Poetry Series

RHEY W. HEDGES

- poems -

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RHEY W. HEDGES (November 02,1932)

I was born; I lived; I cried; I smiled; I wrote; I loved; I lost; I cried some more; I wrote some more; I invented electronic things; I loved again; I smiled again; I lost again; I cried some more; I invented more electronic things; I rememered my lost loves; I wrote; I cried again; I wrote some more... and, with a little luck, I will die very shortly (June,2008) !

... IMMACULATE DECEPTION...

... IMMACULATE DECEPTION...

Frequently in the Moon's soft light

WE share Love between NO, NO lines;

one to OUR left, one to OUR right;

we never cross a 'no - no' line,

social standards stand inspection

and thus ...

an Immaculate Deception

of US by US!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, Sept 19,2007

RHEY W. HEDGES

… IN MY MIND

… … …IN MY MIND

What good is served by thought tonight,
there is no way with words to write,
the vague uncertain feelings,
in my Mind.

Strange shadows dance in clouds of grey,
I cannot see or find my way,
to formless shapes that beckon,
in my Mind.

My probing thoughts cannot explain,
the absence of expected pain,
yet shapeless forms continue,
in my Mind.

Tantalizing feelings rise,
dimming thoughts that might be wise,
I see your lips before me,
in my MIND.

Soft swirling mist encircles you,
a lovely vision still in view,
your outstretched hand is reaching,
in my MIND.

Though running at a fearful pace,
I am yet standing still in space,
surrounded by the shadows,
in my Mind.

Each time I reach and almost touch,
the gentle hand I love so much,
shifting clouds obscure the view,
in my Mind.

There is for me a message there,
of unknown value, so I stare
at foreboding forms and shapes,
in my Mind.

I feel your love becoming free,
and struggling ‘thru the clouds I see
your arms outstretched to greet me,
in my Mind.

And yet each time your lips brush mine,
tormented clouds replace the wine,
of promised love between us,
in my Mind.

Thus even in my Mind it seems,
there is no way to fulfill dreams
that I have chased forever …
in my LIFE!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, May 6,1973

RHEY W. HEDGES

…… SOLITUDE……

Webster says the word 'Solitude' means: 'the quality or state of being alone or remote from society'...
... but 'I' say: it is a narrow Poem that penetrates one's very Being!
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Life
without
Love

sighing
sobbing
weeping
wailing

sad
sorry
sounds
that
don’t
rhyme

narrow
lines
sans
rhythm

is
Death
worse

NO
..!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, July 29,2005

RHEY W. HEDGES

...WHO DREAMS WITH ME?

I am 'in love' with LOVE and so I dream; and as I dream, I wonder...
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
WHO DREAMS WITH ME?

Who seems like you?

Who is betrayed by worldly day,
that blanks me from her love some way?

I search for love in loveless eyes,
full lovely lips their love denies,
we share no love by day.

Yet in the night she steals my dreams,
and dreams a love it seems she feels.
her love denied, is love inspired,
and loveless eyes with love are fired.

… Stirring shivers of delight,
sweep across me in the night;
rushing waves of happiness,
circle out from her caress;
whispered words of love I hear,
sounds of breathing in my ear,
loving limbs that intertwine
softer lips that pleasure mine
dizziness from nectar wine
mortal needs soon overcome
images of two as one,
… immortality begun! …

Who shares this dream of love with me,
This dreamer’s dream of love I see?
Who loves me when the world is gone,
And then denies me with the dawn?

WHO?

Who dreams with me?

She seems so much like you …

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, June 29,1978

RHEY W. HEDGES

...YOU... ME... WE... US...

... YOU... ME... WE... US...

I feel your presence everywhere.
In my Mind... in the air.
Everywhere,
YOU are there.

I feel our presence everywhere.
In my Mind... WE are there.
Everywhere,
a loving pair.

I feel my presence everywhere.
ME alone... YOU're not there.
Anywhere,
only ME,
crying there.

I feel your absence everywhere.
In my Mind... in the air.
Everywhere,
I see YOU,
crying there:

for YOU; for ME; for WE; for US!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, November 9,2006

RHEY W. HEDGES

ALONE TOGETHER

ALONE, TOGETHER

We rode along beside us,
going nowhere once again.
It was dark just like before,
and the empty place between us,
like the empty space inside,
still filled to overflowing
with sad tears we both had cried
alone, together.

And we moved full empty faces as before.
gazing sideways at each other
hiding loving empty eyes,
breathing heavy empty sighs,
sharing time and place and motion,
searching how to hide
the feelings that had died,
feeling nothingness inside.
Again,
alone, together.

Alone.
Together.
To the home we almost loved in,
'thru the doorway, nothing spoken,
sharing separate rooms unmentioned.
We could not fill that space:
Emptiness is nothing, in every empty place.

We could not hide the fullness
of our empty love inside,
of the vacant gaping wholeness
of the love each was denied
alone, together.

Empty shadows brushed the walls,
vague reflections of the past,
twisting faces grinned tomorrow –
lovely echoes died at last.

And our tears still flowed together as we ran
alone, together,
standing fast.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, July 8,1978

RHEY W. HEDGES

APRIL and a FOOL

APRIL and a FOOL

April's Fool day
Preceded her
April Fool's day
by just one "fool";
ME

That day before
I had a Life,
the next day
I had a wife;
SHE.

As April's Fool
on April One
I said we do
and thus began
the fun.

Smiling impatiently
The Fools of April One,
'SHE' and 'ME'
Became a
'WE' …

April Fool …
I'm single still!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, April 1,2007

RHEY W. HEDGES

'BLACK WIDOW' SPIDER LOVE

“BLACK WIDOW” SPIDER LOVE

He cried: “Kiss and let go of me! ”
She sighed: “My kiss will set you free.”

He sighed: “Okay, now you are my Wife.”
She cried: “It’s one kiss; goodbye Life! ”

~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, January 2,2008

{this makes good sense to nature lovers; however,
Wikipedia notes that contrary to popular belief, female
Black Widow Spiders only RARELY eat the male after mating}

RHEY W. HEDGES

Cellular Communications

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY to (my RIP Wife) GrandMother Joan,
our (RIP, Twin Daughter) Joan and her Dearly Loved Daughter, (live) Dawn...
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

CELLULAR COMMUNICATIONS
... (Who needs AT&T?)

YOUR call was forwarded, cellularly,
Ring-a-Ding-Ding, "chemically";
Molecules of "Sight" and "Sound"

... all around...

Still pleasing me, inside I see,
Your happy eyes still teasing me;
"Our" laughter echoes in my ears

... without tears...

As "WE" smiled "together"
"I" am smiling now,
Enjoying Life's chemistry

... of "memory"...

Inside the Cells, inside of me,
There's still a "WE",
Sharing Love,

... ENDLESSLY!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, February 14,2008
(You are ALL my Valentines, every day!)

RHEY W. HEDGES

DEATH CAME SILENTLY…

DEATH CAME SILENTLY...

My mind began reeling,
big bells began pealing,
then I found myself kneeling
in a river not on any map.

Instead of dead,
Life seemed upended,
and I could hear and see,
Love’s lovely lonesome sound,
echoing around inside of me.

Death came silently!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges,
November 27,2007

RHEY W. HEDGES

DID I WRITE A POEM?

DID I WRITE A POEM?

I wrote some lines that mostly rhymed,
each word rhymed with the word before
feather, weather, other, mother,
each word a rhyme: prime, dime, slime, time.

Words and rhythm almost rhyming
No story, just words and rhythm
It's a given that poetry sings,
Of silken(?) wings 'n fluffy things,

Are my flowing words Poetry?

Or are they 'political prose'...
words dressed up in prominent rows
promising honey, more money,
saying nothing, giving nothing.

Tell me true, make believe you care;
is this a Poem to share … with YOU?

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, August 9,2008

RHEY W. HEDGES

ETERNAL LOVE BEGINS

ETERNAL LOVE BEGINS

Rhymes cease,
f e e l i n g s d i s c o n n e c t,
Brain-whispering dies,

feelings fall and rise,
eternity fills my eyes,
rhythms fade to gray,

my Life floats away,
bringing US
together
forever!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, March 25,2007

RHEY W. HEDGES

EVERYTHING NEW IS OLD AGAIN

EVERYTHING NEW IS OLD AGAIN

There are some who love to live,
not to give,
just to live,
life passes by,
they don’t know why.

And I …

I live to love, love to give,
not just live,
but to give,
life passes by,
I don’t know why.

And “we” …

We say Hi, you say Good Bye,
I persist,
You insist,
“WE” don’t exist!

I am alone … you are alone,
one of ‘WE’ begins to cry,
it is ME,
and ‘YOU’ know why.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, August 6,2006

RHEY W. HEDGES

HEARTBEAT

The Spirit part of me understands about human taboos and unconditional Love gives each person the right to choose or reject the other each day … but the selfish Human part of me felt like this …

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

HEARTBEAT!

Dreaming of Love I dreamed of YOU,
dark to light to dark to light,
dreaming of YOU it seemed I flew,
dark to light to dark to light.

Curving upward then swerving down,
light to dark to light to dark,
soothing, sensuous, swishing sound,
light to dark to light to dark.

Fooled by the notion of regular motion,
wooed by the wind in my face,
I laughed and cried to the same emotion,
unable to see that I swung in place.

Dark to light and back and forth,
Love swinging a pendular course,
dark to light to dark to light,
I soared 'thru life a fool in flight.

Declaring Love I flew and dreamed,
dark to light to dark to light,
caring for you I flew it seemed,
dark to light to dark to light.

Then YOU screamed goodbye,
and screamed and screamed,
screaming silence in my ears;

and it was dark to dark,
only to dark,
dark … … … … … …

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, April 23,2006

RHEY W. HEDGES

I Am Surprised With Life

I AM SURPRISED WITH LIFE

I am surprised with life.

Surprised by a morning sun
that leaps into the sky
from the mountains Darker side.

Surprised by unbidden thoughts
that burst with brightness
into a Mind I call my own.

Surprised by inner feelings
that rise – and fall – and pound
like waves upon some mystic shore.

Surprised by universal rhyme,
a circled rise and fall with time;
rhythm energies that bend
in time to rise and fall again.

Surprised to see
in you and me,
this endless flowing energy;
in cycle motion, encircled time,
an endless curving curvéd line.

For in the end there is no end,
we rise and fall then RISE AGAIN,
WITH CHANGING FORM
but dying never,
life goes on... AND ON ... forever

I am surprised!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, January 5,1962

RHEY W. HEDGES

I think You're THE ONE...

HMMMmmmm... it seems that one
of US is special...
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I think You're THE ONE...

The more I love you,
the more you flirt.
The more you flirt,
the more I'm hurt.

The more I'm hurt,
the more you flirt.
The more you flirt,
the more I love you.

ONE of US is dirt!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Love 'n(no more) Stuff, RHEY
... September 08,2007

RHEY W. HEDGES

I'M DYING TO DREAM

In March,1956, Mother of our Twins, (wife) Joan died; in April,2005, (Twin) Daughter Joan died...at long last, it is my turn;
  my Brain whispers these words into my aching ears...
~ ~

I'M DYING TO DREAM

When from my arms,
to underground,
her body slid from view,
alone again, I dreamed inside
sobbing for my Love that died.

Alone again, I dream inside,
wanting to hear that I have died.
Wanting to know we both are free
to share sweet Love eternally.

Alone again, I dream inside
waiting to hear that I have died
so WE can dream our lovers' dream...
together... again!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
RWH, Feb 14,2007

RHEY W. HEDGES

IS THIS A FOOL?

IS THIS A FOOL?

"Moron", "Simpleton", "Imbecile"
and other names we all well know,
in Websters' Book I read, but still,
my mind decries that these words show,
or picture clear, who earnest row
Life's white capped sea yet find life cruel,
because with love they overflow.
Could I be wrong, is this a Fool?

I speak of one who has the will,
and early gives his Love to slow
the tears of those who 'round him mill,
uncertain, sad from grief and woe;
the ones who dream and fond hopes sow,
despite abuse and ridicule,
while selfish persons richer grow.
Could I be wrong, is this a Fool?

What of the one who seeks to thrill,
who daily yearns to give although
in giving sometimes finds Life chill,
when trusted loves his faith forego;
the one who ever seems to glow,
whose Love shall never cease or cool,
who happy lives and has no foe?
Could I be wrong, is this a Fool?

Envoy

From Selfishness our sorrows flow,
when Greed and Hate unkindly rule;
the Loving one gives Joy, but Oh,
could I be wrong, is this a Fool?

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
{I confess: I am the "question" above! }
Rhey W. Hedges, January 14,1962

RHEY W. HEDGES

JUST MAN OR WOMAN

JUST MAN OR WOMAN

Forced to live a human life,
filled with trouble, toil and strife,
called a Husband or a wife,
are we just Man or Woman?

Trapped inside a fleshy cage,
poked and prodded ‘till outrage,
labeled by both Fool and Sage,
who say, “Just Man or Woman”.

As the intellect grows old,
One discovers, or is told,
“all that glitters is not gold”
is there just Man and Woman?

Judged by BODY separately,
every human has to be,
him or Her, a He or She,
is MIND just Man or Woman?

MIND is an electric toy,
guiding BODY bold or coy,
it’s the same for Girl or Boy,
MIND’s not just Man or Woman.

All are SPIRITS trapped behind,
fleshy mass and scheduled MIND,
now and then there is a sign,
we’re not just Man or Woman.

Some human beings, ‘tho preset
to survive, and then beget, …
feel their SPIRIT and regret
they are just Man or Woman.

Those who wander from the trail,
will seek love to no avail,
they are doomed on earth to fail,
to join both Man and Woman.

Compliment was planned for all,
LOVE was given to enthrall
SPIRITS who accept the call
to love, just Man or Woman.

We are SPIRITS, YOU and ME,
seeking immortality,
LOVE’s a possibility,
If we’re just Man or Woman!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, May 6,1973

RHEY W. HEDGES

LIFE and DEATH

Life and Death

In Stealth unseen,
on swift sure wings it’s flying;
for none does Death “ere wait.
We briefly live,
and all the while are dying; .
soon ends our Love or Hate.

Before and ‘aft,
both longer than the living;
Life glows then fades away.
Hours ne’er return,
there is one chance for giving;
there is but one today.

For all Death comes,
to young as well as older;
Just when no one may know.
Alone the wise,
Joy warms the heart that’s bolder;
and ever was it so.

Some say to wait,
be sure of what you’re nearing;
when young you’re rich in years.
Are they then Fools,
who rush to Love not fearing?
they shed the fewer tears!

In stealth, unseen,
Death closes every hour;
when will your Life be done?
Love now, love true,
and loving never cower;
through Love Life’s Joy is won!

~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, December 23,1961

RHEY W. HEDGES

LONELINESS

LONELINESS

This loathsome beast upon me chews,
and mocks me as my thoughts I muse.
It brings back mem'ries of the dead,
of scarlet blood, of tears I've shed.

It grins as sad I lay in bed,
for it well knows the sleep I dread.
A bloody room, the Love that's flown,
in Dreams each night to me are shown.

It shows me every Joy I knew,
and laughing tells me Love is through.
With glee the Beast claws at my mind,
and tears apart each hope I find.

This gruesome Beast my soul must meet,
each day I live, each day defeat.
My live has always been the same,
and none but I may hold the blame.

Until my bones are wrapped in shrouds,
my heart will ever reach for clouds;
and reaching sometimes know the pain,
that tortures those who Love in vain.

And so the Beast and I will fight,
throughout the day, and through the night.
Until at last, from up above,
is sent a True and lasting Love.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, December 29,1961

RHEY W. HEDGES

Love At Any Cost

Some say LOVE is 'priceless'; What do YOU say?
Without hesitation, I say...
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

LOVE AT ANY COST

I've been accused of mis ing marbles,
mumbled words and speechthatgarbles;
syncopating facts and such
decorating lines too much, ,
rhyming all I see,

IRRELEVANTLY

FEELING

LOVE!

Yes,
some folks say
I've loosened screws,
while others swear they're lost,
To which I simply shrug and say"

"Love at any cost! "

But …
I DON'T play marbles anymore,
and now and then I "snug" a screw;
maybe all they say is true (of me)
perhaps I have a faulty view (of we) .
maybe there's only Sex and Money (I see) ,
and all my dreams of Milk and Honey (to be) ,
are funny wrinkles in a pickled mind
of a greatly shortened Frankenstein!
/
/
/
To Fools who see a fool in me,
and moan of Paradise Lost,

metaphoric'ly I say,
"LOVE AT ANY COST"!

~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, July 17,1978

RHEY W. HEDGES

Love Is Immortality

LOVE IS IMMORTALITY

I’ve come to know there are two MINDS
that live inside of me;
one can only know this world,
the other can be free.

The worldly MIND can never love,
thus does not understand,
when feelings ebb and flow inside
like waves upon the sand.

It finds no earthly reason why
a being lives or dies;
why feelings do not follow thought,
when Love is in my eyes.

The worldly MIND says all is well
no outer dangers near,
and yet the OTHER sounds alarms,
that ring inside my ear.

They both are there and both aware,
my BODY was their womb;
yet worldly MIND nust stay confined
within this mortal tomb.

The OTHER knows no boundaries
except in human life,
a SPIRIT MIND is not a man,
or boy or girl or wife.

Each time it joined a life on earth
it shared a BODY style,
for flesh is not identity
the form is just a trial.

MIND and flesh are vehicles
for SPIRIT use on earth;
the challenge each must meet in life
is giving love of worth.

Our feelings, Love and high ideals
are not a worldly trait;
fulfillment sought in worldly ways
insures a MORTAL fate.

My worldly MIND unfeeling thinks,
uncertain as to “why’s”;
the OTHER knows ‘thru me it loves
but if we fail … it dies!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, April 21,1973

RHEY W. HEDGES

MIDDLE AGE?

At some point in Life, the question of aging surfaces. Am I getting older? Am I 'middle aged'?

... (questions frequently accompanied by a few shivers and shakes!)

The answer, of course, is different for each person. It happened to ME in ’73; I listened to what my Brain was whispering into my ears. It sounded something like this...
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

MIDDLE AGE?

As I sit and weep and wail,
make believing life’s a jail,
my mind goes tumble jumble,
as ‘thru my gloom I fumble!

What the hey is going on?

I jerk and twitch.
my feelings itch,
and no one’s here to scratch ‘em,
fast as I can hatch ‘em …

Is this ‘mid-age’ change of life?

I sigh, I cry, I contemplate my navel,
Never really getting started,
since wife and love departed,
to grow again, to know again,
just what I want to do.

What do I want to do?

… but wait …

hesitate a little longer,
for now I’m going somewhere,
going upward on without her,
yet sadly looking her way,
yearning still to say …

... I love you … I love you … I love you!

~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, June 14,1973

RHEY W. HEDGES

Ms - ery

Ms - ery

Love for me has been a drag,
I might as well have been a fag;
Instead of short and cute and witty,
I might be better off just pretty!

I've always been a hit with girls,
a wondrous trusted friend.
They accepted all the Love I gave,
up to the very end, when …
They found a lover girl or boy, then …
asked that I remain a friend.

And so it went, and so it goes,
first with girls, then women too,
who knows what's next in store
…… for me?

The only other sex I see … is Boys!

But boys do not appeal as yet,
and it's unlikely that they'll get
more appealing as I age.

… 'Tho same-to-same is now the rage, I guess I'm heterosexual …

I'm enthralled with girls who're bright,
not the ones who'll spend a night
delighting just biology,
ideology has its place,
and I must face
the fact that I am more than flesh.

Mind and Spirit must be served
as well, … or Life is Hell.

So I shall seek as mate for me,
Some Ms who just has to be,
A mental giant, in a luscious carriage,
Who still believes in Sex and Marriage,
Love 'n Stuff.
It may be rough,
but less is not enough.

… At last … I understand me!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, June 15,1973

RHEY W. HEDGES

MY DAWN

MY DAWN

Imagination
bends perception,
the world is seldom what it seems.
Reality and fantasy
blend endlessly in Dreams.

Last night I dreamed reality,
You asked me questions urgently;
and in the dawn,
when my Dreams were gone,
I found these words you scribed for me.

"Where comes the secret smiles we share?
The warmth of laughter touched with care?
The faster beating of our hearts,
Each casual meeting always starts? ".

"Where comes the words you share with me?
What guides your pencil endlessly?
And what is there in poetry
that stirs my feelings happily? "

… "Oh, is there Love in Life for me? " …

Here is my reply: "Bringing Life to Life, blends Love with Life;
A symmetry of ecstasy;
A mortal form of poetry! "

LIFE … is poetry in motion:
imagination in the night;
anticipation in the light;
an energetic rhythmed rime
that spans the Universe with Time.

LOVE … is poetry emotion:
an ever pleasant mystery;
a source of primal energy;
the catalyst of chemistry
that leads to immortality.

DAWN … you ARE poetry:
a tender touching mystery;
a glowing vibrant energy;
cycled sensations of delight
flowing beyond the words I write!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, Sept 14,2005

RHEY W. HEDGES

NO REASON

When my beloved Wife, Joan died,
I discovered it left me with...

NO REASON

When I smiled
 for no reason,
YOU were the reason.

When I felt happy
for no reason;
YOU were the reason.

When you died
 for no reason;
I lost ALL reason.

Now I cry
for no reason;
there is NO reason…

…anymore!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
to Joan, Mother of our Twins …
 ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
RHEY W. Hedges, Dec 4,2007

RHEY W. HEDGES

on RELIGION and LOVE

on RELIGION and LOVE

Is there a vast computer in the sky,
calculating who will meet,
and why?
Are we programmed,
you and me,
for a certain he or she?

Does it add up what we are,
me plus you or you plus me?

Are we really fated,
to be mated with a love to share?

(does a computer care?)

Are there rhythm schemes,
To match our dreams and style our needing,
Always heeding who we are?

Or are we lonely digits,
random widgets, there to multiply?

(does a computer cry?)

Is it simply chance,
and circumstance that guides our being,
never seeing who we are?

Is it plus AND minus me,
Two, or none, instead of we?

If a cool computer's plot,
Computates what is,
And not,
Matches every girl and man,

(a calculated masterplan)

then how and why
was it decided,
you and I should be divided,
then subtracted from the sum
of one plus none...
..
...
... leaving love and empty lines
for a poet's pen and rhymes? !

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges July 13,2006?

RHEY W. HEDGES

Passing Matters

PASSING MATTERS

LOVE … is a passing matter;
others passed this way before,
passing passion and delight,
passing moments of despair,
passing ‘round the curve of time
to find,
life’s passing matters matter not.

THOUGHT… is a passing matter;
passing passersby unseen,
I pass in crowded Solitude,
knowing as I pass alone,
ALL pass alone, together,
alone arriving at the thought,
Life’s passing matters not.

LIFE … is a passing matter;
all are merely passersby,
passing to a bend in time,
where passing matters,
that passing mattered so,
will matter (not) again
to passing passersby.

… passing Life in Thought, I see,
LOVE’s passing mattered most …
… to me …

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, Feb 8,1981

RHEY W. HEDGES

POETIC CONFESSION

POETIC CONFESSION

Here is the secret

. . . secret . . .

about the words I write:

All my poems begin

. . . and end . . .

as whispers in the night.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges March 7,2008

RHEY W. HEDGES

RESOLUTION

This has been my New Year's resolution
since first written on Jan 1,1962...

Love 'n (I'll try again) Stuff, RHEY...
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

RESOLUTION

The letdown Loves,
And Dreams demolished,
have filled my past with sorrow.
The wiser way,
with Love abolished,
shall be the course I'll follow.

No foolish Dreams,
with wilder notions,
as always I have hit on,
my broken Hearts,
and torn emotions,
now pain the part I sit on!

……. A little later ……

("Tho on Love I sometimes sour …
it seldom lasts more than an hour.)

My Dreams remain,
I love as ever,
the Heart still reigns supreme.
Seems wiser thoughts
can change me never,
and I shall always Love and Dream!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, January 1,1962

(nothing has changed inside me as of January 1,2008

RHEY W. HEDGES

RESOLUTION OF A FOOL

RESOLUTION OF A FOOL

… Rambling Thoughts …

Those who think in mortal terms,
view Love as a “bag of worms’,
a threat to worldly living,
… giving, giving, giving …,
a strain on the brain,
a drain in the main,
the SMART ones don’t marry!
… … … … … … … …

Yet, I intend to seek a wife,
who understands
that LOVE is LIFE.
A person not afraid to live,
who’s free to take and free to give.

A person brave enough to face
The grueling struggle of the race,
But smart enough to share the strain
of trudging uphill in the rain.

… … And yet I still recall the smile,
Of one who ran near for a while;
Who took my hand, then let it fall,
OH GOD, I loved her most of all!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, August 5,1973

RHEY W. HEDGES

SCIENTIFICALLY SPEAKING

NOTE: "0 Degrees" Kelvin', also called 'Absolute Zero', is the condition where ALL Molecular action ceases; i.e., nothing moves!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

SCIENTIFICALLY SPEAKING

Who wait for their Life to start,
wait in vain;
who wait for Death to come,
the same.

There is no time for life,
only a time of Life,
..... and Death...
like 'absolute zero' degrees,

is a motionless non-event!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, July 16,2008

RHEY W. HEDGES

SHADOW DANCING

To my Joan(s) in waiting; Mother of our Twins, Joan, died in 1956 when they were nine months old; Twin Daughter Joan joined Mother in April,2004.

It's my turn now...we soon will dance together again... smiling in the shadows.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ look for US in the shadows ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
.....

SHADOW DANCING

Death smiles alone,
in the shadow of Life.

Waiting.

I dance alone,
in the shadow of Life.

Waiting.

You dance alone,
a shadow in Death.

Waiting.

It is time for US
to dance in Love.

Together.

Smiling in the shadows,

Again!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, December 09,2006

RHEY W. HEDGES

STILL MOTION

STILL MOTION

Emotions flow, yet moving not
I'm flown about
by winds unseen,
over a frothy ocean green
with whitecaps reaching to the sky.
There am I suspended.
below the peace of mortal sleep;
above the dead immortal deep.
I sigh.

I cannot stay aloft alone.
Icy waters crash below,
in formless dances as they wait:
watching, reaching for my soul,
they know. They wait
as spinning high, then slipping low,
unsteady up and down I go,
unsure, unreal, not knowing why
the love I feel is just a dream.
I try.

No real motion, yet I fly,
Amidst the turmoil of goodbye
her fingers grow hypnotic sounds.
I hear the pleasure of her feeling
stealing high above the wet below.
The tears are mine, inside.
I cry.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, March 5,1974
(Our piano echos in my mind)

RHEY W. HEDGES

THE 'GIFT' OF LOVE!

THE “GIFT” OF LOVE!

Eyes meet,

hearts beat,

inside smiles

begin!

Face to face

brains embrace,

tongues touch,

pulses

race;

and
just
that
fast,

‘YOU’ plus ‘ME’ = “US”

..... > again!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, April 11,2008

RHEY W. HEDGES

THE VICTOR

THE VICTOR

Fleet Seconds wing,
and Minutes bring;
from Minutes grow the Hours.

Bright Day arrives,
in darkness dies
seven Days a Week devours.

Each four Weeks wend,
to Months ascend;
twelve Months a Year empowers.

Thus in this gay,
relentless way;
our Youth cruel Time deflowers.

Soon Life is done,
the battle won;
and Time the Victor towers!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, January 5,1962

RHEY W. HEDGES

THE WINGS OF LOVE

THE WINGS OF LOVE

Today some lovely feelings fell
into the lonely depths of Hell,
inspiring hope for someone there,
exchanging Love for dark despair;
for in the darkest hour we know
bright words of Love can make life glow
anew.

And YOU?
Dare to care and dream my friend,
and there shall never be an end to love.
For daring gives sweet Love its wings
to fly across the universe,
and brings,
hope to those who suffer worse (than we) .

Pour out your words of Love and Passion,
sing Love songs in any fashion,
knowing you may never know (or see)
who reaps those loving words you sow,
save me.

And ME?
Words of Hope and Love and Passion,
pour from me in endless fashion,
circulating time and place,
vapor trailing into space,
finally fading out of sight
beyond the circle of the night,
they fly.

And I,
I marvel as I watch them go,
knowing I will never know
to whom my words and feelings fly
across that mystic darkened sky:

suddenly into your view …
come words of Love and Hope for YOU
… from me!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, July 8,1978

RHEY W. HEDGES

The Zinn Syndrome*

In the late 1970's, from time to time I became happily incapacitated by
 a mental fantasy that my good Friends began to call …
~ ~

THE ZINN SYNDROME*
... of Rhey W. Hedges**

Harsh reality fades away,
Imagination rules the day,
Lonely sensations stir inside,
Forbidden feelings flutter,
Reason falters,
Intellect fails,
A fantasy of love prevails.

The ZINN-effect is fact it seems,
it grows my sweetest dream of dreams:
"youthful warm affection
has grown to woman's love"

… Feelings find expression,
sparkling eyes move close to mine,
searching lips share silent sounds,
softly shaping love's embrace;
breathing quickens,
pulses race,
two are one in time and place,
sharing rhythm, rhyme and pace,
… finding love together …

Then,
… reality returns again...
And once again there is a friend
who loves me in a friendly way.
The 'woman' ZINN,
is 'girl' again, and I am old, old Rhey.

Each time the cycle is complete,
I feel the sadness of defeat,
and search for reasons to defend,
why I have ZINNed again!
~ ~

**(Rhey was recently diagnosed as a chronic "ZINNer")

NOTE: this poem was written for, to and because of … my Dear Friend, June Zinn in June 1977

RHEY W. HEDGES

THIS TIME (again)

THIS TIME (again)

Damning me,
I dream of love.
imagining a love for me,
dreaming you're my love to be,
hoping love incessantly,
just as before.

Damn me!
Seeing not what might have been,
not me,
I dream a love that cannot be,
dreaming love insistently,
damning me …
just as before.

Damning all,
that can not be, ,
I ache to feel your love for me,
hoping love is what I see,
hoping love impatiently,
damning me ….
just as before.

Damning me,
I see and hear
images imagined dear,
imagined lips that disappear,
imagined love I cannot touch,
imagery that hurts so much;
imagination endlessly,
damning me …
and nothing more.

Damning me,
the silence calls,
recalling silent years I knew,
silent tears and dreams for two.
Now silence calls again to me,
silence calls insensibly,
damning me …

Damning me,
the silence roars.
a silent roaring fascination,
silencing imagination,
festering anticipation,
putrifying silent tears
that gather in my silent ears;
whispered silence, silent dreams,
screaming silence, silent screams,

LOUDER SILENCE than before,
only silence …

nothing more. Forevermore?

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges,1978

RHEY W. HEDGES

TOMMOROW IS YESTERDAY… (again)

TOMORROW IS YESTERDAY
… … .(again)

Instead of dead,
Joan's still alive, alone.
Alive, alone
inside my head,
not dead … instead …
alone, alive
Joan waits.

She waits in empty space,
a place I could not fill
with fifty years
of tears
or will!

At last,
Time has
turned from slow to fast
the future is becoming past,
a tick or two, two tocks and then,
Joan and I will be "US" again!

And as my head grows cold inside,
WE will warm up our tomorrows,
together,
in the past,
again!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, Feb 14,2007

RHEY W. HEDGES

VISION IN THE NIGHT

VISION IN THE NIGHT

Feeling floods my sleeping,
Stirring unheard sounds of weeping in my head.
Stimulated senses flow
a senseless stream of silent shapes and sightless sounds,
a misty reddish glow surrounds my bed.
I dream.

I scream!
Wrapped in the velvet darkness
of a cell that cannot be,
someone struggles motionless,
trying to be free.
Whirling ‘thru an endless void,
in a nightmare of despair,
trapped in a chamber of her mind,
I see me there.

Warm wet walls surround me,
throbbing in the night.
flashing thought connections explode outside my cell,
and bathe the inside of her brain,
I strain to fight,
as stressful tensions climb.
I yell, it seems
and soundless soulful screams resound
to echo ‘round the dungeon in her mind.
She does not hear.

I sigh,
and tremble at the feeling of her blood.
Fearful lest the fluid intermingling of our Minds
make her aware I am imprisoned there,
that we are trapped together
by the strangeness of a dream
that might be real.
Can this be real?

I feel her fears.
Fear of years, of time, the tears.
The agony of strife,
the pain of being wife instead of person.
The pounding heart that raced the clock,
that paced her search for meaning to a life
we could not share.
Hopeless darkness shrouds her eyes,
she does not feel me there.

Clinging walls deny me breath,
clicking seconds threaten death,
I pray.

Yet endless moments waste away,
hours to years press on,
suddenly all time is gone.

Waking in my lonely bed,
I know my dream of love is dead.
It died with me inside!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, Jan.10,1975

RHEY W. HEDGES

WHEN YOU ARE NEAR

WHEN YOU ARE NEAR

Feelings begin to swirl about,
sensations whirl within, without;
spirits rise to a higher plane,
Love burns with a hotter flame;
nothing in Life remains the same …
when YOU are near!

Alone again I dream inside,
forgetting all the tears I cried;
again alone I love and dream,
ignoring all the years between,
Love memories power my dream …
wanting YOU near!

'Tho the years between us are real,
and your Love could be just a dream,
my spirits still rise with your name,
feelings swirl and whirl and enflame,
nothing inside remains the same …
when YOU are near!

We fall in love each time we meet,
blending our dreams of love complete;
cool reason doesn't cool Love's flame
that flares unbidden with your name;
Love's different yet always the same …
when YOU are near!

I feel my Love; Your Love; Our Love; all Love …
when YOU are near!

~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, August 27,2005

RHEY W. HEDGES

WITHOUT YOU

WITHOUT YOU…

There is no pleasure in today,
no way to share the ecstasy of feeling,
only knowledge that I could feel;
the empty certainty of intellect.
That is life today,
without YOU.

Without YOU,
Life is a terminal case of obligation;
a glowing sensation,
slowing in anticipation,
a waning flame that flickers out of view.
Drained of Dreams I linger … yearning,
without YOU.

Without WHO?
YOU do not even need a name,
the naïve game I've played
was being needed, instead of loved.
But living's not the same without a Dream,
and life's a losing game,
without YOU.

Without YOU,
Death is not subject to transition,
but Life is a decision,
no one is condemned to Life or wife.
Time will pay the past and end tomorrows,
without YOU.

Without YOU,
there is only human mortality;
my end to solitary giving.
The end to Spirit living,
without Love.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Rhey W. Hedges, April 21,2006

RHEY W. HEDGES

WORLDLY MIND

WORLDLY MIND

Mind of pliant plan and plot
Fears what logic says is not,
A function mathematical,
And urgings problematical.
Mind was carefully made to deal
With what we see, not what we feel.

Love plus Love is one, not two,
One's not "one" in Spirit view
'til Logic indisputable,
is wholly disreputable.
Love was skillfully made to save
the Logic Mind from early grave.

Geometric patterns pure
only in this world endure;
the Being unconstructable,
in Love is indestructible.
Shape was artfully made for earth
and only here does it have worth.

Reason for most gifted Minds
generates the Fear that binds
all feelings undefinable
sensations undesignable.
Yet Thought was actually made to blend
The Mortal World to Spirit end.

… thus …
I'd rather die as one refused,
than die alone my Love unused.
to give to Love and lose is pain,
fearing to Love is Life in vain.

Hell …
Might well,
Be Eternal living,
Knowing Love was locked within,
And seeing well, what might have been!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~~
(there will be no such Hell for me…) Rhey W. Hedges, Nov,1973

RHEY W. HEDGES