

Poetry Series

Janet K. Rauch
- poems -

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Janet K. Rauch(September 8,1952)

I've been pouring passion through my pen since grade school. My muse (Luna Muse) , is a fiesty one! She is the light that makes my third chakra (solar plexus) glow. She sparks my creativity, and keeps everyday passion alive and well. She nurtures my soul, walks beside me every step of my life journey. Together, we are endlessly connected to the Universe wherein the flow of energy is exchanged, moment by moment.

I am so blessed, so a-mused, so honored to have the gift of poetry...of raw self-expression. May I share it with you? Come journey with me!

A Love Poem To Zac

My wonderful son
Though you're far from home
The time has come
To father one of your own

A few words from us
Though we're miles away
We won't make a fuss
On this New Year's Eve day

Just please do forgive
That our gift is so late
Wish we could live
Close to you and your mate

This journal we send
In hopes that you may
Your thoughts to it lend
On each passing day

A diary of sorts
To explore who you are
A fine crystal quartz
Or a bright shining star

You're one in a million
Believe me, it's true
And a dream you're fulfillin'
Your vision pursue

(Written December 31,2007 and inscribed on the inside cover of a blank journal for my son, Zac, as a Winter Solstice gift. He and his bride moved to New Mexico from Michigan in the Spring of 2007. Around Thanksgiving, he called to say they were expecting their first baby, my first grandchild. My original poem included 17 alternative last lines...written on post-it notes, stuck to the opposite page for him to change whenever the mood struck him :) But for the sake of simplicity, I chose just one to use here)

Janet K. Rauch

Abc's Of Poetry

Awakening the Muse within
Breath of Goddess Cerradwen
Calling now, my soul to bare
Deep into Her poet's lair
Every word shall spin a story
From a Muse who's in Her glory
Gracing me with poems and prose
Handing me a fragrant rose
Inner truth begs to be heard
Just a single quiet word
Keeps me writing every minute
Love will make its way within it
Musing may come naturally
Nature-created spirituality
O, Sweet Goddess of my soul
Poetry has made me whole
Quoting Thee has stirred my Muse
Real wisdom I can use
Seeds were sown by Goddess' hand
Tossed upon this fertile land
Under a watchful eye doth grow
Victorious release, a letting go
While the language of poetry
Xpresses feelings deep in me
You, my Muse, will light my fuse
Zealously and forever amused!

(I penned this poem in the summer of 2007 as a teaching tool for a 3-day poetry workshop I gave at the 4th Annual Mothergrove Gathering in Brohman, Michigan. This was the first exercise I handed out...a sheet of paper with the alphabet printed vertically down the left margin. I asked my students to write their own poem, using this format. There were some very creative ones read aloud the next morning. I ran across mine today, so I decided to post it here.)

Janet K. Rauch

Beltane

April rains have brought forth
rich, fertile earth
and now, on May Day,
this cross-quarter holiday
known to witches and pagans and
other nature lovers as Beltane
I am one of millions strong,
acknowledging a holy Sabbat
that celebrates sexual energy,
the proliferation of the life cycle
Taking us from Spring Equinox
to Summer Solstice with
bonfire festivals,
jumping the fire
maypole dances
singing, feasting and drinking
unions and handfasting ceremonies
making love deep into the night
hot, sweaty flesh on flesh
These are the rituals of Beltane

2010 by Janet K. Rauch

Janet K. Rauch

Blessed Be!

Spirits of the East,
South, West, North...
encircle us with your love.

Protect our sacred space
as we honor the Goddess
within and without,
above and below.

May your presence
remind us to
quietly pause,
close our eyes
and just breathe.

For we are one
with all life...
Blessed Be!

(Invoking the Spirits of love and protection - Casting a Circle)

Janet K. Rauch

Deeply Amused

Feel the passion,
surrender deep...
Muse will find you,
wake or sleep.

She will hold and
squeeze you tight
and you'll be musing
deep into the night.

When sunrise breaks
in early morn, and
from your musings
you are torn...

You'll face the fruits
of your creation
with weary eyes
and joyful elation.

For the playful muse
needs no rest.
In darkest hours,
she does her best.

She'll call your spirit
out to play
and if you allow,
they'll go their way...

Into the realm
beyond our knowing,
where seeds of love
they will be sowing.

And when the full moon
shines above, you'll
reap the bounty of
their sweet love.

Feel the passion,
surrender deep...
Muse will find you,
wake or sleep.

(Behold the Power of the Muse, for she shall find you, wake or sleep!)

Janet K. Rauch

Dreaming Life

Honor your
place in the
universe

Your destiny
has always
existed

The souls you
share your
Love of life
with...

will share
your journey
forever.

Hold your
dreams
sacred, for
they are the
essence of
your truth
and will
guide your
path.

(My first published
poem, 1995)

Janet K. Rauch

Fifty-Two, Been There, Too...But This One's Just For You

What a crazy life we live, my head's spinning, is yours?

Yes, we have our daily woes, but yet sweet goddess pours
Her love and blessings in our lives, just look around and see
The best in life we already have, the gift of you and me

The key is learning how to live each moment of the day
As if, right now is all there is, then stay out of the way
And focus on the positive, for in that draws us more
Love and joy to fill us up, sweetened to the core

If peace is what you're craving, then stick around with me
Although they call me Peace Nurse, that's still no guarantee
I'll lead you to the mountain top where we can share the view
The peaceful world we've come to know shall nurture me and you

What matters most lies within, with this we both agree
And knowing that the priceless things that count are always free
To celebrate your birthday, I'll give the gift of you
And me and us, what better gift, on the day you're fifty-two

(I wrote this poem for my partner, Maryetta as part of a total peace, love, hippie birthday card in 2009 for her 52nd birthday. It was chocked full of peace graphics and observations about being 52 years old - on which I considered myself an expert)

Janet K. Rauch

Flower Power (Ode To A Sunflower)

On just my single stem,
O'er the others I shall tower.
My face turned toward the sun
For my namesake is SUNflower.

From just a single seed,
I'll grow much taller than thee.
Where birds and butterflies
Find delight in sharing me!

(Written for Sherry, a wonderful friend who grows more precious to me every day. This poem was rooted in a photo collage of sunflowers, and was fast becoming the inspirational theme for Sherry's kitchen makeover. It eventually found its place - framed for hanging - on her Sunflower Yellow kitchen wall.)

Janet K. Rauch

Happy Birthday, Janelle

When I was young
I used to wear
A pretty ribbon
In my hair

And on my back
I carried there
A soft, plush friend,
My Teddy Bear.

And as I grew
I carried books
No more cute pack
To grab the looks

Now I've grown up
And Teddy's moved on
My life is unfolding
With each new dawn

Soon me and my hubby
New parents we'll be
Hope some homeless Teddy
Finds our family!

(I wrote this poem for my daughter-in-law for the front of her birthday card. On April 29, 2008, her 27th birthday, she was six months pregnant with my first grandbaby. Next to the poem was a photo of Janelle as a little girl - sporting her Teddy Bear backpack, so I decided to write the poem from her prospective.)

Janet K. Rauch

Isabel

Your daddy was my first born,
Zac was such an awesome child.
He found the world a curious place,
And fate upon him smiled.

Your mommy is the best there is,
Janelle is sweet and kind.
She's really bright – just like you,
Best mom you'll ever find.

How blessed you are to be their child
To live in harmony
How blessed I am to feel the love
Within this family.

I hope we always stay in touch
Connected we shall be.
From all the grannies in the world,
Thanks for choosing me!

Though miles may often come between
The places that we dwell...
Just close your eyes and feel my love,
Granddaughter, Isabel.

(My first poem to my first grandbaby, born July 13,2008 in New Mexico. In February,2009 she brought her folks and the family dog to Ohio, so now we're less than 7 hours apart. There's a special bond here that no one can sever. It's grander than grand in my book

Janet K. Rauch

It Doesn'T Pay To Worry

It doesn't pay to worry
For it won't bring brighter days
No need to always hurry
Through life's crazy little maze

It doesn't pay to worry
In fact it'll cost you dear
You'll be tried by a jury
And it won't be of your peers

It doesn't pay to worry
Don't you know it's based on fear?
Your pace becomes a scurry
And you'll run away from here

It doesn't pay to worry
Hear the 'Don't worry, be happy' song?
Just grab a bite of curry
Groove to Reggae, dance along

It doesn't pay to worry
It won't change anything
Your vision may get blurry
To empty fears you'll cling

It doesn't pay to worry
Listen to what I say
Calm your growing fury
Or someday you will pay

(A quick little ditty to remind myself and those who will listen – that worry equals ulcers, cardiovascular disease, cancer and more. Worrying has no effect on the things we're worried about; it only affects our health – physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually. So live in the here and now and be well)

Janet K. Rauch

My Round Room

Have you been inside my room?
It's round without a door.
Its windows are of cellophane
with paper blinds galore.

I love to sit within and
gaze beyond its colored blinds.
For I can see through time and space
or travel through a mind.

Go on and laugh at my round room,
go on and think it poor...
for you have never entered in
'cause it's without a door!

(My first childhood musing, written at age 13)

Janet K. Rauch

Ode To Alice

T'was a day in late August of 2005
When this woman became my client.
Her caseworker would strive
To see that we'd jive
Referring to her as "defiant."

"You've got a challenge, " she said with a smirk,
"cause this woman's a piece of work! "
For others had tried,
Put frustrations aside
To help her in spite of her quirks.

"I'll warn you right now, " she went on to say
that "she'll talk, but not listen to you..."
"And she, as a client –
Will be non-compliant –
So I'm sending a nurse whose brand new (you) "

See, Alice who'd just turned eighty,
Was a recluse for most of her years.
Painful life as a child,
Then later grew wild
Till they locked her up tight with her fears.

But those walls that would keep her,
Housed her flesh and her bones...
Could not kill her spirit,
Most others would fear it,
But dear Alice, her soul she did own.

Paranoid Schizophrenic, the label they gave
Would precede her to all she did meet.
A genius I.Q.,
Brighter than me and you,
Her life rhythm remained upbeat.

She'd befriended her demons
Who'd plotted to scare
Her back into hiding

Keep life unexciting,
But she challenged a 'Truth or Dare'.

Growing up in Detroit
She escaped when she could
For dark was the mood
With never enough food
And love – wasn't a word understood.

Though suicide had taken
Her dad and her brother...
And for them, t'was too late
But she'd sealed her own fate
Finding parts of her yet to discover.

Self-taught and reading by three,
She wasn't allowed in school.
So, from books loaned by dad,
That was all that she had,
She'd learn to be nobody's fool.

Her brain, like a sponge
Soaked in volumes of knowledge.
She'd read and she'd write,
Never give up her fight,
And never step foot in a college.

A worker for peace
She had marched against war.
Writing many a letter
To make things get better,
Her heart-felt words she did pour.

Quite a loner she was
Not a soul she would wed
Nor a child did she bear,
Though for many she would care.
She chose to be single instead.

I believe I was chosen
To be her special nurse.
For the Universe will tend

To the souls that can mend
From any imaginable curse.

Once a week was my visit
Placed her pills in a box.
Three doses a day
Doctor's orders would say,
But this was the true paradox...

For Alice was bright,
She could medicate herself.
But her visiting physician
Took the position
Her meds should be kept on the shelf.

And then let the nurse
Manage all of her doses.
Not trust her to make
The decision to take
Medications for psychic neurosis.

So that's about where
I came into the picture.
Every week for an hour,
I watch this bud flower
And I became a permanent fixture.

An old harmonica she does play,
Long ago she had found.
And I think I should mention
It helps ease my tension
With her serenade of sound.

What is really amazing,
I just have to say
'Tis true what I'm quoting,
And very worth noting
She wears oxygen night and day.

It really is something
To see such a sight
For her, breathing is rough,

But Alice is tough,
And she plays with all of her might.

If you were not looking,
You'd swear it's Bob Dylan,
Not an eighty-year client,
Whose soul won't be silent,
'Cause your ears she's bound to be fillin'.

And speaking of fillin'
She can talk a blue streak.
From a brain that's so full,
All the facts she can pull,
And fill my head week after week.

A poet by nature,
Many stories she can tell
Eight decades of life,
How she dealt with her strife
If she published, I'm sure it would sell.

But she doesn't need the money,
Doesn't care about the cash.
She's happy right there,
In her cozy little lair,
Watching old episodes of M*A*S*H*.

I feel I should mention
The T.V. she views.
When she says, "Hey, Janet,
Look at Animal Planet",
I know she's not watching the news.

Since Alice loves pets
I've visited with mine.
There's never a crisis
If I bring my dog, Isis
The two of them get along fine!

And just lately my Alice
Is reading her jokes.
With humor she's smitten

For the jokes she has written
Would seriously entertain most folks.

Alice is truly
An inspiration to me.
She's sweet and she's funny
Her disposition so sunny,
When I'm eighty, hope that's how I'll be.

I could tell you much more,
But I'll give it a rest.
Thirty verses should do it.
Any more just might slew it,
Bottom line: Alice is the BEST!

(This is a true account of a client I visited once a week as her visiting nurse up until about a year ago when she fell and broke her hip and went to live in a nursing home. She was every bit and more of what I've written about her - a real hoot! But above all, a teacher of life, who made my job much more interesting than I could have ever imagined. How blessed I was to know her! I received news from her nephew that Alice took her last breath on December 28,2008. She was only 83.)

Janet K. Rauch

Peek-A-Boo

O Blessed Child of Wonder
Growing in me
We love you so much,
Your daddy and me.

You're moving and growing,
I can feel you inside.
And now that 'I'm showing'
Your size soon won't hide.

I hope you're enjoying
Conversation and song.
On the waterbed I made
For your ride, nine months long!

The food I've been sending
May seem smooth as silk.
But wait till I hold you
And you taste mother's milk.

In the meantime, enjoy...
My cozy womb inside
Until you are ready
For that great, slippery ride!

We'll both be here waiting,
Cheerleaders for you
Our bundle of joy
Our Little Peek-a-Boo

(I wrote this poem for my daughter-in-law, Janelle - as a sentiment inside the card I made for her baby shower. She's carrying my first grandbaby, and I wanted to write a special poem for her...written from the mother-to-be's perspective...which took me back twenty-some years to visit the feelings surrounding my own first pregnancy with my son, Zac - Janelle's husband)

Janet K. Rauch

Reflections Of Me

I gaze at myself in the looking glass
Saying, "Life with you has its ups and downs"
Your response is blended with laughter and sass,
Reflecting, " I've given you smiles and frowns."

I study you closely from head to toe
Trying to be a third wheel
A person, a stranger neither friend nor foe
Who can't be persuaded to deal.

I point out my crow's feet, your age spots, our grey hair
The third wheel would interrupt to say,
"You're dwelling too deeply, you just don't play fair
You're more than appearance, believe me, okay? "

But that's just the issue, I know this inside
The others don't see it in me
It's easier for me to just go and hide
Than to act out the part that they see.

I will miss me when I'm gone
Will you notice I'm not there?
While you slyly stifle an approaching yawn
In your eyes, an empty stare.

With each passing day, I feel it more
A loneliness no one can fill
A lack of respect, an ache in my core
Neglect is a bitter pill.

I think of my image throughout the years
Have I really changed that much?
Besides having cried a river of tears
Do you think I'm out of touch?

Where is the woman whose face is kind?
The mirror holds dearly her gaze
Where is that girl we left behind?
We're both seeking brighter days.

(Written for me in an attempt to sort out my feelings, stirring a caldron of depression until the magic potion permeates every pore of being.)

Janet K. Rauch

Starry Starry Night

Starry Starry Night
At last you've taken flight
Where your Spirit soars in harmony
With all that is, and all to be

Starry Starry Night
Although you'd lost your sight
You taught us things we didn't know
Then trusted us to let you go

Starry Starry Night
You put up a good fight
And though it's time to say good-bye
Our love for you will never die

Starry Starry Night
Now walking in the light
Crossing over was your last feat
The Circle of Life is complete

Janet K. Rauch

Su Madre Le Amará Para Siempre (Your Mother Will Love You Forever)

Gone are the days of childhood past,
Your womanly quest is calling.
So open your mind, your heart, your soul
And abandon the fear of falling.

For love is the only falling you need,
To fall in love is bliss.
But remember to love yourself the most
Or your lover's hand, you'll miss.

May you live your life in a peaceful world
Which honors your creative spirit.
The passion you hold for life itself,
Is sure to find endearment.

So whatever challenges come your way,
With every new tough endeavor,
I hope these words will remain with you...
'Your mother will love you forever.'

(Su Madre Le Amará Para Siempre...I wrote to my daughter, Mackenzie, for her 18th birthday)

Janet K. Rauch

Sweet Dragonfly

You will see me when it's light,
My colors dazzle and delight.
I'm ancient in the world you live
And if you ask me, I shall give...

The wisdom that is mine, is yours
A set of keys for all the doors
You'll need to open, one by one
Until your earthly work is done.

With love and magick, you shall weave
Together all that you believe.
To form a blessed soul connection
And find a path of new direction.

Take my energy deep within
And feel the transformation begin.
On my healing powers, you can rely
For I am you, Sweet Dragonfly!

Janet K. Rauch

To Janelle, New Mother-To-Be

Blessings, Blessings, Blessings

Across the miles
Our love doth fly
And soon we'll sing
A lullaby

Welcome sweet daughter
Beloved wife of my son
Blessed family
We are ONE!

xoxo
Grannies to be,
Mom & Etta

(This poem was hand-written on clouds, floating across a blue sky inside a shadow box I created for our new daughter-in-law, Janelle. Shortly after I heard the news of her pregnancy, I wanted to send her something special - just for her. What's more special than a love poem - tucked inside a colorful 3-D shadow box?)

Janet K. Rauch

Triple Goddess Path

I am Janet
In Wiccan circles, I am known as Luna Muse
I stand before the Triple Goddess
Maiden, Mother and Crone
My spiritual path has led me on a wild journey,
rich with womanly wisdom, I'm committed to share

I stand at the center of the Great Universe
And honor the Sacred Feminine...

I am Maiden, crescent moon grinning with her blessing
Menarche brought my first taste of womanhood
Sporadic trickles of bright red blood from blond fringe
tickling my inner thighs, awakening my Virgin Goddess
Budding breasts that magically transformed my girl body
A longing to be all grown up, impatient with any hint of lingering child

I am Mother, full moon smiling with her blessing
Motherhood found me strong and able
The bleeding stopped, my libido grew
Nurturing myself and my growing baby
Oiling the threshold framed with light brown tresses
Preparing the slippery ride from a womb as full as the moon
Two babies I birthed, two I fell in love with at first glance
Breasts full of milk, flowing sweetly from chocolate brown nipples
Longing to stay in this moment for a very long time

I am crone, dark moon laughing with her blessing
I am the midwife of my own croning
No crimson flow from my grey blond tuft
I feel a nudge from the Great Mother Goddess
To renew my vows – to honor the Sacred Feminine once again
Become one with my inspiration, creativity and wisdom
All that has made me a woman – all that will bring me joy.
I hope to be here for as long as it feels this good.

So Mote It be!

Unamused

She used to hang around a lot. Especially when Indonesian clove smoke danced and swirled around my hand, in and out of me – I breathed it – and her. Where did she go?

Is she as bored as I am at this humdrum existence I'm stumbling through lately? Is she on vacation? Courting some other half-baked aspiring poet who's turning out reams of rhyme and reason while I lay in bed night after night, wide awake and feeling tearful because I can't find myself, my life or my muse?

I would ask for help, but frankly, I don't know what or who can help me. I am so blessed, but feel like I'm blowing it lately. I can't stay on task. I've yet to finish anything I've started and I'm constantly feeling overwhelmed. I can't sleep...yes, I said that, but it's true. And it's weird, because I can fall asleep anytime, anywhere without a problem. But now – I can't sleep worth a damn. It's 3: 38 AM and I am on the computer typing this. Why? Maybe I'm on a sanity search. Or that's the trouble...not enough insanity in my life lately. Insanity on my part, not others. I've been too straight-laced since I quit smoking. I cannot identify with who I've become. And damn it, my muse is avoiding me. I think this is what depression feels like. I've visited there before, but it's been a long time and I swore I wouldn't go back. Now it's paying me a visit instead. How sneaky is that?

Please help me...No, don't. Don't even try or we'll both be frustrated. I'll get through this eventually, and when I do, you'll know. I'll tell you when she comes back – when she cradles my head and my heart and my words start flowing like tears. Then I'll be back, too. And we'll write about how wonderful it is to be with each other, without Djarum, just me and her and the blank page.

It's 4: 11 AM. I'm going to try sleeping again. I want to dream and maybe she'll find me there. Good night and good morning.

(I quit smoking July 20,2008 and my muse left me. Since I originally wrote this, on Saturday, August 23,2008, she started visiting me again. By New Year's Eve 2008, she was back full force. Welcome back, Luna Muse! Life is beautiful again ...Janet K. Rauch)

Janet K. Rauch

We Are Not So Different

Worlds apart
Or so it seems
You have your life
I have my dreams

Our differences
Are varied and vast
You head the line
I will take last

I know you well
You don't know me
And life is full
Of fantasy

I speak the truth
You close your ears
As you exist
I live my years

I will reach out
But miss your hand
You draw it back
I understand

I know I'm blessed
You say you are
Your pricey clothes
My thrift bazaar

Forgive my spewing
Old restless tongue
So full of words
I once was young

But who will listen?
Not I, you say
After our eyes meet
You walk away

Don't dare look back
On the sower of seed
As you walk away
Temporarily freed

Fate will find us
Together again
A brief encounter
Or next of kin

Believe it or not
I trust you to see
It's not all about you
Nor all about me

I sowed the seed
You nurtured it with thought
We both enjoy its bloom
And the wisdom it taught

Now share with the world
How both friend and foe
Can be intertwined
And learn how to grow

For so many seek
What we may have found
When we opened our hearts
To create common ground

(This was a strange rendering, but it busted out on Christmas Eve, 2008. I'm not even sure who it's about or if it is actually inspired by anyone in particular. Sometimes I just get tired of dealing with people who treat me like I'm unintelligent, or at best – invisible.)

Janet K. Rauch

Winter Solstice Greetings

A blanket of snow
glistens fluffy and white
Tucks us in, oh so cozy
for the long winter night

We'll light one white candle
Let busy minds release
all the cares of the day
for a moment of peace

On this longest of nights
and shortest of days
Thank the Great Universe
for the sun's growing rays

From our house to yours
Yuletide blessings we send
So gracious life's cycle
No beginnings, no end

For those who aren't here
we've a hole in our lives
But because we're all one
Their spirit survives

Their breath in the wind
Their voices are heard
in the chirping of crickets
and the sweet singing bird

In the great scheme of things
We're connected to all
If one of us stumbles
Another may fall

So gather your loved ones
Your friends and your foes
We're all in this together
Yes, that's how it goes

Mother Nature can teach us
She'll show us what's best
If we learn from life's lessons
she'll do the rest

So let's light our candles
on Winter Solstice night
Celebrate kindred spirit
and be one with the light

(My treasured muse shot this one out in about 20 minutes when I sat down to write a sentiment for my 2007 Winter Solstice greeting cards. A Blessed Winter Solstice to all!)

Janet K. Rauch