

Poetry Series

**J. E. Carpenter**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## J. E. Carpenter()

J.E. Carpenter is my pen name. But, most people know me as Lis Carpenter. I guess I took the practice of using first initials from the old days when women would use initials so their work would be judged before their gender.

I have been writing poems since I was a wee child. They are everywhere. I have them on blogs and in notebooks. I wanted to write fresh ones here. I am tempted to transfer the ones from my blogs to this website though.

# Fire And Light

Fire and light, fire and light  
we were fire and light  
before the world began  
we shown like stars

now enclosed in flesh  
like fireflies in jars  
we forget we emit light  
and a flame that consumes

Like the earth inside the core  
or the lamps inside a room  
we are like our Maker  
fire and light, fire light,  
a love that consumes the cold and night.

J. E. Carpenter

# On Li-Young Lee And Poetry As The Dying Breath Medium

I am here and I am silent.  
And wondering if true  
that poets write about love  
so that they can write about death

And is each exhale death?  
Do people die on inhales?  
And why is the wise child sad?  
And why when I decided to be happy.  
I could not write poetry.

I could write poetry.  
I did not write poetry.

He hesitates to raise his voice.  
He raises the mic instead.  
He has made his life in thinking  
I have made mine in avoiding it

Look how he stands awkwardly on stage  
He did not expect by being direct that he would come to this  
I even wonder if he wanted this fame, renown, people seeking his autograph  
On his words

And I'd pay to see him  
Because I am not strong  
My weakness begs me sit silent  
in a crowd and watch as the universe  
stirs others to song.

J. E. Carpenter

# The Time Is Now

Now is the time for love to rise  
and love to rule  
the Son of God; His sign's in the skies  
and those who know this

who walk like Joseph  
talk like Moses;  
to turn the world upside down  
with the same Spirit that wound up time

There is a river breaking forth  
from the heavenly thrown  
whispering of a season changed  
it's time for the sons of God to reign

Of the essence that pieces us together  
which causes us to create  
and pulls us to pleasure  
that essence has spoken too

and I'm sure it moves you to move.  
Love is weapon, but make is a tool.

J. E. Carpenter