ethos
Right from the start we know
If love will be born
For it will rise with the flow
Never in doubt be torn
Each breast knows of this
Where its feelings are set to
Like lover's beginning kiss
It needs to be clean and true
Sometimes a doubt may arise
If these are feelings correct
For this world have many lies
And too many ways to reject

Peter S. Quinn

Only Time Will Tell

Only time will tell
What a heart can grow
Its wishes and spell
Experience shall know
Upcoming each morning
Lives circling tides
On roads ahead learning
To look at both sides

You are yourself giving
Ties you have tied
Remembering and living
When daily works abide
Each blossom's desire
With might goes bliss
Like morning's new fires
Is each of its kiss

You make your own road
Where dreams come thru
Its work and its load
Is a part of what's you
You don't need those
That never gives a worth
They are thorn on a rose
And dust of the earth

Peter S. Quinn

Only Trust Your Heart

Only trust your heart
My dreams are for you
Feelings here to start
Something from out of blue
Yesterdays gave its sunshine
What shall we live today
Drawing a trustful line
In how its heart shall play

I'll try to give everything
While I'm still at it here
Come and with me sing
Let us together share
Something of love's worth
Trying to do our own best
Our love song to this earth
That we are with blessed

Only trust your true love
Doubt never feelings of truth
They're endless in plenty of
Spring and summer youth
Love that is inside found
Gives more than it takes
Comes again young around
Plentiful heart up wakes

Peter S. Quinn

Only You

Only you in my dreams
The sunshine of its glowing
You are gone but still it seems
That your love your showing

Hope is in your memories
All I love and have here still
Your melodies like symphonies
Beats of my hope to fulfill

Whispers in the dark of deep
Hours gone to winter's morn
Still your love I have and keep
Always in it so newly born

You who gave me much delight
In your thoughts and sensitivity
Always in my dreams at night
I still have you here with me

Gone are all the days of spring
Into night and darker days
But of those memories I'll sing
All the times and all its ways

Whispers from the wintry leaves
On the earth and all around
Finding tones in freshly retrieves
Love that's to reach a new found

Only you in my dreams
The sunshine of its glowing
You are gone but still it seems
That your love your showing

Finding tones in freshly retrieves
Love that's to reach a new found

Love that's to reach a new found

Peter S. Quinn

Only You Can Tell Me Why

Only you can tell me why
Deep is so deep like the blue sky
A heart that becomes true
Is a love song inside of you
Like twilight is before dawn
And each dream shall go on
You are you and what you feel
Something differently from my real

Pure indigo darkish night
Where stars of wonder shine bright
And love is delicate in its hue
Like my heart is sometimes blue
Feelings in this endless deep
Ours forever or a moment to keep
Lines and curves that go and hide
As they through the heaven glide

A fallen star's glimmering light
An instant for it misses its flight
Why is it that we can not follow?
A wishing star to its blanket hollow

Peter S. Quinn

Open Sea

It's a lovely open sea
For you and for me

Waves away going
In their tides flowing

Dreams they walk by
To open up future sky

Feelings are the same
Desire burning flame

Peter S. Quinn

Open Skies Of Hours

Open skies of hours
Time adjust each new play
The forgetful dayflowers
Gathering as they may
Meaningless dried voices
Straws of time and wind
Each and everyone's choices
Same short and twinned

Grasses of the minutes
Every footstep done
Blossoms that alternates
Cobweb's that have spun
Reasons and its whisper
Remembering reappearing
Pictures getting crisper
When they are disappearing

Kingdoms of the choices
Forces shading color
Quiet together rejoices
Clouds of skies duller
Leaning shapes and forms
Twisting through the lost
Something without norms
In its forms embossed

Peter S. Quinn

Open Surreal Dreams (From,134 Picture Poems)

open surreal dreams
lightly images
gleaning from sleep

touch some time
or disseminating
to wake me even

Peter S. Quinn

Open The Way

Open the way to indefinite stairways
The corridors of time can come here through
Everything's a feeling until it's true
So many conduits and a lot of grays

This song has been sung many times before
With each its line through vortex destiny
Coming and leaving always on its free
Sometimes to go through the unwrapped door

Strange clouds are rising on the horizon sky
Though falling once more when nearer they come
We could ask questions in wonderment why
Though never know reasons where this is all from

Time is our only means to measure its lot
What we think is relative - and what is not

Peter S. Quinn

Open To The Sky (Haiku)

Open to the sky,
These mountains narrow and high
- Like efforts we try.

Peter S. Quinn

Open Your Heart

Open your heart
To the days coming
Right from start
Of its hours blossoming

Time that are pleasures
Inside and out
Walking way treasures
Without a doubt

Flowers of morning
Day to night
Many ways learning
To the customs bright

Giving and taking
All that is here
Moments of joy waking
For you to share

Feelings of past
Going on to go
Times in moment's lost
Like a morning glow

Peter S. Quinn

Open Your Heart 2

Open your heart
And let it flow today
Morning of a new start
On to the glow and play

Each day is stronger
If you give of your all
Dreams become younger
In their purpose and call

Let no hope go
That touches your mind
For ways are like a glow
You need to search and find

Open the freedom
That lies in your heart
Let ever new blossom
From day's first start

Nothing is going
That you keep to give
And from inside is showing
Where your roots live

Open your heart
Let it rise up and fly
And nothing shall depart
If you work and you try

Peter S. Quinn

Opened Wounds And The Inside Scar

There are some reasons on the darkish side
With silences growing till they are lost
Feelings of endless discontent and frost
That through secret passageways abide
The circling ways of the shattered glass thorns
That gives much aching not accounted for
With blood opened wounds and the inside scar
From the whole aspect of contemptible scorns

Hurting to others in sorrowful threat
Mingling torturous into sleeper's peace
With deep spoons of distress rises and falls
From the pestilent sick and the hard-set
Derision imposition to increase
And just with pain its privation is meet

- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

Opening Light

Opening light
From the night gone
All shines bright
On and on
Feeling with a might
In day glowing
Now time's right
Steady on flowing

Dreams that we see
Are coming thru
With you just to be
In their renew
I thought it lost
With every night
But then it a crossed
Into day's height

Filling the hours
Of coloring shine
Morning light flowers
Yours and mine
Just like a dream
From a deep ocean
Where waves seem
Shaped from its emotion

Peter S. Quinn

Opening Spaces And Days

Now this time is going away
Into the nowhere of a land
Meeting the grayness of its day
Letting you not understand
Why it's so for a while
Given the makes that you do
This is your own kind of style
You should get on to it too

Follow me down to my own
Where I've forgotten to remember
In the interior of this town
Playfully grounds of amber
Rusting leaves standing alone
Where they once glowed for mores
Summer skies into their own
Opening spaces and days

I had a dream to forget
Nothing in there ever was
I don't now really regret
Just let things go on and pass
For time always is here
Standing at the outsider's gate
Never be though of it aware
Because it's curved - never strait

Peter S. Quinn

Opportunities

Make my life so wonderful
If something in there is dull
Have a pleasure full way
Every single opportunity day
There are giving's of dreams come true
And everything is up to you
Wonderful things that are
Like a wish upon a falling star

Dreams are so many full
Never do they come quite dull
There are meanings in everyone's life
You just got to stand up and strife
Finding your own kind of way'
Giving that opportunity to a new day
Nothing here in life is certain
All needs its positive time wordin ''

Come as you may - you may!
Opportunities, here to my day!
I shall not be so far from it all
When the opportunity gives its call
That's why I'm waiting on here
Trying to catch a new breath of air
You know dreams are for everyone
Therefore I carry on and on

Peter S. Quinn

Ordinary People - A Song

Last midnight was my turning dreams and ways
Coming down and settle for the inside blue
Lights of redness in dark and swinging grays
Everywhere around and coming through
My Love was never easy steps away
Being with her should be easy all along
'You and I wonder for every day
Giving of both - to yet another song'

And I woke up this morning feeling fine
Recalling to my senses something
This was being in my dreams there from last night:
Ordinary people are hard to define
With every sense of what they will bring
When they come together in their new flight

- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

Ort Hef Ég Ljó?

Ort hef ég ljó?
uppúr svefni
ævintyri þar fögur gerast
þér ég þetta
þessvegna nefni
því þaþan sögur
í huga minn berast

Ort hef ég um
ástar þunga
sem innundir brjóstinu sló
liljan hvíta
lífsins unga
lífþi til að blómstra
og síþan dó

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Our Candle Lights

Our candle lights are burning
In its ever glowing out
Thru day and dims learning
What brightness is about
A gentle feeling to tender
Within the heart's deep
And to its love surrender
For days and years to keep

This light's like a morning
That passes here thru
Without any forward warning
It just is all true
In its on flickers yearning
That gives its renew
Our candlelight that's burning
In its hour and venue

Our moments are always going
In the steady time on
Like light of candles glowing
Till all of it is gone
A day and night is brighter
With its turning flame
And futures tomorrow brighter
It never stays the same

Peter S. Quinn

Our Days Are Never Gone

Our days are never gone
They just sleep away
Somewhere they once shone
Bearing seeds new to play
Moods are changing the heart
Freshness always is coming
Giving birth to a new start
And yesteryears up summing

Easy is for ever more
Flowing to and deliver
What days might have in store?
For the easy going giver
Nothing is to be of dark
Behind hidden closed doors
Every spirit shall embark
What its beauty soon explores

Care comes a great deal
Through your recreation
Inside much how you feel
A proportion of temptation
Nothing will be of its past
That you try to reside from
It might be a short bombast
But prosperity is its outcome

Peter S. Quinn

Our Dreams So Dear

Our dreams so dear in their wake
Of the night and silence hour
Dark or shadows away they take
In tenderness of their empower
That eases down all sorrows heartache
That night has in its flower

The dreams of shades in gleaming night
That gives of their morning eyes
Before the day comes in the bright
And fills with longing skies
Our heart that beats in beat so tight
And never holds doubtful lies

These dreams to find and from to give
Each day newfound in trust
The heart that beholds again to live
To find each throbbing must
Each love that is like glow positive
When everything else seems lost

Peter S. Quinn

Our Hopeful Summer

Dreams are whispering
In peace and freedom
Affections here to sing
In each and every bloom
The gardens become green
To share in its beauty
And everything yet not seen
Is here to rise and be

Oh sweetness of new spring
The time of tranquil day
When little birds shall sing
And on the boughs play
When harmony comes in
With breezing that will breeze
And take a little spin
In between the greening trees

We love this time of year
When darkness leaves the sky
And the fragrances with flair
Rides the waiting high
We love this wonderful time
For all that is new
The freshness into prime
When the sky is blue

Each day we treasure dear
Each hour so quite and near
So easy on the eyes
The tinctures beautiful rise
The sunshine everywhere
That comes through here and there
To learn to live and love
And bring peace around much of

The yesterdays are gone
With darkness and its grieve
Now here is only fun

And rain soothes just so brief
This is what we go for
And memories shall keep
When there is summer no more
And only demise deep

But let us feel it now
Inside with pleasures
With every summer set vow
That eye and heart treasures
The world is full of contrast
For seeds in the earth
But life must come and trust
Each living and its worth

There is in this all hope
The tides will bring with peace
Let none of it elope
Into the blowing breeze
For we must see and trust
The ways that surrounds us
Before the summer is lost
Into the stretching buss

The beauty of summer's breast
Is just for a moment dressed
And in its way blessed

(In POETRY IN THE MAKING (1970) Hughes stated that there is no ideal form of poetry or writing. His poetry ranged from free verse to highly structured forms and rhyme schemes. He gradually abandoned traditional forms and stated that the 'very sound of metre calls up the ghosts of the past and it is difficult to sing one's own tune against the choir.'

Ted Hughes (1930-1998) - byname of Edward J. Hughes)

Peter S. Quinn

Our Lovable Thoughts

We have our days,
For enduring affection;
Our turning ways,
Destruction abjection -
Passion of heart,
Feelings and mood;
Right from the start,
Refined or crude -

Our lovable thoughts,
Our hearts contend;
Our splits the odds,
Of rise and relent.
Candor and art,
All in our fate;
Right from the start,
We could debate.

We hold tight on to,
What we stand for;
It's sometimes so true,
Like peace and war.

Peter S. Quinn

Our Love Is Here To Stay

Our love is here to stay,
With days and nights unborn;
Romantically we will play,
Until it's both old and worn.
There is no turning back way,
For we to love have sworn;
To be together for everyday,
Though love is very 'tricorn'.

You can say this and that,
But nothing needs to be true;
You don't know what you're at,
Until it is all quite through.
What you did, if you stood pat,
Because it is remembered too!
That's how they are that stat,
And nothing seems there new.

Our love is here to stay,
Though only if you so implant;
To fate each love shall pay,
Until it no longer just can't.
Yes love is all, or else it may
Fade into a forgotten strand;
We do need it to make okay,
So we can our life understand.

Peter S. Quinn

Our Secret Sea

Our secret sea,
Of feelings from the heart;
Inside you and me,
Never should depart.

Each is there to teach,
And giving so much;
Some we can't reach,
Even with fingering touch.

Burning love to ashes,
Ever changing sky;
Heart and content passes,
Some of them will die.

Distance grow and fall,
What we have to say;
Our love's therefore all,
Though we don't know today.

Trust you heart with this,
For it is not always here;
Just like a fondly first kiss,
Always through years - is near.

Peter S. Quinn

Our Time

Now here is our time going by
Songs of moments filling the sky
Full of its barking and juicy bone
All in together or all alone

Day of each turning and going
Memories passing and on growing
Meeting each one in its hours
Sun shining days or its showers

South onto North and turning
Fields of moments yearning
Passing us by till all is gone
This is how our life must go on

Like stars blinking in the night
Moment's glow like eyes bright
East and West finding their way
Sunrise sunset onto new day

Peter S. Quinn

Our Time (From 'Meet The Moments')

Our time's so fragile and lost in days
Through the wonders of the paths done
Our luck asunder in its many ways
Carrying us through till it's gone
Here and there we do understand
What keeps us standing still to reach out
There are so many different ways to command
Through our times and days about

We are trying with our wings to reach high
Not everything will go on flying
Some our hopes shall slip fall and die
But it's worth every aspect of trying
This is how every heart lights its fire
Through thick and thin till the very end
Every love song is something to desire
Fill with our wishes and realities blend

Chorus

Every line is quite slight in its hold
We will try till we can't achieve no more
Reaching into the forgetfulness of yore
Life is what they gave you - your parents
Use it well and use it wisely too
Everything in a while makes transparence
For the night to catch in and renew

Chorus

Peter S. Quinn

Our Times

Our times are like undertone ampleness
Going into the new and the coming breeze
Moments to giveaway in their agileness
With discreetly gripping aspects carefree
Everything is in its endless going
Causing our taste in varieties decisions
Oddness of tomorrow not now knowing
Within its serration and fresh precision

Watch the far sky in cloudiness and clear
So much to reach over times shoulder
What you thought to far off - coming soon near
Tick tacks clockwork's growing instance older
Our times like destinies build in a year
Some of their sideways you should be aware

Peter S. Quinn

Ours Never For Long (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Now the day is gone everywhere
In darkness winter calls
Some somber thoughts to steer
Like the shadows on the walls
There's no shelter in day
Only the dim deep to swarm
A flickering emptiness tray
Inside your heart to warm

Walking spaces of loneliness
Nothing to come but the blue
Opening up less and less
To every thought from you
Shaking the ways of instinct
Staying so far in the inside
Understanding with no intellect
Where each abyss abide

Living and still longing for love
That far is from everything now
Just like the horizon thereof
That into afternoons disavow
Haunting's of cold so deep
Howling though wind I hear
Ours never for long to keep
Sweeping with their voices blear

Peter S. Quinn

Outside

The darkness claws are outside
Catching the winds desire
As whisperers of its softness glide
In circling ways always higher

Mirages that we really do not know
In their ever going wind piano
As the clouds above in dark will grow
Through chances of to and fro

Each sound is there awaking
In its white racket of darker air
As the trees outside windows are shaking
Moving their leaves in new aware

Peter S. Quinn

Outside These Broken Wings (From, Coradoba)

Shall I look for heart?
Outside these broken wings
Where will the singer start?
Tuning his tender strings
If not inside the window
Of the pureness to be
That falls around like glow
For anyone in love to see

Bring your feelings outside
Where the dust will settle down
Flickering fires will abide
From seeds of feeling sown
Wings fly across the sky
Finding not always the way
Some of love's fires die
In the rising of cold day

Tune though your strings well
Singer of timeless songs
Emotions can never foretell
Where the inside belongs
Reasonable ways are there none
Only feelings and dreams
Catch the waves one by one
Some is different than seems

Peter S. Quinn

Over The Dreaming

Over the dreaming of the darkish steer
Every blossom comes through the brier
Through wandering aspects of fates fire
In of the moments from its profiteer
Bush of darkish leaves or evergreen
Giving with its thoughts that never shall pale
And nowhere in structure neither to fail
For the truth is in words that stay between

The dew of the dawn shall mirror your heart
And have the moon's sphere in your fairy deep
To seek every pearl that hangs steady
Live with rubies that never bear apart
And all are for yours always then to keep
If you be steadfast and for gems ready

Peter S. Quinn

Over The Rainbow (From, The River Sings On)

Over the rainbow
I'm waiting for you,
Hours that overflow
Into the blue;
What can I say,
No words will give
Another bright day,
In futures to live.

We might be happy
With what we have got,
Though times get snappy
For what they are not;
Bright sides and bluebirds
Yesterday's spring,
On and on new flirts
As tender hearts sing.

Over the cloudy sky
Where wonders meets eyes,
Our time passes by
And futures new lies;
Just a step here beyond
Oh blow wind oh blow,
No earth is there bond
Only colors of glow.

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

Overnight (From,134 Picture Poems)

overnight
when elements are calm
by the water

the sky
dances gently
into oblivion times

somewhere
in my thoughts

Peter S. Quinn

Pace By Pace

The day is coming to the evening
With hours of its secret passageways
From winter's rises and falls - in cloud grays
When nothing but the breeze to bare trees sing
The darkness is endless - in its motions
Filling the space with longings all around
Contented moments nowhere at this time found
Just distant sometimes hoping notions

Pace by pace the light flickers fragile on
To nothingness of its pestilent wick
Each day becoming longer in winter's still
The flowers and the colors - all long gone
To time's keeping clock and its steady tick
Who's circling rounds - has promises to fill

Peter S. Quinn

Pale Eyes Of Winter Days

Pale eyes of winter days
Neon lights flowing
Slicking streets - wintry ways
Autumn's row glowing
Edge of dim lights
The face of shadows
Crossing left's and rights
Pacing fasts and slows

Doorways and windows
Facades of solid white
Time's ticking - wind blows
In curves of dull light
Weaving waves of cold
The sleepy dreams of space
Seconds in numbs hold
Icy transmit and glaze

Wintry eyes of the frost
Run thru fallen brake
On the ground glossed
Left's of summer's wake

Peter S. Quinn

Passages Of Secret Days Shining On (From, Dried Flowers)

Passages of secret days shining on,
Pilgrim's tale of dusty roads and desire;
Carefree thoughts of times in yesterdays gone,
Different world of meaning - forgotten fire.
Repented stillness of the faraway past,
Era with wilt warm and ravening sunset;
Things of many pleasures inside different cast,
What's now in books or has been laid to rest.
Love that had a meaning - words in peace,
From every day of the discoursing still;
Yester-sunset warm broken from its lease,
Every dream that once had hours to fulfill.
Narratives of times dwining particles,
To the future's printed - with new articles.

Peter S. Quinn

Passion

Much is of feeling
Inside of it all
Always some reeling
Before its fall
Moods that find me
Giving and taking
In entirety
Love of tender waking

No one else but you
Here now by my side
Winter's coming thru
In icily glide
Dreams that once were true
In their darkness hide
Till spring comes new
With bright day and wide

What it all has got□
In such a surprise
Passion that is hot
Quickly then dies
Sweet smile and tears
Coming and then go
Thru the days and years
And you shall again know

No one else but you
Here now by my side
Winter's coming thru
In icily glide
Dreams that once were true
In their darkness hide
Till spring comes new
With bright day and wide

Much is of regret
Weary out a heart
Then comes neglect

Again it'll start
Torch of inside
And Making me feel
For a short abide
It becomes quite real

Peter S. Quinn

Past Comes Slowly In (From, Dried Flowers)

Past comes slowly in and is before you,
While the world's making ways that always are;
We are walking the streets from old to new,
Sketching up plans that should be going far.
Our life is full of drafts and whole reviews,
And with the objects to some other thoughts;
Moods of glory masks of ironic previews,
Future roads and streets into highway knots.
Life was never for slowing down or fear,
Always new in thinking there before next;
Turning around in tides and the coming year,
Absorb in and making more old and flexed.
Past thoughts like memories slowly burning,
Swirling forces merry-go-round churning.

Peter S. Quinn

Pathway To Light

Pathway to light
From sky of gold
Like a bird on its flight
That nothing can hold
Summer set daybreak
To a rising new day
At the golden bay lake
Where birds of life play

Morning is glowing
Full of its freshly yearn
Where dreams are going
And nights once did burn
Onto the day light hours
Full of gentle wind and cry
With dew on the flowers
As the moment goes by

Pathway to bright
From times of old
Where once there was night
And dreams manifold
Now there is singing
Of life's happiness call
Spark of life it 's bringing
To one and to all

Peter S. Quinn

Pavarotti

With a singing voice he flied
In his passion and commitment
Every peaceful hope he tried
With his heart in its fulfillment
Song like love coming thoroughly
Every time in deep reflections
When art admirations is truly
In every its made selections

Skylark voices to hours bring
Filling every dream of state
When a voice of golden did sing
To give us love and never hate
How each tone is in its unison
With the harmonies he has tried
Bringing music to its on and on
Till the last tone in air had died

'O mio babbino caro, '
Oh make each song become free
Like breezes in trees go
Forever through and lastingly
For every ear that listens
For beauty to come and live
Through moments and glistens
That tone of music can give

Every moment in celebrating
Victories in voice beat achieving
Never to the world outdating
Feelings and passions in relieving
Somewhere his voice is still singing
Giving care for each life loss
A heart of love in voice bringing
With hope for all to come across

'O mio babbino caro, '
Oh make each song become free
Like breezes in trees go

Forever through and lastingly

Peter S. Quinn

Pearly Pearly Snow

Pearly pearly snow
From winter's wonderland
Glimmering in glow
Like twinkling wristband
How wonderful you are
No words can describe this
Like little earthly star
In your dreamy bliss

The glisten cold outside
On pearly frosty ice
Where wonderments abide
In its enchanting ties
Each small dropp of glare
Gems from nature's still
So little but so fair
In their dreams to fill

Pearly pearly white
Like silver layered line
Glowing in your sight
Of rainbows colors shine
So much is there stunning
In new morning rising
When glow's awakening
And eyes fantasizing

Peter S. Quinn

Pendulum Of Love

Each love is of deep
Beyond all the things
True flowers to keep

It's a song that sings
Dreams that don't fade
All inside every kiss

For everyone it's made
For everyone to miss
All that now plays

Giving a beating heart
True colors and ways
That summer fresh start

In days and its nights
And evening on songs
Love thoughts in flights

To those that longs
The hours are turning
Like merry-go-round

New things learning
Pearls still to be found
Each love is of deep

In times of years going
The ticktack of sleep
Pendulum is showing

Peter S. Quinn

People Like Us

People like us
Everywhere around
Like dices in life's toss
Lost - sometimes found
Give and try each hope
Flowers are falling
Mend your struggle - cope
Future is still calling

Like a sudden wave
Everything goes and turns
Moments we do crave
Never for another adjourns
Silver born cloud above
Following purple sunset
Like first night's love
Never again to be met

Discharging each heartbeat
After the fires frail
Will we in the future meet?
To follow lost trail
Come and give yesterdays
Flowing charging on
Life's many mystical ways
Are never in time done

Peter S. Quinn

People Like Us - Dreamers

Somewhere we will go someday
Where all the dreams fade too
I hope it will be a long way
Before our dreams are through
Shine on your own blue sky
With everything you want it to be
Give your time a worthy try
For others there something to see

People like us come to shine
Walking their way to begin
All that you say could be fine
If you allow it - inside in
Reasons are fading here around
Fantasies coming and dreams
Something so obscure there found
Nothing in a reality seems

Somewhere we will go someday
But not to day I only hope
Reasons uncountable now play
In with a world of catastrophe
When will our dreams get through?
When will everybody realize
We need our blue sky not one new
Time of importance now away flies

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

Perfume From Old Gardens

Perfume from old gardens
Like yellow leaves are
Love scents of life
Daydreams and wishing star
Where every day's alive
Till the night comes new
Fallen landscape arrows
Glisten gleaming through

Flowers and the petals
Now under blue moon
Rising over the shadows
From the eve and noon
Heart with its many echoes
Beats in time and lost
Through the flow of open
Into earth's dark rust

Daydreams in memory
Catching crimson shades
Slowing up in motion
Every instance fades
Landscapes in their secrets
To none are owned
Unbeknownst to the future
What colors haven't toned

Peter S. Quinn

Perhaps

Perhaps

A beat was left out from our heart
For the bombs are falling right now
Where does our compassion start?
When we're lost from here somehow
Nothing is turning out right
When there are suffering around to find
Come gather abundance of light
To guide those out that are blind

Bring better ways to our home
Much can be done with those seeds
When seedlings grow around chromosome
Of the bombardments shell deeds
You are my world that I live in
I may grow prospects from you roots
So much to conquer and give in
Of your many ways unlike beauts

Give me a reason to fill with beats
Each of your streets in the distance
Every hope in the would-be meets
Shall come again to have existence
Perhaps
A beat was left out from our heart
But we must awake our fiery glows
And raise its characters in the restart
Of tomorrow's of 'Nobody Knows'

Peter S. Quinn

Perhaps (From, 134 Picture Poems)

perhaps
the end of love

where pulse and mind
over eye and body

will shape the desire
that is found

Peter S. Quinn

Personal Chromoscope (From, Poet On Www)

The loveliness of you,
Seems everywhere around;
Like all this azure blue,
Beyond makes you astound.
We have had so many ways,
That never will be lost;
And nights and even days,
That never gets crossed.

You gave my heart so much,
With your searching hope;
We need to seize or clutch,
Our personal chromoscope.

We are so much for dreams,
And what can not be seen;
From what under streams,
And everything in between.
My love we need it too,
Like wintry sea and waves;
It's up to me and you,
To find what each one craves.

You gave my heart so much,
With your searching hope;
We need to seize or clutch,
Our personal chromoscope.

And love is all so golden,
Like morning rising sun;
True love is often embolden,
Through each lives abjection.

Peter S. Quinn

Petal By Petal

Petal by petal
This rose of love
Summer and fall
Full passion of
Feelings are pink
And rosy red
Softness its link
Summer its bed

Glow by glow
Inside and out
White as snow
Yellow no doubt
Colors and shade
In never ending
Sunshine it made
Love's its blending

Morning and night
Always in the new
Soft lines at sight
Each of them true
Love's true passion
Admired blossom
Each its precision
Scent and bloom

Peter S. Quinn

Peter's Song

There is time for a spring
In each morning of thrive
With the days that we sing
For being here with its drive
So much joy for a playing
Coming around and to live
With its moods and its swing
In each goal we're weighing

The Crew

Peter S. Quinn

Philosopher's Stone

Philosopher's stone at the heaven's gate
Will give its illumine conception bright
In the ways that the distances collate
Form the evening and in to the night
Each wing that complies shall go full strength free
Find with time every castle in the cloud
Onset gleam that the futures will see
Each of the mirages that are allowed

What we knew long ago but now don't know
Till we set for new journeys with closed eyes
To the realms of the Lady of The Lake
Follow the intuition ensue to your flow
This world's reality - is in a disguise
Inference when you are still not awake

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 #100 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Casting a night
of light

poems with
moon dragon
and time shadows

dawn's watching
and trading in
her changes

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #101 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Cloud of peace
floats on fire

like time
that strife on

life happens
to changes
running forever

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #102 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Touch life nerves
with a tingling desire

keep out
anything that strikes

true peace
of time's look

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #103 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Long time ago
fire lights

crossed a cloud
and life happened

with nerves of changes
and true desire

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #104

Ascending pace
with shading patches
and beating drums

onward course
riveted black twitching tale

tranquil outdoors
and nature paws

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #105 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Yellowed faded
rummaged roses

together good and dusty
the forty reddened eyes

of peered things
through rifled years
and emptied

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #106 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Caverns shadows
hustling wingless zoomings

light flying
under and up
flickering the dark

swiftly the night zephyrs

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #107 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Question not
a bleeding game
from fast-forward running

write dreams
to a broken end

that punches the kick

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #108 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Shadows
in evening souls

light through
the door gliding

angels of sunset's

soft wings embracing
the time dancing moments

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #109 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

New silvery sea
with glittering misty
of the day

tomorrow sparkles
floated slowly across

rhythm in shadows
from dreams

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 #110 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Across the shimmering
soft stardust

of mingled misty waters

down the horizon
with gray luster

my undulating sleep began

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #111 (From, This Is Mmy Wasteland)

Dark clouds
hove grasping
in abyss of heaven's dawn

night amidst
changing light

embraced by
time seasons

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #112 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The book
of currents glow

the revealing waters
of secret gray sea

dance of wind
and salt-air
upon the blue

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #113 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Pictures

breathing virgin air

snow fallen
finely iced corns

shining new
and silently melting around

soft jewels

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #114 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Phantom ripples
beyond tongue-flame

through night
into lamp-lit light

rain and earth's fire
timeless twilight's gold-dust

elfin dreams and magic

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #115 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The moment angels
with soft earthly eyes

thirst for freedom
in peace gardens

and desert lilies
made in blue

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #116 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Touch the heaven
that in peace waits

the stars
in life lights floats

fire keeps
each time awake

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #117 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Lights beyond
fire clouds

stars floating
along the moon

elsewhere time
in heaven's peace
it seems

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #118 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

A riddled sunflower
hung at ramparts

for answer
stalking its brittle seed

having time
to bend the sky

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #119 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Pictures
on the water

from the weeping
flowers

impressed by the planes
past heroes
were remembered

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 #121 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Clouds break out
of fire moon

touching life
in awaking run

stars of desire
crossing curves

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #122 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Summer's fingers
sage brushing field

where blue's prompting
from rain
and winter's end

bundled ways
grounding hills

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #123 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Follow your pies
of unsteady veins

commotion fingers
living skin

with fabric covering
in rising stories
of scratched thinking

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #124 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Invisible endure
to visible ground

forest leaves surrenders
to daylight
from concealed sky

flickering blossoms
of life everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #125 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Questions enchanting
strange answers

with yourself
mirror to the truth

faith is mystery
age and dream's air

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #126 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Precious
and dear desire
in years cards
and time apart

always away
in old memories
linking to love

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #127 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Life lights
to touch fire stars

cloud of time
waiting for changes

hope runs patiently
from within

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #128 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Bursting buds
of April's blossom

from purple to white
cameo yellow and brown

spring's loveliness
into May's caress

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 #139 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Suffering phobias
of bruised egos

the future is lost
in hopes for ourselves

day like convert
of harbored light

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 #140 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Shattered lightning
gleams of darkness
abound

night tune
wakes
in moment's colors

around daylight
with chains of dreams

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #141 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

High waves
of riding dolphins

the curly hues
tossed on
to brown white
soft beach sand

boundaries extending

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #142 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Fire stars of heaven
in to-night peace

crossing the changes
from awaking lights

time floats
with patient hopes

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #143 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Melodies encircling
a drowning night

flute caressing
the breath
of jewels lips

raw bitter air
gentle breezes and plays

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #145 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Restless strands
in flat horizon mirrors

the balances
of still reflections sustenance

the broad day
lying and arranging
sound

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #146 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Interfere run
a floating time
for anything

changes beyond
their in and out

clouds of harmony

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #147 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

stagily tufts
of chased feeling

the entangling breeze
awaking again

on time's run
to a dark rushed desire

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #148 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Feelings of soft
waking in sleep stillness
over twisted now

through fingers
of dark strands

emptying together
time's ashes

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #149 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Lives listening ear
in line
to meet the night

music from the breast
pulsing for a while

sailing through sky

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 #150 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Lift my mind
up to the music

sailing on
through pulsing
of time

from violins
and mandolins
light like feathers

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #151 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Nothing floats
much in a tingling cloud

stars elsewhere
patiently long for time

crossing our
sun and moons

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #152 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Poets philosophers
with ways of the heart
desiring
first spring voices

everything feels soft
and found in green

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #153 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Awakened ocean
surges
in black motion

moving desire tides

roaring her hips
and breasts
against the night moon

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #154 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Hollow desire
their husk winds

stemming horizon
in shallow storm
and air

wings
on hushed earth
crouching leaves

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #155 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Color climbs
at going dark

and returns
onto the valleys

with new desire
in unreached destinations

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #156 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Stars wait patiently
to interfere

in time lights
the long fire floats
never ending

awake the crossed heaven

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #157 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Anything seems
to happen

floating along
in sight

the lights
never stay in fire
of time and will

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #158 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Tomorrow is climbing
from graffiti show

crudely in grace
to themselves

all chains are clinging
in the embracing currents

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #159 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Like time
is nothing
in much

anything happens
from a personal touch

fire that seems beyond
may run changes

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 #160 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Roadside walker
stands on ancient shoulders

shifting the moon's reflection
from its secrets

slowly will he reach the end

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #161 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Beyond
and in a cloud

life floats
in truest time

breaking the lights
of looks and need

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #162 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Ocean prowling
as mist on orange beaches

emerald water waves
darting and kissing
falling shadows

remembering
the darkest d-day

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #163 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Monoliths subways
and concrete boxes

this world
surrounded
by gray streets

with spring rising
along cold buildings

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #164 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Touch the happening time

for the lights
like clouds
curve in

much is personal fire
with interferes

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #165 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Around each talk
a turning thought is born

with a world
sharing the morning
to be

conceived
by surrounded life

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #166 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dispels days
of infinitesimal wayfares

waiting imagination
in mass capacity

clouds of confidence
above the moments
of all

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #167 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Silently soothing
sudden steps forward

unknown answers
roaring around closer

my dreams turning
with its oblivious calls

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #168 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Broken words
spoken

to unsteadily heart
dainty sun

into soft morning
touching prayers
after a night

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #169 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Goodbye dearest

we are going
to the dark cold

that's naked and bleak

together when light
sleeps deep
far away

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #170 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Whisper
of yesterday's dream
into sparse beams
of falls

scarlet mouth of sun
scatters earth blossoms

rusted cream colors
beneath

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #171 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Comprehend
emotions

that exists in air
and pulses
from two hearts

a multi foliate rose
decoded to love

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #172 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Reflected heights
remembered

the empty glass flaxen
withholding
hope's spirit

like golden sunshine
in tinted azure sky

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #173 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Perhaps your pulses
will adjust to complex believes

from this
choose each desire

withdrawn to what
it understood

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #174 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Time's fire
and floating lights

the tingling curves
beyond anything

each particular touch
you never keep for long

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #175 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Lonely starlight
of magical desire

refreshed rays
freeing shadows
from misunderstanding and doubt

their mingle infirmities
melting off

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #176 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Bosom scenes
of remembered green

like dying spirit
in changed vision

before white ground
gazes through

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #177 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Fragile flowers
across meadow
through scattered
grains of rain

the earth chortles
warm wind
reflecting
found beauty

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #178 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The messenger
of cold things

coming white
to dreams at night

the morning growing late
through different day's light

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #179 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Stream on icy waters
like butterfly wings

darkened and silent canvas
frozen veins of waves

moon shadowing
stained trance

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #180 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Anything
changes with time

the run
of life touches
cloud of desire

waiting it seems
forever

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #181 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Into azure threads
soft clouds in air

evening caressing
in a silky water dance
by the lake

the accompanying night

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #182 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Through the fickling
life's blossoms

summer's beauty's youth
hopeful in green

to winter's breath melody
again appearing

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #183 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Darkness came
everywhere around

spreading across
the meadow's ground

blows of gentle breeze
to the transformed trees

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #184 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Life creation
embarked the breasts
of destination

tough pride like
yellowed brown grass

correlation unrelieved
to cornerstones of hearts

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #185 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Playing the instrument
of friendless while

the earth's sunlight
wagging dark

passing season
of tranquil leaves
and continuing memories

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #186 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Darkness dances
across fading brightness

blending its shades
in dying glimpses of light

ebbing depths
in burning colors
and blue

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #187 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Cold forests
estranged in silent

sealed boxes
of words
from little rainbows

soft eyes
within sea of comfort
and reverie

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #188 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Awake each will
from time

with the lights
of longings still

like clouds
in sight and peace

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #189 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Breathless hills
of stirring might

the trees of life
in shadows world

soft summoning
over diminished
and arid death

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #190 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Time keeps
the heaven lights

long of fire
beyond touch
and desire

each moon
awakes in a cloud

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #191 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The timeless dust
of everything

through the days
and gray afternoons

remembrance
from steps and struggles

in a mirror vacuum

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #192 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Some yesterday's
recollections

where diurnal
morning rays

light up the flower ocean
entrapped in sea-mist
of august days

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #193 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Time of changes
and hopes
waiting still

nothing but a cloud
in certainty occurs

life curves on

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #194 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Time clouds
go with life

and the stars
in sight

longing to touch
the fire
of to-night lights

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #195 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Wind-blown garden bed
of fluttering dreams

shades and sight
from day's dawning time

to the falling night
in autumn shadows

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #196 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Day dreams
slowly lift
the window-pane
of soft shade night

wind blown leaves
falling like shadows

in the fainting day

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #197 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Morning sun rises
like highway's afternoon

day fades to sleep
late up and slowly

through open
road way veins

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #198 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The cold
caresses the room

in frail and soft
images

silver pink red
yellow flowers

overflowing the pots

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #199 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Spilled over
never-never

matter of the amuse
with track by fact changing

hell wise futuristic
chronological frustration
at highway land

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 #200 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Women are pearls
like goddesses from lust

silky soft red lips
and beauty

the passion angels
attracting rivals

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #201 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Flowers don't grief
anemic summer romance

like rusty rose petals
that fade under the sun

smell of mystery
fragile wild

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #202 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Moonlit clouds glide
from trance-like sky

caressing pattern
of silver lined dance

free and soft
around environment desiring

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #203 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Caressing dance
of meandering
silver clouds
across the moonlit sky

naked trees
in free experienced existence

fitting struggling nature

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #204 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Morning angels
are everywhere

thy star is soft
of mysteries

to our hearts
daily graces you bring

day of desire

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #205 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The daily reign
of meditating hearts

our need to bring
joyous fain within

morning and day
to end fears

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #206 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Lines between chances
the air from darkness

farewell nights
and yesterday

words and music
un-playable

thousands soft
welded streets

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #207 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Innumerable pages
fulfilled in thousand nights

lines touching darkness
in words and music

naked eyes
of unbridled chances

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #208 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Space between
my longing
liquating inside

limbs of future
run with feelings
around

following
interior light beams

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #209 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Young limbs
longing and feeling inside

space into being
dawn growing
to shine

like ample beach
where rounds run

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #210 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Blue stream
lost in dreams

midnight skies
trapped in a glass

fingers untouched
of the heart desires

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #211 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Colors untouched
orange worms' fingers

like radiant skies
of lost dream

to blue
black midnight
of sightless hours

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #212 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Morning fresh
with sound of rustle wind

at the treetops
blowing sunset leaves

tomorrow's
a hunter of dream

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #213 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Hungry birds
fly in tomorrow's wind

with mornings river
like fresh dew

sunrise and sunset
painting the leaves

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #214 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Remember the touches
of life light within

the hands of beauty
uncovering eternity

passion amidst freshness
arousing captured moments

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #215 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Remember
ephemeral deep
captured from dark

scent of morning
from a tied past

nowhere age
hidden in the streets

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #216 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Ghost like days
by lighthouse stars

silent seas
and somewhere ships
in mist of fog

echoes
from the gone ways

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #217 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Silent is the wood
from calls

only waves of wind
gliding

sight of stars
scattered through the mist

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #229 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Drinks of yesterday
tomorrow sips

today is emerging
in gigantic pallor

changing end
to a later fest

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #270 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Sounds and photocopies
of instances

days that produces
the drive of everything

with good
cassette player
happening

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #271 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

In pretended time
passing through
old wish-bones

anonymous illusions
like words in a book

productive apartments
aisles of many games

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #272 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Inner puzzles
overthrowing everything

the misfits
of wearisome whispering

piercing
for broken obscurities
marked by unsatisfied path

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #273 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Musty month
repeated look
caged in

thick night
melancholy thunderstorms

sleep of hope's
flashing constellation

layers in solitude

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #274 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Time's fire
clouds crossing

life touches
the tingling
within

hope and peace
curves run
patiently

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #275 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dividing and stretching
across black flow

miles on passing
toward the lake

northbound lonely road
aglow around the unfamiliar city

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #276 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Beneath
straining shadows

midnight
crossed the lines

astride many-seasoned blackbirds
raised the peace-pipe squirrels
detecting eyes of an eagle

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #277 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Catching wonder
from past on lives

flashing yesterday
dandelion

slowly in memory's
mantelpiece

delicious vision
reverently little sunshine gift

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #278 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Lonesome summer
acetaminophen

drawing around
a tiny bug buzzing

it's addicted
to the pale skin

and deliciously sucking
my blood

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #279 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

A song
expecting
a thrilled language

breath of balance
surrounded in sense

with a sliver flute
inspiring
the end

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #280 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dreams

the nocturnal thieves

with unrelenting arches

that bridge my thoughts

among those restless shadows

thousand waters

of dark toils

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #281 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Existential dreams
scattered imagines

delicious day
in a closed book

route
of oblivious earth
and our footsteps
somewhere fading

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #282 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

In quiet want

quick tattle posturing
packing with deals
and sins

flatter slips
softly
in the dirt

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #283 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Bare from blended
praises

dreams
to the sea
trees
and the sky afar

visible through
your soul
and dreaming

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #284 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Tonight
dispelling with shadows
turnabout music
of wired tension

high and low
positions
of sounding time shapes

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #285 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Drawn from
bleeding heaven's face

the turning
rich grace

traces of twisting future
trickling your hunger on

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #286 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Stay fire
keep on the lights

in sun
and rain

we need hopes
in their cloudy strife
and changes

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #287 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Believing and journeying
for the quest of your heart

seething love
my mistresses of desire

unbearable beseech
to longing

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #288 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Black holes
and metagalaxies

finding beginnings
and being a paradox

love light
in banging matter
from nowhere

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #289 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Sails
into stardom

rimming the days
and playing around
time trees

today dreams
coming in the driveway

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #290 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

A thing
the night gathers
in a dream

wonderful flower
caught

for one time only

sunset tide wings
weightless forever

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #291 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Awake
time of lights

beyond a cloud
in sight

sunfire
of longing
safely
and ever lasting

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #293 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

You long
like stars
in clouds
of time

awaken
a touch of life

desires ever
changing

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #294 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Strings

straight from passion

swaying moments

to desires

the unshackled artist

caressing the heart

in rustling music

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #295 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Through in wear
Of our love

With life brittle

Real—petals without
The sunlight

Our grays about
And heard

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #296 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Inside the deep
with every cold

outside solitude
glacier
and beneath the iceberg

a warm desire
runs the river

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 #313 (From 'This Is My Wasteland'...)

Raspberry grapes
Aspiration/tears/prospects
With myself

List tattoos
In effortlessly rush

Scenes of
Juggling black butterfly
Connecting your mind
To mine

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #314 (From 'This Is My Wasteland')

Day in hopes
Creases silent winter quilts

In soft shaded leaves

Conjure a chance
To desolated canvas

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #324 (From Short Poems Of Peter S. Quinn - This Is My Wasteland)

Standing time night
Life stock-still clock

Serene surreal moves

Frozen fields
Through echoes
Static peal

Song of golden silent

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #325 (From Short Poems Of Peter S. Quinn - This Is My Wasteland)

Sheathing between sides
Like silk webs

Values and desire
From unflinchingly childhood

Drinks of soft leaps
Within

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 #51 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Seconds of meaning
to realize life

minutes
un-purposeful
experience the innocent

reflection
never have
the beat of life

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #54 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Iridescence butterflies
in the sunlight

wings and will
confined to struggle

unfolding and lifting
in rising of life

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #55 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Sleepy sun
on the run
out of luck

air so free
followed me

by and by
sharp and dry

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #56 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Wind in old branches
momentarily drifts

to swallow
echo calls from crows

dulled by the fog
and river sound

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #58 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Looking
with desiring eyes

have a take
into singing

for all is blindly lost

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #59 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dawn is asleep
by seductive light

yesterday garlands of hopes
in molten dreams

behold the night
of restless lulled stars

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 #60 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Nights' shadows
with warmth dreams

faith and fire
for lights
and soul song

life musings
in luminous fairyland

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #61 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Silence nights
and pure faith

bringing lights
to dreams and lovers

romantic fire
and simple desire

life song melodies

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #62 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Glistening colors
made of straining water

clouds above
the quills

powerful winter
in soft snow
on whirling white hills

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #63 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Daylight is ending
with dimes around
the stretch

the heart seems lost

in whimsy
and flimsy prisms

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #65 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

You'll wait
long for the moon
to go loud

in heaven
stars run
much out of time

anything may happen

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #67 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Impromptu containing
today calls

another illuminating
speaking voice
in more varying sentences

colors and construction
assorted presence out of lives

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #68 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

In peace fire
northern lights
float patiently

and changes harmony
with the moon

in clouds of time

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #69 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Our life paces
in memory wishy-washy

raw thundered growl
without and away
wailing thoughts

grow hoping
the daily peace

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 #70 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Our time
is enfolding

and walking together
with million stars

in complex expectation
of many buried
midnight holdings

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #71 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

In meteor
falling lines

the quiet sky
tonight

millions of spectral eyes
showing themselves

a slowly visible eternity

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #72 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Ceaseless hours
their time clocks

rhythmical
throbbing hearts

and oblivious years
that mocks
and stretches
measured beat

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #73 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Answers through
the droplets

following puzzled
language

filling a question
in forgotten years

many eyes
of returning moon

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #74 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Spirits
soft in pride

bleeding truth
and colors

painted bitter fruits
the salvation of our souls

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #75 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Wintry sunlight
by golden silvers

bathing the age
of a mile

fire fields of shadows

from summer
and autumn
blossoms

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #76 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Burned somehow

by the growing flames
and candles of ecstasy

all lulled dishes
are desired sweetbreads

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #77 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Whispering shadows
and hovering alleys

silhouetting
in the dark alone

daunting courtships
of earth's spirit
and soft breathing dawn

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #78 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Life's been
nobody's years

gray frozen
reflecting road
in bitter time

songs for desire

long reaching span

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #79 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Desire
of soft sleep

snuggling the night
and hearing the tides

that hold the stairs
to understanding

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 #80 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Curving lights
to heaven hopes

crash and cloud
changing time

life is rain
and touch of fire

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #81 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Meadows
and hills
are free

in sweet dance
of growing green

the swaying
flowing grass
surrounding
the old

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #82 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Ringing old
surrounding ties

fields
I cannot cross by

blow and be free
in the dazzled dash

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #83 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The old hills
tell of vibrant run

those imprisonment interments
of all desire

bulging across
sapling field
as witness

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #84 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Bringing across
and through great cold

mammoth of struggle
so daring

that all desire
is peeling
almighty imagine

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #85 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dark October
with soft brown groves

purple blossoms
sunrise
and drifting weeks
in saffron

quixote lush
in the sunset

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #86 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Silky purple dark
saffron crocus

perfumed
and in lavender soft colors

with threads of sunset
in the tiny blossoms

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #87 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Beckoned darkness
along the gentle
cutting railroad

wheels drawing
and rolling
in forlorn shadows

trailing edge
dressed by dying dusk

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #88 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Alteration threads
with a jagged edge

onto the world of sound
everything mended

a primal piece
of fragmented future

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #89 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Piano music
with walking fingers

waving today
the background
of sweet dark desire

young bouquets
aging to rusted beauties

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

Picture Poem #90 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Men and beasts
gather in Babylon

to join Alexander
in his conquering achievements

touching history
with golden millennia

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #91 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Sweet crimson morning
like a flower

with fragrance
sweetened by the breeze

rhyme of perfect poetry
beyond the spoken word

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #92 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Come in motion
high and untouched

a sun rises
behind time's cold

alone and unmoving
the sidewalk of others

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #93 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Brushing off melancholy
woven to the throat

you and I
across poisoned grasses
of daylilies

sea-roses remembrance
at fingertips

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #94 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Stirring woven sorrows
sacred collar within

echoing into day offerings
grasses of remembrance

to the shores
of dawn and dusk

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #95 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Blinking light
radiates briefly

the unsteady verve
of the dark sky

azure warmth
from a golden infant day
emerging

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #96 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Future's
newer wings
in time

looking onward
to an unknown street

trees grow fast
even the old ones

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #97 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Throbbing pulse
of philosophy

the free wings
at flitting treetops

like winsome
autumn leaves

cold fingers
running through the sky

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #98 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Evolving dawn
in blazing reflection

is born
in old tinges of time

paths for worms
and daily wisdom

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem #99 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Child to changes
dragon shadows dreams

concrete night
laughing
casting poems
of reflections

waiting for moon
of perfect seasons

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem (A Different Orchestration)

Seasoned
With creations
Suspiring turns

Rhythmic embosoming
Moving orchestration

Perform a carefree
Whispers
In youth's perfect rainbows
Tuning's

Peter S. Quinn

Picture Poem 6/7/2007

Mindedness
polishing the patience mirror

comprehension burned
to soft casting object

night bright telescope tube
carefully worked around
Marveled surface

(Inspiration - source:

"Only some faithless dust remains,
and a few intestate relics.

Where was I? " – 3 lines from, "A Draft of Shadows" by Octavio Paz)

Peter S. Quinn

Pictures In The Sky

Pictures in the sky,
Fall apart when clouds die,
So it is with love too,
It comes, then it goes, with you.

I have thought about it all,
Colors here, with fading fall,
Kisses are of moment small,
Then away with passion stroll.

Pictures in the sky,
Are what imaginations imply,
Always changing into new
Images, only for you.

Could I hold my moments still,
So I may my love up fill,
With your words, that gave me reason,
Before, I found out their treason.

Promises with me, you kept not,
All love words, you have forgot,
Load of passion, is a lot,
When every word, is in a clot.

Peter S. Quinn

Pictures Of Time

Every dream is a going
Into never never land
With its close up glowing
We don't understand

Pictures of their flying
Moods of every day
Hard for a heart defying
What comes to its way

Time goes by and by
On to the future of dream
Open up cloudy sky
And clears the river stream
Like drift on open sea
All within its truth
Always pure and free
Forever eternal youth

What is after this night
No one really knows
Dreams away in someone's flight
As the daybreak glows

In a future's heartbeat
Where tomorrows are dreaming
Across lives open street
Golden stars are beaming

Peter S. Quinn

Pills - Won'T Do It

Pills won't do it,
Drinks won't do it,
Take another little spin,
For pleasures within.

That's the only way to go,
And I surely think you know;
Strait ahead Downtown Street,
Walk with your slumping feet.
Fill your lungs with freshest air,
It's delicious to have it there;
That's the way it ought to be,
See the forest behind the tree.

Pills won't do it,
Drinks won't do it,
Take another little spin,
For pleasures within.

It's easy to slip, to and fro,
Have a trick before a treat,
Never knowing what's out there,
Because, your navel, you only see.

Peter S. Quinn

Pink Flower

Pink flower is beautiful
Always so much of anything
Playfully and never dull
As it is inside spring
Tenderly moments to bring on
To every summer night
Until its blossom is gone
With beautiful pinkish bright

Pink flower is like you
With all your loving touch
So much to make and do
If you are in love so much
Nothing is all like this
On to the blue light dark
With new spring dawn bliss
Shades of the petal spark

Fragrances in the air
Full of new summer high
Touching blossom everywhere
In the hours going by
Just like a love to come
When love touches heart
Flowering passion blossom
Now in these days will start

Peter S. Quinn

Pinocchio - Night And Day Together Glow

Night and day together glow
One by one they are
Someone's footsteps in the snow
Faraway a twinkling star
Some dreams will show their face
Destiny is for us all
Bring your love to its place
Give its heart when fate shall call

Night will sing its darkish song
For dawn to rise and shine
Twilight's minutes here along
Every dream henceforth decline
Yesterdays tomorrow bring
All is going to a forgotten place
Moods of shadow's light swing
Vanishings hours without a trace

Twilight's dawn oh colored ray
From the night of starry gown
Boost the morning into the day
Nocturnal fancy to reality drown
All has a place in a waking being
Little kept from sleeping past
The eyes of reality never seeing
Space beyond its nameless vast

Peter S. Quinn

Planets

planets
like the sun
awaking heaven lights

that moon changes
to-night into desire

touching nerves
with love

Peter S. Quinn

Play Around (From, Rock Star)

Play around and have some fun,
Surely darkness is on the run;
Flower gardens lie everywhere,
Summertime is here and there.
You have seen the stars shine,
On across the winter's brine;
Night has turned upside down,
Now the day is in white gown.

Bring some peace inside the heart,
Give away to the yellow green;
Fun is in its steps to start,
Nothing like you've ever seen.
Lets bring in the things of joy,
Summer ways are always on;
There's freshness and hobbledehoy,
With each peace in its summer spawn.

Everything you do or say,
Finds away to turn and aggregate;
What will come the alleyway,
Is to bring us more fortunate.
Nothing's deeper then touch of skin,
Turning around going inside in;
And coming across for another feel,
Like a fantasy that is for real.

Peter S. Quinn

Play Me A Summer Song (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Play me a summer song
With a sweet melody in
Where spring blossoms belong
Of summer means blooming
Love so sweet in stillness
Times moving in shade
The hours of beauty fullness
Everything to pleasure made

Give me a day of openness
Every hour for a walk
Hope and peace to caress
Babbling breezy talk
Reasons to love and adore
Finding a heart to share
Fresh air for something more
In its much loving care

Play me a tune of beauty
Surrounded around the new
Songs that set life free
With every romances true
Holding the ways and chance
Where it meets every day
From its magic special blanch
That comes to hold the way

Peter S. Quinn

Play My Heart (From, Occasional Songs)

Play my heart,
To fistful of days;
All is counterpart,
To lonesome ways.
Here I go again,
With a shifting touch;
Trying lease in vain,
As it may - inasmuch.

Play my soul,
To beams of past;
Life's a casserole,
Stage and a cast.
Here I go again,
Turning by turning;
Like song's refrain,
In a while churning.

Play my life,
On this time's stage;
Cut like penknife,
Layers of the age;
Here I go again,
In the end of words;
Layed simple - plain,
The years cupboards.

Peter S. Quinn

Play Play Play

Play play play
Oh dark dark night
Nothing forever will stay
In days and its light

My summer is gone
Full of its trust
But I'll still go on
Till I'm dust to dust

Play play play
Oh morning turn bright
Take away life's gray
And shadows that abide

Now autumn is here
And winter's coming
Fallen hope everywhere
No blossoms summing

I've had my days
In beautiful affections
Now the dark ways
Show shadows directions

Love is gone astray
Like fallen angels clouds
All this darkish way
Among the street crowds

Play play play
Oh dark dark night
Nothing forever will stay
In days and its light

Like light gone to deep
Casting away day's fire
Now the days sleep
In their longing's desire

My summer is gone
Full of its trust
But I'll still go on
Till I'm dust to dust

Play play play
Oh dark dark night
Nothing forever will stay
In days and its light

Play play play
Play play play
Oh dark dark night

Peter S. Quinn

Play Softly By The Sea

Play softly by the sea
Quietly with something more
Saltwater dwells inside me
Across the ways and shore
Dreams are gathering thru
Full of whispering tone
Billows from echoes new
Humming in yawning drone

Feelings come in playful play
Thru its evening late flight
In their whispers deep way
Belatedly as the dark is night
Moon above in clouds far
In its bluish dark gleaming
Wishing upon a falling stars
With its habits and dreaming

Play softly by new-fangled
As their waves are going
Worship in a web is tangled
As the above moon is glowing
Yesterday with its acquaintance
In memories are meeting
As the moments turn in trance
With tomorrow in its greeting

Peter S. Quinn

Playful Threads

This day is a dream in my sky
Again and again memories landscape
Each every down and its high
Reasons that ask what is and why
Giving their fixed forms and shape

This hour is for eternally
Nothing is near or too far here away
Wings of thoughts set somewhere free
To equinox of what I see
Distances made in their cadre

Decay roots in silent abyss
Ancient trees among the many flowers
Playful threads and their reminisce
Visions around interim bliss
In instances of coming hours

*Inspired by some poems, by Rainer Maria Rilke (Again and Again, etc.)

Peter S. Quinn

Playfully Light

Love darkness comes so easily
Into the haze of evening bright
Playfully light and so breezily
From corners to corner into sight

Every comport to hold and give
The touches those never grow old
Every thought that sways to live
And into the futures must unfold

The lips of the sky and earth
The flowers of colorful shade
The new into new in spring's birth
And sea that in waves never fade

A love song to burn and giving fate
With plentiful for every week
Each beauty and its weighing debate
The strong of its lines and meek

*From Lyrics and Poems of April

Peter S. Quinn

Playing In The Deep

These hopeful stars
That are everywhere around
Those wishing stars
That you and I have found
Each turning thread
Of games untold
Those days have met
But cannot hold

Every going way
That comes to give
In another day
Jet not here to live
Those moments on
That fills the future
And never are gone
In times old suture

Playing in the deep
We still don't know
Not yet ours to keep
On the highways we go
That something out there
That is not yet still
And we know not where
The times they'll fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

Please Be In My Heart

Please be in my heart,
While the stars will adjust;
Rise and never depart,
Let no glowing, become rust.

Beaming light in space,
Is our love eternally;
With its touching grace,
That inside souls are free.

Please be guiding on,
Raise these wings and fly;
Till the dark is gone,
Wherever shadows lie.

Find the way to hope,
With our future dreams;
Hold on to that rope,
However hopeless it seems.

Please be a freedom beacon,
For strong light we need now;
Love can be like the sun,
If love seeds are there to sow.

Peter S. Quinn

Please Bring Me To Your Other Side

Please bring me to your other side of the heart
The darker side that is much like dark moon
Where your feelings - in first steps flowing start
And where you fly out in your red balloon
The dreams to faraway islands in between
Of closeness and love that touches the day
The roots of the growing of passion not seen
That comes like ivies in their steeping way

That's inside from here to the corners outside
Your silky smooth skin of caressing love
The surface of your beat in each their abide
Like castles in clouds faraway and above
Go carry my heart to your pound of throbbing
With each its fine-drawn softness bobbing

Peter S. Quinn

Please Come

Please come be my friend
Everyone is invited
The world is a colorful blend
Makes us together excited
There isn't enough money
To travel around worlds road
But baby together makes honey
Sugar sweet on the load

Please come and make me stronger
Be as sister, brother
We together will last longer
Could take care of each other
Be just as you are
Showing me all I'm missing
A traveler from the far
Peace of our own accomplishing

Day by day is a walk
To the further unknown distance
Let's have some serious talk
Be a friend, take a chance
Everyone has something to say
Give of their hope and try
Road of many is coming our way
To knot on its furthers tie

Peter S. Quinn

Please Come Back

Some the poets that have left us please come back
We need to have you all with us right here
Giving us your feelings in the New Year
Without your words we will something lack
Your thoughts of burning fires tell the truth
With treasures you brought from the oceans
Endlessly they come and bring out their youth
With feelings of their eruptive erosions

A poet should catch every sentence that flies
And bring us to their firing given torch
In light and in dark - for the world is both
Tell the truths - show catastrophes of lies
For the truth is out there quenching down scorch
The Word is a mission and the poet's oath

*'this once was a poets world, they build it with their fire of thoughts' - end of quote

Peter S. Quinn

Please Go Easy

Please go easy with me
Because the day's still so young
Freedom is to be free
And get in the world along
Rise now from the low light
Into a bright new day
Don't make a seen or a fight
Everything's coming your way

Night and day together now
Managing dreams to rise
We will go our ways somehow
Just like this time that flies
All is just merry-go-round
Into the moments we are
Lost won't probably be found
If it's gone away too far

Let nothing come between us
If it's easy and so right
Dreams are sometimes at loss
When they have died with night
You and I dancing to try
Holding on to what we have
Never to this say goodbye
Nearly all's lost when it's halve

Peter S. Quinn

Please Play Me A Moonlight Song

Please play me a moonlight song
So I can fall in love
Be gliding the faraway skies along
Like clouds in the drift above
Please sing a sweet melody
With tender words in their fall
So I may become again free
Across every un-climbable wall

My heart longing for you
In finding its path sweetest try
Like the cloudlets in highest blue
Those drift thru to say goodbye
My love is like echoes close
Or like a night dream to be
The silver petals of night rose
That no one but you may see

Please play me a moonlight tune
That always will be in flight
Like memories from faraway June
That now is in winter's night
Please sing me your sweet harmony
Or anything that gives loves nearness
So my wings of my dreams flood free
In each its tone deep dearness

Peter S. Quinn

Please Watch With Me

Please watch with me the sun fades away,
For we have longings in our heart;
Everything of the heart will never stay,
For love must always some day depart.
But for a while we can watch the day,
Fade away into the ocean deep and dark;
And everything will then be dark and gray,
That once in eyes did glitter and spark.
Please watch with me this lonely hour,
As day loses its sights to the dark night;
Every feeling inside will have power,
Until again there comes a brighter light.
Please let the moonbeams caress us,
And starry nights embrace our longings;
We will not find for the day's loss,
When heaven in twinkling's stars sings.
Please watch with me the moments go,
Into oblivion as the time fades away;
And heaven opens its glittering glow,
With our heart like the day it'll play.

Peter S. Quinn

Poem Of Originality

Now times are still to share
Like a nest is full of life
Each road that leads to here
In fate and a little strife
In a wide and open road
That goes to your own way
The pleasure lives and load
Your moment's that won't stay

Our heart before what's done
Of love and stories liked
Each morning that has shone
And into the causes diked
Given of its seeds and taste
Garland that we have found
And never be given to waste
Till each were safe and sound

Times with nestlings young
Those yet have wings to grow
For the futures they do long
And of them here now show
Each line we will offer here
Into this never ending vast
And with the likes to share
To be together in here at last

(*Peter, is now enjoying taking photographs, having it easy and traveling...;
[now, in a high altitude...])

Peter S. Quinn

Poems Are Like Memories

Poems are like memories
They get lost one by one
Like falling autumn leaves
Sometimes seem almost done
Yellow brown red scent
Into the footsteps going
What was suggested or meant
When life its pace is slowing

The music for no instrument
Only the colors bleaching
In garden's rainy days relent
When to the end it's reaching
In the flower seeds of tomorrow
That cautiously life prolongs
A hope of a dream to borrow
With next year's springtime songs

Poems that now have begun
With shadings falling silence
Within the autumn shadowed sun
In nearness hue light blench
A light from a curving rainbow
Coming on with its pearly string
Afternoons ending glow
Soon to the winter shall sing

Peter S. Quinn

Poems From The North (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Poems from the north,
Are frozen on the ground;
Winter's songs going forth,
Like wild wolves hound.
Dewdrops grain of light,
Instant moment's blackbird;
Ravens on their flight,
Thoughts in snow anchored.

Poems of my deep heart,
Flying in a winter's frost;
Blooming roses impart,
Some are now there lost.
Murmurs of the wild sky,
Dreams I had for a winking;
And the words will calcify,
If some will there bethinking.

Poems unraveled rivers,
Falling in enormous neem;
Songs that with cold shivers,
A frost rose's night dream.
All is within me there alive,
And giving the wind a gust;
Longings into my archive,
All what I need and trust.

Peter S. Quinn

Poems Of Summer

Poems of summer
Growly going by
Breezy on strummer
Blue open sky

All in feelings softly
Dreams to meet a day
Weightless and lofty
In its earthly play

Rise rise your wings
To the sun and flowers
Summer now eternally sings
From the inside hours

Days are gone to night
Flying with the stars
Summer full of bright
Now with tones in bars

Green growing spring
Beauty of the wild
Eternally on to sing
In its dancing mild

Yesterdays of frost
Gone into the past
Icy fervor lost
Nothing's there to last

Peter S. Quinn

Poetry Of Love (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Earth poetry is of every shade turn
Love those piles up in the wrinkled splatter
Thought above daily ordinary matter
Forever in ageless yearnings to burn
Flower of sunshine and a tear of rain
Giving its skin of whiteness or dark
Smooth or scared surfaces each with its spark
So much of glowing or full of its pain

Flowers of cotton cloth making the world
Something of day and night fascination
The possessions that are made wrinkled and pearled
Every its beauty-made laudation
Poetry of love is like foam from the sea
Forever in its secretive to be

Peter S. Quinn

Poignant Shines

If you want to lend an ear to my music
Here I am just for you close and only

Melodies so sweetly in its artistic
Coming to gather themes grippingly

Every song that is now in with my heart
Momentarily shall be all of yours

From the very beginning when you first start
Listen to Its thematic explores

There's harmony in every its living
Going some the way to the deep emotion

Every aspect from its whole time giving
The exposing part of my heart's potion

My themes wander through the structured lines
Giving you portions of poignant shines

*If you want to have a listen to my music, please Google like this: 'Peter S. Quinn' - and then listen to my melodies...; -)

Peter S. Quinn

Possible Truths In Silences (From New Waves To The Shore)

World is a bolt of inside lightening
Stony towers of explode thunder falls
Possible truths in silences heightening
After prime summer has left with its calls
New waves that come to light and explore
Thick-shadowed meteor in names of things
Something the beam didn't notice before
And to the magic of new forms now sings

Electrify transparent happiness
Dim touches of the velour in the grass
Down from the sky to delight the benighted
The glorious daybreak to become here less
In the icicle mirrored wintriness glass
That wintry weather again has ignited

Peter S. Quinn

Pounding

I love the sea and its songs
Swinging its waves to and fro
A heart with love that longs
Wonder were the waves go
So much is still a mystery
Feelings that never gets thru
Just like this endless of sea
That always is in its renew

I love every breath of its awake
Its murmur of undertone deep
Symphonies that billows make
And only is for moment to keep

The eternal tides of entice going
In its longing from night and days
Dances of waves in breezy blowing
With a refrain that never stays

I love the sea and its theme
Far out into the azure beyond
Ways to an unknown dream
Never to reality dawned
Like seagull traveling afar
Gazing to far destiny
Where the true hearts of love are
Pounding alike and always free

Peter S. Quinn

Praising Your Love (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Praising your love
Is somewhat not hard to do,
Like feelings above
It is all up to become true;
Footsteps to make
Everything from within,
It's about to take
Giving and then to win.

Where manipulate ends
And the feelings begin,
What stands and what bends
Where experience have been;
And the trust that you show
With closeness and touch,
How you love can grow
Though you say not too much.

Praising your love
Is in the eyes and heart,
None of it you can shove
If it's whole and one part;
It's your soul and your trust
With everything you give,
And for togetherness a must
For two to share and live.

Peter S. Quinn

Prayer

Give me strength to carry on
If I have lost my own way
Every load shall be gone
When love will lift my new day
So much still needs here mending
In feelings strength and its play
To the heart purpose sending
And make its cause justice say

Give me strength to give and try
Feelings that makes us free
Reach the mountains and the sky
For each step to liberty
Let me help sister, brother
From stress with diversity
Earth is home and our mother
Make it whole in certainty

Give me strength in name of peace
With its hope and efforts true
So we in prospect increase
Like new morning coming through
Each day doubt not each other
Strength together defending
Let me help sister, brother
In try and hope ascending

Peter S. Quinn

Pretending Beat

pretending beat
words sense all
flattening wide-open
whimsical feel

unfinished together
creating incomplete words

upon ivory and ebonies
it sang

Peter S. Quinn

Private Conversation (...from "1001 Very Short Fairytales", Story #999)

I am, I am, said the wind,
To the stone;
I will rock you,
I will rock you, if you let me.
Call my name, it has no end
And I will blow,
Until you fall
Around yourself,
In your stony world.
Outside is fun
With a gusting lot to do,
But you are on your own;
Hard and cold, hard and cold!
Why don't you embrace
My Swirling looks,
To make your world move a Bit.

You are, you are, said the stone,
To the wind;
You can't move me, you can not...,
For I am deep in the soil of earth.
How much you blow,
You can not move me;
Though you try every fall
And every year,
In your feathery world
Of gusting wind.
Inside's a dark obsidian,
My restful soul
And I lie in a fertile soil;
Soft and dark, soft and dark!
I need no other embrace,
Not a swirling look.
So, give it Up!

Peter S. Quinn

Promises Of Love

Promises of love

They come and go on by
Like sun and cloud above
Until again they'll die
Feelings best for you and me
Turning our hearts around
Making our promises free
In their compartments pleasurablely

So much of love has gone
Into the emission of time
And never provided then one
But only been in their rime
Nothing that was for real
Or touched the way to give
In each their different feel
That I through them did live

Promises not lies

Those never come near enough
Are lost in time that dies
Or sometimes act like bluff
The heart therefore reveals
Each its way and possibilities
How a day to day it feels
In all its many capabilities

Peter S. Quinn

Pull Me To Your Heart

Pull me to your heart
From love that's inside
Morning where feeling start
As the clouds away glide
This is every dream
In between our lines
Where love like sun seem
In everyday sunshine's

Like a robe you are
Wonderment of feeling
Flickering dream star
All my heart you are stealing
Put my touch to you
In as you where before
Pull my love there thru
To your daydreams shore

Pull me to your dream
Where reality is not
And shadows all faraway seem
In our own vision's spot
So much is gone of past
Like our stars falling
Let those dreams be colorfast
As they were before calling

Peter S. Quinn

Pungent Continuing Ways

Pungent continuing ways
Not coming unexpectedly
With coldness in its garden
The buds of nowhere luck
But like clouds in grays
To feelings unconnectedly
Gestures of hope bombardin'
Chords of disdain dim pluck

Each rose that dies in dryness
From worlds anger wryness

Songs of the glowering sky
Those are within lives vein
Lost in the yearn backyard
Where the muck is on the walls
Deep in roots unhappiness lie
Movements in beats of pain
The edges - uneven and jarred
Bittersweet moment's rainfalls

Occasional low and highness
Sullen moods empty of spryness

Peter S. Quinn

Puppy Love (Of A Dictator)

Nothing to do but falling
Everything is up to you
I am day by day strolling
Knowing not what to do
Close to you or faraway
Some days I am not even here
Nothing will steadfastly stay
Just circling alone to nowhere

Nothing to do but calling
I am one the phone all day
Into every mood sailing
But knowing not what to say
You are breaking my heart always
Without any reason I know
Up and down swinging ways
Sometimes I have to go

You cannot ever understand me
If you don't know my heart
Puppy love (of a dictator) it might just be
But somewhere we all do start
Yesterday I was too broken
After I phoned to you
Some is better left unspoken
Please understand me too

Nothing to do but falling
Everything is up to you
In to my dreams I am sailing
Some never may come true
Listen now up very close
Do you love me or do you not
Anything else just goes
Into ordinary every day plot

Sometimes I bite you hart
Like a dog sometimes will
I might break your bones apart

Or your blood down all spill
But understand me though
Puppy love (of a dictator) it might just be
Everything downfall sometimes must go
That's the only way to be free
And the only way I see...

It
Understand me - hardship I know
But I'm the optimist in to and fro

Nothing to do but falling
People in distress are calling
With half their bodies in the ground
And bullets of trial all there found
Something is not so right
But give it to your understanding
I'm just passing my wings of might
I'm just commanding...

I'm just commanding...
Death to death
Of lights life flickering flame

Peter S. Quinn

Pure Nature Shade Plush

Pure nature shade plush
Are those you have found
When dream in dream flush
In sightings here around
With many love songs inside
The dreamy landscape on
Those through the moments glide
Like golden threads done

Pure love is in its ruby fire
To give what can't be hold
The many assorted inspire
Those to a dream unfold
When twilight is coming
In hue gold brilliant shade
In nature restfully summing
What colors the hour made

Straight line of the horizon
Is where the sun shall drop
In light reflecting and revisin'
To make the transfer swop
Of eve glow to twilight's spark
Is where each time is going
The billow sea of oblivion dark
They give their lives glowing

Peter S. Quinn

Purple Flowers (From New Waves To The Shore)

Dreams are sometimes like sea waves
Coming forward and gazing the time through
To each new longing their footsteps paves
With every wishing that's up to you
Pure and working each their fortune are drawn
From old melancholy approach of heart
Purple flowers and afternoons dark eyed swans
In every frail minute dream shall start

Thoughts that are drifting will come to the hour
And give of their poems some happiness born
Old to new like crystals constellations
Every tincture and hidden flower
With thoughts of many ways always fresh worn
In each their adornment new formations

Peter S. Quinn

Purpose Of Love

Purpose of love is singing,
Sweet summer melodies;
Purpose of love is bringing,
Together old memories.
Everything should be fair,
In fulfillment and to enjoy,
Especially if we take care,
Never our love to destroy.

Purpose of love is knowing,
Whatever in soul love sees;
And then just keep on going,
Whatever our heart will please.
If spring's again freeing,
The earth's colors everywhere;
How can a heart not sing,
When there's love in the air.

Purpose of love is closeness,
Giving a piece of you;
Love needs its spring freshness,
Before it becomes true.
All I am saying then is,
Don't be a fool at the start;
For nothing is nicer than this,
Always have a fresh true heart.

Peter S. Quinn

Purposes Fill Every Thought Around (From New Waves To The Shore)

Distinguish between loves that we found
With touches to share in drizzles concourse
Purposes fill every thought around
The way and the whole mean of living force
Life is what it is with its chips away
Interminable trickles through its new track
Just like distances and earth in its clay
Filling their pat with each their assent crack

Life is with years like clusters of atoms
Replacing grapes with vines of sweet
Eager to erase even absence scars
Fillings of times continues stratums
Picks for future you everyday meet
Wonderment of love and their isobars

Peter S. Quinn

Radio - Every Day (From, Spring Come Come)

Communicate to my lonely heart
For its soft reasons are always going
Be of the right feelings from 1st start
Let the pieces inside be growing
Keep me in touch of very concept
That is leading to everything here
There are roads to be sidestepped
Both far away and in distances near

Every day to meet my new future
Where they are going to fulfill
Hours by hours in dreams moocher
Making lives dream-like vaudeville
Lost in the transit of weaving's web
Where time is master of deception
Each of opportunity's in going ebb
Or finding a thought misperception

Every day to meet hours new by
Closing so steadily tick ticking in
Where's my heart I'm asking each why?
Coming to lose where lonely has been
Disappointing conditions in absurd cast
Words and the media transmitting
Meeting new days they're coming in fast
Every future to the past still knitting

Peter S. Quinn

Rain And Cloudy Glow

Rain and a cloudy glow
Please don't come in
Thoughts full of wind blow
Twist of a twilight spin
Lost is never found
Ways have their blind spot
Lose one's reality ground
Getting inside self caught

Rain please depart for now
Burry my thought too
Songs of the black crow
Bringing inside my blue
I have a lonesome feel
How can I explain it?
Moving withering wheel
Nearer to its snake pit

O clouds go with the flow
Don't be there over me
Stirring on dark and slow
Setting away each glee
Mountains are murky high
Climbing I can not reach
Let moments like this fly
Break away their leech

Peter S. Quinn

Rain Clouds Come As They Go – A Song

Rain clouds are here over me
Traces of dripping soft flowing
Leave the oceans clouds free
To the deep far always going
Nowhere to return but to find
Something of rain that is gone
Inside those shadows behind
Every thought that carries on

Chorus

Rain clouds come as they go
Into the future we went stern
Like a river of causes that'll flow
And always again to life return

Yesterdays were close and new
Once on their trip to new living
Now they are gone here through
With their blades jagged giving
Somewhere causes are too much
Nowhere to go just in a trace
A love like a word in its touch
Each of feelings different ways

What have you given to years?
All is for nothing you don't know
Bringing you cloud drops like tears
In to the coming new wave flow
Life has its love that comes easy
To the opposite side everywhere
Just like mornings that are breezy
Something cascades around to here

Chorus

Peter S. Quinn

Rain Drops (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Rain drops

They come so easily
In splashing and plops
And briefing in breezily
Love songs of cobble stones
Themes of the leaves
Times of alone tones
Cloudy sky grieves

You and I love them
How they are falling
Glisten water gem
On to earth calling
Fresh rhythmic chants
Shortly lived and phrased
On rooftops they dance
For ear to be amazed

Talk of the night
Through every window
When they fall so light
On the streets below
Something to remember
In their dancing echo
Through tides and temper
Those come as they go

Peter S. Quinn

Rain Song

Rain will give its touch
From the falling drops
Water splashing much
Drizzling down and ups
Every flower giving
Of its soothing drink
Growth and good living
In the falling blink

Yesterday were drier
In their silent ways
Sullen skies higher
Morning full of grays
Nothing to get excited
With no water touch
That would come delighted
And washing of so much

Dried leaves of yellow
Falling then away
Every thread so mellow
That its strings play
Life is always wanting
Seeds to raise and grow
For occasions enchanting
In with the rainy flow

Peter S. Quinn

Rainbow

Every hour is in still life
Even as it is still going
You must conquer and strife
Feeling the world is flowing
Some days come and some go
Give tomorrow its opportunity
You are the only one to know
What it is that makes you free

Rainbow, make it come true
With every color to wish
Rainbow yours is always renew
Dreams inside to accomplish
Every dream is our dream
Now everything is clearer
Anything that nowhere seem
Somehow seems now nearer

Try from your heart's desire
Bring on light to see ways
You are its future and the fire
Making each selection always
Nothing comes easy from dreams
Through their various things
Futures tomorrow faraway seems
To new days on their wings

Each own hour you must find
Building their futures to rise
Everything is from it combined
Into what all of it signifies
Every hour is in still life
Though dawn comes bright still
Many are the ways in the rife
Giving us the dreams to fulfill

Rainbow, make it come true
With every color to wish
Rainbow yours is always renew

Dreams inside to accomplish
Every dream is our dream
Now everything is clearer
Anything that nowhere seem
Somehow seems now nearer

Peter S. Quinn

Rainbow Haiku

Faraway in beams,
colors of the rainbow steams
- like all my gone dreams

Peter S. Quinn

Raindrops Rhyme Haiku

Always my dear love,
Like raindrops from now above
- This world's so full of

Peter S. Quinn

Rainfall In Autumn

In the sweetness of love
Like rainfall in autumn
From gray clouds above
In its echo dripping hum
Such feelings from in
Of nature's true stillness
In a falling around spin
Of water flowing caress

A night that once was day
In everlasting round
Are now in autumn's play
Humming the dripping sound
Of falling waters flowing
From rivers in their streaming
As summer old is going
By magical hours dreaming

A sky of gray and dark
And clouds gathering to fall
In journeys river embark
Those to the oceans call
As a day goes to the cold
From times of green emergent
For age no one can hold
It keeps it rapidity urgent

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
Empty 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

Rainy Days

Rainy days
Are close like tears
Sweet tender ways
Memories one bears
What's gone and done
Like wishful thinking
We just must go on
Without aching or stringing
To days gone by
Like rain from the sky

Rainy days
Love's a crying game
With a heart it plays
And burns like a flame
I remember summer sun
And tender emotions
Which are now on the run
Like waves from the ocean
Oh the days gone by
Are like rain from the sky

Peter S. Quinn

Random Man (To Ben Heine)

He is "just a random man",
Doing whatever he always can,
Making his random steps to somewhere.

Meaning what he always does,
Making a reason for his cause,
Everything in the world is his affair.

Random man please dance on,
Days are turning and years are gone,
Random man you are me and I'm you.

He has a dream that must come true,
It's for the world to be all new,
Step by step in a noble peace.

Random man come and give,
Everything that you can live,
In your ideal world of love
That tomorrow must be full of.

Meaning what he always does,
Making a reason for his cause,
Everything in the world is his affair.

Random man please dance on,
Days are turning and years are gone,
Random man you are me and I'm you.

He "is just a random man",
Doing whatever he always can,
Making his random steps to somewhere.
Making his random steps to somewhere.
Making his random steps to somewhere.

(Parody to the Beatles song, "Nowhere Man")

Rays Fiery Flicking (From, Myspace)

A flowery picking
In windmills of time
Of rays fiery flicking
In flames of its prime
Destines on the going
Finding the lost road
Where eternal is showing
Every opportunity's load

Times turning pathways
In the meeting of far
In many assorted lays
Of the assembling jar
That drives on musing
And gives wings to fly
Aspects there on choosing
With what each might comply

Destiny seeds sowing
To blossoms full and high
Each ongoing fate bestowing
Where roads to them lie

Peter S. Quinn

Razzmatazz (From, Poet On Www)

Everything will go away like it always has,
Tomorrows to yesterdays gone;
Carry each moment to oblivion razzmatazz,
Life's surrounding and from what it's drawn.

Tears streaming down and smiles on faces,
All is for something to lose or give;
Life is both cruel and filled up with aces,
We need to relate and truly live.

Flow on my dreams forever more,
Rain comes and sunshine that's for sure,
Reach for your moments wherefore.

High up and low downs everything here,
Give from it or take what you need;
Life's like spinning wheel going somewhere,
Bring it in and sow your own seed.

Flow on my dreams forever more,
Rain comes and sunshine that's for sure;
Reaching for each moment wherefore,

Tears are forever and the smiles too,
Bring in your hope and give it a new try;
Love is for the taking if it's clean through,
You have your living in laughter and cry.

Tears are forever and each smile too,
Bring in your hope and give it your try;
Love is always making it's all up to you,
You have your living in laughter and cry.

Flow on my dreams forever more,
Rain comes and sunshine that's for sure,
Reaching for each moment wherefore.

Peter S. Quinn

Reality And Unreality

Reality and unreality
It made me laugh
To be or not to be
Are the times epigraph

Everything you might see
Could be a sketch rough
Comprehending its duality
Is the world a bluff?

Endurance in durability
Wishes of arty autograph
On to each its infinity
Draw and photo half to half

Peter S. Quinn

Recall The Days Of Gone Past

Recall the days of gone past
With every dream to fulfill
There was a tune and its cast
In the new morning born still
How easy the dreams can be
Their insecure hours between
The mirrors of past you'll see
Each prospect in its pristine

Night and day will conjure all
Giving us pictures of a whole
Each in their part and a call
Having their certain life's role
So much is absent yet in there
With dream-forgers weaving
A day comes to night in blare
With voices silently deceiving

Windows of times in dreams
Filling each rattling curiosity
Wavered the rivers and themes
Inside what we choose to see
Sleep has kept us long away
Made every passage disentwine
In their draft and shaping clay
Doubtful is each in between line

Peter S. Quinn

Red Rose And A Lily

A stem with a reddish bud on,
A crown among the fairest in the sun;
It's the rose you all can see,
That opens its flower beneath a tree.
It's for you to adore and cheer,
If you do care for it being here;
It opens its crown to a bumble bee,
It grows its fairest for you and me.

Then there is the lily white as snow,
Or yellow or pink petals to show;
Can you not say it's fairest too?
Its April flowers grow just for you.
It shows you the newborn in lives,
When its blooms first in spring arrives;
With fragrance that freshens the air,
I love to have both these flowers here.

(To, Robert Burns - 1759-1796)

Peter S. Quinn

Red Spring

Red spring
Oh flowers are coming
Hours sing
As the bouquets are blooming

Every day is a start
Freshly going on
A red passion and heart
Into the summer sun

Love's a song
Approaching fresh through
Passions so strong
In spring pending new

Days imminent so bright
Torching dim hours
Going starry night
Coming scent and flowers

Red spring
Love's in everywhere
Breezy soft string
Singing here and there

Days are like dream
Soon there'll be May
Playful river stream
Making freshness way

Peter S. Quinn

Red Sunshine

Let red sunshine of morning come
Bringing on your future to be
Thoughts are of dust or golden slum
Set them just out and free
Sometimes it might find the alabaster
Tearing apart the clouds high
Moving your ways faster and faster
Clearing the blurs in the sky

You have your will to say yes or no
Nothing will leave what's done
Just like the ones you already know
Thoughts are loads to carry on
Whenever you burn of its heat wave
That you were tearing apart
Set back your thoughts and repave
Show the inside of your heart

Let red sunshine bring in the dawn
Bouquets of desiring ways
Forces will come life is to it drawn
Love of many coloring lays
Sometimes the haze might even clear
And give sense to it all
Being to your heart close and near
Each of its worthy call

(This is from an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Peter S. Quinn

Reflection Less Mirror (From,134 Picture Poems)

reflection less mirror
upon the open door
to eclipse shadow

contradict
resurrect sun
lost at freedom less
faith

Monday
is sunrise

Peter S. Quinn

Reflectively Spiritual Green

reflectively spiritual green
creativity with leafy species

passionate orchid
silky ecstasy boundaries

air humid exuberant
like myself
torrid with mood

Peter S. Quinn

Rejoice Rejoice This Holly Night

Rejoice rejoice this holly night
When the stars shine on so bright
In their heavenly twinkling glow
And earth is in peaceful snow
For freedom is here in still
With promised love to fulfill

Rejoice rejoice this holly night
In times of grace and plight
When dimness so peaceful seem
In stillness of nocturnal dream
When the moments are like bliss
And all of the spirit is

Rejoice rejoice this holly night
For love is here in its flight
And giving harmony on earth
In the tranquil hours of triumphs worth
For this is the time to sing
And hope to all mankind bring

Rejoice rejoice this holly night
When peace comes in its might
And each one here near and afar
Sends wishes to a wishing star
Though winter frost and chill's here
For coldness of men war's near

Peter S. Quinn

Reluctant Eyes (From, Occasional Songs)

Reluctant eyes,
Everywhere you stare;
Hidden viewing skies,
Be of this aware.
Love is for the making,
All things come and go;
Life is for the taking,
For oblivious grow.

Hide your face away,
Love will conquer all;
Meet dawn's new day,
Follow it to the fall.
The beauty is within,
Every matter's waste;
Mind and heart will win,
If not done in haste.

Reluctant dry mind,
Can not set its wings;
It is set behind,
Where muse truly sings.
Sky is cloud ridden,
For the drifting picture;
Future there lies hidden,
In no given fixtures.

Peter S. Quinn

Remember

I am this love song
that I know.

The river of love,
in its space
of summer and winter evening,
that slowly comes in my window,
in glowing,
like desire,
every dream to hold on;
with its giving away mystic
that carries me to you,
near the timeless space ahead
when I think about you,
in the endless light
that comes and goes,
into the water of times endless space.

The truth in its distance
that gives every love to go on,
we both know by the heart.

Every thought
is to know
and to search for again,
with the leaves of time that are falling.

Every question asked,
shall be going
into reverie of dreams,
with their darkish moods
glowing on
filling every footstep
of your heart,
where we are
in the distance,
to decide every shore
and its waves to and fro
to every daybreak.

For
every going,
is like coming,
in my heart that belongs to you
with its feel that I know shall be there,
like the sweetness and aroma of you
and nothing can take away,
I have dreams, yes my dreams,
that are recurring every day
so not to be forgotten about you,
you my adored, I think of every day,
when you are in the distance
of my reach.

Peter S. Quinn

Remember (From, Dried Flowers)

Remember the leaping down river stream,
Flowing of cold water to the ocean;
Silent and the shadows trembled light beam,
Weaving forward motion - its erosion.

Each magical moment's foam-covered stone,
The indelible fragrance of sea flowers;
The wandering ways of being all alone,
With wave billows twisting for hours and hours.

The dreams of deep away and almost lost,
World of the sea by the darkness ajar,
Each cut of the sighted broken torn heart;

A flow that is never in time exhaust,
In move and beat from the near and afar,
Abysmal of bracing the breast of the swart.

Peter S. Quinn

Remember (From, Illuminating Night)

Remember the dreams we had,
From yesteryears summer moods;
Rays from some colors we add,
That from our morning alludes.
Initials of the deep earth wear,
Jagged with waves and rivers;
Blue dress of summer fanfare,
What the fresh streams delivers.

All that in memory forever is,
Like horizon pictures in the afar;
That glows but is lost like a wish,
The falling dim wintry way star.
Wild of the pummeled sands,
Footsteps that gave forth again;
What the feelings understands,
No one can search but in vain.

Remember the gust that grows,
Above every root that breaths;
Morn without name that shows,
All variations and its shibboleths.
Earth in its sound and silence,
Thoughts of your love and share;
All of your dearest acquaintance,
That no one else is to compare.

Peter S. Quinn

Remember (From,134 Picture Poems)

remember
summers end
with moving shadows
in the empty days

the growing wall
under the eyes
of the moon

Peter S. Quinn

Remember Lost Morning (From, 134 Picture Poems)

remember lost morning
time's soft eyes

walking
through the pages
of innocence

land of blue river

Peter S. Quinn

Remember Me In Years To Come

Remember me in years to come
If I will fade away,
I was here for a moment some.

When things were still okay
To have a friend to see,
For everything is wastefully
Wastefully.

What purpose has this life of ours,
With all the various differences?
The world each opportunity devours
Before any truly acceptances.

It means a lot to me
To have a friend to see,
For everything is wastefully
Wastefully.

Each feeling 's for a while
That turns out wrong or right,
Some astray or beguile
In its moments and height.

Remember me in years to come
If friendship has been found,
Sometimes it's so gruesome
With nothing in the background.

It means a lot each day
You made me uniquely,
With all your sincerity
Sincerity.

It means a lot each way
For life is such a disarray,
When it comes to fair play
Fair play.

Remember me in years to come -
Remember me.

Peter S. Quinn

Remember My Heart (Ii)

Remember my heart
It is always so white
Few feelings apart
From your conducting
Daylight

True love is so perfect
In a relative way
Open and direct
And hearing what we
Both say

Red on the outside
Hot like the sun
Turning each morning
Sun lighting bright
Never departing or gone

Remember this always
Like the color of love
In your eyes
Witch sparkling amaze
With full of surprise

Each person finds
Their respect
At least if they do try
Like the heart they do
Themselves select
When feelings apply

Peter S. Quinn

Remember The Moments Of Yesterday

Remember the moments of yesterday
When the morning was new and azure blue
Each way of the heart became spring of May
In the feelings of dreams that were for you
When the love was a song of many ways
In the turnings of gold of yours to hold
The heart was a flame in flickering plays
That every passion did almost unfold

The days of the new and lost dreaming on
Every turning that gave and was lost
When the trance of the days were almost gone
With wishes of yesterdays - now star-crossed
Remember the love that rises and falls
Drawing the lines with daydreaming calls

Peter S. Quinn

Remember The Songs Gone By

Remember the songs gone by
Their deep arrangement and shape
Everything falling from its high
From winters warps of grape
Love songs of evening in daybreak
Living and sharing their skill
Now when the night in frosty s awake
Dream of the dark to fulfill

Interpretations of shady lone shade
Fresh from courage cold bleach
Slivery threads of horizon blade
Now seem longer distances to reach
Feeble sense of days ripen fast
On to the nighttime of the hour
Flickering flames that wouldn't last
Each like a fragile small flower

Remember the songs of summer still
As the days get dark in vain
Follow their mornings of fulfill
Of their footsteps so simple and plain
Darling old rides to the storm
Everyone's cavernous ever falling
When night to winter must perform
As unfolding dark is there calling

Peter S. Quinn

Remembered Days (To Be Published At Sheetmusic Publishing)

Remembered days
Twisting its memories in
Turntable longing ways
Inside every spin
Love is never easy
Though the road's clear ahead
Summer stays so breezy
Into tomorrow bled

The flowers on the road
Give you something to see
Future's unborn ode
Still has not found its key
Swiftly turnings' mist
Onward reasons living
Into the moments gist
Each its mood is giving

Remembered days
Where have you all been?
Rusting brownish clays
In earth footsteps' between
You and I were so sure
Then came yesterday
With each its peace and war
Those to the feelings play

No more hearts to give
Into the night of afar
Only memories' to live
Morning brightly star
We have now to wonder
Dreams that lie still
Distances that keeps asunder
Longings to fulfill

What will ever stay?

In this heart of mine
Showing directs way
Giving from its shine
Trust not any reason
For it flows their wave
Tuning on turning season
Happiness with its grave

Peter S. Quinn

Remembering - We Are Love

There is love
about here always to sing.

With every softness
three is to give
and dreams of summer in a beautiful wish
that is near my heart once again,
if I give
from my senses
everything that it takes
to bring the fire of touch
once more in to you,
where the waves of the ocean
forever will exist
to bring every dream
on the floating waves through
to the timeless emotion.

As you know, I am here,
like a cloud in the drifting
impatiently loving you.

Like every heart that is bumping
with its beat to forget,
or remembering
whatever has filled the moment.

You are love to be for always
in my heart like breeze going by
every day and night passing
floating with whatever love decides,
to the dreams of the waves faraway
or the shore I still remember
where there are no deeps between,
only petals of roses
in the clear mirror water
where each hour is timeless
bound only to your touch
and the feelings set off

when you are around.

Every day
is my day with you,
coming closer and nearer still
with the sweetness
of your fragrance,
its sweetness is like wave less
timeless ocean
of love to the skin it touches,
to be beloved and never forgotten,
over and over again in the drift of time
and the fire of our own
that is here for every day and night
like a garden of blossoming youth.

Peter S. Quinn

Remembering Autumn (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Remembering autumn
That evening blooming song,
With daydreams desideratum
Where lost longings belong;
Remembering the dreams
That nowhere coexisted,
The lonesome sunbeams
The coming shade twisted.

Remembering the days
Of the withering blooms,
Fallen leaves in alleyways
And what the earth resumes;
All shall be here forgotten
In the days ahead that come,
Summer's sweet abdications
For the dark winter's hum.

Remembering autumn
For leaves turned to red,
Lost their green freedom
To fall off to their dead;
Remembering moments
Your yearning came too,
All the scenting abundance
The senses could construe.

Peter S. Quinn

Remembrance Haiku

Never forgotten
The blossoming youthful spring
- Even in winter

Peter S. Quinn

Reminiscence Dust

Reminiscence dust of summer passing
Love songs days that were never meant to be
Desirous times of sightings delights that were free
Put down together and made to amassing
Carried near to things and more cuirassing
Answers to advises that fit like a key
Of the dispersion shell - the past esprit
Obscure ways of things that have been sassing

The night is like a sister of deep thoughts
Washing ashore every aspect of chance
Between more and new that is to be here
Engine of ways converting to their plots
Together in the daze living their dance
Recall each tactic from the vague blear

Peter S. Quinn

Renewed By A Rose

Renewed by a rose,
That grows fragile in bed;
With colors in beautiful glows,
Shades of white, yellow and red.
The harmony of spectrum,
To ease each thought of mind;
Giving perfect blossom,
Everything sweetly combined.
Renewed by bringing
What grew from greenest of gold's:
Each of summer's singing,
And youth now beholds.
Everything a heart is hearing,
When song is again alive;
And gardens are blooms wearing,
From the first they arrive.
Renewed by a rose,
The flowers which shades on well;
My garden much lovelier grows,
In the summer dulcet spell.

Peter S. Quinn

Resolve Silence (From,134 Picture Poems)

resolve silence
with black electronic monsters
surging the roads

metal inhumans
roaring and pacing
concrete stairways

Peter S. Quinn

Resolving A Question (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Resolving a question,
That never was or is;
The number is not known,
Only the wish.
Try to be you,
And nobody else;
Bring out all the new,
From perfectly within.

Clouds are today,
And gone tomorrow;
What we can give,
Is only what we know.
Songs that is gone,
Flying yet again;
For nothing is normal,
With inside our brain.

Born every minute,
Something to reach for;
Ladder to climb,
Or bring through ashore.
What you are asking,
Is something to hover?
Or there to wish for,
And then rediscover.

Peter S. Quinn

Resonant Daydreams

Resonant daydreams
Going through to the evening
In their shimmering streams
Those to a thought sing
Every tincture's full glow
That comes from shadows
In the ongoing dreamy flow
That to the night goes

Resonate to inside love
That every parting mode is
Drifty haze above
In the reddish dim bliss
Of the night again coming
To a peaceful stillness
Remembered and summing
Of a dream in fullness

Resonating on and on
Serenely in its state
Horizon's mood shone
Of day to night's debate
Rising tomorrow's dawn
To ocean's wavelets suave
After night curtain's drawn
Of fancies dark mauve

Peter S. Quinn

Resonant Encounter (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Resonant encounter

All is there to be had,
When all things get asunder
And there is not more to add;
Just a simple thing or two
That a silence can't give,
And it's entirely up to you
How much there is abusive.

Resonant in beauty

The aspiring to meet,
What true thing ought to be
When fondly you treat;
Life is to make the best
For things and thought of life,
It will be forever a test
How much there is real strife.

Resonant in your way

Everything so forward on,
It will resonance the day
Till the battle is here won;
Just a simple thing or two
That you need to have more,
So the colors become true
And you have won the war.

Peter S. Quinn

Rest In Peace

Rest in peace
Good old you,
In work and play
You brought us through.

What future days
Will bring us still,
I can not say
What's beyond the hill.

Rest in peace
You never did abide,
But now release
Your daily light.

Into the past
We sometime glance,
But now at last
Away you dance.

Rest in peace
For ever more,
You're now at ease
As a number score.

Peter S. Quinn

Return

Return of the shadows
To the ongoing dark
Where everything glows
In the falling spark
And we are timeless
Like the falling glow
From mindful of caress
That reaches us slow

Return of the contentment
That never goes far
With its day life resentment
In each peace and war
We come to know much
This cultivated our own
Sometimes so out of touch
And not entirely shown

Return to the daylight
From ongoing dim
The morning comes bright
After dark whimsy whim
Trials and slip-ups fall
Like shadows to the deep
From their inside stroll
Never forever to keep

Peter S. Quinn

Return My Feelings...

Return my feelings from the yesterdays
In to flying fulfillments of tomorrows
All my renders were molded in to the haze
That interventions sometime borrows
Interrupting with autumn kisses fire
The moods of bearing fortune circling light
Each of the expected blood reddish desire
Like leaves that are laid to rest at night

Arrive here close and play with golden moon
The cipher that lolls expected traveling
To the unknown stars inside your sleeping
Melody of engaging waiting tune
That with its excursion is marveling
The fairy tales - the heart's still keeping

Peter S. Quinn

Return To Bright Skies

Return to bright skies,
Our yesterday's sweet dreams;
You learn through ears and eyes,
What in mysteries sometimes seems.
Return to cloudlets high,
With a work in tomorrow schemes;
Road of fortune there lies,
With sunshine in glowing beams.

You and I are both falling,
Until our breathing stories end;
The days of unknown are calling,
With moods of forgotten blend.
You and I through strolling,
The Coppers of fortune to bend;
In many ways experience enrolling,
Of each what we own attend.

Give and take is easy,
But reaching their goal is tough;
Like flowers blossom in breezy,
In places of wild and rough.
Return to hope and thoughts,
In what you were building before;
We are the future aquanauts,
To sail our imaginings ashore.

Peter S. Quinn

Return To Love

Return to love
For your heart to burn
Like drift clouds above
You were made to yearn
Summer and autumn
Flowers for eternity
Ricochets that hum
For love to be

Sweetness of heart
Dreams in the still
Where shall it start?
Conduct to fulfill
That is a part of you
Giving and taking
Always to renew
More in the making

Return to living
Winter into spring
Life is truly giving
Pearls on a string
Sweetness of a touch
It's everything you say
Love is just that much
Give or take away

Peter S. Quinn

Return To The Things You Adore

Love songs are calling
In their endless of ways
As their dreams are falling
On sunshine lays
Dreams in tincture's blue
To the faraway
Shades of cherished true
In its unborn day

Return to the things you adore
For love is the only say
In a pleasure it's something more
To keep the loneliness away

And for all that will never rest
There are meanings still
To keep close in love's breast
For a feeling to fulfill

Return to a moment before
That gave and never said nay
To a passionate contour
Of all meanings that outweigh

Love songs are playing
Their intimate fire
Though none's staying
Of loves burn desire
It's all dreams in distance
Flowing away soon
Hour's pleasures trance
A heart of memories tune

Peter S. Quinn

Revealed (From Rock Star)

Our turning days are revealed,
Dust to dust each hiding place;
Days - one by one is a battlefield,
Of all the surrounding aerospace.
Masks are back on every one,
With their hiding eyes they creep;
Down in the dark without a sun,
Silences around and a city at sleep.

Flying with wings of darkish dim,
And flowers black flowering on;
The houses of angels and seraphim,
With number of units in echelon.
Where will you be when morn comes?
Guiding the light back from dark.
Shadows that dance in the interims,
Dwelling in every garden and park.

Secrets are hiding somewhere out there,
Revealing identities never to some;
When night's about there everywhere,
They will show where they are from.
Bless every child that now is sleeping,
Under the bed someone is hiding;
What is this evil of anxiety keeping,
Who is that creature in the storm riding?

Guide every hour,
Guide every hour,
To keep you from harm.

Guide every hour,
Guide every hour,
To keep you from harm.

Peter S. Quinn

Reversed Sideways (From, Myspace)

Reversed sideways
When the morning comes
In dawn breaking plays
Of distance drums
When seeds become flowers
Rising from earth
In tomorrow's hours
Of every peaceful worth

The old news trays
With every falling brief
Into the lonesome grays
Like a withering leaf
Tonight is now going
With what the past did know
Into fogginess growing
Every departing flow

Reversed tide waves
From sea of inerrancy
The ongoing that enclaves
Its shore transparency
Where the billows rise high
In the openness sea
As vast as the sky
Of the powerful and free

Peter S. Quinn

Revisited Thoughts (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Revisited thoughts,
To each and every one;
With their assorted ought's,
And time already had done.
The night sky to mystify,
The blinking lights away;
Imagination will amplify,
What may be seen in day?

Revisited gone years,
With the many days born;
From nightly visiting stares,
Of eyes both old and worn.
The night sky with sea lights,
In the blackish dim gown;
All the falling wishing flights,
Those now are on their own.

Revisited yesterdays,
From where I'm standing now;
What with a heart interplays?
And mangles it somehow.
The night is wide of superstition,
Towering through the sky;
Some are hard in definition,
Others to the day will die.

Peter S. Quinn

Rhythm Is Going

Rhythm is going
One by one in its two
Every time its showing
Something new to you

Beat to beat gone
Hours passing away
Until all is done
In its hours play

Night soon in time wheel
Everything in tone
Beats and its feel
Until it's all alone

Now there is this new wave
Finding new sound
Steady on to crave
'til it goes around

Feel song of power
Dancing in its dream
Kind of urban flower
In its streaming stream

Yes rhythm is going
All is a fantasy
Hipster beats flowing
That want to be free

Peter S. Quinn

Rice Cakes For The Dusty Wind

A day is always coming
And bringing something from past
Approaching feelings strumming
Of 'nothing's gone to last'

Rice cakes for the dusty wind
Looking bright one morning
Into coal or stone tinned
Each their side is turning

Golden voices once had
Fall now when they're speaking
Singing on like scratching pad
No silver throats seeking

Peter S. Quinn

Richness Of Earth

Let the dark of the sea be gone tomorrow
From the daughters of the crying nighttime
Where hidden ways of distress come in prime
In the morning cast of aloneness sorrow
That some have tried to give each and borrow
In the many ways of each attainment mime
In thoughts and their liability and climb
To each of its assume adjoin to kowtow

Richness of earth is full of nameless flowers
Open your eyes to each of their beginning
With the essence of love from the soil deep
And there comes a day with abundant showers
Where the raindrops to the loam is singing:
Endow with care and their seeds you will keep

Peter S. Quinn

Ride On

My future stays in my dreams
Like an unborn flowering seed
Everything nowhere now seems
Harder from here to read
Time goes on days passes by
Nothing is anywhere going
There is a dimension in the sky
With the air of a circle flowing

Ride on to my dreams once more
What you shall know is within
There is the day's opening door
Everything from your self to win
Playing fields of instances to live
Anything that is really you
Coming there and to the future give
Seeing through the haze of the new

Powers to be are there born
Filling the emptiness of a day
That is here old and worn
Give you the playgrounds to play

Peter S. Quinn

Ride On High - Ride On Low

Ride on high and ride on low
Live and become easy
You must come and you must go
Life is close and breezy
In the night there is still time
Finding pleasures thrown
In its darkish dance and lime
Not much is though shown

Give the roads its much way
Turning to left and right
Anything that comes might stay
If it is of a moody night
Bring your tender feeling's hook
With this house of mire
You might have that certain look
On to men long hot-wire

Got to love and give some in
To the world your love depends
Nightly wish and twinkling spin
Till the dark meets its own ends
Something is that never tops
Only comes to deeper understanding
With love and feelings chops
Each to its play commanding

Ride on high and ride on low
Live and become easy
You must come and you must go
Life is close and breezy
In the night there is still time
Finding pleasures thrown
In its darkish dance and lime
Not much is though shown

Ride on high and ride on low
To the way - each way you go

*(From, Photograph Memory)

Peter S. Quinn

Right Ways And The Wrong

There is a nighttime of dark and confess
In the hearts that have followed love to decline
When truthfulness have betrayed in bitterness
And its mercy is in painful entwine
Like the keepers of truth with many its choice
Through years of right in visions of beauty
As the song comes to air in its own voice
Like guardian of aptness doing its duty
Whatever is said in its ways to detain
Like glass in eyes when they stare at nothing
For much in beauties cloak is hinged to its vain
Often at times therein only bluffing
Right ways and the wrong in defenses are hid
Like stones that are first in life's pyramid

Peter S. Quinn

Rime Spring Haiku

earth worms are showing
with the green of spring glowing
- after night snowing

Peter S. Quinn

Rime Summer Haiku

a day is going
to evening tiptoeing
- lake water's glowing

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku

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

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku

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

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku

Summer is ending,
Each color again blending
Earth innovating.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku

Picture of dark ley
Contrasting winter to play
- Circumscription gray

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #100 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Days of paradise,
beautiful earth and its vice
- never to suffice.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #101 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The time moves around,
it is not like me homebound
- on winter's white ground.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #102 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Where the wild heart is,
through the lonely winter bliss
- summer days we miss.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #103 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Day and night and you
love is gone into the blue
- where the stars are too!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #104 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Falling down flowing,
what we have and bestowing
- winter is growing.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #105 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Moment young in fire,
of dream and a dawn desire
- future you aspire.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #106 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Water mirror glow,
where distance memories grow
- day and night shall flow.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #107 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Winter river's here,
snowy and going nowhere
- the earth is austere.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #108 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dawn comes slowly in,
from where the sunshine has been
- light on winter skin.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #109 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Water's flowing fine,
into the hiemal sunshine
- from the high alpine.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #110 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Spring will come again,
from under the winter's reign
- tide's ageless refrain.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #111 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Bird will think and hide,
for a short moment abide
- for songs beautified.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #112 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Loves me - loves me not,
each in its own aforethought
- time is varied plot!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #113 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The leaves are all dead,
and summer dreams aforesaid
- better springs ahead.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #114 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Gray dark winter leaves,
full of autumn sorrow grieves
- baring trees bereaves.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #115 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

I will fly away
to the morning of new day
- from chillsome prime play.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #116 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Lost is summer's faun,
with the flight of the birds gone
- new year's winter dawn.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #117 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Beginning like end,
side by side they will amend
- like every tide's wend.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #118 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Blue sky faraway,
Shall return one summer day
- Gloomy ways won't stay.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #119 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The new and the old,
and the memories to hold
- winter roads unfold.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #120 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Evening shadows grow,
From mountain magnifico
- Earth tides come and go.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #121 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The red leaves of night,
that have lost their way and flight
- before morn turned bright.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #122 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Glisten morning hour,
After an autumn shower
- Withering flower!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #123 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Road is long to you:
Through and through and always through
- Time for spring and new!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #124 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Days go by and by,
under the longing blue sky
- mirror vitrify.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #125 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Gardens and flowers,
The memories that are ours
- Road of many hours.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #126 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Blazing fires outside,
Of dreams and longings eventide
- Through the winter glide.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #127 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

River o river,
the life water deliver
- and spring sounds quiver.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #128 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Go from bloom to bloom,
My butterfly of foredoom
- Summertime resume.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #129 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Oh live or let die,
Just like I prefer blue sky
- Summer dragonfly.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #130 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Bring me close to this,
The sky in a cloudy kiss
- Winter's yearning bliss.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #131 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Go go with your wings,
where the summertime sings
- fresh awakenings!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #133 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Life is like the light,
shining in the forest bright
- spring starts to ignite.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #135 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Summertime's coming,
with its new colorcasting
- each in contrasting!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #14

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

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #144 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Beauty at the lake,
with fresh summer shall awake
- after winter's take.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #147 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Daydreams drift away,
with the deep waves they will play
- tides can never stay.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #150 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Day is young to treat
for something too bitter sweet
- expecting replete.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #153

Sun comes in to shine,
like dream it's hard to define
- where's reality line?

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #154 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Branches reach destiny,
if they grow abundantly
- in freshness dewy.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #155 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Oh playful river,
summer dreams rapids giver
- each one deliver.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #157 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Infinity play,
new illuminating day
- from night's mystic way!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #159 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Little butterfly,
from around and from hereby
- summer vivify.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #160 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dear summer flower,
beautiful in evening hour
- magical power.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #161 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dream weavers swimming,
along lives bedrock rimming
- to-and-fro skimming

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #162 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Flowing and falling,
to the river of dawn calling
- day by day brawling.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #163 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Through the dark valley
where time dwells in the alley
- is dillydally.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #164 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Daydreams are glowing,
like yesterday's echoing
- for what's bestowing.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #165 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

New thoughts comes from old,
for morrows no one can hold
- they can't be foretold.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #166 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Mountains and rivers,
freedoms of space delivers
- to unbelievers.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #167 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Innocent unsprung,
sweetness of longings among
- the summer is young.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #168 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Sail on and be free,
freedom comes not easily
- in discovery.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #169 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Waves must come and go,
like sun in the evening glow
- new day tomorrow.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #170 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Open wilderness,
always new in its caress
- game of battle chess.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #171 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Like the mountain high,
flies the little butterfly
- before it will die.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #172 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Beauty summer field,
with darkish earth preconcealed
- green is soon off peeled.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #173 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The tangled wood's there,
with it's daydreams from nowhere
- sweet fragrance in air.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #174 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Golden, golden leaves,
away with all winter grieves
- and old disbelieves.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #175 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Day by day sweetness,
all comes in quite motiveless
- this and that timeous.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #176 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Summer's growing old,
with the coming days consoled
- all things will remold.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #177 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Golden leaves will fall,
when autumn comes to enthrall
- yellow therewithal!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #178 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dream world come with wings,
from autumn awakenings
- rustle whisperings...

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #179 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Day is turning bright
from under the lonesome night,
-autumn's color flight.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #180 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Shine tomorrow star,
each morning way is ajar
- winter is not far.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #181 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Butterfly and bloom
together autumn assume,
- colors they illumine.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #182 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Goddess of the tree
set the forest colors free,
- autumn now I see.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #183 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Water waves move on,
soon all the ripples are gone
- summer flowers grown.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #184 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Tides they go and come,
like different moods I am
- now is autumn chrome.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #185 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Fly to summer star,
bloom to bloom with wings ajar;
- winter's not afar.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #186 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Each autumn day bright
starts out with morning slight
- and thoughts you invite.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #187 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Together they'll play
on the dewdrops of the day
- autumn's andante.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #188 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Mountains reaching high
to the autumn cloudy sky
- coldness is hereby.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #190 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Flowers of autumn,
longings desideratum;
- ad-infinitum.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #191 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Autumn lake is calm,
now before earth seeds embalm
- September therefrom.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #193 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Life so fancily
together in autumn sea,
- peaceful harmony.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #194 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Wilder flower small,
now in autumn confrontal
- time away shall call.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #195 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Coldness fills the sky
little autumn butterfly,
- soon you'll say goodbye.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #196 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Contrast: dark and light,
before the burning day bright
- autumn twilight flight.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #197 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Wherever you go
distance memories will grow,
- like autumn time's glow.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #198 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

A day becomes dark
in different temper spark,
- autumn's last skylark.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #199 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Falling free to be
the rivers of memory,
- forgotten to sea.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #200 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Moments magical
are everywhere placeable,
- autumn's remarkable.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #201 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

From dark clouds of night
tomorrow comes burning bright
- winter's morn ignite!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #202 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Wings again will fly
in a cloudless summer sky,
- new moods glorify.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #203 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Branches of knowledge,
in autumn color voyage
- life's intermarriage.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #204 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Longings again call,
the withering leaves of fall
- red brown yellow all.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #205 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Autumn dreams are here,
in the leaves scattered everywhere
- soon cold will appear.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #206 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Yester dreams follow
into the oblivion hollow,
- autumn's now aglow.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #207 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The woods are now still,
gone the garden daffodil
- frost is in the rill.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #208 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Night stars enthralling,
breeze to the winter calling
- leaves yellow falling.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #209 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Word to a word plays,
like sunshine on summer days
- together they amaze.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #210 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dreams from the meadows,
where breezing breeze gently blows
- voices of morrows.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #211 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Deep into the sea,
where all life started to be
-so plentifully.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #212 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Blooms of the evening,
bright moments abandoning
- stillness caressing.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #213 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Oh sweet sweet time now,
crossing here and there somehow
- lighthearted lowbrow.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #214 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Day and night,
daydreams and the starry light,
- each other ignite.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #215 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Tick tack tick tick dreams,
everything in twilight seems
- winter forward streams.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #216 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The within flower,
of the dark night winter hour
- mood influencer.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #217 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Night has darkened sky,
the frost will intensify
- winter's lullaby.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #218 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

With wings fly away,
after winter night's andante
- spring sun comes to play.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #219 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The world is apart,
from differences of heart
- at a winter's start.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #220 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Days are in and out,
lonesome sky and lonesome crowd
- winter dark about.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #221 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Winners and losers,
each destiny infusers
- winter's way cruisers.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #222 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The winter's moon shine,
at the faraway skyline
- frost beauty entwine.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #223 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

All through this dark night,
I saw the hours losing flight
- winter's blue moon light.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #224 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Red brown to yellow,
rising dawn's colors mellow
- winter says hello!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #225 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Daydreams in twilight,
dances from the darkish night
- in with winter's rite.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #226 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Like birds of the sky,
how moments and years go by
- winter's butterfly.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #227 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Their sweet time is here,
love song of winter austere
-wind's the balladeer.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #228 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

In the peaceful streams,
a crane in profound thoughts seems
- winter's mild daydreams.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #229 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Life is like cold leaves,
longful moments full of briefs
- yesterdays conceives.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #230 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Red golden twilight,
coming through with morning bright
- winter's dawn ignite.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #231 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Lovely's the evening,
with dim colors skywriting
- nocturnal charming

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #232 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Clouds of red evening,
the sky's now polarizing
-dream ways rerouting.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #233 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Day is now a sleep,
while Halloween shadows creep
- through the twilights deep.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #234 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Evening is showing,
with the sunset clouds glowing
- hours easygoing.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #235 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Shadows to-and-fro,
the last of sunset bleak glow
- in October snow.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #236 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Withering mornings,
the winter days of yearnings
- of past returnings.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #283 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Songs of the forest,
now in a dusk silence rest
- winter's airiest.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #284 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Through cloud of darkness,
comes spring new and vivacious
- time's tautologous.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #285 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Like the seeds of days,
circling around reconveys
- winter shortly stays.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #286 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Songs of dark and deep,
moments so lonely to keep;
- summer now's asleep.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #287 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Tangling delusion,
life is only confusion
- winter collusion.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #288 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Instant clouds above,
and inside cold winter's love
- the black bile octave.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #289 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Little feet walking,
through the forest and talking:
- autumn once was spring.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #290 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

New roots shall find earth,
and give the day its new worth
- tide's coming rebirth.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #291 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Today tomorrow,
time comes like a river flow
- in and out tides go.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #292 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Variation of life,
contrast motivation strife
- each on tidings rife.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #293 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

What is forgotten?
Though winter shadow's plottin'
- the earth's green spottin'.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #294 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

In a darkly sight,
from under the sleepy night
- comes spring again bright.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #295 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

A cold winter's song,
Flowing the river along
- Icy billabong!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #296 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Flowing like river,
The streams of dreams that quiver
- Tides bring and sliver.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #297 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Like the dragonfly,
we must one day say goodbye;
- life is low and high.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #298 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Come sweetest summer,
take away winter's glummer
- its dim corridor.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #299 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Early spring begin,
from under the world its been
- like waves coming in.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #300 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Rise and awake day!
Where winter and stars all play,
- under the night ray.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #301 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Winter's morning hope,
many wisdom's horoscope
- starry dreams elope

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #302 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

New dawn's firing flame,
never through the hour the same
- winter's solstice frame.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #303 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Over bridge beyond,
summer of rainbow once dawned
- winter's shade crayoned.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #304 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Spring is coming on,
colors from earth again drawn
- frosty song *agone.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #305 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The forest black eyes,
marchland of scenic disguise
- spring now in its rise.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #306 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Swiftly clouds of fire,
moments of twilight desire
- winter rapture tire.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #3067 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The tides come and go,
now last footsteps in the snow
- time for spring to show.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #308 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Knock knock oh my earth,
with greenery fields of worth;
- now is spring's new birth!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #309 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Coming days of spring,
where the grass will sway and sing
- calm harmony bring.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #310 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The springtime is in,
from its wintry twilight spin
- verdure and its kin!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #312 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Forget not the wind,
though the hour is disciplined;
- sweet of tamarind!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #313 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Mirroring water,
sky mountain's wildness daughter;
- in new spring tauter!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #314 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Soft raindrops of spring,
let them to cobblestones sing
- in a pong ping ping!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #315 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Wake up mountain high,
rise into the clear blue sky;
- Spring is coming by.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #316 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Over the rainbow,
Let your thoughts tomorrow glow;
Oh summer flow flow!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #317 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Spring come to my heart,
Bring together what's apart;
- Cling colors true art.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #318 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

In far-off places,
winter still lays its laces
- spring slowly paces.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #319 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The ice sheet so vast,
apace moving overcast;
- springtime gelid glassed!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #320 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dark hours drift away,
when summer dawn's comes to day
- soon there's month of May.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #341 (From 'This Is My Wasteland'...)

dawn's new glowing sky
coming in with summer high
- days of snow gone by

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #342 (From 'This Is My Wasteland')

wake up dragonfly
meet summer days rising sky
- before you must die

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #348

tree of life is here
secret roots everywhere
- spring rise and adhere

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #350 (From Short Poems Of Peter S. Quinn - This Is My Wasteland)

alone wilderness
within a summer caress
- nature its ways bless

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #351 (From Short Poems Of Peter S. Quinn - This Is My Wasteland)

ice tops and blue sky
spring peaks faraway and high
time waves going by

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #353 (From Short Poems Of Peter S. Quinn - This Is My Wasteland)

winter roads gone by
in their snowy way and sky
- tangles of thoughts untie

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #361 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Glistening twilight,
the hours gone by to the night
- some dreams out of sight

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #68 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Today tomorrow,
rivers of time must follow
- the cataract's flow!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #7

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

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #83 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Be a witness here,
poetical inspire share
- let word like dark steer!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #84 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Light symphonies play,
before cold dawn makes a day
- twilight's misty way.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #85 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Mountains high and clear,
lonely tops in blue austere
- strong, mighty and dear!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #86 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Green gold leaves won't stay,
tomorrow comes coldness day
- river flows away.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #87 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Stirring and drifting,
light of the days uplifting
- clouds above shifting.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #88 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Most beautiful rose
to a nocturnal dream goes
- when winter tiptoes.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #89 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Summer bird's singing,
with two and two tones stringing
- memory clinging.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #90 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Turtles on a rock,
or the fastest flying hawk
- tide's limits ticktock.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #91 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

A day becomes old,
our future is all blindfold
- streams of warm and cold.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #92 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Winter songs go by,
from old songs and the first cry
- time's a butterfly!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #93 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Fallen autumn leaves,
Summer songs and shade believes
- in their sweetest eyes.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #94 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Flowers in the frost,
the fortunate and star-crossed
- some of life is lost.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #95 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Little seedlings grow,
in winter's December snow
- this and that might glow.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #96 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Floating on the waves,
like notes on musical staves
- one and one enclaves!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #97 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Bluebird fly away
to the newborn coming day
- the past reconvey!

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #98 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Rhythmical tidings,
day by day awakenings
- contrasting sidings.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku #99 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Moon winter's eye,
circling the nocturnal sky
- orb dreams underlie.

Peter S. Quinn

Riming Haiku 114

Silent reflection
Of landscape circumspection,
A small selection.

Peter S. Quinn

Ripple The Waves

A love song from you
Will ripple the waves
Those come forever new
As love that one craves
Each day as it goes
Through times that live
Through foreigner's rows
Where the futures dive

A love song of clouds
In the circling days
Deep whirr of the crowds
In their to and fro ways
Like a song that won't stay
Only be here a while
When the times are gray
And in need of a smile

Feelings that you give
Is a song enough for me
Or what you might live
In its structure and key
Let its melody touch
In openness from love
With its differences nonesuch
In everything it's made of

Peter S. Quinn

Rippling Mirrors

Rippling mirrors morning
Yellow roads ahead
Winter without warning
Made my roses dead

Now there ´s time of evening
Kisses of the cold
Temperaments in a swing
Depth of frost unfold

Grays of shadows close
Murky hours calling
Wintriness morning rose
in window drops falling

Like my love that is lost
On to the past of days
Deep hollow earthly frost
Each its pleasures ways

Rippling morning ´s glowing
In the clouds going by
Everything is now going
From its fervor high

Yesterdays were giving
All the things from heart
Now new times are living
In their pathways depart

Peter S. Quinn

Rise To The Beat

Bring every hope to me
To enlighten each start
Freedom is always so free
With every hidden impart

Rise to the beat of a wave
Where every road leads to
Feelings you once did crave
Might then become true

Just like water misty rain
From the clouds above
Wash away the roads stain
When it is very afoul of

For gardens to have around
Its colors to fade and dye
And anything inside found
That opens the wider sky

Give every love its chance
Questions in prisms strings
So much is shadowed dance
In its affluent wellsprings

Reflect each true-life mirror
Through eyes that apprehend
Every road becomes clearer
In its approaching to intend

Peter S. Quinn

Rise Up

Rise up a new dawn
That sleeps under night's gown
Before day comes bright and clear
And brushes away darkness fear
That breeze to the soul will steer
Like trees with boughs drawn
Making shades to the lawn

From the deep I was born
Through life battered and torn
Where days are full of contrast
Both n future and in past
There are stages that need cast
And both ways slow and fast
Every step will be worn
Through time's weaving corn

*From Sheetmusic Publishing: Rise Up

Peter S. Quinn

Rise, Rise

Rise, raise my flow
Of poetry thought I tell you
My feeling like water will go
On to clouds and blue
Everything is but a dream
Though we are of reality made
River of the living stream
Each to your boundary will grade

Rise, raise my heart
Here is your first tricky beat
Where everything must start
In with the lonely and need
You are the hour to come
Passing your wintry stream effect
Where every love is from
And all the warmongers reject

Rise, rise - become strong
On to your flowing destiny
You are the heart and the song
That becomes for ever free
Never let your peace down
For it's the hand on to reach
Take to the world its purposes gown
It's the road and way to teach

Rise, rise my tomorrow
And let there be love
To become instead of sorrow
That drip only in from above
Hope is my heart to be there
In such wishes to follow
Take of it peacefully care
Never let dream become hollow

Peter S. Quinn

Rising

Rising

On the stream of music
When the dawn shines again new,
From the twilight
From the dark;
Coming through - the rays of light,
Sunshine - sunshine!

Sparkling glisten
Fire steams,
Growing light - beyond the dark;
Red and yellow
Sparkling sparkles,
Twisting shadows
To the deep!

Shades of tempers
Lights of amber,
Orange red and hot!
Flowing like the water
In the blood of fire!

Sparkling glisten!
Sparkling glisten!
Through the night
Of eternal space,
Through the haze
Of starry rays...

Morning comes and softens the night,
Morning gives the sparkling day.

Sunshine - sunshine!
Shades of tempers,
Sunshine - sunshine!
Beyond the night,
Sunshine - sunshine!
Traveler in dark!

Nirvana,
Haunt me not,
From your dwelling!

Peter S. Quinn

Rising II

Everything is going too easy
To be somewhat becoming true
Three must be so much more breezy
To be worthwhile to renew
Life is a field of passion
Running around to the deep
So much to live for in its initiation
Nothing for too long to keep

Rising trough forest of being
Trying to find each making
Seeing the days worth seeing
Love in the clouds of taking
Zephyr of the kindness in heart
Of everyone's departing hour
Those that never could start
Making the seeds from a flower

Everything is turning to old
Whispers in dark of the waves
Somewhere the passion from cold
Longings from distances craves
You and I dreams to be found
Somewhere in fields of tomorrow
Everything comes again around
Where we new steps can borrow

Peter S. Quinn

Rising Light

Rising light
Life is in you
Up again in height
Colors to renew
Love and dream
Coming this way
With river stream
In fulsome play

Rising life
From under night
Now to strife
Take a new flight
Into the blue
Of sky afar
Time going thru
In its avatar

Rising sky
Yesterday's gone
How times fly
On and on
Life's a flower
Bed of blossom
Gone in a shower
Of winter storm

Peter S. Quinn

River Fire - Sonnet

River of time is rippling flowing waves
That will not come again or ever stop
The inside of my soul that always craves
And knows that everything goes down as up
The turning point in mesmerizing thought
Those fill the balance in each turning deep
With many flows that the lives river taught
And never you can handle or take to keep

The ongoing water to the unknown sea
Equilibrium flickering mirrors drifts
Like blood veins that circle here around in me
And sometimes my sense to high scale lifts
Every on sinuous to times desire
What we collate only with hurl of the fire

Peter S. Quinn

Rivers Of Thoughts (From New Waves To The Shore)

We are the dusk of long gone yesterdays
Just like the stars afar burning dim beams
Moods of days that to the evening plays
Rivers of thoughts that to the oceans streams
Lonely sky from the state of insight
Playfully give what we contribute to
The morning that comes is our own light
A circling past to the freshness of new

Every life's path - in forest of being
Emotions of sorrows - gladness to come
What you have done and given to the past
Stars and ways to the futures are seeing
Several started where the bedrock's are from
Laying to the groundwork each their coming cast

Peter S. Quinn

Road To Autumn

Road to autumn
In the shades of yellow
Fallen glowing blooms
Withering and mellow
Every day is burning
Onto white and dark
As life is turning
To its glowing spark

Many days away
Flowing orange shade
As day meets gray
That earth has made
Like burning red
Wither Falling leaves
Summer has bled
Songs of sad and grieves

Hours in spring white
When earth was new
Now hide in night
And our dreams too
Remember all its past
Flowing in shade's burn
In colors withering fast
As autumn takes its turn

Peter S. Quinn

Roads

There are roads going everywhere,
They are going inside of you,
Roads of the past that are still dare,
And on others, futures are coming through;
There are roads that shall last a day,
And they shall be forever gone,
There are roads that speak and say,
'That they must go on and on'...

And like everything in life that's real,
A road must conquer its own way,
And you must go just like you feel,
Or you will be forced forever to stay;
Some of the roads go to nowhere,
Though they seem full of traffic and to be true,
It may take a day, a week being there,
Until you see their lifelessness too.

There are roads in every one's head,
And they are aiming in different directions,
And when you start you'll find its thread,
All those many varieties of sections;
Roads are in front, as we move apart,
Complexes build and even matured more,
It's up to you to select where to start,
And what road you are best suited for.

I hope you find on the roads everything,
That is needed for survival and good thrive,
And may that purpose hopefully bring,
Opportunities and good luck as they arrive;
People travel many roads the same time,
Some go the same way the road treats,
Others fall out even in their prime,
Or are misguided into side streets...

Peter S. Quinn

Rocking Into The Future

Rocking into the future
With many things aloof,
Time is a true moocher
Idleness is the real proof;
Just like coming rain
Everything is not fair,
You will search in vain
Fore you catch the year.

Forever it is staying
Like a river it flows,
With each mood playing
As each moment goes;
Vanity's the way of life
Step by step likewise,
Hours go as they arrive
Stand still is a disguise.

Like the breezing blows
And rocking to and fro,
The ares of motion rows
Like the air in the aero-;
Arrive to be introduced
What becomes an exercise,
When you are seduced
With much too used advise.

Peter S. Quinn

Rose O Rose So Red

Rose o rose so red
In summer's life new
You fill blossoms bed
With colors dark true

Each heart that's alive
With love dearly on
In spring shall arrive
Till summer's all gone

Rose oh rose of heart
Life's a new melody
Endlessly in its start
Forever inside and free

A love song in flowers
For lover's like me
Sunshine and showers
Freshly ever to be

Rose o rose so red
Love's and life's caress
Each tear that has bled
With beauty you bless

So sweet your flowers
Giving its loveliness on
Today of summer hours
Till all its days are gone

Peter S. Quinn

Rose Red

Oh rosy rose red
How adorable you are
In green garden's bed
Like a summer star
Full of day's thrill
And a bouquets' queen
Love's passion to fill
Nowhere prettier seen

Blossoms of the light
In your silky red glow
Eyes adore and abide
When petals you show
Passion is your name
In your image striking
Red reddish hot flame
Love's prettiest liking

Oh rosy rose red
In the autumn so fair
When colors you bled
Are like lover's tear
In each day you live
You reveal even more
And bouquets you give
For adore and amour

Peter S. Quinn

Rose-Bush Wild (From, Poet On Www)

Give me time to be with you,
All I need are some feelings;
Seeing clear seeing through,
Without fake ones stealing.

Give me a touch give me a smile,
I am lost here without you;
It has been here for a while,
Now it's time to give and renew.

Feelings are like the weather,
Sometimes sun just shines;
Or its raining down together,
Drawing somewhere different lines.

You make me feel,
So complete;
You make me come,
And give in.
You are all a trick,
Or a treat;
And puts my ego into a spin,
Into a spin.

Will we see each other sometime,
When our futures collide again;
Like the rose-bush wild climb,
Are our winnings and each strain.

Feelings are like the weather,
Sometimes sun around just shines;
Or raining down together,
Drawing somewhere different lines.

You make me feel,
So complete;
You make me come,
And give in,
You are all a trick,

Or a treat;
And puts my ego into a spin,
Into a spin.

Reasons are so far apart,
Only feelings come to know;
If you've love inside you heart,
Let it out - let it glow.
Moments do come and go,
Everything will have its way;
Only you and I know,
If it's what we think and say.

Nothing comes easy,
You know;
Nothing comes easy,
Nothing comes easy,
We all have to go.

You make me feel,
So complete;
You make me come,
And give in.
You are all a trick,
Or a treat;
And puts my ego into a spin,
Into a spin.

Each love is made for some reason,
There are passions for every season.
Each love is made for some reason,
There are passions for every season.

Peter S. Quinn

Roses Pink Red

Roses pink red
In early hours spring
Their beauty bled
To a heart that'll sing

A love's bouquet
In its fragrance sweet
Winter did neglect
But summer shall treat

Peter S. Quinn

Rósirnar Mínar Allar

rósirnar mínar allar
rigningu þurfa nú
svo er þa? einnig me? þig
alls þess sama þarfnast þú
litirnir fölna fljótt
fáir?u ekki þa?
og hjartanu ver?ur ei rótt
hafi þar fölna? bla?

regni? er lífsins lind
og leikur um varir þær
sem drekka og dafnast af
drykknum sem regni? gaf
ástin er einnig þyrst
einsog rósin sérhver
og hafir?u bla? eitt misst
blómi? ei dafnast hjá þér

Peter S. Quinn

Round And Around

Round and around
Everywhere I go
Pleasure trips found
In its dreamy glow
Nothing outside the circle
Inside much more
Deep follower's coterie
In its reach for score

Time is of importance
In its much unending
Trials of day's acceptance
Through lives trending
Places falling apart
Prevailing east-northeast
From the beating heart
Expecting the least

Round and round
In its splashing flow
To a common ground
In its play-doh
Justifying everything
That's becoming lost
Waxwing experimenting
Life's been double crossed

Peter S. Quinn

Sad In Blue (A Lyric)

Sad sad sad in blue
For sad sad sad you
The moon is all bluish tonight
The night is all dark out side
Nowhere to run
Sad sad sad in blue

Into the night hold me tight
Love me babe I need some light
What's wrong and what's right
When shadows dwell and abide

Sad sad sad in blue
For sad sad sad you
The moon is all bluish tonight
Is there some star shoot in sight
To wish upon
For sad sad sad you

Into the night take a flight
Feelings, touch, everything out sight
Love me with feelings ok
Come come babe now closer stay

Sad sad sad in blue
For sad sad sad you
The moon is all bluish tonight
Is there some star shoot in sight
To wish upon
For sad sad sad you

Peter S. Quinn

Sail On

Sail on sail on time
Thru the winter to spring
Filling colors of prime
As birds again sing

Every day is a seeing
To the distant of blue
And for life in its being
So it will become new

Rivers deep flowing
To the oceans of shade
As the New Year is going
To seedlings new made

With life coming forward
Bring tides again in
When all is here altered
From existence begin

Sail on tides of living
Reach to the growing shore
Where the seeds are giving
Shade colors once more

Where day is of sunshine
From the cold and the dark
And earth in beauty fine
With the whole lot to spark

Peter S. Quinn

Sail On To Your Dreams (From, To Oscar)

The stars are there to shine on,
Flow their light into the night;
For all is dream and then its gone,
When the day starts up bright.

Just feel the same just like this,
When evening comes in twilight;

And make a wish a truthful wish,
Within all your daydreams flight.

Sail on into the space of dark,
Where real dreams are always true;
There let the twinkling stars spark,
Until the dawn comes again new.

You are a child still in your heart,
With everything to be wishful for;
Dreams floating small distance apart,
Until your day boat comes ashore.

Be what you want to be in the dreams,
Realities are never always the best;
Out with the moon and stars it seems,
That no one will ever be unimpressed.

And make a wish a truthful wish,
Within all your daydreams flight.

Sail on into the space of dark,
Where real dreams are always true;
There let the twinkling stars spark,
Until the dawn comes again new.

You are a child still in your heart,
With everything to be wishful for;
Dreams floating small distance apart,
Until your day boat comes ashore.

Sail on to your dreams,
Sail on to your dreams,
Sail on to your dreams,
Sail on,
Sail on.

Peter S. Quinn

Sailing

You have sailed your boat
to lost time,
beyond your dreams
beyond times prime...

All is in life's hour
like a dream going on,
a blossoming wild flower
that withers when gone.

Oh darling my lost one
wherever you are,
to me you are never gone
you are like a morning star.

The new summer coming
the day that goes on till dark,
all wild flowers blooming
each color and their spark

Peter S. Quinn

Same For Sure (From, Poet On Www)

All is here the same for sure
Nothing is going in no more,
Try to light up and adjure
Know what you should adore.
- Nothing is perfect!

Chorus.

It's a road to go
With something in mind,
You all should know
What you're gonna find;
It's a road to go
This and to be,
Further down the row
You might find and see.

Reaching for a cause or a goal
That's dream to come your way,
Playing games true or foal
Anything might turn out okay.
- Don't get a reject!

Chorus.

It's a road to go
With something in mind,
You all should know
What you're gonna find;
It's a road to go
This and to be,
Further down the row
You might find and see.

If you're gonna try it all out
Don't be lost in what doesn't count,
Life is catchy and there about
All is a direction in the right amount.
A contrasting conflict!

Chorus.

It's a road to go
With something in mind,
You all should know
What you're gonna find;
It's a road to go
This and to be,
Further down the row
You might find and see.

Peter S. Quinn

Scattering Vibrations (Also Soon At, Sheetmusic Publishing)

Scattering vibrations
Such indifferent bliss
Step by step gradations
To the forgetfulness kiss
The sprouts in and out
From the earth growing
Tangling threads about
Every creature slowing

Ember on sky's eyelids
Into the slowly nonentity
Primitive sources of ids
Each for the same identity
Leap the wave that wither
Intact the flows of new
Everything to the blither
Gone are thoughts we knew

Each hour charred dying
Meeting in the spinning
Times and moments flying
Lightness textures winning
Where has it all come from?
Circle cements market-place:
Piano fingers playing numb
With an eerie dark string bass

Peter S. Quinn

Scream

On to my heart you scream
Like echoes of the dark
Where red in gold stream
To give of winter's spark
Day is of lonely crowd
In gleaming shadows deep
With all its calmly doubt
For loneliness to keep

Its ways are always turning
From everything within
Like evening light adjourning
To dark and its deeper kin
The merging of all matter
Is through the dim squealing
As my footsteps on clatter
And this fortitude is feeling

The echoes that I hear
Are getting all closer still
As dark of the deep is near
With loneliness to fulfill
The lonely voice I can heed
Is within my own thought
Surrounding me with its weed
Of in screams dark wrought

On to my heart you scream
Now leave and go away
Let light come with its beam
And embrace me with its day
Its sinister has deep realm
With pain of its unseen touch
Then cracks me with its calm
And shiver me with its clutch

My heartbeat is now lonely
For I am here on my own
I long for the sunshine only

Form under its winter gown
But deep echoes are calling
Trying to captivate my force
For I am onto the deep falling
Failing to find a correct course

Peter S. Quinn

Sea

Sea is deep and wide,
With splash and a forceful might,
Billows on reefs died!

What is the force there,
That gives such a forte and stare,
Throwing waves to air.

Mystic undefined,
The rises and falls entwined,
Contrast's each rebind.

Like the sky thunder,
Waves from ocean deep under,
Dashing asunder!

Mermaids in the sea
Bonny, rarely seen and free,
Don't spatter on me!

Peter S. Quinn

Sea Corals And Stones

Each is for new love
That comes to mind drifting
Like clouds appearing above
In ways of heart uplifting
Sea corals and stones
With varieties of each
The different outlook tones
Those into friendliness reach

The softly smiles of a face
That from inward reaches through
In many wrinkles ways
With eyes that sparks at you
Each own deepness to arise
Because of love's meaning
And never to approaches lies
When truthfully they're in leaning

The poising that don't disappear
When they in spirit are floated
And then together they share
What they through life have loaded
Through dreams that will last
And give their holding of fervor
In a swiftly and its gentle cast
As they to honest love occur

E. E. Cummings once wrote:

"your mind drifting
with chuckling rubbish
of pearl weed coral and stones; "

Peter S. Quinn

Sea Of Dreams

Seas of dreams are everywhere
With their ways to walk through
Love is in the summer air
Coming closer to me and you
Distances running through the day
Many playful roads to go on
This and that may come to stay
Till your future is made and gone

Racing to the other side
Wheels keep turning till they stop
Every morning thoughts abide
What has made this to turn up?
When you learn you feel freedom
How it's going to turn out to be
Then plain reality will come
Making you wonder what you see

Let this be a lesson for this
Nothing is forever of reasons made
Future to all is somewhat bliss
Inside our minds neap-tide to fade

Peter S. Quinn

Sea Of Stars

Sea of stars
you glistening light,
dreams of afar
through dim night.

Give and take away
dim and the dark,
make up a day
in new morning spark.

All love's a play
within and out,
nothing forever to stay
in its doubt.

You all have light
for your day,
likewise a night
inside its gray.

Nothing will be done
unless you make it so,
carry you on and on
wherever you go.

Listen to its echo
with its true love,
and you'll know its glow
in the stars above.

Sea of stars
you glistening light,
dreams of afar
through dim night.

Give and take away
dim and the dark,
make up a day
in new morning spark.

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

Seashells

Seashells so faraway
Like inside of yesterday
The drifting times going by
Each tide low and high
Ongoing waters of deep
Like hours you can not keep
Dew on the awoken leaves
Sad flowers of the bereaves

Longings of my heart
With hope distances apart
Someone who brought trust
When hours were hard to adjust
Everything that's going
Rivers never return in flowing
Blueberries hills afar
Each of the twinkling stars

How your love's inside
Each of life's footsteps you bide
Nothing when there's too much
Heart of its feeling and touch
You always - you with me
Threads that we can not see
Shadowy streets we walk on
Each our dream that has shone

(Inspiration: Seashell by Federico García Lorca, To Natalita Jiménez)

Peter S. Quinn

Seasons Melodies (6 Haiku's)

Do you love autumn?
Colors of yellow brown shades
- That whitens and fades.

Winter is for some,
With hidden beauty to come
- Frost roses blossom.

Others, hold dear spring,
That always to them will sing
- And freshness new bring.

Then there is summer,
If you like the real bloomer
- And music strummer.

Maybe you love each?
For all many things can teach
- And fresh feelings reach.

Seasons are displayed,
Each with different parade
- Beautifully made.

Peter S. Quinn

Secret Desires

Secret desires of evening befalls
In to the glow of gone moving waves
The thoughts in blossoms spreading its craves
Making traces of glisten finger's sprawls
Love songs through the houses carry the streets
As evening comes whispering silence
Each for a desire for something its treats
In its many yielding of offshore trance

The hours casting to the dreams that will come
In the secretly emotions of night
Gentleness to adore in deep water hue
Where everything of fantasies is from
The velvety depths of the soft born light
That always comes fresh - touching things new

Peter S. Quinn

Secret Life

Secret life of daydreams
Everywhere you go
Just as mist in air seems
Full of glisten glow
When rain comes tomorrow
It will clear earth
Sunshine's glowing borrow
Each of time's worth

Will you be there waiting
For its freshly new
In the rainfall shading
With the morning dew
Within walls and windows
Secret lives of ours
Listen how the rain flows
Pouring down on flowers

Secret life of daydreams
Each you want to know
Moon's still in sage beams
And day is coming slow
Dreams imaginary spaces
Running through within
Some fantasies unlaces
In its nighttime magic spin

Peter S. Quinn

Secretive In Their Ways

Secretive in their ways
Love songs that come and go
Like stars before the days
Those only at nights show
We must find true destiny
That hides its face along
That carries it again free
Is what makes old young?

Give us fire of the light
With sunshine in the morn
The skies close and bright
For yesterdays to yearn
I will always think of you
When the clouds go by
Like a dream into the blue
Away it could again fly

Secretive in its hiding
All sayings gone before
A new glowing tiding
There in the coming war
Lose not love or defeat
Songs will find the truth
With moments to treat
In the hidden and uncouth

*From Sheetmusic Publishing: Secretive in Their Ways

Peter S. Quinn

Secretly Things

Love for the essence it gives to you
Into the modal of each twilight heart
Certain palpable elements are going through
Secretly things of extinguished impart
Hidden within the love songs of chasm soil
Quick and pure as the running fresh water
The threading of paths that become uncoil
Under sudden rising of its tauter

Little by little a heart will be in motion
To the endless secrets form sleepers pace
Through virulent rivers that rise in surge
Like rain to forest in gathered potion
Each swapping of its flow the plants embrace
To the earth and grass in its pouring urge

Peter S. Quinn

See The Road Ahead (From, To Oscar)

Like times and memories,
All things must fall or rust;
Our way and our abilities,
To fate we all must intrust.

Stay otherwise not known,
For all life moves here on;
Each separate road's alone,
Self searching phenomenon.

Carry your fire from inside,
Which follows the days ahead;
Your existence will coincide,
From what in the future's read.

Night is the gown of life,
Where day from sleep shall rise;
Weaving all hope and strife,
Within the time that flies.

Peter S. Quinn

Seeds And Its Flowering Past

I am not as Robert Frost
For I can not cultivate a tree
In that occupation I am lost
Never for a time to be
Something with the seeds growing
Or flowers coming through
These are fields I am not in knowing
Or how them - each to renew

Life forms in that glowing seed
This from the earth is born
Is something I only about read
Until the pages are worn
For it must be exiting to know this
To cultivate land by one's hand
Turning wilds to a garden of bliss
And know it - and to understand

The Garden of Eden coming free
With the hands that have grown
Something for others to see
And you can call quite your own
Wonderment in its own rightful way
With flowers giving and last
Seeing the rising of a new coming day
In seeds and its flowering past

Peter S. Quinn

Seeds Of Rejects (From Trails Of Their Own)

The wandering times that never came
Vapor of the forest and autumns gone
Leaves from humid earth and hidden aim
Silent bouquets picked in interim dawn
The nothing of gold clay magical thorns
Leaping streams of forgettable retrospect's
Everything waiting in its acorn
Not to be remembered - seeds of rejects

Times that are like never - though always
Shadows ascension in visional dreams
Covered by verging blooms that is alone
Permanent tenderness casting their rays
On incessant sand and dark water streams
Invisible fabrics and their blockade stone

(- under construction -)

Peter S. Quinn

Seeking Voices

I go seeking my voice
Through the garden of time
Finding something I knew
And something I didn't know

The light is kept
In its fulfillment
To find the way from the night
Where afternoons
Have their pleasures

Oh come here half moon
To show us your darkness site
Which no one knows what contains?

Fill every rose garden of lust
And bouquets with fresh perfume
Those yesterdays never gave

*Federico García Lorca once wrote about 'The Voiceless Child' (El niño mudo):
The child goes seeking his voice... and like that child I try to find mine...; -)

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

Segðu Mér Sögur (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Segðu mér sögur
í morgunn sólskyni
þegar stundin er ny

Fegurin fersk
úr döggvotu grasi
gærdagsins

Og birtan
er enn á léttklætt
í ferskri fjarlæg?
heiþblárri fjalla

Þú ert sem brú þur
hinna hvíthváðu skyja
morgunndagsins

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Sensual Love – Sonnet

Oh love song of my heart come in here still
And fill your richness in all its time's glow
My dreams are there to come around to fill
And every morning is new on its go

Ocean is as wide apart as love is vast
And bringing feeling on to its rising shore
With lofty towers buried in to its cast
And always pleasures for some more and more

I've seen increase in every state going
With all this passion that comes to give
And on to time my heart's therefore flowing
To bring new experience and more to live

Oh love adore that we cannot be without
You fly my wings with pleasures first - then doubt

Peter S. Quinn

Sensual Winds

Sensual winds
For summer to come
Together twins
Cloudlets far from
Roses to red
In garden's bed
Violet to blue
In spring so new

Sensual breeze
Fragrance in air
Fresh leaving trees
Pastures so fair
Seeds to grow
Colors of worth
Flowers to glow□
Beautiful earth

Sensual morning
With awaken dawn
Tides are turning
The dimness is gone
Here comes today
Gladness giving
Promises and play
Trouble-free living

Peter S. Quinn

Sentimental Romance (From, Poet On Www)

Sentimental romance,
For the two and two;
Take a bigger change,
For the both of you.
Love is in the air,
Like the cliché old;
Very smooth and somber,
Hard on to hold.

Sentimental journey,
To the past and now;
Inside all this ferny,
That has risen somehow.
Make not love a tangle,
Simple ones are best;
From the right side angle,
Inside a throbbing chest.

Sentimental homemade,
For the days to come;
Will be there to accolade,
In the others chasm.
Make not love a tangle,
When it's in your breast;
Life will cut and mangle,
What in love's addressed.

Peter S. Quinn

September - Sonnet

At nightfall of dimly and sudden rain,
Asleep in its many dreamy changes;
Wistful forever on its forest lain,
As time each walking pathways arranges.

Moments in their surroundings going deep thru,
With everything we still can recall;
Precious days revolving for me and you,
From height of summer tinctures to fall.

Days going into their earth brown burning shade,
Flowers withering to its autumn gray;
To oblivion they all in end shall fade,
Bountiful moments in their greenish lay.

September autumn is dancing now through,
Full of stunning colors and temper too.

Peter S. Quinn

Sessions Of Dreams

Sessions of dreams

In a tick to tick smoothly ways

Light of inspiration deems

Now in its moment plays

Rising up and going

Into tomorrow's cast

From the hard work flowing

In every chord to last

Music for dreamscapes

Cue guts to motions cunning

Sequencers like old tape

In episodes running

Life that goes on in a screen

Like an optical delighting

Every life propose between

Drama of pleasure and frightening

Meetings of dreams

Click tracking until done

Proceed till in reality seems

With contrasting emotions on

Love songs to fill a part

Where love is to be a guest

Putting the nods in each heart

Making it whole and its best

Peter S. Quinn

Sessions Of Dreams (From, Myspace)

Sessions of dreams

In a tick to tick smoothly ways

Light of inspiration deems

Now in its moment plays

Rising up and going

Into tomorrow's cast

From the hard work flowing

In every chord to last

Music for dreamscapes

Cue guts to motions cunning

Sequencers like old tape

In episodes running

Life that goes on in a screen

Like an optical delighting

Every life propose between

Drama of pleasure and frightening

Meetings of dreams

Click tracking until done

Proceed till in reality seems

With contrasting emotions on

Love songs to fill a part

Where love is to be a guest

Putting the nods in each heart

Making it whole and its best

Peter S. Quinn

Several New Haikus

Yellow autumn trees,
for dreams of winter coming
- soon bare of their leaves.

Life's merry go 'round,
tides of coming and going
- time beats of its past.

Dreams of stars in night,
mystical lights of beyond
- from timeless oceans.

O windy flowers,
in an autumn breezy song
- your dance's for winter

Soon snowy angels,
for everyone to create
- yes even for me.

Blossoms of the dark,
growing their chilly moments
- into my daydreams.

Hours are growing dark,
one by one into the deep
- of winter coming.

Peter S. Quinn

Shades Of Gray And Dark

Shades of gray and dark
The close of the deep
The shadows in their spark
Winter hours to keep
All deep glowing of a day
When dim is in the town
It's many mystical way
Their frosty coldness crown

All that the winter gives
In roses white and frosty
The cold in morning lives
On each earth frozen tree
The days that are of night
Or glow of a morning star
Like a fairytale in its flight
In its brightly glisten afar

Shades of dim and deep
As morning hours come
Bouquets of frost to keep
In melting away blossom
All deep of winter's play
How much it is in giving
Now is your darkish way
That we in days are living

Peter S. Quinn

Shadow Birds

Shadow birds
Are out there
In disguise vizard
And baleful snare
Every season to go
Filling out each shine
In falling of its glow
That hard is to define

Moon is drifting on
In and out of clouds
Till it's almost gone
With daybreak's crowds
Those are early walking
On a lonely street
Scarpering or talking
With their clacking feet

Shadow birds
Flickering on a wall
Through moment's girds
With a rising call
Every day is waking
With the sun bright
No more worries aching
From lonesome night

Peter S. Quinn

Shadows

This turning blanching
From endless jagged blades
Of shadows dancing
Through times barricades
Of the hours going
Into the beating days
Of forgetfulness showing
Its many unending ways
Like corners of dark
In the deepest of alone
That once did spark
Its dynamism tone
From here to all of there
Of places in spaces going
That now is in cornered spear
Of its darkness glowing
This time that only seem
To come through night
Or a silhouette dream
Between dim and light

Peter S. Quinn

Shadows Are Running Around

Shadows are running around
In every beat and pleasure
Something might there be found
That you'd consider to erasure
Steps are surrounding the past
With what we did never give
Bringing in doubtful cast
Something we once did live

Rain cloudiness is all over
Here in this rainy time season
A wish for a four leaved clover
Comes without knowing its reason
Gardens of Eden are falling
With every known passion inside
Loneliness to feelings calling
Where every doubt must hide

Who goes there in my dream?
Giving no touch of their own
In twilight these days seem
Dim shallow moods their gown
Pass this away from my instance
Give me daybreak to know
There is always a second chance
Come to me herewith and grow

Peter S. Quinn

Shadows On A Wall

Unreal winter beat
From its dark untouched root
Icily water not freed
From blackness fruit
Yesterday came suddenly
Pouring down the rain
Some ways are never free
In the frozen strain

Widening the gab
Of the coming sun
Making new trap
With its weaving spun
Of seeds fate
And arctic river
Splattering debate
They will deliver

Unreal bleak deed
And shadows on a wall
Between the lines read
Each its call
Run run time's horse
Go your distance
Each mountain course
In its snow trance

Peter S. Quinn

Shall You Remember

Shall you remember love songs from beats of time?
Leaping through the highways of your going ways
When all was so rosy colored in its prime
And you had sweet aromas of summer days
When time was gathering its plot and touch
And feelings were like feathers on flying high
When we were close together and loved much
Beneath the breezy wind of faraway sky

When everything was new like that of spring
And our magic moments a blossom so bright
From the coming distance of everything
And there were no thorns in the heart from last night
Each day we lived gave always something new
That brought us further to what's closest and true

Peter S. Quinn

She Is So Sexy

She is so sexy
Like anew blossom of spring
Transparent in complexity
To her I'll my love sing
I have known her for long
She's the youth of my beat
Every hour's summer song
That I hear on my street

She is loveable too
All the days of my living
Always something there new
From the inside she's giving
And all her dreams go in hand
With what I can touch
She's my love to understand
And I love her so much

She is so adorable
And her eyes are like skies
Red hot lips of love pourable
Bringing passion to their tries
Love of giving and waking
From every footstep she knows
Every hour she is making
And my love to her grows

Peter S. Quinn

She Is The Lady Of Sunshine

She is the lady of sunshine,
She is the lady of blue;
And with her you either feel fine,
Or your heart is alone with you.

She has your world for herself,
But you just don't know it yet;
You are like a small boy wondering,
Whether her smile you'll get.

Peter S. Quinn

She Takes Me With A Smile – A Song

She takes me with a smile
And gives me so much to give back
Our hours drifted awhile
Until we again did talk
With everything we had to share
To accomplish our goings along
And now we are together here
In a new a touching song

She is like a river flowing
Her smooth skin to touch
Where pleasures of mowing
Inside - I love you so much
Reject not the pleasures within
That make each day a mine
Glow glow - come here my spin
Like a new spring sunshine!

Sing our song here too
With what it can give and take
You have inside of you
What you can share and wake
Let everything unpleasant go
Into its lonely way
For only the good to know
That this is our new born day

Inspired by The Beatles

Here are all the lyrics by Paul McCartney (419 in all) :

Yeah, Yeah babe - let the sunshine in

Peter S. Quinn

She Walks In Shadow

She walks in shadow
Of another love
Past memories glow
Like the clouds above
She knows her past
In dreams going away
Nothing's going to last
For the coming day

Peter S. Quinn

She's Waiting

She's waiting with her dreams
On the other side
Like the waving ocean streams
Her heart is her guide
Feelings clear in the dark
Full of moments to go
Like glow in their spark
That you only know

She is waiting with her heart
To give you its fire
Across the glistens with her dart
Reaching like a day higher
Two together as always one
In your own deep thought
Till the light of day is gone
That together two have brought

She is waiting with her love
Before the coming day
Drifting clouds are far above
In their moments going play
You are looking to her eyes
Finding what gave you this
Like a moment's drifting skies
Those are true or only bliss

Peter S. Quinn

She's Locking Her Heart Away

She's locking her heart away
And he doesn't know it
She is giving him a nowhere stay
But he got stuck a bit
There is always a reason to know
What the matters might be
Even have courage to show
That nothing is here for free

They are drifting so far aside
In to their own bygone
That there's no way back to glide
To find what might have been done
She is not giving a reason
Why she is keeping her distance
Every love sentence her lips are freezin'
Into far gone none-existence

She's build in a house from heart bricks
Strong it might seem to him
But she knows these are just tricks
And has a lot to do with her whim
Because she love's him after all still
With every falling night star
That she is hoping someday shall fulfill
Every distance that's got too far

- From them, so once in love

Peter S. Quinn

She's The One (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

She's the one,
With her many ways;
Into the sun,
All of her past days.
Dreams are flowing,
From star to star;
All too much glowing,
Seen from afar.

She's of mine,
I love her just;
Like the sunshine,
My love to trust.
Feelings are pure,
All from within;
Adonis will allure,
Same to same akin.

She's the one,
Fresh like a rose;
Nothing can be done,
With feelings that grows.
Dream just and dream,
For a closeness of her;
We together seem,
Our yearnings to steer.

Peter S. Quinn

Shining

Come in come in
Let the dreams be like an unfolding day
Every glow in the morning hour - a glow play

Time is here in a playing still
Burning further on to the night
Giving new days from sleep to fulfill
As the morning comes in days bright

Let the dreams be like an unfolding day
Every glow in the morning hour - a glow play

Feel it coming - feel it pour here in
Every day becomes glowing bright
From the night in twilight's spin
Of the starry falling darkish night
Through running shadows dancing
To all the hours of eternal enhancing

Let the dreams be like an unfolding day
Every glow in the morning hour - a glow play

So much still to give and dream
From the moments going
Everything not really seem
In the star shine flowing
Every dream is still from spin
While the hours are waking
Something there from within
And from twinkling taking
Like diamonds in the sky
Are the stars now falling
Glowing up before goodbye
But still from dreams calling

Peter S. Quinn

Shining Places Here And There (A Lyric)

There is a time for each place
Many hours all around
Full of temptations many ways
That nowhere else are found
Colors giving and holding
To the land and sea shore
On to remoteness unfolding
For the voyager to explore

Shining places here and there
In the gleaming everywhere

These are places of my life
Many ways of golden hold
In their surroundings and rife
That before this is untold
Troubled lands near the sea
Folksy tales in the sunshine
Places to come to and be free
Where every hour is just fine

Shining places here and there
With their dreaming to share

Painted colors of the earth
Cloudy curving in the sky
Every moment's of its worth
Till the hour it'll say goodbye
Love is easy in its spread
So much gaining to be done
The future's coming in ahead
With its customs distillation

Peter S. Quinn

Shiny Lights

Love is an ever returning theme
Pleasures of giving and making
Like rivers in a flowing stream
Endlessly waves on its waking
Dreams that are never all gone
In their shimmering bright light
Full of hope that's never done
Moments in coming fresh flight

Shiny lights on to their end
Hope in their wishes to give
All in the colors your life blend
Just to freshen up and revive

I can see dreams in cloudy sky
Falling in rain on to the earth
Dreams in passing low and high
Ending and starting new birth
Dreams only momentarily through
Just like small flowers that grow
Filling the ground with the new
Pleasures of tinctures that glow

All that is summers to find
Shiny lights giving and glowing
When cold of winter's behind
And first of life spring's showing
Love is an ever returning theme
Pleasures of giving and making
Like rivers in a flowing stream
Endlessly waves in its waking

Shiny lights on to their end
Hope in their wishes to give
All in the colors your life blend
Just to freshen up and revive

Just to freshen up and revive

Should I Go Should I Stay

Many ways are going
Like the end is blowing
Feelings crush in its time
In a cold rivaling rime
Love what falls apart
From the moments inside heart
What I have utmost felt
And from the inside dealt

Gone are the frosty bits
Of a lonely way that hits
And grow away everything
That love senses would bring
To give within its taste
Sun glowing winter's waste
Nothing is compared to you
To give from and renew

Many ways there showing
Without really knowing
If its time for me to go
For now until we both know
What this love really is for
From open steps of winter's shore
Blown away these feeling are
With each their rising so afar

Refrain:
Love what falls apart
From the moments inside heart
What I have utmost felt
And from the inside dealt
Bring me secure to your touch
If it is to give me much
Of the hope that I have felt
And from the inside dealt

Peter S. Quinn

Show Me Ways (From, To Oscar Act 4)

This is for you
Always to you
More then I could ever give
To you all and to live
Something true inside of me
Coming here and wanting to be
Always with you always free
There are moments I can't trust
So much in themselves and getting lost

Bring me to your heart to hold
Fill my ways with love secure
Every feeling there unfold
That comes to you in its blur

Show me ways with eyes unspoken
Through the longings of my dream
Every footstep is a token
To the way that feelings seem
Fill my darkness inside out
With the rays that erases dark
And let me know what love's about
Every turn and every spark

Bring me to your heart to hold
Fill my ways with love secure
Every feeling there unfold
That comes to you in its blur

Bring me to your heart to hold
Fill my ways with love secure
Every feeling there unfold
That comes to you in its blur
Show me ways with your eyes
Open the heart like open skies

Peter S. Quinn

Silences, Alone

A silence comes within us all,
When we with darkness again fall;
A shadow creeping softly stays,
And show its vision many ways.
Everything my brain still knows,
Step by step into silences goes;
Dreams and feelings down it break's,
Away my visions all it takes.

When I am alone and streets I walk,
Silences to me softly talk;
About the heart that was here before,
But is now gone for ever more.

A lonesome soul just only knows,
The restless silence that never goes;
Sharp and shining like a razor blade,
A forgotten love song now too late.
That echoed once from heart to heart,
With promises to never depart;
But now lies resting on its own,
Like silences that are still alone.

Peter S. Quinn

Silently And Still (From,134 Picture Poems)

silently and still
the towering shadows
of a castle
forever haunted

crimson
autumn clouds
with shivering fingers

Peter S. Quinn

Silver Frosty Leaves (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Sweet love of dreams and morning's blossoms white
That from twilight comes in to its bloom
With some spear of gleams from bluish starry night
Conquer of the winter in gray and gloom

Life's glimmer and silver frosty leaves
Show their ways when darkness again comes
Each their dream and longings that retrieves
When tone down in palpable deep winter hums

The morning of shadowed silvery moon
Ice on the river in mirroring hold
Yesterday's retention - in memory
Flowers of winter in their midnight noon
Hallucinations of chill that now fold
Like decorations on every tree

Peter S. Quinn

Silver Leaves

Silver leaves
In frozen snow
Winter retrieves
Those come and go
Beautiful hours
In cold liberty
Icy laid flowers
For you and me

Moments of giving
Before bygone
In days living
Here on and on
Everything's falling
Like those gold
Oblivion calling
Nothing can hold

On to yesterday
Themes are playing
Tones somber lay
Nothing long staying
Hold to memories
Breezy time brief
Like wind in trees
And a falling leaf

Peter S. Quinn

Silvery Blossoms – And Yellow

I woke up in the drizzle new morning glow
Where the raindrops touches the earth and plays
Just before the winter's coming of snow
When dark comes with shades many grays
Between the rivers that icy will hold
Into life chips of faraway springs seeds
Woods where yellow blanching leaves unfolds
Where autumn and the cold shall meet its deeds

I woke to dream space of faraway lead
Into the clusters of dreaming and fills
On shadowy roads - lonely did ride
Where frosty roses on my window bred
Silvery blossoms of glowing cold thrills
Until the new spring again here shall glide

Peter S. Quinn

Simple Moods Of Clusters

Simple moods of clusters,
Searching for a pearl;
Found is never found,
If it's lost from love.

Trigger finger time,
Creaking roads behind;
Unidentified amnesia,
Forests full of rays.

Can't you see your space?
Empty deep inside;
Flower without petals,
Crawling roots and dry.

Simple moods of clusters,
Days of stirring pace;
Found is never found,
If it's lost from love.

Calls of fortune waiting,
Pushing waves of time;
Some will cross over,
Before the freshest fruit.

Peter S. Quinn

Simplicity (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

You have the street
At this lonely night
All by your own feet
In this skimping light

If you will fall in love
So alone in the dark
It will be nothing of
Without complicated spark

You might be thinking
About that lovely someone
And to its passion linking
That never seems done
With fairy tales in its spell
And almost nearly true
But then you find reality is hell
And it's only you

Wake up be soon again
Everything you were before
Ghost of love you'd slain
And be normal and sure

Simplicity is just that
Everything quite in hope
You have just got what you've got
Into its own rightful scope

Wake up be soon again
What you were in the evening
Life is sometimes vain
When it complications bring

Simplicity is so much
If you know how to handle it
Take yourself into touch
Walk the line that doesn't split

Simply Goodnight

Simply goodnight
have a good sleep,
into night's flight
dreams you reap.

Flying on to day
as you wake up,
on to time's play
life's work don't stop.

Simple goodbye
now you'll doze,
and fantasies try
as the night goes.

Flying to a star
have fun in snooze,
nighttime soon afar
as new morning grows.

Now say farewell
to the sleepy way,
please do though tell
where you went to play.

Peter S. Quinn

Since You Went Away

I love something like this
When the breeze touches my skin
A heart in the morning bliss
From the songs of love within

With our dreams that'll never die
Only give us more and more
Never asking such questions as why
Only bringing us inside far

The colors of autumn to long
With days that are passing here by
Something before winter's cold song
On to the openness of the blue sky

A love like the summer I miss
Outside my window where winter now is

Peter S. Quinn

Sing A Song Of Inner Peace

Sing a song of inner peace
Grace your thought with hope
Flowing love's songs many ways
Is a strong 'hold on robe'
If you are in distress now
Get your love to somewhere
It'll find its beat somehow
If you go to places there

Everyone has his own way
With what touches most
On the lyre of love play
To set away each 'ghost'
Like a kite there you go
On a cloud of joyful air
Yes again you'll have a flow
Inside to there and here

Sing and live with trust
You'll hear its smooth line
Tones of hue that never rust
Or get lost in deep brine
Like a small bird in a tree
A hope needs to be found
To set goal's distances free
And never to glum be bound

Peter S. Quinn

Sing Me From Your Heart

Sing me from your heart
Something very close
Fresh like the morning start
Or garden's new found rose
All your air of living
Near in figurations' mist
That true fragrance is giving
And your chin has kissed

Love song of evening's fall
As I listen to the rain
On its timeless nocturnal call
Of coming winter's pain
Love that's never easy to say
As its senses awake
On the wintry harp on play
Of its blanching take

Sing me open and inward
Where the soul moments are
Heavy sorrow calling chord
To the morning distant star
In every weight of words
While night sky is shining
Murmur of echoes summer birds
As new paths are assigning

Peter S. Quinn

Sing Your Kind Of Love Song

Sing to the night
For a love song
And let me not hear
You mere talking
Hours are reflecting
To the dark long
While past footsteps
Are away walking

Reasons within
Every minute to go
Spending moments
In singing beats
Time full of coldness
On wintry row
Eve love songs
Each heart now treats

Sing to a day
That's lonely and still
Fulfill each promise
In dark deep tone
Love is now as easy
As water to spill
For every our moment
Is so much alone

Sing your kind
Of love song
To the dark

(* E. E. Cummings once wrote, "all which isn't singing is mere talking", - so I thought I would sing...)

Peter S. Quinn

Sing!

Sing in your heart a song
For every hour of the day
What from the summer you long
And brightly comes your way
The sky is in soft evening
In purple red mountains high
With whippoorwill night to bring
Through horizon far and sky

Sing every enchanting on
With optimist into the dark
Till light of the day is gone
To the moments trance spark
Night after night in dream ways
Going timelessly through
Inside the throbbing heart plays
So much to give and think too

Sing with waves of the ocean
That touches the shore and sand
Full of its clear crystal potion
And billows deep to understand
Everything is here to know
Filling the faraway with gleam
When daybreak comes in its glow
And takes away night's dream

Peter S. Quinn

Singing Birds

Singing birds so soft and sweet
Thru the days and into night
Each their love song is a treat
With their hope in weightless flight
Softly coming raindrops in
Dripping thru the soft forest
All their glows in silence spin
Falling to the tree top's nest

Singing birds are bringing thru
Their wonderful enjoyment
Their songs are for me and you
Without ever a relent
So much in their singing tune
Giving the days new yearning
With their mood of happy June
As the shades keep turning

Love songs for the alone love
In their beginning giving
Featherweight as clouds above
Comforting moments living
The dreams that never become
Just nocturnal lullabies
Where the gleam pixies are from
In the flickering light skies

Peter S. Quinn

Sister Sun - Brother Moon

Sister sun
Brother moon,
It's the summer
Of early June.

Winged across
Spears of thought,
Rainbow flush
Brought to us.

It's for you too
Light our mind,
Of colors true
Our eyes may find.

Sea of touch
That comes around,
That means so much
As lost is found.

Sister sun
Brother moon,
All these showings
Are in tune.

Peter S. Quinn

Sketches And Patches (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Sketches and patches
Flowing the going
Everything it touches
With its weave and glowing
Rainbow colors wide
From a cloud to cloud
Above in the sky hide
Away from peoples crowd

Every new born day
Something else is turning
Coming to our way
With its touch and yearning
Like the drip drops
From each rainy go
That goes down and tops
Bare heads in a row

Garden paths on walking
In the city space
Somewhere someone's talking
With a lazy pace
Summer times are giving
Languid moments spin
That everyone is living
With their fun in the sun

Peter S. Quinn

Skies Of Blue (From Album, Like Love Is True)

The loveliness is somewhere today
Within every forgotten places
So much to give and so much to say
Full of its imaginary graces

You and I forever there to be
With something so high as love
Skies of blue and the deepest sea
Form everywhere around and above

My love my darling the sweetest you
Like a morning with song in air
Something of longing constantly true
I need to have you always here

Peter S. Quinn

Sky And Earth

Sky and earth
In a love song of sea
Its ever new birth
Eternally free
Touch of its shade
Deep and profound
Colorful made
Year all around

Inside abyss
and flowers of blue
Life's own kiss
Seeds coming thru
Flowing symphony
Sounds that crave
Harmony and liberty
In every wave

Sky and earth
In a love song 's beat
Time made worth
Some so bittersweet
In peace and war
Giving each one day
Hope twinkling star
Worthy its play

Peter S. Quinn

Sky Blue (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Sky blue is so much you
Every day inside of love to guide
Sky blue summer's dream
So much is true in every river stream

Love is you to the day and evening
Coming through to sing
So tenderly always fresh and new
To bring moments splendidly
Inside always too

I love a morning coming
And the wild grows with its leaves
The freshest blooming in early dawn arose
Every dream laden from gone frost
Through the dreams now found
When darkish glistens are lost
In the earth around

Sky blue is so much you
Every day inside love to abide
Sky blue summer's dream
So much is new in every glowing beam

Peter S. Quinn

Sky Flowers

Sky flowers are falling
On to the dreams of spring
All the colors calling
For songs in heart to sing

Yesterdays are in memories
Of its winter's dark
Now's time of growing trees
And full tinctures spark

Songs of heart lay still
Glow in garden to keep
Now these moments fulfill
Awakening day from sleep

Peter S. Quinn

Sky In Afternoon's Fire (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Sky in afternoon's fire
The faraway horizon gown,
With longings and desire
In sun settling crown;
Your love is there still
With promises for days,
That your dreams must fulfill
In its many turning ways.

The dusk is later on
With starry light so dim,
And all will then be gone
Like a diminishing whim;
Its dream is to be told
In the thoughts that come,
For reality grows old
Like thoughts are to some.

What causes you pain
Let not distress your being,
For such things are of vain
And not worth of seeing;
There is a catch to win
With every promises to fulfill,
Perhaps a line so thin
Or another step to a hill.

Peter S. Quinn

Sky Of The Unknown (#9 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

Sky of the unknown,
How deep is the night?
Stars and the moon,
With a blinking new light.

Wishes of all eternity,
Light-years from here;
Things we never will see,
Even though we stare.

Far, far and in the mist,
Blissful mornings come;
Knowledge and our thirst,
Steady beat with a hum.

Burning faraway fires,
Turning ways in the dark;
Futures of our desire,
Flying with a spark.

Sky of the unknown,
Coming all so soon;
Like the dusky gown,
Midnight's dream in June.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

Sky's Secrets

Every hope has its sky's secrets
In the murmur of seashore breeze
Like the clouds on the blue carpet
It shall tell its lives diversities

In the coming of tomorrow's wave
From the doors of endless echoes
Where existence in longings crave
Like new dew in the morning glows

The vapors of afar are like smoke
In the wanderings day by day
In creative natures pencil stroke
That in the air current must play

Oh heaven is so bright and clear
In its never ending reflective deep
So much of pleasure everywhere
Always for enjoyment to keep

Each hope is there ever turning
In its flickering light atmosphere
And we here on earth are yearning
To have it along with us here

The vapors of time never-ending
Stories untold still to come
With our faith sometimes blending
In colors where rainbows are from

Peter S. Quinn

Skyin (The Couds)

skyin
koma og fara
himni
?ínum á

erfitt
er stundum a? svara
hversvegna
vi? eigum ?essa ?rá

sem eru
eins og sky
sem reika
um loftin blá

vonin
er líka eins og lofti?
tóm
sem stundum má sjá

Peter S. Quinn

Small Is Beautiful

Small is beautiful
Like everything
If it comes in full
And with shades sing

Of colors and lines
In moods of a day
And to the eyes shines
In beauty hue way

Small is not less
But more of having all
Into life's caress
From every hours fall

To bring it in close
Like a photograph
Before the time goes
Into a riff and raff

Peter S. Quinn

Smiles That Said Hi

Around the road ways
Of many miles
Where our heart plays
With its many smiles

When dreams are alone
And filling the gray
And there is no tone
For them to play

Around the road ways
Where love is found
In sun shining days
That comes here around

We will fill the sky
With colors of faces
Smiles that said hi
In their beautiful graces

We may not notice now
What they stand for
Meetings to and fro
Then alone once more

But when dreams wake
We will notice a thought
That someone did make
That those smiles taught

Peter S. Quinn

Snow Pearls Of Ice

Snow pearls of ice now glitter as you may
The day is returning to night of sky
For all what is of light can never stay
And into oblivion shall bleach and die
Every flower that is from seed born
Will give to the rust each beautiful shade
In to the dust again it shall be torn
For life has its while of a worthy made

So is with you whom of life is now full
Every your worth into dark will go
Catching your flight with a flickering burn
Every worth trying again it will pull
Take back the feathers that made their bestow
Into the precincts the spark shall return

Peter S. Quinn

Snowy Haiku

Snowy days are in
with their twinkling frost grin
- snow angles to spin

Peter S. Quinn

So Good To Me

So good to me
You let my heart flow
So good to be
In its beating glow
So fine to me
All the things you do
Sunshine and free
It's all to you

So love and fine
My dreams are calling on
Onto days silver line
My hours are gone
And its touches are everywhere
With its love to give
Footsteps here and there
For its efforts to live

So good this day
And I feel its touch
As the hours come away
For giving as much
Love is on the road
Torching my easy beat
Carrying of heavy load
Away from tomorrow's street

Peter S. Quinn

So Inside My Heart Driven

I'd kiss you so close and near
With the love you have given
I wanted you to be here
So inside my heart driven
I've wanted so much to long
Tried every thought to live
Made connections so strong
Anything that I could give

The years have passed on and on
Filled every empty space
Shown me the times that are gone
In every street and place
But I've longed still for you
Don't know the reason why
Maybe it's because it was true
How I loved you in each my try

So every new dream still know
What it was that love is
Though time's to somewhere go
Always your heart I'll miss
Depth of the sea can't stop me
I have my dreams to follow
Love songs that comes to be
Something more than only hollow

Peter S. Quinn

So Many Days Ago

So many days ago
In our lonesome way
Frost's in earth glow
And short was the day
When late is the evening
Bending trials time
When the wind did sing
In height of its prime

Love was so lonely then
Lose going strong
Everyone wishing again
For summertime long
As day were in sleep far
Northern light bright
And wishing upon a star
Thru timeless night

So many days ago
In darkness dream flowing
When earth was in snow
And days still snowing
Feeling were cold inside
Dripping like the ice
As love was in deep hide
With all summer ties

Beauty was still found
Times in its dark still
In mysteries all around
Dream only did fulfill
You were here with me
Giving your beautiful
Like times are on free
Never in moments dull

So many days ago
When green was sleeping
Wind outside did blow

And us together keeping
As day were in sleep far
Northern light bright
And wishing upon a star
Thru timeless night

Peter S. Quinn

So Many Stars Out There

So many stars out there
To shine on to your heart
Giving a glow somewhere
To make you not feel apart

Something of a dream along
Finding its own way
On to your love and song
When there's light of day

Eternally on its turn
With their twinkling bright
Falling and some burn
On to the bottomless night

You and I in love
With every touch there is
Just like the stars above
In their eternal bliss
Loving so truly now
Within the glistening sow

Feeling that came across
Making their happy on
Never at any darkish loss
Until they were gone

Times cannot stand still
They always have to go
For every dream fulfill
In their ongoing glow

You and I in love
With every touch there is
Just like the stars above
In their eternal bliss
Loving so truly now
Within the glistening sow

So many stars out there
Each there shining for you
So many stars out there
Always for me and you
Always for me and you

Peter S. Quinn

So Many Words – Sonnet

So many words are like the music playing
Finding their combinations of given thought
With every phrasing and each their saying
That in its timelessness together brought
Playfully going on and then truly speaking
Long after we are from this earth all gone
Knowledge to gain and intellectual seeking
With all the words from page to page thereon

Love songs you hear in their beheld prolongs
Twisting its matter in ecstatic hue
Within so many poems and so many songs
Musical lighten for occasions true
I in my singing shall deliver my own
That inspirations have delivered and flown

Peter S. Quinn

So Much – Too Much

So much spotless pleasure is on
Always from me to you
Everything in its effect till it's gone
Into the dark night and blue
Feelings so lonely sometimes
Giving their occasions still
Reasons with intellectual climbs
Its every purpose to fulfill

So much – too much
Like nothing sometimes at all
This much – just lots
In its own way and appall
So much – too much
Like nonentity in its wherewithal

So much of our ordinary finding
Commonplace daytime job
Living around and both of us binding
So it may seem downside up
Living isn't easy these days
Confusion around every street
Day of our days in their grays
Moments like these in bittersweet

So much – too much
Like nothing sometimes at all
This much – just lots
In its own way and appall
So much – too much
Like nonentity in its oddball

So much that hasn't been tasted
With every finding there is
You and I in those moments invested
But it all came just down to this
Living isn't easy these days
Finding the right key and lock
So much of this never stays

With its out the door and crosswalk

*(Yes, again I was doing another Cole Porter song like...)

Peter S. Quinn

So Much (From Album, Like Love Is True)

So much is coming now
From the long past nowhere
Filling its moments somehow
With everything from there
Yesterday's dreams of delight
Coming from nowhere it seem
Into realities daylight
With their emotional stream

Always with love to return
Dawns that came in breezily
Forever in my heartily burn
Longing so fluffy and freely
Darling like you are to me
Filling my sky with blue
Cloudlets weightless and free
Returning dreams to you

Though everything goes away
There shall be many returns
Into their softness play
Like each our heart will yearn
Dreams of our many charms
Those were so close before
And holding each other's arms
In reaching its endless shore

Peter S. Quinn

So Much Burning On That Flame

Every day is like the same
Nothing coming easily
So much burning on that flame
That's what it is and used to be
Rising twilight into dawn
And coming close to morning
From the night of starry gown
Into the new day burning

What we say must be the fact
Filling something of a need
Countless apprehension of act
Is what you must proofread
When it comes to love's verity
Nothing is similarities between
For its all mystic in its clarity
And never to eyes completely seen

Every day maybe the same
But nothing is further from reality
There is this love that needs tame
With its concept and mentality
Where do you start or end
With love's heart as point starting
You need to give trust and spend
Some of it so it won't be departing

Peter S. Quinn

So Much Depends

So much depends so much wholly on you
And what you think is worth each effort and try
For this you must see in completeness and truth
Before you can do anything or why
Become the master of your own true fate
And find the best of every way you can
There is so much in such footsteps to grate
That gives completeness in its own true plan
But first you must be faithful to your own
To understand what is of worth and not
For none is harder to accept than this
As much of trust seems still much too unknown
To find it out and thus untie its knot
For everything turns to false for what it is

Peter S. Quinn

So Much Extra

Day and night is here
Always again returning
Bridges of the far and near
Behind thoughts burning

Humans come and go
Within their ego sharing
What will they one day know
With their thoughts steering

Each and all have a place
Where they're for a meaning
There're many words and ways
For each view of screening

Reach your goal or try again
Never stop your searching
Some days might be in vain
But the ways are perching

Everyone is measured out
In their looks and goals
What we stand for or about
Is all around the payrolls

Inside here and all around
Many old ways are dying
For the new ones there found
We each day are buying

Why is this all just as it is?
And never getting better
So much extra living quiz
Within each written letter

Peter S. Quinn

So Much In My Heart

So much in my heart right now
Every sorrow string is playing
Pathways memories somehow
Gone for nothing is on staying

Love I remembered in heart close
Everything keeps on yearning
Withering on my summer rose
Still in my life I am this learning

So much for nothing to stay on
Flowers do wither within my sight
Precious moments of days gone
I continue to dream their light

Love that I had like flower missing
Slipped to infinity so far away
Remembered thoughts are now kissing
As I set off on through each day

So much feeling stirring my heart
Gone days feel like they're timeless
Can I go on - so much broken apart
With its touch in moment's caress

Love that is laid on to my shadow
How I miss you here all around
Every day I wake I'll see your glow
And within me - it is now all found

Peter S. Quinn

So Much Is Going Lonely

So much is going lonely
Feelings that never come to be
For me and your thoughts only
Nothing is ever kept on free

Love can be so easy going
Much of its true rambling way
We be in love and it knowing
What comes hereafter each day

Lonely things might sometimes not seem real
Only when they are here with their touch
As they become and you will feel
Their progressions in your heart too much

Never feel everything is in injustice
Just because your fate's out of luck
There comes a day you can trust this
Nothing's forever in the same always stuck

Never feel everything is in injustice
Just because your fate's out of luck
There comes a day you can trust this
Nothing's forever in the same always stuck

So much is going lonely
Feelings that never come to be
For me and your thoughts only
Nothing is ever kept on free

Peter S. Quinn

So Much Is Here For Another Day (From, Myspace)

So much is here for another day to come in
Love songs that fly into your heart
Feelings from beginning that won't depart
Only with the moments they'll reach and spin

Chorus

Days that are feeling softly for now
Running and going in to their dim
Catching the instance that transfer somehow
Into the blue of an evening of whim

Rain clouds in sky when sunbeams do go
Just like our feeling must always be about
Either its assurance or to be in doubt
Inside for more that no one shall know

Night that's warm with a touch of affection
Guiding the way into its true love
Drifting with clouds from outlying far above
All that is still framed with rejection

Giving much joy in gladness of everything
When something is true in what you care
Just like the hours I am having you here
And nothing is ordinary what a day will bring

Chorus

Days that are feeling softly for now
Running and going in to their whim
Catching the instance that transfer somehow
Into the blue of the evening of dim

Peter S. Quinn

So Much Is Still Unsaid

Since the night my thoughts stole
Like a phantom of shadows
I have my dreams under control
On dreamless streets and rows

In a day and night quite young
So much is still unsaid
We words and vows prolong
Of what in ideas we had

Like a sledgehammer's blow
I wake up early on
And under my blankness snow
Each vision I found is gone

Peter S. Quinn

So Much Is Within Heart

So much is within heart or gone away
The love songs that were but never came through
Feelings of inside always to renew
Just like night comes after each spent day
Wonderful yearnings of the love songs gone
In building up the memories to give
Bouquets evening that once you did live
That carries your emotions on and on

Like rivers pour on to the profound sea
Each instant is a precious circumstance
That into the moment's lost evermore
Rising epoch starting within to be
Something sometimes left to its chance
As a wave that reaches new ground or shore

Peter S. Quinn

So Much Loving - Sonnet

So much loving is always coming here
Like a colorful flower garden starting
In its giving and their much sweetly care
Never from a love dried out and departing

So much feeling to have from the inside
Giving of what it trustworthily can
Never in the dimly shadowy hide
Only growing through all its rising span

Our yesterdays were much in our desire
Something to give of - and from it take
Feelings for fresh love in their utmost fire
And what it brings in its timely awake

This love that is always so sweet and wild
Of its lustrous burning flames, and beguiled

Peter S. Quinn

So Much Of Love – Sonnet

So much of love is looked in memories
And great still rivers of times own photos
The softly and crafted wind of summer trees
In sustained tranquility that away goes
These are never of pure material forms
They have their inner soul of ships of sand pure
Where flight of yesterdays have withered in dorms
And the knots of time untied their ligature

All love's weaving from calendars of earth foam
In courtyards lonely of secrets made
Pure stones of planets shading chromosome
That on to autumn forever has to fade
The circle unties the winding onward road
With each moment that had its ways and load

Peter S. Quinn

So Much Of Nothing

A love song needs not to be understood
It is simply there for you to show love
Like the cloudlets in their drift here above
Or a singing bird in the wildness wood
A love song is like diamonds or moon drops
Each jewelry is really beautiful
Though of course the later's a mystic jewel
That from one anecdote to other hops

Everything happens through stories of love
Streets we walk or the windows we look through
With some incident at every turn
So much of nothing sometimes it's of
Taking us of course at times to renew
Give us new turning to go to and learn

Peter S. Quinn

So Much Of Nothing...

There is so much of nothing
But it's nevertheless always here
Keep on with their bruising
From something about everywhere

And they say it's alright to have
Anything further and all like that
It's under your skin for your salve
So much of nothing still at

Coming to be of more than it is
It's like walking in rain and sunshine
Finding the time for the right of this
Through every step out and on line

You are the one to set it just
Bringing it forward with an easy go
With every gift of the surrealist
You will find the scenery and aero

Making me wonder what all is for
While I'm figuring it further out
Something is still here in doing more
Without a stop in any doubt

Coming to be to get it all through
While it's effortlessly starting
Anything there is always much of you
And never in the lost of departing

Peter S. Quinn

So Much Sweetness

So much sweetness is now flowing
On to the everlasting deep
Like heartbeat that is going
And not for my love to keep
Every dream is like a desire
Always in its days reality
When moments keep the fire
For thoughts to come and be

So much is still in its crusade
With its useful on day dreaming
Never thoroughly done or made
In its steady going scheming
Like yesterdays were once new
With so much still to say
They are now all old in do
With coming of another day

So much tender in its while
In all the footsteps that passed
What is love without its style?
Which songs will forever last?
Deep inside I still try to find
What this life is all here for
And why so much is left behind
When we open up tomorrow's door

Peter S. Quinn

So Much There Invisible - Sonnet

Remember some the days that have gone by
With sweet aroma of roses in shade
Those gifts from the softly earth that love made
And were carried through drifts, for our inside try
These flowers of notions, as blue as the sky
With feelings of pleasure in passion's grade
So much there invisible for its debate
That sometimes we ask questions why

Those scents of old distances from the past
Like silent water of flow reflections
That gives us memories bouquets from dust
With time to go there to find some connections
Its waiting where reality - to nothing seem
In the ongoing life of times river stream

Peter S. Quinn

So Much To Give

I'm dreaming on to the faraway
Of the coming dreams to fulfill
Meeting light of the new day
Finding those moments of thrill

So much to give, and take
With every reason to try
From every minute's awake
That hasn't yet said goodbye
Living or letting it go
Whatever turns out best?
Making my time tomorrow
With what I'm blessed

I'm dreaming to give it all
A new try to reach in strong
If my love shall there fall
I've still my dream to long

So much to give, and take
With every reason to try
From every minute's awake
That hasn't yet said goodbye
Living or letting it go
Whatever turns out best?
Making my time tomorrow
With what I'm blessed

I've my heart to set,
Finding its true beat
In every dream to fulfill

So much to give, and take
With every reason to try
From every minute's awake
That hasn't yet said goodbye
Living or letting it go
Whatever turns out best?
Making my time tomorrow

With what I'm blessed

There are dreams to wake now

Peter S. Quinn

So Much To Give And Take ((From, Lead Sheets In July 2008))

So much to give and take
Everywhere one goes
Feelings that always up wake
And give of its inside flows
A dream within a dream
Like a buttercup sweet
Something of expectation esteem
Show you life's worthy treat

So much to open and live
Right from the first start
The ways of the moments give
Some from everyone's heart
Hope is as clear as sky
If you will know its road
Let every depression die
Throw away its heavy load

Song is a song to share
Life is so many true ways
You have always something dear
Those inside your heart play
Let it come shining out
With every aspiring height
That's what life's about
To find ways those are in sight

Peter S. Quinn

So Much To Say

The spring is coming
In colors play
The seeds are blooming

The days are new
On the roads ahead
And so are you
My sweet rose's red

So much to give
The joys of awaking
In day's light live
The moments are making

Those feelings are fine
In the day of light
Plenty of sunshine
After darkish night

So much to feel
In April's fresh touch
Before spring comes real
In flowers hue torch

The days are new
So freshly prepared
Each moment is true
And beautifully cared

Peter S. Quinn

So Passionate Carols...

Where are our dreams going to?
In the dim evening light
When eyes can't see clearly through
The mystical snowy night
Why are the angels singing?
So passionate carols wholes
What is this time forth bringing?
For every prospect and souls

I hear them singing melodious
About a glowing star above
To give life to a world commodious
The equanimity of rising love
That comes in with light's glow
To bring us peace on earth
Like crystals shine in the snow
That gives the earth new birth

Where are our dreams on this time?
When sky dim blue is calling
I sense the myrtle and the thyme
With stars of wishes falling
Oh here it is now coming true
The peace of earth's song
It is so much up to me and you
We get the wishes we all long...

Peter S. Quinn

So Sweet Is This Dream

So sweet is this dream
Of nowhere to seem
From glowing night sky
And hours that fly
Each dream is an ocean
A love song's emotion
That hard is to hold
When winter is cold

I love to dream away
On to the faraway ray
On morning in coming
From nocturnal slumming
When days are light
In dawn's breaking night

So sweet is this dream
In starry glow beam
Where love is a beat
On a romantic street
In all it's giving away
Its sweet melodious play
In breeze of the while
Those ears now beguile

I love to dream away
On to the faraway ray
On morning in coming
From nocturnal slumming
When days are light
In dawn's breaking night

Peter S. Quinn

Soft Blue

Soft blue oh silent night,
Into diminish dark light;
A day turned again old,
With flickering flame to hold.
As young in twilight dark,
A flower once in color spark;
So far from dawn's sight,
Oh day grown old of bright.

Like love that I have lost,
When cupid's arrows crossed;
A heart in lonely breast,
When youth from it bequest.
Ah lonesome is thy name,
When burned out is this flame;
That gave a day its flight,
And made the colors aright.

Soft blue this open sky,
Of dawn that's coming high;
Like love that burns to hold,
Until it dies again in cold.
Each love is like this day,
Flickering flame turning way;
From young to growing old,
When all of life is unfold.

Peter S. Quinn

Soft Day

Soft day
Into my own
Sunshine play
All around
Beautiful daybreak
Giving a start
In its awake
Of lover's heart

Soft play
On the sea
Blue waves lay
There on free
Everything 's turning
Flowing thru
The new learning
That comes to you

Celebration
For new spring
To each nation
Those in promises sing
Beautiful daybreak□
This is its morning
By the lake
Forever in yearning

Peter S. Quinn

Soft Nerves

soft nerves
beyond anything

strike time
and tingling
heaven's northern sun

like clouds in sight
they crash curves

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

Soft Touches

With soft touches
I'll vanish away
Leaving a street
Waking a day
My moods are asunder
In feelings and touch
Each hour I meet you
Saying I love you so much
My heart's been broken
And love all gone
All the words spoken
But my search's never done

With soft touches
We'll meet again
When old days become new
I don't know when
Until then I ponder
In the wishes I feel
When searching for you
For I love you so much
I'll send you this token
To carry our love on
Words that are unspoken
Are never withdrawn

Words that are unspoken
Are never withdrawn

Peter S. Quinn

Softly (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Softly like earthly playing
Touching the flames and river
Inside the momentarily claying
And to the times deliver

Speaking so soft as the silk
True love and kindness on
Everything within that ilk
Never in the timeless is gone

Slowing the haste of life pace
Through every season blooming
Many the on rotating ways
Those always are ever booming

*These are around or over 175 poems

Peter S. Quinn

Softly Spoken Words

You will always see me crying
When love reaches to my soul
Otherwise I would be dying
With no passion and no role
For I will try my heart to give
What I can and must accomplish
It is like the ways we must live
To be real for so much of this

Try my words take them to you
Burn their flame in your fire
Give it all and give it your new
Softly spoken words of desire
I am yours to take and adore
Fly with the sky of the moods
Reaching out till dying for more
Passionate ways lovers' food

Words true regard with deep
Songs that are spoken ardent
Rain drops that for spring weep
All what's not said only meant
If you know me it's reflexively
To every wave of love's motion
Where love begins, is born free
From passion of its eternal ocean

Peter S. Quinn

Somber Somber Little Flower

Somber somber little flower
The morning is hour away
Colors of shades in its tower
Blooms of tintured May
I've imagined love's sunlight
From possibilities' of dear
Though something of night
Is often in its dark shades near

Feelings of each life deeply
Is nature's ways' to kiss
Nothing in there is cheaply
Always again never amiss
Each different lay folded
Through the fingers of green
Their arrangement remolded
With meadow grass between

Swaying your small blooms
On the petite sticking body
Now breeze kisses with plumb
The leaves grasses wild goodie

Peter S. Quinn

Some Cold Seconds

Some cold seconds
In to the bloody hours
Summer has gone away
Growing the frosty flowers
Nothing comes to life
That wasn't meant to be
Living's a hard onward strife
Both for you and me

Daydreams on the going
Like the clouds so high
Daytime beat growing
Till they in echo die
Something will reach on back
When we will reach another year
Maybe it'll something lack
That now is close and near

□

Some split waving's
On to the new alone
Memories with their cravings
In tomorrow kind of tone
Living is never easy
For us both to be free
It gets so wholesome breezy
Complex within simplicity

Peter S. Quinn

Some Days

Some days never will come through,
World is hopeless jumble lonely;
Something we are not used to,
In our thoughts we find there only.
Clouds are darken in the sky ways,
All our world is full of raindrops;
With our hopes in endless grays,
Where despondent never stops.

Despair not - for the bluebirds fly,
To pleasant places with new sun;
When rainbows crosses the sky,
With their magic and colored fun.
Though faraway from here now,
Heaven will open again to shine;
What's lost comes back somehow,
To make us happy and feel fine.

There are days in sullen dark,
Making us not dare to dream;
Full of remorse and its mark,
And every thought in dumbs deem.
Blazing stars are still in night,
Giving hope both high and wide;
Tomorrow will be all right,
If hopeless clouds again will hide.

Peter S. Quinn

Some Days (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Some days are gone and told
Into the streaming fields
Like stars you can't hold
In far only blinking yields

Like a house build around
Each the stillness of its mean
Where sometimes nothing's found
Or anything inside them seen

A day of an ongoing trip
Though times emotional state
A conscious ongoing flip
That lies in each such a fate

*These are around or over 175 poems

Peter S. Quinn

Some Days...

Some days I'm a butterfly
Light as an above cloud
Flying thru the bluest sky
Among the busy crowd
Daydreaming on and on
Full moon or sunshine
Till the day is almost gone
And my heart is feeling fine

Some days I am a rock
Low down and falling
My days are then out of luck
But my heart is still calling
Inside is just falling rain
Clouds drifting in their dark
Feelings in inside pain
Nowhere is seen a spark

Some days are varied days
Hours tides there calling
Many a complicated ways
Futures in moments falling
All my dreams are there still
In their ways of dreaming
Some tomorrows to fulfill
Forever their ways streaming

Peter S. Quinn

Some Love

some love
is soft
and you will
change the stars

those found within
and every way be upwards

Peter S. Quinn

Some Way Somehow

Some way somehow,
I'll reach out to you;
Here is my heart to give,
I hope it's pure and true.

Is there another way?
To reach a dreamy goal;
Let each my feeling stay,
That has a special role.

Someday not yet arrived,
We will find missing hope;
That we for long craved,
We won't let it elope.

Wonders of the sense,
So colorful beyond;
Each greatness so immense,
Beginning of a dawned.

Some say for now,
All dreams are just taboo;
But I say on tree's bough,
Is a singing cuckoo.

Peter S. Quinn

Some Ways

Some ways will never leave
For someone put them there
They are old ways archives
Buildings with a spiral stair

Blacker then dreams inside
People are making walls
Where they in their ways hide
When some stranger calls

Nothing can be done then right
Silences are giving terms
Into the lonesome way of night
The status quo of the perms

Peter S. Quinn

Someone Like You (From, The River Sings On)

Someone like you,
That comes and then goes;
Telling the old truth,
What everybody knows.
Like you are to me,
With what we shall find;
Big affair together to be,
Love and sayings - combined.

Who will we please,
For we cannot forget;
See further than the tress,
We come to regret.
To make up ones mind,
In each new decision;
Or carry on more blind,
In each turning envision.

Someone that gives,
From what he might hold;
Outgrows enchanting captives,
They trust in blindfold.
Be of nothing too certain,
In each and every affair;
You won't miss the abjection,
That comes with each year.

Peter S. Quinn

Something For Love

Something for love
In my heart to grow
Like sun shining above
In beautiful morning glow
Something to adore
In each its new shade
Loving it more and more
Of love it's all made

Something to give
All that is here to stay
For enjoyment to live
In lots of different way
Something for you
In my heart to feel
Like sun shining trough
In its beautiful and real

Something Something
We both could share
Meanings of everything
Love and hope everywhere

Something for love
Wonderful to show
Something to adore
In each its new shade
Loving it more and more
Of love it's all made

Of love it's all made
Something for love

Peter S. Quinn

Something So Exotic

You are the wondrous ways
And everything within it
To you my feelings play
Wherever it seems fit
Today is not tomorrow
And nothing is the same
Each way to ways borrow
It is our lives game

Something so exotic
To places a moment on
A world full of anecdotic
Until the years are gone
Nights are little wild
Into my life today
They used to be so mild
But now their full of play

You are my woman now
We need to be two
Why we managed and how
I haven't got a clue
But everything has turned
And makes now more sense
Old bridges have been burned
And brought away the tense

You are the wondrous ways
And everything within it
To you my feelings play
Wherever it seems fit
We have no way to know
What makes a story good
It's quite like yes and no
What's done and what should...

(From an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Something So Playing

Something so playing
Into the songs I hear
Tunes never staying
Only to be somewhere
Rising their poetry
Songs of the night slow
Always to be free
In their drifting go

So much to matter long
Feeling that count you in
Giving new kind of song
With their waking spin
Love that was here to fire
Never prepared at all
All your inner desire
Those from the eve fall

Some touch not staying
Giving their highest note
Into the hazy laying
In silk threads red remote
To the diffusing falling
Every of day's high
When dreams are calling
From the space and sky

Peter S. Quinn

Something So Wonderful

Let my love be everywhere
Inside times of here and there
When the sky becomes bluer
And every love is also truer

That is born in summer time
For its while is in its prime
Sweet as every fresh and young
That is taught to come along

Feelings like a temperature
Giving touches with their steer
Something so much wonderful
Far from winter's dark and dull

Those strokes of perfumed air
In its surroundings everywhere
When care for is coming like bliss
With its new growing morn and kiss

Let our love be like its hope
Something for blue sky in scope
In its high vastly cloudless space
With those moments full of grace

When days are in their sunshine
And every sensation is quite fine
When you and I are both in love
With spring and blue skies above

Let our love be everywhere
Inside routs to the forest there
When our hope is finding ways
And our love to the hour plays

That is born with summer times
And for a while is in its primes
Sweet as every fresh and young
That is born to come this time along

Peter S. Quinn

Something Sometimes – A Song

Here I am with my heart
Giving what I can give
Every peace moments whiles
So much giving from their smiles
I have you as you have me
Inside love and outside out
Everything most people talk about
I don't want to show loneliness
Though it greets me every day

Sometimes I feel all with pleasure inside
While the shadows away will glide
Every friend indeed needs a friend
Giving their need and efforts lend

Sometimes I feel all with pleasure inside
While the shadows away will glide
Every friend indeed needs a friend
Giving their need and efforts lend

Here I am with my heart
Walking miles of inside roads
Feeling something to do or start
With every mood in down low loads
All my friends are just like this
Feelings lonely in what they miss

Sometimes I feel all with pleasure inside
While the shadows away will glide
Every friend indeed needs a friend
Giving their need and efforts lend

Here I am with my heart
Giving what I can give

Here I am with my heart
Walking miles of inside roads

Something Somewhere

Something Somewhere,
Love and to much shadow;
Somewhere and everywhere,
Dreams come and go.

Every hour is of treasure,
Keep your faith and believes;
For a moment is a measure,
Between happiness and grieves.

Something Somewhere,
I can not always wait;
For clouds dropping a tear,
Perhaps everything is too late.

I believe here in delight,
That life has given each of us;
Mornings coming, burn on bright,
Between each gain and loss.

Something Somewhere,
The futures come and grow;
Through each day and year,
The time forward will flow.

Peter S. Quinn

Something To Say (From The 'Upside Down')

Something to say
And trying to fulfill
Anything at all
With its content skill

Of what the lines read
In anything to show
Fulfilling ones way
In their needs to go

Chorus
All to share and light
In picture you've seen
Of what's wrong and right
And everything between
Getting out of dim
To the next of act
With your ways and whim
Of not being exact

What you give or make
Worthy it maybe
But is it what you need
In what you try to see

Crossroads at your feet
Of the ways to go
Something there to ache
In its forward flow

Chorus

Peter S. Quinn

Something Will Lack

Living for dreams
Those are inside here and out
Where everything in clearance seem
Of what is happening about
Our love seems to nowhere
And the truth for what it shall reap
Giving us something to share
Ours only for a time to keep

Living and looking back
Finding our way in its stolen time
And sometimes when something will lack
Reaching our ways to climb
Nothing to blame or give in
So much is here to only lose
Coming back again to win
Whichever way each time will chose

Let our hope go by
Filling the moments and fly

Looking back in to each reason
Questions to ask on and lock
Every once occasion is a season
That we in time shall be stock
Nothing to be but somewhere closer
Where every word is keeping promise
Its chemistry and accident arouser
Only a daydream's losing wish

Living and looking back
Finding our way in its stolen time
And sometimes when something will lack
Reaching our ways to climb
Nothing to blame or give in
So much is here to only lose
Coming back again to win
Whichever way each time will chose

Let our hope go by
Filling the moments and fly

Timelessly the oceans are flowing
Into the longing of each wake
Underground Space Rivers going
Into the new morning's daybreak
What did they teach us before?
In their going onward time
Is there a reason to be sure
In those epoch and their prime

Living to find every new scrape
With those longing to break alongside
That will make motions into shape
As every longitude shall ride

Living and looking back
Finding our way in its stolen time
And sometimes when something will lack
Reaching our ways to climb
Nothing to blame or give in
So much is here to only lose
Coming back again to win
Whichever way each time will chose

Threads that are going to somewhere
When again the time is near

Timelessly the oceans are flowing
Into the longing of each wake
Underground Space Rivers going
Into the new morning's daybreak
What did they teach us before?
In their going onward time
Is there a reason to be sure
In those epoch and their prime

(from my Album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

Sometime (#19 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

Sometime when dreams are gone,
And love has flown away;
When everything of joy is done,
The heart has nothing more to say.

The sky is bluer even more,
The pasture greener than ever;
The sky is clearer than before,
The feelings are deeper and further.

Sometime when love is forgotten,
And you don't know where to start;
And every hour is so rotten,
Cause feelings have stopped in your heart.

Everything seems so far and bright,
But you can never reach to it though;
For you lost your love last night,
And what will become you don't know.

The clouds are drifting all by,
The haze on the mountains unclear;
The memories away all do fly,
For now that your love isn't near.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

Sometimes - Sonnet

Sometimes the day is like dark night
In sparkling fountain and its gloomy glow
With darkish balance roots in front its flow
To give away its wings of daily bright
When blunt and horrid is thinking's high flight
With not much to say over-fruitful go
When all is in its weightless touching slow
And nothing seems to be of wrong or right
What tells now down into its misery?
Of the radiance clouds that come out too dry
In its burning and nature armory
When low is its mist in its fallen sky
Touch of weightless sometimes pain gives
With every breast that on to it lives

Peter S. Quinn

Sometimes Crazy - A Lyric

Take my dreams give them something
I don't know
It's just love inside this
I'll have to show - have to show
Everybody is doing something
And I just know how to sing

Love is sometimes crazy
When it comes to me
And my thoughts get hazy
When they are set to be
Questions asked never are
What they sometimes seem
Everything stays afar
Like a delusional dream

Don't ask me why - I can't tell you

I don't have the answers
There are no certainties to go to
I often have a dream to feel my way
But dreams don't live to become true

I'll make decisions that are up to me
And give the dreams I know
I'll try to be what I can be
In times that come and go

Love is sometimes crazy
When it comes to me
And my thoughts get hazy
When they are set to be
Questions asked never are
What they sometimes seem
Everything stays afar
Like a delusional dream

Don't ask me why -
Love is sometimes crazy

I can't tell you any lie
I can't tell you any lie

Love is sometimes crazy
When it comes to me
And my thoughts get hazy
When they are set to be
Questions asked never are
What they sometimes seem
Everything stays afar
Like a delusional dream

Love is sometimes crazy
But gives so much
We are sometimes crazy
And out of touch
Sometimes crazy
And out of touch

*(I just thought I'd do some differnt 'flicks', now that the Grammy's are coming up in couple of days. This one is written for Seal) .

Peter S. Quinn

Sometimes Love

Sometimes love is so sure to let you go
Walk away without a reason or run
Trying to let you forget all the distance fun
That once had a meaning to follow the flow
Love that was said in everything to seem
Out of no one's feeling that came along
Even though it might turn out so very wrong
Wondering alongside to reason its deem

Then you were like forest in the morning side
With your leafy fragrances through the air
Coming in and growing lose roots and wide
Bringing out again what you need to fear
Love is such a dare to start out and making
All those threads from inside that are aching

Peter S. Quinn

Somewhere

Somewhere you are waiting
In the times going by
Where day to night is fading
On to the evening sky

Like a love song that is lonely
When a day goes to dark
And I am thinking of you only
In its last of its glowing spark

Of moments that were so close
Giving something to you and me
Like a dream that away goes
And becomes once more free

Somewhere like the night deep
Where thoughts forever will stay
I am yours for always to keep
Inside your heart and way

(Today I've been reading some lyrics by Lorenz Hart, from 'The Complete Lyrics of Lorenz Hart'; Hart wrote about 500-600 lyrics and was called the Poet of Broadway.)

Peter S. Quinn

Somewhere - Tonight (A Song)

To the day I'm saying goodbye
Secret stirring of the light
For the stars are coming up high
In their forever lasting night
Twinkling so bright in wishes
Their dreams never come true
Only the yearnings one misses
Always are there to renew

Somewhere remote out there
Are worlds of their own?
Inside my dreams quite near
Never to reality shown
Gathered around in nebulas
Treasures of rousing reveal
Mystical in vapor and gas
Something that seems unreal

Tonight I'm gazing to the afar
Where dreams can only fly
Upon some new wishing star
That I might find there and try
Come here and unlock my sky
For something I wish and yearn
And tell me the motives why
Such glittery of beams out burn

Peter S. Quinn

Somewhere (From, Spring Come Come)

Somewhere where the night is all
With days in the valley of dark
And dreams are in everlasting call
Of the whimsy ways that never spark
Where destructiveness is ruling
And given each moments its strains
And each other opportunities fooling
With their adversity and their pains

Somewhere not long ago from here
When everything was in its yellow ray
When times of the darkness was near
A morning became all too soon a day
Where cities were conquered in dim
And being was destitution to know
Rules became belligerently whimsy whim
Frontrunners for each life's bearing glow

Somewhere for you and me callings die
With hope that to ashes had burned
And only the red glowing horizon sky
Gave us a leaping in leach life learned
Itinerant fulfillments of its dying hope
Never to return to the new front line
Giving prospects a strong holding rope
That where to dawn wake-up sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

Somewhere Along The Way

Somewhere along the way
There are stones to tumble on
A danger lurks within a day
Before the hours are gone
Welcome still is a weary mind
Filled with something to hope for
Remembrances of the past combined
Something from deep inside lore

Unceasingly ever and so unsought
What's lulling in there and never out?
Every way that shouldn't or ought
Playfully thoughts that come about
When there were hearts with a nest
Struggling ways that life refined
Throbbing beats inside your chest
Something from two lives combined

Presence and past roads alongside
Dull in their far forgotten places□
Heavy recurrence that somewhere hide
Always again my folded life amazes
Peace is now on in every folding lift
Unceasingly while moments were near
So much of experience away will drift
Oblivion waves the mind will steer

Peter S. Quinn

Somewhere Around All This

In some of its many ways
Air to air plays
With love songs of wintry breeze
At the top and around leafy trees
Singing yesterday once more
Memories in day's store
Born to be new again
Into the days end strain

With you and I finding love
Like clouds to and fro above
In its many turning ways
And the colors that with them plays
You were so drifting by
Into the blue clear sky
Just like the past is passing
On to the future rushing

Somewhere around all this
Is our future and bliss
Daydreaming shore to the new
Flying and going through
What shall become of my heart?
When it in its new beat shall start
And giving little time for old
That never was completely told

What is this autumn song?
That keeps me just yearning along
Like leaves scattering on the ground
Of glow old gold around
Some dancing in breezy go
Of yellow red burning glow
Over footsteps on the pathways
That is returning to winter grays

(Today I've been reading some lyrics by Lorenz Hart, from 'The Complete Lyrics of Lorenz Hart'; Hart wrote about 500-600 lyrics and was called the Poet of

Broadway.)

Peter S. Quinn

Somewhere Around Tomorrow

Every occasion is time to go
Anything to make you unreal
Just like tomes pages show
With every rush and deal

This so much of tales
From its first starting
Following uncertain trails
Never from it departing

On to our dreams we wander
Somewhere to dint through
On to their drifting asunder
Anything that you do

Let never love be feelings only
Just for a one night ride
Where it's drifting lonely
Never again to abide

Anything that's you and I
Everything in a moment reaches
Opening flow to eve sky
Just before twilight bleaches

Somewhere around tomorrow
Everything turns in its high
Feeling that once we did borrow
Now to their destiny lie

Peter S. Quinn

Somewhere Before (From, Rock Star)

I have seen you somewhere before,
When time was the way to go;
Your face has the lines to adore,
When moon's in its height for a glow.

Like breeze in the beautiful trees,
For a very short while;
I did what you asked to please,
For that was my style.
But now I have nothing to give,
For all's just only to beguile;
To live what we truly can live,
For what we do compile.

I don't care anyway - anymore,
You gave no life to live;
For all was just you to abhor,
Burning passions unresponsive.

I have seen it all in the dark,
Running and flying around;
Into the unknown to embark,
Never again to be found.

But now I have nothing to give,
For all's just only to beguile;
To live what we truly can live,
For what we do compile.

We run away from each sorrow,
To whatever makes us glad;
There is always new tomorrow,
For sad yesterdays we had.

Now time has a way to be sure,
New plans invent and contrive;
If ours were of fate immature,
Dying passions unresponsive.

Somewhere Each Love Will Go

Somewhere each love will go
When days of feelings are over
We will never surly know
When a heart becomes a rover
Listen to the birds now
In this summer morning
They will manage somehow
In their days of yearning

Sometimes a heart will know
What brings the beat still
Times will come and they'll go
The moments to fulfill
Look at clouds drifting by
How they easily just float
In the blue summer sky
On their opportunity rote

Be the one in needing love
Desiring moods to come
Like the clouds so far above
To and fro in distant swum
Anything will turn away
Leave your heart far behind
This is like the tones play
Some to keep - others, not find

Peter S. Quinn

Somewhere Faraway From Here

Somewhere faraway from here,
Each our destiny may lie;
Sometime in another year,
When the instances comply;
There will be a cloudless sky,
Our world will then turn around;
There will be a rainbow high,
Both enchanting and spellbound.

Listen to the wintry trees,
Someday different day comes;
With the buzzing bumble-bees,
Gather nectar from the blooms.
This will be the time of year,
We'll be dancing in the sun;
When fragrance lies in the air,
We'll be around having fun.

Somewhere far, but not too long,
For all things, just come and go;
World, be glowing then on strong,
And we'll of this romance know.
For the day turns beautiful,
And then high the bluebird flies;
I would be an unwise fool,
If I couldn't connect these ties -

But now is the year around,
Full of longings in my sight;
When the lost will not be found,
For the time is still not right.
Much of hope is alive here,
Full of luck and dreamy wish;
Wait just through for the New Year,
And the coming summer bliss.

Peter S. Quinn

Somewhere In The Mood (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Somewhere in the mood of love
Comes a song from within
From the glisten gleams above
With its shining onward spin
Love songs pure in action dream
Something away so very clear
Through the mind and gist stream
Both from faraway and near

Love's like beat of night
Giving thought to a name
Any image there in its flight
Burning up every lost flame
Hear the calling of the sway
When it wake up and start
Morning glory in dawn's day
Close to every emotion's heart

Somewhere in the dark and deep
Where the hour shall never be
In their hold of life to keep
What is born and made to see
Drifting songs of pure spark
Filling the empty spaces on
Through the ways of wintry dark
Till the lays of them are gone

Peter S. Quinn

Somewhere Is A Place

Somewhere is a place of the faraway
Onto the beyond of all our dreams
Where night meets golden glow day
And rivers are diamonds in streams

Each look of nature is so beautiful
In all her wideness true marvels
Never into thoughts that are dull
The beats of each heart as it travels

Somewhere is here for me and you
Easy on its daydreams and the grace
Morning hours coming here through
Playfully in its moments and ways

Always flowers growing fresh spring
Petals of blooming giving pleasures
Ballads of unsullied summer to sing
Of love's hidden ways and treasures

Somewhere is a place for me and you
With its many songs and its peace
Colors of its emerald coming through
In dancing life and summer trees

Peter S. Quinn

Somewhere Long Ago (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Somewhere long ago
Times were different then
Feelings as you know
Made us all home again
Love was always viewing
And making some plans
Getting up and doing
With its many clans

Walking not alone
Staying out night long
Times had different tone
In its chanting song
Something was so new
Always spending around
Love was coming true
With themes of truth found

You and I were busy too
With so much love
Always coming to new
From where it was made of
These were times to please
Sometimes just to talk
In the experience to tease
When we made a walk

Walking not alone
Staying out night long
Times had different tone
In its chanting song
Something was so new
Always spending around
Love was coming true
With themes of truth found

Somewhere Out There Is You

Somewhere some love shall rise
Asking no question why
Arrive as a new surprise
Into the day's low and high
Just like the grass that grows
Times shall pass here by
Into each different flow
Where everything says goodbye

Beauty that surrounds each love
Is free to follow too
Like the drifting cloudlets above
They shall some move on through
Finding their ways on this earth
With every deafening tide
Give life's feeling new birth
Those into hearts glide

Somewhere out there is you
Searching for love around
Maybe your wishes shall come true
When your true mate is found
Then your life becomes worth living
Something you never believed in
And from it your heart is giving
Beautiful love from within

Peter S. Quinn

Somewhere Out There Is You (From, Myspace)

Somewhere some love shall rise
Asking no question why
Arrive as a new surprise
Into the day's low and high
Just like the grass that grows
Times shall pass here by
Into each different flow
Where everything says goodbye

Beauty that surrounds each love
Is free to follow too
Like the drifting cloudlets above
They shall some move on through
Finding their ways on this earth
With every deafening tide
Give life's feeling new birth
Those into hearts glide

Somewhere out there is you
Searching for love around
Maybe your wishes shall come true
When your true mate is found
Then your life becomes worth living
Something you never believed in
And from it your heart is giving
Beautiful love from within

Peter S. Quinn

Somewhere Where There's A Rainbow

Somewhere where there's a rainbow
There are dreams that come true.
Something in the afterglow
Especially made for all that's new.

Time will give a love song
For each day that goes by,
Where our daydreams belong
Behind a cloudy sky.

Never ending seasons there
All is with the stars faraway,
Dreams can take you anywhere
Turn a night into to a day;
Somewhere perhaps again
With new sweet melodies,
We shall find the fairy lane
And new fields of strawberries.

Somewhere where there's a rainbow
Where we can make a wish,
Down on Yellow Brick row
We can have all of this.

Somewhere beyond
A dream comes true,
Somewhere beyond
For me and for you...

Peter S. Quinn

Somewhere You Say

Somewhere you say
This love of to day
Is all what it means
Of two in between

Heart is so still
Of promises to fill
There is no dark
Only timeless spark

I am close to you
Closer than the truth
That passes us by
Or comes to ask why

Somewhere you go
When distances grow
Like a flower to seed
Or a mother to breed

A heart is for you
To make it renew
Much easy to shine
Or draw a separate line

Here with our life
A blade of one knife
And a little innocence
We've a second chance

Peter S. Quinn

Somewhere...

Somewhere to everywhere
Love will exist
Take it from me there
From every twist
Passion from every turn
More than enough
Feelings that inside burn
Through ongoing fluff

Somewhere to you here
I'll give my try
Become close and dear
With every ay
You have my heart now
If you are true
With everyone somehow
Those times renew

Somewhere to be awake
Inside new trust
Mementos in silence break
If they get lost
Love is like this for both
None for granted taken
Measuring its full growth
When it's been awoken

Peter S. Quinn

Song

There once was a tree so lonely
in the garden of new spring,
it thought of its gone years only
though birds sat on to sing.

Its dreams were about years gone
when it was so strong and tall,
and as summer was almost all done
its regret leaves begin to fall.

Peter S. Quinn

Song Beat Of The Heart

With the song in the heart
There is always some silent
Falling to the moments on
That spread their ways and routes

Love songs of sensitivity
With its infinity moves
The steps of the lost and found
In occasion and goings

Like a river heart flowing goes
Spreading and splashing on
Increasing the flow it has
Or drying to the mire

Every song of its beat
Is for lovers to hear in their dream
Or for compassion to hold to
In their listening and touching

Give every throbbing that's heard
Blue sparks of time to come
Settle the discretionary beats
In to spread on time like water

Peter S. Quinn

Song Birds

I shall not forget your song,
You who paint with words;
A poem that comes along,
Like those little summer birds.

That no one could be without,
Yet they are weak and small;
And never aloud they shout,
Just sweetly to you they call.

Blessed by putting these words,
Together as a one whole;
Are you - just like summer birds,
- Like them you have a role.

Peter S. Quinn

Song For Next Spring

My heart is always near
The summer setting's mood
When comes in new spring year
Of its pleasures of given fruit
On returning unsullied beauty
Of love in a newly spring
And carelessly without duty
When we again care for to sing

Of marvels of an evening sky
With the callings of a bird
When we ask of reasons why
Of a flower in color and gird
In moments then coming alive
Of joy in the blue and green
When promising summer arrive
And its shadings in all between

My heart is with this hour
A waking point in springtime
When dewdrops on a flower
Is in its up-and-coming prime
And love is all of new love
And a daydreaming there too
With the hope of the sky above
In its azure and sweetly blue

~*~

(In his early youth, T. S. Eliot wrote this Song:

When we came home across the hill
No leaves were fallen from the trees;
The gentle fingers of the breeze
Had torn no quivering cobweb down.

The hederrow bloomed with flowers still,
No withered petals lay beneath;
But the wild roses in your wreath

Were faded, and the leaves were brown.)

Peter S. Quinn

Song Of The Evening

The song of the evening is now near
With sunset and the stars coming in
The love of the night is almost here
Nocturnal flowers the shadow's twin

Blue yonder of the never fading light
That comes with dawn in the morning
When first hours are burning on bright
For day's new ahead thoughts to sing

Peter S. Quinn

Song Of The Rain

Song of the rain
Has its chorus line
When it flows down the lane
Like glow in sunshine

Every heart's of pain
In the watery flow
Like autumn leaves wander
Before fall of snow
In yellow parks yonder

Song of your heart
Is deep like high sky
In love's thrown dart
And questions asked why

Life needs to be so
Like rain drops in vain
And each touch to go
In glow or its pain

The day is of night
When love falls like rain
And darkens the light
That made it so plain

That love is of love
Like the sun to flow
Through clouds drift above
In the day breaking glow

Peter S. Quinn

Song Of The Wild

Somewhere I'll go to find
Song of the wild
Stories of nature combined
On in its beauties mild

Closeness of songs to somewhere
All that a dream may find
Going from here to there
Something of splendor combined

Is there a place like this
Dreams of a forgotten reality
Full of its summer shine bliss
All of its beauty you can see

Days in its shadings around
Green hills and blue sky
Mornings in summer's found
Making its colored tie

All that makes beauty rise
Joyful of morning and night
Full of its endless surprise
In every makeup full light

Here comes its day and longing
Full hours of beauties on
Life's colorful harmony singing
Until its dreams are gone

Peter S. Quinn

Song To My Heart

Song to my heart - stand still
Some sights and sounds too spark
The hours of moods to fulfill
In from the dingy snow nark
The winter is easy now onto me
For ever and ever to come again
It is flowing deep - and sings free
All is within the ease and pain

Swinging to mood going its way
Summer spring close turning in
Flowers of dark not now to stay
Light of new dawn coming to win
Oh sweet faint hours here on still
Where'll my thoughts go from here?
Drifting around drying its spill
Into dim sea never again being there

Singing a melody of pouring rain
Nothing comes to stay beyond
Drops dripping close in the drain
Time standing still to be donned
Rivers of black water to ride
Gloomy time's falling to its end
Sowing their emptiness inside
A sun beaming future's to blend

Peter S. Quinn

Song...

There once was a tree so lonely
in the garden of new spring,
it thought of its gone years only
though birds sat on to sing.

Its dreams were about years gone
when it was so strong and tall,
and as summer was almost all done
its regret leaves begin to fall.

Peter S. Quinn

Songs For Another Day

These are songs for another day
When moments are more quiet,
When the harp of things don't play
In a back street unknown riot;
Easy thoughts are nowhere still
Making clouds just drifting by,
Every promises must fulfill
What's back classed in black sky.

These are ways for you and me
With our dreams in every breath,
Something what is set to see
Every leaf of earth's brown beth;
Easy coming is too easy for all
You'll have to make persuasion,
Or go draining with the downfall
All has its surface of abrasion.

These are songs to play around
While the tides are drifting by,
Something from deep now aground
Fluffy feathers on flight to the sky;
Reasons and fancy variations
What is in for a moment or two,
Probable conclusion abductions
Anything decisively from hitherto.

Peter S. Quinn

Songs Of Foggy Deep

Songs of foggy deep
From the outside found
Shadows footstep keep
Murky sunset bound

Their whole curving sweep
Flowers of the mist
Now in dim wood reap
With their turning twist

Blazes of gleaming dark
Glow in deep hidden
Night moon to embark
Their stories blue ridden

Hungry in winter abyss
With yellow glowing gist
Morning of brooding bliss
That the night had kissed

Songs you hear out there
From cold underground
Their shadows everywhere
Spirits dancing around

At winter's iciness fate□
Who knows what 's outside?
In obscure corners debate□
Where the unsolved hide

Peter S. Quinn

Songs Of Love – To The Stars (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

My songs are for love
To the road faraway
And to stars here above
In their twinkling play
Touched by spirit of the night
On to long forgotten past
Sketches of searching light
Giving flow to its cast

Recall all my true being
Through time and age
Into futures and past seeing
Of the timeless turning page
Where the seagulls have cried
From the shores of reason
And Pegasus has flied
Through with wings of each season

Companion to each my birth
Expanse missions of peace
With the gifts of this earth
That its soul gives and frees

Peter S. Quinn

Songs Of May

There are no reasons
For these words,
Just feelings that came
From my heart within
With each moment gone.

These are words
With no goodbyes,
Even though time
Away flies.

These are words
Of old memories,
Those hold my heart
Captive
And haven't accepted
To leave.

It is I that sing these songs,
That never have finished
Nor never are done.

It is I without any reason at all,
But I have a duty
To accept, when they call.

Some are love songs,
Some are May songs;
And some are both
Or everything,
They steadfastly to me sing...

Peter S. Quinn

Songs Of Pain

The times are getting lonely now
In their suffer and exhausting old way
For all the agonizing they allow
When proportions of their anger will play
So much is filled with songs of painful wars
And dreams that never came to grow about
In complication dimness like above stars
That in a night shall show only their doubt

That feeling of the heart my true dearest
Is like a dew from the crying of the sky
And each their dropp is in my distress nearest
With every question that asks on why
Oh heavens step why all this war and pain
With all their sufferings and sorrow slain

Peter S. Quinn

Songs Of The Morning Promise

Maybe your way is an easy way
Through the time and emotion
Carrying its proposals on today
In all sorts of confusion ocean

Those have been given and build
With every shattered on dream
Long way with its reasons tilled
What then in the past did seem□

Days like sideways on the rising
Without distress of yesterdays
Every its opportunities surprising
From each lives tilted and lays

Songs of the morning promise
Dancing still out of its reach
The Gleams of its stars like a wish
Distances long way still to teach

All that was given with heart
Into the beat of its own dance
The promises that did start
From nothing by its own chance

Like the ships keeping up sails
Departing to a faraway land
Or a train on the correct rails
To comprehend life's understand

Peter S. Quinn

Songs To Follow

Make yesterdays
Come in yearning
For life today
Is with learning
What hope gives
In morrow's turning

Freshness is always
Taking and giving
Allowing its ways
To each kind of living
Some never stays
In its own thriving

Heart beats of time
Songs to follow
Reason in rime
Or it's all hollow
Taking its prime
Through every wallow

Peter S. Quinn

Söngur Moldarinnar

Söngur moldarinnar er söngur minn,
við upphaf mitt og endir minn,
er tímans söngur ævi minnar.
Ég er hér við stef þess til endaloka.

allt upphaf er endir, - allt upphaf er endir,
syngur blærin að vori - mínu vori;
og kannski eru blómin að eins smáblóm,
að komandi hausti í hjarta mínu.

En meðan ég heyri í þeim söng, nærri,
leikur vonin sína leikandi list;
út á grösugar engjar og tún,
sem eiga enga landleysu í dag.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet - 101

In the center of all, there is a verdant tree
With pearls and emeralds ever so true
You had great dreams to go forward and see
And for ever and ever your heaven was blue

There was love in your songs as fresh as the air
And birds carried them across faraway sky
And water in your soil was as pure as a tear
It shall be remembered until the last of cry

You where not sour among the sweetest of vines
You where colors of air, earth and waters
With all the shades that came from a human heart

And those poems of love songs still onward shine
Like a picture of the moon, on waves that ripple and splatters
From the love of your words who shall ever depart?

(In memory of, Pablo Neruda - 1904-1973)

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet – So Sweet Unrest

Stars are lonely though steadfast in their way
In the gleaming splendor on so brightly
Of the eternal lids of the nightly
Till the twilight morn again meets the new day
In flowing of light in its glow up and lay
Like perfect sky coming up so lightly
In its hours of tender of moods and rightly
When a dawn gives colors from falling gray
That flowed on in its softly rising leap
When again my dreams to the earth are awake
For each reality to comprehend and keep
And the heart again to sleep from its ache
All moods from before night - so sweet unrest!
That those hours of dim set up on my breast

*With this picture at flickr:

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet – Some Days Are Like Night

Some days are like night in the rising dawn
With dreams that have gone into nakedness fields
Where the hours of passing have stars like shields
Slain flowers of earth in their night dressed gown
The feelings inside are vast like oceans
In deep of their roots and in their rising
From love that's without any disguising
The heart that pounds in its deep emotions

There are no ways under life's lost winding
That gives back again what has been lost
Dreams in the fields in their windily grinding
When the hours of end through daises crisscrossed

Love songs that have cried shall be remembered still
In the days of the coming - with the poet's quill

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet - Sweetness Of Triumph

Much sweetness comes within its fullest page
And in its nodding of its tender fire
Their dreams slowly reading innermost desire
That gives from its deep its truer more wage
Moments of grace in its timeless age
The reach of the soul to higher and higher
Like footsteps through paths that never did tier
Without the limitedness of bird's locked cage

The heart in its beating upon its chest
With hope that pushes on through its own prime
Each conclusion of aspiring that can't rest
And gives ageless wonder in its time
The sweetness of triumph that rushes still on
Even at moment when all else seems gone

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet (For The Pen And Paper)

I will find a brave heart of trust and worth,
And fill it with songs I truly can share;
For such should true art be to fill the earth,
Be fresh for tomorrow to breathe the air.
The seasons are here for quality and taste,
Let none of them lose in fade or convert;
For then they can't grow and be of a waste,
Or be to the heart like lips without flirt.
In hope that all things turn out to go well,
I will spoil none songs in minutes of luck;
But bring them all forward in stories to tell,
So years in future may become awestruck.
The pen and the paper together then thrive,
And all that I know to their keeping derive.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet (To The Twinkling Stars)

Sweet embellished rose of twilight sight
The paint of the sunshine that comes to rest
When blue sky returns to the starry night
And opens its many twinkling sighting crest
Strangely I watch you in painter's drowsily
Journeys of stars that fall to day's memories
To be forgotten in space - abysmally
Little twinkling fires of yesterday's batteries
Half awake I watch these ghosts of memory
Like fire from love's forgotten youthful kiss
Full of mystic not touched by discovery
Their eternal deeps in the dusky bliss
Like to the life each twilight comes to call
When twinkle fiery eyes upon the night fall

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 1, A Kiss Can Be So Very Close

A kiss can be so very close and neat,
Like roses are before they prick the skin;
Though it will glorify the darkest of its kin,
As much here, on this earth, comes out so sweet.
So what you see - is not to eyes complete,
For pleasure sometimes is to sadness twin;
Like you conquer, but some you can not win,
As love is all, to come and then discreet.
Each fire falls out and then it is forgotten,
What was divine - may not happen again,
Though it impressed - into heavenly oils.
For some apples lie among others rotten,
And love thus becomes a lonely kiss when
Pleasures that crumble down to dust - it spoils.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 1, All I Am Saying (From, The Lost Sonnets)

All I am saying is give peace a change
For the leaves of life are now growing red,
Onto the morning of the winter's dead
And laughing faces to sorrow derange;
In earth deceases which are now full of mangle
And broken hopes in the once blooming bed,
That were in front of longings death bested
And we to each other forcibly brainge.

O come to the day - this wintry old night
And give to the ways the morning bright dawn,
That once again must shine on living dearth;
Meadows filled with blossoms in the new light
That once were under wings of a black swan,
For love is inquiring to calling yirth.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 10, All The Stars

All the stars, coming in so close at sight,
When dusk is here in the darkest hour;
They shine so strongly with their faraway light,
Where does their glistening get its power?
I will gaze at lights, when moments are dark,
To understand why they are all out there;
Why some shine bright and others lose spark,
And why we can look to them down from here.
In silent hours these moments are fine,
And comfort my heart with exciting thrill;
I hope they may onward eternally shine,
And keep precious moments so quiet and still.
Like the stars, we all have our moments too,
Which shine or lose glimmer, in the sky blue.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 101, Love

I loved you more dearly than anything,
Though you are like the whitening rose;
Those beautiful colours to the summer sing,
Of shades that forever to memories froze.
Like the river that swims clear and free,
You gave me longings that dreams are for;
Of roots so profound I can not but be,
With you in an eternity for evermore.
Sky so clear and blue - a cloudless amaze,
How could it be that we could depart;
With feelings so full and hope of grace,
That came directly from both of our heart.
Why do we both wither as we grow old?
Why can't love be forever wishes to hold?

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 102, Love Is Ageless

Love is ageless and so is each of thee,
Who design is to find life's direction;
As world is here to come and look, or see,
Each of one will make a perfect connection.
To dreams and hopes which lie in futures still,
Fulfillment of each so they may come true;
Each by your mettle or through owns will,
A fancy is the utmost part in you.
Undress your reason for expect therein,
And it will continue into summer's height;
Thy aspires are where your heart has been,
In guiding your way of what is there right.
To take correct viewpoint is hard to find,
As every is of accomplishments combined.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 103, Love Makes A Difference

Love makes a difference to those who aid,
Like a river running forward to sea;
Any human who has love comes again free,
With greatest of power one can't evade.
To give by oneself, later is all paid,
It is the true goal inside you and me;
To win one with care and love without plea,
Sword of your willingness - two folded blade.
Precious small charity you are to give,
Shall live in loved ones after you are gone;
Growing the roots, that demolishes the stone.
What then remains, is what you raised to live,
Generates love, memories carries on;
Beginning as whisper, end as high tone.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 104, Love May Be...

Love may be sweet or bitter in its taste,
With assortments in every bouquet blooms;
Some may fall dead and others time will waste,
For so many are the brides and the grooms.
If you don't try to find your love in life,
There will be none colours there to blossom;
So for the sweetness to someday arrive,
For love to come to your heart and bosom.
You first must pick flowers that you adore,
Give your feelings the flight for which they need;
So you will get when touched a little more,
And this will be your love in life indeed.
To be in love, and loved in another heart,
You first must love deeply before you start.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 106, Love Song To Earth

The time's clatter has all our worthless frauds,
And what they are worthy to worldly gods;
We build our hearts from a stone or a tree,
Though further on we perhaps begin to see:
All earthly sufferings are made by hands,
Of thoughtless pleasures at men own commands;
He makes all earth's wars and builds each new statue,
Believing he's making this for me and you.
We can begin freshly on mountains high,
To build our world on peace of lasting ways;
For there is still the time to change and learn,
Before we return to earth and again die.
We could thus next generation amaze,
By saying: all is better, it's your turn.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 108, Lovelier Than Roses

Lovelier than roses in the garden,
Your eyes that twinkle like the morning star;
Never will such beauty be of pardon,
Even though your face will drift here afar.
The lines of your soft skin like the ocean,
And when you give joy, it shines on like glow;
You are like the sun and earth, life's potion,
Our love can only from now continue and grow.
Each of your touch is like flames from the dawn,
Feelings without shadows in the twilight;
Comes with blazes and goes then on and on,
Never does it flicker: this love so right.
My pen draws these flames for coming mornings,
So futures may recall some of its burnings.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 109, Lyrics Of Yesterdays...

Lyrics of yesterdays and tomorrows,
Will all be written again to regain
Songs of lonely sweethearts and sad sorrows,
Sufferings with feelings, so full of pain.
But these words have their love hearts, in there too,
With all the joyous moments' time can drive;
Feelings of the tempers: all to renew,
Each of us should find the truest to revive.
Let none come and take away your passion,
Bring away the sweet looks in lover's eyes;
Though this may all become out of fashion,
True heart to a believer never dies.
Tomorrows we don't know like yesterdays,
For we have the heart and its turning ways.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 11, All Time Is Spend

All time is spend, though still it's with us now,
Like sun shining on from the winter's sky;
We hold on to fires and passions somehow,
And won't let it escape, or from us die.
Like phoenix it rises and flies in our mind,
And gives us the sweets of seasons not known;
What in the real world our heart couldn't find,
We manage to make, some inside there grown.
Oh time is fading, but memories keep still,
The hours of love though antique are its past;
The burns of desire are there to fulfill,
For nothing in time's ever going to last.
We hold dearly to every love that is won,
And know not its time, though it's from us done.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 110, May The New Year Have...

May the New Year have many bright new days,
For cold and dark will lose its footage soon;
As summer arrives - in playful songs and rays,
Where it reaches heights, in the lateness of June.
And dark is just in memories at night,
When the lonely moon is flying in a cloud;
Where a wishing star will lose its flight,
Dark instants go there, - unseen, with the crowd.
The bright new moments are all still to be,
With the freshness of eager playful joy;
Yes fortnights are coming, we still do not see,
For in each our footstep rests winter's decoy.
Reaching to the night is easier to do,
Regenerating spring's quite still so new.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 111, May's Newborn Summer Flows

May's newborn summer flows here all around,
But my heart's lonely like the sallow leaf;
What's lost can never be returned or found,
I hear the wind in the short breathing brief.
My heart you know does never stay the same,
For all is gone from long forgotten days;
I burn my summer in a yellowish flame,
Where amber shades are turning into grays.
Where is now the hope that assured a please,
For ours is gone into the foreign night;
I hear no singing or a summer breeze,
Each moment in the summer's young flight.
I yearn those days when you still cheeriest me,
And both our hearts flew close together free.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 114, Nothing Dwells

The time that's here, when each moment dwells on,
Is like echoing from eternal past;
Here, in creation where nothing shall last,
Before we have reached out, the shadow's gone.
All we know of our world is in turn done,
Coming toward us either slow or fast;
It's only a blinking shooting star cast:
Nothing dwells, except shortly under sun.

The rivers shall dry up toward the ocean
And the clay can not be moulded by you,
Unless you give time, to moments you are.
Rummage in your mind with a forward motion,
For life is like this in learning each clue:
At the start, with contradictions you jar.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 115, Now Day Is Bright

Now day is bright and young of summer song,
For June is here and so sweetly singing;
Colors are brighten or coming on strong,
Each shade so deferent in now is bringing.
These joyous times are full of looks and feel,
With adored beauty reappearing sight;
Those to my eyes more lovely do appeal,
And fill the moment with so much delight.
Like all that's here this of its beauty lives,
Of youth and colors so splendid and whole;
Each summer desire long time on it thrives,
For it's true beauties only desired goal.
Though not staying and passes quick from eyes,
It should be what desire clearly defies.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 118, Now There Is Night

Now there is night of dark and gloomy things,
Though in between there are those dreams in nights;
Where around-the-clock imagination sings
And forth from another world, bringing lights.
Of far less one than stars in unknown space,
Which we follow when romantic in mood;
When called upon with love and full of grace,
As feelings of our heart there on intrude.
What all these are man has not found out yet,
For that is why he still in darkness goes;
Both with full fondness and full of regret,
For all those feelings which like stars on glows.
To conclude dreams and what is there in between,
Is like the night that cares not to be seen.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 119, Now There Is...

Now there is a sweetest song in my heart,
It will not become quiet, or go away;
Each love and pleasure is an endless start,
Longer it takes, the longer it will stay.
Moments are just minutes in our short time,
Freshly flowing water to the deep sea;
Like every word has its hidden true rime,
So has each feeling its love bearing tree.
You are a part of constant timeless light,
Burning like sun in the stellar dark sky;
Forever and ever in the lonesome night,
Boundless full of passion that ne'er can die.
You are a guide of true feelings and touch,
Everything you do, says: I love you so much.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 12, Always Be A Beginner To See

You, always be a beginner to see
The runaway in motions close from you
The street's not empty if there is a tree
Shadowing your footsteps from the sky blue
Each of your moments is nearly not fed
Like rain bowing colours in cyberspace
The prism of few: yellow, purple, blue, red
Coming and visiting each of your place
Come see a few pictures there in your mind
Experience passing longitude in line
If I'm not wrong and you're not colour-blind
It's hard all those shades clearly to define
Closed book gets open a guide to the way
How you each moment meet with a new day.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 120, Now Where Has My Love...

Now where has my love song gone today?
For now is the night, full of glisten stars;
Which lead me to different moods every way,
Eternally love songs of the avatars.
Vanish from sight till the day comes afresh,
Only dream works brighten then our dim mind;
If we their thought flicking catch or enmesh,
First we need to find them and then unwind.
The muse is in you where ever you are,
And lines to be written to sing with voice;
They are just twinkling like the little star,
That shines again lucid in the dusk rejoice.
Oh love of mine, I will sing you - tomorrow,
What sight my eyes from breath will borrow.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 122, O Sweetest You...

O sweetest you are under heavens sky,
You earth of growth and of prosperous youth;
To your soil I'll one day perish and die,
For that is my purpose and solely truth.
Every force given I return to thee,
Hopefully, have a lot of growth and strength,
Soil that lays before my feet, is of me,
Though now I dwell above ground for some length.
I must go about my doings as before,
That's any being only true destiny;
Till our day is done and we are no more,
'Cause from earth we are and again shall be.
Make each moment as glittering as gold,
And give of love, for that shall never mold.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 123, Of All The Fairest

Of all the fairest, none is such as you,
A beauty flower, in the garden of love;
The sun is glowing in your eyes, sweet blue,
Like astral lights and thoughts from far above.
Each way you are you shine the brightest flame,
In abundance, that will not go out or die;
And all your love never is then the same,
Like dawn in morn when first it opens sky.
No mask or perfume should your body waste,
For you are as lovely, as the blooming spring;
There is no line drawn there, utter in haste,
For all your sweet, is like the songs we sing.
Fate is cruel to let you become old,
For it is hard, in memories to hold.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 125, Oh Dreadful Sin

Oh dreadful sin of lust and growing strain
That from dark garden bloom in shading grays
And with you momentarily wistful stays
Like that of shadows one who search in vain
Oh blackish crow so sinful in its drain
This is not light in this so fainting rays
When lust has taken each one's feelings lace
And given you affection which is not plain
Oh searching soul with man's eternal desire
Why have you stopped to burn so bright and clear
Like a candle flame you flicker lonesome night
And low you crawl and never go on higher
When best of virtues could be with you near
Why have you lost you feathered wings and flight?

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 126, Oh Give Tinctures

Oh give tinctures of the orchid beautiful,
So richly by day - and darkly by night!
I do not want colours that fade, or are dull,
And only need those that are fair and are bright.
Like the pleasures and longings - dilating round,
Moments of the blossoms in memory stand still;
All on earth that in spring and in summer's found,
Lovable thoughts, that away the dull may kill.
Reserved for my eyes - and God who's above,
Perfect in shape and the meteor of the heart;
Flowery blossoms for each occasion and love,
Fragrance that comes through the air - to impart.
Variants I love, if knowledge I gain,
Thoughts are like colours - not always too plain.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 127, Oh If You'D Sing

Oh if you'd sing another song from heart,
Of charming tune with rosy words of beauty;
I wouldn't stop nor ever from it depart,
To love more tender and deeper, not duty.
For a fire is made from those words and song,
That extends each emotion so flames flickers;
Any heart that feels the burn can't be wrong,
What beauty of eyes and ears sets and triggers.
Eros arrows go to the heart of love,
And burns up your lips with hottest of kiss;
Different passion must fit like a glove,
So arrow in the air your breast won't miss.
To brief it a bit, a love must arise
From affection given, before it dies.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 129, Oh Sweetest Rose...

Oh sweetest rose with colours dark and light,
For your pleasure and tender as you are;
It gives you fragrance long into the night,
And is as lovely as the blinking star.
Flower of love a bud of eternal spring,
Gift to your lover from the garden of youth;
To everyone who with feelings can sing,
A sign of the heart, a sign of the truth.
What is lovelier than a bloom like this?
In moments of admiration and touch,
A delicate entrance for the first kiss,
A bouquet that says, I love you so much.
With the roses red, pink, yellow and white,
All coming future must surely be bright.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 131, One Learns...

One learns as long as one can of self give,
Of love and pleasures hidden in the heart;
For all there is it's only worth to live,
When soul and mind are equal in their part.
When it is lost all else is only vain,
It has no freedom in the days to boom;
And all your efforts turn out to be pain,
You are just like the withered summer bloom.
Respect is another pole in true height,
Rejoice of all though it seems little less;
From there then comes another faithful flight,
Of like strength, and likewise is clear progress.
Learning starts from what is hidden along,
And each from there is what is right or wrong.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 132, Perfect Impression

Perfect impression, ah rose fairest of blooms,
Giving colors to the loneliest hearts;
Filling up with fragrance gardens and rooms,
Your treasure truest never here departs.
Imperfect as we are in our dreaming,
At least man's affection, who'll ever know;
Electrified garden summer streaming,
Can you not feel the touching and the glow?
Ah wonderful, sweetest fairy like dream,
Blossom eternal with a simmering glide;
Can I not touch thy shade from coming gleam?
This in my heart of the past never died.
Perfect with petals like velvet and close,
Into summer longings thy flower grows.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 133, Perfect Petal Of A Rose

Is anything in the evening so wonderful?
As quivering leaves, in the fair breeze blow;
Each thoughtless lonely moment is dull,
If it has no passion wings with to go.
My heart is with you always through the night,
Though it may wander, just a little bit;
For some of my thoughts are profound in flight,
Perhaps more than I would care to admit.
But forsake me not for speaking this phrase,
Which flies across sentence, more in believes;
Anything of feeling's quite a sudden blaze,
We to Cupid's heart, just two mortal thieves.
The question then is why love comes so close,
As that of perfect petal of a rose.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 134, Poems Of Summer...

Poems of summer are like butterflies,
On colorful wings they faraway go,
Into the forest where flowers seed grow
And a gust from the wind falls down and dies.
The earth with green meadows and clear blue skies:
Your poems of colors now overflow.
This is your season, and this is your show,
With a climax of blooming set for July's.
Poems of winter are likewise of pleasure,
When glistening snowflakes cover the ground,
After autumn symphony of falling leaves.
Each seasonal coming is of earth's treasure,
Colorful flowering or snow all around:
Seasonal poems, what man there perceives.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 135, Poetry...

Poetry can be what ever you want,
Be it true to the world or quite untrue;
It is the first line for one to not taunt,
What each feeling says within of you.
When you read a poem's meaningful line,
This gives a spark to a wandering heart;
Only then can that the utmost define,
Only then will you find where feelings do start.
Yes, poetry's everything to recall,
Like a garden you are growing inside;
It is with own eyes quite different to all,
Giving inspirations and burning plied.
Don't ever stop listen to high flown words,
For they are most likely poetry birds.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 136, Question Is...

Question is, if time is meaningful and
Whether coming days are equal in their hour;
They both are strict and mindful in their power,
For they run fast or slow, though some will strand.
With each of these, there is so much of bland,
Delicateness like that of a flower;
Which fresh is first in the early morning shower,
Before there comes the new day to understand.
The grieves we have will move on from us fast,
Their memory, their brine, so far away,
Each is new and different in their showing;
For nothing in their time will come to last,
Both sad and happy hour's together play,
Differently until they are going.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 137, Raining In My Heart

I have been passionate and moody, both the same,
But it's raining in my heart right now;
I have been seeking a way out of this game,
I cannot manage to continue somehow.
There are threads that are broken in my chain,
Can there be any simple solution to this?
I am afraid of never seeing clear again,
Must we lose every moment that we miss?
Like a raven in a dark cloud drifting by,
I am chained to memories I can't free;
They are frozen in a reason of each try,
Like the roots under an erratic tree.
Clouds of teardrops and broken hearts,
Can't we know when it stops and when it starts?

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 139, Refresh Every Moment

Refresh every moment before the night,
So mind will see what your tongue can't tell;
So each your thought may be like starlight,
A lessen burning twinkle star which fell.
Into the night, so there may be rebirth,
A dawn break of day, the coming sunshine;
And every thought therein of golden worth,
Every sentence, feeling and love, combine.
So freshly, as flowers that colours show,
When spring first comes into earth so green;
With summer seedlings that youthfully grow,
The early forenoon spring freshest and clean.
Yes, every meaning you can't thing or say,
Just touch with feelings like night touches day.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 14, Angel

With a mind and a face of an angel,
She toned each my feelings with affection;
Letting on me, fragile kind of marvel,
And showing me the straightest direction.
To the castles in the mystified air,
Where the desiring rainbow crosses through;
And we sometimes do fly away to there,
When we feel down, and are exposed and blue.
All the ways of grace she showed then to me,
With viewpoint to courage and to be kind;
How easy it is then to become free,
If all worries are left forgotten behind.
This angel is sweet creature so divine,
Everything else a shadow, to her shine.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 140, Sea Is Secret...

Sea is secret and hidden from the eye,
Silences float there in meaningful ways;
Demesne of the shadows - memories that die,
Evinced together in the dark it plays.
Double life in the day and the luring night,
Haunted by souls that were urgent by fate;
With wings from the past that have lost their flight,
When ill-fated shadows their life truncate.
Lonely places with tide that comes and goes,
Billows from the deep - playing sirens themes;
There in the moon gleam - the sea surface flows,
Until the first break of the dawn's sunbeams.
Nocturnal life regions of the silence,
Much is your deep and murky ordinance.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 143, Some Of Our Dreams

Some of our dreams are just for stars tonight,
Those sit on heavens high and shine and glow;
They are like the angels - our guiding light,
Who shall shine brightest we never will know.
The millions and millions of lights that I see,
Are far away from earth, but brightly they glisten;
I feel I'm so airy I could fly free,
I know somewhere out there, is my Eden.
Dawn and mornings - some favorite times,
With anticipation morrow comes in;
When twilight has lost its dark and its primes,
And sunshine again - with gold dust shall win.
Contrasting ways, they make our senses clear,
Each is an escape to move out of here.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 145, Spring Coming

Gold's always at the end of rainbows hearts,
Where it stops and again when it too starts.
The flowery blossom of a summer gown,
When visions of colours together drown.
A moment in year - a happy hour time,
Green fields of natures own pastoral rime.
The coming of the month of spring in May,
When greyness of winter has lost its lay.
O who can here for returning spring wait?
I hope the blossoms come sooner then late...
The blossoms of spring that set forth a rose
With colours and sights in bright overdose,
When winter's gone in gloominess and snow
Each flower on earth starts blooming & glow.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 147, Summer Blossoms Wither

Summer blossoms wither, in death they hide,
Light will go into dark and disappear;
Growth fades away with some early premiere,
Of few seeds that with the winter collide.
Dark the world rises for light is denied,
All what in this summer had become so dear;
Into forgotten thoughts now turns unclear,
Only to memory they become close tied.
Like this - our life and everything that gives birth,
Without no rest it comes and grows to run,
And plays in spring and early summer morn.
Gets colored and assorted to the earth,
Like the flowers - fresh that grow in the sun,
Till again it'll be like the seeds - airborne.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 149, The Clouds In The Sky

The clouds in the sky are always changing,
And everything comes, and then it all goes;
We love doing sketches and then rearranging,
From whatever thinking our seed then grows.
Sometimes the blues is all overridden,
With love and our feelings just lying in dust;
We didn't know what in affection was hidden;
And everything there we thought was a must.
We need someone other to tell that's why,
People are always misjudging their heart;
And love and all feelings just wither and die,
Then comes the time we anew again start.
Though clouds are like this - no love need to be,
We just have to listen and know what to see.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 15, April Blossoms

April blossoms comes forward with a flower,
The endure that enriches our spring days;
The bearings with new colours for each hour,
Uplift our feelings when we have grey days.
Spring is a booming of freshness, so great,
Colours, in blend of shades, so deep and profound;
With excitement our feelings can hardly then wait,
When comes summer's dream with another round.
Lilies and roses, and daisies so fresh,
The gardens are open for blooming all out;
So is pure nature with fairest wilderness,
To mountains high, flowers are spreading about.
The depth of a summer's first, is the green,
And the shadings up of colours in between.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 150, The Evening Is Melodious...

The evening is melodious calling,
For all forest songs are so high and near;
The light from the day sky is down falling,
In the eventide I now closely hear:
The nightingales have started their singing,
Memories from the recent glossy sights;
Yearnings, into a heart they are bringing,
Before the day turns off the sunny lights.
Dimmet is more and in silence pulling,
With its hanker tunes sweet and somberly;
And when the birds stop their drowsy lulling,
The nightfall will slumber again on free.
All what is gone therefrom, in dreams can live,
It is for the heart to desire and give.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 151, The Forest Of My Being...

The forest of my being is all within,
Each step I go, I go with darkness still
And never hoping there to gain or win,
For I can't clearly see through dreamy hill.
The water lies in stillness and dark amber,
Nothing under there upon surface goes;
I know just in the house the foremost chamber,
It's the same, as ordinary life knows.
I have wandered, in a swirling like thought
About existence, where it must be going;
Though this in life's not what after is sought,
Each small notion is intensively growing
The darkish sky shall enlighten me soon,
What lies behind the ocean of the cocoon?

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 152, The Gift Of Words...

The gift of words, are within all to reach,
Wisdom and faith with inspiration goes;
You'll be rewarded, which fluently shows,
Past knowledge, this all, before did teach.
There's no word unworthy, on this to preach,
Vocabulary gains, continues, grows;
Shall be rewarded, in poetry, prose,
Spontaneous, meticulous, verse, speech.
Time will then be critic to all you say,
Coming generations shall know the truth
And gain their knowledge according to this.
For nothing unworthy with time shall stay,
Whether done with rules or freshness of youth;
To think otherwise, - just a vainly bliss.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 153-The Hour Is Timeless

The hour is timeless in space and vision,
The flowing of light is moving all on;
The breath and each feeling is above suspicion,
And waves of the light are soon all gone.
Each yearning like clouds that drift down to dark,
And decaying flowers grow not nor gain;
For light is all shifting in glowing and spark,
The flames that don't sparkle will burn out in vain.

Freshness of moments that come will not wait,
For each inspiration to gain its pound,
Empty space in hours is all dim and dull.
Idleness widens and tells you - you're too late,
What in hour's lost, never again be found,
Lives ignition lead, be burned out to full.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 154, The Lemon Sonnet

Lemons for you, for me - it's a lemon song,
Every fruit is sour that you can not reach;
Just like those days that sometimes come along,
If this tells you something I hope it can teach:
That crops of this earth are tasteful or not,
You pick them or eat, which you prefer?
If lemons are the sole fruit you've got,
I hope their sourness you always can bear.
Lemons, altogether - their sour shall last,
But freedom for all to choose what they like,
For selection and variety go hand in hand;
Be it young or old, be it slow or fast,
Each compartments in your life, you must dike
Up - make available - label and brand.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 156, The Meaning Is Not All...

Like the moon is moon and the sun is sun,
The meaning is not all within the word;
For some, have meaning of only two third,
Or a meaning is more than twofold one.
The meaning defined, it is here, then done,
It is not easy to catch it or gird;
It is better left off when it is not heard,
Though meaning defined is sometimes fun.
So sentence and words put into a phrase
Needs understanding 'in between the lines',
This isn't either taught or easily relined;
Nothing then is absolute in insight weighs
And our judgment for the moment defines:
What looks quite simple may be harder to find.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 157, The Moments Come

The moments come and leave before we know,
And nothing here forever stays the same;
These instants are like tides of sea that flow,
Or a distant light of a twinkling flame.
Now there's beginning of summer's treasure,
Where everything is full of life's progress;
Later paleness will come to each such pleasure,
As winter again each flower caress.
And barren each tree of its beauty leaf,
With grayness of colors and withering on;
Sending mourning hearts a loss and a grief,
When there are only the shades to be drawn.
But again comes sun with blossoming bright,
To distil away the confronting night.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 159, The Playful Hands Of Sating White

The playful hands of sating white and dust,
The hours of twilight, gone into the night;
When every passion, is so full of lust,
And all contents there take the fullest flight.
The ice full weather comes - revive its cast,
And give the greyly shadows and eyebrows;
For songs of summer's are now gone at last,
And all our longings full of blackish drowse.
Moody songs with their diminishing joys,
That once was gleeful - full of shades and sights;
A growing tender, these feelings destroys,
For blue and amber to these hours dim heights.
What comes and goes – only is here for a while,
Each you know, all differently to style.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 16, Are There Ways...

Are there ways to change dreams to the matter?
So what we longed for in nights becomes true;
Or will these images lose their sail and shatter,
When days waken vigor again renew.
Load my days with pleasures for times to come,
Carry distance closer to my center;
Grow with perfect ponder, summer's blossom,
So it with its colour my heart will enter.
Lose not value or weight of your feelings,
When you give your dreaming to another;
All is had in the muse and the phrasings,
Though all is lost, if image you don't conjure.
So dreams are for us to find and fulfil,
Or all our efforts just come to the nil...

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 161, The Sky Is Dark

The sky is dark, the clouds are moving over,
For love lay in ashes with innocent around;
Earth in blood stained on grass and a flower,
Scars from love, where silences are now found.
How can this be here, in love, peace and hope?
Where shelter is needed for those suffering;
When peaceful summer's nothing but of grope,
When in such moments it should peacefully sing.
Are then our dreams of building on love, gone?
For we have the innocent raped and killed;
And not kept any of the commandments,
You shall never slay your brother, nor anyone.
For you'll inherit the earth, as you fulfilled,
Yet we have never shown remorse or relents.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 162, The Sky's Clouded...

The sky's clouded, but not for very long,
For time's coming again, where sun will shine;
When summer sings its lovely tuneful song,
In a pastoral new color design.
Where each gardens its strength shows unfolding,
With various blooming, in the open bed;
In a timely nature's greenest holding,
With peaking colors of blue, yellow, red.
The seeds are made to spread away and grow,
And become like the flowers - standing new;
For what in winter's earth, a while laid low,
Later to the eye's of a beauty too.
Our future's unknown like that of the sky,
We no not either when we say goodbye.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 163, The Stage

We have tried to find a way, out of here,
But there are no other places around;
We can not seek what is not to be found,
For each step backward is still very near.
Sometimes the past is not gone anywhere,
We lose in life senses and sometimes ground;
And stand in such discoveries astound,
To be in the same steps as mad king Lear.
But fear not for entire world is the same,
It gives you of both what is right and wrong,
And praise you even though you deserve none.
For all in here is like a stage or game,
Or a story that goes on all day long,
Until our sense of what is what, is gone.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 164, The Stars Are Moving...

The stars are moving in mystical ways
Above our discernment and in our thought,
Numbered are all our earthly working days
Like everything here that to us is taught.
We are baffled to the imperious blaze
Turning toward an insoluble knot,
In globular cluster of unknown maze
To far away to be argued with or sought.
As sun settles down and moon again rises
There are distances, impossible, unknown
Never to us seen never to us clear.
Swirling nebulous of gleaming disguises
In the sphere of the harmonious tone,
The fate of our lives for eternally here.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 165, The Streets Are Empty...

The streets are empty for winter is still here,
With the somberness of weeks still to come;
The swift winds of tomorrow with its glum,
May swirl away darkness needing a steer.
And when the sky is blue once more and clear,
As frost roses so dimly fade its numb;
As briskly more colours spring will on strum,
When growth of summer again's coming near.
We fade away like roses in winter's sky,
For we are like flowers that fall its leaf;
And time is what we have to work and apply,
Moments are so few and yet so very brief.
All pleasures worth its share on earth will die,
And everything gone is memories and grief.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 166, The Summer Comes

The summer comes in with the dearest heat,
And assorted flower bouquets for each vase;
Vivid dresses on the new awakened street,
People walk by with a new look and face.
'I love you' is singing and echoing on,
Everything so soft in the haze and so mild;
Being in sunshine happily and having no con,
Freshly born again and full summer styled.
The wind in the clouds never drops or dies,
As it in the waves above still on goes;
But with forest's sallowing leaves time flies,
As each casting matures then on and grows.
Dreaming away when sun is hot shining,
Dresses up embroideries on past silver lining.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 167, The Time Between...

The time between the darkest moon twilight,
Where feelings go forward and gather late
And dreaming weaves of dark show their debate,
There is no thought there in for wrong and right.
For shadows all there show their forceful might
And who there goes then finds his future fate,
With the clock of moments and ticking rate,
For nothing here then slows down by the plight.
All earthly creatures walk along this way,
In spending lives and wasting down their dream,
That never were but for a moment small.
Then here comes a gleam of another day
And sunbeam away all nightly hour stream,
The daily hours again to you then call.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 168, The Wandering Night

The wandering night so profound and dark,
With faraway lights of the stars to come;
In oceans of clouds so little they spark,
That one's still wondering where they blink from.
And so it is with light that day has given,
It dies into unknown of dreamy thought;
For what is of this day's never out livin',
Into the nighttime that forward is brought.
Like the dark shadow that steadfastly grow,
When moon is in clouds and earth is in night;
Faraway stars in dreams they then will glow,
Until once more the dawn comes again bright.
A wish from a star falling from the sky,
Should always live longer, never to die.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 17, As Much In Love...

As much in love, as I could ever be,
For I see stars in eyes and birds in hearts;
Everything's upside turning on for me
I hope for all love sake's this never departs.
Moments come and go like they did before
Nothing on this earth shall ever stand still:
A rosebud shall not bloom for ever more,
Nor each loves every purpose up fill.
The road of life is always long and winding
And no one finds a shelter he looks for,
As loves not steady as the coming spring.
Every heart is always hard in finding
Every feelings always calls for more,
Nothing in hope is a complete sure thing.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 172, There Is A Love Story

There is a love story in the season,
That comes and goes again temporally;
For every heart has its own reason,
To love and then once more, as the birds be free.
We are drifting clouds in the sea of love,
With feelings that are as an opal stone;
And every wing flies in the wind above,
And never will such feelings be alone.
Their wings are white of innocent snow,
Profoundly in their flight to the far;
For starry winds, like the earthly, come and go,
So sometimes it's hard to reach to a star.
Be patience with love, for in feelings it flies,
And reaches out with its wings to the skies.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 173, Your Love To All...

Your love to all, is your greenest of song,
Nursing on as a mother - caring for all;
Opportunity and a function call,
Giving knowledge of what is right and wrong.
You may wish upon dreams that don't get along,
Hoping at an insuperable wall;
Opposing others, in a war or brawl,
But giving of love makes you ever strong.
Your life outright is in your ways and bearing,
And from there on are directions each signed;
Though succeeding them doesn't make you better,
As mature and gaining is just preparing.
Love from your heart can not ever be defined,
It's written in souls with a golden letter.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 18, As Time Goes By

As time goes by each day will fade and coil,
And leave behind those wasted yesteryears;
You gave away to every favored foil,
Though your mind now remembers it and dears.
And what its worth will come and be more so,
For each is held, or gazed as each may be;
Like all in life from small, will come and grow,
From each such step like this one, so come we.
And fade like flowers into earthy dust,
Be broken down, for nothing the same stays;
Everything eaten by worms or it shall rust,
So are each treasured spring and beauties days.
For time will dig and give its wrinkles on,
Before we know each youth in oldness gone.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 183, Trees Of My Feelings

Trees of my feelings are poems by me,
I can't as God, make a fruit bearing tree;
I hold in memories, moments I feel,
Sometimes in poems, they are all so real.
Trees in a forest are greenest of growth,
Mine are just thoughts, I equally love both;
Where seasons are extreme like where I'm from,
Trees show me when a summer is in bloom.
When leaves fade away and fall from its branch,
I know as you, it is summer's last chance;
The mountains and forests, fortress of earth,
Brace of our life and cradle of our birth.
Roots of a tree are like roots of our own:
Some are young in soil, others old and grown.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 19, As Time Passes

As time passes and gives death kiss endure,
To days that are now lost in memories;
For one thing we are never here to sure,
Of what will live and then from us decease.
The beautiful is not always what remains,
Often it's the common that will survive;
Running through these remembering time veins,
Knowing its place - and that keeps it alive.
Like the ocean waves that drift further on,
And shores that halt the billows fresh and free;
Such are moments, before from us they're gone,
Every settling, we must trust and agree.
Elements of past expose what has been,
Different from what remains to be seen.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 194, Wishful You Wishful I

Wishful you wishful I and wishful thinking,
I had a dream last night and without knowing;
Can I touch it can I smell, without linking?
For my wish from the dreaming is all going.
Dawn of day is here coming and it's growing,
I can hear it right now, the birds are singing:
Colourful coloratura they're flowing,
And in sunshine from the sky they are bringing.

Oh what a lovely day it's going to be,
With the freshest new winds clearing the sky,
And running all wild and running all high;
From top of mountains through leaves of each tree,
Full of colours and tempers, and the sound!
Which my body now enjoys what it found.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 195, You Are As Lovely

You are as lovely as the blooming rose,
That gives its colours in the early spring;
There in the beddings where the summer glows,
With perfect petals when forest does sing.
Each colour is fresh like the feelings too,
And treasured like the dreams that are not real;
Your eyes are the pearls of the heavens blue,
And velvet skin is of smoothness and feel.
O dearest you! You are perfect and sweet,
And giving more with each day that begins;
With your blossoms my spirit is complete,
Everything over your heart always wins.
Like daybreak or the night your lips I kiss,
Glow each feel with a star fallen abyss.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 2, A Kiss From Apple Lips...

A kiss from apple lips under the moonlight,
Streams of feelings that endless heat the hearts;
Eyes, like cherry blossoms, your inner flight:
Collision love that never ends or starts.
You of water and air, and full of care,
Everything of soul and earth, into night:
The freshest of breath that feels close and near,
The grace of a bud into blossoms height.
Together, to be, like trees in the rain
We reach everything, like summer in June.
The fires and the shades of each sparkling accent:
Kiss that suffers no consequence or pain
And never to late and never to soon,
Love of bodies, softness and sweetest scent.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 20, Autumn - A Love Song

Summer dreams, going to fall of the leaves,
Yellow and reddish brown - missing bygones;
Harvesting in thoughts, what loneliness grieves,
For all colors on earth soon in grayness dawn.
The trees are now lonely - branches near bare,
And winter breezes tunes from wintry tales;
Dampness with the dark will soon be aware,
With frosty footsteps, into the snowy trails.
More and more each day, earth's shadow grows high,
And soon silver stars from the sky will fall;
For a moment gentle love songs we sigh,
Before lonely themes from somber thoughts call.
Autumn - lay your roads in golden imbue,
For long still, the summer's green - lives in you.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 200, Your Love Is Sweet...

Your love is sweet like from an evening rose,
So full of mystic I never knew before;
With longings so dear and eager to explore:
A passionate river that sometimes overflows.
You are like the light that inside me glows,
An open wonder from once a closed door;
To me you're perfect and worthy to adore,
Though I can't explain nor tell what you disclose.
Heart and soul we stand and live not in vain,
Nor go about like the wind in a cloud,
Which drifts and drifts until it settles down.
We are more like the blooms and soothing rain,
That never is seen in a foggy shroud,
Or ever in disinterest shall drown.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 201, Your Love To All...

Your love to all, is your greenest of song,
Nursing on as a mother - caring for all;
Opportunity and a function call,
Giving knowledge of what is right and wrong.
You may wish upon dreams that don't get along,
Hoping at an insuperable wall;
Opposing others, in a war or brawl,
But giving of love makes you ever strong.

Your life outright is in your ways and bearing,
And from there on are directions to find;
Though succeeding them doesn't make you better,
As mature and gaining is just preparing.
Love from your heart can not ever be defined,
It's written in souls with a golden letter.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 21, Autumn Is Coming...

Autumn is coming with moments so fresh,
Gardens once more showing maturing shades;
The colors there are of summer enmesh,
Each has its strength before further it fades.
The air is so sweet with fragrance and highs,
Mornings of colors from brownish to white;
Earth giving pleasures before it again dies,
And dark coming in to put out the light.
These days, to remember, what was once high
Summer pleasures, different from all of this;
What will the autumn of pleasures imply?
Will we summer moments surely then miss?
The hour is coming with dark shadings in,
Rustic to red is the earth colored skin.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 23, Before Winter

I've seen it in my dreams they're yesterdays
Swans of tomorrow that are going deep
Swimming into the darkness which will creep
When moods from forthcoming winter plays
In lifeless colors of languor and grays
This later when life reoccurs will sleep
Though moments of dullness through it will leap
For feelings and falls are swollen with amaze
Undo none work that in faint are now weak
For the shades in the spring will become strong
Once more when the days are filled with light
And of happiness you can again speak
With thoughts which to the summer only belong
When winter's past its inanimate height

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 26, Cherish Each Moment

Cherish each moment we shared together,
For hours were short lived in days now done;
Memories pass for worst or the blether,
And what we were and had, soon will be gone.
Thinking of good times in my lonely song,
Only shared now deep inside of me;
Both my life stories of right and of wrong,
Each of my yearnings that now is set free.
The dusk and night shadow moving so near,
End of each life story why is it so?
Everything leaves, moving away from here,
Why must it pass tell me why must we go?
Now memories only that once were so real,
Each of my moments, yes each of my feel.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 27, Come Come

Come, come when the pure poems to you call,
Come, come from your dreary and lonely wall;
There are moods, both of the light and the dim,
For each thought, to take a dive in and swim.
Every lip will be kissed with warmth and grace,
That will speak tongues, and all others, - amaze;
And every word that was lost in a shadow,
Will come forwarding again, with more glow.

You need not a touch of a wishing star,
That gives breath of oxygen - into life;
Because, from a heart, your voice is embraced,
And too reach across both deep, and afar.
For he who reaches out and tries to strive,
Will not lead an unworthy life, - or waste.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 28, Clouds In The Sky

Clouds in the sky they are made out of love,
Nature is the artist magnificent;
Everything there, isn't heavy and above,
And made rather fluffy in the distant.
I guess everybody has a dream cloud,
Where there's a wishing rainbow coming to shine;
Though sometimes we are in doubt, and not allowed,
To know where it is, cause the weaving's so fine.
All unwritten love's upon a cloud somewhere,
Just waiting for us to go and catch it;
And we, equally waiting for love to share,
Just step by step, and little bit by bit.
Cupid's flying about with his arrows,
Giving happy moments - drying sorrows...

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 30, Daydreams Come And Go

Daydreams come and go and hide forever,
Into the world where none has come too close;
And back again reaches us then never,
Like everything that just to oblivion goes.
What long ago you once carried around,
Deep in your heart, for some wishful thinking;
Has now left and is nowhere to be found,
Like the light that in the past was blinking.
Indeed each step we walk returns to dust,
Eternal is no minute here or way;
Everything here then must all end or rust,
And each what lies hidden must too obey.
We will carry dreams and they lay to rest,
With some, we will try what we can do best.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 31, Days Are Blue And White...

Days are blue and white with dreams laid in between,
Our faces feel smooth with sparkling angel eyes,
In different light than sometimes is seen,
Full of new youth and in a plain none disguise.
We are only two looking at each other,
Feels differently when hearts are on fire:
Thinking - me and you, like sister and brother,
Love so open free with all what we desire.
Day's blue and white I know now you are dear:
An emotion, energetic to explore,
The velvet night comes then of love and share,
With deep ocean waves at a bristly shore.
Like a garden glows, where colors deeply run,
I know only this: I'm moon, you are sun.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 33, Dwell On Time

Dwell on time and yellow falls on earth leaves,
As nothing here shall be for eternity;
Man can not be lost in boredom or grieves,
For then his pleasures never become free.
Each of man's treasures gets lost in the time
That applies to fashions and trends the same,
And various purposes give reason and rime,
Are of equal, at the end of the game.
Nothing of eternal grows and gives birth,
Only in fairy tales is this untrimmed;
To accomplish one ways one must be worth,
Or otherwise the future's vague and dimmed.
Compare your time, with each of summer's day,
Where colors mature, and then go their way.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 35, Each Moment And Hour...

Each moment and hour of life is of gold,
We should try reaching the top of our dream;
Building it here with the out coming stream,
To give us new ways that still are untold.
Before we know we have nothing to hold
Only those moments that once did all seem:
Gliding through lives like a sun raying beam
The hours of the past that did not unfold.
So has it been with each of man's demesne
That moved like the clouds upon the skies;
Civilization came, prospered and were gone.
We live in an age that so much has seen
And reached our aims with error and tries,
But there is more to be worked at and done.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 36, Each Step I Take

Each step I take illumine me to look for more,
Of things to come and still I do not know;
For learning gained unlocks each master's door,
Gives me a way and directs where to go.
Man has before with all his searching reached,
By untraditional thinking that came along;
From the past experience of wisdom impeached,
Each step in dark between the right and wrong.
Through errors and inspect you become wise,
In the presence of existence which is here;
But remember that each step is a surprise,
With relish of excitement or of fear.
To conclude in this I'd have to know all,
This keeps us on growing in peak and fall.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 37, Each Time Is Fresh

Each time is fresh when it is steady on,
And every beauty therein is quite still;
But future moments come and old are gone,
Though longings, memories in time up fill.
Remember this when you look on to see,
Each of moments, breathing its breath away;
To eyes they dwell too short and then are free,
Nothing here but momentarily will stay.
A burning kindle life is onward here,
With many tempers who are otherwise;
Though some are always more closer and dear,
So it may shedder tears from one's eyes.
The world is all of pleasures and sorrows,
But there will always be new tomorrows.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 38, Each Word I Speak

Each word I speak, I hope is whole in meaning,
For love to admit is true and never blind;
It is like a golden thread my soul cleaning,
Every word from the heart one can not find.
The stars are wandering on heavens high,
Like each my feeling I want you there to keep;
It is like they can never reach to the sky,
For they be swallowed by ocean vast and deep.
But though they be unknown in heights and low,
I am longing still for your face to shine;
Who will know what true minds and feelings show?
If there is no one, there inside to twine.
To reach inside hearts, is not to pretend,
But more like, to come and be a true friend.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 39, Each Word Of Love I Tell...

Each word of love I tell, is so and so,
But feelings of my thoughts, lies in more deep;
What affection gives, one in love will know,
For it lies not on the outside or's cheap.
A flower like a rose gives scent easily,
And so it's with lovers, who know each score;
The wings of trust and truth they both can see,
Or otherwise they'd drift apart further more.
The best love poems, is each lover's passion:
Feelings and the touch of eternal flame.
The solid rocks that our trust has begun,
For it never goes out of any fashion,
Nor ever be flicking on - all the same,
Heart without passion will not receive one.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 4, All Hours Of The Day...

All hours of the day pass by, one by one,
Into the past that is bestowed to all;
There are no things still new under the sun,
Each has its time before the final call.
When hour is young you feel the burst and gloss
And all lies ahead in ways of thought and dream,
But then it is like time you double-cross,
For all in life's not always as it seem.
We go ahead to dreams and other ways,
All through our life and all our circumstance;
But moments run fast each minute, hour, days,
Often one will not get a second chance.
Remember this when young you are at trying,
All efforts are worth it, that's worth defying.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 40, Empowered Words Of Golden

Empowered words of golden thoughts like vine,
That holds its breath in everything yet seen;
Twilight nights which are here still in between,
Until daybreak with glowing spurs will shine.
And draws out the blue sky's horizon line,
Where every dream to man unknown has been;
And our days of yearning all do on lean,
For it is of golden thread - spun so fine.
These reverie thoughts are hills of our abyss
And come again with every muse new birth,
When Apollo bards with golden lips kiss,
With everything Pegasus flight's then worth.
The kingdoms there are like the heaven's bliss,
But still they are down here with man and earth.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 41, Every Portico With Shades...

Every portico with shades from days born
Every mood there is has a mirrored soul
Each and any thought - a magnetic pole
With you delays and makes you feel forlorn
Life is like all this of torture and scorn
Only of sufferance none to control
Or a straw among straws a wholesome whole
Which age bestows on until it's out worn
Rockies with frames ties with a fractured bound
Faraway places with a distance to see
But inward colours of the spectrum self
The ruins of the past lie hidden, not found
An internal hint of something to be
The texture of surfaces, a darkish delph.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 42, Every Word Has Billows

Every word has billows and waves of sea,
Longitude towards open cloudily mist;
The branches that grow embellish a tree,
Soul of inner enigma and a twist.
Beautiful words echoes to futures ahead,
Gives all the longings - to want to write still;
Waves from the pen will never become dead,
If you can see the dream - over the hill.
Though glasses lie shattered among the few,
And roust's the way with nature and vital force;
It's up to the spirit inside of you:
Where lies the future and destiny course?
Yes write well and read - never be speechless,
For to tomorrow will someday come fresh.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 43, Everything, Is Someone Else's...

Everything, is someone's else teachings wise,
Like the colours, people lent themselves to be;
Just to fit more precisely and to see,
The blending of the pigments, and its highs.
But then there is this sudden hidden surprise:
That there is a forest beyond, that one tree,
Perhaps wildlife, there's all about being free
And everything else before, just pure lies.
The teacher was a joker in fine dress,
The ordinary pupil looked up to:
To take decisions for him, to be more precise,
But sometimes teaching like this, are far less
Than be awakened, by the story due:
That man is always more, than any mice.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 44, Feelings

Feelings are painless or pain such is music,
Life eternally on of joy and sorrow;
Each of its own half of what we do sic,
Not of the same way as that of tomorrow.
Well tuned into souls and circumstance ear,
In love receives pleasure or to annoy;
Which is not the same as both in it then hear,
Such are the tunes which feelings do decoy.
But affection therein is felling though to all,
Explore these tunes evoked with each pleasure;
And singing different in each of season's call,
Accord is full of excite and treasure.
The songs being many of purport and scope,
While some are of love, others are of hope.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 46, Flowers Of Beauty...

Flowers of beauty and select of earth,
Each goal they'll try to reach on their own;
Into directions where prevision wasn't shown,
They grow on to flourish from moment of birth.
Wildflowers entwining what they are worth,
Erect standing against a wind that's blown;
From a direction which they have been sown,
To fully mature and to express mirth.
The seed that don't grow to become a tree,
Don't blossom at all in the early spring.
It can not be promised enlightening relieve,
For it must wake up to begin to see.
What out coming colors to earth could bring,
Delicate and blameless none do they deceive.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 54, How Come You Must Burn So Fast

How come you must burn, so fast and so bright?
Oh star faraway in the darkly sky;
In the flames of the bluest of the night,
How lonesome you must eternally fly.
Like a man who fares his feelings and lust,
And yearns his youth for the days to come;
He knows that life to earth shall again rust,
And return to what it once came from.
Oh must this be like love is all of burn,
And dies like a candle's flickering flame;
From the darkness is there then no return,
And is all lost like forgetting a name.
The days and nights are strange and so is fate,
With all its change it shall not forget or wait.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 56, I Am Nothing...

I am nothing, just a sand corn I suppose:
A greyish stone in God's glorious amaze,
Narrowed road people walk about their ways,
In endless time: the ever fading rose.
So hold me close and keep away from foes,
For without you I have no other face,
You are my chain of the unbroken lace,
Giving me hope where the feeling all goes.
For each of us, we need to have and hold,
Someone who believes in our doings here,
Or otherwise we would perish like dust.
If you feel this, you have to love twofold,
And though you are distant you are as near,
As the breath of love, as life, is a must.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 6, All Love That's Wasted

All love that's wasted when melancholy's here,
The beauties thing that's forever's gone or lost;
When for some absence you'll not hold or bear,
Such legacy that takes its toll and cost.
If you hold me dear then do not me abuse,
For time will come when there's no more to give;
And none of us forever wish to lose,
For we must carry on and despair outlive.
Each profitless love is yours now to deceive,
Though everything is either strict or free;
Do not to my love ever be a thief,
For it's like the root of your greenest tree.
When fate does call, be there to gently feel,
What's of imaginary and what's real.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 60, I Dreamt Of A Bloom

I dreamt of a bloom so innocent white,
Colours so young, in the summer shading;
Dew that was born in the day breaking light,
With the love of young hearts never fading.
Though still there's winter, in garden and mall,
With only darkly greyed colour pigments;
There grows, with feeling, - a dream that was all,
In a frosty winter, showing its figments.
A love with faith, for the coming new day,
Bringing back memories, broken and shattered;
For feelings and tempers, go or shall stay,
A heart with longing, though it's been battered.
If you can't hold on to those who are dear,
Then who to your heart shall next be as near?

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 62, I Have Found A Way...

I have found a way to faraway stars,
They lie in strait lines from each of life's fate;
There are so many wounds and many scars,
Some are newly done, others rather late.
The mist is coming, from darkest dusk on,
Because the sun behind a cloud now hides;
Lighten rays will soon be over and gone,
For ultimately starlight's falling glides.
I have found a way, an open new viewed,
Where we could both fly on, close together;
It is of feelings mostly, touch and mood,
Every worry is light as a feather.
If feelings are none we lose sights of ways,
Night for eternity - in lightless days!

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 67, I See The Lonely Dreams

I see the lonely dreams in the shadows,
Every night when they are there on their own;
Playful events in memory still glows,
But their feelings are nowhere found or shown.
The next day when sun rises again to bless,
Will every bygone moment then be done?
When the dark from last night becomes less,
In the rising of the newborn dawn sun.
Every moment, every way is just a while,
Tender feelings, love with everything;
Kiss and eyes that glitter with a smile,
And every word your voice could ever sing.
Moments are here, just for a brief short stay,
All maybe lost in the new uprising day.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 68, I See The Summer Sweetness

I see the summer sweetness, in your eyes:
Heavenly blue, green meadows, and dark soil;
You are of the earth, and soul that never dies,
None of your feelings, that touched me shall foil.
And if I miss their colors, or their oil,
I'll be troubled, until heaven them clarifies;
I don't think your beauty, my eyes will spoil,
Even when memories pass, and time flies.
We have our love, in each our dream and scope,
And whatever wealth and fate therein brings;
Though let there be, in each our word some hope,
So later on, this harmony then sings.
Each effort's worth it, if we have tried with care,
For we did this, for those we love so dear.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 71, I'LI Be Dreaming

I'll be dreaming forever in my mind,
And wishing upon every blinking star;
Leaving all lonely memories well behind,
Because I'm going to reach out and far.
Sometimes I dreamt dreams that went to nowhere,
I started gazing though windows at night;
Looking at forgotten dreams here and there,
For I didn't know they were lost in the twilight.
And when stars on heaven started their blinking,
I found emptiness inside me came along;
I noticed yesterdays and begun thinking,
That my life's empty like a lonesome song.
But I stood up, for here's a brand new day,
And my luck may turn yet, and come this way.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 72, I'LI Be Regretful

I'll be regretful if I seek them in vain,
Songsters that so softly tunes to me bring
And give me pleasures without any pain,
As when the first of colours come in spring.
The fruits of life are all in shades of green,
That nature gives when first she is in bloom
And all there is of feelings in between,
Until the autumn comes as fallen groom.
With colours darker laying on each way,
Like dove sleeping silently under wing;
Softly and white in winters overlay
When birds have flown and nature can not sing.
It is like love that comes of feelings first
And then in yearnings on and on will thirst.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 74, I'M Going...

I'm going in deepest of unknown space,
Searching with a kindle, not clear or bright;
I'll be flying dimensions, hours of grace,
Close to daybreak and the fullest of night.
Like a bird in dark with one pair of wings,
Flying across oceans, somewhere not known;
Or a singer who searches on, as he sings,
A seed from a fragile bloom not yet grown.
Ah dear friend, perhaps likewise, so are you:
Knowing not yet where your fate is going;
Into the distance, in haze and in blue,
Mountain root moss there seems all to be glowing.
Unclear quite now, is each of futures seeing,
But when crossed over, there dwells each being.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 75, I've A Dream To Tell

I've a dream to tell I did not know before,
Flying like autumnal leaves in the wind;
What it is and why it is - I'm not sure,
For words to this I never could find.
Of hopes and pleasures one can not tell,
Momentarily they are coming and going;
Each for a short breath here only will dwell,
And then again back, like the wind it's blowing.
Yes, so are life and our joyful longings all,
They come and go - just briefly stop here by;
When withering wishes give us a call,
At moments when a dreamy thought we try.
These dreams are all full of stirring emotions,
Coming and going in promising potions.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 76, If I Would Pass Tomorrow

If I would pass tomorrow I would be lost,
For I have not found existence at all;
Every flower that gets around tossed,
Will give up its life before there is fall.
Escape in moments that are with us stilled,
All days to be forgot, as hours pass by;
Nothing comes back that the minute has spilled,
It loses its grip and breaks up each tie.
Fountains of our youth are treasured within,
Dimly come the moods that dwell there hidden;
Fate with all outlooks takes the roundest spin,
All what is useless, oblivion's ridden.
Drift not for your answers into the strait,
Hours and the minutes for none ever wait.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 77, If Love Is All

If love is all that you surely can feel,
Why should it then come here and comfort me?
For such is love it goes and turns time's wheel,
And let the past in forgetfulness be.
You say then now, 'here is my loving dear,
Be grateful to each passion I can give';
But I say so, 'I can not see you here,
And then there is nothing for me to live'.
Each playful heart takes two to be as one,
And if it's not, there is no compromise;
And all you longed for will be surely none,
For each not known, can never reach its highs.
Then love is nothing till the first of glow,
For then it is from one you only know.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 78, If You Are A Poet

If you are a poet then carry the flame,
That is burning of fire within a soul;
And gives you vision and a certain role,
But firstly you must learn how this to name.
For words and sentences are hard to frame,
You can not walk both evenly and stroll;
Or be both a mountain and little mole,
For they are eager to be not the same.
With each heart lies a different kind of route,
Directions to be found if you know where,
Are you a poet then first seize its anguish:
The sweetest of taste or the sourest of fruit,
Each different to other with various flair,
For try to feel others - is merely a wish.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 79, If You Repeat Yourself

If you repeat yourself, words become dull,
Only emptiness without any reason;
And every sentence, just fluffy and null,
It's to good poetry, - lust and treason.
If words don't fly twisted from a soul within,
And content is there to answer you not;
Fly to the horizon, - edge of the spin,
Giving of your soul and all you have got.
Never be with posies, withering soon,
Going to no oceans, between a line;
Dying before you, - have them ready, flowers,
Like everything else that aspires in June.
Diverse moods you must conquer and refine,
Poet is the wizard, whose words empowers.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 8, All Summer Love...

All summer love I feel in hearts today,
For it is this time of season - now here,
Where I go to nature for sightings play
And later with others my pleasures share.
For it is of growth and flowers to see
That I can't admit or willingly complain,
Spirit of gold comes from greenness of tree,
The others are merely seen all in vain.
Each colour seen is delightful to eyes,
Roses in bed in the prime of their shades,
The living of things when summer is high;
But time does not stand still and flower dies,
The garden of summer in colours fades,
For it's because of life that one must die...

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 80, In Deepest Dark

In deepest dark, a spirit moves a word,
In search of lights that floods on clouds from here;
There is no ending there for a songbird,
Just the clock, fate with time will know and share.
The steps will lighten and clear up dark,
From a pen with wings, that searches each disguise;
If it's with songs from nightingale or lark,
The word will clear and forward spirit flies.
My soul to keep, each saying as it goes,
The dawn has come, moving on brightly sphere;
From intrusive, other thoughts from onward grows,
Because everything's drifting far and near.
So all insight's of intellectual first,
And second then, poet's poetic thirst.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 81, In Each These Seasons

In each these seasons there should be love to all,
Though new things come to bring us forth in hours;
Passion's in every human's heart and call,
Such trust enforces and minutes empowers.
Let days thus shine into the dateless night,
And bringing moments to their brightest high;
Affection's best of all the human's right,
And is the beacon our heart should comply.
What heart can find you should not lose or break,
Nor give hate for there is no need for con;
Each love's a feeling tender to up wake,
To carry across and move us further on.
Your love is what will stay in time and close,
Don't let it pale out like a summer rose.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 82, In Every Season...

In every season there's another thought,
That stands out and gives you still more to know;
Which generations 'fore us to us brought,
And forward to be acknowledged and grow.
For every sentence and word time has done,
Other meanings for generations fresh,
Than those that were sought for and are now gone;
Though a meaning from the past is none less.
They tend to be forgotten with time and year
And regenerate more than I can tell,
In every thought is more than seen in there
And only imagination can with it all do well.
So if I think of this, that has been said,
I know there is more in there than now's had.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 83, In Hope There Is A Fire...

In hope there is a fire that keeps burning,
In a flaming candle that lightens each day,
In there, is a future constantly turning,
To what it is worth and crossing our way.
We have our futures; they come and get lost,
With what they have to offer, in everything,
Then into nirvana they are again tossed,
Memories of love songs we used to sing.
Fly away time to the end of each year,
You shall not return, for eternity,
You once were of hope, while you were still here,
Though now you remain only inside, to be.
Each day that's gone is of dream only now:
We'll keep on walking and manage somehow.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 84, In The Hearts Of Summer...

In the hearts of summer I have there found,
A colourful nature I love and adore,
Its awakening pleasures are sure and sound,
And always at each step one finds there more.
Your glow of sunshine and flowers in earth,
The growth that comes when the seeds find their way,
With strength of life in time of their birth,
When dusk has left in the dawn of the day.
I love you well, oh routings to my fate,
That has given all joy that life has shown
And creators' wisdom therein well lies.
Each morn you give is of thought and debate,
To bear witness the love that you have grown,
But does not dwell still, the hour away flies.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 86, Is There Another Way...

Is there another way to your heart?
For every love have reasons of its own;
Desire, where everything is meant to start,
For nothing in there, is plainly all shown.
Doors will be open to what lies in quite,
Marvels of thoughts, with each pleasure unborn;
Nothing is old and nothing wrong or right,
Everything's still fresh and newer outworn.
Feelings with ties to many different ways,
Coming and going, for love is at stake;
Some are so special, others for workdays,
Many for real, others: like a handshake.
We have the power to gratify our soul,
Give every meaning, a feeling and role.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 87, Is There Time...

Is there time to change when wings won't fly away?
I've been looking through my passed now,
Each new step that comes in tomorrow's day:
Walls of glasses, but still I manage somehow.
Trees of life will grow up if you're ambitious,
Future's unknown to each one on the street;
Even the shadow from the moon's suspicious,
When you see it growing large around your feet.
Growing madness and horror stories around,
Broadcasting it live to annoy us all,
Lost in anew and old is newer found,
Excitement's coming from further down the mall
On our way, we begin to learn, to know,
What is rusting fast and what will onward glow.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 88, It Stood Like Starlight...

It stood like starlight in the darkest hour,
The enlighten ways of the unknown fate;
A distinguish illuminated power,
This came from the darkest hours moments straight.
I see no light in the hours growing still,
That bends the ways where fate has given oath
And are in minds to wake you up and trill:
Glowing flickering light with poets' troth.
Enlighten will not wait for a conclusion,
As strings of each feel, instigate from hearts:
Each experience's nothing but illusion
That comes to you and then as quickly departs.
There stands the mortal man before detection,
He can't hold his place, nor any direction.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 89, It's A Great Day Today

It's a great day today for feeling fine,
Moments come so full in the autumn wind;
With sun that glisten with its brownish shine,
So all the sightings are kind of tin-skinned.
The pearls of water fall down from the sky,
Trying to make dry soil again revive;
These are the tides and minutes that standby,
For winter and frost again comes to live.
September is the month of yellow mood,
It's a transform time then - with freshness too;
As earth in tintings and life is reviewed,
Before again it becomes born quite new.
Both land and time aging steadfastly run,
And both continuing making things done.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 9, All The Colors

All the colours will be coming in soon,
After winter lays down its cold and frost;
First there is April then May, and then June,
Greyness of earth completely gone and lost.
The redness of a rose I forward do look,
For long in the dark did seedling lie still;
Even more alive's the flow of a brook,
When it flows again and falls from a hill.
When greenery comes with pleasures foretold,
There is no way the winter could survive;
Colourful summer its delight times unfold,
And bring back again every joy to live.
Colours and blooming how lovely you are
Now that you are close in time - not too far...

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 91, Let Love Be Love

Let love be love, in mostly everything,
And all newborn dreams - come true in every way;
Let earth's hearts for each loving always sing,
Let burning night lights become the new day.
You are to me - the one, who gives so much,
When my heart's quite absent and out alone;
Love and feelings: affection to a touch,
You will give to love and the rightful tone.
Let love be love, so full of harmony,
It has its wishes to accomplish now;
Bringing in these feelings, to you and me,
Knowing there is a way, there in, somehow.
Though summer is gone in a winter's song,
A heart with these feelings - is always young.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 92, Let Me Dream

Let me dream away my heart, oh my heart,
For I know I love too much and burn thus up;
All my days, filled with love that can't depart,
I must thus this sweetness drink from my fate's cup.
For I know no way to stop or give aside,
This pleasure, that is from my soul and burns;
And thus my feelings to and fro thus glide,
Like a merry-go round it forever turns.
Love is like day and night, in contrasts ways,
Each my feeling arouses another flame;
Thus is my life, a war between two plays,
Though I change moods, this world stays all the same.
So let me dream, for I may be just on:
A dream of dreams, that into a dream is gone.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 93, Let My Heart Sing To You...

Let my heart sing to you, all tender words,
That may have flown away with butterflies,
Like the singing of all the summer birds;
So is my love, with all errors and tries.
Everything that's of day, and of the night,
Both of summer roses and daffodils,
Giving my feelings, an eternal flight,
Over the mountains and across the hills.
Like first things in spring, in clear sky and blue,
Breezes that sigh, or dances in the trees,
All my tender words, I bring home to you,
A harmony, our loving only sees.
Song of a sweet melody, never ending,
To you, through my longing times, I am sending.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 94, Let Not Life's Wasted Moments Make You Sad

Let not life's wasted moments make you sad,
For day will come when you will have more joy;
As it is like with every instant once had,
Constant feelings to them contrasts employ.
And pleasures not be forbidden to your beauty,
Though use them wisely as they come and go;
Even if they are exotic too and fruity,
And underneath their embroideries may glow.
For not every that is here now distilled,
May be of treasure when the time goes by;
For dreams can vanish never be fulfilled,
How hard one even with them should or try.
Each moment spent may be so many ways,
In contrast different like the nights and days.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 97723, 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 feelings and colors so strong
Drop away shadows that were on the lawn,
Drive up the spirits that from a wing spawn
Where voices of earth gave its 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 each dream is gone into far ...

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet 99, Like I Always Knew...

Like I always knew that your heart could bleed,
I knew of bitter taste that life could give,
But never for a mercy did I plead,
For nothing as experience can relive.
Emotion from a heart is an entrust
That resolves from the roots to its own,
You can not mend it to your will or adjust,
For feelings before that, are all out flown.
Even time won't heal the most harmful word
That is spoken hasty in angry desire,
For into soul it wounds, as flesh from spurred
And kindles up a hate, like that of fire.
Life bargains only for what it is paying,
No matter what one effort are or saying.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet Of A Dream

The wind whispers from the leaves of the trees
An unknown tune of colors and grass
You'll hear the footsteps of tomorrow as it comes
From a distance of silences to your ear

In the gleaming of the beginnings of daylight
You have thoughts about a dream you broke away
There is freshness in the light behind the clouds
In you're mind you thought about the hours ahead

Then when you go to your about in the garden
Visiting roses and lilies that confound your heart
You feel that tomorrow has already arisen

And with him who has your soul and your bearings
You hear the eternal voice of an unknown tune
Be it fate of tomorrow as it again comes

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet Of Contrasts

A pleasure of love in sweet summer day,
Is calling through the bracing onward players;
Some dreariness is in its harp and play,
All tempers of dreams on lush earthly layers.

Life blossoms have given joy and its tears,
Filled up their spell from summer fireside;
Blossoming days to the darkness and years,
As their moments through existence has glide.

Rainbows are falling with the days and rain,
Giving their hope in the coming spellbound;
Summer set days to the autumn for pleasure,
Heart ticks the beat in happiness or pain;
Coming with the tides around and around
Full of life's sorrow or happiness treasure

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet Of Daybreak

The hour is like the morn light that comes so fine,
And gives its splendor and hope in each one;
When new is the time and minutes in sun,
Path with the first footsteps that onward shine.
Breaking up in the colors and to combine,
Clearance and the shades that never are done;
Everything that gives and goes when its gone,
When last of the gleaming dies with the line.

Now lay a rest for the evening to come,
The night will be dancing in wind and dreams,
And give breath away to more darker mold;
Till again freshness awakens blossom,
And new thought emerges in downhill streams,
Everything of light no darkness can hold.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet That Loves - My Sweetest Rose

My sweetest rose of summer's morning neat,
With sky above so blue and far from sight;
Each of your line more perfect and compete,
Than anything that in this world is finite;
And all my love is likewise roses and buds,
Flowery shade that in autumn's complete;
Never to dry up like the earthy fluids,
Only be in hearts sometimes bittersweet.
Wonderful flame of joys in this faint life,
Silent struggle between each day and night;
Every such a longing we need and is rife,
What will bring us on the road again right;
Summer sweetness so fresh in the morns air,
That all is everything we won't despair.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet To "music Is Melody"

Everything depends on the melody
With all its singing so sweetly there drawn
Tone to a tone in its pure simplicity
To carry those harmonies on and on

Beautiful splendor in its cleanness way
Everything waking into its dreaming
Tones of colors in their most interplay
Something of love to distances deeming

That a heart wants' to listen to and applause
With many feelings that never will go
Two jointly more closely it always draws
On to the instance moods of high and low
There may be variance in the kick and the snare
But it's Melody that goes from here to there

*If you want to have a listen to my music, please Google like this: 'Peter S. Quinn' - and then listen to my melodies...; -)

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet To Anna Akhmatova (...To Her, Sonnet 'Il Me Remet En Mon Premier Malheur'* Louise Labé)

Shadows to your fate is another charm
Into the night that did not recognize your love
Only dissentients what cloud material's of
Motley jester inside blackness stiff-arm
Righteousness' state each its ice-cold gendarme
You were goddess of the virtues above
Sweet song of the rustling whispering dove
Incantation evil can not take or harm

Divine of peace partake melting the ice
River of words flowing watery ways
Sunshine of recommence space in silence
Magic spellbound your heart without lies
Dreamer in the garden of your own days
Each what you were never from earth shall blench

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, All Things Must Pass

All things must pass 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 a 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

Sonnet, Because I Love You

I do love you like a day meets new spring
As fresh seeds grow on to be flowers free
In my heart is a song that to you shall sing
Endless fires as your passion touches me

I love you endlessly like the starry sky
Deep in night to the morning novel hour
Thru each step that we take as times fly
Like a bee loves summer nectarine flower

Each and every turning's in tide's game
When together we are truly and flying
All true love is endless never the same
Giving hope in all its fire never dying

Because I love you my love is always new
Meeting days with new expect coming through

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Butterflies - A Love Song

Butterflies, oh sweet little butterflies,
Soft is you freedom - like the velvet clouds;
Drifting through the air right before my eyes,
And then hiding, where the horizon enshrouds.
Your dusky wings like love into the night,
With the moon reflective - like bluish gold;
I sighted, in the last of summer flight,
Though none your blooming dreams I could behold.
Each soft flight, is like a love song - tenderly,
When swiftly through the flower buds you go;
Like in every fairy tale you fly free,
Away spreading wings into sunshine glow.
I'll wait for next year to have dreams with you,
Till then, my love songs flit into the blue.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Butterflies - A Love Song (From My Poetry Site At The Starlite Cafe)

Butterflies, oh sweet little butterflies,
Soft is you freedom - like the velvet clouds;
Drifting through the air right before my eyes,
And then hiding, where the horizon enshrouds.
Your dusky wings like love into the night,
With the moon reflective - like bluish gold;
I sighted, in the last of summer flight,
Though none your blooming dreams I could behold.
Each soft flight, is like a love song - tenderly,
When swiftly through the flower buds you go;
Like in every fairy tale you fly free,
Away spreading wings into sunshine glow.
I'll wait for next year to have dreams with you,
Till then, my love songs flit into the blue.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Conquer Deep Sky With True Wings (From, Poet On Www)

Conquer deep sky with true wings of the fire,
Love is the turning and forth - from within;
My heart is spinning destinies full of desire,
With flight from my soul - the half of a twin.
Places to anywhere with treads that I find,
Weeds that are secrets - air to river edge;
Ground that is not rooted - freedom that is blind,
Each what's not of this world - iris bloom sedge.
Pick what is confided in shape and hue,
Threads of casual nothing in its hour and wall;
To the exact center what is tried and true,
For the fog's here to enter mid-air call.
When your ship goes to the dark ocean shore,
You will know times fulfillment ways and score.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Darkness Oh Sweet Fountain (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Darkness oh sweet fountain before this spring
The night that washes ashore new delight,
Hours in winter that still have more to sing
In step by step lightless until all is bright;
The unlock of tide's edge that depth will show
Alone and between me and the darkness,
The morning that comes with first of dawn's glow
From oceans between - always new and fresh.

In mornings to come - the new fragrance fire
With freshness in air through late evenings,
The graceful summer we all must adore
When our hearts fill up with love and desire.
Body and soul together again sings:
How deep we're drowned by wishing for more.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Dreams Of Summer

Dreams of summer are coming in glow mist
From love's sweet flowers of evening and night
Who maturing sun has blessed with its light
Each leaf of greenery with sunshine kissed
Oh love sweetly love now is your fresh turn
To give of your feelings once more so much
Apples in glowing and affectionate touch
Each with its days yearning and freshness burn
Where blue the sky is budding in fairness far
Guarding the earth in its blossoming spring
With feelings of value to know who you are
And inside from heart with delight now sing
Sweet summer in tincturing shadings so fine
Now bring joy season in pureness and shine

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Each Day Has A Song

Each day has a song for a moment to sing
New in with a feeling - each of its own
Happy or quite moody what a day might bring
Presence and passing each of special tone
Coming quick down at times someone to please
Seconds and the minutes making them through
Light and dark songs - melodies to appease
Drinks of time's beauty - quaffed to the new

In day by day with its delicate glow
From hours before with the dreams that have gone
The mist has its way - not everything to show
Time goes by when each reverie is done
To where do they depart - lovely songs to hear?
Like burn from new morn they slowly disappear

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Fine Weaving's Of White

All nature is now in its glistening snow
Stirring the road with fine weaving's of white
Through this moment of blue blackness and night
Whereas moon sketch its light in flickering glow
Dream scape of nature forever will flow
As there are dreams to sing in endless flight
Through every hour of slumbering light
On to the moments that muster here and go

Blooms of tomorrow shall give of their seed
Everything streaming from its hour to hours
Like autumn in colors from yellow red bled
So shall the seeds grow up to be flowers
Oh bloom true life and give your truest of way
So we'll as one walk into coming day

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, For A White Rose (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Enchanting like evening for a white rose
When the darkly days be in the twilight,
Of the first hours of dawn that comes too bright
When face of dark becomes a light that grows;
And all that gave unknown dark power goes
The first of day's fire in new morning flight,
From sky in deep blue horizon its first of sight
When the stage becomes flowing spark that glows.

We are like weak straws in the fields of day
With all our wishes - for some are to die,
Lose into the dark be unborn again;
Like day meets the dark in sunlighting ray
Dawn anew is born in the darkblue sky,
All life is thus two - meet death to begin.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Forget Adelaide (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Forget Adelaide for she could not give love,
Like the morning sky or dusky twilight;
Only what is in heart and from above,
Will know all of these feelings wrong from right.
Like a melody it lingers with soft touch,
And burns like fire inside the pale pink skin;
For every desire says I love you so much,
From what I feel and from the deep within.

Brittle like the rose that its thorns must hide,
Each the lover's footstep comes and then goes;
Moods that adjust to the day and coincide,
Before it loses its last sparkle that glows.
Forget those that whisper love that's untrue,
For all what is false will soon say adieu.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, From The Ocean Deep (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The daylight is young from the ocean deep
Where earth things come alive in the sunrise,
When the blue from yonder opens and sigh
Awakes to life from a wait and asleep;
The hours from dark from the colors instep
Closer earth songs will be heard in the skies,
When the pretty lives young open its eyes
Music from the wild once again will sweep.

To ears with beauty like never before
The moments so friendly and far underneath,
Lifted and shattered by the breathing gust;
That brought the ocean tide onto the shore,
That comes from the deep dark in the ET
When the waves comes inert in the high boost.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Give Me A Hope Of Love (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Give me a hope of love if my heart breaks
Whatever is here waiting I wonder,
In all my thoughts drift away and ponder
As the mind again to reality awakes;
From the alone fantasy the heart takes
What is rejoined and what is asunder,
When there is flame in what is there under
Returning to soft from feelings of rakes.

Is the end now coming to times right here
When there is burning desire to play with,
Has there been lost words from across caring?
What can we say if all goes to nowhere
And love in my heart is all like a myth,
That got me going crazy with awing.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Golden Brown To Red

Time comes in slowly and sometimes too fast
Instance to give to each sudden calling
Moment's ticking occasions some stalling
Bringing forward every brimming life's cast
Pictures pending recollections from past
Like departing wings from the air falling
Summer's leaving river is now sprawling
Shrinking of the cascade into the vast

No more exultant season forward to bring
Listen to the beat of the autumnal coil
As it comes closer with its weather blow
Hear the old thoughts abide as the leaves sing
Giving back their glory to the auburn soil
Golden brown to red - in their splendid glow

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Green Hollow Dale (In Winter)

The green hollow dale's in slumbering mood
Of flowers catching glow of new sunshine
In dreams of summer flowing in its fine
Of days going by in their intermit elude
Yesterday's winter of barren trees nude
Shivering in wind of its frosty intrude
Stretching the barriers through the sky deep line
To openness of futures lime and brine
That comes like silver to be multitude

Dreams in the quivering warm from the cold
Into earth breast that still lies here sleeping
Nothing for long this liveliness can hold
It from spreading jade and thus beauty keeping
All that's emerald is still though in its hold
But soon with new spring it starts to unfold

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Hours Of Reverie

Aspiring moments of the day through dark
Beside every hour that is going by
Filling with amber yellow morning sky
Glowing like gold on the horizon spark
Yesterdays eyelids in timeless embark
As fiery heavens away in twilight die
Through mist of their moods that on and on lie
To deep of the oceans that sleep now arc
Death-weight nocturnes dancing on waves
Through the moments going to the twinkling stars
Hours of reverie for the deep that craves
For time that is coming in shine boudoirs
Between every touch that is gleaming
With days going by in each their own dreaming

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, How Strange's This Feeling (From, The Lost Sonnets)

How strange's this feeling so full of a fright:
When hours are deeper and darker more still,
When there is no room for the heavenly light
And nothing of love shall prosper at will;
I woke up so early but then dimmed the sky
And onto my shoulders the darkness was shown,
I thought I'd fall down and last breath out fly
And into hollow dim fall like a stone.

The words are like leaves that are waded away
When after summer autumn comes with rain,
Before the frost lays the lake with a freeze;
Sun I had one summer and then for a day:
All beauty be measured simple and plain,
Though some have its clothings in fine cointise.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, If You Think (From, The Lost Sonnets)

If you think love will hold on to you tight,
Notice love is turning around every day;
You may be in places wrongly or right,
Whatever's lost may be coming your way.
It can be hard to catch a burning flame,
Without meaning to give it affirmation;
For the fire never stays exactly the same,
It turns around the horizon like a beacon.

A heart that ticks and ticks is never empty,
It'll burn its flames long into the dark night,
For joy is there to challenge the morning sun;
And every gleaming that is aberrancy,
For fire of feelings has lots of appetite,
That carries adoration more until done.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, I'll Call Upon You

I'll call upon you summer butterfly,
When fertile spring comes in freshly again;
With colours to fill meadows and the sky,
Nuance becomes new spring's artillerymen.
When a day grows up in sweet fragrant strong,
To fulfil and release the puerile spirit;
Our poem becomes an earth green song,
Dreaming and being affectionate.
And all that was in earth seeds so fragile,
Once more grows up fresh and ever so wild;
Like your wings are fluffy and erectable,
So is my youngish breast in spring profiled.
Summer goddess grow up thy coronal,
Before again winter comes to your bridal.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, I'LI Whisper To Those Lips

I'll whisper to those lips, I've kissed and died for,
And if you have forgotten my arms and name;
I'll not be tormented, or grieving heart blame,
If there will be none feelings of love, - no more.
For all the glass and sounds of life, may soon roar,
So love that had been tempted, time may tame;
For grace of memories diminish all shame,
And brings back neglected ones, missed for sure.

Though still in the winter stands that lonely tree,
With tunes that once were sung, and are now gone;
In silence and hope, it will grow from start,
Carry life of summer, coming to its lawn.
So love that's past, it once again can free,
From death comes spring and grows from winter's heart.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Imagined Poems (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Our imagined poems are like mythmakin'
They fill your heart with strangest singing too,
And each of them is like those that are new
And lightly not to the real ones be taken;
For words are here for thoughts to be awoken
Give a meaning that will fill or be true,
And they will be a partner in time due
If they're not derelict or be mistaken.
With words into thoughts you can fly away
Wishes to be born and make dreams seem real,
Every small hope to be alive again;
Nothing you wised for will lead astray
For those are just thoughts you alone will feel,
Gone within a moment - simple and plain.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Let Me Become...

Let me become your guardian angel,
For tomorrow comes while you sleep;
Your heart is quite fragile and abysmal,
For your love is so longing and deep.
And if some sorrow becomes accessible,
I will give a pair of eyes full of smile;
So the world becomes again acceptable,
Comforting with joyous thoughts for awhile.
Like the summer wind that whispers softly,
To the earth and forest as it goes by;
Full of faithfulness and tranquility,
Only true trust can catch and beautify.
Fly on my wings to Never Never Land,
I will there all your feelings understand.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Let The Good Earth (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Let the good earth give you rightful courage
From inside and out with it all about,
With what you were given to stir in astir
Inspired and made to be complete devout;
Like the on thing what is so much trust worth
In what you felt all like before it and then,
When your accomplishments goes forth like a firth
In what you know and therefore if you can.
The way to begin is simple yet so true
You don't need to turn the page tomorrow,
For all what it implies is in the sky blue;
Yes all of earth's wisdom is my agra,
Take just what you will need and nothing more
For life's nothing but a hidden astore.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Let There Be Another Day (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Let there be another day after moonlight
For the sun must come and shine in beauty,
And give of inspiration and of broody
To carry behind all of yesterday's blight;
That had come into this world with a fright
For it is to our feelings and of duty,
To wash out the thoughtless and the moody
That all of hatred to the heart bedight.

Each tongue endurance concept outweighs pride
That is in absence of all moral pain,
To disesteem ours to drowsy shadows;
For each of them will come and be beside
What torture is in darkness and amain,
Like nothing of the green there ever grows.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Life Is Pains And Again Pains

Life is pains and again pains to be borne
With every love that has some hope to gain,
Though we come across days when there is pain
For there is something in us all to adorne;
On ahead roads that seem hopeless and worn
Especially those where passion is alane,
We seek for compassion all in a vain
For the world has forgotten and forlorn.

Gazing at the days that are in front of me
Armored with the hopes that blossoms with care,
I will find the way for much is to know;
All desperate cry again must come free
Though hard are moments to speak of or bear,
For vineyards of love in heart roots must grow.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Light Of Plummet Days

Light of plummet days is now here going by
Filling hours with slumber brightness on
The fields are luminous with noon sky
Oh heart of songs will be here - until gone
Each new tone still gaily yonder ahead
Filling the weeks with something of its bright
Love is like I know - never gone to dead
For still there is too much of summer's light!

Come fill my heart with threads of feelings fine
So I may know how much these views are dear
And every day be worthy of its sunshine
In giving colors that life's joy could steer
Still music fills the fields in summer's shade
Though every tone singings now somber made

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Like Dry Withering Leaves

Words blown away like dry withering leaves...
And only memories remain for awhile
There is love in this sudden of cold grieves
With its yellowish and red amber beguile
The days are falling into the shadows row
Like scattering leaves on cobblestone
Those meet their destinies in autumn glow
When every heart stands in a beat alone

The beautiful daydreams that still go by
Filling the moments with twilight's evening
Narrowing brightness though the darkish sky
Still like harmonious in my memories sing
Contemplation of the tincturing fall
Those through time and moments for awhile call

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Love Is Forever

Love is forever in its disturbance vow
With lashes to lift and come to life
For all in each love is onward to strife
Come plainly through that moments allow
To bring inside ever its fullest and how
That bruises and cuts each instant rife
Each of each corner has edges like knife
Where the hidden blossoms of nests will grow

Oh live again in the air to become free
To bring every house to the roster on
Bewildered spirit that natures own prone
Nothing shall rest or turn out to be
When life in its gilding has flowered and gone
And you in your peace are left there alone

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Love Is Like An Angel

Love is like an angel that comes and goes,
Sweetly flowered of the emotions past;
Summer songs and autumn that can't last,
Everything that in fable memory grows.
What is this but of feelings? a heart only knows,
And rich in every variations contrast;
In all its diversities rooted and grassed,
With songs from your life it sings and borrows.

Swirly Stars fallen from heaven to die,
Into the time of dark they'll sleep away,
With autumn leaves and brownish layered rust;
Like of earth that again will say goodbye,
When colours wither and then go astray,
For all what is love returns to earth's dust.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Love Song For Peace

I'm with a heart firmly in graceful peace,
I believe in those dreams for all mankind;
For each love in the world, feelings increase,
And for this, none injustice be confined.

Like a summer river is the passion repose,
Or the passing breeze to the butterflies;
Where the weakest sits on the bud of a rose,
And with its smallest wings to the sky flies.

Let there not be war when love is with you,
In the coming times with the morning bright;
Let our feelings and trust be a breakthrough,
Like the new dawn from the darkest of night!

If peace be weak, - it's because we care not,
And more to belligerence then allot.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Love Song To The Unborn

Tonight I look for our touching moments,
No words in the heart ever could speak of;
Every love that's inside - flying lights fragments,
Waking with whisperings from stars with love.
Speechless, timeless, nothing but our feelings!
Poetry of deep, space and stars in the hay;
Rhythms glowing in light - flowing that springs!
Shining through the silences, so faraway.
Swallowing black holes with white spirals,
Galaxies turning to the fire inside;
With fragile twinkles - dancing oceans angels,
Entwine in time beyond reason's relied.
Quietness of souls in dimension's with God,
Who'll speak to you in the hour of applaud.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Loveliest Love...

Loveliest love increases its desire
With affectionate feelings that never dies
Reaches through time and always again tries
To kindle again blaze from low glowing fire
Contracting its moods in memories gone
With light flames of the heart and its glow
In the feelings that profusion lie and flow
And carries its sweetness forever on
The world is in freshness to give so much
And bring all the beauty to be there shown
It needs only love to further its touch
Never to be left alone on its own
Desire of love can be dreams coming true
The world is abundance and divergent too

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Loveliness Gives...

Loveliness gives and much it takes
And brings out the best of each legacy
Bequest nature's feelings to put them free
A seed of the heart timelessly wakes
Its beauteous beauty is all there to teach
The flowers in bouquets to give and use
And some profitless conquer to fall and lose
When too great is its amount to bring and reach
So much of our sweetest self does deceive
And pointlessly goes forward each to find
It acceptable then sums into its grieve
For love is long gone and has left you behind
Your unused beauty is there to befall
When times are rightful in each their call

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Love's All In The After Hours

Love's all in the after hours I assume,
Like beautiful inspiring mood from inside,
The milder descending ingrowing bloom
That within the roots of the heart will hide;
Unburdened with any ascending hope
Striped down to faintly roots there grown,
The mountain that peaks and handles the rope:
Gives me courage - shows me, I am not alone.

I confess, my heart is beating fairly proud,
Permitting no weeping from love away,
Sometimes seeing no paths in front of me;
Like everything has its existence endowed,
For all what will come - disappear or stay,
I know what I feel isn't all what I see.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Love's All In The After Hours (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Love's all in the after hours I assume
Like beautiful inspiring mood from inside,
The milder descending ingrowing bloom
That within the roots of the heart will hide;
Unburdened with any ascending hope
Striped down to faintly roots there grown,
The mountain that peaks and handles the rope:
Gives me courage - show me I am not alone.

I confess, my heart is beating fairly proud
Permitting no weeping from love away,
Sometimes seeing no paths in front of me;
Like everything has its existence and doubt,
For all what will come - disappear or stay,
I know what I feel isn't all what I see.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Love's Clement Moments...

Love's clement moments are never the same
They touch with lovely gaze but do not dwell
And burn in their instances turning flame
Each outcome is varied without a foretell
The never resting time back and forth in pace
Whirling and confounding everything on
Bringing lusty leaves to their commonplace
Till each good look in bareness is gone
Their rising seeds of life are distilled around
Giving growth of beauty in the summer field
Pleasures of their growth inside heart is found
Everything of life to the world revealed
In recollections those flowers continue
Coming again from earth in beauties renew

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Modern Man (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Modern man is constantly through sorrow,
When again what he has lost has been found;
Is there a place for somewhere tomorrow?
Where a searching heart is not strictly bound?
Of any but from what it starts to assume,
That ever since then has shown its promise;
Like the river wild and the fairest bloom,
This in young spring returns to summer bliss.
Silent mornings that have been satisfied,
When the winter was still so full of snow;
All past memories tried to be beautified,
When your heart from these hours gave an echo.
The lost is lost like the wind in the trees,
Alone on their road of absorbencies.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, My Song

My heart like a song to remain little still
In its love of its everlasting string
From my miniature empire where I'm king
Of its glimpse and sparkle that I'll try to fulfill
Their ignites from skies of blue distil
For every beat of love eternal sing
Like orchestra colors in evening cling
Rolled up in transmigration and refill

The perfume of its posy I hope you 'll find
Through the soil and gardens that lift their hose
In each step of giving that you may there bind
Like beauty of love before it all goes
My song is to you whom are searching love
In the vapor of the afar and above

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, My Sweetest Rose (From, The Lost Sonnets)

My sweetest rose of summer's morning neat,
With sky above so blue and far from sight;
Each of your line more perfect and compete,
Than anything that in this world is finite;
And all my love is likewise roses and buds,
Flowery shade that in autumn's complete;
Never to dry up like the earthy muds,
Only be in hearts sometimes bittersweet.
Wonderful flame of joys in this faint life,
Silent struggle between each day and night;
Every such a longing we need and is rife,
What will bring us on the road again right;
Summer sweetness so fresh in the morns air,
That all is everything we won't despair.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Naively Forward (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Naively forward like the innocent wind
Shifting through clouds that are moving along,
To an unborn thought that comes in a song
Later when it is alive and designed;
Whatever the heart and it's content can find
What makes each breathing come weak on or strong,
When hours aren't ticking and moments prolong
And sky in evening colors - is up pinned.

Fancies that switches to patches to be
Climbing the faltering steps to the sprawl,
When the fingers of sky - eyes again please;
Dreaming awake when dawn alternates free
And the hour raises shadows on the wall,
From the outside flower garden and trees.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Now Winter Is Gone...

Now winter is gone and new summer is in
Distilling its moments of flowering fine
Colorful bouquets in beds of sunshine
With everything going into its win
Treasures of longing in the freshly air
Giving its pleasures to fill out and try
Open to futures in the clear sky
So much of moments happier to adhere
Love is a tryout finding questions of the heart
Sharing and making into prosperity
Nothing to lose or have a depressed impart
In coming seasons without austerity
Self-willed is life when figuring out trust
Conquest each giving for life to adjust

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Oh What A Beautiful Flaming Morning (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Oh what a beautiful flaming morning,
Red as the rose that in summer is born
And to every shadow its light is drawn,
Glitters the sky without any warning;
Radiance fire on the window will bring,
Grateful is my heart for all this adorn
When up wakes again in flames the dark dawn,
In peace it comes to play - in fiery sing.

Hush little waves on the wilderness lake
The forest's coming to life now for sure,
Springtime is ridding in with new colors;
Seeds in the soil now's your time to wake,
'Grow up to bloom be in fragrance once more'
Little frozen brook now gladly hollers.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Oh Yes It's So True (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Oh yes it's so true - all the world's a wish
That upon a star did shine for a while,
The perfect in ways and truthful in smile
All just some glory and hope for all this;
The jewel in the crown of enchanting bliss
Rightly or wrong where love grows to resile,
Nothing there in the heart to honor defile
Deep as roots that lie hidden in abyss.

Yes morning come to me and give me wings
To pass on to the world where Pegasus flies,
On the horizon of all the unborn dreams;
That from now on and in to future sings
So struggles of our past never abyes,
Where every effort - like a joy only seems.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Passion

The day is now in a dream of coming true
The passionate fate that slumbers in the night
Feelings that tower and sometimes light
Into eternal flame giving a renew
Each dream that is from darkish feelings thru
And reaches from the deep to oceans slight
With all its flow and glowing onward sight
That comes when dreams reality aren't two
Oh flower of passion forever in love
It's woven with verves of the sea inside
Like the drift of the clouds so far above
As days that to evening must later glide
The dreams of the hours so full of their state
All both close and afar in their debate

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Pretty Is Appealing...

Pretty is appealing for its shortest while
For time is the face that carries the form
Each that renews and repairs to its norm
Shows all ageless in its hidden beguile
So fair for moments before it is all tossed
Into disdains of the tillage of its prime
Its conservation and true master is time
That gives its wrinkles when beauty is lost
But love is from inside to grow to the out
Like glass that is shining in awareness
For it is of touch and moods there about
That gives and takes in each its fairness
Remembering moments are not long among
And so is it too with beauty and young

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Private Parking

A private parking on my occupied heart
The Inside story for some falling rain
Here is where my beat will wake up and start
Driving away all sorrows living pain
Easy going for its own remoteness drift
Giving and taking so much for the more
Like the clouds that up high shadows will lift
From the dreams of a fancy faraway shore

Many days and the many lightless nights
From the eyes of the far horizon line
I have found my picture in ongoing flights
In both raindrops and shimmering sunshine
When my private became more to the undo
Of the outside that twinkles here through

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Silencing And Becoming

Silencing and becoming more of the truth
Day turning to night in their deliver
The ongoing flow of unending giver
That comes to your spirit wisely forsooth
All that is said to transfer its fine couth
Of knowledge in this tenets wise river
Man in his breathing like breeze that quiver
From the inside of its deep timeless youth

Learn and you will know its garden and fruit
Flow of the tides in their forward going
Each step of the way in finding pursuit
With those wings in their flight of their knowing
Nothing stands still as time moves here on
Every glimpse of daybreak soon shall be gone

*(Forsooth = in truth; Couth=polish, refinement)

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, So Sweet (From, The Lost Sonnets)

So sweet is thy rose it gives greatest joy,
To live close and near to your music and words;
This comes from a garden - from the inwards,
They inspire this muse - nothing can there destroy.
Thy beauty is complex in single envoy,
With lines like roses or poppies vineyards;
Never to the mind have they lost to buzzards,
They come from the truest feelings employ.

Each hour then read more deeply in to this,
And know each line - its delicate poison, true,
Like lilacs or honeysuckle they are there;
For the troubled eyes to see inside to bliss,
And everything old they will renew,
For unto touched heart in feelings they bear.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Some Gave Hearts Freedom (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Some gave hearts freedom to every agnel
That stood test of time's celebrated hour,
Like those that were in ebony tower
And did not know what future could foretell;
For like a flower that in decline does smell
And berry fruits in higher trees are sour,
Or everything that dismiss or empower
Between what's sour and sticky caramel.

Revival may find not worthy debate
To ask such questions what all things come of,
For everything is either right or wrong;
Time will tell you this: art is but an ait,
The cloth that the tomorrow will doff,
For new things from the old will come along.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Summer Charmed Resonance

Summer charmed resonance soon to pass away
Arctic clearance of sky coming to awake
Seeds to the earth flowers icy shall make
Freshly new iciness into dawn's day
Every purpose plainly quietly to stay
All the blenching blossoms fading till take
Tranquil silver flowing from the hill's lake
With the forest's spirit alone to play

Fairy tales in slumber coming now in
With its motives stripped in the serene rain
Love's enchanted to contemplations gone
Dispersed realism hooked on every thought's sin
Flora that were beauty now are only plain
Winter's conduct struggles here to move on

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Summer Fields

I dreamt of the days in the summer fields
With plenty of everything woven to all
Each dream that tomorrow in heart there yields
Before there comes murkiness with the fall
Each song that fervor was dear to employ
Inquiring dawn's after each twilight
Those feelings that days and reality destroy
When there are no wishing stars falling at night

The squall is at ease that the evening gave
With songs to remember each love from you
And now I am here in my loneliness crave
What went out like blossoms out to the blue?
If again we shall meet and come to understand
It shall be in futures today can't command

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Swans Of Tomorrow

Swans of tomorrow of light and darkness
In beautiful days and evening grace
With love songs of the wild they do caress
In summer set moods and winter on days
Each dream they dance with the wings of the free
Of night longings forever there in lore
Their times of dreams forever to be
Like waves of ocean arrive to shore

Yesterdays were playing their longitude theme
Rising with the tides forever more
For passion is like river without time
A love song from heart that comes from dream
Reaches our existence in metaphor
As captivated mirages in night climb

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Sweet Music To Hear

Sweet music to hear in bright summer's day
In delights and joys of wonderful themes
Where each new bud into new color seems
Coming through bouquet's bed in its new earth lay
Dreaming of new spring in concords of sounds
Unions married in the harmonious blue skies
Each feeling confound in spring and summer tries
Going sweetly together in its joyful rounds
Strings of tunes in new daybreak rising
Filling every day in its truest delight
All in one pleasing with its surprising
Through the finding moments to the eve night
Songs of many joys growing in its splendor
When days are brightly in its truest tender

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Sweet Sounds (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Sweet sounds they sing to the world forever
As day becomes a night within an hour,
Or sunshine fills with clouds and rain shower
Tranquil blossom will grow and endeavor;
Become preserved in memories or never
Finely woven golden ray bower,
With emotions to enchant or empower
Pure to the highest - clear to the clever.

Oh fairy-tale reject me not in esprit mood
My raving moment the best I can give,
Your limbs in the air like voice of honey;
I find no moment pale nor proud or rude,
For all your singing is for me to live
And further out to the darkness I'll see.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, That Is In My Heart

Today is a dream that is in my heart
A feeling I have to give away
Love that comes here and will not depart
It's clear of new light of the day

Like dream that floats in the time of year
And gives of its pleasures more
My heart that keeps throbbing inside of here
Of all what's dreamy and all what's sure

This inside flower shall never get lost
If it will hold its beats in time
Though feelings of life forever get tossed
Its music shall still be in its prime

Oh love is all that matter inside there
Though time becomes memory everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The Bluish Flower (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The bluish flower of the heavens sky
Where raindrops fall from eyelids to the yirth,
And mortal men give to all mortal birth
And each of them will later surly die;
For life is here to grow and then say goodbye
All what is done is like the wind in worth,
It awakes in clouds far from home and mirth
Like stars in night that can not speak but cry.

Why is this so when honey from flowers drips
And gold and diamonds you can surly find,
And be of all your success very proud;
Still there now death you will kiss with you lips
And walk the street of life so very blind,
And shout where you don't need to be aloud.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The Day's Now Turning

The day's now turning to flickering dark
To wings of light that go from window to room,
Like the leaves of darkish unknown dream bloom
That into the twilight again will spark;
When sunshine sleeps in the red light of arc
And drowsy dream thoughts to the chamber come,
With shadows of deep dim that dances in gloom
And leaves behind thoughts that are full of cark.

The bemuse flowers where distortion's on,
The kingdom of dusk with radiant glare
Beneath a mask of an unborn first blush;
The night of wreath clouds and dimension rone,
Where battlefields of somber will abear
Till light arise new in sunrise fire rush.

Peter S. Quinn

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Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The Dusky Sea (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The dusky sea that lives to be master
Targets ahead in to the new future,
Morrrows fate with roaring alastor
And spoon filling hours in transferred suture;
Symphonic song that sway on the ocean
Scurry and pan with the unknown of deep,
Contrast in ways distress through commotion
What lies there hidden and still is asleep.

Wonders of thought that comes to consign
Imminent about nut in a new hull,
Dancing in waves to each other align;
The world of the profound raging to lull,
What is a future without any name?
Days to be found with hours ahead to tame.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The Ebbing Wave (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The ebbing wave of man's love's like a well
Or marvel of feelings that inside him grows,
It's like wind outside the window which blows
What lies inside a heart you can't foretell;
For love is a way unbound or in spell
Touches and moods and in eyes then glows,
Never complete of what one surely knows
Ebb and the flow of his sensory cell.

Where's this hope which in a heart beats and flies?
Will it be like a wingless songbird that sings
In a cage forever not being free;
All like a dream which then wakes up and dies
To reality that this world only brings,
What those feelings are inside you and me.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The Edge Of Time (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The edge of time that washed ashore
All the pitiful things that the world bought near,
Those withering feelings that gave a fear
And to assured affair like rust will abhor;
There is no thing like this or that before
Or what has happened in this of past year,
For memories are like a running tear
That dries away and is therefrom no more.

We must come to terms with dark that watches
The tears flowing from the sorrow faces,
When things are done that drag a soul more down;
When a night of foes the body touches
And a glinting war to the suffer gazes,
When peace has come and made the unrest lown.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The Gracious Light That Comes

The gracious light that comes in to dark deep
With flowers of the burning heat and shine
Each color drawn on to the horizon line
When dawn comes up for heart in love to keep
In looks of magnificence heavenly sky
Where the youth and its reassemble catch their thought
With beauty to adore and life its worth taught
Within given question in asking why
The wayfarer high most pitch in feeble delay
With every feeling that climbs its step up
And gives of touch its appearing and weigh
Like that of water that dries in times cup
The affable look that comes in days awake
And goes back with dim of nights murky take

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The Inland Woods (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The inland woods where men sometimes dwell
To be the first to see the hanging leaves fall,
For it's his season and therefore his call
To know what inner force to him compel;
For all he knows is in his initial well
And from its beginning must pully-haul,
Be in perspective there above it all
For later on - clear thoughts fade and dispel.

Quickly before sweet hours are all away,
Night descends over beauty like a woe
And all of the earth songs becomes lost again;
Side by side the minutes will betray
For the breeze in the woods must drift and blow,
Let us pray for life that's living - amen.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The Love That Goes On

Each day is like a glow on though the night
With love's aspiring into the dim deep
Like the weaving streams that the hours on keep
Until dawn comes and give its new light
Through the morning high of rise onward light
With wistful thinking for more in its sleep
That the hour's offers in their own winding reap
And wings on to the onward path and flight
Unclashed in the pendulous love between
Of growing serene of its giving thrill
Its passion of the heart that never is seen
But keeps its approach give and then to fulfill
The love that goes on in the wishes foretold
And mature in its deep to never grow old

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The Melody Lingers On

The melody of the song that lingers on
To faraway places that were born once,
When the time and the places gave us bunce
For each day is like contest or argon;
There is magnetic force from the tones drawn
That can linger on for days and for months,
Both of which are in harmony and uns
In what is to come and what has forgone.

If a tune's sweet and tender to new ways
It can bring recollections that were lost,
And it may shed a new light to the past;
There are moments in the forthcoming days
That become like the sand corns or the dust,
If we do not let their memories last.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The Moments And Hours (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The moments and hours are coming more clear
From darkening thoughts and spirits of grief,
Words been said - pass on like aperitif
And sometimes an advise away will steer;
We are to our believes all to adhere
Judge all history - what comes in a brief,
For that's man conviction to trust and belief
What stands to his breast most dearest and near.

There is a dim winter where one goes forth
Scatter around the dahlias and roses,
While the whimpered warning whistle cried;
Darkness's now dripping to earth bleeding swarth
Further into the denial closes,
The one suffering - who vanished and died.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The Moments Are Coming (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The moments are coming with spring again,
Sweet are the days - when seedlings do appear
Dearer more than words that I can write here:
Flowers from the sleep that in earth have been;
Broken chain of darkness - light now begin
Give the shadows shades, death its lonesome fear,
All the colors fresh that beauty now can share:
Winter slowly vanish into the foehn.

Love is like new spring when it starts to grow,
Holding my heart's key with fragrance in the air
And a bouquet of new roses in a vase;
First there are its footsteps in the grey snow,
Then there is a booming of growth everywhere:
All of weary darkness away abrase.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The Night Is So Many Faced (From, Dried Flowers)

The night is so many faced and lonely,
With things that lie hidden to coming day;
All the flowers of dark grow there only,
Spectrums from the colors red to the gray.

The rays of the light so vast as it is,
Handful of earth and what under there lies;
Where dreams of the days come in like new bliss,
Open up to the hidden fantasy skies.

Shades of the burning delights of dim rays,
Nocturnal skin multiplying twilight,
Constellations extinguished through dark things;

Each what in moods and the dreams interplays,
Giving the soul between secrets of the night,
Fires and love songs each eternally brings.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The Painter

The painter of the faraway deep sky
In colors of reddened yellow and blue
Knotting together the moments on tie
With beautiful tinctures coming thru
Lovable shades of the freshly morning
In dawn rising from dreams of sleeping still
Flowers of hidden and affable yearning
Futures to give and to abeyance fulfill

In the perpetuity flowing on light
Day to ages for the unknown coming
Foliage's of seasons and innocent feeling
Wings of the rising day and creation light
All what is in its knowledge and blooming
Taking aspirations to heights of its flight

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The River Of Dark

The river of dark is coming in blue,
For dusk of night is falling on the leaves;
And all of love that was given to you,
Will fall to sleepiness of lonesome and grieve.
Each tender love given secretly to heart,
Will be looked away in the dark twilight;
And each of the words that feelings impart,
Closes like the flower which falls to the night.
For love is like daytime giving us meaning,
Fiery like the wind coming from the plane;
Forest songs to where the trees are leaning,
Melodious and cautious then gone again.
Each heart is open like an open road,
You just have to learn its covert code.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The River Runs (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The river runs through the mountain of wild,
All things on this earth are born to be free;
Both what is made up or later compiled,
Some scenes hidden once we never could see.
Let's not go in judgment a bridge too far,
Even though you could say the fruits are sour;
For there might be an entry slightly ajar,
Giving you some knowledge from where is more.

Never lift the latch let this building fall,
If it's deference isn't truth among great,
I guess as for myself I'll keep its great mance;
For when all's lost I'll hear the distant call,
If it then for me very much is late,
I will have succoured entrance second chance.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, The Spirit Of The Earth (From, The Lost Sonnets)

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 feelings and colors so strong
Drop away shadows that were on the lawn,
Drive up the spirits 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

Sonnet, The True Beauties Song

This time is still in the true beauties song
And gives its way of gladness fresh own
Dreams in verdures that sometime is shown
Full of its way and aspiring in strong
Everything wandering and what you long
Feelings like the roots from under earth grown
Or bed of roses in bouquets fresh crown
Where nothing in nature can ever go wrong

Romances blend is each blossoming true
Filling with fragrances all the ways about
Like dreams in the air always to renew
Each moment's happiness never in doubt
Instant of beauties simple in its own touch
Giving of its gladness that we love so much

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

Sonnet, There Is A Garden (From, The Lost Sonnets)

There is a garden with the summer sun
Full of laughter and true flowers for all,
Beautiful and strong others weaker and small
Carrying colors turning pleasures on;
All in the hours when blooming are so bon
And green comes the garden outside a wall,
Going through fine moments before the fall
When in fallow leaves all the colors run.

Passing through time like the colors so full
Giving the green an agreeable occasion,
All what is fair will always be growing;
Now Easter coming new pleasures to pull
After the darkness that gave its corrosion,
When winter was dark and it's still snowing.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, There Is A Moment

There is a moment in Eden tonight:
Colors so plentiful and of the pure,
Everything of passion - made to assure
It's a turning soul toward the daylight;
And comes to the shadows-with shades in bright
All beautiful things to and fro, to allure
Softly with soft touches like animal fur,
Our feelings in all its loftiness and flight.

These darkish hours into the unknown gone
Full of clouds of drifting thoughts in pleasure
River of wishes from the beating heart
What's it all worth of - gold from the rising sun?
As true as the rainbow's hidden treasure,
Of what is this meaningful living part?

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, There Is No Love More Dear

There is no love more dear to me then true,
For it is like a seed that grows from soil;
When fresh and new, before it dies or foil,
When at first it wakes up and comes through.
It lies in horizons and depth of sky blue,
And truth, that a rambling heart can not spoil;
Untrue love will always collapse and coil,
For it's not of a heart or soul - in you.

To be of trust worth nature you must give,
Of feelings that are worthy to hold dear;
Show your honest love that you gave birth,
First time such a feeling in you did live.
And then a love, like daylight, becomes clear,
That is more dear, and for each one more worth.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, There Is Still Singing

There is still singing in the heart and song,
When evening of sky gives dark to the blue;
For all what is found and painted there new,
Is like spring in earth profoundly and strong.
Compare ornament that vigor prolong,
The colors come up to be only true;
Freshen the instants until they are through,
And nothing in itself can be there wrong.
Truest to write is truest to compare,
Moments are pleasures to believe and give,
Like the first born seedlings meeting new day;
For what is living word if not to share?
And why is there beauty if not to live?
The thoughts should meet in minutes parting way.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, There You Are - A Photograph

There you are standing still - in the picture,
Emotions so full of deep understanding;
The ligatures of black and white stricture,
Into each shadow and light commanding.
Rise and fall the rhythm of dark stain,
Everything seen from inside a contrast;
Not confusing of many colors in strain,
But the unknowingly lines from a past.
Slowly fading into the silent surrender,
Of the gasping words that are not spoken;
The soft thoroughness texture frail and tender,
The photograph of black and white broken.
A face unknown from past to look at me,
To give its smile gentle eyes and carefree.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, There's A Love Song (From, The Lost Sonnets)

There's a love song in winter's dimly night
With the beautiful things for tomorrow,
All love is like gladness and each sorrow
Lonely cloud wandering in a distant flight;
Sometimes the sky is blue and flaming bright
With shades from the deep in dim ambaro,
Reaching to the horizon like saguaro
For all the dreams that still are out of sight.

No past morning would sing again to me
If there were no love songs to remember,
For memories in heart are roots quite fresh;
Giving to past wings again new and free
Like a seasoned autumn in September,
Pictures to assert colors from time bresh.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, There's Love There's Love (From, The Lost Sonnets)

There is love there is love there is no doubt
Found in a corner of all this tick tacking,
Row like a row drift like a cloud there about
Each of the fumes up and away stacking;
White to the dark in the loosening stray
Where will it go come when mist follows,
All in hours forever lost as they say
When the wind in the sky again ablow.

Singing tunes the outbursting circling wind
Flying dancing with other forest songs
Till there's again early morning of new;
Some will be just - others more left behind
The tunes aloud transforming sing-alongs,
Everything's turning nothing same will do.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, There's Song For The Summer (From, The Lost Sonnets)

There's song for the summer now coming out
Passing flights of songsters through the green trees,
All the sleeping beauty coming now about
Demented choirs gone in the winter breeze;
Rapid seedlings growing from the soil up
Calling to the clouds passing by with rain,
Every mountain like a faraway blue top
Taking out the grayness of the frosty lain.

Lilies of the valleys adornment in thy eye
Bringing through the darkness love they have grown,
Colors from dark roots under that never dry;
Love songs that the summer can call its own,
We have in our life futures we have self made
Which's so full of thoughts and composite aggrade.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, These Summer Days

These summer days are coming to an end
And everything will return to its dark
The conduct colors with their lots of blend
That in beginning showed their different spark
So much is lost of gladness to the grief
When a splendor withers its sweetest hours
And darkness comes again with its believe
Of mystic ways - in falling autumn showers

These years are here to open up our eyes
Fill the prudent with charming hours of lust
For each footstep to be parted in disguise
That breather the air: fortunate and rust
Occasions are to treat from each trickle
For every sweet hour hurries their fickle

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, This Love (From, The Lost Sonnets)

This love is only dead or else it's born
Into the trouble that before life lies,
I swear that mood grows allot of the awn
With delicate poison that into earth dries;
Like each of your pleasure into the draught
Between two worlds of the good and the bad,
Of what you have made and what you have brought
What gives you happiness what makes you sad.

Dance, dance, dance not in doubt from a shadow,
But in the light that will rise from your own
When your heart knows alive love from one dead;
For every thought that's given has its glow
And each word to the ground like a seed's sown:
Give not of thy stones as if they were bread.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, This Newborn Earth Day

This newborn earth day that awakes to glow,
The breath of air inside a drifting cloud;
All what is here before the evenings show,
What comes in with the dawn before a crowd.
The newest dew that soothes each seed and bloom,
In the hours in the dark and all between;
Thoughts that come and we pretend to assume,
All in all's there that we have learned and seen.
The faith we give and what is born of that,
Where everything comes for a moment's thought;
Like a cloud that drifts above our habitat,
With our dreams in electrified juggernaut.
What seems sometimes maybe isn't very clear,
Diversities to our own moods appear.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, This Time Renews Each Moment (From, The Lost Sonnets)

This time renews each moment like a blink
Though we walk in a world without a name,
With questions that attend to be the same
Each onward step to the future's like a brink;
Though ages before were widening chink
Tittering chalk afresh we will acclaim,
When by and by again renewed arrame
For all what's now later will swiftly crink.

Our tolerance upon impatience arm
Where inverted flag keeps the colors still,
Weapons bring forth what shall not be disown;
Each of these two are proudly of reclame
And both from the fright and reproach they drill,
As the corn will grow as the seed is sown.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, To Every Day Is Another (From, Poet On Www)

To every day is another bright new gone,
Futures dancing staring away into space;
Like the flowers flaws of the grass once done,
Full of galaxies in the air and grace.
Mist-gulfs melting windshields rooted sponges,
All the miles through the toweled smell of dark;
To the Milky Way and worlds of other plunges,
Like fossil starry road and finger mark.
Who will catch their rounded marrow wheels?
With not enough of clear to make them well-known;
For all of tomorrows what sky conceals?
Into the futures that will thrive on their own.
Life must walk in oddments downpour years ago,
Reflect in the mirror we'll come to know.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, To Songful Melodies (From, The Lost Sonnets)

To songful melodies let these words sing
Together and set the sweetest harmony,
With love and attraction once again free
Soon after tomorrow there will be spring;
All days will be new in colors blooming
And freshly will the wind breeze through a tree,
I feel like new summer inside of me
Every earth seed in my heart now's booming.

There is youth full of delight on the rise
With much love and peace after months in brume,
For new springtime is starting again;
The hour is joyful and weather is wise
With the weakest flowers turning to bloom:
All bright colored and simple to attain.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, To Young Lovers (Or My Dear Is Adorable)

My dear is adorable with her blue eyes
Of an azure light like the heavens show
That with her beauty like the night stars glow
Or morning new beam of the horizon skies
Her pinkish cheeks and reddish rosy lips
Of love in its delight to give and wake
And fresh in perfumes like from the lake,
Is her flowing breath and acquaintanceships
Like sun rising day her lovely all is
A goddess to ascend in dreams about
Like morning of beauty within its bliss
Never with shadows shall touch any doubt
My love to her has no boundaries meet
And still my heart hasn't a beat to regret

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Tomorrow Comes

Tomorrow comes in slowly like a song
Of melodious making and its flowing
In the dreams of the waves in eve glowing
And tincture shades of clouds that drift along
In a forever time of a blue sky prong
So much in giving of smooth ease slowing
That daydreams become reality showing
And going then to the far-off from the throng

The sloppy dream shades of the ocean
Are filling the voids of time coming through
In splendor flicker and reflecting motion
Of waves to and fro always to renew
Yesterday's boat to meet yet another day
In the intermit instances and lay

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Wandering Ways

Some much outside's of its wandering ways
Filling the emptiness with lonely vow
Circling around in its high keys and low
Making all wishes of what becomes days
Dreams never standing still in their flying bays
All must come under like sun shining glow
Or rising tomorrow in its future slow
Temperaments of moods in its many plays

Love songs of dark thru the light time of years
Giving of space that never comes all true
Like flickering stars in heaven lone tears
Making their devotion in moment's renew
Days going by thru the blackness of their flight
Returning up again when there is more light

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, We Have It

We all have in our lives great believes, trust,
In day breaking knowledge that for us goes;
As this in existence, is surely a must,
Finding something unknown nobody knows.
Flower of a lotus, light to understand,
The healing hand of mercy and of peace;
The power of some, who heals with a command,
But have we forgotten what on earth one sees.
Starving of so many, dying 'fore they live,
The hate and wars that shatters mother earth;
First we must start doing, learn how to give,
The meaning of love, what this word's all worth.
No love's greater than to give to another,
Who among you suffers, - a sister, brother..?

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, When Night Comes...

When night comes here within day of gleam
And puts its dark brow on to its pleasing grace
Where the shadows of age in nearness seem
And beauty lies hidden in its many ways
When love is forgotten in trances deep
As flowers of lusty are nowhere seen
The heart in its faithful beat cannot keep
For all joyful feelings are gone between
The beauty deep sunken like night in the dark
With its treasures thriftless not in praises
When day of tomorrow comes without spark
Giving not sentiment in beats many laces
Where love has gone old in its lust and eyes
And each of its riches in passions tries

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet, Yesterdays Dreams (From, The Lost Sonnets)

All our yesterdays dreams they come and go,
In all those memories the days shall hold;
And later obligation will be an embargo,
To those affairs our love once controlled.
Like everything that living gives away,
In moods and feelings so many unknown;
Assorted in meaning like a flower bouquet,
These are tomorrows not completely shown.

Remember each way that turned to the blue,
If you want to catch a heart for it's gone;
There is no time later to make an overview,
Why this turned out so and why this was drawn.
Turning ways of love are kindled like a flame
Before one knows, it dies out: a place, a name.

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnet...

Clouds going by in the dripping field of night
Flowing to touch the sky of afar deep
The hours of morning coming on so bright
Filling the moments of light waves to keep
Rainbows of colors are not far away
In with the rain that is coming to fall
This love song of dreams that bring on the day
As the echoes of falling raindrops call

You and I feeling this moment flowing
As we together are finding the road
When night to the stars away is soon going
With every sleep slumbering on load
Give me the wings of the sky darkish glow
Just for a moment to touch what you know

Peter S. Quinn

Sonnetta, Hæstur Og Heilagur (Sonnet Of The Highest And Holy)

Hæstur og heilagur drottinn vor er
harmagrátinn læknar allan í heimi
í hlyjum fa?mi' um eilíf? Gu? ?ig geymi
svo gleymist ?ú ei sem í burtu fer

líkn hans til lífsins fegurst sú finnst mér
lífsins kærleikur áfram allur streymi
svo álei?is ljúft í dáins veröld dreymi
?au sem dau?inn hreif brott af jör?u hér

svæf?u angur dapra sem harma' í hljó?i
og hafa' engar langanir til neins meir
ef burt er kalla?ur vinurinn kæri

ber?u ?a? ?eim í ?essu litla ljó?i
?a? lifir hver enn sem úr veröld deyr
?ví bænin ein er bo?skapurinn tæri

~*~

Because of the very many requests, we are putting up here about 200 poems in Icelandic – not translated at this time, sorry...

The Crew

Peter S. Quinn

Sorrow And Pain (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

There's sorrow and pain
Wherever we want to go,
We search thoroughly in vain
To prosper and grow;
What will become of this
For nothing is too far fetched,
Onward thought a mere wish
Bleaked out and stretched.

Gray clouds in much rain
The days too lost to know,
A turning wheel ah here again
Something that's a while ago;
Too many things it then is
Through with past time etched,
One of those little reminisce
Unimportant and outstretched.

There's sorrow and pain
In the house down the row,
Ordinary life and strain
TV taboos and scarecrow;
All we cannot ordinarily dismiss
Brought to mind and sketched,
With dissatisfaction and hiss
The many things we retched.

Peter S. Quinn

Sorrow's Drawn

Sorrow's drawn
From earth

Numbed face-down
Dream shapes

Like fastening
Touch flowers
In the forest ice

Fallen wells of old

Peter S. Quinn

Souls (From, 134 Picture Poems)

souls
desire love
and warmth

calmness
then becomes
a part of yourself

Peter S. Quinn

Souls Ii

souls
battles through
and across
eternal Heaven's
watch

amber gloom
upon eyes
as burning love
appears doom
ill of sins

Peter S. Quinn

Sound Into Sound

Sound into sound
from the silences alone,
Inside dark found
each murmuring tone.
Flow going dark
with its day to day,
hours in their spark
as the minutes play.

Here comes the hour
that keeps being,
like a lightning flower
and inside is seeing.
Times into deep
unknown of its ways,
unmarked it'll keep
as it timelessly plays.

Sound into sound
flowing and going,
comes again around
in its rise and glowing.
Feel the inside there
seeps of echoing deep,
dusk through everywhere
in times hours sleep.

Peter S. Quinn

Sounds Found

sounds found
young to the heart

meant for clever
time poets

poles acumen
that divine love
apart

Peter S. Quinn

Special Things (From, The River Sings On)

Reflections, shadows and echoes,
A luminous coal of winter's dark;
Now gone into dawn's new glows,
Its cold blue and frosty spark.
The fixed and empty even sky,
In horizon of yellow and red;
Into the time's of gone echoes fly,
With flowers of colors instead.

The open spring day flashes out,
With the illuminate of special things;
The new all around in a runabout,
This early of happy awakenings.
Floodgates of the open ageless,
Windmills of sounds and bells
All what comes with morning fresh,
And darkness of winter dispels.

Reflections of day in spring's night,
When dark meets the early hours;
Roses of colors that come with light,
In fragrance and beauty of flowers.
The horizon of darkness bonfire,
Turning to yellow unleavened clean;
Hours of old that gave strong desire,
Of summer's evenings yet to be seen.

Peter S. Quinn

Spirits Into Frames (From, Poet On Www)

The thoughts for every day,
Among the lines we follow;
This and that we got to say,
Some of those words are hollow.
Those words of yes and no,
Appearances of some names;
Getting lost on the on the go,
Putting the spirits into frames.

Between which and what to show,
Disappearance of some words;
What they do - what they know,
Every thought there afterwards.
Trees of names some unreal,
Syllables together in love;
Keeping it on - how it might feel,
What comes down or moves above.

Silences rest in every sound,
Dissolving what you are seeing;
Sometimes in text nothing's found,
Only the real time being.
Foliage of footsteps of the past,
Drowned in the passion of text;
What will go on - what will last,
Present generations are all indexed.

Peter S. Quinn

Spring

There is love inside this day
In all places to be found
That in air now comes to play
With spring's days around
Greenly grass like poetry
Feelings from deep and high
Love songs of wintry free
Turning on the bluest sky

Here's love listen carefully
To a day and brighter night
Every breeze like symphony
In the day breaking light
Always in its truest name
Every hour in the beautiful
Colors glow in reddish flame
Never of the shadings dull

Forest coming in new voice
Far and wide through the air
Bringing from sleep lives enjoys
With new findings everywhere
Love songs in summer rhymes
To awake and be for a while
In these careful listening times
Within a heart and truest smile

Peter S. Quinn

Spring And Summer - A Love Song

Summer so soft and true
Comes through the soil to you,
With love on every side,
Bright sunset mornings abide;
All beautiful to become,
In every new growing bloom,
For winter's seed didn't die,
Now grow from small to high.

All with its love conceives
What growth of life believes,
Strong as the virgin spring,
Into the summer is lasting;
There for our eyes to see
With hope and peace to be,
Everything, flowering freedom,
Maturing up with optimism.

Summer's kiss and stroking,
Breath of newborn evoking;
Springtime excitement and thrill,
May it our brightness fulfil.

Peter S. Quinn

Spring Awakening (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Spring Awakening
Is in once more
My heart away taking
What it has in store
Love tunes in the middle
Filling with its exposure
Lost it was a riddle
To its feelings closure

I have you you have me
Nothing else there matters
Summer set coming free
In its many clatters
Daydreaming there going on
With its open spaces
Live and live till its gone
Full in it many graces

Spring Awakening
All my love to give or take
Setting up and staking
In every blossoms wake
You and I always so
Trying on to fine the day
As they come and go
Making you feel
In a different way

Making you feel
In their different way

Peter S. Quinn

Spring Faces

Spring faces
The day is coming new
Going places
Everything is green through

Love is true
All that is in the day
Time to renew
All colors from gray

Spring faces
So much now to do
Snow laces
The lake is coming through

Love is you
And all that is glowing
Now it's' coming through
The winter is going

Spring faces
Blow blow dark away
Green pastures traces
Meet the coming day

All to renew
Flowers glowing spring
So much now to do
As new colors bring

Peter S. Quinn

Spring Is In My Heart

Dream waves to and fro
All of them never the same
On their easy away go
Wild and free not to tame

Songs of oceans dreams
Endless in their pouring out
Forever in a deep that seems
Nowhere in the world about

Keep my heart liberated
Onto the never never land
Forever easy but complicated
Each passion to understand

Of deep emotions within
Unknown paths to chase
Forever in their veering spin
For life is put many ways

Imaginings of true desire
The perpetuity from inside
That seizes wave's desire
Of dreams from eventide

Flow of the dark and deep
Continuously torrential out
No one's forever to keep
In their view tide's wash-out

Peter S. Quinn

Spring Play

There is something going on
Through the night and day
The glowing glows of yon
In the air of spring's play

Every cliff and clouds over
With their glisten ray mist
In the drizzling rain shower
Each thought to them is kissed

And when light goes to dark
When eve comes slow-going
Droplets in grass shall spark
Into the sunset twilight glowing

Peter S. Quinn

Spring Rhyme Haiku

silvery time's thread
your strings among blossoms spread
- spring spiders homestead

Peter S. Quinn

Spring Song

I'm so in love when vivid spring is near
In its brand new daytime to sing along
Making me feel all right with afresh song
Now so far away from the old austere
All in all is clear with ardor around
Reaching to feelings that touches and give
Wonders of ways that from inside must live
When hues of summer again are here found

Yesterday's gone with cold winter showers
Into the threading of silences deep
Now is the morning of coming flowers
Bouquets of delights for the days to keep
Spring is my hope to reside and awake
Pleasures of being that winter did take

Peter S. Quinn

Spring Soon Is Coming

Feel love in everything
As its echoes repeat
Breeze of nature will sing
In tides of its coming beat
Green upon green fields
Flowing in like dawn break
Voices that truly yields
What life has betake

Spring soon is coming
Flowing in freshly day
Bouquets awake blooming
From the seeds of gray
Songs of the flowers
Breeze will be singing
Hopeful summer hours
Each new day bringing

Earth will be in happiness
Decorated from the shade
Colored varied snappiness
Every ventured cascade
Coming through with light
From wintry cold dark
A morning blissful bright
Spring in blush shall spark

Peter S. Quinn

Spring Spring Come

Spring spring come
Full of growth and song
Your bright blossom
Is what my eyes long
Spring spring give
Growth and all new life
So again we live
After winter strife

Spring spring oh love
Everything is glowing
Blue heavens above
Every gray is going
Spring spring oh dream
Flowers in young
Fairytale it seem
As we love and long

Spring spring oh dear
Now you are coming
For May is near
With fairest blooming
Spring spring days
And fragrance in air
Colorful are your ways
I love to have you here

Peter S. Quinn

Spring Spring Dance

Spring spring dance
Away from all loneliness
Come here in your trance
And give of its caress
Sweet light of grace
That comes with daybreak
In shadowed tint plays
When the air is awake

Spring be now sweet
In all your endeavor
Every adore so neatly treat
From winter's cold war
O love of heavens blue
That gives the clearest view
For light to come thru
To bring on prosper true

Spring of beginning life
Mother of seedlings low
How much you must strife
To give the morning its glow
For blooms to grow high
And increase leaves to green
Opening up sunshine sky
Where summer has been

Spring be now sweet
In all your endeavor
Every adore so neatly treat
From winter's cold war
O love of heavens blue
That gives the clearest view
For light to come thru
To bring on prosper true

Peter S. Quinn

Spring Spring Here I Come (Published At 'sheetmusic Publishing')

Spring spring here I come
Just like the fluffy air
Bring me a guitar so I may strum
To the singing of singing everywhere!
I'll be so lighthearted then
With my desires in my eyes
Flying through fancies again
Loosing up winter ties

Yesterdays just got too old
With many a moods I once did share
Easily adjustable twofold
Gusting its March fanfare
La la la! - I'm so glad how its turning
This wheel that's turned on
Desires everlasting yearning
Until the hue is gone

What is so differently with this light?
Into my windows gasping
So there'll be no more lonely night
Into my dreams trespassing
Sweet of you too remember me
Just like those birds singing
I shall be thoughtless and carefree
Together - we'll be happiness stringing!

Peter S. Quinn

Spring Spring I Sing

Spring spring I sing
For the days of beauty
Light and shades are everything
Making summer harmony
Love is like this so new
Dreams coming on and going
Love that is a part of you
Without you even knowing

Spring spring oh beautiful
All that in beauty's driven
Never a moment dark dull
On to these hours given
Love of your heart growing
With every hour in light
Days so much pleasures showing
Gone is the darkish night

Spring spring bright day
Colors you shine so strong
Summer breezes now play
Into bright tones and song
Love is like all that is gone
On to the hours of deep
With its memories going on
Awaking its dreams of sleep

Spring spring I sing
For the days of beauty
Light and shades are everything
Making summer harmony
Love is like this so new
Dreams coming on and going
Love that is a part of you
Without you even knowing

Peter S. Quinn

Spring To The New (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Let it be let it be
Spring to the new
Summer you'll see
And everything too
Of a world that's free
With a new hope to you

The skies are in clear
With clouds lightly casting
The blue seem so near
In its ever lasting
The dreams not to far away
In the golden new dawn
When there comes a new day
From under winter's gown

Tinctures full of rainbow
Lovely summer sight
The roads to and fro
Into the fresh light
Feelings like its glow
Now they seem so right

Catch the breezy play
Of the open air
Take away each nay
Coming through to here
Give your love new wings
Bring them up for more
Moments of spring sings
With what it has in store

There is so much saying
In the day we both knew
Sometimes words were playing
Not clearly getting through
Let it be let it be
Spring to the new
Summer you'll see

And everything too
Of a world that's free
With a new hope to you

Peter S. Quinn

Spring Tones

Spring tones are coming
From the inside blooming
Spring is here everywhere
In footsteps of New Year
Flower garden come - grow
Melt down coldness snow
With freedom for earth
In its new freshness birth

Spring's time blowing wind
Towards icily rescind
Of bleakness deep dim
In the blow sweepings grim
Where cold waves glide
In its striking bitter tide
Flowing on to dark destiny
Still inside you and me

Spring tone rise - the blue sky!
In feelings of light high
That comes through the rays
Of the new meeting days
Give seeds of its outcomes
In birth of new blooms
And every day to be new
When it comes here through

Peter S. Quinn

Spring's Chanting Song

My heart rests in spring
Of tender fires new
And of it I'll now sing
For more colors true

Each night comes bright
In dreams daybreak
A nocturnal fairy night
Where all is awake

The sky's clear and blue
By faraway precision
Colors of pure and true
In all their vision

Its song's now singing
In realities to long
And new summer bringing
With a chanting song

Peter S. Quinn

Springs And Falls - A Song Lyric

Winters blood will drip into the melting snow,
When again the colors of nature will show;
Tomorrow with fragrance of thousand shades,
That for a summer - without any fades.

This shall be final - when autumn comes,
And winter drones in, earth again hums;
For we are here not to keep on still,
Put pass away - like others will.

And nothing ever is fresh for long,
There is rot in every leaf that falls;
This is a seasonal all time song,
Again and again season to earth calls:

Winters blood will drip into the melting snow,
When again the colors of nature will show;
We have those colors to pure our mind,
And leave all reminiscence of winter behind.

Again and again season to earth calls:
There are springs and there are falls.

Again and again season to earth calls:
There are springs and there are falls.

There are springs and there are falls.

Peter S. Quinn

Springtime Is Here

Springtime is here in its play
Becoming blossoms in giving
Now is new sun morning day
For every love and each living

Days are coming into the bright
Letting all the darkness now go
Summer's beginning its flight
With every tincture's new glow

Now's time to be again found
In pearls of mornings to come
In flowing sunshine all around
And growing seedling's blossom

Days are rising in new mystery
Mornings in beauty from sleep
All what was sleeping is free
Hours in its loveliness to keep

Springtime is here in its glowing
Beautiful moments of the new
Snow-white winter's now going
For tint of spring to come through

Love's in the coming hours awake
With its fresh adventures to live
All what a heart can find and make
And back to the moments give

Peter S. Quinn

Stand For More (From, Occasional Songs)

Stand for more,
Everything streams on;
Between tide's war,
And unwounded dacron.
Lies ahead unopened,
Pages of the future;
Life is too conditioned,
To be in perfect suture.

Stand for sure,
For nothing is absolute;
Some things may allure,
Be like an arrowroot.
Keep your head strait,
Pure and simply clear;
Some thoughts acclimate,
Through the astrosphere.

Stand for strength,
For time will split it all;
Any given course length,
To each of its confrontal.
What shall turn and untwine,
Likeness and unlikeness;
Will be tomorrow's shine,
Mother earth's own heiress.

Peter S. Quinn

Stars Are Like Butterflies

Stars are like butterflies
Twinkling in the dark
So many there in night skies
In their lonely spark
How much time is out there?
That never will reach home
Filling empty woes here
Inside the deep dark dome

You and I don't know our time
Everything is just going
Some of it in its prime
Through the moments flowing
Their yesterdays - today to me
About in its new born ways
Always coming of time free
Old stars glow - in new days

Star shine so brightly on
To the morning loneliness
Tinkle twinkle and be gone
To the new-fangled sunup dress

Peter S. Quinn

Stars Of This Earth

Stars of this earth
Are you and me everywhere
We became stars at birth
To give our roots here and there
Love is easy for the heart
And keeps you fit everyday
It fills your seed with a start
And shows you the stream of the way

Stars are born for the living
To make their roots come through
In their heart they are giving
Life of the river that is you
Summer and winter is glowing
In every dark rising cloud
Each their drifting showing
To the streets on going crowd

Stars of this earth
Shine in with their blessing
Every gleam in brightly worth
When their rays are caressing
A stranger is nowhere around
Only a friend with to live
Gems of the stars are there found
With every heart of gold to give

~*~

(Like the eyes of children glitter
Their fingers reach out there to
Away from a world that's bitter
With smiles they bring on to you

To catch a glimpse of their dream
You need to be just like them
A youth in a freshness stream
Without a worry or mayhem)

Start A Fire

Moments come and go
Onset from dark waft
Therein across deep slow
A grasp of things aloft

Each to every new bias
In the giddies of quick
From every corner impious
Igniting its action wick

Around it goes to wait
Through twisted axes on
To find again its grate
Before its powder is gone

Peter S. Quinn

Stay Here In Tunes (From, Without A Doubt)

Oh sweetest roses for every day
As the coming summer walks with us through
Green of green fields may it forever stay
Along with clear deep sky and profound blue
My love is in songs of the forest deep
That comes now here so playfully singing
With a heart and hours forever to keep
And more of the fragrances in bringing

Stay here in tunes with playful young air
That gives so much joy to every heart
When the blossoms of purple-white yellow glow
The moments of summer coming in here
To shed away the old bitterly rampart
Of night-time shadowy iciness snow

Peter S. Quinn

Step By Step

Step by step I'll go your way
Step by step the door closes
There shall come another day
Full of temptations and roses

But remember only this
A rose will sometimes sting you
Not everything is had from a kiss
If it comes from lips that are untrue

Sometimes people forget too fast
Feelings that give them so much
And then when those moments are past
Occasionally they remember one touch

Step by step I want to stay
Go and find life's role that poses
Feelings that come and go as they may
Like the fading of summer roses

What we forget - we won't really miss
Temptations will run through
A kiss on hot lips is just a kiss
That becomes - a true love or untrue

Peter S. Quinn

Step By Step...

Step by step I will find my way and coming
Thru haze of its unclear approaches doubt
Every its facet to gain and summing
To find what it's all for and then about
Like clouds above are in vapors drifting
In lightness and landscapes of their own
So is the spirit moving and veil lifting
For the knowledge out there that's not yet known

The roads are curving onward the landscape
And finding new places still within there
Gaining views in outlines and their shape
With every footstep that goes from here
Bit by bit in its own means and splendor
The unknown to knowledge will surrender

Peter S. Quinn

Stephen Sondheim Writing A New Song, Now Hear This Little Song

now hear this little song
that comes from the inside
it's not high nor is it strong
as it in its tones glide
it's in time and it's singing
in its tones low and high
and some pleasures its bringing
before its soundings dies

it's of harmony giving
structures of to and fro
melodious inside living
in its up and down flow
so much orchestra playing
in its inside revival
not for too long though staying
in its sounds' moving wall

now hear this little song
as it goes to the timeless
and gives something to long
in its harmonious caress
it's like a life - in a day
in its living of its playing
many riches in its lay
not too long though staying

Peter S. Quinn

Still Another Day

Still another day
To come
Flowers casting seeds
To the river

Love songs of the evening
Inside this
Falling to the tide
Of autumn's season

Come to the fall
With a bouquet
Of flowers
In shades
Of darkness time
For winter is coming
Again

Peter S. Quinn

Still My Day Is Young

Still my day is young
Feelings of inside fire
All that my spirit long
Dreams of amuse desire
Feelings that come and go
Daydreams of morn still
All that the hours know
And come to their fulfill

Still my heart is high
In every beat and go
Where future unknown lie
With every desire grow
All from understanding
Touches of days gone by
Now their dreams landing
Those that will not die

Still these wings flying
Hope in the destiny
Knots of the future tying
All that is made to be
Birds are singing songs
Joy's in their melody
For life outside belongs
To a world that's free

Peter S. Quinn

'Still Night'

Still night in frosty snow
Ice crystals all around
Like little stars they glow
Each step in a tinkling sound
Where will tomorrow be heading
In these strangest of times
Where winter is all bleeding
In a frosty coldly rime
Aurora borealis in air
Flying around in dimly lights
A seasonal gray whitish flair
Giving us dimmest of nights
An open winter's riding
Going through a forest ahead
Day is starting to lighting
Sky is beginning to glow red
Where will tomorrow be going?
As daybreak is clearing in
Snow white night is all glowing
Its last somber darkly spin

Peter S. Quinn

Still Singing Grass The Ordinary Way

Still singing grass the ordinary way
Flowers in the meadows and feelings of blue
Inside this departing summer going through
All the burns on dawn's early morning day
Being worn with faring in its earth's clay
Young and tepid in their prime gassing's due
Where the moss grows and chilly zephyr blew
Songs from my youth in wilderness waylay

From the early day that returns to night
Though it lingers still like candle lit sun
Giving moments for dawn's dim herald see
Daybreak strikes here into dreams on their flight
Memories of thoughts autumn keeps in shun
And makes vaulting waves on oceans again free

Peter S. Quinn

Still You Rise (It's Your Song, Maya Angelou ...)

I'll walk along your way
In history down town
And in your thoughts stay
Always within reach of your gown

Nothing will upset me now
For you are singing your tune
Bringing your living room plough
And sowing into the dune

Many are the moons out there
Likewise the suns that are shining
Bring all the softness of your hair
Each silver thread and lining

I'll never see you stop dancing
You are so great in your song
Bringing about the circumstancing
Where each one's footstep belongs

Nothing you say can offend me
Because every word is quite true
Let there be back yards wonderful free
Singing their song just like you

Words on your shoulders are flying
Springing hopes high to the sky
Never again to be hopelessly trying
Because they reach what they ply

You brought your tides like new suns
Meeting every upset with a dance
Bringing your sexiness to sex-guns
And giving the ladies their change

Lifting up the hours and tame
You rise
The future is yours in your name
You rise

Profound is your orbit leaping wide
Words of your wisdom our guide
Every word with you isn't just mere
You rise
Boat of each expectation now steer
You rise
You are my queen of the red cover
I'll be your Irish four leaved clover
You rise
You rise
You rise

Peter S. Quinn

Stirring The Water (From, Occasional Songs)

Stirring the water
That flows from the past,
Memories and globetrotter
Each to each is classed;
Shades that are of shapes
Fulsome and there hidden,
Sweeter fruits and grapes
Full of world quarrels ridden.

Stirring the soft light
That flows with time being,
Giving out the hindsight
Judge what you are seeing;
From the corners too strait
And circles round their own,
All that's to accommodate
What is not clearly shown.

Stirring the new hour
From earth's footsteps on,
Seeds and each flower
That processes from its awn;
Paths to hills and meadows
With swaying grass of green,
Everything that up grows
From where it's before been.

Peter S. Quinn

Stirrings Over Desire

stirrings over desire
from touching deep sky

my memory hiding
the muse that's
God's love

Peter S. Quinn

Stjarna

það gerst ekkert
ekkert sem varir
það eilífu
í lífi okkar

það eins skuggar
og ljós á breiðstrætum

og stundum ein stjarna
sem sindrar bláleitum
þjarna

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Stop The Wall

Stop the wall
Bring to the fall
With peace on earth
And each time's worth

Give from your day
A new morning to play
All the sunshine to gain
We thought just in vain

Love is so tall (and for all)
Bound in its call
Giving out treasures
For life and its pleasures

Something for okay
On to its earthly way
When life is up growing
With roots and its going

Daydreams for all
Or realities co frontal
That comes to give life
From deep jungle rife

And we must obey
With freedom to sway
Double its many twenty
In a Christmas for the plenty
Plenty

Peter S. Quinn

Stories Start And Stories Go (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Each day of my life a major lift
Feelings made sure to come
Like clouds that somewhere drift
And everything airy is from
Music of day and dreams gone by
Feelings somewhere inside lost
Moods of the clear glowing up sky
Something of deeper dark tossed

Stories start and stories go
Everything on like a new dawn's glow

Faith is as strong as you made it be
Filling the moments alone
Everything come that you need to see
Each in the stepping stone
Yesterdays were like I knew before
Longings of everything inside
You can not be of nothing absolute sure
For life is a road to ride

Stories start and stories go
Everything on like a new dawn's glow

You have my heart and its beat
Telling you from all its tries
Sometimes throbbing in lonely street
Flying in its low and highs
Rivers I knew were wasted away
Going through the streaming arch
Yesteryears comes giving someday
Through every fresh coming march

Stories start and stories go
Everything on like a new dawn's glow

I have a wish just much as you

Never to let go or dry up
There's feeling out drew to new
Filling my empty old coffee cup
Rise to a moment give it a shoot
To the hours of starless night
There'll be moonlight with its thought
Setting the day once again right

Stories start and stories go
Everything on like a new dawn's glow

Peter S. Quinn

Stormy Spring

Stormy spring, I will meet you,
With wings so full to carry on;
All I wished for, into the blue,
Has left, with memories gone.
Coming futures none could see,
And all that grows from this:
What is there, still flying free?
A life in a hope and a wish.

I will meet you, all the days,
With my offerings I know;
Everything still in the haze,
Wishes that come and go.
Feel my spirit from in there,
That quondam hasn't thwart;
It's of Pegasus everywhere,
Coming strait from a heart.

Stormy spring, I will meet you,
With my contrasting moods;
Each word I tell, be so true,
If it lies in the deepest roots.
Let words have a melody,
And gently sing them, sweetly;
For inspirations are to be:
Flying wings, in so neatly.

Peter S. Quinn

Strange Sensation

Strange Sensation over me,
I feel so giddy all over;
Surly some things are meant to be,
For the world is a true Dover.
How come this mood's inside?
Just letting me worry still;
Sorrows are there amplified,
Nothing of them to fulfill.

Strange Sensation here around,
Connecting to some answers;
Nothing of gladness found,
Only the shadowy dancers.
End of the year is coming,
Doubts will thus carry on;
Darkish colorless blooming,
Yet there's no springtime sun.

Strange this sensation really is,
With sleepiness in bringing;
For other thing I truly wish,
I am more of a singer singing.
To opportunities of next year,
Hopes are on the horizon;
After frost roses boutonniere,
That fades into the oblivion.

Peter S. Quinn

Stranger – Lift Your Brow

There will be time to follow
Floating its way tomorrow
Onward for instance ticks
And every moments slicks
Rise to the rise and go
Give every mood of glow
That is inside this all
Daydreaming roads and trawl

Somewhere I'll be out there
Giving of me to share
Like the tinctures bled
With every blooming bed
Strangers come here and see
Each of my lines accompany
They are all made for you
Message to get on through

Will you accept my gift?
Spirits of your own to uplift
Time is so inside cold
Slippery on to hold
With every move it takes
And sentiments that it awakes
But I shall forgive you now
If you will lift your brow

Peter S. Quinn

Strangers From Past Night

More than silence is this day
From the night's moistness
The coming sun in early ray
The earth of snow to caress
To each new moments splendor
That follows its disappearing
To exceptional events tender
That through a mind's steering

Every their imperfect gaze
Climbing to the steps afar
Burning morning's hazel trays
From a throbbing fading star
Love songs that die out to eyes
Adventuring to guesses on
Departing from sunup skies
Until their silences are gone

Of breath my heart to love
Strangers from past night
Each twinkling here above
That courses the whitely bright
How much you are adventuring
Whenless voices don't intone
In your time without ending
Endeavoring loveliness alone

Peter S. Quinn

Streets Without Names

When times are right - oddity will be
Perfect conformity magic to meet
Like the phantom road angels walking here free
Giving each protracted moment a treat
Ego has rightful intensity ways
Puzzling cheerfulness might turn out alright
Feeling of asserts with its concur plays
Willing and ductile in their current trite

Streets without names are many to find
Some are like networks in old London town
With names that seem familiar to you
Recess comes if you've an opened mind
And know when and how to sit by hand down
Give you a jiffy to see clearly through

Peter S. Quinn

Strings - To Play

Give me the forest all green
With lilies white and roses red
Colors blissful in between
Through whiles till summer's bled

I like the woods in silences' still
Walking through on a Monday
The every aspiring air to fulfill
And my emotions strings - to play

Peter S. Quinn

Stund Er Í Einsemd (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Stund er í einsemd
myrkva?ra ?agna
og söngvum hljó?ra náttu

Skuggarnir dansa í garði
vi? tunglskinsbirtu
vetrar nætur

Ókunnugir koma ?eir
og fara
í gærdagsins nökkva hljómunum

Mig dreymir
í birtunni bláu
a? brá?um komi vori?
á ny
inn um gluggann
til mín

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

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

Sumar

Sólin er angandi villt
ilmandi grænir skógar
rau? eins og ástin
eilíti? spillt

Sólin er angandi villt

sumar er komi? bjart
kræklóttir runnar og móar
me? skin e?a skúra
og skærara skart

sumar er komi? bjart

ve?ri? er litríkt en stillt
blóm, ?a? sérhvert frjóar
líkt eins og ástin
er ?a? milt

ve?ri? er litríkt en stillt

allskonar bjartir tónar

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Sumar Kemur Senn Í Dal

Sumar kemur senn í dal
sólskyns birtan blí?a
flæ?ir yfir fjallasal
fæ?ing sumars tí?a
heitur andblær halda skal
hinga?, ei má bí?a
a? sumar sólskyn me? sinn mal
signi foldina frí?a

Lóan kemur lífsglö? ?á
létt hún dillar í mó
moldin ver?ur mjúk a? sjá
mær? er yfir og ró
vötnin ver?a kyrr og blá
vaknar söngur í skó
blítt í vindi blakta strá
birta safnast í tó

Sumar kemur senn í dal
sólskyn í laut og mó
létt ?á ver?ur ljúflings tal
lifna ?á við öll frjó
burtu ver?ur vetrar kal
vinda hamur og kóf
blí?ur andinn bræ?ir hjal
blómgast lá? me? sín gró

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Summer

I am bound to you for evermore,
My summer sweet and fair;
Your beauty always I adore,
When songs of birds are in the air.

Every flower and every tree,
With freshness ripens again;
And so it is likewise with me,
When summer does not abstain.

Glories of the new and fresh,
Comes to us every year;
This summer shall not be no less,
I am glad it is again here.

Peter S. Quinn

Summer 2017

nothing's new
all is same
thinking about you
without a name
dreams traveling
on to their going
stills marveling
in their showing
going just on
finding my way
steps I've done
into this day
now at night
from the evening
timeless flight
further steps bringing
you and I
all we remember
few steps and try
until September
fine as it is
bountiful autumn
into its bliss
withering blossom
nothing is new
only tomorrow
coming here through
pleasures and sorrow

Peter S. Quinn

Summer Days Have Now All Flown

Summer days have now all flown
On to pleasures of gone abundance
As the breeze in the fall has grown
In gloom of dull daydream dance
The light that now dwells is in dark
Of its wandering ways of farewell
For one time the blue in sky did spark
And for a moment give of its spell

Now days are coming murky deep
Away from the laughs and care
In the abysses of demeanor to keep
When iciness on windows is here
A spirit of diffuse of its nightly flow
Where thoughts are itinerant in
With every tincture that had to go
By delight sprits of thick and thin

The inundation of their rise and fall
As the evening comes slowly on
Everything within this world parasol
Until their gratification are gone
Flown in thrift till not here at last
Making its peripatetic and waste
Falling to powder or become rust
Each one to each fathomless taste

Peter S. Quinn

Summer Dream

Daydreams to the night
Fall on to the sky
Going to red dim from bright
Of blossoms fiery dye
Landscape of eve grandeur
Into abysses of dreams
The ways of twilight's lure
In shadows shading beams

Love sight from light
Of the clouds passing by
Into fancy liquate sight
Where the misty fancy fly
Goodnight my darling bloom
In bed of bouquet's roses
The day is in its plume
Of night as brightness closes
□
Dawn comes like newborn child
Into the stillness hour
Softly velvet and mild
Torching every waking flower
Pure and joyful fragrance
Everything in its clear
Lovemaking in nature's trance
Filling up the freshly air

(A song from my 'Beautiful Melodies', a lead sheet shall follow shortly on the net)

Peter S. Quinn

Summer Is Coming

Now there's time to sing
All my life is a spinning wheel
Here's love joyful spring
Coming again and hearts to steal
Flowers in the garden all
Bearing colors of bright
Summer to the thoughts call
Here ignite a new light

Yesterdays now untended go
Flow flow the spring and play
Let the garden bed all know
Nothing from winter shall stay
Only growth and greenery on
Sunshiny moods till evening
All that dark and dim gone
Only a fresh new beginning

Now there's time to rise and see
Some of the wonderful things
Summer is coming inside of me
So my mood joyfully sings
What is it with to get sick now?
Why can't we all enjoy this?
Give not a sullen sorrow brow
When a world around is in a bliss

Peter S. Quinn

Summer Is Now Touching Gray

Summer is now touching gray
Gathering leaves of yellow
On its going to yesterday
As the autumn says hello
Fingers weaving reddish ground
As the day becomes dark
Withering wings all around
Now night in stars will spark

Like a juggler fall is starting
Filling moments with new glow
As the summer is departing
On its approach so very slow
Torching the leaves with grace
Moments filling with regret
As the reddened symphony plays
Shades of autumn's alphabet

Summer is now leaving soon
Every emerald growing deep
Silver dress with bluish moon
Again here awoken from sleep
Days of longings in the tranquil
All that was and is then gone
With a tomorrow awaiting still
To convey memories here on

Peter S. Quinn

Summer Love Prevails (Haiku)

Summer love prevails,
Into winter's unknown tales
- All parallel, pales.

Peter S. Quinn

Summer Moods (A Lyric)

Daytimes and rain drops
All time through
Something that never stops
Coming to you
Sweet air and water ways
Fragrances of air
Summer moods these days
Are so close and near

Every occasion is going
Somewhere like everything
Like the wind is blowing
In the leaves to sing
Never stopping for an hour
Or giving longings to fill
Morning wakes a flower
In its peaceful still

Night times and dream plays
Playing with sleep
Colorful fantasy ways
All yours always to keep
Everything is flowing on
With somewhere still to go
Nothing is forever done
Walking by fast and slow

Every occasion is going
Somewhere like everything
Like the wind is blowing
In the leaves to sing
Circling around in motion
Summer freshness air
To the shore and ocean
The distances are everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

Summer Rhyme Haiku

swing low and swing high
oceans of deep green blue dye
- summer is nearby

Peter S. Quinn

Summer Rime Haiku

Butterflies of spring
Eternal summer shall bring
With their nimble wing

Peter S. Quinn

Summer Rime Haiku 2

Summer days power,
are driven by morning hour
- before a shower

Peter S. Quinn

Summer Summer

Summer summer once again here,
And reaching all over the meadows;
Growths of colors are everywhere,
With variant shades in the rows.

Contrasting life with coming of spring,
Beautiful sights out my window;
Love's now growing and starting to sing,
But shall my heart ever know.

Summer summer once again here,
Everything regeneration could enclose;
Sky is all wonderful blue and clear,
That's how each summer goes.

Contrasting life with coming of spring,
Beautiful sights out my window;
Love's now growing and starting to sing,
But shall my love ever show.

Summer summer once again here,
And reaching all over the meadows;
Reaping all out like in last year,
But where's my love you suppose?

Peter S. Quinn

Summer Summer (#2)

Summer summer to you
In weaving emotions
Endless colorings through
To tomorrow's oceans

Contrasting each striking day
Throughout the roads
Intimate outlining play
Till all the tinctures are bled
Thru the evening and day

Summer summer so true
In its shadings devotions
Always unmarked to renew
Leaves of withering erosions

Playful gardens in the alley
Roses yellow blood-red
Thru dance time and ballet
As the daytime's outspread
To each instant roundelay

Peter S. Quinn

Summer Summer (#3)

Summer summer come here
Let your songs sing
Tinctures are everywhere
Bouquets of early spring

Birds are making love
And singing in the trees
Flying here around above
For eyes and ears to please

Summer summer of delight
Everything is in aglow□
Now the times are alright
Though later they will go

Drifting clouds afar away
Meeting sun and moon
Now is early morning day
But twilight comes though soon

Early day and late night
Dreams are in their going sea
Flowers colored in the bright
All is for love eternally

Summer summer you are now
For a moment in my sight
Each view pleasures to endow
In the shades of reddened height

Peter S. Quinn

Summer To Autumn Love Song

Give me time to see
The hours tenderly
As summer days are still showing
Whiles will go away
With the moods they play
But now the colors are glowing

Morn is new with light
Tender eyes so bright
Each hour is worth its beauty smile
Still comes in the night
Heaven's evening flight
But we have this love for a while

Engaging daybreak
Awakening the lake
Like the sky in its azures blue
With tint of earths blend
To shadowed flowers bend
As the morning is coming through

Nothing is here to stay
Only life - its play!
With the gentle moment that glows
Beauty it has first
Songs of summer's thirst
That into dark evening goes

So much in its field
That to eyes is shield
With hours of silence to come
Days get misty still
Each long to dream fill
Like buds on a dim blossom

Autumn moods to sieve
Blanching colors give
As the moments to old shall dim
Songs of fall's yearning

Into shades burning
Meeting dark winter's frosty rim

Peter S. Quinn

Summer Water Haiku With Rhyme

Summer water streams
Through pigmented airy dreams
Every shadow seems

Peter S. Quinn

Summer's Now Coming Near

Summer's now coming near
Nature in its bright giving

Soon again is spring's year
In the freshly days of living

Ground with new blossoms
In colored shade symphony

Tinctured in fairest bosoms
Whitish and yellow lemony

Easter days impending April
From under snow-white drift

Innovation so much undeniable
In their inventive makeshift

Summer summer's soon here
In its delicate scent pleasures

Shining burgeons in its hair
Days of breathing treasures

Now the night is growing thin
In the brightness days ahead

Summer dreams in their spin
With growth in gardens bed

Their Love songs never ending
Tides of variation atmosphere

So much happiness blending
As the new emblems appear

Peter S. Quinn

Summering Sun Showers

Summering sun showers
Paint around

Clouds singing blue songs
Of celestial kisses

Rainbows wrapped
In heaven
Rolling a moment

Peter S. Quinn

Summertime (From, The River Sings On)

Summertime

Down the streets and lanes,
Birds are singing
Through the prairies and planes.
Good times back bringing,
Now the winter is gone
And frosty snow and ice.
Bring back the sun
With bluish summer skies,
Breath of spring is divine -
That sweet breezing melody,
Smoothly to realign
Carefree life and easy.
There's nothing to worry about,
Only the morning new;
When night and dark fades out,
For joyful things to do.

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

Summertime Sweet And Tender

Summertime sweet and tender
Filling the moment's desire
Pure in the its sun splendor
Colors and shades multiplier

Days of the sky flames blue
Opportunities in their lifting
So much of fresh and new
Like the clouds are drifting

Summertime sweet and tender
Giving enjoyment and life
Infatuation of hearts blender
Some are for rationale strive

Peter S. Quinn

Summertime You Beautiful Day

Summertime you beautiful day
All the light that's gaining
Feelings in life as they play
And every route obtaining

The streams thru the window
Of a sunny day prosperity
Timeless waking to and fro
In all the cling of sincerity

Of where the roads lie on
The lanes in threads afar
With its mist and hazy drawn
Its many ways going bizarre

The sea of shades going
Thru all the mood of ground
Forever in its away glowing
With new threads to be found

Summer time of breaking dust
Sideways that comes or goes
The ground that's fading rust
In faraway steps undertows

Life that is steady giving
Like vibrations in the air
And we in their times living
From every its exposure here

Peter S. Quinn

Sunday Rose (#10 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

Oh Sunday rose
So sweet you are,
We fell together close
At first sight, afar.

You are forever mine
In colours and ageless,
Kisses sweet like wine
Always new and fresh.

In a Sunday shine,
Bed open and new,
Reads like poetry line
Especially for you.

Feelings go across
Time and all futures,
Each one made for us
So white and spotless.

Oh Sunday rose
I knew it from first,
That true love grows
With touch and trust.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

Sunflower Cups

sunflower cups
summery bright

brilliant
yet lonely
and twisted

dripping from
the paint brush
of Van Gogh

Peter S. Quinn

Sunrise Sunset

Sunrise sunset in the mood of the way
In the colors of flame and darkish hour
Every shine time of night and the day
Like golden horizon of a new flower
Together to fill up the dream flight time
Of call from alone in the distant past
Where flow of the glimmering is in prime
When moon and the stars show off in their cast
With love so tender in splendor and spark
Of night in the twilight after sunset
Its glistening glowing to deepness dark
With colors of heaven in glow alphabet
Till sunrise in the morning comes new
To dawn of the rising on to a day true

Peter S. Quinn

Sunset, Sunrise

It's sunset, sunrise,
Life's an eternal surprise,
And yellow dark skies!

God is here dwelling,
Like the Gospels are telling,
Dark oceans felling!

You, beautiful sky,
Enchanting afar and high,
As the time flows by!

Golden Heaven gates,
Distant between nights and dates,
Sun behind clouds waits!

Moments in twilight,
Still between dark and bright,
Showing strength and might!

Each song is singing,
All the glory in bringing,
Before it's springing!

Where will moments go,
After they stop its day glow,
Abide night will grow!

Let there be light more,
Step into the sky parlor,
Daybreak's open door!

There's no end to this,
Space is unknown abysses,
Life a breathing kiss!

Nothing new or old,
Every has been before told,
In clay it is mold!

Peter S. Quinn

Sunshine Burning Smiley Way

There are dreams that come to you
In their blues and keeping on
Seeing gathering clearly through
With everything that keeps them done
Sunshine burning smiley way
Nothing here in its reality
Made of stone or mudding clay
For the eyes to guess and see

And more is coming to its looking
With its ways and game stalemate
Everything for ways of hooking
Taking thoughts and making debate
There you are to where you're bound
Trying to busy your down mind
Straight out lines melodies found
Anything that makes them combined

All is right to its interior canteen
Flowing effortlessly through this space
Everything and nothing in between
Complicated in its too many ways
Like yesterdays just sails through
Full of their own and missing some
Something that's old but still's new
Within this turning and passage from

Peter S. Quinn

Sunshine Comes

Sunshine comes to inside mind
Far across the makings on
In the heart beat you must find
What is here or almost gone?

Rising skies from love across
Day dreams through and incomplete
Living dreams that are with loss
To be waiting on a sideway street
Yesterday was in its own pain
Love be saved or given blues
So much here that comes again
That is only of its ordinary use

Sometimes live up to dreams
Understanding what's gone by
Where you couldn't see what seems
Only the corridors from far sky

Rising morning in its own day
Playful sight that eyes read
Any scene in an accomplish way
That is here in your insecure need
Like the pain that give you love
When you feel you know it all
Or the clouds in drift above
That in raindrops soon must fall
Feeling blues of its loneliness
When the dream won't any longer stay
Everything that comes to less
When the times are lose and gray

Feeling blues of its loneliness
When the dream won't any longer stay
Everything that comes to less
When the times are lose and gray

Sunshine comes to inside mind
Far across the makings on

Sunshine comes to inside mind
In the heart beat you must find
Sunshine comes to inside mind
With its ways never done
Sunshine comes to inside mind
Filling you with so much love
Giving of its ways and spins
Anything that comes

(from my album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

Sunshine Comes (A Song)

Sunshine comes
Within its trance glow
Bright new blossoms
In spring fresh snow
Each day quite bright
And lovely in dream
From out of the night
Into realm's gleam

Moon bright it's now
And shadows dancing
Its dark diffuse brow
And colors all blanching
The feelings are deep
From tapings of love
Coldness of leap
Like gray clouds above

Your sunshine within
So lovely to spark
In search conduct spin
When outside is dark
And means to unknown
The flowing ahead
At winter's dark gown
And rosiness has bleed

Peter S. Quinn

Sunshine Dreams

Now is the time to dream
As July sunshine goes by
When all colorful seem
In the new morning sky
Dream that were once dark
Going in their colors full
Glowing in moment's spark
Never again to be dull

Now is the time for a heart
Bring the love to its day
And never again to depart
All that is coming its way
Dream's a dream coming true
In gardens growing wide
New love's coming through
Now for a moment's abide

Now is the time to be free
For all that is coming on
Sunshine dreams and liberty
Before the summer's gone

Peter S. Quinn

Sunshine Flower

Day is coming clear as light
With its wings of inside fire
Like the morning onward bright
In its accomplishing desire
Hours dropp in together close
With runs and roams of drift
Creation beautiful as the rose
In the mind to go and uplift

Summer sunshine flower
Where little dreams go by
Through the endless hour
From the deep and blue sky

Tranquil wingspan ways
Motions on a weaving stream
Flickering mirror plays
With light that timeless seem

Every look in dissolved freedom
Catching moment of dark way
Giving silhouette ad-infinitum
When its fire lights the day
Echo's flutter in distance yield
Every growth in roots clear
Open heart in artistic field
Now the marvels have opened here

Summer morning shower
Through the day to night
Bringing soothing dower
For the new day and light

Silence flowing yellow glow
For just the two of us
In its timeless motion slow
Of light that comes across

That is ageless on wonder asking

Rising above the earth's hill
Every instants of creation tasking
That you dream must now fulfill
Thru the seconds of their beat
Going higher then all before
On like smoke to realities treat
And opening up again a new door

Peter S. Quinn

Sunshine New Blossom

My flame is burning
Restful colors on
Love is always learning
Things that could be done

Heart in a happy hour
Fields of sand 's time
A wild little flower
In its morn spring prime

All the easy to know
Falling footsteps on
As their seeds grow
Onto the shining sun

Day by day I pounder
Where my futures lie
As beats inside wonder
Tides of low and high

My flame is on fire
Glowing treads of being
Each and every desire
Into memories freeing

Where is hope from?
Pleasures in their awaking
Sunshine new blossom
Away dimness taking

Peter S. Quinn

Sunshine Summer Day

Sunshine summer day
Everything is glowing
Life seems so okay
In every footstep on going

Dreams of your heart
In a breathtaking singing□
From fresh morning start
That now daybreak's bringing

Have a wonderful day
In your way and time
As the hours on play
One by one to their prime
There is nothing wrong
When thoughts are freshly new
In a summer time song
When I 'm in love with you

Sunshine summer day
As my feeling are burning
In a wonderful way
With a heart that 's yearning

Peter S. Quinn

Sunshine's And Showers

Touch me everywhere
With your wings of fire
Show me that you care
For my own desire
Love is like a flower
That opens to light
In dawn's new hour
Of the coming bright

Give me what I need
In to a beating heart
Lips from lips to read
Begin of love's start
Like a blossom night
Into the hours giving
Every touch and flight
Two of loves are living

Moods becoming true
Of what we both know
Always again to renew
With its instant glow
Sunshine's and showers
Waves to open shore
Each one which is ours
To give
...and give some more

(Congratulations to Bob Dylan for winning a ``Special Citation" Pulitzer Prize

'Touch me some more
To the passing time going
You are the ocean floor
Of the waves showing
Drink up- not dry
Ruffling of the gist
The low words and high
Of enraptured twist'

Peter S. Quinn

Sunshine's Once Again Here

Sunshine is once again here
Glowing from in and out
Golden threads everywhere
When low down and in doubt

Wishing wells of yesterday
All that was in its old song
As the threads come and play
Together when we do long

All is in footsteps that come
Colors to a heart pounding
That where our feelings are from
Gold echoes their sounding

Sea of the touches and deep
Flowers within that don't fall
Yours forever assets to keep
When colors of summer call

Sunshine is filling my window
With all that I see outside
Summer my roses shall grow
Now to its loveliness abide

Wishing wells to tomorrow
Every time in your uncertainty
Let summer yielding adagio
Make every desire guarantee

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

Surprises, Surprises

Evoked your heart with
Surprises, surprises,
Because in a poem
There are a lot of disguises.

Where they start
Is up to you,
Do your part
And read what's true.

For the truth is in
Every lyrical line,
And only you can begin
To make those words shine.

Evoked your heart with
Surprises, surprises,
And all those rimes
Shall throw your dices.

For what is not seen
Should also be there,
So it has been
For what you read here.

Peter S. Quinn

Surreal Shapes (From,134 Picture Poems)

surreal shapes
secrets set to be

finger of time
embracing softly
molten figures

to breathe
dusk and day

Peter S. Quinn

Surrounded (To Be Published At Sheetmusic Publishing)

Surrounded and coming
Phantoms of the future
Weathered eaten pillars
The undulating sutra
Jasmine of the wind
Fever of its forms
Blossoms deep and twinned
Concubines of the storms

Other eyes reflections
Closed within the same
Somewhere their directions
Amid to their name
Heart is full of cleft stone
Formless grasped feeling
So much all alone
Through the deep reeling

Never anytime same
Through the whole being
Burning grasping flame
Movement canal seeing
Diligent in the taking
Across the lucid sky
Other moods awaking
From cloud of dust they fly

Peter S. Quinn

Sweet As The Rose Is

Sweet as the rose is
So should your summer be
A breeze with flickering kiss
For you and for me

Our dreams coming again true
And holding over its love
In everything that's new
Like a cloudless sky above

A day of morning's blessing
New in its daybreak
Without the gloomy stressing
That winter once did wake

Much sweet in greenery leaves
Hours of summer thought
Our longings for new believes
That kindness has taught

What into the stars has gone
With nightly skies in dream
And summer of worth has won
That nowhere sometimes seem

Oh garden of hope is blooming
In stress less ways complying
Each color in bleach resuming
And the morning of wish dyeing

Peter S. Quinn

Sweet Days Of Memories (From, The Songsters Lyrics)

Every dream is a part of my dream
To the day and the nights gone
In its magical moments and stream
Every love is to go forward and on

Sweet days of memories
Nothing touches their glowing
Their softness forever one sees
Without actually knowing
For a dream is always to be
Something lovely and so free

If love touches you sometime
You will feel these feelings too
As their roots from inside climb
Giving almost a dream come true
Just asking you to be for always
In the hours and ahead new days

Sweet days of memories
Nothing touches their glowing
Their softness forever one sees
Without actually knowing
For a dream is always to be
Something lovely and so free

So much to give and be sincere
In every moment that opens a door
Dreams of love to be only here
When there's much inside for more
Carrying luck to their notion
Of every heart and its potion

Peter S. Quinn

Sweet Fling (Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Sweet fling
All the wonders of the world,
Again sing
When together it's burlled;
Longings are forever
There is nothing we can do,
Advertising is clever
But it's still up to me and you.

Sweet thing
To buy or to wear,
Pearls on a string
For neighbors eyes to share;
Wishes are heartaches strong
All is in the denying,
You just have to get along
Give your best in trying.

Sweet sing
Just before the holidays,
Joy bring
In with many different ways;
You don't need to have it all
Little bit of this and that,
Enjoy your visit to the mall
Be a smart buying diplomat.

Peter S. Quinn

Sweet Like The Morning (From, Dried Flowers)

Sweet like the morning that comes to dawn,
All is of torn or flickering passion;
Each way is the fullest before its bygone,
With aspects of heart and all its conduction.

Tender of fire you pour into the wind,
Life is like the leaves that wither and die;
Fruits of the trees the beautiful tamarind,
All what will blossom before the blue sky.

The earth with its songs sweet in the morning,
Conquering dark with its newly true shine;
Giving taking feeling and then yearning,
All here around that with love you combine.

Everything's a dream that soon goes away,
For dark speckles are in every new ray.

Peter S. Quinn

Sweet Love - Sonnet

Sweet love of its many wandering ways
Through the spiky passions of each fresh play
The night to crack of dawn of many rays
Sunshine of the heart and its compartments lay
Oh tender fire of the evening blossom
Where the hour of life is in cool waves
And where each flower of beauty is from
And every new longing that love craves

The earth is because of love and its heart
A garden of passion and glowing burn
Where every feeling in instance will start
Taken to be filled in each of its turn
True love is always around to be found
And comes like circling sea waves around

Peter S. Quinn

Sweet Loves (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Sweet loves there are many mottled thorns before
With each ticket to its passionate way
Meeting the coming of new quickly day
Where it goes to pouring desire for more
Infinite at first till it receives me
To its endless tang and small universe
Where faith lay buried in its numerous diverse
Of discoveries of existing sense free

Listen to invisible things fallen to reefs
Of river of desire that give life songs
And is guarded within each freshly new sign
The secret blossoms within the motifs
With every its way in its pass-alongs
Like fallen rain drops to the deepest brine

Peter S. Quinn

Sweet Music Of Love

Ah sweet music of love
A heaven of a cloudless sky
Each stroke of the curves above
That never can for a moment die

Like you and I in each feeling
That comes through for ever more
Heartbeats and touches stealing
In each of life's peace and war

The safeness of being just there
With passion from the inside
Every magic that we could share
When shadows of fate hide

Peter S. Quinn

Sweet Nothing

Sweet nothing
Come to my heart
Sweet bluffing
From where did you start?
Like going nowhere
From yesteryear
The closures are here
With its blend of the year

You are my way
Calling and again feeling
Moods of the day
Those hours are stealing
Waking back to
Every thought gone by
Tender beyond blue
Opening sky

Sweet nothing
I still love you
Though the heart is roughing
Inside and through

Sweet nothing
Come to my heart
Sweet bluffing
From where did you start?
Like sailing the sea
Of waves so black
And forever to be
Losing ones track

Come come love
Don't let me lose again

Peter S. Quinn

Sweet Rose Of Fragrance

Sweet rose of fragrance
You were of yesterday
But now your elegance
Lies between two pages lay
Your bouquet's of tinctures rust
And blanching out to dry
Each color to memories thrust
As between pages you die

I remember you in bed
With flowers of summer found
When you gave your glossiest red
To everyone around
And filled the air of fragrance sweet
Like no one else could do
But now between the pages I meet
A part that once was you

Sweet rose of gardens jewel
How time can make you go
For every its period is often cruel
With lost and lost - in glow
My heart is always asking
Why everything away goes
As in time its tasking
Will lose out - like this rose

Peter S. Quinn

Sweet Roses In Red

Sweet roses in red
In the garden surrounding
Colored precincts bled
Of summertime founding
The new flowers of earth
Every seed that is sown
Are their blossoms worth
From the soil deep grown

Like love in your heart
That finds its own ways
With fresh morning start
Into morrow dawn's haze
Fragrances in to the air
Every perfume of spring
Inside the greenery there
With the birds that'll sing

Sweet days now ahead
While the times are so great
Tinctured bouquet's bed
To each lovers heart straight
With you here by my side
The whole world can be won
While winter nights hide
Every flower still lives on

Peter S. Quinn

Sweet Roses Of Time

Sweet roses of time
The roots in earth bound
Reasons for their rime
Everything inside found
Flowers of lonely darks
Or in the bed of spring
Each of their shady sparks
Whatever joy they'll bring

What makes a world live
Within each loneliness
What you and I can give?
Into this verve bottomless
The strangers of each trend
Or moments that can't stay
Thoughts nowhere spend
Each of its many lay

Hours to spark again
With every drifting done
What here came in vain?
To be misguided in spun
Flowers on wall and street
Seeding each life more on
Whatever lonely heartbeat
That's without its liaison

Peter S. Quinn

Sweet Summer Day

Sweet summer day
With all your coloring glowing
Beautiful many ways
Into new dreamscape going
All is a shading's dream
Into nature's fairytale
Golden sunshine bright gleam
And summer songs musicale

Sweet o morning sing
Onto the future's new bright
And happiness to them bring
That came from night
All in its rising clear day
Tinctures of joyful flowers
As new summer colors play
In burgeoning hours

Sweet summer here
With blue skies clear on
Ruddiness is now everywhere
Coldness of winter's gone
All in its rising light
Days of bright and clear
Summer birds into night
Singing songs everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

Sweet Summer Dreams, From Dried Flowers

Sweet summer dreams are to delight us all,
When old winter goes away in its dim;
Its weary worn weather and breezy hymn,
With coldness and frosty earth confrontal.
The bleedings of colours will give its tone,
To the summer now new freshness singing!
Greenness to hills and the growth back bringing,
When flowers together shall stand not alone.
The sweetness of joy will lit like a flame,
And give back its colours from grey and dead;
There will be more blue, the green and red,
And all other countless without proper name.
Laurels of the summer in fresh they come,
How sweet the rose: as the lover's blossom.

Peter S. Quinn

Sweet Sweet Love

Sweet sweet love
Onto the night
Like cloudlets above
After day bright

Oh love in the morning
Just sweet as it is
Turning and yearning
Like an eve bliss

And everything's glowing
Into to the dark
Red cloudlets going
Away to the dark

Oh love sweet you
Here is my song
A melody through
In love's heart to long

Sweet sweet love
Onto the night
Like cloudlets above
After day bright

Oh love sweet you
In a heart to long
Every time to renew
Each time again young

Peter S. Quinn

Sweet Time - Nowhere

Sweet time - nowhere
a fantasy of my own,
this world's here and there
in my head not shown.

But I in my sleep
can find its way about,
and this is mine to keep
without having any doubt.

I was driven into time
that really was not here,
its day was in its prime
and I could go everywhere.

I saw its perfect flowers
and its dreams of reality,
I dwelt there many hours
in its peaceful harmony.

Sweet time a fantasy
in its everlasting show,
it's 'to be or not to be'
when inside it we go!

Peter S. Quinn

Sweet Times - Freedom Times (From, Poet On Www)

Sweet times are here to be,
If we give it the opportunity;
That can not be taken away,
And nobody can steel or sway.
Words will flutter and return,
The lights will flash and burn;
But freedom will always live,
From what we to freedom give.

Sweet times flow and spring,
Like nightingale to a world sing;
Be a cleft in a splendors whirl,
Or a billow in the oceans swirl.
Silences in rest and in speech,
Kindnesses to each other teach;
An invention of the world spirit,
Wisdom of its judgment and wit.

Sweet time like breeze in trees,
Compassion that mankind frees;
A wind that keeps nothing still,
The kindness and conquer of will.
Like a syllable and like a flame,
Resurrections of a peaceful aim;
For freedom will always live,
From what we to freedom give.

Peter S. Quinn

Sweetest Rose

Come now sweetest rose
And summer tinctures bring
Soon your color goes
Like so much of everything

You lovely in shades flow
Divinely in your red
In fragrances air you show
Your beauty in garden's bed

My words cannot give much
But speak of graces true
How you my heart now touch
In times of summer renew

With delight and colors clear
When springtime is flowing
These days around this year
Your buds to love are showing

Peter S. Quinn

Sweetly Is This Fresh Tongue

Swing on high - or on low
Shadows are on the move
New times summer's glow
With its shades to improve
Journeyed long into a deep
Inside the winter's ground
Blossoming not to keep
For each season goes around

Some grows old or young
What the tide is all here for
Sweetly is this fresh tongue
That life's began to explore
Singing songs in roads ahead
Futures footstep not yet seen
Back roads from the gainsaid
Now are lost into the green

Swing on feelings that are felt
With mornings yet to come
There are seasons of indwelt
Where this state came all from
Powers of pleasure on grows
In this garden soon to bloom
Strength of light forward flows
Into winters own secret room

Valleys deep - mountains high
Coming in canonicals flax
Where the meadows wildest lie
In the swaying straws clagues
Whisper to me wind - carefree
All your songs and symphonies
That come full of hope and glee
With leaves whiz from the trees

Peter S. Quinn

Swing Swing

Swing swing on my fortune index finger
Let me be your desiring destiny
Gadgets and opportunities swinger
Every past memories daydreams a b c
Times of wind blowing gathering clouds
And the colorful rainbows from the beyond
Gathering happiness together crowds
Afar oceans and every millpond

Each finger to build on to more treasures
That the air of point might someday fill
To give amount time to mankind's pleasure
When youth and its dreams climb the older hill
Everything from early life floating rays
Those were colors, but now have turned to grays

Peter S. Quinn

Swing Them Low And High

Swing them low and high
Every midnight to morning hour
In the lonesome glowing sky
And winter's frosty flower
The day are on the hook
Some old fashioned way
Come and get a new look
Before the spring will play

Take this worn out song
And bring it in top the new
Where freshness comes along
Inside both me and you
Where seeds are now stillborn
With the dark that's going by
Each day goes on more torn
Where the dim frost roads lie

Swing them low and high
Everyday that went wrong
Don't ask any questions why
They didn't meet to get along
There's no time to reach truth
For spring comes soon in
With returning tide's youth
With the songs in May tin

Peter S. Quinn

Swing Through Modern Time

Swing through modern time
Impairment flowers that rime
Justice for all to go
The rivers unfaltering flow

Right of the moments to see
Each fire inside to free
Moods of the heart near by
Cloudlets that drift in the sky

Give every structure to line
Let them come out and shine
You are the speaker of nod
Generations of medium ipod

Peter S. Quinn

Take All My Words...

Take all my words I'll sing
And put them on a string,
So they - like pearls will cling,
And around your neck may shine
In a spotless circled line!
Our thoughts, right or wrong,
We with memories prolong;
To some, they belong.

Now they seem like a dream,
Our thoughts we tried to deem,
Into some framework scheme.
Please just carry them around,
Not all words have been found,
Around times pretty neck.
For they're like fate's deck,
That love sometimes may check.

Take each this word I'm saying,
For these aren't long staying,
When forgetfulness is playing.
For into time they twine,
Like debt of each consign.
Though a heart can be lifelong
If still it has true song
And sings - both sweet and strong!

Peter S. Quinn

Take All This Time

Take all this time in its collapsing way
Each difference of moments that on seek
Like flowing of waves in to and fro speak
That meets on the shore of a coming day
That dwells not for long in its own inter play
But give of its motions of strong and weak
And its flowing to deliver in its tweak
Never to return back in its disarray

All that is here in its gentle of on flow
Meeting tomorrow in all that is to be
Those moments we give that are here to go
Still in its delivering to become free
Opposite points of one thread to a trace
Each that is different in many its ways

Peter S. Quinn

Take Away Every Abhorrence Fuse

When you play along in sunshine
The dim moods are around
Feelings from the dark deep brine
Nowhere else to be found
Many are the ways of the hearts
So much to break you down
Along the ways of routs ramparts
Hatred dwells in tinsel town

Poems to do are all inside of you
Singing words with a rhyme
Into tint gold fountain of the new
Each of its feelings will climb
Building a mountain or river's flow
With beautiful words that fly
Only in poetry moments can glow
Never to pass away or to die

When you sing your song sing well
Never to put down the muse
Give the stream that you need to tell
Take away every abhorrence fuse

~*~

Peter S. Quinn

Take Me As I Am

Take me as I am let me be a twist
A carefree word here to adhere
For knitting down the gist
Inside heart-roots gone austere

Like a love that begins from inside
And brings out a beautiful bright
Like a ray that in a shade might hide
Or a beam in an evening's flight

Give same love life's giving about
Though sideways are with bare trees
And the morning is still in its doubt
For the coming of summer's breeze

Peter S. Quinn

Take Me There

Take me there
To your distant shore
Let me go away
For always more and more
Travel with me
To the oceans deep
Into song of love
Ours always to keep

Have me here with you
Dreaming on and on
Where love is all
From the far and yon
So much to let go
Into what has been lost
Rise and then fall
In its own way trust

Winds of our opportunity
Rivers of the past
Holding to its treasures
In its ways and cast
Waiting for the outlying
To truly open far
And taking us both away
To our guiding star

In the fields of finding
Everywhere around
And make us still believe
In true love we've found
Climbing every mountain
To the very top
And living for our dreams
Never to let them stop

Peter S. Quinn

Take Me To Your Singing

Take me to your singing
From the inside about
Thoughts of longings bringing
Without ever doubt

Take me to your drifting
Like a feathery cloud
Every you is uplifting
In each deeper crowd

Everywhere where there is trying
To find the fields before
In each way and always complying
What each way will store
When it comes to open a locked door

Take me to your thoughts
Feelings there inside
Every what it is and ought's
That in you must glide
Everywhere where there is trying
To find the fields before
In each way and always complying
What each way will store
When it comes to open a locked door

Take me to your singing
Through the inn's and out
Every bell is ringing
Tones to the futures loud

Peter S. Quinn

Take My Key Of Dreams

Take my key of dreams
For anything that 'll go
Not all is what it seems
Thru the keyhole's glow

Stretch your own wings
Flow them thru a twist
The character inside sings
What your traits has kissed

Roads must be two ways
One is to your reply
The other with head plays
Wherein the interiors fly

Love is in its fine tresses
Falling down to the earth
Mind and ability abolishes
Each of its possess worth

Sometimes you'll find a key
To your instant problems
It might have a sure way
To what it after that becomes

Learn thru your oversight
All moves toward vitality spin
There is no wrong or right
Only the ones that will win

Peter S. Quinn

Take Or Leave (From, Rock Star)

Take or leave all wishing's gone,
For nothing is really over;
Side by side on life's autobahn,
Each thought is its rover.
All the money in the world,
Will not give the ways;
Styles that come and are hurled,
After a while stop to amaze.

Take or leave the made images,
That nothing give or leave;
They have there no advantages,
In their shortcomings brief.
It's real hard to be quite true,
When there's nothing of value;
Try being personal with attitude,
And there will be ways to accrue.

Take or leave world of money,
Each will give its own way;
Popularity is peculiar and funny,
And nothing for long there stays.
It's real hard to be quite true,
When there's nothing of value;
Try being personal with attitude,
And there will be ways to accrue.

Take or leave and then be done,
Everything's just going around;
There's no reason for an abjection,
On any pretentious battleground.

Peter S. Quinn

Take Take Take

Take take take
Every hour life cannot hold
In times of its utter and wake
Those through our passions unfold

So much in its way and decoy
Playing through the lonely hours
A moment in heartbeat's employ
Sometimes rain with its showers

Steadily going - drifting through
That seemed to be only yesterday
Time is like footsteps to renew
Each in their own special way

Take take take
Every hour life cannot hold
And fill it with sea of new make
Life's declining leaves marigold

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

Take This All New Going Poem

Take this time and fly in sight
Originality is everything
Sunshine flowers new and bright
Is how the words you sing

Come come and show their bending
The slivery leaves of thought
In to the moments blending
What inspirations have taught

Cut every clipping and start
With making your own right away
So much there has driven apart
From every through and play

You are the moments you live
To show of the good and new
Everything worthy to give
If it is clearly from you

Take this all new going poem
And raise it up trouble free
Or forgetfulness becomes its diadem
That comes to be for eternally

Something to make trouble with
Written on its blank page
Words to the words own myth
Nothing to give from its age

Peter S. Quinn

Take This Day

Take this day and move ahead
On to roads that are lonely
Every reason with its thread
Is for the yesterdays only
Bring inside of every heart
Every love that comes your way
We are always fresh to start
To know what comes to stay

Flying on and moving afar
This is our day of new morning
Let it come in full of yare
Every way of futures turning
This and that for everyone
Showing times and their pleas
Summer moods are in their sun
Anything for the green and trees

Let the time be million miles
Beyond every distant dream
There are moments with whiles
When our hope is within ream
With some longing and heartbeats
I have wandered off the way
Every love song its trickle meets
When it comes with its weigh

Peter S. Quinn

Take What Is Broken (From, Rock Star)

You are the same - always same,
So hard to ask for anything;
The sleepy eyes a burning flame,
You go away or loving bring.
Talking to you makes differences,
Turning me off is all right;
This all around talking acquaintances,
Is scathing on no going light.

You had your ways and place with me,
And nothing came out of it;
You set my thoughts straight to see,
That better things are to acquit.

I am to tame - something to frame,
Quite insecure on to hold;
Come here to me do your acclaim,
Let the ways double unfold.
What tastes now sweet may go,
From time to time away;
All what we know we don't know,
The pure of taste cliché.

You had your ways and place with me,
And nothing came out of it;
You set my thoughts straight to see,
That better things are to acquit.

Letting the weight become light,
Is not the right way to fight
In love or hate;
Bring me oneness in its own right,
That's life debate.

So much to fight for if love's true,
Never though waste moments of touch;
Here we are both - here to renew,
If we love each other very much.
Feelings are making me want to die,

Tough inside I know that's not what I want;
You broken my wings to fly to your sky,
All what is left - me now will haunt.

Peter S. Quinn

Tala? Til Náttúru

heimur án ástar
er ekki til
ekkert
ekkert í djúpum hyl

blóm sem dafnar
um sumartí?
a? sí?ustu kafnar
í snjó og hrí?

(ó veröld ertu
?á alvond
?ú virkar svo blítt)

ó nei en ég
fylgi tíma
og tí?
og byrja upp á nytt

(hver gerir strí?
me? stungu sár)
?a? gera menn
me? írafár

heimur án ástar
er ekki til
ekkert
ekkert í djúpum hyl

(hver gerir hafi? hljótt
og jör?u au?a)
?a? geri? ?i?
sem ?rái? dau?a

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Tangled Hours

We walked sleeping
And the days go by
Nowhere hours keeping
To our closer tie
Stopped the stifled heart
Times we woke up
Chances from its start
Visions of bitter sweet cup□

And love was going crazy
Wind of dark dreams
The currents were so lazy
In its shore stream
Waiting for a vision
Dreams that never came through
With their point precision
Love from me and you

Nothing was in eyes
Nights of waves deep
Dawn of reddish surprise
In its winter sleep
Heart scratched and bleeding
Silver threads of time
Stopped in ways of needing
Tangled in their prime

Peter S. Quinn

Tears (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Tears
Will go by
One by one
Into the loneliness

No one will stop them
Only time will give comfort

The rainy sky is like
All life crying

One and one
They go
Those peaceful tear drops

Tears
In your heart
And your love
You are at lost
With them

One by one
They will go

One by one
They will know
Why you are crying

We all cry
For a reason

Peter S. Quinn

Tears On Red Rose

"Tears on red rose
For a love that's gone
Where to - who knows? "
Echoes carillon

~*~

Love's like a dream
In beautiful red
Memories deem
It once it has bled

~*~

My reddish bloom
To autumn's falling
Its love's perfume
Oblivion's calling

Peter S. Quinn

Tears To Tears

Tears to tears draw the line
Love is never forgotten
Years to years in its sunshine
Leaves of life rotten
Dream kingdoms never come
Only the heart reappears
Where it was and where its plum
Sometime sometimes not clears

Through time's dark
Each mood and affection
Golden visions not to spark
Into the heart's connection
Hours onward to end die
Affliction of dark to see
There once were tears to cry
From under its love plea

What shall last a little while?
Into roads going through
Hours futile is like the mile
Only walked when needn't to
Tears to tears my roots have dried
Reappearing grayish dim
Into its much heartbreak tide
Hostage in a mime whimsy whim

Peter S. Quinn

Technology Waxwings

Who cares for anyone,
Today or tomorrow;
We just have to go on and on,
With our own kind of sorrow:
Life is to take and take,
Never to be sufficient;
Much money is at the stake,
All so affectively deficient.

Bringing in your own,
That is what this life is all for;
No time for your moan,
You need new gadgets more.
Go on buying recent things,
Happiness they are giving;
Technology waxwings,
Your dreams they are living.

What is right or wrong,
It is lack of communication;
Take some money along,
For the buying salvation.
I tell you - you are far behind,
On that year old computer;
It is time to go and find,
Another that is perhaps cuter.

(From an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Peter S. Quinn

Tell Me Do You Still Remember

I have come to know this day
That was lost into the new
With its trees in summer's play
And the love I had for you
There was something in its feel
Holding still on to our dream
Like fairytales quite unreal
In its own unrealistic ream

Where we both once there
With a dream that felt so true
When there was sun everywhere
And no occasion to be blue
There's something in my heart
Still wondering about those days
Where we had our role and part
With all our thoughts and says

Tell me do you still remember
How truly we both then meant
In long time gone September
Before leaves to yellow went

Peter S. Quinn

Tell Me Now

Please tell me now if you are mine,
Then all we need's a magic hour;
To walk along in the sunshine,
Love's charisma and love's power.

If we hold on to each other,
Feel the closeness from the inside;
Love could then go even further,
If it's all going well and right.

Tell me now that we are always,
Meant to be with true affection;
In future of our coming days,
If love will show us direction.

If we hold on to every dream,
Which we feel bottomless within;
Rightly every thing shall then seem,
Of destiny and wish to win.

Tell me now and then forever,
What our fondness is all about;
So we can be here together,
Without any denial or doubt.

Peter S. Quinn

Temporal Icily Silver

Times are drifting here by in their gray
In memories of colors they once were
Everything in bleakish dive deter
That once showed freshness of its early May
Each day becoming blacker than before
Leaving no precipitation unaffected
Through winter's chilliness and frost injected
Nothing in this temper will stand for more

The snow is falling to the frozen ground
One by one snowflakes plunge and quiver
Everywhere around the white earth glows

Summer tones of yesteryear have drowned
In the temporal icily silver
That at the moment briskly throughout blows

Peter S. Quinn

Þa? Logar (It Flames)

Ljó? kemur og fer
eins og þa? vill
eitt sér ásfangi? fólk
vi? falli? lauf trjáanna
sem situr á gar?bekk
anna? sér ógn?rungi? sky
sem ber me? sér strí?
sorg og dau?a

ég græt ekki sorgina
sem gengur me? mér
þvert og endilangt um borgina
hún allsta?ar er

ég græt ekki eynd
í augum snau?ra
sorg sem er löngu gleymd
í líkómum dau?ra

ljó?i? kemur og fer
er eins og vindur
í hárinu á þér
himininn rau?ur stirndur

þar sem logi þinn brann
þar ég ástina fann
inni' í sál minni ég einmana er
þar sem hvítur sandur er undir fótum
þar skaut ég ungum rótum
í mold, sem a? lokum allt fer

ljó? mitt er í skyjum
ljó? mitt er í gárum vatnsins
í regn boga vi? endurnyjun
tærum dropum
ljó? mitt er í vindi hlyjum
sem fykur frá hafi
og sólu sem til vi?ar fellur
og fugli sem gellur

a? nótt sé í nánd
?a? logar ljó? í bló?heitum hjörtum
?a? logar í deginum björtum
og skuggunum svörtum
?a? logar, ?a? logar, ljó? um nótt

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Þa? Yrkist Líti? Ljó? Á Örk

Þa? yrkist líti? ljó? á örk,
um lífsins von og hilling.
A? stundum ver?i vonin björk,
sem veiti lífsins fylling.

Ef stendur rótum sterkum á,
sto?in hreina háa;
þótt feykist tréi? til og frá,
trónar þa? himininn bláa.

Og allt þar undir skjóli? fær, -
eillíti? frækorn sem sefur;
sem sí?ar uppúr afdrep grær,
og ö?rum vonirnar gefur.

Peter S. Quinn

Thank You For Loving Me

Thank you for loving me
Oh world my earth
My heart is yours for eternity
You gave me worth

I'll sing for you all my days
The new songs I've found
As breeze on my window plays
In circling tides around

Thank you for giving me
All that I needed here
Making my heart being free
Never to chains bound anywhere

I'll sing to you in rising ray
As a day becomes new
Hear its wind melodies play
Those are pure and true

Thank you for teaching me
And let me now see
How the breeze blows cheerfully
Forever and ever to be

I have here my symphony
The theme of all songs
Its truth eternal harmony
In all love that longs

Peter S. Quinn

Thanks

Thanks for being that kind
In my heart and mind
I'll prosper your way
To give worth something to say

I call him love
Through the open sky
For he's above
In each of my try
So much of his given
For all to feel
What time have driven
Into the real

Thanks for bringing mountain
On to the faraway
The drips of your fountain
Shall always stay

I call him love
Through the open sky
For he's above
In each of my try

Thanks for this striking earth
And everything free
In times own worth
And giving it to me

Peter S. Quinn

Thanks For Being Here

Thanks for being here
And give of your love a share
Thanks for all good being
And worth of the heart seeing
Open up your feeling's gate
For each love and debate
All is for life's pleasure
Time's its point and treasure

Thanks for giving me time
Together we its ways climb
Everything is hope to see
Gives us more and make free
Feelings are there for us all
Love is mountain very tall
All is for existence to live
Grow in its foliage and give

Thanks for showing a way
In a night you become a day
Rising in sunshine new
Walking day's road through
Worth every footstep's try
Where love's fate must lie
Going to reach goals worth
Anything good on this earth

Peter S. Quinn

That Beautiful Somewhere

That beautiful somewhere
With mountains so high
And green valleys to share
Under deep bluish sky
Where love will be waiting
In the wilderness far
There'll be rainbows fading
Under an evening star

That love that comes easy
And gives us everything
In the summer so breezy
Where the barleys sing
Where the flowers are small
With sweet fragrance in air
Before summerset's fall
And the red is everywhere

That morning colored dawn
Before day comes of life full
After twilight's darkish gown
Where dreams you away pull
That beautiful somewhere
In everything nature gave
Together with us will share
When we for beauty crave

Peter S. Quinn

That Beautiful Somewhere...

That beautiful somewhere
Wherever you are
Those faraway places from here
In the days afar
That beautiful dream
In the distant from all
In a flowing stream
Those sometimes call

In dreams that come true
When days are in real
As memories we renew
With each our own feel
Days that once were blue
In aspects and appeal
Coming here again thru
With our thoughts surreal

That beautiful somewhere
Its touch and its flow
Those in far-away from nowhere
Those come here and go
Their magical spots
In evening of gold
Those beautiful plots
Those at times unfold

That beautiful somewhere
Wherever you are
Those faraway places from here
In the days afar
That beautiful of nowhere
In my heart and yours
Giving all its beauty to share
And life adores

Peter S. Quinn

That Flame (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Let me come and be close
Like a daylight coming free
Everything is as it goes
Here with both you and me

Hold my though hours of night
When shadows flicker around
Let me be inside your light
Where your smile is found

Make me feel a dream come true
When I'm close and up with you
With everything to understand
When our worries go hand in hand
And the day is returning to new

Sun will shine on both of us
With so many aspects same
Every opportunity across
Will be burning in that flame

Rising day from darkish night
Clear as everything we know
When it comes in at first sight
With its morning freshness glow

And we feel that same inside
As the hour so clearly young
When night themes away hide
And we know where we belong

Make me feel a dream come true
When I'm close and up with you
With everything to understand
When our worries go hand in hand
And the day is returning to new

Sun will shine on both of us
With so many aspects same

Every opportunity across
Will be burning in that flame
Will be burning in that flame

That flame

Peter S. Quinn

That's The Way It Is

That's the way it is
Again it's done over
Making words into whiz
Roots of a little clover
Leaves with nothing to hold
All has been done before
Spinning the new from old
Into yet another lore

The past floating around
Turning the sweet and soft
Where is the new then found?
When there is nothing aloft
Wearing the old time shoes
Handsome it might have been
Though it's now past its dues
Sprinkling out thoughts thin

In its way fading now
Burning the bridges again
Finding some new somehow
Bringing it in with pain
Love lost in greaves
The flowers of autumn past
Old brownish dim leaves
Nothing forever to last

Peter S. Quinn

The *uncomplicated Beginning Song

Everything has a meaning
Life is just like this
You are either reality or dreaming
Into what you accomplish
Stars are still each faraway
From us all to know
Though sometime comes a day
When you'll be ready to go

Somewhere in the distance world
Each our dream is staying
Crossroads wending and swirled
Each our steps are laying
What comes through will open eyes
Fill them with its gist
There are worlds and other skies
Inside these Galaxies mist

Everything is worth its while
Coming around again
Having a purpose and its style
Never pointlessly or in vain

Everything has a meaning
Roads to the unknown to be known
Prospects above us are screening
Shifting away the hazy gown

Shifting away its hazy gown...

(*This lyric was simplified, in meaning and with more singable words, from a much larger poem of 640 unsingable lines...)

Peter S. Quinn

The Absolute Always With Its Slightest Twist (From, Dried Flowers)

Each day is young and not much involved,
In much to do and before spreading out;
Those ways that becomes clearly loved,
To explain reason in each wandered doubt.
To burn on bridges that other there might,
And how to digress their awful distress;
For each is a way aloft in the light,
That comes again in new eager bareness.
The wish and take of each new attention,
Unseen though and decided to be seized;
Through spreading out with the reprehension,
That every way before had there unpleased.
The absolute always with its slightest twist,
Often more in there - you surely have missed.

Peter S. Quinn

The Banana Dance Haiku...

Take a dance with me
Up the old banana tree
- Where we used to be!

- from, The Crew -

(There was a man from Banana Tree,
That wanted the whole world to see
His newest dance,
- So he took the chance:
'Come dance the Banana with me')

Peter S. Quinn

The Beautiful Blossom Of Night (From Lullabies)

Now the night is coming in
With eternal star spin
Of flowers dark profound
Leaves of autumn bound

Nectar of its deep scent
Through the moods are blent
A warp with a little bud
Stem like stick in the mud

Of flower of blossom dark
With circling lines tidemark
Those come with its easy glow
With winter and little snow

So little on window still
With dreams of the moon to spill
Deeper than bluish tincture
And softer than any fur

The petals around its dew drip
Like those of a fairy's lip
The beautiful blossom of night
Like a riddle in thoughts height
When hour of morning awakes in

Peter S. Quinn

The Beautiful Outdoors

The beautiful outdoors
All glowing from thru fire
The mountains and shores
Weaving their new desire
Over the dark shadows
That winter once gave
Their colors are now glows
With their flickering crave

Seasons of red rubies
From the bed of the roses
And green foliage gravities
In their abundant doses
Now summer is everywhere
In the pearly sky blue
Breeze here and there
With heady scent going thru

The wandering enjoyment
Of mountains fresh clean
In their state and commitment
Where wildness has been
The dewdrops of daybreak
From the haze of the night
In mornings flirts awake
With coming of summer light

Peter S. Quinn

The Beautiful Tonight

The beautiful tonight as the moon lies still
In its dreamy space of afar never ending
Each cloud that comes near is like daffodil
In the night of dim hours forever blending

The air in the breeze of the trees high top
Are now buzzing their murmuring on song
With the nearby forest background eavesdrop
In what the moon and wind whisper and long

Peter S. Quinn

The Beauty

The beauty is again to be
Forever in this world around
Dream that we know we can see
Love songs of life to be found
Days in their waking and falling
All that is going to nowhere
Distances for a day still calling
All that is going from here

Beauty of day and each dreaming
That we have loved and found
Where sunrise of life is gleaming
Still in the darkness around
Yesterdays they are all gone
Into the nowhere of the deep
But we must though carry life on
For love is still ours to keep

The beauty is like a new day
Glowing in shadows and dark
Skies of the deep and the gray
All from its inside true spark
Love is the way giving dream
On and on going like before
A river of full thrusting stream
Waves on tomorrow new shore

Days in their waking and falling
All that is going to nowhere
Distances for a day still calling
All that is going from here

Love is the way giving dream
On and on going like before
A river of full thrusting stream
Waves on tomorrow new shore

Peter S. Quinn

The Birds Of Paradise

The birds of paradise,
With wings reaching free and far;
Their singing never dies,
Though centuries go afar.
Their longings are for peace,
Knowing things of worth;
Man is only what he believes,
From the day of his birth.
The forest and each leaf,
Are there for reasons too;
Some may be so brief,
Others stand longer than you.
Change of time will make,
New growth from the old;
Around the brook and the lake,
Colors we cannot hold.
Clouds will come and go,
With clearings in the sky;
Just like a breezing blow,
Suddenly - to start, and die.

Peter S. Quinn

The Blossoms Of Life

The blossoms of life - like flower dew drops
That comes often so easy with its love
Playfully wings of the innocent dove
Every turn around - in down and ups
The shattering words that once were of day
Now in to the blackness - so thick-shadowed
Where brightness once exploded and its time glowed
With tongues of laughter that turned times way

Come again to explode the long silence
That encapsulates moods in winter song
With light that lived from the wick's memory
Give away to opportunity chance
That each in their prosperity often long
To briefly becoming of worries free

Peter S. Quinn

The Blue Bluish Light

The blue bluish light
Falling on softly
A day becomes night
Lost in timeless sea

Once there was a day
In its daylight living
Now the blue will play
In its darkish giving
Once there was sunshine
Gleaming on life's bed
Golden brushes so fine
That its corona bled

In blue bluish flight
Drifting clouds softly
On their going flight
For a dream to be

Now there is this dim
Flowing here on by
As deep shadows swim
Though the open sky
For brightness of dawn
When morning comes high
From under night gown
With golden brushes fine

The blue bluish light
Falling on softly
A day becomes night
Lost in timeless sea

The blue bluish light
A nighttime to be
Soon reaching its height
In its times eternally

In blue bluish flight

Drifting clouds softly
On their going flight
For a dreams to be

For dreams to be

Peter S. Quinn

The Blue Flowers: Each Love Song Is Now Cold

The blue yellow flowers
For days of true giving
Through winter hours
Of darkish night living

When day is still unclear
In the winter timeless song
And we to dreams are near
When we new summer long

The blue of the far sky
Is our only looking glass
Before spring comes high
In with its fresh green grass

Each love song is now cold
On frosty roses window
With nothing there to unfold
But winters iridescent glow

Peter S. Quinn

The Blue Of The Evening (Sonnet)

The blue of the evening is showing
From inside the tintured perforated glow
Where the moon from the cloudlets is now going
As the shadows to night must further grow
In the dances of shadings and coolness
The instance hours are feeling my cold feet
And winter icily night in its caress
With breeze that goes on in an empty street

My heart is as bare as a leafless tree
For I think about nothing but this cold
Chilliness that wanders on inside of me
For there's no endless love me now to unfold
And now as I speak my thoughts travel far
Perhaps to a Milky Way's unknown star

Peter S. Quinn

The Bluish Flower

The bluish flower of the heavens sky
Where raindrops fall from eyelids to the yirth,
And mortal men give to all mortal birth
And each of them will later surly die;
For life is here to grow and then say goodbye
All what is done is like the wind in worth,
It awakes in clouds far from home and mirth
Like stars in night that can not speak but cry.

Why is this so when honey from flowers drips?
And gold and diamonds you can surly find,
And be of all your success very proud;
Still there now death you will kiss with you lips
And walk the street of life so very blind,
And shout where you don't need to be aloud.

Peter S. Quinn

The Breath Of The Day (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Silent ways of distances moments feel
The breath of the day and all its spaces
Presence of surroundings in touch and graces
Something from last night of dreams unreal

Some yesterdays glowing that goes still on
Trough transformations of its out and in
Footsteps of the deepest ways and its spin
Till chances have come through and once more gone

Mysterious encounter of a magical ring
Senses of rounds coming in breath of time
With immeasurable sense that goes again
The earth of each shadow that darkness's bring
And rises through times flowing on prime
Like freshness water of mirroring den

Peter S. Quinn

The Breeze In The Air (From, Dried Flowers)

The breeze in the air like the falling dawn,
Silent prowl through the hours that are now gone;
Each moment that from the day is withdrawn,
Flaring of the sunbeams in its cabochon.

Colors and the weavings of those fabrics,
Galloping light tenderness sweetly feel;
Wander of the shadows in their admix,
Blueness beyond clear sky early appeal.

Days without end in enchants forever,
Giving dazzling restless morning light through,
Filling the sky with rays of the newborn;

All what is gone - to be again, never,
Only the incessant shades of dim blue,
From the roots of twilight's falling forlorn.

Peter S. Quinn

The Bridges Of Madison County

It looks like a beautiful evening,
It looks like a beautiful next day;
I'll becoming tomorrow,
And discuss love if I may.

I got songs of everything in my heart,
I got a taste of roses in my mouth;

Dreams, I have been dreaming of...
Won't be too long,
I will meet you,
Where we planned to go.

Doesn't matter what everybody says,
I got something to do;
I'm going to buy myself a new dress,
To be in love with you.

It must be some kind of magic,
The way you were;
Your eyes or something,
Just that I had you here.

We were so in love, it almost felt like a song;
But we both knew it then, you had to move along.

Peter S. Quinn

The Center Of Our Heart

The center of our heart is the earth
With every freshness that comes open in
A love song from the day of our birth
The light that with every season shall spin
Our dream there passes in silences
Filling its oblivion with its autumns
Each endures and powers in caresses
Like a love to love in enduring blooms

Freshness opens to the traveler along
Filling every day without any doubt
Footsteps that have passed everywhere to
Transient transformed like a new song
Filling the deeps where the earth is about
Always entombed with its love for you

Peter S. Quinn

The Center Of Our Heart (From Lullabies)

The center of our heart is the earth
With every freshness that comes open in
A love song from the day of our birth
The light that with every season shall spin
Our dream there passes in silences
Filling its oblivion with its autumns
Each endures and powers in caresses
Like a love to love in enduring blooms

Freshness opens to the traveler along
Filling every day without any doubt
Footsteps that have passed everywhere to
Transient transformed like a new song
Filling the deeps where the earth is about
Always entombed with its love for you

Peter S. Quinn

The Change Of Time

The change of time
Affects us in days to come,
The future is unknown
Who knows where it's from?
We run out of luck
If things stay the same,
Or we will be forever stuck
In the memory game.
Waves of time will play
With us and give us grieve,
Each year has a turning way
In all our thoughts and believe.
The change of things
Comes with each New Year,
Who'll ever know what it brings
A smile or twinklings tear?
We love though alterity
When they are new and exiting,
Exotic things to be
In days ahead hiding.

Like glowing embroidery
Of drifting time gone by,
The moments dwell in me
Such souvenir can't die.
The change in a life
Is beyond a reason,
Though regret is rife
For each and every season.
All old to new then sings
What comes and goes we bear,
Like silver bells it rings
In each of memories ear.
I can not futures see
Or what to me they bring,
Still they're flying free
So playful is their wing.
The change, comes and goes
Produces us daily on,

The past mind's eye glows
Who knows where it's gone?

Peter S. Quinn

The Change Of Times

The change of times
Affects us in days to come,
The future is unknown
Who knows where it's from?
We run out of luck
If things stay the same,
Or we will be forever stuck
In the memory game.
Waves of time will play
With us and give us grieve,
Each year has a turning way
In all our thoughts and believe.
The change of things
Comes with each New Year,
Who'll ever know what it brings
A smile or a shuddered tear?
We love though alterity
When they are new and exiting,
Exotic things to be
In days ahead hiding.

Like glowing embroidery
Of drifting time gone by,
The moments dwell in me
Such souvenir can't die.
The change in a life
Is beyond a reason,
Though regret is rife
For each and every season.
All old to new then sings
What comes and goes we bear,
Like silver bells it rings
In each of memories ear.
I can not futures see
Or what to me they bring,
Still they're flying free
So playful is their wing.
The change, comes and goes
Effects us daily on,

The past mind's eye glows
Who knows where it's gone?

Peter S. Quinn

The Clouds Are Rising

The clouds are rising
With their surprising
Pictures from within
Taking their spin...
In a day of a new
As spring comes thru
In a breeze of a song
And a heart to long

The hours are giving
Each pleasure of living
For dreams to be born
On old winter 's worn
The eye catching game
Of a colorful flame
In the colors behold
Those newborn from cold

Today life dances
In spring new romances
As we walk on
Thru memories gone
Summer is not yet here
With its beauty everywhere
But the sky is blue
With big opportunities to you

Peter S. Quinn

The Clouds Up There

I think the clouds up there
That are drifting on,

Know about us down here
And how we get along;

If this were all untrue
Which I suppose I don't believe,

There wouldn't be clouds over you
Every time you feel lives grieve.

All the clouds up there
Drift through time and space,

In our sorrows we do share
Faith in various different ways.

Peter S. Quinn

The Corns Of Dust To Dust

We have dreams to give and take
Anything we know for sure
Moods of tomorrow to up wake
That in Deep Ocean's lure
Morning breaks and dawns of days
Everything in newborn's casts
Colors sets in their many ways
The corns of dust to dust

What you say and what you try
With its parting's on
Every curve low and high
In to the night there gone
Sleepy eyes and the deep of truth
Rainy clouds in their drift
Songs of morning in their youth
Hours in their precious gift

We have thoughts to settle right
Making ways into a flow
Every hour's prospect flight
Into time that there may go
Try every tap that comes to a heart
Showing opportunities distance
Then song of mornings will start
In their opening mode instance

Peter S. Quinn

The Crimson Roses Of Night

The crimson roses of night gardens bed
Their shadings of day breaking coming on
With the tinctures that nature did bled
For the flowers of wall shadows from sun
Some beautiful nights of lemonade wake
When slumber moods where there in their dancing
With shadows of promenade grays and blake
Though landscapes of the nocturnal glancing

Each leaf of the lindens and scents so near
When the day is faint quivering in breeze
Like a feel of a kiss is wandering here
To give of its vineyards to soothe on and please
The holding of night that June blossoms slight
When nights are like day in morning of light

Peter S. Quinn

The Cycle Of The Season

The cycle of the season
On the land and the sea
Each and every reason
Those come inside to be
When less is meaning more
And understanding relishing
What dimensions are for
That each day up is rising

This is art concealing arts
Of tides and windy shore
Where every weaving starts
To wake up and to explore
The relationship between lives
That fills the power of all
The forces of each strives
That makes the starting call

Each day we learn from reality
Where imageries pattern goes
What comes in passion free?
And give us each new flows
Wisdoms in memorable forms
Of longings that are there
In places and its storms
That embodies lines everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

The Darkish Night Flows

The darkish night flows through fretful feelings
From a day that is gone with its music
From melodies clear and deep in its click
The softly none spoken sound echoing ceilings
Not a stranger to the shadows on swaying
To and fro in its unsung liquid motion
Tranquil melodies like bottomless ocean
Nothing understandable in quavering saying

Dream that comes to the mind like melody
Of some to sung or rest in its fading
Spelling of a quiet breath from subaqueous sea
Forever in its stillness and debating
Lost in the glow from the coming on dark
Like a feeling of rhythm that once did spark

Peter S. Quinn

The Darkish Ways (From, Lost Song Poems)

The darkish ways are full of twist
For what is here of mood so true,
All worldly thoughts only a gist
Of what is I and what is you.

The song we know we break and tear
If differently to ear it'll play;
We can not much the unknown bear
And less so if it for long won't stay.

Each thought then grave will dig its own
And be of worth what words consist,
The darkish ways - worthy anon
When a kindle will light its grist.

Peter S. Quinn

The Darkness Is Life's Destiny

The darkness is life's destiny
With bizarre shadings on
In the hours that come to be
Until hollow and all gone

Like bouquet of ravenous light
In stills of exotic scene
Through the hours of the night
Each thought lies between

The tattered clouds and shade
In every deem to come
With hands of darkness made
Of ties dim emporium

The colors that are none
With enchanting and livid sky
And without life's comparison
That reaches vivid high

Peter S. Quinn

The Day Drools On And On

The day drools on and on
Through pace of splattered still
The dreams that are now gone
Old loneliness shall fill
Of drifting thoughts in lures
The heart beats out in time
Like lost or done contours
That gave their deck of prime

A soldierly mood in line
With painted veils to tile
Morning gone in sunshine
Of a pondering moment's while
Cleanse of the evening to come
In moods of tincture's plays
Where fire in tomorrow is from
Before the seas of dark laze

My stolen heart shall react
To every rumped cloudy clods
That the golden ways blacked
With its misty and gray wads
And made these seas to cease
Into the dim deep space abyss
Be only of memories timepiece
In its remembered timeless bliss

Peter S. Quinn

The Day Is Clear In The Blue (From, Illuminating Night)

The day is clear in the blue,
Prevailing the drifting wind;
Sky in the gray and hue,
Covering the earths tinned.

Forward look of the glen,
And forest in branches green;
All in the summer again,
Once where winter had been.

Loves comes and sometimes go,
Through the sullen day lost;
Everything's from a while ago,
Into a time frame tossed.

Answers you did not find,
Walking through and plays;
Memories to some assigned,
Into gone thoughts pathways.

Beginning comes like an end,
The prime of our uncertainness;
Fancies crossing in the blend,
Clouds so light and frivolous.

Moods snapping ties to hold,
From the looks now going by;
Once so new and then all old,
In the clearings of blue sky.

Peter S. Quinn

The Day Is Heavy For Us (From, Myspace)

The day is heavy for us
When the dim moods are on
Each expectation of its nonplus
Till we're lost in it and gone

The thorns on rose's side
Is what life sometimes wear
And in our dreams shall hide
To prick its wounds near

We cannot know the truth
If we don't follow our heart
For waves of unending youth
Shall be quite absent and apart

Peter S. Quinn

The Day Is Still Dark Inside

The day is still dark inside
Where shadows of past hide,
A glowing here and there
And with memories to share;
Like a flower in the rain
With both ease and the pain,
That give a cloud its shape
And each their wondering agape.

For all has threads of hope
In rhythmic ways and scope,
The days are still quite young
In with its double-tongue;
You can not escape a past
That comes to you aghast,
By showing ways once shone
That in its weavings aren't gone.

Though some may never be
The same there inside you see,
The roots of the seeds trodden
Are not from a heart forgotten;
And only will cause some twinge
From the old layers of tinge,
These aren't with times anymore
And no one knows what they are for.

Peter S. Quinn

The Day Of Dream Is Going

The day of dream is going
On to the lonely road
And times of strolling slowing
Within the burdens heavy load

The weak and frail upholding
Within dreams that never came
Fresh ideas now unfolding
In a winter's icily flame

To reach upon its lure
That burn on to its mend
Each hope is forgetting blur
That never was time to blend

Fervor its ardor in mud
To soil it's gone at last
Its red and darkish blood
Forever its end and past

Now nothing comes like it again
To share its compassion dividends
On to the earth its strain
And with its rust there blends

The wings of quiring song
In mysterious night it hunts
To bring on wishes to long
That was awake in hearts once

Peter S. Quinn

The Day's Going

The day's going
To deep and the dark
From sun that's glowing
And once did spark
A day by day
To darkness of still
That comes in night way
And dreams to fulfill

And so is the heart
With days and night
It gives a start
Into each lover's flight
And brings on a song
That came to play
When hearts do long
Like stars on starry way

All dreams are awake
From a morning and thereon
To give and take
Till the hour is gone
Like night that has wings
To the eternal deep
When a heart of love sings
And is yours to keep

Peter S. Quinn

The Days Of Spring Are Near

The days of spring are near
With the flowing water around
In every heart of youth to steer
That still with the winter's bound
So lovely as each loneliness
And black as rocks in the hills
These condense come with caress
As water splashes and spills

The youth of new springtime's here
Is in every life and brawl
Where the falls shall touch and bear
In its freshness of its early call
And bring mystics wind to blow
While the leaves are becoming green
Away is then all winter's snow
With the life's sullenness between

The days of spring thoughts steer
Into the young days fairly bright
And become here free everywhere
With returning of our summer light
To lift the hearts to higher grounds
And there bring us peace of mind
Fill up the air with springtime sounds
Leaving the dusky diffuses behind

(*never since the middle summer's spring, met we— Shakespeare [I could also use 'freedom' instead of 'spring'])

Peter S. Quinn

The Days Of Yesterdays

The days of my days are flowing
On to the voices of silence
Like everything slumbered is going
Though calm delights trance

The lamps are flickering in bright
On to the evening so dark
Here comes the gladness of the night
With many ways of its spark

A day in light forms has departed
And open its door to fall
Now everything seems so dim hearted
On to its outside mood call

Cherished are the days of yesterdays
Where summer was all fun
Beloved by the conduct and their plays
In colors and warm of sun

With longings that gave of pleasure
That almost became the truth
In memories we now shall treasure
Of freshness from their youth

Those deep and tender sweet burrows
That down warded blue skies
Shall be ours always in our tomorrows
When summer to autumn flies

Peter S. Quinn

The Days That Once Seemed New (To You)

The days that once seemed new are all going old
In through timelessness of none existence
Flowers from withering time cannot hold
In following its ways into its trance
Yesterdays growing to forever lost
Never to be found where day of brightness is
Like faraway flow of cloud drifting bliss
Those on growing moments to autumn's rust

You are close like light in its lots of cast
Holding to nothing but faraway thought
Always more coming to follow new clouds
Rainbows of today they won't never last
For on to the haze their picture is caught
In lonesome ways like the lost street crowds

Peter S. Quinn

The Deep Blue Sea

The deep blue sea
The deep blue sea
Let me feel if my heart is free
I want to touch
I want to be

All this is within
All that is without
Let my life win
Let me be about
Summer comes summer goes
All in days of worries
A feeling starts it grows
Though moments of ways hurries

The deep blue sea
The deep blue sea
Let me feel if my heart is free
I want to touch
I want to be

All is now nothing
So much just within
I keep on edge roughing
Trying your heart to win
Winter is now empty here
So much of ways going
Emotions in a drop of tear
Time passes on without knowing

The deep blue sea
The deep blue sea
Let me feel if my heart is free
I want to touch
I want to be

The deep blue sea
Of its salty ocean
All from a heart inside of me

The deep blue sea
In me beat 's emotions
Giving its longings, eternally

The deep blue sea
The deep blue sea
Let me feel if my heart is free
I want to touch
I want to be

The deep blue sea
The deep blue sea
Let me feel if my heart is free
I want to touch
I want to be

I want to be free!
Free...

Peter S. Quinn

The Deep Of My Ocean Is Soul (Ix)

The deep of my ocean is soul
The dark and clean waves that lie hidden
And full and lots of what didn't
The soul that you feel with a touch

The coldness and rapines of the new day
That reaches us deep and wide
Like a frostbitten darkish night
The leaves which are yellow and rots

The rustic and color of soul
The worlds we know still little about
And sometimes we feelings doubt
Even when darkness with them plots

The rustic that's gone and is dim
With feelings of sweetness and pleasure
Each of them truth we'll treasure
As days who are gone had their lots

But love doesn't stay or abide
It goes into the unwritten night

Peter S. Quinn

The Deep Sky

The deep sky
Through the mountains high
Running wild
Never beguiled
To the low to die

O beautiful morning song
So much I long
To be somewhere
Flooding in the air
Of your dreams always young

Blue deep sky
Where my dreams all fly
On a summer day

Blue deep sky
Where just you and I
In the air of freedom play

Peter S. Quinn

The Dreams Are Already Here

The dreams are already here to fulfill
What's ahead on the road to go
Though some of its goals you might spill
There is always the unknown to know

The waves reach the shores where they are
For destiny no one will handle
There are sensations within in and afar
That show will the way of each candle

The dreams are again to be found through
On roads that you go where you are reaching
Some trifling aims are all up to you
And from there your ways you are teaching

Peter S. Quinn

The Dreams Are Going To Come

The dreams are going to come
And grow in time with summer
And be of some prosper to some
An authentic flowering bloomer
A day in the awaken and rise
Giving its traditions to again live
Be fortified in every one's surprise
Of what it is to share and give

Woodlands of rain and sunshine
Clouds those are high in the sky
Drawing perspectives faraway line
Never to whichever nowhere to lie
The lightening of valleys of dream
That surrounds with their winging
The appearance and glowing beam
With songs of the days to singing

Something to grow up and free
That by no means is going to fail
The peak that is for you and me
In its profound wonder and trail
Anything beginning to be good
With every promenade of its way
That you would think off or could
When its moments set out to sway

The dreams are going to come
Giving its time to get through
Winning the complete of its sum
When it's time to create and do
Woodlands of rain and sunshine
Clouds those are tall now in sky
Drawing point of views far-off line
Never to whichever low and high

Peter S. Quinn

The Dreams Are So Clear (From, Bob's Buttercups Songs)

Come to your senses and bring in your song
The s days are right for the right start of living
Anything that comes here still along
Worth every cent in the way it's giving
And dreams are so clear of the knowing well
It's bringing you inside its own kind of spell

Every friendly town that you come to
Will be from heights' of ongoing on
Something to give around and become true
Till it's all here in its old time done
And dreams are so clear of the knowing well
It's bringing you inside its own kind of spell

The rise of each fall and what you do long
Streams of the rivers of all going high
Summer of dreaming in bird's ways tongue
Into the cast of the coming and the try
And the dreams are so clear in their foretell
It's bringing you inside its own kind of spell

The mornings are trying to have their saying
Given their time and taste to place
Everything is out in their new comer weighing
That was lost in times of their ways
And dreams are so clear of the knowing well
It's bringing you inside its own kind of spell

Longings in the distance are giving their all
With every dream that they have found
Each in true knocking and to its own call
That comes here again around and around
And dreams are so clear of the knowing well
It's bringing you inside its own kind of spell

And every footstep going to whatever it takes
Making their dreaming all come again true

Where are the stakes that people up wakes?
When they become noticing the new
In the dreams that are clear of the knowing well
And bringing them inside its own kind of spell

Nothing is going forever into its own goodbye
Without a try of the fates that comes to your door
Rises of dreams in their low and their high
Something is always in a standing for a store
And dreams are so clear of the knowing well
It's bringing you inside its own kind of spell

Peter S. Quinn

The Dreams From Nowhere

The dreams from nowhere that come here around
In to the woe of the forgotten one
Each love from the deep never to be found
That comes to pour of feelings till gone
The minds that know nothing only dark sky
Of loneliness with passions to be
The liberties of eyes that still time try
Give their sense always set-off yet to see

Love that is from the heart and impression
Never to give up its searching touchstone
Like continuity in murk recess spark
Of each flowing thought and its digression
When moments come in to you much alone
The hours of dejection cynical cark

Peter S. Quinn

The Dreams Of The Days – And Nights

All love is the handful of soul and earth
That comes to field in beginning summer
The day of every dream is love's all worth
The valid wishing star and true spring comer
The wide eyes of the sky know all of this
Each constellation of love's inner mood
The dreams of the days when sunshine shall kiss
And bring down to earth love's exotic food

The moon is for me - in its glowing night
To give me much dreamy light after sun
To bring up my wings to the unearthly flight
When my wonderings to the Milky Way run
Each day is my universe multiplying on
With evening and night - never in dreams gone

Peter S. Quinn

The Dreams That Come So Sweet (From, Dried Flowers)

The dreams that comes so sweet away in each,
Like vessel of a day or golden dance;
And could there endure or make a sign to reach,
With side of its blossoms and circumstance.
Fearless among all these fields and meadows,
Conversing ground in a marvel nothing;
With shades if its colors in gone echoes,
Alters alone dreamscapes abandoning.
Inquiring dawn in the mortals of swans,
Worship of time that made abjuring sign;
Smoke that plundered rising tranquil aeons,
Addressed all in pulses by their outline.
The ships from shore meeting the destiny,
Sailing their dreams giving accompany.

Peter S. Quinn

The Dreams That Didn'T Come True

Now night has come to another day
Of falling shadows going
So much shall turn in the light play
Without we really knowing
The dreams that didn't come true
In the dimness of the dark
Everything that went there through
In its deep glowing spark

Moving on to another dimension
Where nobody knows
Light and colors of lost comprehension
On to the hidden goes
So much from your closed eyes
That you were once thinking about
When your dreams were full skies
Without their daily doubt

Every fantasy of illuminating shade
That always is quite openly
With your imaginations made
And has now become free
Carousels at the heaven's gate
Carrying dreams chariots on to the deep
In to the hours of coming fate
Where further moments again shall reap

Peter S. Quinn

The Dreamy Room

I can't hold any longer to my breath,
I can't hold any longer to my future;
I'm one step ahead to where I'm going to,
But I notice you've been a long time there.
And I kept saying to the past,
We shall reach our goal at last;
Even though we in our shadow stand,
We shall not be there forever, rove around or strand.
For fresh wind is coming through,
And it's recycling its air to you;
With a breath, clever and clean,
You can't miss any hours between.
In the labyrinth of dreamy room and time game,
All the roads are with directions but no name;
With a space that was closed in an unknown box,
And of a stranger who did not know, it mocks.
Shifting rays of the sun to the sky,
Making spirits that were low, again high;
Forever, shall be dancing through the forest,
Therein lays the fulfillment of life's quest.
Time will tell what you brought with your birth,
Every countable effort that was worth;
Of the struggling pace of your generation,
And the feeling and lust of all our sensation.
You can't hold any longer to your breath,
You can't hold any longer to your future;
You are one step ahead to where you're going to,
Surely you notice some one else has been a long time there.

Peter S. Quinn

The Dualistic Two - Yin & Yang

The dawning of the deep
Like the clouds of sky faraway
In time 's moment's leap
Of the hours of night and day

Every contact it's carrying
Both the simple moods and straight
Through contrast inter-varying
Of life time's debate

With its sleep in fresh awakening
And the day that meets the night
Waves of redeem beckoning
Through flowers of opposite flight

Every new meaning in its difference
That shall go through many ways
In its momentary acceptance
Of course or path to various lays

Those disparities of roots to live
In habits of lives and everything
What you to nature must later give
And to your own time inside bring

With every finger of its open road
In times to live and die there too
Wings you moved so fast then slowed
The cosmic principle
Of the dualistic two

Peter S. Quinn

The Earth Is Yellow

The earth is yellow,
Under the winter's aglow;
Spring will come and grow,
A seed from under the snow.
Sleepy old forest,
With branches so barren;
Now you must adjust,
For the new and the foreign.

The earth is quite old,
Where shadows shall dissolve;
For winter can not hold,
What must revive and evolve.
The mountains become blue,
From distance faraway;
And everything come through,
With midnight sun and day.

The earth is my mother,
And with here I shall be;
Like each my sister - brother,
For all the rest of eternity.
Catch as catch you can,
The gold of green and new;
Now returns summer's van,
For youthful thoughts and hue.

(*Catch as catch can
little shepherd man (Orillo, orillo, pastorcillo) , from Four Ballads in Yellow by
Frederico García Lorca)

Peter S. Quinn

The Earth Of Fertile Blossom

Everybody needs to be true
I am counting on you
To give and not die
The hope that's within and high
Reaching to freedom breeze
The growth of its trees
That comes from the seed
Of give of love and need
Everything that you teach
Is coming and being for reach

The high winds of freedom
The earth of fertile blossom
So much to give and wake
In every upcoming take
Those flowers that now are born
From splitting of outside torn
And making of prosperous day
Each of their coming play
The tidings of summer heat
In going of flowering street

You and I of darling close
Like petals of an opening rose
In gardens of coloring shine
Each bed from a line to line
With grass and greenery leaves
In moments of going weaves
How wonderful in the bright
On a day to an evening flight
When reddish blushes to dark
In glow of sky yellow spark

Peter S. Quinn

The Echoes Of Seasons (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

The echoes of seasons
The day's noon befalls,
With no particular reasons
There are echoes and calls;
In the dim and dark hour
With a frosty frost song,
Sullen its winter flower
If the dark will prolong.

A time to harvest thoughts
That come besides dreams,
In all these shadows blots
From flickering lights beams;
Some might just have a say
Of things that are not real,
And with your astute play
In this light and dark duel.

The echoes of the night
Times for thoughts and seeing,
Until again it's all bright
For pleasurable and being;
Let nothing come to bloom
That has only frosty days,
And with the light is doom
As the sun rises and plays.

Peter S. Quinn

The Edge Of Love

The edge of love
Is everywhere you go
Like spectacles above
Through window of glass glow
And feelings never same
Only in different motion
The burning of times flame
In equality potion

The edge of you
And who you are at first
From somewhere to
That from it is burst
And feelings there to tame
In deeps of its ocean
A piece of mind to frame
In its forward erosion

And we are quite different
For what we meant to be
And showing no relent
What we become to see
The edge of love
That made us for eternity
And nothing is too much of
Especially you and me

Peter S. Quinn

The Evening Is Coming (From Coradoba)

The evening is coming
Like rain clouded drift
Drooping over the trees
Lonely hour's dark

Every day is in doubt
Of the feelings inside
Going nowhere perhaps
With untried leaves

I have wandered away
Through crystal clear stillness
Over thoughts that come
Through these moments
That comes

Sadness going by
With my heart faraway
Ripping waves like water
Every twinge inside there

Exhausted hours of dark
In the shadows that pass
With life going on
In the corner
Of unturned pages

Peter S. Quinn

The Evening Is Coming Clear

The evening is coming clear
In the summer mood
So much of glowing near
Dancing shadows prelude
Lifting the mist from earth
On to the orange sky
View full of feelings worth
Until the combustion die

The Spirits of heart free
Spinning around brilliance
Soon the dark comes to be
With its mystic resilience
The day is near its end
And Birds sing tenderly
With silences in their blend
And low voices slenderly

A love song of the earth
An instant gusty lullaby
With coming of dusky birth
In darkness of deep belie
The faraway sea billows
Its to and fro dimly song
Nocturnal scenes adagios
In marine currents strong

Peter S. Quinn

The Evening Is In (From, Rock Star)

The evening is in for the day,
Like sweet love - the light won't stay;
For time's in its dim dark,
As somber thoughts embark
And watch the hours fly.

Love's heart will come and play,
In lonesome shadowed ray;
When mystic will amplify,
The clouds that are going by
With breezing slow remark.

Each richness can't buy or bring,
Nature of beauty that will sing;
Be the soul of its sound,
Flying leaves going around
As the evening hours fly.

The evening is in for the night,
With the stars to shine on bright;
The town's footsteps in their sleep,
Conquering dreams of deep
In a breezing slow remark.

Peter S. Quinn

The Exterior Of Time

The covers of a salt feathers touches
Through trickles of distinguish between hands
The picks of life interminable clutches
Department ages no one understands
The exterior of time like a trickle shirt
On to openness of clusters swelling
Correlation of which earth is of dirt
With cicatrix of the past retelling

Only ways that are now lost coming true
Through the reiteration of bygone years
Objects of personality life fill
The woven treasures of whittle and cue
A similarity of make out clears
When cutting edges to a hint shall drill

Peter S. Quinn

The Eyes Of The World

The eyes of the world
They sometimes don't see
What comes from the inside?
And goes about here free
A love that could kiss
The glow from the stars
The feeling of tenderness
That melts time and wars

The sweetness of life's river
Flowing still on and on
Every dream that gives
Its stream of wishes won
Like some lost kingdom
Out in the meeting places
With hope's only future
In its nourishing graces

A dream of dark and blue
Or glow of tipping night
The lips of love trembling
On to its first of a flight
Their sweetest as the roses
In its colors radiance found
Or gathered waves of sea
That to the shore is bound

Peter S. Quinn

The Faces

The faces are different everywhere
Always coming and going
A smile or a sorrow somewhere
Every thought in eyes knowing

Those faces they say allot
With difference appearances each day
They bring out moods they've got
To give you a moment to weigh

Someone is walking on empty
With a thought to express the inside
Appearing on the streets middlingly
Something perhaps those eyes hide

Easy going or in much restrain
Catching a time train or walking
Showing laughter or inside pain
With every expression it's talking

Peter S. Quinn

The Fall Of Angels

The fall of angels
On to earth wrecked waves
The longings from inside
That a lover's heart craves
Destinies to fulfill
Till the morning comes to night
And there's an instance still
Of a broken down flight

Where our dreams are to follow
In to the dawn of open sky
Where there are no voices hollow
Or echoes going to die
Where raindrops are clear
Of the blue yonder found
And summer is the year
That always is here around

The fall of broken wings
In the sweeping of the breeze
Where the sway grass on sings
With the dancing of the trees
And the heart is beating on
With its moments going through
And no song will be done
That bears hope to me and you

The fall of angels
From the sky of our dreams
Inside the hidden ways
That to existing every deems
Providence to fulfill
Till the morning comes to night
And there's an instance still
To its broken down flight

Love is to be forever
In every wing of air to go
And bringing us closer together

In its brief of its moment's flow
And our heart is beating on
Destinies to bring to full
Carrying fulfillments from its yon
That to our living is never dull

The fall of angels...

Peter S. Quinn

The Fatherless Child

Papa don't know me
The world don't care
Still I am likeably
Willful and dear
I may be lonesome
Inside some shell
But where I come from
Makes me still well

The future is mine
Daydreaming too
Glow and each shine
As freshly as new
I like the water
That's running away
And how it much clatters
In the morning's play

This is my world
As much as it's yours
Each beauty that's pearled
In living contours
You have so much
I shall have it too
Each with its new touch
If my dreams come true

Peter S. Quinn

The Feelings Of You And Me

The feelings of you and me
Together shall abide
Like wings of the flowing free
Those through the sky glide
High like the sun above
And torching the deep within
Telling each stories love
Under the deep of our skin

Beyond each time ago
Flying with wings of much
Anything passion will know
When we reach out for touch
Time is there retelling lives
Filling each empty interlacing
High like a bird that dives
On to ocean waves embracing

Sensation's meaning much to two
Anything in its closeness walk
This is all about me and you
And our beat to beat talk
When passions flower a spring
Through eternal interlocking
We together like one shall sing
And none of our dreams blocking

Peter S. Quinn

The Fields Of Life

The fields of life are upcoming and going
In each their moment of a new season
Ground of the greenery all in their glowing
Like in castles of clouds and given reason
Dreams of the faraway quite forward and clear
As days become brighter in steps and stall
When summer is in front and fresh future near
In all the doings of life's ahead enthrall

Each behavior of beauty's easy to give
In everything here each life can afford
But what we then do and truly then live
Is by virtue alone in what will award
For that we can do is not same we say
Therefore all conduct is what we shall pay

Peter S. Quinn

The Flames Of The Unknown Poems (From, Akhenaton, Ii)

The flames
Of the unknown poems
In my husk,
I carried them for a day;
But then
I left them for the flame,
The unknown flame
Of forgetfulness.

The flames
Of the unknown poems,
I disapproved of them,
They were unknown
In shapes;
Fruits not tasted
By mine or other lips,
Written words
Obliterated from the sheets.

The flames
Of the unknown poems,
Effacement of my heart,
Stillborn with bombast;
Perhaps born again
In later sentences,
In shapes
Of fulfillments,
Reintegrated in raciness.

Peter S. Quinn

The Flowers Of Dimly Moods

Tangling twilights for a day or a two
Inside this morning after the gone dark
The flowers of dimly moods ongoing spark
Something within and all coming through
Yesterday's evening - passing starlight
Feelings to give in its completeness
Something dancing in shadow's caress
Into the day from the passed on deep night

All that is too you and all that is me
Taking the waves of the oceans deep
Inside from the love that always will see
What there lounge hidden and what there's to keep
In days and nights going - as they always will
With moods of the hours and some to distill

Peter S. Quinn

The Flowers Of The Sea

Tasting the pleasures
Of the ocean currents,
I find pearls
Black and white,
All different to my eyes.

Back and forth
The flowers of the sea,
Totally different.

Giving hidden meanings.

Back and forth
The flowers of the sea,
Totally different.

Always coming new
Giving each their pleasure,
With the blooming shades
Of the watchful sea,
Colors like the rainbow.

Back and forth
The flowers of the sea,
Totally different.

Billows wide and blue
Splitting into dark,
Crossing every surface
Under the ocean,
Under the green blue ocean.

Back and forth
The flowers of the sea,
Totally different.

Mermaids on the rocks,
Sea monsters in the dark,
Knowing every coast,

Swimming to every sea.

Billows wide and blue
Splitting into dark,
Crossing every surface
Under the ocean,
Under the green blue ocean.

Peter S. Quinn

The Forest Is Beginning Its Spring (... After Outside Walking)

The forest is beginning its spring
With sets of songs that come through
Onward to summer it will sing
Give it what is growing and new

Course through the woods - beautiful
With fragrance hence sweet in air
Never a moment acquaintance dull
Blossoming expansion everywhere

Still there is snow in corners I see
Bringing again winter full thoughts
Junctures come in peaceful harmony
Taking away its passionless knots

How will it be after week to come?
Greenery fields in the dark deep
Summering flowers in highest plumbs
Moment's reminiscences always to keep

Peter S. Quinn

The Fun Is Just Starting

The fun is just starting,
So playful each can be;
Never from joy parting,
Playing so pleasurably.
Every hour is there fun,
Troubles come so early;
Carry your smile on and on,
I love happy hours dearly.

The fun is just singing,
Every phrasing of taste;
Moments joyful bringing,
Let there be none waste.
With happy hours always,
Anyway your mood is;
With plenty of entendres,
To bring out reminisce.

The Fun is just dancing,
Into the days ahead;
And the minutes enhancing,
With all what's aforesaid.
Every hour is so exciting,
When we are having a play;
And all of it absorbing,
For nothing forever will stay.

Peter S. Quinn

The Garden Of The Sea

The garden of the sea
Reaches there to you
Flowing for an eternity
Always fresh and new
The breath of its play
Writes over the sand
And never shall stay
At anyone's command

Those playfull billows
Are reaching your mind
Like dew of new glows
That you only find
Those dreams are endless
From outside reach
Infinites absoluteness
That dreams only teach

Their garden of feelings
Is a soundscape breeze
From under those reeling's
The deep gives in energies
And this you only know
For you have been there
On their run run and go
To other coasts somewhere

Peter S. Quinn

The Gold And Green

All I want is to be cherished by you
There is a way for everything to do
I have a reason and I have a call
Daydreams grow higher for they fall
Living isn't easy through these roads
Everything is giving its many loads
The right is sometimes wrong
With most of what they get along

Reaching its points slow or very fast
All is just kept in the distances vast
Fortune to failure and nothing more
What is this every day life here for?
Give and take whatever life will share
Let it be a good task and let it be fair
Until there is nothing it is something
Try to reach to somewhere - beginning

I'll seek to make my fortunes matter
Before these thoughts brake and shatter
Be strong you will have to make it last
Failures - winnings each have their cast
Living isn't easy through these roads
Everything is giving its many loads
Drifting through the gold and green
With the colorless fortunes in between

Peter S. Quinn

The Gone Days

Great moments
Pleasures gone by
Day dreams relents
Open up the sky
You and I giving
In the new spring
All the joy living
As the moment's sing

Treasures of hours
What we are living
Dreams and their flowers
Joys of true giving
Now is our heart
Longings and its singing
Not let a depart
Loneliness in bringing

The gone days
Moments stand still
As memories plays
And empty space fill
You and I near
In a dream song
Dry away a tear
Be again strong

Great moments
Pleasures gone by
Day dreams relents
Open up the sky
Everything you are
I have in my heart
You are now a star
Loneliness apart

Nothing I can do
Only give and feel
Memories go through

Times on turning wheel
You and I one
My heart is you
Such love is never done
It only comes more true

The gone days
Moments stand still
As memories plays
And empty space fill
Beauty like a rose
In everything you gave
You are always close
I must now be brave

Peter S. Quinn

The Grass Will Sway

The grass will sway to either side
And never be done at all
Through justice of equality glide
With every aspiring call

And when the breeze will breeze it out
With every spoken whisper
It shall then swing and hang about
And get its stems crisper

Each love song in the stillness of air
Is for our life's mystery
So much is to finish in freedom here
And make it coming history

Peter S. Quinn

The Handful Of The Earth

The handful of the earth is like sand dust
That settles inside to find footsteps there gone
Its perpetual blossoming in the rust
That is bursting to its transient blooms on
In its barren heart of dazzling weaving
From incessant desert of whiteness
Where silent and starving are bereaving
And making death blooms in its triteness

So much with the moon in delights alone
Making my grave with the day's long red rays
In deep sand hips of hills I'm driveling
Across my face burning like a small stone
Devouring spirit - to fiery hot days
Camera to the target swiveling

Peter S. Quinn

The Harp

With its puzzles of windows
The Harp plays on
Adagios and allegros
- Sounds polygon

With the drifting ocean
There nearby
Eve colors emotions
In the dark sky

Flowing red-yellow
Days of going
Into tomorrow's airflow
Mirrors showing

Peter S. Quinn

The Heart Is A Mountain

The heart is a mountain reaching out high
To accomplish to the top and true love find
Like a morning of a glowing new sky
That leaves worries and disputes behind

Its day is like a cloud to become clear
With everything coming to the blue
With sunshine in the lucid sky and near
And something with love inside for you

Some our feelings are quite always like this
Reaching to the outside far and to give
The truth out there with its wonderful bliss
To experiment with - and always to live

A heart with its wonderment on throbbing
As bright as the new sky in opening

* I would like to thank everybody, those that have written to me, or commented on my poems: Your hearts are big! Thank you so much - I'm honored ; -)

Peter S. Quinn

The Heart Is An Old Fortress

The heart is an old fortress
Where gold can glow
The sweetness of love's caress
Fast throbbing or slow
Often when our love is old
There is not much then to give
But if you to sweetness still hold
You can invent and relive

Heart is in the years you feel
Winning its time with grace
So much could still be unreal
If you'll find its beat's place
Love is a never ending story
Some is of luck and hope
With much still in its repertory
That works as kaleidoscope

Though heart is a beat in time
In its youth forward going
You can still have its prime
With every love that's flowing
Nothing needs to stop love
It can always grow on
Or twinkle as stars far above
Until its beat is all gone

Peter S. Quinn

The Heart Is Playing

The heart is playing
Every beat it knows
Of love it's saying
As it comes and goes

In departing dreams
Full of morning dew
Where everything seems
Only for me and you

Yesterday's memories
Filling in time wows
Like leaves on trees
In morning dew glows

And love that we had
While days were young
Singing made us glad
And love made us long

The heart is playing
Its endless melody
And years are staying
In memory's time free

Our dreams are growing
Of affection reveries
While years are going
Into time of memories

Peter S. Quinn

The Heart Of Autumn

The heart of autumn brown
And yellow hills today,
Once more: jewels and crown
In colors shadings play;
With dreams in silent still
That soon will wither away,
When all of them fulfill
The winter's wintrier gray.

Earth shade is now in peace
With the fallen brown leaves,
The forest's desolated trees
In a sunny afternoon elusive.

The muttering growing breeze
That whispers to the ear,
The old summer birds it frees
That once was singing near.

The heart of autumn hold
With every step and sound,
That goes now to the cold
When it here comes around;
The feelings and the wills
That once was true and fond,
The shadows from the hills
Now soon in snow are bond...

Peter S. Quinn

The High Electric Fruit (From, Poet On Www)

The high electric fruit,
On to the heavens own;
To mankind attribute,
The lives old backbone.
Little by little cement,
No clouds light or shade;
The blackbirds' advent,
And blue skies arrayed.

Yellowed high red dim,
Round and round it glows;
The world's full of whim,
Where it sometimes goes.
Into the time schedule,
Gathering to a reappear;
A hot eye's ambisexual,
Throughout day and year.

The high electric eye,
That gives force of a life;
The ball upon the sky,
The golden in every rife.
An apple of a paradise,
Inside the houses windows;
Light and shade disguise,
Where seed to plant grows.

Peter S. Quinn

The Hour Is Now Summer Time

The hour is now summer time
And flowing through the lawn
High colors in its prime
Morning sweet coming dawn
Sluggish old dark goes away
Into the very unknown
Only brightness will now play
Inside this little house and town

How sweet everyone enjoys
Morning sun shining shine
No mood or ill temper destroys
The feelings that are doing fine
You have to give and respect
Tastefully morals and take
For dark and night shows reject
When something like this is awake

Play with your fingers let's fit in
Give every hope its true try
Look how light a heartily win
When you to lows say goodbye
How can you be a squirming worm?
Act ill-tempered and foolishly
Or a twister and a blazing storm
When everybody else is carefree

Peter S. Quinn

The Hours Of Dim Heart

The hours of dim heart
The feelings of wings blue
Each temper sets apart
Wonders in everything new
Days in winter glowing
Moods of strong breeze
A day by day there going
With darkness and its freeze

I've lost colors play
From summer gone autumn
Now tones are dimly gray
With echoes in colder strum
My heart's in wandering while
A flower that's rusty old
Day's footsteps every mile
More tarnish dimmer cold

Oh love song of winter
Your tones are dark through
My heart song you steer
In every pitch that's true
Days of Christmas bringing
With lights of sincere glist
A heart in bliss's singing
The joy that love has kissed

Peter S. Quinn

The Hours That The Night Doesn'T Memories Keep (From,

Yesterdays are sometimes all lost
In their bouquets of the stillborn flowers
The darkness in there is to both sides tossed
Not bound to the memories the gone hours
Each night that comes forward can keep its take
With loneliness in its gathering ways
And something of somber there still make
In the returning tinctures of grays

Every deep and close lulls of the sleep
That the blackness has no way for to swarm
Or it's peeling tail of shadows dancing
The hours that the night doesn't memories keep
Only coldness of time instead of its warm
And life letters of past away chancing

Peter S. Quinn

The Illusion Of Dawn (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

The illusion of dawn
Comes in with sleep,
From under night gown
And futures to keep;
All is of the new light
That gives you a day,
So you can start a flight
And make it your way.

The illusion like oceans
With billows and waves,
To bring your devotions
- Each of its conclaves,
You are to start and rise
Then up into your own,
Throw the first day dice
Give the color and tone.

The illusion is there
To feel in your first sight,
Take way or share
What is wrong and right;
All is for its intention
- Quite differently across,
Comes to apprehension
When the dices you toss.

Peter S. Quinn

The Imbided Cold Forms

The imbided cold forms of the outside spears
With the silvery glow threads of the sky
Moon on the edge of the cloudy flowing tears
Yesterday's morning in their dimming high
And the flowers of frosty laid roses earth
In colors of glowing mirrors evening
From existence to the dark of gleaming birth
Where every winter song now's to sing

You're roses of frosty family tree
Picking the thorns of the icily cold
Each of your glisten moods I can now see
In flickering shadows I cannot hold
Nearness of yonder not faraway clouds
With their gloomy seize on the earth going crowds

Peter S. Quinn

The Inside Love Is What We Live

There is a poem of personality
In everyone of us to become free
It's inside there always ready
A beat from our heart's steady
There is a character to give a feel
Something to become outside real
Like lava of erupting a volcano
With its pour out and flowing go

And the inside love is what we live
We need to show kindness to give
To prosper through our own reality
To become free will of each liberty
Gardens won't grow with flowers dry
Happy hours won't stay in sullen sky
Each day comes just like you feel
And our passions are always for real

There's a poem like there's a song
That gives us a heart to go along
And prosper in our own given way
With proceedings in valuable play
Right or wrong is everywhere around
Feelings from all over to be found
What you are you are just for this
It's in your nature like a worthy kiss

Peter S. Quinn

The Invisible Walk

The invisible walk is still taking place
Echoing strangeness for ever so much
Like there were voices with tones out of touch
Reaching to nowhere and without time's grace
The raving madmen on streets now walking
Toward the pacified padded wall and feel
Nothing to charge from inside - to be real
Sleep is now with them - in endless talking

Come back again soon - with something to say
That lives through the moments and stays on
Flowing in strength - for a world to enjoy
Yesterdays are gone in their babbling way
Forever the weakness from them is done
Each to their game plan to give and deploy

Peter S. Quinn

The Joy Of Green

My pan flute is singing
A sweetest rain melody,
- Gently gently worrying
What's it going to be...

A life so raw and wild,
Or a concreting stone, build;
Which doesn't tread nature mild,
- Or seeds which are getting spilled.

A suffering greenly heart
With freshness of the unborn,
Will it from earth now depart,
And dry up like a concrete corn?

My pan flute is singing
A sweetest rain forest melody,
- Gently gently worrying
What's it going to be...

Human kindness suffering
Because it longs for nature still,
While our self is bluffing:
It needs new ways to fill.

An unclear destiny...
Which no one has gone before,
An unknown concrete melody,
Its tune not known for sure.

While my pan flute is singing,
A sweetest rain forest melody;
Eternally on ringing,
What's it going to be... what's it going to be?

Please tell the world,
It's waiting... the joy of green!

The Joy Of Love

The joy is in my heart
And everywhere I go
A life of love to start
That I in love know

So much of every way
That reaches up and high
That in my heart will stay
And give its knot a tie

Nothing is though easy
When love comes to find
Some moments are breezy
That left are there behind

But still I'll love more
For all is on winding road
Though love's peace and war
And plenty of life's load

Peter S. Quinn

The Lake

Days are dreams at the lake
Like flowers in bouquet of spring
Pleasures of morning's awake
Everywhere summer birds sing
All is for the evening to make
Pearls on the streaming string

Yesterdays in the forest tall
Morning to come bright and high
Hearing the summer birds call
Echoes that to the lake tie
As its melodies dances and stroll
With every hello and goodbye

Feelings are inside this deep
Like footsteps around going
Ours in times memories to keep
As the water waves are glowing
When mirrors of morn are showing

Waves of the to and fro tides
Billows to bring in its peace
Yearnings of dreams that rides
Among the birds and high trees
Pleasures that gives and abides
With every songsters new caprice

Peter S. Quinn

The Lamp Of Life

Lamp oh lamp of light to come
That recede its yesterday glow
All that's of shadow emporium
Coming as light in its flow

Times journey hidden in sight
Folded in deep of groping dark
Mysteries on thru the light
When flicker flames come to spark

Glow of your might in grays
All that will stand for its need
Blossoms of light in the days
That thru each morning read

Life that is a grasp of its gleam
Borrowing its thru hours
That is here now not to seem
Dancing of its silhouette flowers

Morning coming bright in a gist
Flowing as it seem in distraught
Fog in its ways and its mist
That from the deep more has brought

Rays going forward into a gleam
Thru all its asunder of motion
Sometimes of reality some of dream
Deep and profound as the ocean

Peter S. Quinn

The Lamp Of Life 2

The lamp of life is raying
Sunshine in its dark dream
As infinity is on playing
No one's reality as it seem

One by one lamp's are going
Folded deep on to the dark
Passing out all its glowing
That once in light did spark

Now is mysterious atmosphere
On to the deep of the night
Sleepy houses are everywhere
Where lamps of day did light

Always there's so much to seem
In confusions dim probing hand
Like it was a misty on dream
In all its bleach and its bland

Peter S. Quinn

The Land Of Folklore (From, Rock Star)

Bring them home,
From over the sea;
To the high dome,
Build for the free.
Much love to give,
From land of folklore;
Coming to live,
Just like before.

Days with much light,
In the land of the ice;
Justice and right,
In Thor's own paradise.
The tides of dreams,
Are flowing there still;
With mystical streams,
That futures fulfil.

The land of the snow,
And wilderness ways;
The icy cold glow,
Of northern light days.
True summertime brights,
Peace from world's wars;
Wishing starry nights,
Black sand beaches shores.

Bring them all home,
From over the sea;
To the high dome,
Build for the free.
Know the wild flowers,
Of quiescent hills;
Pellucid falling powers,
From waterfalls thrills.

Days with much light,
In the land of the ice;
Justice and right,

In Thor's own paradise.
Bring them all home,
From over the sea;
Thoughts away roam,
And our futures will carry.

Peter S. Quinn

The Land Of Folklore (From, Rockstar)

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Justice and right,

In Thor's own paradise.
Bring them all home,
From over the sea;
Thoughts away roam,
And our futures will carry.

Peter S. Quinn

The Leaping Stream

The leaping stream of days remembering
With aromas of summer from yesterdays
The glow on feathers and yellow abandoning
The red leaves on earth's lonely trays
Remember the sweet rose that was with its thorn
Into the gold clay of hoary threading scent
Those days of these gifts are now out worn
Into the slowness of winters relent

The hours of dark in silent shadowed water
With petals lying deep of remembered roots
Like always - it comes to nothing, its 'blotter'
With everything waiting in its attributes
A love song for a bird is this lonely day now
That deep in its thought is depressed on a bough

(made while listening to, Paul Van Dyk - For An Angel; -)

Peter S. Quinn

The Light Comes And Goes (From, The River Sings On)

The light comes and goes,
Like the tides of the open sea;
Everything in the morn glows,
Inside you and me.
Fly away with my throbbing heart,
Feel the day inside;
Never from true love depart,
For hollowness to hide.

Swim against the waves,
The earth tides are made from;
Memories our past engraves,
Each heart's desires qualm.
You and I sometimes singing,
With things still unsaid;
Our hopes up bringing,
With all the things aforesaid.

Troubles that can't be named,
Inside with wearies grows;
All is for hope though aimed,
Through the windmill boroughs.
Confusions are everywhere,
With their aimless past;
Nothing is concessionaire,
To a thoughtless chromoblast.

Peter S. Quinn

The Little Poem

Everyday more seeds grow
For those that is departed
Each moment comes in slow
But then in living is started

The flowers all shall give
And make a bouquet full
For colors together live
As attractive whole not dull

Peter S. Quinn

The Little Poem Of Differences

You are one way -
I am the other -
That is how differences are:

Like a light that gleams
Through a cloud,
Or a word that seems
To speak out loud;

But perhaps it is
Whispering,
In directions of its own?
Or perhaps it is singing
Of what dreams are about?

I have seen my love songs
Written down before,
I have seen every moment
Like a wave from a shore.

I have reached dreams of beyond less,
Gained a goal thought fruitless;
Met a moment in the flesh,
Been wasted, but got up fresh.

Every word I have written
I shall write up again,
As long as my poem lies hidden
In the depth of my brain.

Peter S. Quinn

The Little Poem Of Nothing

The mountain was at top in my garden
In its blue faraway,
I was looking for a rose
In its hillside

The clouds were drifting to my soul
With a blank empty space,
Of a vapor desire
When I found an open door

Every day is young and faraway
In its beginning dream,
As it comes to clear yesterday
Of its going conclusion

Come here and stay for nothing
To bring your knowledge on,
The time is again like leaves
Of a new summer coming

Peter S. Quinn

The Lonesome Road

The lonesome road is on and on
In every way and direction
Through dark and thick till it's gone
In each its confusion and section
Beneath the fields of earthly way
Where the empathy of beat lies
When young becomes old yesterday
With clouds on remoteness skies

Where real is in its dream only
Forsaken to the dark and night
And every footstep walked lonely
From hours of the gone bright
Our love has only there been
With sparks of wishes in the heart
In between cracks not yet seen
In our existence of another start

Times are calling through the field
With days to the front in need
Where stories from the old did yield
Beauty that boondocks gloried
When days where in green awake
In breathing of young and bold
And the ground was not forsake
In our slip-up ways stronghold

The lonesome road is on and on
In every way and direction
Through dark and thick till it's gone
In each its confusion and section
Though still there is life out there
Those give us a turn into gold
By dreams confronted everywhere
That never again become old

Peter S. Quinn

The Long Stroll Back (From, Lost Song Poems)

The long stroll back
To the days of true peace,
What mankind now lack
In the end all dispute frees;
Now clouds drift on dim
Over bleeding gray earth,
In the stormy breme
Where life has no worth.

What will become of days
That are dying to the night,
Will there be turning ways
Towards the morning light?
That inside might give
Justice to good and kind,
Will this age now only live
Within the eye that is blind?

The long stroll past
The mountains of sorrow,
Will love in our zest last
Will there be tomorrow?
The horizon is all dark
With more there coming in,
Where's now the singing lark
And next of his lover kin?

Peter S. Quinn

The Lotion Of Passion

The lotion of passion - is here with you
In the purest of white skin and the dark
With the feelings of spring and water true
That in to each your emotions will spark
A flower of love that comes like spring
To sooth every cell of your skin nerve
And on to your feelings always shall sing
To accomplish its youthful - and its verve

A dove of the sky and your summer mood
Something for everyone - to feel good
And complete the new appearance that hooks
Be to your skin like a nourishing food
And always win through in each a-la-mode
To go with knowledge of nature and looks

Peter S. Quinn

The Love Heart

The love heart is we
Both of us true
As feelings need to be
So life can renew
Easy comes from a stream
Flowing to the head
One in two it seem
Turning love to red

This is you and I
Giving of our touch
To the night dream sky
With its love so much
Nothing can be said
That isn't already here
Heart of one - two head!
So we both can share

Opposite two in one
Coming with love thru
Till our time's gone
In a rising dawn dew
Easy comes from a dream
That we together had
When love's its true theme
Nothing needs to add

Peter S. Quinn

The Love Is Singing

The love is singing
Flowers from winter song
Inside increasing bringing
For lovers heart to long

All that is missing
From the outside world
And winter's now kissing
With its blowy ice hurled

Dreams paths away
Love's never too easy
When night meets a day
Its hours are bit breezy

In the coldness of light
Fragrance from past days
Hoping near winter's night
With goblins of the grays

All love's like a star
A flowers distance meadow
Longings in their afar
The illumine of its glow

Peter S. Quinn

The Love Song (From, Bob's Buttercups Songs)

There is a love everywhere true
And giving to your life
Some wishfully to renew
In your walk on and strife
And feelings that are inside
Go long ways with each time
And be you're onwards guide
In every flow and prime
There is a blessing
Here among
That shall gather
And give a song

Each day and night in knowing
What comes to give its taste?
And before ever going
In every daily haste
All love that comes with living
Is all that needs to be
So much from inside giving
Forever for someone to free
There is a blessing
Here today
That shall prosper
And give of its way

There's reason for everything
That pride can't break away
And what was in beginning
Will always much longer stay
For time's of love without end
And cannot die out so fast
You only its way might bend
But most of its functions shall last
There is a blessing
Here among
That shall gather
And give this song

There is a love everywhere true
Looking for someone out there
It might as well be you
That shall come and become aware

Peter S. Quinn

The Love That Was Easy To Come And Go

The love that was easy to come and go
Was never the same to hold in the day
It flickered so much like a nightly glow
With shadows together in their walking way
Its heart that is like dewdropp in the grass
Of aroma sweet and its transparent peace
With morning coming in that soon shall pass
But never from memory exist to cease

This love that's of happiness and of sorrow
Shining its gleaming on throughout the night
Like the echoing footsteps into tomorrow
Before the freshly daybreak begins its flight
The instance of riches in restlessly skies
Apparent friendship that meets through the eyes

Peter S. Quinn

The Loveliness Of You (From, The River Sings On)

The loveliness of you,
The glow in your eyes,
Is always connected to the blue
And summer sunshine skies.
Another day may come
With feelings so terrible alone,
But you are like a blossom
The wind to me has blown.

Every inch of my heart
You will move and make free,
So every dark counterpart
Never will come to be.
You are the morn sunshine
The glow from sky clear,
With you I always feel fine
I love to have you near.

My love waits there
By the blue and windy sea,
It'll go here and there
Like clouds above we'll see;
But the loveliness of you
Always is deep inside,
Golden shine and so true
From winter's dark it'll hide.

Peter S. Quinn

The Magic Of The Poem

There are dreams in a mind,
Never conquered all through;
Their powers not refined,
Nor understood, but so true.
Every word that delivers,
Like the eyes that are you.
Every sea that has rivers,
Shall be always that blue.

You may think you've power,
Before understanding a heart;
That is graded by the hour,
And fresh in each new start.
Simplicity is of greatness
And a gift to those who try,
A simple word is no less,
Than the deepness of the sky.

Words of glamour and trends,
Have short moments in space;
But the words of the poets,
Is the purity of the phrase.
Give a thought to your sentence,
Not a pomp to your thought;
So generations may glance
At, what your poem has brought.

Peter S. Quinn

The Maiden Fair Of Summer (From, Myspace)

The maiden fair of beautiful summer
I have many times loved you dearly on
With every little breezy chord strummer
That into your newly leaves has gone
The flower garden of your fulsome hope
Tinctures of twilight's timeless way
With the easiness of your forest slope
That meets the aspiring whole flourish day

That in your heart has given melodies
Of earth and sky - never unpalatable of
And in no way to aridity taken
All the choruses and its freshly glees
That fills the spirit with wishes and love
When the flora blooms are again waken

Peter S. Quinn

The Many Roads

The many roads on to the warren
With daily dreams to travel to
Looked to be different and foreign
As its day comes clearly through
And finds its athwart to a renew

The playfully ongoing new themes
On to the calm and better deep
Made up by days freshly new deems
Some to get lost and others to keep
Becoming more clearer from asleep

And as this day becomes a night
With the flowing gleam of its dark
Where once was a cinder flight
Of freshly dawn in new and spark
From shadows flow in chased mark

There are now passing's to the days
Of beginning roads that equally lay
To the many means of their stays
Each on to their own into their play
Trodden with steps that never stay

Peter S. Quinn

The Meadow Of Life

Just here within my fields of falling time
Are searches going somewhere to and seek
Finding time to listen to in their prime
From the ways of going until it is bleak
Happiness is in these strawberries sights
Germinating the flowers and their seed
Sketching turning ways to established lights
That in their bouquets doings a love might read

From within the colors of their reddish glow
Where serenity is awaiting still
We just have to gain knowledge of where to go
To find those pastures for a dream to fill

Take a time to walk and reaching your goal
Every hillside and meadow has a role

Peter S. Quinn

The Meaning Is The Same

Each, has only one poem in him,
And it is written each time:
Over and over with different words,
Seeing each moment so differently,
But the meaning is the same...

Each, has only one soul to speak of,
For it is his inner self he speaks of,
And he does not know the name of others,
As they are different from his own,
But the meaning is the same...

Though it is said,
Over and over again...

Each, has cobble stones to walk on,
To directions of his own,
And they're all covered with past footsteps,
And stories, each with different words,
But the meaning is the same...

There is a poem in your heart,
There is a poem in your brain,
Different, each and every day,
Though the words are never the same:
The meaning is the same...

Peter S. Quinn

The Mingling Arms Of Darkness

The mingling arms of darkness that comes
With seeds to increase the colors of gray
While hours are awaiting for new years day
In weather coldness - that rises and hums
Streets without names where we will be going
When futures come and bring their begin
For travelers of thoughts to settlers in
And give us again knowledge in knowing

Each day that's left or has fallen asleep
Into the dreams of forgetfulness on
Filled with adeptly swollen recollections
With memories we have of thoughts to keep
And filled with hopes when darkness is gone
Will be shown in hearts - for new connections

- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

The Minutes Of Sunup Coming In

The minutes of sunup coming in
Playfully gestures of shadows
Day and winter's night spin
Sight through the icily glows
Long permed in gyre dark
Between every ray on the go
Freedom to glisten and spark
Outside desiring white snow

Glittering stars in the sky
From the dusky dim portrait
Silvery threads that'll die
In new growing sunrise acclimate
Hours from its lonely sleep
Silence deep and profound
Thoughts of surrounding heap
All in its moments still bound

The minutes to rise in awake
From twilight's going moonshine
A sleep in a dream to take
To horizon glowing shoreline
Thoughts running on to know
Each every temper and mood
Of a wakening daybreak's glow
In its morning to come altitude

Peter S. Quinn

The Misty Dark (From,134 Picture Poems)

The misty dark
fills the fading
lights at sea

so morrow's
child may rise

Peter S. Quinn

The Moments (From, Lost Song Poems)

The moments and hours are coming more clear
From darkening thoughts and spirits of grief,
Words been said - pass on like aperitif
And sometimes an advise away will steer;
We are to our believes all to adhere
Judge all history what comes in a brief,
For that's man conviction to trust and belief
What stands to his breast most dearest and near.

There is a winter where men go forth
Scatter around the dahlias and roses,
While the whimpered warning whistle cried;
Darkness's now dripping to earth bleeding swarth
Further into the denial closes,
The one suffering: who vanished and died.

Peter S. Quinn

The Moments Lost (Or Thru Blackening Woods; -)

The time is running thru blackening woods
These unbearable flights to the moments lost
To cobblestones sometimes are mossed
All their reminiscences in their lost hoods
The reflections like none nourishing burn
And giving no longing from inside here
Only to be for future – or not there
Each in their way or never ending turn

Infliction array to the nowhere now
Or be going through intervals like shadows
And later perhaps be stored and kept absent
The moments that come in their lowness vow
And nowhere inside them freshness breeze blows
For each of their giving is in its relent

Peter S. Quinn

The Moments Of Happiness...

"The moments of happiness..."

You must remember this
As the light becomes less
Memories are a true bliss
Flowers that a day did cast
Treasures belonging to your heart
From time's gone past
And their dissimilarity apart

If you miss their meaning
You shall fail to remember
Yellow-brown's autumn streaming
That comes with September
And everything that's right
That approaches or comes near
Each in its possessing light
Like a rhyme from nowhere!

The moments that go by
Set all their unique disparity
Like the morning waking sky
That's born from chance and clarity
If you miss their meaning
You shall fail to bear in mind
The way of each true dreaming
That your day has left behind

Peter S. Quinn

The Morning Song

The morning song of my cradle
As the time rotates on by
Each my step a sideway waddle
In the opening of morning sky
How lovely clouds there drift
Through their endless dance
The blue on to deep space swift
In their flowing of mystical trance

Like dreams going to somewhere
Where only night can be found
Filling the evening with fresh air
Steering the wind in their sound
Enlighten depth of the horizon
Like flowers of reddish and yellow
To carry them further peacefully on
On to the twilights of darkish glow

The morning that comes to awake
The mind and soul in their feel
With a feeling from night before ache
Those only with dreams are real
Every hour of depth and peace
Filling the loveliness here intact
In flow of the coming new breeze
That each new tomorrow attract

Peter S. Quinn

The Most Beautiful Songs Of The Year

The most beautiful songs of the year
Are around the Christmas time
When love's true love and sparking here
In winter's cold frosty prime
When love is so dear to everyone
In giving its heart away
And feelings come close one by one
To make up anew and brighter day

The most heartfelt reasons to be alive
Is when there is joy here found
Bells are ringing and Christmas arrive
With harmonious choruses around
When people are close and in peace
And singing their sweet melodies
Dancing around the Christmas tress
Far from every wars tragedies

The most beautiful songs we sing
Are the ones that give us dreams
And hope again to our hearts bring
Like star rays of faraway gleams
When people are close and in peace
And singing their sweet melodies
Dancing around the Christmas tress
Far from every wars tragedies

When you and I are all standing close
Through Christmas evening and night
And the starry starry high sky glows
With the stars of heaven so bright
When loves is for you and love is for me
And everything comes to be alright
And we shall be singing in sweet harmony
Through the evening of Christmas light

Peter S. Quinn

The Mountains Are Fine

The mountains are fine
For all my love
Close up in sunshine
With afar clouds above
The mountains are me
Wilderness earth
Forever to be free
In their freedoms birth

Let's love every touch
A moments and while
For love means so much
In its worth and style
Let's love every hour
In the days going by
Each small tender flower
Born under the sky

The mountains are strong
In rocks and sand
Its weather rough song
You'll learn to understand
The mountains of afar
They give and awake
Longings from a blink star
In the evening at lake

The mountains are fine
For all my love
Close up in sunshine
With afar clouds above
The mountains are me
Wilderness earth
Forever to be free
In their freedoms birth

Peter S. Quinn

The Multiple Desires

the multiple desires
across the veering
of troubled years

merciless times
ambushing the heart
with black devastating threads

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 New – To Come

I'll be the mask
Of inside free
To each coming task
That becomes me
Tincturing the shade
Of springtime come
The earthly made
Of rainbows from

The world is to seek
Conquer and outlay
Sky stroke and its streak
Of a coming day
Gone with the breeze
That was once new
Life is but its glees
And unlucky to view

I'll be new while
And difference to eyes
The concrete tile
To dreamy skies
Each beam to spring
That glowing on long
For I shall sing
My heart to earth song

Peter S. Quinn

The Night

The night is like an undertone
Into lives deeper radiance
Cornered in structured backbone
In shadings of day's deep trance

Each feeling is going deep
Through silences of hours still
Only for dreams inside to keep
That no actuality shall fulfill

The night with its darkish plot
And sun setting cavernous mood
Is all what the daytime is not
The shadows of dancing altitude

With mind-set of inside steamy
And roots of its growing threads
Uncertainty of times dreamy
Improbability of differing instead

The night is a garden of time
Into endless sinuous profound
Where threads of light shall climb
When rising of dawn is around

Peter S. Quinn

The Night Fall Has Come

The night fall has come
To give peace to its quiver
Shadows on dancing swum
In the dim moods to deliver
Window of dark is peeking
Into my heart alone
Something from myself seeking
Of my chords and tone

Fighting off I am trying
Though I am loosing strength
Just on my back there lying
Minutes dwell on in length
Wandering off to walks
Somewhere along the way
Whispers through walls and talks
Closing in with their play

Peter S. Quinn

The Night Has Come

The night has come to give its acquainted glow
Of the evening just after rainy fall
Where drops in clear kept pouring down in squall
Forward like a river in its wetness flow
The city is all soaked in tempering eyes
Cobblestones glisten in sideways walks
Echoes of footsteps and gibbering talks
Under darkish clouds and opening skies
Leaves on the trees dripping in pearly drops
Clearance for new summer coming fresh bright
Tones of the watery in glowing goes
The mist in evening of cleansing plops
With day in near end before twilight's night
Afterwards the single streets in emptiness grows

Peter S. Quinn

The Night Is Full Of Light

The night is full of light
Going on and on
A day of a morning bright
Until time's done
Like life that's all glowing
Inside and out
Knowledge worth of knowing
What it's all about

Nothing comes of nothing
We thought we knew
But reality is all bluffing
Its inside out view
A star of morning shining
A glow in time's face
Silver threads and lining
All have their timeless place

A night's full of clandestine
And all we don't know
The eternity of star shine
The sky's full of glow
And here we are all trying
To figure years out
Each structured truth defying
What life is all about

Peter S. Quinn

The Night Is Lonesome

The night is lonesome,
Like sometimes I'm too;
Hours dark and hidden,
My heart belongs, in blue.
I could die before dawn,
A star shining one night;
All be gone for tomorrow,
In beginning of the new light.
The night is full of dreams,
That wander away forever;
When daybreak moves in,
With reality - not together.
Love can't stay the same,
Moments come differently;
Feelings, you can't frame,
They grow inside to be.
The moon over rooftops,
Is silver blue and white;
But mirrors in each soul,
Are glare for dark and light.

Peter S. Quinn

The Night Of Many Dreams (From, Myspace)

The night of many dreams has gone my way
With every distances there between
A love song close for each youngish laid day
With its various after evening scene
A heart grows on to many directions
With all the feelings that opens its door
The touches of time in ample connections
Convey all futures for more and more

We go on and on in the seats we know
By opening up or holding on to
Dreams that worked or those that were lost in space
Like a thought in a moment that will go
There are standings ahead to bring here through
From circling events of numerous chase

Peter S. Quinn

The Night Ways Are Coming (From New Waves To The Shore)

O children of the sea and deep water
Your eye stones are like moons on a glow
Where are now the clouds drifting sky's daughter
With sunshine melting footsteps in the snow
A day has come once more in its flower
With morning clear in their undercover
Like burning stars were here to empower
Seashore and sky ring live-in lover

The night ways are coming in its empire
Down to the fibers and roots hidden most
In winter singing at the highest branch
To quench out the autumn's coloring fire
That to leaves had gone like rusty roast
And give their appearance - very last chance

Peter S. Quinn

The Night, All Anise And Silver

The night, the night, - all anise and silver
My thoughts in its bewilderment shall bring
What reality can't set or deliver
The air from infinity - life must sing
Wisdom that is everlasting and through
Bringing roads of compassion further on
Love songs of springs - the summer that is true
The approaches beyond time's traveling gone

I will sing my songs in wilderness place
Where the blooms are so precious and so small
To the mountains far and the sky of deep
Where nature belongs in its fullest grace
With silent that is like a wondrous call
To the emotions - in the heart to keep

Peter S. Quinn

The Ocean And Its Waving Songs

Like the rain can fall down from a cloud,
So is all hoping that can't be seen;
Love is whispering not too loud,
As my true love is walking in between.

The ocean and its waving songs,
Of the bluish green watery
That dwells in memory;
My heart is throbbing,
As my life moves along
To forget a dream I had with you.

Every hope every dream that I know,
Is about love never saying goodbye;
Though moments they pass and away go,
Like each hope of our love that will die.

The ocean and its waving songs,
Of the bluish green watery
That dwells in memory;
My heart is throbbing,
As my life moves along
To forget a dream I had with you.

Peter S. Quinn

The Old Curtains Tumble (From, Poet On Www)

Days are returning to night,
All the dreams are showing;
Give some stories futures bright,
While our minutes are going.
Up up and down the same hill,
Grossing though and turning;
What will every future fulfill,
When it's managing and learning.

We are becoming each other,
Close from the light and within;
Dampened fires do smother,
Ways have their end and begin.
Lighter and lighter pairs flit by,
Closing the moments spilled;
You have visitation to amplify
Whatever your thoughts instilled.

Going to find some transparency,
An letting the old curtains tumble;
Everything begins inside of me,
Forward to learning and stumble.
When easy it comes easy it goes,
Like the sky gathers in window;
Life is an avenue with all its credos,
Experience found or lost a while ago.

Peter S. Quinn

The One Who I Am

The one who I am
I often doubt
For outside is something
Often about
To fill in the blanket
Of what I see
To let me understand
It's only me
The mirror has a mirror
Of more to show
It flickers in its answers
Until it's time to go

I am only me
To give a word or two
And trying to hold back
What comes with light through?
The hours are measured
Of what its beat must give
In each their tick tick on
As I try on to live
Though nothing is the same
In pathways to my heart
I know I must be true
To make the truthful
Take its part

Peter S. Quinn

The Peace Tree

This is the peace tree
Of living life's fruit
In freedom of its free
Without wars intuit

A love song for earth
That kindles ways true
Each living of its worth
It always shall renew

This is its beauty time
With roots in deep soil
A growth of its prime
That no one can coil

The day and night's ties
Of dreams coming real
Emblems of the highs
That torches hearts to feel

This is the root to grow
In blossoms of the day
And we shall always know
Its inner moods and play

The occasion it knows
The fruits that bear love
In blossoms it shows
The reap full passions of

Peter S. Quinn

The Pen Is Never Alone

If you're thought is paper worth
With words from inside grown
That your heart gave birth
Like seagulls in the sky
They fly along to sea
And every wings way try
To reach out far and be

Precious is every stone
That on your road lies
Like every true players tone
That your harp tries
There is so much that lingers
If feelings are the same
With inside touching fingers
To give your hope a flame

Oh take your height to hold
To mount the highest hill
And each experience unfold
So those steps will fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

The Poorest Of The Poor...

The poorest of the poor...
They say that we are
But we can smile for sure
And wish upon a falling star
We have our love to give
And anything worth to share
Go on the earth to live
And just by being here

The richness is inside
Of feelings to stir awake
Some hope may well collide
In what there is at stake
But still we have our own
That money cannot gain
More glittery than gemstone
- Our heart and our brain

The poorest of the poor...
We haven't notice this
For we're just as you're
When everything's amiss
So richness we have as much
As anyone else on Earth
We have our heart and touch
It must be of gold its worth

Peter S. Quinn

The Purpose

I hear voices within me,
They say you must continue to sing
And everything is like we see
And sometimes good fortune it can bring;
When I die I will not die,
No more then the sun each day,
When I cry with a purpose I cry
And the purpose will lead my way.

I hear voices within me,
They are everlasting and strong
And every step of the way I'll see
The difference form right and wrong;
If we have what we need we shall last,
Pick `em up from the road where you go,
What you have seen is now of the past,
It's time now to learn more and grow
And the purpose will lead our way.

I hear voices within me,
They say you must continue to sing
And your voice will set you free
Thread some pearls on your continuing string;
When we die we will not die
And be forgotten by those who remember us well,
For we are the clouds of the mystical sky,
In our hearts dwells our heavens before ever there is hell
And the purpose will lead our way.

Peter S. Quinn

The Questions Moving On (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

The questions moving on
Everything like a whisper
Thoughts thoroughly gone
In coldness left crisper
The hours of our oppressions
Something to learn and be
Moods of lonely depressions
Each one never to come free

Mistakes of our questions
Left to be written through
Like revenge and vexations
With what comes into the blue
Trials and errors light
Earth we offer ourselves
Each up holding in its flight
Tones of the coming twelves

A night of a freedom too
The fuel of faith inside
Love songs always to renew
When we to feelings hide
The trust in all of our clues
You can't never get enough
Their cuts and each bruise
When times get on rough

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 Rhythm And The Note

I have found my way
It comes day by day
Like ways of sunshine
So hard to define
In the pleasures inside
Those from the out hide
To give us something more
Than the ordinary core

Rain flowers of the in
Lines drawn so very thin
Of feelings to unfold
That reality wouldn't hold
Somewhere in the deep
That in the self's a sleep
And wakes to give again
The flickers of each yen

I have found the hour
The long forgotten flower
That I thought was lost
From the outside exhaust
The turning of each dote
The rhythm and the note
That seldom we do hear
From inside our own ear

Peter S. Quinn

The River Is Flowing To The Sea

The river is flowing to the sea
Its water is clear and fresh,
Like the tinkering inside of me
That loosens up or enmesh.

The sun that shines through a cloud
So faraway from earth,
Or the singing bird so aloud
Laying now and giving birth.

All the varieties I'll see
After the winter so cold,
And what will later come to be
Something in memory one can hold.

Falling and rising so high
Taking and giving - renew,
All what teaches when we try
Every aspire that is due.

The river of every thought
That comes to bring me forward,
With freedom the world has sought
In every its way and concord.

Oh love you must bring peace in
For the day will darken soon.
Life's joy must come again
Not die in disputed aswoon.

Peter S. Quinn

The River Is Flowing To The Sea (From, Lost Song Poems)

The river is flowing to the sea
Its water is clear and fresh,
Like the tinkering inside of me
That loosens up or enmesh.

The sun that shines through a cloud
So faraway from earth,
Or the singing bird so aloud
Laying now and giving birth.

All the varieties I'll see
After the winter so cold,
And what will later come to be
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In every its way and concord.

Oh love you must bring peace in
For the day will darken soon.
Life's joy must come again
Not die in disputed aswoon.

Peter S. Quinn

The River Lingers On (From,134 Picture Poems)

the river lingers on
as fairies fold gently
summer wings
in the fading sun

autumn dances
with silky butterflies

Peter S. Quinn

The River Sings On (From, The River Sings On)

The river sings on,
Flames of flowing waves;
Where have days gone,
That once was of the braves.
I and you are finding
Destiny and new hope,
Swirling to new glory,
Holding on to the robe
Of new seeds and story.

Playful is the evening,
With the soft and the sweet;
When the shades are abandoning,
Days of easy street.
Find your ways and journey,
Where each story goes;
We have each our tourney,
Where the past all glows.

Nothing have I lost,
That memory hasn't found;
Stones they shedder dust,
If we are only earth bound.
River streams going,
To the sea of unknown deep;
Experiencing and growing,
We are what we reap.

Peter S. Quinn

The Rivers Of Time

The rivers of time
Will find the future ways,
Within steps we climb
Fortune to us each plays;
Nothing forever is hidden
There's a reason for all,
Of them we're never ridden
Later we reach our call.

Rivers are streaming on
Making it to the sea,
When our steps are done
Purpose will set them free;
Dark the thoughts may be
Unclear the sight to reach,
Much further we will see
If we hold on to each teach.

The rivers of time
Flowing freshly through earth,
Always new and sublime
In each try and birth;
Nothing is easy to come
We have to try it again,
There are fortunes for some
When water reaches the glen.

Peter S. Quinn

The Road Goes On (From, Poet On Www)

The road goes on,
And movies you to dreams;
Where fantasies run,
And everything strange seems.

The passes are mildly away,
Double-crossing the sights;
In twilight's before the day,
And stars on they wishing flights.

Moving earth's harmony far,
Through the spheres and hours;
Somewhere there is a newborn star,
And the seeds of new flowers.

Where tomorrow has no sense,
Only the profanation of our joys;
And each is given a fair change,
From falseness and its decoys.

You and repudiation of innocent,
Like the seeds in earth to grow;
All became from some accident,
And now to life must, must go.

Love has much to do with it all,
What is meant to bring to gold;
You must have its purpose call,
For your place to give and hold.

Be aware of what isn't refined,
Ourselves and some things to come;
Each to each accomplish is assigned,
So much to have or bothersome.

Inter-assured from each in year,
Therefore which are and which to miss;
Each understanding with all its blear,
What we take for granted or dismiss.

Peter S. Quinn

The Rose Of Love

The rose of love
Is always true
Like sunshine above
And likable you

A moment's touch
Affectionate always
And feelings much
In hours of grays

This love is strong☐
And giving shade
A heart to long
Of mind-set made

And all of bright☐
Go on with this
There is no night
On its road's bliss

But life is dark
In winter's year
Without a Lark
And songs to hear

But you are near
My heart always
Away to steer
All shades of grays

Peter S. Quinn

The Shadows Fall To Ashes - A Love Song

The shadows fall to ashes
When sun comes up again
Night dreams to reality clashes
And they become faint
Every love is like this too
With its contrasting' to show
All is then up to me and you
To do what we feel we know

Flames are burning on bright
If the occasions are there for
Clusters of a wishing light
Burning on more and more
Open your heart - become free
To flights of moment's sunshine
Each mood's showing its tree
The roots - in line to line

Come here and be my love
Inside wilderness of my heart
I will be like the sky above
In azure and raindrops apart

I will be like the sky in blue
Or draw down curtains of days
Every hour we have to renew
With night's velvet skin plays

- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

The Show - I Care (From Rock Star)

When I see you there,
You give attention to it all.
It's so wonderful to compare,
How you each become appall.
Just before the show's gone
On the air here tonight,
It's so beautiful phenomenon
How you sing and fight.

What a show, with much glamour.
Everything to witness and stare!
Really wants me to care.

You are here and then gone,
What a control for your life.
Singing special on and on,
Trying to make it and strife.
I wish I had this all too,
Bringing some there around.
Make me different, make me new,
Be noticed, - lost and found.

What a show with much glamour.
Everything to witness and stare!
Really wants me to care.

It makes you special - self assure,
Gives you stardom,
So much fun, fun, fun, fun, fun.

All is in your sight,
Everything's your shoulders on.
How you sing and fight,
It's such a beautiful phenomenon.

What a show with much glamour.
Everything to witness and stare!
Really wants me to care,
Really wants me to care.

Peter S. Quinn

The Silences

The silences come and go,
they are like the summer's glow:
a cloud in sky
drifting goodbye,
- away from my sight quite slow.

Like a day that comes and goes,
yesterday's intermezzos,
night's lullaby;
how the hours fly
- till they are moments memos.

The silences in our heart,
with feelings inside rampart;
come easily
and feel breezily,
- when again they go apart

Like a day in moment's bliss,
or the breeze the minutes kiss;
as we are here:
silent to share,
- until we those moments miss.

A day, a thought, and then gone
to time's silences to carry on.
What we once heard:
a spoken word,
- an intermede liaison.

Peter S. Quinn

The Silvery Light Of Your Restless Night Thoughts (From, Dried Flowers)

The silvery light of your restless night thoughts,
Like wind in the clouds and sightings to see;
Reopened to the earth's old dry apricots,
The gray hands in evening capillary.
Sustain of the furrows in breeze growing,
New and light replenished raging stag tongue;
Wound of its life simple flower glowing,
All what is left when neglectful has flung.
Meandering water brownish yellow gray,
Moving through the marshy soulless soars;
Dimpsy goes to darkness restless in play,
To it's tongueless Philomel corridors.
Closing is in wound with winded up wings,
Inside flawing light where nobody sings.

Peter S. Quinn

The Skies Are Dreaming

And the skies are dreaming
In clouds going by and by
With an intertwine and seeming
To know where the future lie
Yesterdays were old in fantasy
Bringing on days of all kind
Pondering moments of the free
Those where once left behind

The days have lost so much
In the going of easy going
It reached a point out of touch
Its footsteps not knowing
Though still we are in finding
What a life experience does
Our own in personal minding
To get its knowledge across

And the skies are all in scheming
All findings of a cloudy high
Though sunshine is still gleaming
To futures of flourishing tie
We dance our dances till end
Thinking we have it combined
But everything is just a blend
In what we only might find

Peter S. Quinn

The Skim And Butterfat (From, Poet On Www)

Rain and sunshine doesn't matter,
Only you make me come through;
The nonsense ridden with some clatter,
Never made a very good argue.

Refrain

All I need is somebody,
That will give me this and that;
All I need is most everybody,
For the skim and butterfat.

It's been long and hard to place,
Everything that is going on;
Every worth and with every grace,
Let's just go and have some fun.

Refrain

All I need is somebody,
That will give me this and that.

Knock me out and far about,
Please just let me do my things;
If you have with me some doubt,
Let's just see some new beginnings.

Refrain

Write your way try to be sane,
Dreadful thoughts may become to you;
All is within the reach of your brain,
If you really know what to do.

Refrain

Peter S. Quinn

The Sky Is Dark

The sky is dark and deep with stars
Glistening falling on and on
Through distances with their afars
Till moments forever are gone
My heart is now in a wandering way
Feeling the remote of all this
Sunshine colors turning to gray
Life is now in winter's bliss

Yesterday when times were new
Everything was different
Showed us the way to get on thru
Without any hesitation or relent
Our compassion were then all true
From the moments of much to give
Now those roads are going on to
What we once I the past did live

Tomorrow comes to give of more
All the tactics to try and deliver
Open up every its unknown door
For lives on thru the flowing river
Never to stand in a defeating still
As the onward epochs are going
With our dreams to lead and to fill
That is worthy of the heart knowing

Yesterday when times were new
Everything was different
Showed us the way to get on thru
Without any hesitation or relent
Our compassion were then all true
From the moments of much to give
Now those roads are going on to
What we once I the past did live

Peter S. Quinn

The Sky Is Dark And Deep

The sky is dark and deep with stars
Glistening falling on and on
Through distances with their avatars
Till moments forever are gone
My heart is now a wandering way
Feeling the remote of all this
Sunshine colors turned to gray
Life is in its winter bliss

Yesterday when times were new
Everything was different
Showed us way to get on through
Without any relent
Our heart were then all true
From so much to give
Now those roads are going to
Those we once did live

Tomorrow comes to give more
All the tactics to deliver
Open up every unknown door
For lives on flowing river
Never to stand in a defeat still
As the onward epoch is going
With our dreams to lead and fill
That is worthy in knowing

Yesterday when times were new
Everything was different
Showed us way to get on through
Without any relent
Our heart were then all true
From so much to give
Now those roads are going to
Those we once did live

Peter S. Quinn

The Sky Might Be Starless (A Lyric)

Sky might be starless everywhere tonight
In the clouds of the moonless darkish mist
Though the day was in its morning quite bright
With glowing sunshine, early on hours kissed
This evening is like from alone heart
With its burning down coming to the night
To give each of us a melancholy dart
And to close away the enchantment of light

But darling don't miss out on every glow
That perhaps was meant all for you and me
You know that I just had this time to go
Because every love must become free
There may be some rain clouds drifting above
While distant are our dreaming and our love

Peter S. Quinn

The Sky Of My Sky (From The Lost Sonnets)

The sky of my sky is the same as yours
And like the dreams of my dreams shall go on
We are the peace keepers and conquistadors
From our cells of the inside to each aeon
We will follow our dreams to clear the way
Aspire and wonder to the steps of the new
And the sunshine's the same wherever we stay
Whether it's cloudy outside or the sky blue

Much of our spirits have made the same thought
Brought us together or driven apart
Schools may differ of what we have been taught
But inside our breasts - beats all the same heart
Follow your dreams on and see them come clear
Give of your knowledge from what you have learned here

Peter S. Quinn

The Sky Said So

The sky said so
Always remember me
I will rise and then go
Like a merry-go-round free

Whisper my softly tone
For you only to hear
When you are quite alone
With only the blue there

Flow flow tones so flexible
Nothing to take away
When there's mist irresistible
Freshness of the coming day

Dreams that are there still
In every traveling about
With your moments to fulfill
When you are in doubt

The sky said so
In its forever eternity
As clouds go about to and fro
For times to come and be

I'm love of delicacy
Life seeds to be blessed
Every roadway of opportunity
The heart has always caressed

Peter S. Quinn

The Song

Oh morning come here all newfangled again
To shine here over these greenery hills
When daybreak comes in its freshness stills
From roundness of waves through in fjords glen
Where rebellious of dark had wings of dim
And dreams of obedient from the far deep
In hours of glow less relish thoughts did keep
When shadows were dancing in beaming slim

Oh climb to melody of hope ascending
To bring every hour its radiance shine
Give of love's heart what love is commending
Never again to darkness dwindle or twine
Oh morning of spirit your hours of flame
To give every love song - truly its name

Peter S. Quinn

The Song Of Ocean, Land And Sky

The ocean is vast
For its flower's dark cast
And what is between
In dark never seen
The shells of the deep
Every secret there keep
Like the fish that swims free
Inside you and me

The land is huge
With their many ways rough
And the stories at hand
We'll someday understand
The flowers of fields
That to earth someday yields
With their seed and their bloom
For the wind is their groom

The sky of the blue
That will give rainbow hue
And new dawn for the day
So we gladly may play
Every heart that is true
Is each day to renew
Commitments in its way
That can be trusted - yea

Peter S. Quinn

The Songs Of The Heart

Through my age there have been unwritten ways
With their times and things in convert lock's
The entrails routes of colors and grays
Shoulders of struggles on serrated edge rocks
Someone standing in the doorways being born
Waiting for the irons of earth to pick
Living with their dreams in effort shreds worn
Never seeing flames from the firing wick

Love's never easy for those who are lost
Waiting for things to turn out to be right
Days without affairs not to happening
Feelings each one passes when they are crossed
Through frozen constellations of the night
The songs of the heart - never taught to sing

*(Dedicated to the many people who haven't made it; and to the boss: Bruce Springsteen - for his songs ...)

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

The Spring Has Come

The spring has come in its never ending
To haunt my heart and forth it further bring
With tinctures of its fairy blending
In moments of its timeless clinging
This softness so much now everywhere
From the hillsides falling in the air
Each day and night is like a fantasy
With glowing hills and their loneliness
A love song in the hands of the all free
With every of its airworthiness
And the highest towers of hills awake
In a brighten play of a morning song
In towering glow of shadow's daybreak
When a heart in the hours will go and long

Peter S. Quinn

The Stars Are In Their Glow

The stars are in their glow
Yes tonight yes tonight
Each day to evening will go
Lose its awareness and light
And nocturnal dreams come in
In their red glow fire sight
Give a touch in twilight spin
Anything to raise its flight

The stars shine up on the sky
Knitting glisten pearly beam
From evening till dawn high
Everything is like a dream
Flowing on and closing hours
In flames of blue and ember
Sky is like silvery flowers
In its sentiment and temper

The stars are now bright blue
Faraway in glistening dance
Blinking look coming through
Crossing viewpoint at a glance
Nothing in this grows on old
Time is like a stopping clock
Fantasies that I cannot hold
Just glimpse at their golden lock

Peter S. Quinn

The Strings Of Times (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

The strings of times in gone yesterdays
Winged once of energy and in delight
From the days of burning bridges and flight
To dark abysses of more deeper ways

The events that build on times going through
And every occasion beyond their own
The harshest of passing and coming too
Just like the wind that has already blown

The indescribable things that come to live
In the patterns of space that grows to more
Between two corners that stretches them out
The ways and means that purely will give
Their greatness of span where reasons are for
And wonder of triumph to realize about

Peter S. Quinn

The Summer Breeze Is Going (A Song)

The summer breeze is going
Into exhausted forgetfulness
As autumn comes in glowing
Of yellow-gold fullness
The garden comes to an end
In endless shadings worth
In giving its burning blend
For brown and reddish earth

Night dream of shade twisted
Where hope is of despair
And hours like drops misted
Of icily cold in the air
The vapors of a turning tide
Furrowed of fetid shriveling
In shadows and window hide
Of moments of lost swiveling

As night comes in damp jagged
And aging of all its wear
Like a fruit from sap ragged
And only of a shading mere□
The night of deceitful dream
Where glowing is a reddish sky
And shadows in time seem
To wander off in dance and die

Peter S. Quinn

The Sun Burning Flowers Of Dust

Lay low lay low lay low,
The sun burning flowers of dust,
Shall you never again grow?
Just hide among death and rust.

Lay low lay low lay low,
When you were found you were lost,
And even then people didn't know,
All wars are just blood and cost.

Lay low lay low lay low,
You are cold and bitten by frost,
For hiding your wounds in snow,
The sun burning flowers of dust.

Peter S. Quinn

The Sun Rays (A Lyric)

The sun rays in your eye,
The love you're giving that I have found;
Like sun that shines though the sky,
Each love must be worth and sound.
The sun that shines each day,
The love you gave from your heart;
What matter what we do or say,
Never let it depart.

Each heart is broken only once
And never grows from sorrow,
Let there never be no bygones
Not today nor tomorrow.

Sun rays oh sun rays
Never hide behind a cloud,
Sun rays all my days
That's what love's all about;
Give me no raining shower thought,
Nor glimpse of shadows I've caught.

On each star brightening night
When only flickering light is around,
I wish you'd hold me so tight
My fright could surely be drowned;
The sun rays the feeling of touch
Each love is not made of stone,
You know I love you so much
Oh never let me be here alone.

Each heart is broken only once
And never grows from sorrow,
Let there never be no bygones
Not today nor tomorrow.

Sun rays oh sun rays
Never hide behind a cloud,
Sun rays all my days
That's what love's all about;

Give me no raining shower thought,
Nor glimpse of shadows I've caught.

Sun rays oh sun rays
There are many turning ways,
Let's give future to all
Before it returns to the haze;
Give me no answer: perhaps or not,
Tomorrow you may have forgot.

Sun rays oh sun rays
Sun brightening rays oh sun rays.

Sun rays oh sun rays
Never hide behind a cloud,
Sun rays all my days
That's what love's all about;
Give me no raining shower thought,
Nor glimpse of shadows I've caught.

Sun rays oh sun rays
Never hide behind a cloud,
Sun rays...

Peter S. Quinn

The Sweetness Of First Meeting (From, The River Sings On)

The sweetness of first meeting,
Like the breeze in the trees;
The freshness of summer greeting,
The soul of the being frees.
Like the rays of the evening sun,
With slumbering red and yellow;
The feelings of minutes now gone,
With the last of the twilight's glow.
You and I resounding seconds,
The feelings all deep inside;
The night in the green woodlands,
Each wonder our dreams now hide.

Peter S. Quinn

The Taste Of Love Is Mostly Sweet

The taste of love is mostly sweet
In offered feelings going on
Something of heart to tenderly treat
When desiring is like a rising dawn
In a beat full of emotions
To carry its lightweights wings
The inside of within potions
That everything in fullness brings

Bound wild in its ways
Passion so light and drifting
With fiery burning's amaze
The tenderness inside uplifting
Where a moment may stay
Forever in deep ways threads
When love in its beat shall play
In tinctures of every coeds

The taste of love is never same
Always something to aspire
When love turns on its flame
And wakes up the heart's desire
Where moments long through
In finding their blossoms high
And I am in love with you
With a passion that never should die

Peter S. Quinn

The Taste Of Love Is Mostly Sweet (From, Myspace)

The taste of love is mostly sweet
In offered feelings going on
Something of heart to tenderly treat
When desiring is like a rising dawn
In a beat full of emotions
To carry its lightweights wings
The inside of within potions
That everything in fullness brings

Bound wild in its ways
Passion so light and drifting
With fiery burning's amaze
The tenderness inside uplifting
Where a moment may stay
Forever in deep ways threads
When love in its beat shall play
In tinctures of every coeds

The taste of love is never same
Always something to aspire
When love turns on its flame
And wakes up the heart's desire
Where moments long through
In finding their blossoms high
And I am in love with you
With a passion that never should die

Peter S. Quinn

The Thrill Of Life

The thrill of life
Is no easy thing
It's so full of life
And true spring
All in its fresh go
All in its new day
First of shade glow
New every May

Like thrill of you
On to my heart
If it's true
From its start
And all giving
New and so fresh
Of true living
In love's caress

A thrill like a song
A time like you
A heart to long
That is true
In spring early way
When freshness awakes
In new morning of a day
That only spring makes

Peter S. Quinn

The Thrush

In the garden,
There is this tree
With a thrush in.

He keeps on singing,
His songs of hope.

Like you and I,
He's missing someone,
Therefore can not fly,
When there's sun.

We have same reasons,
For being sad,
If we have lost a love,
We likewise had.

In the garden,
There is this tree
With a thrush in.

Peter S. Quinn

The Time Is A Cliff

The time is a cliff
To climb through and go
Epochs and its riff
Like waves to and fro

Understandings to comprehend
Is inside every fall
Like the forces extend
Structure of its wall

Each day has instance
Set out to become
Somewhere in trance
To where time is from

The circular motion
Of the waving's going by
From space magnet ocean
That gives us grounding tie

Cliffs steep and high
Shall become dust
As time away will fly
In tomorrow to adjust

Peter S. Quinn

The Time Is Falling

The time is falling
Step by step through the hours
Each day is calling
In shades of blue and new flowers
As deep as the river
In its shaded coming tone
With tomorrow to deliver
From under the unknown

Each footstep is windblown
In softly drops of rain
Crystal clear and alone
From fallen moments grain
A heart is calm in year
Like silhouette of dark and light
In moods that did appear
Through day and every night

This time seems all so right
To learn so much and try
To make complete and ignite
Before it again passes by
The traces of evoked shine
Of windblown earth brushed land
Each corn of life so fine
In moments of existence command

Peter S. Quinn

The Time Is Going Somewhere (A Lyric)

The time is going somewhere
But nowhere I' m still
The city lights from here to there
In every light bulb still
The hours are going by
One by one there're past
Heavy like clouds in sky
Or the roads with its dust

Everywhere you're going
Farther just than you were
Like the city lights flowing
Somewhere around or near

Letting go of dreams between
That nobody ever knows
So much is still there to be seen
In the sideways glows

Every time is going through
We are still just walking
So much there for to renew
After the stirring and talking
Ways to fill and be around
Where the days are down
Elsewhere a bit unlike found
In a different kind of a town

Peter S. Quinn

The Time Is Like A Windmill

The time is like a windmill
Of wheeling on the waves
That goes up and down a hill
In moments of lots to fill
With wonderments and craves

The morning is shining there
Onward to fields and roads
And giving a circle to adhere
From some to almost anywhere
Of many its falling loads

Its silences and tones so soft
Filling the moments to go
And bringing around its oft
With a round and around waft
Like wind in breeze will blow

The day and night to give in
Of each its work be done
From dry to water full spin
Where each of both has been
Until the turning is none

Wheel will strive and break
To reach its own destiny
Give of what it will take
And always be still awake
To turn forever and be free

For it's like circle of life
In making its going turn
And as it too it must strife
And break on through the rife
Forever to go on and learn

Peter S. Quinn

The Time Is Night

The time is night
In its all alone landscape
While the moon is bright
Of shadows flame shape
From the hours deep dark
And glow clouds above
Where silences will spark
From turmoil of inside love

The time is found
In the nowhere of everywhere
Turning constantly around
To here and then to there□
Steadily about to pass
As the Sun again goes down
Shadows ferment like glass
In its gyrating crown

Love is like eternity
Always moving forward on
For the inner glows to see
And transmit lives rubicon
Paradise in slumber steam
Seeds of the faith awake
Oceans of its deep stream
In its moment's take

Peter S. Quinn

The Time That Dwells With Love And Flows

The time that's dwelling with love and flows
Like a gentle stroke on to the feeling seem
As light comes with evening glows

With the darkish night nocturnal touch goes
A heart that's beating inside its own dream
The time that's dwelling with love and flows

In brightly play that in twinkling shows
Of last sky cloud of its shadowed regime
As light comes with evening glows

Their dreams in the afar to the night grows
That aspiring moments had in its stream
The time that's dwelling with love and flows

In every whisper that with breeze blows
And gives tomorrow new dawn's agleam
As light comes with evening glows

Each morning afresh that rises and slows
In the daybreak glowing of coming beam
The time that's dwelling with love and flows
As light comes with evening glows

Peter S. Quinn

The Timeless

The singing in the trees
Is an echo of something gone
Tones of love please
Carrying love on and on
Dreams of forgotten days
And everything that you are
The timeless starry rays
From each of the times afar
Oh love song of everlasting
Dreams of love's desire
Flows of beautiful casting
All that shall never tier
You and I now in the bliss
Night that is going to day
Each of its romances kiss
That to the morning play
Everything that keeps flowing
On to dreams of desire
As we in the hours are going
Reaching our destiny higher
A love that is never ending
In everything that comes to be
With every touch it's blending
Whatever the future shall see

Peter S. Quinn

The Times Are Coming And Showing

The times are coming and showing
The best is yet to come
We know and we are going
With this and that where it's from
I never know where to turn
For everything goes and we yearn
Nothing stays for evermore
It's gone just like it did before
Best times are living without
For all is just in and about

The times are coming and going
Their footsteps onward not knowing
The rough times and new
The many and the few
All the good that comes into mind
And nowhere else you can find
The roads that lead to nowhere
Something of both here and there
A one way that is never staying
Each street the hours are weighing

Tell me just what we might live
Nothing is there in the morning
All is to share and to give
If you have worked for you're earning
The daydreams that nobody knows
The feelings and findings inside
What comes to be and goes
All the dreams that out there shall hide
Wrong or right nothing at all
This and that here big and small

Maybe tomorrow we'll find what's ok
Walking the streets and alleys
Something is here just for a day
Lost into air gone without a trace
How can I manage and leave
When there is living without

Times are so momentarily brief
Each in their ways and doubt

The times are coming and showing
The best is yet to come
We know and we are going
With this and that where it's from
I never know where to turn
For everything goes and we yearn
Nothing stays for evermore
It's gone just like it did before
Best times are living without
For all is just in and about
Yes all is just with and about

(This is from an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Peter S. Quinn

The Times Are Here For You And Me (From, Myspace)

The times are here for you and me
Both starless nights and days
The evening comes so carelessly
In glows of many tintured ways
For what have driven us apart
With reasons in the morning light
May now become inside our heart
Of dreams together with the night

The whiles might be moonless glow
Or darker still in their somber vein
With every shadow dancing embryo
That to the dark more now shall gain
You may read a heart from deep inside
Of every near occasion and line
While moods of nocturnal outside glide
Before sunrise comes in to shine

When times are here for love to be
With every whisper of its breeze
You will come to know and come to see
Each their latent desiring lessees
Ambiance of understandings within
Like forces of the feelings vertex
In each cause of its occurrence spin
Making diffuseness before it will apex

Peter S. Quinn

The Transparent Birth (From, Dried Flowers)

The transparent birth of the sweetest things,
That come and goes into the earthy arms;
What to an instantaneous moment brings,
All the perceptive signs and its charms.
The caught and the griping of the blue sky,
In an instant vanishes as it turns;
Open flowing of a dissolving high,
That in the morning with yellow fire burns.
Dawning that opens the beach and the sea,
And gives every wave its glistening pearls;
Diaphanous billows coming discovery,
Whenever a moment in splash-splash burls.
Among the clouds new opportunities,
Constant contrast between immunities.

Peter S. Quinn

The Trees Are Bare (A Jazz Song)

The trees are bare of leaves today
With many laments inside the ground
Now winter's here on earth to play
With thoughts from dark newfound

Tress that had leaves
In summer of June
Now in their grieves□
Of a frosty afternoon
A thought of love song
Has left on to dream
With hearts to prolong
Its melting bloodstream

It shouldn't be ended
Though summer love dried
And frosty drops blended
What with autumn has died...

Peter S. Quinn

The Truest Meaning - Sonnet

The truest meaning is only for us to see
For eyes are only the light freedom knows
And each feeling has the shade of ardent free
Much like the sunshine in timeless glows
Follows the constellation of throbbing space
And each light that comes in is of glory
With emotions from the moon and many ways
With much delight in glowing in its story

You know what you are in each handful of earth
That passes across your fingers and style
And each of those touching are in its worth
Like light that comes in to cross the mile
The barrens of the twilight are hunting still
So all they dreams can handle times to fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

The Tune Of Full Moon Faraway

The tune of full moon faraway,
With universal harmonies around;
Are lost again in each new day,
Even though it echoes in its sound.
Flying through the open space,
Faraway stars - worlds unknown;
Gleaming lights into the haze,
We have never been alone.
Secrets reviling one by one,
Darkness comes again to light;
In past we knew only one sun,
Now we'll see the Milky Way wide.
Tunes of knowledge are enlightening,
How far shall we see then?
Can it be safe or frightening?
When we return to our senses again.
The tune of full moon faraway,
Is getting much closer now;
All knowledge becomes gray,
Sooner or later somehow.

Peter S. Quinn

The Two Roads

I'm going the two roads
That life gave for my travel
Heart beats full of loads
And feelings that I marvel

The time is on and fair
And having perhaps my dreams
Claim of spring grassy year
On passing love that seems

A morning of golden ray
The ways of love and bright
In greenery fields of day
That came back after night

Heart beats are now clear
In hours of spring to come
For now is the summer near
Full of its life's blossom

After a while it'll sigh
As ages must come and go
Blossoms shall fall and die
And memories all its glow

For life shall travel on
And bring blossoms to fall
What comes must be gone
After its summer and call

Peter S. Quinn

The Two Shadows

The two shadows flowing in the nightfall
Together to give each their doubtful cast
Empty in their flickering sparking crawl
Nothing of theirs through the twilight will last
Unfilled flow like dissolute partnership
Transparent towers of shattering flirts
Bolting through nether lightening cantrip
Dancing on to morning in their dim spurts

Contrasting moods of the dark and of glow
In to the twilights forever depart
Amassed in the creation preponderance
Life deportment to surround corners flow
One goes missing while the other shall start
Perpetually tempers - conflicting trance

- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

The Unfinished Poem ...

There are eternal ways to get lost
And every time they are as close,
You take your flight at any cost
In different poems or a prose;

And all these youthfully extravaganzas
Will perhaps be there for a day,
They seem sometimes like a bonanza
Maybe because of one little ultra say.

But then time spends these words
And you'll return to them too,
And you'll see these were just flirts
You wish that you never did do...

Peter S. Quinn

The Unnamed Poem

For every meaning
There is a word,
For every word
There is a meaning,
And every meaning
Is relatively concrete
Like everything;

And every poem
Therefore too,
Sing your song
With a truer tone
Than you did before,
Integrate you poem
With dreams and moods.

You and yourself
Have to bear you
Through all your years,
So keep the meaning clear
Of your bearing thoughts;
Whoever you really are,
It's difficult to succeed.

For every meaning
There is a word,
But for every mood
There are not always words,
And like everything
It depends on your
Time, dreams and moods.

Peter S. Quinn

The Wall (Written On A Wall In London, Somewhere)

Teachers all alone
now writing on this brick wall:
"You! Stand still laddy!

You behind bikesheds
eat yer meat or no pudding
'You! Yes, eat yer meat? '

Peter S. Quinn

The Water Is Clear

The water is clear to mirror each day
Through the tranquility of moods and waves
Each picture an image of what one craves
It shows every clearance of much way
Into the flowing of life forces on
Running through the remoteness of the land
Of tone tides one comes to understand
When every dropp of water is gone

The hours are in thought with eternally muse
Bringing to surface compartments of reflect
There from its first in existence forms defuse
Sometimes going back to void neglect
Our time is just heart beats into cadence
Taking us of steps on to wistful trance

Peter S. Quinn

The Way It Is (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

The way it is,
For all things passing;
Our time is the bliss,
With each luck classing.
Truth is in the treads,
That spins around to find;
Colors blue and reds,
And everything combined.

Running to their places,
All the making force;
To the open spaces,
What our fate there stores.
Maybe that's why,
Nothing reaches for sure;
It's given to an open sky,
What each road is for.

The way it goes,
Someday turns again;
Like the wind blows,
Building on each den.
What we take or loose,
Twists or winds in hand;
Life is but a bruise,
Come to understand.

Peter S. Quinn

The Way It Is (From, Poet On Www)

The way it is
From a day to day,
Like an epiglottis
In society's cliché;
How everything goes
From hours coming,
Unawareness knows
To pieces bottoming.

The way it was
To the past gone,
Years in natural cause
From the tidings spawn;
How it's made to last
Build into a plastic,
And to be aghast
In its way bombastic.

What is art and not
When the cloths fall off,
And the snobberies plot
Shows its way and doff;
How it's made too bare
The rustic fallen deceives,
And nobody is there
To take in false believes.

Peter S. Quinn

The Way Out To The About

The way out to the about
Is going to somewhere too
It has everything in its doubt
To bring you almost through
Its certainty is of its state
And made for the distances
It has its course in fate
And takes to future its chances

It is of a reflecting light
Sometimes becoming certainty
Of lost or a turning flight
That never is going to be
The dreams in the skies faraway
Like gleam to the many places
As bright as a sunshine day
Or a joy of the smiling faces

There is so much in every future
That carries supplies of fame
To bring you out of dark suture
And gives you its fiery flame
Where vicious wolves are gone
And every ones blossom's true
To carry their ends here on
And bring in kingdom of the new

Peter S. Quinn

The Whole Being Of Everything

The whole being of everything
Hurtling forever around
Each a breath in the beginning
Some are never to be found
All is served to the facsimile
Life has given from ablaze
There it makes it for a while
Moldered into different clays

Listen to rhythm rounders
Every time when they show
Morn blue sky backgrounder
Robin songs that you know
Heed to the easy way about
The forest and the lazy river
Life on the enclosing route
Forces that pound and deliver

Erstwhile that hides inside
Shading the courses to be
Let them be yours to guide
Recall back the visions to see
Somewhere thrills to delight
Clearing the intuition of fey
Sensation - nearness so quite
Be absent or come as it may

Peter S. Quinn

The Willow Tree (...from "1001 Very Short Fairytales", Story #97)

There was this little willow tree,
That lived for many seasons;
It had its branches wild and free,
Without giving any reasons.

Then this woodsman came along
And said to the tree, it just couldn't
Have these wild branches,
He would have to chop them all away,
But the little willow tree just wouldn't
Give in;
So the woodsman,
Cut it down the very next day.

And now the forest has lost its soul,
Of everlasting wilderness
And beauty.

Peter S. Quinn

The Wind

Always I love you more and even more
Like an ocean that in darkness lies hidden
All pleasures are there writing in for
Whatever the profound waves have written

I shall come and give a whisper in hair
Love of my affections that's thousand 's between
Summer and winter moods into the air
All of its pleasures where earth has been

Bring them all to you with every song heard
Moments of waiting and those that is going
Full of its wild that flows thru like a bird
Surf of each morning awaking in glowing

Always I whisper to ear like a river
Truth that lies hidden but I shall deliver

Peter S. Quinn

The Winter Is Now Here

The winter is now here
In dark playful light
Dark shadows everywhere
Inside its dim night
Life love songs play on
In days that go by
Summer is now gone
And sullen is the sky

Its deep somber bliss
Awaken through here
The frosty roses kiss
On windows everywhere
Life love songs play still
In times of the deep
And all its lost bygone
The heart couldn't keep

The dark of winter's song
In departed memory
So much there to long
For the hours of eternity
Life love songs play on
Into the night and deep
What's gone is all gone
No longer our to keep

Peter S. Quinn

The Wonder Of You (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

The wonder of you
Oh new born thing,
So much is there new
Like bloom in new spring;
You have time to come
To hold on and play,
And there in is some
That gives its true weigh.

Each hope and a try
Shall give its good length,
Explain to you why
Time has its own strength;
What is the reason
To continuing here on,
Why there is a season
And why they are done.

The wonder of all
Is in with the new tides,
Each comes to befall
And the time sets asides;
Love has its contrast
In each of its many ways,
Some have been harassed
Others in the still stays.

Peter S. Quinn

The Words Whirl Around

The words whirl around
While I sing them to my theme
Some reflections of a thought found
Inside the nearly clear-cut stream

The scattered salt of earth
A tune of straight lines falls
I'll sing my heart to birth
While the tune from inside calls

The witnesses of my own heart
Dissolving from innocent spring
Straight or curved shape start
As their birds to me will sing

This pendulum of the singing
To stir up the word and flame
Together each line's stringing
To build up each thoughts aim

Words of my song is committed
And much from the nature told
Tenderly of me they are fitted
As they to my melodies unfold

*Basho once wrote:

Not yet a butterfly
Even as autumn passes
The caterpillar

Ha ha ha ...: -)

Peter S. Quinn

The World Is Not In A Hurry (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Something that will shine
From the rising through
And drawing freshness line
In to the very new

Refrain
Needing not to worry
For things that turn to come
The world is not in a hurry
Where silences are from

Quavering blossoms young
In to the fields of seed
Where lives futures belong
For every root to read

Refrain

Things come from needing
Twisting their aches calling
What their steps are reading
How consequences are falling

Refrain

Something that will be here
When its true day comes
Giving of and to share
Readings of lines numbs
Steps coming toward the new
When its reaches to me
Something to give to you
When I can set it again free

Refrain
Needing not to worry
For things that turn to come

The world is not in a hurry
Where silences are from

Peter S. Quinn

'The Writer'

The writer
Metaphorical seeds

Everyday conversations
Through street
And rooms of living words

The egg
And its forming legs

Peter S. Quinn

Their Ways In My Heart (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Now old days are in forgotten place
Somewhere they went when they died
Unfilled promises in their empty trays
Now in to their nowhere shall hide

I felt their ways in my heart when they were of romance
Filling moments for depart when they had each a chance
Everything what did apply and teaching me love to sing
When there were up blue sky with hopefulness in to bring
Roads and face of unknown that no one knows about
Filling empty spaces alone with every unfulfilled doubt
The places not for you or me where hope always ends
Where nothing comes easily and only in gray colors blends
I felt I had a place in the sun when I was lost I was found
For so much is never undone everything comes again around
Feelings to renew and dream giving of new love to sing
Always of hope a river to stream freshness of promise to bring

Peter S. Quinn

Them Cool Green Leaves

Them cool green leaves
That comes around
When spring breezy breeze
Is again here found
And night becomes like day
With its reddish sky
When song birds sing and play
In the twilight high

Them cool green days
When a heart beat's found
With playing soft haze
To the earth all bound
And the dark night's stray
Has said its goodbye
When love is okay
And blue is our time's sky

Refrain

Just listen to the songs
That flow so smoothly on
The many sing-alongs
Those never from life are gone
Every tune that fills the air
With beautiful tender plays
And we together share
In many different ways

Them Cool Green Leaves
That comes around
When spring breezy breeze
Is again here found
And night becomes like day
With its reddish sky
When song birds sing and play
In the twilight high

Refrain

* Peter S. Quinn - Them Cool Green Leaves Free Mp3

(There are over 50 different texts written on this poem, this one made now, as I was listening...[will be revised later on, perhaps] I hope you enjoy it; -)

Peter S. Quinn

There Are Affections Everywhere

There are affections everywhere
Giving you some understanding
Going from here and to there
Never outward in commanding
Promises not to hurt you
With the feelings that you are
Being something that you trust is true
Always peace in every war

Deeming that can never die
Promises you take and care
Everything that teaches not a lie
What you have to lend an ear
Searching through and finding ways
Like there were no others
Luring thoughts that somewhere plays
From your sisters and brothers

Ungrateful pledges of the past
Some were close to trust
Patience to be and their cast
Searching for their turning gust
The love songs that could never be
Because they were of nothing
Judging and trying each to see
Transforms away and some bluffing

Peter S. Quinn

There Are All Kinds Of Everything

There are all kinds of everything,
But not for me, not for me;
There is that radio big thing,
But not for me, not for me;
For all I want to do is play and sing,
Play and sing.

There's all kind of twisting pleasures,
On the move and going nowhere;
Hidden Internet's streaming treasures
Here, but though mostly there,
Giving high hopes and some leisures.

Yes, there are all kinds of everything,
But not for me, not for me;
There is that puppet on a string,
But not for me, not for me;
For all I want is play and sing,
Play and sing.

I just sit and kind of wait,
Hoping still that I am not too late;
Finding out what I really want,
For there's so much to understand,
In this comprehensible debate.

There's all kind of trusty thing,
But not for me, not for me;
What hope will it then all bring?
If it's not for me, not for me.
'Cause all I want to do is play and sing,
Play and sing!

Peter S. Quinn

There Are Higher Bridges

There are higher bridges to be here crossed
Then we go through live most ordinarily
The dice of opportunities to be tossed
To find the way to come and become free
The rivers of the flowing are beginning
With times to find and life to live on
Each hour of the new way is there singing
And filling hope with what is made and done

Under the stones of fortunate ways
Love lies buried in the well of morning spring
That thrives and meets the eye of beauty
The rustles of the leaves many days
Shall come to hours of tomorrow and bring
With it its full chorus line and tutti

Peter S. Quinn

There Are Many Coming And Going Reasons

There are many coming and going reasons
For every aspect of our full life
And in them our blossoming growth seasons
That we're working on all times to strife

The years of our different true fineness
Is not easy to find out or combine
Though true feelings our concern will caress
To find the correct and formatting line

The minutes are to each time changing
Each hour the in moments those slowly grow
And life thus is buds often rearranging
To let every flowing come and go

So much is still out here to become known
From under the deep dark abysses grown

Peter S. Quinn

There Are Many Tears

There are many tears around
Though some are now dry
Other are still around found
For shake of love that can't die

Sumer comes and then goes
In autumn colors deep wide
Like a beautiful withered rose
That for a moment did abide

All affection will renew
Momentarily there on
Summerset and morning blue
Shall also be one day gone

Every truth must always leave
Endless worries do abide
Opportunities and life's grieve
Live on - side by side

There are smiles and tears
Every time is giving some
Remembrance from gone years
Are rooted on in its blossom

There are many tears around
Though some are now dry
Other are still around found
For shake of love that can't die

Peter S. Quinn

There Are No Ordinary Things

There are no ordinary things
Just the ways that we live
Our thoughts that to us sings
In thinking ways to give
Like an onward going process
To the nearest of our heart
And we bring with new caress
From the point that we start

Each heart and soul is calling
To every give and take
In how the ways are falling
And what they might up wake
Reasons are much complicated
In the many searching trials
And sometimes much too debated
For giving their own denials

So come and take the advance
In what their chances might be
And there might be some chance
That you might reverse and see
That each on living going thing
Is in a never ending processes
And words just come as they sing
With every construction emeses

Peter S. Quinn

There Are Obsessions

There are obsessions for every ride
Loneliness out there to stay
Shadows of night they sometimes hide
Into the morning and the day
Feelings of sickness everywhere go
Letting you down from the start
Something that only you know
Breaking and piercing your heart

Blossoms of cold in each fight
Nothing will give there any dream
Only the dark in the hour's fright
With each their uncertainty beam
Oceans and waves that everything lacks
Believing nothing from its cast
Huge spaces of emptiness and blacks
All with their time to low and adjust

We are there standing in our wishing
Anywhere going for even some more
Part of us knowing some dreams missing
Nobody is forever of anything sure
Adapting footsteps through the streets
Of nobody's ways in a cruel world
Each of our emotion opposition meets
Scattering thoughts - dreams unfurled

Peter S. Quinn

There Are Only Dreams Between

There are only dreams between
Those rising wings and me
Not everything is held or seen
That on this earth is free
The blue sky made with caress
And beyond time and still
Between those hours of loneliness
That space afar might fulfill

There's much deep turning dark
With flowers of its believe
And moments in silences spark
Those have their hope and weave
That keeps a shining soul bright
And brings their going on
From previous touched life's night
That from reality is now gone

There are only dreams between
Those free up coming days
Collected bit by bit through glean
In many of assorting ways
Those precious life moments bring
And filling the steps of turn
That again through our veins do sing
As we those memories learn

Peter S. Quinn

There Are Places (From, To Oscar Act Iii)

There are places so far away
Where the ocean has its spell
And dark doesn't leave the day
When the night says its farewell
There are times of lasting things
Further out in unknown nowhere
Where a different world sings
Remote from all the reality here

Something no one listens too
For the dreams are very brief
Wishful themes and quite new
That so soon must split and leave
Every heart is what you'll know
Nothing else to reach there out
Wandering waves in tides flow
Reaching to those shores about

There are pleases in the sea
Further on and tenebrific now
Where we all would want to be
But never can reach to somehow
For in reality we must hearken
Holding on to what we're seeing
If there's some somewhat darken
We are not suppose to believing

There are places so far away
Where the oceans has its spell
And dark doesn't leave the day
When the night says its farewell
There are times of lasting things
Further out in unknown nowhere
Where a different world sings
Remote from all the reality here

(Inspired by a whale that came up the Thames)

There Are Roses In The Garden (From, Dried Flowers)

There are roses in the garden with much fresh,
Like sea that has opened its wings flying birds;
Going footsteps the future will enmesh,
Travel along all what goes on forwards.

Instants and hours that must find its pathways,
Traveling eagles and the houseflies so small;
Coming darkish winter later spring days,
All what catches moments makes its right call.

The wanderer that is crossing at night,
Finding the earth under his worn shoes;
Transient clouds drifting in its high flight,
All the seeds that in seedlings continues.

All that is transformed again to the new,
When the summer comes green again here through.

Peter S. Quinn

There Are Skies Above Skies

There are skies above skies,
In other places
Where things don't happen at all;
And there is no truth,
And there is no lie.

And when you try to find them,
You never succeed
You just imagine you have;
And then they are gone,
Because there never was one.

There is a dream inside a dream,
That no one has seen
And only you make them happen;
And there is no truth,
And there is no lie.

Peter S. Quinn

There Are So Many Different Ways

There are so many different ways
To find a cure and give
Through all on turning plays
That we gather and live

Each morning wanders in dark
To find its light ahead
With targets of its many spark
Those that in dream were read

Its truth comes in like light
For someone there to reach
The waking hours up so bright
That something new shall teach

Like those moments in the air
Those are quite fresh and young
That comes to you so unaware
In its new thoughts and tongue

A feeling started like a smoke
Filling the moments here on
A sentence from the past broke
That later again is gone

There is much to give from there
As hours clear again out
To bring our longing from despair
And take away any doubt

Peter S. Quinn

There Are Some Times (From, Dried Flowers)

There are some times when nothing can be done,
We are walking through the intestate way;
And feeling how the time is moving on,
When morning will end later in the day.
Transcendental instants leading somewhere,
Through all this space of loneliness we know;
Going to the garden when trees are bare,
And beds are empty in the winter snow.
We are moving toward all this dream sleep,
Through the travesties of the breathing still;
Shadows form the wall to our eyes creep,
Someplace is the hour where values distill.
On to the morning of what there might be,
Moments across from seed to new tree.

Peter S. Quinn

There Are Tangling Woods

There are tangling woods
Inside of every soul
With their deep dim hoods
For each character role
The many assorted roots
That fill every its compart
With plenty of fruits
For new seeds to start

These are men and women
Those give life their goes
In every ways rimmin'
Those kindle its glows
And comes down the hills
Of futures here on
In a thoroughfare it fulfills
Till their effloresce are done

Tomorrow breezes are of this
The enduring follows
From around vivaciousness bliss
That surrounds and wallows
Every time has its manner
To be true and search through
With its state and its banner
To make it again all new

Peter S. Quinn

There Are Tangling Woods (From, Myspace)

There are tangling woods
Inside of every soul
With their deep dim hoods
For each character role
The many assorted roots
That fill every its compart
With plenty of fruits
For new seeds to start

These are men and women
Those give life their goes
In every ways rimmin'
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Tomorrow breezes are of this
The enduring follows
From around vivaciousness bliss
That surrounds and wallows
Every time has its manner
To be true and search through
With its state and its banner
To make it again all new

Peter S. Quinn

There Are Those Words

There are those words
That poet grow,
We call them poetry;
And if you listen
You will know
And sometime even see
The pictures they bring,
Into your mind.
To make your mind fly free
Like birds in trees,
They have their wings
For you and likewise me;
Or otherwise,
You couldn't know
Neither the forest nor the tree
That all this art
Is so special for
And wants us all to be,
So we can take a look ourselves
And hidden meanings see.

Peter S. Quinn

There Are Times

There are times,
There are ways,
There are wonders,
And I can't be certain
Of everything;
Though I speak,
Though I hear,
Though I see,
My knowledge shall never
Be complete.

There are waves on
The ocean,
There is distance
Across the sea,
There are mountains
To be climbed,
There are people to
Be free;
But one thing is certain,
Freedom lies inside of me.

There are times,
There are ways,
There are wonders,
There is good and hope
In everything;
There are people,
There are moonlights,
There are days,
And in the eyes
Of my loved one
Of love I can read.

There are green colors
Of grass,
There are flowers
In the soil,
There are clouds

Across the sky,
There are hopes
For everyone;
But one thing is certain,
We must become strong.

There are times,
There are ways,
There are wonders,
And life goes on
Like before;
There are stairways,
There are distances,
There are ceilings,
But they won't keep us apart
For knowing ones heart.

Peter S. Quinn

There Are Times (From, Myspace)

There are times I can only feel pain
Of the days when they are not equal
Searching for and discredit them in vain
Vanguard of superior inferior sequel

Stepping through the time of its second class
Where human rights are the color of eyes
Mirrors of injustice of broken glass
With no depth in their meaning or clear skies

Everywhere in its varied morality
We shall remain of good over evil
Knowing peace and how to give it and fight
There may be bondage and causality
While we climb over hills in retrieval
With rumors of old regimes over light

Peter S. Quinn

There Are Times Ii

There are times going by
That slips away so easily
Turning inside low and high
To the moments queasily
Gentle years wandering
Through the sleeves of anyone
With their drifts maundering
Till they finally are gone

Every time has been deceived
How it's used and put aside
Restrained customs preconceived
Never fully then out tried
Every time has a little handle
On how it's going to be
Like wick on epoch's candle
Iridescent about carefree

Through these rootless years
A little bit of everything
What is quality reappears
With its tenderhearted upswing
Ways are always open space
Made to loose and break
Many are the modest ways
To make your appeal and wake

Peter S. Quinn

There Are Young Hawks In The Trees

There are young hawks in the trees,
Those are longing to be free;
We are all born to fly away,
Conquer nests in a new born day.
Shall we ever find what we are looking for,
If in our search we are not sure?
There are young hawks in the trees,
Shall they ever fly away into the summer breeze?

There are flowers in the snow,
Those are longing to grow old;
But shall we ever really know,
Because their story still is untold.
Shall we ever find what we are looking for,
If in our search we are not sure?
There are flowers in the snow,
Shall they ever into the summer grow and glow?

We come all to life like this,
With our future bright and strong;
We have all the same to wish,
When we begin quite so young,
Shall we ever find what we are looking for?
If in our search we are not sure?
We come all to life like this,
That's what this whole world of purpose is.

Peter S. Quinn

There Comes Clear Sky Once More (From The 'Upside Down')

There comes this everything
Inside the walls of a heart
Compartment to complex bring
Full of mind-sets from start
Drifting like clouds afar
Inside of every emotions flow
The hour departing bar to bar
Like melodies that you don't know

The drops in a peaceful rainfall
Aspiring autumn bleaching paddle
New to my hours now call
Through each their bough straddle
I have from nowhere found
Shining on threads of a star shine
No to this veracity bound
Only of past reminiscences twine

There comes clear sky once more
In to the open dream sky
With distances billows and shore
And without its reasons why
Setting each wave to and fro
Motions of unfathomable to learn
Each one in its fast and slow
In no way another time to return

Peter S. Quinn

There Is A Dark Side

There is a dark side to every dream
Flowing about and smoldering away
Pathways to lives happiness river stream
Meeting the sunshine to every day

Hours, - those are like bouquet of red roses
Or days from nothing to existence love
Dangers that associates and closes
At intervals, like clouds faraway above

These are accumulations that are going through
Fascinations that closes up and hide
Some are complete with its love that is true
Pleasures so beautiful that abide

Engaging they are in tenderness made
Kisses of fire acerbic with its blade

Peter S. Quinn

There Is A Dream In A Dream

There is a dream in a dream lost forever
Every day and each night to its never
Where a heartbeat is falling or on playing
In its beats of its now and never staying

Where the pearls of the night are in the dark
And the glow of the morning comes with spark
When you are thinking about the beautiful
In your dreams that have come and never are dull

As the moments go on by and on by
Filling days with the cloudlets drifting high
Through the fusions of their endless on going
In every drift of seasons on flowing

Our dreams are forever in their making
Through our time that's either lost or awaking

Peter S. Quinn

There Is A Dream Of Love Everywhere - Sonnet

There is a dream of love everywhere
With its wandering ways, life shall embrace
It goes to detachment from here to there
In its momentarily flowing and grace
Love's the opposite of every dark fear
Those fill for a moment our thoughtful waves
A longing that comes to settle or steer
And often after enjoyment one craves

The breath of freshly air is in each love
With its leaves of green and always living
A moment of happiness and passions of
In bottomless deep pondering and giving
The dream of love is in remoteness
If there isn't a heart pounding for caress

Peter S. Quinn

There Is A Dream That Comes (From, Illuminating Night)

There is a dream that comes,
In like the new rose;
With the leaves of cerebrums,
When you hold it up close.
From treats of its flower,
Half open to the eyes;
Fragrance and willpower,
To realities disguise.

Never rooted to the ground,
Each stem it gives;
Only in dreams it's found,
And within it - it lives.
The book of my song,
On clouds that drift by;
All and each I long,
Like amplitude of the sky.

There's a dream that's there,
With pages to write;
Of stories we may share,
If they are within eyesight.
A book of each belonging,
Bread of life it's too;
Ways might be absconding,
Never seen clearly through.

Peter S. Quinn

There Is A Dream That Comes (From, Illuminating Night...)

There is a dream that comes,
In like the new rose;
With the leaves of cerebrums,
When you hold it up close.
From treats of its flower,
Half open to the eyes;
Fragrance and willpower,
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With pages to write;
Of stories we may share,
If they are within eyesight.
A book of each belonging,
Bread of life it's too;
Ways might be absconding,
Never seen clearly through.

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 Is A Love Song (A Song)

There is a love song in the air
Going on in its beauty
Starting softly from here to there
With everything in its melody

There's a dream in a good time call
Yesterdays with blowing breeze
Spring summer till its fall
Every turn for its please

Swinging melodies of new waking
Days that are going tomorrow
In all that a heart of love is aching
In its happiness and sorrow

There is a love song here today
With much pleasures in its giving
A heart beat that comes my way
Into deep feelings of my living

Those are dreams that won't stay
Though they touch your life and heart
With their moments intimate play
In their songs that never will depart

Those are in the harmonies of days
Going on in their giving found
Every color in the plunge of its plays
From the inside and the year around

There is a love song in the air
Going on in its beauty
Starting softly from here to there
With everything in its melody

There's a dream in a good time call
Yesterdays with blowing breeze
Spring summer till its fall
Every turn for its please

Swinging melodies of new waking
Days that are going tomorrow
In all what a heart of love is aching
When its deep and down in sorrow

There is a love song for you and me
Every turn of its singing
Love that's forever endlessly free
More of life's joy bringing

Every time is on its own
Like a love that is turning and going
Everything that's not here shown
But is like a light of timeless glowing

There is a love song in the air
Going on in its beauty

Peter S. Quinn

There Is A Meaning In You

There is a meaning in you
Every truthful of words
That it must be all true
That you say and your flirts

Easy coming and going
Every drifting on love
In this autumn ties glowing
With some gleaming above

I have in love noticed much
Giving calls opportunity
With its inside true touch
For things to come and be

So many cupids on loads
Giving an evening its red
An exciting - a la mode
In all our futures ahead

Peter S. Quinn

There Is A New Song

Each morning of our life,
There is a new song
And when dusk arrive,
These, remain and carry on;
Futile is our love story,
If enlighten is not there,
With tuneful morning glory
And basket of fruits to bear.

Freedom is no yesterday,
Nor is it in a book we read,
It is the doing of our say
And how we others treat;
Flower within your breast
Are beautiful of wisdom,
If they are for love that is least,
They truly shall forward bloom.

Our heaven is not in book,
Or a story that once was told,
Nor is it of rainbow look,
It is what we give and hold;
Let there be love in what we do
And kindness is what you give,
Then prosperity becomes you
And justice shall with you live.

Peter S. Quinn

There Is A Quantum Of Star Dust

There is a quantum of star dust out there
That will transfer some volition within
Bring to you - creativity dreams so near
Where a thought from a particle will begin
Each minute short-lived from nowhere to this
With its fragmented cries and eyes of glasses
A leaf at a time - in eternal bliss
That's of more fullness as era passes

Touch this harvest of remaining treasure
Tiny enchantments of deep reflections
Delicate wield to the secret lightness
Each of the intervention of pleasure
To the marrow of Interconnections
That without a hindrance is and doubtless

Peter S. Quinn

There Is A Rose Of Yellow

There is a rose of yellow
In the gardens of the fall
Going reddish brown mellow
When the winter's night call
With many shades glowing
Those were never there before
In the whitish frosty snowing
Of fallen slivery glistens star

There is a rose of reddish pink
In the garden of our spring
That makes wondrous interlink
Between colors that'll sing
In all tinctures of fresh earth
When summer again arrives
In flush of the colors birth
That pleasures of love drives

There is a spark in your eyes
Like the morning dawn shine
With its irises of blue skies
And true love needs so fine

Peter S. Quinn

There Is A Sun

There is a sun of yearning
In everyone's heart
Where glow themes are burning
In the throbbing apart
And if you listen close
You will hear its tone
In flash flaming glows
And its wanderings alone

Love is to know and meet
To make it become true
Filling up passionate need
That's a part of you
With every feelings run
That gives a heart or aches
Like early morning sun
That grants a feeling or takes

There is a sun in desire
Like snow on mountains high
A glow on to born fire
Before its desire shall die
A morning of aspiring dawn
Moments that comes to you
And you to their eternal's drawn
Until your life is through

*(From, Photograph Memory)

Peter S. Quinn

There Is A Sun In Every Flower

There is a sun in every flower
Shining bright on and on
The morning day and every hour
Till its time is gone

Love songs of the greenery trees
Every flowing' glow
In the heart of a circling breeze
That these feelings know

There is a brightness of its bloom
In each moments waking
Day and night is its true groom
In seeds of prosper making

Love songs that are here to play
Like dreams of renew
Nothing comes forever to stay
All is just going here through

There is a heart in all natures' sight
Beats of its full desire
When day comes in here bright
And fills the air in fire

Yesterdays are gone to the dreams
Of their moments still
Daisy Daisy with your freshly reams
Give me longings fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

There Is A Sun...

There is a sun that meets the night
In every pending day
When fresh thoughts go to flight
Turning up and coming away
Shades of ways to get burned
Filling spaces gone to be found
Places of lay how they turned
Coming again round and around

Something to fill each world turn
Passing time from you by
How you'll find what you earn
If you look for reasons why
Let them come and be your friend
Trust their shades that carry on
Everything is in a blend
To be here before it's too gone

Let's make a living build a fire
Raise the past from fields of earth
Love is like an open desire
Every corner of its own worth
Lift your flame before you sleep
Showing a new day every respect
All is yours there to keep
That you haven't made in reject

Peter S. Quinn

There Is A Time

There is a time
For all affection,
There is a way
For each direction.
- For each of our love.

I'll find the truth
Wherever I go,
I'll look for you
'Cause I love you so.

There's a life
The truest thing,
It will arrive
And along sing.

I'll find the truth
And hearts will grow,
Bring back the youth
After winter's snow.

The growth in spring,
Remind me of the power
Love alone can bring
In a together hour.

The sea of passion
Is never ordinary,
Nor going out of fashion
For you and me.

Peter S. Quinn

There Is A Time (#23 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

There is a time
For all affection,
There is a way
For each direction.
- For each of our love.

I'll find the truth
Wherever I go,
I'll look for you
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There's a life
The truest thing,
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And hearts will grow,
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The growth in spring,
Remind me of the power
Love alone can bring
In a together hour.

The sea of passion
Is never ordinary,
Nor going out of fashion
For you and me.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

There Is A Tranquil Star (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

There is a Tranquil Star
In the sky faraway,
With air and earth bizarre
To wake up each day;
With colors beautiful
And imagines far beyond,
No spot is there dull
No ugliness there found.

And everything's at peace
With everybody there,
Much joyful and caprice
To go with anywhere;
There will not be mocking
To make life miserable,
Only a wisdom talking
To make knowledge enable.

There is a tranquil light
Deep in the dark space,
Far from quarrelsome fight
And other hateful ways;
It's a place found in heart
With respect for everyone,
It's the road where to start
To get a truth verification.

There is a Tranquil Star
In the sky faraway,
With air and earth bizarre
To wake up each day;
Nobody needs to be cruel
Always correct or conned,
Bury a crumbiness duel
Be what you have donned.

There Is Always A Love Song (A Lyric)

There is always a love song
To take you to times dear
They'll ponder and fly along
In everything that is near
And be as close as one can get
In all that is love to regret

Like summer breeze in easy flow
Or a wind that glides the sea
Each love is valued in its glow
And everything that is free
To bring close and let you learn
Wings of heart that might burn

And everyone has his own tale
In how true love began
Its outline in its awoken rail
Of imaginary preplan
Something so full and mindset
That love never ought to forget

There is always a love song
To take you to times dear
And weighing each flutter along
In everything that is near
And be as close as one can get
In all that is love to regret

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Always Someone (In Love)

There is always someone in love
Somewhere around the globe
Feelings as light as clouds above
Craving to enjoy with and hope
Admissions of living its desire
Everything in dreams and a goal
Quench a heart and starting a fire
When finding a feeling and its role

There are much of ambitions lost
And going to no one's heart
Only a small acclaim or a defrost
That nowhere today could start
Believe me - you can feel its flame
They are inside of every reach
Sometimes their goals are the same
And hopefully someday they'll teach

There is much going on from this all
Giving its love every new set
In reaching to create and then fall
If these passions are in neglect
We have so much to give that's true
Never the same in its height
Still dreams are dreams within you
Giving the way for what's right

Peter S. Quinn

There Is An Angel In Heaven

There is an angel in heaven,
He's awake until eleven;
You can hold to his hand
And he'll try to understand,
Why your heart is angry and bitter,
- And he'll try to make it fitter
So the future for you will glitter.

There are roads to walk across
And you are your only boss,
But your angel will guide you through
Because he knows what to do;
So don't let your hope become lost
Or frostbitten in your frost.
Be saved by an angel, who tries,
He knows both your lowness and highs;
Find refuge in love and kindness,
- Hope you try this and God bless.

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Day Coming Day (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

There is day coming day,
So bright and so clear;
With the light on its way,
While the sun is so near.
All wishes come true,
When the time is there;
In the hour to renew,
After each lost affair.

There is day coming sun,
With the hope that it has;
All my worries on the run,
In dark they will pass.
Rain will stop its tears,
In the flowing of the rays;
Everything untouched appears,
And again it will amaze.

There is day coming past,
Our memories were born;
Minutes into their cast,
Now on old pictures worn.
We have made it all through,
Found the way to a heart,
Nothing more to say or do;
For new day will now start.

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Emptiness Inside Me (From, To Oscar)

There is emptiness inside me,
From the days that have gone by;
Will I ever feel or see,
What makes summer hours high.

Where is all this going now,
That I feel just slipping away;
What lies further down the row,
In the coming of next day.

I have felt the inside pain,
For being all on my own;
Now I search through streets in vain,
So I won't be more alone.

All the laugh I had and cry,
Have made my thoughts more serve;
I can't ask the reason why,
Only wondered and be aware.

There is emptiness inside me,
All my longings are around;
When will I be from them free,
Where is love again to be found.

Is there a reason to go on,
With all this loneliness inside;
Where have brighter reasons gone,
Why has gladness been denied.

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Fire

There is fire in every desire
That flows too high and low
The night's a forgotten admire
Of rising dawn own golden glow

Fire inside each heart will out
Find its way and further make
Footfall of shadows walking about
When the morning rises to wake

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Love In Every Close Heart

There is love in every close heart,
Never to go away or die;
For in love there's no end or start,
Only the ways we try.

And what it is, it's full of glory,
And sweetest things we know;
There is no end to its story,
And only it can always grow.

It's the things we treasure truly,
When we search for the truth;
And still it is yet the only,
True fountain of our youth.

There is love and wishes too,
In young wings that now fly;
Across sunset lonesome blue,
As autumn says soon goodbye.

And everything is turning gray,
With darkish starry nights;
Until in early spring of May,
In the returning of the lights.

I'll say to you I love you,
There is no need for any more
Words, than these, those are true,
To be confidently assure.

There is love in every close heart,
Never to go away or die;
For in love there's no end or start,
Only the ways we try.

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Love In The Hours

There is love in the hours,
A touch from a moment ago,
Like a summer full of flowers;
A heart is born to grow,
Each love is like a glow.

We need a dream to come,
To the ways to carry for,
And be like morn blossom;
When we are not too sure,
If there is peace or war.

Every day is flowing on,
And opening times to be,
For moments all are done;
With minutes about dreamily,
So we may true love see.

With a hope in what is past,
We long for love so much,
The ways will never sitfast;
For our reality is nonesuch:
Hope is never out of touch.

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Love Song Here Tonight

There is love song here tonight
In the sweetness of its dark melody
When wings of thoughts take a flight
And sing of love that is free

In bluish whispers breathing prime
Where moonlight is glow and shine
When hours are in their dreamy time
With something that's hard to define
When love breaks undiscovered shore
To bring every fantasy from within
And we with our feelings find more
That takes us around in its true spin

There is hope in those words from
That gently murmurs its spell
And dreams of the heart come
With something we cannot foretell
When love is in moments of dark
Finding its way in moonlight beaming
Gleam from affectionate lovers spark
Through where feelings are streaming

There is love song here tonight
In the sweetness of its dark melody
When wings of thoughts take a flight
And sing of love that is free
In every moments of winter chance
That surrounds us in their silence
Gives us its wonderful gleam romance
In breath of twilights last trance

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Much To Be Done (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

There is much to be done
In the days and dreams ahead
Going full to carry on
What it means that you have read
Heart be still and come easy
In the pauses between breath
Moments outwears forward breezy
When every thought is given worth

Take a time to return loving
Everything will wear off soon
Nothing to the future 's owing
In the night and in blue moon
Yesteryears are laid at rest
Running through the end of ways
Futures grow and are blessed
With the coming of new days

There is much to be made
Nothing is too out of touch
Time edges two folded blade
This and that in every such
Heart be still and make weight
To the opportunities to fulfill
Lines are circling and straight
Over every coming high hill

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Music

There is music
In everything that's passed,
There were love songs
That never could last;
They came to this world
Ever so sweet,
They were sounds
From the city and street,
They were moments
For you and your mood,
They were also for others
Their spiritual food;
Full of all sorts of contrasts
Of love and of hate,
They were thoughts
That came to you in various states.

Each this moment of sound
Is to be grateful for,
For we hear them in tempers
That carries us through;
It's life itself and everything
That comes and goes,
And if you'll ever be without hope
And never too sure,
You just have to listen again
To a sound that's true,
To remember those songs
Your soul still knows.

Peter S. Quinn

There Is No Answer

There is no answer
To say or do to everybody
And the hour is of create
Therefore it won't wait
There are times to be written
In open books hidden
And each for debate
So be ready to steer
Through the pile of your dreams
And become very clear
Of where everything seems
Because the time is so right
To make it hard and still resuming
A dream on its flight
With its seeds quite so blooming

Try every vision and you will
Climb the climb to the hill
And each your song there fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

There Is No Easy Going

There is no easy going
To loving of the past
In its own they're showing
That time has already lost
The feelings of the heart
In many ways will come
From inside where they start
Of love in every form

The day of silver needle
And dreams of some good
The flowers to wheedle
In their ways of likelihood
That keeps you always warm
When night is rough in ride
When shadows do conform
In many dim out subdivide

Like flowers that fell down
Through step of some kind
The thorn and its crown
That stings you from behind
Dark site of your thought
That some are here to stay
And you yourself in brought
In terms of disarray play

So much that wanders here
And gives into your core
From recent times everywhere
In motives for the more
In recent fall and rise
From world of deep inside
That is with their disguise
In verve passing override

Peter S. Quinn

There Is No End To The World (From, Lost Song Poems)

There is no end to the world,
It's just coming a little bit closer;
After the mistakes we've burl'd,
In this enigmatical poser.
We numbers have selected,
And every exertion engaged;
Though nothing was rejected,
We couldn't show how it aged.

Peter S. Quinn

There Is No End To Time

There is no end to time in its endless going
Flowing on and giving all its waves
Day to day goes by without ever knowing
What it is that the heart and mind craves
Beautiful daybreak like night on wings singing
All the flow of ticking clocks adjusting
Onto seasons and work happenings bringing
We to life and advent are entrusting

Together we go on in forward notion
Time and I making and comprehending
Stretching a thought and ticks like locomotion
Each of its way endlessly transcending

Around in a circle where everything goes
Daybreak to daytime into evening that glows

Peter S. Quinn

There Is No One Quite Like You (A Song Lyric)

There is no one quite like you
In the sweetness of this time
Love that's always clear and true
In every way of its mime
Love walked in moonlight high
Or sunshine smile in eyes
Something of you never to die
A feeling that never lies

A heart to be found again around
When there is loneliness here
Coming to love always there bound
When you are with me near
Days in evening of summer light
Love in air bright and clear
You and your heart always in flight
And always to me so dear

There is no one quite like you
When there is night coming in
Somewhere from dark into the blue
Twilight in its moody spin
Love that is always giving some more
Never be forgotten in loneness
Something that we know is for sure
In every new step and caress

Peter S. Quinn

There Is No One Way

There is no one way to do or weigh
If it were it would become boring
Emptiness on its emptiness day
For people in sleepiness snoring

There is no magic to give or take
As art for art's sake is un-equal
A gift is like Lives River's lake
- There must be an answer for a sequel

Peter S. Quinn

There Is No Time After (A Lyric)

There is no time after
In catch the wind rafter
Those hours are just here to drift
Inside and outside time's swift

I don't know why it's like this
Coming and going always on
For everything works like a bliss
Until it's almost gone

My heart reaches out to you
Trying to love and to go
With every turning and blue
As it shall always know

There is no time after - only this
Wasting every minute and hour
Words that are coming to miss
Feelings that reach out and vower
Love that is like ours still
In evenings and morning to fulfill

My dream is like a dark shadow
Filling out my footsteps to you
With every gleam beaming glow
That comes when moon shines through
The hours that are passing away
On to the evening and night
Meet with their yearning and play
Until the time is here right

Everything is though alright now
Bringing our hearts together somehow
With everything it must and mustn't now

There is no time after - only this
Wasting every minute and hour
Words that are coming to miss
Feelings that reach out and vower

Love that is like ours still
In evenings and morning to fulfill

There is no time after there is no time after
There is no time after - best of luck
Wasting every minute and hour
These love lines to you are forever stuck

There is no time after - only this
Wasting every minute and hour
Words that are coming to miss
Feelings that reach out and vower
Love that is like ours still
In evenings and morning to fulfill

(No time after)
In catch the wind rafter
Best of luck luck best of luck
Those hours are just here to drift
Every minute and hour

Peter S. Quinn

There Is No Time After This

There is no time after this
Only some time in growing old
Futures are coming like bliss
Breaking the waves that hold
To the daydreaming on to deep
Fast and slow motions turning
Nothing forever ours to keep
Every bridge crossing burning

There's no life onward to live
If it can't show what you need
You must connect on to and live
And learn from what you'll read
Nothing to hold to give or take
Taste is a way to make it real
In fresh thoughts you'll awake
If you'll catch what you did feel

There is no afterward in new
Only holding on to make advance
Trust an instinct it becomes you
Like opportunity need its chance
Nothing's easy coming or going
Its only moment forward or past
So much outline to the showing
Giving a framework for its cast

Peter S. Quinn

There Is None Here Departure

I shall never forget my truthful friend
Even though I speak only in silence
My heart is to his or her comprehend
With the whisperings of softness to dance
And love that is true love comes to give
Of something that is in wholeness
On strings in the flowering hope to live
When two come together to show caress

O sweet friend there is none here departure
For someone who feels the kindred spirit's at best
For through each day the truth and its archer
Shall send their course arrows to be assessed
To whom you refer to go hand in hand with
Through every aspiring of hope and myth

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Now Time For Love

There is now time for love
And every hope to be
For new sun has risen above
For both you and me
And the hours are calling
From the angles high
Where the snow is now falling
To the earth from the sky

Let there be peace on earth
On this most holly day
With every love its worth
That shall come to stay
With the love in our heart
And the truth inside to call
When we now celebration start
With peace on earth for all

Now is time for every hope
Coming to our truth and trial
Hold on to this peace and rope
There is no way to denial
Love is here to give its say
Making peace in heart come true
In its holy light and play
For everyone to follow through

There is now time for love
And every hope to be
For new sun has risen above
For both you and me
And the hours are calling
From the angles high
Where the snow is now falling
To the earth from the sky

There is love in the spirit among
When we celebrate these powers
Come in now both old and young

For the holy silent times hours

*Happy holydays to everyone!
I hope you are having a wonderful time; -)

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Only 1 Song

There is only 1 song: Life
And we made it all together!
Each one in their own time

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Only You

There is only you
In the ocean sand
Every heart line true
To give and understand

Like the tide's waves
Of motions to and fro
A love that one craves
In its emotion's flow

Inside of all this
Lies a future ahead
Like tomorrow bliss
Waves of shading bled

On to the open shore
No one knows what comes
Flickering flow amour
Of contrasting amalgams

There is only two
The line and inside
Like sea and sky blue
That is mystified

With earth and the air
Conquering man's core
Within everything here
That comes ashore

Peter S. Quinn

There Is So Much In Love

Each love is full of loving to give and take
With roots in every heart that will accept
For freedom is to come and wake if it slept
And each feeling to give - a beat to make

Man's love is here to entwine in its wake
Filling with hope and all its concept
Each other promises there inside kept
For so much of its passion is at stake

Flow in with anew summer love and hope
Measure every footstep in its pathways
So more can become clearly later on
There is so much in love to give and cope
With meeting in the times of future days
If one just brings love before it's far-gone

Peter S. Quinn

There Is So Much To Say

There is so much to say
With complicated reasons
And the varieties of way
In new and yearly seasons

We have but a little while
To say our thoughts and mind
To walk the distant mile
Before those hours are behind

Blessed are the interrelations
Of every village and tree
There is so much graduation
In there thoroughly to see

Where brook is flowing freely
Breezing whispering leaves
Water streams colors steely
The greenery fields and sleeve.

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Some Time For Everything (A Song From, 'mad-Mouth John')

There is some time for everything
A little moment upon every heart
A time to wonder a time to sing
A way to make ways different apart
How gentle this knowing is to tore
In filling ears with wandering ways
For always there's some more and more
The coming of eras and going of days

Every time here is luck to be found
Which goes right back to its older reality
For things are to ways always bound
And like to be handled there quite free
I know you'll be the one who'll search again
Into your own so very strangely knowing
Moving from intricacy to its plain
It's the right way for you to always be going?

A little of this is a way out of luck
Making each time more difficult and tough
But nothing is forever, it sometimes is stuck
For ways of man's mind are smooth and rough
Throwing all back to each ones face
Making its way in to hurting someone
If there is something that needs to have space
Let it come here: in its wanting to be done!

And like a dream in from with a new say-so
Searching to hold and trying to understand
Be acquainted with it all in its rushed in go
Even though thoughts that followed are in bland

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Something - A Love Song

There is something that is here now snowing
In the heart that is sitting cold inside,
For its throbbing's to memories owing
And still to those vanished moments abide.

The truth is in your heart like a firm stone
Or flowers that give new morning pleasures,
And in the gray shadows still sits alone
Finding in the coming hours countermeasures.

Beautiful day, oh lost ongoing night
The moments that betrayed each flowing hour,
All those thoughts that come and go in their flight
Like each bud that becomes a new flower.

There is closure and nearness to them all,
Like there is light here now, - where darkness did fall.

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Something About Your Eyes

There is something about your eyes
That is a secret to me
Troubles ahead their disguise
Something passing on to be
How you live and what you've
Giving regrets to last night
Feelings that you need to prove
In their moments way flight

Something like a new glare
Seeing me all inside and out
Touches that are still there
I didn't know before about
Physical evidence coming true
All that's in the lines between us
You and I sleeping here through
What's going on inside and thus

Trust this feeling and kiss away
Nothing to become of its dark
Light I'll be finding in the day
That to both shall alter a spark
Like a kite with its long tail
Filling empty sleeps by now
Giving and filling from its avail
Managing living rush somehow

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Something Going On

There is something going on
Rising and falling apart
In to the prospects all drawn
Griping the ways of the heart
Nowhere to know its future
That is a part of all right now
Prospects of this is a moocher
Managing through here somehow

Life isn't an easy way goes
Unlike clouds drifting by
Nothing for sure it knows
Diving its streams to its high
Feelings across every window
Making the times bearable
Now there is winter's proviso
With all hope's falling parable

Trying to break the manacles off
With the futures still unborn
The road to the living so trough
Filled with hopes in timeworn
Struggling curves and bending
Nothing's new-fangled in this age
With softly or harder landing
Each on its own in its weigh

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Still Night (From, The River Sings On)

There is still night in the sky,
With new hope in the air;
With each error and try,
Light will come again everywhere.

Though the morning is young,
In the blue and the dark;
It shall burst into song,
When day hours again spark.

Full of hope on the road,
We have found the new way;
Let go of your old load,
For now dawn wakes the day.

Burning bright stars old,
That will say goodbye;
As the light desires unfold,
In the morning dark sky.

There is still night in the blue,
Faraway dreams have gone;
Now it's up to me and you,
To find a road in the sun.

There are playful clouds around,
Giving horizons a sight;
Let your hopes be there too found,
For again comes the night.

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Sunshine

There is sunshine in the daylight,
Full of spiral blue and space;
Showing high tension wire flight,
In the yellow white blazing rays.
Through pictures and color acts,
Every time when the sun will shine;
Metaphors in the magnetic tracts,
Collapse and burst the horizon line.

Daylight we can not be without,
Every morning is full of surprise;
Though in darkness we walk about,
As passion in time divides and dies.
Can we darkness defeat that's born,
From a day that is falling in bright;
Where colors are dim and out worn,
From shifting of shadows and night.

Come without knowing and realize,
How apart all the sky-rise really is;
Some daydreams are nothing but lies,
For sleep paints on canvas of a wish.
There are thoughts the eye can't see,
Full of perplexities of black to yellow;
There's space of a passion that's free,
Something in the hearts that's mellow.

Peter S. Quinn

There Is The Joy

There is the joy of strangeness,
The gliding clouds drifting;
Within every ebbing freshness,
That the mist is lifting.
Each hope is born again,
With pleasures fresh and new;
Returning into vain,
Sadness of the few.

The glory and the shine,
When the sky is blue;
The depth of a horizon line,
And dreams that are true.
Let it all there go,
Into another fantasy;
And before you know,
You float like a cloud free.

There is the joy in future song,
With the breeze playing;
And it goes along,
Like the straws are swaying.
New hope is in your heart,
Footsteps in the sand;
Somewhere you will start,
And come to understand.

Peter S. Quinn

There Is This Faith In Everyone

There is this faith in everyone
To give, hold and embrace
For approaches are to be won
In every part with each grace
Till nothing will be asunder again
What amend has down broken
For a true compassion is when
A thoughtful word is spoken

Peter S. Quinn

There Is This Time (To Oscar Act 5)

There is this time for everything
Giving and coming good fortune bring
Filling out timer and making us sing

Now come be happy these moments go
Let every day be dancing in a new flow
Just like the moon is a dream tonight
So are your eyes with shine and light

Giving and coming good fortune bring
Filling out timer and making us sing

Right or wrong is always either way
So much to give and take in each play
All is within limit that's how it is
Making it falling into time 's bliss
Moments they go into oblivions kiss

Giving and coming good fortune bring
Filling out timer and making us sing

Staying and leaving
Each time is a brewing
In its falling and start
Beats now come from heart
Up and down going
More and more showing
Giving and coming good fortune bring
Filling out timer and making us sing

Peter S. Quinn

There Is Time To Remember

When the day is young
In its new and freshly spring
Glowing new flowers among
Before summer takes its swing
There is time to remember
Of autumn past yellow leaves
Love songs of last September
In the ember of reddish eves

Though you love coming summer
And the days ahead in blue
With seeds in budding number
When everything comes quite new□
Where days of golden sunshine
Or in the foggy drizzling rain
Like moods in heart's guideline
Where colors of blossoms reign

You'll always consider that old song
Of love's brown foliage and yellow
When hearts together stood along
In the final of last summer's glow
Where time was growing dark
And stars were beginning to fall
Twinkling in daydreams spark
Now gone away once and for all

Peter S. Quinn

There Was A Man (A Limerick)

There was a man of smelling
Sleazy tricks he tried selling
Every hole he'd find
He took from behind
Till his oscar was all swelling

Peter S. Quinn

There Was This Hope

There was this hope
In one man's dream:
With all his heart,
Therein it seems...

Of memories gone
Of love and care,
For years go on
Those are so dear.

I felt it too
In dreams of mine,
Just like in yours,
They well on did shine.

And sometimes I found,
When I walked alone:
They kept me bound,
Though they had flown.

For life is a touch
Of those hidden things,
That we love so much
And to us again sings.

Peter S. Quinn

There Will Be A Time

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 and a darkish evening
For life on earth shall all be doom
Without hope or a nightingale 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 emptiness 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
With the cracks from factories eruption

Peter S. Quinn

There You Are - Love Song Endless Time (From, Myspace)

There you are
Love song endless time
Like a reachable star
In its iciness rime
Feeling close to you
Like a moon in sky
Going clouds through
In moments that go by

Times are flowing away
To the infinite it goes
Meeting destiny days
With our contrasting glows
Where our moods fell on earth
Giving love to command
Every captivates worth
And its coming to understand

We are in endless dreams
In kisses of ageless space
Combining glowing beams
Through loftiness and grace
As time reaches sun
In its day breaking rise
We shall be on our run
In the mist of disguise

There you are
Love song endless time
Like a reachable star
In its never-ending time

Peter S. Quinn

There's Love

Love is a feeling for times evermore
Treasured this to be getting to give
Every wave that comes from its shore
Deep of beats echoing on to live

Fall away from a heart that's untrue
There is no reach into its infinity fall
Reach out to the lost and get through
Every suffering has a beat to its call

There is love in between this silence
Feeling sunlight warming on a glow
Every heart like a silk woven dance
That shall deep every footstep in snow

Make love summer blossoming high
Breeze to deliver and giving it away
For passion that is strong can't die
If its wings will reach out to a new day

Your heart wasn't made out of stone
It is soft in its approaches and use
Beats of deep sky echoes and tone
Nothing but a winner that cannot loose

There is love in between this silence
Feeling sunlight warming on a glow
Every heart like a silk woven dance
That shall deep every footstep in snow

There is love in
Stronger than ever

There is love in between this silence
Feeling sunlight warming on a glow
Every heart like a silk woven dance
That shall deep every footstep in snow

There is love in between this silence

Feeling sunlight warming on a glow
Every heart like a silk woven dance
That shall deep every footstep in snow

Peter S. Quinn

There's Time For Everything

There's time for everything
Coming and in its going
What the opportunities bring
In their worth showing
Wheels of turning desire
Something to fancy for
Bringing our wishes higher
Opening up another door

There is love in you
Flowers with dropping seed
Rainbows and colors blue
Everything your eyes read
Day and night in everything
Turning wheels learning
Mood of each nature swing
Forever in a heart turning

Every way's a different come
All is here for its reason
Where its energy is from
Before its rotating season
Learn ways and understand
Foundation driven destiny
Your time's at your command
No matter what it is to be

Peter S. Quinn

There's Seems No Hope Inside (A Song)

I'm not living very well
Though I'm living here
Every day might be as hell
In its time of everywhere
Something in the coming days
With the people aching
Moods of darkish down grays
My thoughts in deep waking

There seems no hope inside
Only my desperate mind
Darks of depressions glide
Leaving my smiles behind
I might not hold too long out
For it's not in my nature
To be in a state of self-doubt
And its road of nomenclature

My heart's now in emotion
In picking the thorns of life
Life assuredness in erosion
For now is my time to strife
I'm up against dejection wall
That I call my own identity
And have nowhere else to call
But to come back to me

Peter S. Quinn

There's Welcome And A Farwell

Give me summer sunshine
Every day from now on
Draw a counterpart line
In everything that's now done
Summerset and every mood
With the clouds above
That from sky has blued
Like red roses summer love

Ever difference that we had
That has now gone away
Little thoughts you may add
Coming through for a day
In anytime and anyplace
Where our heart will meet again
With their counter parting ways
Searching for each little grain

Blue moon and red sun
Flowers past and going by
Feelings that are on the run
Any color from the sky
Shine on baby to my need
With each story to tell
There's tick tack for each speed
There's welcome and a Farwell

Peter S. Quinn

There's A Love Song Awaiting

There's a love song awaiting,
For the summer to come in;
Every old memory deleting,
That's not of the same spirit kin.

I've been lonesome this winter,
With hardly anything to do;
Now I'll be joining the spring tinter,
This comes with shades new.

The country's bringing in wisdom,
Teaching you love and passion;
In every little summer blossom,
That into the winter had gone.

All the love in trees and leaves,
Conjuring every new breath;
Breezing away old dark grieves,
Awaking the summer from death.

There's a love song awaiting,
Holding not to a frosty memory;
Everything grayness debating,
Setting all the colors again free.

Peter S. Quinn

There's A Moon Over The Hill

There's a moon over the hill,
With my dreams to fulfill;
But I no not what to do,
I'm impatient in the blue.
Every falling star in the sky,
I wish upon before it dies;
But there's no one like you,
Just as sweet and always true.
Moments come, and then they fly,
Hardly a time for a goodbye;
But there's a moon over my hill,
Keeping me company till you will.
Every sweet and wishful day,
Before moonlight comes to play;
I'm having thoughts about you,
Every moment to renew.
There's a moon over the hill,
I'll be waiting there until;
I know I mean something to you,
More then just - the color blue.

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

There's A Time

There's a time
There's a reason,
There's a love song
For each season;
And there's a time
On heaven's high,
For every hour
Before it'll die.

Like you and I
Awake the mind,
With each true try
That we can find;
Before the last
Of song be sung,
And we are past
Just gone along.

For the river is
Clear water still,
And songs like this
Will stream up hill;
Keep on flowing
Towards the sea,
On and on growing
Inside to be free.

Peter S. Quinn

There's A Time For Everyone (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

There's a time for everyone
Going through or staying
Feeling too never gone
Don't know what they're all saying

You will someday someone meet
Giving the right occasion
Somewhere on a someone's street
With their reach and apprehension

Love is like this in every try
Something to give and confess
Sometimes one needs to say goodbye
To give the feeling more caress

There must be friends everywhere
Trying to reach there out
Someone to love and some to care
That what's all about

Love is like this in every try
Something to give and confess
Sometimes one needs to say goodbye
To give the feeling more caress

Never be lost when you are found
In every love's happiness
What goes about comes around
Always so new in every its bless

Peter S. Quinn

There's A Way (From,134 Picture Poems)

there's a way
for tomorrow
to come in

circle of lights
picked and reformed

Peter S. Quinn

There's An Ever Present Past

There's an ever present past
Giving each dream a go
Wings moving onward fast
Into the approaching flow
Nothing new nothing old
Only the days in ever lasting
Freshen the moment to hold
Scattering up instances casting

You and I still full of dreams
That to the oceans is reaching
Watering way everlasting streams
Blowing voices there teaching
Rain from the clouds drifting
Drop by dropp in to your eyes
The covert of darkness shifting
Here come the clear blue skies

Reaching to the further side
Of our not so faraway destiny
Where the hue of colors glide
Inside the luminous and free
It would have to exist special
Not to become there through
So much is there abolishable
Going on forever for the new

Peter S. Quinn

There's Music In The Air

There's music in the air,
With songs of love so fine;
Singing passions everywhere,
Graces in autumn's shine.

All the moods are trying,
To give the rightful shades;
Fragrance of summer flying,
Naturally in all debates.

Love's giving amours stroke,
Wonderful in its design;
Its color thus autumn woke,
Too complex here to define.

Though summer's parking,
There is plenty of sight;
Blossoms still sparking,
In the twilight's light.

There's music in the air,
From landscapes and stills;
A seasonal turning year,
Longings soon mind fills.

Peter S. Quinn

There's So Much Love In The Air (From, Lost Song Poems)

There's so much love in the air
For the time is turning around,
Roads are clearing everywhere
Lost is now once more found;
Sky of dreams and further hope
All you see in blue and white,
We must together now cope
For the coming summer light.
Trust's worth to have as friend
For these days will soon be gone,
You don't need none to defend
If your loving you'll carry on;
There are many things to do
All the hours sweet with joy,
Never let feelings disapprove
Nor your actions fate destroy.
For I know my road is clear
For the things I love to be,
Remember it's just once a year
These hours come to you and me.

Peter S. Quinn

These Are Days

These are days of going yesterdays
In the hours of captured moments on
With their many promises and pays
Till every dream of theirs is gone

Sunshine moods of coming years afar
Playing through its mirth of all spend
Each captured way of splendid armoire
Until lose ends go again downtrend

Walk away into the going summer
With the windows open for new air
In arrive of ambitious up-and-comer
That is always in circling corners near
Dolls in doll-maker's house are showing
Where every mood each way is going

We may disagree in a reason to fight
Living with motive that's quick to fall
Trying to bring our own to its light
When there is a time for its given call

Sunshine moods of coming years afar
Playing through its mirth of all spend
Each captured way of splendid armoire
Until lose ends go again downtrend

(from my Album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

These Are The Songs That Came From My Head

These are the songs that came from my head,
They came out when I came from bed,
A fairy told me a story or two in my dream,
It had all sorts of scenes but some where rather gleam;
Of mountains and forests and lonesome skies,
Of all sorts of opportunities and failures and tries,
That came as they wend like others go by,
But don't ask any questions, yes don't ask me why.
In the woods of the darkest forest I dwell,
Because a fairy put on me an unknown spell,
And no one can resolve that old some riddle,
Unless he could play the truest of fiddle;
These are the songs that came from my head,
But no one can hear them or where they will led,
Because here I am now wandering just around,
Trying to find a way out but I am all spellbound.
Butterflies and insects of all other sorts,
Are meeting with fairies and judges of higher courts;
They want me to be rescued and see me safely home,
Before night's again here with its supernatural gloam.

Peter S. Quinn

These Days

These days are in mist
All fading away
Through the try and twist
Of the evening play
Above sky of dark
With its wondering eye
And the open spaces spark
Of the twinkling sky

There's no boundary between
These lines in line
Where blue is faraway seen
That is hard to define
All the people are going
Somewhere in their religion
Either fast or down slowing
From begin of their origin

All the dreams are thru rays
From the skies beyond
In their colorful trays
That has yet to be dawned

Floating images gone by
Possessing something shown
With its reason in its high
Not to our reality known
Playful some days to come
To the turnings of seasons
Where shades of all is from
Without giving their reasons

All the dreams are true rays
From the skies beyond
In their playful many ways
That life has not yet donned

Peter S. Quinn

These Days Of Dark And Deep

These days of dark and deep
In its frosty snowy paced
My love song can not keep
Or beat of feelings lased
The verve of tempers lost
From nowhere to be free
And into this deep hole tossed
Never another time to be

These stillness moments on
Of silences bottomless inside
Will carry its song to none
And already from me have died
With groundless tapestries
Of lowness and in no way high
Where bare are their floristries
And lonely their dim cloud sky

These hours those can not fulfill
A dream that comes to pour
And only incessant hours will spill
To where uncertainty is for
A palling rooted grey flowers
Those have no songs to give
Only to glow with its lonely hours
Before again New Year shall live

Peter S. Quinn

These Days...

These days - today are poems allot
They write themselves with what they've got
So goes its way in day and night
So some of them will turn out right

These words will write themselves here on
I have no thoughts what there is done
It scribbles from sentence or two
And gives state of mind that's entirely up to you

Peter S. Quinn

These Five Refreshing Beverages

'These Five Refreshing Beverages'
for people and their carriages,
to take some away
for this world's joyful play,
- and some inter spirit leverages.

Peter S. Quinn

These Footsteps

These footsteps are going
On the falling autumn leaves
Their bleaching on glowing
In the brief moments grieves
All distant is so uneasy
Filling the instant of life
As now the cold is breezy
On petal's blossoms rife

My love my love calling
In a outlying evening song
Like those leave falling
And I stop on and long
These moments now gone
To yesterday's singing blue
Though we must carry on
Still have dreams come true

These leaving wounds roads
That our love once found
Are in their dreamy loads
But still here all around
O love song of the evening
As fire in scattered bites
To me once more you'll sing
In coming crystalline nights

Peter S. Quinn

These Guitar Tones

These guitar tones,
Singing into the air
With tunes of moonless nights;

I have heard them before,
When a candle light dies
When wind blows out the lights:

These guitar tones,
That make me morn
The days that all are done;

With only memories, to carry on

Peter S. Quinn

These Moments – Rivers Of Time

These moments are now in their last of ray
In this year soon to be gone to the past
Flowers from memories sun shining lost
Each of the old - to the end of its play
Many are the opportunities way
The rivers of time have given their best
Now like a glow upon gravel aged crest
Meeting each their hope in some short of pay

Come into tomorrow up full of dreams
The seeds of freshness to be to earth sown
Watering way - to give it some revive
May every feeling be of river's streams
Into true depth of summers of its own
Give every love it's workout to thrive

Peter S. Quinn

These Times Are Going (From Album, Like Love Is True)

These times are going
One by one they leave
Without ever knowing
How they came so brief
Love songs passing by
Like some wonder when
Day is reddish in sky
And going to sleep again

Feelings that surrounds
Every love around
In daylight's passing sounds
That only there is found
Before the night comes here
To bring something new
Times of evening everywhere
With meadows in cold dew

These times are going
Into forgotten occasion
With moments in glowing
Through occurrence evasion
Time is near for every day
Giving and reach its goal
Everything into its own lei
It lies there within the pole

Peter S. Quinn

These Times Are Just Crying

These times are just crying
Full of tears from the clouds
Every smile now low-lying
Among the streets passing crowds

Feelings deep as dark wood
Every moment in slippery going
For the hate is not understood
Of the coming and unknowing

Peaceful demonstrations died
When shadows fell from the sky
Children lay there alongside
Mutilated and with tears in eye

These times are just crying
Nowhere peace around to find
Efforts wasted in each trying
Love and equality all left behind

Where's love and where's hope
What has brought this darker site?
Into hours of ill forsaken grope
That wings of hate have trite

Feelings deep as dark wood
And people losing their freedom
Rages and times of orphanhood
Life forward steps so worrisome

Peter S. Quinn

These Times Are So A Changing

Something so ordinary coming
Making a day for you
Ground to ground everything summing
Into the things to do
Maybe it's here to grow
Give something better still
Feeling it all towards airstream blow
Perhaps nothing there to fulfill

You could have asked it all before
Finding out what would be
Waves to the unknown shore
Nothing for futures to see
There are always fears and doubt
Coming and giving in
Going their turnings about
Finding a lose or a win

The country is looking for someone
To give living more and allow
But is it the right thing that's been done
When shall we know it somehow?
These times are so a changing from numb
And flowing their uneasy brim
Where will these futures come from?
Or shall we still be out on a limb

The hand of grace is in our hearts
With so much to keep up the ways
Power that grows soon departs
In to the many arrays of its plays
Nothing to bring back here around
Only to lose it all over in feign
You may be back here when it's all found
Yet the years have been driven in vain

The country is looking for someone
To give living more and allow
But is it the right thing that's been done

When shall we know it somehow?
These times are so a changing from numb
And flowing their uneasy brim
Where will these futures come from?
Or shall we still be out on a limb

Peter S. Quinn

Þessi Fljúgandi Fiðrildi

Þessi fljúgandi fiðrildi
sem fljúga nú í burtu
eru hugar fóstur mín
sem eiga sína tilveru
í draumum næturinnar
leiðandi seiðandi
og uppvekjast kannski aftur
er myrkrið skellur á

hver man aftur drauma sína
um löngu liðna tíð
sem komu kannski fljúgandi
eftir dagsins löngu stríð
og ótt þú kannski munir þá
þá eru þeir aldrei eins
aðeins draumar af draumum
ekki gagnlegir til neins

Þessi fljúgandi fiðrildi
sem flögra um sálu mans
eru eins og ævintyrin
eða fjarlægur stjörnufans
og allir eiga sér drauma
sem þeir halda sig eina sjá
já allir eiga sína drauma
og þeir koma til móts við þá

Peter S. Quinn

They Are Making It

They are making it
Coming true
Democracy
This wonderful year
And now it is
Up to you
If its shall be close
And dear

The wonderful
Those are right
And follow
The rules thereby
To give freedoms
Justice flight
And reach
To compromises high

The days
Were days of longing
For something
To be made
Tomorrow should never
Be wronging
Or of what we were
Once afraid

For freedom
Is here for us all
To give it
And sow to the earth
The rules of ignorance
Shall fall
For liberties song
Of its worth

So much is still
Marked by wrong
But we are building

The bridges
That will make every
Abutment strong
Where the piers
Needed their stitches

Our world is
Of smooth and rough
In all its
Contrasting grade
Sometimes we get
Away with a bluff
That we have some
Jointly made

Peter S. Quinn

They Are Rivers Of Time

Dreams in the avenues of each they're going
Love in a compassion forever so strong
In attributes of memories glowing
They are rivers of time where we belong

Love comes around in its rotary way
Giving us some luck and more to understand
Radiance that torches and turns around to play
On recalling faces in photographs at hand

We shall be singing about softly gone days
When times are remembering each their stop
Feelings to fill up the allies and our ways
With every bouquets of dreams coming up

Lost in its vibrant of times softly chime
With everything sounding in harmonious rhyme

Peter S. Quinn

Thinking About You

Thinking about you
Thru this day
Everything that's true
In our ordinary way
Until the end
And onto the morning
Emotions in a blend
Full of its turning

Thinking about you
Views that came across
In their gain and loss
Times coming thru
Day to day going by
All their inside tie
Serenades and lullabies
That never completely away dies

Thinking about you
As my thoughts are playing
New ones to renew
For the olds are never staying
How we both wandered
Through mornings of sunrise
And both pondered
To complete our ties

Thinking about you
Thru the day
Everything that's true
In our ordinary way
Thinking about you
How we came close
Just out of the blue
And as everything goes

Peter S. Quinn

Thinking About You...

Thinking about you
Every day and night
Summer is now new
In the morning light

Thinking of the past
Many days are gone
Sea of memories vast
Carry me on and on

Colors of new spring
Now are all glowing
Birds in forest sing
Bright of day's growing

Thinking about you
Every day and night
Summer is now new
In the morning light

Life is ever turning
All things go just on
We from it are learning
Until our days are gone

Life is for its time
Only coming and going
Days in bright and prime
Life's care showing

Thinking about you
Every day and night
Love that was so true
In its height and flight

Peter S. Quinn

Thinking About You....

Thinking about you
in the days gone by,
memories going through
what we had - you and I.

Those sun rising days
that now are all gone,
our many drifting on ways
walking by in the sun.

Love that is not returning
feelings inside my heart,
forever in times yearning
that now are so far apart.

Those many moments giving
all that was inside true,
and through the years of living
all what I had with you.

Time is always leaving
further away to the deep,
memories go on grieving
dreams that we cannot keep.

Love is a way of a living
and never to be you only,
so much of a heart giving
'til you become again lonely.

Peter S. Quinn

Thinking Of Love

Thinking of love
While the night goes by
Like the stars above
Faraway and high
You and I for now
With feelings inside
Supply of greatest endow
To hit one's stride

Thinking much of you
While I wait the day
Seeing in dawn's blue
Face of its many fey
Love is here around
So much everywhere
In the twilight found
Corners coming clear

Touching my dream
Is the light awakening
Golden sunup beam
All is bright coming
Shining through hours
With its tempting luck
Mighty glittering powers
Never one way stuck

Peter S. Quinn

Thinking Of The Lily

Two hearts
Together running
Bring distances
Around near
How deep is
Each dark ocean
When shores
Are everywhere
I am always thinking
Of the lily
How blossom
Blooms will go
How love can be
Ordinarily silly
Never showing feelings
Or know

I meet her
Only just yesterday
And I knew
What it felt then
There are no words
To think or say
When we tomorrow
Meet again,
For love it was
At very first sight
That melted
All the icy parts away
Now the futures look
So very bright
With no worries
To meet the new day

Two hearts throbbing
And beating
Oh how love
Can mean this much
Somewhere

The world is cheating
But not our compassion
And touch
Meaning so much
Only few hours
Yet the world
Has open so wide
There's only sunshine
No showers
The shadows of twilight
Now hide

Two hearts
Together running
Bring distances
Around near
How deep is
Each dark ocean
When shores
Are everywhere

(This is from an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Peter S. Quinn

Thinking Of You

I'm thinking of you now every day
In my hours of loneliness
Every heart beat of mine that plays
With its touch inside caress
With a love of my own
In the dark of a winter night
And I am standing here so alone
With the shades of autumn's light

Giving thought to the hours gone by
When the evening was bright
And the blue was with summer sky
In the early new dawn's light
I am thinking of you and spring
When the flowers were glowing shade
And my heart to you would sing
Of how beautiful they were made

Every longing that is here still
Dreams flying away into the fall
With the moments that came to fulfill
Each of its aspiring rising call
When our love was young and sweet
Like blossoming gardens we found
Those are now leaves beneath my feet
In the autumn that now's here around

(Today I've been reading some lyrics by Lorenz Hart, from 'The Complete Lyrics of Lorenz Hart'; Hart wrote about 500-600 lyrics and was called the Poet of Broadway.)

Peter S. Quinn

This Day

This day is a day to go by
Passing like clouds low and high

Dreaming to reality nowhere
Like shivering leaves in forest air

Sunshine days glowing on glow
End without end in its ongoing go

Dark in the night and rising high
Flowing stars that shimmer in sky

Bringing back our memories end
Good and bad in all its blowing blend

Gift of every word to feel
In actualizing dreams that aren't real

Only to know what comes from words
Blue in their blue like the sky birds

Everything that's found around
Moments coming together in their sound

Rain in its soothing to the seed
Refreshing flow to all its life need

Drowning the fresh in the old
Gift of love that still 's untold

Thru every rainbow and shade on
Till all those remembering are gone

Like sun that begins in morning
And ends in sundown full of yearning

Peter S. Quinn

This Day Is Young (From, Illuminating Night)

This day is young,
And always sweet and always free.
So much to long,
And find out for you and me;
Of things to be eternally.

A blooming glows,
In a time and within every wish.
And as it grows,
To each splendor accomplish;
For all the world to astonish.

The night is there,
With full of wondering deep skies.
And stars so blare,
That dark to dark diversifies:
Like firelight and dragonflies.

For some will fail,
In their time and within their heart.
Each countervail
Is in them with bottomless swart,
Which a thoughtless thought will impart.

Peter S. Quinn

This Dream

Each feeling of my heart
Is here to come and go
To give and then depart
Like rays in first light glow
And before it's all done
The feelings here inside
The cool of a day is done
And stars above will glide

This dream of my dream
Is dark into the night
Filled in dancing stream
Through wondering flight
And to the coming evening
Sun opens shining wide
To a love that will sing
And through the hours guide

While night is in its play
With shadows corners high
Flickering fires won't stay
Burning the darkish sky
Like every hour is going
With a love that has died
Wind of the past's blowing
Where sparks once did hide

Peter S. Quinn

This Dream A Gleam

This dream a gleam upon a gleam
And filling its moments with glow
The river of deep flowing stream
That to and fro drift here and go
Those days have been much in twilight
With glimpsing away to their fill
They answer me through in delight
Much of their shine will though spill
Into the night of its true vision
That flown has up from the deep
Within shadows from eve precision
That never is ours to keep

Their blossoms dark gloomy cloud
Of faraway moods in the horizon
Much in my ascertain has avowed
But drift to the sands of time gone
Its ways of its mystic is not known
Though seen in the light of a day
For all of its wings have grown
From under profound ocean's play
Where waves are weaving their while
From time to time coming to shore
In abyss moments and darkish beguile
Those born were on the deep floor
To give from their magic and adore

Peter S. Quinn

This Dream Is For You (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

This dream is for you,
So hold it close today;
Let some of it come true,
Before it will go away.
All or nothing there,
Everything you can find;
Lets this dream share,
For hope is very blind.

This dream can not foretell,
All is growing inside;
Just an ordinary spell,
That from sight could hide.
What is right or wrong?
And why do we drift apart;
Can we not get along?
Choosing each other's heart.

This dream is closer now,
With yesterdays gone;
We'll manage somehow,
Through this inter Freon.
Light up my inside desire,
Waves to an open shore;
Reach out and drift higher,
Know what a heart is for.

Peter S. Quinn

This Enchantment - The Heart

This enchantment that stays never the same,
The heart is a lonesome match to each play;
Like that of a flickering fire burning flame,
Nothing that distracts it shall be or stay.
Like the hours of autumns tintured in dyes,
Mornings brought after the beauty is gone;
Flowers of the fields have each their disguise,
But the feelings of sweet hours have veiling none.

Heavens and clouds every splendors display,
Golden borders that embraces the sky,
Confusing never - always in its divine!
Heart is like earth or thunder - in a still day,
New flowers in the fields – spring in its high,
Feelings confounded through the eyes that shine.

Peter S. Quinn

This Hour Is Now Leaving

This hour is now leaving
Through foliage of time
For short while in its briefing
It had its way and prime
Within buildings of its realms
That raised it high and lows
It's now in past on whelms
As new things come in slow

The long on turning river
Flowing its water deep
Through moments will deliver
Each hour of its keep
In times of yore and yearning
Where distances are driven
The wheels of time are turning
The aspects it's given

This day that is now rising
To give us a new call
From under the clouds disguising
Whatever to fate shall fall
Its ages of sunrise and set
To blossoms of growing still
In its ordinary and select
That life to time must fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

This Is A Time For Two

This is a time for a day new
Falling in love with new love
Everything is now for us two
Drifting on with its plenty of
Days are going to new spring
With falling in love once more
Something inside 'must sing
For that is what love's all for

It's a time of days bright night
When darkness seems glowing
Sketching believes into the light
Where two hearts are now going
Love is a love till it goes again
Days to the night of one's heart
Searching for love some in vain
But first it must come and start

This is a time for two as one
Giving and taking whatever it is
Seek out its threads till it's gone
Walking in its sunlight or miss
Night is still here in blue moon
Waiting to become again bright
Time for love to wake up soon
From winter and cold of night

Days are going to new spring
With falling in love once more
Something inside 'must sing
For that is what love's all for
Days are going from dark night
All is again in its new growing
Can't you feel love in new flight
When sun is again all glowing

This is a time for two as one
Giving and taking whatever it is
Seek out its threads till it's gone

Walking in its sunlight or miss

This is a time for two as one

This is the time...

Peter S. Quinn

This Is Experimental

This is experimental
A sketch of what I see
Contrast reality wall
Of what makes life be

A photo in its still
Or pencil drawing spin
Both seeing to fulfill
From sight and within

What comes here across?
Might be just a dream
Or a view in an emboss
That sometimes will seem

Peter S. Quinn

This Is Just A Dream

With everything not seen
Lonely hour's scheme
Here and there between

First eyes of morning
Glowing red and yellow
With yesterdays yearning
And tomorrows for hello□

This is just a day
Working thru and being
In its living play
And opportunities seeing

Early footsteps on
Skies of gray and blue□
Returning summer sun
For both me and you
□

This is just an evening
Romantic in its heart
Shadows flush bringing□
Before dreams again start

Last eyes of awaking□
Imagining and discovery
Excel of breath taking
Before life becomes free

Peter S. Quinn

This Is My Heart

This is my heart to the world I carry
And bring every knot to its unleash
To break through the barriers of a worry
And making the peace to mankind with ease
Love song that blows here through the dimly breeze
With every hope that's hard to define
In future's new morning of green leafed trees
That through to the road shall once again shine

The reasons are captiv'd in breaking blow
If love is without its brethren passion
All of its hope shall only be like glow
That proves to be weak and out of fashion
So make harmonious peace that is dearly
And it shall show how big your heart's clearly

Peter S. Quinn

This Is My Life (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

This is my life
The street corners away
Anything to strife
In its day to day play
Something to give and go
What was left behind
What each one should know
What they can not find

Like evening glowing
In its somber song
When air is silently flowing
To where dreams belong
The yesterdays have left
Into the dark faraway
With their swaying bereft
No matter what we say

This is our life
Pleasures still going on
Thoughts on a hanging rife
The evening of anon
That never will stand still
No matter what we do
The hours we rob and spill
When everything's up to you

This is my life
The street corners away
Anything to strife
In its day to day play
Summer with mornings new
Left alone still to give
Whatever comes and is true
The ways we're suppose to live

Peter S. Quinn

This Is Our Time – A Lyric

This is our time of giving
Everything comes so quite true
We are together now living
Just like in winter times renew
Feelings are together finding
That we perhaps once did lose
Inside and outside now minding
Everything beautiful to chose

This is our time in the snow
Winter time is now again here
With its golden shadowy glow
Inside the windows everywhere
Silver threads of frosty cold
Refining our beauty new sense
The melting ice we cannot hold
With every flickering sequence

This is our time so wonderful
Giving and taking each day
Never a moment there quite dull
When there is light in its play
Golden threads captivating my heart
Rushing through glistening frost
With every closeness counterpart
That I once thought was all lost

Peter S. Quinn

This Is Our Time (From, Moderate Tempers)

This is our time
Into each everything
Now's today's prime
Life's a real thing
Going to get along
On every cornered street
Something's going wrong
With its rigged offbeat

This might go sleazy
Turning upside down
Someone to speakeasy
In this crowded town
Forward motions turning
Rising above ground
Today is not learning
To build on what it found

Temperatures and heartbeats
The feelings really are
Copestones and concrete
Slumming houses abattoir
Everybody is to go
Into their own emptiness
Nobody does reslly know
Partings are less and less

Peter S. Quinn

This Is The Moment

This is the moment
Of perfection, and peace,
A moment of silence
From wind of the trees;
We have our affection
Of sweet, and you know...
The feeling and direction
That inside must grow,
Your glistening eyes
Like a faraway star,
The love, that defies,
What feelings really are.
This is a moment
When touch, means so much,
And your softened skin,
Tender in tone, like violin
Oh darling, oh you
Everything, what you do,
I shall love without sin,
For it's innocent and true.

Peter S. Quinn

This Is You And This Is Me (A Lyric)

This is you and this is me
All feelings are steps between
Let me be and set me free
Truth needs always to be clean

Keep your distant if you don't mean it
When you say you love me dearly
Nobody needs her feelings to submit
If she only means it nearly

Embrace me and then listen
To the love words I'll tell you
Once heart is and then it isn't
When our luck has all run through

This is you and this is me
All feelings are steps between
Let me be and set me free
Truth needs always to be clean

Embrace me...

Peter S. Quinn

This Is You This Is Me (From, Occasional Songs)

This is you this is me,
Different opinions everywhere;
Take or leave what will be,
Hiding out in places there.
Wings to try outside in air,
What will reach another pole;
To keep inside or be aware,
Life is such a small cubbyhole.

Come and give the speed on,
Running through to destiny;
What we like we to are drawn,
Life will teach each chemistry.
Call on the phone and say hello,
Singing a tune writing a book;
Going hard or soft like mellow,
Fishing reality on a new hook.

This is you this is me,
Nothing matters more than this;
What you know and what you see,
Performances negligent remiss.
Route to take to find freshness,
Following footsteps still seen;
Depth of thoughts abstractness,
What's life's future where has it been.

Peter S. Quinn

This Light

This light is a light out
In its flickering caressing flow
Some themes in shadows about
In their way in, to and fro go

Those pleasing of dim flames
So dear to the night to hold
The streets of the nocturnal names
From inside dreams never told

Those light from bulbs and fiction
To carry their ecstasies run
Without this worlds addiction
Universes between night and evening sun

Deepness of being something more
To give us their spills of shadows
Each dripping dropp of glowing store
That with the new day all goes

Dim lights from lamps here between
In glowing thick gloomy night
The winter thoughts not else seen
In ordinary underneath daylight

The feeling forgotten into sleep
But giving its breath of being
Something among between to keep
Without it actually all seeing

Peter S. Quinn

This Love Is Love

This love is love of song and night
A world of posture and its surrender
When wings together go into flight
Each powerful force and its tender

These songs of love are birds of fire
Among clouds that the dark has made
The strength of emotions and its desire
A grow of seed the deep has played

A love that's more than body and skin
With song infinite that life follows
From the unfathomable there within
Like dawn of roses in fragrance flows

Each path is made to give from touch
A moss of life and its boundless grace
Indecisive ways and its eternal much
From love and its stance in many ways

Peter S. Quinn

This O Darling Sight

Now time has come again for freshly spring
To give from remembrance of the gone past
And let you love in life and again sing
To show its affectionate and touching cast
Each flower from the seeds now is to grow
And waste no time for fragrances in air
And let our own heart so tenderly know
That summer time is yet again coming near

Now dateless night on to the dark all goes
With starry bright of its cold shining eve
To vanish steadily in to its lost glows
Where every moment to the old must leave
O fresh is love in this o darling sight
When colors come to be as morning bright

Peter S. Quinn

This Road Leads To Nothing

This road leads to nothing,
And nothing is still not here;
We have to ride on this road,
Tonight and through the year.

This road leads to nothing,
Let tomorrow inquisitive come;
We have to hold on to each tide,
When we travel through a storm.

This road leads to nothing,
Our life has passed its core;
And we aren't driving as fast,
As we used to do before.

Peter S. Quinn

This Song Came Lonely

This song came lonely
In to the bridging night
Accompanying there only
With chimeras of light
Scrolls of celestial hours
Coming from the pulsars
Opening clouded shower
Before showing above stars

Strangely so unfilled
With only few gleams
Like teardrops spilled
Around what only seems
The edges of illusions
Times of unlike proceed
To our thought confusion
A world of diverse creed

A thought contingent
To bring a song of beat
To this world stringent
And distinct track meet
Some traditions to come
And take around the ring
Of inside thoughts from
And back to you bring

Peter S. Quinn

This Song Of Spring

This song of spring is now coming in clear
With the sun and the sky through winter's husk
Flowing of glistening tongues through dusk
And giving daybreak 's of blossoming near
Each song in their voices of freshly day
Aspiring giving of green in the sun
The flourish of charm in coloring run
Coming with the hours of longer light stay

Night is now footfalls of gone shadows deep
Nothing but glow in the air and the sky
Bouquets of caravan seeds on to keep
Voices of spring in their tongues of high
Each beauty precision blending a shade
On to the summer just this minute made

Peter S. Quinn

This Sweetness Of Love

Like the sweetest flower in spring assume
Each day is truer in its new rising high
When feelings come though and clear as the sky
In blue azure tint of its fairest bloom
Like a dream up from nowhere in breast of hill
A thought giving more in flow to astonish
Like a night from the past in its dreamy wish
Each reality of thought now to fulfill

The roots of your heart are giving so much
As earth is about in her glowing shine
And bringing you more of every touch
That hard is from inside to clearly define
This sweetness of love is what keeps time going on
With dreams to grow from it till they are gone

Peter S. Quinn

This Time

This time's now everywhere
Our futures and yesterdays
Since we were here and there
Songs of moment's interplays
Resources so much adorable
In each approach and the heart
All is now accomplishable
Like it was from the first start

This incident for you and me
Like a day in beginning light
Opening up the vast deep sea
Within their moment's flight
The footsteps of older days
Within their reach and feel
So much in recollection ways
That once was in times real

Giving and then letting it go
Our integral existence is for
Like a sunlight's moment glow
In an instant is forevermore
Those footsteps of me and you
That recollection has embossed
Is profound like the sky blue
And never all completely lost

Peter S. Quinn

This Time Is Now Like River Going

This time is now like river going
On to the morning of frozen memory
Each thought we had in its flowing
Of wings forgotten and again set free
Its stream is pale rolling on through
To this o land of never returning
That once was full of life and true
In this old dark now forever yearning

Those gazing stars of heaven sky
Of bluish burning and beguiled hopes
Those feelings we thought never to die
Now haze like clouds in drifting slopes
Of feelings so frozen in its aghast
And oceans wave stream of no returning
This life that gave the specters past
And in the deep of our beat was burning

All hopes and fears that fade away
In the frozen times of the rivers deep
Those high hope lands that never stay
And we only for a while may dearly keep
The fading marker of this lone stand
Of passions dark in its reddish heart
Every never returning at our command
Where we stand again right from start

Peter S. Quinn

This Time Of Peace

This time of peace and happiness
Gives this love to share
Each year it comes again fresh
Surrounding its love everywhere

We need to have peace to give
Through silence in the evening
And bring forth a thought to live
That afresh we may together sing

Abide wishes in beautiful ways
When everything is resting still
Oh come dream of many ways
With new promises now to fulfill

Each year it comes again fresh
Surrounding thoughts everywhere
To let us live and once more bless
When Christmastime we do share

Peter S. Quinn

This Time Of Year - Sonnet

This time of year is of its magical twist
Behold these shadows of flickering light!
When comes in sake of its cold in sight
With flowing on thoughts in its darkish gist
A fairy of fancy my heart has kissed
With a glow at a twinkling - from the night
To astray my own thought on to a flight
As if it to imaginations there missed

My second self be of imagination
A tempest to take away to the far
This glowing's at sight in my sensation
As much the same pleasures - as fancies are
Like a bird that sang tunes out on a bough
So is my Pegasus flying its endow

Peter S. Quinn

This Time Renews Each Moment

This time renews each moment like a blink
Though we walk in a world without a name,
With questions that attend to be the same
Each onward step to the future's like a brink;
Though ages before were widening chink
Tittering chalk afresh we will acclaim,
When by and by again renewed arrame
For all what's now later will swiftly crink.

Our tolerance upon impatience arm
Where inverted flag keeps the colors still,
Weapons bring forth what shall not be disown;
Each of these two are proudly of reclame
And both from the fright and reproach they drill,
As the corn will grow as the seed is sown...

Peter S. Quinn

This Year Is Love (From, Spring Come Come)

This year is love
With no reason at all
Like drifting clouds above
With raindrops soon to fall
A true love to adore
And eager to give and care
Always feelings for more
And to have you here

A little sweetness in a song
Something whole true always
My feelings all along
In its many different plays
You are whom I trust
To give this inside touch
Like a starry falling dust
With wishes for so much

From you I cannot hide
You are my deepest part
My flowing glow to glide
Inside of my truth and heart
For you I shall call tonight
To be ever close to me
Like a moon in bluish night
That flies through clouds free

This year is love
For this I always write
With my thoughts so full of
Each feeling that is right
This year is for you
I've found you to me close
Where hope is born new
And hopefully never goes

Peter S. Quinn

Þögnin Nú Syngur

myrkri? djúpa
umlykur stræti
í sofandi borg

regnvatni? tæra
droparnir drjúpa
dreifast um torg

Þögnin nú syngur
Þögnin sem hrærir
í gleði og sorg

myrkri? djúpa
umlykur stræti
í sofandi borg

Peter S. Quinn

Thorns Of Hopes (From, Without A Doubt)

Thorns of hopes through the shattered shadows
When the day to the evening comes
And sleep waves of slumber in thoughts hums
To sea of deep where everything goes
Ongoing infinity motions that flows
From this endless space of each living plumbs
Where all contrast meets or becomes numbs
To catch the wind of the high and the lows

Yesterday's thick-shadowed ongoing darkness
Everything comes like pearly dew
Water like diamond in stillness of time
Shred of peace in its crystal clear starkness
Coming and going always propelling through
In to forgetfulness from its high prime

Peter S. Quinn

Those Ardor Flames - Sonnet

Every dream is just a hold and bliss
In its never done and always twinkling
Those moments like glowing of fancy kiss
That with their misty thoughts on is sprinkling
Like dreams of night that soon comes again
Giving their vows in their fullest vision
Those meet any reality in their truest feign
Without gasp of existing precision

Like pulse that is falling or love breathing
In its timeless passion and on going
The warmth of its high or low down seething
Those ardor flames in the eyes glowing
Each heart this to hold and give of its way
Like daybreak that comes with glimpse in ray

Peter S. Quinn

Those Cherished Candles

Those cherished candles
That love time always is
Much fluffiness it handles
Of both from her and his
The speeches that appear
Beyond the ice and snow
Are passions much to care
As the wintry winds blow

Each footstep unfamiliar
Enchantment to its dance
Like battles in every war
Or morning dawn in trance
Before each way's finished
On to the immortal shore
Restless has all diminished
To everything as before

Blossoms have sprouted its way
And given something more
A new bright summer day
With seeds in future's chore
Those flowers - so beautiful
To brighten up our hours
There's never a moment dull
With those new sprung flowers

Peter S. Quinn

Those Days - Sonnet

Remember every leaping of gone dream
Where aroma of rose bouquets gave fragrance
And nothing in reality for long did seem
Of wearing colors of the leaves in blanch
Those days were truly gifts of earth in blossoms
The golden clay layers and the summer leaves
In days of dwelling and greenery possum
With magical moments in fullest thrives

Those days are now in slowness of hiemal wear
In shadows of silences circling around
With imaginings awaiting for spring year
And new-fangled prospect in the open then found
Moments are now snowing and accumulating
For summer to come in its fresh debating

Peter S. Quinn

Those Memories (Last Song From Album, Like Love Is True)

Love is so easy to come and be
With feelings for everyone new
Something so real we ought to see
Love is always to someone true
Trust your senses and be easy
Love is so much everywhere
Just like the springtime breezy
Circling around from here to there

Those memories so full of regrets
With feelings that spark with glow
Their song titled in precedent selects
Like days that our dreams only know
In verses of moments long-ago

Somewhere to go and to find
The love songs that have elapsed
Leaving those memories behind
That in to life's reality collapsed
Remember our thoughts now gone
Of love songs so easy to sing
And hold those words still on
From the within roads heartstring

Those memories so full of regrets
With feelings that spark with glow
Their songs titled in long-ago selects
Like days that our dreams only know
In their verses of come and go

Those feelings which we'd give
Whenever we are so much alone
Views from days we once did live
And to mirror images have flown
Love's forever in those recollections
Where thoughts stand still for long
Corners of time's little cross-sections

Coming and going in a love song

Peter S. Quinn

Those Steps - Sonnet

Some days are empty to the beating hearts
Upon the nights of mirror procession
Where every flow in struggling still starts
From what there falls in fiery concession
The hours of plumage will be valiant day
When on to memory they unsubmerged
And gave their earth to the building of clay
That living and working from each converged

The days you wing again to higher flight
From the withered hours of doings done before
And reach those numbers unfaltering height
In breaking new billows to make ashore
Those steps unyielding to reach out and find
And leave old broken somewhere behind

Peter S. Quinn

Those Summer Thoughts

I love to sing those summer thoughts
That sometimes comes to me
Of on goings and all its whereabouts
That comes often so easily

The roads with their inner memories
That we sometimes have lost
Though still are growing as green trees
From yesterdays we did trust

I love to sing my heartfelt song
Of everything of old bygone
That is from those moments I long
And carry the echoes of beats on

Yesterdays those were tomorrows
In the past of their very beginning
When times went through its borrows
In the days of their old singing

I love to linger there still on
Blown away by their wandering clouds
So much of silences in time's neuron
Gone away like going crowds

Peter S. Quinn

Those Were The Times (A Song)

Those were the times
And beautiful days
Colorful moment mimes
Their drifting ways
Everything just leaving
Making time for new
In their short briefing
Always coming through

Those were the drifts
Flowing and giving
On to freshly airlifts
Once in times living
When days were all young
Like blossoming garden
In the flowers among
Before cold start harden

Those were the hours
That always made its best
Among deep shade flowers
That later were compressed
In to a dry pale bouquet
Or between two book sheets
And time was its alleyway
in memories and beats

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 In Halting-Places

Hidden from darkness my feeling of all
Dreams of the moments that whisper away
Every its coming in heart's root lay
The times that are trying in its true call
Dust of my wander in motions and fall
Each its own meaning that they can convey
In presence and embrace of lost array
Through silver wings windows of forestall
Coming of clearance in wide open stand
Its pursuing on, that gives all fresh try
Thoughts in halting-places no one command
Itinerant excursion that meet the eye
Like ongoing drift time and space cannot catch
Its covering spot on shape and each mismatch

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

Thoughts Of The Faraway

Where the daydream are going
On to the cliffs of the old
Thoughts of the faraway glowing
That reality can not hold

Simple leaves that turned red
Where they danced around
Into secret lineage bled
And are not by change found

Time has earned its poets fee
For each mood and desire
But nothing gone could ever be
Clinched again to world of fire

Peter S. Quinn

Thoughts Of The Moments (From, Bob's Buttercups Songs)

Taking the day in its wildness
Ongoing town of love's caress
Thoughts of the moments and their amass
Sweetness of time through the fresh
Longing and dreaming of nothing there on
Always the going and drifting high

Yesterdays in moods of forgotten
Laden in time nowhere found
Sunshine of this and everything else
Longitudes there right from the start
Driven like spears in to the heart
Of what has been said and given around
Strictly to ways that are right bound

Love songs in air on to the old
Flickering way to every song
Rocking and living and on to hold
What dreams in reeling's do long
While they are here untold

Whispering ways finding each other
Searching around and giving of its fire
What has been done sisters and brother?
Finding the way to the stage once more
Love song of sound and inside desire
Coming around to build everything here

What has been played or many times said
With inspiration moments to go
Giving and finding the inside job done
Like garden of pleasure found only ones
Where everything twist into its own
Growing of blossoms nowhere else shown
That comes to leaves like breezing blow

After a hanging around deep forest

Love thoughts of whisper in the fields
Where nothing is desperately going to rest
But show only moments of own yields

Find every fountain that comes through here
With what is lost to be found
Instance in tempo be everywhere
Where there are feelings that go again around
Yesterday living never was easy
Came out of luck from walking about
With something to share a little bit breezy

Hold on to mornings that sun warms in
Rising to bridges that cross over rivers
Everything worthy in its own spin
And a heart of the content again delivers
Through every ocean that rises again
Moves every rock to its state and its grain

*These are around 500 songs

Peter S. Quinn

Thoughts Surrounded (From Lullabies)

Thoughts surrounded that we alone know
The time's month combatant fluff
The perfume of the old in memories glow
What inside is made of that kind of stuff
The month's exposed foot yellow leaves
With thorns amid and roots in ground
Every thought as it comes in its briefs
Nowhere else to be gathered or found

Splashes in sunset the on going repose
From the starlight's in darkness space
That gathers more or less here to give
Like dreams on to past everything goes
The allowed matter and rotating ways
To become its sources of boundless live

Peter S. Quinn

Thoughts To Adapt

Something is always going
To their point of no returning
We in the distances are growing
And from it all again learning

Ways are unpredictable always
Wherever the future lies
So much of this and that plays
Within every low rotate and highs

I've come a long way in knowing
Where my dreams could be trapped
Each goes on to its own flowing
Always with thoughts to adapt

Bringing those days to advance
In hours you thought were lost
So consequential but askance
In everything that crisscrossed
Nothing to worry about though
If you have found your way
For what you thought shall grow
On to its furthermore tray

I've come a long way in knowing
How much is worthy to store
In every learning and going
Always with thoughts to adapt
Where my dream could be trapped
Always with thoughts to adapt

Peter S. Quinn

Thousand Dots Of Life

Thousand dots of life
Like fire lights in dark
On to each fulfillment strife
Till they glow and spark
The morning comes after dim
Into the hour of new fire
Casting way whimsy whim
Flying on wing's desire

Love is a way to find out
Where every part is
What a thought is about
In its unknown bliss
Right or wrong we must go
Giving our best to all
Moving as part of the flow
Catching our own call

In thousands ways to learn
With much drifting around
Billowing tides in their turn
Somewhere next to be found
You have an answer for you
Nothing is wrong in its road
Seeing your thoughts through
Taking away its latest load

Peter S. Quinn

Threads Of Fine Gold

The light in the morning
Have threads of fine gold
From abysses of yearning
The reality cannot hold

Each thread is in shine
To give you more to make
Comes there line to line
To touch you and to awake

Those aspirations to give
That fallen have from the sky
And you must again relive
Like silver clouds drifting by

To make your own path on earth
In reaching the limitless reach
And show of accomplish worth
That gives you purpose and teach

This light becomes within
If it is made of this:
Sunshine of daybreak's spin
In threads from its awakening bliss

And giving hope to you
Like rainbow's pots beyond
To make dreams come true
From its prospect magic wand

Peter S. Quinn

Three Haikus

Oh darling oh you,
how lonely I am right now
- in winter coming.

Above stars glowing,
and dreams of gone yesterdays
- still you are with me.

Oh memories come,
and find their moments again
- through times drifting thoughts.

Peter S. Quinn

Three Love Words (A Lyric)

Give me love love love in a distant cloud
Every heart's filled with a morning glow
That in true passion must sometimes go
To the distance tomorrow's lonely crowd
With the wings across the ocean of love
And the roads that leads to summertime's sky
With the feelings that are inside so high
Like daybreak that comes with glory above

Every mood is like autumn old leaves
Falling to earth in its golden brown red
Memories are always filled with grieves
Those throughout dreams of the years have all bled
Every moment is borrowed in prime
With its glistening days and sorrowful time

Peter S. Quinn

Through Autumn's Air – A Song

Give me a song through autumn's air
To the desires I know
Come and be with me there
Before these hallucinations go
Every heart now lonely seems
In the evening of a summer song
We have taken out our deems
For the hours we still long

Give me everything back again
That I think is now lost
I don't know where to or when
How those moments got crossed
Spring will be back next year
With our dreams to arrive back
Throughout the night that is here
In its appetency from its black

Thoughts are sometimes like thieves
With their present and tomorrows
They have faked my believes
Given me their sullen sorrows
Yet I know that days will come
Perhaps early spring - next year
Where our love will be wherefrom
Now seems so distant and too blear

Peter S. Quinn

Through Dark Values (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Through dark values
In its for a short time glow
Something there is singing
On and on quite slow
With days never ending
And darkish in its tone
The ways of light bending
In shadows so alone

Through every dreaming going
In to its very own
Of time and time flowing
Where thoughts were blown
As day of night is coming
With wishes from the steps
And dully voices strumming
Of hollow inside depths

The day is not now near
But only dreams in gray
That flow and away steer
Its silences night lay
For a morning to follow
Into the dreaming on□
Like moon to stars shallow
In every twilight's eon

Peter S. Quinn

Through Garden Of Autumn

Through garden of autumn
I walked on and pondered
From the leaves so darksome
Those in time have altered

To their brownish yellow
Before they were falling
So therein tintured mellow
To times of winter calling

Each pathway more giving
Of dark to darkish mood
Before those trees of living
Were barren to their nude

For autumn is now leaving
On to its more whitish row
And we for spring grieving
For seeds of its growing glow

Peter S. Quinn

Through The Day – Of Love

Through the day in the talking
Of love and filled desire
The flicking flame of its fire
When there is none sorrow stalking
And colors rise in times higher
Of love and morning's dyer

A day to bring a sweet love
Every dream to make come true
That is here all about you
So many sweet affairs there of
With passion that comes to give
Our love of many ways to live

Peter S. Quinn

Through The Dreams That Are Gone (From, Illuminating Night)

Through the dreams that are gone,
In the light of none to-night;
There is swift in each their aileron,
Through the darkening of light.
War and wounds of sorrel dreams,
Blooming fields that grow on near;
Everything into the rustle seems,
When again the daybreaks appear.

The fantasies ruling within reach,
A single task like a prisoner's diet;
Accurate by far lonely to teach,
Logic between a try to be quiet.
Grows of walls of blank thoughts,
Within bared windows of no view;
Emancipated reason of a bowknot,
Without more unanswerable argue.

Like the roses and the dark daisies,
Poet's spring is drawing here on;
In close keep of sleeping coveys,
Till each the demurrage's fully done.
Transformed delights once more,
Coming through the summer's ray;
Opening hue to the colorful door,
In the clearings of a beautiful day.

Peter S. Quinn

Through The Hill (From 'Meet The Moments')

Through the hill
And the faraway
Where days come to fulfill
Everything in time's play
To the dawn
That is rising
Going on and on
In shadows dancing
Where we once were together
Finding clearances of day
And our heart streamed in sunlight
That was once more on its way

Through the hill
Of our longings
Where the sightings are still
In the deep earth strings
And our ways is gone
To the faraway clear
Every dream that was one
And once close and near
Give us love to the evening
Give us hot spring again
Every dream that we sing
And is not here in vain

Love that is and to be
With free wills of the time
Coming closer and free
In this cold winter rime
Through the hill
And the faraway
Where days come to fulfill
Everything in time's play
To the dawn
That is rising
Going on and on

Through The Summer

Through the summer with its itinerant light
Where cut grains are yellow-brownish and knot
Full of the gentle wind to bathe its laying lot
By the muddled coming murkiness of the night

Where the days are in green leaves and bright
With summer in its middle of July and hot
Before earth is in its decomposing rot
When birds in high nests first try out their flight

I'm there like a young traveler before
With my heart and beat in its pondering
When the days are surprising in their lore
And my mind full of thoughts and wandering
I'm like he - a voyager through an open field!
When the breeze of midsummer to me yield

Peter S. Quinn

Through The Sweetness (A Lyric)

Through the sweetness of your smile
There is love in every beat
Doesn't matter what is your style
In its inner most of treat
Feeling changes in what is real
Healing time close and near
You are everything that I did feel
Through emotions they did steer

Inside aching from the changes
Of pretending not to care
Tomorrow an opportunity rearranges
Of all clearances be aware
Time is precious through our waking
With so much to do and like
Never get enough in your making
When fate your beat will strike

Love is climbing through the sky
Every morning when you awake
From the low you will reach on high
With something better in the stake
Open wide like the opening books
You will find what you are looking for
In their prospects and their outlooks
In their layers and fresh metaphor

Through the sweetness of your smile
There is love in every beat
Doesn't matter what is your style
In its inner most of treat
From the freshness of your inside
Where love pages open up wide
And your feelings are forever a guide
Through the days your emotions glide

You are love to find and give
With the dreams that go on by
Every waking up to again relive

In your realization out and try
Through moments that haven't had enough
In their search and dialogue feel
When they start to become rough
In your hours that are for real

Love is climbing through the sky
Every morning when you awake
From the low you will reach on high
With something better in the stake
You are love with day and night
Turning on in the set off morning
Everything that the day shall light
Through its ways and in its yearning

Through the sweetness of your smile
There is love in every beat
Doesn't matter what is your style
In its inner most of treat
Of coming hours and in their go
So much is still there to be seen
Anything that our differences know
And still lies there in between

Peter S. Quinn

Through The Wind's Trance

Here are the lost waves
Reaching to the shore
With the invisible craves
With what each man is for
Rasping the sands time sea
From nocturnal struggle
Forever in the night to be
As a performing obstacle

Penetrating every silence
From lost indistinct rise
Through the wind's trance
The hidden - in its disguise
Innumerable bizarre so pure
The seeds from buried earth
That to the people will lure
To give their missing - its birth

Hear the voice of the land
That chooses roots to be born
Invincible waves to understand
Between each contrasts it's torn
Circulating the current song
From numerous convey of hope
To struggle and rises so strong
Of succeeding newborn zest lope

Peter S. Quinn

Through Times Of Emptiness

Through times of emptiness and shadows
The day is coming in new life to give
Light against extinction in dim to live
Be of tomorrow in day breaking glows
Like yesterdays were revealing in try
Changing some destiny once and for all
Each in their own interpreting and call
Before they became existence gone by

Sometimes knocking with harasses
Fate with huddles of its meaninglessness
Nothing to feather and uphold dreaming
Interminable in age embarrasses -
Try then to grip to inner trust finesse
That comes through depression like gleaming

Peter S. Quinn

Through Voices Of Longing

I longed for my heart to grow again new
In silent prow through the spring freshly street
Nourished in bright dawn that it came to meet
When reddened of summer were coming through
Oh dearest young spring time I adore you
Filling my soul with your wonderful steps
Each footstep of longing in times preps
That with glee comes in and sends us through

Sending away each graveling pale stone
That made our earthy hands wintry and numb
Through voices of longing and fleeting shade
When hours were a great deal inside alone
And we only waited for springtime to come
Where colors of love are forever made

Peter S. Quinn

Through Winter Nights

Through winter nights
Our footsteps come and leave
The darkish dim lights
All our gladness and grieve
We come and we go
With our purposes in mind
Through the frost and the snow
Leave our findings behind

All is done but never lost
In turning around each its best
There is sunshine there is frost
Giving a flow and a rest
You and I nearly the same
Walking ways clouds drifting
All is here in each name
Giving our promises and lifting

Through each contrast mood
We must all move along
Every sentence path obtrude
Beats of the weak and strong
Where a heart touches and gives
Every string that sings inside
And eternally with love lives
To be its beacon and a guide

Peter S. Quinn

Þú Dimma Nótt (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Þú dimma nótt
hvar eru mínar stundir
í þínum stefjum

Handan við skarðan mána
eru ótal stjörnur
með óskir sem aldrei rætast

Nú þeytir vindur
í vetrar hami
þeim í burtu

Þú dimma nótt
sem gafst mér söngva að syngja
á vængjum hestsins hvíta

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Þú Ert

Þú ert
laufi? á trjánnum
sem fellur

í gar?
hinna mörgu
tilbrigða

og vindurinn
þér feykir
um furður

þíns sjálfs

Peter S. Quinn

Þú Ert Eins Og Fljót

Þú ert eins og fljót
áfram streymandi
rótlaus rót
ráðvilltur ótæmandi
inní framandi framtíð
sem falin enn er
áttu endalaus stríð
og engin veit hvernig fer

Þú ert ímynd þíns sjálfs
þróttur teymandi
en þó að eins til hálf
örlítið dreymandi
inní endalausar synir
áfram heldur þu enn
og sjálfum þér sjálfsagt tynir
í sögnum um menn

Þú ert eins og rót
í huga þínum geymandi
allskonar efnis fljót
sem huga er sæmandi
um þessa tíð og þátíð
og þangað, sem hver veit hvert fer
viðsjár veður og blíð
vakna í huga þér

Peter S. Quinn

Þyrrnar Eiga A? Stinga

Þyrrnar eiga a? stinga
á allan hátt
Þeir eiga a? stinga
til blóðs
ei vera í sátt
Þeir eiga a? stinga
til hnjóðs
Þeir eiga a? stinga
til ills eða góðs

Þyrrnar eiga a? stinga
sár opna uppá gátt
Þeir eiga a? stinga
svo blóð renni
úr draga allan mátt
Þeir eiga a? stinga
svo sár brenni
Þeir eiga a? stinga
svo staðfast þa? kenni

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Tied Days

Every hour is deep for love
Dreams that will come and go
Drifting like clouds above
Within your beat you know
Something of always to welcome
Wide in its high on rise
Inner most healing blossom
That gives you ways and its ties
Something that memories keep on
Feelings of day rising hill
That what you thought that was gone
Still in your heart to fulfill

Tied days that are not to break
On every road that is taken
Feelings of the heart that will make
Dreams that are finally waken
Becoming great and wide
Going to where they belong
Something of love hereto abide
In every weak point and strong

All that you keep in your heart
Making the roads more untie
Pieces together to make a start
Reaching out tomorrow new sky
Parts those were proficient inside
Chained together into a whole
When thoughts and things go astride
Not reaching their dream or goal

Refrain:

Tied days that are not to break
On every road that is taken
Feelings of the heart that will make
Dreams that are finally waken
Becoming great and wide
Going to where they belong
Something of love here to abide

In every weak point and strong

Peter S. Quinn

Til Vorsins Sem Var (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Dagur sem kemur og fer
langur og þráður
söngvar sem syngja
í versum og vísum

Fótspor eru gengin
við sleginn strenginn
um veg lífsins kæra

Dagur sem syngur að vori
í náttúru grænni
hljómfagra kviðu
í hljómalind

Vængir sem að fljúga
stundina drjúga
uns haustlitir mæra

Ó ástin kæra
ó ástin kæra
þú ljúfa stund
með gull rödd í mund
og fögur blómasprund

Þín blóm ég þrái
ávallt

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Till The Hours Are Gone

Let my love be a love
Let it come like a wing
full of the mist of above
As the breeze outdoors sing
Life is giving its melody
Softly whispering on
All its pleasures are free
Till the hours are gone

Let my heart be its beat
Every rising on day
Early morning hours street
Every sun rising play
Lone as a day is in hours
And the night's falling in
Through tones dripping showers
On the cobblestone's spin

Let my life be its pleasure
All my words and their tones
Hidden deep inside treasure
In the deeps of alones
Those oceans are playing
Every tone and words full
each its moment's playing
In its forcing circle pull

Peter S. Quinn

Time After Time

Time after time
Every dream becomes free
In this winter lonely rime
Lying around to be
It's hard to give and please
In these feeling alone hours
Making all possibilities
Like tiny cold glaring flowers

The riverside is now all frozen
In moments that seem like glow
Bound to be later chosen
In its falling of stream to go
My heart is around this now
With feelings in hazy shade
The coldness of wintry dark brow
In everything that's conveyed

Time after time
To all the things to say
With hopes in their weather climb
And its intimate lonely play
Look around to see the sky
With its falling snowflakes
Now every misty is growing high
In those instances takes

Playfully scenery ahead
Dreams weaving time tapestry
On to snowy footsteps read
Through paths and wild forestry
My dreams in their drifting go
Deadening in the outside cold
Memories like reflecting glow
Nothing the frost can now hold

Peter S. Quinn

Time And Time Is Passing By (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Time and time is passing by
Like a haze of drifting high
Seems so little up out there
In their vapor going everywhere
Rising to the moments new
Where the hours is coming through
Or its rain drops in fall
Making echoes drum padding call

Life is in its sweetly now
Making heart and giving vow
To the feeling in alright
Or the morning coming bright
Never to be afraid of play
In the coming unborn day
Looking through the spangle sleep
From the dreaming dark deep

Time is gold in fluffy treads
Or the roses in spring's beds
When the hour is young and still
Before day comes to fulfill
Kissing with its morning light
Every darkish winter night
Where the gold comes to the green
And a garden of beauty is seen

Peter S. Quinn

Time Circle Of Moods

The waves shatter the restless dark hours
Time circle of moods that come and again go
Like tinctures on leaves or flowers
Those in clusters of buds for moments glow
Minute to minute the light is falling
Vanishing to nothingness or far beyond
Dreams of the night in their magic calling
In their dazzling lurch of shadows dance fawned

Tomorrow comes again with new spring
In blossoms of blue and white together
Touching to brilliant bereavement blooms
Into the blackness with new songs to sing
Imminent brilliant being its bellwether
Departing the woodland silence and glooms

Peter S. Quinn

Time Comes And Time Goes (From, Poet On Www)

Time comes and time goes,
Every way has a little while;
Like a breeze in the airflows,
That will gust on and beguile.

Something comes in the air,
When summer comes around;
Blooming ways small and dear,
In beds earth are then found.

Spring makes it's tide's vow,
In the green and growing hills;
Every leaf and every bough,
Promises of blossoms idylls.

Colors linger the grass grows,
With a new and warmer smile;
Who'll know what after glows?
When the time's walked its mile.

Peter S. Quinn

Time Comes Into The Footsteps (From, Dried Flowers)

Time comes into the footsteps of many ways,
Its splendor aloft in all its high out flight;
The sun touches clouds even on gray days,
Like stars are above in the deep and the night.
Nature is of colors and all the growing things,
Steadfast flowing water to the new shores;
Ripen the earth's breast and life again brings,
To changeable forest and all it implores.
Soft fall and feel of the withering leaves,
All is now shortening into dream and dark;
The minutes and hours in sullen interweaves,
Only dawn's sunrise awaking into spark.
Bright times ahead will rise again to birth,
Give us the new seedlings in springtime's worth.

Peter S. Quinn

Time Eyes

time eyes
blue morning reality

walking instant
remembered
then confusing

dew on lilacs
loaded still

barefoot pretense
of aged innocence

Peter S. Quinn

Time Eyes (From,134 Picture Poems)

time eyes
blue morning reality

walking instant
remembered
then confusing

dew on lilacs
loaded still

barefoot pretense
of aged innocence

Peter S. Quinn

Time For A Time Tree

Time for a time tree
Growing on to be
Something different and high
Reaching for the blue sky

Days of winter gone
On to the coming sun
Oh how time and day passes by
Reaching out saying goodbye

Time for a time shade
Colors like the sky made
Onto the fresh summer coming
As a day shades its blossoming

Day for a sun shining
Glow on a horizon lining
Something is coming now soon
Perhaps it's the days of June

Time for a time tree
We'll have to wait and see
What freshness is coming ahead
And blossoming on summer's bed

Days of glow and gold
Nothing its light can hold
For now is the time of its year
As colors grow alive around here

Peter S. Quinn

Time Going Through

Time going through
Here today gone tomorrow
Always hours to renew
In gladness and its sorrow

Yesterday was in its shine
Glowing red on ocean
Fire glisten horizon line
Full of enduring erosion

Dreams to catch in drift
Like a glow in the sky
Each in fleetingly swift
As their proceedings die

Life's like waft on leaves
Turn and a hasty velocity
Gladness and its grieves
Wonder in its curiosity

Day by day playing
Paces of time's scheme
Hiatus thoughts and saying
Gone veracity to dream

Roads to reserve thought
Trials of time and space
By some means brought
To you in years and days

Peter S. Quinn

Time Has Come

Time has come to be of now
In the trials of winter's end
The torrent sun of time's vow
Houses of tomorrows commend
The breakneck of sea dees
That tangled the fruit of dawn
The quill of each wandering wave
It's dancing hoof and gown
In sands earth of blossoms gravities

Now here comes all across
The gulls and sails from sea
To grow back what was in its loss
To become the clouds of free
The sunset nets will raise granaries
And bring the geese and dow
There once again the billows rave
And green shall be summer's bough
Yes once again in the seven seas

The eternal waters come and give
From delivering that dwelt
So here again the breeze shall live
That for so long wasn't felt
Like dry swaying straws in breeze
To new flames of turning powers
Those paces that poorly behave
Shall become leaves of tinting flowers
And we again be rooted as trees

Tomorrow...

Peter S. Quinn

Time Is

Time is going
Like a fire in time
Glistening glow
Losing its prime
Dreams on the fly
Catching a wave
Going to the sky
In its hour's crave

Time is darken
Like an eye in sleep
Flow stars sparking'
Eras not to keep□
All is like a dream
Onward to the night
In lives river stream
Gone in morning's bright

Time is our being□
Life that goes thru
Our ways seeing
What was once true
Light in catching urge
Dream of love's debate
Thru the billows surge
That can never wait

Peter S. Quinn

Time Is A Time Going

Time is a time going
On to the steps all around
From the departure flowing
And needs again to be found
Signs are the pathways tomorrow
Making the destinies road
Feelings of yesterday borrow
And taking of their many load
When time is a time going

Time is a time showing
That has been done before
Nothing to no one owning
Making its settle to score
Rise to times and their sign
Everything comes to unwind
When stumbling upon to align
Which has been before assigned?
When time is a time showing

Time is a time knowing
All that's been done before?
Fast forward speed or slowing
With nothing to know anymore
The Situations matching all up
Finding a way to survive
Holding its own not at all to stop
That's what makes it alive
When times are times knowing

Time is a time staying
With its perspective content
On to each stage playing
Onto their purpose and advent
Nothing to take for sure
For so much is far behind
When corners come to allure
To those illusions that are blind
When time is a time staying

Time is a time tomorrow
When much has turned around
And we of those steps borrow
When none's there to be found
Halfway and through the hide
Everything is crooked not straight
Compromised intention inside
To have it all again deactivate
For time is a time tomorrow

Peter S. Quinn

Time Is Glowing On

Time is glowing on
Through the hours sincere
Morning sun has shone
The evening is now near
Without letup going
Preceding hours before
Every day is flowing
To a greener shore

There's a big silence
Going here through
When winter's dance
Dies in spring's new
Meet of fresh sprouts
From the protected earth
Cleanness without doubts
Every viewings worth

Time's on going landscape
Greetings from airstreams
Make and giving verve shape
So all terrain newly seems...

Peter S. Quinn

Time Spaces - Sonnet

Time spaces of greenery grass going around
Every day counting clouds in the drifting
Meadows and hill sides all earthly bound
In their tides and river streams shifting
Falling days to evening then to night
Circling motions on the horizon distance
Coming through to the twinkling starry light
With their faraway blue and glowing trance

Crooked branches through all the living on going
Within shadows and brooks of its own time
Every instance of moods in their glowing
That today and the evening shows its prime
Like a photograph always giving more
That comes today or tomorrow might store

Peter S. Quinn

Time That Comes So Easily (From, Dried Flowers)

Time that comes so easily into life,
With the tongue so bitter but always young;
The wheels of the moments man has to strife,
Amenities of all that's here among.
Kisses of now in sand against stillness,
Deeper and drought with trotting for the years;
Mustering flowers yelping to meet fresh,
Upon going what tomorrow appears.
Surmise of shapes that seldomly will start,
Morning in the meeting entomb of odds;
The hidden nests that bewildered the heart,
Sternly moment blossoms ravished strange gauds.
Waves that don't rest but are moving ahead,
All thoughts confounding in the aforesaid.

Peter S. Quinn

Time -time - Time - Time

Time time time time
You flow in your tides
And rises to every prime
That through the ages guides
Oh come here in your chance
And bring each us through
Like tint leaves in trance
Each one for me and you

Time time the hour is still
With dreams to pass by
And every ones fulfill
Until they fade and fly
Oh rush not these senses
That makes us their joy
When hours flow and dances
As time they destroy

Time you always are new
Though old you sometime seems
When you are going though
In reality and dreams
And wander to the ways
That comes to each of us
Like night and waking days
That sometimes are in rush

*(Written now, while watching a Peter Pan movie; -)

Peter S. Quinn

Time To Tell The Truth (From Rock Star)

What I can do I can do again
I have a thought in my afterbrain
Roller coaster pain
It's all about a roller coaster pain
All about a roller coaster pain
Running through each stretching vein

Stand up and do you own thing
Bring in the light that we can't hate
Moving with fame trying to sing
Give it your best voting can't wait

The pulses within your heartbeats
What does this all 'perfection' mean
Their meanings and streetwise aesthetes
Where have they before all been

Cover your changes who shall win
There is no room to be here different
Vote for your nearest - hold that linchpin
Your way of thinking - it's own aspirant

Nothing comes in and out easy
There is no room for changing me
All to directions briefly and breezy
What will it be you just wait and see

Cover your changes who shall win
There is no room to be here different
Roll on your weel - hold that linchpin
Your way of thinking - it's own aspirant
Your way of thinking - it's own aspirant

You can't win I'm on my own turf
You can't win I'm on my own turf
You can't win I'm on my own turf
You can't win I'm on my own turf

Cover your changes who shall win

There is no room to be here different
Vote for your nearest - hold that linchpin
Your way of thinking - it's own aspirant
Nothing comes in and out easy
There is no room for changing me
All to directions briefly and breezy
What will it be you just wait and see

Turn around your own fading luck
Get yourself as fast as you can out of here
Don't be the one who's forever stuck
Lost and never again found - going nowhere

Going nowhere, going nowhere
Time to tell the truth - yeah
Going nowhere, going nowhere
Time to tell the truth - yeah

Time to tell the truth - yeah
Time to tell

Peter S. Quinn

Time Touches

time touches
life like a cloud

heaven is beyond
twinkling stars

waiting in desire
and longing

Peter S. Quinn

Time Will Come And They'll Glow

Time will come and they'll glow
But yesterdays are gone somehow
Like a lovely dream down the row
That billowed a while to and fro

There is so much from day to day
That isn't completely forgotten
And as the memories to us play
Scattered times again are plottin'

The wind's gay's sometimes blowing
Through time that has just gone by
As each hour's still with us growing
The old and forgotten away will fly

Realms of tomorrow are built on this
And woven around our innermost desire
Fading radiance and a gleaming bliss
That catches our dreams in their fire

Thousands of bright through the dim
In forms of visions so much untold
Playful beaming thoughts of whim
That no one can warp around or hold

This and more of a yesterday's dream
Bringing on a while vision of its light
Glow of its moments like fairies seem
Going away into the forgotten night

Peter S. Quinn

Timeless Charters

We are taking every dream
Making something of their worth
Filling woes of their stream
Illusion behind every birth
Far too late of remembrance
Like glimpse in starry sky
Behind walls of resemblance
Reasons coming to ask why

Moods of truth in transition
Like roses red in tonight
World we know in partition
Within everything quite slight
Somewhere to be in its between
Undertaking the mind illusions
What is here and can't be seen
In its ways and transfusions

Holding there of what to make
Finding it within its doubt
Leaves and fruits - its mandrake
Growing seeds - thoughts in sprout
Every theme to make a change
From its hoops and garters
Schemes of benefit to rearrange
From its timeless charters

Peter S. Quinn

Timeless Steps

Now the morning is coming
In blossoms of its light
Wind on my window humming
With its cold outside

Dreams are in their place
Filling empty on look
Thru their mystical hazy grace
That binocular bliss took

In a universe of their own
Where we are in our difference
Plentiful not yet shown
In their in-between trance

In their toward on falling
Thru the timeless steps go on
Endless fantasies are calling
Thru the lakes of wild swan

Where we feel always more
Castles in the sky beyond
Of coming of unknown shore
Never to authenticity dawned

Peter S. Quinn

Times - Some Of Memory (From The Lost Sonnets)

To all the moody of gone yesterdays
Comes another deep spinning around dreams
In their colorful of yearning's ashtrays
Where still everything in closeness seems
Where my heart's in a beat with reality
Walking in moments of happiness going
Of summer set mornings so carelessly
And opportunity in each part showing

Where the yesterdays were still of tomorrow
And their ways had their smiling on faces
The beats of time were never in borrow
Or a step into its times tied laces

Those times are now some of memory
Falling apart by the days going on free

Peter S. Quinn

Times - Sonnet

There are times we got feel more than others
When the day is spat upon and rattled on
When you feel that you need to trust brothers
And your heart is in night and so much gone
When today is like a place nowhere to go
With our intentions to be continuing
As the thoughts are distracted in its thru flow
Of all that is beyond and diffusing bring

Some drops of tears to flowing with the rain
When such times with heart comes and cries
In every path of its trials lost and pain
When some important is lost in goodbyes
Some these moments are weary in believes
Taking truth to the strain and the grieves

Peter S. Quinn

Times And Moments

Moments of waking up
In the days of flowing
Something that will never stop
In its instants of going
Dreams that were coming thru
All that was of the mind
Love songs for me and you
Those that the heart could find

Moon and the stars in sky
All in a true fairytale
The flashes of low and high
Some thru the years that fail
Dances of times that are here
Playing their better part
Happy days from everywhere
With inside beats of your heart

Moments of dreams to please
Making their up believes
Happy years that one sees
Contrasting happy and grieves
So much to give and take
Giving your imaginings reality
Love that for moments awake
Wishes to come and to be

Peter S. Quinn

Times Are A Changing (From, Poems Of Papa Due

Times are a changing,
Spring of night goes;
Seeds are rearranging,
Where the wind blows.
Through the moves forward,
The forest in the sun;
Life is long and hard,
Joyless or some fun.

Crows and wild dogs,
Each with day or two;
Onward further logs,
Sideways for the new.
Garbage and the picnic,
Reborn hundred times;
Within a mouse click-click,
Rearrange this rime.

Times are of the ages,
Name by name and game;
Fountain river images,
Never flowing to same.
Sleeping land and sea,
Beneath the beating waves;
Roots from a living tree,
Barefoot and sleeping paws.

Peter S. Quinn

Times Are Always Moving

Times are always moving somewhere to
Dark stubbornness and the light that will shine
Days of life and death that draws contrasting line
For the epoch ahead again to renew
Like shingles on your way that make you stop by
Hours just to give purpose to each meaning
The feelings that offer all their intervening
To open up hearts and asking questions why

Convictions for all and what made time like this
Aspects between minions to open a door
What life was here among us and still is
And bring new inquiries on and furthermore
To ascertain our trust - that love gives
And what shall remain on death - that lives

Peter S. Quinn

Time's Gone Dawning

A night is now coming in
Into truly worth and spin
The flowers grown in shadows
From summer's last glows
A song of daybreak's day
That comes along to play
With much to live and to do
In every dim tone quite true

The autumn is now here
In its seclusions dimity year
With tinctures of earthly brown
Before winter night's town
Where diffuse is openly found
In thoughts and moods around
Feelings are in lonely strength
In their minutes of hours length

When wishing stars are falling
From eternity above calling
Commencing peaks and mounts high
Where the yonder of space lie
And day's fire is turning red
In the morning of skies eve bled
Before bluish boldly rides
Where the moon in clouds glides

A night is now coming in
Into truly worth and spin
The flowers grown in shadows
From summer's last glows
A song in a heartfelt mood
Every darkish deep soul and food
The river of the yawning
Flowing in time's gone dawning

(from my Album: Something More)

Times In Past

Times in past are gone with their tone
With so much they have given me
Every luck and turn they have shown
Their hours were made building new
Crossing steps seeing them through
What I thought was never to be

Times that came for a day
With their inspirations to give
Feelings and longing everyway
In each their expectations to live
Times are going the wind has blown
Everything is always continuing
Like a day that to the new will sing

Times that came for a day
With their inspirations to give
Feelings and longings everyway
In their expectations to live
Times are going the wind has blown
Everything is always continuing
Like a day that to the new will sing

They are gone - of to somewhere flown
What shall tomorrow to my hours bring
Underneath this path of winter's wing

Peter S. Quinn

Time's Love Is Curving (From, Without A Doubt)

Time's love is curving out to endless dreams
Going on in to its highlighted evening
Something of freshness to running streams
That the high above coming rain shall bring
Day and night to find the flowing river
That will appear to sponge down aging stains
Give of its twisting to again deliver
Everything that conveys living pains

You and I perhaps constantly intact
Through every our existence quarrel
That gives some reactions for what we are
Nothing everlastingly stays the exact
Or gets there close on its highest laurel
We come and go like a reflecting dark star

Peter S. Quinn

Times Of Troubled Tomorrow

Times of troubled tomorrow
In all this yearning on
That will become or borrow
Through nomadic autobahn
Holding back on its sight
To travelers of the day
What's then wrong or right?
If that will go either way

Times of ahead in space
Days in bygone showing
Too many turning ways
If nobody is there going
Holding on to and find
Where you can travel to
Spots of corners are blind
Nothing to hit upon or do

Times of the disturbed day
What will secure it now?
Each in its numerous lay
To threads of vague disallow
Times are closing streets
Falling and following days
Falter in its balanced beats
In too many turning ways

Peter S. Quinn

Times On High Are Calling

Times on high are calling
Feelings that touch like glow
On to sideways are falling
On their catch to their go
Depths a turning electric
Taking chances to be free
Games of know how specific
Everything coming eternally

A heart and soul you can't hold
Touching the moods of flames
What you bring days to unfold
In their structure and names
The night away of its morning
That comes without a warning
Their callings on and learning
Like a wondering way swarming

Times with bright blue skies
And the opportunities knocking
Never asking questions why
In their turns of unclogging
Only to be there when you call
Giving of what is really needed
Taking a high in its thrall
When breaks are at ease seated

Peter S. Quinn

Times That Once Were

Everything carries me to you
One by one step in time
Love of the heart to renew
Feelings from time's gone prime

Each every step of the way
Coming and going to night
Meet every minute and day
Share every thought of its light

Everything carries me here on
Love that is waiting to touch
Moments of memories gone
Heart that said I love you so much

But nothing's forever to be
We like time keep on going
Thoughts and moments so differently
Something to futures growing

Everything that is just me
Comes and then carries me on
Love that's embraced is now free
Our time and stories all gone

Days we had become memories
Footsteps that made this earth
Garden of thoughts and old trees
Times that once were of worth

Peter S. Quinn

Tinctures Of Life

A new day is always in trouble
Of what's to come and be
In clearance sightseeing double
Each day from a morning so free
And as the day goes on and on
With luck of hope to follow
Falling footsteps will be gone
Thru dark and shadows hollow

But now the sky is quite blue
In all its shining on wonder
With light of afresh coming thru
In tinctures of life asunder
Some that might dazzle bright
With feelings in higher singing
Until there again is night
With more of its shadows bringing

A morning in the coming clear
With every its way and worth
Love to accomplish and share
From hours of its weigh and worth
In green of the meadows and hills
And plentiful more to give
Like a breeze of a moment fills
In the life we together now live

Peter S. Quinn

Titanic (A Love Song)

Every day every moment
Our love I shall carry on,
As in the past when you were here
But those times are now done and gone;
In my heart you remain always
From the distance through every time,
Every day every moment
You are still with me everywhere.

How can I carry my burden lonely like this?
I long for your lips and your kiss.
How can I carry on a heart so broken?
Without your words that were never spoken.

Every day every moment
Our love I shall carry on,
And my sorrow I shall bear
But joyful moments are all gone;
You are here you are there
In my ways and all remaining days,
From the distance through time
Can you feel my lonely tear?

Moments with you I shall always miss
Belonging to you is my only wish,
How can I carry on a heart so broken?
Without your words that were never spoken.

Peter S. Quinn

To A Dreamy Space

The shadows of days now will cast their walk
To the leeway of autumn's grazing land
Yellow to red brown bygone cornstalk
Now in to essence of empty remand
Shattering sounds of the transparent days
Happiness is in hope and its smiles
Winter comes with its meandering plays
Occultation rambling vapor tiles

To a dreamy space of yesterdays gone
Essence of summer and evening song
Absent to memories incessantly
Carry their quintessence of yearnings on
Each extirpation day that I now long
In heart on now echo acquiescently

*- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

To Africa (While I Was There In The Desert Sands...)

Come here rise with me
Mornings of the heart
Love is sweet and free
From the hours start
Given in to rise
Glowing new sky
Nowhere gray's disguise
In its stepping high

Over clouds that drift
Every curtain line
Up and up to lift
To make new sunshine
Tangling the rust
On earth's field
Ages to coming dust
Stories are still wheeled

Through the open door
Every aspect goes
Riches and what they store
Wealth of green grows
Mother Nature's thrill
Deserts sands that blaze
To new dreams fulfill
Your irresistible bright ways

*(The poem above was put up as it is, because I fell once in love with a poem called:

Africa

Written by Maya Angelou

Thus she had lain
sugercane sweet
deserts her hair
golden her feet

mountains her breasts
two Niles her tears.
Thus she has lain
Black through the years.

Over the white seas
rime white and cold
brigands ungentled
icicle bold
took her young daughters
sold her strong sons
churched her with Jesus
bled her with guns.
Thus she has lain.

Now she is rising
remember her pain
remember the losses
her screams loud and vain
remember her riches
her history slain
now she is striding
although she has lain.)

Peter S. Quinn

To An Unknown Destiny

All our love is like clouds in the sky,
Running around to an unknown destiny.
Before space runs out we must try,
To be honest to protect and keep free.
In every thought and moments of time,
We gave, to remember each other well.
To forget affections is almost as a crime,
For there is no one else - of love to tell.

Like the blue heaven above the earth,
Is there something for us to understand?
To give importance, to passion and birth,
Is at our disposal and at our command.
For the reason of every game we play,
There is hope in a dream that we set.
We can hold on to it, or leave its way,
But we'll never then know what we'll get.

Every instant in life is too important,
Just to throw it away without a reason.
After you feel and see how it's grand,
In each turn there comes a new season.

Peter S. Quinn

To And Fro Into The Darkness (Song Of Murky Light)

To and fro into the darkness low night
Every flickering fragile day flame
Shadows are dancing to the night the same
Giving a touch of the lost fading light
Never come again from destiny's halls
Every footstep that's gone in astray
Lost in the dusk of time's wandering way
Everything living to death befalls

Flowers of glum embraces - you dim sense
With a song of the moon and its lost star
Contained by their hold and not to be found
Sapphire flames in tawny clouds fragments
Every devour moment gone afar
Like thousands drizzling drops fallen to ground

Peter S. Quinn

To Autumn

What will you say now that your time's almost done?
A heart disturbed in the deepness of blue
Feelings like leaves withering there on
Never again its green foliage to renew

Name of unnamed - lonely and faraway
Gentleness of dreams and displays to keep
All that has met its past and gone today
Inside your solitude and far in its deep

Yesterdays in its many instances
Beckons of the heart in its reddish blanches
Wings that were flying in incandescence of air

Bringing the distances nearer and free
Those that were of night and sometimes blare
All that was to seek in its eternity

Peter S. Quinn

To Delicate Love

Give me time that keeps its touch
Feelings that never overcome
Saying of the heart: I love you so much
The specialty of passions blossom
Ride with me through the evening sky
And tell me your fancies free
Never let fires of a love die
Always have it inside to be

Give me your wings of love
Trust me with what to do
Like a drift of the clouds above
This kind of love is never through
Clouds may get dark and raindrops fall
And everything feels without reason
But love will again to your heart call
With its full blossoming season

Give me a morning of reddish dawn
Feelings from the deep like fire
Try every colors full lifespan
Through your daydreams and desire
You are so much like a flower
Delicate in touch and shade
Blossoming truly its dower
Everything with aspirations made

Peter S. Quinn

To Dreams

To dreams give a try,
Each thought is in between,
As dust away will fly,
Like what will not be seen.

Each day is yet another,
One forward stepping more,
To seek the touching mother.
That holds the heart's ashore.

Peter S. Quinn

To Dreams Give A Try (From, Lost Song Poems)

To dreams give a try,
Each thought is in between,
As dust away will fly,
Like what will not be seen.

Each day is yet another,
One forward stepping more,
To seek the touching mother.
That holds the heart's ashore.

Peter S. Quinn

To Earth (A Song)

You are divine
You are spring of time
You are sunshine
And blossoms in prime
Every love is of you
Each footstep coming
The sky high and blue
On white clouds blossoming

You are till my end
Everything I'll stand for
My life to comprehend
And open its door
My feelings in making
The songs that I sing
Each sorrow I am aching
Each pleasure I will bring

O darling my mother
The cradle of every love
My sister and my brother
Fresh air from the above
Treetops of the green
The waterfalls and river
Every thought between
That you to my heart deliver

Peter S. Quinn

To Fall In Love With You

To fall in love with you
Is something that comes to be
Feelings of heart coming through
Everything that's inside me
Flowers of summer gone
All that gave that's around
To carry our dreams going through
That fixes the days we found

To fall again like the rain
Closer than ever before
All inside its moments and vain
Open to waves of new shore
Love that is pain going through
Dreams that once were a touch
All that was inside me and you
And we loved both so much

To fall in love was so sweet
Going through days that were around
From lips and eyes we'd read
All what love had found
But now it's time for new dreams
Going through other days
For nothing again is as it seems
In our love and its ways

Flowers of summer gone
All that gave that's around
To carry our dreams going through
That fixes the days we found
Dreams can't stay for too long
We have to move on and go
Days are alike in many a song
Footsteps of memories flow

To fall in love with you
Is something that came to be
Those feelings are now due

Again on wandering free
Flowers of all those summers gone
All that gave that is around
Carrying our dreams gone through
Hearts to memories bound

Love that is pain going through
Dreams that once were a touch
All that was inside me and you
And we loved both so much

Feelings of heart coming through
Everything that's inside me
Everything that's inside me

Peter S. Quinn

To Follow

To follow tintured glow
Thru day of mornings rise
When light is on its flow
Of the moments going ties

To feel the heart's beat
In a morning new daybreak
On pillows of its treat
When it comes to awake

To give a rose fragrance
When day comes again
And mingle it with stance
Those never are in vain

Peter S. Quinn

To Go With A Passive Night

To go with a passive night
Until tomorrow blooms
Show again their glorious bright
As wind to summer grooms
In falling of yesterdays dark
Icily silver thread roses
All that in a window did spark
And winter in cold exposes

To go with a heart's alone beat
Unaided to grow on old
Where apathy your loneliness treat
Without any passions unfold
The night in the dimmest of way
Flowers of loveless leaves
Where indifferences shadows play
Full in their moments grieves

To go with your spirit and soul
To unlock doors of lost
Giving it a fresh form and role
All that came of this frost
Strangers in the night are we
Dreaming our unlike dreams
Gathering closely momentarily
Where nothing alone seems

Peter S. Quinn

To Happy Moments Arriving

To happy moments arriving
I shall give one of my all
Everything there contriving
That to my heart will call
Lights so twinkling bright
In the many days going
These are a happy Jul night
Of chime and lights glowing

To the hours that are falling
Into the deep of old time
Some yesterday's still calling
As moments away climb
In drift of minutes snowing
With their white silver thread
Our minds are down slowing
In thoughts once aforesaid

To happy times now here
These lovely hours giving
What we find close and dear
And truly in our hearts living
The moments of light and dark
That comes here now around
With every its glowing spark
That in these days is found

Peter S. Quinn

To Know Of Love (From, Spring Come Come)

Ok my sweet for the days to come
To be of yours for evermore
To know of love and where it's from
Of each temptation be sure
For life is a sleep or a waking lie
With a heart that fell from open sky
A trial of faith to bring and try
Or giving reasons to its alibi

Ok my sweet it is all on earth here
To open roads of destiny
What we take up to give and share
A love song for you and me
For earth is the place to walk on
And finding the new before its gone
Those rustic lines that's never done
Trusted t dust in its stories bygone

Ok my earth how sweet you are
With a given stroke of its everything
Like a hope of blue the morning star
That to my heart each longing bring
I am like every man of the hour
A seed grown up to become a flower
A robe to hold my providence plower
What brought me here by times power

Peter S. Quinn

To Life

I love the tiny little flowers
Those that come freshly in spring
In the stunning newly hours
That newborn summer bring

In their colors white and yellow
The little seedlings in the snow
With their rising saying hello
Like first of sunrise glow

I love every little bouquet
That grows in the garden's bed
And I don't winter regret
With its snowy wingspread

Or its darkness in icy cold
That nothing will give to wake
And no touch of love can hold
By moonlight at the lake

I love all the little crocuses
That shall bring new Ester in
When early spring focuses
On its shading tints spin

With each newly growth of living
That dances in freshly gust
The earth is again giving
To life in new robust

Peter S. Quinn

To Love

To love for all that comes to give
Each somber ablaze from a beating heart
In rejoice now and its moments relive
Which is a feeling of muse's on start
Like bracing gold in sunshine ablaze
And rising spirit of Weavings Sea
All so much pours and its filling grace
That comes in eternally for you and me

The silvered dew on the ocean floor
The hideaway of the dark cloudlet sky
Each tempers in tinctures more and more
With question of secretly answers why
To love in its grace and hours morning
Like clearance of fire without a warning

Peter S. Quinn

To My Mother

Like primary colors,
My love towards you;
Never turns or palter,
Everything's quite true.

It has none boarders,
Nor drifts into the blue;
And it never falters,
In a standing value.

Coloration of colors,
Never need to redo;
Nothing there alters,
What love does imbue.

Each virtue orders,
Sees so clearly through;
Knows of no brooders,
Or those that argue.

The palette of colors,
Of shadings - quite new;
I've always loved you,
And newer withdrew.

Peter S. Quinn

To New Born Springtime

She's the lady of the lake
The new born springtime
Her soul that plays at night
On the harp of nocturnal colors
The whisper of the wind
When the nightingale sings

Peter S. Quinn

To Non Existence

To non existence the moments must go
With each their vestiges that came to be
The wandering thoughts that now fly on free
Like the falling glimmering pallor snow
Days that ones were are retrospect's glow
Traveler along the winding dark sea
Crossing murk without their lively spree
Something of recall in tide's time flow

Days be forgotten to times of yore
Like carillons ringing their soundings leave
Echoes that are transformed to new fullness
What has been here the ages can not store
Only to memories they will retrieve
In churn out there as well to less and less

Peter S. Quinn

To Our Time – Sonnet

Each time is of summer or winters bright
Of love and compassion so temperate
New morning of feelings that comes with light
That everything thereon must generate

Our life is to behold its bouquets vow
And give of its meaning each day some more
For the time that we have is only of now
For nothing of this life is ever for yore

Each summer shall pass into its fading way
And give us autumn of memories dust
For time that we behold shall never stay
Therefore me must give and our heart trust

We for these instances like buds of May
In each our working of reverie and play

Peter S. Quinn

To Snowdrop

1.

The sea wolf comes with each tide
Circling the waves of the weary darkness
Its dark cloud will sound its wind through the ray
And give its way to inner light
What it else brings, who will know
Only few hours and minutes more till beginning burn
When the stars will fall off to shine
To the mistress - the 'pale head heavy as metal' (sic)

2.

Flowers of dark surround the head
With inside wintering bouquets' from earth
Weasel and crow are searching still
Giving a thought to the inside grown wild,
Like a flash from light, each understands
Through the mind of darkness of normalness
Death is not within these infinities
Nor madness that pursues Snowdrop

(Inspiration: Ted Hughes' Snowdrop

Now is the globe shrunk tight
Round the mouse's dulled wintering heart
Weasel and crow, as if moulded in brass
Move through an outer darkness
Not in their right minds,
With other deaths. She, too pursues her ends
Brutal as the stars of this month
Her pale head heavy as metal) .

Peter S. Quinn

To The Darkness Comes The Sun

To the darkness comes the sun,
Carries light and wisdom spawn;
Every word is thoughtful there,
Holding hearts together here.
Giving chance and answers still,
Filling empty hours till
Morning comes again to fill
Darkness up with a breath of light.
Every agreement that is so right,
Carrying love till love is gone;
Full of answers where there are none,
Giving tomorrows hopes and will.
Climbing with life another hill,
Filling empty hours till
Breath awakes new life from sleep,
When waves boom from ocean deep;
And the forest sings along:
Celebration in a wilderness song!
To the darkness falls each cloud,
For awoken is life and singing loud.

Peter S. Quinn

To The Days Ahead

To the days ahead,
I will follow renewed
Shades have now bled
And branches lie nude;
Cold and the breeze
Inside here are growing,
With different ecstasies
And other ways showing.

A night in sully mood
And wondering ways,
Showing, be ballyhooed
In different grayer days;
Now inside comes out
And fills the senses too,
With thoughts far about
Something from the new.

Contrast between the past
And this now that goes on,
The right ahead in cast
What is then again gone!
All that drifts to ahead
With futures of its own,
The aforementioned said:
Disappearing from enthrone.

Peter S. Quinn

To The Days That Are Coming

There are days that are coming
All so inside of this
With their future on summing
In a dreamy way and bliss
When a heart is awoken
In its beating and trust
And each seat is there taken
That has not been yet lost

When you feel the new light
In the days that are growing
And the future becomes bright
In to where it's all going
And we feel what we know
Trust that's meant all to be
In a memory that will glow
As you come new things to see

There are futures now lifting
Every curtain down drawn
All happy days onward shifting
Those were under winter's gown
Your heart will beat in singing
Every day is coming new
And new spring in bringing
As these moments go on through

When you feel the new light
In the days that are growing
And the future becomes bright
In to where it's all going

You will understand it all
Why our existence is like this
Winter, spring, summer and fall
In a dreamy way and bliss

Peter S. Quinn

To The Dim Oceans (From, Spring Come Come)

Do not be gone to love's dream
In to the darkness weeping
To the dim oceans faraway stream
Where shadows of flowers are creeping

The lonely skies for evermore
And rainy clouds all around blowing
Where thoughts of sorrow drift to shore
Into the yesterday's nowhere going

Where the eyes of a dripping tear
Radiance of everlasting is showing
And feelings of loneliness are near
With their mood shallowness glowing

Bouquets bound to be cast away
And nowhere into tomorrows' color fire
The Realms of dark to meet the day
To give of its deep grief-stricken desire

Love that I had like a hope in its past
Walking away to departing times
Distant structure how curtly they last
Taken away into the offset of primes

Long is how long in comparative state
Nothing to hold on that can be of certain
All is approach of routes to each fate
Giving of pleasures and burning of pain

Peter S. Quinn

To The Dreams

To the dreams that come and go
As the night follows in
Shattered ways of vast and glow
Reaching in its timeless spin

Everything has been up build
Thru the times of captured ways
Others soon to be up filled
As recollections start and plays

In hearts own beat and sound
To a day that comes to an end
All the treasures here around
That we timeless always spend

That is coming thru the start
Of the morning soon to be
From the thought that did depart
For another to become free

In every hour that is waiting
With moments to capture still
Contrasting moods and departing
Every moment to again fulfill

To the dreams that come and go
Where they follow and rise
Like the tides on shores flow
In their Hellos and Goodbyes

Peter S. Quinn

To The Highlands

The dismantled earth is our only through street
With night of night fool's gold turning camber
Filled with the brows of yellow threads amber
The bride's jewels of assembled godly treat
Doors that were opened are waiting to be closed
Divided and spattered by vultures ritual
Songs of wheels that anguish the habitual
With voices throughout highlands ghosts imposed

Carnage muddy plated her garments now are
The martyrdom day has given its night
The flow of the river has dried to earth's scar
And each stream of its pearly mirror light

Oh come here again my merry-go-round
For nowhere else your pleasures have I found

Peter S. Quinn

To The Innocence Lost

When love was around
Its sweetness was found
In the beautiful days
Of exhibition ways
Now the blues comes in
Every heart to win
To give sadness a tone
And make hearts alone

We were once so young
In our times to long
Giving being each a thought
We once were taught
Over hills and the sea
We wished eternally to be
Carrying wind in the wings
What tomorrow brings

Now we sit with hope
Finding pathways and scope
To the innocence lost
Different time away tossed

Peter S. Quinn

To The Joy Of Christmas Time

There is Christmas coming in
Joyful whimsy whim whim spin
Every corner lights a tree
For happy eyes to come and see
With the bells tinkling ringing
And children - carols singing
To the joy of Christmas time
That's now coming in its prime

Every cloud that glides above
Is in mist of peace and love
Waken days and glisten night
In the happy hours light
Every harmony truly giving
With the moments we're living
Joyful weather - fallen snow
Every moment in its glow

There's a Christmas now awaken
Seats with smiling faces taken
For every child that waits for this
Coming night - in an eyeing bliss
When our joy rises to entwine
Through the darkness hours shine
Be happy - give your best smile
Let these moments last long while

Peter S. Quinn

To The Minutes Passing (From, Rock Star)

The dreams are always ahead
Of every wish you desire
In a summer morning bed
The growth is going higher

The people I have meet
They are no strangers more
For I have with them bleat
Found out what they are for

Time comes and meets the minutes passing
And there is only one way through it all
Hopes are sometimes just for the glassing
What comes to be within or be a back fall

We know the truth and lies
Each wakes us up to look
Like the clouds in their disguise
Some are open or a closed book

We need to trust ourselves most
For we are just what we are
Be a perfect partner and a host
And the heart will get us afar

Time comes and meets the minutes passing
And there is only one way through it all
Hopes are sometimes just for the glassing
What comes to be within or be a back fall

Live and die with purposes still
Though lonely the times might be
See the sunshine over the hill
And the garden surrounding a tree

What you give be accounted for
For everything turns back to you
Grow your peace instead of war
And you will get to be what you do

Peter S. Quinn

To The Moon – A Song

Now moon's in on heaven's high
And shining its bluish light
That turns away the darkish sky
In moods of cloudlets flight
Somber thoughts that came to play
Leave for brass gold ingot to be
In twilights temper timeless weigh
Where morrow dreams may plea

Where is this night those stills?
In the darkness glow around
That make blink stars its thrills
And nowhere else are found
Vast thoughts of dimming rays
The eternal atmosphere of dark
That never in light for long stays
And to the night-time embark

Oh playful moon upon the sky
Beyond these bluish bond rays
In endless thought as time flies
While clouds of drifts there plays
How much like earth your look is
With mountains and dales deep
Your visage swaddled in bliss
For the romantic hearts to keep

Peter S. Quinn

To The Open Sea

To the open sea
Of the faraway
I'll be going on free
To meet a new day
Every feeling's low
Shall rise to high
In letting me know
The openness sky

Like green growing
When summer is here
And yet not knowing
What comes or goes there
An open door's waiting
To be closed again
In our times debating
Hope and ordain

Earth is always tying
Our future to the past
And steps on modifying
As time becomes dust
Each song's for a while
Tying old to the new
Its open doors beguile
As we are going thru

Peter S. Quinn

To The Painter

Dreamer oh dreamer with a pencil to see
Morning of starlight in the glistening dark
Feelings of the heart in wonderments to be
With your vision inside a glow that will spark
Each your beautiful painting like a song
Giving soft lines and tint from the heart
Something from moonlight of magic to long
All that is in the dreams that life shall start

Dewdrops are your shadings on the canvass
Filling it with shine like a morning daybreak
Never is your pencil dry or beaconless
Dreamer oh dreamer with colors to awake!

Sun is pouring sunshine over the clouds
While you draw the faces of wandering crowds

Peter S. Quinn

To The Stars In The Sky (From, Lost Song Poems)

To the stars in the sky
I must sing this song,
For they glitter and die
Both faintly and strong;
Like enchanting melody
That came to my ears,
With longings and memory
That no one ever hears.

I will sing of my wishes
To wherever they go,
What one hopes for and misses
When you love someone so;
Everything that I had
From the past until now,
What once made me so glad
Like a colorful rainbow.

To the stars that I see
On the dark heavens on,
That are faraway and free
Till the night sky is gone;
Like enchanting sweet song
That so softly will flow,
And you hear all day long
Like the past long ago.

Peter S. Quinn

To The Wind And Sea (Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

To the wind and sea
That is out there in dark,
With wings lonesome free
Flying around and to hark;
The night is a fantasy
Weaving dreams into sleep,
A inside land of inner me
And mine forever to keep.

To the sun and the moon
In the shadows and light,
In the dawn or afternoon
You reach or lose a flight;
And all is there between
The twilight and the glow,
With nothing else there seen
But both of them to grow.

To the wind and sea
With distant waves that go,
And all the flights to be
Before the eyes and flow;
You have not seen it still
All the world reveals this:
Dreams promises to fulfill
From a land of unborn wish.

Peter S. Quinn

To These Dreams From Nowhere

To these dreams from nowhere
Only a new one will come
The sweetness from yesteryear
Like a withering blossom
Upward lost free giving
The outlined body of gone
Our thoughts of past living
That time has settled and done

My fate and heart are free
In blue grey lost returned
These moods from inside of me
That I remembered and yearned
Where I couldn't fall asleep
Because it flickered on so blue
Near inside my breast deep
And outside each patching through

My dreams resonant around
Till they are lost inside
Or somewhere in reality found
In the forever returning tide

Peter S. Quinn

To Those Who Drift

To those who drift
All the life is living full,
And if a cloud shall lift
There's no moment dull;
You can allow it all
To come or go your way,
For you have made a call
To give what you say.

To those who are free
Like clouds in the sky,
And eyes so true to be
As blue is deep and height;
You know your song well
And all what it takes,
No need to there foretell
What are your next stakes.

To those who happy go
To whatever state or mood,
You shall just onward grow
For that is your attitude;
To be so much easy going
And always come drifting,
Your bearing is all glowing
And spirit so uplifting.

Peter S. Quinn

To Xanadu

To Xanadu, to Xanadu!
Our longings are calling
As the lights come thru
And the shadows are falling
Some dream will come true
With Christmas wishes
Old dreams and new
And exotic new dishes

Wishful days of giving
Some clothes new to wear
Enjoy happiness and living
Because it's this time of year
But remember the poor
They have nothing at all
Only a wishing distant star
That in brightness is tall

To Xanadu, to Xanadu!
Now to holidays going
Happy moments for you
In colored lights glowing
In this darkness shade
When svart is more svart
You've joy moments made
For your wishes and heart

Peter S. Quinn

To You

I want to touch
You with the night
I want to touch
You with the stars
I want to give you
Sun and light
I want to melt
The coldest isobars
With everything
My heart can give
You are my sunshine
And my sky
For you - I only
Shall exist and live
Sweetest rose
The iris of my eye

I want to give you
Shells from the sea
I want to give you
A streaming brook
I want to have you
Here around with me
I want to have near
Your beauties' look
For nothing's more
Precious than this
When you give me
You're smiling eyes
And your rosy lips
Once more I'll kiss
And look upon into
Your fair blue skies

I want this all
To happen very soon
For my love to grow
More on to you
I want this to be like

The sweetest tune
That comes to be
The first and true...

Peter S. Quinn

To You I Sing (From, Coradoba)

To you I sing
My song in words
A playful feeling
Like the wind in trees

A thought that is with a single breeze
A seed to catch and hold
The perfumed garden
Inside to be the flowers

Each road ahead
My dreams filled with air
A long way inside the circle
Of each romantic secret

What you might say
To my ear in a playful whisper
All colors warped inside of this
To come and be closer

The walls of walls
Surrounding each garden
With fanciful gates and secrets
That only lover know

The thoughts that come and warp the heart
With innocence and something more
About the songs we both will become
When dark and chill are faraway

Peter S. Quinn

Today (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Today I will reach to,
Whatever is out there?
Bring in the very new,
Give a thought to share.
All is for a longing new,
Down from a distant road;
Love must be seen true,
If on the water to load.

I'll reach a heart's destiny,
If I'm not out of luck;
Set all the fires there free,
That for a moment got stuck.
Where have you been?
You are the one to trust;
I have the out side and inn,
Wandered and crossed.

Today is going on strong,
With feelings that were lost;
With sincerity dingdong,
The dice have been tossed.
All is for you now to see,
If you've felt this way too;
For two and two in unity,
Is not an empty ballyhoo.

Peter S. Quinn

Today And Tomorrow Alone (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Today and tomorrow alone songs to be
Someone to love and show around
Feelings that come here inside free
And never again be the same found
Always and always when you are alone
Feeling the difference that touches you
Going to know how the wind's blown
Before each trust comes here through

Have a time for my care for always
Never again to be left on your own
The skies of the blue and the grays
Giving each different intellect and tone
Say that you love me and mean it too
Nothing shall complicate its assurance
Moods of the reaction that come through
Some have their split seconds in chance

Give every mood its opening of a life
For nothing becomes of nonentity
With every true passion let's on thrive
The approaches for you and for me
Today and tomorrow alone songs to be
Someone to love and show around
Feelings that come here inside free
And never again be the same found

Peter S. Quinn

Today Dresses (From,134 Picture Poems)

today dresses
new time

yesterdays survive in
lost emotions

stop worrying
rest life's trouble

Peter S. Quinn

Today I Am Dreaming (Or Prufrock Unhappy)

Today I am dreaming□
To where I am going
I hope it's true
I hope it's true

When there is some sunshine
My life is so much fulfilled□
When there is raining brine
Each my compartment is tilled
With gleaming from the moon
To make the job done
Yes even though it's too soon
To have winter's gleam on

I am discontented with everyone
When I am feeling so much alone
And cannot get any job done
When it's around disgruntled tone
Much do I deem but I am never aware
What shall the next purpose be?
Only on walls of displeasure I stare
Trying to catch one cannot see

Today I am dreaming
To where I am going
I hope it's true
I hope it's true□

There is an answer
In my garden somewhere
In the bouquets
Still to be torn
I wish I could
Be sometimes there
With the sills
Where those blossoms are worn

Peter S. Quinn

Today I Am So Close To You (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Today I am so close to you
With everything you do to me
Feeling dreams coming true
Everything set out for free
There is no time to remember
Only days ahead for both of us
No autumn songs from September
Where we fell ways of loss

Today is coming believe it too
Something with sights clear
Love to be made and to renew
Everything from inside here
Love songs to satisfy two
No little dispute to despise
Only feelings in for you
In silences of winter skies

Tomorrow maybe different though
With their beats in many ways
All is so much on going through
how each fortune to it plays
There may never come a real try
To find distances in our calls
Perhaps its only another goodbye
Dividing us to different appalls

Peter S. Quinn

Today Is A New Song

Today is a new song
For everyone to know
A time to give and long
Till it's a moment to go

Today is a part of you
Some to give and find
Hours that go through
Leave memories behind

Today is a part of me
In everything that I give
Part of it is a memory
That I one time did live

And now it's in a song
Or something of you
A part at times to long
When days come through

Today is a new song
I am learning to know
It's melody is young
Its tones soft and low

But tomorrow it'll sing
Like the yesterdays gone
And different mood bring
To carry my heart on

Peter S. Quinn

Today Is Dreamy Weather

Today is dreamy weather
Tomorrow something diverse
We are now here together
In our own universe
Taking what we know
So much for the granted
But times they come and go
Not as they were planted

There is so much to reason
And the ways to find all out
The coming of their season
That brings in much doubt
No approach to feel it easy
Though something might be that
So treat it just a bit
For what it is and at

Tomorrow comes assorted
And gives us something new
We follow it and escorted
To whatever it has for a clue
There is still only a notion
Whatever might there be found
A beginning of each promotion
That comes again much around

Peter S. Quinn

Today The Hour Is Summer

Today the hour is summer
For everyone to come
The seeds, the buds newcomer
And each what spring is from
The sweet surplus of flowers
And moments brightly on
Each dreaming daylight hour
That for a time was gone

Irreverent shadowy dark
That in the world is some
In their numb now hark
With promise of new plum
Oh charming contender day
Now everything will be updated
With colors instead of gray
We have so long waited

There surely will be love songs
That now we will come across
Sweet fragrance and the tongues
That beauty of warmth emboss

Peter S. Quinn

Today Tomorrow

Today, tomorrow,
an autumn sweet melody
- the breeze is playing.

O beautiful dreams,
with glistening afar stars
- to shine on to you.

Just recollections,
as the days get more darker
- life, love, wishing stars.

Peter S. Quinn

Today, Tomorrow

Today is not like yesterday
it's still so new to me
a new thought and a new way
coming in to be

Like tomorrow is unknown
in what it has to give,
nothing of the future's shown
we'll have experience and live.

Today might give much
though noting is still here,
but magic has its day's touch
experience today everywhere.

Tomorrow is still free to me
for I don't know its game,
our futures are still free
for nothing becomes the same.

Today I'll try my luck
if that is what it really is,
I hope tomorrow isn't stuck
in what today gives.

Tomorrow must be a dream
until it becomes reality,
in the rivers of times stream
always unknown and free.

Peter S. Quinn

Together They Sit

Together they sit
In the backyard shade
In its blossoming bit
That nature has made

Where love is close
In its coloring clay
Like bouquet of rose
On a sun shining day

Mother and son
Just enjoying the hours
In its many distillation
Like garden of flowers

Peter S. Quinn

Together We Can

I want to change all yes change all
Give me your hope and I have a call
For I am the man for your destiny
Yes sing with me - that's me!

Living isn't easy if love isn't growing
We have a new call now worth knowing
I just need to have you by my side
Take a moment and hold me tight

This isn't easy for me you know
To build it all up and let it grow
I need your help and to be with me here
Stand by my side close and near

The rivers are going to fall a long way
Before we can give a prosper day
But if you will just build with me
Yes we can! - Yes we can, hope again see

I want to make this a better place
For everyone to have their days
To live and make good of what they do
Together we can! - Yes it's up to you

I didn't say it would be very easy
We come along way and it's been breezy
But trust me to build you a hope
And I shall try to be your strong robe

I want to change all yes change all
Give me your hope and I have a call
For I am the man for your destiny
Yes sing with me - that's me!

Living isn't easy if love isn't growing
We have a new call now worth knowing
I just need to have you by my side
Take a moment and hold me tight

I told you yes we can make and stop
Build the future reach the top
I am counting on you to help me
Lent me your hand and it shall be

The rivers are going to fall a long way
Before we can give a prosper day
But if you will just build with me
Yes we can! - Yes we can, hope again see

I want to make this a better place
For everyone to have their days
To live and make good of what they do
Together we can! - Yes it's up to you

The rivers are going to fall a long way
The rivers are going to fall a long way

Give me your hope and I have a call
For I am the man for your destiny
Yes, sing with me! - That's me, that's me

Yes we can, yes we can
Together we can
Build up our hope and dreams

**Made for this image:

Peter S. Quinn

Tomorrow

Tomorrow comes dark
In it's to be
Glow on today spark
For reality to see
Golden red horizon
Blue waves weaving
Till faith is done
In time receiving

Playful on and on
Dark quills the light
Each shadow's now gone
With deep starry flight
A day in its beginning
Rising the golden bloom
As dawn is singing
Away flickering gloom

Tomorrow comes in
With gold in arising
Each weaves of flicker spin
More tender and surprising
O day my love!
Now birds are singing
Much tender feelings of
And happiness bringing

Peter S. Quinn

Tomorrow - A Song (From, Poet On Www)

Tomorrow can never completely go away,
For time's like a thought that comes to play,
Oh all is there for a day.

Heavenly clouds in the sky coming and drifting,
Over the hills and hours there shifting,
Oh tomorrow is uplifting.

Bridge:

Why it is like this
In these, few hours ago.
When love's like a wish,
That comes in with tomorrow.

Tomorrow is like sweet dreams that can't stay,
They will hide inside for they go away,
Oh all is there for a day.

Bridge:

Why it is like this
In these, few hours ago.
When love's like a wish,
That comes in with tomorrow.

Peter S. Quinn

Tomorrow Comes

Tomorrow comes
Don't you worry
Spring again blooms
Don't be in a hurry
You are young once
Like spring days
Give life a chance
And its many ways

Tomorrow comes
Like night after a day
Summer and autumns
Do I more daresay
Longings are in the breeze
That follows the air around
Around the summer trees
And everywhere else it's found

Tomorrow comes
It's in its destiny
Like pictures in albums
It's in your company
Summer and autumns
Winter and springs
Each of life's rhythms
That tomorrow brings

Peter S. Quinn

Tomorrow Dreams

Tomorrow dreams come
And then they're gone
Freshly bouquet blossom
To carry your day on
Everything comes and goes
Into our future days
Like winter frosty glows
In rivers of many ways

Tomorrow dream's reality
Onto a realistic day
Like a daylight born to be
In a new sunny play
Everything has its hour
In our lives and living
Catch their times' flower
What they to you are giving

Tomorrow is anew flourish
Of what is to become
Make time for your own wish
And you have seeds to some
Everything is to be new
In spring of many plays
Now the time's up to you
What grows from you and stays

Peter S. Quinn

Tomorrow Is Waiting (From New Waves To The Shore)

Flowers of the young new seeds they must grow
Sowing on the fields of tomorrow's daybreak
Each in their own from the morning will glow
That from your footsteps of beams you will wake
Shadows of past from the inside might call
Give grayish tinctures from the glooms of dark
From their corners where diffusion befall
Someday again to glisten shall spark

Be what you are and rise to growing name
Tomorrow is waiting within its reach
With the height of azure in the sky deep
We are the ways and the contrasting flame
Each in our learning to the others teach
Seedlings of earth with experience to keep

Peter S. Quinn

Tomorrow It Might Be You

Sky is blue and gray
In all our dreaming
Something for today
Might be only seeming
Light your way in light
From your wishing star
This day could be right
To reach to the afar

Every opportunity's giving
To go and make reality
Dreams in their living
Reaching out to be
Simple dreams and clever
All they come around
Reach to us together
Until their day is found

Just you find your way
It's all inside here
Clearing up another day
For the world to share
Tomorrow it might be you
That is getting wings
To reach a dream true
That inside to you sings

Sky is blue and gray
In all our dreaming
Something for today
Might be only seeming
Every opportunity's giving
To go and make reality
Dreams in their living
Reaching out to be

Tomorrow it might be you
That is getting wings
To reach a dream true

That inside to you sings

Tomorrow it might be you

Peter S. Quinn

Tomorrows Come And Go

To where have you gone to
Dreams of my wary past
Something so deep and true
Showing their tender cast
Flowers from old roads
Inside this wandering way
Carrying existence load
Each one their mood to play

Tomorrows come and go
What we call safe and sound
Tides of their weaving flow
Something to someone found
You are the decision maker
Fortune has its footsteps on
Each flow its purpose taker
To offer its currents to run

To where the sky is clear
Everything shows its strength
Reasons are always near
The moments of any length

Peter S. Quinn

Tomorrows Come And Go (From, Lullabies)

To where have you gone to
Dreams of my wary past
Something so deep and true
Showing their tender cast
Flowers from old roads
Inside this wandering way
Carrying existence load
Each one their mood to play

Tomorrows come and go
What we call safe and sound
Tides of their weaving flow
Something to someone found
You are the decision maker
Fortune has its footsteps on
Each flow its purpose taker
To offer its currents to run

To where the sky is clear
Everything shows its strength
Reasons are always near
The moments of any length

Peter S. Quinn

Tones Of Echoes Calling

There is a love song in the air
Flowing its breeze to here and there

Their strong currents on going
Passing their ways in history
Songs of the past in their glowing
All set with wings out free

Hear it in the trees with fall
Currents of dance of the leaves
Moments of its echoes and call
Full of its yearning and grieves

Songs that in springtime grow
Flowers in their eternal shade
In days pretty freshness glow
That nature of greenery has made

Songs of the summer fresh calling
Eternal in fields of the new
Tones of autumn days
Withering and falling
When moments of green are through

Hear it in the trees with fall
Currents of dance of the leaves
Moments of its echoes and call
Full of its yearning

Songs of the summer fresh calling
Currents of dance of the leaves
Full of its yearning
Tones of autumn days
Tones of echoes calling
Tones of echoes calling
Tones of echoes calling
Tones of echoes calling

Tones Of Mystic (To A Friend)

I have played on white raven's golden harp
With the strings of the icy crystals glow
From the glaciers of the northern light snow
Tones of the arctic in moon dance warp
Blue to blue beams in their traveling lights
Into the dim oceans of unknown dreams
Seen some the feathers of Pegasus flights
And sighted the twinkling of wishing stars reams

Felt all the emotion in my own heart
Where pleasures were given to come alive
In endless weaving of tomorrow's dawn
Tones of mystic that never depart
Are the true filling and the inside drive
When later on - to chariots of fire I'm drawn

Peter S. Quinn

Torches Of Moments

Every hour from your heart is calling
Bringing a love song to outside so clear
When the fire of the evening is falling
And the darkness of your sleepiness is near

As you love - there is always something
To teach you ways and make it a difference
In what new thoughts today to you shall bring
Giving opportunities in fresh credence

Though it is to remember that love decays
It flies away like the withering leaves
But inside, amour with your heart still plays
With torches of moments in their believes
Be cautious with loves that came early on
For they in your heart shall never be gone

Peter S. Quinn

Torching Leaves

Love is
The beautiful oasis of life,
With everything;
Like waves of the ocean,
Always turning
And giving its new.
Yesterdays become today
When we remember our feelings,
And every dream is like
A painted flower
In pureness and trust;
You are like I am,
That love has found,
In our better worth
And what shall become more,
If we grow it.

Together,
Our love will stand
And grow like a tree,
From the roots and up;
Sunlight is in our eyes,
Torching its leaves
And treading on feelings
With love.

* With this picture:

Peter S. Quinn

Torn

Like the wind in the leaves,
Is my voice to myself;
Full of whispering weaves,
Full of lonesome receives.
I have tried in my life,
To find a goal and a start;
But it seems they don't arrive,
I haven't tried my best part.
Darkness comes darkness goes,
Life is emptiness in here;
What in life seems to glow,
Shall be rustic through the years.
All I need is some peace,
Find my road from the darkness;
Leave the silences behind,
Start again out fresh.
But fate turning ways,
Is controlling this all;
There are beautiful days,
Take a stand take a fall.
Push your luck through the air,
Like wind in the leaves;
Make a difference in the world,
Break away from your conceives.

Peter S. Quinn

Total Eclipse

Total eclipse,
Of all things that we see;
Breaking our thoughts,
With fire of desire.
But still we stand the same,
With nothing here gone;
And speak the same words,
With in these different thoughts.
They come to us quite new,
With every man that's born;
He whispers his birth
Into the ahead road,
And riches us with
Charm he only knows.
Yet everything is here
And growing still on,
Into eclipses of time;
Emptiness is nowhere yet
For we are fulfilled with words,
And distances are born again.

Peter S. Quinn

Totally Wind Blown

I thought I was done
Into moods of my own
Already gone
Totally wind blown

With a through and through drift
Of wintry pathways
Markedly swift
In the moments of grays

But then you came along
Singing out of the blue
With your kind of song
And for me too

Something from the living
In streams of this cold
Pleasures inside giving
To life of earth unfold

You gave something to show
That I was worthy too
A little rose's bed glow
Laid in the colors true

Like I's something specific
Of this day on
A seed in ground - magnific
To become a tree in lawn

Peter S. Quinn

Touch

Verse

The time is here to give and feel
Of every new thought that's going
Sometime a dream feels so unreal
In anything worth there knowing

Refrain

Touch

With your mind and thought

Touch

Anything you shouldn't or ought

So much to give or make

Feelings are like the air

Strolling along or quite awake

Circling around everywhere

Refrain

Now touch

Because feelings mean everything

Now touch

And let your heart sing

There are so many wandering's way

Close or too far apart

Every each night and day

That we really don't know where to start

Touch

Touch

Touch

Peter S. Quinn

Touch My Heart

Touch my heart with your heart
For everything is going by
It's a beginning footstep to start
And then it's like clouds so high
Every dance that we know
Is from its closeness or distance
Like dancing above till and fro
For another second chance

Years are drifting in our vain
It's the blood of every occasion
Made from pleasures and strain
To its demeanor and orations
Existence's of choice and blessing
Coincidences for a time's break
We are dancers in its caressing
Moving forward for each wake

Let me love and let me still find
Everything I need to really know
Leave the misplaced - in its behind
For wheels of life must go and go
I've tried in every one of my ways
To find what I was looking for
But in there were countless days
I didn't know and wasn't sure

Peter S. Quinn

Touch My Outside Skin

Touch my outside skin
Trying to reach the bone
I'm everything within
Structured by my tone
Nothing much of difference
From someone like you
Give me and my ways a chance
Make my life come thru

Like a day that's going by
So is everything going
Flying low and flying high
Inside each track showing
Answers coming to reward
Within days new choice
That we know will start
To surrender its rejoice
Playful rumors in the way
Much for nothing saying
Every hour through the day
Thoughts of each weighing
Voices of long gone past
Trying to come out again
Through the hours lost
Everything so simply plain

Touch my outside skin
Trying to reach the bone
I'm everything within
Structured by my tone
Nothing much of difference
From someone like you
Give me and my ways a chance
Make my life come thru

What we still remember
Somewhere lying around
Like some shades of September
A step and step there found

Broken bones to reach
Cloths of touching mood
Thoughts in their bleach
To a subconscious intrude
Flesh of money openness
All is for the nothing
Sweetness in their caress
Still in ways bluffing
You and I for anything
From that still undecided
Like the clouds of far bring
Halfway thru and guided

Touch my outside skin
Trying to reach the bone
I'm everything within
Structured by my tone
Nothing much of difference
From someone like you
Give me and my ways a chance
Make my life come thru

Peter S. Quinn

Touch The Night Away

Touch the night away
Let it become a clear new day
Something was born there
Flying like dust everywhere
Give me a room on the hills
Whispering wind that drills
Moments to have my thoughts
Tying their own kind of knots

Deep into dry and rain
Against the drove nailing pain
Quarrels and other erosions
Affecting and gliding explosions
Disappearances in their turning
Carried away and burning
With their crumpling faces
Each to each other chases

Touch them and bring home
Flowers of fallen chromosome
Justice be done to them all
They have their ways and brawl
Scattering taste and more
Moving against the ashore
Imageless visions and blues
Dangerous out of finite fuse

Touch the night away
Let it become a clear new day

Peter S. Quinn

Toward The Moon And The Night

Toward the moon and the night
The dreams will never come true
Shadows are up in their flight
For days to come and be of new
And the going pleasures are going
Filling up their empty woes
Without times spectacular glowing
This everywhere through here flows

Yesterdays are in their dreaming
Full in their every lost space
We were just with them all streaming
Filling out own wandering ways
But everything is always ending
Giving us seldom a new return
Wills of our thoughts bending
And from them we all must learn

Toward the days of past light
When there were roads to find out
What was to become of wrong or right
Where everything was here about
And our days are all leaving
Without a return from gone past
With their moments just briefing
Some will though through hope last

Peter S. Quinn

Toward The Moon And The Night (From, Spring Come Come)

Toward the moon and the night
The dreams will never come true
Shadows are up in their flight
For days to come and be of new
And the going pleasures are going
Filling up their empty woes
Without times spectacular glowing
This everywhere through here flows

Yesterdays are in their dreaming
Full in their every lost space
We were just with them all streaming
Filling out own wandering ways
But everything is always ending
Giving us seldom a new return
Wills of our thoughts bending
And from them we all must learn

Toward the days of past light
When there were roads to find out
What was to become of wrong or right
When everything was here about
And our days are all leaving
Without a return from gone past
With their moments just briefing
Some will though through time last

* This is also a 2nd part to 'Sad In Blue (a lyric) '

Peter S. Quinn

Trails Of Life

So many hours have gone
Into the moments lost
Each their way's drawn
To time's brightness glossed
Through days and years
That we became to know
With each one their piers
Of expectations and glow

Follow your gut feeling
To find new-fangled road
With corners out and ceiling
To catch your weary load
Never become too stuck
To what you need to be
Struggle on with lady luck
To make you worth to see

With sunshine and its rain
Everything comes and goes
The struggle settles pain
To directions the wind blows
Nothing is ever too hard
To become or keep effective
Each trail of life scarred
Of personal hope subjective

Peter S. Quinn

Trails Of Life (From Trails Of Their Own)

So many hours have gone
Into the moments lost
Each their way's drawn
To time's brightness glossed
Through days and years
That we became to know
With each one their piers
Of expectations and glow

Follow your gut feeling
To find new-fangled road
With corners out and ceiling
To catch your weary load
Never become too stuck
To what you need to be
Struggle on with lady luck
To make you worth to see

With sunshine and its rain
Everything comes and goes
The struggle settles pain
To directions the wind blows
Nothing is ever too hard
To become or keep effective
Each trail of life scarred
Of personal hope subjective

Peter S. Quinn

Tranquility Leaves

Tranquility leaves of silence
And rivers with voices young
Flowers of dust and violence
From which this life has sprung
Your silver threads obligingly
That come so close and near
Wings you should spread free
To give from your heart dear

I've seen you're poured out tears
From every suffering and pain
Many months of summer years
These shadows have reigned
Now it's time to turn the page
Give a breeze - and understand
Each rusting chaining shall age
Until you're free to command

To let new skies become blue
Inclined in peacefully harmony
Bring some sunshine through
That captivates each true beauty
Carries life that ought to abide
On branches of fanned dreams
Under skies of fairness sighed
Where true compassions streams

Peter S. Quinn

Traveler

Like fields of time
Always renew
To the heights prime
Going here thru

So is this field
In open space
That distant yield
To remote place

In lucid blue
Of the clear sky
Where clouds drift thru
When dancing by

Above grass glows
Of forest jade
Where foliage grows
And earth is made

Like fields of years
In coming living
And love adheres
So full of giving

Are these travelers
Those go with me
In their colors
Of beauty and free

Peter S. Quinn

Traveler From The Dark

Oh traveler from the dark
Sunshine that is coming in
Glowing with youngish spark
From clouds it has all been

Don't be gloomy or afraid of
That comes dazzling now
From breezing ways above
To the trees and lonely row

In the see-through depths
That brightly gaze new dawn
Morning coming footsteps
Lightening up my lawn

Peter S. Quinn

Trilogy

I

The Listener of The Light

I speak of no other like you
And my heart feels so wandering blue
That sails to the unknown sea,
That travels inside of me.
I can not but conquer my soul,
That tangles in mystic and broils
Outside, to find you on the inside,
- And you to be the listener of the light.
Free myself of wings from real living
For inspiration, thoughts I am here giving
That touches inside seas and skies.
Going further than a word that dies,
Shifting all colors and shades
And opening tempers of leaping gates;
That weaves around you like aura of seas,
The closeness together - a soul in one.
A bliss for a moment and then it's gone.
A life that was lived, and in words carried on.
The fruit of tempers - the soul, branching, out trees
- And you to be the listener of the light.

II

Traveler

The waves inside good and bad
Shall walk you through the time and hour
And if you feel the sourness of the falling rain,
You alone, have the healing power to regain
What despair you once had.
I'll tell you nothing more than this,
For I am moving also on my tour
And shall feel the rivers - like you - 'of to be',
A traveler of imaginations who wants to see
Landscapes that follows desert and gardens.

Rise up from you averages and follow,
What sun that you see on the clear horizon
And clouds will be in your hair and swift you around
And what you have lost - you will now see
- Again shall be found.
The rivers flow deep and not more in vain,
You may be despair to heal your wounds and pain,
But follow the sun that shines in valleys, on green trees;
So you may focuses your attention on feelings that frees,
Traveler of imageries landscapes, to you no winter hardens.

III

Counteraction

Future counteraction
Blissful moment's satisfaction,
You on the go, then I - on the go.
Wherever - who will ever know?
If you take everything for granted,
You just don't really understand it,
You'll be here, and then you'll be gone,
Just like this life: carries on.
Just moment's ago I was starting
But now I am actually finishing.
I said, I would never be departing,
But at this moment I'm all diminishing.
The word, I once knew: Amand(a) ,
Dreams away into critics' propaganda.
Who are halfway there, but never at all:
Only greatest grew big, from them: small:
Future counteraction,
Is perhaps another contradiction...?
But anyway, the now, will never know,
It has this tendency to overflow.

Peter S. Quinn

Trouble Is Inside Trouble

I believe in our dream
To come free and going
With every truthful theme
Of life choices knowing
Where no bondages are
To drive our destiny
Only ways to reach afar
And setting standards free

Chorus

Trouble is inside trouble
Giving away its share
Many times coming double
Around somehow here near
Tomorrow at times not coming
Worries are bigger than mine
A-turning to succumbing
World tiresome things of fine

I believe in our calling
With hope for everyone
Never to periphery falling
Just our steps further on
Living and worth trying
Every principle of its mean
Coming from clarifying
Of what remains to be seen

I believe in a passive pace
Of every life's latest takes
When in its straightforward place
It endows with and makes
Where no oppressions seize
Anything of valued living
In its many vividly please
Those are worth its giving

Chorus

Trouble is inside trouble

Giving away its share
Many times coming double
Around somehow here near
Tomorrow at times not coming
In worries bigger than mine
A-turning to succumbing
Trying to make things fine

Peter S. Quinn

True Dreamers Shall Never Die

True dreamers shall never die
When they do a poem or a song
Time might catch them and fly
But they will be singing along
Love songs aren't sung too much
If they give feeling of the truth
Their lyrics are never out of touch
Every word forever in its youth

A lingering on golden melody
You can sing just over and over
With wings to a faraway fantasy
It is never a lover's heart rover
For in it you find many flowers
The seeds of the dreams to be
Giving for minutes and hours
Visions of dreams you only see

Give dreamers a chance again
Filling your road with a rainbow
Take out the hardship - your pain
And allow the sweet song to glow
Raise your own wings of tomorrow
For anything might become true
Let no low down feeling or sorrow
Take away fairytales to beat you

Peter S. Quinn

True Love

You are everything now
Sweet like summer's brow
Full of love as before
There were times I wasn't sure
Now your eyes are sweet blue
Giving me a trust in you
Every morning that slips away
To the wakening up day

True love is this
Every hour perfect bliss
With our feelings inside
While dusky glooms hide
I have no other lips
If our love away flips
But my own to give a kiss
As an affection for each remiss

Teardrops from your eyes
Never showing doubt or lies
More than words can ever give
They each qualm again relive
Let me whisper to your ear
Emotions I hold close and dear
I've been searching for a doubt
But never found one there about

True love is this
Every hour perfect bliss
With our feelings inside
While dusky glooms hide
I have no other lips
If our love away flips
But my own to give a kiss
As an affection for each remiss

Peter S. Quinn

True Love Runs Deep

True love runs deep
Into the darkness glow
Each of its love it'll reap
In every come and go
You are my heart always
So much to burn on too
In every colored plays
That comes from you

O heart my stillness
The part that is never to fly
The hours of fulfill mess
In every its low and high
You are my turning always
Wings of the both sides
Starry flooding plays
In every heart that glides

Singing and thinking truly
With every aspect of good
That comes clear and thoroughly
Into the deep down hood
Something to turn in giving
Filling the dreams clear
With every part of its living
When it is close and near

Peter S. Quinn

True Tones (...from "1001 Very Short Fairytales", Story #504)

In the mountains
There was a song
That was ever so free,
It had no meter
Just a sweet melody;

And it was heard
Through the forest
Each time
A new day came,
It was always
Trolling beautifully
And never the same.

But one time
Wind of destruction
Destroyed most
Of the tones,
And improvised up
Phony ones to put
In there instead;

And from generations
Through generations
The tune has been remembered
By name,
But the true tones
Still lie hidden
In the oblivion flame.

Peter S. Quinn

Trust Me (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

What is there to know
In the feelings I live
Moments that away go
Each fulfillment to give
Trust my heart and senses
Everything has its turning
The world is full of chances
We are them each learning

Bring my day around once more
Feel my heart inside of this
Nothing's in the world too sure
Its just all what it is
Either way of peace or war

Trust me with eyes to see
Everything realities lack
What it is its only we
Going forth and going back
Enough to get times lost
Through erasing time's space
So much in indifference cost
Nothing in surround hours says

Bring my day around once more
Feel my heart inside of this
Nothing's in the world too sure
Its just all what it is
Either way of peace or war

Let me know how you feel me
While the time is still here
Feelings forgotten are free
Reaching still to its nowhere
You have made my heart now
Falling slowly through hope
Every mood has paint somehow
En visionary in their scope

Trust Your Heart (A Lyric)

Trust your heart I'll be there
Giving all I can of me
Please come too, and be with me here
Give your love from inside free
Understand nothing is done
If you don't do it with hope
Future will drift into a bygone
And you can't with my heart cope

Everyday that goes by without a try
Goes from your heart and shall die

Reasons are to fill with trust
Every step you walk with me
For then our love shall be a must
And forever steadfastly be
Inside for a just

We have taken together
Feelings that we could both share
For we have found that it's better
To accomplish two together and share
Yes my darling keep me close
As we know what causes pain
A burning flame like a red red rose
Is each such love that is plain
Everyday we should both reach to the sky
Of our dreaming going by

Reasons are to fill with trust
Every step you walk with me
For then our love shall be a must
And forever steadfastly be
Inside for a just

Peter S. Quinn

Try To Understand

You must try to understand,
Everything you hear and see;
You must try to understand,
And make your thoughts once free.
Then make up your mind,
Of whatever shall be;
And leave those thoughts behind,
That binds your roots like a tree.
For life is full of passions,
With all its many ways;
They show themselves as rainbows,
After those rainy days.
You must try to understand,
Everything you hear and see;
You must try to understand,
That's what makes your thoughts so free.
Because you can't go on like this,
Never making up your mind;
For life then become just moments of bliss,
Soon to be left behind.

Peter S. Quinn

Trying To Hold

I'm here trying to hold everything from flop
Like Samson of the bible at one time did
But this tumbling down really will not stop
And I'm stuck in its middle like a pyramid
I've been here days with this purpose in mind
Attempting to discover the right way out
But I can't quit here and leave all behind
For its pattern will addle and go about
I'm like a pawn in this chain of reaction
The last prototype in its around block
Time and oldness is making counteraction
And very soon my grasp will lose its firm lock
If you can help me to hold stone to stone
I shall gladly have you and be not alone

Peter S. Quinn

Tune Of The Night

When I sing a tune of the night,
It shall be of sweet melody;
Until morning burning bright,
I will sing it on to thee.
All the pleasures of my mind,
And the soul that lies within;
Shall be in my tune combined,
And freely words with it I'll spin.
Sweetest rose of evening eyes,
Feelings you have for me here;
All your moods: down and highs,
Let me know how you are dear.
Every whisper in the darkness,
Is inspiration to my beings - all;
Takes away my deepest depress,
Is like a summer before the fall.
Stars shine bright, full and free,
And a love is a glinting light;
I have all when I have thee,
Therefore all is worth and right.

Peter S. Quinn

Turn Back To My Dream

Turn back to my dream
From your realities of sparkless night
Where its veracity always seem
Lost in its shadowed flight

Everything is out to play
Given if it's of child's fairytales
Coming through dark woods in its ray
Holy like the holiest of grails

A dream to take notice of and believe
When everything is downhill going
It shall take away your grieve
Around its sun and moon haloing

Bring every light through afar
Dance on the waves
Of the Milky Ways circular motion
Give you a wish from its falling star
Anything man craves
From the depth of the deepest ocean

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

Turning And Turning Around (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Turning and turning around
To all this sunshine above
Somewhere something else is found
As sure as this talk about love
Rising to the cloudy sky
Feelings from the yonder
Coming up to the morning high
Everything that drift asunder

Talking about my feeling to you
Those that have drifted away
Something that was so true
Just like the morning new day
I have now found you again
Inside my own little heart
Never to search for its pain
From where my roots did start

You are my fortunate luck
Always the roads that's coming
Forever together struck
Don't need to go on running
Listen to each my whisper
As it from on to my trying
My searches have gone crisper
Nothing cheap worth buying

Peter S. Quinn

Turning Points

Turning points
Making a difference
Connecting joints
All in given chance
Strums of loneliness
You and I so close
Departure in caress
As the evening goes

Songs of emotions
Deep from inside
Connecting dark oceans
Like its ways wide
Dreams that can't be
Nothing for them now
Like a leafless tree
In night sky brow

Hidden thoughts arrest
Flowing on in heart
Arrows in its nest
Never love did start
Day of evening coming
Age in all its knowing
Echoes yesterdays humming
Soon time for going

Peter S. Quinn

Twilight

Every night my dreams come back
Through their flowing gold
Within their drifting dreamy on tack
Day realities cannot hold

Falling slowly on to the dark night
Those Feelings in play
With the wings of their fancy flight
In truth that can't stay

Every night when dim comes back
Fairies will fly toward me
On and on their fluffy wings track
Thru endlessly and free

In the reddish flickering shine glow
Where shadows dance on
With the clean of flood-tide's flow
Till the night is far gone

Every night my dreams come thru
Bringing me to my past
Allowing me to see nature's true
In my heart and contrast

Their rivers of golden gone time
With beautiful panorama
When man to nature was prime
Living within all its karma

Peter S. Quinn

Twilight Is Now

Twilight is now in every footstep
Turning to dark in its wandering way
Clouds of the mornings in drifting state 'heps'
Giving from its deep to dim winter's day
The wings of the cold in the moonlight hours
Flowing through glistening luminary
With frozen windows hoary thread flowers
For their passing that now comes to be

Abyss of dreams in to the coldness deep
Disappearing of light to point of fear
Weaving glow of distances burning red
Forest silence and wintry breezy weep
Everything in numbness that is near
For colors of autumn all have now bled

Peter S. Quinn

Twilights Of Summer Night

Twilights of summer night,
Sparkling stars are falling;
Futures seem always bright,
Eager they are calling.

Give me roses so sweet,
Everlasting in our hearts;
I need no trick or treat,
Or love that never starts.

Northern lights and winter ways,
All are now far from here;
Only fragrance blooming days,
And singing birds in my ear.

Shading beauties whiter soon,
Perhaps I shouldn't tell you this:
For still to come, are colors in June
And July's sweet summer bliss.

The heart's full of aspiring,
Though turning ways do come;
But until then it may sing,
With long longings for some.

Peter S. Quinn

Twinkle Twinkle (A Song)

Twinkle Twinkle upside down
Night has come in its gown
Now the drifting breeze is here
With its moments everywhere
Blow blow now so faraway
To meet the morning in its play
Love songs that can't ever stay
When little star shining goes its way

Twinkle Twinkle right or wrong
There's nothing old or young
We are just as we ourselves feel
Some of fantasy and some are real
Take this night and touch its dream
It's like a faraway starry gleam
With so many more ways to go
With its both star and moonshine glow

Twinkle Twinkle oh starry light
You are dreams guide thru the night
Showing the way to Fantasy
Inside the houses of our reality
Give me as much as I see in the sky
Never let dreams go away to die
Let them go within for evermore
Drift to new Galaxies glisten shore

Refrain

Blow blow now so faraway
To meet the morning in its play
Love songs that can't ever stay
When little star shining goes its way...

Peter S. Quinn

'Twinkle Twinkle Little Star'

Twinkle twinkle little light
Come with your wishes to play
This world is in winter's night
For snow is on its deep lay
Ride high on heaven little one
And give us your latest luck
The hours to eve are soon gone
Forever in the long-ago stuck

Twinkle twinkle and brightly be
With your glowing shine
You are so fine and luckily
To be there with the horizon line
When the evening goes to dark
And the moods become nocturnal
You once more to us shall spark
And give bright shining to all

Twinkle twinkle in the Milky Way
Where numerous stars ascend too
Like pearls on a string they stay
To carry good fortunes and true
Your moments of sparkling night
Are always with its wishing well
May every yours circling flight
Give incidence for good foretell

Peter S. Quinn

Twisted Shadows (From, 134 Picture Poems)

twisted shadows
climb among
the misshapen rocks

figures in monoliths
nighttime embrace

reverie the deathless
time standing timeless

Peter S. Quinn

Two Blades

Wherever you are
I will always be there
Reach out to the far
To have you right here
Our dreams going by
Where to I don't know
But just like deep sky
They somewhere will go

Some hearts do alter
As the time passes on
Roads sometimes falter
It's long passing spawn
Feelings don't go easy
For heart that is true
Ways are often sleazy
In shades and their hue

Whatever we must reach
With hands that can't hold
It trustworthy will teach
And tell what is untold
Like everything that is made
With each love and care
Happiness has its 'two blade'
To have, or have you not here

Peter S. Quinn

Two Stars

Two stars
Going by and by
Summer stars
Under earth's blue sky
Dream flowers
In the new spring
Mending the hours
And birds shall sing

Two stars
Pink and white
Summer stars
From under the night
Days to fulfill
In hours of gladness
Green spring hills
From under dim sadness

Two stars
Both are glowing
Summer stars
Splendor each showing
Beauty for eyes
And all living things
Fresh new moment's summer skies
Now to my heart sings!

Peter S. Quinn

Twofold Is Each Uneven Blade

Maybe tomorrow you'll know
How every flavor stays
Fast paces come and the slow
Inside the moment's grays
Each one is just what he is
Dimming skies or the sunrise
Feelings and the torching bliss
Blessing with their many highs

Love is to be through life
Without its resentment part
Work on fulfillment strife
Bring in beats from your heart
Singing a tune that remains
After the hours are flown
Recollections in all over strains
On to their inside own

Maybe you'll find your sunset
Contained by this vast sky
Happy yesteryears vignette
Those that will not at all die
Memories are made from days
That you have lived and made
Many are the rotating ways
Twofold is each uneven blade

Peter S. Quinn

Um Dansandi Trjáskugga Nætur

Veður strí?
við tíðar skil
úti gerir
hríðar byl

hátt hann lætur
inn á mín þil
um dansandi
trjáskugga nætur

hamur, gnyr
samur á ny
úti hraðar
flugu sky

hátt hann lætur
með drynjandi gny
um dansandi
trjáskugga nætur

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Um Hljóðar Nætur

um hljóðar nætur
upphefur þögnin raust sína
um hljóðar nætur
þegar skil verða milli lína
og skuggarnir hafa á þér gætur

uppheljast þagnir ljóðsins
og lifna í huga þér
um hljóðar nætur
þegar svefninn svefnvana er
og skuggarnir hafa á þér gætur

tímans veggur hrynur
í orðsins djúpu mynd
með ákafa skyrast línur
í ljóðsins hreinu lind
og ganga með þér einar
út fyrir mörk og tök
af heimi þær eru hreinar
og hverful öll þar rök

um hljóðar nætur
ástríðan byr í brósti þér
um hljóðar nætur
þegar svefninn svefnvana er
og skuggarnir hafa á þér gætur

Peter S. Quinn

Um Vetur

Þar ertu aftur litla strá,
í lautum lífs og vonar
Allt sem þú óskar þér sjá,
er af sortum ymiskonar.

Blóm sem eitt sinn voru fræ,
þau stækka óþum betur.
Við heitan andvarans unaþsblæ,
eftir kaldan harþan vetur.

Svo er um allt hér á jörðu,
sem aftur í gróandann ná.
Þau berjast og basla í hörðu,
en breytast svo í falleg strá.

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Um Vetur (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Dagurinn lífur
í dansandi skugga
geimurinn vífur
virðist frá glugga
allt er við tíma
sem tíðarins glíma

Fljótandi skyin
í fjarlægðinni lífa
sólargeisli tigginn
glampandi hlífa
væð yfir fjöllum
eilífð í þeim öllum

Veturinn byrjar
í blæjulongns blífu
vætan nú kyrjar
kórsöngur í strífu
í mókinu hljómar
myrkursins ómar

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Um Vor - Í Sveit (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Straumurinn lygn
í frosnum saumi
köldum

Einn dagur við heiðan
himinn
við sólskinslag
og logn í bláum loga
heiðbyrjunar

Kvakandi líf um loftin
syngjandi lóa í túni
vaknandi líf í holti

Nú er ég annar maður
heldur enn í gær
þegar ég kom hingað
til að gæta að birtunni

Ó sumarið vaknað er
með sína liti
í birtunni hér

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Uncertain Dreams

uncertain dreams
the poetry lines
from the drama
horoscope
of my wavering heart

skyscrapers
mirroring
hopes
and walking life

Peter S. Quinn

Unclear Yet Like A Fog

Every day and every night,
I shall turn to left and right,
Take my turnings as I go,
Sometimes thoughts do overflow.

Words on lips, I don't talk,
Unclear yet like a fog,
Feelings worth and touching too,
Some sense, must get through.

Every day and every night,
Something on the tongue abide,
Which is what, I don't know,
For it is like: so and so.

Word on lips, just to stalk,
Dry and white like the chalk,
Sentence making, meaning worth,
Understanding, at its birth.

Every day, left and right,
Discernment brought to light,
Word on lips, I don't talk,
Unclear yet like a fog.

Peter S. Quinn

Uncovered Textures Of Tones (From,134 Picture Poems)

uncovered textures of tones
limbs and buds of time
in earthy season

showing nakedness
of past winter

Peter S. Quinn

Under The Carpet

My sun comes and goes
Just like the summer wind
To the circles wind blows
In its profound tinned
Please go and find me
Inside this cold around
Like clouds above free
To shifting breeze found

My moon is upside down
In its bluish shine
Thoughts of murky drown
In oceans shadow's brine
Love is cold and sweet
With its wall-to-wall warms
Under the carpet - feet
In a bleakness swarms

Star shines on far-flung
Where their answers lie
Within mystifying tongue
In its clarification sky
You just have to suppose
Innocence slowly setting
In to where knowledge goes
And we're steadily getting

..... please redial...

*A loosely made song made through the telephone now (from yacht,
somewhere) - The Crew

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

Under The Signs

When day becomes once more night
And the rustling leaves whisper
Stars in the heaven of distant bright
Show their exotic wonderful layover

Bring you doubt and understanding
Every time you gaze to above
To each star's gleam backhanding
For your heart and your love

Harmony and central motion
Every orbit that goes around
Entwining through the dim ocean
That no eyes have still found
The mystic hour's revaluation
Every turning inside of eternity
For each thread of activation
That comes to earth's reciprocity

When day becomes once more night
And the rustling leaves whisper
Stars in the heaven of distant bright
Show their exotic wonderful layover

From the longitude of the clouds
Those are itinerant ageless through
Never inside jam-packed crowds
Always fresh and newborn too

Peter S. Quinn

Under The Twinkling

To be near the ocean of tide's swinging
In the arousing dream's kingdom to wear
Where the crossed roads are crossing though the year
And the bells of the fading are clinging
Like solemnly vanishing faraway star
Each their disguises of fate in the field
Where the distinguished between images peeled
Like final meeting of horizons afar

Under the twinkling of twilight's kingdom
On beach of the tumid darkish river
Where the poisons roots are all in their numb
But often their toxic drinks deliver
Times are of importance for its hollow
There is not much fulfillment it to follow

Peter S. Quinn

Understand (From,134 Picture Poems)

understand
children's reason

introduction
to arguments

answers can
cause ears to open

make learning
growing fun

Peter S. Quinn

Undress Your Faith To Your Beliefs

Undress your faith to your beliefs
And find the road you left before.
Do not surrender to any time thieves,
Because out there is something more.
We were all born to build on a rock
And make our future a bright shining light.
We can not pass by faith and luck,
We must take up our sword and fight.

We were all born with wings for tries,
To fly up high for fresh air and truth.
Our limits are none, when reached for skies,
Searching for the grail of eternal youth.
Our heart was born from earth and fire,
Build from beliefs, we now on firmly stand.
We have great vanity but also pure desire,
Our future's unknown but at our command.

Undress your faith to your beliefs,
With wings spread out in honor and grace.
Keep striving on and growing your leaves,
And you'll be whole in your searching ways.
Undress your faith to your beliefs
And find the road you left before.
Do not surrender to any time thieves,
Because out there is something more.

Peter S. Quinn

Unknown Soldiers Of Songs

Now night is coming in
With nocturnal dreams free
In to twilight's early spin
With the hours so tenderly
You and I so free like birds
Flying through hugely sky
Songs with poetry words
Those never for a moment die

Unknown soldiers of songs
Bringing in peace from war
Touch from our heart belongs
There in the distances far
From pole to pole we reach
On the wings of a Pegasus
With dreams that never bleach
Of ongoing growth genesis

Now star lights will shine
And give us the road to go
Through darkish vast brine
We send every feeling's glow

Peter S. Quinn

Unknown Ways

Love of winter night
The seeds of growing on
The moments of its flight
'till their seeds are gone
The love that comes to fly
In mysteries of song
And opens up the sky
That life and heart do long

Everything is going
Deep into the unknown
With its life of glowing
That never is fully shown
Dreams of days and night
That we had in living
Lost their moments flight
In their times of giving

Love of unknown ways
That have come to be
Like these darkish days
That we here now see
All is within its time
Roots of strange outline
Once in past of prime
Hard for life to define

Peter S. Quinn

Unlock My Heart

Unlock my heart
With your touches fine
Right from the start
Is feels like sunshine

Unlock your touch
Onto my skin
Love has so much
To do from within

Unlock your love
Give it all to me
Soft like clouds above
Forever and free

Peter S. Quinn

Unlock Your Charisma's Imagination

Unlock your charisma's imagination
Ages covers the drizzles of freshness
It's all inside your body and intuition
Each day in its interminable caress
Time that distinguishes touches of life
With eager continues that chips away
Every heart against extinction must strife
To feel return of years and touches of day

Your life is like clusters of exotic fruits
Those pick and distinguish between the chances
With each reality years and love tributes
To unlock your body in its instances
Cold up close through the sky shine or raining
Of life's harnesses waves shadowed straining

Peter S. Quinn

Unseeing Windows (From,134 Picture Poems)

unseeing windows
sunset days

every dense
of love and cold

the sea
of rainbows
mixed in stars

Peter S. Quinn

Until The End Has Been Found

Until the end has been found
Let the flames beam the sky
All comes again here around
In the reasons you ask why
Time's like an apple that's red
Round and round in its beauty
Everything from its inside head
Every nibble for you to see

You be the picker of the best
Freshest fruits you'll ever know
Every footstep in its crest
Like the breeze that is to flow
Be its queen or its king
Every moment pickier bring
Like apples that are shining
And the birds that to them sing

There's love in remembered dreams
None in those that is gone
Yellow and the red apple stems
To give its taste to everyone
Fruits of love in each their taste
Love of hope that's to realize
Nothing to pretend - for that's waste
Nothing to stand for in its cries

Peter S. Quinn

Untitled

My window - like the Street-
Full of life - and Fragrance-
That's autumn-
Every leaf Falling - bleaching Shades
Through time - of mood Trance

Peter S. Quinn

Untitled Rime Haiku

leaves of golden brown
when autumn sprung out its gown
- are now out-of-town

Peter S. Quinn

Untwine Those Dreams

Untwine those darkish and hazy on dreams
Those sometimes seem to come from nowhere
Like a flickering light on river streams
Those forget the days where sunlight did bear

Like a day and night in its counter flame
Of contrast edifice of shadowy dance
The inside fingers of its darkish acclaim
When dream goes from sleep in its twilight trance

The contrast mood of imaginary ways
That glow not the same each break of day on□
Of innocent light those brighten the sky

A morning burning to the evening grays
Till its flickering yellow gold - is all gone
As the last of its fire away shall die

Peter S. Quinn

Unwritten Lyric To A Love Song

Let me love you tonight
In the magic of a song
When the sky is dim in light
And our heart together long
When you kiss me I feel inside
Something moving and so close
While the stars above glide
And the sun to sleepiness goes

Close your eyes and be mine
For the hours that now come
As the stars above all shine
From afar where they are from
Like a song that I've heard
Every spell comes from above
Every feeling and every word
Is the inspiration to our love

Nothing comes instead of this
Every touch is true to the heart
Life shall always be like bliss
If its care for shall love impart

(Inspiration: La Vie En Rose, - a movie about singer Édith Piaf)

Peter S. Quinn

Up Up And Away

Up up and away
Meet the new morning
And its beautiful day
Full of song and yearning

Peaceful moments now
Filling space and sky
In its winter low brow
Where the echoes die

In its white and gray
Every feeling is snowy
Low sun shining way
Full of magic shadowy

Up up and away
Tomorrow comes bright
Nothing forever will stay
In the cold of night

Moment's kindling glow
Torching the dim street
Away with ice and snow
Before we spring meet

Sun in a rising sky
Light coming so clear
Time of night shall fly
When spring again is near

Peter S. Quinn

Upp Nú Upp Nú (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Upp nú upp nú ljós
aftur er dagur rís
útundan logum ós
litina ykkar til nys

Vakna nú vökular strendur
og vitja me? ljóssins loga
langt í fjarska rísandi rendur
úr regnsins óskarboga

Kalli? í kletta gil
á krumma sem vaknar ?á
ver?i ?a? sem ver?a vil
vi? vísur hans og ?rá

Allt er í hringi einum
eilíf?in hringrás er
braut me? strá?um steinum
strí? öflin í heimi hér

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Úti Er Vetrar Vindur

Úti er vetrar vindur
og vætusöm tí?,
ég á mínar óskir
um yl og veður blí?.
Þegar héluhvítt hrími?
hrollinn með sér ber,
á ég ljúfar stundir
inni hér hjá þér.

Úti er vetrar vindur
visnu? lauf á stjá,
vorsins vermandi andblær
vona ég að komi á.
Gróskan gó? að vori
gjafmild verður þá,
hrím í hverju spori
hefur þá lífi? hjá.

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Vakna Tréin

vakna tréin
upp að morgni
við fyrstu andrú ljósins geisla
er aftur verður
dagur nýr

og himinn blámi geimsins
vekur upp vonir
í hverri lautu
sem dvalið er í

vaknar aftur enn á ný
vitund skóar
og angan frá hverjum nýjum degi

Því viðáttturnar eru ómældar
og aðeins þín reikula þrá
fyllist vængjum

vaknar vaknar
þú skóardís
þú eilífa hringrás
sem í brjóstinu vakir

Peter S. Quinn

Valley Of Dreams

Valley of dreams
The in between state
Where everything seems
In color debate
Somewhere from reality
In reverie shade
Rivers running free
From rainbows made

Valley of desire
Dreams of glowing
Every painting's fire
In its landscape showing
Roses red dye
Fields of grasses green
Heaven bluest sky
All earth colors seen

Valley of Dreams
Creator of rainbow
Dancing shadow's gleam
In a daybreak's glow
Artist heaven through
From palette's brush
Fantasies each day anew
In all its dreamy lush

Peter S. Quinn

Vanishing Footsteps

Oh world give a thought
What will the future know?
If this is all what is taught
In each point of time to grow
Happiness is somewhere
Will it come with the sunrise?
Another night and affair
From the twilight now dies

Memories come and go
Vanishing footsteps in the snow
Just like a morning glow
Future is down the autumn row
What is just going now on?
Night to the day is falling
Soon this all will be gone
Thoughts from the past calling

All love can always be
So much of peace and grace
Sweet time and honestly
All this to give and amaze
Wishes to do or make
Tonight is like new span
There is enough of mistake
Do what you must and can

Happiness is somewhere
Will it come with the sunrise?
Another night and affair
From the twilight now dies
Memories come and go
Vanishing footsteps in the snow
Just like a morning glow
Future is down the autumn row

Wishes to do or make
Tonight is like new span
There is enough of mistake

Do what you must and can

Peter S. Quinn

Vanity

Not every day is true
With hope in morning
Embracing all the new
That to awake is turning
Not falling to hollow
With windows of time be
Shaping me to follow
For what becomes free

So much is at its task
Going the same way
And nothing there to ask
In its truth and play
In each current that run
Like bereft of blossom
Embraced in gloom sun
Where its days are from

Not every day is blush
Of burning bright and clear
Some rain might in rush
And fall by footsteps near
For much is vanity
That men and women do
In its times brevity
For both of me and you

Peter S. Quinn

Variable Feelings

Feelings coming naturally
Are always the best
Freedom is being free
And putting its stake to test

You and I neglected are
Strangers whilst together talking
Distances somewhat afar
Alone the streets walking

Peter S. Quinn

Velvet To Night

Give me a time to be with you
All is so rich of velvet to night
Last when I thought it all through
Time came again had our height
Strange our life always seemed
All was in a black-tie affair
What we thought only we dreamed
Something's always sweet in the air

Everything all right like before
When I have you by my side
Reasons come here fore some more
For every reason and to confide

I long for the day that's going by
With all the loneliness I knew
Prepared to win every new try
Whatever havened to the few.
Have you heard the voice in the stream?
As the river flows momentarily on
Every sound there is again to redeem
Until the moments of echoes are gone

Everything all right like before
When I have you by my side
Reasons come here fore some more
For every reason and to confide

Time is always to get things right
You will never know when to walk away
Set yourself into lifetimes and light
If you want to come and meet new day

Peter S. Quinn

Velvet To Night (From, Poet On Www)

Give me a time to be with you,
All is so rich of velvet to night;
Last when I thought it all through,
Time came again had our height.
Strange our life always seemed,
All was in a black-tie affair;
What we thought only we dreamed,
Something's always sweet in the air.

Everything all right like before,
When I have you by my side;
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Reasons come here fore some more,
For every reason and to confide.

Time is always to get things right,
You will never know when to walk away;
Set yourself into lifetimes and light,
If you want to come and meet new day.

Peter S. Quinn

Velvety Depths

I pass over the hours in the layers blue,
Velvety depths and waves of its desire;
Regions forgotten bringing me higher,
Every motion that comes to and fro through;
Middle in the nowhere always some new,
Freshly lost strength the air and its choir;
Only for the windward molded quagmire,
Daughter of the flames soft in her shoe;

Earth is my root - its strange naked wheat,
Rich with water - a formula for clay,
All things devolve like the summer of gold;
Life with laughter becomes autumn's lone street,
Rotate hue tides into present of gray,
Escape broken rain shine - curves to unfold.

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

Veronica Is A Beautiful Rose

Veronica is a beautiful rose
Which in spring time comes and grows
If you don't know it - you know it now
Petals and blooms dance somehow

Fading they don't until in the fall
When shades grow more complex
For our eyes to gather and recall
That shades are uneven and in duplex

Though Veronica always glows
And her passionate feelings outflows
The morrows are uneven and scorning
Giving their distance and a warning

Fading is done and leaves are falling
On the cobblestones they lie as decks
Until winter breezes starts calling
They are lying still and show no reflex

Veronica is a beautiful rose
Till in beginning of fall - when wind blows
If you don't know you'll find out soon
Winter's coming and bringing it to ruin

Colorful blooming from summer's gone
With a face of a lady - once was young
The winter's showing a less kindled sun
There's no way steady nor right or wrong

From, The Starlight Poems / Lyrics...

Peter S. Quinn

Vertigo (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

There is no more this,
Anything comes down;
Merely as a wish,
In a dark town.
I may thing for two,
Reasons going round;
It's up to me and you,
What will there be found.

Leave me now alone,
Stone for stone for stone;
I am inside the Vertigo,
Diffusions wherever I go,
Nothing is further down the row.

A day with sunshine in,
Playful clouds in sky;
Everything is in a spin,
Going down or high.
Call the girls to play and dance,
Raining through a destiny;
In our life it's all a change,
What you can not now see.

Feel the closeness of a twin,
Reaching for another try;
You will either lose or win,
Anything needs to detoxify.
Call the colors to a blanch,
The contrast moods abhorrently;
Straight ways to disarrange,
Nothing is forever to be.

Leave me now alone,
Stone for stone for stone;
I am inside the Vertigo,
Diffusions wherever I go,
Nothing is further down the row.

This and more is to the wheels,
Turing round or going strait;
Anything on to its heels,
Time will for no one wait.

Leave me now alone,
Stone for stone for stone;
I am inside the Vertigo,
Diffusions wherever I go,
Nothing is further down the row.
Stone for stone for stone,
All the feelings inside drifting atone;
We are almost though,
In whatever we got to do,
Stone for stone for stone.
Vertigo!

Peter S. Quinn

Very Beautiful As Always

Very beautiful as always
Every date now of past
How many written days
Are now in dusty cast
Weaving their nowhere
In their distances all gone
Sometimes those were here
Now like clouds drifting on

Beautiful day's dreams by
All is in memories glow
Just like a sun setting sky
Within in its tide and flow
You and I dreaming still
Finding our past handle
Dreams needing fulfill
Sun setting dark candle

Everything beautiful is
That reaches memories
Carried inside like a bliss
Soul of man glow to please
Weaving on to tomorrow
Yesterdays are gone to dark
Hope in routs to borrow
Encountering more of spark

Peter S. Quinn

Vetrar Morgunn (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Dagurinn rís
ó vetrardís
?ínum gar?i í

Regnvatni? frys
ver?ur af ís
uns vorar á ny

?ín fegur? er hrein
oftast ?ó ein
í vindinum næ?ir

Minn hugur er hjá ?ér
sem í barningnum er
er golan um laufi? næ?ir

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Vi?

Ég er þér
eins og laufi?
er trjánum
þú ert mér
eins og rötin
er trjánum

og vatn okkar
fellur til sjávar
blandast og hverfur
og vatn okkar
úr öldufaldi
endurhnoðast í sky

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Vi? Gamla Vetrar Sló?

Vi? gamla vetrar sló?
er vori? ei komi? enn,
köld er nótt og hljó?
en hávæ?er hún ver?ur senn,
er fuglar syngja sín ljó?
um sumar sem by?ur enn.

Hún kulnar ei geisla gló?,
sem geymd er í hjartanu kær
og er ?ér enn?á svo gó?,
andblær af sumrinu tær.
Vi? gamla vetrar sló?
og vori? er æ nær og nær

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Vi? Kvöldbíl (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Nú er komi? a? kveldi
og kaldir straumar lí?a
í aftan sólskins eldi
allir draumarnir nú bí?a

Flögra hér um fi?rildi
og finna sér samasta?
?au léku vi? lofti? hildi
og létu frá sta? úr sta?

Nú draumar tjöld sín draga
me? dimmum skugga dans
og svefnsins sjávar skaga
vekja me? myrkum trans

Brátt loga stjörnuljósín
um stirndan himininn
og fögur ver?ur frostrósín
sem frys ?á á gluggann minn

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Vi? Og Vi? (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Vi? og vi?
sem alltaf erum
allsta?ar a? nálgast ?ig

spyrjum ekki a? leikslökum
?ótt dagur renni sitt skei?

Vi? og vi?
sem eigum framtí?
sem a? ver?ur hér ofan á

allt er eins og lei?sla í draumi
fegur?in er allsta?ar
?ú ert líka í ?essum saumi
?egar ?ú nálgast mig

Draumur erum vi? tvö
eins og ?essi verund er

látum koma látum fara
allt sem vi? og vi?
erum nú

Vi? og vi?
sem alltaf erum
allsta?ar

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Vísa (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Ég á mína drauma góða
og finn þá í litlum dal
þar fuglar í söngvum ljóða
í klettaskornum sal

Sumarið er þar lognkyrrt
við heiðbláan himinninn
og hverekki er þar spurt
spurninga um veturinn

*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Visions, Sonnet

There are visions thru every day and night
Clear inside their dreams that life had departed
Awaking wings on to the tomorrow's light
In strong and in weak of even beat hearted
Some were of daylight in brightness and fall
Bringing the lighting within the strong ray
Love songs of evening before a night call
All that was around upon to the next day

World of its dreaming going there by and by
Beams of their glowing into the night sky
Filling the moments with eyes of true cast
Guiding spirits that lonely were awake
Red yellow ember that thru the hours did last
Each in a flicker their gleaming did make

Peter S. Quinn

Vögguvísa

Sofðu, sofðu, lengi vel,
svefninn læknar, bætir;
ástand þitt og andans þel,
óra draumsins hug þinn fel,
hann auðnu og gæfu barnsins gætir.

Sofðu, sofðu, ungin minn,
sólin gyllir framtíð;
fyllir heiðan huga þinn,
hlyjum geislum litla skin,
svo hún sé ætíð björt og blíð.

Nóttin næðir dimm og köld,
núna er þig dreymir;
út í myrkri er margföld,
óvera á ógnaröld,
en yfir þér vakir Guð og geymir.

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Voices Of Solitude And Uncertainty

The snow around you is all disappearing
Raindrops from the sky are dissolving its way
Giving mood - that for a moment will stay
Till climate will come again interfering
Urgent reminding how autumn's once were
Before the leaves all did fall yellow
With the infinite shadings of rusty glow
On the branches and fields - now running bare

Come with the hours of uncertain sunlight
Voices of solitude for passions accessed
Those creep closer in silences around
Sow every worth to become once bright
Carry in fires - in their light up quest
That for at this time is nowhere to be found

Peter S. Quinn

Vor Hækur (Spring Haiku)

Gulgrænt vorgrasi?
aftur, einu sinni enn
grænkast allt túni?.

Í dag er vori?
aftur, í ilmi trjáanna
vi? göngustíga.

Inn um glugga minn
gægjast blómleg pottablóm
í vorskrú?anum.

Blómin í litum
vorsins, á móti sólu
í stofu minni.

Nyspretta hafin,
allt fram streymir endalaust
- líka öll blómin.

Peter S. Quinn

Vorvísur

dagur birtir grænkast grund
glæðist vöxtur á ny
bætast veður léttist lund
lífsins kær og hly

aftur kemur ætíð vor
yndis blómin smáu
hverfur snjór með hreta spor
hríðarveðrin gráu

ástin byr í blíðu hjarta
bænin von og trú
þegar áttu úti bjarta
unaðs stund sem nú

mundu daga drauma þína
dyran lífsins seið
ei er gott í gleysku' að tína
góðri lausnar leið

naumast áttu aðra betri
allt fram streymir nytt
njóta lífs að loknum vetri
land með blómi frítt

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

Voyage To Warm Places

Voyage to warm places:
The lamp, burn red and glow blue;
The time everything abolishes,
From old thought to a new.
Dancing hours grin between,
And fill the space with a twist;
What the minutes fore have seen,
Of pondering ways that coexist.

Rusting bars of sound and tongue,
In ancient voice entangling sleep;
Dream within the dream we long,
And yet's not ours to take or keep.
All wandering thoughts and free,
As bonfire smoke in hours sight;
The sudden fields of discovery,
That come and go, and again ignite.

Voyage to warm places,
Or the clouds from the faraway;
All the tromps and the aces,
That never for long will stay.
Expressing dreams of underworlds,
Platitudes and open debates;
This and that together twirleds,
In our destiny and unborn fates.

Peter S. Quinn

Voyages To The Heart

Voyages to the heart
Never to be fulfilled or done
Beginnings of truth and each start
Into the disseminate gone
Raindrops of the sky fallen tears
Kisses you on the forehead
Flowing through longing years
On to the ground they bled

Sweetness and caress going by
Futile feelings borderlands
Each emerald gemstone from sky
That touches alone understands
For the new morning in blossom
And the castles in the clouds
Your beats in songs so awesome
Around each stone it enshrouds

Distant interaction that you are
The radiant eyes of true love
Faraway like a Milky Way star
Into the beneficent there above
Snow fingers of a golden burn
The foam from the waving sea
Thoughts that for love shall yearn
The inside pages of you and me

Peter S. Quinn

Vulnerable

Vulnerable to the heart
And all that is there within
When love sends a touch dart
A feeling that goes under the skin
Ways expressive in play
All that is of there to feel
What you cannot or may
When eyes its defenseless conceal

Pleasures of feelings height
Coming in tides of ardor
Touching with delight appetite
The body of excitement explorer
Everything of its surface
All we thought over and done
Still with our touch to amaze
Like warm shine from the sun

Vulnerable to life's harm
And all that is there outside
Colors of soft skin so warm
That life incident beautified
Ways of her body and heart
All that she's with its sensation
Conduct of silky counterpart
Every cell of love's activation

Peter S. Quinn

Waiting

Winter nights
In dark deep blue
Starry light
And thought about you
Love is waiting
Like falling gray leaves
Hours debating
In their lonely grieves

Winter brights
Forwarding still on
In hours flight
Thru days that are gone
All that was said
Is now outlying
Like closeness we had
Those leaves flying

Winter sights
Snowey footsteps on
Lily-white
In dark deep blue
Love wings broken
That's flying no more
Words once spoken
In yesterdays yore

Peter S. Quinn

Waiting 2

Waiting for love
Coming here around
Like drift clouds above
Somewhere it's found
Dreams become true
If you let them come
It's all up to you
That'll be your blossom

Summer is now in glow
Dreams into open sky
Past forgotten in snow
Everything's bright high
Dancing ways of sunshine
Don't be now worrying
It's time to feel fine
Without any hurrying

Waiting for life's living
Dreams of summer new
Days of sunshine giving
Getting in life true
Happiness in a dream
All life will blossom on
Noting is as it seem
Till those days are gone

Peter S. Quinn

Waiting For A Sunny Sun

Imagine me and you
In everywhere we go
Inside and out true
In everything we know
There are people all around
In the hearts to be found

Giving all and taking
Our blessings to recall
In hearts of our waking
Summer days and fall
These people with dreams
Glowing on sunny beams

Everything of its worth
Day and night flying on
Water dreams of this earth
Waiting for a sunny sun

Everywhere around truth
In this life forever more
Freedom wings full of youth
Billows high to the shore
These people with dreams
Glowing on sunny beams

There is no time for sorrow
As life goes by and by
Hopes are in its tomorrow
Like rising sun to the sky

Imagine me and you
In everywhere we go
Inside and out true
In everything we know
There are people all around
In the hearts to be found

Waiting for a sunny sun

Waiting for a sunny sun

Peter S. Quinn

Waiting For My Inside Beginning Birth

Waiting for my inside beginning birth
From the ego upon the opposing lights
The voices of afterglow's heart beats worth
New moon floating on to my legs and tights
Where the field of fresh roses once had died
Upon the desiring of plunging heaven
The grace of each shadow that love has tried
My womb and new blossoming abdomen

This love that's now new in my growing field
Prevailing to tomorrow - in freshly shape
In the faith that my wishes and dreams kneeled
Which my heart from its past had soured in drape
Tomorrow my darling your day shall begin
And my love given hope to live and win

Peter S. Quinn

Waiting For Rime Mirrors

Strings of tones waving waves
Never ending
With its peace in time and ripples
Swiftly deep pools
Stone and water come together
In the lost of the two
Every dropp clings an ending
From the rain pouring down

You and I knitting wings
Under the leaves
Flowers of morning their red cleaving it
In with dreams of fall
Hue rugs massed down in circle
Only to be close together
Knowing them one by one
Beautiful names of summer

Autumn's sundown light
Windows so passive
Above blossoms angels white
And the pulsing sounds
Of our shadows
Water around the dark stones
Mistiness in its moods
Waiting for rime mirrors

Peter S. Quinn

Waiting For The Impossible Dream (From, Myspace)

The hours are sometimes much outlying
While I'm waiting for the impossible dream
Every minute oppressive to defying
In its closeness that nowhere now seem
Yesterdays are old and some forgotten
Like the leaves of last year's autumn days
Every thought so of instances sudden
In its coming and going differently ways

Ocean waves keep rushing to and fro
Like the impossible tomorrow might come
With someone's dream and hope to become true
So much to regret seems long time ago
That into forgotten it has succumb
For aspiring wishes out of the blue

Peter S. Quinn

Waiting...

Now it is winter time in turning grays
Wonderful charming in dim colors light
Flowers of frosty and flowers of night
In to the doldrums of the passing plays
Hours of yesterdays are long forgotten
In the corners of the dark and the deep
Autumn leaves on pathways lie rotten
In their bleaching ensign that life couldn't keep

Holidays coming in their wondrous gleam
Feelings inside for everyone singing
My house is surrounded by magical glow
Each hour awakening winter's new dream
With beautiful thoughts to my heart bringing
To celebrate Christmas in new fallen snow

Peter S. Quinn

Wake Up Wake Up

Wake up wake up to your call
Now the sun is glowing
Soon there will be here fall
And the summer going
Feelings reaching to their gold
In every autumn's waking
The leaves of life become old
In their green of making

Past yesteryears' were once new
Giving life and teaching
All the ways of in and through
In their playful reaching
Solar drinking and oranges tones
Filling the cups of departure
Their sunshine cup-full of alones
At new wintry cold stature

Wake up wake up and fly on
Summer that is now leaving
Soon the bouquets blossoms are gone
In their few months bereaving
Let the winter become fresh
In its times and being
The last days of summer were a bless
In their worth and seeing

Peter S. Quinn

Walk (From, Illuminating Night)

Walk on the sands,
With dreams undecided;
Mind that understands,
A reason that's divided.
Feelings of freedom,
Inside every shell;
When night's infinitum,
Into winter's spell.

Flowing of the tides,
With clouds going by;
Summer feelings asides,
Far from bird's eye.
Wintry blowing blow,
Frost in the coldness;
Icy glowingly glow,
Always new and fresh.

Walk on by the dreams,
Realities and stars;
Faraway now all seems,
Some glisten isobars.
Flowers on a window,
Frosty and white;
Outside cold to grow,
More into dim night.

Peter S. Quinn

Walk (From, Illuminating Night...)

Walk on the sands,
With dreams undecided;
Mind that understands,
A reason that's divided.
Feelings of freedom,
Inside every shell;
When night's infinitum,
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Realities and stars;
Faraway now all seems,
Some glisten isobars.
Flowers on a window,
Frosty and white;
Outside cold to grow,
More into dim night.

Peter S. Quinn

Walk And Let Love Bloom

Walk and let love bloom
In two peaceful hearts
There inside is much room
Where a feeling once starts
A bouquet of balloons
To faraway mountain tops
In spring fresh afternoons
Where a brainwave never stops

Stop and listen to a heart
As it boom booms away
It's where all love will start
Making colors out of gray
And the wishful roads along
In a heart that wonders still
With a beat to beat mood song
That every love shall fulfill

Walk and let the bridge find
Every aspect of our explore
Leave your worries behind
Drift your mind to lover's shore
Like the birds that wing free
To their waiting new spring
Same to you it then must be
If your feelings of love do sing

Peter S. Quinn

Walk Around The Park

Walk around the park
On to the unknown ways
There is here so much dark
Coming through the days
Giving a living breezy
Falling so deep in heart
Sometimes it is though easy
To find every thought apart

Daydreams coming going
Falling in footsteps cold
Just like the snow is glowing
Mirrors that cannot hold
Yesterday was once new
Dreaming its youngish look
Now it's gone on through
With what its spirit took

Life is a kismet handling
Bringing so much in view
Every opportunity needling
If you 'll find threads through
Clouds in the faraway horizon
Maybe come nearer in time
Fortune of daydreams sizin'
When they are still in prime

Peter S. Quinn

Walk Away

Walk away and become a fugitive
Numberless roads are without number
Every its need to consider attributive
Once was its today and summer

Many today's are not for to now
But for the future to be more beyond
History is not lost in its kowtow
Just more in its way to correspond

Instances of old so full of grace
Proper in position to grasp and hold
Times in control of many ways
As present is aged and fresh to unfold

That which is fitting in this all still
More wishing and doing to belong
Point in possession take and fulfill
Some of its equitable and making strong

Time is always here to walk away
Give of its instances till it will die
Meeting ambitions making them stay
Reaching a spot where each path lie

Peter S. Quinn

Walk My Way

Walk my way
Into the new sun
Here comes the day
After winter's gone

Let me have your song
All the days through
A summer love to long
Together with a new

Let there be bliss
With fresh and bright
Spring's first kiss
All the summer light

Everything to live
Wonders of each hour
What shall daylight give
With its marvel flower

Walk into new May
All the ways of glowing
Here comes summer day
Winter times are going

Let its love be timeless
In its way and propose
Something always fresh
With a summer rose

Walk my way
Into the new sun
Here comes the day
After winter's gone

Everything's now clear
Dreams and new flowers
Sunshine again is here
Passing through the hours

Peter S. Quinn

Walk With The Wind

1.

winter is here
in the leaves going
one by one till last

2.

the wind breezes
on my window in the night
- everything is turning

3.

the old tree stands
still in the moonlight
- and waits for new day

4.

like stillness of time
the night is quiet now
- with its themes to enter

5.

like day growing old
and every leaf turns to gold
- life is its footsteps

6.

sound of the wind
in the evening going
falls with the time and mood

Peter S. Quinn

Walk With The Wind (Page10)

55

here is night again
with its blinking starry glow
- November's coming

56

the water now shines
with its many city night lights
and frosty footpath

57

new morning rising
with a reddish horizon
- soon another day

58

like flowering trays
these many snow icy knolls
along the old road

59

here comes the new sun
feeling lonely out in cold
- with me and some birds

60

blossoms silver white
in the glow of new morning
- those old house windows

Peter S. Quinn

Walk With The Wind (Page2)

7

Iris blue iris
the eyes of summer heaven
on to autumn 's fall

8

The moon is now bright
with autumns glowing leaves
- yesterday is gone

9

New to old coming
flowers in falling daydreams
paling their last shade

10

Day going to night
along the pathways glowing
- easy steps for now

11

Like days growing old
everything blossoms to fall
- even the green leaves

12

Silent is falling
to the forest and the wild
- soon it starts snowing

(...from the extensive work: Walk With the Wind)

Peter S. Quinn

Walk With The Wind (Page3)

13

autumn is going
soon under a snowy field
but first the rain drops

14

stars shine now brightly
in the evening and the night
when there are no clouds

15

life isn't easy
when the climate's a bit cold
and we get upset

16

just as the sky's clear
the future gives more and more
step by step each time

17

even the rain
will give some comfort to life
when it soothes the eyes

18

asleep in the dark
are yesterdays summer fields
each day walks alone

Peter S. Quinn

Walk With The Wind (Page4)

19

the moon is dancing
and mirroring the water
- something for the night

20

frosty days now near
and the flowers going pale
October autumn

21

clouds go to and fro
on to the curving of time
to new horizon

22

clear raindrops falling
on to the street cobblestones
- like teardrops of time

23

mixed hazy clouds
running through the moonless night
- with little glimpses

24

petals of flowers
withering and then falling
- like years become old

Peter S. Quinn

Walk With The Wind (Page5)

25

blossoms in autumn
with their fallen yellow leaves
like memory blush

26

here there everywhere
circling around in the breeze
red-brownish fall leaves

27

bud that didn't open
to summer and sunshine dreams
wither now to fall

28

soon there'll be snowflakes
scattering in the gusting
like the leaves are now

29

chill blustery blow
coming from the far mountains
-though still there is fall

30

winter is near
with its dark mouth of coldness
- and long walks in snow

Peter S. Quinn

Walk With The Wind (Page7)

37

coming of winter
this morning in its stillness
and falling snowflakes

38

footsteps in the snow
soon they disappear again
because of the breeze

39

it's still dark outside
in the early hours morning
- the treetops are white

40

the autumn has sang
its last departure love song
every bird has flown

41

yesterday clear earth
today snow's everywhere
- even on my head

42

I still remember
autumn's glowing view tincture
- this cold new morning

Peter S. Quinn

Walk With The Wind (Page8)

43

beautiful flowers
on my window this morning
frosty silver threads

44

leaves have left the trees
one by one they have fallen
to dance in the wind

45

darkish shadows moods
at night on the route outside
only moon to gleam

46

fallen stars in sky
making someone's summer true
- but not though for me

47

angels in the snow
so easy done like footsteps
going to next year

48

written in the clouds
dark blue noon of November
it is cold outside

Peter S. Quinn

Walk With The Wind (Page9)

49

in everyone's thought
another day in winter
white snowy footsteps

50

silence of morning
and sometimes faraway sounds
make me now wonder

51

I'm lost in my time
with night giving rewriting
and the moon to shine

52

the shape of shadows
still haven't developed the day
only its twilight

53

the clouds faraway
have no saying in the day
- castles in the air

54

every beginning
has its end in many ways
- like the autumn too

Peter S. Quinn

Walk With The Wind 6

31

the wind goes around
circling the trees and bushes
this October noon

32

drooping leaves yellow
on to the ground of the night
winter slowly walks

33

as the wind blows
with its many hollow voices
- night goes to star fall

34

momentarily breeze
over my roof and windows
singing for winter

35

no longer living
the bouquets of yesterday
- dried for ornament

36

inside the forest
the silent goes lonely by
- single ruffling leaf

Peter S. Quinn

Walking

Walking in sunglow
Evening is going
Tomorrow's perhaps snow
Over footsteps snowing

I'll be sleepy and dark
Full of stars and moon
Glint in coldness embark
Every frosty afternoon

Dreams in their deep
Flowing more and more
Hours in their catnap keep
Till they reach day's shore

Ways in trotting sage
Keep on reaching out
Icicle tethers disengage
In this point of doubt

Walking in moonshine
On the arctic earth
Shine afar on sphere line
Every hoof-it worth

Peter S. Quinn

Walking By The Cobblestones

You and me
Walking by the cobblestones
As we come and go
Moods of whisper wind is free
In their way and show

Walking by the cobblestones
Up and down and high
Every day is on its grow
As the hours tie

You and me
Walking by the cobblestones
Turning times to be
As the frames shine their glow

For you and me
You and me

Peter S. Quinn

Walking Sideways From This All

Verse:

There are silences in our day
Falling apart though every way
Nothing in the cards to play
Only love that's lost inside

Every day is like broken glass
With the hopes that don't come
So much from outside in to amass
Where all those hopeless touches
Are from

Chorus:

Walking sideways from this all
Trying to find a different road
Love is a way and every call
To take away life's heavy load
In the words of every song going by
Like the clouds that drift on
Every charm that comes to die
In those feelings that were almost gone
But my heart is never easy in its touch
Saying everything that isn't always there

Bridge:

Days go by without their hope
Nothing is like it used to be
Moments come and some elope
It isn't always what you see

Chorus:

Walking sideways from this all
Trying to find a different road
Love is summer sometimes fall
Any late come that's bestowed

Tag:

Here I am without any hope
Nothing comes easy or will stay

Love is a song in its kaleidoscope
Or raising shadows
In its lost alleyway

Peter S. Quinn

Wall To Wall – Spot Of Light

Wall to wall nothing but stretching of time
Each coming or going into its billowy
Flowing in shadows or day in its prime
When each motion gives of its duality
Easy and sturdy to the ogle and sight
Bringing forward ripples of all its move
The dancing of gray contrasts in the light
As they play on vision with their own groove

Music to the eye in light and the dark
Many times transforming as the day goes
Variableness in its entire onward spark
Each quite different in its whirling glows
The Life forms of all streaming line and being
Motions of waves never ending in seeing

Peter S. Quinn

Wandering Lullabies (From, Rock Star)

When day goes to sleep,
My heart is with you;
Wandering lullabies to keep,
From the dark and weary blue.
My heart is searching on,
And going the world around;
Oh so much's found and done,
Some strange and profound.

The words I couldn't say,
Aiming to be never heard;
Like book pages hideaway,
Never again to be altered.
Temperatures starting to rise,
With pilings of the high flows;
Enough of the burning disguise,
Mid sun of the mind shallows.

When dreams look for reality,
And what we know we don't;
Fantasies of unreal absurdity,
Teaches you something or won't.
Tonight is the night of danger,
Moments all steady and strong;
For pleasures - don't be a stranger,
The night won't forever be young.

Peter S. Quinn

Warm And Special

Warm and special
Little flower
Close to my heart
In its colored song
You are true like the wind
Where you reach to the air

Every joy is your bouquet
Thru the day and year
Every heart to pleasure
In your wake

Warm and special
For the hour
Close now you are
Your beauty I long
From the blossom
Of your little star
When I have you to me near

Every joy is your color
When the summer is here
And the wind in breezy hollers
With the pleasures you make

Peter S. Quinn

Water Ballads (From, Rock Star)

Come and get your doubts in,
Dreams are here to fulfil;
Love still spins and spins to win,
Over mountain tops and anthill.

Something of your feelings verve,
Close to the times gone by;
Thoughts or actions to observe,
Before the hours all away fly.

Give me some minutes to trust the day,
Imaginations are for the dim night;
There is a reason and there is a way,
That makes the moment quite all right,
Come into the standing with new appetite.

Rain is falling and giving its floods,
Stretching the river to go;
Down through the gills in myriads,
Crystal water ballads adagio.

Silences moving voices to whisper,
Opening doors to low singing;
The earth becomes clear and crisper,
New buds to flowers bringing.

Give me some minutes to trust new day,
Imaginations are for the dim night;
There is a reason and there is a way,
That makes the moment quite all right,
Come into the standing with new appetite.

With earth and gardens I'll pirouette,
Dance with the moments now;
The scenery of summer who can forget,
As much as desire and hours allow.

Day to day that is life my love,
Reaching the air and sky of tomorrow;

Steering the clouds far and above,
Walking away as a true aficionado.

Give me some minutes to trust the day,
Imaginations are for the dim night;
There is a reason and there is a way,
That makes the moment quite all right,
Come into the standing with a brand new appetite.

Peter S. Quinn

Water Colors And Sky Shade (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Water colors and sky shade
Every tranquil to fulfill
That in hazy high is made
Of the moment's coming still
Living cloudy many ways
Through the distances a drifting
In the colors of lighted grays
Those in tincture now are shifting

Watery flow of rivers on
Blue in touch and waving light
From the moments never done
Of the sky in azure bright
Profound dark of a wielding deep
Nearly swart for eyes to free
Shadings mingling some to keep
From its rivulets to the sea

Greener colors from the green
Of the woods around the lane
Somber yellow and brown between
Much of reddish with its strain
Deep and moving leaves in breeze
Hazel routs to so many places
Air of the bracing the spirit frees
In every tincture's falling graces

Peter S. Quinn

Waves

Waves drifting on the sea,
Like a sweet flowing melody;
I hear the murmurs of waves,
Pictures from seafloor graves.

A fairy tale I don't know,
In the tiding and its flow;
The echoes of oceans before,
Enlightenments, I'm not sure.

Oh the sun touches the sea,
The one that sails inside of me;
Oh the sun touches the sea
And lets me fly like a bird free.

Sail ahead of the hour,
Onto the formatting ocean;
Where the blue wave bower,
Like a mirror of motion.

Fairy tales are for a reason,
Like the world we live in;
They're different each season,
Like the worlds afar within.

Oh the sun touches the sea,
The one that sails inside of me;
Oh the sun touches the sea
And lets me fly like a bird free.

Eternally on and on
When we sail imaginary free
There are vastly things for fun
For travelers there to see.

Waves drifting on the sea,
Like a sweet flowing melody;
I hear the murmurs of waves,
Pictures from seafloor graves.

Peter S. Quinn

Waves Of The Morning

Waves of the morning
Full of their longings
On to tomorrow's yearning
From birds singings
Tones of the faraway
Meeting another blue sky
Blessings of a new day
As the moments drift by

Waves of its endless sea
Dreams that goes together
Of love that's inside free
And outside summer weather
Tones of tinting harmony
Shades of the deep and afar
Tones of flowing melody
To whom ever you are

Joyful thoughts to give
Blessings from the spring
Moments fresh to live
As they get together and sing
Tones of the sunshine
Green of jade meadows
All that's free and mine
In its alternating flows

Peter S. Quinn

Waves Of Tomorrows

Waves of tomorrows rises and falls
Into deep oceans that endlessly come
Times unborn like love songs to life calls
Few will whisper softly others you hum
Varieties of emotions open through
Calling to the comings that are here near
Everything's old though to earth it's new
Roots of heart inside always to love steer

Do you know the soul that you can not see?
Like the breeze going through the autumn leaves
Noting but touched impress - to give and wake
Advancing pace by pace to thoughts to be
Only for an intervention waves
Like those you cannot hold give or partake...

Peter S. Quinn

Waving Each Hour Dark

Into the truly love
Everything comes fresh
Just like air above
And each soul's enmesh

Feeling both large and small
Waving each hour dark
Sunshine and raining squall
That will set its mark

You and I always too
Having so much inside
Profound and very through
Where every cloud will glide

So much in seeds that fly
With every bird's wing
Into the deep high sky
While they twiddle and sing

What
Is it with me?
Why am I only this
Never from earth free

O give me the morning bright
After the sunset's gone
Here is my wingless flight
Carrying on and on

Peter S. Quinn

We All Disappear Someday

We all are somebody
On to the dust of time
Like mist in our delivery
When we are in our prime
Each footstep that goes
Never returns back
Tides to and fro flows
On to our days and track

We are in our giving
As we dwell on earth
Reality dreams living
From the days of our birth
You are somewhere there
Behind these misty walls
I am still waiting here
To hear the waves squalls

We all are in this space
And some very close
Turning points many ways
As our instant goes
Love is way and stream
Surrounded by all of this
Moment's ornament theme
That gives existence bliss

Peter S. Quinn

We Are All Sinking

We are all sinking with our wings of buying
In the days of ahead and global die
There is darkness into tomorrow sky
With every beat going on and its trying
So much bursting of productive out gone
Into somewhere the nowhere shall return
It's the begin of financial turmoil burn
Those emergency loans have distributed on

Like the forest in falling leaves autumn
That is yellow to brownish withering
First in its colors bleeding delirium
With the glowing on in its altering
Then return to the grays of winter's deep
Nothing of forgone dreams on to the keep

Peter S. Quinn

We Are All Stars

We are all stars in the moonlight
Dreams that are going and coming
Day of the days new and bright
Voices in winter evening humming

Life is a call and its many dreams
The flowers in bouquets on glowing
Magnet fields of passion schemes
Each on its go round and on going

Yesterdays were all ours to take
Something so beautiful to share
Where mornings of joy did on wake
Always to enclose and be aware

This was the time for all freeing
When roads were opening direct
Trust was the prospect of seeing
Nothing of its time was to neglect

We're all pebbles by the open sea
Seafaring on all its billows so high
Giving and again taking for free
Every its beckon that is going by

Life has its occasion in the making
Seeds of its earth and growing
Flow of its instant occasion waking
Just like wind in circle's blowing

Peter S. Quinn

We Are All Time Travelers - In Our Life Years :)

One by one they pass
Beautiful or some dark
Memories that we came across
Once in a day did spark
Glow into night everlasting
Dreams we told and gave
On wheel of time casting
Yesterdays we now crave

Peter S. Quinn

We Are Coming Through (From, To Oscar - Act II)

We have all got our story to tell and where we are going,
For there is a time and a place for each show on earth;
Without any journey and without us really trying or knowing,
What is to be a puzzle and what is for real now and worth.

Need to be trying to get going along on the weary road,
Finding each way that is worth when taking each new fall;
For you have to get rid of each burden and your load,
Before you can really tell what makes up for it all.

Answers are coming, giving us the truth,
Though we have to live them first to call them our own;
We all have our ways and old dreams from our youths,
That like what has living roots from the inside has grown.

You have your faith and reasons to make a new try,
Loving the shapes of the many times that will come;
Time is not at ease for the hours say goodbye,
And each remembrance is just like a withering blossom.

We are coming through, laying new lines, we are coming through,
We are coming through, laying new lines, we are coming through.

The night has had its way and before it's again all gone,
We need holding to dreams that traveled like the stars;
Broken to pieces are all our thoughts that are done,
For new times come sitting on the horizon of new isobars.

Here comes new dawn in playing and with so much finding,
Making all the dark shadows hollow and again too faraway;
The sun has a way in turning and weary thoughts blinding,
Yes clearing the road for the blooming of a newborn day.

We are coming through, laying new lines, we are coming,
Giving and taking like the breeze that is now new born;
All is for a purpose for nature is it all summing,
Laying aside what is old to the world now and worn.

We are coming through, laying new lines, we are coming through,

We are coming through, laying new lines, we are coming through.

We need to be trying to get going along on the weary road,
Finding each way that is worth when taking each new fall;
For you have to get rid of each burden that makes your load,
Before you can really tell what makes up for it all.

We are coming through, laying new lines, we are coming through,
We are coming through, laying new lines, we are coming through.

Peter S. Quinn

We Are Dream Dream Away

We are dream dream away
From our own yesterday
Every coming and giving
That we shape in our living
We are reaching its hold
From its moments unfold
With the ways that we feel
As it comes clear and real

We are reaching to its night
From the deep and asunder
In our own means and flight
That is profound there under
Every hold that we will try
Shall make us approach thru
Like a clearance of the sky
When sun comes to renew

We are steady from the past
Moving ahead in its time
Of its waves embrace and vast
That we onward still climb
Nothing in the world is easy
Of what to do then and make
Shoulder to shoulder's breezy
What to accomplish and wake

Peter S. Quinn

We Are Flowers In Dark Love

We are flowers in dark love
Only for pleasures minutes to come
Like drifts in the clouds above
Come here to be somewhere from

Listen to the words of your heart
Every root is on the rise gone
Giving its moments before depart
To carry our seeds on and on

Yesterday dreams into darkness
Nothing but its moments to go
Within every color of its starkness
When sunshine will return in glow

Then comes the night in heart waves
Singing a song of its sadness
Following a love song that craves
On to your touch and your madness

Nothing to give or to take
Only the flowers of its darkish mood
Feeling that shadows might up wake
On to the street's blossoms nude

The summer is coming like evening
On to the glow of the night
When every gleam in dim will sing
To follow the lost glow in bright

This poem was expressly written for Bashung:

Peter S. Quinn

We Are Going Nowhere

These old songs keep coming
and making us young,
keep singing them or humming
as your days passes along.

Refrain

We are going nowhere
just traveling in dreams,
from here to everywhere
in nightly starry beams.

Though some of us are staying
and looking at the moon,
old memories keep playing
Farwell but come again soon.

Refrain

We are going nowhere
just traveling in dreams,
from here to everywhere
in nightly starry beams.

Peter S. Quinn

We Are Kindred Spirits

We are kindred spirits in cyberspace
With poems to write and give
Each moment is our hope and grace
To bring `em forward and truly live
The oceans are vast like inside mind
But we all have the same sky
And together we'll search and find
Everything that comes there by

Love is the outpost of everything
That no man can be without
Let there be love people will sing
In search of new ways without doubt
In land of hope that's coming to stay
Rising from its autonomy fight
Every earth's fresh gardens way
Give every rose its freedom's right

We'll stand before life to seek ways
To have here starvations none
Each living should be generous grace
To carry the inner richness on
Let there be hope for every mankind
To prosper his seeds to more joy
And each sister and brother to find
Fillings that greediness can't destroy

Peter S. Quinn

We Are Like Fire

A fire gives within
Poems of the heart
With desires to spin
And sting like a dart
Like thorns of a rose
That gives you its sting
When you come up close
And feel from its swing

Like the dark desire
Or the apple of fate
These flames never tire
Nor go out of date
For love is their burning
And gives it its claim
And feelings of turning
Inside their flame

For love is an emotion
And the deepest abyss
So particular its erosion
When it gives its first kiss
Never again returning
To the lost innocence days
For inside it's then burning
Its many rose red ways

Peter S. Quinn

We Are Lock And Key

We are lock and key
To each our way
Mysteries of life litany
Every coming day
We play on free
Through hurt and smile
And what might be
In every its awhile

We are thread and line
To each and one
Our ways combine
What we have done
Each palm and hand
Shall make us too□
Follow and understand
The things we do

We are free and bond
To our touch and feel
And becoming fond
To what we thing real
So much still to handle
That we trust in heart
And life might dandle
But where shall we start?

Peter S. Quinn

We Are The Stars Of Star Shine

We are the stars of star shine
Glowing dust of the morning
Caused by the heart to define
The wings of our love aborning

Dreams that follow onto dust
Reigns of true destiny pending
Trials and errors never to rust
Each in turn plentiful vending

Taking days through inspiration
Giving some time to our hope
Freedom's love for each nation
Just like smoke that can't elope

Morn given that's been walked
Through struggling that hesitates
Around swaying barleys barrack
In every shading of its true baits

Peter S. Quinn

We Are The Wind And Fire

We are the wind and the fire
Every moment of our desire
The feelings that come and go
Like autumn leaves in the snow
Yesterdays those are never gone
To carry our bewildered dreams on
Like flow in each new season
That gives us a mood and a reason

We are the children that have found
Beauty that lies here beyond
Coming and going here through
Always in fulfillments to renew
Dreams that give reasons to stay
As they in faraway clouds play
New morning that comes easy
Wintry to the shore and breezy

Hope with peace in our playing
Like tides to and fro weighing
Sun shining moods of new dawn
Night's silver threads bluish gown
The breeze above the tree tops
Horizon's colors that never stops
Course of our moods and feelings
Moments in splendor stealing

Peter S. Quinn

We As One - Close And Near

All the closeness to you
By my heart is always true
Being lonesome in there
When you aren't anywhere

Like a star in the sky
In the blue far and high
Is our love always about
Casting never its doubt

Every wish and every try
Two together you and I
Not at all to go apart
Or to distrust each heart

Feelings that are there
Are of trust inside here
Like the stars in the sky
Asking questions to why
If our love isn't clear
Or we as one close and near

Feelings that are there
Are of trust inside here
Like the stars in the sky
Asking questions to why
If our love isn't clear
Or we as one close and near

Or we as one close and near

Peter S. Quinn

We Do What We'Re Told

We do what we're told
Making and breaking
Inside our own to hold
What of its worth taking

Seeing and in believing
Everything there is
Temptations and in receiving
For life is truly a Bliss

Left turn and into its right
Life is like a dance
Coming morning on bright
Made a way to its chance

Playful roads of opportunities
Memories on to fold
Eyes that miss and sees
As our customs can hold

We are we like no other
Never giving it up
Receiving deliver brother
To reaching a personal top

Merry-go-round plays
Swinging times of prospect
The road has its many ways
Ours to find and select

Peter S. Quinn

We Glitter All Of Gold Inside

We glitter all of gold inside
With many thoughts of wonder
Those rainbow colors they'll glide
In every thoughtful ponder
There are so many different ways
To find one ways in
They come as many colored plays
To give you its imagination spin

In every truth there is a dream
That goes beyond reality
And not everything there inside seem
To be what it is meant to be
For we are all children still
In finding our worthy go
And the dreams that come we must fulfill
To make them like morning glow

Peter S. Quinn

We Have Risen

We have risen,
From the shore
Of infinity pleasures,
Sons and daughters,
Brothers, sisters.
All, - and more,
We have risen.
Found each leisure,
Mended each way;
Grown in praise,
In many ways.
We have risen,
Joy has come!
We have risen,
Each root from
Gold that glitters.
Mothers and fathers,
Generations, - and more;
We have risen,
That's for sure!

Peter S. Quinn

We Knew Love

You were there for me
And everything changed within days
You set the world on free
Gave the moments and tuning ways
All is instant and goes
Feelings - the future's intuition
Rainbow of past no one knows
The currents of inside ignition

Each morning comes just as before
With everything set out and turning
Waves that are washed to the shore
Love that's in quick wicks burning

Anything goes with each heart
Flowing from inside and there about
Feelings from nowhere to start
And reaching from inward to out
There is a love song to you
Singing to confront every value
Moments and pleasures now due
What each of our heart once knew?

Each morning comes just as before
With everything set out and turning
Waves that are washed to the shore
Love that's in quick wicks burning

Sounds can be haunted and lonely
Moments have each their time
You might be the one and only
The assumptions of every paradigm
Summer and winter passes on
Nothing forever shall be or stay
Everything once new will be gone
Here comes future's young day

Each morning comes just as before
With everything set out and turning

Waves that are washed to the shore
Love that's in quick wicks burning

Peter S. Quinn

We Know Very Little

We know very little
Just our own kind of song
Our life is so brittle
And everything we long
Love comes so easy
Time and a time again
Thou life's often breezy
And each search in vain

Dream they are glowing
Timeless in a new thought
And all our search going
What our life has taught
Secrets many to find
When we search on through
But still our mind's blind
In what's completely new

We know not so much
In what we see and hear
And what we may touch
Circles around everywhere
Our world's full of space
Nothing is quite empty
Life knowledge many ways
Is what we find and see

We know very little
Just our own kind of song
Our life is so brittle
And everything we long
We have just this earth
In everything that's giving
It starts with every birth
Our search in our living

Love comes so easy
Time and a time again
Thou life's often breezy

And each search in vain
We still grow on and try
To find the open way
As we look up to the sky
In morning of new day

Peter S. Quinn

We Know Very Little 2

We know very little
Just our own kind of song
Our life is so bridle
And everything we long
Love comes so easy
Time and a time again
Thou life's often breezy
And each search in vain

Dream they are glowing
Timeless in a new thought
And all our search going
What our life has taught
Secrets many to find
When we search on through
But still our mind's blind
In what's completely new

We know not so much
In what we see and hear
And what we may touch
Circles around everywhere
Our world's full of space
Nothing is quite empty
Life knowledge many ways
Is what we find and see

We know very little
Just our own kind of song
Our life is so bridle
And everything we long
We have just this earth
In everything that's giving
It starts with every birth
Our search in our living

Love comes so easy
Time and a time again
Thou life's often breezy

And each search in vain
We still grow on and try
To find the open way
As we look up to the sky
In morning of new day

Peter S. Quinn

We Lost Our Way

We lost our way
Onto a never coming back
Roads of many lay
On life's contrasting track

Where opportunities go on
In the depth of memory
Till everything is gone
Once again becoming free

Their sparkles of play
First reality and talk
The moments of coming day
Twinkle shine opening walk

Each remain and year's awn
That made connections to be
Everything that's under drawn
In everlasting duality

Its hope in passive ray
On the horizons' almanac
To the corners and pathway
Of shadows deep and black

Life's to and fro autobahn
That made purity preciously
Everything is timeless aeon
In epoch possess treasury

Peter S. Quinn

We May Lose In The End

Just let it come or go
Anything that has its way
Seen it all before you know
It's just to being okay
Caught my eye this one way street
Someone's going both sides
This and that to its feet
The cornered shadows hides

To breathe on and to live
It's going to be so great
Nothing on your hands to forgive
Just an easy going state
Feeling lonely driven apart
With your hope on your own
Something to give or to start
Letting it all become known

We may lose in the end
Every freedom takes its leave
What we felt was right to mend
Is sometimes a way to deceive

Peter S. Quinn

We Must Not Forget You

Remember all your love,
Though every day is new;
For feelings come above,
To dwell inside of you.
The stars are all crying,
The day has lost its light;
For innocents were dying,
Into the dull some night.

We must not forget you,
Who have now gone away;
And even though we do,
When there comes a new day.
Remembering our lost ones,
Will follow us in time;
Parents, daughters and sons,
Victims to this evil crime.

What's the purpose of this?
Why make such sorrowfulness?
Now, as we loved ones miss,
We all feel this aimlessness.

Peter S. Quinn

We Need To Be Together

The hour is falling free
Into the reflections
Of going mood
Purpose and work about
For you and for me
River of words life's food

Everything coming to go
Passions of feelings loss
Enormous ways you'll know
Getting day's music across

The times of being here
In our answers to find
About the thoughts
We give and share
Through the echoes
Where we together
Are entwined

Peter S. Quinn

We Shall Overcome This Day

We shall overcome this day
When our heart is almost broken
Many feeling in their way
Those were never outside spoken
When my heart was frozen cold
Dark and deep in throbbing beat
Icily slippery that cannot hold
On this empty nowhere street

Yesterday did shine its cold
Wishing stars of falling light
Every road that must now unfold
From the day and through of night
When the easiness is all alone
Sleepy brows and a silent deep
Winter thoughts in its frozen tone
Nowhere to the springtime sweep

We shall overcome this day
That is now returning to dark
Evening hours in the falling play
To the strings of daybreak arc
Lullabies murmur in the distance
Wintry ways deep to breeze
Of the stream of time transience
In the wilderness aborigines

Peter S. Quinn

We Should Always Speak Love (From New Waves To The Shore)

We should always speak Love - to make its way
For nothing can come that you don't prepare
A light will not come if there is no day
Or fire to bring - and the dark away snare
Each thought is the same and becomes you
If you bring its secrets crossing here on
We have powers to bring the ideal through
Or let our own love from this world be gone

Nothing's easy that needs awareness
To be build like the stars and moon above
Wishing stars we are - also of realty!
With a heart and much light in our fairness
And nothing must stand in the way of Love
Because then it shall drift - never to be

Peter S. Quinn

We Were Boys - Sonnet

Like the morning in its every hour stay
Shall not be drifting to ties of gone by
But be like a gleaming before the day
In the opening of thoughts down or high
Nothing's as easy it sometimes was
Through the energy of its drifting waste
Though there might seem amends of some trespass
It came also under influence of taste

We were boys in gone yesterday's school yard
In our boyish outcome and all their trying luck
Then we broke up and went to older ward
But some of our thoughts on a rim got stuck
Now you are there but I'm still here finding
Some of the blind spots that keeps rewinding

Peter S. Quinn

We Will Come And We Will Go

We will come and we will go
Like the falling morning snow
All life is not what it seems
Some are ways to other dreams

When I love it will show
Everything will make it glad
You and I we have to know
Nothing keeps it being sad
Love is all when love is here
Step and fall show some care
You are mine so much and true
Anything you say or do
Bring our love together now
This is all so somehow

This and that to the night
When day falls and loses flight
Why we know wrong or right
Is inside so deep alright
Bring your heart in flowing wave
Give wings come be brave
All is here to be alright
Give it all here through
Let time be its only guide
Everything that is for you
Is inside so deep alright

We will come and we will go
Finding dreams and then know
What our love is for to care
Yes it's here and everywhere

When I love it will show
Everything will make it glad
You and I we have to know
Nothing keeps it being sad
Love is all when love is here
Step and fall show some care

You are mine so much and true
Anything you say or do
Bring our love together now
This is all we need to show

Rain will fall clouds will come
Ways and means to there from some
What is true you can not say?
There are so many different way
To bring around to feel alright
To set you back up into height
Reasons are sometimes reasonable
Even when they are of dreams full
What feels alright maybe quite true?
But some are opinions up to you

We will come and we will go
Stepping slowly down the row
Where life is belonging to whole
And each of our dreams has a role

When I love it will show
Everything will make it glad
You and I we have to know
Nothing keeps it being sad
Love is all when love is here
Step and fall show some care
You are mine so much and true
Anything you say or do
Bring our love together now
This is all we need to show

(This is from an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Peter S. Quinn

We Will Dance All Day

We will dance all day
In dances styles
And give night its way
In closeness worth whiles

A kiss on the lips
A smile to the heart
Swinging those hips
When together we start

A tango we shall dance
And a rumba we'll feel
Give each other chance
In steadfast reel

Caressing the eyes
And the irises true
The flames inside skies
Of me and of you

We will dance to evening
And follow it close
Some love to it bring
In a bouquet or a rose

And when love rises
There's no returning back
It'll have its own surprises
That perhaps now lack

Peter S. Quinn

We Will Find Love

We will find love
Its flowing everywhere
Full in flames of
Lights thru echoes year
Coming on and going
Awaking from its sleep
Every feeling knowing
Eyes in ponder deep

In the years of glowing
Everything is just you
With my heart knowing
Of each beat coming thru

Thrust of evening days
In the mist of years
Shades of singing plays
Lost in passion tears
All that lies inside
In its time and fate
With a heart beat hides
Pondered to its rate

In the years of glowing
Everything is just you
With my heart knowing
Of each beat coming thru

We shall give its gold
In the love's awaking
Threads of flow untold
Every steps of making
Life and in its peace
That we have in deep
Passions of life's lease
Ours in memories keep

Peter S. Quinn

We Will Find Love...

We will find love
Through everything we do
Like drifts above
It will mostly get through
Time is on our side
In many its splendid ways
Like waves to shore glide
Trustworthy love plays

We will find happiness
If we look and seek
Time comes with caress
As somber whiles bleak
Everything always turns
Becomes good once more
As love through life learns
Opens to peace not war

We will find affection
For that's in our life
Get over all rejection
If we work on and strife
All comes for a reason
Days move to yesterdays
Like time to each season
Love's a play in its ways

Peter S. Quinn

We Will Never Come Again

We will never come again
We have walked away too far
Our entire search's in vain
Noting not for what we are
Swimming up in opinions
Life is just a tie and a knot
Year by year falling dominions
This and that so much allot

The hours come to imitate
Turning back the clock
Something's there too late
Futures on the past knock
Just come and walk trough
Everybody is doing the same
Life is something old and new
Giving or taking its blame

Strokes of thoughts inside
Having opinions and mistakes
Futures still from us hide
One more day revealing takes
You can find yourself in here
Elapsing out in your energy
A little is always somewhere
Places to have their memory

Peter S. Quinn

Weave Me On The Timeless (From, Bob's Buttercups Songs)

Weave me on the timeless
For every day I long
Every thought in hope caress
That comes to be a song
In finding a new tomorrow
And bringing it through again
From every wasted sorrow
That dust has taken grain
From dust to dust
Through timeless here
All memories come
To lightness air

Weave me a castle in clouds
And take the rain away
With everyone's self doubts
That momentarily may stay
And give them its falling rain
That brings the hope to deep
With so much lashing pain
That is just here to sweep
From dust to dust
And love and care
All memories come
To be and to share

Weave me a rainbow's tincture
With colors wide and tall
And make my journey for sure
With every heart's new call
That when sunshine comes to give
More magic shining on
We have our dream to live
And carry our work well done
From dust to dust
With all you give
All memories are

Ways that we live

Find out your truest love
Before it's all long gone
Like drifting haze far above
That carries so steadily on
There is no time to be alone
Or have no sunshine new
To give hope and the right tone
And see it all come through
From dust to dust
With every walk
All memories are true
But living is all up to
Me and you

Peter S. Quinn

We'Re Stars Or Flowers

We're stars or flowers waking far blue
And almost as dark as the deepest of night
With times that are here - mornings to renew
In feelings like flickering flames of light
And everywhere to the deep streaming on
Our love shall shine on like glow halo sun
With passion that we know and never is gone
Even though youth - later in wrinkles must run

What is old in love or old in the heart?
When touched by the moments of sparkling vim
What is death to a passion that won't depart?
And is like an ocean that glistens in dim
We are love with wings that shall torch the sky
And never to moments be lost to die

Peter S. Quinn

What A Horizon It Is

What a horizon it is
The unclouded blue clear
Deep space certainty bliss
So far away though near
All is in azure glowing
Above the yellow green
Beat to beat there going
Of what is written between

What is there in yonder?
Where my eyes can't see
Star to star all asunder
In hours of nowhere to be
In the unreachable way
Where my wings can't yearn
And pitchy abysses play
In the fires of eternal burn

What a horizon is this
In the sunny skies above
The embellish of blue kiss
From the nature of love
Where its touches is feeling
Of our times going by
While life is thru wheeling
In the turntables of the sky

Peter S. Quinn

What A Kiss

Into the evening like a kiss
Darkness comes slowly in
'I'm a true friend that you miss'
Clearly I hear in the breezy spin
Sharp air from the open sea
On this winter's frosty gloaming
Gathers around and inside me
Without a purpose roaming

What a kiss so tranquil and cold
With its inexpressible brief
Without any expression to hold
Only a sharp touching thief
With a stroke like a cat or a bird
That out from darkness ride
And with it on drifting whirred
In chill that momentarily glide

Peter S. Quinn

What Are You Made Of (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

What are you made of?
If not for a harvest?
What are you made of?
If not for the very best?
All things are different
Burned through and had,
You have to relent
What that might add.

What are we made of?
If not from a wood?
What are we made of?
If nothing turns good?
Dreams are away now
Are they forgotten?
Or shall we somehow
Manage through the rotten.

What am I made of?
If not my own flesh?
What am I made of?
If it's something less?
Give, take another hour
Reach to world's trough
- Open up treasure chest,
Start its engine's doff
- All is within the armrest.

Peter S. Quinn

What Are You Waiting For

What are you waiting for
Are you not too sure
Times are peace and war□
All in something for
Days you had to dream
And sometimes going nowhere
Like a morning river stream
Stopping here and there

Love is never easy
For it comes and goes
A bit of footsteps breezy
Further down the rows
All is for the living
You never let it go
So many times in giving
Gone before you know□

What Are You Waiting For
Catch your twinkling fire
Love is never too sure
In all its ways and desire
Come and give your morning
Flowers for the day
Don't be in for yearning
Because times goes away

Peter S. Quinn

What I See Is Real

What I see is real
For weigh and weightless thought
Each point of a fixed feel
Of what it was it taught

A pulse beat of the dark
Of every rushing cup
A sky of a waking spark
When dawn in light comes up

Peter S. Quinn

What Is Going On With My Heart (A Lyric)

What is going on with my heart?
Why am I so lonely without you?
How should I feel now apart?
Don't you feel the same way too?

Your eyes I remember so well
Bluer than the clearest sky
I could always in them tell
If you did love me and why

So what's now going on with us?
Why did we recede from each other?
Don't you like I feel the same loss
Or are you too far off to bother

I remember our passion so clear
Feelings and closeness so glassed
I wish you were still with me here
Even though it's gone to the past

Your eyes I remember so well
The sweet softness of your skin
Like a oil picture or a pastel
I still have your face within

Your eyes I remember so well
Bluer than the clearest sky
I could always in them tell
If you did love me and why

So what is now going on with us?
Why did we recede from each other?
Don't you like I feel the same loss
Or are you too far off to bother

Peter S. Quinn

What Is It You Want To Know

What is it you want to know?
Is it something in your heart?
Moments in times own flow
There every sentence start
Come here and give a thought
Before it's all departed
Opinion from the past brought
Where every root is started

It comes across to find out
What in your mind was grown?
Bringing every weaving about
Many are deep and not shown
When there's feeling in its well
Trying to give of its taste
And you have an inside a spell
That only shows of its haste

What is it you want to give?
From the roots of your marrow
And with your desire to live
Expectations from their narrow
Longings circling in distance
Finding their place in veracity
Falling both ways in each trance
Some get lost in their predacity

Peter S. Quinn

What Is The Wind For?

What is the wind for?
If it's not for songs in trees;
What is the wind for?
I feel a song inside of me.
Every day the wind blows,
I think of thoughts from my heart.
Wind melodies come and they go,
Without me knowing where they start.
What is the wind for?
If not for songs like these.
What is the wind for?
If not for songs in trees.
I have been going through life,
Both with comfort and pain.
I have been going through life,
Both with effect and in vain.
But still I hear wind songs,
As they steadily grow;
With melodies chanting,
That no one really knows.

Peter S. Quinn

What Is This Love All About

What is this love all about?
Dreams that were once here clear
Now maybe only in doubt
Coming from inside to disappear

Feelings those once were true
Bringing the distance between
Are here now all gone through
Never again to be serene

This that you gave of love
That was from long ago
Seems now like clouds far above
In their gleam and glow

All that was in involving
Trying to build and make enough
Matters in their resolving
Resolved in finesse for rough

Feelings that always should be
With each prospect of winning
Threads that we couldn't see
But heedfully they're spinning

Making believes of the days
Once new morning coming
Those that for futures pays
And to the whole are summing

Peter S. Quinn

What Is Your Worrying

Now sweet intervention, what is your worrying
When everything is going so quite well
Bringing in easy inside its hurrying
Nothing though unknown you can't foretell
Days going by in their trickling vary mood
So much to take from that's a bit easy
Songs of tomorrow like yesterday's food
Nothing so much in accomplishing breezy

Rain maybe coming on but there is still shine
Inside those daydreams that never seems to go
Feeling not upset when drawing a line
Each of our hope moving in fast or slow
Now sweet moment you are giving your touch
Lightly it is all weighed - each just so much

Peter S. Quinn

What It Is And Then Becomes

Times are passing from new to old
And giving some spaces between
Songs of the hours you cannot hold
Anything goes that was seen
Filling the air with its manifold:
What it is and then becomes

Life as it is with assorted ways
Molded into faces of memories
Periods and reigns in many plays
Roots and branches of growing trees

Peter S. Quinn

What Lies On The Open Road

What lies on the open road?
Ahead to my unknown future;
Everything's not easily followed,
Life can be an aimless moocher.
The days to dreaming will go
Departing from their reality
Like footsteps in the fallen snow
That one from the past will see

What lies there for you and me?
The dreams we can not hold
Coming within from nowhere free
Stories to our futures untold
Flowing through day and night
Sights that are passing by
Morning hours burning bright
Nightly glisten starry sky

You and I inside all this
Moments and minutes carrying on
Each trial in the morning bliss
Purposes that are never done
The days to each our yearning
Dices that throw each cast
Our flowers in yellow burning
To the going and departed past

*Also a song at SheetMusic Publishing

Peter S. Quinn

What Love Is (From 'Meet The Moments')

What love is
For you and me
So much of this
Light hearted and free
Live is a question
Love is an answer
Feelings and suggestion
Their oneiromancer

And everything
That comes to be
That in a heat will sing
For someone to see
And falling in love
For you and for me
Is not so easily
Going to be

So remember this
In days to come
Every love is bliss
Waking more for some
And feelings shine
When they reach high
It's hard to define
With reasons why

Peter S. Quinn

Whatever Comes (From, Coradoba)

Day comes easy
From dark turning
Over into the flesh
Mustering the grass
Flickering dreams

Night from sleep to wake
Captive moments of dawn
Coming with new thoughts
Scrolling the daydreams on
Until a steady beat

Without the night's darkish flesh
Only the hour that comes
To turn the heart
Into its self

Bring it closer to me
The fragrance of yesterday
The shivering past gone
Into a winter's dream
Of early twilight's shine
Each one that shall be
The moments that come and be
Aloud and in silent thought
Phantom of the shadows
Breezing nippy free
Not too late not too soon
The early hours to start
Before they disappear

Without the night's darkish flesh
Only the hour that comes
To turn the heart
Into its self

Nowhere to begin
The petals of life's leaves
The grass of time and thought

Each day and night that goes
Into its very own
All chained together memories
That rise with you to stay
And bring the weaned out love
Of all remembrances
Quite wonderful tomorrow
Ahead of dreams unborn
The blossoms to the flesh
And seeds of unknown days

O what a way of never returns
That come and goes so easily
And bring in bright and dark
The crowded minutes passing
To leave you all alone
Into the next of nothing yet

Without the night's darkish flesh
Only the hour that comes
To turn the heart
Into its self

Peter S. Quinn

Whatever You Need And Yearn (From, To Oscar Act 4)

Hello, how are you - are you alright

Come and give me time
And bring whatever you need and yearn
As our hearts are long to learn
What they need to know and find
On their way to become true
To pitch in and be together
Because everything has to have its turn

Everything is nearly about
Makes no differences what it is
Filling moments to that and this
Inside and outside bliss
Whatever you need and yearn

Something always comes here up
Letting you almost down
So you need to climb to the top
Right back before you drown
In those boohoo moments

Never let discourage stop you
Make you heartfelt turning blue
Because you have what it takes
Every occasion it brakes
Whatever you need and yearn
Always make it come
Whatever you need to learn

So much is strange out there
With its opportunities everywhere
With footsteps just away
Giving of what shall be
Something so worthy for you and me
Times each occasion play
Letting them never for long stay
Some are just for a day

Try hard to find everything
That is needed to get through
Because everything's up to you
Finding the right reason
To be ahead in each turn
This time may be your season
In whatever you need and yearn

Bring in the best of it all
Never let opportunities fall
It's time to learn
Take the best way and turn
Finishing with in whatever you need and yearn

Bridges of past may burn

Peter S. Quinn

When A Feeling Is Ended

When a feeling is ended sometime
With its many worries of love
When each our touch is in true prime
Like the blue of the faraway above
When our world is like scattered
Through the sprinklings of love dust
And our well beings are battered
In the tinctures of its old rust

Then our love is forever broken
In its uneasy flying of the hours
Lost in words that were never spoken
Like the seeds of withered flowers
Just remembrance of what is gone
On to the softly worth of living
And there to go forever still on
In its nothing of life truly giving

When you must live with aggravation
Trying to win back the lost of all
Every moment looking in desperation
For the love that's been uneasy thrall
When a feeling is not to be found
In the minutes that still are going □
And all the memories come here around
In its one times of yesterday showing

Peter S. Quinn

When All This Love Is For Real (From, Poet On Www)

When all this love is for real,
From the dreams that can't be;
You know I feel what I feel,
So deep inside from what's me.
There are feelings that won't leave,
They can never go away;
Nothing of it is disbelieve,
In this new October day.

You have given me so much,
With this heart that inside is;
Feelings deep all your touch,
And the ways of each your kiss.
Forever day and moments too,
When I feel lonely and sad;
I will always think of you,
And the times we once had.

Rain will come and rain will go,
Forever a heart to proclaim;
Like the stars in a time's glow,
The yesterday's lonely flame.
All of you I swear I'll love,
Far across the moments gray;
Like a star that shines above,
In this new October day.

You have given me so much,
With this heart that inside is;
Feelings deep all your touch,
And the ways of each your kiss.
Forever day and moments too,
When I feel lonely and sad;
I will always think of you,
And the times we once had.

Peter S. Quinn

When And Before

When and before sometimes is knowing
Easily to give and live for the hour
All that is love always somewhere going
Or opening up like sunshine flower
Dreams that go by that we knew in a day
Flowing so easy within tricks of time
Lonely and mindful finding its way
Losing or doubting that goes out in prime

Wearing its remembering cloths of easy
When there was a moment for a thoughtful doubt
Yesterdays were sometimes so breezy
Filling our happening with what it's about
You and I always as we were before
With love that comes easy and isn't no more

Peter S. Quinn

When Dark Is In Autumn

The silvery lines of the threads to come
When dark is in autumn and heavy each heart
As blue of the deep is in its blossom
And winter is just in coldness to start
The flowers of longing of wintry night
In dancing of coldness from play bright sky
When love is in wings of its moment's flight
Love encounters feelings from closeness tie

Music of lovers that meet in their ardor
Deliver closeness as time reaches deep
When we are together and know what it's for
Locked into brace forever in dream's keep
Love that has no morning but only wings of touch
Thru music of lovebirds that love so much

Peter S. Quinn

When Each Love Comes Easily (From, Dried Flowers)

When each love comes easily to your heart,
And gives the way to many summer days;
The feeling of love and how it must start,
You know - and how it touches each the ways.
All inside the world I must now embrace,
And fill with my new longings that are strong;
For the gentle winds will come to unlace,
All what is now and to each purpose belong.
The tender music so joyous to this earth,
With all the trials that have past before;
Each thoughtful hour that was of any worth,
And is gone to the unknown unnamed shore.
Oh pleasant ways that are so good to me,
I have heard your laughter so warm and free.

Peter S. Quinn

When Eyes Flow Their Tears

Sunshine comes in gloomy winters bright
From out of rain and darkish cloudy sky
From rays high those fall on times gone by
With each twinkling that now is in its light
From the moments gone and now out of sight
Like drizzling thoughts in aspects of each cry
When eyes flow their tears in love's partings goodbye
And sorrow becomes like that of night
O darling still my heart belongs to you
With each its touch and interrupted gone beat
Against luminary sky in all its blue
Those feelings of loneliness in neat
Oh time don't go and take these passion's height
For love's hard to explain in wrong and right

Peter S. Quinn

When Freshly Thoughts Wake Up Dreams

As love songs come in its so easy go
I shall be waiting still always for you
And like the words that will come on to flow
Sometimes or not they'll become true
In wishful thinking the lines then show
One by one in their stirring above height
In what it is that comes then to know
Of each their threw of the giving's and right
When freshly thoughts wake up dreams and new roots
In air as firm as all their shining touch
And be of novel depths like amours foods
That we love to eat and share with as much
When feelings are like valleys uplifting
Or through the timeless oceans drifting

- I was reading E.E. Cummings:

Peter S. Quinn

When I Am Here In My Low

When I am are in my low
With my eyes in cloudy blue
And the tears from them flow
So my hope is short and through
And each day seems in dark near
Filled with shadows that surround
With a troubled heart in fear
As it goes on with its pound
When everything is feeling small
In my troubled days ahead
With walls impossible tall
And every emotion down and dead
When the times here go rough
In their instances down and out
Every hour seems like a bluff
Without excitements here about
When my heart's in troubled stairways
Empty gloss only shading grays

Come here then and bring me through
Let my love again reach sky
Come to be and shine on too
Anything that passes here by
Fill my unfilled woes with glowing
Heart of optimistic sine...

(To be continued)

Peter S. Quinn

When I Follow My Heart

When I follow my heart
I will follow you
What has driven us apart
Shall become again true
Everything is so fresh
When the moments are new
Dreams there to caress
Carry them there through

What a lovely day to sing
Giving from its magic touch
When you are to me everything
And I love you so much
Every dream shall come true
That we have here inside
And let them come through
With our hope to ways guide

When I follow my beat
That is giving rhythm's time
I'll walk Sweetness Street
In its blossoming prime
And every love song shall live
To again become love
And from its every beat give
Like the raindrops far above

Peter S. Quinn

When Love Comes

When love comes to give you life
That's wider than sky and beyond
You need to have feelings to strife
Somewhere for a brain to be bond

Closeness together and beside
A morning that is as blue as sea
Every new bringing that will glide
Inside the feelings with you and me

When every weight is of true gold
And justice be pound by pound
All closeness to its beat will hold
To bring once more feelings aground

Peter S. Quinn

When Love Comes To You

When love comes to you
It's like a dream of a day
It's something so true
In its wondrous fantasy play
Giving much and taking
From everyone that's willing
A day to day scene making
And every opportunity filling

You might search for it long
But finding nothing there
It's like a melody of a song
A pathway to its everywhere
Any wings that love shall grow
Are certain to go on high
Like the faraway sunny glow
That only to the night will die

When love comes to you
You must grow wings and go
Onto the open afar blue
That in distances will show
Remember the essence of beauty
In all the passions you give
Than your wings are waxes free
And you will fly on and live

Peter S. Quinn

When Love Comes To You 2

When love comes to you
You must deliver
For love that is true
It's truly a giver

Of life in true heart
And things that do shine
For a moment of a start
In a love that is fine

For all that is you
It's a day and a night
With your thoughts to renew
Into a new flight

With moments that come
From feelings inside
Where everything's from
That in love can hide

When love comes to you
Be in its new day
Though you have been blue
And days have been gray

Keep moving on
Give life its true beat
For soon they are gone
To another time's street

Peter S. Quinn

When Love Is Calling

When love is calling in the summer air
And everything fits perfectly on
With their moments that never seem all gone
Because so much wonderful is still here
There is always magic of fresh kissing
Every day to our own small advance
In reaching dream to reality's truest chance
Before those moments again were missing

When a heart is so close up in its drift
Finding the thoughts to give away or take
For the summer is like a freshly new gift
With all the blossoms from seed to awake
In the never ending that is on showing
Before these times forever are going

Peter S. Quinn

When Smoke Fills The Air

When smoke fills the air
With many shadowed faces
It unlaces its anger there
With lines to many places
To open doors and window
Of drifting clouds in sky
That will come and will go
In each their newly try

Like unanswered question
Each following its start
In every thoughtful section
Those in its room depart
And as it muses away
To give a smoke a line
There comes a night and day
With rain or sunshine

Just like in every life
Each make to their own
In realistic and to strife
That in mind's eye is known
With much colors and shade
Of gladness or sadness world
That time have truly made
And many fetches up whirled

Peter S. Quinn

When The Day Is White

When the day is white
Full of clouds from above
Just new from old night□
With its dream full of
And your heart is young
Filled with thoughts so free
In an easy going song
That without end shall be

A love song so fine
Full of its finesses air
Drifting through sunshine
From here to everywhere
I feel you are so close
In my heartbeat you'll stay
Until everything away goes
That you and I knew today

When day becomes eve
And the white sky to red
When our day thoughts leave
And night is here instead
When we go on sleeping
And travel so far beyond
Where angels' stars are keeping
Until it becomes dawned

*(A lyric made now to my song, When the Day Is White, at)

Peter S. Quinn

When The Sun Comes Out (From 'Meet The Moments')

When the sun comes out
There will be so much about
Happiness everywhere around
And into long distances found
Rain shall be there no more
Only the waves from ocean's floor
Perhaps little bit cloudy in the blue
When summer is coming here through

Love be happy with its smile
These hours are going to be for awhile
With so much fun going on and to do
Freshness inside and here all the way through
Days and the nights to dream on
With everything from old wintry gone
The rising skies of the freshest new
Those that always come out of the blue

When the sun comes here again soon
To bleach out the iciness of the moon
With every encounter of new love
With its brightly wide sky above
It's a time when you and I are glad
And with the gone away of the sad
Playing around and having chattering talk
Along the parks and in the woods walk

Peter S. Quinn

When The Winter Is Done

When the winter is done
With its roses in frosty
And it goes on or is gone
Like fall's leaves rusty
I will be there to find
Once again the fresh
That's in the soil behind
Each earth's new enmesh

We have come a long way
Through turning of tides
Meet dawn's drifting ray
In its lone glossy seen ride
Felt the upper point lowered
Inside stresses of our own
From the ivory towered
And from thereon grown

But it's time to turn back
With something quite different
Give tradition a new talk
From what ordinary is meant
But shall I accomplish this
Through the hours that drift
Perhaps it's only a mere wish
Those men wings can't uplift

Peter S. Quinn

When We Both Are Gone

When we both are gone
To carry this life on
In its endless time and hours
From seed to old flowers
In what happiness empowers

All our dreams in going day
When glitter of love did play
And set its hope often high
Without asking questions why

Like everything that was said
And from rosy colors bled
In all those blissful years
That two in love adheres

Those memories from the days
When green was spring in lays
And summer songs were ways

Old moods that now bring tears
On to the dreams gone by
With the tones of balladeers
Singing through open blue sky

Peter S. Quinn

When Winter's Shadows Glide

All is over when it goes
Let me love you again
Like the winter that glows
Feeling coldness in vain
Right or wrong from start
What can I differently do
If it's cold in your heart
With it's icing all through

Some are brain-dead already
With no time for kindness
Living beat less and steady
In their own kind of guess
Give me a heart or nothing
For I don't believe in death
If those are thorns that sting
Give me all of its breath

If a stranger I will be
Bring me home once more
Can't you in my eyes see?
What my love is all for
I'm always ready to give
From what's deep inside
Show you feelings that live
When winter's shadows glide

Peter S. Quinn

When You Come And Stay (From, Dried Flowers)

When you come and stay within this or that,
Someone spells it out from the world you know;
From what we deserve and in reformat,
Holding its place in its environment lingo.
Since the hour was clear against its own sight,
With the wounded holdings that never stay;
When dark was in the starry clearings light,
Twinkling of old unveiled its space and way.
I wouldn't know the gold that holds the lines,
That brings space into its own true image;
And gives all the surface the lustrous shines,
This is the fore between odds and scrimmage.
Searching goes on where a meaning unfolds,
Through the base of life and other footholds.

Peter S. Quinn

When You Give Love

When you give love
And you say it's true
Like the sun above
That comes each day through
Life is worth each day
Every time seeing
What comes each way
Into life and being

When you give a heart
Dream may soon come
And make a new start
Into life's blossom
Day and day through
Is what you will find
If you are quite true
To your life and mind

When you give a touch
True in every way
You'll get back so much
You didn't know today
But it shall be there
In its own purposes
For love is everywhere
Every difference closes

When you give love
And you say it's true
Like the sun above
That comes each day through
You have found it all
That is worth of living
In every time's call
It's love of always giving

Now you know care
All you need to know
If someone is there

To let its roots grow
Someone that's for you
And you can truly trust
That's how love's true
And never again lost

Peter S. Quinn

When You Have Me And I've You (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Tell me what you want of my heart
As the times come and depart
Feelings always so close

Every day is ours to give and take
Letting ours dreams come and wake
Feelings always so close

Reach to the top of the top
Coming down from the far going up
With its irresistible feelings true

Anything you can feel inside
When you through your thoughts glide
Finding the time to renew

Love that's reachable for all
Winter spring summer and fall
When you have me and I've you

Anything you can feel inside
When you through your thoughts glide
Finding the time to renew

Love that's reachable for all
Winter spring summer and fall
When you have me and I've you

When you have me and I've you
When you have me and I've you

Peter S. Quinn

When You Say

When you say love is here
Let it be always true
So much emptiness here and there
In all the ways between the two
Love might be easy going now
Later it gets perhaps rough
If you love, let it somehow
Be for real not a bluff

When you give you must make
What it is that gives
Somewhere from inside to awake
If it then truly lives
Love is all, so many say
While sometimes it isn't enough
But if it turns out okay
You'll get to the center stuff

When you give, it must be you
In its every way
Something that turns out to be true
When with its strings you play
Love song of your own song
And always giving some more
If it is that you long
In your own self assure

Peter S. Quinn

When You Say, I Love You

Every moment should be of joy,
When you say, I love you;
And what such meaning should deploy,
And whether it is true,
The why or wherefore you would say,
Such words to me of all;
And meaning it with none of nay,
In every way and small;
You know my heart is caring too,
As you can always feel;
And therefore you know I love you,
And that is all for real.

Every such moment should be fine
And that is all I ask,
That nothing could strike out that line
And make this love a task.
Our love should be an open book,
Where one could just confess:
It's not only your charms and look,
That made this love a bless;
It is what lies in each romance,
That makes the best I guess;
And gives each partner fairer chance,
To be not thought of less.

Peter S. Quinn

When You Were A Child

Now, be happy as before,
When you were a child
And not so self assured
With your way about.
Your innocent was sweet,
When you were a child;
With playgrounds on the street,
Full of laughter in a crowd.
Your life was all so neat,
When you were a child.

Then there came this day,
You had to grow all up;
You dropped out from play
And became a grown up man,
But always you remembered this:
When you were a child,
Because every moment is
To know your way around;
So hold on to that wish,
When you were child.

Peter S. Quinn

Where Are The Dreams (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Give a time to be with you
Because love is all going away
Something of sweet from the blue
Coming in clear with a day
Rain is in shadows of clouds
Somewhere leaving in the night
We are so lonely in crowds
Going from left to right

Give me a time to be always
Someone who loves you still
Summer set blues turning grays
Where are the dreams to fulfill?
Why have you left me alone here?
Without a trace of my need
Come again and be still near
Let me have feelings to feed

Give everything what you are
Turning the tides to its flow
The world has been like an abattoir
Moving in with each scarecrow
It doesn't need to be like this
We can build up our own
If weigh on wars we dismiss
Throwing away its stale tone

Peter S. Quinn

Where Do You Think Beauty Comes From

Where do you think beauty comes from?
If not from gardens of flowers
With its many purple red looking blossom
The tinctures of each day hours

Gardens of colors so vast in their difference
Like all the people on Earth
The shades of their eyes smiling at a glance
When they feel they are of worth

So much of the heart is within this space
Of love and much life making
The colors of you in its many beautiful ways
That a dream in my heart is waking

Peter S. Quinn

Where Ghosts In The Corners Cry

As worship moods come and go
In the days of wintry whim
And each footstep has its glow
That meets day and the dim
The appetite of love found
Wanting of future from its past
That in forever comes around
When everything else is lost

The get-away to find all new
Of precious moments once tried
Going complete and through
When curtains have fallen inside
Of love that had never come
To reality and made it complete
Like the cries fluttered from
The whole past and Futures Street

As love cannot give anything
Where ghosts in the corners cry
With much of its assassin's bluffing
In disposition of its low and high
Jackpots are steadily on writing
In hooks of lives own castaway
With promises to riches abiding
Till the night becomes clear as day

Peter S. Quinn

Where Is My Love Today

Where is my love today?
What has she been doing?
Our times are of interplay
Today tomorrow viewing
Nothing or everything at all
As Time leaps to nothing
Destiny has it kismet call
Though some of it's bluffing

Gone are times of easy
Filling the moments feel
Luck in its way is breezy
Fantasies often come real
Living is giving and taking
Dreams on the sideways
Intermit motions making
As every approach plays

Why has she left me alone?
As the wheels are turning
Each day's a stepping stone
Bridges of the past burning
Nothing or everything at all
Living to provide and take
Destiny has its own call
As you again from love wake

Peter S. Quinn

Where Is The Day Taking Us (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Where is the day taking us
In this darkish winter garden,
I've got all the abrasiveness
For the day is now to harden;
Like the cold comes sweet in
With the snow so soft in frost,
There's in my heart a backspin
From this much wintry glossed.

It carries me away and across
To some other places beyond,
Where lies the hidden pathos
Everything warm has abscond;
For it never was much within me
To walk much and along a trail,
Where winter is cold freezing free
And there's nothing else to avail.

Where is the day in this dim
Where I have no place to call,
My heart's in a whimsy whim
When I'm in this state to appall;
Bring thus away this dull cold
I am more for the gentle heat,
Nothing in coldness to behold
Only the frost and its deadbeat.

Peter S. Quinn

Where Is The Flute?

A day is for tomorrow in its giving
If build up on your dreams with a flute song
Softness pitch for the comfort of living
In the compartments of the dreams you long
Like a tintured radiance of its true gold
The dreams are for you to take and give away
The air in its circling motion you can't hold
There are too many dreams for each coming day

The man who's showing in reddening light
Aspects of inspirations awaken
Shall tender feelings throughout eve and night
Until every tone is from it taken
Where is his flute then when he is alone?
And dusk in his dreaming is his only tone

Peter S. Quinn

Where Is The Rainbow's End (From, Shorter Poems...)

Where is the rainbow's end?
Tell me where is it found?
My thoughts are now blend
And mingled, in spellbound.

I can't understand the illusion
That flies here along,
Like a bird of confusion
In an entirely new kind of song.

Where is the heart that feels?
With new caprice around?
Is it a thought, is it for real
Something different, astound.

Peter S. Quinn

Where Is Your Dream? – A Song To The River

There is some rainbow of love
Coming from rain and clouds
Passion from nature above
Falling on trees and lonely crowds
Can you not feel what is inside?
Coming with the breezing blow
Love songs that in the heart hide
Whispers as soft as sun glow

Refrain

Where is your dream going to?
If you can't feel it in the air
The love is so much up to you
If you from the inside do care
Live! live with the river stream
It's like gold ingots flowing on
Sunshine, a silvered moon beam
All that from long long time gone

Have you enough love to give
To those that need it there mainly
A dragon fly for while will live
But exists complete not vainly
Can you not touch your own soul?
Just like the leaves that turn green
The rivers to sea have their control
So should you too - love what's between.

Refrain

Where is your dream going to?
If you can't feel it in the air
The love is so much up to you
If you from the inside do care
Live! live with the river stream
It's like gold ingots flowing on
Sunshine, a silvered moon beam
All that from long long time gone

Where Is Your Love

Where is your love
it is now away
only clouds above
make up a gray day

Where is your touch
it was once singing
with feelings so much
in each love's beginning

So much is to end
as love away goes
the hours can bend
joie de vivre glows

Now night's with no light
in stirring instant on
its enjoyable bright
from a heart's gone

Oh love my embrace
joy of my morning
in lonesomeness ways
and only for yearning

I'm left here alone
with wings broken play
life is a stepping-stone
of colors and its gray

Peter S. Quinn

Where It Is Worth And Right

These days we dream along
Day by day life goes
There are reasons in each song
With its tidings and its flows
Beautiful morning comes to be
Into the roads of the new
Decisions are always free
And existence is all up to you

Open the door to well-being
Give it its reminiscence true
So much is worth seeing
Letting it all come through
Ask me not how it's done
Find there your personal way
The battles are often won
Each in its own true weigh

Each corners resolves ahead
With decisions in the rows
Leading to new ways thread
Into their very own flows
Out to the openness and air
Dark can not take away light
Life has set its own prayer
Where it is worth and right

Peter S. Quinn

Where Love Comes Inside (From, Dried Flowers)

Where love comes inside - this way for crying,
With tears that daybreak in the blue blossoms;
Silver soft nonsense and wisdom amalgams,
A dropp that glitters before eye beautifying.
Some little inside of someone's sweet thought,
Its horizon of hope endless deep sky;
What dim shadow silvery a heart has taught,
Through mist of the panes that in corners lie.
Yellow of evening that glitters to grey,
And give just a moment before its old;
All what is given of sun golden ray,
Before the dawn - and the day can not hold.
Sweet like a breeze or the love that is near,
All what's within - one falling lonely tear!

Peter S. Quinn

Where Love Is Now...

where love is now
I don't know
but I'll be looking forever
for I have things to give
when we are together

dreams are made of
touching words
living in the searching ways
like all what love is for
feelings with such
softness plays

where love is now
who can say
who doesn't know
what love really is
but I'll be looking forever
let dreamings become this wish

where love is now
who can say
when sky turns gray
and moments don't stay
with its searching ways
for what inside lies
let it adjust to this
before it flies

where love is now
I don't know
but I'll be looking forever
for I have things to give
when we come together

where love all is
who can say
we can only wish
there comes that day

so such pleasurable moments will stay
with us forever
if fate will play
with a heart like this

that I can give
that you can give
that we both can give

Peter S. Quinn

Where The Dreams Are

Where the dreams are coming to keep
Every whispers of the grass
And the rivers are in streaming deep
For the boy and the beautiful lass
Were the singing birds give its love
In gardens of fragrances air
And the clouds are all drifting above
In the love of times so dear

Where feelings are always coming on
With everyone's hope to find
And peace for each one never be done
With nobody there left behind
Where dim and dark are no turning ways
And taking away opportunities
But sunshine in hearts more often plays
Giving from freedom and frees

Where the clouds are only of natures glide
Never to make peoples sorrow
And hearts of each love is its truest guide
With hope in the day of tomorrow
And you know when you know there's some to be
Of the promises given to you
That'll make every day become clear and free
When the past is forgotten in new

Peter S. Quinn

Where The Roads Of Love Shall Touch (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Let's be in our true dreaming forever
Where a heart's pounding timelessly on
And roots of words become near and clever
Never to real feelings of love be done
The summer lease of flowers fair and white
Golden features of a dawning sky
The moods of never aging fading light
That gives each passion afar and high
Dreams that come to change each understanding
Untrimmed feelings that day to day shines
Their possession and footsteps commanding
That improvement of exact stance finds
Where the roads of love shall touch on and go
Within days of caress - its pulsated flow

Peter S. Quinn

Where The Wind Is Breezing

Flowers are all gone now
In to summer's lost
Darkish mood and brow
To the oblivion tossed

Where the wind is breezing
Somewhere at the shore
Daydreams gone freezing
Nothing is there more

What the tide has given
Now in night is gone
No more of its magic liven
Only new futures on

Peter S. Quinn

Wherever I Am Going (From, Rock Star)

Wherever I am going,
As times and thoughts go by;
Rising in and knowing,
The futures worth to try.
For love is what you give it,
Like morning clear and bright;
You show you know and admit,
That you're in your own flight.

Oh give me time to share,
And make right my mistakes;
My fate like a centrosphere,
Of dark and tender heartaches.
I have to know the truth,
If you want things to grow;
So much behind is uncouth,
And like colors to autumn go.

Whichever turning to find,
From the footsteps that are gone;
We left our mistakes behind,
Before the peace was on.
Like dark and deep the sea,
Of waves and unknown weed;
Our love comes here to be,
So good and well it tread.

Oh give me time to share,
And make right my mistakes;
My fate like a centrosphere,
Of dark and tender heartaches.
I have to know the truth,
If you want things to grow;
So much behind is uncouth,
And like colors to autumn go.

My mind is born to be free,
For all the sweet things to know;
Like flowers in colors I see,

That one time or another will glow.
The heart has made lot of mistakes,
And more will come I'm afraid;
I think I've inside what takes,
Or life has my heart betrayed.

Oh give me time to share,
And make right my mistakes;
My fate like a centrosphere,
Of dark and tender heartaches.
I have to know the truth,
If you want things to grow;
So much behind is uncouth,
And like colors to autumn go.

And to wherever I am going.

Peter S. Quinn

Wherever My Heart Is Tonight (Vii)

Wherever my heart is to night
I hope it will lie there still
For stars are burning so bright
Giving me hope to fulfill

When lone one day I become
I will remember this all
These yearnings then to me hum
Another day again in fall

Wherever my heart is to night
It won't be lonesome or blue
You are my only searching light
All that I see is just you

When lone one day I become
I will remember this all
These old chords back to me strum
Songs that my heart did recall

Peter S. Quinn

Wherever You Go I'll Follow (From, Shorter Poems...)

Wherever you go I'll follow
Whatever you do or say,
I shall be empty without you
Even for a moment of a day.

Remember my love forever
And why it continues to stay,
Today tomorrow and always
I shall find back my way.

Wherever you go I'll follow
If not with you then in dreams,
Our love is blessed by that feeling
And there are no walls between.

Wherever you go I'll follow
Whatever you do or say,
I shall be empty without you
Even for a moment of a day.

Peter S. Quinn

While The Hours Rush In

From time to the next time, there will grow love
While the hours rush in to be quite happy
Like drifting hazy curves from above
In their moments go, quietly and snappy
There shall certainly be some beauty too
That make us see something we wish to keep
From sky above high and faraway blue
All those longitude of distances deep

So much pleasure to come and meet the eyes
Full of wonderment for us to adore
With a glimpse in the evening surprise
That we want more of it and always more
Each fantasy afar shall make us glad
If we for a minute have become little sad

Peter S. Quinn

While We Both Sleep And Wait

While we both sleep and wait
For hours new to come,
Here's a song moodily made
To catch our dreaming some;
In the hours silent still
Where wishes may seem true,
With longings to fulfill
That from the deep came through!

Everything of day's now lost
Into the blue moon and dark,
Drifting away like space dust
To where thoughts disembark;
Late is the hour and ways
Moments are never to keep,
All within minds interplays
Coming through from the deep.

While the windows are open
To our wishes and dreams,
There will be ways and holpen
Feelings resolving what seems;
Where shall heart take a thought
That is being inside its own,
When outside wars are fought
And still each and all - being alone.

Peter S. Quinn

Whisperings So Softly (From A Song Published At Sheetmusic Publishing)

Whisperings so softly
And sweetly to my ear
Breeze buzzing free
In the trees and near
I feel it's now spring
Flowers' swaying song
With the air I can sing
And dream all day long

Taking and back giving
Seasons flowing on
Now there's love living
Desires to carry you
The tinctures for the eyes
So full of promises
Like cloudless morn skies
Full of newfound wishes

Bringing this all to me
So I may become new
Giving me eternally
Beautiful memories too

Peter S. Quinn

Whisperings So Softly (Song Published At 'sheetmusic Publishing')

Whisperings so softly
And sweetly to my ear
Breeze buzzing free
In the trees and near
I feel it's now spring
Flowers' swaying song
With the air I can sing
And dream all day long
Taking and back giving
Seasons flowing on
Now there's love living
Desires to carry you
The tinctures for the eyes
So full of promises
Like cloudless morn skies
Full of newfound wishes
Bringing this all to me
So I may become new
Giving me eternally
Beautiful memories too

Peter S. Quinn

White Roses Of The Night

White roses of the night,
Lose not sharpness or bright;
Though dark are day themes,
Of some wishes and dreams.

You're pure in your flower,
In your sunshine and shower;
For love will not dry or die,
Though dim is the morn sky.

Words may be spoken,
And dreams from days broken;
But white you'll be and close,
You - beautiful white rose.

That pierces and then flares,
Dries those lonesome tears;
That are heartbroken or lost,
When a heart's crisscrossed.

White roses of the night,
I'll hold at my breast tight;
Till thorns will bleed my skin,
- Give me love again to win!

Peter S. Quinn

Who Is This Lady In The Rain?

Who is this lady in the rain?
Always like a shadow
Walking to somewhere in drain
Because she must go
Is she a lover of someone?
Around the next street
Someone whom might be gone
When she comes in her wet feet

Love is never easy going
Always there's complicated fact
With every step showing
Some on to a lost tract
Yesterday were much of clouds
Of every its coming hour
Among the lonely crowds
In the gloomy coldness shower

Who is this lady so lonely?
Just like a shadow in mist
If I could know her only
That would resolve that twist
No one is there around
Only the footsteps echoing
Will there be some love found
While the winter breeze's blowing

Peter S. Quinn

Why - Haiku

I was once like you
Touching the earth with my hands
- loving just to be

Peter S. Quinn

Why Wait Any Longer (From, Rock Star)

Why wait any longer,
Life is drifting on;
What time is getting younger,
Soon the days are gone.
Follow your heart and remain,
Always true and brave;
Never carry love in vain,
Feelings have their conclave.

Summertime now runs about,
With guiding lights strong;
There will come suspect and doubt,
In every kind of love song.
Here I am on a crossroad,
Trying to be very proud;
Carrying with me discommod,
Love's sometimes a rainy cloud.

Why wait any longer,
For the one to come with me;
Distances are going longer,
Some out of reach already.
Build on a stairway to come,
Many things may go far;
Love has feelings and freedom,
Bring in the concept and avatar.

Why wait any longer,
Life is drifting on;
What time is getting younger,
Soon the days are gone.

Peter S. Quinn

Wide Eyes Of Love (From Lullabies)

Wide eyes of love so tenderly in mood
Like morning blue sky and the purest day
Each multiplying universe it has hued
And given its light to strengthen its play
The fiery delights from extinguished flame
That throbs from its desire in to new height
Never exact replica of the same
Of each its comportment and harvest flight

The earth you are so handful of delights
With longings of the moon and flaring blaze
Like colors of pale stars in the outlying
Universe weaving of hidden taillights
Those dazzling lurch of restless around lays
That our dreams to the distances are eyeing

Peter S. Quinn

Wild Drop Of Living

Wild dropp of living inside everyone
The flower from appearances feel
Something that's doubted when gone
Actuality of moments in a time real
Hurrying in conflicting their ways
Windows of flickering inspection
That has been mislaid in the days
Appealing to your sense of perception

Day and night spookily populated
Of crystal balls knowing not all
Broken up ideas and over rated
Toward each other before light's fall
What is it inside this somewhere?
That has been lost to the very new
Ideas in doubting to its blurts blare
Gossip old chat at all times to do

Bending the sky behind your mind
Cemetery mask pushing its slothful
Directions towards sense you can't find
Something in column false and dull

Peter S. Quinn

Wilderness

Wilderness where the stars are calling
Into the indefinite going destiny
Where hours to the night are falling
And the clock of time becomes free

Day of each life in its horizon
Everything of eternity is flying
What we have here soon will be gone
Harder to know to what it is tying

Our reality keeps moving forward
All is in this infinite pouring out space
What we know - facts administered
From existing points of many ways

Peter S. Quinn

Wilderness Earth

River-ribbon pathways,
With chisel mountains.

Through long dark curves,
Towards blue borderline.

The condemned waters,
Of haunted youths.

Refrain:

There is a time to know,
What comes from your saying,
Of deep down earth tunes;
It has been a while ago,
From first ones you were playing,
Over the prairies and dunes.

With another's face in green,
That water washed to pure,
To meet the distant days;
Together they will convene,
Soil brown and sky azure;
To color up and to rephrase!

This should be of our heart,
For you are first of mothers,
With faith now to accept;
Cradle from the first of start,
The sisters and the brothers,
That in your crest are kept.

Harmonize the rhythm,
Chosen-beyond-time.

In universe with sun,
And our song.

Each life resonate,
Whose disrhythm planets

Ebb in tune.

Refrain:

There is a time to know,
What comes from your saying,
Of deep down earth tunes;
It has been a while ago,
From first ones you were playing,
Over the prairies and dunes.

Peter S. Quinn

Wilderness Flower

Wilderness flower
Wilderness flower
Beautiful in its innocent blue
In morning young hour
And rain falling shower
Your color is sweetness so true

Like pearls on spring earth
With glowing of light
Each pure and so worth
In arrangement and sight

Wilderness flower
Wearing its headdress so right
My love calls to you

(In the Icelandic wilderness, the first sign of spring are the little flowers you see everywhere – in their blossoming freedom)

Peter S. Quinn

Will There Ever Be A Moment (#25 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

Will there ever be a moment to weep,
Our thoughts lost in space?
For I have loved you immensely deep,
But then came fate's turning ways.

How profound is your feeling right now?
And could I just touch it, once more;
We all drift away somehow,
And nothing of the heart is for sure.

Will there ever be another song?
That's quite like this, - with feelings plays;
For love is suppose to grow,
But then came fate's turning ways.

The depth of the sea is there,
When affectionate eyes again meet;
And everything starts inside here,
Until again the heart is an empty street.

Will there ever be a moment for,
Past times, the good old days;
For I still love you ever more,
But then came fate's turning ways.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

Will You Ever Listen

Will you ever listen
To a word I say,
I have been trying to reason
Life for every day.
But still I wonder why,
People come and go;
At least I am going to try,
Do mature more and grow.

But will you ever listen,
To a low voiced man.
Yeah will you ever listen,
And try to understand.
The earth will never keep us,
If we are mindless fools.
With fraud and double-cross,
And breaking all the rules.

Will we ever listen,
What we can't and may.
Still we have a season,
Full of life and stray.

Peter S. Quinn

Wind Wind Come So Slowly

Wind wind comes so slowly
With delicate fragrance of air
Bring kisses of evening solely
Through this time spring's here
Oh love gone to darkish gray
Of blossoms winters dreaming
Let it rise again in May
With hours of newest gleaming

A hope so consecrate to loads
Of these leaves now growing
Open up these long gone roads
That once where driven by snowing
A heart with soil throbs anew
With feeling the soul can grace
True love song for me and you
In summer's temperate fresh ways

Eyes of the sky in bluish high
To let out the gray and dark
With our thoughts away to fly
And some earths flourishes and spark

Peter S. Quinn

Winding On To The Future (From, Spring Come Come)

Time is night and fire
Giving from its standing
Past and present desire
Nowhere to somewhere landing
All is written in days
Filling the links of hope
Ordinary present ways
Rules of the trail kaleidoscope
Winding on to the future
Streaming the lost track
With every part and suture
Those are of life's daypack
We are the preachers of fate
Further on to the looking
Each our given debate
Into souls psychics hooking
Jump to the new and the old
Mind is below and above
Somewhere to reach and hold
Full of its imaginations of
Endless in our own end
We have just this short journey
That we to our command bend
To give us some prosperity

Peter S. Quinn

Windmill Of True Colors

As we dream away
The night is dark singing
Onto the coming day
Of colors true bringing
And every hope's a try
Of flowers flicker flame
To open up the sky
And never be the same

O love you give me still
True dreams to find
And older gone to fulfill
Those on days behind
Of hearts pondering deep
Infinite of its feel
Those flowers to keep
So amazing and unreal

O faraway light hours
Of rising new dawn
Your golden spurs flowers
Of sunshine gleam gown
Your surprise new light
When day's touching earth
So beautiful at sight
And every minute's worth

O love you give me still
True dreams to find
And older gone to fulfill
Those on days behind
Those rosy red fades
Of horizon evening line
All heaven's in its shades
Of sun and its sunshine

As we dream away
The night is dark singing
Onto the coming day

Of colors true bringing
And stars in fading play
Of faraway in deep
Their flickers never stay
Their shine we can't keep

O faraway light hours
Of rising new dawn
Your golden spurs flowers
Of sunshine gleam gown
Each moment is a treasure
Of colors intimate show
So much in life pleasure
Is made from this glow

Peter S. Quinn

Windows Of Our Time

Windows of our time
On to its own folding
Living for its prime
In its pass and holding

Days that are not clear
Only finding their way
Something now so near
And later to go away

Refrain:

Nothing surpassing this
All men should have known
Our world is full of bliss
On its confident own
Our world is give and take
With its spread and effect
We men must all be awake
And never again neglect

Distance on coming
Within their brightly glow
In your heart humming
Through beats of to and fro

Yesterdays in eyes
Within each one living
Hope and lives surprise
Inside each take and giving

Refrain:

Nothing surpassing this
All men should have known
Our world is full of bliss
On its confident own
Our world is give and take
With its spread and effect
We men must all be awake
And never again neglect

Parts of human strain
Returning infections
In their reach and pain
Of potent rejections

Windows of our strive
Inviting their control
Our traditions and life
Within all that certain whole

Refrain:

Nothing surpassing this
All men should have known
Our world is full of bliss
On its confident own
Our world is give and take
With its speared and effect
We men must all awake
And never again neglect

Peter S. Quinn

Wings Above The Ocean

Wings above the ocean
Like my dream is flying
Glittering gold emotion
Across the deep is tying
Feelings of moving earth
Across the bluest sky
Days of new born worth
That cannot ever die

If they're strong in heart
Singing a longing tone
From where its wings did start
When it begins alone
Across the abyss sea
Where its yearnings will go
Wings of true liberty
Only this bird shall know

Golden crest of radiance
Thru the billow waves
Inside a moment's trance
As love's heart craves
Love song of infinity day
Over to someone afar
From sunshine golden ray
Wherever true lovers are

Peter S. Quinn

Winsome Songs Are Now Coming

Winsome songs are now coming through the air
From those sweet memories of gleaming past
Feelings of fervor - so true bright and clear
With their heavens - from its far and its vast

Life is like love songs turning all the days
With their star innocence entreating falls
That occurs at night through the dimly rays
And to futures sometimes calls

There are sweet songs opening everywhere
Where compassion is for the hearts that are true
Giving you time to listen to - and care
For these songs to be harmonious with you
Bring in those choruses tones with their spin
Where lines from their melodies must begin

Peter S. Quinn

Winter

Now winter is playfully on
Bringing frost as it intended to be
Breezy cold song and free
Anything drifting in the dark

Summer moods long away gone
On to the far and the going deep
Nothing for spring days to keep
Those that did once here spark

Everything is now in its cold
Painting the winter gray sky
Feelings low that once were high
Bringing the colors to old

Winter is day by day
Moods of pale and the gray
Winter is now to stay
On to the dim lonesome day

The frost roses now here unfold
On to my windows and pane
Curving their icily strain
Of silvery threads and mold

Peter S. Quinn

Winter - Sonnet

Winter's like a rainbow in dreams of hours
Everything in stillness and times bound
Frosty little glistening snowflakes flowers
On the earth and everywhere around
Feel the cold in the air and on your face
Deep in the morning of the rising sun
Yesterday's fallen snow on the sideways
In shimmering glassy of cold reflection

Time is here silent in the rising day
With no one around coming or going through
Only the tinctures in white glow play
With everything lucid in its lay new
Dreams of the winter are lonely and still
Promises tomorrow in coldness shall fill

Peter S. Quinn

Winter 2008 (#1)

Love is quiet and cold today
And spring nowhere around now
The iciness dropp fall play
To make us more down somehow

The eyes of the outside desire
That reaches the sunset lay
Is without its tomorrow fire
Heat from the houses won't stay

*Anna Akhmatova, the great lyrical poetess, wrote in winter of 1913:

"Oh, it was a cold day
In Peter's miraculous city! ..."

Peter S. Quinn

Winter 2008 (#2)

Darkish cloud night - oh profound winter's dream
Boundaries of every passion close
Like a river through an ice water goes
Filling the ways by its shattered low beams
Dreadful is this silence of dim alone
With its slow languor of unhappiness
Days and weeks of frosty fingers caress
That melts not away its icily stone

The pieces of love inside this dark heart
Like breezes of wind in hollow darkness
Coming with shadows to its transit dance
Between its voice of contrast counterpart
Its song of earth - in dim winter starkness
With its cold two folded bitter blade and lance

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Dance

Now is winter's dance
Breezy blow away
Not much for summer romance
In the light of gray
Hours so dimly in mood
Below moon's bluish gleam
The cold icy dewed
In frosty river stream

Blow on blow winter's cold
Through night of uncertainty
No colors will hold
Only cold cutting guarantee
Slow in its silence
The morning comes weak
In shadow's acquaintance
They dance on and tweak

Throughout this disdain
With earth gray and white
Kingdom of northern reign
Surrounded by skilled knight
Prairies in time's peace
Snow carpets tenacious dew
Occupied under dim lease
And invariably beddings new

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Dark

A day becomes a night
when winter comes again,
Dark corners in no light
when light is yellow faint.
Each feeling will be so dark
when night is in its still,
with thoughts of deep spark
in nighttime to fulfill.

A day becomes gray yellow
in moods of many glow,
deep of cold says hello
in winters crystal snow.
And light of stars are going
into the deep of unknown,
their distance times glowing
of ways that are not shown.

A day becomes of cold
where once there was spring,
night frost themes unfold
and days howls and sing.
For now is winter blowing
a song of night and frost,
for time to winter is going
when songs of summer are lost

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Day And Space (From, Dried Flowers)

Winter day and space of the urban earth,
Where the river starts its flowing in spring;
Like seeds ideas come forth into new birth,
Though old ones are there still worthy to sing.
With your hand in mine I will walk again,
Searching down the road for other pathways;
Age is like a mirror tracking your yen,
Through the passive feelings with a rephrase.
Through the currant bushes in our lone veins,
Boredom is too easy to be tauten;
Nothing on this drifting makes ascertainment,
Like the pictures in clouds time's forgotten.
Passage to the city clearings gone by,
We can ask some questions and still espy.

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Daydream

Winter daydream
Like winter blow blow
Nothing really seem
Only a glisten glow
Feelings from inside
On to darkish way
In their day hide
Making times play

That is reality now
Thru moments on
Bleak and dark brow
Till winter is gone
Every feeling fast
Like the windy heart
Memories from past
Bring their hour's start

Winter day song
Dancing on a window
Bringing me to long
Dreams from down the row
All I had in spring
When days were young
And now inside sing
Loud of feelings strong

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Days Going Through

Winter days going through moment's starry night
Keeping the hours inside deep still and dark
Glistening horizon sky that will spark
When the daybreak comes in with new light
Interval of shadows through roads constructed
Giving dusk feelings spins of destiny
The hour of beam in to myth now conducted
What comes to day must be or not be

Palpable courses are spinning and drifting
In to infinity darkness of dreams
Like clouds in the sky that never return
Gown of the shadows eyelids are lifting
Into the rising of sky firing streams
Onward to morn and evening - to burn

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Does Now Call

Now I'll tell
Of my heart inside
That brings its spell
Of raindrops glide
Falling icy displays
Wintery cloudy strings
The shades of grays
In October's moody sings

Silences of autumn
Into the flowers fade
From darkish bottom
Of earth brownish made
Dancing shadows glisten
In falling hours going
We wonder in and listen
To leaves of windrowing

Long nights are falling
To mysteries icily hymn
In remembering calling
To the forest lost brim
The boundaries of my heart
In skies of night fall
Where summer did depart
And the winter does now call

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Dream - Sonnet

Beautiful dreams within the forest song
Timeless space of leaves on winter's day
Breezing the white silvery threads away
With each its pondering fancy dream long
The hours in the morning in stillness prong
Full of hope to the moments there astray
In their wandering drift of wintry cold play
That comes with the breezy blow so strong

Every hour of gleaming light glowing
Through the haze of the darkish winter hours
On the river the glisten light is flowing
Like twinkling starry dreams of night flowers
Each silence is echoed with its dripping flow
Into times beat and its rhythmical go

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Dreams

There's love in winter too,
just like in the summer.
Colors of darkish blue,
icily coldness bloomer.

All that is of the dark,
onto the hours of deep.
Shall then again spark,
beautiful dreams of sleep.

Love that is of the glow,
starry down falling wish.
Glistening diamond snow,
all into its dreamy bliss.

So much to give of day,
wintery footsteps on.
Onto deep winter's play,
when summer is gone.

There are dreamy skies,
in their winter's awake.
Dark and its deep ties,
hours of fantasy make.

Shiny brightness afar,
light in its many ways.
Skies in magic that are,
strange on winter's days.

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Flower Rhyme Haiku

a flower profound
in depth of its shade year-round
- under snow I found

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 -

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Haiku...

Folding old footsteps
into the garden of night
- moon glow to guide me

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Haiku....

O darling winter,
how beautiful are your stars
- every night is you.

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Haiku.....

time is moving on
last days of month soon all gone
- new year thereupon

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Into Spring (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Winter into spring
Doesn't mean a thing
If it don't got that swing

Winter that will sing
Or play its wintry string
So much to summer bring

O darling of my love
Like sky of cloud above
A drifty misty shove

In every new song
And days of evening long
That comes in bliss tongue

O what a happy day
When these along shall play
And momentarily stay

And give us freshness
Spring

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Is Here (A Song)

Winter is here now
In its cold dark
I`m feeling low somehow
With moments of spark
Dreams gone away
From last of spring
Now is the day
That the winter will sing

The streets below
Outside my window
Are covered with snow
In cold lay brow
Feelings for friendship
Are rubbing now high
In the icy sow drip
And splashing sounds that die

So much of loving
Are step stones away
In silences string
Of blue cold and gray
My memories sleeping
In days ahead dreams
All gone moods keeping
In low gleaming beams

Winter is always
Alone in its gleam
Where starry nights gaze
Through with their dream
And I am so lonely
With only some poetry
If you were here only
To set those wings free

Streets of my heart
Are following the sun
Whenever it will start

In the day breaking run
Here is my need
In every its new turn
And between the lines read
And from its ways learn

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Is On Its Way

Winter Is On Its Way

Sweet sweet fall
Now to oblivion call
Flowers of yesterday
In their yellow play
Summerset is going
All their past's gloving
On to the moods of gray
Nothing forever will stay

Winter is on its way
Touch of moments gray
Paths into the dark
With night of starry spark
Everything is glowing
As autumn shades are going
In the deep of night
From reddish dim light

Dreams of leaves falling
Themes from summer stalling
Days in darkish noon
And winter's bluish moon
Yesterdays were yours
Now they are white firs
Colorful and freshly themes
Coming with their dreams

Love songs from spring
Pearls on an icy string
Nowhere now to be found
In those gardens around
Sweet sweet memories
Moods in wintry trees
All blush summer's thinking
To those moments winking

Winter Love Haiku

Reflecting mirrors,
Those wave around the moments
- Your two eyes and mine

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Love Song

My heart is now in dark
As the day dimly goes
In the wintry cold and spark
As the winter now grows
Summer feeling deep in heart
Only memories now on
Kisses and touches apart
To yesterdays now gone

Summer feeling we had everywhere
Burned in yellow brown leaves
Red and gold is still thou here
In those moments of old grieves□
Every hour is in a silence deep
Through the streets we walk alone
Nothing but old memories to keep
With this dark and wintry tone

I miss my roses red
All the sunshine flowers
My garden's an empty bed
In these lonely hours
Summer feeling deep in heart
Only memories now on
Kisses and touches apart
To yesterdays now gone

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Moods

I'm in middle of loneliness
Trying to work things out
Feeling the moment's caress
Nothing is there about

Winter moods come and go
Throwing wall's shadows cast
Filling corner with their glow
Like nothing forever to last

My heart's in peace with those
Loneliest ways of dark
Feeling a moment that goes
Never again to embark

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Night's Going (From 'Meet The Moments')

Day and night still in wintry frost
With pathways to coming spring
Soon the cold shall be crisscrossed
With the coming birds that will sing
Love songs to the newborn green
Filling the air with fresh tones bright
Now is the road to the in between
Soon winter will lose its dimly flight

The dark is going into vivid dawn
With freshness of young that's near
Icily lines of starry deep far-off gown
Soon shall be out of sight from here
Streets of the snow once so glowing
Filled again with daydreams of new
Green leaves of fragrance and growing
Until they come once more through

Day and night in summer to dream
Pending now near from the faraway
Love that's lost comes like a beam
Into hours of the new-fangled day
Giving hope that folds to somewhere
With each door opening up clearly
Welcoming to care for close and near
Springtime and summer I love dearly

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Poem

Days are in deep glowing
Now in its wintriness song
Still outside winter's going
Though for spring we long

Love is now deep inside
Searching for a brighter day
As we through darkness glide
On our new spring way

When love's in its tender while
Flowers shall come in spring
In all their colorful style
With all the birds that sing

This day is still so cold
With frosty rosy windows
Memories growing still old
From the day that goes

Days are in nightly blue
Like silences within deep
Sun's again getting through
Waking up from her sleep

But my heart is far away
In memories gone past
When sorrow meet my day
And love of my life I lost

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Rainbow Rhyme Haiku

life's giving rainbow
through time's icy winter snow
-with hope and its glow

~*~

*Thank you all so much for your comments on my poems at Poemhunter.
I'm honored to have you as my readers... You have given me hope and its glow.

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Rhyme Haiku

time for rest and play
in the winter efforts way
- straw in the wind sway

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Rhyme Haiku #2

as time goes away
with that old dark winter's day
- spring will come to play

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Rhyme Haiku From A Post Card

pale winter farmyard
barren boughs icily scared
- black and white post card

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Rhyme Haiku Ocean Song

open commotion
of winter splashing ocean
- the earth's life potion

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Rhyme Haiku Of Dawn

new dawn coming in
with colors from winter's spin
- from night they have been

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Rhyme Haiku To A Lost Friend

mournful winter beams
river of hours away streams
- No more of his dreams

~*~

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Rhyme Haiku..

In myriad lays,
Night glistening winter plays
Moonlight starry rays!

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Rime Haiku...

Winter is glowing
after silver flakes snowing
- in silences showing

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Sky Clouded (Winter Haiku)

winter sky clouded-
the cold snow reaches the knees
in yawning footsteps

*There's snowing much in Reykjavík right now. So I was thinking about Matsuo Basho, when he wrote:

Autumn moonlight-
a worm digs silently
into the chestnut.

Translated by Robert Hass

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Song

Song of summer
As now ended
In cold number
It has blended

Feelings lonely
In its pathways
Darkness only
In cloudy haze

Like a posy
Day was glowing
In garden rosy
Seasons flowing

Full of giving
In its dream work
Not now living
In winter's murk

Song of summer
Now memories
Trees look glummer
With barren leaves

Snow is falling
At my window
Shadows crawling
Days waking slow

Times of winter
Are now singing
In gloomy inter
Sleepiness bringing

Nippy shivery
Now all around
In breeze quivery
My heart is found

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Sonnet

Winter is now deep in its gleaming prime
With red autumn gone to the deeper mood
Cloudy sky in dreary forces altitude
As shadows of deep further onward climb
Like the forces of dark is day's begrime
In its grayish out looking profound elude
From that it was once in its plenitude
In the summer's blossoming lustrous time
How sweet is the turning of life own ways
From young to old in its garden appears
The keys of colors from innermost plays
As day becomes week and month as years
Dim is this moment of shadows crossing
As winter comes in frosty glossing

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Stars

Winter stars

So faraway into the blue
Like river sandbars
In its faraway view
I feel so close to them
When I'm standing alone
For each their diadem
From past that has shone

Playful cloud nine

So dark and moving on
Each night in shine
And to the mystic drawn
Entertaining loneliness
Through winter's way
Each thought you enmesh
In your glistening play

Newfangled view

Before morning arrives
Yesterdays to queue
The remains that survives
They live in a world
That yet is to come
When span's been unfurled
Inside its small stadium

Peter S. Quinn

Winter Sun

The winter sun 's now shining
Giving a bright new day
Silver glowing threads lining
On each dark corner 's way
Summer is now long on past
With blossoms shades bright
Its many bouquets contrast
Have now fallen to night

I remember autumn dance
With its bronze marble leaves
Images in tincture trance
Hours lost in retrieves
Enchanted fancy of beauty
With fragrances in air
Morning minutes carefree
Far away from despair

Now is time for darkish dim
In glimmering star glow
Bare twig of every limb
Mornings in winter snow
Inclement blowing and chill
Thoughts of days in the dark
Coming wishes to fulfill
With holidays joy spark

Peter S. Quinn

Winter 's Sunshine

Always something new
Inside a lovers heart
Dreams that may come true
When life reality start

Feel me close to you
And never let me go
Then dreams come through
Like footsteps in snow

Feelings so wonderful
All or just nothing
Days don't become dull
If it's truth isn't bluffing

Walk with me a mile
Day and night true
Temperaments and style
All is coming through

Always something different
When we are close
We are together meant
Like petals on a rose

Feel me close to you
And never let me go
Then dreams come through
Like footsteps in snow

Walk with me a mile
Day and night true
Temperaments and style
All is coming through

Give me all or take
Something that is mine
Love shall thus be awake

Like winter's sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

Winter's Love Songs (To A Little Dragon Fly)

Graphing silken weaving of airy wind
Beams of jovial sunshine from the dark sky
From the regions of darkness inter twinned
Long shadows running in their distance high
Winter's love songs to a little dragon fly
From this ocean of darkness myth abyss
The seeds of spring that break from life and die
Age of assessment of ceaseless kiss

Never ending but always coming back
Waves of life to year's forwarding shore
Of spring and summer rotating new rush
Timeless regulator - curving knack
The verve's closing wings from the days of yore
With their quenching fires and breeze of hush

(- under construction -)

Peter S. Quinn

Winter's Pale Roses

Winter's pale roses
Always long for cold
On windows frosty poses
Until the ice can't hold
They give sliver threads
Of shining glow beauty
Hue of gray and reds
As morning comes to be

Like summer beauty doses
That fragrance much gives
Are those frosty roses
That inside my window lives
I'm feeling so much of joy
By having them around
When warmth they'll destroy
They'll in my heart be found

For all of beauty wakes
Within our soul and being
And all it sometimes takes
Is inner perception freeing
With love you have to shine
Like silver golden strings
And you will be doing fine
If beauty to you it brings

Peter S. Quinn

Wintertime

Swift and always dark
Winter speaks in dim
While stars shine and spark
Their glowing vagary whim

January and February
Dull and dreamy hours
Freshly breeze and airy
Frosty windows flowers

Shadows speaking to me
Yesterdays and past
Coruscation around free
Dancing their eventide's cast

The dark colors burning
And giving their bluish look
At every corner turning
Something of light they took

Deep in the sea of dreams
All the hours go now
Not everything there seems
Under its nocturnal brow

(This is from an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Peter S. Quinn

Wishes Of Gone

Wishes of gone and into a new dream
Tongues of those lips that are always going
Where reality to black only now seem
Everything of deep within knowing

Dark like a stone in its diminishing breath
Flowing thru the heart that is not beating
Wishes of love reddish as its own death
All in to eternal way there meeting

Dreams of the glowing in restless shadows
Falling into the dances so on straight
Opposite moves into its own contrast

Feeling of hollow as time there on goes
With every hold of its many debate
Love of two ways that now seem nearly past

Peter S. Quinn

Wishes Or Hopeless (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Wishes or hopeless
Broken down or growing,
They may have abruptness
Without you knowing;
All is made from this
What you come to know,
Like a daydream bliss
Or a moment glow.

Wishes or hopeless
They are here today,
Always new and fresh
When they go or stay;
With nothing too much
Only dreams to go by,
With every life's clutch
That catch them in a fly.

Wishes or hopeless
Like those gone before,
For some get jadedness
To never be for more;
Let the dreams come true
If you have the ways,
Something might continue
Have a valued cachets.

Peter S. Quinn

With A Song In My Heart

With a song in my heart, - always,
I go singing through lonely days;
Like a summer bird in a tree,
That's for ever wild and free.
Like a cloud in a blue some sky,
I sometimes likewise away fly;
To places I kept in my mind,
And ordinary days couldn't find.

If you understand where I go,
Maybe also of this you'll know;
What a song can do to a heart,
That allows the enchanting to start.
With its full splendor and grace,
A melody can sing on for days;
And always, - there in the words,
Are all our lonesome flying birds.

Like the ocean waves to the shore,
Melodies, - the same are all for!
To enjoy with your mind and soul,
- Is music, and words only role

Peter S. Quinn

With A Songster In My Heart

With a songster in my heart
I will sing a song on to you
From tones where they start
In their inside gleam so true
Of those feelings that are here
Within deep curving melody
I'll sing you close and near
To let time be forever free

With a song that rises high
And feelings to touch your mood
With tones that cannot die
Only be your spirits and food
In its endless love and care
As all closeness should be
When destinies are everywhere
Reaching out forever to be

With a songster in my heart
Let me sing this one to you
There's no ending or a start
Only the sky of reaching blue
Where timeless emotions lie
Above lives own reality altitude
Every passing way and its try
And only be of spirit or an etude

Peter S. Quinn

With Blossoms White And Blue

My sweetest day is still to come
With blossoms white and blue
I do not know where each is from
But they are clouds in the sky blue
A shining dwelling time to be
Each day as it comes so bright in
You see in the sky what you want to see
And gives you imaginations to spin

Oh cast no doubts to shadows low
For roots of summer are here
Each in its different beauties glow
From the morning that springs from nowhere
Our love is in each heart to live
And be like the rose and its ways
Either affection or thorns to give
As love inside there always plays

Upon my hill I see not too far
But only what my eyes might know
Peoples love is like a falling star
Long after its forgotten glow

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

With Its Suddenly (A Lyric)

When we talk about love
It's like everything
Down from earth to sky above
Just a take and a sing
Of what came our way
In the moments passing by
And made a wonderful day
From the low down to the high

Refrain

With its suddenly
And charming
The luck that we've missed
Unexpectedly
And all alarming
With the lips
Of the truth kissed
When our dream
Was a vision to stay
In its wonderful way
And mist
Breaking the rules
With okay
With everything ☐
That we wished

When we are together and owning
What the entire world has to give
The unlucky down abandoning
And all prepared again to live
When happiness comes like gold
And we become so much grateful
And the boundary ways don't hold
Through their chains and fateful

Refrain

With its suddenly
And charming

The luck that we've missed
Unexpectedly
And all alarming
With the lips
Of the truth kissed
When our dream
Was a vision to stay
In its wonderful way
And mist
Breaking the rules
With okay
With everything ☐
That we wished

Peter S. Quinn

With Or Without

Like the world in the night and out of sleep
Comes the twilight and meets new daybreak
A sliver blue gleam from the hours of deep
Approaching to give brightness and awake
Blooms of the day and buds of tomorrow
Each in their gradation lives to give
Seeds of the ground that daydreams may borrow
To embody prosper and worth to live

Just like you and me giving and taking
Learning to grow into our ways of life
Pebbles and stones like a hindrance block
Rushing to meet the rivers in making
Every waving billow on its rife
With or without each the fortunate luck

Peter S. Quinn

With Rooms Full Of Noise (From New Waves To The Shore)

Sudden heavy fall through the time doorways
With rooms full of noise and of snapping sparks
Tone colors of the full orchestra plays
In to the grindings of tomorrow arks
Shading's of the fire candlesticks of span
Crowing the hour and instant set ajar
Rays after nightfall to attire each scan
Note at a time in its rhythmical bar

Oceans of greatness full rout of its bray
Forced from the moderation waving need
Spinning its rapture in to the far split
Black holes white holes opposite play
In with understanding that life may read
To the ever gyrating abyss knit

Peter S. Quinn

With Some Passion That Touches Me

Try my love song from the heart inside
Let it touch here through its going
Feel the gathering of its truest glide
As it is willingly and knowing
With some passion that touches me
With some passion that touches me

Let the beauty from within come right here
Through the deep of the dark night
With its flowing and its limits to share
Till all its touches become alright
In the end of its limitless deep
Of the hours from down dark under
With its dances and beats to keep
As we drift though the waves asunder
With some passion that touches freely
With some passion that touches freely

I might be in heart feeling lonely
Though I had my luck in its try
You are touching my soul here and only
Filling moments with each their try
With some passion that touches me
With some passion that touches me

Try my love song from the heart inside
Let it touch here through its going
Feel the gathering of its truest glide
As it is willingly and knowing
With some passion that touches me□
With some passion that touches me
With some passion that touches me

Peter S. Quinn

With The Daisies Of The Dreams (A Song Lyric)

While the night is of splendor in its glow
And the days is never growing to old
With the daisies of the dreams to unfold
Of tomorrow in its day breaking flow
Young at heart much everything now is
In the growth of the true summer new come
Where foliage of the green earth is all from
With pleasure in the tempt of bluest sky whiz

Form yesterdays mornings of time's going beat
Some memories where found again to give
With the places and the crowds on a street
That once about with old days here did live

How beautiful this night is coming in
With nightfall of silences to dusk skin

Peter S. Quinn

With Yellow Fingers (From,134 Picture Poems)

with yellow fingers
ghosts of days
passing away

old gaping windows
their feeble faces
painted in white

Peter S. Quinn

With Your Love

Let me be real and cool
Finding a hope that's so full
With your love for me

Don't let me be there apart
Or like an amours' flying dart
Never reaching to thee

Give me something to care for
To fill my wanting days ahead
For I am never too sure
Where our footsteps have tread

I would ask you to feel
What you have made to start
But it would nowhere go

For love's someone to care for
Bring him through and ahead
Make each promise more and more
Till each one has been fed

I would ask you to feel
What you have made to start
Without anything to show

For love's someone to care for
Bring him through and ahead
Love is always to be sure
Till the causes have shed
In each heart of - not instead

Peter S. Quinn

Withering Rhyme Haiku

The waves of darkness
Its withering flow starkness
- Promise youthful less

Peter S. Quinn

Within – Love's Steady Beat

I have gone into so many moods now
With feelings always carrying my sentence
On truth or doubts in meaning repentance
Closely to the heart from its beat and flow
Within every its falling and go
I will try to find ways to acceptance
In exalt and its giving abundance
So its roots from inside continue to grow
The truth be rising to love's steady beat
With all the ways that are calling there still
To make it run steady and be complete
In every its mist that needs distil
Reflect of each connote is always around
Though some are too close today to be found

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

Within My Soul

Within my soul are many rivers
Without the world's boundaries
Each the waterway that delivers
The certainty of their visionaries
Within earth are days and night
Conquering shimmering gleam
Love songs of the morning bright
Every echo of its flowing theme

Chorus

Fly like a butterfly
Now is your new spring
Go to the faraway sky
And fresh things bring
Fly like a love bird
On to the heights deep
Bring to reality its absurd
For our days to keep

I heard you whisper to my ear
Nearness of love within the deep
Thoughts not spoken I only hear
Inside my heart forever to keep
Love that's flowing eternal ways
Bringing together the human touch
With all its content in each its lays
That gives beat of loving so much

Chorus

Fly like a butterfly
Now is your new spring
Go to the faraway sky
And fresh things bring
Fly like a love bird
On to the heights deep
Bring to reality its absurd
For our days to keep

Now there's nothing to distract me

Only the earth of its new spring
Wings of my freedom bringing free
Every soul aspect that inside sing
Flowers of morning seeds tomorrow
Each footstep and its vanishing hour
Day full of joy and some of sorrow
Just like colors of a growing flower

Chorus

Fly like a butterfly
Now is your new spring
Go to the faraway sky
And fresh things bring
Fly like a love bird
On to the heights deep
Bring to reality its absurd
For our days to keep

Peter S. Quinn

Within The Dreams Of Every Day

Within the dreams of every day
Falls a heart in beat of time
In their different forms and play
From lowest part and the prime

As their feelings come in clear
Running through the rhythms found
Through months and each year
From the tides turning around

Life that touches everything
From its day and nightly on
With the words and songs to sing
Until they descend and are gone

Rushes of the waving hours
Of the endless sea from outside
Seeds of gone and coming flowers
With our feelings as their guide

What it means or nothing at all
Through the colors that are there
During this endless times that fall
Until all is gone from all of here

Worlds of world's different apart
Love that comes and can't stay
Commencing beat of one own heart
That's today or from yesterday

Peter S. Quinn

Within The Game (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

Everything is not the same
All is not in the name
You have to find the road
Conquer the road and mode
To be within the game

Times ahead may be or not be
Wait just a moment to see
Space is important between
Everything is were you've been
Nothing is completely free

Exactly isn't much a chance
Give it a thought and a trance
Something will build it right
When there is wave at height
Together they both might dance

Peter S. Quinn

Without A Doubt (From 'Without A Doubt')

There is a turning
Inside the other
With dark out and light.
Trickling fresh
Deep and dark
Filling the mind
With its spark.
Some seem too clear
Where they are going
Here and to there.
Daydreaming knowing
Without a doubt
Rowing and going
To their about.
Sensitivity away
And on with their lives
Word to word play
For depth gist dives,
Everything's history
Filling each chip
With an inside story

Peter S. Quinn

Without A Reason (From, Rock Star)

There is nothing
Without a reason,
Winter and spring
Or any season.

Love is the day
Night with its stars,
Early morning play
Winter's isobars.

You and I have love to give,
With reasons to and fro;
Something worth of to live,
With moments now and a while ago.

Shine your day and realize,
What you have before it's too late;
Like its tides counterclockwise,
All your footsteps accelerate.

Summertime surprise
Rain will fall through,
Hours that you idealize
Some are untrue.

Love is awake
Like dawn coming in,
What from it you make
Lose or win.

You and I have love to give,
With reasons to and fro;
Something worth of to live,
With moments now and a while ago.

Moments come so fast and slow,
Without a reason.

Without any given reason.

Peter S. Quinn

Without Asking

Love just comes without asking
That's the way everything goes
What you do and every tasking
Moves forward for someone knows
Yesterdays are now like stars
Glowing far away and shining
Flooded fields and crossbars
Time with minutes abolishing

The Sullen splendor in abyss
Rivers going from a cliff
Dreams nowhere and so is wish
Everything washes on life's riff
High above ground low below
What you'll find in the presence
Hard it may be or an easy flow
Everything still in its essence

Sky growing and calling me
Sullen to the night's aflame
Become weightless and free
With each your certainty and aim
Predominates landscapes dissolves
Wandering space in the dark
What around thoughts revolves?
Maybe just dusk or some spark

Peter S. Quinn

Without Love

We are nothing without love
Just some drifting clouds,
In the afar sky above
Or among the crowds.

We are nothing without heart
Only beats on pounding,
Rhythmical circles apart
In no music founding.

Peter S. Quinn

Without Moving (From, Illuminating Night)

Without moving to anywhere,
Sweetness comes like a gift;
Sharing joy here and there,
Inspirational sight uplift.
The pleasures in the waves,
Bolts of blood and sky;
What's hidden in conclaves?
And the moments beautify.

Like the ocean in autumn,
And shells that go on shore;
The past is desideratum,
Without knowing what it's for.
It comes in steps return,
Close and sometimes twisted;
From it we must then learn,
For why it is so persisted.

Without moving we'll find,
What's touched time's breast;
Today's the roadway blind,
And to near futures the least.
Waterfall and the blooming,
In what your heart might sing;
The times are now resuming,
Before there comes new spring.

Peter S. Quinn

Wonderful Bologna

Wonderful Bologna
In your summer wishing
Like bouquets corona
With no color missing
Love songs for flowers
In the breezy wind blow
Your nearness empowers
On city streets glow

All people walking by
In gladness's mood
Opening up sunshine sky
With their laugh attitude
Softness of shading
Beneath every footstep
All enjoyment abounding
For fresh summer prep

Wonderful spring city
Every aspect there found
Only joy that's pretty
When gladness comes around
With crocuses growing
In tomorrow's full blossom
When to summer we're going
Full of hue that's awesome

Peter S. Quinn

Wonderful September

Wonderful September
...My time of year
Rustic layered ember
On leaves everywhere
Thoughts are going by
Breezing for an hour
Dim blue autumn sky
Bleaching dreams empower

Wonderful autumn
Yellow orange night
Song from summer strum
In its shading flight
When a day comes darker
In the garden shine
Brown and earthly marker
Tinctures here assign

Wonderful in shading
Profound reddish red
As time is serenading
For cold winter's bed
Every day is now rosy
In its sunshine dawn
Mornings slow and drowsy
In its twinkling gown

Peter S. Quinn

Wonderland

Years have been going by
One by one in their glow
Opening doors to the sky
Vivid lights dimension's flow

Solid into tinctures gold
Waves of sea and motions
Dreams that no one can hold
Endlessly in their lives oceans

Lingering on to freshly new
Rolling as never before
As the colors come here thru
Opening up tomorrow's door

Like music against my ear
Compassing every magnificence
Faraway and close up near
Is all this surrounding abundance

Soon there will be new spring
In plentiful and its loveliness
Once again new existence to sing
In its every trifling and airiness

Years have been growing green
Like new flora in my patch
So much attendance in between
Remaining within to attach

Peter S. Quinn

Wooden Leaves Dreams (From,134 Picture Poems)

wooden leaves dreams
practicalities of gravity's
and the lifting mind

sky coming morning
thought giving pre-made sense
wavering half-finished sleep

Peter S. Quinn

Word Playing Is Nothing Much

Here we are again once more
With our new songs of poetry
Letting the heart be self assure
And its wings just drifting free

Right or wrong is not the trick
But what you can and will do
To your schemes of worthy stick
And the best parts are up to you

Word playing is nothing much
Anybody can a puzzle resolve
Feeling inside and being in touch
That is the way to be involve
Rambling words are incomplete
May feel right for a short time
But not when it is what you read:
"It is without a reason in its rime"

So take away the complex thought
Give your answers another try
What shouldn't be and what ought
Might just open to questions why

Peter S. Quinn

Words ... (A Song Lyric)

Words that you speak
Are sometimes true
Making it all so easy
To be in love with you
Trials and errors through
Daydreaming on and on
What it is to be for two
Before it is all gone

Words that you give
With every morning taste
And then you'll retrieve
Through every hours haste
Something of you within
Love songs in beating beat
That's from the moment's spin
And you with your heart treat

Words that we both know
Just like footsteps passing
On every road's old glow
The raindrops are washing
Feelings we give or will make
When everything is alright
And dreams of within wake
Turning our day to the bright

Words that you speak
Are sometimes you
Making it all so easy
And having them real too
Hours those are gone by
With every echo of its touch
Love songs of low and high
Singing, " I love you so much"

Peter S. Quinn

Yellow Autumn Haiku

Yesterday came new,
with tunes of summer music
- when the leaves were green

Peter S. Quinn

Yellow Leaves - Yearning

Tender fires of the rising morning
To day of new thoughts is starting to glow
The seed of the yellow leaves yearning
From autumn now all under frosty snow
The flowers that brought me life's true feeling
Have all circled so quickly and are now gone
Hours of lonely in their misdealing
Carry the shadows of long times done

Departing sunshine from within the heart
Outlook that have nothing further to say
Only to show now where it once did live
Come early morning in reddish cloud start
Show me the mood that once carried me away
All hope I've now I'm ready to give

Peter S. Quinn

Yellow Leaves Fall

Yellow leaves fall,
Summer is gone;
Winds northern brawl,
To carry cold on.
The Cicadas sing,
Sorrowful song;
And memories bring,
To each my long.

Flowers have fallen,
On to the earth;
Settled the pollen,
Each what it's worth.
Dreams I must carry,
Into my world's own;
And sunshine burry,
To night's dim gown.

White clouds and dark,
Fill up the sky;
Northern lights spark,
In tomorrow fly.
Sometime here again,
The spring will come;
Grow up with men,
New seeds blossom.

Peter S. Quinn

Yellow Red Bleach (From, Rock Star)

Where will you go what will you reach?
When stars have fallen to rising dawn
Colours of mornings - yellow red bleach
Bring to oblivion dreams of dim bygone

All is in space - our feelings and each touch
Wings of the rising in blue of the sky
I love you and love - always so much
Feel me reach me - never say goodbye

Now morning is in and the sky is clear
Falling away are the stars that move on
You are like light that again shall appear
When darkish ways are from here gone

Where will you go what will you reach?
When stars have fallen to rising dawn
Colours of mornings - yellow red bleach
Bring to oblivion dreams of dim bygone

Love sweet love is forever - never to die
Moods will be in like the clouds about
Each of our feeling is there for its try
Bringing its fulfilment - each their doubt

Give what you have hang in there for me
Days are coming with fragrance so sweet
Life is like a garden - with seedlings to be
Rise to new effect with each day you meet

Peter S. Quinn

Yes

Come to poetry
Summer songs for you and me
Catchy flights so free

Give it hope - your heart
Those are first footsteps to start
To find what's apart

Raise your dreams up high
To the mountain tops and sky
Never let love die

Write peace with your quill
Oceans deep are waiting still
Start now to fulfill...

Start now

Start now!

("Give peace a chance
In a lyrical line romance
Tra lalala la la" - all the dolphins sang, with the starfish gang "Tra lalala la la" -)

"I'll give you a bouquet of my heart
All the flowers of ocean's deep
The billows are singing their part
For the shores to hold and keep"

The goldfish choir sang...

Peter S. Quinn

Yes All Is Full Of Love

Yes all is full of love
Dreams in the clouds faraway
Take a look at love above
When light meets the day
All is full of aspiring
In its moods and song
As morning awakens to sing
Your heart begins to long

Yes all is full of dream
In the day of its blossom
As rivers again shall stream
New spring in freshness come
All is in the warming
In the breeze that now is found
And becomes then charming
When it comes to you around

Yes all is full of giving
In the days of sunshine
That we soon again are living
In its flower growth align
All is in your beating heart
Reddish as the summer roses
Let your love from inside start
As spring more colors exposes

Peter S. Quinn

Yes Maybe No

(To say yes or no - that is the question)

The opposite of every part
Is which is not okay?
So here we go and then start
The rules we must obey

We know what we know
But still we won't say
We must keep on the show
Tomorrow like today:

Yes maybe no
Never maybe
Because I say so
Baby baby

We say NO but we think YES
That is what we all do
So it becomes like chaos mess
And neither becomes true

So we think and say then less
Of what is Yes and No too
And we think it is God's bless
If maybe nothing comes thru

Yes maybe no
Never maybe
Because I say so
Baby baby

The opposite of every part
Is which is not okay?
Here we have our own heart
To start the game cabaret

Just go on and go
With Yes or No - anyway!

You can do it fast or slow
Okay! Okay! Ay! ...

Peter S. Quinn

Yes- Perhaps –maybe

Softly my melodies will sing
Flowers of tomorrow's song
To each summer and spring
That in my heart I forever long
To keep my spirit no matter what
And break my waves to earth
Give love and don't stop at that
For that is what a word is worth

The flowers will become seed
And be forces of promise
Between the lines you read
And that's what it sometimes is
A song that comes easy
And gives the mood to try
The words of wind so breezy
That it moves the clouds to blue sky

These sounds are what they tell
Bring their joy to rise
Through hours of water well
In each their burden and try
I am as strong as my heart
If it comes clearly through
And won't from its path depart
When it shows itself to you

Peter S. Quinn

Yes We Keep On Growing

Yes we keep on growing
In the flow of years on
Life is arise and a going
Until our time is gone

Love is its splendid while
Giving us touch and care
Many its ways and style
Variations from everywhere

Daybreak of dawn rising
Youth of love to teach
Midday in much surprising
Goals to make and reach

Evening in all its glory
Tinctures in time's height
Then appears end of story
Memories, dreams and night

Love is the enduring knot
Making us all remember
What love and care taught
For autumn in September

Though years are going by
Reminiscence keeps us still
They will never say goodbye
And our yearning they'll fill

Peter S. Quinn

Yes, Yes, Yes, ...

Our going's gone
To clouds space
Taking of and done
In their lays
Time is to come
Be born from living
Bang's distant drum
Still beats giving

Peter S. Quinn

Yesterday - Tomorrow

Baby my love
Show me your heart
All is from above
Giving its start
You are so sweet
Flavor like honey
Trick not or treat
Dale of the sunny

Bring me a morning
Into beginning
Fate onward turning
Sunshine in brining
Everything comes
From trust and birth
Like strings strums
When singing is worth

Verse

Yesterday tomorrow
We will search and find
Times to future borrow
Leave the roads behind
Yesterday tomorrow
Sail your voyage on
Futures come and flow
Into its endless spawn

Baby it is you
All I can say
Irises of the blue
Bringing fair play
You are my longing
The day on through
Everything bringing
That I find true

Bring me the tides
Always the very new

Something swiftly glides
Leaf drops and dews
Sunshine in the morning
Coming quiet through
Forever giving turning
Everything is so new

Verse

Yesterday tomorrow
We will search and find
Times to future borrow
Leave the roads behind
Yesterday tomorrow
Sail your voyage on
Futures come and flow
Into its endless spawn

Peter S. Quinn

Yesterday's Rustic Thorns (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Just like a new day is born
Filling the hours in abide
Yesterday's rustic thorns
Leaves by the passing side
Fragrance from old in to new
Remorse of the thinking on
The day of age going through
Everything of beauty now gone

Life to be easy from frozen
Tangling woods inside a mind
Some too long and be chosen
When they each other can find
Form every separate way done

Clouds of the many yesterdays
Kissing the bleaching moon
Many of the ordinary ways
From all yesteryears hewn
Searching to find what's lost
Threads of hoary frozen tears
Feelings into silence tossed
Memories ladders to the years

Life to be easy from frozen
Tangling woods inside a mind
Some too long and be chosen
When they each other can find
From each nerve that away steers

Fires of the many feelings
That gives every true glowing
Silver threads nerves stealing
From the hours of the going
To transmit the beauty of days
Dreams of splendor into sun
The lot unclouded in its blue ways

That from new morning has begun

Life to be easy from frozen
Tangling woods inside a mind
Some too long and be chosen
When they each other can find
And the abandoned snow's on run

Peter S. Quinn

Yesterdays And Tomorrows

One by one they go
All to their distances now
Memories are like a glow
Going away somehow
All is just like a dream
Finding its own way
Flowing on like a stream
Perfect for their time and day
Yesterdays and tomorrows
Shall there be a reason
In gladness and sorrows
For its occasions and season
Living is a merry go round
Nothing is here forever more
Keep the ways you've found
Their sails on open shore
One by one they 'll grow
Trees and the sunshine sky
Everything to find and show
To make its memorable tie
All here's just on the inside
Reaching the going heartbeat
We'll need to fly and glide
Find our kind of a street
Yesterdays and tomorrows
Nothing is forever new
Time follows and borrows
All that comes to be you
All is in the new making
Of what shall become living
In right instants of waking
You'll find moment's giving

Peter S. Quinn

Yesterdays Are Going By

Yesterdays are going by
Clouds in clouds of a dream
Open space and blue sky
Not everything what it seem
Rising flows and falling
Like swift breeze on its go
Somewhere from past calling
With memories and glow

Today dreams are not to be
Only for a short while here
What we feel and what we see
Tomorrow it will be somewhere
Calling to out and going on
Such as life in its billow rise
Everything to oblivion gone
Not be tied to grounding ties

Flowing on like the evening
Everything from realty way
What shall the unborn bring?
Into the first instinctive of ray
Where global wheels turns fast
On to the ancient history hour
Bringing some of intact to vast
Seeds of each newborn flower

Peter S. Quinn

Yesterdays Are Now Empty

Yesterdays are now empty in their space
Strangely forgotten in their many ways
All thoughts to paleness inside and out
Ways of their wings gone somewhere about

Reality summers in lost lonely gone song
Mind-set pleasures vanishing in their long
Temperaments of winter - like cold outside
Inside those thoughts that once did abide

Indifference now in their moods and gain
Love that was a feeling now lost in vain
Playful and mildness so full once of dance
Between forward time - mislaid in trance

Radiance of its perfect pleasuring bloom
Now gray with fallen leaves to its doom
How suddenly all went - worthy its name
Like a fire burning down in dying flame

Oh passion that many times succeeded
Now you have no attention that's needed
How your flowers have fallen to wildness
All those colors of blossoms in mildness

Peter S. Quinn

Yesterdays Of Sweetly Aromas

Remembering the streams of the amulet
Yesterdays of sweetly aromas so clear
Now gone into forgetfulness atmosphere
Going in flames memories dreams to forget
All instantly - that the heart did regret
Into a cold thought of silence austere
Mind-sets and joy of our own yesteryear
That in their era where in crazy roots met

Bouquets like we picked giving true shades
Indelible scents and the magical born
Trembled feathers of lovebirds flown away
Emotions of the heart giving its two blades
Each our feeling we now in old songs mourn
Into autumn's evening and coming next day

Peter S. Quinn

Yesterdays To Tomorrows

Blows of bubble sorrows
Into the despair wind
Yesterdays to tomorrows
Surfaces of true chagrined

Green and young woe
To the universe bang
In its fast and slow
Understanding full song

Little thickness surfaces
Frequently to fail
Sea of moonlit disguises
Lost in forgetful trail

Hiding springs to come
Thinner or more thicker
Where everything is from
Time's stretching clicker

Blows the wind that blows
Into the unknown alive
Every morning goes
When new beginnings arrive

Tides of two sided loin
With its spinning wheels
Inn and out the conjoin
From this to the other ideals

•  E. E. Cummings, #43,50 Poems

Peter S. Quinn

You

You, oh you you
The beautiful sky
With irises blue
My heart you occupy
You, oh you you
In sweet fragrance
Of spring so new
And silences trance

You, oh you you
In stillness dawn
Light's comes thru
Your golden gown
You, oh you you
Tranquil lullaby
Tides you renew
Love you amplify

You, oh you you
Mother of child
Your care is true
Forever so mild□
You, oh you you
Soul of all things
Always to renew
As life again sings
□

Peter S. Quinn

You And I - Like Love

You and I like love
The enduring ways carefully
Summer in morning dream
A window into its look
Something not too much of
Though it's so truly
Like a little light beam
In your heart to hook

Changing our hope and expect
Nothing to do with reject

Flowers in every casement
Changing the perspectives
Carefully selecting an placing
Each of the posy dyes
Never to have a displacement
Of each their objective
Corners and shadows facing
In heights and Lengthwise

Without its many complect
Insertion and neglect

Peter S. Quinn

You And I (A Lyrical Poem)

You and I in spring first
Green rising high to new
Flowing in gradation burst
Strength rechargeable thru
Each our while is beautiful
Bringing enjoyment to days
Gone are the moment's dull
Those were in winter haze

You and I close to touch
Everything comes now easily
With the breeze inasmuch
As freshness comes breezily
Its 'love me or love me not'
Till petals have been plucked
There is rarely aforethought
If feelings are misinstruct

You and I thru the breeze
Each day and in dusky black
So close beneath the trees
Cause spring is on the almanac
Bringing near to closer still
As life nurtures our foliages
Field flowers and on the hill
Air and rain acknowledges

Peter S. Quinn

You And I (Ii)

You and I
Too far away,
Like the sky
Or night and day;
An infinite line
A moment breeze,
Earth's design
Each gaities.

You and I
Together though,
To make a tie
As feelings grow;
The falling leaf
With touch of old,
Inner believe
With outside hold.

You and I
Both born to drift,
Like clouds that fly
With air uplift;
Freshness eager
In each meeting,
Precious keeper
Of new inspiring.

Peter S. Quinn

You And I...

There is much of nothing
Inside this for all
Times in times bluffing
Through low and tall
Love is here in vain
Always never enough
With their lies and pain
Making things tough

Skies of endless seeming
What it is today
In our own way dreaming
For times to stay
Yesterdays were grounding
In their reality
Now so far away sounding
In what I now see

You and I to wander
With our feelings astray
Sometimes even pounder
In its lines and play
What it is we find
Or come then to do
Leaving some thought behind
In what we need to prove

Saying not too much
For so much is still falling
Out of contrast touch
To our goals calling
Never to reach the truth
Only to be here lonely
Inside a telephone booth
Ringing to you only

You and I always here
Whilst it's still raining
Springtime is coming near

With its ascertaining
In so much of coming love
Pulling me ever through
Just like clear sky above
Without a cloud in blue

I long to be with you
Still in my dreams to come
So much to bring through
Where every love is from
So much to open and close
Finding the way from within
That is how it all goes
You either will lose or win

Skies of endless seeming
What it is today
In our own way dreaming
For times to stay
Yesterdays were grounding
In their reality
Now so far away sounding
In what I now see

You and I to wander
With our feelings astray
Sometimes even poulder
In its lines and play
What it is we find
Or come then to do
Leaving some thought behind
In what we need to prove

Taking so much of aching
Never knowing what to find
Lose in the ways and breaking
Love can be so much blind

Skies of endless seeming
What it is today
In our own way dreaming
For times to stay

Yesterdays were grounding
In their reality
Now so far away sounding
In what I now see

You and I to wander
With our feelings astray
Sometimes even pounder
In its lines and play
What it is we find
Or come then to do
Leaving some thought behind
In what we need to prove

You and I to wander
With our feelings astray
Sometimes even pounder
In its lines and play
What it is we find
Or come then to do
Leaving some thought behind
In what we need to prove
You and I to wander
To wander

Peter S. Quinn

You Are A Child You Are A Lamb

You are a child of your time,
Blossoms that bloom with tides;
A prose of reason a poem of rime,
Shadows of days and nights,
You are a child of innocent thought,
With battles ahead and fights;
For what you stand for - must be fought,
In contrast of darkness and lights,
A lamb that's to mature and grow,
With freshness of all that's newborn;
Find shelter when destructiveness blows,
Eat amply from life daily fresh corn.
A lamb searching to find its ways,
To be comforted in life or torn;
Of all the marvels be amazed,
And later to be hailed or scorned.
You are a child you are a lamb,
A fragile colorful flower in the sun;
An eminent person or just a tramp,
With years ahead or life near gone...

Peter S. Quinn

You Are All In My Heart

You are all in my heart and the hour
Feeling softly the words that I sing
Like the night opening dark flower
Every passion from the dream bring

Softly as we go in to kissing
With the days never coming in reality
Every date that is worth missing
Shall be gone for a while in serenity
You are all what I need in my heart
Every soft touched feeling inside
Nothing can be done from apart
While shadows of love in twilight ride

Softly as we dream in true love
Someone will remember what has ended
Every thought like a cloud from above
Shall be in blossom's so splendid
You are all what I need from begin
Every opportunity that shed its light
Nothing can be done from old spin
Shadows of love are in twilight's night

You are all in my heart and the hour
Feeling softly the words that I sing
Like the night opening dark flower
Every passion from the dream bring

Peter S. Quinn

You Are Always In My Mind

You are always in my mind
Even though you are not here
The years are left behind
From here to somewhere
All new days are still going on
In falling rain and sunshine
Yesterdays heartbeats gone
Winter's here and summertime

You said you loved me long ago
In our dreams all now so afar
I kept in mind like winter's glow
This love like wish of a falling star
And all was this of another day
These feelings we once knew
Now there's moon in coldness gray
Like this love we once both knew

You are always in my mind
Even though you are not here
The years are left behind
From here to somewhere
Sun and rain both come to give
Of pleasures and life's pain
In memories we them relive
For love's at times search in vain

You are always in my mind
Even though you are not here
The years are left behind
From here to somewhere
All new days are still going on
In falling rain and sunshine
Yesterdays heartbeats gone
Winter's here and summertime

Peter S. Quinn

You Are Either With Me Or Not

You are either with me or not,
That's the way it all goes;
We need what we have got,
Greensides from inside grows.
The heart is never all alone,
In it's new pleasures findings;
If you are engraved into stone,
You can't find all the bindings.

Each thought is set to die,
But inspirations will find ways;
Set your flights in the high,
Open kindness often pays.
Bring no rule to stack 'em up,
Beware of the fake ending;
They aren't worth their gossip,
And crooked are they bending.

You are either with me or not,
Either way it will be done;
I'll give nothing to a hot shot,
Soon it's all past and gone.
A heart is all with its strings,
To bring forward a wishfulness;
That in the breast there sings,
Eager and always new fresh.

Peter S. Quinn

You Are Every Aspect

You are every aspect of true heart beats
Walking in time with its onward falling
Easy comes here within our both streets
What goes separated ways in its brawling?
Times precisely or upside-down
Finding all the good when it is alright
Side to side flying to their pat hometown
Feelings come together in their anthracite

Times are like bells up in the tangle sky
Torching each our fire within hours walking
Asking questions with its own reasons why
Each in their turning and beyond mere talking
Heart in your heartbeat to my own goodwill
Exiting as it passes giving fresh thrill

Peter S. Quinn

You Are Here For Me

You are here for me today
When I get unsecured and worried
Every mood that comes this way
From flickering flames hurried
Beautiful like the colors high
From new morning coming from night
When there is blue cloudless sky
Just before the new daylight

Life's emptiness is never undone
Delirious with its enigma inspired
Like a flame of a night that's gone
Of every mood in dreams desired
There is nothing here more beautiful
Than the dark night becoming old
When light of daybreak comes in full
And not anything of dark can hold

Winter's sometimes brings me down
With its glowering ways of the deep
Flames of my feelings there drown
Hours of contentment to dusk sweep
You are still from beginning to end
Bringing me through this point in time
Each understanding emotions transcend
In this freezing bleak weather grime

You are here for me today
When I get unsecured and worried
Every mood that comes this way
From flickering flames hurried
Beautiful like the colors high
From new morning coming from night
When there is blue cloudless sky
Just before the new daylight – with you!

Beautiful like the colors high...

You Are In My Heart

You are in my heart,
and your voice is in my soul
- we are together.

Everywhere we are,
in the clouds beyond the stars
- where you are, I am.

Day becomes dream night,
onto the afar beyond
- where wishing stars fly.

Dance the day away,
on to the faraway stars
- where our wishes are.

To the faraway,
in the deep of the unknown
- keep my beloved safe.

Peter S. Quinn

You Are Like Each Everything Going

You are like each everything going
While you keep a steady beat
A feeling that from eyes is glowing
Sometimes so tender and bittersweet
Of a feathery touch so smooth
Always both like rain and sunshine
Thrilling slim body to soothe
With every pale shading line to line

Utterable coolness dust of sleep
Flower in the garden of walking
Always inside every moment to keep
While you in instances are talking
Like the fields of greenery found
Or the thrilling daybreak in awake
Your lines and body all around
Something to give and to make

You are the coolness of each smile
Giving from its pleasures that lurch
Making a day worth its short while
In every their functioning and search
Emotions were made to be with you
And bring you through every span
You are to this what it is to be true
And put on jointly in next preplan

Peter S. Quinn

You Are Mine Everything

You are mine everything
Like whisper in dark night
To you my heart will sing
When stars are far and bright
With a glow of memories past
Through the hours that shine on
To give their glistening cast
To the days forever gone

You are still my eyes
In my heart that gives a beat
Now lost in moment's skies
On a lonely dreaming street
All the happiness we made
In our pleasures of many ways
That never from me shall fade
Even on gray morning days

You are inside my soul
You kindle my thoughts in fire
Bring reaches within a goal
Of every worthy aspire
You guide me still through life
Each my footstep to go
When life is just but strife
I'll always have you to know

Peter S. Quinn

You Are My Everything

You are my everything
Truer than a heart's pounding beat
Something of worth remembering
For every tricky and treat
The days are never to separate
Just to give and take away
The hours are all given fate
Something of a sentence to say

You don't close your heart for love
Though everything is inside
You just come and give plenty of
Like the stars above glide
And when the night is again in
With every shadow's dark
Those hours are not wasted in spin
They only shine and spark

You are my very close
Daydreaming of every opportunity
Feeling for you never goes
We are just complete in our unity
Never with feelings too late
Nothing is wasted during our act
Maybe baby it's a matter of fate
How we together - have nothing lacked

Peter S. Quinn

You Are My Sunflower

You are my sunflower
On every rainy day
When golden shine shower
Comes pouring down my way
And tomorrow shall be
Something we look for
Whatever for you and me
That open's a times door

A love song of distance
To carry us further on
And giving opportunities chance
Before our summer is gone
Each love that we bring
Through the bouquets of love
That in our heart shall sing
When rainclouds are far above

You are my sunflower
And you make me believe
Every minute and hour
There's somewhere relieve
From worlds worrying heart
And the aloofness of war
For my feelings you'll start
From wherever you now are

Peter S. Quinn

You Are Now

If someone wants to be free
Let their dream become true
There is a heart that will see
What you need to renew

For every love is a free like
In new days and in the past
When moments come to strike
With such feelings in their cast

You are what you are now
With every dream in the air
Manage peacefully somehow
What it is that you want here?

Right or wrong in every imagine
That is almost in everything
When feelings are in devolution
In their letting go and casting

You and I can always be thankful
To the dreams we were trusted to
For those moments weren't dull
In the times and what they do

You are what you are now
With every dream in the air
Manage peacefully somehow
What it is that you want here?

In every love there is a season
To go on and give some more
We both have searched for a reason
What it is to be further sure

Right or wrong is what it is
Trust your heart to find it out
Winning or denying its little kiss
Some of the thoughts going about

When you reach the final goal
You have a certain winning role
With your heart in love and doubt

Everything is still here on
In the pathways till it's gone
Trust your heart to be sure
In the ways that you have found
Let those feelings open closed door
And in its point to come around
Everything to closeness is bound

You are now
You are now
And always maybe tomorrow
With the rest to settle each score

Peter S. Quinn

You Are So Warm In Beautiful Eyes

There is so much to reach out and do
Love that comes softly from a heart
Those thoughts that live and are true
And never from fulfillments depart

You are so warm in beautiful eyes
Giving me a glint of your smile
In those deep irises are no lies
Only your soul in its deep while

There is so much reaching nothing
In this world of sometimes unlucky
The stakes are up or down bluffing
Waves of each emotion so rocky

You are so warm in beautiful eyes
Giving me a glint of your smile
In those deep irises are no lies
Only your soul in its deep while

I cannot but be with you very close
Inside these times we now follow
Whiles of tides each timelessly goes
With many turning ways in its hollow

You are so warm in beautiful eyes
Giving me a glint of your smile
Every hope is into tomorrow's tries
Each to grab hold of for another mile

Peter S. Quinn

You Are Sunshine You Are Rain

You are sunshine you are rain
And all you do is fun or pain,
And love is always a highest hill
You need no other thing or skill;
Remember this for all your days
There are so many turning ways,
Like lovers do you must give in
If you are going a heart to win.

You are sunshine you are rain
Your beginning lies down the lane,
For life is turning and turning still
You try your love or others will;
Remember this for all your days
A broken heart with two it plays,
Like lovers do you must give in
If you are going a heart to win.

Peter S. Quinn

You Are To Me

You are to me - jewel in man's heart,
The purest love that one could seek;
The feeling that are not spoken at start,
And the affection one can not of speak.

Everything passionate eyes expressed,
The amorous gestures your lips conceal;
The truest of love and closest to breast,
A heart which a wound can always heal.

Your tender body awakens my desire,
And so do your youthful fresh eyes;
They spark like stars of undimmed fire,
Profoundly and deep like nightly skies.

You are to me - what nature's to life,
A fountain spring of my existence;
Eternally on and with a loving rife,
I can not show any more resistance.

Your reaping beauty adored by me,
Desired wine - ah my sweetest love;
Lock to my room with the right key,
Fitting my heart like a hand to glove.

Peter S. Quinn

You Are What You Are (From, Poet On Www)

You are what you are,
Every desire and each star;
Reaching into the night,
With your heart and your light.
Bringing forward the truth,
In its endless road youth;
All the wandering ways,
In the tones of the days.

You are reaching for love,
To the clouds here above;
With the time and infinity,
For whatever comes to be.
The roads are never ending,
With new ways blending;
For the hope is like a stream,
Reality within each dream.

You can give what you try,
Limits are like the sky;
And the ways many more,
Reaching destines to the shore.
Roots are through the heart,
With kindness from the start;
Play your love and your game,
Burn it into a kindness flame.

Peter S. Quinn

You Are What You Are (Whatever You Do)

You are what you are
Always everywhere in your heart
Come near or be afar
You can never from yourself depart

It isn't easy to see what it is
All that is inside of you
Around wheeling start time's bliss
What comes in and out to renew

Follow your footsteps going
Into the woods of the unknown
With every opportunity showing
Where dreams had before flown
Systems and spaces to nowhere
Something is going to become
Stars of the shining everywhere
Each of their faraway from

You are what you are
Always everywhere in this space
Come near or be afar
You can never get out of your place

Run as you may to come back
Always the same into your same
Merry-go-round on to your track
From where you in creation came

Follow the sun and her sideways
Run through each your call
A morning may come in its grays
And become yellow by fall
Be this or that for its purpose
You are the one to decide
Flooding in a motion that goes
With life's opportunities glide

*("You are what you are" – If anybody tells you differently, than he/she has a

'formula' about him/herself...)

Peter S. Quinn

You Are You Much Like I

The wind that blows far and wide
From eternity to receive
Where doubtful shadows hide
To bring us their own relive
When days go dark tonight
In blackness and dreams to know
After evening in air is in
And deep reddish clouds glow
The twilight will take its spin

Oh wake your nocturnal desire
By making each completeness
And bring on your dream and fire
To make the dark much less
You are you much like I
Of being ourselves to ponder
We open together our sky
To give us passion to wonder

You are always like you are
Each day is to make a yes
Giving a doubt peace and war
Everything into its completeness

Peter S. Quinn

You Aren'T Telling Me Why

You aren't telling me why,
Affection is so important;
I'll just look around and try,
Not to get there stranded.

Close your eyes and feel good,
In this affair business;
For these are all different routes,
Ever so eager and fresh.

You aren't telling me all,
When it comes to sweet love;
We all have to find it out and fall,
Like a wing broken dove.

It is the love of the ages,
That the future is build on;
All hatred and out rages,
Are there nobody's songs.

We aren't telling a lie,
When we clearly don't know,
Just through errors and try,
How our feelings then go.

Peter S. Quinn

You Can'T Keep Me Away

You can't keep me away
I will be here tomorrow
Lonely as this day
Nothing from gone borrow
Dream that are untold
With every reason why
No one can ever hold
Always you need to say goodbye

Try not to lose their turn
As every hour comes
You will give and learn
What to your reasons sums
Flying from here to there
Strangest things you did
There are some whispers everywhere
With every thought to fit

It's a time to call it a day
When there is no way out
Let sky glow its way
With every sky drifting doubt
There will be mornings jumpin'
Rising to the new highs
Playfully break and stumpin'
In every breaking tries

Peter S. Quinn

You Didn'T Want Me

You didn't want me
I tried much and tried
My love you'd never see
And now at last it's untied
The sky above is clear
In blue and a faraway dream
Because your heart's not near
Everything clearer now seem
You broke my wings true
And made them fall in fly
But now it's not with you
I again am flying high
A dream that couldn't be
Those echoes are of past
And now at last I'm free
To soar the blue so vast

Peter S. Quinn

You Don't Know What Love Is

You don't know what love is
From its charms and spells
Some things are just bliss
Riding through life's carrouseis

I warn you from this night
You will find you might stumble
When there is no love's light
To reach out to and fumble

You don't know what love gives
If it hasn't happen to you
Its stars sometimes outlives
The charms that didn't get through

Love is like drops in sigh
Feelings sometime so wishing
Trust me love isn't a lie
At least while you're kissing

You don't know what love takes
If you haven't locked your dreams
So much pain it sometimes wakes
Love that just nowhere seems

I warned you what would be
If love wouldn't get things on
You wouldn't longer clearly see
If love was from you gone

Peter S. Quinn

You Don'T Believe In Love

You don't believe in love
When sky clouds are near
The gray dark tones above
That winter's freezing steer
Where cold feelings are made
And give or take a day
In its shadowed dim fade
Where trouble weathers play

You tell me love is nothing
In my blamelessness
I thought you were bluffing
And wouldn't care to confess
How love your heart has played
On each its strings - gently
With each its highlighted shade
Of your feelings - evidently

You don't believe in love
But what are you telling
Because your heart is full of
Love in its sweetest spelling

Peter S. Quinn

You Fill Me - A Song

You fill me with hands easy
To pound my heart on
Struggling ways breezy
Occasion that never are done
Living is making it through
Finding the moments tossed
Glowing and sprouting that's you
When every struggle is washed

Reasons ready and flowing
Coming up into the air
Everything clearly going
Like breeze in your carefree hair
Everything is worth its while
That has been given time to
Walk with it - read from its style
And the rest is something to do

Fill every moment you consume
Days will be in between
You have your roses to bloom
Nothing but roots are now seen
Fill every day with its magic
There will be something to grow
Now its just fire on a matchstick
Coming to height from the low

Peter S. Quinn

You Fill Me (From, To Oscar Act 4)

You fill me with hands easy
To pound my heart on
Struggling ways breezy
Occasion that never are done
Living is making it through
Finding the moments tossed
Glowing and sprouting that's you
When every struggle is washed

Reasons ready and flowing
Coming up into the air
Everything clearly going
Like breeze in your carefree hair
Everything is worth its while
That has been given time to
Walk with it - read from its style
And the rest is something to do

Fill every moment you consume
Days will be in between
You have your roses to bloom
Nothing but roots are now seen
Fill every day with its magic
There will be something to grow
Now its just fire on a matchstick
Coming to height from the low

Peter S. Quinn

You Got To Let Me Go

You got to let me go,
To the times that were before;
When everything we know,
Was either peace or war.
Longings are there still,
Finding its time at last;
Nothing much to fulfill,
Hours are gone to the past.

Collecting some moonbeams,
From dreams pondering on;
Nothing inn reality seems,
When into a past it's gone.
Give a change without restrain,
I've tied my shoes from start;
Am I wandering here in vain?
Searching for my sweetheart.

You got to let me see,
'Cause I am human after all;
Trying here so anxiously,
Before those longings befall.
Love is only a fade away,
And my dreams I've got a do;
We need them to convey,
Before to nothing they turn into.

Peter S. Quinn

You Grow Up To Learn And To Give

You grow up to learn and to give
With everything you inside live
The ways are many different there
And each to each teach you to share
So much of the young to be awoken
And never in any doubt mistaken
True tones are inside every heart
To each our from beginning start

And bring it to every way to fill
What life might dropp or fate spill
Now everything is up to you alone
If you should trip on a stepping stone
Rise to your joy from your sorrow
And bring good luck into tomorrow
The depth of good is always in line
To reach and learn and further define

Each time you have in hour's dark
Will show you inside those embark
And hold you up to what you've seen
For travels of emotions are in-between
To redoes of contrast of stormy life
The way you accomplish each to strife
And nothing binds you more to fill
Then climbing up your own self hill

-

*Peter has practiced many skills and arts, including Bruce Lee's jeet kune do, karate, judo, boxing, running, along with many other such skills... He's also been active in the higher arts, like composing music (a composer) and playing musical instruments. Today, his most interests lies in music of the lighter kind, such as: light classical, music of the Beatles, musicals, jazz music, many kinds of pop and rock, and film music, etc. He consider his body to be a 'temple', as the old Japanese shoguns did and does therefore not 'unholy' or abuse it in any way. If you have ever read some his haikus, you probably can see how much he respects that art form (in Iceland, the traditional haiku always depends on the syllable counts of 5-7-5 ...) . Peter is a true believer, and he accepts as true all

shorts of compassions, one of his favorite saints is probably that of St Francis of Assisi', (- he enjoys sometimes to tell us the story about when he himself was a little kid and the wild birds came and ate from his hands, and so forth...: -) . Well, this is just little about the man we love and respect very much. Thank you all for your reading...

The Crew

Peter S. Quinn

You Make Me Feel Alright

You make me feel alright
Come slowly to be
And rush me through this light
Forever to again see
You softly whispering feel
That reaches to my ear
In everything quite real
So close up here and near

I'd rather love you more
Than be alone this way
For waves to reach its shore
Is like a coming of a day
When you are with me my love
Taking much care of inside
There's nothing more worthy of
Than your touches and guide

I love to look at you
So innocence coming to give
With what is from you true
And worth its time to live
So please don't be too shy
In the night of our fantasies
When emotions reach the sky
And close to each others eyes

Peter S. Quinn

You Make Me Real

You make me real
With your heart and mind
Everything I feel
I may now find
A touch from your heart
Is what I need
It gives me a fresh start
From the beats I read

You make my okay
In everything you know
With the words you say
My love will grow
Moments out in ways
All is for something
Evenings made in grays
Now in colors sing

You make me actual
Without even knowing
I'm now so accountable
To where I'm really going
Life is living to be
Footsteps walking thru
All is worth to see
From one that's true

Peter S. Quinn

You'LI Look (From,134 Picture Poems)

you'll look
at anything

personal
or not

floating like rain
with others

Peter S. Quinn

Young Love

My heart's still here for you
Though you are not in my day,
I loved you young that's true
In the many gone years away.

A teenage devotion for the two
And their dreams on the horizon,
Now I only remember for you
When there are blossoms in spring.

Young hearts are still in rising days
Though all is gone that was ours,
I have inside our youthful ways
When spring comes with its flowers.

And all we had together precise
When dreams were still so young,
I remember our juvenile ties
And you still my heart does long.

My heart is in a way waiting
For our times to meet again,
With lives adored in its debating
But I know I'm searching in vain.

Teenage dreams that now are gone
For life was lost in young love,
But still time carries existence on
In spring flowers and blue skies above.

Peter S. Quinn

Young One

Garden of summer's playful still
In many its games and whiles,
Of dreams to become and fulfill
Its wonderment with its smiles.

Oh young one comes in pure eyes
And everything for you is new,
You have life's fortune and tries
To build up and see them through.

Peter S. Quinn

Your Beauty Is Soft

Your beauty is soft like a velvet flow
A light that shines through the agate textile
Those ephemeral made in shade thoughtful
Where illuminations stand out like a glow
Each repeating line in your tanned beauty
Womanly fire in their shape and brightness
Your body without reconditeness
Of music pliability that touches me

Nothing but the breeze is in reach of tone
Those disturb my heartbeat and walking line
When I'm within reach of your steppingstone
Morning glow in daybreak further on to shine
O music of your makings fills my ears sweet
Or gives me tears of sorrow when you cheat

Peter S. Quinn

Your Dreams

Your dreams are days forever
Eternal flames of this life
Fires that burn down never
Thru the oceans of their rife

Coming times of now and then
In all the ways that on turn
The forces of a yin and yen
That in life we all must learn

Something giving fresh start
For the roads that move ahead
Every curving on counterpart
That their outcome as embed

What came but was not yet
For it is for the upcoming made
Like epistles of the alphabet
Those that between are inlaid

Your dreams so new but true
Giving many thoughts to make
What the days have made you
And their ways might uptake

Take note to your inner voices
So much is in what you hear
You have results and choices
In their ways and transfrontier

Peter S. Quinn

Your Love - Accessible Occasions

Your love comes never too easily
Because if you're true there are many ways
Like colours in spectrums down to the grays
Some for the hours always going on there free
Flashes running together or are asleep
Waiting for you to transfer them to real
Various for every day - as you feel
Within and external of admiring deep

Dissolving moments that come to the reach
Casting each gathering to the lost heart
Like seeds from bouquets that fills each distance
Accessible occasions dearly to teach
Their achievements or newly restart
That marks some spaces in the ways and trance

Peter S. Quinn

Your Love Is My Love

Your love is my love
In the hours passing by
Like the clouds so array of
Every drift of a rising sky
Hearts in a turning turn
Flowing and giving a beat
Like a passion inside burn
Each lonesome day and street

Your love is a glowing fire
Dressed in colors of burn
A heart's fulfillment desire
On every corner's turn
Like flowers of cast away
Or the unspoken words
Every turn to another day
With the flying away birds

My love is for always
Deep inside its dim night
Where fire forgotten plays
In the turning of the light
And the heart's always true
Desires of its deep flame
Footsteps of morning renew
Something life can't tame

Peter S. Quinn

Your Name In My Name (From, Poet On Www)

Your name in my name,
Our love is like poetry;
Running water burning flame,
What you give and set to be.
Hours come and the years go,
What's within will turn on too;
There my some after glow,
It depend on my and you.

Higher then a cloudy sky,
Everything we do or say;
Every tiding goes on by,
With the inter colors play.
Rivers running through to sea,
Falling into lost waves;
Why does this have to be,
Everything one needs and craves.

Love is water to fulfill,
Never give your dreams away;
Find your goal and be real,
No matter what the world might say.
Every heart tries to long,
What desires bring and live;
Every way is right or wrong,
Just be there to share and give.

Peter S. Quinn

Your Songs

Your songs were like love's colorful lipstick
Close to my heart and harder to explain
Each of their beat with an exotic click
Some very complex others simple and plain
So completely yours in enduring love
Always to make out my problem so sweet
Like sky in the far of the cloudless above
All that my heart in those moments did neat

Joy in my life while I wandered the day
Through all those thoughts that really don't matter
Completely yours in their tone and lay
Defeating the mindless out there and clatter
The Songs of your tones giving me much
All about life in their every day touch

Peter S. Quinn

Your Songs...

Your songs are so beautiful
Like roses and gardens sapphire
With their moments never dull
As days come clearly in desire
The sweetness of your singing
In pomp and circumstance
With every street front bringing
In days of embrace and trance

Like love-song of the minions
In silences and tone bend
For the street daughters and sons
That colors mix and blend
In every footstep going
Where everyone once is for all
In the songs and words knowing
That comes in their daily call

Your voice rises from sleep
Onto the banquet of its time
For the days onward to keep
From guitar's strumming rhyme
O love songs of the streets
Among the folks there walking
Of pure instances stepping feet's
And in all its audibly talking

Many town loves have been torn
Inside endless dispute and flow
And each their sound newborn
In beginnings of daybreak's glow
When feelings are low and blending
During endless time and space
And on to the futures commanding
Within your tone blend and grace

Like love-song of the minions
In silences and tone bend
For the street daughters and sons

That colors mix and blend
In every footstep going
Where everyone once is for all
In the songs and words knowing
That comes in their daily call

Peter S. Quinn

Your World My World

Your world my world
Something for us both
Together dreams twirled
In their earthly growth

Mornings coming flowing
In every year that is
We in our direction going
From the past reminisce

Leaping thru the rainbows
Memories that never die
Wishing days like glows
In the blue great sky

So much life may behold
From the past to give
As the days here unfold
And we our futures live

Our world - spinning world
Thoughts return to play
Like raindrops impearled
In their mirroring way

Years and unborn hours
Still so much to come
These are times flowers
Where the future's from

Peter S. Quinn

You'Re Lonely & I'M Lonely (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

We are always coming lonely
And trying to be together
For you and you only
Are flickering like the weather
And dreams are too far away
To be of any reality
Like a morning that meets a day
Only to be in its company

The night is for both of us
Trying to find times thread
And trying to catch up with every loss
That comes to be with us instead
Like love that grows older
And catches us in our while
Time is its many folder
And every its timeless style

We are always coming to change
And letting the weather conclude
Every its beating blanches
That gives every season its mood
We cannot forget the crying
In the hours many singing tone
As this time's season is dying
And we again shall be alone

Peter S. Quinn