

Poetry Series

Joni Moosman
- poems -

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Joni Moosman(06-13-1956)

Amber

I stare up into the face of the lavender moon.
Searching for comfort on Indigo dunes.
Wondering, if the colorless distilled liquid warms the darkness in your soul?
Daughter your poison in a crystal bowl,
When the darkness comes to kiss you does it whisper?
'You've got to swallow it; take this pill.
You don't need to think about it in your ruby red slippers.
That's what you do princess, '
He took the light from your warm amber eyes.
Wiped the life from his pale lips as you died.
You would think he was your lover the way you give him gifts.

My child flesh of my flesh, heart that lived beneath my heart.
Like Mona Lisa a priceless art.
You were my daughter of light,
The spirit daughter of Luna dressed in iridescent white.
I see all that you are and all that you may become.
There are glimpses of your face in the winter constellations.
Is it only a Mother's desire?
Seeing how you like the morning stars fire.
I have heard your soul transmit your voice in my dreams.
Home through hushed night skies.
I did not want to answer, knowing you were just stopping to say good-bye.
Only sadness in your lifeless eyes.
Frosty shadows and the daydreams that haunt me.
I am left here to cry, wandering in Sand Sorrow Watch,
Orion by my side, we search for you now.
Blanket of snow marred by the impressions of your wandering feet.
I tear my clothing in remembrance of my child.
I wrap my heart in blood spattered cheese cloth.
Just to keep it all together just wondering if your soul will ever return.
You have become undead, does it feel better?
In sleeping beauty's flower covered funeral bed.
If I could only kiss your face, and make it all better.

Joni Moosman

Clawson

In the quiet, as the evening star awoke to the west of Joe's Valley.
The thunderheads came running through the canyons.
And, over the tops of the shadow covered, blue plateaus.
They were dark, with their bellies all a flame.
And the lightening flash through their gray misty manes.
Then God's fingers stream through them, until they let down their life giving rains.

It made me think of the mountain of God "Mount Sinai."
And the glow of a burning bush which never burned.
Then I heard the rumbling of thunder, as it rolled across the face of Rock Canyon, the patriarch and his brother's alfalfa fields.
I stood in the place which sits between heaven and earth, where all things can be revealed.
For just a moment I saw a vision which brought tears to my heart and soul, tears I could not conceal.

What was this mountain made of, with a bush on top all a flame?
Twisted cedar trees, scented firs to cover its sparkling stones.
Then God took the badger's coat to cover its frame.
That is where the doorway is, way up there like the evening sky.
Sacred veil of blue, purple and scarlet where the hands of the beautiful earth let go of the stormy night without a sigh.

I thought God must love the wilderness;
He led's his chosen people to wander there until their spirits are broken, their hearts, contrite.
John, Adam and Eve, and me.
It's where he fills our lamps with sacred oil amongst the cedar trees.
And sends angel's to help us stand when can not stand alone.

Then in the dawn I saw the full moon look into the glory of the celestial sun as it rose from the ancient desert floor,
She did not hide her pearly face whose glory is that of the lesser.
She smiled, as though she look upon her beloved's bright face for the first time.
There Above a place where eternity is sealed.
The thunderheads were all calm and white as they grazed across their azure field.

Leaving their trails and sacred memories behind.

Joni Moosman

For My Children

Pull back the quilt of the star filled morning, before the day is born,
Gaze into the eyes of the iridescent moon through the cloudy sky.
The stars will still sparkle and dance on the mountains forlorn.
And where you look so do I.

There I will meet you in a heavenly sphere
Miles and moments not so distant or long
In the face of Diana there will be no tears.
I will see you and you will hear your mother's song

Joni Moosman

My Falling Star (Dad)

I cry I am here, I am here!
Beneath our God's vast and eternal frontier.
Whispering good morning like I do.
Then I see you fly your course true.
A flaming star through the Starry Plough.
I smile, cause I know it's you calling back to me.
Then you disappear in the dawn calmly.

There in the dark each star becomes a teardrop blur.
Each teardrop I eat with maple and brown sugar.
A silver tablespoon of half and half to make it taste good.
Swirl it around in a bowl of memories of my childhood.
My Milky way of sorrow and regret.

My small hand in your big hand as you pointed them out.
Sisters Seven, Orion the Hunter, The Dipper, and the North Star a true route.
You spoke to me of Kolob the star closest to the thrown of God.
Please take my hand now and help me hold on to his iron rod.

Out on the lawn I would crawl into my sleeping bag, and the world was right.
While they sung me to sleep in the summer night.
Their celestial song was so beautiful to me.
Could a wild child be more free.
Dad you never let me call you Father,
because you said God was our only Father
So I never did...
You were always Daddy or Dad.

My small hand in your big hand, each Sunday morning.
We would sit on the hard wooden pews, which sometimes were so boring.
You would trace the lines like constellations over and over again.
And then you would say my life line was long.
It always seem as though my hand fascinated you like a stellar song.
They were just a smaller version of my Mothers.

Later through a wedding veil I saw the tears in your blue eyes.
When your hand again took my smaller hand, you made me cry.
That was the day you gave me away to Ken
Your hands did so many things for me.

So my smaller hand holds on to your larger hand,
Peaceful as you walk through a heavenly door
My heart is breaking like a glass bead on a cement floor.
Just wanting to hold on to something I can't have.

There will never be a good-bye for us.
Just that I love you, my falling star.
And then your larger hand can take my smaller hand again,
and give me back to Ken.

Joni Moosman

My Husband

My Husband is like warm weathered wood
A twisted cedar on the desert floor,
touching the oppressive sands of times.
Never growing towards the sun.

He showed me where a mountain lion stood
on a sandy San Rafael river shore.
Native spirits played along the willows as they whipped like chimes.
His rusty roan horse carries his gun.

My Husband smells like old leather gloves.
Holding me like the reins of his bridle we follow the trail.
Old trails to roofless cabins, long time forgotten.
He's sings a love song with out any tune and a smile.

Some old western ballad, lyrics of lost love.
He builds me a fence with rough pine rails.
Planting red roses, curtains of cotton.
His rough hands in mine we have shared life's trials.

My Husband is like a cool desert night.
A burning star falling from the West.
Caressing the ledges and narrow canyons red.
Casualty from another time and place.

Nocturnal world sprinkled with Heavens light.
Wrap your arms around me while I rest
Till the fire of the night is dead.
And the Desert moth has gone without a trace.

Joni Moosman

Scanning The Pages Of Newsweek

While reading the pages of Newsweek I find you little one.
Dressed in pink with little feet, twisted and broken on blacken ground.
Thoughts collide and mini universes break without a sound
A colored photograph, my breaking heart on replay.
I place my hand over you as if to hold this little ball of tattered flesh, I pray.
God I am so defenseless without you I am nothing but clay.

The tears fall down my face like all the pictures round you small one.
All Mothers crying in everyday clothing and robes of black.
While sociopathic men dressed in robes of power lack,
any since of thought for this insignificant girl child.
Satan wears a mask called Hizbullah using men with angry faces wild.
The kingdom of evil is at hand these are who will kill a playing child.

My arms can not hold my own sons and daughter close enough tiny one.
Israel 's soldiers mourn at funeral processions
Terrorist cry out, it is a holy war for transgressions.
God sees your dark places and false faces plans of senseless slaughter.
All for power and greed you kill your sons and daughters
Mothers raise your children to be our vestal martyrs.

I hold the horror of your picture in my heart and hand little one.
Dressed in pink with little feet, twisted and broken on blacken ground
I know God saw you fall, pick you up so the world could still go around
Evil men, cowards everyone will aspire to rule kingdoms with sandy shores.
Mothers will reach up to heaven with tear streaked faces crying out for no more.
War may take my sons, and all I can do is nothing so I shut the closet door.

Joni Moosman

Sunday Morning

Sunday Morning

Sunday morning I look out across dew covered fields.
Water wheels, sparkle and shimmer in the morning light.
Blue hills lay quiet on the horizon, still sleeping from the night.
While the stars have kissed their faces goodbye.

My spirit is so restless now and the world so blue.
I know there is no help, because I'll I can do is think of you.
I reach out into the silent house and pull your humble spirit next to mine.
I can hear the sound of your boots as you come to me.
Your rusty red horse's hooves softly moving through tall the tall grass of a
mountain meadow.

Memories of a mountain ride when the rain was falling.
You said, Honey get off your horse and walk awhile.
You took my hand and we walked slow under the trees.
The thunder with its flashes of light never mattered, for we were free.
I can see a little mist drift and retreat into the blue canyon ledges.
Why must I breath when you do not? Why am I here and you are not?
In the silence of this house I hear you say;
'I have always loved you, but I didn't know how much.'
It mends my heart with its shattered edges.

I let you go my love, the saints are calling, calling me to church.
I hear our ancestors and loved ones too!
Just for a moment I turn my face to the east,
where blushed colored clouds make way for the sunrise it is true.
God why did you make me a cowboy's wife?
It was never an easy life, hard work and full of strife.
His rib is always burning in my side.
He's taken my heart and wrapped it in a red kerchief.
With its fancy white design at a co-op he did purchase.
Then he stuck it in his jacket pocket where the alfalfa leaves ride.
Then in the morning I find those leaves upon my pillow.
Darling you are to kind.

I wipe my tears away and put on my best black Sunday dress.
I hear my brothers and sisters calling,

They are singing 'Come come ye saints, no toil of labor fear.
All is well all is well, but with joy mend your way.
Though hard this journey may appear. Grace shall be has your day, it is better
far.
How my soul know it as I run to my car.
Joni Moosman

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The Little Calvary Scout

The little Calvary Scout

In a dream I saw a little boy riding his Father's crimson horse in
the high desert sand.

He still rode a bike, played with Power Rangers, and related toys.

And I dreamed he rode out on ancient ledges and red plateaus.

Where the grass is sparse and the cedars grow.

There in the silence you can hear everything.

Like Texas Jack and Cody those scouts of old.

Holding out my hand to you, I said come.

Then I watched you turn your face into the sun,

as the warm wind caught your light brown hair.

You smiled at me, then said, 'Mom,

I want a camo shirt, one like the soldiers wear'.

So I bought you a camo shirt just your size.

Then you wanted toy guns, which you remade with pvp and electrical
tape.

I dreamed one night you were still a boy sleeping under a desert sky.

You look into the universe with your blue eyes.

There you saw the constellations and were the War gods gathered.

I dreamed you slept on a desert hill above me.

And I reached out my hand and said for you to come.

Then I saw you turn your face to the firelight.

And I saw what you dreamed of in the desert night.

Then you whispered, 'Mom'

I got to have a beret, some dog tags and a better gun.

Then I took your hand and said all right.

Then there were BB guns and a 22 rifle, more camo and
military boots.

I dreamed last night, you were a man.

You were so far from me in some Middle Eastern land.

You turned your face to me,

And I could not see your face in that blowing sand.

So I reached out for you with my hands and wanted you to come.

And you said, 'mom, I'm so hot and tired here and I want to come,

But I'm a Calvary Scout in troop C a gunner that's me.

Uncle Sam buys my gears so don't worry.

I'm just like my Dad, but not in the infantry'.

Joni Moosman

The Mirror Man

You are the mirror man, a hard cold reflection.
Inside glowing embers of the past, light up the empty tomb within.
They swirl and dance upon the rotting dead, the faces in your dreams.
I hear your cries as you play the game.
Hunter and hunted like tiger and prey.
Horror filled landscape I can not enter.

Then silence, the demon is there with you and leaches.
Delusions, I am the angel who wraps my wings around.
The warmth you sometimes reach for.
I see your dark curls wet with moisture
Memories of moist damp places drip away.

Breathe; he is but an illusion with out direction.
Tell me how to heal the wounded boy who is without sin.
To kiss away the scourge who haunts the jungles and swollen streams.
Scream no more my broken warrior; I am here just the same.
Hands reach to pull you from the enemy within your center.
No foreign mud to sleep in, you are in your bed ok.

Let me be the stronghold where the demons can not breach.
What? I hear you whisper and the stars and moon make no sound
Just a dream, just a dream standing at our door
Go back to sleep I'll watch the garden gate
So you may live without feeling for another day.

Joni Moosman

The Secret Wall

In my parent's house there was a wall of pain.
There we wrote all the dreams they took away from us,
You know how children play?
All the words we couldn't say

We wrote with tears,
because they cut out our tongues with my mother's sewing shears.
We wrote with the welts they put upon our backs and thighs.
Family secret we couldn't reveal to anyone.

We wrote in poems and Shakespeare.
Our own Di Vinci code, the code they didn't understand.
One day they took white paint and washed it all away.
A paint made of of broken bones and clay.

As we grew older our tongues grew back, Oh what a disaster.
and the ink leaked through like blood on plaster.
And all i heard you say was, 'That never happened.'
You were just kids and didn't understand.

Joni Moosman

The Sheep Herder Prince And The Water Siren

Each morning now I look for you at the wire gate that goes to the green field.
As the sunrises in all its glory above the cool gray clouds, the swell revealed.
There with your hat and work coat on you smile at me and shake your head.
You see your wife's become a water siren calling a sailor to her watery bed.
Then you say, " Clytemnestra, you murdered your husband, with poison I think."
And I say, " your not dead yet, " and it was a knife to his throat.
Our teasing was like candy coated love and Indian ink.

You and I, born in the month of June just a day and eight years apart
Our plants aligned to make a perfect astrological star chart
Like Castor and Clytemnestra we are the mortal twins in the night sky.
Born in the swan's egg, the color of warm cream poured over Cherrie pie.
Each night naked we crawled into our cradle which rock on the sands of time.
There you would hold your lips to my long hair, and wrap your legs around my
thighs.
Your soft breathing was my lullaby an eternal rhyme.

Your voice whispered to me, my sheep herder prince with the crown of ebony
curls.
And I would whisper back, " I will never ask you for treasures or Pearls."
You have captured my heart and I would be your eternal femme fatale.
Forever we would be a Greek tragedy a simple, but complex tale.
Shepherd prince who brought a twisted river root to a water siren so long
ago.
A simple gift, a treasured love knot made of water and wood.
Which now she sleeps with in the depth of her watery grotto..

Each morning now I look for you at the wire gate that goes to the green field.
As the sunrises in all its glory above the cool gray clouds, the swell revealed.
There with your ebony curls and white robe on you smile at me and shake your
head.
I see were the veil is thin and I no longer call you to my watery bed.
Then you say, " My loves I go to another field were the sheep are many, I think."
And I say, " I will miss you. Till I find all my tears in this stormy sea.
Our love will always be like candy coated love and Indian ink.

By Joni moosman

The Snake Around Your Heart

I was so blind to the snake around your heart.
So child like in the morning light you lay.

I kissed your cheek, hugged you and prayed.
A changeling whispered back love you too.

I placed you on the heart strings of my bow.
Shot you out into the star scattered sky.

Forty-Four days and nights to make the boy a man.
God fought a demon, did it in thirty.

I plucked the string I did my part

I was betrayed by you and the snake around your heart.
You cast unholy, this quest we cannot play.

Childhood dies with all its toys left to fray
In red plastic bins and unwanted shoes.

Dark and dust, there are places a heart cannot go.
Spiderling on your dead Mother's web don't cry

Forty-four days and more, like sand
the days slip through my hands so dirty.

Luna Mother Goddess rip out my human heart.

I was cursed by you and the snake around your heart
I have four letter words I can say.

Pray, hope, and love to lay
on the moss covered altars of Feralas too.

Your snake sleeps in Sodom so low.
She shimmers in gold like a flesh sucking fly.

Forty- four days and more, I make my stand.
Cealuem priest I cry out for healing three times thirty

I was deceived by you and the snake around your heart
Oh fallen warrior in the great Forge I will stay.

Refine me Gods through trial I pray.
You think I have not loved your immoral soul too.

I loved and then let you go.
Your snake will eat your heart and say good-bye

Forty-four days and years the wind has blow in my hair strands
Experience I see knowledge in its purity

The minutes of time will do its part.

Joni Moosman