

Poetry Series

**Lilia Talts Morrison**  
**- poems -**

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## **Lilia Talts Morrison(August 20,1937)**

Lilia loves Florida, which is the subject of many of her poems and writings.  
Favorite themes: the spiritual life, simplicity, color, nature & its creatures and things fallen to the wayside.

# A Blind Cat

We wandered down a narrow lane  
My friends and I that day  
Just having lunched in a small bar  
That time had worn and frayed

The building was of ancient style  
Wood, paint much chipped and worn  
But this old restaurant hung on  
Though silent and forlorn

I felt the decades rolling back  
To times when things were slow  
When people stopped and talked a bit  
There was no rush to go

We laughed and chatted just as if  
The world was fun and jest  
For our lives were neatly boxed  
Far from this squalor's nest

I stepped aside and saw a cat  
A black one, sitting there  
So still, so dark, so unconcerned  
In midday dust and glare

When I approached, he did not move  
He did not seem to care  
If strangers stepped too close to him  
Of dangers unaware

His eyes I could not see at all  
When I approached this stray  
Two little slits were in the place  
Where cat eyes ought to lay

When I got home I became obsessed  
His image reoccurred  
Who hurt his eyes and silenced throat  
From cat meows and purrs?

It's odd how what had been a day  
Of fun with friends and glee  
Became compassion's gift of sight  
A blind cat made me see.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Bright Hello

I went a'wandering downtown  
Where people milled around  
They seemed to while away the hours  
Some heading up, some down

There was the lawyer in a suit  
Who just had won a case  
He sat upon the bootblack's chair  
Success basked on his face

Then there were men, in shabby dress  
Who traded under wraps  
With greasy dollars passing hands  
Bound in addiction's traps

But most were just meek passersby  
Who worked at humble tasks  
Their clothes and eyes expressionless  
No pomp, no stealth, no masks

And then I saw the orchid man  
In sweaty vendor's clothes  
He peddled flowers for a trade  
Lined up in ordered rows

Then there appeared in his display  
A bright and distant glow  
I knew the one who made all blooms  
Had sent a bright "Hello."

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Bruised Deer

A smitten and bruised deer  
I hide in tall bushes,  
Too easily spotted  
By daylight. A prey.

In night's sober respite,  
I venture forth shyly,  
Smitten, side bleeding,  
From secrets of reeds.

Your wild woods enfolded  
With musk scented blossoms,  
While dew covered moonbeams  
Soon wove a tight cage.

I peeked at the sky  
Past glistening tree tops,  
Leaves dropping green diamonds,  
As soft feet drew near.

The panther was tawny,  
Its eyes understanding,  
Paws soft to the touch,  
Mouth's beauty sublime.

You took me in silence.  
For one frozen moment,  
Wood creatures in thickets  
Stopped trilling their songs.

When morning arose  
To a fresh quilt of dewdrops,  
It gently embraced  
A path touched by blood.

I cannot bear daytime,  
Too weak now to wander  
To hummingbirds flutter  
And mossy delights.

My fate is to suffer  
The tearing of cobwebs,  
That silences birdsong  
In panther's dark play.

A smitten and bruised deer  
I hide in tall bushes,  
Too easily spotted  
By daylight. A prey.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Burning Love

As campfire flames still upward danced  
Full knowing they would die  
So was our fireside love a trance  
A doomed and searing lie

Rekindling your fair youthful dream  
I was to heal those scars  
That life had singed into your soul  
In Satan's lustful wars

And I believed what others deemed  
A hopeless, foolish quest  
To me this love of passion seemed  
A miracle, a test

I lick my wounds beside the hearth  
Where long dead embers lie  
Yet in my heart it all was worth  
The pain for us to try.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Candle Burns

A candle burns and melts away  
its stately form transforming  
but to a fleeting memory  
of warmth and welcome glowing

All earthly forms one day descend  
into the soil below  
to follow cycles set of old  
as seasons come and go

Though candles and all forms of life  
soon end or ebb away  
new candles and new life ascend  
to herald a new day.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Child's Wish

We were just little children  
In war torn wayside lanes  
Yet roses were still blooming  
In fields of pink and white

The little goats were grazing  
In yards of villagers  
Providing milk and cheeses  
When all the stores were closed

I wished that some kind housewife  
Would offer me a rose  
A pretty one and fragrant  
But none stretched forth her hand

I wondered what it felt like  
To drink some fresh, warm milk  
Or taste a slice of white cheese  
On bread so dark and thick

But none was there to offer  
A crumb or cup of milk  
For I was way too bashful  
And would have run away

We were just little children  
In war torn wayside lanes  
Yet roses were still blooming  
In fields of pink and white.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Cypress

A cypress tree stood like a guard  
Protecting us against life's threats  
Its roots and knees kept summer storms  
From shattering our little nest

Small fingers often prayers formed  
'Gainst daily struggles we held tight  
Sunday we sat on well-worn pews  
And read the Good Book Wednesday night

Once in a while the pump would break  
Yet somehow it would end up fixed  
The old jalopy chugged along  
Till we were safely in the yard

One day the weather turned real cold  
A little heater must be bought  
I still remember how the tire  
Decided to go flat that day

An angel came to help us then  
Looking to all just like a man  
When we arrived at our cold place  
That heater took a special spot

How fragile was our thread of days  
That could be torn so easily  
By people who had clout at whim  
Yet we survived through thick and thin

Whom can I thank for those old days  
Who was it held us like frail birds  
Wings bruised, hearts bleeding, trembling still  
From loss of father, husband, friend

Was it the cypress tree up front  
The only one down that small road  
Was it put there by heaven's door  
To keep us safe and fear no more?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Daughter's Memories

Faded pictures  
fragments of time  
an old stapler  
now repainted

an ancient wallet  
carried by my father  
through war  
through peace  
through youth  
through old age

consistency  
perseverance  
order  
respect  
these words  
come to mind

he taught us to pray  
short prayers  
simple  
he brought home  
a fresh fir tree  
on Christmas Eve

I look at his worn wallet  
his death certificate  
his family pictures  
in hazy sepia images

one thing about  
memories  
they are alive  
even though  
all those people  
are dead

all those mementos

useless  
unless  
you happen to be  
his daughter

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Different Garden

I do not have a garden  
a hedge as fence or wall  
no well trod path to travel  
no swing from branches swaying  
of roses none at all

There was a time now faded  
when I would barefoot sway  
enveloped in green glory  
of trees and shrubs of summer  
all that has gone away

There came a time when roses  
turned to a cursed stem  
forever branded scarring  
from thorns of love abandoned  
a cutting diadem

Yet in my darkened chamber  
those summer meadows gleam  
as dingy shadowed windows  
transform to vines of cedars  
to crawl on ceiling beams

No earthly grove or garden  
rapt loves of days long past  
can rival my fair visions  
of fantasies now welling  
in dreams old age amassed

I do not have a garden  
a hedge or fence or wall  
no well worn path to travel  
no swing from branches swaying  
of roses none at all.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Dog

A woman of grace  
came to my place  
red eyes filled with fog  
lips pursed on smooth face  
she had lost her dog

a woman of grace  
had lived many years  
had shed many tears  
had lost many things  
and now  
she lost her dog

it was not just a dog  
it was her log  
of marking the day  
then he went away

a woman of grace  
can not replace  
that dog  
now buried in bog  
ending the race

it's sad when you're old  
and can't keep a hold  
of tales to be told  
so cold with mold  
and dogs once bold.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A French Cafe

I wandered into a cafe  
The kind with slim baguettes  
Their coffee served with creamer cup  
Inside a stoneware mug

The customers were most gentile  
They did not yell or sprawl  
They neatly sat on little seats  
And ate their proffered treats

The menu, elegant and clean  
Displayed words very French  
I had the feeling that indeed  
I dined in fair Paree

Croissants and tarts of neatest mean  
Were beckoning from shelves  
Where chocolate flakes and berries glazed  
Peeked out from doilies' lace

The scene was much like a ballet  
The servers in starched shirts  
Would pirouette around the chairs  
On which the diners perched

I left there wondering if this  
Was how some folks lived their lives  
For me it was a treat of sorts  
Diversion, to be sure

I wandered into a cafe  
The kind with slim baguettes  
Their coffee served with creamer cup  
Inside a stoneware mug.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Fury Of Days

I laid back on the pillows  
And tried to contemplate  
Beyond the veils of time  
The days passing  
The fury of days

Among the dust particles  
Dancing in the air  
I saw a veil floating  
And it blew aside.  
Sharply focusing my eyes  
I saw a man, a workman  
In a plainly furnished room.

He ripped a page  
From the wall calendar  
It said March 24,1927.  
The carpenter's hand was rough  
And sunburnt.  
Now the calendar read March 25.

Then I saw an alley  
Young, strong carpenters  
Hammering studs  
Plumbers scurrying about  
With heavy metal pipes  
Fresh paint smells

Then, when the sun cooled off,  
Dark bottles of beer.  
They sat in the Florida evening  
Swatting mosquitoes  
And laughing with red faces  
talking of the 'Cane of '26.

The veil closed suddenly  
And in a moment  
Opened again.

A hand of reddish brown  
Turned the page of a desk calendar  
It now read March 25,1987.  
White stucco plastered the walls  
Of a small, but neat room.

Then I saw the alley.  
Workers again scurried about  
Calling out 'Oye' and 'Maricon'  
Paint smells of latex and resin  
Lent a pungent flavor to this scene.  
Humming and buzzing of power tools  
Filled the now warm Florida air  
Until, mercifully, the sun descended.

I saw them cool off with  
bottles of Corona and El Presidente

Then the veil closed again.

When it opened, a thin  
Manicured hand clicked  
A button on his watch  
The red lcd prompted 032606  
This room was cool, I could tell  
and the blinds were of a rough texture  
perhaps a papyrus blend  
Like in designer showrooms

Then he was in the alley  
Holding a bottle of mineral water  
But it no longer looked like an alley  
There were brass lighting fixtures  
Walls done in faux finishes  
And the floor was granite.

This time I saw no workmen  
Just one man with the lcd watch.

The veil closed softly  
And became blurred  
As my tears dropped freely

Mourning the alley,  
No longer an alley  
Mourning the fury  
The fury of days.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Gala Evening

Nobody really noticed  
nobody really cared  
they all were drinking cocktails  
a laughing, jolly crowd

The show was very special  
a singer of some note  
had overcome his stage fright  
and sang his best that night

They called this night a gala  
and that it was indeed  
the floor filled with confetti  
as caviar was served

I once had been a diva  
they sought me at the ball  
and once upon a lifetime  
the suitors came around

Tonight I wore my finest  
my velvet gown low cut  
pure diamonds pulled from storage  
and makeup without fault

Amid the celebration  
a lady climbed the stage  
a friend whom I admired  
although a little rough

She stunned the whole assembly  
all men stood up to gape  
and turned their backs that instant  
to my most charming jokes

Nobody really noticed  
nobody really cared  
they all were toasting Bacchus  
while I sought Mistress Death.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Gamin

When I became of full age  
I studied books by men sage  
So many ways to ponder  
Roads leading up and yonder  
As life ground me to powder  
I pushed and strove yet harder  
Till there was no more climbing  
No paths or roads up-winding

Collapsing near some ditches  
Legs red with scrapes and itches  
I knew my life was rending  
All great ambition ending  
And then I heard a rustling  
A child ran skipping singing  
He stopped and saw me crying  
His eyes were large and caring

“Don't be sad,” he said brightly  
And then he ran off sprightly  
That's when I saw a highway  
Paved with the gold of sun-rays  
It was too frail for walking  
Nor was it meant for touching  
I felt my heart now welling  
A spirit in me dwelling

Then all my cares were lifted  
With hope and love was gifted  
Today you'll find me walking  
With friends and strangers talking  
There is no rush or hurry  
No place to reach or scurry  
Who could have guessed a gamin  
Would end my spirit's famine?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Little Friend

I walked along the water's edge  
And stopped to take a rest  
Some pigeons scampered on the sand  
A white one I liked best.

I threw a little scrap to her  
She pecked at it with glee  
Looking back as I walked on  
Her eyes were watching me.

Today I walk along the sea  
As I do every day  
Two little eyes peek from a dune  
And they are watching me.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Little Seashell

Beyond my seaside window far from blue Azores bays  
The day begins with birdsong and morning's sweet malaise  
Suddenly winds grow stronger in rapid passages  
Clouds ominously hiding unnerving messages

I feel compelled to rush out and run against the wind  
Yet cries of seagulls warn me, "This is no time to sing  
Or celebrate the power of nature's unknown ways -  
Some souls in scattered islands will breathe their last today."

From my small spot of safety it's hard to realize  
Beyond those beach side windows a liquid death now lies  
As at this very moment mudslides are swallowing  
Frail homes and island people by drowning smothering

This tragic tale is broadcast by birds flung on sea gusts  
A cawing and a wailing for villages turned dust  
Though far from my small cottage I can't ignore those cries  
Of lands where tropic torment is taking many lives

I fall and kneel in sadness - it is a time to pray  
For those engulfed by water as clay returns to clay  
Whose devastated neighbors' and children's cries soon wane  
Sucked into mighty wind shears of blinding hurricane

Though many had expected its unrelenting eye  
Might pummel nearby beaches where my small dwelling lay  
No better would have wagered on whether this wild horse  
Would bolt and in an instant turn to a whole new course

As hours pass the maelstrom spreads terror far and wide  
My prayers feel so useless against that raging tide  
And then the palm trees whisper in wind whipped rustling sounds  
"Can you find just one reason why you're on higher ground? "

This message now grows stronger snuffs out the fearful din  
As I'm transported skyward and survey from within  
A center still and untouched by whirlpools that surround  
And for an instant fathom the need for burial mounds

Returning home those voices are quickly vanishing  
The sky outside the window a promise offering:  
Life's puzzles were all answered in long forgotten dreams  
That light on wings of sea-hawks in windy salt-strewn streams

Refreshed I cross the threshold and soon increase my pace  
Now lying at the sea's edge with sand upon my face  
Thanking the mighty ocean for giving me this day  
For like a sun bleached seashell I'll soon be washed away.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## A Miser's Hoard

Count not the strong men of the realm  
Nor number hairs upon your head  
Inquiring if there are enough  
Jugs of new oil or loaves of bread

Don't reckon yields from olive trees  
Nor survey groves of sycamores  
Trust that your herds are right in size  
And wineskins will not cease to pour

For if your eyes are fixed on wealth  
While signs from heaven are ignored  
May not the blessings that you seek  
Be held back like a miser's hoard?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A New Year

Are secrets soon to be revealed  
Old dreams and hopes at last explored  
Or will your poems to silence yield  
Unheard in two oh ten plus four?

Pray tell, what lies behind that door  
The one you've never touched before?  
It's key is waiting in your drawer  
And can no longer be ignored

A brand new year demands the floor  
The past is moved to memory's store  
A threshold woos with gifts galore  
And promises of songs that soar

Are secrets soon to be revealed  
Old dreams and hopes to be explored  
Creative paths in firm rock sealed  
Hewed out in two oh ten plus four?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Nicer Ashtray

Each day he scans the sidewalk  
Sure as a loser's bet  
Intent on finding, smoking  
Discarded cigarettes

This little block his kingdom  
Where pavements promise tokens  
From butts thrown down by shoppers  
Who seldom finish smokes

Months pass, the days are warmer  
Relief from winter's crush  
Safety from nightly muggers  
In wayside underbrush

Of late his gait's more springy  
Shed coat and cape of fear  
Worn knitted cap and sneakers  
Replaced by lighter gear

What brutal forces spewed him  
To homelessness and want  
What tortures and past heartbreaks  
His every footstep taunt

I watch this man in passing  
As I go through my day  
And wonder if my own life is  
A pleasanter ashtray

For I may rest on feathers  
And sup from cups and plates  
but has my life more meaning  
Than this man's narrow gate

That's when I start recalling  
That I once went astray  
Resorting to pick garbage  
that others threw away

I pray he may find comfort  
In this more tropic clime  
As I found warmth and freedom  
From that sad scavenge time

Each day he scans the sidewalk  
Sure as a loser's bet  
Intent on finding, smoking  
Discarded cigarettes.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Prayer For The Sad Ones

I watch cut flowers droop and die  
Right in my cozy room  
And thoughts arise of homeless men  
Who lost their childhood's bloom

There was a time when each of them  
Was innocent and young  
They may have had a parent, too  
Now lost, unknown, unsung

But soon their paths began to twist  
In hardship's brutal strife  
And bit by bit they came undone  
Skid row was now their life

My hope is that a seed or two  
From flowers dropp to earth  
And that the miracle of growth  
Will sprout a brand new birth

Could it be, too, that one sad soul  
Whose days are filled with dread  
Might one day reach for wings of grace  
And grab faith's golden thread?

I watch cut flowers droop and die  
Right in my cozy room  
And thoughts arise of homeless men  
Who lost their childhood's bloom.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Ship Is Meant For Sailing

I saw a sailboat on the shelf  
A beauty to behold  
How could I get it for myself  
Inspiring dreams untold

The sales clerk said it was a prop  
And was not up for sale  
Suggesting I should browse and shop  
Perhaps for cheese or ale

Still gazing on that wondrous shelf  
Above goods to be sold  
I wondered if a magic elf  
Would give it me to hold

Much later in my living room  
Still thinking of that ship  
I thought how my life had assumed  
A neat, lethargic trip

No longer do I seek that toy  
Too late for games to play  
A ship must sail and man with joy  
Walk, sing, and seize the day.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Simple Journey

Take nothing for your journey  
no scrip or staff or purse  
go forth with what you're wearing  
for better or for worse

Don't pick and choose your shelter  
stay where invited in  
eat what is put before you  
bless those who dwell therein

Don't fuss and fume if someone  
won't welcome you with joy  
don't fret when people treat you  
with harshness to annoy

Your mission is for healing  
to spread the news to all  
though some won't pay attention  
much folk will heed the call

They went and spread the good news  
and those who heard were healed  
nobody was excluded  
from houses, tents or fields

Though seventy went forward  
and more were added, too  
quite soon the Master's Gospel  
just grew, and grew, and grew

How lucky are the people  
who heard and then were healed  
who saw that living water  
to Prophets long concealed

I hope my earthly journey  
moves to a lighter load  
may I discard the burdens  
that oft my feet have slowed

My goal is in the yonder  
where all the earthly things  
fall off like extra chattel  
and spirit soars with wings.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Slice Of Life

Each moment is a slice of life  
Some pleasant some quite flawed  
When young, you are too fast to feel  
The blessed touch of God

When old, you are too sad to grasp  
The Master's offered love  
Instead you look on pavement stains  
While help waits from above

Look up, bright youth, look to the stars  
You won't regret the tour  
Let lovers, jobs and travel plans  
With heaven's bonds insure

Old man, lift up your face and watch  
Clouds dancing in the blue  
That simple effort cannot fail  
To raise and carry you.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Sure Blessing

There is a blessing  
When I help

The homeless  
The jobless  
The limbless  
The hopeless

When I reach out  
They seldom  
Fail to bless.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Sure Treasure

Who can tell just when or why  
Nations rise and fall  
None predict the day and hour  
None fate's march forestall

Some will rise like meteors  
crowning themselves king  
some will kill and maim with power  
and much sorrow bring

Yet as millstones slowly grind  
thus long years and times  
justice and redemption bring  
to all erstwhile crimes

To the victor come the spoils  
so the warlords say  
yet when gold has turned to dust  
coins of faith will stay.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Thousand Camels

The journey was quite dangerous  
the tribal traders knew  
this route across the desert sands  
could easily fall through

A thousand camels had been fed  
and fattened for the trek  
swift runners and the Berber guides  
were weathered tough roughnecks

When darkness fell exhaustion ruled  
from scorching daylong plight  
as men and camels settled down  
couched in Sahara's night

Nobody from that tight knit crew  
would volunteer to work  
as traders, camels and their loads  
slept when night's dangers lurked

Deathstalkers and horned monitors  
would crawl out of their holes  
and just one bite could spell the end  
of a rich trader's goal

Yet there is always that one soul  
reckless as pirate kings  
who heedless of destruction's jaws  
laughs at ill fortune's stings

He had a sly and stealthy look  
which fit his job quite well  
for in the night when camels slept  
he watched for signs and smells

A single sound, a crackling twig  
could signal lions near  
a desert nomad wild and parched  
could jump out with a spear

The watchman who is all alone  
during the long cold night  
must be among the few immune  
to predators and fights

The journey was quite dangerous  
the tribal traders knew  
this route across the desert sands  
could easily fall through.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Tiled Hearth

The fireplace looked trim enough  
quaint tiles all in a row  
placed oh so very carefully  
each made by hand just so

Years and much time had mellowed it  
yet it looked bright and fresh  
with tallow candles placed below  
as solemn as a creche

The cabinets surrounding it  
were made to hold things dear  
delighting one and all who gazed  
at them throughout the years

But this was just a fleeting thought  
I did not make a sound  
as gleaners pried off all the tiles  
and hardware smoothly ground

For this old cottage was now sold  
the land worth many clams  
and what had once been home and hearth  
not worth a tinker's dam

And now a man knocked on the door  
the best that could be found  
he'd raze it quick and charge fair price  
to tear it to the ground

The fireplace looked trim enough  
quaint tiles all in a row  
placed oh so very carefully  
each made by hand just so.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Time

A time there is for cellar dampness  
dank walls of mold in mildewed veils  
there is a time for flags and banners  
and caravels with gloried sails

A time there is for searching, learning  
though answers may be vague and few  
there is a time for blind forgetting  
when pain embraces morning dew

A time there is for sowing, growing  
young shoots of fresh vines burst anew  
there is a time for brown decaying  
as harvest fruit is reaped and brewed

A time there is to slow the millstones  
when streams of life have run their course  
there is a time to close the barn door  
with small regret and scant remorse

A time there is for cellar dampness  
dank walls of mold and mildew's veils  
there is a time for flags and banners  
and ships of joy with gloried sails.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Violet

Among the rivulets of water  
That spring has coaxed from wintry ice  
There is a little hidden flower  
That peeks from patches of black earth

It's fragrance is quite overwhelming  
Its color unbelievable  
Though small, its memory unending  
Who can forget a violet?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Wave Offering

I went outdoors that breezy day  
Feeling a gloom within  
Then saw across the highway's din  
A lone pine gently sway

It was a scrawny, aged tree  
Bracing with unseen shield  
The only one left in that field  
From days when land was free

A new and shiny row of stores  
Now sat on burdened ground  
Why was that trunk still to be found  
Where forests teemed before?

Then suddenly I felt a thrill  
Warming my skin and face  
It seemed that tree was waving grace  
For living in God's will

I felt my arms begin to sway  
We moved with one accord  
As pine and I waved to the Lord  
For living in this day

My heart now filled with thankfulness  
To that green tree of prayer  
It showed me that most anywhere  
Faith can renew and bless.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Wave Or Two

There is a bridge that I have crossed  
to light and love and peace  
it took a long time and much fear  
before I found release

I bask in sunshine every day  
yet sometimes wonder why  
my loved ones on the darker side  
don't want to cross nor try

They hide beneath the underbrush  
of murky briars, thorns  
the strangler vines are at their throats  
and devils gore with horns

They will not cross no matter what  
I say to beg and coax  
it's not wishes or my will  
that changes other folks

But this I know will comfort me  
and hopefully them too  
when I with friendly smile and grin  
send them a wave or two

And when I come to think of it  
it would not hurt a bit  
to raise my hand to heaven's throne  
and wave to who there sits.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# A Wish

We gathered round the modest bedside  
Her smile belied the harsh malaise  
She looked at us with eyes so glowing  
I never will forget that gaze

We knew for her the verdant summer  
Would never come, she was too ill  
Though hardly past her budding teenage  
Consumption took her health and will

'My only wish is yet to wander  
To hills where summer flowers bloom  
In flowing gown of whitest linen  
And run and laugh till I fall down.'

Lilia Talts Morrison

# About Change

oday I saw beyond the stains  
of dark, mold spattered walls  
today I felt a change take place  
in shabby downtown malls

Today the stained and dirty streets  
looked like they had been cleaned  
and even strangers passing by  
seemed not to look so mean

Today I gave a little gift  
to someone of the street  
who sat and waited for some change  
to get a crumb to eat

How could I know that one small act  
of reaching out with care  
could clean and brighten city streets  
and soften strangers' stares?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# About Counting

There is no need to count all seashells  
Or chart a nebula in space  
Nor measure golden rays of sunshine  
Or add up deeds to earn God's grace

For all the sins of life are numbered  
In books that none on earth can see  
All grains of sand are shaped and fashioned  
As lovingly as you and me

Each atom and the smallest heartbeat  
Pulse perfect synchronicity  
Each damaged soul that's lost its purpose  
Is marked for God's felicity

Each earthly error and transgression  
All grief so hard to contemplate  
Has long ago been given answers  
Repent, forgive - it's not too late

He dearly paid for our salvation  
Already numbered sin and strife  
He gave us hope of great redemption  
By hewing out the path to life

Next time you walk along the seashore  
May lulling waves reminders be  
To learn of him, so meek and lowly  
And heed his call, "Come, follow me."

Lilia Talts Morrison

# About Keys

There was a man of unknown deeds  
No cover shielded his bare head  
His home at night a patch of weeds  
On byways found his daily bread

When noonday sun seared roots and reeds  
He sat among hard cypress knees  
For shade a canopy of trees  
This man who had no need for keys

Gaunt, lanky like some Southern pines  
In winter frost and summer breeze  
He made his nest among the vines  
Of mangroves edging shallow seas

He walked with grace much like a deer  
His kind blue eyes put one at ease  
And hearts would warm when they were near  
This man who had no need for keys

When rains came he would disappear  
Some people wondered how he fared  
Then on a gray November day  
He'd be there sitting by the bay

'Where is your home?' some dared to ask  
'I have none,' was his shy reply.  
'The world spins round about so fast  
In rooms with doors I'd surely die.'

The seasons saw a changing land  
Trees were no longer needed here  
Dark woodlands cut, rich earth turned sand  
There was no time to stop and care  
For creatures of the open air

New houses came with shiny doors  
Bright plants soon lent an air of ease  
It was quite plain to see, of course

This was a place for folks with keys

They never saw that man again  
Who walked as gently as a deer  
With eyes so kind, like a good friend  
Who had no wallet, keys or fear

In wandering the path of life  
There are a few whose tracks unfold  
Bypassing cunning, greed and strife  
Who brave harsh storms in heat and cold  
Whom walls, nor doors, nor keys can hold.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# About Plowing

An old horse plows the well worn path  
in rows where seeds are sown  
slow, heavy footsteps bear the weight  
from sweat and years of groans

Clop clop, clop clop he pushes on  
nor strays to glance aside  
till field and earth are black and fresh  
with harvest hope supplied

I watch and wonder how this beast  
knows when to slow and turn  
to follow yet another groove  
his daily meal to earn

I never followed any roads  
or grooves, or paths or fields  
I never did the same thing twice  
nor planned for future yields

I was a fool for wayward ways  
in dark forbidden groves  
with twisted bands and thorny vines  
that tore my soul and clothes

I harvested the bread of stones  
and buttered it with woe  
so different from that faithful horse  
whose plowing made grain grow.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# About Striving

in this life we're oft found striving  
climbing toward wishes, goals  
running hither and then thither  
urging, surging in our roles

Busy is our uphill journey  
spinning, trimming, winning some  
stumbling in a skirmish scuffle  
then to vanquish, overcome

As one goal has been accomplished  
we move on to newer sights  
climbing ever grander mountains  
of desire's fabled heights

Then one day the road grows dimmer  
footsteps weaken, canes appear  
hair turns silver, voice a cracking  
others pass us as do years

Finally we are too weary  
needing help to get around  
seldom straying from our doorstep  
staying close to hearth and ground

no more crawling high and higher  
no more driving toward goals  
just some chattering and napping  
wondering whose bell now tolls.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# About Things

Some things delight but have no root  
and quickly are forgot  
some stay a while in memory's store  
and fade as oft as not

Some things will cling for many years  
to guide and point the way  
and yet in time they are replaced  
by new things and new days

But deep within and unobserved  
are things that never part  
those things define a life because  
they're seared upon the heart.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# About Truffles

They say the woods of Alba  
Grow secrets in their soil  
And Perigord's fair regions  
Hide rarest mushroom spoils

The truffle may be ugly  
Dug up by dogs and pigs  
But most agree its flavor  
Is well worth humble digs

The oak tree seems to foster  
This underground delight  
Yet even seasoned woodsmen  
Are clueless to this rite

Those of the finest learning  
And gourmand savoir-faire  
Have likened truffles' magic  
To youth and love affairs

They also find its impact  
Brings thoughts of fresh plowed earth  
Fine, gentle rains in autumn  
And spring's green, tender birth

So why should I, a woman  
Of lowly mien and ways  
Trust an old man in hospice  
Recounting long gone days

Nobody would believe this  
Yet father said I found  
When still a tiny toddler  
Those lumps in Kehra's ground.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Abundance

Abundance is a lovely thing  
who wouldn't want to have it?  
a cellar filled with summer fruit  
and fields a sea of heather

Abundance can be comforting  
wine flowing from rich cups  
warm coats and drapes  
of woolen cloth  
and shoes of sturdy leather

Abundance is a word unknown  
to lonely wayside strangers  
in threadbare shirts  
and broken shoes  
they shudder in cold weather

Abundance is a cunning thing  
it sneaks beneath the rafters  
when soup is thinned  
so all can eat  
as neighbors get together.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Ad Astra

They can't be seen by light of day  
But dark of night brings all to play  
The constellations, friends of old  
That guided ships and sailors bold.

Their names were always glorious  
Resembling gods and animals  
From fabled stories gently told  
Around the campfire by the old.

Today we scan the ends of space  
With telescopes that often trace  
A tiny dwarf or dying star  
The ancients only guessed was far.

We find new names for galaxies  
Atom for Peace is one of these  
Black Eye, the Lindsay-Shapely Ring  
The Phoenix Dwarf on stellar wing.

It's true, our scientific plots  
Have pegged them all in numbered slots  
Where sprawling Spider of old lore  
Is now D D O Eighty-Four.

Though Zwicky's Triplet marks the end  
Of names we into space now send  
Our words and language will run out  
Overawed by universal clout.

Let's now enjoy those names of old  
Orion's hunt and Virgo's gold  
Let's celebrate astronomers  
Who gave us Hubble's glorious spheres.

But don't forget where it all starts  
A throbbing, feeling human heart  
Don't tell me He who made it all  
Won't cry when even stars will fall.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Ad Helios

Reach for the fading days of sun  
This age is ending its slow run  
Dance as the decades march along  
Sing while you still to earth belong

Reach for night constellations fair  
Laugh as the wind enfolds your hair  
Trust that Orion will hold firm  
Your spirit in its stars affirm

Float as the ocean waves surmount  
Neptune's strong draw on your account  
Cry as the evening spreads its wings  
On the bright flare of your wellspring

Reach for the fading days of sun  
This age is ending its slow run  
Dance as the decades march along  
Sing while you still to earth belong.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Addiction

Addiction is a painful thing  
Black widow with a cruel sting  
It treats a gentle, loving man  
Like refuse in a garbage can

Addiction is a painful thing  
A broken bottle shattering  
A rasping voice, a swollen throat  
That once sang songs of finest note

Addiction is a painful thing  
It picks the brightest for its ring  
The tender hopes of youthful sons  
Are darkened till there's no more sun

Addiction is a painful thing  
A raptor's iron claw and wing  
The rage and agony it brings  
So carelessly on sidewalks flings

Addiction is a painful thing  
Black widow with a cruel sting  
It treats a gentle, loving man  
Like refuse in a garbage can.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Advent

Today I ponder hours that lead  
Toward one precious day  
When Jesus in a manger lay  
To light our errant way

Soon all the world in joy declares  
This news with praise to sing  
As those who have and who do not  
Prepare to meet our King

Young girls with woven candle wreaths  
Walk, singing down the lanes  
Each evening a new flame is lit  
To honor Him who reigns

Each candle signifies a day  
Preparing for that light  
Born on a night in Bethlehem  
Great hope to sinners' plight

When all the wreaths are filled with lights  
Then comes that sacred hour  
Grand visions of old men and bards  
Come true with greatest power

That little babe, a fragile reed  
Whom many tried to harm  
Became the strongest link of all  
To draw us to God's arms

When I see candles burning bright  
And flowers knit in rows  
I think of Advent's holy weeks  
When all hearts are aglow

How fortunate we are today  
To be part of that night  
Foretold in prophets fondest dreams  
The darkness saw great light.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Again

Some things are certain as Spring rain  
they show up and return again  
some things are rare and welcoming  
like long lost friends at last regained

Some things will happen as they must  
bold wars and tortures of the just  
harsh bombs, exploding shrapnel bursts  
appeasing power hungry lust

Time moves in ever circling spheres  
while nations rise and fall to dust  
princes and rulers dot the years  
as crowds of people laugh through tears

No one escapes the moving tides  
it's good to brace the stallion rides  
as fate renews its quirky ways  
and plays its game on human days

It's hard to watch the eyes of those  
who have but humbly swept their floors  
nursed little children, mended clothes  
aghast as warlords smash their doors

Some things are certain as Spring rain  
they show up and return again  
some things are rare and welcoming  
like long lost friends at last regained.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Again And Yet Again

In life I've traveled highways  
built by the hand of man  
but always fell and stumbled  
again and yet again

The lanes and sidewalks narrowed  
as I paid time it's toll  
until I reached a detour  
around a gaping hole

I always had been cautious  
obeying every sign  
but now my gaze turned upward  
I'd reached the finish line

And then I saw a highway  
appearing from above  
and saw the Master reaching  
his hand to me with love

Today I travel gently  
on paths that do not bend  
well-worn by friends of Jesus  
again and yet again.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Age Is A Leveler

Age is the great leveler  
Smoothing out life's mountains  
Even those who scaled high peaks  
May drink from its fountains

Timid ones who never could  
Leave their dusty corner  
Find when evening falls on life  
All have the same mourner

Some of us know endless nights  
Some are blessed with slumber  
Yet when dusk throws down its veil  
Each gets the same number

Harvest scythes begin to rise  
Youth's fair dreams recurring  
Standing by the curtained wall  
Death achievements blurring

Medals, handcuffs fall away  
Heroes just like losers  
All sit down on level ground  
Where there's no accuser

Then by clasping bony hands  
Huddling close together  
All meet looking eye to eye  
Freed from worldly tether

Comes a time to everyone  
When it does not matter  
What they did or failed to do  
Shedding those old tatters

Age is the great leveler  
Smoothing out life's mountains  
Even those who scaled steep peaks  
Will drink from its fountain.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Ages Agone

There ain't much left of them old days  
When ramblin' men trod flats near bays  
An' mangrove swamps 'long tide washed cays  
Hid gator nests an' otters' ways  
There warn't no need for shame or praise

Them days are gone that time done took  
An' turned a yellow hallowed book  
O' native ways stomped out by rooks  
That nature's whisp'ry ways forsook  
Pokin' and stompin' sacred nooks

Ages agone an' times long past  
A railway pushed its way an' cast  
Pines and palmettos in a last  
O' iron snakes that run too fast  
Hackin' and packin' cypress masts

There ain't no use in cryin' now  
Them flats are dead, no good nohow  
Ain't fit for fishin' or to throw  
A pole at gators' iron brow  
Or crawl home with a deer in tow

Time was we skimmed canals at night  
Then slept 'neath oiled tarpaulins tight  
An' smoked out skeeters' frightful bite  
With leaves in lard cans burnin' light  
And now and 'gin a drunken fight

Them times ain't never comin' back  
I long since tossed my huntin' sack  
O' friends long gone, my mem'ry's slack  
They took me from that wooden shack  
And moved me where there ain't no lack

I reckon there's one thing I need  
Is jus' to go a ramblin' free  
It sure ain't here 'mong old folks' weed

Not even fit for bugs to breed  
No place t'work or do a deed

In Homestead I was born and bred  
An' I'll return to that old shed  
Where ma with grits the chickens fed  
and pa in loud voice scripture read  
then sent us to our floorboard beds

Yep, I'll be goin' home real soon  
Mebbe when spring turns into June  
An' dragonflies swarm in a swoon  
An' night sounds sure 'nuff like a tune  
I'll steal off like a masked old coon.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Ah, The Stories

Ah, the stories of the glories  
challenges of mortal men  
striving, driving, ever onward  
even as the flame descends

Time will silence praising voices  
tide will drown all golden crowns  
one day there will come a season  
silencing those tales of old

Then the words formed in the ether  
will burn off all mortal chaff  
then all ears will hear the story  
living, loving, flowing forth

in the end there's just one story  
when the torch of fame has died  
in the end there's just one glory  
rising from the ashen coals

Every precious word once uttered  
spoken by the carpenter  
will endure as our story  
after life and death are spent.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Airy Castles

Oh how I loved to dream and build  
fine castles in the air  
I started with a tower so high  
with flags a'furling there

The walls were made of thinnest tulle  
well sprinkled with bright beads  
the roof of tasty chocolate bars  
fair gardens without weeds

The flowers planted at its base  
were orchids, roses rare  
green ivy gently graced the doors  
by alabaster stairs

One day the moon and sun grew dim  
and my world disappeared  
that lovely castle crashed in flames  
and left me bruised and seared

I crawled on murky ground with ants  
as sand spurs cut my skin  
the sun returned but now it burned  
as moon with nightmares grinned

One windswept night as thunder roared  
a whisper welled within  
'Why don't you build a house with mud  
and from the ground begin? '

'You cannot build a solid home  
by starting at the top.  
A wise man sweats and digs the earth  
pounds nails, lays bricks and chops.'

Today I live in a real house  
that stands against the tides  
of moons and suns and storms of life  
with humble thoughts as guides

So long ago I loved to build  
frail castles in the air  
and I began with towers high  
bright flags a'furling there.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Ajungling

I went ajungling in the wilds of life  
Amumbling and astumbling on  
Rapids arumbling in a steady roar  
Tigers apouncing on wild boar

I went abumbling in the wilds of life  
Agrumbling as taut, stubborn vines  
Enmeshed to thresh me to a floor  
Acrawling with sleek snakes of yore

I went atumbling over cliffs and rocks  
Aflyng as the clouds strolled by  
While birds and bats and even gnats  
Made jest of humans such as me.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Aldo, Thespian

I am Aldo  
I am a thespian  
That is what I am  
I've been doomed  
To stay on the stage  
Forever acting my familiar roles:  
Tragedy, wise one  
Shrew, martyr  
And of course, my best one – Hamlet.

Not even Gielgud did it better.  
Why, you ask?  
It's quite simple, my friend.

For you see, I am not a mortal  
As all of you sitting in the  
Burgundy velvet chairs  
In the first row.

Nor am I mortal  
As the hordes with discount tickets  
On the balcony.

I am doomed to sit on Mount Olympus  
Looking to mortals like a dusty stage.  
My ambrosia? The applause, the rave reviews  
The orchids, the Mumm champagne.

You will not see me when the paparazzi leave  
The fans and press go off with sizzling news  
They will tell their children of the day  
They saw the great Aldo.

I will never tell you of the agony and rage  
Flung against the Doric columns of my lofty peak  
I will not tell you I would almost give  
My godly fortress for just one, just one  
Touch of a human hand.

I will not tell you of my cowardice  
No, I am too great of an actor for that.  
My cowardice to never have a flop on stage  
To never feel the healing splat of a tomato on my  
Hallowed head.

Alas, poor Yorick, how I often wish  
I was another skull on earth.  
Oh, how I wish I could blend with that dark earth  
And never, never see another orchid again.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Alexander The Great

There was a man whose span of years  
Would never reach too far  
Unlike his conquests of the world  
Led by a lucky star

They say he spawned a million dreams  
In hordes of downcast souls  
Who heretofore had been denied  
A chance to reach for goals

They say he had an eye so blue  
It almost matched the sky  
The other was reputed dark  
Though none had seen them cry

They say he fondly would embrace  
The customs of the East  
Encouraging his troops to blend  
In oriental feasts

When Egypt fell under his spell  
They made him king and god  
And even age old enemies  
Would give this man their nod

They say so many cities bore  
His name and honored ways  
A man, a hero, conqueror  
Though sickness cut his days

He was no brutal man of war  
But loved to learn and read  
Absorbing, sharing cultures, ways  
By higher laws decreed

We will not conquer lands or seas  
Be crowned as trumpets blare  
But we can learn from strangers' ways  
Like Alexander dared.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# An Igot

The other day I found this object  
And wondered why it was created  
The lion does look fierce and brave  
With hieroglyphs engraved around it

By weight it could be made of lead  
By size it fits into my hand  
By color burnished, greenish blend  
Could it be old or newly formed?

I know that many spend their lives  
In search of treasure deeply hid  
In waters or in caves of mold  
And sometimes find a thing of worth

But I am like that wispy clerk  
Who when I asked what it would cost  
She looked at it with fleeting eyes  
And threw it in my bag for nought

Today I look at this antique  
Enjoying thoughts of vintage gems  
Full knowing that within a week  
It will move on to other hands

What value, then, is a rare find  
If it takes up my precious day  
Whose hours never can return  
Whose spirit can be choked with gold

And whether Greek or Mycenaean  
Or of some fabled empire formed  
What matters if its secrets hold  
When all the truth has oft been told

No piece of metal can compare  
To words hewn into hearts with blood  
The living words and symbols burned  
Into the souls of mortal men

I'll never dive into the deep  
Or dig for gloried empire's ruins  
But oft release rich, worldly goods  
To make room for my Savior's hand.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# An Old Face

Theres a beauty in the face  
Of that sister filled with grace  
Gray hair like a halo rests  
On her ancient head much blessed

Modest gentle she remains  
In my memory's surging veins  
When life's toil's too much to bear  
Thoughts of her bring respite there

Many came into my life  
Through the glories and the strife  
Most forgotten left behind  
But that one face plain and kind.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## And The Winner Is...

They say we must live by our wits  
and on the seat of knowledge sit  
to get, to own, to seek and sow  
to make it in the here and now

They say the victor gets the spoils  
and fills his vats with lots of oil  
and wine and mead to overflow  
and never lets the stock run low

They say a lot of things in jest  
and some advice is fair at best  
yet when the bottom line is drawn  
and when the day arrives at dawn  
my needs and wants must be addressed

Through lots of striving and of stress  
my life has turned into a mess  
so I must chuck advice well meant  
and to my inward soul revert

At last the sneaky, well meant tricks  
have hit me like a ton of bricks  
to get and strive are greed and mire  
to live by faith keeps me alive

My path today is like a child's  
I trust my needs are met in style  
when muddling on the beaten path  
and not conniving to do wrath  
or take, acquire and to own  
for in the end, we die alone

No U-haul follows any hearse  
no fatted purse, no mammon's curse  
will rest with me in that cool grave  
no golden goblets that some crave

So let them hoard and conquer lands

and build tall towers bright and grand  
but let me trudge on wayside roads  
among wildflowers and green toads  
and rest in knowing what was me  
may some day grow into a tree.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Angel Wings

Among the hills and rocks of faith  
The stream of life does flow  
Its bubbling waters briskly glide  
On currents to and fro

I hear the rustling of a brook  
Here lucid, there obscure  
Then suddenly a chilling sound  
From undertow's strong lure

When wind and weather sing their tunes  
A whirlpool duly forms  
It pulls and forces down lone cries  
Soon stilled while nature storms

Alone I cannot swim that stream  
Too weak to brace its tide  
When ripples grow to giant waves  
To take me for a ride

Yet swim I must, for I was born  
To be part of that flow  
My voice among the chorus formed  
So many years ago

My only hope to stay afloat  
And safely swim that sea  
Is when I cling to angels wings  
So oft surrounding me.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Angels On T He Shoulder

When stressed and tense from striving  
my shoulders rise in fear  
as muscles knot and tighten  
emotions in high gear

There is a simple answer  
to ease my wound up state  
I stop and call the angels  
to lift those heavy weights

This trick has never failed me  
for when an angel nests  
upon my hunched up shoulders  
they soon relax and rest.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Anhinga Trail

Anhingas peek from swampy weeds  
As herons stalk with grace  
Their necks like swaying saw grass reeds  
In flowing nature's pace

The Sunday crowd now fills the trail  
To seek much needed rest  
Reflected in the eyes of quail  
Or snow white egret crests

This day the price for dignity  
Birds pay in unspoiled Glades  
Is far from thoughts of urban men  
Harsh death in mangrove shade

Breathtaking is the majesty  
Of creatures whose frail nests  
Are daily torn from limbs of trees  
Eggs broken, bloodied breasts

They gaze with calm acceptance still  
Though soon they must submit  
To a primeaval, ancient will  
Whose laws have long been writ

There is a blessing just to see  
Glades hammocks' unmatched flow  
If only for a Sunday spree  
Scrubbed tourists in a row

When we return to our routines  
Where things are safe and real  
Will we remember those rare scenes  
The sea of grass reveals?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Aquamarine

I saw an ornament today  
Meant for a lady's neck  
A pale blue stone its center graced  
With smaller gems bedecked

The hand that formed this masterpiece  
So brilliantly inspired  
Was surely led by angel wings  
To guide each cunning wire

They told me this gem had a name  
That sounded like the sea  
Declaring it a very rare  
Beryl of fine degree

I knew I never could possess  
This most enchanted find  
Too dear to ever purchase it  
Just keep it in my mind.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Art Moderne

You knew it all along, my friend  
Ere Hellenes hewed their gods  
Before the Mayan jaguars roared  
You knew it would burst forth.

Just look at Adam's finger there  
In fresco and cement  
That is no muscle seen by man  
No tame and sculptured cast.

You knew it all along, my friend  
And worked it on the sly  
So Braque, Picasso and the rest  
Can kiss their pride goodbye.

In days of old Hieronymous  
The creatures said it all  
What Henry Moore and Klee thought new -  
A tale told long ago.

So do not deem to rant or rave  
Of moderns and the like  
For skin and bones cannot contain  
What art so palely fakes.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Artist's Block

The cool fall breeze  
Plays with the turquoise cloth  
Draped carelessly over my window

Another layer of faded net  
Waves just as gently.  
My guitar touches the purple chair  
Half hidden by silky scarves and golden cloths  
A baseball cap sits jauntily on a small TV set  
Unused and dusty.

A deep dark rose peeks  
From atop the giant blue refrigerator  
A relic from a previous tenant  
Purple and white artificial flowers  
Sit in their frozen silkness  
In a broken white basket  
Exactly as they did the year  
I found them in an alley

Jewelry carelessly tossed  
On velvet and silk remnants  
Waits for my neck and wrists  
A thin scarf of a color  
I can only call mandarin  
Holds the dark brown necklace  
From an ethnic street salesman  
It never hung right

The turquoise cloth hangs limply on the wall  
And my mother's beautiful profile  
(Now sepia or umber)  
Smiles from a faded sheet of fax paper

Blue moon images upon the wall and ceiling  
Watch, but gave up waiting

For the paints, so many lined against the wall,  
Each cased as little bottled dreams

And hopes look palely to the distance

They rest, for my hands are not ready yet  
A fragrant cream sits on the table  
And the bottle of perfume a hopeful lover brought  
They wait for my twisted hands to touch them  
But I am not ready  
To paint, to pamper or to love

I look toward the window  
And watch as a cool fall breeze  
Plays with the turquoise cloth.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# As He Gives Me Days

May my paths be filled with light  
On life's twisted ways  
May my footsteps follow Christ  
As He gives me days

May my life a witness be  
Faith all fears allay  
Singing of the Word made flesh  
As He gives me days

May my every word reflect  
Love and fervent praise  
Of the Savior of our souls  
As He gives me days

May my candle flicker bright  
Faith my heart amaze  
To the One who ransomed all  
As He gives me days.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Asia Plays Ya

Did you ever try tai chi,  
Fenged and shue'd your lair so free,  
Written haiku poems with glee,  
Yinged your yang quite passively?

Did you brace the martial arts,  
Waxed and washed karate cars,  
Kung fu fought with scary vest?  
Oh dear me, I need a rest!

Is your fountain filled with rocks,  
Calm enough to knock your socks  
Off the floor of bamboo wood?  
Trust me, it can do much good.

Wind chimes, large silk prayer flags,  
Bonsai trees with twists and crags  
Surely do enhance your scene  
And perhaps will cure your spleen.

Bellied statues made of jade,  
Incense oils of finest grade,  
Auras spawn like lotus' bloom.  
You won't want to leave your room.

So when visiting a park,  
Where tai chi does make its mark,  
Try to think of higher ends.  
On your life it all depends.

Tired of western fun and games?  
Asian is your road to fame  
Chinese checkers, mah jong too.  
Look for pandas in the zoo.

At the end of your calm day  
Think about the month of May.  
Write a poem in haiku form,  
For it's only three lines long.

If you meditate and sigh,  
Home invasions pass you by,  
Specially because you buy  
Long, mean swords of samurai.

Moral of this story is  
If you wish a life of bliss  
Keep on living in the west  
And pretend that east is best.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Attic Thoughts

Dusty curtains, tattered veils  
Hidden corners, secret tales  
Cobweb whispers, rusty nails  
Cats curled up like furry snails

Gables, fables, greasy panes  
Ghosts of ancient lords and dames  
Echoes of forgotten names  
Wars of roses, kings called James

Attic lattices worn thin  
Travel trunks of weathered skin  
Mannequins with pinched in waists  
Fancy fashioned, kidneys laced

Shoes and boots once ran a race  
Buckles, straps of dated grace  
Yellowed lace to edge a snood  
Pride of proper neighborhood

When the sun shines very bright  
Trying to outrun the night  
Creeping into minds to test  
Attic thoughts will never rest.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Autumn Treasures

Do you remember wearing gloves of softest calfskin  
And sparking rhinestones hugging graceful wrists  
White shoulders draped with folds of bluest satin  
To grace your every move while dancing at the ball?

Do you remember when he shyly bent to kiss you?  
For it was late and you slipped off your silken shoes  
Then wondering why bells did not start pealing  
Though all the novels said they surely would

Do you remember how his raptured heart was broken  
When you could not stay with him any more  
A restless demon drove you searching for a mountain  
Youth's dreams and reveries could never comprehend

Life carried you to places with no ballrooms  
Its twisting crushed you till your clothes were rags  
What cloaked as true love turned to branding irons  
Marring the skin with scars that would not heal

Today the leaves are brown and falling  
The skin too wrinkled now for pearls or gloves  
Blue satin gowns were never meant for women  
In search of things no mortal man could give

It's late now and old dim eyes wonder  
Gaze resting on a well-worn velvet jewel box  
The dust of autumn covers every trinket  
That has not graced a neck in many years

When winter comes its ice will set forever  
The only jewel never known to fade or dim  
A radiant gemstone offered you quite freely  
A gift no soul on earth can promise or provide

The gift of faith is lovelier than ball gowns  
Or diamonds of pure clarity and perfect cut  
Its seasons never change or mar its beauty  
And you will dance in golden mansions without end

Do you remember wearing gloves of softest calfskin  
And sparking rhinestones hugging graceful wrists  
White shoulders draped with folds of bluest satin  
To grace your every move while dancing at the ball?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Bali Sea

The spirit flies across the sea  
where songs of locusts blend  
with sounds of crystal waterfalls  
in liquid turquoise dreams

The gardens underneath the sea  
grow cunning coral blooms  
of every shape and every hue  
some tiny, some quite huge

Nearby are groves of fruit and vines  
in vivid tints of green  
where swaying leaves gold and red  
are home to butterflies

The spirit flies across the sea  
where songs of locusts blend  
with sounds of crystal waterfalls  
in liquid turquoise dreams.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Baltic Sea 1944

Cold of night is slowly sinking  
Cruel tons of steel upending  
Sounds of agony soon blending  
Liquid graves yawn muted endings.

Angry blood red Baltic Sea  
Throbbing glowers as in spurts  
Black waves swallow shrapnel fire  
Witness sunset's funeral pyres.

Fish now scatter in the ebbing  
Flesh exposed and metal shredding  
Giant warships' silent convoy  
Broken by a small child's whining.

War is hell and here it is  
Bodies bound by fear unending  
Armageddon's rulers sending  
Fireworks and sunset galas  
Wed in deathly panoramas.

Some survive to tell the tale  
As they swim with will unbending  
To the breast of earth now scorching  
All the while a wife's life ebbing  
Much too damaged to be mending.

In the distance sounds of pealing  
Sylphs and mermaids chanting healings  
To the souls no longer fettered  
Nevermore to pray while kneeling  
As Promethean flames are sealing  
Unearned fate of unsung mortals.

Cold of night has now descended  
Cruel tons of steel upending  
Sounds of agony have blended  
Liquid graves embracing endings.



# Baltic Waters

They say the Gulf stream seeks to reach  
Coasts known since ancient times  
Fair waters of the Baltic Sea  
To bless with milder climes

The old folks say their sea's a tomb  
For craft that failed the tests  
Of bloody conflicts ill-conceived  
In Vikings' roving breast

Beneath protective mermaid fins  
Unblemished shipwrecks rest  
Entombed in waters free from worms  
Corroding ships due west

Today new warriors still pursue  
The thrill of hunt and fray  
Exhuming wrecks of bulky craft  
Long lost in seafloor clay

Yet people living on those shores  
Are much like passive craft  
They fish and plant and let things lie  
In hulls afore and aft

When treasure hunters glean their fill  
The Baltic people pray  
To bounteous waters sweet and dear  
That oft wash blood away.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Bark Gatherers

In the forest they did gather  
Bark and moss in sunny weather;  
Later rested in the shade  
And forgot their daily trade.

Mushrooms, sweet wood, herbs galore  
Forest bowels gave of yore.  
Men and children, women too,  
Picked red berries as they grew.

Time flew by and progress prodded  
Products, packets. They all nodded.  
Now the land's with pop cans strewn.  
Woodlands sing a different tune.

Strawberries as big as fists  
Burst from grocers produce lists;  
Long stamped out from memory  
Tiny, tart, wild strawberry.

Knobbly bark is calling me  
Gnarled root twists I long to see.  
Ancient oak trees stood sublime.  
Let me wander to that time.

Shiny bright are modern wares  
Easy pickings, fewer cares.  
Why then do I feel that moss  
Is the gold, the other dross?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Basqueland

The hillside brims with chalk white houses;  
Deep red shutters contain cow's blood.  
Basque rouge, say the neighboring French.

Dark woolen berets on weathered, long nosed faces,  
Talk of whaling and cod and pil-pil.  
Ancient language, ancient people  
Gather around the old oak, its leaves now turning.

This land without a place on any map,  
Waits in green gold patience.  
It's autumn in Basqueland.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Bearded Dreamer

He dreams and fashions wires  
and boxes long discarded  
he builds tall structures twisted  
with curves and knots bombarded

He is an artist in his heart  
he cares not how he looks  
he lets his beard grow how it will  
and eats in quiet nooks

Though looking like an older man  
he really is quite young  
his body sinewy from nights  
creating wired rungs

Who would appreciate his life  
who cares why he is led  
for none can see the wings of birds  
that soar above his head.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Beautiful Illusion

Sparkling rainbows on the street  
diamond studded pavement  
rays of sun on broken glass  
beautiful illusion

Oh, how glittering was love  
brilliant from a distance  
oh, how deep its slashes cut  
as I shed resistance

Mesmerizing is the dance  
light rays of enchantment  
whether caused by pretty glass  
or a love's entrancement

Neither did I dare resist  
in my many travels  
eyes and heart delighting in  
beautiful illusions.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Beauty On The Beach

Strong and lithe the well tanned bodies  
Frolic in their shiny wear  
Curves revealed and others hidden  
Oiled and pampered with much care.

Azure seas, and white foam frothing  
Orange sails fly out of reach  
Laughing, splashing, oh so merry  
Bathing beauties on the beach.

But a little yonder southward  
There's a sparser stretch of sand.  
Older sister or young mother  
Holds a thin girl by the hand,

Sitting in an iron wheelchair  
Pulled up closer to the sea.  
Darker, older is her swimsuit  
And her body pale to see.

Gently smiling at the stranger  
Shy eyes, passive, look at me.  
I can hardly bear the moment  
And hold back a tear or two.

Yellows, purples, golden bodies  
Try, but cannot ever reach  
Beauty sitting in that wheelchair,  
Bathing beauty on the beach.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Bell Of Truth

The sound of truth rings like a bell  
with perfect pitch and timeless knell

There are no jarring overtones  
or clouded fuzzy undertones

No harshness and no grating sound  
its waves pierce solid rocky ground

It pierces every earthly thing  
delighting birds to soar and sing

The hills applaud and clap their hands  
and angels fly by its commands

Seek it above all treasured things  
health, fortune, rubies, gold of kings

Seek it while walking on this earth  
and know that heaven gave it birth.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Bell Sand Lion

Beyond the red sands of the desert  
where hawks and condors care not soar  
there is a long forgotten palace  
its crumbling ruins a sad eyesore  
none can recall what was before

Young lions slink in evening shadows  
and offer here and there a roar  
beneath the rust of weighty metal  
a bell no one would now restore  
no purpose and no daily chores

Now scorpions and hardy creatures  
appear and rest on what had been  
a symbol of respect and honor  
sweet sounding knells once much esteemed  
engulfed in sandy evening dreams.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Bells Of Invitation

Childhood's cloak now falling  
All protection fleeing  
faced with bolts of lightning  
of adult temptation

All that's precious dropping  
from long night to dawning  
murky quicksand calling  
dark depression warning

Wading out from under  
bracing legs to wander  
seeking fresh beginnings  
shedding heavy pinnings

Yet dark looms the thunder  
fear assuring blunders  
tripping 'gain asunder  
missing hope and wonder

Courage quickly thinning  
Brain and arms fast spinning  
Memories of sinning  
Devil's red lips grinning

Hot the soul is searing  
then a small spark springing  
in the breast imprinting  
words from earth's beginning

Knees now weaken bending  
then a clanging ringing  
Sudden bursts of singing  
clouds of heaven brimming

Messages now pouring  
from above on soaring  
wings of angels bidding  
to the greatest wedding.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Beneath The Sea

The hand of nature has a pace  
a timing and a way  
that works unnoticed by the crowds  
that rush about all day

High mountains form in mighty shapes  
that take ten million years  
the deserts bloom or dry to dust  
though sleepy they appear

Strong winds change quickly or die down  
by measured ways and means  
the sky a wide kaleidoscope  
of ever changing scenes

These transformations all around  
evolve in perfect pace  
but deep down on the ocean's floor  
sea creatures shape their trace

Beneath the glistening of seas  
that turn from green to blue  
or frothy white with crests of waves  
there lies a world few view

No masterpiece created by  
the hands of humankind  
compares in cunning and delight  
with forms sea creatures twine

The little clams, the coral forms  
dark barnacles, white shells  
sea urchins and quaint mollusk forms  
touch wrecks with magic spells

Dank water tombs of sailor men  
and cargo doomed and lost  
are sculptures that small sea born elves  
with cunning art emboss

The hand of nature has a pace  
a timing and a way  
that works unnoticed by the crowds  
that rush about all day.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Big Heart

I dreamed of living in the midst  
of a great heart that pulsed and beat  
in rhythm with the universe  
with perfect timing and complete

When I woke it seemed my heart  
was very little and so frail  
compared to things of great import  
my pale attempts would surely fail

My nostrils breathe small puffs of air  
they, too, can easily snuff out  
Nor can I guess what's 'round the bend  
an avalanche or parching drought

It is a comfort to pretend  
that all creation is within  
a great big heart that made it all  
safe and secure to dwell therein

I dreamed of living in the midst  
of a great heart that pulsed and beat  
in rhythm with the universe  
with perfect timing and complete.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Bird Woman

Her dreams most often fly like birds  
to other lands and worlds  
she likes the windy rainy days  
her soul none can unfurl

She is a woman full of grace  
she smiles and walks away  
her heart sings songs in harmony  
with gulls and birds of prey

She had been damaged in her youth  
wings bruised as songs grew few  
her only comfort now are gulls  
that soar as storms ensue

Not many souls escape the blows  
that hide on twisted roads  
not many are unscathed by time  
or carry easy loads

As many ways as hearts that beat  
are found among the crowds  
this woman favors birds in flight  
and storms in windblown clouds.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Black Orchid

I bought majestic orchids  
To decorate my room  
Aglow in darkest purples  
With satin velvet blooms

I put them in a chalice  
Of purest crystal glass  
Then added snowy blossoms  
Collected in the past

The sight at first was lovely  
An unexpected treat  
Then those stark petals whispered  
My Bonapartes Retreat

You were the rarest orchid  
Grown from exotic soil  
My pale untested spirit  
Rolled quickly to a boil

You showered me with flowers  
At least a thousand strong  
There was no choice or option  
To whom I now belonged

Yet even much prized orchids  
Must wilt in jungles' press  
At last our passion withered  
In fires of love's excess

They are a grim memorial  
Of conquest so complete  
By force of man or nature  
My Bonaparte Retreat.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Blood Moon

They say the moon is red tonight  
'Blood Moon' is what they say  
is that why my whole afternoon  
was shrouded in dark gray?

The hours passed so painfully  
I teetered on the edge  
of foggy attic latitudes  
and rotted window ledge

I knew it would be over soon  
but could not stir nor climb  
to rise from doldrum attitudes  
in prison grip of slime

It's over now and hopefully  
the moon again will turn  
to silver and a lovely light  
not that red searing burn

They say the moon is red tonight  
'Blood Moon' is what they say  
is that why my whole afternoon  
was shrouded in dark gray?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Blue Lady

What do you see there far away,  
Horizon blue like you?  
A touch of purple haunts your gaze  
Enfolds your shoulders, too.

You are not real, a cobalt dream  
Proportioned strange and tall  
Your hand forever frozen still  
Gaze steadfast, hid from all.

Persistent is your silhouette  
Entwined in thoughts and dreams  
Those shadows now more real to me  
Than flesh and blood, it seems.

Your turquoise beauty blends so well  
With tones cerulean blue  
While somber shades envelop you  
Like cloaks of nightly dew.

But wait, I hear your message now.  
How could I be so blind?  
Did gorgeous hues so mesmerize  
Eyes also blue in kind?

You always gaze toward the sun  
Await its morning glow  
Not looking down, nor looking back  
Though blue, you're here, you're now.

So thank you lady clothed so pale  
For helping me to grow.  
Amid life's follies, don't look back  
That 's all I need to know.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Blue Willow World

The sky is ever azure  
no cloud dare mar its view  
as shepherds gather flowers  
sweet maids to win and woo

The grass is soft as velvet  
no brambles, thistles there  
fair muses chants soon mingle  
with birdsong in midair

I'll sit beneath the willows  
and watch their weeping cease  
as hot tears turn to diamonds  
and sorrow finds release

My world is called blue willow  
an ancient, timeless place  
A dell beside a river  
where hope and love embrace.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Blueberry Pie

Long, long ago and bye and bye  
Grandma would bake blueberry pie  
The children waited for a slice  
With hungry eyes like little mice

The oven took a lot of time  
While grandma hummed old gospel rhymes  
When it was done, and not until  
She cooled it on the windowsill

The children grew and moved away  
And found a world that did not pray  
Nor bake, nor sing, nor stop to bake  
Pies like dear grandma used to make.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Bob McCrae

Bob McCrae lived at the Matanzas  
He gave me flax seeds that didn't grow  
He's long since gone back to Kansas  
Where summer flax and skies are blue.

I was to paint the cover  
Of a book that he would write  
Of two kids in the flax fields  
Who held to love so tight.

I saw the Kansas prairie  
In his pale and watered eyes  
I saw the sea of blue flax  
As they cried their young goodbyes.

Neither flax nor mustard seed  
Can prosper on Espanola Way  
The sun, the feet, the whiskey  
Make them wither in a day.

Many are the seeds we planted  
On that Way  
Many are the dreams that ended  
As footsteps turned to clay.

And though the book's not written  
Except in Bob's own heart  
And none will see the cover  
Of fields as blue as larks

I still can see him walking  
With purpose and strong gait  
As he did so many times before.  
But now it is too late.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Bog Thoughts

There are dark timeless wonders that hide in earthen bogs  
Preserving ancient people whose ways died in time's fogs  
The eyes and sharp expression of victims in a cult  
Look out in staring wonder as unseen gods exult

Once blond, a pair of tresses is braided carefully  
As if a girl had knotted them only yesterday  
Rough linen cloths and bodkins are still preserved in peat  
Along with hand-shaped earrings, a bright and cunning treat

When walking on the cool earth of a forgotten glen  
I think about the people who lived and suffered then  
I amble by the peat fields where past with present meets  
And trust that it is fitting to step with gentle feet.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Born To Suffer

He whose life was dark and lonely  
in the end became a prayer  
as he fended off vile demons  
in dank alleys rife with snares

He was born a child most blessed  
bright of eyes and golden hair  
with a spirit full of goodness  
soul so pure and visage fair

As he grew he started singing  
music always filled the air  
and he chronicled his journey  
bold an honest words of care

Many drew to him in friendship  
some were wheat and some were tares  
yet he countered harm from others  
with forgiveness wounds to bear

Time came when the curtain lowered  
spreading darkness everywhere  
he would walk to ease the torment  
miles and miles in stark despair

When his spirit crushed and faltered  
much too damaged to repair  
in that final desperation  
heaven's angel chose him heir

There are those who tread soft grasses  
wine and dine on tasty fare  
there are others who are chosen  
for dark roads that end in prayer.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Borobudur

There is a place far from my village  
Where one can move to higher ground  
From warm desire, to earthly glory  
Arriving last in formlessness

They tell me it was built of boulders  
By men of faith in days of old  
Though sinews twisted, scarred in hewing  
They were embalmed with faithfulness

They tell me tawny black eyed natives  
Created sand-filled mandalas  
Painstaking intricate creations  
Of many days backbreaking work

Then in a sacred ceremony  
That work was carefully destroyed  
Its colored sand in silk wrapped vessels  
Tossed in a rivulet or stream

I cannot go to distant places  
Nor yet believe in mandalas  
My walk is in a weed-filled byway  
Where little shacks still dot the path

Although my earthly walk is simple  
No gold, no saffron robes for me  
Or orchid gardens purple beauties  
Yet my small faith still comforts me

Why does my mind return to Java  
To that great maze I'll never see  
Why do I dream of colored patterns  
So cunning in complexity?

My life has always been a parting  
A letting go of earthly goods  
If not destroyed by wars or fleeing  
I on my own will walk away

So when I hear of men destroying  
Their finest artwork made of sand  
I also turn to my small cottage  
Filled only with fond memories

I never will possess mandalas  
Nor travel to Sumatra's shores  
There is no plan for me to enter  
A golden temple's jade filled halls

Yet I can touch a formless message  
Those far-off natives understand  
The things that give a life true meaning  
Cannot be held by rocks or sand

There is a place far from my village  
Where one can move to higher ground  
From warm desire, to earthly glory  
Arriving last in formlessness.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Bows Of Love

Worldly treasures pale  
Next to gifts so rare  
Sent from up above  
Wrapped in bows of love.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Braiding

I watch thick twisted vines embrace  
A mighty banyan tree  
They bring to mind when I wore braids  
In plaited shafts of three

The day came when I cut them off  
And hid them in a chest  
Then life began to shear my head  
When I leaned on your breast

Nobody warned me braids of youth  
Would not grow back with time  
Nor would my hands return again  
To climbing twisted vines

Your arms were sinewy like cords  
Around my sapling shoots  
They wrapped me in a deathlike grip  
Ripped up my very roots

You told me "Grow up" once or twice  
Because you were a man  
Yet I still dreamed of golden braids  
Pain had not been my plan

Today I look at those tough vines  
Embracing a tall tree  
Remembering how you soon left  
In search of what must be

I never found another's hold  
Like yours nor could there be  
Oh how I mourn my greatest loss  
The wish to grow with thee

I watch thick twisted vines embrace  
A mighty banyan tree  
They bring to mind when I wore braids  
In plaited shafts of three.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Bramble Days

I went awandering in prickly ditches  
Where childhood's bloody scratches pockmarked skinny legs  
Deceptive pretty wild rose shrubs reminding  
How orange skins uncovered painful quills

I tasted once again the tempting, tiny berries  
Their flavor more than worth the injuries  
What can compare to blood red wild raspberries  
Acalling from beside a weedy brook?

My life has been an uncut nature garden  
Sweetbriar thriving next to saw grass blades  
There was no time to tame the chaff or cumin  
With hands sunburned and often limp with grief

My heart so often suffered drought and windstorms  
At times I had the urge to close the gate  
But how was I to know that I was not the gardener  
Nobody told me even my plot had a plan

Today I know, and can remember fondly  
How nicks and scratches were just part of life  
Today I relish golden skies and sunshine  
And lovingly relive those painful bramble days.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Briars And Thorns

You were a hardy trailing rose  
Creeping where no one goes  
I stumbled on your briars and thorns  
Soon struggling in their throes

How I escaped, nobody knows  
Friends ask me why I chose  
To walk in groves of briars and thorns  
Where none but bad seed grows

My garden now has ordered rows  
Soft flowers kiss my toes  
There is no trace of briars and thorns  
Unless one looks real close.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Broken Little Chairs

They're gone now. Little children  
Dressed in white and pink and blue.  
We, the chairs, the cribs, the well-worn hymnals  
Are left only to remember.  
The children are grown now.  
They stopped listening.

There was a time  
When the lectern, the cross,  
The chalkboard brought fear  
To those trusting faces.

Today, what does it matter?  
There are real things to do.  
Cars, bills, people fill their lives.

What does it matter if feathers from a forgotten bird  
Lie on an old wooden chair?  
Or that a ping-pong ball  
No longer bounces on the table,  
Or a clumsy wooden cross hides in the dark?

We are the broken little chairs.  
But pity us not, for the new,  
The big, the shiny, the grown up  
Is not at all what we seek?

We only ask that you leave us  
In this darkened room  
So we can dream our always dreams:  
Those little faces, hands and feet  
And what they sang and did and didn't do.  
That's all we ask today.  
For tomorrow, the furnace and the scrap heap.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Broken Things

Of late I favor broken things  
Like palm fronds that a wind gust brings  
On sandy dunes resembling wings

Of late I favor broken souls  
Reclining eyes closed much like ghouls  
No teeth or hope of social roles

Of late I favor sand-spur lanes  
Watched from grime covered window panes  
By huddled tenants when it rains

Of late I favor morning sounds  
A mug of coffee mixed with grounds  
And watch the sun go up and down

Of late I favor broken things  
Like palm fronds that a wind gust brings  
On sandy dunes resembling wings

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Brush Fires In The Glades

Last night when all the lights were out  
with not a soul or car about  
I woke and spied a moon quite low  
of orange tone with mystic glow

I thought of what the scripture said  
when sun would darken moon turn red  
and in the morning saw with dread  
the air outside with smoke was spread

Was this the last, the final day  
when heav'n and earth would pass away?  
but when I wandered out 'n about  
a trolley driver clued me out

'Somewhere out there some brush got burned  
and smoke blew in when west winds turned.  
Them Everglades when lightning hits  
will turn into a hellish pit.'

And soon enough the haze had cleared  
the sky now blue as sun appeared  
yet far off in the wild somewhere  
much life was lost in hellish flares

A gator's nest or heron tall  
may well have found its final fall  
as brush fires with unbridled power  
knell little creatures' final hour

Someday and no one knows just when  
our lord and savior comes again  
my hope and prayer and trust is sure  
his word in mercy will endure.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Bubble, Little Pond

somewhere high above the blue  
a night moon beckons.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Burial

He plowed the black earth  
until the harvest ended  
with the reaper's scythe.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Butterfly Question

Do butterflies note the soft beauty of blossoms  
or bees watch the velvety glow on a rose

Do hummingbirds thrill at the fragrance of jasmine  
do spiders love dewdrops that play in their webs?

Do squirrels rejoice at the flavor of filberts  
do egrets spy cat tails arising from ponds

Do dragonflies boast of their gossamer wing spans  
do turtles love hearing the waves crash on sand?

The marshes and woodlands are filled with great beauty  
I walk as I wonder and ponder it all  
the colors, the breezes, the birds' joyful warbling  
must all play a part in creation's great plan

The secrets encircling and floating around me  
I yearn to embrace and by capturing seal  
when will they come forth with their magic revealing  
what has for so long been well hid and concealed?

The day is now waning, the night will soon beckon  
and cover the meadows in dark shadowed wrap  
It will be too late then to study and reckon  
the ways of fair butterflies kissing bright blooms.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# By My Side

I want Lord Jesus by my side  
A true and never-failing guide  
My every need he will provide  
Till one day with him I'll reside.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Calm Sea

The sea is calm today I see  
and few the people now  
the sun is hot and promises  
no respite to allow

Yet I must go and bask in it  
for it has been too long  
since straying feet have hit the sand  
and heard old Neptune's song

There's something that I can't resist  
that draws me to the sea  
it's oh, so big and full of hope  
and lets my thoughts run free

Though I had many urgent plans  
to deal with daily chores  
a silent sentinel appeared  
and pulled me to the shore

All that is now a memory  
for I am back home safe  
but searing sun and scorching sand  
still burn and throb and chafe

Tattooed upon my soul they are  
as are the limpid waves  
and gently clouded endless sky  
stored safe in mem'ry's cave

The sea is calm today I see  
and few the people now  
the sun is hot and promises  
no respite to allow.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Camp Morning

Soft pineland sounds awaken life  
Fog lifts from shallow lakes  
Soon golden campfires crackle bright  
As sleepy campers wake

A cup of hearty coffee boiled  
On smoky flames of fire  
With pristine water from a well -  
A breakfast to desire

Potatoes soften as they bake  
In ashes of night embers  
Robust among the morsels gleaned  
from Everglades remembered

A cardinal's bright orange coat  
Stands out among the green  
Of palm and scrub oak covered ground  
He hopes small crumbs to glean

The sky quite blue this early morn  
Slash pines soar tall and slim  
As if still reaching night's bold stars  
Now shrouded by day's whim

There's something to a campground hearth  
Warming coarse crusts of bread  
Well noted by small woodland friends  
Renews the quick and dead

When I'm too old to build a fire  
Or gather twigs and leaves  
Or rest on canvas cots when tired  
Take me to heaven's eaves

Soft pineland sounds awaken life  
Fog lifts from shallow lakes  
Soon golden campfires crackle bright  
As sleepy campers wake.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Can'T Escape

Rising falling  
Ebbing flowing  
Throbbing life  
Surrounds us all

Pulsing reaching  
Dropping cutting  
Gashes mark us  
As we brawl

Who can skirt  
This cauldron boiling  
Who escapes unscathed and smooth  
Neither you nor I can fathom  
Wherefore why or what our call.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Cape Horn

He took the risky windward course  
In strong depression's wake  
Where icebound like an untamed horse  
White death would ram and shake  
His battered mast without remorse  
Strong keel about to break

His hand still gripped the frozen wheel  
And now defunct e-probe  
As roaring forties spun and reeled  
Ballasts and bursting lobes  
Hull slammed with frozen tons of steel  
From jealous Neptune's robes

Skipper now Southern Ocean's slave  
Too late to plan or hedge  
Prostrate in merciless rogue waves  
As furious fifties pledged  
To punish all trespassing staves  
Drown with its frozen dredge

The Argus unit did not sound  
A frantic call for aid  
Nor sign of flares or beacons found  
Where he had been waylaid  
Friends grieving family on firm ground  
Now vigilantly prayed

Had his eyes seen that mighty point  
Or had the waters hurled  
Their sea-blessed oil to now anoint  
As Dead Men's Road unfurled  
A cryptic welcome to appoint  
With chants of pale sea birds

Was he enticed to that cold road  
Much strewn with salty graves  
Sad sailors seaweed strewn abode  
So still beneath the waves

At night gnarled ghosts from liquid graves  
Rise from old wrecks at rest  
Their hollow dirges mingling still  
With thunderous wave crests

Nor will they tell if he had reached  
His Camelot - Cape Horn  
A long awaited dream now breached  
From blind ambition born

The sea will tempt in Siren's call  
The coward or the brave  
In certain doom they surely fall  
Bold captain and dull knave

He took the risky windward course  
In steep depression's wake  
Played in harsh frozen latitudes  
A game with highest stakes.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Capturing

To catch a tiger by the tail  
To seize a dragonfly  
To pierce a butterfly's frail wings  
Possessing them thereby

That is the quest of those who hunt  
And them who gather things  
The skilled attempt of silversmiths  
To fashion them on rings

Today I saw fine jewelry  
In shapes of elves and sprites  
And ruby throated hummingbirds  
In golden garnet flight

What fairer gifts could damsels seek  
Than passion flowers in rows  
Alighting on their graceful necks  
In amethyst repose

But I will not a tiger catch  
Or trap a dragonfly  
Nor will I swat a pretty moth  
That's hovering nearby

My hunt consists of rarer gems  
The kind that have no price  
I scout the night for sapphire skies  
On winter's diamond ice

The treasures often sought by some  
Gems shaped by cunning hands  
Can not compare to those I seek  
Brought forth by God's command

To catch a tiger by the tail  
To seize a dragonfly  
To pierce a butterfly's frail wings  
In capturing they die.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Castle Thoughts

There is a land of stones and oaks  
and windy Baltic weather  
of fishermen and farming folk  
who love to sing together

That land has borne so many boots  
of foreign expeditions  
of blood and plunder through the years  
and chains of harsh conditions

There was a time when knights in steel  
possessed and ruled with swords  
they forced the natives to build walls  
befitting proudest lords

These structures rose toward the sky  
across wide boundaries  
ignoring ancient hallowed fields  
exacting dues and fees

The peasants' life was very hard  
they suffered mute with grief  
yet always hope hid in their chests  
for freedom and relief

But that was centuries ago  
how many things have changed  
those fabled halls built with much toil  
are sold and rearranged

A manor with a lofty name  
and history of note  
has now become a realtor's plum  
with or without a moat

What price is honor, what price fame  
who can set down a cost  
of provenance or cunning tiles  
or ghosts who haunt the host?

I think when all the chaff has flown  
and decorations burned  
the crucible of time reveals  
none of what man has earned

No rubies nor the finest gold  
are left in those last days  
no manors and no jeweled swords  
or towers that amaze

I do believe and trust it's true  
the final hour reveals  
a single stone, a solid rock  
with words the Master sealed.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Census

I awoke with sweat and tension  
From a nightmare 'bout the census  
Nosy questions, not to mention  
Picky points and word declensions

Tiny creatures quite invasive  
Cornered me and were persuasive  
Telling me facts are terrific  
So I must be quite specific

Were there ghosts hid in my attic  
Does my boom-box crackle static  
When had I last ironed shirts  
Who are Fred and Ethel Mertz?

Do I house a couch potato  
Does my neighbor eat tomatoes  
Were my forebears svelte or thin  
Do I cha-cha on a whim?

Have my dentures lost their glue  
Does my preteen pooh-poo stew?  
I must mark a box called 'other'  
If I have a freckled brother

Did my mother once knit stockings  
While my dad the house was hocking?  
If my kin sailed with Columbus  
It may cause a numbers thrombus

If I hailed from lands down undrus  
Hidden tundras cold and wondrous  
And my people had no name  
I would lose the census game

Though those nightly little strangers  
Scanned my secrets like a ranger  
They assured me there's no danger  
If my home's a yurt or manger

But if i owned manor houses  
Hunting lodges, dogs and grouses  
My accounts both gross and net  
Would soon show up on the net

Waking, I began to wonder  
Categories, details ponder  
Of great surveys and statistics  
Oval markings, big logistics

There may be a good solution  
To the census convolution -  
Toss the details, count each head  
If their blood's a shade of red.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Changes

Time was when roads were dirt and mud  
trod wearily by foot  
when candlelight was dim and dear  
and ceilings dark with soot

Time was when no one knew for sure  
whose candle would go out  
for sickness struck from parts unknown  
and hunger loomed in drought

Yet when the work of day was done  
and folks came home to rest  
the simple meals with young and old  
were treasured moments blest

Today the world has come along  
and things have changed a lot  
and hopefully these ways and days  
still hold some precious spots.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Chariot Of Love

The chariot above the clouds  
drawn by gold bridled steeds  
and reins of sturdy leather formed  
flies on with utmost speed

Who is the driver of this coach  
and fashioned its fine form;  
why is it headed for the blue  
of harsh galactic storms?

Great kings of old have yearned to touch  
and yet have been denied  
what's granted to a lonely soul  
to glory and to ride

My soul is ever upward bound  
it soars toward the flight  
of that great chariot of love  
that pierces endless night.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Childhood's Garden Days

Hallowed yard of yore  
plum and apple trees  
bursts of flower sprays  
summer's lazy breeze

Grandma baking cakes  
early morning coals  
warming chilly rooms  
jam in oatmeal bowls

Charm of childhood's calm  
chickens promise eggs  
berry bushes bloom  
shaded cellar kegs

Going back again  
to a shrouded maze  
honest country ways  
childhood's garden days.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Children Of God

We are all children, all children of God  
We are all kindred to angels though flawed  
We are all breathing the breath of our God  
With singing and shouting his works to applaud

Come little children, the master once said  
He led us to pastures with golden gifts spread  
We children partook of his wine and his bread  
His body and blood to sure saving grace led

We children must be, must be born again  
Nor will of the flesh nor yet will of men  
Can open the floodgates of spirit's fair glen  
Where love dwells forever, amen and amen.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Children Of War

Our playgrounds were abandoned alleys  
and fields where soldiers hid they prey  
we were too young to fear the battles  
where lives were snuffed out night and day

We found some bibles in an attic  
and cans of milk in moldy hay  
we touched a live forsaken grenade  
near where a crumpled body lay

There was a pile of rubber tires  
a perfect place to run and climb  
nobody chased us off or noticed  
most people hid in that sad time

One day a farmer hung some objects  
to dry behind his house of logs  
we sneaked behind a shrub and noted  
they were the skins of cats and dogs

Those memories of wartime moments  
that pockmarked youth's fresh hopes and dreams  
were softened by the dew of childhood  
a gift withheld from grownup schemes

Our playgrounds were abandoned alleys  
and fields where soldiers hid they prey  
we were too young to fear the battles  
where lives were snuffed out every day.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Chocolate Lava

It looked so spongy, soft and smooth  
a gourmet would agree  
this sweet delight from fudge and eggs  
- a perfect cake indeed

I got creative making glaze  
to top this lovely torte  
a bit of orange juice and cream  
with chocolate to cavort

Then for the final touch at last  
I split the cake in two  
full hoping that the double treat  
would all sweet lovers woo

Then suddenly the mountain crashed  
into a pile of goo  
the cracks as big as St. Andreas  
and St. Helena too

The frosting dripped into the sink  
as cake crumbs filled the floor  
I was afraid the thing would grab  
and squeeze me through the door

Oh, what a horrid circumstance  
when all so perfect seemed  
to turn out like a pile of glop  
with me and cake unseamed

May all you cooks across the world  
be glad and feel quite blessed  
I am no challenge to your skills  
my cakes end up a mess.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Christmas Is For Children

Christmas is for children  
Time to make a fuss  
Christmas is for old and young  
And every one of us

Christmas is for old folks  
Time to light the tree  
Bringing sparks to dim eyes  
For some joy to see

Christmas is for mothers  
Fathers, sisters, too  
Time to think of family  
Binding ties anew

Christmas is for loved ones  
Whether far or near  
Time to kindle friendships  
That once were so dear

Christmas is for sad ones  
Homeless, wayside souls  
Time to spread some goodness  
In their beggar bowls

Christmas is for joy and hope  
Time to recommit  
Lives and ways to Jesus  
Humbly to submit

Christmas is for healing  
Share, forgive, discuss  
Christmas is for you and me  
And everyone of us.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Chronicle The Journey

Last night I heard a distant whispered call  
Chronicle the journey before the curtain falls  
Squeeze every note from throbbing chords of life  
As blistered bleeding fingers banish strife

Sing melodies to spheres of heaven's lode  
Your chanting making crystal orbs explode  
In caves long ceremoniously sealed  
Now open yawning mysteries revealed

Walk briskly as the rain melts brutal shields  
Cry tears to water thirsty devil fields  
Walk, walk, and keep on walking on  
Your weary laden journey my dear son

Let sun and thunder crown your head with gold  
Eye single as your fevered search enfolds  
Stand tall accepting as the curtain falls  
Chronicle the journey. Recall. Tell all.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Chronicle The Journey By Michael Leo Morrison

To stand apart  
to step out of the stream  
this circulation  
you lose yourself  
in a million faces

I cling to the raft of myself  
It's all I 've got

I'm defined by my incompatibility  
with society  
seething lava passion within me  
an upstart  
who dares to claim  
the hot iron words  
which normally reside  
in the rosy wooden box.

Some people have reached out to me  
given me some sense of family

I suppose there's a secret chamber  
somewhere inside my soul  
where these feelings can reside

a thorny rosy milk fog dungeon  
rays of sunlight  
lost forever  
collision courses  
of sparkling ions

I was the novice magician  
in a fairy tale world  
all I could do was seize the moment  
open my eye  
look down the tunnel  
chronicle the journey  
ignore the jibes  
hide and hide

laugh and mourn  
and lick my wounds  
ans say:  
'This moment,  
this msoment is all I have.'

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Circlets And Ringlets

Circlets and ringlets surround me today  
Feelings long shrouded are strewn on the way  
Zephyrs and swallows entwine as they play.  
Is it then spring or a Fools Gold reprieve,  
Cold dusty winter just sifting its sieve?

It's been quite a while since crocuses bloomed  
Yesterday's heartaches though faint now, yet wound  
Tomes of my heart in hard leather are bound  
Bidding forbidding remembrance of old  
Halting my footsteps though petals enfold.

Seasons unending oft trampled my loves.  
Blue jays, pert sparrows and gentlest of doves  
Sang as my gold in cold palms turned to dross  
Circlets of youth and sweet ringlets were lost.  
When will I know what price and what cost?

Is it too late for Iliad's rhymes,  
Odysseus' nectar, Dionysian fields?  
Are these plebeian, harsh bronze covered shields  
Pounding and squeezing small seeds in my soul  
Haunting my dreams of a hope all too real  
Solemn hot wax by a Roland to seal?

Circlets and ringlets surround me today  
Feelings long shrouded are strewn on the way  
Zephyrs and swallows entwine as they play.  
Is it then spring or a Fools Gold reprieve,  
Cold dusty winter just sifting its sieve?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# City Craze

City nights  
city lights  
ever changing views  
ever changing news

Bar on top floor has closed down  
bay view 'es muy lindo'  
maid just shook her dusty mop  
from the tenth floor window

City nights  
city days  
who has moved  
expanded  
bought the unit  
right next door  
neighbors are offended

City days  
city ways  
who can understand them  
is a rustic country gal  
meant to dwell among them

City craze  
city haze  
can be quite addictive  
when loud sirens fill the streets  
locals use invectives

Urban noise the air confounds  
officer a car impounds  
news of this and that abounds  
what is lost is never found

City nights  
city lights  
ever changing views  
ever changing news

bar on top floor has closed down  
bay view 'es muy lindo'  
maid just shook her dusty mop  
from the tenth floor window.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Close Calls

I would have gone and walked that mile  
and surely suffered pain  
but skies and angels sent reprieve  
and sent the rain

I would have tasted that dark drink  
with poison drops infused  
but unseen fingers froze my hand  
and drink refused

I would have perished on that night  
the cellar had no door  
but unknown neighbors moved us to  
a safer floor

So many ways have I been saved  
by happenstance of fate  
to live to love and gladly sing  
and celebrate.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Cloud Storage

They tell me I can save my files  
In something called cloud storage  
To search for folders stacked in piles  
No longer need I forage

But can I trust my precious notes  
To something I can't fathom  
My worthy quotes on vapors float  
In cabinets of phantoms

And then I look at yonder skies  
Where whitest clouds are floating  
They look like pillows in disguise  
To prayers and love devoting

For quite some time I've placed my soul  
In care of God's direction  
Surrendering to his control  
And trust in his perfection

I do believe that cyberspace  
Can offer help and pleasure  
Yet there is nothing to replace  
God's gifts in greatest measure.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Clutterbug

How can I be a clutterbug  
If Webster can't define it  
How can I be a clutterbug  
If flair is what I name it

Who would not grace their frig with plants  
Fake flowers, shells and chains  
If that would help and ease the dread  
To find the stale chow mein

How dare they say I am a slob  
Unique is what I am  
Efficient, even somewhat green  
For I eat from a can

Ah what a life to never sweep  
By turning broom to sculpture  
Bohemian, yes and nutty, no  
A true artistic creature

How can I be a clutterbug  
If Webster can't define it  
How can I be a clutterbug  
If flair is what I name it.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Cobwebs

I love how angels wipe the cobwebs  
from my old eyes so I can see  
the beauties of creation's wonders  
in far off lands and deepest seas.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Coins Of Faith

The sacks are brimming with abundance  
when shopping with faith's golden coins  
bags overflow with food and shelter  
and sturdy clothes to cover loins

There is a magic in that tender  
for when no money has remained  
the merchant gladly deals a refund  
in bright and valued coins of change

No sense for me to hoard that treasure  
though few can see its worldly worth  
it seems to me the more I spend it  
the richer is my day on earth.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Come And Dine

Bread of life and living water  
calling still to dine on these  
nourishing and ever healing  
thirst and hunger to appease

Once there hobbled a lone hiker  
sore feet blistered from rough stones  
not a penny in his pocket  
not a shelter to call home

Nearing a small clump of bushes  
he collapsed in welcome shade  
suddenly his mind saw visions  
of a banquet richly laid

Bony fingers reached the table  
where fine linen held rich food  
greedily as would the dying  
grabbing anything he could

He drank deeply from a chalice  
gobbling bread to heart's content  
gladly feasting without asking  
why this wayside gift had sent

Long ago a feast was offered  
precious banquet without price  
many wealthy were offended  
their own larders would suffice

Trusting barns of grain won't mildew  
nor fair fields could suffer blight  
certain wells would never muddy  
or that noon might turn to night

Bread of life and living water  
calling still to dine on these  
nourishing and ever healing  
thirst and hunger to appease.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Come, Come To Believe

Let authors, writers, artists fair  
Wear cloaks of finest weave  
I only want to seek the Lord  
And come, come to believe.

Some people ask me who I am  
It's no use to pretend  
For not a single hat I've worn  
Has fit me in the end

I am a distant traveler  
Sent down from heaven's layers  
Without a cloak without a name  
A spirit filled with prayers

Let authors, writers, artists fair  
Wear cloaks of finest weave  
I seek the garment of the Lord  
To come, come to believe.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Come, Join My Journey

Come join my journey on this bright day  
Before the thunderstorms descend  
A'whipping and a'tearing  
Not heeding what they rend

The hours fly swiftly as the day wanes  
Soon dusk will wipe out this fair lawn  
Of tiny reeds and blossoms  
Meant not to last till dawn

Come now while time still rests on our side  
Before the moments melt away  
Much like the tender lilies  
When night holds sway.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Conqueror

Marked from his youth the conqueror  
showed signs of valor's wreath  
when but a child he tamed a horse  
and donned a prince's sheath

He grew and soon was crowned a king  
although the price was great  
in lost affections and of lives  
that perished at his gate

No army and no horde of men  
withstood his forces thrust  
though oft outnumbered plodded on  
and ground them into dust

He traveled through the desert sands  
to find his heritage  
and found he was the flowering  
of ancient vernissage

His trusty stallion in the heat  
of battle one day fell  
his spirit failed to quench the pain  
and quiet death's harsh knell

But as with many conquerors  
with kingdoms far and wide  
the end was swift as fever raged  
in sickbed while men cried

There is a time to win and soar  
with laurel wreaths and gold  
to be remembered in old books  
in songs and stories told

There comes a time and none knows when  
bright armor falls from loins  
when swords and stallions are no use  
nor images on coins

Not many have been meant to star  
in legends known by all  
yet everyone will hear the knock  
when fate drops in to call

Marked from his youth the conqueror  
showed signs of valor's wreath  
when but a child he tamed a horse  
and donned a prince's sheath.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Conquest

You came  
you saw  
you conquered  
with just a single glance  
most surely predetermined  
not just a happenstance

You left  
I cried  
you vanished  
and left me in a trance  
most surely predetermined  
most cruel circumstance.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Constant Friend

People come and people go  
ever changing to and fro  
friendships fade or friendships grow  
some we slowly come to know

Some may tell of what could be  
some spread trouble make us flee  
few there are whom we can trust  
fewer harmful and unjust

Sometimes friends may turn to foes  
sometimes their affections close  
sometimes enemies turn friends  
some on whom our lives depend

People places traces things  
all are fleeting fragile wings  
yet there is one friend that's sure  
constant loving true and pure

Even if we scoff and fight  
he is there to ease our plight  
he was here before the earth  
or the heavens gave us birth

His commandments never fail  
his example blazes trails  
when our journeys come to end  
Jesus is our constant friend.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Contrasts

The harsher and grimmer the years of my past  
the brighter my candle today  
the darker and dimmer the shadows were cast  
the sunnier now my bouquet.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Country Lives

Country preachers, country wives  
Country teachers, country lives  
Long forgotten now their sighs  
As they watched old, plain ways die

Water pitchers made of clay  
Butter churns in pantries lay  
Rocking chairs and porches creaked  
Sundays marked the coming week

Barefoot children walked to school  
Splashed in puddles to keep cool  
Picking berries in the ditch  
Thorns and chiggers made them itch

We will never see again  
Those slow days when country men  
Sawed pine logs for iron stoves  
As their women baked warm loaves

There's no use to mourn and pine  
For church picnics crisp and fine  
Pies that burst with fragrant fruit  
No foul words mouths would pollute

Those days rest in haunted lairs  
Where but ghosts of memories dare  
On a sleepless hour prepare  
Nightmares digging up those layers

Country preachers, country wives  
Country teachers, country lives  
Why do I still hear their cries  
Binding me with painful ties?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Country Teacher

The forest now is black as night  
No distant farmhouse glows  
She's taken off her shoes and hose  
As mosses hug her toes  
The children walked to school today  
Most without shoes  
Or haircuts, cared for faces, ears  
Some clean, some tattered clothes.

The city seems quite far away  
Where learning took its toll  
Now here she is on country clay  
To change these children's role  
Ferns, oaks and noises of the woods  
Blot out her numbers, charts  
The systematic pedagogue  
A stranger in these parts

Tall Aaron soon will be a man  
While Berta's just a child  
And Caleb, eight, can read a book  
But Dora never will  
Hustles, bustles of the day  
The 'dirty dozen's' throng  
Can wipe out thoughts of 'what's the use? '  
Or 'what is wrong? '

When slates and sponges have been cleaned  
And notes put down with pen  
The rural night swoops down with haste  
And blots out thoughts again.

It's but a mile to teacher's house  
A path where crows don't fly  
Its craggy roots and stones abound  
There seems to be no sky.

When daylight's lantern brightly shone  
The children's hope seemed near

But night and forest's cover deep  
Brought forth a teacher's tear.

Green ferns and giant oaks did cry  
As did the birches tall  
'Don't tamper, change, what's holy still,  
Don't make the children fear.'

She kept on walking in the woods  
And finally reached her den  
By candlelight then said a prayer  
And slowly took her pen.  
'Dear doctors, ' she began to write,  
'My loss may be your gain  
For I must cancel all my plans  
In short, I do resign.'

Nothing was said of shoeless feet  
Hair filled with fleas and lice  
No word of eyes, so sad and deep  
Or hands that could not write  
'Dear doctors, it is dangerous  
To walk alone at night  
In woods so dark and ferns so tall,  
I cannot cope at all.'

What could they say, for after all,  
To them it was a job.  
They didn't know how country woods  
And country kids could drain  
Book learning and the word 'success'  
Of all its weight and fame.

The children tried to understand  
To please and comprehend  
So innocent with kindly hearts,  
Like garments, quick to rend.

But at day's end when all was dark  
The forest made it clear  
'Go home and leave those kids alone.  
Don't trample what is dear.'

The teacher then recalled a truth  
For once she, too, was small,  
Unspoken wisdom in young eyes  
Was better, best of all.

The woods today are still the same  
Ferns, mushrooms hold their own,  
Tow headed boys and barefoot girls  
Have long since grown.

An ancient woman lives alone  
And does not mind the pain  
For here and there a few of them  
Do visit her again.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Craggy Knolls

I chose the path of craggy knolls  
According to my light  
My basket brimmed with simple fare  
Eyes fixed on skies' delight

I chose the path of craggy knolls  
According to my light  
My sun-baked feet would often bleed  
Skin marked by insect bites

I chose the path of craggy knolls  
According to my light  
Unknown to roads on higher ground  
Where strong men loved to fight

I chose the path of craggy knolls  
According to my light  
How often was my larder bare  
Sparse fields a sea of blight

I chose the path of craggy knolls  
According to my light  
I noted glow worms signal codes  
Which answers might invite

I chose the path of craggy knolls  
According to my light  
In search of faith's eternal flame  
God could for me ignite.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Cross-Eyed Burro Love

Once there lived a burro  
he was not very tall  
his fur was gray in color  
he lived in a small stall  
the burros of the village  
made fun of his big eyes  
when one looked east and upward  
the other pointed west

Of course he was embarrassed  
and tried to hide his face  
behind his mane of horsehair  
or shades he put in place  
at night he'd cry in sorrow  
and wonder why it was  
that one eye pointed yonder  
the other stayed up close

One morning very early  
while other burros slept  
his right eye saw a viper  
crawl in where chicks were kept  
the snake thought this small burro  
was looking someplace low  
since his right eye seemed focused  
on hay and straw below

The snake had no idea  
that eyes could cross like sticks  
so he was shocked and angry  
to feel the burro's kicks  
the other burros woke up  
and saw what had been done  
and hailed the little burro  
as hero one by one

And then a strange thing happened  
a first in burro tales  
a pretty girl burrito

kissed him and he turned pale  
he chuckled 'cause it tickled  
she had his heart soon won  
and then by some strange magic  
his eyes looked straight, straight on.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Cry Of A Ghost Orchid

They came with their gear  
Of silvery wires  
Stepped on my frail babies  
And started mulch fires.

They set off bright flashes  
That blinded our bog  
And trampled the grasses  
Grown tall in the fog

They strewed cans and papers  
And flashbulbs galore  
A part of a sandwich  
And then they were gone.

They blazoned my image  
On screens big and tall  
With everyone clapping  
To see my heart fall.

Please leave us alone here  
Where silent we gloam  
In weeds and tall grasses  
Our Everglades home.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Crystal Crosses

Crystal crosses, silver goblets  
Candles bright as amulets  
Sparkle, glowing so much brighter  
When the sun at evening sets

Altars grand in alabaster  
Set the tone of faith reborn  
Windows glow with ruby, cobalt  
Linen robes but rarely worn

Vases tall and rich mahogany  
Statues opulent with gold  
Draw the crowds of weary people  
Meekly kneeling, never bold

Vespers is a time of sadness  
For the day is growing dim  
Will the faith that lies in candles  
Statues, windows let Him in?

Happy be to dwell in chapels  
Carpets soft as fur and down  
Happy that your head will never  
Feel the sting of thorny crown

Crystal crosses are a symbol  
So are hands in folded prayer  
Memories of one brief moment  
On a wood cross, body bare.

For the ransom has been tendered  
Paid for you, all debt is done  
Crystal, golden goblets falter  
When He holds you, He's the One.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Cuban Coffee - Cuban Men

Cuban coffee, Cuban men  
Downtown lunchtime, talk of when  
Elders back in Camaguey  
Fled their land or chose to stay  
Was it only yesterday?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Cuban Sunrise

It is still dark in the west  
eastward a faint glow  
glides over foggy seas

Dark shapes emerge  
fishermen in wooden sloops  
row slowly  
as the world turns  
gold and pink

Sun climbs high quickly  
Sea birds send signals  
Of where the fish are

Men handle long bamboo poles  
Skin rough, calloused  
sharp hooks and knives  
laid neatly in rigs

Boats fan out in search of luck  
'buena suerte'

Hovering above the waves  
decaying spirits  
once descended  
to watery graves  
because their luck ran out  
float unnoticed

Flying fish  
and seagull caws of morning  
send the signal

Time to crawl to sunken wrecks among waterlogged boards  
slime covered rubber floats  
deflated long ago  
resting on the black, cold sea floor

An errant bottom feeder

ignores persistent gnawing sounds  
chewing, nibbling, very faint  
inside a large old stubborn net  
wide enough to surround an island

Unseen teeth gnawing  
slowly tearing long enduring bands  
trapping life and fish

Black seafloor  
much too cold and harsh  
for breathing creatures  
only fit for the unsung, unremembered

Every night, every day  
failed in life  
spirits gnaw below  
while leathered fishermen pull in their meager catch

Another loop broken  
net frayed unseen, unnoticed  
unheard, the chanting  
'poco a poco'

Island sunrises  
Come and go  
men die  
children grow

None hear  
the gnawing  
on the ocean floor

More spirits join the crew  
more bodies descending  
work almost finished now

One morning  
much like any other  
the net will rise broken  
unable to hold or trap life

Spirits, freed from labors  
to hover, watching  
as pink and golden rays  
greet the Cuban sunrise.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Customs And Calendars

Most cultures earmark calendars  
with hopes new roads to tread  
by suns and seasons as they change  
to note the times ahead

Some count long years in numerals  
remembered in their heads  
some cut deep notches in an oak  
for sowing seeds for bread

Some people watch the firmament  
in stars they place great trust  
they chronicle the centuries  
and monuments encrust

Yet there are those who cannot count  
by numbers or by signs  
their concept of the flow of time  
can not be thus confined

And there are those who walk the earth  
whose seasons never end  
their blistered feet are gray with dust  
their dark and light one blend

An order flows for those who trust  
in years and changing tides  
for some there are who linger in  
a meaningless divide

So many are the ways of men  
by customs to make sense  
of days and nights and months and years  
of past and present tense

What then is time and what's the hour  
what holiday, what year  
what is the meaning of all this  
what should be held most dear

Is not the present moment such  
that it contains the world  
the single breath, the thump of heart  
the flag of life unfurled?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Daisies

The daisies of my youth have died  
as one by one its petals dried  
green fields of summer but a dream  
harsh winter looms 'neath autumn's gleam

The roses on my gown are black  
a midnight velvet cape on back  
abandoned lips once tasted wine  
of other places, other times  
a pungent liquid drink is sent  
its heady liquor to torment

Who can be spared those ancient rhymes  
no cave so deep no gorge so steep  
where human hearts can hide and sleep.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Daisy Poems

Daisy poems float down  
From the ether  
settling on my eyelids  
now that I have lost everything.

Go ahead, chase your roseate dream  
it's hard to see  
small daisy poem petals  
there are so many of them  
among the weeds  
more than dandelion puffs

go ahead, count your roses  
and leave me the little daisies  
for I will touch them  
with my stained hand  
a soul walking alone  
on a jagged path  
a lost youth

rich roses spread across  
even rows in fragrant fields  
go ahead, run through them  
then relish the abundant yield

Daisy poems are pale and small  
Who can count them?  
Petal tips turning  
from modest white  
To delicate green

Go ahead, reap barley in bushels  
And roses fair  
Talk of dreams and cornucopias

Don't look at me sitting  
On a wet rock  
On a side path where  
Tall weeds hide secrets

Wild daisies do not occupy your world  
Nor should they.  
Roses are enough for you.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Dancer Of Yore

She no longer decorates her door  
she is quieter now  
this dancer of yore

She still calls men 'senor'  
and wears silk paisley robes  
but she no longer decorates her door

She brings food to the first floor  
and mentions where she's from  
but she no longer decorates her door

She is no longer angry  
like she had been before  
this dancer of yore.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Danny's Option

Her flowered dress and fresh smile  
Belied drugged, pained nights  
Under the Jamaica Avenue El

We sat at a sidewalk café  
On a sunny Florida morning.  
'How lucky I am  
to be married to Danny, '  
she said.

He left her shortly afterward.  
Anne left town without saying goodbye.

Danny's business thrived  
And he began therapy.  
Then things slowed down.  
He dated  
But didn't click with anyone.  
He never married again.

Two men were resting from  
A round of golf  
'Did you ever have  
a great love in your life? '  
One asked.  
'No. She was a bitch, ' Danny replied.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Dark Ages

Overtones soft underbellies  
Chime chimeras from tall castles  
Gargoyles festering on perches

Gothic spikes with threatening glances  
Herald secrets of dark ages  
Bloody paper cuts from pages

Turned by bony fingers twisting  
Ever piercing fragile vellum  
Fusing lampblack's painful scribbles

Pen point polished sharp as judgment  
Meted out neath spears and banners  
To a crowd of unkempt members

Many hordes of tribes in legions  
Ever cheering ever fearing  
Whether whip and plague of black  
Or the yeoman's sudden lack  
Dearth of field and coin of gold

It's no wonder men grow old  
Hallowed gray as does the village  
For its Roland now is pillaged

Read your history feel its pages  
Let your tears refresh its sages  
Like the Danube rinsed of old  
Huns and horses strong or bold

Short indeed your page of strife  
Cut your bread with shopworn knife  
Love your child and love your wife  
Crumbling loaf your feast of life.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Dark And Light

There was a man who liked to paint  
and loved to shed much light  
into the subjects that he drew  
to many folks delight

One day an islander of fame  
had chanced to come his way  
as he was going with his son  
to watch a children's play

'I've seen your work, ' the famed one said,  
'and like it very much.  
Would you consider capturing  
me with your master's touch? '

'Why, sir, I would be honored to, '  
the painter said and soon  
the work was done in shades of blue  
and golden hues festooned

'Oh, goodness, ' many critics raved  
'this painting is so fine.  
A pure delight to eyes and heart  
in likeness and design.'

One night the son sat on his bed  
when dad would read to him  
from children's wondrous picture books  
as evening lights grew dim

'Well, son, ' the painter told the son  
'looks like that famous man  
has really made my work stand out  
and I have gained a fan.'

'Dear dad, ' the little boy replied,  
'the picture's full of lights.  
But why are there no sparking eyes?  
They're blank and dark as night.'

The father's heart was pierced with pain  
to hear his son's remark  
and then remembered cruel facts  
in hearsay and reports

And suddenly it dawned on him  
that without thought or care  
his hand had painted what was real  
to lay that soul quite bare

In life and writing and in art  
the surfaces may glow  
with fame and fortune and kind deeds  
but there are things below

Some things are seen by little babes  
and people halt and maimed  
a truth reflected in the eyes  
beyond the world's slick games.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Darker Ages

There was a very darkened age  
some centuries ago  
when people lived by strictest rules  
and progress was quite slow

Some men of lowly birth were tied  
to stay in their birth place  
and could not change their job or trade  
or prison they would face

It was a time of mortal plagues  
of cruel wars and strife  
and what a fever did not claim  
a sword could end one's life

The fields were often owned by lords  
and workers' rest was brief  
and yet there were those sought for days  
when they had some relief:

The fairs where villagers would join  
in singing, drink and fun  
with monkeys and with dancing bears  
they'd laugh and tall tales spun

Today the world has changed a lot  
although there may be some  
in some far hidden cove or glen  
who to old ways succumb

It's true that changing jobs or towns  
is free to those who choose  
and none is forced to labor long  
or need to be abused

Hard won is freedom's flag of hope  
from those old days of toil  
hard won the right to grow or sow  
on one's own plot of soil

There was a very darkened age  
some centuries ago  
when people lived by strictest rules  
and progress was quite slow.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Dawning

Today my life is not at all  
what it once used to be  
the dark and dreary vale of tears  
has turned to fancy free

Today my life flows like a brook  
no rapids up ahead  
no rocks or whirlpools of despair  
no sleepless nights of dread

Today my life is one of faith  
hard won through many scars  
how dark it was before the dawn  
from far beyond the stars

Today the challenges and bumps  
that everyone must face  
are helped and lifted easily  
by unseen hands of grace

Today my life is not my own  
I'm guided by a way  
paved with a crown of thorns and blood  
on that most fateful day

Today my life is life indeed  
not just a muddling through  
the weary days of mindless quest  
no purpose and no clue

Today my life is rich with love  
with joy and truth and light  
as long as I share all I have  
with friends and foes alike

Today my life is not at all  
what it once used to be  
the dark and dreary vale of tears  
has turned to fancy free.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Days Of Mittens

What happened to minks and chinchillas  
Snug earmuffs resembling Brilllos  
Days fine folks wore skins made of otters  
And watched shows like 'Welcome back Cotter? '

Oh, for the days when tight corsets  
And scarves made of down shorn from Dorsets  
Topped furry chapeaus sporting feathers  
And marmoset muffs stayed cold weather

Ripped blue jeans are what girls now borrow  
They claim piercing noses lifts sorrow  
Such awful tattoos mark their buttocks  
They spurn wearing cotton-knit white socks

How awful for old folks to ponder  
That gals of the hour can just wander  
To restaurants, movies, sans escorts  
Clad only in shockingly short shorts

Give us the old days, I am yearning  
When nobody mentioned bra burning  
I miss those pouffed skirts of horse feathers  
And pooh-pooh that ghastly tight leather

Oh, where are the days when a furrier  
Could go on vacation much merrier  
Convinced unborn caracul creatures  
Small sacrifice were to high couture?

For spiders the web's surely better  
Why, people no longer pen letters  
They focus on handheld devices  
And tinker with cyberspace vices

Oh, where are the days when a nickel  
Could buy you an acre on Brickell  
Why, for a small sum, a mere pittance,  
You owned a fine suit with red mittens?

This world is most surely in trouble  
It likely will burst like a bubble  
Space rockets now threaten serene scenes  
Of cows jumping over bright moonbeams

Oh, give me the days when fine tailors  
Sewed suits making lads look like sailors  
When mothers refused to snip boys' locks  
Until they were grown, or got smallpox

I wish there was more time for whining  
But I have a date with 'The Shining, '  
So scary a flick, it may bludgeon  
And cure this old sour curmudgeon.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Days Of Pearls And Lace

Those were the days of pearls and lace  
of suitors debonair  
of garden parties fancy free  
as birdsong filled the air

Those were the days of manors grand  
and horses of fine breed  
when ladies dressed in silk and fur  
rode coaches fine indeed

Those were the days when every cup  
was filled with every need  
life was delightful and quite sweet  
all parties were agreed

Those graceful ones of privilege  
could not detect the clouds  
so dark upon horizon's end  
foreboding days of shrouds

The manor halls and carriages  
and days of grace and charm  
are but a pile of ruins today  
as war caused untold harm

Those were the days of pearls and lace  
of suitors debonair  
of garden parties fancy free  
as birdsong filled the air.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# De Ol' Road

De ol' road  
don't use et no more  
don't go nowhere  
jes drops off

nuttin but field after dat  
De ol' road  
don't use et no more  
time was dey did  
dey shore did

De ol' road  
dey don't tell ye  
all dey did dere  
no sireee  
no siree  
ya dunno wanna know

De ol' road  
don't go nowhere no more  
jes drops off  
dat's all.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Dead Poets Meet

It was an evening of heady wine  
Jaded dreams, naïve love poured forth  
Voices now timid, now angry, now bold  
Twisted, failed lives tonight transformed  
As drums and guitars wove fragments  
Into a living book

Pain, laughter, hope built to a peak  
As one by one we joined in this weird song  
At once puerile, naked, grand.

Years visibly melted  
And we were all young again  
All pimples and doves' wings  
And heartbreak before noon.

Those awkward, shy moves of long ago  
Who would have guessed  
That was to become our only reality?

This golden strand of ruby red moments  
I lay into my jewel box of memories  
To open on a lonely, rainy day.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Deer Meets Turtledove

An errant maiden one day wandered  
Where little lambs had lost their way  
She wore a cape of wool and linen  
Her tresses flowed like flaxen hay

A wreath of fragrant hyssop blossoms  
Embraced her waist in search of love  
Her tender neck with oils anointed  
Would she soon find her turtledove?

She listened for the sounds of woodlands  
And heard a black hawk's rustling wings  
Then without warning he descended  
Surrounding her with feathered rings

The night fell darkly in that forest  
Its palm pressed down with granite weight  
When morning dawned the ground was littered  
With trampled blooms and tangled plaits

The sun was high when bushes rustled  
As tiny deer came out to meet  
The newest neighbor to the forest  
A turtledove with wings like wheat

The moral of this yarn is simple:  
A maid can search all night and day  
To find a suitor kind and faithful  
But only turtledoves don't stray.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Dem Days

Dere ain't no callin' back dose days  
when mammy peeled dem taters  
an' evenin' fell an' workin' folk  
cum back frem stalkin' gators

Dere ain't no use rememberin'  
dat rusty iron pan  
an' smells o' fryin' bacon skins  
an' cakes wid grits 'n bran

No sir, dey's never comin' back  
de farm done gone to seed  
an' kinfolk died n' young uns left  
an' fell to wickid deeds

Der ain't no use en goin' back  
der's nuttin left back dere  
jus' some ol' skinny dogs in packs  
an' lizards an' despair

Ah's watchin' cracks nex' to de feet  
de sidewalk black wid bile  
de can of beer dry as a bone  
'n been so fer a while

Dere ain't no callin' back dose days  
when mammy peeled dem taters  
an' evenin' fell an' workin' folk  
cum back frem stalkin' gators.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Desert

Desert

dry as a bone

New Mexico summer

old adobe mission standing

crumbling walls and rusty bell bake in sun

none to see and none to tend them

watched by skulls and lizards

death knells the bell

Desert

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Dewdrops

I watch the fragile dewdrops  
On morning's fertile treetops  
Oblivious to scorching  
Of summer's noonday torching

Ours was a woodland playground  
In vines of passion hearts bound  
All hesitation ending  
In lacelike ferns soon blending

As dragonflies were glinting  
Small butterflies were hinting  
Such forest born enfolding  
Would lead to earthen mourning

Your face of burnished glowing  
Gave no hint you were going  
Then without any warning  
You left me in the morning

What use remorse or scolding  
Allowing that exposing  
To lovers heights of rapture  
No earthly snare could capture?

The laws of life don't censure  
The little deer that venture  
To meadows filled with danger  
Where death is not a stranger

Yet where can I find shelter  
Undone by midday swelter  
Soul broken by the rending  
That day of baffling ending?

Each morning still brings dewdrops  
On lush and fragrant treetops  
Before the sun's harsh burning  
Incinerates their yearning.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Different Days

Those were the nights and different days  
Of blue green polyester cloths  
That didn't mind the rain and sun  
On windowsills of broken wood.

Those were the nights and different days  
We walked in empty, desolate streets  
Dark cruel pavement echoed fear  
At three a.m., or was it four?

Those were the nights and different days  
When laughter stolen from the thief  
Of open hearts and kindest eyes  
Rang secretly in unkempt rooms.

Those were the nights and different days  
When sorrow was as near as air  
A constant neighbor never shunned  
No fire exit or escape.

Those were the nights and different days  
Life's sword slashed justice to the bone  
As anguish pierced a sky so cold  
Bruised human cries fell to the ground.

Those were the nights and different days  
The axe of fate slit tender reeds  
And brutal men compounded shame  
By drawing blood from open wounds.

Those were the nights and different days  
Abomination was fulfilled  
As bodies pale in twisted ways  
Were left to barely breathe at will.

Those were the nights and different days  
Of blue green polyester cloths  
That didn't mind the rain and sun  
On windowsills of broken wood.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Dim The Eye

Dim the eye and worn the heart  
dear ones waiting to depart  
loneliness looms up ahead  
childhood's dreams have long since fled

Just a tiny spark still clings  
fanned by tiny angel wings  
fragments of a youth long lost  
oh what price and oh the cost

Tears bring back those poppy fields  
through the fog of mem'ry's yields  
somewhere hidden in the soul  
tuffets, muffets, rabbit holes

Age has doused too many flames  
no more time to play those games  
time to sit and watch the play  
time to count just one more day

Dim the eye and worn the heart  
dear ones waiting to depart  
loneliness looms up ahead  
childhood's dreams have long since fled.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Do You Have Time?

He sat on the bus bench  
I knew he would not take the bus  
Would he be there  
When I returned  
From my busy day?

My bus arrived  
And I went forth  
To meet with friends  
Then walked in the marketplace

After a while  
I returned home  
Yes, he was still there

My day had been full  
There was no time to waste  
After all, it was Sunday  
And I had lots to do

He had nothing to do  
He just sat there all day  
But he had something  
I did not, could not have  
He had time.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Don Juan

Too many troubles  
too many tries  
too many losses  
too many lies

Too much to deal with  
too little gain  
too many heartaches  
too many chains

Time to surrender  
time to move on  
sick of pretending  
he's no Don Juan.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Don'T

Don't turn away from me dear Lord  
don't turn away  
for then my breath would quickly cease  
my heart no longer beat

Don't turn away from me dear Lord  
I'd be so cold  
my deepest yearnings would then die  
and for a song be sold.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Double Rainbow

I remember that rainy afternoon  
in the wilder depths out there  
meaning - the untrod acres left fallow  
close enough to the Everglades  
but far enough, far enough  
for man's wicked ways  
to harbor and hide in

Still in the glow of seeing  
nature raw in glorious summer beauty  
after pounding many pavements  
a friend volunteered to drive me  
to that large and mysterious wooded place  
where trees grew undisturbed  
and mosquitoes flew big and healthy  
and strangler vines thrived  
in perfect dewy strength

My friend could not wait  
to get out of there  
he had seen it all  
he had been part of the dark side

Since he drove  
I acquiesced

On the way back  
to civilization  
still wet from the dew  
of that untouched forest plot  
I saw it -  
a double rainbow

'Look, ' I said with excitement  
He glanced  
and continued driving

It was much later  
I heard

that property had been  
a den of thieves  
and it burned  
to the ground.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Down In Sobe

I met her at a party,  
One of those super cool ones, you know.  
She had an air of avant garde,  
The sculpted look of one 'in the know.'

The years had been kind to her figure:  
Carriage erect.  
her movement had not slowed  
Since her twenties  
(or so I imagined.)

Her conversation was strictly on the edge.  
She spoke of freedom for the female,  
Of injustice.

This morning I walked early  
near the beach.  
Empty beer bottles  
littered the sidewalk  
From high life on Saturday night.

Only a derelict or two wandered about  
Only those whom hunger  
had wakened early.

And there she was,  
Clinging to a small tattered bicycle  
With little bits of memorabilia  
attached to it.

The sight was one of eccentricity,  
Of a woman alone.

She said a shy hello.  
There was a softness to her.  
There was no talk  
of freedom or justice now.

It was just an old woman

On the street  
Whose dreams  
Had not come true.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Dragon Ship Of Jade

I dreamed about a dragon ship  
of sea green precious jade  
its masts festooned with golden signs  
I could not understand

Its body was quite cunning formed  
with intricate designs  
of wings and curvy ornaments  
quite masterfully made

Yet heavy was its voyaging  
upon the jade green waves  
and heavy chains did weigh it down  
which could not be undone

When I awoke I realized  
that earthly goods can choke  
no matter how they tempt the eye  
with richest brocade gleams

Oh let me be released from gold  
and jade and precious gems  
and things that tempt the eye and soul  
and keep me plugging on

Let me abandon that jade ship  
appearing in my dreams  
let me latch on to wings of birds  
that toward heaven soar

There are no chains in our fair sky  
just freedom from all bonds  
more beautiful than chains of jade  
are heaven's towers of clouds

I dreamed about a dragon ship  
of sea green precious jade  
its masts festooned with golden signs  
I could not understand.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Dream Of Nonsense

Some children in churches  
And foxes in boxes  
And forest edged trailers  
stood out in my dream

The Bushes were skiing  
on mountains of seaweed  
Where horses ate candy  
and clowns blew on reeds

Some housemaids were fighting  
On trams going nowhere  
A night train blew shotguns  
Right out of its stack

I woke up and wondered  
What psyche possessed me  
What roads much less traveled  
Would give me a clue

But all this eludes me  
While drinking my coffee  
My guess is the pizza  
Last night was no good.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Dreams Remembered

Dreams remembered dreams forgotten  
From mind's deepest caves begotten  
Harsh kaleidoscopic showers  
Bursting forth in midnight hours  
Fill the darkened dormitory  
Of my pristine sanctuary

Fornications full of fouless  
Flying horses in gold harness  
Stealing baubles from a queen  
Who becomes a jug of cream  
Spoiling sanity and order  
Blotting blurring daylight's border

Slowly dawn brings birds' soft twitter  
Will their calls wipe out the litter  
Of the sins of night committed  
Hidden from those hours more fitted  
To obeisance and respect  
Inwardly though quite suspect

Dreams remembered dreams forgotten  
From mind's deepest caves begotten  
Harsh kaleidoscopic showers  
Bursting forth in midnight hours  
Fill the darkened dormitory  
Of my pristine sanctuary.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Drifter

When others go to sleep at night  
I wake to find  
a world of darkness  
Void of sight  
And I unwind

When others laugh  
in restaurants  
I feel a certain chill.  
I sneak and wander  
to my haunts  
An alley dark is my thrill.

The world of care,  
of near and dear  
I never knew.  
Their sounds are strange  
For me to hear  
I sleep in dew.

Today a soul in friendship  
Held my shaky hand  
It seemed as if a cozy spot  
Was saved for me to stand.

But then I saw  
the alley dark  
was calling me.

My shaky hand  
pulled back at once  
And the friend  
withdrew.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Driven

O how the dreams of youth enchain  
the soul to reach great heights  
heedless of scorching summer days  
or frozen snowbound nights

No mountain seems too harsh to climb  
nor jungle rife with death  
no reef too dangerous to dive  
though it may crunch the breath

Like comets soaring in the sky  
so many fall and crash  
on rocky slopes or desert plains  
buried in sand and ash

Some very few will stay the course  
and find the Holy Grail  
of cures and ways to help mankind  
and breach untrodden trails

O how the dreams of youth enchain  
the soul to reach great heights  
heedless of scorching summer days  
or frozen snowbound nights.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Dry Foot, Wet Eye

Another raft washed to the shore  
another story told  
another incident at sea  
of souls and bodies bold

Of course, we all had heard those tales  
of courage and of pain  
of those who won and those who lost  
and still would try again

Then one day someone shared with me  
an incident of yore  
still burning in her caring heart  
of a rafter washed ashore

Nobody knew who he had been  
no papers and no clothes  
or whether he had built a raft  
or why this voyage chose

He lay there on the salty shore  
with dry feet parched and tanned  
so he was legal and could stay  
in this his promised land

Yet there's a rule above the sea  
beyond the clouds and sky  
that those who enter that fair realm  
had suffered and oft cried

It will not matter if our feet  
were swollen, wet or dry  
as long as we had cared and sought  
to love with tearful eyes

Another raft washed to the shore  
another story told  
another incident at sea  
of souls and bodies bold.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Dwelling Place

I've lived in very many rooms  
Some fancy, some austere  
But in the end abandoned them  
For other homes more dear

□  
But in my often rocky path  
My striving spirit sought  
A place to rest the limbs and soul  
That can't be sold or bought

□  
I heard of dwelling in the word  
And thought 'how could that be'  
Was there a house with roof and walls  
Built way beyond the sea?

□  
A nightly vision came to me  
Where angels fashioned walls  
With bricks of faith and stones of truth  
Creating timeless halls

□  
Oh, that is where I want to live  
A permanent abode  
Unmoved by storms or winds of change  
With God's firm word bestowed

□  
I've lived in very many rooms  
Some fancy, some austere  
But in the end abandoned them  
For other homes more dear.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Eesti

There is a land so far away  
A land of many days  
Though small, it has a staying power  
Enduring conquests' craze

Hard centuries of strife and woe  
Long bled it with sharp spears  
Defending it, we spilled our lives  
In native rivers' tears

Its people kept a song alive  
And called it Kalev's son  
A hero keeping hope alive  
When all was bombs and guns

The day came when this little land  
Was freed from cruel whips  
And olden, secret, hidden dreams  
Now sounded from all lips

It took a chorus of the brave  
Who had but one great song  
Created from the sounds of pain  
A revolution strong

It's good to hail from that small place  
Where people shun all force  
Who'd rather find their freedom's shore  
With God as their one source

There is a land so far away  
A land of many days  
Though small, it has a staying power  
Enduring conquests' craze.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# El Faro

'Steel sinks, ' is what the captain said  
a truth all sailors knew  
yet till the sea has dried to dust  
men yearn to sail anew

they full well knew a nasty storm  
was headed straight on course  
but they were braced and weathered souls  
their ship an iron horse

they didn't blink or hesitate  
when plowing past the Hole  
the final outpost on the trip  
last chance for safety's fold

the captain felt it in his gut  
this craft would stay the course  
had it not lumbered thirty years  
tight schedules to enforce?

the men aboard a close knit team  
El Faro would be proud  
when through the challenge of the storm  
they'd port to cheering crowds

of course a lot of things could fail  
malfunctions, glitches, ropes  
but all were trained to fix things up  
with swift and mastered strokes

had not El Faro found a name  
with ships that would not fail  
delivering their heavy loads  
when others would not sail?

none was prepared for that small knell  
none ever lived to tell  
why at that moment of that hour  
the engine went to hell

the sea released a jealous rage  
and spun the wheel of luck  
to call proud sailors on their plan  
Joaquin's path to buck

a wave that tipped this mass of steel  
tossed tons of metal pounds  
containers filled and vehicles  
no time for Mayday sounds

the morning light that rainy dawn  
found no ship pull to port  
no warning and no news was heard  
no sounds and no reports

the destination of the load  
of cargo and its men  
now rests where many journeys end  
the sea floor's darkened den

gray seagull squawks above the waves  
join songs of those who deal  
to live or die by placing bets  
on Neptune's storm drenched wheel

'Steel sinks, ' is what the captain said  
a truth all sailors knew  
yet till the sea has dried to dust  
men yearn to sail anew.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Elfin Woodland

They call it Elfin Woodland  
A forest stunted, bent  
Pressed down by nature's hard hand  
In rarefied torment

On slopes too high to venture  
Snow, wind too strong to bear  
Dwell trees by fate indentured  
For hardship to prepare

They form a tight-knit picket  
To ward off hiker's boots  
A forest tundra thicket  
With stubborn, twisted roots

They bend as blankets hover  
In winter's weighty press  
Then stretch small shoots to heaven  
In spring thaw's blessedness

I, too, have been much stunted  
By loves and hopes gone wrong  
My feelings frozen, blunted  
Throat choked to silence song

Like dwarf pine blocked from growing  
To tall and stately trees  
I bend and twist not knowing  
What my full growth could be

They call it Elfin Woodland  
A forest stunted, bent  
Pressed down by nature's harsh hand  
In rarefied torment.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# End Of Dry Spell

How soft and cooling are the drops  
of summer rain upon my face  
they gently toss my board straight locks  
then tickle nose and cheeks embrace

Ah summer rain like heaven's tears  
to wash away all cares and fears  
keep coming down till ditches swell  
and break the back of this dry spell.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Espanola Way

They called you shabby lady  
Vile, troubled, violent.  
Cocaine flowed freely, wildly  
Bodies twisted, spent.

You pulled me to your bosom  
Held me with iron grip  
Till veins and brains  
Were shattered  
Body scarred by cruel whip

Today I've found my freedom  
I do not walk your way  
Today I laugh and frolic  
And play

But in the night I wonder  
When moon hits darkened strand  
Oh cruel street and lover  
Would you still hold my hand?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# European Places

Window-panes of memory scan  
European places  
Copper roofs with towers cragged  
Rise from broken traces.

Was it Munich or Coblenz  
Women wore silk stockings?  
Pear trees kissed a sky quite cold  
Tempting children's gazes.

Railroad stations big as barns  
Silently embracing  
Interrupted lives, quite torn  
Fleeing timeworn spaces.

Did the farmer leave his kin,  
Dog, goat, hand-hewn plow,  
Did the old man miss his cat  
Thrown from wagon's tow?

Rolands tall in stony pride  
Still hold towns together  
Foreign boots on cobblestones  
Couldn't change the weather.

Shattered memories fill the mind  
Much like cunning laces  
Will the day break when they leave  
European places?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Evening Houses

It's autumn now  
Leaves fallen covering the summer earth  
Hiding traces of harvest  
Acorns scattered by north winds  
Palace windows shuttered now  
Divans covered with sheets  
No sign of life

A little box of jewels lies scattered  
On a cold stone floor  
Pearls still warm from embracing  
A royal neck, a lovely one

Pink velvet graced with silver beads  
The box will never feel again  
The touch of graceful princess fingers  
Seeking just the right emerald  
The right bauble  
To go with the pale satin gown

There are no more parties  
No cotillions  
No more violins and chandeliers

For it's autumn now  
The leaves have covered up the glory  
The grandeur

Now all that remain  
Are evening houses  
Evening memories  
And a little pink velvet box.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Evening Question

The day wears down its hours  
the shadows lengthen now  
the sounds of laughter ebbing  
as mothers hush their kids

Have my frail hands been useful  
have my feet trod firm paths  
has my worn heart remembered  
dear people from the past

Have I sent loving prayers  
to friend and foe alike  
or have I wasted moments  
so precious and so few?

□

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Evening Visit

The sky turns pink and purple soon  
the evening veils descend  
my thoughts fly gently on the sea  
where time and distance blend

Again I walk upon the sands  
of ancient Galilee  
and rest on Jordan's windy shores  
beyond the cedar trees

I love to sit and listen to  
the words of our dear Lord  
and watch disciples gently smile  
with love and one accord

When evening falls I love to hear  
Ezekiel, Son of Man  
be carried by the spirit's wings  
to hear God's warning plan

How wonderful to know the word  
and prophecies of old  
have been fulfilled to eyes that see  
and ears that hear what's told

The sky turns pink and purple soon  
the evening veils descend  
my thoughts fly gently on the sea  
where time and distance blend.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Eventide

He sits and ponders who knows what  
What stirs within the heart  
of a lone soul who left the crowd  
to meditate apart

The air is still the birds have flown  
not even lizards stir  
the bay now calm no boats to stir  
the sea beyond the palms  
the sun a hazy memory  
faint glow past silhouettes  
of city buildings' darkened forms  
asleep without regrets

There is a time there is a place  
and none can tell just when  
a force beyond the daily grind  
draws men time and again  
to seek perspective and to feel  
the call of nature's song  
to meld with sunsets and the bay  
and right what may be wrong

He sits and ponders who knows what  
What stirs within the heart  
of a lone soul who left the crowd  
to meditate apart.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Everest Invitation

There is a distant mountain  
Far from oft traveled roads  
Some call it Chomolungma  
A peak of unknown codes

They speak of it in whispers  
They do not dare reveal  
Fears of the ancient dangers  
The craggy slopes conceal

It wears a shroud of cloud plumes  
To hide a mighty peak  
The natives dare not look there  
Well knowing its mystique

None dare to set their courses  
Without rapt prayer and thought  
To scale that mighty boulder  
That hack men's ways to nought

Yet there's an invitation  
This summit near the sky  
Still holds for thirsting mortals  
and those who often cry

Though they may languish daily  
In alleys dank and foul  
There is a way of climbing  
The mount that conquers soul

The feet of him that bringeth  
Good tidings to mankind  
How beautiful his feet are  
On mountains of the mind

There is an invitation  
A supplication dear  
To reach for great good tidings  
And draw salvation near

There is a distant mountain  
Far from oft traveled roads  
Some call it Chomolungma  
A peak of unknown codes.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Everglades

Silent you languish  
dark echoes of ghost orchids  
heard only by me.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Everglades Morning

Slow summer dawn nudges a mourning dove brood  
White ibises gather to forage for food  
In snowy assurance proud egrets alight  
Their liquid reflection a graceful delight  
Slim wading birds carefully survey the swamp  
Where crocodile death jaws are waiting to chomp

This camp in the wild is my last hope to find  
Some meaning and purpose in life's painful grind  
I watch from a hammock of canvas and rope  
Estranged from emotions, unable to cope  
Yet creatures around me with vigor display  
A dignified courage in nature's harsh fray

My rambling, how different - fear follows each stride  
Evading broad highways I cower wayside  
Ungainly days shrivel like Glade grass to fold  
As tropical darkness turns weeds into mold  
How can I gain courage from Everglade ways  
Rise high with bold saw stalks in trade winds to sway?

Aningas now flutter and settle on shrubs  
Dispelling black thoughts that infest me like grubs  
Perhaps I can linger and hide in a cay  
Absorb ancient secrets of herons at play  
Watch wood storks and otters impart trust and skill  
Blend in with creation as God does his will.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Evil Patisserie

Treats and sweets and tortes and cakes  
Cherries, berries, chocolate flakes  
My firm resolutions break  
Goodness, oh, for goodness sake!

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Eyes

In times before our maker breathed into the form of man  
A spirit rarer than the work of goldsmiths famed of old  
Since then so many seekers tried to hunt and search it out  
For after all we have the brains and free will without bounds

So many lives have now been spent in search of that rare brook  
Solutions to the universe and where all truth was born  
Yet like the eyes set in a face their owner cannot see  
What often is so plainly viewed by those who walk nearby

In much the same way answers lie upon a neighbor's face  
Because the world is in one's heart and shows up in the eyes  
Of others never in the seeker's mind though he may try and try  
Since all the answers shine quite bright when I look in your eyes.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Eyes And Lies

The eyes, they say, can't tell a lie  
they're windows to the soul  
it seems to me that this applies  
before life takes its toll

Young people who still have some dreams  
although the road gets hard  
have eyes that brim with anguished pain  
as goals and loves are marred

Who can escape the agony  
of trying to grow up  
who can erase what childhood held  
who can avoid this cup?

Who blinds himself to what is real  
who dares put up a front  
whose gaze a door forever shut  
and speech a string of grunts?

The eyes, they say, can't tell a lie  
they're windows to the soul  
it seems to me that this applies  
before life takes its toll.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Eyes Of Argos

The myths of time have spoken  
Of creatures who can see  
In every known direction  
On land and far off sea

They speak of porters vigils  
Of those who never sleep  
Of mighty feats of courage  
Of eyes that can not weep

They mention acts of treason  
Of kindness and of hate  
Of awesome transformation  
To form a tempting bait

They tell of royal peacocks  
Whose grand resplendent sprays  
Are spread with eyes of Argos  
In watchful feathered gaze

Today those myths are fables  
Some silly, idle tales  
But is there something watching  
From preening peacock tails?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Fair Field

I go a'walking in a fair field  
Where smiling flowers face the sun  
Feet sinking into cool grass  
Toes wiggling just for fun

I spent too many years a'trudging  
Alone and blinded by my quest  
To reach high glory mountains  
No time to talk or rest

The seasons wore on as my feet bled  
Harsh rocks cut into skin and soles  
Then one day without warning  
I tripped upon a knoll

"Where are you headed? " asked a low voice  
"You look like you could use some rest."  
"Oh yes, " I quickly answered  
To that unseen request

Then suddenly the mountain melted  
It turned into a green plateau  
My feet felt a new vigor  
Wild flowers touched my toes

No longer do I yearn to scale peaks  
You'll find me in that field hard-won  
Where friends are always welcome  
To skip and laugh for fun.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Fairy Tales

Trolls and blackbirds chasing sprites  
gnarly wizards of the bogs  
dragonflies or moles in tights  
prancing midnight dancing frogs

Such are characters that dwell  
with small children wide of eye  
from the stories parents tell  
who would guess it's all a lie?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Fallow Field

Today I saw a fallow field  
Where last year rows of grain had grown  
On warm earth resting from past chores  
Dry reeds now formed a gentle shield

It called to mind a wayside wood  
Where under brambles' silent gaze  
A haunting lover tried and failed  
To woo me and be understood

Too long had I heard pounding sounds  
Of trucks and tractors tilling land  
Brash motors buzzing day and night  
Collecting wheat in giant mounds

My soul yearned for a different food  
That neither corn nor wheat nor grain  
Could satisfy my restless life  
That somehow languished in lone woods

A yearning overwhelmed my breast  
To run away to distant coves  
A place where evenings never end  
And bruised birds rest in broken nests

Where are the morsels I need taste  
Not harvested from fertile rows  
Small seeds in forlorn fallow fields  
Farmhands on tractors call a waste

This feeble poem is my cry  
Trickling in drops of fragile words  
An unheard wail expressing pain  
Of love that wilted and may die

Is there a force that makes things grow  
A something that may bring relief  
For tread down soil and torn up hearts  
Unfit to plant or till or sow

Where lies a shelter for dashed hopes  
Lost love to bloom against all odds  
Where clumsy wooing turns to joy  
Freed from abuse of long held ropes

Is it too late to seek that quest  
Awakened by a damaged soul  
Oh let me hope that fallow field  
Will show me where my healing rests.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Farmers Market

There is a custom tried and true  
in villages and towns  
where people gather buying goods  
and trade with fruits they've grown

Sometimes they meet just once a month  
sometimes a day each week  
and in some larger settlements  
they daily buy and seek

But oft unnoticed and unsung  
are plain clad country folk  
who sit so patient at their stands  
and ne'er a thought evoke

Their hands are rough and faces deep  
with wrinkles from much toil  
they smell of sweat and never lose  
the traces of earth soil

Some days but very few will buy  
those beets or butter beans  
some days what was quite fresh in morn  
is turned to brown from green

A woman old and timeworn sat  
face motionless eyes low  
and with her gnarled hands tenderly  
arranged her fruits in rows

I wondered what her life was like  
and why she did not scoff  
when what had been with patience grown  
would soon be bartered off

She looked with timeless gaze upon  
slick bargain seekers' pleas  
and those who picked and squeezed each fruit  
and those who stole with ease

She wore the same clothes every week  
her hair tight in a bun  
and every week she'd give a snack  
to beggars who had none

We all have lives to live and ways  
to spend our earthly days  
and even oft unnoticed folk  
serve with their patient ways

There is a custom worn and tried  
in villages and towns  
where people gather to buy goods  
and trade with fruits they've grown.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Father, Don'T Go Yet

Father, don't go yet.  
Wait till I can tell you that I love you  
Till I bring you a poem to make you smile.  
Wait till I can bring you morsels  
To strengthen your tired limbs.

Don't go yet.  
You must tell me of the lilac bushes  
Of the summers on the farm  
Of how mother was young once.  
Tell me how beautiful she was.

Don't go yet father.  
There is so much I want to tell you  
So much I want to ask  
That you never heard,  
I never asked

For if you go  
Only the mango trees will know,  
Only the pines.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Final Fire

A dark brown wicker basket  
on my wooden porch  
brims with fragrant apples.

Afternoon's warm and dusty veil  
absorbs the silent messages  
from thin tall pine trees  
towering behind the roof.

The pungent smell of turpentine  
Mixed with ripe apples  
Fills my nose.

A lone orange leaf on the vine  
calls, no shouts  
to neighboring plants  
and me:

'It is my final fire.  
Celebrate today.  
It is my final fire.'

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Finally Detached By Michael Leo Morrison

Finally detached and I'm so glad  
That I'm no longer treating you bad  
I no longer fear or shed a tear for  
Sad days and rays of light.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Fireflies

While villagers in slumber lie  
Rhymes crowd my mind like crickets  
And swarms of sparkling fireflies  
Landing on night's dark thickets

Foreboding shadows of dark birds  
Are brightened by those elves  
Soaring in flights of graceful words  
Skipping among themselves

My window sill in silver light  
Now beckons me to choose  
Descend to an eternal night  
Or dance with poets muse

While villagers in slumber lie  
Songs rise from hidden bowers  
Poetic thoughts like fireflies  
Alight in nightly hours.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Fishes Of The Sea

A long, long time ago the word  
came to a man of God  
a warning of what was to come  
to nations deeply flawed

'Blood toucheth blood, ' is what was seen  
back in those ancient days  
and time would come when beasts and fowls  
would slowly waste away

A mourning and a day of grief  
a prophecy unveiled  
would surely fall upon the land  
where truth and mercy failed

A warning of a time to come  
when birds fall from the skies  
and creatures of the field die off  
and people cheat and lie

A long, long time ago the word  
came to a man of God  
a warning of what was to come  
to nations deeply flawed.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Fishing For Love

A weeping willow touched the water  
As evening breezes held their breath  
You poured the white Chianti  
And tore a loaf of bread  
Blue evening hovered  
As falling stars  
Dropped their nets  
To catch  
Love

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Fleeting Thought

Thoughts of days long gone away  
Hymns sung in a humble way  
Pious hands in kind laps lay  
Fingers crossed to gently pray

Windows letting in God's light  
Softening the coming night  
Eyes still red from streams of tears  
Holding on though long in years

Thoughts of days long gone away  
Hymns sung in a humble way  
Pious hands in kind laps lay  
Fingers crossed to gently pray.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Florida Acrostic

Faded denims wrap jaded New Yorkers;  
Latin pinatas grace holiday porkers.  
Okies with dusty pick-up tags  
Run into troopers looking for bags.  
Immigration gets a run for its money;  
Dames trick you with leche and honey  
As lobster red Euros soak up the old sunny.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Forbidden Places

There are places I won't go  
Caves not meant for me to know  
Layers couched in hidden veils  
Ragged sailors' phantom tales

There are fountains hid from view  
Rustling in a thickened dew  
Coursing out of sacred sites  
Etched in ruins of primal rites

There are sights I must not see  
Paths of prisoners who flee  
Refugees with knotted sacks  
Bulging on their sweaty backs

There are faces very rare  
Shaped by years of pain and care  
Eyes I would not dare to meet  
Hallowed hands and timeworn feet

I won't stand on holy ground  
Nor approach a hallowed mound  
Seeking for a rock or word  
Few have ever seen or heard

May I wander close to home  
Fill my shoes with sandy loam  
Never look beyond the fence  
Shunning danger's recompense

Let this be my only goal  
Eating gruel from a bowl  
In a little wayside spot  
Daily welcoming my lot

Let me relish each small breath  
Feel my pulse averting death  
Thankful for each moment's hue  
Ever giving You Your due.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Forces At Play

The forces that shape us  
like moulding of clay  
are myriad powers  
at work every day

From youth to adulthood  
our feelings evolve  
as changing conditions  
engage and involve

They hammer our senses  
and tug at our hearts  
no one is exempted  
we must play our part

Sometimes we are victims  
of unconquered fears  
and slow to be healing  
as months turn to years

Yet who is among us  
to stand up and say  
the person you see here  
can't find his own way

The forces and sources  
and fears of our lives  
are partners much closer  
than most can surmise

The forces that shape us  
like moulding of clay  
are infinite powers  
at work every day.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Four Horsemen In The Night

They came as always unannounced  
dark harbingers of fear  
four horsemen galloping again  
upon my soul's frontier

the moon looked on from shrouded clouds  
but could not help my plight  
as hooves of terror marred my back  
on that bewildered night

The foaming mouths and fiery eyes  
the veils of stark despair  
were much too strong for man or beast  
to conquer or to bear

The dust from hoofbeats formed a cloud  
that blotted out my will  
as flaring nostrils spewed forth flames  
destruction to fulfill

When morning came I found myself  
in sheets wrapped into knots  
around my sweaty arms and legs  
imprisoned on my cot

I saw no sign of hooves or whips  
or flames of terror's plight  
the morning sun looked unconcerned  
that I survived the night.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Fourth Of July At The Senior Center

Of course they wore their red, white and blues  
They always did the Wednesday before the Fourth  
After all, they might not all live to see the Fourth  
Being they were seniors  
And didn't always eat the right thing  
Particularly when a rich chocolate cake  
Or a very drippy barbecue rib  
Was put in front of them

The line dancers did their thing  
Dressed in white tops  
'I love America' largely in view  
Along with the head  
Of the Statue of Liberty  
Their jeans and cowboy boots  
Went nicely with red plastic western hats

The woman from Kossovo  
Was particularly lively  
Right next to the gal from Vietnam  
Whose profile was orientally slimmer  
Than that of the octogenarian  
From White Russia

The gals with horsehair crinolines  
And bright red gartered cowgirls  
Were born and bred  
In our heartland, that's for sure.  
Their Western twang resounded happily  
With heavy accents of exotic birth  
And warmer, guttural sounds  
From Kirghiz or Ukraine.

A woman, well dressed  
Particularly for a ninety year old  
let her cane rest  
On the long table covered  
With many designs of Old Glory  
And shimmied and shook

To the tune of the Bossa Nova  
Loudly blaring from  
A hoarse loudspeaker.

The Kosovo lady outdid  
Dale Evans and Roy Rogers,  
Not to mention Gene Autry  
And Willie Nelson  
Her smile and snappy step  
Said it all, as did her T-shirt:  
'God Bless America.'

Her husband, a reserved type  
Sat properly at the head of the table  
Filled with seniors in different states  
Of wolfing down their barbecue sandwiches  
And chocolate cupcakes  
Surrounded by a myriad of flags  
The same colors as their outfits.  
The husband had a pensive look  
Amid the laughter and the fun.

I wondered as I watched this golden panorama  
What tragic fate brought them from Kosovo  
From Vietnam, from wherever?  
Then I looked up at the balloons tied to  
Each festive table.  
I knew the seniors did not have the breath  
To blow them up without machines  
Even though their lungs were strong  
When they danced to burn the floor.

Thoughts of Kosovo and Vietnam  
Quickly disappeared among the  
Laughter and the love in that old senior center  
I knew then that the good old U.S.A.  
Ain't dead yet.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Free From The Maze

My heart is amazed  
my head a bit dazed  
I'm free from the maze  
of troublesome days

These are the days  
I have been waiting for  
these are the songs  
I have been searching for  
these are the dances  
I never danced before

My heart is amazed  
my head a bit dazed  
I'm free from the maze  
of troublesome days.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# French Revolution

Time came when burlap and coarse cloth  
had been trod down into dark mud  
so deep, so dark, so hopeless then  
it seemed to vanish into peat

Yet as with fires beneath the ground  
they smolder, spreading till one day  
a great eruption bursts the seams  
and all old wounds are brought to light

Thus was the scene in France that hour  
when everything seemed lost and torn  
then did the Bastille brick by brick  
become a symbol of that schist

The feudal fabric that was France  
was stomped by dreams and hands of men  
as spirit vanquished privilege  
and hopes of mankind's freedom soared

But that was oh, so long ago  
yet I must keep my soul on fire  
attentive to attempts to squelch  
my hopes, my dreams, my freedom's gifts

Time came when burlap and coarse cloth  
had been trod down into deep mud  
so deep, so dark, so hopeless then  
it seemed to turn to bog and peat.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Friends Are A Garden

So surely do life's pathways wend  
toward a distant unknown end  
forks in the road mark painful bends  
that heart and soul and body rend

Time our companion helps to mend  
those hurts on which release depends  
serenity at last attends  
the few who seek to make amends

May I be diligent to tend  
that precious garden and intend  
to nourish it and often send  
my love to timeworn, dear old friends.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# From Cuba, With Love

The mangos are perfection,  
the sugar cane is high.  
a dark hand with direction  
wipes the tear from your eye.

Your poem is already written  
your people breathe it now  
the love that took your freedom  
that love has saved you now.

The gulls of Vardadero  
are white in dress  
the air is ruc with rhythms  
the cry - togetherness!

Your calloused hands  
are soft now  
no want or need today  
love has returned to Cuba  
to stay, to stay.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# From The Clouds

There is a poem in the sky  
that's waiting to be found  
it's hiding couched in drifting clouds  
without a shape or sound

It calls me as I walk along  
the sunny street of day  
how can I pull it down to earth  
and shape what it would say?

Somehow it seems to shadow me  
and wake me in the night  
until I stir my sleepy hand  
and then begin to write

When dawn arrives I note the words  
and find a lovely gift  
a poem sent for me to share  
from clouds that gently drift.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Funny Girl

They call me a romantic  
They say I wear it well  
I am their entertainment  
A funny girl, a swell

The clowning and the laughter  
Fit me much like a glove  
For fleeting hours forgetting  
The hell of my dark love

I thought of Pagliacci  
His greasepaint smeared with tears  
You came to me raw branded  
In flames of lust much seared

There was a tiny kernel  
A diamond, oh, so rough  
That melded us together  
But it was not enough

Our love was like a circus  
It came to town one day  
With glossy candy apples  
And then it went away

Today I watch the 'carnies'  
They raise thin cardboard walls  
Where freaks and midgets frolic  
Amusing one and all

They call me a romantic  
They say I wear it well  
I am their entertainment  
A funny girl, a swell.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Galactic Girl

Distant comet whirl cotillions  
Float beyond white milk strewn millions  
While in interstellar billows  
Rise new stars from spinning willows.

You were born of brilliant showers  
Past the reach of piercing light years  
Boiling bowels of creation  
Asteroids and souls conception  
Formed a girl of rare perception.

You were meant to cut through darkness  
Though the cut would bleed your turning  
Coursing through a dark red yearning  
Offered love to mortal burning.

As the universe expanded  
A small planet was upended  
Secret cipher of the Maker  
No one guessed till it was ended.

Nebulas of rare excitement  
Paled and bowed at tiny pulses  
Matchless in their faultless function  
Though they fell to final unction.

Not a creature knew the difference  
Neither grasped the axis reference  
Who or what it was that deemed  
That blue planet was supreme.

Horse head nebulas soon neighed  
At that sparkling globe the focus  
Of grace some called hocus-pocus  
While they honored stellar dust  
As truth crumbled into rust.

No one noticed one small female  
Nor did she reveal her birthright

Only those whose songs broke fetters  
Could respond as she loosed shackles  
Unsung Atlas liberated  
While the wise tracked far off places.

You were born of brilliant showers  
Past the reach of piercing light years  
Boiling bowels of creation  
Asteroids and souls conception  
Formed a girl of rare perception.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Game Over

How often did I play the game  
and chant to others tunes  
until I ended up alone  
on autumn afternoons

It's hard to take a feeble step  
when you don't know the dance  
it's hard to find a melody  
that's never had a chance

It's hard to find out you have lived  
a lie, a sad charade  
it's hard to try to find a voice  
in neon lit arcades

It's hard to be a puppeteer  
when others pulled your strings  
it's hard to leave the carnival  
and spread your broken wings

It's hard to walk the other way  
and leave the bright parade  
it's hard to shed ill-fitting robes  
unmask the masquerade

How often did I play the game  
and chant to others tunes  
until I ended up alone  
on autumn afternoons?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Garments

I want my day's journey to be embraced  
By the cleansing power of grace  
It's gentle touch slowing my halting steps  
In life's ever maddening race

I want to be wrapped in the folds of truth  
Feet shod with sure sandals of trust  
My head and my hands held firm in love's bands  
And humble cloak worn by the just

I want to be dressing green vineyards of him  
Who planted and watered the trees  
So when night descends and the harvest is done  
The maker of all I may please.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Garments Of Faith

May I be cloaked in garments  
sewn with taut threads of faith  
protecting from tempests  
and cruel blows of life

May it be thick and warming  
to huddle from the frost  
of icebergs harsh colliding  
and avalanches tossed

May I be shod with sandals  
the kind the Master wore  
to brace against the vipers  
and desert blister sores

My fingers, oh so feeble,  
may they bear just one ring  
no end and no beginning  
eternal love to bring

And may my mouth be silent  
so I could hear his word  
still speaking from the heavens  
and by creation heard

My eyes may they look upward  
way deep into the blue  
beyond the clouds and starlight  
from whence my soul once flew

May I be cloaked in garments  
sewn with taut threads of faith  
protecting from tempests  
and cruel blows of life.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Ghetto

The day is gloomy, gray the sky  
Yet in this room it's warm and dry  
I dread to go and face the fray  
On streets where demons hold full sway.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Gift Of Faith

No walls can hold so great a gift  
no cave or soaring tower  
nor bomb nor dynamite can smash  
no dungeon quench its power

It breaks the bonds of ignorance  
and pierces through thick veils  
of deep depression and of dread  
through hurricanes prevails

The chains of hate bind harsh and strong  
but are no match for it  
no shackles and no prison stalls  
can hold their own from it

There is no storm or undertow  
that it can't overcome  
nor moldy tomb or pall of death  
that to it won't succumb

No walls can hold so great a gift  
no cave or soaring tower  
nor bomb nor dynamite can smash  
no dungeon quench its power.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Gifts Of Aging

When I'm too frail to travel  
and yearnings of my youth  
to search in far off islands  
for hidden tropic truths  
have shriveled into wishes  
to never be fulfilled  
because my bones and sinews  
are stiff through age and chilled:

A hidden window opens  
that's never been explored  
and soon a glow emerges  
of treasures long ignored

My mind begins to wander  
to Shangri-Las of yore  
bright nebulas and starbursts  
quite overlooked before

My spirit now emerges  
to heights and depths galore  
and soon the heart is singing  
songs from a distant shore.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Girl From India

It was a dreary discount store  
The merchandise was cheap  
Rough people shopped and tended it  
With odds and ends in heaps

Some businessmen from India  
Imported shoddy goods  
The buyers never gave a hoot  
And grabbed what they could loot

I chanced to pass that way one night.  
'Miss, would you have some glue? '  
'We just ran out, the store will close  
There's nothing I can do.'

I was already on the street  
When it occurred to me  
A pure and shiny dropping tear  
Was resting on her eye.

What heartbreak caused this pure, small tear  
In such a mundane store?  
Was there a young man left behind  
That she would see no more?

Would Ghengis or some other stream  
Drown pangs and pains of love  
Her kindred never knowing why  
They lost their little dove.

That single tear seemed out of place  
Just like that little girl  
Who'd take a notice in their rush  
Or who would even care?

Such moments in a shabby store  
While looking at a tear  
Are moments in my flow of life  
So small and yet so dear.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Glades Forever

Golden skiffs glide silently  
Night drops slow, then suddenly  
Gators croak and soak in glade  
Herons rest in mangrove shade

Silent is the Everglades  
Hatching ancient sawgrass blades  
Dark primordial rookery  
Miccosukee sorcery

Men have tried to conquer it  
Digging sludge and chewing grit  
Black machetes took their toll  
Slashing young palmettoes soul

Hearts of palm and hearts of terns  
Fed the men who slept in ferns  
Poling skiffs with bottoms flat  
Killing, skinning otters fat

Tawny panthers were their prey  
Feathers, plumes of yesterday  
Ladies hats adorned in style  
Gold in pockets for a while

Lonesome stands the Everglade  
Razed and beaten, like a maid  
Blind you wander, past your prime,  
Windward leeward, like a mime

Panthers fell with silent thud  
Gator holes now filled with mud  
Soon the sawgrass, wild oats too  
Abdicate to concrete's zoo

Yet when men and dogs do sleep  
I can hear the lady weep  
Through the throats of herons blue  
Ghosts of Indians will court you

Just because you're growing bare  
You still nurture orchids rare  
And when progress blows away  
You'll arise, and show the way.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Glades Night

As night descends upon the Glades  
day sounds are filtered out  
nocturnal creatures slowly wake  
to slither roundabout

Frogs croak in perfect harmony  
as they have always done  
and water moccasins now bask  
on spots warmed by day's sun

Brown alligators and the gnats  
teem in this muddy marsh  
they swim and fly and pass time by  
though life is often harsh

The cawing of a distant bird  
the flutter of dark wings  
is heard under a darkened moon  
as ghosts of natives sing

There was a time when tribes long gone  
made homes among the reeds  
ignoring pain of sawgrass blades  
to harvest hardship's seeds

Few can remember who they were  
or why they chose this swamp  
or who destroyed their ways and lives  
and hallowed customs stomped

Unnoticed are the undertones  
of souls who lived before  
beneath the swampy symphonies  
by ghostly tribes of yore

When summer moon the sea of grass  
its silver sparkle lends  
it promises to hallow those  
whose ways came to an end.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Glen Of The Glades

I read about a man today  
Who rambled ancient glades and bays  
In Florida's forgotten days  
When Indian mounds and gator holes  
Were teeming wild and rich with life

I read about a man today  
Scarred from a life in hardship's fray  
Of skeeter welts deep blade grass cuts  
And hellish men with high-blown struts  
Defacing lands with prideful plots

I read about a man today  
Who watched bold speculators craze  
Corrupt time honored lowly ways  
Treading on secret treasured stays  
Of nature in its golden days

I read about a man today  
Who wept as progress took its sway  
Canals and roads soon pierced the breast  
Cremating what was bright and best  
Of his beloved Everglades

I read about a man today  
Who saw Cape Sable turn to gray  
Still dreaming of those times of yore  
When shells and cowries shone so white  
Below blue herons splendid flight

I read about a man today  
His eyes now dimmed by clouds of age  
Who poled for grits by hunting hides  
Saw marsh and blue expanse of sky  
Soon fill with air boats and blow flies

I read about a man today  
He's way too old to even try  
To bring back what's now dead and dry

But wonders if just one soul cares  
That wildlife burned in rich men's snares

I read about a man today  
Who stopped his scribbles on the page  
Still hearing key deer haunting bleats  
Small critters snuffing out in peat  
Tread down my rangers careless feet

God bless that man his name is Glen  
I may not see him e'er again  
One thing's for sure I'm glad we met  
My life is brighter just to know  
Someone somewhere still cares somehow.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Glistening Palms

The night was ominously dim,  
When I ran from my past.  
A small hotel by ocean's rim,  
Road's end, escape at last.

A torrid downpour soon assailed,  
Hard pounding windowpanes.  
I watched while helpless palm trees flailed  
By sandy seaside lanes.

Their arms like twisted, magic wands,  
In tropic rain did trip.  
Storm twisted, lashed dark, graceful fronds,  
Firm ground they barely gripped.

The summer promised much more rain,  
A somber premonition,  
Youth's unrelenting growing pain,  
Not heeding intuition.

How greedily I breathed that hot,  
Soul draining humid air.  
While hopes, like scrub oaks, turned to rot,  
Slim palms were always there.

This soil brought love and children too,  
We weathered storms and calms.  
In humble cottages they grew,  
But always there were palms.

The years and seasons quickly flew.  
In sun and rain life glistened,  
While stately palms our faith renewed,  
If we would only listen.

The day has come when many say,  
'Let's leave here, it is time  
For greener pastures far away.  
Why languish in this clime? '

My eyes then fill with hazy dreams.  
Palm branches gently wave.  
Their silky arms implore, it seems,  
'Stay here, your love we crave.'

I never noticed until now,  
Those branches are like gold.  
Amid the green, resilient boughs  
Lights glower in their folds.

How could I leave a land that's held  
My fragile life so long,  
Embracing with exotic warmth,  
While palm fronds played their song?

Sunset of age brings gentle ease.  
I don't regret the past.  
Lithe fingers of those faithful trees  
Will cover me at last.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Glory

Glory, glory, glory, glory  
glory be to God  
all the earth reflects his glory  
daily to applaud

There are places never conquered  
depths of oceans never seen  
yet the smallest reed or blossom  
holds great secrets in its gene

Who can fathom stars or planets  
who can measure space and time  
who can conquer the unconquered  
or express in words or rhyme

Lowly creatures in the woodland  
little babes in mothers laps  
understand and trust their maker  
while the prudent fall in traps

Blessed are the ones still seeking  
for that answer only found  
in the heart of our creator  
lifting them to higher ground

Glory, glory, glory, glory  
glory be to God  
all the earth reflects his glory  
daily to applaud.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Goatherd

Diggers found a mask of gold  
In the earth. A king so bold  
Had worn it.

Agamemnon's wealth of old,  
Necklaces with cunning rolled  
Saw daylight.

One man claims he saw the king's  
Mighty face still lingering  
In the soil.

I, a goatherd of that time,  
Ne'er a trace left nor a rhyme  
Of my life.

Skins of goats and sticks of wood  
Substance were of all my goods,  
Home a hut.

Slave I'd been when just a boy.  
It was at the fall of Troy  
I ran away.

Milking goats and roving 'bout  
Was my way of eking  
Out survival.

Far from palaces and moats  
Lay the plot I herded goats  
And then died.

If ever you abandon fame  
And find yourself at Mycenaeum  
In that field

Then rest with me at eventide.  
No mask of gold is there to hide  
My timeworn face.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# God's Grace

Had I not stood on the crater  
of perdition's rocky ledge  
had the spewing of hot lava  
not left skin and nerves on edge

Had the arctic avalanches  
not heaped ice on my frail soul  
I would never have been offered  
life beyond my human role

Had my path been filled with roses  
softest moss and gentle fields  
I would not have cried to heaven  
or to see God's grace revealed.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Good Morning God

The dawn is breaking  
my dreams were heavy  
as the sun climbs  
I have forgotten them all

The energy of the day  
swoops me up  
in its whirlpool  
its magnet  
its magnificence  
and its pathos  
and just being  
sometimes  
just being

Good morning God

I raise my hand  
and wave it  
upward  
that's where  
he must dwell  
somewhere  
beyond everything

Wait a minute  
is he not here  
right now  
in the smallest  
to the biggest?

Of course he is  
I've always known that  
but it's nice  
to raise my hands  
to those blue skies  
and white fluffy clouds  
and just say  
with a wave of the hand

'Hello'

I'd do it to a friend  
wouldn't I?  
So why not  
to the one  
who hopefully  
is the best friend  
I'll ever have?

Lilias Talts Morrison

# Gospel Thoughts

Precious is that ancient story  
not a word is flawed  
all the earth attracts its glory  
like a lightning rod

Gloried are the holy mountains  
where his feet once walked  
ever flowing are the fountains  
where the truth he taught

Though today there are no traces  
of those storied scenes  
we can partake of the graces  
of his love unseen.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Grace Elizabeth

I found a gravestone in the woods  
Concealed by twigs and moss  
Dank leaves its lone memorial  
With branches gently crossed

Kneeling to view this startling find  
I brushed aside the layers  
Then noticed an inscription carved  
On a small stone, now bare

The listing of a woman's name  
Two dates - a birth and death  
Were scant reminders of a soul  
Called Grace Elizabeth

A little more than fifty years  
Had been her time on earth  
By now a century had passed  
Since her forgotten birth

Yet someone added a short mark  
On that abandoned grave  
An adage branded in my heart  
Writ 'neath that woodland nave

This death, it read, was 'Earthly loss'  
She had not died in vain  
For where she went, someone believed,  
Was surely 'Heaven's gain'

If you explore a backwoods path  
Tread soft near gentle mounds  
Beneath the moss and leafy layers  
May well be hallowed ground.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Grandma's Advice

Get back basics  
uncover the source  
early beginnings  
no more remorse

Flighty the fancies  
and frills of fair youth  
old age soon beckons  
with simplest of truths

Eat your potatoes  
and meat if you will  
grind wheat and millet  
on stones in a mill

Say a good word  
in a sentence or two  
fritter not phrases  
nor long speeches spew

Measure your bounty  
In movable chests  
let go of excess  
in attic rats nests

Go to the river  
and take off your shoes  
whistling or singing  
what's there to lose?

Get back basics  
uncover the source  
treasured beginnings  
no more remorse.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Grandma's Kitchen

The old folks retired, this kitchen their dream place  
Bright cupboards so pretty and painted with care  
In colors persimmon and palest of yellow  
With wide open windows to Florida's air

The house a neat pile of local, hard pinewood  
Flanked mangos and melaleucas before  
Till grandma's old hand coaxed life to this acre  
With citrus, tomatoes and palm trees galore

At even she brought in arms full of green bounty  
Fresh from the land, her garden of love  
While grandpa sat neatly and properly called for  
the salad and dinner, and thanked Him above

The kitchen was small, the table quite wobbly  
Chairs mostly mismatched, of different heights  
Yet honesty, order and simple acceptance  
Bathed everything in it with beautiful lights

Each chair was quite special, the family knew it  
Grandfather would always sit by the 'frig  
While mother was close to the sink and the cooking  
Between him and starvation, a steady bridge

How often she gathered the tart calamondins  
And fire red cherries of Surinam  
Carissas or lemons the size of a grapefruit  
Or loquats and kumquats, the Florida plum

She pored over booklets on Florida plantings  
Though tropical life came only with age  
Pickling and canning or making a jelly  
Were daily routines as time turned each page

We all knew this kitchen would not last forever  
Nor stand like an oak tree, refusing to bend  
To forces so obvious seen in a garden  
The planting, the growing and then, the end

So when I look at this faded old picture  
A sink, a coffee pot, cupboards now bare  
I think of my parents, departed old people  
Who left us a blessing that none can compare  
I guess you could call their gift an acceptance  
Of living your daily reason to be  
Which may be just picking a golden persimmon  
That fell from a carefully grafted young tree

Or thanking and honoring Him who has blessed us  
With life, breath and heartbeat wherever we roam  
A memory lingering even as tears fall  
That little kitchen, their Florida home.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Grandma's Lament

In midst of violent battles whirl  
Rapt prayer brings relief  
As bombs destroy what's near and dear  
He comes to lift our grief

When special loved ones pass away  
To nevermore return  
Our Comforter with loving grace  
Brings solace to death's urn

In mighty power He stands firm  
When warlords fiercely rage  
But will He stoop to my small room  
My pain to assuage?

For I'm a lonely grandma now  
My children live apart  
And after visits with grandkids  
Those farewells break my heart

I'm grateful for His loving grace  
In battles' finest hours  
But now, tonight, will He descend  
And touch my empty bower?

There are no struggles left to face  
No wolf behind the door  
No children's tears to wipe away  
No scuffmarks on the floor

Just longing eyes and waving hands  
Faint laughter in my ears  
As their small car turns round the bend  
And quickly disappears

I wonder if a soldier's heart  
Can hurt much more than this -  
A grandma sitting all alone  
Past times to reminisce?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Greasepaint

The stage of life is strewn with dust  
the curtain faded now  
the boards worn down by many feet  
as actors take their bows

The audience thrills to the glow  
of satin capes and robes  
the glitter and the powdered masks  
enhanced by hidden strobes

Who breathes beneath this gilded front  
and suffers sweat and strain  
who bears with agony the paint  
that clogs the skin and brain

What is a life, what is a lie  
who knows and who can tell  
if on the stage of life we all  
hide in an actor's shells?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Green Branch

I want to be a green branch  
In vineyards of the Lord  
To grow in strength and beauty  
As leaves to light unfold

To dwell close to the true vine  
Refreshed by showers of faith  
Amid a sea of flowers  
No weeds, no seeds of wraith

I want to see the garden  
That Jesus tends with love  
The true vine of all living  
Who blesses from above

I want to be a green branch  
In vineyards of the Lord  
To grow in strength and beauty  
As leaves to light unfold.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Green Fragments

Pale green and fragile fragments rise  
of former things denied  
of childhood berries in the field  
and hopes long set aside

The proffered cunning picture book  
that never would be mine  
the song the grownups laughed to scorn  
harsh scoldings oftentimes

The flowing fields of golden wheat  
soon stomped by foreign boots  
our little cat and timeworn ways  
torn from their gentle roots

Who is to blame who is to shame  
for things that happened then  
who can renew the hopes of youth  
that languish in the glen

Yet memories of things denied  
so very long ago  
now rise as fountains from the rocks  
as spring green blessings flow

The pain endured by innocents  
is ever writ on hearts  
yet time is gracious as it moves  
and offers brand new starts.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Green Jealousy

It happens in an instant  
and none can understand  
that poison arrow piercing  
what raptured love has fanned

The eyes begin to water  
the heart pounds through the chest  
the fevered brain stops thinking  
blind rage the soul arrests

Who can withstand the power  
of jealousy's green bile  
who walks away undamaged  
when love has been defiled

Of all the strong emotions  
who can compare the wound  
inflicted by a lover  
when trust has been harpooned

It may have gone unnoticed  
by people walking by  
but eyes of one so tarnished  
can not pretend or lie

The irises and teardrops  
that try to veil the pain  
can never hide the horror  
as sanity is drained

Who is so strong and balanced  
who can resist the force  
of overwhelming anger  
and set a wiser course

Is there a pain more searing  
is there a blow more harsh  
has anyone avoided  
the slimy jealous marsh?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Ground To Ground

It's now late  
wheels of fate  
grinding round  
touching ground

ropes unwound  
chains unbound  
hungry hounds  
turned around  
answers found

men surround  
battleground  
holy gown  
burial mound  
wheels go round  
without sound  
heaven bound

prophets write  
exhort expound  
to astound

It's now late  
wheels of fate  
grinding round  
touching ground.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Haiku - Evening

Evening darkens hues  
Eyes now weary hands at rest  
Veil of night descends

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Haiku - Sing

Sing my little bird  
Too long you have been silent  
The trees will listen

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Haiku - Sunflowers

one last petal falls  
shrivels to a golden crisp  
sunflower no more

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Hallowed Hopes

They enter hallowed halls of learning  
great dreams ambitious goals are churning  
their young hearts innocently yearning  
to change the world and how it's turning

Alas, how quickly flames are fading  
how swift life's riptides drown their wading  
love and obsession sear their burning  
the will of flesh their truths invading

Soon warfields litter with transgressions  
descent to sooty caves of passion  
forgot all hope and highflown missions  
then final pitiful contrition

Some don pale shrouds of doomed acceptance  
while others fight without contrition  
some cry some sigh some sadly die  
a very few turn to the sky

There is no gorge so deep so steep  
that mercy's fingers cannot reach  
a soul prepared for their last gasp  
may in the end forgiveness ask

Then will the gates of heaven's door  
reopen and pour gifts galore  
much finer and much greater than  
the dreams of youth and much much more

They enter hallowed halls of learning  
great dreams ambitious goals are churning  
their young hearts innocently yearning  
to change the world and how it's turning.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Happy Birthday Will

Gather round and lend an ear  
To an epic, weird, though dear  
Of some people long ago  
In a place that was so so.

Kids from Brooklyn there were two  
Did they make it to Bronx Zoo?  
Doesn't matter, for they spent  
Happy times with bookish bent.

There were times when they would rather  
Cruise the Village and then gather  
Flowers from near windowsills  
Better far than gobs of pills

Will was of poetic vein  
Worshipped odes by Gertrude Stein  
Sally felt that medicine  
Ruled in occupations' bin.

But alas, how fate does twist  
Plans on people's 'will do' list  
Love walked in and that was that  
Kids grew up in nothing flat.

Sally loved her poet dear  
She got tipsy on one beer.  
'Cheapest date he ever had, '  
Was her comment, that's not bad.

Will then switched to medicine  
Under influence of gin  
And the lovely Sally, too  
She could choose no wrong, it's true.

Years went by and lovers climbed  
Alps and traumas of all kinds  
Popping babies, settling down  
Sunland fair, now that's their town.

Looking back, wow, what a trip  
Kids from Brooklyn took a sip  
From life's nectar, goblets full  
It's a fact; their life's not dull.

Will still travels far and near  
Conferences thru the year  
Let's not ask just what they are  
They will blow your mind too far.

Sally switched from science, meds  
Tired of chasing apes with Keds  
She prefers to spin the clay  
On a wheel, not far away.

In her spare time she does enter  
Spheres of art and starts new Centers  
Painters, sculptors and the like  
Head to Sunland on the 'Pike.

Party time at Will and Sally's  
Is a time to fill the belies:  
Seafood salad, casseroles  
Drinks galore. Let's pass the bowls.

Do you rest at end of week  
Sick of working with some geek?  
Will must surely have dark powers –  
Slams a basketball for hours.

Well, its time to end this ditty  
Sorry if it wasn't pretty.  
Will your cup is full, not empty.  
Best to you Will, you're now seventy!

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Hark, My Children

Hark, my children harken, hear  
church bells pealing far and near

Watch them stealing  
through the ceiling  
in the kneeling  
most appealing  
breaches healing  
prayers sealing  
dealing reeling  
none concealing  
oft revealing  
loving feelings

Hark, my children harken, hear  
church bells pealing far and near.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Harlequins

Through ages they have entertained  
Crowds begging for a hearty laugh  
To act as nimble fools ordained  
Whom men of wheat considered chaff

From Sufi tales to Zanni troupes  
Evolve as ridiculed buffoons  
Lithe, nimble feet sliding through hoops  
On lazy Venice afternoons

There's something in the ways of man  
That forces certain lonely souls  
To don the ways of Peter Pan  
Though grown, adopting circus roles

I saw two actors on the street  
In that familiar diamond garb  
Black red and white with masks discreet  
And wondered why and where their barb

Through ages they have entertained  
Crowds begging for a hearty laugh  
To act as nimble fools ordained  
Whom men of wheat considered chaff.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Haunting Grace

She looked much like a graceful sprite  
in Botticelli's art  
a lady from an age of grace  
when knights stole damsels hearts

Her figure and her flowing hair  
her simple, flowing dress  
so classic and so haunting, too  
her smile designed to bless

Yet she was just a homeless girl  
whose pregnancy now showed  
she sipped the coffee church folks made  
her figure slightly bowed

That night I wondered why that sight  
had burned and singed my heart  
why had I not held out my hand  
some comfort to impart?

But it was way too late to trace  
my steps and ways that day  
the only consolation was  
to kneel and humbly pray

I think of all the souls out there  
who may not have a home  
a mate, a meal, a way to cope  
who suffer all alone

The memory of that lonely girl  
still haunts my thoughts tonight  
may I tomorrow touch a soul  
and spread a little light

She looked much like a graceful sprite  
in Botticelli's art  
a lady from an age of grace  
when knights stole damsels hearts.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# He

He who makes  
The world to spin  
I think of him  
I think of him

He who causes  
Hearts to beat  
I pray to him  
I pray to him

He who gives  
The breath of life  
I worship him  
I worship him.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# He Cares

In my life I knew no journey  
no direction and no way  
never did I climb a mountain  
never had too much to say

In my golden years of aging  
suddenly a sea appears  
bringing songs and music soaring  
healing waters joining tears

Though my limbs are weak and brittle  
blue green waves of crests now flow  
in my heart and in my spirit  
safe from currents undertow

Now I'm glad my path was hidden  
detours, dead ends everywhere  
now I'm glad for every hardship  
now I know the Savior cares.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# He Rode At Night

There was a rider long ago  
who nightly set his course  
emerging from a well hid cave  
and mounted his black horse

They say that wool was very dear  
back in those days of old  
and merchants traveled on their way  
with silver and rich gold

The rider had been quite highborn  
but something made him yearn  
for danger and for riding hard  
and all his bridges burn

So when he donned his sooty cape  
and rode into the night  
he overwhelmed the travelers  
they did not dare to fight

The riches that this highwayman  
brought back in heavy bags  
were shared with the unfortunate  
who wandered 'bout in rags

Most of those robbers of those times  
were caught and hung on high  
but this lone rascal and his steed  
none captured, none knew why

They say the poor would feed his horse  
and treat it like a king  
that's why this stallion was so swift  
and ran like he had wings

Nobody knows what was the end  
of this most puzzling soul  
but still today they talk of him  
who hearts and booty stole

There was a rider long ago  
who nightly set his course  
emerging from a well hid cave  
and mounted his black horse.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# He Was A Rogue

He was a rogue, a vagabond  
his heart no one could tame  
he trampled on so many lives  
till Jesus called his name

His wanderlust at last was stilled  
as angels took his sin  
the thrill of faith replaced the need  
to conquer and to win

His greatest passions quickly paled  
as heaven was revealed  
all pain and anguish washed away  
and with salvation sealed

He was a rogue, a vagabond  
his heart no one could tame  
he trampled on so many lives  
till Jesus called his name.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Health Food Freak

I wish to be a health food freak  
Eat yogurt made by earthy Greeks  
Regroup my budget to buy leeks  
Drink dulse smoothies for two weeks

My windowsill to grow green sprouts  
And cupboards bulge with sauerkraut  
I want to shun all farm-fed trout  
And crunch on spelt day in day out

I want to relish cheese from goats  
They say it may relieve a bloat  
Wear sandals made from burlap sacks  
Condition toes with jumping jacks

I want to bathe in castor oil  
Refuse to bake with metal foil  
Grow carrots in organic soil  
Boil spinach pasta shaped like coils

I want to wear shirts made of flax  
And wool shorn gently from lambs backs  
Condition hair with sealing wax  
Shun mega-stores that sell large packs

My wish may never be fulfilled  
For I am hooked on white flour milled  
Rich hot fudge sundaes nicely chilled  
And salty pork rinds crisply grilled.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Her Garden

Her garden was her poem  
her garden was her song  
she tended it with caring  
each day and all day long

Her life had seen much heartache  
but God her days prolonged  
so she could grow a garden  
as old age crept along

There were so many roses  
vines thick and green and strong  
they were her joy and comfort  
on days when things went wrong

Her garden was her poem  
her garden was her song  
she tended it with caring  
each day and all day long.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Here And Now

Today I drove along those roads  
Well trod, well paved and well maligned  
Where danger, heartache, chaos rained  
Like drops of blood from skies of gray

Those days of yore are part of me  
Those places where we used to live  
Yet something's different as I drive  
The avenues of what has passed

Today a loved one moved and left  
The old place that so long was filled  
With things placed with a caring hand  
Now scattered, lost or thrown away

It's time for me to wash those veils  
With tears and leave nostalgia's wraps  
That keep me from the truth so plain  
Each moment lived is history

Each little second of this day  
These roads, not as they were, but now  
Are warp and woof of what is me  
And I must daily stitch and sew

It's time to wake up to the gifts  
Each breath and heartbeat bring my way  
Accepting past things as things past  
Embracing what is here and now.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Hiding Secrets

Secrets secrets, telling lies  
secrets, secrets, tying ties  
tales that pale from males with ale  
landing kith and kin in jail

Secrets secrets, telling lies  
secrets, secrets, tying ties  
none will ever know or tell  
none reveal till death does knell

Secrets secrets, telling lies  
secrets, secrets, tying ties  
we poor mortals are quite sure  
heaven's gates will find us pure

Secrets secrets, telling lies  
secrets, secrets, tying ties  
we forget the good book reads  
all will see our dirty deeds

Secrets secrets, telling lies  
secrets, secrets, tying ties  
hidden snaggles tightly knit  
surely draw us to the pit.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# High Rollers

High rollers are people  
who seem to get back  
much more than the many  
who run with the pack

I never won at the game  
the outcome was always the same

The jackpot so high  
quite useless to try  
as all of my chances flew by

I never won at the game  
the outcome was always the same

The numbers were wrong  
I did not belong  
in games where luck hummed its sweet song

I never won at the game  
the outcome was always the same

High rollers are people  
who seem to get back  
much more than the many  
who run with the pack.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Highlands

There is a land called Highlands  
Where cattle, citrus thrive  
White orange blossoms languish  
In rolling hills alive  
Sleek birds and boar and vipers  
In nature's balance strive

Once long ago I lived there  
Nor have returned again  
But here and there reminders  
Rise in my dreams of when  
Our love was fresh as sunshine  
That kissed a young girl's skin.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# His Eyes

His eyes grew dim as age crept up  
days blurring, often gray  
but when the shroud of night arrived  
street lights burst forth with rays

Though dim and hazy were his days  
the night fair blessings showed  
in blue celestial velvet skies  
all stars like bright bursts glowed

They paved a softness to his path  
the one we all must tread  
when earthly visions come to end  
and constellations blend.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# His Hand

The force of life, the fountain  
The source of love the first  
The end and the beginning  
The sure and steady course

The hand that lifts the broken  
The arm that proffers strength  
The palm of safety's harbor  
The bosom of all hope

The righter of misgivings  
The lily, rose, the balm  
The gold that will not tarnish  
The rock in freedom's land

He is the one to look to  
When wounds are hard to bear  
He is the one who's waiting  
To take your hand in his.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Holidays Are Coming

The holidays are coming  
Bring out the finery  
The kitchen is a'humming  
With women's sorcery

It's time for damask napkins  
And silver serving trays  
The ones meant for occasions  
More special than weekdays

Bring out the finest china  
That's hid in cedar chests  
Pull out the wines of vintage  
Delighting honored guests

The jam jars in the cellar  
Now leave their hidden nooks  
To grace the festive table  
Made magic by fine cooks

The ham cured in the smokehouse  
Is ready to be served  
The candied yams and pickles  
For this event reserved

The floors have been fresh varnished  
And garlands grace the doors  
The children dressed in garments  
Not meant for play outdoors

The sound of hooves is nearing  
The courtyard swept and clean  
What friend or neighbor bearing  
Gifts, blessings to this scene

Soon candles will be glowing  
As guests and family feast  
And prayers and wishes flowing  
For living and deceased

The time will come when garlands  
Will wither, as will men  
But mem'ries of those bright times  
Return to live again.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Holy Grail

So many hope at journey's end  
To live eternally  
When work is done to find sweet rest  
In heaven's panoply

For centuries in many lands  
Convincing guides implore  
Their followers will surely find  
Salvation's golden door

A little voice is seldom heard  
Faint, humble and quite plain  
Oft overshadowed by the roar  
Of grand impressive claims

Somewhere in a forgotten cave  
A soul spends thoughtful days  
Recalling how the Master said  
It all will pass away

He thinks of words that once had dwelt  
Within God's mind alone  
Then given to a carpenter  
As firmest cornerstone

He ponders how he only needs  
The key that cannot fail  
To push apart hell's dreaded gates  
The sought for holy grail.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Home Again

They say you can't go home again  
I say that they are wrong  
How often do I spend my hours  
In childhood's sunny fields?

My friends and enemies of yore  
Still visit me at times  
And all my lovers, every one  
Still whisper words I cherish

My home is all that I have been  
And all I will become  
Today I celebrate my life  
Embracing all its hours.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Home-Baked Bread

Thoughts arise of home-baked bread  
Set on hearthen coals bright red  
Grain hulled on the threshing-floor  
Coarse hands forming loaves of yore

Embers playful in quick flight  
Whittled twigs shed glowing light  
Hut now warm, its ceiling black  
Worn dark coats hung on a rack

Somewhere in lost childhood's fog  
Barnyard swallows swoop by logs  
On a languid summer morn  
Lilacs back-door stairs adorn

Thick white curds and oats ground fine  
Little ones in patient line  
Waiting for a longed for treat  
Mother offers 'time to eat.'

Memories of those faded scenes  
Now arise as old age leans  
Strong and heavy on my bones  
Easing loneliness and groans

Baking bread this afternoon  
I recall harsh winds of doom  
Tearing us from land and kin  
Wiping out what might have been

Yet, like rising of fresh bread  
Long lost memories soften dread  
As I summon up those days  
Plain and simple country ways

There's a gift in home-baked bread  
Eaten after prayers are said  
Fragrant slices warm and soft  
Keeping love and dreams aloft.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Homeless Dream

A wooden bed and mat of straw  
a little wayside room  
where people cannot bother me  
but sun can warm the gloom

A crust of bread that I can gnaw  
a quilt of tattered squares  
a hand rolled smoke a bit of chew  
to ease me an' my cares

Don't need a window or a chair  
don't matter if I wash  
nobody knows the dirt inside  
that keeps me chained and squashed

A wooden bed and mat of straw  
a little wayside room  
where people cannot bother me  
but sun can warm the gloom.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Hope

We come, we go  
We reap and sow  
We tread upon the Milky Way

We live, we die  
We walk and try  
To make some sense of every day

We sit, we stand  
We reach out hands  
And hope the maker hears us pray.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Hounds

The hounds are nipping at my heels  
with foaming mouths and lightning speed  
wild wolves with ravenous sharp teeth  
like lashing crashing roaring steeds

Their mission only to molest  
a'hounding pounding on my chest  
I'm helpless on the typhoon's crest  
no place of refuge or of rest

The snarling jackals closing in  
will I escape their galloping  
will I endure apocalypse  
that night of darkness and eclipse

Will all the demons cover me  
or will salvation rescue me  
will ending be a silent sound  
and leave me breathless on the ground?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Hours Like Threads

Our minutes and our hours  
Weave threads of many dyes  
Some yarns so tightly knotted  
They cannot be untied

Our minutes and our hours  
Are cloth that marks our lives  
Sometimes a shielding garment  
Sometimes a stifling vise

Our minutes can be precious  
Or squandered like coarse wool  
Our hours can be cherished  
Or drowned by tempter's pull

Our friends and foes are textures  
Of interlacing strands  
And those whose love still lingers  
Like silken, golden bands

Our minutes and our hours  
Are set in numbered runs  
In a more cunning fabric  
Than human hands have spun

Our minutes and our hours  
Weave threads of many dyes  
Some yarns so tightly knotted  
They cannot be untied.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# House Of Faith

There is a treasured structure  
with walls not built by hands  
its roof rests on strong rafters  
pale seagulls understand

It is of ancient vintage  
no termites chew its planks  
no locks secure its entrance  
no moat, no guard, no tanks

Although it harbors riches  
far greater than much gold  
it can't be robbed or plundered  
or bartered, traded, sold

This priceless gloried mansion  
is easily obtained  
when I lay down my weapons  
and all my pride has drained

When humbly in my chamber  
with hot repentant tears  
I ask for help from heaven  
I'm drawn to unseen stairs  
and find a solid stronghold  
in those great walls of old  
that can't be built with mortar  
nor bought, nor ever sold

There is a treasured structure  
with walls not built by hands  
its roof rests on strong rafters  
pale seagulls understand.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## How Could They Know?

He signaled me, waving a letter in his free hand  
The other leaned on a cane  
He spoke no English and the notice was official  
What did it say?

I looked and saw it was a senator  
One who was known for many years  
Yes, he would check to see how soon  
His case came up with the authorities

Cuba, he must return to Cuba  
I could see it in his face, for he was very old  
And could hardly walk  
Yet he dressed clean and formal  
And smiled to everyone who walked by

A while later another letter came  
And again he waved me down in the lobby  
No, they could not expedite his request  
He had to wait like everyone else

How could they know he could hardly walk  
And no one drove him to the store for food  
And he was brave and he was kind  
And now, he dozes on the lobby sofa.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## How Often?

Down memory lane I walk again  
Entranced by times of old  
For many years ignoring them  
Gone now, yet dear as gold  
How often do I wish my soul  
Would bring them back to hold.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# How Swiftly

How swiftly winds  
of earth and sky  
fly

Much like sunset glows  
wane  
in a moment's blink of time  
fade

The dark descends  
and day's fleeting rays  
gone

Deep is the dark  
that brings the croaks  
frogs in swamps  
buzzing bogs

For some  
the dawn will not  
rise  
for others  
nightly campfires  
burn

For me a hope  
one more day  
one more day

Winds of change  
sunset  
dawn.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# How To Be A Friend

He looked intense  
People said he ate little and smoked much  
He cured many of physical ills  
And claimed he walked with God

The sentences seemed flawless indeed  
Nor had he fought with fists  
Words were his sharp rapier

A friend implored me to read of him  
Usually angry, her eyes shone then  
She wanted that book back, too

That afternoon I scanned the pages  
Allowing images of sallow cheeks, haunted eyes  
Disturb the tranquil day

Summer sun shone on well-worn pages  
As I wondered who he was  
And how to later respond to her

The answer came in one word - crucible  
As I began to shovel data into a furnace in me  
Where the Word dwells

Some fragments burned to gold  
Some dross or simply disappeared  
So it was a man, after all

Will I be discreet, gushing or blunt to my friend?  
The answer, too, will come  
Just like it did that sunny afternoon.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Humid, Ain'T It?

'Humid, ain't it? ' is the question  
Every year, every summer.  
'Is it hot enough for you? '

Every year, every summer  
'Yeah, that it is.'  
'Got any ice? '

Mayans walk the avenue  
Slowly, in groups of two or three or four  
Anglos stay indoors  
Sun so hot the asphalt melts.

The sleepy lumber company  
Waits for a customer.  
Sports a concrete alligator in its yard  
Down by the railroad tracks.

Royal Poinciana trees flash their orange  
against a bright blue sky.  
But who is there to stop and wonder?

Women do their shopping early  
Way before ten o'clock.  
Men make sure their six packs  
Are cold and ready.

'Got any ice? '

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Hurricane

The streets are deserted now,  
The air is still.

(Second swath one hundred eighty to two hundred miles per hour)

How strong?

(All arrows point North by Northwest)

I see a bus way in the distance and begin to walk toward it.  
Brace yourself, brace yourself.

(Another swath – one hundred eighty to two hundred miles  
per hour peak wind)

Will it be strong enough to ease my pain?

(All arrows point west by Northwest)

(The region is covered with f1 damage)

The bus is here now and I board it.

(A structure on the northwest corner  
is the most vulnerable.

Most vulnerable of all are buildings with garages facing the wind)

The stronger the wind begins to roar, the more my hope arises.

Would the physical destruction be vast enough  
to touch that cold hard center and bring some relief?

People scrambling for their food, their place to sleep  
with their loved ones.

I watch as if from another world.

This means nothing to me.

What do I care about that day?

Nothing seems to matter.

All people seem so far away

And death or life are as a charade.

Come, break the sky, and break the tree.

I'm cold, I cannot feel a thing.

(Two other swaths in the second wind attack the area)

Old people are sitting lined up at a long thin table  
Talking of Ukraine and eating macaroni.  
(This region is already being smashed by first wind swaths  
Coming from the Southeast)

I can't feel a thing.  
(These second blasts cause huge destruction)

We are on the stone floor, huddled together..  
The toilet does not flush.  
(The location of a building is of crucial importance.  
A drastic change in wind direction occurs in the path of the eye)

Why do they want water?  
(Miniswirls along with microbursts contribute to the chaos)

They cry out for food.  
The ancient, shaky, wheelchair bound woman  
With drooling lips is alive.  
I am dead.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# I Am A Voyager

I will forever wander among stars  
Mute as a ghost ship with stories to tell  
Poised on pale banners spewing memories  
Sprinkled onto passing galaxies of  
Who, when and where  
Who, when and where

Probes poised on borders of a dying star  
Decoding records of who sent them  
And who received

The rings of mighty planets yet unseen  
Silent sentinels on brink of interstellar speed  
Wrapped in froth of foamy heliospheric walls

I am a voyager  
Hair tossed by solar winds stalling my ghostly galleon  
Resisting hewing into tomes of space  
The golden record of my life

Utterly unknown the hand to touch them  
Eye to see them, ear to hear them  
Utterly unknown  
Who, when and where  
Who, when and where

I am a voyager  
My traces permeate the galaxy  
Burst free, discharging data to the great beyond

I am a voyager  
Who passed the frontier  
The point plutonium power sources falter and their interceptors fail

All radios snuffed to silence by Europa's lava flow  
Lakes spewing rich volcanoes  
Watching, watching hellish magma bursting forth  
As my ghost ship exceeds the sun's escape velocity

Big dish antennas pick up Neptune's ice-blue blips  
As pulsars flirt with geysers from the bowels of a lonely satellite

My ghost ship now in starship mode  
Easily penetrates the frozen-nitrogen surface sheath  
Of a slow dying faint blue star

I am a voyager  
Geysers of stellar showers blast  
Circling with a harsh intent  
My ghost ship to annihilate  
Who, when and where  
Who, when and where

Golden record now rubbish floating in a black beyond  
Sails shattered, anchor swept away  
No destination and without a course  
Adrift in space forever.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# I Must

I must write to keep  
The darkness from falling  
I must paint to see light  
When drapes are descending

For bones of old castles  
And ghosts come a'calling  
To bend and to rend  
And whisper of endings

My fingers must move  
On the surface of days  
Make marks and small scratches  
Vague imprints on hours

Since muscles and blood  
Buffer bonds of decay  
Though feeble, my efforts  
Can keep hell at bay.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# I Never Did

I often wanted to  
But never did  
I often stretched my hand  
But never touched  
I often dreamed a dream  
But never woke  
I often loved you  
But you never knew.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# I Saw My Grandkids Today

I saw their curly heads today,  
I saw their smiling faces.  
Their eyes so dark and piercing  
Coming from wondrous places

I touched their little bodies  
Their arms so dewy, small  
Their cheeks all round and dimpled  
Their voices like bird song.

I saw my little grandkids  
My daughter's pride and joy  
I saw her guide them gently.  
Her darling boys.

Her hands were firm, yet gentle  
And I remembered when  
Those same hands, then much smaller  
Brought wildflowers from the glen

.  
Her feet, then so much smaller  
Skipped light among the fields  
Was it yesterday?  
Oh God, was it yesterday?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# I Travel Light

Gone are tight rings from timeworn hands  
Faint vestiges of past life's bands  
Quaint bracelets from my hair and wrists  
Protecting fists

The jewels of another day  
Can now no longer satisfy  
My appetite

It's time to drop those shackles bright  
Erasing symbols of the fight  
Cold armor of my striving run  
The battle's done

Silver no longer satisfies  
Though much esteemed and glorified  
By those whose hands still hold the plow  
Too heavy now

A treasure box of precious chains  
Would only pull me down again  
And steely pearls of hematite  
Block radiant light

Rubies like blood of battlefields  
Dry up when ancient wounds are healed  
Blue sapphires pale as ages fly  
Toward the sky

My sun-tanned hands are unadorned  
And cotton garment loosely worn  
Freed from the bonds that once held tight  
I travel light.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Idyllic Irish Scene

Soft mist lies on the heather  
Fair meadow dressed in green  
Moss roses peek from craggy rocks  
Idyllic Irish scene

The fields yield pleasing harvests  
Long gone harsh seasons lean  
When mounts of death crushed down this land  
The likes no one had seen

I view this isle from far away  
An ocean in between  
My heart tugs with sad memories  
Of youth and dreams pristine

My spirit longs to go there  
Return to what has been  
Where brambles wed with berries  
Idyllic Irish scene.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## If There Be Fault

if there be fault, the fault is mine  
i loved too much, drank too much wine  
the fruits of passion and the vine  
imprisoned me in twisting twine  
as excess led to my decline

If there be fault, the fault was mine  
from life and joy I now resigned  
my voice turned to a rasping whine  
salvation had to be divine

If there be fault, the fault was mine  
when I accepted that sad line  
a voice of night gave me a sign  
'Repent, and with me you will dine.'

Lilia Talts Morrison

# I'm Fractured

I'm fractured and I'm broken  
I need a healing source  
to bind my wounds and bruises  
and set a gentler course

Where are the living waters  
to cool my fevered brain  
the hidden soothing showers  
the blessed mountain rain

Gone are the days of childhood  
when every day was new  
and purple clover blossoms  
smiled with the morning dew

Life came from distant hillsides  
soon thunder shook my core  
swift whirlpools of obsession  
spun me to evil's door

What happened to that damsel  
that followed butterflies  
who skipped among wild crocus  
and bluebirds idolized

I'm fractured and I'm broken  
I need a healing source  
to bind my wounds and bruises  
and set a gentler course.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# In My Mind

I walk alone in summer grasses  
The air smells sweet of burning wood.

The white clouds nudge pale blue heavens  
A mild breeze rises from the south.

Black earth beneath my feet brings comfort  
I swat a bug that settles on my nose.

Cornstalks stand tall. Rainstorms will soon be coming.  
Three mockingbirds salute me from above.

It's been a long while since I've been there.  
My dancing hair hides in a heavy cap.

Life's yoke has pressed me to its blackened bosom  
Gold fields of corn are just a dream.

But, look! I see those fields so clearly.  
Time plays its games in cunning ways.

Now mockingbirds are singing, I can hear them  
As morning promises rise from the dew.

Let's go together to those ancient pastures.  
Let's drop the yokes that weigh our tired frames.

Let's go to places locked in distant memory.  
Our love will surely bring us home again.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# In My Mind By Michael Morrison

A silly fuzzy in a railway station  
Happy only with the shoes on his feet  
A little dawta dyin' in a whorehouse  
Don't ya know she's got nothin' to eat

And my mum, yeah. She don't got a job now.  
She's painting for peanuts and beets.  
And don't you know by now  
That Michigan Avenue's a red light street.

But in my mind, no-one really is unkind  
It's all fine - I can't be bothered wit the pettiness and  
Now's the time - to get together and happiness

We've passed the test - we're really drunken  
on the red life wine.  
We've passed the test - we're really drunken  
on the red life wine.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Inspiration

Who knows the source of inspiration?  
who can time its arrival  
who can cage it like a tiger  
who can control or hold it tight

Who knows what the clouds contain?  
who knows what those shapes mean  
who knows why green is green  
who knows why blue is blue

Who knows the source of love?  
who can catch it with a butterfly net  
who can hold it so tight  
hoping it will not be choked to death  
who knows?

Who knows the source of inspiration?  
who can time its arrival  
who can cage it like a tiger  
who can control or hold it tight

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Intelligent Design

The search continues through the years  
Who made all this, what is his name  
So many people have believed  
It came about without a cause  
Yet others know without a doubt  
A wise creator filled the void  
And put in place the universe

Today I heard about a man  
Who fought to keep his place at work  
When fellow workers pushed him out  
For something called intelligent design

When hearing this, I thought aloud  
How can the depth of stars and space  
Be formed or born from anything  
Compared to testing scores in schools  
Or blueprints architects can use

In contrast, then I thought again  
Who am I who can hardly breathe  
Or cause my heart to beat just once  
To stand on knowledge there's no source  
Nor argue that there is a force

Then I remembered an old line  
From a dark soul, Faustus by name  
Who said with dreamy eyes, I'm sure  
'Who then can name him  
or claim to know him.'

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Intervention In Sobe

Lincoln Road is fine on Sunday  
Strolling with a newfound friend  
Sipping on a latte grande  
Checking shops around the bend

In the blinding tropic sunshine  
Vendors hawk exotic wares  
Much like on the day my lifeline  
Tore and almost broke with care

T'was a day much like this noonday  
As I walked among such wares  
On that very charming walkway  
World renowned bright thoroughfare

Colors, flowers, palm trees taunted  
As I walked with mission grim  
Or did they reach out to comfort  
As my loved one was turned in?

If your heart breaks for a dear soul  
Who is much too sick to fend  
all the pressures of the noonday  
Or the hauntings of the night

And you have to take some action  
Long withheld for fear and dread  
May I wish for you a setting  
Filled with flowers to the brim

Lincoln Road is fine on Sunday  
Strolling with a newfound friend  
Sipping on a latte grande  
Checking shops around the bend.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Is Love An Action?

If you love something  
will you show it?  
If you are thankful  
who will know it?  
If you care  
do you dare  
take an action  
and express it?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Island Swing

There is an island in the sea  
Forgot by time and man  
Its sandy shoals are plain and cold  
Where tiny sealife crawls

But as with most forsaken rocks  
This place as dwelling serves  
To hardy folk who fear no dearth  
Or loneliness or need

They live from day to day and trust  
Their little spot on earth  
Is just enough for what they need  
To run and fish and sing

There is a battered seaside swing  
That's rocked both young and old  
Though some have tumbled when too high  
Their bursting heart would speed

Some folks who totter from old age  
Still wander to that place  
Where as a child, they swung so free  
Though now they walk with canes

They see the flowers growing wild  
As pretty as can be  
No florist in a city shop  
Could replicate this scene

Is there a place in your worn heart  
An island far away  
Where you can go when tide runs low  
When life is at its ebb?

There is an island in the sea  
Forgot by time and man  
Its sandy shoals are plain and cold  
Where tiny sealife crawls.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# It Has Been Rumored

The grime of daily indiscretions  
can stain the windows of the soul  
and darkest human inclinations  
exact an unrelenting toll

A thoughtless word once it is spoken  
can shake foundations to the core  
ungodly feuds from lustful glances  
can rust the key to heaven's door

There may come time in dark perdition  
when crawling on his hands and knees  
a devastated man much shaken  
cries out for help with tearful pleas

It has been rumored and some witnessed  
a sudden change quite unexplained  
in some the world marked for destruction  
in whom now faith and goodness reign

Can it be true that one small gesture  
can also save from gates of hell  
can it be real that just one action  
may silence death's unnerving knell?

The grime of daily indiscretions  
can stain the windows of the soul  
and falling down in full surrender  
can heal to nurture and make whole.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## It's Obvious

It's obvious for me to see  
a poem is God's great gift to me  
I sense the angels guiding me  
as words soon flow so easily

I thank him for the blessed rhymes  
that show up at the oddest times  
my heart and love to you I give  
in gratitude to you I live.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Jacob's Well

She woke on a warm morning  
and did some simple chores  
her life had not been easy  
her youth and joy closed doors

Her people worshipped idols  
her marriages were banned  
her life with whom she lived now  
was not what she had planned

With weary feet and footsteps  
she headed for the well  
where waters of survival  
had for long ages dwelled

The well was dug by Jacob  
a holy one of yore  
that many people honored  
and thriving water poured

She could not be expected  
to know that from this day  
her life would change forever  
the living waters way

The words heard at the wellspring  
the day when sin's weight fell  
are hewn in stone forever  
and millions now retell.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Jumeau Tableau

My dainty French doll  
Is not at all droll  
With velvet and lace  
She's all about grace  
Her toes won't be found  
Where rag dolls abound.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Just A Bird

I saw a bird when morning came  
A black one that is common  
In our street where concrete reigns  
And car exhausts coughs summon

This ordinary bird just flew  
As though he did not wonder  
If there would be a seed to eat  
Nor length of life to ponder

Though my first feelings when day dawned  
Were heavy with foreboding  
I could not help from noticing  
Some of my dread unloading

For though this bird was nothing rare  
Or worthy of great study  
Yet his appearance in my view  
Was like a welcome buddy

He seemed to say without a word  
To leave my thoughts behind me  
To rise and spread my human wings  
So gentle winds could guide me

Tonight I'm glad to comprehend  
This day was brightly molded  
As this plain bird with silent nudge  
My human wings unfolded.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Just Another Day In Old Miami

It's just another day in old Miami  
Another day on timeworn Flagler Street  
There's yet another hot dog stand awaiting  
A hungry worker or a tourist band

There's still another gum-stained pavement  
As heat of summer burns quick shuffling feet  
It's where another young soul lost direction  
Blank eyes now staring at a concrete wall

It's just another day in old Miami  
Well-pressed, well-heeled mix well with beggar bags  
And form a blend with fleshy floral garments  
Adorning buxom folds of limbs and lust

It's just another day in old Miami  
Another day on timeworn Flagler Street  
There's yet another hot dog stand awaiting  
A hungry worker or a tourist band.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Just Imagine

Just Imagine a sphere  
In cold space  
Clouds of vapor rise  
From blue, green and gold patches  
Plains rise to high peaks  
Housing something called life

Just imagine  
Limbs pulsing with red liquid  
Digits crossed  
Clenching, bending, clasping  
Trigger light emissions  
Lips mumbling, fervent, sonorous  
Now short waves of a spectrum  
Flowing upward

Just imagine  
A void  
Receiving speeding photons  
Aural oscillations  
Magnetic rays  
Fracturing  
The preordained collision

Just imagine  
A bombardment  
Diffused, reversed  
By unsung moves  
And fragile voices  
With shaky entreaties.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Kaleidoscope

The sun looked down from heaven's nave  
My moments flowed like sparkling gems  
Illuminating sapphire thoughts  
Much like a bright kaleidoscope

At every turn I saw a face  
Of sparkling mien and azure eyes  
Joy pouring forth from hidden troves  
Reflecting mirrors of my heart

The moon now rises in the east  
And Venus takes her honored place  
Will night reveal cold onyx jewels  
And twist a dark kaleidoscope?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Kind Words

Kind words are never wasted  
though falling on deaf ears  
somehow each word is treasured  
and can become more dear

The day will come that someone  
is having a hard time  
then they will be recalling  
that kind word you once chided

Don't hesitate to utter  
a word to cheer a friend  
it's stored in folds of memory  
to bless and comfort lend.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Kitchens And Crayons

I remember afternoons  
dusty screens and sunny reeds  
lawns that needed watering  
sandy lanes with sandspurs lined

I remember kitchen talk  
slow and marked with silences  
soup on a much battered stove  
carrots simmering in broth

I remember flies on panes  
oily walls with yellowed frames  
where a child once marked her path  
crayon scribbles hard to blot

I remember roses too  
though they did not weather well  
summer's heat and dearth of care  
withered many plants and hopes

I remember long gone hours  
spent in backyard wooden swings  
as a faint breeze gently sent  
fragrances of citrus blooms

Those were days that never can  
be erased in my old mind  
never leaving my poor heart  
further dimming eyes with tears.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# La Florida

He sought the fabled fountain's source  
of youth and ageless health  
among the snake infested woods  
and lived by grit and stealth

He called the land La Florida  
but swamps and coral rocks  
made living tough and death was swift  
for hardy Indian stock

He never found that sought for spring  
but on his next trip back  
brought seven cattle on his boat  
and citrus packed in sacks

That was five hundred years ago  
and soon the landscape stirred  
with fragrant groves of oranges  
and cowboys riding herd

Much muck and swamplands have been tamed  
new highways cross the state  
and age has found a place to rest  
when life is long and late

A seeker makes a difference  
in search for something new  
and Ponce de Leon's smallest gift  
soon grew and grew and grew

Though orange juice and sirloin steak  
may not return your youth  
Ponce is the man to thank for them  
and that, friend, is the truth

He sought the fabled fountain's source  
of youthfulness and health  
among the snake infested woods  
and lived by grit and stealth.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Lacy Handkerchief

Lacy whites and flower patterns,  
snowflake doilies, will you buy?  
Crisp, pure, starched, amazing details,  
Sold in stalls by nimble hands,

I will buy and take this treasure  
To my room with transient glee.  
For as soon as water hits it  
Limp and wrinkled it will be.

Who has made these tempting treasures  
In a country far away?  
Who has starched them, who has knit them  
Who has toiled so endlessly?

Did the hands that made this bounty  
Ever get to taste of it?  
Did they think as they were toiling  
Who the purchaser would be?

As I gently touch this hanky  
Pristine clean as snow and ice  
I do thank the one who made it  
Sweating for a bowl of rice.

And I think of hands that made it.  
Were they wrinkled, limp and sad?  
Were they big or were they little?  
Was their owner still a child?

Thank you for the thrill you gave me  
Sitting in my velvet chair  
Watching crisp and lacy patterns  
Lighting up my day of care.

May your toil be for a purpose  
May you rest by end of day  
May the fates give you a blessing  
Like the one you gave to me.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Lady Blue

She wears a smile, much like her shawl  
A buffer from cold drafts  
From people, weather's vagaries  
Afloat on life's frail raft

Yet she is blue  
Her look untrue  
Behind by her costume's craft

They say a smile brings happiness  
And cheer to one and all  
But this blue lady's plastic grin  
Is her bizarre downfall

She wears a smile, much like her shawl  
A buffer from cold drafts  
From people, weather's vagaries  
Afloat on life's frail raft.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Lady Under The Palm Trees

Someone from far off regions  
wrote me a note of balm  
describing me a lady  
who dwells among the palms

I guess they never saw me  
with seaweed on my toes  
and sand soaked towels wrapping  
my gritty, salt drenched woes

Nor could they have detected  
those oceans in my mind  
wild waves of fate entrancing  
deep dreams with mangrove twined

For I was born where lapping  
of surf and hardship reigned  
nights fear of fate undressing  
and suffering ingrained

There was no room for ladies  
in that cold stone filled land  
where food was wrought with labor  
by sun baked calloused hands

Time came as planets circled  
their predetermined tracks  
the yoke of heavy burdens  
was lifted from those backs

It was too late to alter  
or change the fragile thread  
of what would be my journey  
for long ago I fled

The land of palms my refuge  
with oceans green and blue  
and robes of silk and freedom  
and grace and beauty too

But I am not a lady  
of palms or dainty ways  
my heart is ever anchored  
in hardship's patient ways

Someone from far off regions  
wrote me a note of balm  
describing me a lady  
who dwells among the palms.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Lakota Dream

Your dark eyes reflect  
hills where Crazy Horse branded  
the Lakota dream.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Land Of Luther

Snowy hills and sheltered forests  
Youngsters crossing icy lakes  
Figurines of chubby angels  
Dusted sugar on round cakes

Kitchens in steamed preparation  
Brimming bowls of spicy lumps  
Men with frosty beards and eyebrows  
Hewing logs on massive stumps

Clumsy feudal clogs on stockings  
Cradling, warming weary feet  
Plowing fields of cruel vassals  
Daily pay - a little wheat

Long-tailed pheasants boast bright plumage  
In the distance a brown hare  
Passive oxen tug their burdens  
Slowly panting wintry air

In a cobweb covered attic  
Lies a finely crafted book  
That a girl inclined to hiding  
Finds and leafs with furtive look

There it is she finds a story  
Of a rose that once burst forth  
On a night in dead of winter  
Born to light the icy north

Crumbling walls hide many secrets  
In that land where Luther preached  
Worshippers once hid their Bibles  
While men fought religion's breach

Time passed and those daring theses  
Once inflaming priests and kings  
Thawed the frozen land to open  
Hearts and eyes to freely sing

Even now rapt words from hymnals  
Still resound with potent force  
As the Father, mighty fortress  
Shields the lowly with his sword

Luther's is a noble story  
Told in history's thick books  
Few today forgotten hymnals  
Placed in hovels' darkest nooks

In that land where few things linger  
Of those days so long ago  
Did that youth who found the Bible  
Secret readings soon outgrow?

Now gray-headed, she will enter  
That long stream of centuries  
Sprinkled with the songs of children  
And blood shed on lands and seas

Tales of courage, wondrous stories  
Are oft spun as campfires glow  
Will that heart inclined to hiding  
Still remember that small rose?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Last Date

Night now falls  
the hour is late  
time has come  
it will not wait

Days of fancy  
and of song  
long have faded  
moved along

From the shadows  
by the gate  
fate appears  
the final date

This appointment  
won't take long  
none escapes  
nor can prolong

Night now falls  
the hour is late  
time has come  
it will not wait.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Last Gasp

At last gasp i could plainly see  
the answer always dwelt in me

So sure is God's divine decree  
no gold or glory can foresee  
the higher way that sets souls free  
by Him who made all land and sea

At last gasp i could plainly see  
the answer always dwelt in me.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Last Love

You kissed me through a chain link fence  
That day I saw you last  
The one you'd scaled so easily  
When on your nightly haunts

I felt those lips, now tinged with steel  
As hot as midday burns  
I couldn't touch your sinewed limbs  
Bronze icons, comely turned

The gate was locked, what did you care?  
Unbounded was your soul  
A captivating ride in air  
On black wings without goal

I tried to leave you many times  
In forest brambles hidden  
In thickets like a wounded deer  
Feet marred from blisters trodden

When I returned (you knew I would)  
You hewed a barricade  
So I might not escape again  
As if I ever could

That chain link fence is long since gone  
Replaced by concrete posts  
The woods, our secret lair of love,  
A tended field of groves

Where are you flying free, my dear?  
Whom have you captured now  
Besides my heart that won't forget  
Those chain links on my brow

You kissed me through a chain link fence  
That day I saw you last  
The one you'd scaled so easily  
When on your nightly haunts.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Letting Go

It was just as it once had been when our house filled with mirth  
So much to do so much to care with children blessed from birth  
Because the day was brimming with activity and fun  
As daughter and her children stayed at grandma's place hard won

Remembering that long lost time before age came to stay  
As bright eyed, hopeful, they went forth and I began to pray  
Today we said our fond goodbyes and wishes for good cheer  
The room then settled to a pall - they were no longer here

A feeling of a sadness great then filled my waning life  
I never would relive again those days of mom and wife  
My husband died so long ago, our youngest met the Lord  
An unexpected, painful day when angels, spirits soared

Too many things have come and gone - my heart can hardly name  
But in my room of solitude it's hard to still the pain  
Yet I am grateful for God's gifts and blessings from above  
As words of faith and hymns of old still carry me with love

As evening falls I try so hard to bear the silence now  
When play and laughter are long gone like ghosts in afterglow  
I lie here on a narrow bed and feel the sadness grow  
A feeling almost close to dread - I cannot let it go

Yet I believe that little babe whose birth we so adore  
Can help with faith to comfort me as He oft did before  
He is our friend no matter where in time our journey leads  
From childhood's trials and midlife cares to sadness in old age

Yes, there's a time to let kids go to walk on paths unknown  
Their chance to fly and try their wings in fields untried, unsown  
All I can do is pray and hope when their feet bleed, hearts faint  
That Christ in all his glory comes to pick them up again.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Life Happens Now

This is the moment to breathe free  
To turn your eyes above  
The birds are flying in the sun  
Why miss their gloried run?

This is the time to pull the sheets  
Off from your tousled head  
Get up and greet the flowing brook  
It's waiting for your look.

Life happens now, my friend  
Tomorrow is too late  
Run barefoot in green meadow gold  
What treasures they can hold

This is the moment to breathe free  
To turn your eyes above  
The birds are flying in the sun  
Why miss their gloried run?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Life's Crucible

There comes a time in life when hope  
and dreams of old descend  
into the fog of childhood veils  
as times and places blend

The edges of a winding path  
are often strewn with rocks  
addictions that can hamper steps  
with painful stumbling blocks

Illusions disappear like dew  
when singed by challenges  
of hardships worldly ways present  
in fiery crucibles

What soul escapes the sword of fear  
or counters bones grown cold  
who then has risen up unscathed  
when years on earth unfold

The eyes, the gait, the wrinkled skin  
are proof and telltale marks  
like maps with tributaries cut  
by branding iron sparks

Some fight the process and the walk  
some rather break than bend  
some find acceptance and a faith  
that lasts until the end.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Life's Lesson

When young it was so easy  
so easy to be me  
i ran in dew filled pastures  
and climbed on aspen trees

When I grew up the game changed  
no more was freedom free  
the shackles of adulthood  
uncalled for, unforeseen

Old age crept up with vengeance  
and my fair hair turned gray  
then angels sent from heaven  
came down to ease the way

My friend, when life gets painful  
and brick walls fence you in  
stop clawing them and let go  
then true life will begin.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Lifestyles

There are those who must have mountains  
and a burbling brook nearby  
others are inclined to beaches  
where a flock of gulls fly by

Many like to live in cities  
others cling to country ways  
I am one who needs a dwelling  
filled with grace most every day

Whether fate brings me to prairies  
hills or brooks or towns or farms  
I need air that's filled with prayer  
and to rest in God's great arms

There are those who must have mountains  
and a burbling brook nearby  
others are inclined to beaches  
where a flock of gulls fly by.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Like A Butterfly

She was a tenant in our building  
frail energetic dressed so bright  
clothing like veils and rainbow baubles  
and patterns like a butterfly

She cried to me that she was useless  
her life was but 'what might have been'  
for she was now way past those decades  
when people still do what they want

What could I say to this slim person  
who looked much like a daffodil  
or flower from a special garden  
was this not good enough to be

She walked or rather tripped like sea terns  
and sparkled with most cunning shawls  
among the gray slow moving oldsters  
she was a peacock among hens

Was this not cause and firm assurance  
that living hope and beauty own  
to brighten a dirt spattered sidewalk  
with fancy sandals and light gait

The meadows fill with summer flowers  
and none would wish to be a tree  
a bush, a bird or other creature  
they know their purpose and their way

I uttered words of bland assurance  
that like a blossom she brings joy  
to those sad folks who shuffle slowly  
and wear old shabby careless clothes

She was a tenant in our building  
frail energetic brightly dressed  
with sashes veils and rainbow baubles  
in patterns like a butterfly.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Like A Diamond

Your eyes were polished diamonds  
their sparkle way too bright  
and deep within a center  
lay darkness black as night

i knew right from the getgo  
your pain I could not bear  
and also was quite certain  
to leave I would not dare

There is in life a moment  
when standing on a cliff  
to choose to jump or back off  
and ever ask 'what if? '

How well I know the terror  
while blinded by your glow  
of searing pain when falling  
on rocks of love below

Your eyes were polished diamonds  
their sparkle way too bright  
and deep within a center  
lay darkness black as night.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Like Ripples On The Water

Like ripples on the water  
My thoughts so gently cast  
Soft glimpses to the future  
And houses of the past

The children in the daisies  
The old folks at the home  
Beyond the hill a swim hole  
Where dragonflies held sway

The apples of the autumn  
The singing of a tyke  
With hair of gold and sunbaked  
Whose heart would later break?

Oh, how those days passed quickly  
Into a haze of gray  
My hands, no longer vibrant  
Soon will return to clay

The future still looks rosy  
Though eyes are dim with age  
My children are my offer  
Writ on life's golden page.

Though one of them has left me  
A parting oh so hard  
He left a little clover  
Reminder in the yard.

Although my life is passing  
And family spread apart  
They left their print forever  
Upon this mother's heart.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Like Seeds

Like grains spewn from a sower's hand  
We helpless refugees like chips  
Were herded onto cold, gray ships  
To distant countries, foreign lands  
Then dropped on salty sands

Black fingers of the plague of war  
Touched villages remote and kind  
Abruptly leveled them with gore  
Gripped gloried towns with bombs and mines  
Until the terror drained its cup  
With nothing left to pour

Then, when the dust and shrapnel shells  
Were covered with Spring rain and grass  
The ones in charge found refugees  
Uprooted from their homes en masse  
And they attuned to freedom's bell

It took some time before the hordes  
Began to have a feeble hope  
Realizing that their newfound lands  
Were peaceful, strong, with helping hands  
So after years learning to cope  
They saw their roots had been restored

Like grains spewn from a sower's hand  
We helpless refugees like chips  
Were herded onto cold, gray ships  
To distant countries, foreign lands  
Then dropped on salty sands.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Lincoln Road Revisited

I sit and watch the crowds walk by  
As they have done for years  
Of late, they seem much better dressed  
Well scrubbed and full of cheer

Beyond the canopy of trees  
And diners in cafes  
I note a building by a wall  
Still draped in yesterdays

That's where I shed so many tears  
In just a little room  
Where many hopes and dreams were crushed  
In midnight's pallid gloom

I suffered many agonies  
As loved ones lost their way  
Helpless in bondage of disease  
While demons held full sway

Those days are but a memory  
Not easily recalled  
Unless I happen on that street  
And see beyond that wall.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Listening To Crickets

Some depend on chariots  
others count on horses  
there are those whose sails run smooth  
others court dark forces

i was never one to trust  
chariots or horses  
neither did I venture forth  
tempting risky courses

By the wayside was my path  
hiding in the thickets  
tracking errant dragonflies  
listening to crickets

Seems the world has passed me by  
in their march to somewhere  
traveling on well paved roads  
ever heading elsewhere

Some depend on chariots  
others count on horses  
there are those whose sails run smooth  
others court dark forces.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Little Gypsy

Tell me truly, little gypsy  
Do you hail from India  
Persia, Siam, in the mountains  
Or the coasts of Libya

Are your trinkets, sequins, bangles  
Meant to shelter from all harm  
Golden earrings, velvet ribbons  
Colored bodkins keep you warm

Laces, ribbons, flowered sashes  
Pearls in rows all dangling down  
Is your costume and demeanor  
Like the greasepaint of a clown

In the distance is your wagon  
Painted boldly, like a toy  
Is your life as bright and jolly  
Stealing kisses from a boy

When the violins at even  
Start the tragic songs of old  
Voices mingling by the campfire  
Do you cry or still act bold

Soon it's time to move the family  
Horses, dogs and children small  
Leaving yet another valley  
Will you miss it not at all

Are your soul and body fashioned  
From a cloth of ancient weave  
Strands of silver, fringes scarlet  
Asking you to never grieve

Little gypsy, tell me truly  
Please don't fool me with a lie  
When you leave another village  
Do you really mean goodbye?

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Live And Learn

She sat across the booth from me  
Telling of kith and kin  
Unending were her siblings' woes  
Valleys of untold grief  
Please note, my friend is eighty-two

Her sister who was older still  
Is doomed in Mexico  
Jorge her no good husband is  
Kaput, finis, checked out at last  
'Twere best she should go too

I wondered why my lunchtime friend  
Just now seemed like a kid  
Kayaking on the sea of life  
Lamenting much distress  
Is this not now a time of rest?

Tides of long lives have washed us down  
Until our bodies creak  
Ventricles shot, our tired hearts should seek  
Where wisdom might be found  
But some may never reach that ground.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Long Forgotten Roads

Moving on those time worn roads  
Places, spaces, old abodes  
Decades melting heavy loads  
Graces, paces goading toads

Poems rising, fractured codes  
Stymied rhyming, clumsy odes  
Accidental travel plans  
Sucked me to this haunted trance

Sizing, rising snails and toads  
Bending, tending to corrode  
Crows in rows of blackened mode  
Marking moments pigeon-toed

Gracing, tracing fingers bold  
Colder bony knuckles fold  
Over moldy bookmarks rolled  
Moisture mottled musk enfolds

Bloated frogs of terror's game  
Leaping, blotting hope in shame  
Taunting, haunting hidden lanes  
Choosing losers counterclaims

Seeping, creeping in the brain  
Scant relief to be insane  
Untold fears arise again  
Loved ones huddle in the rain

Winter's cold and heat again  
Howling, shouting in white pain  
Breaking innocents' last grain  
Harvesting a sought for claim

Cheap the human soul is sold  
For a penny not of gold  
Trusting, rusting metal molds  
Rising, sizing vizes hold

Blessing, dressing cuts in twine  
Meshing into wailing tines  
Crawling into banyan vines  
Ever into time enshrine

Twisted bristling braided knots  
Casting flesh to gamblers lots  
Numbered daily with have-nots  
Sleeping numbly on wet cots

Kittens smitten, strayed from home  
Metal pushing, pounding chrome  
Till the noonday heat melts domes  
Sweating tears in ocean's foam

Orange glows the summer moon  
Bathing buildings dressed in doom  
Who will save this wretched room  
Wrapped in glitter, stained and groomed

Faces, traces streaming by  
Itching witches bending ties  
Anger raging from small cracks  
Slashing skin and breaking backs

Bring them on, those horses, trains  
Mighty muscles, hoofs and manes  
Snorting, sporting leather bands  
Inky, stinky, grasping hands

Silver rings enmeshing toes  
Piercing lobes and fungal woes  
Creeping, sleeping in the bush  
Clipping hedges green and lush

Blasting music small relief  
Breaking pavements blistered grief  
Shadows following our paths  
Calling, taunting, do the math

Derelicts in ragged threads

Loosely hanging from sour beds  
Holding on to grains of grief  
Clasping, clutching papers brief

Feebly drawing hungry breath  
Marked for suffering and death  
Snuffed and puffed and huffed by smog  
Self inflicted murky bog

Crows are perched on wires in rows  
Winged lives in feathered clothes  
Watching human dangers, woes  
Stoic as a bird that knows

Wayward cats and parrots small  
Stolen gifts in shower stalls  
Moments oh so very brief  
Glimmering a small relief

Dusty times and musty air  
Dank depression everywhere  
Fantasy goes for a dime  
Pride and prejudice sublime

Lurking murky tarot ways  
Sweet the pill of heathen stays  
Now evolves to grit and slime  
Hard earned bread sopped into grime

Saved by rabbis, guided soon  
To a thinking, sinking gloom  
Who will listen to this rant  
Scantly cloaked in writers cramp

Meshing moments threshing grief  
Healing, stealing tortured thief  
Prison schism scant relief  
Pills and chills in chambers brief

Etched and branded on my dais

Will time's march wring out that craze  
Far removed from those dark days  
Drenched in tears and pale malaise

How can I forget past scenes  
Etched and branded in my genes  
Galloping depression's blues  
That not even death can soothe

May those paths that I once trode  
Still stay fresh as age corrodes  
Brains in chains and body bowed  
Ah, those long forgotten roads.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Longest Running Show

We enter into life's strong flow  
We join the longest running show

Sometimes the spotlight is too bright  
The masks grotesque with frigid fright  
Sometimes we hide in rafters shade  
Old faded curtains cover made

A bard once said the play's the thing  
And I agree it's quite a fling  
As comedies and tragedies  
Weave in and out in endless tease

Yet there will be no final act  
The theater's owner is well backed  
No earthly angels to implore  
Their lucre in this play to pour

The actors in the play of life  
Can rest assured their stint is rife  
With promises and blessings true  
Their show will span beyond the blue

We enter into life's strong flow  
We join the longest running show.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Longing

I long to be part of the life flow  
To swim in that bubbling stream  
To ebbing and flowing of faint dreams  
Unending in bending it seems.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Look Above

Raise your gaze above the blue  
watch the creatures of the sky  
watch them flying by and by

Shapes of clouds forever new  
breezes nudging them to fly  
far beyond the human eye

Look above and take a clue  
Evening shadows soon fall nigh  
Stretch your gaze before you cry

Darkness soon will swallow you  
Night descends with bands to tie  
eyes and hands and will to try

Raise your gaze above the blue  
watch the creatures of the sky  
watch them flying by and by.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Losers, Weepers

Losers weepers, terror seekers  
Overwhelming pathos keepers

Witches hovels refuse sweepers  
Screaming cursing at grim reapers

Weepers morphing into losers  
Who accused and who accuser

Losers weepers, terror seekers  
Overwhelming pathos keepers

Who abused and who abuser  
Hell their puppeteer and user

Witches hovels refuse sweepers  
Screaming cursing at grim reapers

Overwhelming pathos keepers  
Losers weepers, terror seekers.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Love?

Some things are unsearchable  
some waters unfathomable  
some wisdoms unknowable  
some visions unimaginable  
some beliefs unbelievable  
some wishes unimaginable  
some things untouchable  
but is there someone who is too unlovable?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Loves Wind

Some like windy weather best  
run with flowing robes and zest  
letting breezes ease their stress  
meld with nature and feel blessed

There are those who love blue skies  
gentle zephyrs, butterflies  
morning air and pink sunrise  
balanced meals to keep their size

There are others much more wild  
ran with scissors as a child  
waves and high seas them beguile  
calmness never was their style

I'm not sure where I belong  
for I love sweet summer's song  
yet when surf runs high and strong  
I would love to dive headlong

It's quite true I love wide hats  
act like ladies with pet cats  
yet in secret I like bats  
and some rather ugly rats

T'would be nice to sail the Queens  
reading fashion magazines  
then I'd dare to jump the scene  
and swim to the Philippines

Some like windy weather best  
run with flowing robes and zest  
letting breezes ease their stress  
meld with nature and feel blessed.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Lunchtime On The Road

Lunchtime happens on the Road  
Time to see and to be seen  
Sushi, tofu, miso soup  
Creole crabs from Guadeloupe  
Green umbrellas, orange wraps  
Quaint tattoos and baseball caps

Lunchtime happens on the Road  
Time to see and to be seen  
Pizza done in rustic style  
Cognizenti find worthwhile  
Models sporting rhinestone pumps  
Inline skaters doing jumps

Lunchtime happens on the Road  
Time to see and to be seen  
Canines of the finer set  
Far above a common pet  
Nibble on a salmon dish  
Never touching tuna fish

Lunchtime happens on the Road  
Time to see and to be seen  
Peddlers offer palm frond hats  
Masseurs spread blue yoga mats  
Chocolate truffles offered free  
Health freaks sip on strong green tea

Lunchtime happens on the Road  
Time to see and to be seen  
I observe these daily rites  
Colorful and upbeat sights  
Then when I have had my fling  
Go and eat at Burger King.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Marked For Life

My skin does not display tattoos  
Nor piercing dot my nose  
I may look like a passerby  
But I am marked for life

My leg does not show branding scars  
Nor handcuff scabs on wrists  
No blisters dot my even skin  
Nor scars from jail melees  
I may look like a passerby  
But I am marked for life

I do not limp from twisted bones  
No beatings from man's hand  
My knees have not felt pilgrim pain  
From climbing Mount Royal  
I may look like a passerby  
But I am marked for life

You cannot see my heart or soul  
Nor comprehend my yoke  
Though on the outside I am free  
Of earthly signs or bonds  
I may look like a passerby  
But I am marked for life

One night the Lord asked me to serve  
And I have done so since  
I still look like a passerby  
But God has marked my life.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Mary

There was a time so long ago  
a night of pain and mourning  
a crucifixion full of hate  
his cruel death a warning

Three days they hid behind closed doors  
his trembling few disciples  
they prayed with fervent hopes and tears  
and whispered psalm recitals

It was still dark when a new week  
would shortly break to dawning  
a woman who had loved this soul  
came to his tomb that morning

This story has been often told  
with minor variations  
yet there are many who agree  
on that one word then spoken

The woman wondered who it was  
that uttered one short word  
was it a gardener nearby  
and why her heart then stirred

The risen one has been the source  
of many books and lore  
is it then true that he first spoke  
to one whom most ignored

The word was 'Mary, ' said with love  
and Magdalene transformed  
that moment in the glow of truth  
and miracle performed

Today it is a much loved name  
oft used in prayers and praise  
a word first uttered by a throat  
that had been still three days

There was a time so long ago  
a night of pain and mourning  
a crucifixion full of hate  
his cruel death a warning.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Meadows Of Life

Among life's sprouting reeds  
I was a prickly weed  
Hurt others with misdeeds  
Puffed with self-centered greed

I watched small humble seeds  
Let God tend to their needs  
They thrived and grew with speed  
With beautiful blooms indeed

I want to join that breed  
That follows Jesus' lead  
Among his flock to feed  
And with his love succeed.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Medieval Mindset

Thoughts of troubadours and hardships  
flood the mind as centuries  
fly to times when life was basic  
and each day was challenging

Time when bread was baked in embers  
in the hearth of village huts  
oats and barley and some millet  
were what most folks could afford

Water was not very clean then  
ale and mead is what they drank  
clothes were coarse of wool or leather  
feet wrapped tight in leather skins

Few were joys of sage and laurel  
lavender or fancy lace  
most folks dealt with bare survival  
few allowed to taste fine fare

Just a day was surely given  
to whoever breathed the air  
wars and famine and much sickness  
reaped dark havoc day and night

Yet the soul of man is sturdy  
even in the harshest times  
in the plainest humble village  
there were songs and laughter heard

Dancing singing and carousing  
would delight the peasantry  
in a dusty pebbled courtyard  
easing dread of weekly toil

Thoughts of troubadours and hardships  
flood the mind as centuries  
fly to times when life was basic  
and each day was challenging.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Mendicant

He sits beside the sandy road  
the sun is bright today  
the tattered robes cling to his bones  
it is his life and way

Is he a monk who lives by alms  
or beggar stained with clay  
who knows the heart of one who sits  
and whiles his hours away

His hands are childlike in their size  
once he had been a boy  
but now the years have changed all that  
his youth and dreams destroyed

His face and shoulders are well hid  
by shadows dark with gloom  
is there a chance the rays of faith  
can enter than grim room

Who knows and who would dare to ask  
what is this person's goal  
and why he does not tread the roads  
most people gladly stroll

Is there a gap or precipice  
too wide to span or breach  
between the meager beggar bowl  
or searing faith to reach?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Merchant Memories

He was a well known merchant  
who dealt in cloth and spice  
fine silks and fragrant curries  
were traded for great price

His friends and loves were many  
his life a paradise  
until one night while drinking  
he lost it all to dice

He wanders through the alleys  
his garments crawl with lice  
he begs for alms and handouts  
for meager bowls of rice

He shuts his eyes to sunlight  
ignoring rats and mice  
and visions of past glory  
must finally suffice

He was a well known merchant  
who dealt in cloth and spice  
fine silks and fragrant curries  
were traded for great price.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Messages And Messengers

In our lives there happen daily  
so many helpful messages  
most are ignored yet some are heeded  
from unexpected messengers

The person sitting on the trolley  
may be an angel in disguise  
to let you know what new direction  
might some old hackneyed thought revise

That day you lost a stable footing  
and fell into a pool of mud  
may be the messenger intended  
for slowing your boiling blood

It's hard to notice what's a message  
a lot of them are brought in ways  
that seem so silly, unimportant  
yet they are meant to grace our days

When in the din and rush of striving  
we often run past what is dear  
especially when that strong message  
may seem a challenge too severe

The messages we're offered daily  
are gifts and nudges from above  
though some are couched in ugly garments  
they all are sent with greatest love.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Metal Madness

The metal filings of my mind  
Shards piercing a long hidden mine  
They stir up pools of brackish brine  
And grind, and grind, and grind, and grind

Sometimes it's hard to just go on  
They will not stop until the dawn  
They draw me to the lead of guilt  
With coils of shame securely built

Sometimes it's hard to look for hope  
Sometimes it's hard to try to cope  
Yet there's a force that's tried with fire  
That pulls all metals to its pyre

The painful shards that poke my mind  
Can with one stroke their tortures bind  
There is a magnet in the sky  
That tames all metals by and by.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Mexico Lindo

Mexico Lindo crowds my soul  
A land where colors rule the day.  
Its people have small hope or goal.  
With poker face life's cards they play.

The teeming markets brim with spice,  
Chorizos smoke and maize abounds.  
Its maidens soon succumb to vice  
Of greasy bellies, harsher sounds.

A caballero plunks guitars  
As heavy cotton sashes glow,  
By light of moon with craters scarred  
The peasants breathing slow and low.

Old Mexico is just a dream  
In gringos' eyes used to the sun.  
Sombreros shade the hidden seam,  
A garment tough as whip and gun.

Mexico Lindo beauty carves  
From roses red in blood of fears.  
Its vision bound by wires barbed.  
The rain is but collective tears.

I will not go to Mexico  
To celebrate the day of death.  
To graves that open, reap and sow,  
Beginnings end like choking breath.

Mexico Lindo crowds my soul.  
A land where colors rule the day.  
Its people have small hope or goal.  
With poker face life's cards they play.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Miami - Dark And Light

There are two sides to every city  
Each village has its ups and downs  
No suburb lacks a good and bad side  
Nor does Miami stand apart

Somehow the crowds that walk on Flagler  
The street dividing North and South  
Their light sides seem to be more shiny  
While alleys dark are much more so

There's something tragic in this fast pace  
Amid the well-fed and well-shod  
The homeless wretched seem more needy  
Than any other place I've been

There are two sides to every city  
Each village has its ups and downs  
No suburb lacks a good and bad side  
Nor does Miami stand apart.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Michael, Tall And Fair

God bless you Michael, tall and fair,  
You were the brightest one.  
You always were a hero  
Gracing our lives with song.

I loved you too much Michael,  
A mother's greatest error.  
I felt your pain too fiercely,  
Dark cries in nightly terror.

You're gone now, my dear Michael,  
Your voice I cannot hear.  
The poems and the singing  
Are silenced now, I fear.

You've blossomed into manhood,  
A child no more.  
Can you forgive my holding on?  
You were the brightest one.

I had to let you go, son,  
It was the hardest thing.  
The house is ever silent,  
No happy ring.

When time is full, dear Michael,  
And angels take you home  
I wish for you a new song  
That's not been heard before.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Millstones

The millstones grind in slow accord  
apace with breezes blowing  
as harvest wheat is ground to dust  
in circles never slowing

The nourishment they soon provide  
from brick kilns and wood stoves  
gives life and health to one and all  
as fragrant fresh baked loaves

Those stony wheels in timeless grace  
move on in darkened mills  
and though not noticed and not praised  
their daily task fulfill

When you and I are gone away  
when new trees cover hills  
millstones in measured timeless pace  
continue grinding still.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Minstrel Magic

There was a time now long since past  
when minstrels at the fair  
sang songs and fiddled to the crowds  
in rural village squares  
dressed bright in silken tasseled clothes  
with stripes and diamond shapes  
embroidered in eccentric ways  
on banners and silk capes

They sang of battles and of kings  
and in between the lines  
sent messages from freedom's land  
to folks for years confined  
to labor on a tenant farm  
and chattel their few goods  
who longed to breathe on their own soil  
and hunt in nearby woods

Sometimes the bonds and chains of fear  
are much too strong to break  
when pushed and pulled and torn and cut  
by mighty force to shake  
but sometimes silly seeming clowns  
who juggle for their bread  
and sing what seem like harmless songs  
can touch that golden thread

None paid the minstrel too much mind  
but still the truth remains  
sometimes the smallest spark can touch  
and burn oppression's chains  
the bird of spirit can't be found  
in weighty tomes or runes  
but may be coaxed to leave its cage  
by juggling minstrels tunes.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Mixed Emotions

Emotions are a funny thing  
you may feel blue  
and soon you're not  
and then a friend drops in to chat  
and you feel warm and share good thoughts

At other times when overwhelmed  
to scream and rant you are compelled  
until some tiny little sign  
appears to make things realign

Some days it all looks bleak and gray  
at other times it's Mandalay  
while purples, greens and shades of gold  
kaleidoscopic thoughts evolve

Like fragile birds each feeling flies  
and can't be caught or understood  
or nailed down into slots or molds  
as many wise ones have foretold

Emotions are a funny thing  
you may feel blue  
as gloom descends  
and then a friend drops in to chat  
and you feel warm as sadness ends.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Mocha Moment

It was just a weekend moment  
Not expected, planned that day  
Friends now met, then parted ever  
In a soon defunct café.

Toffee, coffee, cocoa, mocha  
Velvet veskits, beads of jade  
Dainty teas in thinnest porcelain  
Rich aromas, curries rare.

There we sat, sipped tea with biscuits  
Spoke of books 'bout love's endgame  
Amethysts, éclairs and sapphires  
Dancing in the ocean's rain

Did that girl with braids remarry  
Or that boy destroy his dreams?  
Time has crushed all known existence  
In its alabaster schemes

Did the incense fragrance linger  
In my hair and grungy clothes  
Caramel chocolate blend with laughter  
Flowing tresses, bells on toes?

As I sit in distant tower  
box of ivory, neat and clean  
Memories rise like silken sashes  
Golden goblets, pearly dreams.

Far away is that brief moment  
Long forgotten, I must say  
But each time I feel a sadness  
Velvets, toffee, come to play.

It was just a weekend moment  
Not expected, planned that day  
Friends now met, then parted ever  
In a soon defunct café.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Moonbeams And Comets

When I was young I wondered  
why stars would twinkle so  
while gazing through my window  
a most fantastic show

Time came when I no longer  
looked up or watched the sky  
grown women have their duties  
no time to question why

Yet in my deepest bosom  
I wondered if some night  
an impish little moonbeam  
would touch me in its flight

You never gave me warning  
you never said a word  
it only took an instant  
my world became absurd

Though seeming like a lifetime  
the time with you was short  
obsession overheated  
its flame quick to abort

They speak of two ships passing  
when night and sea shine blue  
our love affair resembled  
two comets crashing through

The aftermath is painful  
it's hard to settle down  
to life of ordered balance  
when embers singe my gown

The road ahead looks scary  
no signs to show the way  
but as my gaze turns upward  
the moon and stars still play.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Morning

Now morning sneaks upon my face  
Eyes slowly peel their wraps  
The night has been quite dark, quite long  
An endless, somber apse

The mind now races back and forth  
To find a purpose, goal  
Yet weight of limbs and leaden mind  
Press down with heavy soles

I look upon some scraps of bread  
Cold coffee in the pot  
Perhaps they'll help to stir me up  
To face my present lot

And then I see a glass of blue  
Aglimmer on my plate  
So pretty and so like a poem  
To pen one I can't wait

Of all the strivings high and low  
We mortals so oft crave  
Can answers lie in just a cup  
And rhymes our souls to save?

Now morning sneaks upon my face  
Eyes slowly peel their wraps  
The night has been quite dark, quite long  
An endless, somber apse.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Morning Cup Of Coffee

There's nothing like a cup of coffee  
Accompanied by toasted bread  
Its bitter flavor helps to brace for  
The battles of the day ahead

The bread is like a layer of armor  
Protecting fragile plans and hopes  
Then in the push and shove of living  
You have a fighting chance to cope

When morning gloom has spread its pallor  
On furniture and brain and mood  
There is one thing to get you going  
A pot of coffee, dark, strong-brewed.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Morning Walk

Excellent

Thoughts of morning

Morning Walk by Lillian

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## ABOUT

### LIILIAN

a free spirit who has enjoyed the beauty and challenges of Florida her entire adult life. Much of her poetry and short stories have a sub-tropical theme. An empty nester, she finds writing a terrific way to give meaning to life. Loves simplicity, nature and nostalgia.

[Portfolio](#) | [Become A Fan](#)

[Reeds and weeds and morning glories](#)

Wave their greetings as I walk  
While a mockingbird pronounces  
Chatty plans in twittered talk

Fluffy, bouncy clouds like cotton  
Bow to rays of rising sun  
As the stage of this day brightens  
For its players large and small

Soon the egrets start their soaring  
Coos of mourning doves emerge  
Whispering of secret wisdoms  
Only known to birds and God

As the day wears on so many  
Flowers, reeds succumb to death  
Yet at sunset my frail flower  
Still is given one more chance.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Mountain Fever

They scaled the peaks close to the sky  
some never to descend  
yet some returning to their homes  
bore wounds that would not mend

Like rock-hewn graven images  
those faces would return  
of bodies that the mountain took  
to hoard in snowcapped urns

Survivors nightmares can't be quenched  
by time or well lived lives  
those painful eyes of comrades lost  
cut deep like hunting knives

It's said the summit can't be claimed  
by those who reach the peak  
until they're safely back in camp  
by luck or by technique

Yet blessed or cursed, the quest goes on  
in those who have succumbed  
to mountain fever's virulence  
and hell and heaven plumbed.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Moving Moon

The moon creeps slowly westward  
As planets orbit onward  
My thoughts fall into channels  
Unknown to daylight panels  
I think about a promise  
Arising from old pages  
Of scrolls inscribed in ages  
Revealed to bards and sages

A promise not to gather  
And swell the earth with flooding  
From waters held by heaven  
To drown all wicked leaven  
The beauty of a rainbow  
To seal that mighty promise  
A comfort that creation  
Is caused by more than whimsy

Thoughts of a time predicted  
Invade my mind and memory  
Stars losing lights and places  
Moons spurting blood in traces  
I shudder at that warning  
And hope fair morning's dawning  
Will gold sun and warming  
Instead of doom and dying

May God still stay that ending  
For much still needs my tending  
Heart needing peace from yearnings  
And unfulfilled road bendings  
The moon now moves more swiftly  
And brightens to a glowing  
As of a warm cheek holding  
A kindly word intending

It whispers that we mortals  
Still stand on respite's portal  
To work a work of loving

And broadcast harvest sowing  
Though sleep is slow in coming  
I somehow feel a comfort  
A tiredness to slumber  
Assured that all my blunders  
Still have a chance of mending  
Before that final ending.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Musty Room

I'm trapped in this musty room  
All by myself, my mind, my heart  
And my stomach.  
A dusty window reveals  
The time of day, the weather

I'm hungry now.  
Find a piece of bread  
A voice calls me  
Be alone, it says  
Rest and let go of  
The must, the will and the need to.  
My heart whispers now  
Embrace the patient call of life.

It's always there  
Waiting for me  
In the musty room,  
The silent space  
Between two buildings  
To stop the I and feel  
The simple miracle of now,  
The magic of just being.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# My Best

While you are in my life  
those few moments  
we speak  
sit together  
have a cup of coffee  
mention the weather  
the family  
the ills  
the pills

in those few moments  
let me give you my best  
try not to lie  
to sigh

let me listen  
just a little bit more  
and talk  
just a little bit less

it may be  
we will never  
meet again  
or talk  
of weather  
or ills  
or pills.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# My Cup

I recall a tiny room  
Cramped with solitude and gloom  
Silverfish with minute feet  
Crawling on a dusty broom

Haunting fears would not let up  
As I warmed my only cup  
Hotplate perched on a small chair  
Waiting for my evening sup

This was all so long ago  
For God took his mighty bow  
Flung me as an arrow high  
Far above that frightful low

As I clean my sparkling place  
A quaint mirror shows my face  
Mouth is smiling yet my eyes  
Show a trace of days gone by.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# My Estonian Mother

I loved my mother's patient ways  
in suffering and dearth  
and being torn from near and dear  
in lands that gave her birth

I love my mother's calming ways  
when sickness robbed her sounds  
and when with sores her back was razed  
with chains of pain was bound

I love my mother's simple ways  
of doing household chores  
without a thanks or gratitude  
through times of peace and wars

The garden that she loved so well  
and tended every day  
was one night bombed and smashed to bits  
no time to cry nor stay

So many seasons passed away  
she suffered with no qualms  
and never uttered a complaint  
yet always kept her calm

When she got old and time drew on  
a garden plot so rare  
was given her in tropic lands  
with sunshine everywhere

No longer in a northern clime  
where apple orchards bloomed  
this garden burst with oranges  
and jasmines rich perfume

God has his ways of doing things  
that we can't understand  
and I am glad my mom at last  
was given a new land

New shoots arose from ashen ground  
and new soil bloomed once more  
the trees now heavy with much fruit  
and crotons by the door

Soon her sweet voice was heard again  
in singing 'neath the trees  
of golden fruit and flower sprays  
with dragonflies and bees

I loved my mother's patient ways  
in suffering and dearth  
and being torn from near and dear  
in lands that gave her birth.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# My Morning

Morning dawns again  
So do I  
May my sun shine brighta

Lilia Talts Morrison

# My Purple Place

Those days when terrors fill my soul  
With claws all thoughts embracing  
When tiny breaths are hard to bear  
Frustration's threads enlacing  
I go into my sheltered place  
With purple walls as pickets  
They buffer every thorny fear  
And hug me in their thickets.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# My Room

I've lived in many places  
That are forgotten now  
And traveled many countries  
They seem so far somehow

Then in a flimsy shelter  
A spot of rest I found  
To bind my wounds and harbor  
From dangers that abound  
This little room with four walls  
Far from the beaten path  
Has held me safe in solace  
From life's harsh aftermath

Gently like little bird chirps  
My tales begin to grow  
Like when I ruined that curtain  
I knew not know to sew  
Or when they fixed the bathroom  
As water gushed about  
Or when I got a new broom  
Of which I was so proud

I've lived in many places  
I don't remember where  
My wanderings now ended  
In ways so small and fair.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# My Sandals

Thank you for the pebbles  
that rub against my sandals  
the little grains of sand that serve  
to season tender foot soles

You make my rocky path more firm  
and strengthen my resolve  
to keep on walking strong and straight  
while looking to the distance.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# My Silesia

Green are the boughs near my abode  
And sunlight fills my room.  
Gold blossoms dropp from golden trees  
And jasmine fills the air.

Yet my heart yearns for barren fields,  
For cloudy skies and rain  
For lonely trees of evergreen  
And stumps and crags of wood.

Silesia, I long for you  
Your ancient fate so cruel  
The blood that drenched your stony fields  
Does hallow it for sure.

Your people eked a life too harsh  
Yet clung to lands so dear  
A stranger's blows you suffered well  
Your folk well versed in fear.

When all the battlefields lie down  
And rest in peace on earth  
Silesia will surely cry  
'Life's nothing, if not dearth.'

Yes, boughs are green near my abode  
I left that land of pain  
Yet jasmine sweet and blossoms gold  
Will never own my soul.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# My Space

Somebody gave me shelter  
I have it for this day  
I try to keep it simple  
And pleasant to display

I move out excess items  
And pick up things I drop  
So when another enters  
It is a pleasing stop

One day a lady told me  
God doesn't really care  
If things are somewhat messy  
He only wants our prayers

I thought about this comment  
And wondered why I should  
Not care for shelter given  
By God, a room so good.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# My Worn Heart

See the evening shadows fall  
my worn heart has felt so much  
it has slowed down to a crawl  
yet it pulses to your touch  
and still wants to give its all  
groping memories to clutch  
yet it pulses to your touch  
my worn heart has felt so much.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Nepalese Tea Express

When Ma has stopped her sweeping  
And Pa snuffed out the lamps  
And all the world is sleeping  
It's time for tales by Gramps

In slow and mellow whispers  
The stories start to roll  
Of far and distant mountains  
And creatures odd and droll

Tonight we hear the scampers  
Of tiny little feet  
And squeaks and muffled scratches  
Of mice who seek a treat

But Grandpa won't believe it:  
"That's not a mouse at all  
But a rare riding rodent  
From tall peaks of Nepal

"He drives a little buggy  
Bright red with wheels of green  
And steals all pretty teacups  
From folks asleep in dreams

"For in the Himalayas  
There's lots of spice and tea  
But pretty cups and saucers  
Are seldom to be seen

"So if your Ma should ask you  
Where her nice cup could be  
Just tell her it's been taken  
To Nepal for their tea."

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Neptune's Daughter

Oh, may my life a river be  
Days flowing like green water  
My liquid moments shine like drops  
Embracing Neptune's daughter

Oh, may I float in waves of love  
Swim out to friend and foe  
Move gracefully with seaside nymphs  
As trade winds gently blow

Oh, may the ebbing of my tide  
Blot tears from sea blue eyes  
Forever stayed on clouds above  
As seagulls gently fly

Let me be clothed with veils of rose  
That color morning streams  
Till every fluid mermaid trance  
Fades into moonlight beams.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Night Tells

They tell us now to seize the day  
And pirouette through hours  
It's true the day's indeed a stage  
But it's the night that tells

In dawn's fair light we don our masks  
Pomading hair in twists  
We wrap ourselves in linen robes  
Gold bordered, swathed with pearls

By midday audiences throng  
As we proceed to dance  
White orchids land upon our feet  
From clapping, shouting fans

Then evening comes and curtains drop  
Their deep red velvet veils  
Our makeup greasy now and pale  
Fine costumes ripped and worn

Then night falls on our wrinkled beds  
Unfit to view on stage  
Klieg lights transform to barest bulbs  
On ceilings cracked with age

Then slumber numbs out all the jazz  
And glories of the day  
Masks comic and of tragic mien  
Transform to monster size

At last a strange and haunting star  
Shines through the dusty panes  
Of one small window in our flat  
As we succumb to sleep

That's when the one who backs the play  
Decides what's wheat, what's chaff  
For days are stages filled with props  
But it's the night that tells.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Night Visitor

The truth comes out  
in the later of the late hours  
when there is no traffic hum  
no talk or chirping of birds  
and I am just alone, so alone  
I can hear my mind wander

it goes back to a very old place  
wandering child in a large manor  
no furniture and no obstructions  
only a little child in the world

Then without being invited  
the truth settles down  
like a fog  
long before the world begins again  
once again  
before the early chirping of birds  
before the slow beginning of day  
before the present returns

This uninvited visitor will remain  
forever in consciousness  
but because it is truth  
it settles quietly  
among the other thoughts  
and needs no space

Since it is truth  
and has no form  
no demands  
it just is.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Nightmareland

I wandered in and out of rooms  
Enmeshed in clinging cobweb looms  
Sharp yellowed shards lined dusty floors  
Pierced feet intruding shadow doors

Nobody heard or saw me cry  
As pockmarked walls closed out the sky  
Whilst from a source I could not tell  
A dirge arose to sound its knell

I knew at once it was for me  
Yet strangely had no urge to flee  
Then suddenly a bony hand  
Nudged me awake from nightmareland.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# No More Mountains

There was a time when mountains  
seemed like a cinch to climb  
romantic offers proffered  
I did not then decline

Forbidding Himalayas  
to scale with one who cared  
seemed like a bright adventure  
no challenge and no dare

Yes, minimizing mountains  
was my neat back of tricks  
and magnifying molehills  
I often did for kicks

Words such as values, balance  
I did not entertain  
why, that was meant for dullards  
tied up in fear based chains

It took a lot of earthquakes  
tsunamis and monsoons  
to crack my heedless spirit  
and pop my proud balloon

Today I'm slowly learning  
to shun the craggy rocks  
where big red flags are waving  
and stand on solid docks

Today that erstwhile seesaw  
has calmed down quite a bit  
my gut no longer churning  
in ego's painful grip

Those dark eyed handsome rovers  
no longer seem so fine  
they've found new companeros  
new hills and peaks to climb

There was a time when mountains  
seemed like a cinch to climb  
romantic offers proffered  
I cared not to decline.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# No More Secrets

Time came when hidden knots  
dark secrets clogged in clots  
arose from rotting cots  
revealing feudal plots

time's fingers reached that cave  
untangling strings of twine  
unraveled whispered lies  
lay bare the iron vise  
snapped loose old musty chains  
turned dust to muddy veins  
as rose the tide of years

time stomped on covert schemes  
as pus of feuds poured forth  
in streams like bloody veins  
too stark to dwell in dreams

time's waters wore the flint  
and rock of stubborn pride  
till all the traps were sprung  
as friends and strangers met  
on deserts 'neath bare skies

as sun's last rays died down  
all stood upon the strand  
no longer clothed in fame  
or poverty's gray robes

that's when the candle burned  
the chaff of falsehood's clothes  
and there they stood unshod  
unsung, undone by fate.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Nomads Called Aestii

Ancient imprints of dark memories  
Deeply wrapped in folds forgotten  
Branded unto every fiber  
Of my Aestii people's bloodline

Since the dawn of time they wandered  
Searching for a hoped for shelter  
Riding, walking, seeking daily  
Huddling, struggling bands of nomads

At land's end they found green pastures  
Rivers flowing rich with fishes  
Waters mighty, lakes refreshing  
There they rested, there they settled

Yet their epic hero suffered  
Where his mother, father lingered  
Their fair son was cut asunder  
Bloody legs and fist soon shackled  
In an underworld of torture

Like a mirror of that saga  
Aestii people were uprooted  
Rounds of fiery shrapnel bombing  
Like a bucking stallion's thunder

Peaceful farmers lost their homesteads  
Forced to wander in all seasons  
Still recalling fields and meadows  
Crops now spoiled and plots left fallow

Yet as lasting as the courage  
Of the hero down in Hades  
Are the strains of long set patterns  
Of those distant hordes of nomads

As my evening draws to ending  
I recall my birth beginnings  
It seems strange that I'm not broken

Over lost lands and lost friendships

Then recalling nomad imprints  
Seared and branded in our blood veins  
And as much as we love Aestii  
We remain as tough as need be

Knowing that though wars may tumble  
Lands and peoples like a jumble  
Still we have the earth to walk on  
A great sky to see and learn from

That young hero is now loosened  
When a sword brought faith on crosses  
Pouring balm on times of serfdom  
Bringing warmth to harshest winters

Yes the Aestii still are breathing  
Air God gave to all his people  
None need be displaced or wanting  
When his hope is placed in heaven

We no longer have to pine for  
Wheat filled fields and blue-eyed neighbors  
If our hearts are filled with Jesus  
Turning strangers into brothers

Those who spewed us from our lodgings  
Are forgiven and forgotten  
For there is but one great treasure  
Tolerance with mercy's measure

Is there not a deeper instinct  
More remote than nomad imprints  
Is there not a need a burning  
To find God and end all yearning?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Nooks And Crannies

Nooks and crannies of my mind  
in odd hours are inclined  
much like mice and galley rats  
flapping, sapping blinding bats  
first to gnaw and then to crawl  
on my sanity's thin wall

Nooks and crannies of my room  
straw lined nests foreboding doom  
rise like nightly fog at sea  
quickly overtaking me  
spreading like a wind torn sail  
on the deck where I now flail

Nooks and crannies, hidden caves  
darken lucid ocean waves  
where my ship has set its course  
underneath the current's source  
compass, sextant, instruments  
fail in liquid impotence

Never was a voyage free  
of those nooks we cannot see  
Never was a mast so strong  
to withstand the siren song  
of a cranny's hidden draw  
turning sturdy wood to straw

Nooks and crannies of my mind  
in odd hours are inclined  
much like mice and galley rats  
flapping, sapping blinding bats  
first to gnaw and then to crawl  
on my sanity's thin wall.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Nordic Mom

The world is big and oh so wide  
it's hard to comprehend  
how people in all kinds of climes  
their hardships can transcend

A mother in a tropic clime  
must deal with bugs and heat  
to keep her children strong and fit  
and jungle dangers meet

Along a mountain's rocky slopes  
all life is challenging  
a misstep may cause broken bones  
and earthquakes ravaging

The lands much closer to the poles  
have shortened summer days  
and many months of winter's frost  
bring sickness and malaise

How can the mothers of the world  
deal with such daily threats  
to keep their young ones on good paths  
and suffer few regrets?

I saw a picture of a mom  
with her small bundled boy  
in what must be a northern land  
her face showed little joy

Imagining what life must be  
for mother and for child  
I saw beneath the cold and chill  
a warmth with great love filled

So maybe all around the world  
each family transcends  
their hardships in all kinds of climes  
with love to heal and mend

The world is big and oh so wide  
it's hard to comprehend  
how people in all kinds of climes  
their hardships can transcend.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Not A Few

I've been granted blessings  
not a few  
challenges to conquer  
and subdue

Troubles came a'knocking  
not a few  
angels soon appearing  
them to shoo

In the midnight darkness  
ghosts subdue  
with the sword of prayer  
piercing through

May I wake each morning  
with the dew  
recommit my journey  
faith renew

Blessings I've been granted  
not a few  
challenges to conquer  
and subdue.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Not Sure

The year is young, my life springs new  
a chance to start again  
blot out those fields of green and blue  
the toil of farming men

No longer are my feet awash  
with dirt among the rows  
of rich, green okra, corn or squash  
and blisters on my toes

In concrete pastures do I laugh  
clean, tidy is my room  
my baskets rough and full of chaff  
I've traded for a broom

The new year brought a neighborhood  
so pretty and so fine  
I wouldn't trade it if I could  
turn back the paths of time

The evening sunset I can see  
from windows wide and high  
no fighting the mosquito, bee  
In fading nightly sky

So why am I quite lonely now  
why do I dream of fields  
blood red as crotons lowly bow  
and bougainvillea yields

'Oh you'll get used to it, ' they say  
and they are right, I'm sure  
those memories saved along the way  
are past, they won't endure

Is not a sunset just as pink  
when seen from marbled sill  
as running breathlessly to drink  
a glimpse of day's last will

My rocky journey is at end  
my place so calm, secure  
yet when that orange orb descends  
at night, I am not sure.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Ocean Ode

Silver rhinestones dance on waves  
sprawling seaweed sleeps on sand  
memories sealed in liquid graves  
beachside wandering unplanned

Will the ocean's roar subside  
mysteries too deep to fear  
water ways and stinging rays  
when will my obsession clear?

Who can fathom ancient routes  
who can phantom ships retrace?  
what is lost to seas of yore  
will be rescued never more

Let me move in tune with waves  
pulled from stagnant earthly caves  
roar as storms destruction bring  
soar on sun bleached seagull wings

Sparkling dancing diamond waves  
sprawling seaweed sleepy sand  
sealing dreams in liquid graves  
beachside walks unsung, unplanned.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Ocean's Edge

I yearn to sit on ocean's edge  
When wind and rain are raging  
While clinging to a rocky ledge  
Feel God's great power engaging

I want to run on sandy brine  
Hair blown in all directions  
While seagulls gracefully align  
With gusty storm reflections

The beach is just a little while  
From my small landlocked room  
Yet unseen fingers, cold and vile  
Hold me in their dark womb

I yearn to sit on ocean's edge  
When wind and rain are raging  
While clinging to a rocky ledge  
Feel God's great power engaging.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Of Skies And Lives

The sky can be a kind of map  
of feelings truths and ways  
to those who care to look above  
while trudging earth-born days

Quite often thunderclouds can tempt  
the peace our sun affords  
yet soon white fluffy cumulus  
will strum much brighter chords

Sometimes the firmament is blue  
and deep beyond belief  
sometimes a rainbow makes a show  
so stunning and so brief

But for the most part it's a bit  
of this and that and those  
and skies above just like our lives  
wear many changing clothes

The sky can be a kind of map  
of feelings truths and ways  
to those who care to look above  
while trudging earth-born days.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Oh Soldier

They say old soldiers never die  
they simply fade away  
and rumor has it cowards pass  
as oft as fear holds sway

Folk wisdom loves to tell of how  
bold heroes lives will end  
when fate metes out appointed times  
and human foil transcends

Yet none has said or dared impute  
a soul of faith dies too  
or who can know or surely tell  
what lies beyond the blue?

From wounded limbs and well scarred trunks  
bursts forth fresh sap from trees  
although a dagger pierces deep  
new shoots tempt winter's freeze

All swords and weapons made by hand  
are meant to rust away  
who's seen the blade that cuts through all  
and none on earth can slay?

When all bold armor has been dropped  
on battlefields of shame  
when blood and striving come to end  
a still small voice remains

'Oh soldier, ' it begins to say  
"Tis time to rest, it's late.  
True victory is not for those  
who march with prideful gait.

'Rewards untold await beyond  
all earthly pomp and pow'r  
and they are offered just in time  
in an undreamed of hour.

"Tis meet munitions now to toss  
upon the heap of bones  
and feel the coolness of the earth  
from which all life has grown.'

They say old soldiers never die  
they simply fade away  
and rumor has it cowards pass  
as oft as fear holds sway.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Oh Stranger

Oh stranger do not fear the road  
there is a path, a way  
a sure direction to the Lord  
most any time of day

Just look within your weary heart  
and stop to rest a while  
and you will find him deep within  
he's with you every mile

There is no need to climb and search  
far mountains and green hills  
look in your yard, so close to home  
he smiles from daffodils

You may have lost your faith and hope  
but never fear or dread  
when you bend down to help a friend  
your spirit will be fed

Oh stranger do not fear the road  
there is a path, a way  
a sure direction to the Lord  
most any time of day.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Oh, Lord

Oh Lord, don't leave me lonely  
your word is true

no one can light my darkness  
but you  
no one can ease my burdens  
but you  
no one can love me truly  
like you

Oh Lord, don't leave me lonely  
your word is true.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Old Adobe Mission

There stands an old adobe mission  
between two hills of ancient mold  
the bell is weathered by harsh seasons  
of searing heat and piercing cold

Who in that desert would approach it  
what vagabond or hunted soul  
would venture in that haunted landscape  
of Native stories long foretold

Death lives beneath the sea of sand dunes  
a testament to crimes untold  
Whose leathered hand would dare to enter  
the crumbling tower's sacred fold

Yet when the brutal sun is setting  
and tumbleweeds slow down their roll  
a clear and piercing bell starts ringing  
its sound so pure and strong and bold

Some claim they saw a phantom shadow  
approaching when the evening gold  
descended on that crumbling mission  
and rang the bell, so legend holds

None but the ones who died for freedom  
whose hearts could not be bought or sold  
could hear the pealing of that music  
and by its sound at last paroled.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Old Hymns

Thoughts of days long gone away  
Hymns sung in a humble way  
Pious hands in kind laps lay  
Fingers crossed to gently pray

Windows letting in God's light  
Softening the coming night  
Eyes still red from streams of tears  
Holding on though long in years

Dreaming of those days of old  
Timeworn pews worth more than gold  
Faces plain yet with a glow  
Eyes so single voices low

Long forgotten are those days  
Laid aside those hallowed ways  
Now replaced by mighty powers  
Trading gold in granite towers

A lone poet mourns the day  
Hymns sung in a humble way  
Faded as hearts turned away  
Minds and hearts forgot to pray

Thoughts of days long gone away  
Hymns sung in a humble way  
Pious hands in kind laps lay  
Fingers crossed to gently pray.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Old Photo Albums

Cardboard jewels twist around dried petals  
On black frayed pages, gray with age  
Little babies in stiff starched bonnets  
Perch on laps of stern parents  
Whose eyes are stark and cold..  
Sad sleepless eyes look out from  
Timeworn tin types

Musty silver frames hold  
Lace hearts as women  
with huge brimmed hats  
Hold their breaths in waspy waists  
Hydrangea bushes hide  
a cottage made in style of  
Bat on board.

Who is that man standing in the front?  
Why he died a week later  
In that very house.  
He was smiling  
Just as if he would live forever.

She, the one with the white summer dress  
with butterflies and long tresses  
perished in a fire at eighteen.  
Mother told me many storie4s.  
How many stories remained  
Never to be told?

What about that face scratched out  
In the picnic photo of a dozen  
people on a sunny lawn  
next to a cool forest?

Yesterday's pictures haunt.  
A child holds a golden cup  
While an older sister  
eats a piece of chocolate.  
Their laces prove their wealth.

What about the sad faced boy  
With tight, high laced shoes.  
Did they hurt?

Cardboard jewels, dried rose petals  
Whisper very quietly.  
If you listen, they will tell you  
'There are answers in old photographs.'

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Old Photo Albums II

Fingers touching photo albums,  
Hands are gnarled, where veins unfold.  
Eyes still shiny, though much paler,  
Scan those fragments, now grown old.

Cardboard jewels, sun dried petals,  
Fading lace, quaint fashioned hearts,  
Youthful maidens with hydrangeas  
Stand in pristine, flowered yards.

Little babies, tiny rosebuds,  
Plucked by ravaging disease,  
Smile from yesterday's brown pallor,  
Held on stern maternal knees.

Brittle folded silver paper  
No one crushed or tossed away,  
Pasted near a stiffened portrait,  
Of a child who never played.

Now a cloverleaf has fallen,  
Slipped from slender, bony knees.  
Having lost one of its petals  
In the thirsty carpet's seams.

There a yellowed sheaf is lying,  
Labeled 'fragile, do not fold.'  
Childlike scribbles from a schoolhouse,  
Though the child is now grown old

Thick the album, quite old-fashioned,  
Soon the feed for worms and rot.  
All those families and faces,  
Fleeting as forget-me-nots.

Starched and shiny stands a young man,  
Medals pinned upon his chest,  
Innocent with hope his aspect,  
Presently was laid to rest.

Thick veined hands now placet the book down  
On a kitchen windowsill.  
Sad and sleepless eyes try resting  
On a cat that's napping still.

Long ago these hands washed children,  
Poured fresh water from the well.  
Dark brown soap was made of suet.  
Ancient ways. No one to tell.

It's too late to fix a teacup,  
Age has stolen strength and will,  
Though the dreaming has grown stronger.  
Cups of gold an angel fills.

Heavy hands now fold in prayer,  
Waiting, though it be a while,  
For that silent door to open,  
Where a son or daughter smiles.

Fingers touching photo albums,  
Hands are gnarled, where veins unfold.  
Eyes still shiny, though much paler,  
Scan those fragments, now grown old.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Old Salt

Salty fish in crusted brine  
dark brown bread with sour wine  
cod and herring pickled long  
sauerkraut fermented strong

Gherkin barrels bursting kegs  
wooden stools on triple legs  
iron stoves alive with coals  
old men drawling tales with holes

Who remembers rocky coasts  
rafts and sails and handmade floats  
at day's end haul in the mast  
nothing tastes like those times past.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# On Hearing American Pie

I heard that song again  
As I walked on a very busy street  
The same one you had paced  
So many years ago

I stopped and leaned against a post  
Right in front of the tattoo parlor  
Blasting the radio

I could have been a derelict  
A senior panhandler  
A con woman  
A broker of goods  
This block was full of them

They leaned on posts  
Eyes darting back and forth  
Some sporting golden chains  
Or purple pants  
Nobody asked them to move on  
Unless they lost their cool

But I had no game to play  
Just wanted to hear  
What happened  
In the gym  
And about the pink carnation  
And the truck and the levee

What happened afterward?  
The song was long  
And yet I did not move along  
As passersby stared

The man in the tattoo parlor  
Came out to look  
I threw him a glance  
He was the kind  
Who could size up people with one look

Could he see it  
Could he see  
That the school across the street  
Was the one you went to  
As a little blond child

Doing all your homework  
Walking home  
With a proper gait  
A briefcase in hand  
Picking up treasures  
On the dirty street

Could he see  
That you were the man  
Who walked these streets  
With your guitar  
And you could sing  
That song too  
And your levee became dry  
That one day  
Far away from this street

Could he see  
That I too had a tattoo  
On my heart  
For my child  
Who became a man  
Whose life became a sad song?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# On Self-Improvement

I see them going to and fro  
Exploring this and that  
They chant, they stretch, they twist their necks  
And lie on rubber mats

They run, they jog, they rollerblade  
And often time their treks  
They build their abs to fight the flabs  
And sweat on cedar decks

I watch them hiking, biking too  
Down on the street below  
And then I flop unto my couch  
With bod resembling dough.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## On The Fifth Floor

A cold compote is now on the table,  
Rich fruit and dark syrup in a tureen.  
The hand that cooked it is more than able  
And tops it with richest of cream.

She walked up the steps bringing the bounty  
Climbed somber hills and alleys of ice.  
Her ironed white tablecloth, best in the county  
Was thawed and dragged from the roof at a price.

Yes, mother prepared all details with great care  
As father brought in a fragrant tree.  
So long ago, that's how we were.  
Those Christmases are still with me.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# On Watching A Dead Butterfly

Who put the silver on its wings  
In whimsied spots like metal dust  
surrounding velvet and brown rust

Was it the wind that stirred its death  
And fluttered them on summer's floor  
Or ebbing life to fly no more

Our love was birds and butterflies  
Flying to dance in summer's glow  
As flames of passion's wind did blow

I held on tightly as we watched  
Love's beauty crushed by fingers cold  
Into a mask of heartless gold

From grasping palm a broken wing  
Slips, dances downward as I cry  
Fists twisted, cursing at the sky

Sad fragments carried to my room  
at dusk to keep remembering  
the silver and the pain of wings.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# One Candle

If but one candle can be lit  
to warm a soul with love  
if just one person feels the spark  
in verses from above

What greater gift can one attain  
while walking on the earth  
than laud and share the gifts from Him  
who gave us life and birth?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# One Yellow Rose

Red and white with lace and roses  
Hallmarks are of Valentines  
Chocolates, rings and lots of posies  
Win the girls more than cute lines

Cards and tender declarations  
Open hearts of lasses fair  
Then some careful preparations  
Pave the way to lovers' lair

You did not fit in this picture  
Carelessly neglecting me  
Heart aflutter, kept me waiting,  
Fearing, crying endlessly

Valentines were meant for others  
Though my soul was filled with love  
Giving all that I could muster  
Yet you turned away your dove

When I see bouquets of roses  
In the place where lovers walk  
Haunting memory soon closes  
Thoughts that fly off like a lark

One night when the moon lay fallow  
In the dark you came to me  
Filling chambers full of yellow  
Roses, roses, like a sea

Can it be you could not conquer  
Demons, devils quite sublime?  
Even so I hold no rancor  
You are still my Valentine

It's been years since I last saw you  
Holidays still come and go  
Lovers' day is soon approaching  
I still love you, did you know?

When I see romancers laughing  
Kissing, hugging, love is new  
I retreat to my dark chamber  
With one yellow rose so true.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Our God

Your mercy always will endure  
You are our God, forever sure

You cover me with wings of love  
Fenced in by angels from above  
I'm lifted over rapids' roar  
With steady step to reach the shore

You bathe me with the light of time  
Reach out the cup of mercy's wine  
I'm shielded from sharp tongues and foul  
Their venom cannot spoil my soul

You calm my fevered brow at night  
And lend a star to heal my plight  
Your arrows never miss the mark  
Your wisdom never loses spark

Your mercy always will endure  
You are our God, forever sure.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Out Of Ashes

Years of life without direction  
little purpose, little faith  
left me aimless and discouraged  
till there seemed to be no hope

Weary days and weary hours  
were my lot for many years  
broken promises and efforts  
many losses, many tears

Time came I could go no further  
all the doors of life had closed  
time came when in final pathos  
i surrendered to my fate

Out of ashes of my ruins  
slowly rose a shape, a form  
gently rising, turning brighter  
shone a cross as bright as gold.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Oxford Bobby

He pounded cobbled pavements  
On Oxford's narrow lanes  
Tight uniform's enslavement  
He wore with no complaints

On chilly winter evenings  
His steely gaze surveyed  
The hidden, moldy doorways  
Where pub rats got waylaid

Time was when brewers prospered  
Malt, beer and ale were king  
On Cowley Road and Queen Street  
Folks drank remembering  
The days when old Sir Robert  
Helped form a force of men  
Called 'Bobbies' in his honor  
Protecting kith and kin

There is a bust that honors  
A servant long forgot  
Who kept his beat and duty  
Tight as a Windsor knot

An unknown, obscure sculptor  
Took time to shape and mold  
An everlasting tribute  
To Oxford Bobbies bold

He pounded cobbled pavements  
On ancient, narrow lanes  
Tight uniform's enslavement  
He wore with no complaints.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Pacific Freedom

Let's get into our boats today  
The day is way past dawn  
Let's paddle through the gloried Sound  
And islands of San Juan

Let's look for gentle Orca whales  
And playful harbor seals  
Or spot a peregrine who swoops  
To catch a salmon meal

We'll marvel at the placid bays  
And gnarled madrona trees  
Still gracing shorelines of this coast  
Where eagles bald fly free

Let's get into our boats today  
And celebrate the chance  
To breathe clean air of liberty  
In Salish Sea expanse

Let's heed the name Deception Pass  
And row with firm, sure grip  
Determined that no earthly foe  
Will spoil our earthly trip

Let's vouch and seal our pact with God  
Who formed the Cascades Range  
That we will use our every power  
To block oppressors change

So many forces high and low  
Are ready to destroy  
So we, with vigilance and skill  
Let's wisdom, strength employ

Like eagles, symbol of our land  
We can soar high above  
To keep our country's boat afloat  
With gratitude and love.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Painter's Block

The canvas sits in expectation  
Of gentle strokes with sable brush  
Warm hand to channel the creation  
Of beautiful blooms in colors lush

Ah, but the table sits in waiting  
A little pile of pigment dust  
To tempt the painter as if baiting  
In flames of beauty to combust

Where are the paints, and where the painter  
Why are those still lifes incomplete?  
Each day my will and wish grow fainter  
To face the task and sloth unseat

The canvas sits in expectation  
Of gentle strokes with sable brush  
Warm hand to channel the creation  
Of beautiful blooms in colors lush.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Painter's Life

I do not envy painter's life  
Of turpentine and palette knife  
Forever waiting for the hand  
That rests upon depression's stand

I do not envy gessoed sheets  
Awaiting brushstrokes soon to meet  
Yet when the work is almost done  
Ripped up, unseen by anyone

I do not envy hopeless hours  
Expecting inspiration's powers  
To seize and lift a dull malaise  
And turn a lifeless work ablaze

I do not envy people's awe  
Appreciation's loud hurrah  
When masterpieces are displayed  
The costs the painter for them paid

There is a price for gifts bestowed  
None yet has walked the royal road  
For each must very dearly pay  
To use them or he'll surely stray

I do not envy painter's life  
Of turpentine and palette knife  
Forever waiting for the hand  
That rests upon depression's stand.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Palm Sunday

These days not many can recall  
A journey strewn with palms  
Accompanied by shouts of joy  
Hosannas, timbrels, psalms

They threw their garments and best robes  
To soften his harsh goal  
Ascending to Jerusalem  
On a young colt, a foal

Nobody guessed the time was near  
When our dear Lord would hang  
Upon a rough-hewn wooden cross  
By cruel men harangued

But those short moments when the king  
Approached his fate of old  
Would linger in the hearts of men  
As prophets had foretold

When I see tall, majestic palms  
Dressed in bright green array  
I think of how our faith was sealed  
On that most splendid day.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Park Bench At Night

In daylight things don't seem so grim  
as people mill about  
the streets are teeming with loud talk  
as children run and shout

But when the sun has long since set  
and days of toil are done  
most families go home and rest  
then sup and have some fun

The park is such a lonely place  
when darkness drops its veils  
and only lonely folks are found  
upon those lonely trails

A man whose life saw many things  
and many years have passed  
may end up with his walking stick  
in night's sad park at last

There is a bench meant just for him  
though chipped and worn it is  
it's good enough to rest his bones  
and think of bygone bliss

In daylight things don't seem so grim  
as people mill about  
the streets are teeming with loud talk  
as children run and shout.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Partings

A woman friend the other day  
said someone left her stranded  
the person moved to other scenes  
the parting had been candid

No speeches and no stuff exchanged  
no crying and no tears  
although it seemed a single drop  
left marks of sadness, fear

I thought about the times I left  
someone or they left me.  
Had there been tears or had the years  
blurred out what had to be?

I wondered why two people must  
at times play that sad game  
it seems unfair to break a heart  
yet I, too, am to blame

Those turning points, though few there were  
when I just had to leave  
seem no less valid as I age  
yet I no longer grieve

There seems to be no guarantee  
about who shares one's days  
some partings are too hard to bear  
in many different ways

A woman friend the other day  
said someone left her stranded  
the person moved to other scenes  
the parting had been candid.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Passion Flower

The Shangri-las of dreamy youth  
Swept me to greenest coral seas  
Deceptive were those beaches, palms  
They shanghaied me to brigand leas  
On balmy seeming shores I found  
Harsh prickles slashing skin and bones  
Sun blinding eyes, feet blister bound  
I could no longer go back home

One day among thick mangrove roots  
Appeared a pretty, purple star  
Recklessly I dared to ventured forth  
And grabbed that flower from afar  
Back in my little wayside room  
Those petals glowed when closer viewed  
Their secret regions centered round  
A wreath of starbursts, violet hued

Then looking at my arms and feet  
I gasped as brown and gray small ticks  
Clung to my flesh with greedy grasp  
Among spur cuts and bloody pricks  
Too late I learned a passion flower  
Was not 'bout lovers revelry  
Its heart revealed the grief poured forth  
On sacrificial Calvary

There must be meadows where bare toes  
Tiptoe in softest mossy bog  
Small children pick blueberries, blooms,  
Born in refreshing morning fogs  
Valleys where yearnings have no price  
Wild rose stalks smooth, bereft of thorns  
Chaste brides forever beautiful  
Grooms lavish gifts on summer morns

Now evening darkens distant fields  
Fair mourning doves long gone to nest  
Anhingas, gators settle down

In swampy marshlands to the west  
I touch a windowsill bouquet  
Fingering dried up purple stars  
Recalling lovers of the past  
Whose passions quickly wilted, marred

My windows open to the night  
Unheeding weather's vagaries  
Dark pines and palm trees sway outside  
Dancing in evening's calming breeze  
In their own rustling way they ask  
'Were you to live your life again  
Would you still choose this austere land  
Or trade it for a velvet glen? '

My spirit answers silently,  
Replying quickly, fervently  
'I love this land though trade winds sway  
Fronds, branches roughly, carelessly  
As I have oft been overwhelmed  
By lashing storms of love unearned  
But how can I on mild ground tread  
When our dear Lord all comfort spurned?

'Those brides and grooms of temperate climes  
In gardens bearing pleasant fruit  
May have their paths with lilacs strewn  
Where jealousy and pain don't loot  
Yet though my ways are thistle filled  
Quite jagged and so often scorned  
I'm glad the Lord appointed me  
With passion flowers to be adorned.'

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Passion's Shore

Warm languid fluids of the day  
Now wash against night's darkened pose  
again a silver passion grows  
and strengthens in the musky bay

are you a sailor bold and fine  
or pirate sent to make me die  
on sunbaked salty deck so cruel  
cursed by old ghosts and albatross

your somber face and words so few  
would almost trap a maiden fair

yet night reveals a deeper well  
which bubbles up each little shell  
day's fascination glibly hid  
beneath a skin of pulsing blood

incense and candles' fragrant smoke  
curl up against gray salty veils  
as harbor lights announce at last  
you're free my child from cursed past

fingers of hope now gently tend  
green glossy seaweeds in my hair  
clam shells glint boldly underfoot  
winking at oysters in a dare

the sea still whispers roars in song  
as garments drench and fill with hope  
of that one island and its shore  
where day and night send overtones  
to pale green bays of buried bones.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Past Hardships

Narrow was our shelter  
low its ceiling, floor  
windows tiny, grainy  
paint chipped off the door

In the yard were brambles  
grass just would not grow  
neighbors cold, unfriendly  
many years ago

Cold was our well water  
yet our little brood  
never did go hungry  
love was our food

Those were days of sorrow  
unimagined blows  
crucibles of heartaches  
sackcloth, ashen clothes

Yet a fire flickered  
an eternal torch  
shielding and protecting  
from hell's searing scorch

Narrow was our shelter  
low its ceiling, floor  
windows tiny, grainy  
paint chipped off the door.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Peaches

Of all fruits in God's garden  
I like the peaches best  
Ripe, green or slightly hardened  
Their taste is angel blessed

Their golden, dewy cover  
So velvety to touch  
Like garment of a lover  
I'm hungering to touch

With cares of day descending  
I know my rescue lies  
Caressing and depending  
On joy in peach disguise

Of all fruits in God's garden  
I like the peaches best  
Ripe, green or slightly hardened  
Their taste is angel blessed.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Pebbles

Like pebbles in the stream of life  
We're weathered by its flow  
We're battered, bouncing to and fro  
Or sucked in undertow

Sometimes we end up smooth as silk  
And let the waters go  
Above, below, and through our days  
With old age golden glow.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# People In My Life

The people in my present  
and those from times long past  
are markers on my journey  
some fleeting, some to last

Sometimes it takes a minute  
sometimes an hour will do  
at other times a decade  
proves if a friend is true

Some people are forgotten  
some leave without goodbyes  
some show up unexpected  
some break old hallowed ties

Some friends are kind and caring  
while others strange of ways  
in sharing their affection  
with scarce a word of praise

Some glide like graceful skaters  
in thoughts of past affairs  
some tender, some regretful  
some burdened down with cares

The people in my present  
and those from times long past  
are markers on my journey  
some fleeting, some to last.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Persian Dreams

Dreams of old Khayyam's Rubayat  
And glazed brown shiny doors of old  
Now open up to darkened candy stores  
Burst from imagination's folds

The doors fly open and alas  
I see but bare walls of an empty room  
No comics stands or chocolate bars  
No Brownie Hawkeye cameras to buy

The candy store was dark and narrow then  
So rich with hidden treasures in its womb  
For the most part I could not afford  
I was but twelve and thirteen then

It must have been in late teenage  
That Persian poets came into my life  
With jugs of wine, and loaves of bread  
Words that could last a lifetime and beyond

So when I woke at three a.m.  
The candy store, its doors and shelves  
Lay on my pillow, as did phrases of that poem  
You know the one, about the keys and veils

I had been walking with two friends  
With arms entwined, it was a cheerful time  
And clear as I am speaking to you now  
I said the lines, I know I did

'There was a door to which I found no key  
There was a veil past which I could not see  
A little talk there was of me and thee  
And then no more of thee and me'

Why did it come to me so clear  
And in a dream of places long gone by  
Of unknown hopes and wishes of a child  
A dream so bright, I felt quite young again

It may be I am growing old  
And oriental veils are calling me  
Beyond those locks and doors  
And deserts of the mind that Omar knew  
Will there be candy stores that open wide  
To me in spirit as I float  
Will bites of chocolate-coated treats  
Fill every mouth with widened throat

Is Khayyam's world or afterworld  
More sweet than the one we heard  
In Hamlet's saddened speech to walls beyond  
The harsh and cold stones of the Danish fold

We Westerners do shine in ghastly tomes  
On hell and purgatory drear  
Infernos burning all the wicked bones  
And squeezing out all forms of fear

So is the truth then in a candy store  
Or in a jug of wine beneath the bough  
My dream may be the advocate  
The tipping of the mortal scale

For as I live, it is quite dear  
To contemplate a warm place full of glazed and colored tiles  
With mustached, handsome lovers lying near  
To bring the first fruits and the harvest's smiles

Perhaps I was a gypsy in Bombay  
Or slave girl in the steppes of Caucasus  
In times long gone, remembering no more  
Except in dreams that grow at three a.m.

Though born to frozen northern lands this time  
I cannot feel the sting of Yorick's skull  
Or Vikings frosty search for whales and cod  
They leave me cold, if you forgive the pun

When all is said and done and I pursue  
The hot and heavy struggles of a poet's pen no more

Who will then reach for me beyond the veil  
Will it be Omar with the grizzled Rumi, bard or yore?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Persian Sky

Summer roses dripping  
from hanging gardens  
Were very red  
Against the cobalt Persian sky  
The outskirts of Tehran sultry, musky  
The heat breath defying, choking

A wealthy family employed me as a maid.  
Though bright and even educated,  
I could not break the barrier  
to find better, less taxing work  
(perhaps I didn't think I was good enough)

In my duties as a maid I used my mind  
I tried to be the best in what I did  
and was praised, graced with favors  
By the family of my employ

It was just past two o'clock  
Gold encrusted clocks inside  
Rang the hour with two rich tolls  
The afternoon was August twelve  
The year no longer matters now

A dust fringed fan  
placed by the terrace doors  
was twisting, whirring at full speed  
Each turn brought cool relief  
As one left the main house

Brushing it clean did not work for me.  
That's when I had a thought -  
The pool of turquoise water  
Lined with colorful mosaic tile  
Where children played  
Their water games  
Yes – I'd dip the fan  
And clean it In one sweep  
amid the fallen rose petals

floating in the pool.

Bending down, I threw a loose veil  
From my sari over the shoulder  
And dipped the whirring fan.  
To my joy the dust immediately  
floated loose from the grids  
But then the fan blades stopped.

I felt a slight tremble  
As my rough hands grasped  
The handle of the fan  
Beautiful bells began to ring  
As I looked down below.

I saw a small woman  
Wearing a sari lying by the pool  
The fingers of her hands were open  
As if having let go of an object.

'I'm up here! ' I called  
as loudly as I could  
as several people ran  
through terrace doors  
arounding this body  
but no one looked up.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Pillars Of Cloud

Guide me Lord and light my path  
As I walk this road  
Bless my thoughts with sights and sounds  
Sky signs to decode

Let my gaze be upward turned  
Where your angels dwell  
As great clouds like towers rise  
Billowing white swells

Ancient scriptures echo words  
Ringing through the years  
How the Lord in desert sands  
Quelled his people's fears

In the day he sent tall clouds  
Brightening sad eyes  
When night fell a pillar burned  
Flames from darkened skies

I believe those words of faith  
Guiding ancient hordes  
Are still fresh and true today  
Sky signs from the Lord.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Pines

While looking at the photographs  
From trips I took last year  
It brought to mind a mountain range  
Its' forests filled with deer

The soil was rich with minerals  
And terra cotta clay  
The pines were tall and towering  
They reached the clouds half way

I never had seen such lush growth  
It all seemed grand and rich  
As if a wizard touched that land  
With a most cunning switch

When I returned to my small home  
The sandy ground looked flat  
The scrub oaks and palmetto shrub  
Embraced by sandspurs, gnats

Not even pines grew very high  
Nor would presume to try  
To reach or even yearn to grow  
In girth, but just get by

This also has been my life's walk  
Still wedded to a land  
Where nothing grows to its full height  
In poverty's harsh bands

Why did I stay and suffer want  
Why did I not go dwell  
Where trees and mountains stand so grand  
And people live so well?

There is a place within my soul  
That needs wealth to deny  
And trust that simple, daily toil  
Is meant for me to try

May those who live where trees grow tall  
Whose fields and cattle spread  
To hills and valleys green with growth  
May they enjoy their bread

But I was cut from other cloth  
My path with rocks is strewn  
My sandals often make feet bleed  
My thoughts like hard stones hewn

While looking at the photographs  
From trips I took last year  
It brought to mind a mountain range  
Its' forests filled with deer.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Plain Or Fancy?

You were plain and she loved fancies  
Staying home, you let her roam  
Low your land, your sister high seas  
Yet the product of one home

China silks, Parisian perfume  
Men of stature couched her life  
Spinning, you would card an old loom  
Clean out entrails with a knife

Time came and the roller coaster  
Cables cut, screeched to a halt  
Crystal vase nor oak four poster  
'scaping from its deathly vault

When the dust began to settle  
She was tossed on higher ground  
You drank soup from strangers' kettle  
Silence then your only sound

Blackened earth renewed its seasons  
Healing sprung from trampled grass  
Faces, laces found new reasons  
Raising hands in sacred mass

Icons you became as decades  
Burned each mind to fragments grim  
Gently molding, turning old maids  
Spinning laces frail and dim

Finally the water leveled  
Tides and ebb-tides growing weak  
Plain and fancy were disheveled  
Held in carrion's deadly beak

You were plain and she quite fancy  
Staying home, you let her roam  
Wool your garb, your sister lacy  
Yet the product of one home.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Play Time

The seesaw bobs now up now down  
the children squeal  
as Johnny leaps  
and plays the clown

Li'l Gretl skins her knee again  
when Danny tugs  
her golden braid  
and she upends

Soon play time ends as old folks call  
their tousled kids  
for meals and new  
clean overalls.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Pocketful Of Shells

The beaches recently were sadly lacking  
In shells once generously spread around  
So on that seaside day I was not seeking  
Those little trifles on the sandy ground

The sky was much too blue in rapt suspension  
The water ominous with dangers held  
While round my toes in clinging aspiration  
Hot sand burned with a silicon-like weld

Below the garish carnival umbrellas  
Brown lazy bodies languished near the surf  
Two squealing girls cavorted like Capellas  
On summer's stage - their day of soon lost mirth

Had I not once been young - a beach bound beauty  
Finding a love quite handsome in black curls  
Had he not left me like forsaken booty  
To pirate other seas with other girls?

Those days gone by I dared not to remember  
When waves and arms were filled with golden shells  
Then in the evening next to low lit embers  
The surf drowned out our fervor's fondest yells

As aimlessly I trod the curving coastline  
A strip of odd white beckoned me to stare  
As if from yester-year's abandoned goldmine  
Innumerable shells were scattered there

I quickly bent and picked them - often falling  
Until my pockets threatened soon to tear  
'A thief, a scavenger, ' someone was calling  
But all around me were just silent stares

Tonight the full moon lights my wooden doorway  
Where lies my bounty spread like little bells  
Though love and youth are fleeting in a sad way  
I'll always keep my pocketful of shells.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Ponce De Leon's Dream

He sought but never found  
he conquered and he tamed  
a wilderness of beauty  
a land of flowers named

The only place the vision  
was real was in his mind  
the fountain's youthful waters  
were lost to all mankind

But in his futile searching  
he brought along some seeds  
of European citrus  
to sow in sandy weeds

Today the land of flowers  
draws those whose youth has flown  
but as a consolation  
bright oranges are grown.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Poor Man's Rain

Some people call it poor man's rain  
When pots and pans on nightly stairs  
Sound drips and drops from roof leak strain

Some people call it poor man's rain  
When duct taped cracks brace to withstand  
The pounding flood on window panes

Some people call it poor man's rain  
When coats and shoes are frayed and worn  
And puddles morning sidewalks stain

Some people call it poor man's rain  
When sheets of water wait for dark  
A blessing that the night contains.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Portrait Of The Poet As A Sophomore

Call me a poet who is yearning  
To make it in these halls of learning  
My first year was confused and wild  
But now I found my hidden child

Thanks to a teacher who is wacky  
I now disdain lines that are tacky  
Throw commas, adverbs out the door  
Call counting syllables a bore

When reading books of rhyming verse  
I feel my nerves get terse or worse  
For I spew words quite helter-skelter  
Like primal screams in moldy shelters

When rage and anger in me mount  
I cannot stop and verses count  
Or slow my flow of thoughts and tarry  
To search a rhyming dictionary

I say 'pish-tosh' to dots and dashes -  
All rules of grammar give me rashes  
My venue is to vent my id  
In torrents like a school of squids

Oh spare me from the likes of Burns  
Who talks of lice and mice and ferns  
My poems deal with the surreal  
That only I can truly feel

Don't bother me with couplets, sonnets  
Describing muffets, tuffets, bonnets  
Green freshmen may find them quite charming  
But I've matured to dense and barmy

Today I shun all love and laughter  
The gritty truth is what I'm after  
Weltschmerz in all its grossest forms  
I do explore in my small dorm

I won't be cute like Lewis Carroll  
Who sports his 'brillings' like apparel  
The path of the iconoclast  
I tread and stomp traditions past

Let's hope the prof. gives me good grades  
Or else my stipend will soon fade  
And spoil my hopes for junior year  
To float along on kegs of beer

Well, that's my tale of student days  
With hopes of shaking hallowed ways  
To make a mark with my own slant  
In chapbooks sure to make aunts pant

I wonder as I watch the seniors  
So cocksure and unlike their teen years  
With class keys hung on golden fobs  
What it is like to get a job,

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Potter's Final Cup

Pots and platters whir about  
Spun by weathered, bony hands  
Rows of cunning patterns tout  
Points unseen on tightened bands

Dreamy castles fill with light  
Fire and soot then meld the mass  
Long forgotten textures fight  
Tamed by earth's unleashed morass

Thick and green the clay soon yields  
While an ancient chord commands  
Soul's vibrations sun baked fields  
Music formed by unsung hands

Potter stands in silence now  
Armed with subterranean key  
As the mossy door swings slow  
Waiting eyes will surely see

Faces peek from covered earth  
Clay stained hands now upward turn  
Without effort wide their girth  
Crawling forth from earthly urn

Touching faces watch the burn  
Dank as darkness hugs all pots  
Timeless shadows linger turn  
Smoke and fire cast their lots

When the hyacinth morning breaks  
Rows of clay are fired pots  
Golden yellow azure lakes  
Pristine goblets twisted knots

Weathered hands weak gentle now  
Skyward facing morning light  
Eyes delight as rainbows bow  
Sooty shadows hint of night

Like Narcissus and as cruel  
Mother Earth takes back its child  
Punishing the tampered jewel  
Of the potter much beguiled

Pots and faces are now one  
Melded mended welded mass  
Crying out in sacred drone  
Potter drink that final glass.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Prayer For Men A Sea

There are those who sail the waters  
trusting signs that nature brings  
darkened clouds or skittish seabirds  
and at night note steadfast stars

There are times a forlorn sailor  
finds himself in raging seas  
fragile sailboat barely bracing  
massive waves and salty sprays

Yet he keeps on sailing onward  
barely skirting Neptune's jaws  
blinded by the rain and torrents  
blistered hands still holding on

When the little wooden churches  
on the rocky shores far North  
offer prayers to those in hardship  
do they think of men at sea?

Is there found a supplication  
for those souls compelled to sail  
quickenning the sailor's heartbeat  
echoing like pulsing stars?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Prayer Palm

A friend was fading with old age  
whose potted palm had seen bright days  
was now enmeshed with webs of time  
that drag life down in slow malaise

She called one day and asked if I  
would like a palm of goodly size;  
at first I thought she said a 'poem'  
but found instead a green surprise

Her vision was now blurred and dim  
so when I brought this tall thin reed  
into my home - at closer look  
green aphids used it for their feed

'I pray for it, and for you too.'  
Those words of hers still rang in me;  
so I proceeded with much care  
to wash all fungus from this tree

Though she is now in long term care  
and no one knows just how or where  
she lives, survives, or how she feels -  
I know her prayers still fill the air

For this once thin and sickened plant  
has grown in grace and leafy fronds;  
as surely as this palm does thrive  
I know God holds her in his bonds.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Pretty Maids

All pretty maids and flowers fade  
and treasure chests will rust  
abundant pantries soon turn bare  
and love may end as lust

In golden days of heady youth  
quite heedless in my haste  
I often spurned and broke the hearts  
of lovers I dared chase

How foolishly tossed to the winds  
were precious coins of care  
till in the end I ended up  
alone and despair

All pretty maids and flowers fade  
and treasure chests will rust  
yet none can use up God's great love  
the one thing we can trust.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Pride Goeth Befpre

The pride of man can be uplifting  
it spawns great works and towers tall  
but like a coin must have two faces  
the darker one will cause a fall

For pride can often be upended  
by just one thoughtless word or deed  
and like a knife that's pointed inward  
can cause the pride of man to bleed

It's hard to find the balm of mercy  
when one has mastered fortune's wheel  
and some less worthy little fellow  
shows up and snaps Achilles' Heel

Ah, bitterness and fuming hatred  
can topple all the towers tall  
that proud and mighty men of valor  
were sure would last and never fall

The face of anger and of vengeance  
can spread like virus in the soul  
to hurt and damage all around it  
and charge a devastating toll

The pride of man can be uplifting  
it spawns great works and towers tall  
but like a coin must have two faces  
the darker one will cause a fall.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Prima Ballerina

The world kept turning round and round  
in its predestined grooves  
while I in a well-furnished grove  
danced to my self styled moves

I was the choreographer  
knew well what I was doing  
for was I not called number one  
in ventures worth pursuing?

A ballerina of great note  
they called me in the papers  
adoring fans kept me afloat  
in glamour's rarest vapors

One day by some freak accident  
I tore my tendon badly  
plies and spins and graceful steps  
were put on hold quite sadly

Soon there was no one who would deign  
to visit or send roses  
left by myself in rooms once grand  
I could not feign old poses

The mirror was my enemy  
no longer clothed in fashion  
I was bedraggled, haggard now  
the rosy glow turned ashen

In long gone, early childhood years  
I had watched dragonflies  
and wondered how they learned to soar  
in graceful lows and highs

Oh, how I wished in my sad lot  
to be like those small creatures  
who flit on reeds in fields of green  
that they could be my teachers

But it was too late for me now  
I had gone much too far  
in my ascent to gloried fame  
too late for this sad star

For I had stepped on many toes  
in my pink satin shoes  
spurned many who reached out with love  
too many hearts I'd bruised

The world keeps turning round and round  
in its predestined grooves  
the grove is filled with weeds where I  
once danced with self styled moves.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Primordial Everglades

The muddy wooded Everglades  
impenetrable ways  
feign sleep to boots and careless eyes  
in their primordial haze

What hidden secrets lie beneath  
this twisted, unkempt marsh;  
who can survive a land so bound  
in weeds and all things harsh?

It's humid and a grove unfit  
but for a wary crew  
that slither through dank mossy vines  
and choke who would pass through

Beneath impenetrable peat  
lie creatures none has seen  
but ghosts of old Tequesta chiefs  
still conjure in their dreams

None yet has found the secret oils  
in healing mangrove roots  
or cures among infested reeds  
and tender healing shoots

And what could a dark stagnant pool  
reveal of ancient times  
deep in its tangled murky pit  
what cruelty, what crimes?

The muddy wooded Everglades  
impenetrable ways  
feign sleep to boots and careless eyes  
in their primordial haze.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Psalms

The songs and psalms of ancient times  
still sound as years go by  
the music from those sacred rhymes  
still echoes in the sky

The human voice by angels led  
so beautifully rings  
when chronicling the very thread  
of chosen tribes and kings

Enlightened souls penned many rhymes  
among them David shines  
yet all gave praise with love and time  
in worship through those lines

We seldom hear of timbrels, harps  
or sack cloth and torn clothes  
but reading Psalms still lights the spark  
that guides and soothes and glows

The songs and psalms of ancient times  
still sound as years go by  
the music from those sacred rhymes  
still echoes in the sky.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Purple Angel

You floated down and touched us  
Your graceful fingers held  
A dove with wings of pureness  
By love and light propelled

We took you in our circle  
And lavished you with praise  
Your words and gestures gentle  
Of chaste, old-fashioned ways

But soon your veils descended  
Into the vat of dye  
Life's bubbling, boiling cauldron  
And came up full of lies

You were a purple angel  
The kind men fear and dread  
So pure and caring seeming  
Yet chained to purple threads

You floated down and touched us  
Your graceful fingers held  
A Trojan Horse, a decoy  
That we at last expelled.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Quarantine

Bland seclusion of the day  
Overtakes then starts to play,  
Fast succumbing vanity,  
Soon abandons sanity.

Bony elbows watching hooves  
Lean on sills of leaden grooves,  
As an old cat and tin can,  
Perch on pavement void of man.

Crackling perky radio  
Warns of storms in Mandalay.  
Homeless women walk below,  
Picking clover by the bay.

Walls of painted paper worn,  
Plastic curtains crushed of form,  
Huddling tenant crazed and shorn,  
Victimized by solar storm.

Fragrant tea leaves turn to gall,  
Homebound face transforms to pall.  
Hope and sense directly fall.  
Cape of dread soon covers all.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Questions

The day wears down  
The light is fading  
The afternoon  
A hazy thought

Where did it go  
That bright beginning  
Where did it go  
That hope of change

Who were those people  
Loudly chatting  
What did they say  
What did they mean

Did they have thoughts  
About tomorrow  
Did they remember  
Former things

Who are we when  
The day is waning  
What did we do  
To further dreams

The day wears down  
The light is fading  
The memories  
A haze of thought.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Ragged Philosopher

Ef ya ain't  
ya cain't  
ef ya dunno  
ya wont

ef ya wuz  
ya's done  
ya's ain't  
no mo

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Rainbows And Butterflies

In days of youthful heady daze  
I'd follow butterflies  
and run through dewy reeds and fields  
and hum sweet lullabies

And when I caught a butterfly  
and touched its gold-flecked dust  
I did not dare to think or care  
it's frail life might be crushed

When summer rain drenched hair and clothes  
I'd dance without my shoes  
and often sought a rainbow's end  
with colors to amuse

Now I am old and have regrets  
from my foolhardy youth  
those rainbows and fair butterflies  
show me a fearsome truth

The beauty of a butterfly  
can not be held or touched  
nor can the rainbow play of light  
be captured or be clutched

How painful was the loss of love  
when I held on so tight  
to a most treasured soul who fled  
and left me in the night

How fleeting is the thrill enjoyed  
in trapping what must soar  
no one can hold it very long  
or capture anymore

In days of youthful heady daze  
I'd follow butterflies  
and run through dewy reeds and fields  
and hum sweet lullabies.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Rainly Season

Welcome to the rainy season  
Summer's heat has ushered in  
Every afternoon a shower  
We must greet with stoic chin

Welcome to the rainy season  
It has never failed us yet  
Go dig out that big umbrella  
Or you surely will get wet

Welcome to the rainy season  
Barefoot children dearly love  
Splashing running in the deluge  
Never getting tired of

Welcome to the rainy season  
It's a time to step aside  
Contemplating that our best intentions  
May not always float and glide

Welcome to the rainy season  
It's what old folks talk about  
Glad to have a slight diversion  
To their life's fast ebbing drought

Welcome to the rainy season  
Summer's heat has ushered in  
Every afternoon a shower  
We must greet with stoic chin.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Rancid Rags

The rancid rags of sickbeds  
Lie limply lingering  
Hot fever fading, ebbing  
Faint hope awakening

Yesterday's burning terrors  
Like cool baths wash away  
My sallow eyes awaiting  
Fresh sheets of hope today.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Rare Flower

I walk along the road of life  
and pick and choose what's there  
sometimes I gather blooms and ferns  
some meant to keep, some share

Some seem so dear and near at first  
but soon they lose their hold  
some seem unworthy to be held  
some others leave me cold

And then there is that single bloom  
that many never find  
the one much sought by wisest bards  
through ages of mankind

That single orchid, though quite small  
and often unobserved  
is what I'm always searching for  
though know I don't deserve

It's name is faith and grace and love  
oft shadowed by strong vines  
of glory, wealth and earthly charms  
it humbly low reclines

Oh, may I spy that rarest plant  
the one reserved for babes  
the innocent close to the ground  
who see things in the shade

I walk along the road of life  
and pick and choose what's there  
sometimes I gather blooms and ferns  
some meant to keep, some share.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Red Moon

they claimed the blood moon was most bright  
when clocks of night  
knelled five past three  
and I agree

was there a mouse or some odd sound  
brought me around  
from dreams so sweet  
to lunar treat

what could have stirred me at that hour  
what mystic power  
I must assume  
it was the moon

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Red Sky

Red sky seen at night  
is a sailor's delight  
red sky in the morning  
is surely a warning

This saying of old  
has oft been retold  
by captains  
and sailors at sea

The weather is fickle  
and often plays havoc  
when nothing surrounds  
but dark waves

They speak of rogue waves  
those freaks that breed fear  
for no one can guess  
how they form

Look unto the sky  
dear sailor when doubt  
and roving sends you  
to sea

The lowering  
smoldering heaven above  
will be what it will  
in the end

For way beyond sunsets  
and glorious dawn  
the stars in the distance  
still spin

The North Star is sure  
the Southern Cross pure  
Orion's bright belt  
standing guard

When your frail sails tear  
and storms snaps your mast  
look further  
look past all the stars

Turn weathered and salty  
and foggy old eyes  
to the captain  
who made you and me

Though leaky the stern  
and soggy the bow  
your groggy faint cry  
will be heard.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Refugee's Refuge

There comes a time around the bend  
when all is wiped away  
the tide will rage and break its cage  
and trusted friends betray

That time may come at night or dawn  
and none can well foresee  
just when or why or who will fall  
which home turned to debris

Not every dire catastrophe  
arrives with floods or tanks  
by far the worst are wars of soul  
collapsing spirit's banks

When that dark moment does arrive  
there'll be no time to pause  
there's only one way to escape  
the fiery serpent's jaws

Run from the housetop and from field  
don't turn or hesitate  
run for the hills and cry for help  
before it is too late

There comes a time around the bend  
when all is wiped away  
the tide will rage and break its cage  
and trusted friends betray.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Rembrandt Stopped In Time

There is a moment brief in time  
too small to comprehend  
when change occurs and layers shift  
and what was comes to end

That moment can't be held or grasped  
or measured by fine tools  
it has no name no game no fame  
no size no depth no rules

A painter sometimes feels inside  
when finishing a scene  
that extra perfect master's touch  
has left the work demeaned

If only he had stopped in time  
he would have saved much toil  
but that small instant was ignored  
and left the painting spoiled

Few are the masters through all time  
that stopped before that point  
and so today we love and view  
those works that time anoints

There is a moment brief in time  
too small to comprehend  
when change occurs and layers shift  
and what was comes to end.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Remembered Roads

Long ago I lived on roads  
Spanning years and decades  
Circumstances brought me back  
Driving through those places

Pressing on my mind and heart  
Concrete patterns entered  
Feelings rising at each bend  
And then slowly ebbing

Flashbacks rose of friends I met  
Long ago forgotten  
Some I left and some left me  
For so many reasons

Once those ficus trees were small  
As I ran in high heels  
Now my feet are clad in clogs  
Bending back, hair fading

Suddenly a breeze wafts by  
Lightening my feelings  
Time plays games on mind and soul  
House of cards so fragile

Here's a street my son sang songs  
Just before he left us  
Over there an alley lurks  
Where youth changed forever

There has been so much I hid  
In dark, hidden places  
Locking doors of memory  
Way too hard to open

There were partings, quick goodbyes  
While I was pretending  
Breaches could be mended soon  
Smiling, slowly dying

Now I pass that salty beach  
Where tall waves are crashing  
Just as they so often did  
When I danced with sea oats

Many were the blue moons then  
Under streets once sandy  
They are well paved now and strange  
Where I am a stranger

Sudden tears fall on my blouse  
As the car keeps rolling  
On those fateful, timeworn paths  
Littered with past longings

How can I bear in one day  
Seeing life pass by me  
How can I find rest tonight  
With so much to ponder

Yet I know this trip will stay  
Woven in my fabric  
Making patterns rare and fine  
On my field of being

May I thank the source of life  
For the day now ending  
And for guiding me this way  
For his special reasons

May the people whom I left  
And those who have left me  
Also find new paths to tread  
In their times and seasons

When it's time to rest tonight  
I'll trust you have rendered  
Sights you wanted me to see  
Roads I once remembered.



# Remembering

It is the time of spring on earth.  
They are breathing the musky Florida air

Through shifts of white clouds  
I catch glimpses of them.

Thankfully, I gave in to the disease  
Which ultimately killed me  
I chose love and death.

I could still be there  
Hoarding empty days.  
But my time became full.

I really like my new abode  
And send you a gentle kiss  
As you sit there in evening's shade.  
Looking into the distance.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Remembering Leo

n all his earthly stumblings  
he always bobbed right up  
fought off all blows of fortune  
and vicious demon hounds

He did not fret or worry  
when all around fell down  
some angel must have watched him  
and oft worked overtime

He did not miss the humor  
in ways of humankind  
took on all dares presented  
and scoffed at caution's cares

He did not notice putdowns  
he looked at stars instead  
and whether fat or hungry  
he never sought for bread

He did not care if persons  
were old or young or crude  
he did not rehash old ways  
he lived just for the day

He fought for hopeless causes  
when wiser men withdrew  
and often stopped for pauses  
to help someone get through

He never said I love you  
sweet talk was not his game  
he showed his love with actions  
and faithfulness of heart

He would not smile by custom  
nor did he make small talk  
nor utter pleasing phrases  
he always walked the walk

Some thought of him as foolish  
for following a star  
that did not fill the coffer  
or bring the praise of men

He fought with driven passion  
for underdogs and strays  
nor would he join the circles  
of secrets and foul play

Yet there were those who loved him  
when all was said and done  
and of that little handful  
I'm glad that I was one.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Remembering Mother

She was a stunning beauty  
the kind with modest eyes  
as if her perfect features  
were just a pale disguise  
to clothe the haunted mem'ries  
of loved ones' harsh demise

She went on a vacation  
when youth still had its day  
but no fine destination  
could her deep pain allay  
although the next grim reaper  
was still some years away

This woman was my mother  
who as a little girl  
had lost her only brother  
in war's destructive whirl  
and then would lose her sister  
in battles' bloody fields

She married and had children  
and just when life seemed fair  
the rumbles burst to panic  
in World War's killing flares  
and she broke down with sickness  
her hearing was impaired

This woman who loved singing  
and reading poetry  
was silenced into deafness  
yet bore this hopefully  
her skin was filled with lesions  
yet beauty did not flee

She always weathered hardships  
enduring gracefully  
nor did she utter harsh words  
accepting silently

she was a special mother  
so beautiful to me.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Renaissance Obsession

Oh thou hallowed haunting presence  
oh thy verdigris embellishments of old  
oh thy moldy scrapbooks and thy frescoes  
how they bind me in their gilded hold

Oh thy iridescent colors  
oh thy detailed rich brocaded folds  
oh thy flights of lyric fancy  
how they tie my dreams in terra cotta molds

Why were all your paintings flawless  
why did your fame not end back when  
streets of cobblestone still sounded  
with the hoofbeats of Medici's men?

How can I escape those fetters  
that your age upon me has enshrined  
how can I begin to live my present  
and from ancient Renaissance resign?

Oh thou hallowed haunting presence  
oh thine verdigris embellishments of old  
oh thy moldy scrapbooks and thy frescoes  
how they bind me in their gilded hold.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Requiem For Ulli

A hazy image in my mind  
Is all I have today:  
A summer photo in the sun  
You squinted, looked our way;  
and loved us all, your family  
With children, parents, too.  
Until the end you circled us  
Though pain and sorrow grew.

There was a pin, a cross so red  
With shiny metal bound  
It was your nurse's pin, dear aunt  
Now nowhere to be found.

You didn't want to leave, not then  
But battles took their toll,  
Yet ministered your healing touch  
Till front lines crushed your soul.

You came to visit one last time  
We children wrestled, clung  
'Please, let them play, ' you told our mom  
'please let them, they're so young.'  
We didn't know, they would not say  
You had a wound so deep.  
It must have hurt when children hugged  
Your back. No time to weep.

That afternoon we tousled 'bout  
All laughing silver bells.  
Much later mom revealed to us  
It was your last farewell.

I'm old now, yet your image burns  
Etched deep in memory's vein  
Dear Ulli, sister to my mom  
My idol you remain.  
It doesn't matter if that pin  
Got lost in sands of time

Or photos damaged in a storm  
Were torn or ruined with grime.

What war or hardship can compare  
To one young woman's call  
While binding soldiers' bloody wounds  
Harsh bullets made her fall.  
Your smiling face, your trusting eyes  
Are clearer, finer still  
As years roll on. Your healing love  
Forget I never will.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Restless

His earthly way was rocky  
the sun beat on his frame  
he had to keep on walking  
for 'restless' was his name

The flint and steel of living  
cut deep into his days  
he sang to keep from dying  
and turned our hearts ablaze

His melodies eternal  
live on though short his years  
his voice is now enriching  
the music of the spheres.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Restoration

I saw a car the other day of nineteen fifties vintage  
Restored to perfect quality - a coin of finest mintage  
I wondered who had set his hand to bringing back its gleam  
For surely rust and time had worn and torn its steely seams

I, too, was young and full of hope when first these cars appeared  
And just like theirs, my life became crushed, withered and much seared  
I wonder, too, who noticed me in sinful junkyard pits  
Transforming me with care and skill to sanity and wits

Today my visage is quite calm, my garments loosely flowing  
Replacing ugly scars and wounds with faith's eternal knowing  
I'm glad somebody took the time to fix up that old Ford  
And ever grateful I've been healed by Jesus, my dear lord.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Rhymes And The Sea

Rhymes can be gentle currents  
that lap against the shore  
to roll and play and frolic  
like dancers on the sand

Rhymes can be frightful torrents  
that spout from red hot cores  
of ocean floor volcanoes  
destroying like in war

Rhymes can be tiny whispers  
that ride the tradewind flow  
and like the fleeting breezes  
get sucked in undertow

Rhymes if not grasped and coddled  
like ancient sunken gold  
they surely rot in seaweed  
and choke in water mold.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Ride Through Fire

They do not ever talk about  
the time he rode to town  
not even children whisper 'bout  
the night it all fell down

He was a dark and weathered man  
wore leather and rough boots  
he bought a ranch a mile down west  
and sought to set down roots

But town folks are a clannish crew  
they didn't like his ways  
he never bet or drank in bars  
or passed the time of day

Twas way beyond the midnight hour  
when a small posse crept  
and headed west but soon returned  
while all the village slept

They never found this weathered man  
his horse or riding gear  
among the ruins of that ranch  
or where he disappeared

When wolves are howling in the hills  
and moon its madness claims  
a few from slumber wake in dread  
to see him ride through flames

They do not ever talk about  
the time he rode to town  
not even children whisper 'bout  
the night it all fell down.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Riding The Spirit

He rides among the highways  
where dawn has strewn her veils  
his mane blends into sunsets  
his hooves leave clouds as trails

The spirit of this stallion  
cannot be bridled, tamed  
nor corralled by the mighty  
the rich or lords of fame

But when the moon is sleeping  
and can't be seen one night  
there comes a gentle neighing  
to him who lost the fight

Soon that poor lad is riding  
the steed all poets claim  
and it no longer matters  
that he has failed life's game

When riding on that stallion  
embraced by dawn's fair veils  
and touched by stars at twilight  
bliss paves a newfound trail.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# River

How quickly our rivers flow  
Bright birth in mountains high and low  
While death awaits in undertow

How swift the passing of our days  
Our victories in worldly plays  
Too late to mend mistaken ways

When that small raft that bears my name  
Has floated to the sea untamed  
It's battered, beaten to the frame

The day arrives with rosy dawn  
When striving seems to be forlorn  
And I lie back on waves unborn

Ah life, what is its mystery  
When will I know, when will I see  
When will the Master rescue me?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Road Kill

Deep purple body  
shining in the evening sun  
black bird turned road kill.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Rondo

They glide in gorgeous motion  
tonight's the night to dance  
they've long anticipated  
this grand ball of romance

The theme of the sonata  
recurs in gold Versailles  
As ladies in blue satin  
delight the men nearby

The theme is grand and special  
it hails from days of kings  
when lords and ladies raptured  
to Mozart's songs like wings

Then as the night grows older  
the pendulum moves on  
as tired feet and flowers  
are crushed like worn chiffon

This special ball soon passes  
into the mists of time  
what's left but bitter memories  
for soon destruction chimes

Those gowns are now just stories  
a mother tells her young  
with rough voice and sore fingers  
she spins in mother tongue

But through the generations  
the rondo plays again  
repeating ever surely  
the oft repeating strains

I hear that grand concerto  
as it winds to its end  
the rondo keeps repeating  
Fair memories to blend.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Roots Of Faith

Night's overwhelming nightmares fade as dawn waves flags of hope  
Nocturnal goblins once more bound; now is my chance to cope  
My thoughts revisit ancient groves where golden apples grow  
And olive branches drip with fruit as gentle breezes blow

I see a narrow path beyond that seems to touch the sky  
A place where rain and sunbeams meet and angels swiftly fly  
Much like a budding olive tree faith spreads its morning shoots  
Into the soil of nightly fears to form hope's tender roots

The olden tales bespeak of groves where golden apples grow  
Of tables decked with fish and loaves; of times to reap and sow  
I think of lilies in the field we oft are urged to trust  
Of heaven's gates bedecked with stones to never fade or rust

So when the morning light appears I think of groves of gold  
Of scripture tales of olive trees with roots in sacred mold  
And then I view the morning sky spanning so wide and high  
Drawing me from my bed of rest to spread my wings and fly.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Rousseau

Jean Jacques, of all the souls of France  
Without a doubt, most charming  
Confessions, Contrat Social  
Tomes quite profound, heart warming  
His style, panache and savoir faire  
Are in a word - disarming  
To think he has been dead so long  
Is really quite alarming.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Sad

There is a time when morning air  
hangs silently from clouds  
and shrouds of gauze wrap everything  
and sounds are not allowed

It is a time when sadness looms  
in hearts and souls of those  
who never found their way on earth  
and never wore warm clothes

No words or kind encouragement  
can draw them from that place  
where haunted memories abound  
and will not be erased

There is a time when morning air  
hangs silently from clouds  
and shrouds of gauze wrap everything  
and sounds are not allowed.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Safety

Tectonic plates beneath the seas  
volcanoes feared by Javanese  
faults tearing rocks and earth apart  
who can foretell when they will start

Bold waves that nothing can withstand  
great winds roar whipping coastal lands  
and from above an asteroid  
can hit the earth and much destroy

There is no place that is secure  
no policy that can insure  
against the mighty hand of fate  
for those who wonder and who wait

Yet there's an island not on maps  
that no disaster can collapse  
The few who live there can't be harmed  
for they are with a strong shield armed

Adventurers exploring lands  
or oceans deep or mountains grand  
have never found this place apart  
because it dwells within the heart

Within the soul for those who trust  
with childlike faith to readjust  
their hopes and dreams for a safe home  
find shelter under God's strong dome.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Saffron Dream

I dream of golden caramel shells  
Wrapped gently glow like butterscotch  
As tiny bits of toffee crisp  
Top puffs of creamy blanc d'mange.

Rich saffron broths in crocus baths  
Tart lemon yellow torte glaces  
Surround like honeyed Hollandaise  
Meringues of pale persimmon hue.

Blond heaps of creamy creme brulee  
Spread silk of juicy apricots  
Among rose petal ice cream mounds  
In curried halls of Taj Majal.

The storied butter teas of yore  
Infused by glowing butter lamps  
Recall rich feasts in Tibet's peaks  
bejeweled bowls of ochre treats.

Soon copper colored mangoes fill  
My burnished Indonesian wrap,  
As tangy guava chutneys spice  
My lips now seared by orange wine.

Let me then find forgetfulness  
In golden fragrant caramel shells  
As little bits of toffee crisp  
Top puffs of creamy blanc d'mange.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Scars

The wounds of life can't be avoided  
in work, in play, or deep within  
none is immune to swords of battle  
no man, no woman and no child

Some brave the undertows and torrents  
of raging rivers, mighty falls  
some burn and sweat in distant deserts  
while others pound cold prison walls

In confrontations, conflagrations  
vile snipers, vipers, pierce and bruise  
none can escape the fiery furnace  
of growing up and growing old

How often have I seen a sailor  
with twisted nose and pockmarked face  
how often have I heard the stories  
of where and when those marks took place

It's true some show their many clashes  
on arms and legs and backs and chests  
while those inflicted by the spirit  
can hide deep in the veins within

The other day I met a woman  
sitting so cold and prim and tall  
her skin and hands smooth as a baby's  
whose heart was scarred the most of all.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Scary Ride

He went beyond the boundaries  
Of dark horizons bending  
The blurry road soon vanishing  
The stormy swell ascending

He never looked to right or left  
Hair whipped in careless blending  
As haunted spirits drew him in  
The Everglades undending

I could not turn the car around  
Though water flooded in  
His quest was way too powerful  
A terror deep within

He went beyond the boundaries  
Of dark horizons bending  
The blurry road soon vanishing  
The stormy swell ascending.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Scribbles On The Sand

I watch a little crab a'crawling  
Along the briny sand of an abandoned beach  
His footprints are so fragile and quite fleeting  
Obliterated soon by wind and rising tide

I look down at my feet and hands now idle  
While in my mind a thousand thoughts create  
Word castles of great import and quite worthy  
Not ready yet to be set down or seen

And then I ponder tracks of that small creature  
Whose purpose is much smaller than is mine  
Yet he is busy living his intention  
By making marks to celebrate his day

A crashing wave now washes out the traces  
Of trails and scratches made by seaside life  
I jump up to avoid its drenching  
Run quickly home to pen a line or two

I'd rather write a mediocre poem  
Than leave that perfect epic in that cave  
Of hallowed thoughts and concepts undeveloped  
Because the work is not yet flawless or precise

I'd rather scribble transitory ditties  
A gentle verse recorded on the wing  
Of unremembered dragonflies in breezes  
Of little consequence or import to the world

I'd rather chronicle a cipher with no cadence  
Recording textures of a gritty sea oats stalk  
Instead of planning mighty contemplations  
Not to be penned till all the t's are crossed

For when I finally roll up my parchment  
And fold my hands to form a final prayer  
I'll be assured my pale imperfect musings  
Have left a path of scribbles on the sand

I watch a little crab a crawling  
Along the briny sand of a forgotten beach  
His footprints are so fragile and quite fleeting  
Obliterated soon by wind and rising tide.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Scripture

I love to dwell in scripture  
its graceful turns of phrase  
so flowing and so poignant  
in ancient hallowed ways

I love to learn of Jesus  
who gave us all we need  
revealing secret treasure  
no one had seen before

I love to dwell at even  
as day wears to its end  
when chores are long forgotten  
no labors left to tend

I brace my heart in sorrow  
when eyes turn to those lines  
where our dear Lord and Saviour  
gave up his life for mine

What would I do without Him?  
Where go or what to seek?  
The road ahead too scary  
for someone small and meek

Without the light of Jesus  
dark dangers loom ahead  
the journey fraught with terrors  
soul faint and filled with dread

How heavenly to ponder  
He walked and felt our pain  
and led the way of freedom  
with living word ordained

His footsteps soften hardships  
along life's steepest slopes  
break chains of those temptations  
too hard alone to cope

He told us of a highway  
one single path to life  
to blessed redemption's glory  
the cross, the thorns, the knife

Although I have been given  
keys to the scripture door  
I still cry with compassion  
about wounds he bore

How fortunate to ponder  
the land of Galilee  
as I at evening open  
the book for you and me

I listen to His message  
to people on the shore  
and know that all will falter  
but He will nevermore

I love to dwell in scripture  
so graceful in its phrase  
aflood with boundless mercy  
in hallowed ancient ways.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Sea Secrets

Where breathes the soul so jaded, cold  
who cannot feel a thrill  
when first submerging in a world  
so deep so dark so still  
so bountiful with teeming life  
of barnacles and shells  
in colors bathed with liquid light  
and flowing seaweed spells?

Who has returned from their first dive  
without the contraband  
of secret sea floor treasure troves  
a love affair unplanned  
well hid from those who walk on land  
well hid within the hearts  
of underwater buccaneers  
that sets these thieves apart?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Seafaring

What is a ship if not the toil  
and blood of salty men  
of fishermen and seasoned souls  
who must sail once again

What is the sea if not the draw  
to freedom and to soar  
to glide on waves unending flow  
and reach unconquered shores

What is the sail if not the flag  
that tears as strong gusts fan  
though tattered it will mend once more  
by weathered deep veined hands

Where can a man breathe air so free  
and gaze at firmament  
ablaze with stars and flying fish  
bright heaven's ornament

Who can resist the endless sight  
of water and of sky  
no boundaries no walls to cramp  
the spirit's urge to fly?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Seashore Gratitude

Thank you for the cowries  
resting on the strand  
and the timeless turtles  
nesting on the sand

Thank you for the ocean  
free and blue and grand  
and the lapping ebb tides  
guided by your hand

Thank you for white seagulls  
circling over land  
and the silky sea oats  
waving their soft fans

Thank you for the seashore  
made by your command  
and the seaside wonders  
your great grace has planned.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Seaside Holy Grail

Like sea oats blown by every wind  
my days and thoughts were reeling  
As sand and grains of murky paths  
so oft my dreams were stealing

I had resigned that this would be  
my lot in life and future  
all fondest hopes of youth were dashed  
like salt ground into suture

When storms arose and lightning too  
and tidal waves ran free  
it seemed that my faint breath would soon  
be drowned beneath the sea

That's when a tender spring green branch  
appeared within my reach  
I grabbed it with a desperate hand  
and wound up on the beach

I brought it to my sun-bleached shack  
and planted it nearby  
until the seasons and the rains  
caused it to grow so high

Its sturdy trunk, its blossoms fair  
its bark as tough as steel  
today withstand all hurricanes  
that threaten how I feel

If you are wind tossed and your life  
is like a fragile reed  
that tosses hither, thither too  
take hold of that small weed

Though it may seem a hopeless task  
to reach for something frail  
you may soon find that little branch

is heaven's holy grail

Like dry leaves blown by every wind  
my days and thoughts were reeling  
As dust and grains of murky paths  
so oft my dreams were stealing.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Seaside Poet

My songs are like small grains of sand  
Tossed in the sea of days  
Small pebbles from my shaky hand  
Cast toward hidden cays

Each poem makes a tiny sound  
As waters ebb and flow  
Will they be heard or even found  
I may not ever know

Yet just as turtles seek to nest  
And seagulls need to soar  
So I must toss my offered best  
Till I can sing no more.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Seaside Simplicity

He sits upon a pile of wood  
thick branches torn from trees  
storms born in frozen arctic wombs  
snapped with apparent ease

He's lived upon this sandy shore  
and weathered what it sowed  
and harvested from rocky soil  
all this bleak earth bestowed

He salted many bony fish  
to eat with coarse dark bread  
he pickled herring in a vat  
hid in a clapboard shed

There was no lack of work to do  
when youth walked by his side  
and when the reaper's shadow came  
he'd sit and watch the tide

The seagulls and the little terns  
would caw and squawk and fly  
as if to entertain the man  
before he up and died

There was no anger in his heart  
no wish to move away  
no urge to try some richer fare  
no need to change his day

The children and their budding broods  
had left there long ago  
his wife still spins thick yellowed wool  
and kneads soft risen dough

His life is simple and serene  
sprinkled with daily blends  
of sun and rain and wind and birds  
and red skies at day's end

Today this coast is lined with bricks  
and well lit waterfalls  
fine palms have blotted barren ground  
to grace bright hotel walls

He sat upon a pile of wood  
sun bleached untrimmed forlorn  
they snapped like tinder in the wind  
who cares now or will mourn?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Seasons Of The Mind

Changing seasons of the mind  
moving swiftly over time  
winter chill and summer kind  
rise to heights and then decline

Soon the western breezes blow  
lake reflecting waters flow  
leaves fall as the birds fly north  
blending swirling back and forth

So the seasons of my mind  
move along on winds of thought  
never resting or defined  
too elusive to be caught

Changing seasons of the mind  
moving swiftly over time  
winter chill and summer kind  
rise to heights and then decline.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Secrets, Secrets

Secrets are a part of life  
Old and new returning  
Some dug up in time of strife  
Some destroyed by burning

Secrets are revealed in eyes  
Glowing much like embers  
Mysteries to cover lies  
Painful to remember

Are your lies the stuff of dreams  
Nightmares fraught with danger  
Are those hidden ripped up seams  
Shown to wayside strangers?

Secrets are a part of life  
Old and new returning  
Some dug up in time of strife  
Some destroyed by burning.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Shadow Of Depression

Somewhere the sun is shining  
But not here  
Somewhere there's trust and giving  
But not here  
Somewhere they laugh while working  
But not here  
Somewhere there's hope and caring  
But not here  
Somewhere there's love and friendship  
But not here  
Somewhere the sun is shining  
But not here.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Shadow On My Doorstep

The someday I thought of in years long gone by  
Now sits on my doorstep and won't go away  
It's time friend, it beckons, to live out those dreams  
A youthful mind conjured last heartbeat, it seems

Take stock, a voice whispers, of where you have been  
Be bold in your searching and look deep within  
Some victories sprinkled with many a loss  
Friends, strangers and loved ones, the heartaches, the dross

Drink deeply of memories both noble and small  
Relive all the good times as well as the falls  
Lament long past errors and smile at the whims  
Sing, celebrate, filling your cup to the brim

Where will you be going when life's path is done  
Consider the unknown and trust you have won  
Remember your cottage is no longer young  
In front of its threshold that shadow belongs.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Shattered

You were a branch of graceful growth  
I quickly joined your reaching  
We celebrated each new day  
For sun and rain beseeching

There was a hairline fracture built  
Into our house of glass  
Our friends could see it easily  
This was not meant to last

For your leaves yearned for eastern light  
And mine sought visions west  
And even though our bond seemed strong  
Each had a different quest

The crystal vase of our green love  
One fateful morning strained  
It split in half with painful shards  
As living water drained

Today I still hold on to scraps  
Mementos from those days  
A broken cup, a dried up leaf  
From gardens where we played

There is a branch of graceful growth  
Entwined in my soul's yearning  
Those tender times in groves of love  
Are evermore returning.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# She Did Not Have A Bible

She did not have a Bible  
I never saw her pray  
For years she labored silent  
Until that welcome day

We wandered on cold byways  
As she began to talk  
Of memories long treasured  
We walked and walked and walked

She's long gone from those byways  
Though leaving traces there  
Of one meek wife and mother  
Who labored with much care

She did not talk of Jesus  
Nor did I hear her shout  
Of chapters or epistles  
Soul food for the devout

I sit beside my window  
Where waves of night grow dim  
And ask a simple question  
Who lived most close to Him?

Of all the great faith healers  
And sisters who lay hands  
I still feel that my mother  
Meshed closest with His bands.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Shell Thoughts

The prettiest shell I found today  
I cast back in the sea  
The perfect one, so delicate, I let it be.  
I saw your pain yet held on tight, I loved you so.  
Then bleeding fingers turned to stone  
And I let go.

I'll not take captive on this day  
As once I stole your heart  
You're soul, your mind and kisses too  
And tied them in a knot.

It's hard to leave a golden shell  
Alone upon the sand  
Yet harder still to never hold  
Your suntanned hand.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Shelter

A baby when it's born  
Is cradled soft and warm  
In mother's gentle lap  
And tucked in for a nap

That same child soon grows tall  
And stumbles for a fall  
Some lucky ones will find  
A God who's good and kind

When days become too hard  
And life's a losing card  
Just bend down on your knee  
And raise your hands quite free

Then miracles unfold  
You're back in from the cold  
In sheltered arms once more  
As God comes to the fore.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Shhh

'Shhh' read the scribbles made in haste  
upon that cold gray wall  
as darkness covered alley paths  
and dread fell over all

A foggy fearful distant light  
revealed swift heavy strokes  
creating a stark shadow shape  
with black hat and black cloak

It was assumed some evil ears  
might hear the spoken word  
and undermine the victory  
so talk must be deferred

For it was wartime in that land  
no safety and no laws  
nobody mentioned names or news  
or said what was the cause

We were but little children then  
and could not understand  
why we must silence our small sounds  
why play and fun were banned

It's been a long, long time since then  
and quite a time it took  
before I found my voice at last  
and closed that frightful book

'Shhh' read the scribbles made in haste  
upon that cold gray wall  
as darkness covered alley paths  
and dread fell over all.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# **Ships Of Tarshish**

Oh mighty ships aweigh with gold  
of spices, silk and jade  
oh Bacchus with his goblet bold  
and nymphs with golden braids

Oh Pharaohs powerful and strong  
and mighty Sphinx that guard  
the Valley of the Kings in tombs  
embalmed in spikenard

Oh cunning workmen forming gates  
with precious emeralds  
encrusted in fine forms of wood  
for homes of generals

Oh clever masters of their craft  
who fashion clocks so fine  
for emperors and queens to own  
and worship in their shrines

Oh mighty lions at the gates  
of castles and their moats  
so fierce and powerful they seem  
with bristling sandy coats

Oh grand and wise philosophers  
of gloried Ancient Greece  
oh weighty tomes and pomp of Rome  
admired golden fleece

Where will you be when that time comes  
when there will be no light  
when sun and moon turn off their beams  
and none can flee or fight?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Sign Of The Times

The audience is roaring  
the music blasting forth  
the lights and strobes outlining  
young silhouettes of mirth

The show will soon be starting  
the anxious crowd awaits  
the jumping and the shouting  
of wild and angry men

The drinks and moves are flowing  
they stand for hours in heels  
sometimes all arms are waving  
sometimes they kiss and laugh

I sit and watch this movie  
I do not find it real  
I take some pictures just to prove  
this is not just a dream

When I get home I notice  
a ghostly figure stands  
on one of the side panels  
of this great hall of fame

A robe it wears quite loosely  
unlike the skimpy clothes  
of all the girls attending  
this spectacle of note

The hazy figure raises  
his arm above his head  
that gesture seems a warning  
a sign for these crazed times.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Silver Pockets Full

Silver pockets full  
is a lovely dream  
hopes and aspirations  
shine in golden gleam

When the month has five  
weekend days in years  
that's a rare event  
worthy of much cheer

So the ancients found  
counting green jade beads  
centuries must pass  
sowing patient seeds

Though our modern age  
found that it's not true  
binary trumps jade  
Ipads beat bamboo

Yet the old game plays  
we still grab the ring  
hoping for the day  
wealth will crown us king

Secrets never told  
hidden caves still hold  
can't be bought or sold  
gratitude is gold.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Simple Prayer

There's something in a simple prayer  
That won't wear out when hopes of day  
Fade to apocalyptic layers  
Of night's ungodly vampire ways

When headless horsemen pound their hoof beats  
On pillows soaked with sweat and tears  
When threads of sanity are breaking  
One little word can budge those fears

A tiny word, a seed, a leaven  
Can soothe when grander verses fail  
A word your Father up in Heaven  
Will honor when all others pale

'Help' is not a word that's heeded  
When striving in the marketplace  
It's meant for weaker souls and needy  
Shunned by the proud as a disgrace

Yet everyone must face their terror  
No matter how high he has climbed  
How tightly clung to mammon's fervor  
There comes a reckoning, a time

One night the scales will tip their balance  
One side is life, the other death  
When human aid fades to a shadow  
May 'help' be uttered by your breath

There's something in a simple prayer  
That won't wear out when hopes of day  
Fade in apocalyptic layers  
Of night's ungodly vampire ways.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Sing, Sing, Sing

Start your morning with a song  
hum it gently all day long  
let the birds join in the choir  
till the church bells call 'retire'

Hear the swallows on the wires  
with sweet melodies attired  
join them till the tallest spires  
ring with joy while soaring higher

Songs can soften hearts of steel  
they can lighten how you feel  
lyrics often draw a tear  
soften heartaches, banish fear

Though you cannot hold a tune  
or remember rhymes or runes  
do not worry, never fear  
God with patient ear will hear.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Skateboarding Ghost

Last year when the televisions  
in the windows across the street  
went dark  
when it was either time to sleep  
or try to sleep

It was at that time  
or maybe two hours after  
the skateboarder would come by  
unseen, of course  
since I was not about  
to go to the window  
and watch

Besides  
he would probably  
have passed by then  
leaving behind an echo  
on those cracks in the sidewalk  
and the rumble  
of the little wheels  
of the worn wooden skateboard

I haven't heard him this year any more  
funny how hearing the absence of sound  
is a kind of sound  
funny, isn't it?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Sleeping With A Possum

His parties were well attended. Why not?  
The mansion of flagstone, couched in marble and granite  
Was the talk of the Cape. Italy, did the columns come from Italy?

After a lovely chat on the balcony behind tall French doors  
He took me to his wing.  
Who would not make love on golden satin sheets,  
Porcelain angels amid flowers entwined around tall posts of the bed?

"Darling, I have a little surprise for you, " he said.  
His voice and smile so warm, I couldn't wait.  
"Darling, let's share all this with Sofia, let's do."  
He turned to pick up an ivory phone trimmed with gold.

My Cointreau-sodden mind suddenly cleared Into stark sobriety.  
"Darling, " I said, hoping my lips wouldn't quake.  
"I must wash up."

It was quite easy to find the garden.  
Glass doors and arches opened to all sides.  
Running barefoot amid Bushes and decorated tiles  
I found an old shack hidden under a grotto of trees.

I couldn't find a door but climbed through a window without glass.  
Spotting a small cot in the corner I collapsed on it with relief.  
The sharp spines of hay dug into my sides. (I was wearing organza.)

My heart pounded loudly but not loud enough  
To not hear a small, faint breathing.  
Lights from the party filtered into this place  
Just enough for me to see  
The little injured possum lying next to me.

I'm fifty-two years old now. I was twenty-one then.  
Visiting from Florida I happened to be near the Cape.  
I decided to return "to the scene of the crime."

My heart pounded as my car neared the area.  
I was wearing a white wide brimmed hat

And piled my hair under it.  
My flowing blond hair would be a dead giveaway.  
He'd be around seventy by now.

The homes became more and more opulent  
As I drove down the seashore. And then I saw it.  
A little shack standing like a lone sentinel by the ocean.

There were no grottoes and no flagstone walls  
No columns brought from Italy.  
It was just a barren bit of land  
With a little shack to shelter injured animals.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Small Wonder

Small wonder I am seething  
with anxious thoughts and fears  
when poems in my fiber  
imprisoned through the years  
are pounding on my conscience  
'Release us to be free  
to soar across the meadows  
and glide on far of seas.'

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Soft Raiment

Soft raiment can be much desired  
silk, velvet, satin oft admired  
a shawl with borders of gold thread  
and finely fashioned roses spread  
delights and many would acquire

My garment is of different weave  
no jewels decorate my sleeve  
sackcloth of mercy is my gown  
repentant ashes grace my crown  
since I have come to trust, believe

On bended knee and face supine  
I thrill at bright celestial signs  
new bottles brimming with new wine  
all worldly glories to decline  
when clothed with faith in the divine.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Solemn Pines

Those were the days when solemn pines  
stood silently in rows  
beside the yellowed grass on roads  
few locals ever chose

A wooden fence had little chance  
a fire ants delight  
gray armadillos slow and calm  
would burrow there at night

A little wayside home there was  
with well and not much more  
no shouts or fancy fixin's there  
just simple daily chores

Time was it housed a family  
of gentle pious ways  
whose lives were sheltered by the pines  
and veiled in hardship's haze

The mother was a widow plain  
who trusted in the Lord  
the children blessed with health in dearth  
as hardships were ignored

The woods in back were thick with burs  
no place to hide or seek  
yet here and there at evening time  
a passion flower would peek

Nobody visited there much  
a preacher now and then  
might drop on in to make a call  
and sound a loud 'Amen.'

Those days are far beyond the past  
the house abandoned sits  
there are no pictures and no tales  
of eating bread and grits

The weeds are grown and piney tar  
still fills the morning air  
the cypress knees still burble up  
on soil left without care

There are some times when only faith  
sustains and holds one up  
yet all those challenges of yore  
may someday fill one's cup

Those were the days when solemn pines  
stood silently in rows  
beside the yellowed grass on roads  
few locals ever chose.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Some Folks

Some choose to live in town for reasons  
While others seek plain country steads  
Then there are those who know no seasons  
Nor where to lay their tousled heads

They once had tried to build a life  
A little cottage on a side street  
A car, a porch, a comely wife

Some build a home and fill their pantry  
Soon friends stop in to have a chat  
Then one day something jars this gantry  
A truck hauls off man, wife and cat

They once had tried to build a life  
A little cottage on a side street  
A car, a porch, a comely wife

Abandoned then the little cottage  
Its sheets of tin rust on the roof  
It reeks of trash wet down with sewage  
An eyesore, neighbors low aloof

Some choose to live in town for reasons  
While others seek plain country steads  
Then there are those who know no seasons  
Nor where to lay their tousled heads.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Some Things

Some things you can't remember  
Some things you must forget  
Some things burn down to ashes  
Some haven't happen yet

Some things are gladly treasured  
Like pockets filled with gold  
They show up on a glad day  
Like presents they unfold

A few are stamped and branded  
Firm footprints on my soul  
Those moments unexpected  
A dark love one day stole.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Some Things Last

In a corner are some shelves  
holding just some simple things  
an old Bible and a cross  
and an angel's yellowed wings

Binders full of thoughts and dreams  
neatly put in ordered rows  
long gone long forgotten times  
where they went nobody knows

There's an urn of dark gray hue  
silent solemn and alone  
holding ashes of a soul  
who once sang with golden tone

In my day I seldom go  
seeking out the long ago  
most of what I had is gone  
yet those golden sounds stay on

In a corner are some shelves  
holding just some simple things  
an old Bible and a cross  
and an angel's yellowed wings.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Some Words

Some words are hewn in granite  
some words are soon forgot  
some words are slowly branded  
some words are not

Some people come and then they go  
some people never leave  
some people love you in the sun  
and vanish when you grieve

Some troubles last a day or two  
some make their home to stay  
some troubles grow like strangler vines  
and never go away.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Sometimes

Sometimes the verdant beauty of the world  
Survives the curse of bitter tasting fruit.  
Sometimes it crushes heart and flowers kind,  
As feet of love transform to feet of death.

I waited for you in the noonday sun  
While watching Poinciana blossoms fall  
Their fiery gold and orange rain profuse  
Bathed parching earth with welcome shade

Observing blooms and flowers was my game  
Each little star that peeked out from the grass  
So lovely, petals, tints and blades unique  
Their little faces looked at me with smiles.

Then suddenly a burnished car arrived  
It skidded, broke the silence of the air.  
The dark haired driver's silhouette intense,  
My heart and throat now twisted in a knot

You did not smile and only tipped your head.  
What had I done to make you so upset?  
Your words were angry. Was it jealousy?  
Had I been kind to someone else, not you?

As I rejoiced in Poinciana blooms  
And flowers wild or tame that graced the grass  
I celebrated people, children, pets  
And often smiled and told them so.

Too late I learned that love is stronger still  
Than all the blossoms of the world combined,  
Far darker than the milk of indigo,  
Its searing heat turns Poincianas pale.

You spoke a few quick words, I answered too.  
And then in summer's dust you disappeared.  
I quickly ran to flame tree's sheltered cool  
Then sinking down, my sobs flowed harsh and deep.

Eternity had bathed my swollen eyes  
When finally I focused on that spot  
No burnished car, no torrid burnished lips  
Were there, nor would they ever be again.

Oh Poincianas, daisies, petals fine  
Come now and comfort me as you once did  
You gave me joy and reason to go on  
Till love's dark mantle choked my childlike call.

Fair spring is peeking through my soul again.  
When will the flame tree's riot light the day?  
When will those daisies rise from death again,  
The ones I trampled when I ran away?

There is a time to kiss the rising dawn  
To sanctify all vivid sunsets dear  
And run with bare toes filled with youthful joy  
With tingling fingers touch a brook so clear.

A time will come, yes, it is etched in stone.  
When petals, blossoms will no longer quench  
A subterranean longing never named.  
No one escapes it. All must fall.

Sometimes the verdant beauty of the world  
Survives that curse of bitter tasting fruit  
Sometimes it crushes heart and flowers kind  
As feet of love transform to feet of death.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Song Of The Dream Sparrow

I dreamed I was a little bird  
thrown to the winds of chance  
a timid sparrow flitting 'bout  
much too afraid to dance

I heard the larks and mockingbirds  
trill with their ruby throats  
while hidden in a leafy branch  
my sounds were muted notes

Leaves fell and trees turned bare as Fall  
swept in and skies turned gray  
my refuge now was bare and cold  
no rest or place to stay

The dream turned into heavy storms  
my tender breast soon thrown  
against a rough and stony fence  
as pain shook fragile bones

I cried a hopeless sparrow wail  
and much to my surprise  
the sound was rich and beautiful  
with deep lows and bright highs

As I awoke it seemed quite odd  
that from my window pane  
I noted tiny birds fly by  
as if they knew my name

Could they have heard the cry of dreams  
with little sparrow ears  
could they tune in to shadow worlds  
we humans cannot hear

I still remember that strange dream  
and thank those little birds  
for giving me a special voice  
too deep to put in words.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Songs Of The Nightingale

There was a little bird  
who was afraid to sing  
while other birds each dawn  
woke up with happy rings

Once in a while this bird  
tried hard to make a sound  
but while the others warbled  
his little throat just garbled

One day his mother went  
to shop for worms and seeds  
but on her way back home  
her wings got stuck in weeds

The little bird got scared  
and without any thought  
let out a giant sound  
heard all the way around

The others right away  
flew off to save the day  
and quickly pulled her out  
so she could fly away

The little bird was glad  
to have his mom home safe  
then from his little beak  
came melodies most sweet

Today his songs are heard  
in woodlands and in dales  
and loved in all the world  
they call him Nightingale.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Soup Not Eaten

The wayside farms and homesteads  
existed way before  
the rumble of the bombing  
was heard as ne'er before

The peasants and their kinfolk  
tilled soil and knitted clothes  
they sang and danced on Sundays  
and shared their joys and woes

They cooked with fresh picked produce  
from gardens grown with pride  
their soups a fragrant bounty  
from woods and countryside

One day a wife was stirring  
a stew upon the hearth  
and dropped the wooden ladle  
when rumbles filled the earth

I happened on that homestead  
one autumn afternoon  
door open, house abandoned  
and saw that wooden spoon

Though it has been long ages  
since on that spot I stumbled  
it's still so clear in memory  
a life so swiftly crumbled

The wayside farms and homesteads  
existed way before  
the rumble of the bombing  
was heard as ne'er before.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Southern Belle

'She was a gifted Southern Belle, '  
My grieving friend revealed,  
'an artist many knew quite well,  
outstanding in her field.

The white magnolia over there, '  
She noted of a scene,  
'done in rich oils with love and care,  
won prizes much esteemed.'

Some months went by, my friend had moved  
When she gave me a call -  
'To share her paints mom would approve  
I cannot keep them all.'

She still looked much like she had then  
Quite prim, though touched with grief  
As we sat in my sunny den  
Sipped tea, a small relief

She then spread boxes on the floor -  
Fine brushes, papers rare  
Flax canvases and oils galore  
All packed with tender care

'My mother's treasures, in my heart  
'I know you'll honor, use,  
creating awe-inspiring art  
renewing her fair muse.'

I took her gifts with gratitude  
Since my own stash was small,  
But when she left in solitude  
My joy turned to a pall

I lay there, fingering those paints  
As eyes began to fill  
Remembering so many taints  
That blocked my painting skill

Years passed as cares and heartaches grew  
Untouched those precious finds  
In hidden closets still brand new  
They festered in my mind

Remembering that funeral  
Of one fine Southern Belle  
I feared at my grim reaper's call  
Tales full of woe I'd tell

How sad a painter left untouched  
So many fine supplies  
While tides and seasons slowly watched  
Her life ebb in time's vize

Perhaps the key of poetry  
Can broach that hidden cave  
Where love and freedom wait for me  
A muddled, much chained slave

The poet's muse now gently sings  
From far off, sunlit seas,  
'This very poem can give you wings,  
unblock that stubborn freeze.'

I then resolved to find my nerve  
And seize those untouched tools  
Carve healing from a yoke reserved  
For artists and for fools

I'd open gifts to be pursued  
By mortals and by saints  
And dying, never leave unused  
Clean papers, untouched paints

'She was a gifted Southern Belle, '  
My grieving friend revealed,  
'an artist many knew quite well,  
outstanding in her field.'

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Spark Of Faith

They knew me as the silent one  
who knew not what to say  
fear ruled and colored all my days  
tear stained my youthful ways

Although my thoughts like lava flow  
swirled in my fevered brain  
when passersby would say 'hello'  
my heart would wince with pain

What could I say? I had no clue  
a puzzle gnarled and curled  
till one day a small hidden spark  
ignited my cold world

Though faintly flickering at first  
it soon began to swell  
into a mighty burst of force  
that tore my chains of hell

My tongue was loosened and I knew  
my days of fear were done  
the spark of faith had melted dread  
and freed the silent one.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Spinning Wheel

Spinning wheel, spinning wheel  
whirring memories of yore  
fading sunlight on the door  
darkened rafters, earthen floor  
needlework put in the drawer

Spinning wheel, spinning wheel  
I was young once, laces wore  
found a lad whom I adored  
danced until we almost soared  
then one night my heart he tore

Spinning wheel, spinning wheel  
whirring memories of yore  
days gone past forgotten lore  
eyes a'welling must ignore  
teardrops on the earthen floor.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Spring Daisies

The fields are green and rich up here  
With little daisies growing  
The buttercups shine golden pure  
This passive park is glowing

I've only been here for a while  
I call it now my home  
The streets are straight and borders tiled  
Where weeds don't dare to roam

My old place never was like this  
Roads, alleys more like pathways  
No borders framing fields or lanes  
With grit and gravel always

The winter was much colder there  
I had not many clothes  
and morsels were much fewer, dear  
But not much fewer woes

So here I am and it is Spring  
I now have many jackets  
It's all so easy and so warm  
My life in pleasant packets

Yet when I look at daisies' hearts  
Those centers small and yellow  
They look the same as where I'm from  
The same, so small and mellow

What difference does it make if I  
Move here or there or yonder  
If daisies in the Spring still look  
The same, it's hard to ponder.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Spring Flowers

They speak of cherry blossoms  
And frangipani trees  
Of crocuses and daisies  
Narcissus on spring hills

They talk of Easter lilies  
I see them on store shelves  
And peonies aplenty  
Among bold daffodils

Yes, springtime is approaching  
Wrapped in a showy cloak  
Yet there's a flower I yearn for  
Whose source can not be named

It hides under a blanket  
Of snow and winter frost  
Not even spring's warm sunshine  
Can coax it from its chill

Those few who found the secret  
Of finding this rare bloom  
Will gladly share the answer  
But sadly few will care

It is the flower of spirit  
With petals some call grace  
They open with plain prayer  
And cannot wilt or die

So many pick fair poppies  
And kiss a blushing rose  
Quite unaware of standing  
On spirit's hidden dale

They speak of cherry blossoms  
And frangipani trees  
Of crocuses and daisies  
Narcissus on spring hills.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Sprites Of Poetry

Today I spent on shaky ground  
Dark thoughts began to rear  
My body crouched in cobweb strands  
Of bony fingered fear

Uncaring moments boot-like marched  
And quickly moved away  
To clear the path for newer feet  
That stomped upon my day

Where had they gone, those happy times  
When faith spread out like sand  
Sweet hours bright as rows of pearls  
When I dwelt in God's hand?

I now felt useless like a cloth  
Meant to be torn for rags  
That soon enough would rot and land  
In wayside refuse bags

Then evening fell and little bells  
Began to reach my ears  
Familiar sprites of poetry  
Companions to my tears

So very slowly like the moon  
Words rose in gentle flow  
And just as slowly I could feel  
A lightening somehow

Why do I write those rhyming lines  
That seem so weak and small?  
Tonight I trust them as dear friends  
That lift depression's pall.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Still There

no, she won't leave  
not now  
not ever

is she not the one  
who groomed this plot  
who nurtured it  
for many years

is she not the one  
who hauled dirt in bags  
sandy loam  
fertilizer in large sacks

is she not the one  
who snipped branches  
from wayside bushes  
from flower shoots

is she not the one  
who grew lemons  
the size of grapefruit  
and grapefruit trees  
the size of chestnut trees

why then would she  
ever leave  
just because her soul  
is far above  
dwelling with the one  
who causes it all

who causes  
the seed to sprout  
the branch to spread  
the bloom to open  
the fruit to ripen

was she not

his helper  
who tended  
the garden  
faithfully

so why should she  
not still be there  
to watch and dream  
and continue  
to plant the seeds  
of hope  
to all whose lives  
she touched?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Story Tree

My story starts with just a seed  
dropped in the soil of birth  
then rain and sunshine coax it forth  
to open in rich earth

As seasons move along their paths  
a tiny sapling peeks  
through layers of leaves and fertile mulch  
as light and growth it seeks

Time comes when sturdy, textured bark  
forms round a trunk now tall  
soon reaching to the blue expanse  
that towers over all

The branches fill with verdant leaves  
each shaped and formed just so  
no two alike, each has its own  
direction and sure flow

My hope is that my story tree  
will spread with grace and love  
so dreams and visions can find rest  
like gentle mourning doves

Then, if the boughs be tossed by storms  
the birds will soar and flee  
returning when the winds have died  
with greater grace live free

Some tales and chronicles are told  
like paths for all to see  
my wish is that my story be  
much like a growing tree.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Strewing Marks

I paint a picture of my life  
much like a budding flower  
with paint and words strewn on the day  
to mark each step and every hour

Sometimes the colors are so bright  
so full of light and joy  
at other times so dark and grim  
they threaten to destroy

Who then can fathom the unknown  
a puzzling paradox  
for often smooth and gentle streams  
crash swiftly onto rocks

Sometimes my paintbrush loses strength  
sometimes my words are few  
sometimes it's hard to simply walk  
and take a step or two

Oh, may my Maker give me strength  
to strew the little marks  
upon the road marked for my days  
and kindle loving sparks

I paint a picture of my life  
much like a budding flower  
with paint and words strewn on the day  
to mark each step and every hour.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Strong House

The world will fling so many rocks  
that God can turn to building blocks  
to raise a house of faith so strong  
no hurricane that comes along  
can wipe it from its chosen place  
or wipe it out without a trace.

A house that's built with beams of trust  
each stone and brick with firm hand thrust  
its mortar mixed with seeds of love  
and windows looking high above  
will stand eternal and with joy  
that gates of hell can not destroy.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Sumi

The ancients long ago  
Discovered ink  
The ancients long ago  
Observed birds  
In their birdness

The ancients long ago  
Washed souls  
And placed them  
On a scroll  
Delighting eyes.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Summer Charade

Verandas dripping lilacs  
Pale yellow apples  
Burst with tangy liquids  
Bowling from dark green branches  
Touching northern grasses  
Coaxed to fullness by summer sun

In distance small laces of forest  
High bushes, some thorny, some not  
A patch of tall stalks  
Shows a garden  
Well cared for by unseen hands

The farm is much more than a family  
Or village, or even a clan  
It is an illusion of safety  
A haven if only in dreams

Who are you that sit there in summer  
Surrounded by woods, fields and grass  
The children, the uncles, the fathers  
The brothers and aunts with their friends

This can't be a casual picnic  
The men are in full suits and dress  
The women are wearing their finery  
The children in white Sunday-ness

I see you back there  
You're the father  
A patriarch, that is for sure  
Your silence speaks louder than iron  
That's beat on the anvil of life

And you, lovely lady, quite well fed  
You jauntily sport a man's cap  
You'll never know why the door closed  
To life, to love and to hope

The sea captain wears a white mustache  
So proper and trimmed with great care  
In time he will come back and visit  
But this will not happen too soon.

Then there is the man who knows numbers  
His schooling clear-cut and complete  
His hair is quite slick and pomaded  
His suit well cut, but not new.

He will not be mentioned at even  
When family sits down to eat  
But proudly relate to his children  
His glorious day as a guest

Small children in white are not counted  
Too young to be reckoned with yet  
They need but to be there and smiling  
Wait for their turn and their test

The young men, sons of the great one  
In clothes so fine for their girth  
They carry the bloodlines dynastic  
As fine as are raised on this earth

They cannot stray from the order  
As tight as their cravats, necks raw  
Their life path a chosen profession  
Of medicine, science or law

The girls as they flower to women  
Will equally follow the path  
Narrow their crinolines waisted  
As will be their ways, so help God.

There's no food to be had on this picnic  
That is for the others, you see.  
The farm and its bounty is richer  
For workers and farmhands, not thee.

The hands that toil these wide lands  
Will never be brought to this group

For suits and white dresses on grasses  
Are not what the farm folk do seek.

The world is here split in two factions  
The haves and have nots, they say  
The haves with their paths strictly chosen  
The have nots pull roots from the clay

It's only a photo forsaken  
From timeworn albums found  
Its age must be close to a hundred  
Its people long since under ground

I feel like a voyeur to venture  
And carefully view this parade  
A voyeur sadly observing  
A long ago summer charade.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Summer Fruits

In summertime the pace slows down  
The streets are emptier downtown  
Crisp shades of spring have come and gone  
Now summer spreads its fertile lawn

What great delight its fragrant yields  
Ripe, dripping from tall stalks in fields  
While up above a deep blue sky  
Embraces them as birds fly by

Oh, give me summer fruits today  
My hunger and my thirst allay  
Its brightest colors offer cheer  
To this best season of the year.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Summer Lecture

Straws drown in  
Carbonated orange soda  
Leather sandals tip tan legs  
Frosted glass walls wait  
Pale gray, colorless.  
Shiny bottles of summer drinks  
Look refreshing  
My eyes drink them in.

A straw hat ducks dramas  
Flying 'bout the room  
No one is listening.  
Words absorb each other now.  
Talk, talk, talk.  
Crisp, positive shoulders  
Nudge dark  
Surrounded necks.

Sunlight rests on hair  
By a window to the street  
Beyond a world is rushing by  
a world quite obviously  
in no need of lectures.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Sunwashed Isles

The waves kiss jagged coral rocks  
In trade winds salty sprays  
My thoughts fly off to distant docks  
And hidden tropic cays

The sky now blue now palest gray  
Spans endless distant miles  
The seagulls screech as if to say  
Those corals have their wiles

Oh carry me on wings so white  
To frangipani groves  
Where rarest birds soar and alight  
On orchids in green coves

May I find rest from northern chill  
In huts with loin formed tiles  
And drink sweet nectars to my fill  
On distant sun washed isles.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Supplication

Show me how to live, oh Lord  
guide what I must do  
to be useful and to serve  
those I meet and You

Let the sun alight my path  
dewdrops quench my thirst  
may tall trees afford cool shade  
when in heat immersed

Show me how to live, oh Lord  
bless my every hour  
days are long and nights are hard  
Lord, I need your power

Like the lilies in the field  
clothe me with your love  
share the only thing I need:  
blessings from above

Show me how to live, oh Lord  
guide what I must do  
to be useful and to serve  
those I meet and You.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Sure Thing

The scientists have found that mass  
is constant in the universe  
and lovers also like to hope  
for faithfulness and love to last

But there is something even more  
dead certain than the rates of change  
how rules and measured flows of time  
precisely atoms rearrange

Some think this mystery is strange  
some know that comets crash in range  
of where misguided folks do err  
to teach them lessons to be fair

Bright meteors must sometimes soar  
across night skies with frightful flares  
and shake onlookers to the core  
to surely go there never more

Sun spots can soar in flaming leaps  
with energy they splurge and dare  
to shake a solar fist at those  
who want to challenge nature's ways

Some wonder just how morning dew  
and evening shade can souls renew  
upon a small suspended ball  
with hardly any clout at all

Yet that's the only thing to last  
more constant than the laws of space  
more true than fires that will burn  
more to be trusted and to learn

Foundations of all that exists  
hinge on that small and humble globe  
in just a handful of worn hearts  
that no one notes to take a part

And even if one single voice  
still calls and pleads with humble words  
this little modest ball of earth  
will still continue to give birth

Although the systems all around  
the grandest scientists have found  
may blow up with a giant bang  
this little ball may still be found.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Survivors

It was a sun filled breezy day  
the kind Spring lambs enjoy  
and daffodils with trilling birds  
oft celebrate in May

Much like a lemming to the sea  
I flew to meet my friends  
the ones whose lives had once been dark  
and now with light were cleansed

It was a meeting made for joy  
bright moments to create  
although beneath each sparkling face  
the darkness lay in wait

I hope when thunder clouds appear  
as they so often do  
this touching of lost souls now found  
would linger like the dew

It was a sun filled breezy day  
the kind Spring lambs enjoy  
and daffodils with trilling birds  
oft celebrate in May.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Swan Dreams

Today I saw a lovely view  
Of pure and lyric style:  
A lake with swans and trees in bloom.  
I lingered there awhile.

White-laced gazebos; columns fair,  
Rose grand from velvet green,  
While evergreens of stately blue,  
Lent grace to this fair scene.

Chorus

But it is just a painting, dear.  
It is not real, you know.  
Your mind is growing weak and dim  
Distorting youth's fair glow.

There was a time, so long ago,  
When mother took us there,  
With sister, brother, all in tow,  
To see the swans' wet lair.

That surely had to be the place,  
(Don't try to tell me no) ,  
Before we grew and swam new seas,  
Where swans will never go.

Chorus

But it is just a painting, dear.  
It is not real, you know.  
Your mind is growing weak and dim  
Distorting youth's fair glow.

It's true I can't remember it;  
My childhoods' memory dark,  
Except from mother's blissful tales  
Of visiting that park.

The three of us are now quite old;  
Our mother passed away;

Yet in a corner of my mind,  
Swans always hold their sway.

Chorus

But it is just a painting, dear.  
It is not real, you know.  
Your mind is growing weak and dim  
Distorting youth's fair glow.

But I have proof. It's obvious.  
Just look up in the air.  
Can't you spot angels dipping down,  
Three of them, over there?

I'm in the middle, don't you see?  
And brother to my right;  
Our little sister on the left;  
All bathed in childhood's light.

Chorus

But it is just a painting, dear.  
It is not real, you know.  
Your mind is growing weak and dim  
Distorting youth's fair glow.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Sweet Sixteen

There was a time when passion ruled our love  
Hot kisses in the back seat of your car  
We sat beneath the budding Linden trees  
Drinking fresh beer in sparkling kegs of youth

At eighteen, you were oh, so glamorous  
So recklessly I sought to give you all  
We raced around the curves of nightly roads  
You drove bold, daring, dashing in your way

I lied to you that I was now sixteen  
And that I smoked those grown up Chesterfields  
A friend soon tried to teach me how to smoke  
To breathe in deep without that awful cough

Hot summer days on salty beaches bright  
Were our playgrounds where we cast our fate  
I in my pale blue jantzen, you so tan  
Even our friends knew we were meant to be

Then as the moon and month began to wane  
The dreaded birthday time was growing near  
I thought no more of what might come of it  
Than I had feared the lifelong curse of nicotine

So there we were, all lace and sugar cubes  
Gifts, ribbons, bows and tables filled to brim  
There was no warning, not in my young mind  
Of what your eyes said when you first came in

You stood against the light. That's all I saw  
Your eyes and face etched dark against the window  
The room was full of birthday party joy  
And then I felt so cold, so very cold

Nothing was said, there was no need to speak.  
I tried to smile just like a birthday girl  
Yet it was all over and I knew it well  
And now I really needed Chesterfields

The party guests stayed on and had a time  
They talked about their fun for weeks  
You slipped out early (no one seemed to care)  
Leaving me with just one sentence that you said  
Autumn has come. The beach is empty now.  
I stay at home and watch the window panes  
That very window where you once had stood  
And where my life now stands in frozen pain

My pale blue bathing suit fell victim to salt seas  
It lies in tatters, shredded like a rag  
My world has turned from summer blues and golds  
To morbid brown and mottled umber hues

I cannot think of kisses and of love  
Or if there's life when I reach seventeen  
I only know that growing up is sad  
Of longing for the things that might have been

This window is my curse, my haunting chill  
Soon I will leave this place, I'm sure  
But will those words you said on that last day  
Follow like so many daggers in my heart?

Remember how your words were almost lost  
Amid the gaily chatting party guests  
You said it in a whisper, very low  
'But I didn't bring a birthday present.'

Lilia Talts Morrison

# T.H.E.Y.

Far away in the land of peaks  
Valleys none, nicked by the Greeks  
Lives Tonda.

Hespa is his rotund wife  
Known to terrorize with knife  
The chickens.

Elga is their daughter fair  
Sleeps all day without a care  
And snores.

Yona must not be forgot  
Blows his nose, so has no snot.  
He's the son.

Now that you have met them all  
Know that they are your downfall  
In life.

What will T.H.E.Y. say if you sneeze,  
Curl your hair or eat blue cheese?  
'No, no, no.'

Write a poem, live in Spain  
Pick wet poppies in the rain?  
'That won't do.'

Now that you know who T.H.E.Y. are  
Just say 'no' to grabbing stars  
T.H.E.Y. won't like it.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Tababuie Golden Rain

Late March brings bursts of golden rain  
A million petals dance and glide  
In showers from a boundless source  
As tababuies preen in Spring

The wind persuades the blooms to fly  
Soon carpeting lawns, streets and lanes  
They cloak the ground with yellow joy  
So fleeting, delicate, yet real

Abundant is their flowering  
Exploding from trees known to heal  
Yet no one notes a single bloom  
Amid a sea of richest quilts

Each smiling flower has one day  
To spread its magic to the land  
The earth by morning will embrace  
Those golden messengers of Spring

They say the tababuie tree  
Is sacred in its healing ways  
Its bark, its sap, its leaves and blooms  
Cure natives bound with tropic plagues

There's something in me craves and needs  
To dwell in warmth of clime and hue  
To find relief in humid nights  
And mark my days like blossoms spent

Spring rains bring fleeting showers rare  
Cascading flakes to earth they fly  
In yellow bursts of petals fair  
So bright against a teal blue sky.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Take A Little Moment

Take a little moment, just to look  
Breezes sway the palm fronds,  
Gently runs the brook  
Sky and trees grows dim now  
Curtains softly blow  
An ancient fan is humming  
A song from long ago.

Take a little moment,  
just a little one.  
the day has had its laughter,  
with friends and fun  
Work for the hands aplenty  
and then some play  
But evening time is here now  
It's here to stay.

But stop for just a minute  
And lift your eyes above  
The treetops seem to whisper  
Of things that might have been.

Take a little moment  
And think of him.  
Then say a little thank you  
for a love that might have been.

The autumn leaves are turning  
Just some of them  
Between the green and olive  
are woven leaves of brown.

My leaf is golden yellow,  
With orange ripeness now.  
The bud of youth has gently  
Received its final bow.

I love my golden moments,  
now full of joy.

I glory in the nightfall  
Sweeter yet than day.

I'm glad I took a moment  
And wrote a line of two  
The evening always brings me  
The lovely thought of you.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Temps And Perms

A temp's a gal who gets no ire  
She's only there on two weeks' hire  
Not like the perms who hold their jobs  
Like cougars clenching meat in jaws  
Or lions holding prey `neath paws  
Or raptors clutching fish in claws

Some think there should be orders  
For offices to halt disorders  
By perms who violate all borders  
Backstabbing, planting hid recorders

The good news for the new recruit  
Is that she often is so cute  
That though perms hope she will be ditched  
Or vanish on a broom bewitched  
She often ends up much enriched  
Resigning and with boss get hitched.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Tequesta

They braved dark hammocks' secret threats  
And wetlands' hidden ridges  
They cut their skins on coastal rocks  
In dugouts' hand hewn bridges

They lassoed whales as big as mounds  
Tattooing their existence  
Upon the layers of long ago  
In sinewy persistence

They carved sharp tools from conch shell shards  
Caught fish from offshore reefs  
A hardy breed, they tamed the threat  
Of Everglades green griefs

They staked their claim on firm bedrock  
The mouth of the Miami  
A river once quite beautiful  
Though short its length and glory

Tequesta was their settlement  
That spanned two thousand years  
Tequesta was a tribe of note  
Among their native peers

They came, they went, and time moved on  
As it is wont to do  
But when I walk on ground they tread  
I bid a sad adieu.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Thank You

In the morning days begin  
In the evening candles dim  
As you walk along life's way  
Don't forget to stop and pray

Thank him for each grain of sand  
Thank him for the sea and land  
Thank him for our hands and feet  
Thank him for each heart that beats

In the morning days begin  
In the evening candles dim  
As you walk along life's way  
Don't forget to stop and pray.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# That One Pearl

That one pearl far beyond all price  
Cannot be found in halls of trade  
Nor hidden deep in crowns of kings  
Or earned with well intentioned deeds

Who could have guessed it waits for those  
Who huddle in rain sodden ways  
And cuddle newsprint to stay warm  
Who trade their last dream for a smoke

Who long ago have given up  
Illusions - hope gone down the drain  
They will not find it on their own  
It's given them, a gift from God.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# That Valentine

So smooth your love in summer season  
entrancing me with cunning reasons  
autumn winds and winter came  
some friends no longer knew my name  
only you embracing me became my dark reality  
nights conquered days as you grew stronger  
submerging, I saw light no longer

it was a season preordained  
not ever to return again

time came, you vanished in Spring mists  
how I recall our last love kiss  
entwining me in bygone bliss

seasons pass, a long gray line  
unsung, unheard, unknown I pine  
no longer mine, that Valentine.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Amber Room

There is a palace treasure  
that vanished years ago  
a hall with fabled panels  
of golden yellow glow

The walls were made of amber  
and polished to high gleam  
when czars and nobles entered  
the world was charmed, it seemed

The chandeliers were glowing  
bright crystal teardrop spheres  
none of the guests expected  
those drops would turn to tears

The royal lords were scattered  
mowed down like winter hay  
and golden rooms of glory  
ransacked and hauled away

What happened to that treasure  
they called the Amber Room  
that fabulous illusion  
that was so harshly doomed?

Some say it still lies hidden  
in a most secret cave  
and others claim a warlord  
still hoards it like a slave

But when I think of amber  
i still recall those words  
of an old Roman writer  
wise Tacitus by name

He said a tribe called Aestii  
had harvested those rocks  
found on a windswept coastline  
on Baltic Sea shore's docks

It seems to me that dark sea  
when ships rode on its breast  
pulled them to its cold bottom  
where now that amber rests

All precious stones men ravished  
from mines and from the seas  
belong to earth's own dowry  
pristine till man them seized

The laws of nature always  
stand firm in their decrees  
will amber call to amber  
and bring man to his knees?

Lilija Talts Morrison

# The Bear Who Hated Baths

There was a little bear  
Who hated to take baths  
When it was time to wash  
He hid in leafy paths

The other bears would laugh  
To see his matted fur  
All mottled in dark shades  
Mixed in with grass and burs

One windy autumn day  
He sat beneath a tree  
And oh, so suddenly  
Was stung by a small bee

He let out a bear yell  
And felt a painful ache  
Then without thought or care  
He ran into a lake

His mother brought him home  
All wet and soaked, but clean  
And ever since that day  
He's loved to bathe and preen

The village bears rejoiced  
And let him join their club  
As friend and playmate dear  
And bought him a fine tub

They come from far and near  
To see this fancy bear  
All shiny bright and clean  
With fluffy fur so fair.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Bearfoot Mailman

Now listen children dear  
and hear what is to hear  
about that Daddy Bear  
who needed a good pair  
of shoes that he could wear

This unemployed sad bear  
would never leave his chair  
ashamed that folks would stare  
at his claw feet so bare  
go out he did not dare

Then one fine day in June  
when roses are in bloom  
he saw in his email  
what made his bear heart throb:  
an offer for a job

It listed few details  
but Daddy did not fail  
to note that this great news  
was calling for no shoes  
so this might end his blues

This outfit had a boss  
who had been at a loss  
since all the other bears  
that came all wore a pair  
of shoes and fancy suits  
or even leather boots

So just as you might guess  
our Daddy Bear was blessed  
with landing that good job  
and works with Mailman Bob  
who wears a fancy fob

You wonder why bare toes  
are rules that are imposed:

the little plane that's used  
its' pedals can't be bruised  
by shoes with heavy soles  
the plane would lose control

So children, now you see  
how life and jobs can be  
and hopefully believe  
no need cry or grieve  
all bears someday achieve.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Bible

Those verses ring forever true  
through ages and thru time  
from frozen highlands to wide plains  
and humid tropic climes

Each word, each stanza and each line  
from mouths of prophets told  
all culminate and then reveal  
the glory of our Lord.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Blue Candle

It was a hopeless little flame.  
The blue seven day candle was on its last legs.  
So was my sanity.

The shopkeeper had bled me dry  
With his demands for longer hours  
Paychecks bouncing  
And many other indignities.  
I lit a candle in the back  
So he couldn't see it.  
Its flame was so small  
To see it burn seemed hopeless.  
I had used my last match, anyway.

After hours of boring waiting  
Speckled with rude customers  
I went to the back  
Just for a private moment.

Against hope I looked into the candle.  
There was a tiny flame,  
So tiny you could hardly see it.  
Had it burned like this for hours?  
On that hopeless attempt to light it  
With my last, shaky match?

I tendered my resignation the next day.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Bookish Bear Mountaineer

Back in the days of books  
When children sat in nooks  
To learn of Mother Goose  
And what was a caboose  
Well, in those ancient days  
There lived a bear quite crazed  
Who'd sit and read for hours  
While others picked wild flowers

His parents wanted him  
To jog down to the gym  
But that was of no use  
He made a thin excuse  
Until one fine Spring day  
He read a fine essay  
About a mountaineer  
Who climbed up Mount Rainier

The next thing by surprise  
The bear would early rise  
To run a dozen miles  
And climb up hills and piles  
Until he grew quite strong  
And took some books along  
To scale the tallest peak  
With his now fine physique

This was so long ago  
But all bears know it's so  
That there's a summit tall  
Steep as a cold icefall  
Where flags are stuck in snow  
By those who won the show  
Where that small bookish bear  
Left booklets to be shared.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Church At Mudflats Creek

'Dem trains quit runnin' years ago, '  
The gaunt, old sheriff drawled,  
'Dere ain't no church across dem tracks,  
Least none I kin recall.'

'I was a Sister over there,  
'Walked to it twice a week -  
Wood frame it was and whitewashed, too -  
Backed onto Mudflats Creek.'

'No maam, you must be dreamin' now,  
Or think o' someplace else  
Truth is across dem weed grown tracks  
Ain't none but cussin' de'ls.

'Time was dem Yankee dollars flowed  
Steam trains would rumble in,  
Haulin' off timber, marl and sand  
An' taters now'n agin.

'Dem lumber lords left years ago  
An' drought turned fields bone dry  
Dem oldsters dat would set an' talk  
Done died off by and by.

'Yep, dey's gone off to meet their ends  
Quit telling' all dem lies.  
Ain't much left jes' lik' what you see-  
Dem rusty railroad ties.

Dere's still some deer back in dem woods  
An' I do get me share,  
Dis job here keeps de wolf away.  
Poor folks ain't got a prayer.

'Look lady, jes' fergeet you seen  
This bur-infested place  
Ghost churches, ghost trains tend to spook  
You's gone widdout a trace.'

I left the clearing smelling sweet  
Pine tar and sun-dried hay,  
Where this gaunt sheriff held his post  
Day after weary day.

Nor did I cross those weed grown tracks  
Beyond which lay a dream  
Of Sunday children, dressed and clean,  
Just yesterday, it seemed.

Those children grew and went their ways  
To darker days ahead.  
Had any seeds remained in them  
Of hymns and scriptures read?

That visit is now tucked away -  
A thing left to the past  
Like rusty iron, rotted wood  
Not ever meant to last.

Yet it's not easy to erase  
Those long gone simple days,  
Before the world like autumn leaves  
Spewed us to wintry ways.

'Dem trains quit runnin' years ago, '  
The local sheriff drawled.  
'There ain't no church across dem tracks,  
Least none I kin recall.'

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Church Of The Rock

The winds of life  
Whipped raw against my limbs  
Clouds brushing by  
I squinted  
Feet blistered  
Parching throat  
Sweat burning eyes  
Mingled with tears

I sobbed  
Collapsed  
As it all closed in on me

Then as if on cue  
A wave of relief  
A lightening  
Began to flow into me

There was a gentle touch  
On my shoulder  
But when I looked  
No one was there

Enfolded in a strange mist  
My body quivered  
Was this the end?

Then my toes  
Gripped something  
Below

Not looking  
I somehow knew  
It was a rock  
A large one

It didn't seem holy  
As I had imagined  
But I immediately

Knew what it was -  
The thing  
They all had talked about -  
The church of the rock.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The City

Wrapped In a mindless concrete crust  
The tired earth lies vanquished  
Crops of past years long turned to dust  
Beneath harsh streets to languish

How heavy weigh man's monuments  
On soil in darkness braving  
The unrelenting, pounding steps  
Of feet bent on blind cravings

The city throbs with pulsing beats  
Heedless of harvest timings  
And ancient forces coaxing wheat  
In slow celestial rhyming

A field must rest from many years  
of earth depleting labor  
Instead those gray oppressing layers  
pierce it with steely sabers

a little sprout of grass yet peeks  
from massive pipes and boulders  
delighting in the sun it seeks  
nature's strong, loving shoulders.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Cup Of Power

Ah, mighty emperor, drink of that cup  
Its nectar sweet and pungent to the lips  
You've earned this golden flagon of the gods  
You've spilled much blood and ravaged ships

Ah, mighty emperor, do not delay  
None will resist when you have drained its brew  
Great hordes and legions you will play like pawns  
Returning Rome to glories it once knew

Ah mighty emperor, the sun sinks low  
The laurel wreath now hovers high above  
And marble monuments would your fair form display  
Your wise choice chroniclers will then sing of

Ah, mighty emperor, the men who guard your throne  
Have suddenly been overcome and led away  
An enemy has spilled the wine that yours would be  
Your scepter broken, jewels in disarray

Take heed and learn a lesson from this tale  
When life a cup of power to you extends  
It may at first appear like laurels of success  
Yet soon ferment to hemlock's evil ends.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Darkness

The day you came, I knew it  
A prophecy fulfilled  
For there had been much longing  
Dreams hindered, thwarted, chilled

It was a tragic knowing  
An inner whisper told  
This would not be a picnic  
In meadows to unfold

No. It would be the woodlands  
Where brambles, thistles thrive  
Cold night falls oh, so quickly  
And few escape alive

You pulled me to that darkness  
And I gave in to fate  
Until a hand predestined  
Removed the tempting bait

The twisted tale evolving  
Would brand my path of life  
Its final strike descending  
With bloody, steely knife

A nightmare love lay shattered  
Upon the forest floor  
When light of day to freedom  
The chains of torture tore

The day you came, I knew it  
A prophecy fulfilled  
For there had been much longing  
Dreams hindered, thwarted, chilled.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Former Rain

The days are coming soon again  
the vats shall overflow  
the former rain, the promised grain  
the fig tree sprout and grow

Rejoice and know the threshing floors  
will once more fill with wheat  
red wine and oil will burst their flasks  
wild berries soon taste sweet

Those many years of drought and blight  
and dusty fields of yore  
inhabited by locust swarms  
will thrive with corn once more

Be glad you children and your land  
rejoice and know your path  
will soon ascend to mountain tops  
forgot all dearth and wrath

You are beloved through the droughts  
for far beyond the sun  
the showers of the Lord await  
to nourish everyone

The days are coming soon again  
the vats shall overflow  
the former rain, the promised grain  
the fig tree sprout and grow.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The God Particle

How thrilling to track tiny mesons and muons  
Test theories on atoms of neons and freons  
Build underground tunnels to prove the Almighty  
Will show all his secrets to physicists flighty

Oh keep on your searches to find all the answers  
In labs and wind tunnels as nimbly as dancers  
Big bangs and black holes are the grist for your mills  
Just make sure your protons won't blow up the hills.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Graveyard

I stumbled on half-hidden stones  
With brambles overgrown  
A graveyard from an age long flown  
Neglected and alone

I wondered who was buried `neath  
The tangled weedy wreath  
What body in its final sheath  
Lay lifeless underneath

Was there a soul with gifts innate  
Who hoped to pen a line  
Caught by a sudden twist of fate  
Now confined and supine

I left there running like a sprite  
And found my book of prayers  
Where little notes I hoped to write  
Were buried in its layers

The day will come when my own grave  
May be a hidden cave  
No human eye will ever see  
Yet poems there will be

I stumbled on half-hidden stones  
With brambles overgrown  
A graveyard from an age long flown  
Neglected and alone.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Hand Of Nature

When pressures of the day rise up  
And fill the hours with stress  
When every effort is too hard  
To strive for, too much pain

That is the time to lift your eyes  
And note the sky above  
So blue and often graced with clouds  
Kissing the earth so green

Lift up your weary hand and stretch  
To endless space beyond  
And trust that myriads of stars  
Are peeking from its depths

Then touch the green grass on the earth  
That's carried you so long  
And gently move your gaze to trees  
Just waiting to be seen

Now stretch your fingers and you'll feel  
The touch of nature's hand  
That's been outstretched for years  
Just waiting to hold yours.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Knife Of Life

I had a knife in childhood  
A villager had made  
It's handle gleamed with birch wood  
The sheath a darker shade.

When traveling through thick woods  
I took this knife along  
And when I found a willow  
I whittled, whistling songs.

My father oft went stalking  
For deer, the hunter's gift  
He didn't mind the grunting  
Of lives snuffed out so swift.

One day I saw a creature  
Quite green and speckled fine.  
I held it with my bare foot  
And cut its tail and spine.

Its eyes still looked in wonder  
At me, or so I thought.  
I ran away. Abandoned  
my knife, so cunning wrought.

The village calls me coward  
A softie, ne'er do well.  
They're right. But did they ever  
Meet eyes with heaven and hell?

I'm older now and sadder,  
I will not buy a knife.  
At evening I still wander  
To woods where I took life.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Letter Never Written

I never wrote that letter  
The one I promised you,  
So you would know me better  
And love arise anew.

Time flew while daily measures  
Cropped up like mushrooms tall,  
Ignoring hidden treasures  
Regretting not at all.

It's true, I was quite busy  
Too tired to light a lamp  
At end of day, too weary  
For paper, pen and stamp.

One afternoon when walking  
I felt a terror grow  
While hearing neighbors talking  
'Carl died. You didn't know? '

My heart feels like it's bitten  
Sore, bleeding in its fold:  
My letter never written,  
Our story never told.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Light

Oh, man of clay and feet of dust  
Walk on the earth, if walk you must  
But if you stop and rest awhile  
A light may grace your weary mile.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Little Angel

The little angel in the sunshine basks  
With calm, serene expression  
I wonder if his church yard task  
Is blessing the procession  
Of saints and sinners walking by  
To pray, to mourn, to die

My father was remembered here  
When he reached higher ground  
Of crystal mansions much revered  
Where choirs with harps resound

Time came my own son's time was full  
Those left behind then entered  
This yard to grieve, expressions dull  
Their lives this man had centered

Few now can see foregone events  
Time passing builds high walls  
Yet that small angel heaven sent  
Sees and remembers all

The little angel in the sunshine basks  
With calm, serene expression  
I wonder if his church yard task  
Is blessing the procession  
Of saints and sinners walking by  
To pray, to mourn, to die.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Lottery

You asked me what I wished for  
if I could have it all  
and mentioned many objects  
some big, some very small

None seemed to tempt or lure me  
to seek the fine brass ring  
and finally I wondered  
just what could be the thing

Next morning with the dawning  
it seemed like 'twas too late  
to need or want a bounty  
in modest shape or great

Had not you spent some moments  
each day to chat and share  
your thoughts and so your friendship  
a gift beyond compare

What greater joy than spending  
some time with souls who care  
who stop what they were doing  
to tell you their affairs

It's good to know that little  
on land or plains or sea  
is quite as dear as someone  
who stops to visit me.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Monkey

Remember the days before you got  
The monkey on your back?

Can you still remember?  
Remember when a world lay before you  
and you were going to make it.  
Remember?

The money is on your back  
The money is on your back.  
Ha, ha... he won't let go  
He won't let go

You think you can't go back to blue skies  
To tasting things, to feeling  
Like when you were small  
And munching apples.

You think it will taste like paste  
Look like brown  
Always, till the end

Remember when up as up  
and down was down?  
The monkey turned it  
Upside down.  
Remember?

Monkey, monkey, monkey  
Monkey on your back

Hey mister, guess what?  
Hey mister I blew him off  
Look at me mister  
I blew the monkey of my back

Keep on crying mister, keep on sad  
The time will come you'll get hollering mad

You'll fly, you'll cry, you'll bust out loose  
Your heart a coal, your neck a noose  
You'll crawl in dust this close to dead

Then suddenly it'll hit your head –  
The monkey's gone, the monkey's gone  
Hey, man, the monkey's gone  
Hey man  
Hold my hand.

Lilias Talts Morrison

# The Old Place

I hadn't gone that way for years  
There was no reason to  
The place we found our shelter then  
Demolished, built anew

There was no sign of that grand tree  
We waited for to bloom  
And when the time for mangoes came  
We scampered from our room

For there was little to be gleaned  
In those now distant times  
The world was harsh and people cruel  
The streets knew many crimes

But we were still a family  
And that meant quite a lot  
We overlooked those challenges  
Our love a tight wound knot

Today they all have gone away  
And made lives of their own  
But I will not forget that street  
Will they, now that they're grown?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Old Road

Going down the old road  
Late afternoon  
Sun hazy  
On the dusty windshield

A wayside parking lot full  
For Saturday night  
Worn watering hole hanging on  
As new places rise  
It's still holding on  
Holding on  
Like the man  
Sitting on the barstool  
Just holding on

Going down the old road  
That hotel from those days  
They talk about  
Each year they talk  
A little less

The man on the porch  
White beard unkempt  
Bright for an instant  
In that lazy sun  
Going down soon  
He no longer cares to shave  
Makes no difference anyhow

Going down the old road  
Junk shop shuttered  
Time to go home  
Darkness comes fast  
Shadows rising  
Cover the old road  
Worn railroad ties  
No longer used

Going down the old road

Car crawling  
Over bumps and pebbles

Once there were  
Friends things  
Stalling fears  
Long buried

Now returning  
Uninvited  
A large black wave  
Washing away  
People like flotsam  
Now so far away  
Unreachable

Nothing much left now  
Just that old road  
Day wearing down  
Stray rays of fools gold

I ride into darkness  
Again a lost child  
Homeless  
Hands empty  
Feet dusty  
On that old road  
Down that old road.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Patriarch

He was a brusque and rigid man  
without a thanks or praise  
in charge of ancient property  
large family to raise

Rebellions were quite common then  
in dusty days of yore  
no motors served to ease the loads  
of heavy farming chores

The fields and herds were tended to  
with steely grit and sweat  
there was no room for slacking off  
or sit around and fret

One small mistake or careless move  
could threaten life and limb  
one candle unattended in a room  
raised flames that danced at whim

Of births and deaths and illnesses  
there were so many then  
rats mice and flies brought germs and plagues  
and none could guess just when

The reaper struck without a care  
for youth or age or worth  
his scythe swung freely and with mirth  
across the darkened earth

The man grew old before his time  
he seldom laughed or smiled  
he suffered losses of his kin  
and of his favored child

The people spoke with whispers when  
the old man was in view  
yet it was he who held them all  
together as a crew

He had to make decision calls  
and did what he thought best  
although so many lives and hopes and dreams  
were stunted by his tests

He was a brusque and rigid man  
without a thanks or praise  
in charge of ancient property  
large family to raise.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Pearl

The seas are rich with living things  
and creatures of all kinds  
an endless bounty waits below  
and those who seek may find

A cornucopia of food  
entices hardy men  
who sail and brave the mighty waves  
again and yet again

But in the darkest, deepest caves  
far from oft sailed trade routes  
there languish crusty creatures who  
conceal most precious fruit

The South Sea oyster cannot form  
more than just one rare prize  
and few the shells that hold and grow  
one pearl so well disguised

Once in a while a grain of sand  
will enter that dark womb  
a shock and grating thing it is  
to be encased, entombed

The finest minds, the greatest brains  
have yet to find the clue  
of how the oyster forms a pearl  
with tiny crystal hues

It's imitated everywhere  
and worn by those who crave  
and dream of having just one pearl  
from nature's darkest caves

The seas are rich with living things  
and creatures of all kinds  
an endless bounty waits below  
and those who seek may find.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Pied Piper

Back in the dusty times of old  
before they wrote much down  
strange stories moved from mouth to mouth  
well hidden from the crown

The mighty rulers lived in forts  
and castles of renown  
they did not ever tolerate  
the common folks' put downs

So storytellers twisted facts  
dressed up like fairy tales  
but all the people of tow birth  
knew what the truth entailed

The Piper story known as Pied  
first showed up in folklore  
in a small town called Hamelin  
and spread from door to door

No one is sure just who he was  
and how he charmed his way  
to rid the town of many rats  
demanding a fair pay

When they reneged an would not give  
him what was his fair due  
he disappeared with all the kids  
and left without a clue

Although this fragment from the past  
seems like a fantasy  
the timeless question still remains:  
what is reality?

I do not live in Hamelin  
and am not plagued by rats  
yet I've been charmed by tunes so rare  
dressed in Pied Piper's hats

Resistance flew right out the door  
when he commenced to play  
until he turned the day to night  
and night was bright as day

Time came the melody turned cold  
I tried to run away  
and then in anger and in rage  
a dirge he chose to play

I screamed and cried and tore my clothes  
his tune pierced through and through  
and then I knew the tale is true  
the Piper takes his due

Back in the dusty times of old  
before they wrote much down  
strange stories moved from mouth to mouth  
well hidden from the crown.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Plow

I put my hand upon the plough  
to walk beside him here and now  
to listen to his grace filled words  
the like of which were never heard

I dedicate my life and limb  
to him of whom the psalmist sings  
whose every action, every step  
is filled with healing testaments

My day begins and ends in prayer  
that his great mercy will be there  
his load is light and burden fair  
his messages beyond compare.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Poem Of Life

The poem of life  
may rhyme or may not  
it's put out in stanzas -  
whatever you've got.

The poem of life  
is sometimes a ditty  
a ballad, a sonnet  
sad, lovely or witty.

Some couplets may falter  
and burn into ash  
as love affairs enter  
proverbial crash.

The poem of life  
now childish, now grand  
reflects the old psyche  
asserting its' stand.

The poem of life  
will change as you enter  
that scary old place  
they call 'Senior Center.'

The poem of life  
though wobbly in rhyme  
is something YOU wrote  
you know 'it is mine.'

The poem of life  
ah, think of it how  
your kin that is next  
will treasure it now.

Or maybe your poem  
was written in sand  
that's even better -  
in trash it won't land.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Poets Group

Careening down the avenue  
We were a motley crew  
spilling from an open jeep  
Laughter was long overdue.

We spoke of T.S. Eliot  
And bars down in the Keys  
We built in blocks of alphabets  
And didn't dare to sneeze.

We knew this was the real McCoy  
This moment was our charm  
Soon we would fall, but just this night  
We cheated fate, and then some.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Powerful Woman

The powerful woman does not raise her voice  
She does not tell you what to do  
She does not ask you for favors  
She weeds her own garden  
She tends to her chores  
She listens to your woes  
She shows you how to make jello  
She tenderly prunes the tomato plant

The powerful woman moans when her own child dies  
But she goes on, tending to her chores  
The powerful woman lends shelter  
Whether it be a bird with broken wing  
Or a young man lost

The powerful woman has no face  
She has no name anyone has heard before  
The is an image, a memory, a shining light  
Glowing through a stained glass window.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Present Is A Gift

The present is a gift  
A gift the present  
The hours quickly drift  
Make moments pleasant

A gift the present  
Embracing everything  
Make moments pleasant  
Take time to sing

Embracing everything  
Love life today  
Take time to sing  
In your own way

Love life today  
Your precious gift  
In your own way  
Your soul uplift.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Purple Hat Society

Do you look good in purple,  
Do you dare wear it?  
If you ask this question,  
You are not ready for  
The purple hat society.

Do you discard a shard  
Or mock a crooked crock?  
Do you see knaves  
When looking at princes?  
Then you are not ready for  
The purple hat society.

Do you dot all your 'i's  
And seal all ziploc bags?  
Sorry, you won't  
Make it with the purples.

Do you help support  
The cosmetic industry  
Not to mention spas  
And salons?  
That's another poem  
Altogether.

Do you write a purple poem anyway  
Though you know darn well  
Nothing rhymes with purple?  
Then I've got good news.  
Send in your purple dues.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Race

The race is neither to the swift  
nor to the strong the preacher said  
those words once stood the test of time  
more treasured oft than daily bread

Today this world of lightning speed  
bestows and wraps with golden sheath  
the mighty warrior, trophied star  
brow much adorned with laurel wreath

Is it too late to step aside  
beyond the highways steady stream  
to lie on cool and mossy earth  
and contemplate a stray sunbeam?

Where are we going? one might ask  
yet that voice often can't be heard  
it's much too muffled by the sound  
of great machines that frighten birds

The race is neither to the swift  
nor to the strong the preacher said  
those words once stood the test of time  
more treasured oft than daily bread.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Red Bridge

I saw a bridge meant to be crossed  
The path to paradise  
In shiny lacquered red it glowed  
With ancient myths embossed

It beckoned me with jewels rare  
Compassion for all men  
Humility in word and deed  
And moderation's care

The ferns stood still expectantly  
Tall bamboos held their peace  
Small shrubs and rocks watched as I stood  
And urged me eagerly

I never crossed that crimson bridge  
But rather chose to dwell  
In caves of excess, brashness, self  
On evil mountain's ridge

At night when haunting vapors float  
Past an unfeeling moon  
Regrets begin to cloud my mind  
And whimpers choke my throat

We only get one chance in life  
To enter that green glen  
And cross the fairest of all spans  
Beyond which there's no strife

I saw the bridge meant to be crossed  
The path to paradise  
In shiny lacquered red it glowed  
With ancient myths embossed.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Red Miata

If there's one thing you just gotta  
It's to buy a small Miata.  
Color red is much preferred  
Lest you blend in with the herd.

This cool wedge they call a car  
Certainly will take you far.  
Heads will turn as gas you burn  
Top down, shades up, two wheel turn.

Offers pour in left and right  
Fend them off with all your might.  
Though there is a tiny quandry -  
Where to put your dirty laundry.

Whizzing, grooving in the rain  
Thumbs up signs from those more sane.  
Piling hikers in the rear -  
Nabbed by cops can be a fear

Bottom line, my friend, is this:  
Though this sports job is a bliss,  
When you trade for a sedan  
Thank the Lord that you still can.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Redland

They all talk about the Redland.  
The locals warn you it's 'Redland, ' not 'Redlands.'  
Rich terra cotta soil bursts forth into  
giant blood red bougainvilleas  
pale purple jacarandas  
and creamy white frangipanis,  
compete with sky high royal palms  
touching the royal blue sky.

Yes, they all talk about the Redland

With all this, why do I sit here terrified?  
For you see, your ranch here has no locks.  
Many doors with glass panes  
look out to the golden day.

But when night falls  
What shall I do?  
What shall I do?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The River Flows

Some lives are chiseled polished stones  
some others flow like water  
some amble barefoot on the sand  
a few are solid mortar

My life much like a river flows  
it glides through times and days  
there is no foothold and no rest  
to set down roots or stay

It ever rushes forward  
bypassing tranquil docks  
betimes it soars with dolphins  
or plunges onto rocks

My only harbor is my faith  
a nugget of fine gold  
it glints and sparkles on the stream  
and can't be bought or sold

Some lives are chiseled polished stones  
and others flow like water  
some amble barefoot on the sand  
and some are solid mortar.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Rock

I strolled along the street one day  
And saw a coral rock  
Among a sea of little plants  
And when I stopped I heard a chant  
The rock began to talk

I am the center of this plot  
Protecting weeds and shrubs  
I hold the landscape in firm grip  
Shelter from storm and windy whips  
The strength, the source, the hub

I moved along and wondered how  
My earthly lot could find  
A strong and firm foundation stone  
Preventing bad seeds often sown  
On paths now undefined

Back home I opened an old book  
Ignored for many years  
It spoke of vineyards, gates of gold  
And things that can't be sold  
Of washing feet with tears

Soon I was kneeling on the floor  
Hands reaching to the sky  
The straggling vines of my life torn  
Frail flowers withered and forlorn  
Soil sandy and bone dry

Then I recalled that wayside rock  
That whispered words profound  
If things that never spoke can talk  
Or blind can see or lame can walk  
I might find holy ground.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Seeker

I am the seeker of the rainbow  
Inside a broken glass

Brightest blue  
Turns into orange hue

I am the seeker of the roar  
Inside a conch shell

Lulling me to dream  
In an empty room

I am the seeker of shards  
Fallen in the cracks  
Of silent alleys

My life a torn cord, frayed  
Cast into the waters

I am the seeker of the blind man's light  
A darkness oh so bright

I am the seeker of the deaf man's sound  
Symphony of silence  
Floating upward, outward.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Ship Of Fate

Across the distant waves I see  
Flag poised above the blue  
The ship of fate approaching me  
Long decades overdue

For years my life was but a farce  
I did not have a goal  
My crusts of bread and garments sparse  
I played the pauper's role

Then as my evening years arrived  
I crawled to hope's fair shore  
And when I did, old dreams revived  
In whitest seagulls' soar

That's when I saw the gloried ship  
Its mast hewed with belief  
A wooden cross clung to the tip  
In promise of relief

I quickly swam and climbed aboard  
And found some fellow souls  
Who just like me would be restored  
Names writ on heaven's scrolls

My wish for you, dear friend or foe  
Is that you find the shore  
Where in the evening's fading glow  
Your ship finds heaven's door

Across the distant waves I see  
Flag poised above the blue  
The ship of fate approaching me  
Long decades overdue.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Song Of Life

The song of life is ever stirring  
Its constant music of the spheres  
Amazed at its continued whirring  
My earthbound heart the magic hears

Though often clouds of strife are blurring  
Creation's perfect harmonies  
Those muffled melodies occurring  
Crescendo soon as symphonies

The tones and tunes within my being  
Ring with a pitch set to a key  
That undulates while ever seeing  
Dreams can be real and ought to be

Our human orchestra is needful  
Of every instrument and voice  
The great conductor ever heedful  
That every member has his choice

Sometimes a drum pounds out its rhythms  
Then violins sonatas play  
Pianos pierce the air like prisms  
And let the concert take its sway

How grand our hall of celebration  
Its ceiling spans an endless blue  
The floor in green reverberation  
Makes the acoustics loud and true

Each soul on earth is sorely needed  
In this life's jubilant event  
Each sound and note enjoyed and heeded  
By our composer, heaven sent

At times I hear in wild percussion  
The global opus without cease  
An offering of great compassion  
It truly is a masterpiece.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Sower

He puts his hand upon the plow  
Gaze steady, straight ahead  
The sower labors wheat to grow  
And earn his daily bread

Rich harvests pour from grain that's thrown  
By those who warnings heed  
Of ancient orders hewn in stone  
'Sow not with mingled seed.'

From wayside shrubs the tempter calls  
'Take charge of this, your field.  
Choose your own fate, stand firm and tall.  
Mix kernels, reap more yield.'

The sower hearkens to this lure  
Profaning hallowed ways  
While fear wells as the harvest nears  
Nights sleepless, restless days

Disdaining sacred timeworn signs  
Succumbing to his greed  
He finds at long sought reaping time  
Arms empty, home in need

Yet like a sprout in desert sand  
That pushes through life's drought  
He can rejoin the prophet's stand  
Set Satan's wiles to nought

He puts his hand upon the plow  
Gaze steady, straight ahead  
The sower labors wheat to grow  
And earn his daily bread.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Spirit Is Willing

Sunlight filters thru still air  
Bare wood benches worn with care  
Echoes of small children's cries  
Now long grown - still living lies

That old church stands feeble now  
Hymns of yore still cling somehow  
To plain walls that silent stand  
Long forsook by praying hands

Circuit preachers' burning songs  
Bringing hope to folks gone wrong  
Then temptation pressed them sore  
Faith and trust fell to the floor

Sunlight filters thru still air  
Bare wood benches worn with care  
Echoes of small children's cries  
Now long grown - still living lies.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Spirit Sings

Heading for the glory land  
golden mansions, silver strand  
overflowing gratitude  
merciful in attitude

Thank you for the souls that seek  
love and mercy through the week  
thank you for the grains of sand  
thank you for the mountains grand

You created palm tree fronds  
life is your eternal bond  
words of truth spread through the land  
earth and heaven clap their hands

Thank you for the poor who seek  
healing and repentance meek  
kneeling at the Savior's side  
childlike in your bosom hide

Heading for the glory land  
golden mansions, silver strand  
overflowing gratitude  
merciful in attitude.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Torch

Passing the torch  
The torch of life  
When age descends  
The flame grows strong

The fire flickering in youth  
Now flares up toward heaven's dome  
It lights the dark of midnight gloom  
Transforming rocks to brightest jewels

Passing the torch  
The torch of life  
When age descends  
The flame grows strong

Age comes with measured steps to coax  
Beliefs and prayers from hidden caves  
Pours strength into long wrinkled hands  
Parched from the wear of many years

Passing the torch  
The torch of life  
When age descends  
The flame grows strong

My campfire glows in embers' warmth  
No snuffing out, no standing still  
I'll grab my jewel box of prayers  
And lift the torch with feeble grip

Passing the torch  
The torch of life  
When age descends  
The flame grows strong.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Turkey

The turkey is a special bird  
it shows you who you are  
the way you roast this tasty fowl  
reveals your repertoire

Do you just toss the bird 'as is'  
into an ungreased pan  
no oily smears, no garlic cloves  
no herbs from kazakhstan

Well, if it's true that's what you do  
trust me, you won't be asked  
to join the tight, exclusive ring  
of chefs still unsurpassed

Of course, you may be one of those  
who like to doctor roasts  
with condiments straight from a can  
and stuffing made from toast

If you are of the second type  
food factories will laud  
your many packaged purchases  
and choice of brands applaud

However, there's a rarer sort  
that stay close to the earth  
all things at all comestible  
must have intrinsic worth

Yes, that's the folks the turkeys love  
for they will never dare  
to stuff or cook an animal  
and only eat raw fare

So, as you see, this lowly bird  
is quite a gauge of cooks  
revealing their true character  
you'll never learn from books.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Vamp

The early days of silent films  
were formed upon the molds  
of challenges and manic days  
of hardships and much gold

The silent screen became the rage  
as workers flocked to halls  
to find relief from sweaty chores  
drawn to the siren's call

Of ladies covered with bright gems  
eyes blackened with dark soot  
escaping from the clutches of  
rough villains oft afoot

She was a girl with hungry eyes  
a beauty lithe with charm  
a vamp she was who lured the champ  
who soon would buy the farm

They claimed she rose from desert sands  
and shadows of the Sphinx  
she spoke of secret mysteries  
and earned a lot of minks

Although no part of that was true  
her legend stands today  
she helped to form a Hollywood  
that still can hold some sway

The early days of silent films  
were formed upon the molds  
of challenges and manic days  
of hardships and much gold.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Veils Of Time

The wands and veils of time enmesh  
Fair portals of past rooms  
When youth perched on the future's store  
Of undiscovered tunes

Among us one much gifted was  
She stood out from the crowd  
We knew she was more special then  
And surely would go far

Years passed in topsy-turvy ways  
And threw us to and fro  
Some of us sank, some persevered  
But her life left no trace

How could a girl so gifted then  
Fall to oblivion's doom  
Since talents rare and graceful ways  
Could put worlds at her feet

Soon my own path would twist and turn  
None came and looked me up  
And even fewer touched my life  
By thought or phone or pen

Now evening on my desert scene  
Brings memories of that time  
A point from which so many soared  
To recognition's crown

Yet I can only think about  
A comely, nimble girl  
And wonder just what kind of veil  
Tore her and pulled her down.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Veteran

He sits there on the circle  
Hair clipped, military style  
Turned white and thin long ago  
His T-shirt now gray from many washings  
Short sleeves still rolled up tight  
Like back in training camp

His frame is trim, skin sallow now  
Too many cigarettes and coffee cups  
Too little nourishment  
After things fell apart  
After he got out  
And couldn't find a way  
To get on the track  
Others seemed to tread

He sits there on the circle  
Meant for those who have the time  
To sit and watch  
Most just passing through  
With their shopping bags  
And children romping  
Dogs taking a leak

He sits there every day  
Some days are crowded  
Some are not  
He always looks alone  
Because he is

His bed in the cheap hotel  
Is surely trim and neat  
With pants folded  
Under the mattress  
To keep their crease  
Probably his only long pants  
The T-shirt probably his only one  
For he does not shop  
Cannot shop

Cigarettes and coffee  
Take most of his money  
And of course, the rent  
So much more  
Than this place is worth  
He has no where else to go

He does his routine  
Like he used to march  
And clean his gun  
And even once was in a skirmish

The war was over long ago  
The war the only real thing  
He had, has  
Even now  
Except of course  
That other war  
Inside  
The one he will never conquer  
Never win  
It goes on and on

The other day that spot  
His spot on the circle was empty  
Nobody really noticed  
For they did not notice him ever  
He was like a ghost  
From somewhere else  
Nobody wanted to look there

A few days later  
They noticed a stink  
Down the hall on the second floor  
In that hotel  
It was a familiar smell  
One they smelled  
About every couple of months

Medics came with blank faces  
They had seen this many times

It was their job  
The tenants wondered  
Who of their friends  
Could get that room  
How much would they raise the rent

'Too bad, ' they muttered  
on the porch  
'Too bad, ' and shook their heads.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Wanderer

Other people's places  
Other people's rooms  
Other people's spaces  
Swept with well made brooms

Fill me with confusion  
Overwhelm my bones  
With the strong illusion  
I don't have a home

Other people's treasures  
Other people's jewels  
Other people's measures  
Other people's pools

Fill my mind with clutter  
Fill my mind with awe  
Make my tongue to stutter  
Make my breath withdraw

Other people's striving  
Other people's walk  
Other people's pining  
Other people's talk

Fill me with foreboding  
Fill me with a dread  
Coax me to unloading  
My small crust of bread

Other people's journeys  
Other people's roads  
Other people's gurneys  
Other people's loads

Fill me with a longing  
Fill my fading veins  
Of a hope where singing  
Is the only aim

Other people's larders  
Other people's bets  
Other people's gardens  
Other people's pets

Cause my hand to falter  
Cause my breath to pause  
Giving up the psalter  
Of my meager cause.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Workman

He sits in silence on a bus  
A train, a coffee shop or pub  
Most people pass him by because  
His clothes are worn and stained

The worker is an unsung man  
Who digs and hews and sweeps  
With little to look forward to  
When evening gently falls

His eyes are glazed from routine jobs  
Back hunched though he's still young  
A layer of resignation rests  
On his much wearied frame

For centuries our world has spawned  
The workman for our needs  
Yet when we see him on the bus  
No one says thanks to him.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# The Writer

Some people write because they want to  
Some people write because it's fun  
Some people write because they have to  
To keep the demons on the run

Some people write to make a living  
Some people write to fill the day  
Some people write because they have to  
To keep destructive thoughts at bay

Some people make up funny stories  
Some even write amusing friends  
Some people write to bare emotions  
On which their very life depends.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Their Light

They walk, they talk, they spend the day  
according to their light  
they fight, they play, they reach great heights  
according to their light

They write, they pray, they lose their way  
according to their light  
they act like fools or are polite  
according to their light

They try to win with all their might  
according to their light  
they all head to that endless night  
according to their light

They all do what they think is best  
according to their light  
until the time comes in the end  
to find out what was right.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Then Came Morning

There is a canvas white and clean

That stares you in the face

I cannot is your foremost thought

Its' not the time or place

What can I say or represent

That others have not done

Much better surely, heaven sent

Rapt audiences stunned

The day wore on with shadows cast

The inspiration faint

With shaky hand I tried at last

And filled the void with paint

When morning came and I arose

It looked me in the face

A thing of beauty, like a rose

My thought had found its place

So painter, do not hesitate  
To free that fragile thought  
Life's way too short to contemplate  
What's hidden is for nought

Have faith, my friend, let talent soar  
In strokes quite bold and free  
Forget the failures from before  
Believe, and you will see.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# There Are People

There are people who have loved me  
and a few whom I have loved

There are those I've soon abandoned  
and a few who moved away

There are some I could not handle  
and a few who could not stay

You of all the souls who touched me  
I remember every day.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# There Comes A Time

There comes a time to take a look  
At moments that were painful then  
Raw times of wrongs and prejudice  
When helpless victims cried in vain.

There comes a time, a safer one  
Stark agonies and violence  
Too overwhelming in those years  
By time's kind fingers gently heal.

There comes a time those little ones  
Are softly carried to their fate  
Where angels and the just alone  
Rejoice in bright eternity.

There comes a time those left on earth  
Eyewitness to atrocities  
Can finally recall, relive  
Pale moments much too hard to bear.

There comes a time, it's here at last  
When poems from a hot hand flow  
To soothe harsh reminiscences  
That only wails can coax to view.

There comes a time all injured ones  
Are vindicated, lives renewed  
Offending earthly pangs and woe  
Much-glorified in mansions gold.

The time has come take a look  
At moments that were painful then  
Raw times of wrongs and prejudice  
When helpless victims cried in vain.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# There's Thunder Over Yonder Glades

There's thunder over yonder glades  
Winds lashing gangly saw grass blades  
Black clouds pour forth as dangers loom  
The deadly deluge bringing doom

Wet wading birds without defense  
Stand calm amid the turbulence  
As ancient alligator ways  
Blot out bewildered creatures' days

Skies anger spent, the calm returns  
Dark forces had their cruel way  
Night shadows now bathe liquid urns  
Of life turned sacrificial clay

The moon reveals a nest of reeds  
Still bent from nature's sudden wrath  
A broken egg yolk spilled on weeds  
Sad ending in the aftermath

The golden promise of a birth  
That never is to reach full girth  
Is part of a much greater plan  
Not to be understood by man

The seed of life, though very small  
May hold a bird or man-child tall  
Some meant to sing, some meant to fall  
Someday this fate becomes us all

We are alive, we have been born  
From mother's bloody womb are torn  
What greater reason then to be  
Than shouting poems endlessly?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# These Days

These are the days of golden flights  
of dreams at last fulfilled  
unfathomed heights and sweet delights  
days full of love and thrills

Days full of joy and leaping harts  
of long lost hopes restored  
a spirit faint once more released  
from tight constricting cords

These are the days with sunshine blessed  
we've passed the strictest tests  
our harshest suffering now past  
rejoicing in what's best

With humble shoulders bended knees  
and gratitude embraced  
our shining eyes now turn to where  
our fragile faith was placed

These are the days of golden flights  
of dreams at last fulfilled  
unfathomed heights and sweet delights  
days full of love and thrills.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# These Nights

These are the nights of soothing rest  
revisiting harsh days of old  
revealing blessings buried deep  
now sealed with silver colored threads  
embellishing regrets with gold  
of unrepentant things untold  
and bartering in wares not sold

These are the nights when wide wings soar  
up and then down to rest on floors  
where once I paced for hours alone  
now silent resting from their chores  
and suffering through broken doors

These are the nights when filmy gauze  
the fabric of my life's malaise  
is ripped from undeserving eyes  
revealing wellsprings in disguise  
to fit the perfect puzzle plays

These are the nights of colored hues  
washed clean from shame and guilt based dues  
now brilliant in translucent glow  
of reds and greens and deepest blue  
dull ancient hues with joy bestowed

These are the nights of soothing rest  
revisiting harsh days of old  
revealing blessings buried deep  
now sealed with silver colored threads  
embellishing regrets with gold  
of unrepentant things untold  
and bartering in wares not sold.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# They Call It Calle Ocho

They call it Calle Ocho  
what used to be the Trail  
a place of wayside refuge  
a timeworn tarnished grail

Warm dusty sidewalks languish  
with dots of gum tattoos  
dark rhythms creep from alleys  
to soften Latin blues

A garish rooster statue  
stands watch in colors bold  
while knobby brown stained fingers  
roll smokes worth more than gold

An aged Habanero  
sits with a timeless face  
as luck rides on a cipher  
one Domino to place

Brown coconuts and banners  
banana bunches pinned  
to ancient iron railings  
now fragile as the wind

Not much has changed as millstones  
have ground for fifty years  
except the bright eyed Ninos  
are now old men with tears

They call it Calle Ocho  
what used to be the Trail  
a place of wayside refuge  
a timeworn tarnished grail.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Thick The Fog

Thick the fog of my transgressions  
As I blindly tread life's way  
Searching for a post or anchor  
Body weary, tearstained eyes

Each day moves in slow procession  
People touch and leave my life  
Sunset finds me with one question  
Where do I fit in this scheme?

Deep regrets from early childhood  
Stumbling into errant ways  
When the heavy press of growing  
Brought temptations and much pain

Is there hope for my sad journey?  
None can answer, though they've tried  
All I have is one faint prayer  
That the Savior will find me

I am like that wretched creature  
Reaching out to touch the hem  
Of the Master's healing garment  
And break through that fog of sin.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Things Fade

Yesterday I walked a path or was I just dreaming  
Did I cook a soup called hope and bake loaves of promise

Things and places fade away not much to hold on to  
Days are quickly swallowed by night's voracious hunger

Little moments I resolve not to spurn by wasting  
Quickly drop like dying leaves with no net to catch them

Is my life a song once heard and then lost forever  
Heartbeats vanishing in space without trace or meaning

Let me reach my arms up high to the stars that beckon  
What else can release the dread of great voids around me

Maybe if I make a sound feeble in its timber  
It will bounce upon light rays flying up and bending

Somehow I must make a mark with my tiny efforts  
Or has it already been made by the Creator?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Thoughts On Everest

It happened many years ago  
A team went up to scale  
And challenge a forbidden peak  
That made all others pale

The Himalayas had been closed  
To those who would trespass  
Until a war shook up the land  
And opened a crevasse  
Upon the southern plains beneath  
The mountain's rocky mass

All eyes were on the team's ascent  
As inch-by-inch they trod  
From foothills, base camp, to the heights  
With bulky crampons shod

The sherpas and the Englishmen  
Were hardy as can be  
But when they saw the summit's face  
They fell upon their knees

This was much more than they could bear  
Their breath and strength would pale  
Had it not been for unseen hands  
That sheltered them in gales

Days passed and many challenges  
Were conquered one by one  
Then flags were stabbed upon the top  
The mountain had been won

I sit and ponder this event  
Which happened years ago  
And wonder where I had been then  
In tides of life's vast flow

Why, I had only been a teen  
A fragile, bashful girl

A year that should have promised joy  
For I was sweet sixteen

Yet I ignored that fabled feat  
And now I know just why  
My world fell down when my first love  
Walked off and said goodbye

I guess we all have special quests  
Though no one even knows  
How steep the ladder each must climb  
How rough the wind that blows

No, I have not done things of note  
Climbed mountains or sailed seas  
My journey's just a forest path  
A dance among the trees

It happened many years ago  
A team went up to scale  
And challenge a forbidden peak  
That made all others pale.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Tibet Forever

I dream of drinking butter tea  
By ever burning butter lamps  
Hunzukur heights I wish to see  
Tibetan nomads, brave in camps.

Thick copper colored silks above  
A temple's golden walls do flow  
As Dalai Lama, young as love  
Says golden prayers in lotus glow.

Now wave the vibrant prayer flags  
In colors seldom seen by man  
They sing a song of rocky crags  
That kill as only mountains can.

The Himalayas cannot bear  
Destruction of their favorite race  
In silence suffer though they wear  
Their pain with snowy, stoic face.

The nutmeg colored kith and kin  
With eyes so dark and trusting, too  
Were crushed by new age Gunga Din  
Old jewels stolen, bitter brew.

Yet time cannot erase the dream  
Of saffron colored incense halls  
Of men and women, pure as cream  
Who let mice run within their walls.

Too hard to reach by mortal souls  
A place where greed will not survive  
An Everest of matchless goals  
Tibet in dreams is still alive.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Ties To Bind

The earth brings forth abundant gifts  
Innumerable trees and fruits  
Unbound tall peaks with endless snow  
Wild rivers flowing to and fro

No soul can breathe without its air  
Nor feed his body on his own  
The lowliest as well as kings  
Are tied to it by vital strings

Though men dwell live in tall abodes  
Eat tasty morsels from fine plates  
Their structures rest on humble ground  
All food in its dark bowers found

Life's channels are much like the cord  
That feeds an infant `ere he's born  
And when he sees the light of day  
Another cord must show the way

Unseen untouched but always felt  
Are bands from heaven's great blue girth  
Without them life is dry and small  
Not worth a tinker's dam at all

It's best to keep feet on the earth  
Where nourishment and shelter dwell  
With eyes turned up toward the sun  
Connecting to the only One.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Time Of Blackbirds

Those were the days of Northern blackbirds  
holed in large trees too old to care  
spread much like totems on a landscape  
their messages not heeded anywhere

How lost I felt in that strange manor  
transplanted suddenly to flee the war  
a wayside province thin of population  
safe as a tiny raft upon the sea

Mostly I think of offbeat details  
like a big golden brass spittoon  
that seemed to stand for something solid  
from days that people once called 'good'

There were those tempting little morsels  
round discs of hardened robust Finnish bread  
strung in long rows on wooden dowels  
we hungry children did not dare to eat

Ah, there were lilacs and white apples  
a Linden tree too dangerous to climb  
and puddles by the side of fences  
gray ancient stones to mark firm boundaries

There were the guppies and small leaches  
we children teased them in green brackish ponds  
long hours spent in youthful exploration  
of nothing in particular at all

We used to watch our driven uncle  
as he moved bees and beehives here and yon  
he was the only one who noticed  
that we were people, even though quite small

Most grownups seemed so stern and distant  
our aunts and uncles seldom said a word  
as children wandered aimlessly through caverns  
of rooms with secrets none could know or tell

There was that time of lonely separation  
when sickness banished me to a small room  
then spending hours watching through the window  
as others laughed and played on sun strewn lawns

Those trees and rooms and Northern blackbirds  
where are they now, why should I care?  
And then I smell a bough of fragrant lilacs.  
I'm there. I'm there. I'm there.

Those were the days of sooty blackbirds  
on trees that stood in twisted disrepair  
great lonely totems on a landscape  
mute sentinels with timeless wooden stares.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Time Of Taxis

When all the world has gone to sleep  
and even birds stop singing  
when things in alleys crawl and creep  
with dreaded shadows clinging

When streets are empty of all cars  
and all the trucks are hiding  
that's when the lonely cabbie stars  
as king of night presiding

Nor does he weave or doze or fail  
to reach a destination  
and may relate a pleasant tale  
with quiet resignation

There's something to a taxi man  
defying sense and reason  
he lives a life of 'catch as can'  
in hardships and all seasons

When streets are empty of all cars  
and all the trucks are hiding  
that's when the lonely cabbie stars  
as king of night presiding.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Time To Heal

Time to heal  
time to deal  
with ravages  
of yore

Time to mend  
time to blend  
with greater  
later time

Time to tend  
time to spend  
quiet time  
at last

Time to lend  
time to send  
caring to a  
lonely friend

Time to bend  
now attend  
make amends  
striving end.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Time To Let Go

My time has come to let things go  
Run barefoot once again  
Cast off old fetters as I sow  
New seeds in spring's warm rain

Time now for shoulders to relax  
Throw off that sequined shawl  
And pass it on to waiting backs  
Still pressed against the wall

Fine clips fall from my streaming hair  
Replaced by morning breeze  
My ears are free from cunning pairs  
Of ornaments that tease

My fight is done, I'm free at last  
Dressed in a simple frock  
Unfettered of the burdened past  
That weighed me like a rock

You'll see me smiling on the beach  
Staring at seagulls flight  
The song of life within my reach  
Since I gave up the fight.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Time To Make Hay

They say the time for making hay  
is when the day is sunny  
the fields then buzz with helping hands  
that keep the homestead running

The boys when they are just a tad  
above the height of tadpoles  
are soon recruited for the task  
of binding hay in rough rolls

Even the dogs that still can bark  
are busy chasing rats  
that sneak upon the farmhands' lunch  
in shade of wide brimmed hats

The summertime of harvest chores  
is full of suntanned joy  
and sweat soaked workers come home late  
a sound sleep to enjoy

There is a time for making hay  
though some must wait at home  
when they are judged too young to work  
and those too old to roam

And even when a dog gets old  
and cannot bark or run  
he's not invited to the fields  
to hunt or join the fun

They say the time for making hay  
is when the day is sunny  
the fields then buzz with helping hands  
that keep the homestead running.

Lilias Talts Morrison

# Times Of Tears

Long years ago my eyes were darkened  
From painful tears in sorrow's haunts  
Tomorrows boding waves of anguish  
As life sped by in numbing speed

Years rolled along like balls of lightning  
I could not look at yesterdays  
Regretful deeds and fear of future  
Kept all my childhood dreams on hold

Then came a night of untold terror  
Shifting of all that I believed  
A hurricane of sick emotions  
Was cleansed and crushed by hidden means

Much water has since flowed in millstreams  
It almost seems like someone else  
Who cried so often and so sadly  
For now I only cry in joy

To what can I give thanks for changing  
My life, my love, my dreams of yore  
Who is it gave me bliss and singing  
Releasing me from sin's harsh grip

Some call it doves of peace or blue lights  
Yet others do not question why  
I only know my path to healing  
Was paid for by His ransomed blood.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Tired

He tilled the fields from dawn to dusk  
and felled some timber too  
he kept the farm from going down  
while years and decades flew

He's tired now - there's little left  
in those old bones to guide  
the timeworn plow and bent down horse  
whose harness hangs untied

He still warms up a morning cup  
though bitter is the brew  
not like what she oft used to cook  
when life was bright and new

He tries to take it like a man  
since his dear wife passed on  
keeps to himself on that front porch  
and thinks of days long gone

He tilled the fields from dawn to dusk  
and felled some timber too  
he kept the farm from going down  
while years and decades flew.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# To Be A Hummingbird

I want to be a hummingbird  
that flits from flower to flower  
I want to spin my wings so fast  
between fresh morning showers

I want to be a little bird  
but wear a dress of colors  
so pretty and so shiny too  
in sunny daylight hours

The eagles hover overhead  
and many find them awesome  
but I would spend my little life  
among the meadow blossoms.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# To Peel An Onion

You cannot peel an onion  
without a stream of tears  
or fix a broken mirror  
that you have loved for years

Nor can you outrun sorrow  
when a dear friend is lost  
no fervent wish or prayer  
can bridge the span they crossed

Who can escape the bruising  
from terror, dread and wars  
or be unscathed, unbroken  
devoid of battle scars?

And who on earth can brandish  
a robe of righteousness  
when feet of clay are muddy  
hands stained with lawlessness?

Yet there is a hope more certain  
than time and skies above  
the road from hell to freedom  
is paved with childlike love

You cannot peel an onion  
without a stream of tears  
or fix a broken mirror  
that you have loved for years.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Today

Yesterday is but a haze  
soon forgotten mild malaise  
blur of sights and silent sounds  
swirling, whirling, going round

Days to come a mystic stage  
players of the play invade  
doom or stardom will reveal  
what today so well conceals

Life today a lark, a blaze  
sunny star strewn holidays  
far off morrow never comes  
yesterday beats distant drums.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Today I Am Grateful

Today I am grateful  
for eyes that can see  
and ears that can hear

Today I am thankful  
for hearts that can love  
and friends who do care

Today I am blessed with  
two arms to do work  
today I much cherish  
my moments on earth.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Today's Lament

I left my plot to trespass in tomorrow's garden  
Beyond which lay bright future's silver strand  
When suddenly a warden touched my shoulder  
And hauled me to the court of common sense

I claimed to have the very best intentions  
For my own land was sparse and full of weeds  
&quot;That's no excuse, &quot; the judge boomed from his high bench  
&quot;We will not tolerate the breaking of our laws.&quot;

&quot;Your Honor, I had very good intentions.  
You see, tomorrow has much better crops than me.  
His land is filled with fruit and lovely flowers.  
What harm is there to only look and see? &quot;

&quot;Stop, trespasser. Don't waste my time with drivel, &quot;  
the judge's voice was deafening and harsh.  
&quot;Don't waste my time with tired old excuses.  
You probably would tell me many lies.&quot;

&quot;But, but, &quot; I stammered, dreading some harsh verdict.  
&quot;I was just passing through to reach fair future's strand.&quot;  
&quot;Oh, &quot; said the judge, &quot;Now you have clinched my verdict.  
Your intent was to trespass even more.&quot;

&quot;What must I do, &quot; I said, &quot;to lighten my jail sentence? &quot;  
&quot;It's simple, &quot; said the judge, now less perturbed.  
&quot;I sentence you to five years on your own land.  
Plow, till and plant until you're wet with sweat.&quot;

&quot;Return to me when this has been completed.  
And I will reconsider what to do with you.&quot;  
&quot;Yes, sir, &quot; I said, for he had all the power.  
Now I was doomed to living in today.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Topsy-Turvy

When things go topsy-turvy  
And everything feels scurvy  
Your teeth are clenched and nervy  
It's time to change your focus  
Play tricks of hocus-pocus  
Instead of plagues of locusts  
Pretend that life's a crocus

When too much hanky-panky  
Turns you to someone cranky  
And someone mean and lanky  
Calls you a sorry Yankee  
It's time to halt that gabble  
And childish fiddle-faddle  
Surprise the would be mugger  
With a big sloppy hugger

The moral of this prattle  
And sorry tittle-tattle  
Is you can turn what's hum-drum  
Into a happy hum-strum

But hurry and then scurry  
To get a pet that's furry  
Eat lots of Boombay curry  
You'll be too stuffed worry  
You'll snicker and get giggly  
And look like piggly-wiggly.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Torn Photographs

We stumbled through delusion's doors.  
You woke my spirit free.  
While laughing, dancing, burning floors,  
I loved, though carelessly.

You were the torch, the only one,  
Who sparked my deepest heart.  
Why did you vanish with the dawn?  
Illusion fell apart.

I couldn't keep those photographs,  
The ones on that bright beach,  
Nor when you grimaced, just for laughs.  
I tore them since our breach.

For faded loves I treasure most,  
I search in albums rare,  
Some shameful, some I'd care to boast.  
But you are never there.

On evenings, as the sun sinks low,  
My thoughts recall the past,  
Of freshest loves and bygone flames.  
Yes, you are always last.

Young faces, loving eyes still look  
From pages, happy, sad.  
One face is missing from my book.  
Your love I never had.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Traces

Each day is filled with tiny traces  
Like footprints of a deer in snow  
Or silky snail tracks in small places  
And crab holes when the tide is low

Each breath exhaled and new step taken  
Leaves markings not to be erased  
Small cherished patterns faint forsaken  
In nature's cunning woven lace

The crumbs that fall from modest tables  
Are soon retrieved by little ants  
A spider's web the stuff of fables  
Embraces woodland's lushest plants

We make a difference as we wander  
Among the throng and rush of day  
Our every movement filled with wonder  
Touched by a gentle force at play

When pride and prejudice surround us  
And things are quite beyond control  
Just look at lowly trusting creatures  
Their humble ways refresh the soul

No need to faint when your tracks wither  
In heat of sun and loss of hope  
That pearly snail keeps creeping hither  
While deer and crabs still run and grope

Each day we live we leave small traces  
Like footprints of a deer in snow  
Or silky snail tracks in small places  
Or crab holes when the tide is low.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Traces Of Memory

Traces of memory lurk round the bend  
ready to pounce and ready to rend  
strongholds and anchors of once trusted friends  
hours of the night and of days to upend

Who then to harness the mind's racing steeds  
bridle and tame remembrance's needs  
who dare to conquer and quench that dark mead  
dragons and serpents have brewed and decreed

Traces of memory hewn into stone  
faces of erstwhile ancestral bones  
blotting bright hopes of the day with their groans  
nameless and ageless but never unknown.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Traveler

Think ye that languishing indoors  
my humble room and hearth  
leaves me devoid of waterfalls  
where dryads dance with mirth

Think ye my wooden bowl and cot  
in silence wait alone  
no harp or flute to grace the room  
make life hard as a stone

Think ye when parties start to glow  
and people burn the floor  
I cry lamenting my sad fate  
and hide behind the door?

I sit upon my little couch  
beside a chest of drawers  
and when I open a small book  
my spirit starts to soar

Sometimes the South winds send me to  
the Mayan pyramids  
as I discover secret lakes  
where El Dorado hid

At other times I rise to peaks  
of mountains courting harm  
and hunker down in blizzard storms  
and huddle to stay warm

I love to search the hidden rooms  
of temples in Tibet  
as butter lamps shed orange warmth  
on walls of sad regrets

So often do I wander to  
the shores of China Sea  
accepting from a wayside stand  
a cup of pungent tea

Soon I am led to Routes of Silk  
where Marco Polo rode  
from palaces of Kublah Khan  
to Venice with rich loads

Sometimes I watch the dripping vines  
of roses in full bloom  
as old Khayyam still pens his rhymes  
with wine and rich perfume

I love to go where fishes dwell  
in tropical lagoons  
and bask beneath a mango tree  
to watch the midnight moon

When I see spangled nebulae  
in Andes' skies at night  
my soul is pulled to cloudless depths  
as stars woo and delight

When hungry, my small bowl of rice  
transforms to gourmet fare  
with turmeric from Bangladesh  
and condiments most rare

I love to visit Egypt's coast  
and read tomes lined with gilt  
in that old hallowed library  
that Alexander built

I seek that small forgotten phrase  
in a dust covered book  
and when I stumble on that gem  
I hide it in a nook

Damp teardrops fall from sallow cheeks  
a flame glows in my heart  
as long lost dreams come true at last  
and life gets a new start

Word touches heart and heart hears word

as time begins to slow  
and all the failures of the past  
transform in faith's bright blow.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Tribe Of Worry-Warts Part 1

In far off mists of time  
they lived beyond the Rhine  
they never went on dates  
for they might find too late  
that woman may full well  
become a Jezebel

There once upon a time  
when weather was sublime  
lived tribesmen oh, so smart,  
folks called them worry-warts

They knew without a doubt  
the day would come about  
cold ice and snow would fall  
and freeze them large and small

Though wind and gentle rain  
made things grow tall and plain  
the worry-warts were sure  
this would not long endure

They never wore new shoes  
repairing rips with glue  
for it would cost a sou  
to buy what was brand new

So if you're very smart  
and future dangers chart  
decide to stand apart  
and be a worry wart.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Trick Or Treat?

Trick or treat, money or eat  
Gimme candy, or you'll meet  
Double, double, toil and trouble  
Windshield egged and windows bubble

Long gone by are days of yore  
That's not what we're looking for  
During Halloween's mad rush  
Holidays today are plush

Treats in malls with snacks galore  
Kids today are looking for  
Eggs and soap suds, that's passé  
A.C., music, that's okay

Full moons, witches and the like  
Rest on store shelves up the pike  
Cardboard cutouts, that's the ticket  
We want soft, or we will picket

One refreshing thought is this  
Punkers live that night in bliss  
Costumes are not necessary  
For their dress will never vary

Every day is Halloween  
When you're sporting leather jeans  
Spiked up hair like ghouls of yore  
Nails mint green - you're never bored

But whatever is your bag  
One thing is for sure, you'll drag  
Anything that's orange, black  
From that hidden box in back

Then you'll go and turn off lights  
TV, radio, hide from sight  
Just in case a stragglng kid  
Finds your house, like you once did.

What's the moral of this story?  
Mornings after can be gory  
Hyper kids on M&M's  
May chuck up in parents' dens.

May the ghosts of Halloween  
Bless you like a king or queen  
If perchance you've read this ditty  
For this holiday I pity.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Tropic Blooms

They say it's good to bloom where planted  
And I was born where birches dwell  
Yet I was cut and roughly grafted  
To tropic shores in palm fronds shade

When very small my world was poppies  
Pale lilacs and chrysanthemums  
I ran in meadows filled with daisies  
Where tiger lilies sprinkled gold

Time came when bluest jacarandas  
And speckled pink caladiums  
Surrounded my exotic hideout  
Where hardy Seminoles once trod

As years passed ruby red hibiscus  
And gloried Poinciana blooms  
Became my world of tropic flavor  
Embracing me as I grew old

Who would have guessed a Nordic childhood  
Brisk seasons marking every year  
Was left behind and not regretted  
Though kept in caves of memory

They say it's good to bloom where planted  
And I was born where birches dwell  
Yet I was cut and roughly grafted  
To tropic shores and palm fronds shade.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Tropic Interlude

Mango days and tango nights  
swept me in their grip  
haunting rhythms swaying palms  
pirates sailing ships

Mango days and tango nights  
blurred my tropic trip  
quickly stirring winds that turned  
palm fronds into whips

Mango days and tango nights  
slowly sank and slipped  
into painful memories  
fair illusions stripped

Mango days and tango nights  
swept me in their grip  
Latin rhythms, swaying palms  
pirates sailing ships.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# True Beauty

There is a flower so amazing  
When it is crushed, it sprouts anew  
When cut to bleeding it recovers  
And blooms with brighter, fragrant hue

Much stronger, thicker briar hedges  
Can thrive and prosper in the sun  
But winter frost and drought of summer  
Will kill them when all's said and done

So what is this most rare of flowers  
That often larger plants ignore  
Yet in its unseen modest being  
It rises yet to be adored

True beauty is that sweetest flower  
Much more sublime the more it's bruised  
Don't faint or fold your petals ever  
You're one thing we can't bear to lose.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Truly

Truly are the truths of old  
branded in my heart like gold  
prayers reaching oh, so high  
daily as the seasons fly

Do my morning prayers cease  
as the chores of day increase  
do my evening prayers end  
with the word we call 'amen'?

Let my songs of faith go on  
ever fervent till I'm gone  
lest the shadows fall unduly  
for amen translates as truly.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Turmeric

In the southern soil of India  
Thrives a thick, beloved plant  
Leaves of gold are tipped with rose hues  
And its oil enhances chants

Sometimes called curcuma longa  
Its roots promise love and health  
Fragrant curries, healing powders  
Indian saffron, sign of wealth

Warm and gentle is the fragrance  
Earthy subtle undertones  
Soon evolving to a sweetness  
Therapy for weary bones

Brides are spread with its thick mixture  
In the land of Bangladesh  
Bodies gleaming golden ochre  
Deep red henna hands enmeshed

But like every panacea  
This spice has its bitter side  
When combined with clove or ginger  
Jekyll turns to bleeding Hyde

There are many healing flora  
Flourishing in distant fields  
Turmeric is one such blessing  
In its golden orange yields

In the southern soil of India  
Thrives a thick, beloved plant  
Leaves of gold are tipped with rose hues  
And its oil enhances chants.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Turmeric And Yorkies

She spoke of turmeric and cheese  
and cypress trees and yorkie dogs

She was a lonely woman  
somewhat thin of build  
I heard her family provided  
the little apartment  
far from where they lived

So the problem was not  
where the next meal  
would come from  
or any fear  
of homelessness or want

I saw her on the street one day  
and oddly enough  
since I barely knew her  
she engaged me in conversation

She spoke of turmeric and cheese  
and cypress trees and yorkie dogs

Her smile was bright and very white

I used to think her eccentric  
but when she pulled out  
a jar of turmeric  
from her worn shopping cart  
and told me  
I had said it was healthy  
I loved her very much  
and no longer thought her odd

And all because she spoke of turmeric  
and cheese  
and cypress trees  
and yorkie dogs.



# Twisted

gnarled and twisted trunk  
by the wayside stands alone  
seemingly without  
purpose and directionless  
much like me on this sad day

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Two Kinds Of Hunger

Some folks have great abundance  
some struggle to earn bread  
some dine on garden bounties  
from orchards and rich fields

Some barns are overflowing  
with barley, corn and wheat  
our land is blessed with plenty  
though some with hunger sleep

But there's a hunger greater  
than when our stomachs gnaw  
the emptiness of spirit  
is hardest to endure

All earthly morsels wither  
and barns fall prey to mold  
fair apples soon turn rotten  
and meat will turn to bone

The true food for us humans  
that lasts and can be found  
is precious words most simple  
and also most profound

They give us an assurance  
that's firmer than great rocks  
commandments by the master  
endure when earth turns cold

Those promises of Jesus  
are there for all who seek  
a hope for living water  
and everlasting bread.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Unable To Attend

Kindness did not enter  
Linen damask silver rooms  
Men and women dressed in silk  
Never noticed  
Never knew

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Unexpected, Unwanted

Demons howling in the rain  
bent on driving me insane  
growling, scowling, rolling trains  
screaming meemees, whooping cranes

Pounding, hounding, grounding fear  
spiking, striking, piercing spears  
through the walls of thin veneer  
suddenly they all appear

Unexpected are those guests  
dreaded and unwelcome pests  
holding captive is their quest  
leaving me once more depressed.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Unheard Melodies

People, faces, places, things  
Weaving through my life on wings  
Golden, olden sounding strings  
Melodies that we oft sing

Harps and harpsichords of yore  
Hidden deep in archives' store  
Varnished, tarnished wooden shelves  
Only heard by fragile elves

Often sounding like the wind  
Ever constant rhyming things  
Overtones and ditties bold  
Never bought and never sold

Written down on clouds and reeds  
Heard by those who sleep in weeds  
Errant ones would if they could  
Hear what children understood.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Uninvited

You came to me and you were uninvited  
Your love was all encompassing and strong  
Your moves and declarations unexpected  
My need for tender care long overdue  
I clung to your embraces and attention  
While unbeknownst to me you turned untrue.

Lilias Talts Morrison

# Unknown Goal

Many voices, many choices  
calling me to fields unsown  
corners of my mind's obsessions  
I have finally outgrown

No more need for past possessions  
new beginnings to take on  
mountains, valleys, untrod alleys  
unheard melodies at dawn

Untold secrets, unseen treasures  
unbeknownst to mortal souls  
now in gentle waves unfolding  
reaching for an unknown goal.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Unstoppable

No guns, no bombs nor tanks of steel  
can stop creation's flow  
the cycle of birth, life and death  
as sure as winds must blow

Though fighter planes fill skies above  
yet do bright chestnuts bloom  
and even when cathedrals fall  
new temples challenge doom

The scars of war can't be erased  
by wishing them away  
a mother grieves for her small babe  
who never learned to play

Yet even in destruction's wake  
new growth will always strive  
to challenge famine, drought and harm  
and hope will still survive

No guns, no bombs nor tanks of steel  
can stop creation's flow  
the cycle of birth, life and death  
as sure as winds must blow.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Vanished

Sitting by the fire  
as the evening sighs  
thoughts are slowly rising  
of those vanished times  
now so long forgotten  
in the rooms of time  
hiding in a corner  
fragments of old rhymes  
cobwebs clinging softly  
to those long lost times.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Vertigo

When the world spins much too fast  
It is time to close your eyes  
Letting darkness gently pour  
Daily cares by heaven's door

When the world spins much too fast  
And your balance is at risk  
Words of wisdom rise at will  
Easy does it, peace, be still

When the world spins much too fast  
And your striving is on hold  
Lie upon the bed and pray  
Savoring your life today

When the world spins much too fast  
You may hear a little voice  
Calling from a distant past  
Silver songs of hope at last

When the world spins much too fast  
And your feet refuse to move  
Drop down to the humble floor  
Kneel in humble prayer once more

When the world spins much too fast  
It is time to close the eyes  
Letting darkness gently pour  
Daily cares by heaven's door.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Voices Loud And Low

I hear the hum of voices  
from plains to highest hills  
the sounds from farms and cities  
in factories and mills

The voices of our great land  
can soar and touch the sky  
with pride and adoration  
for blessings from on high

Sometimes the din of noises  
can overwhelm the thread  
of unsung perseverance  
by those who eat hard bread

Their words are few yet surely  
in gentler ways evoke  
a simple, homespun wisdom  
of plain and simple folk.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Volga

Of old I heard them sing sad songs  
about a mighty force  
a river deep and very long  
though small its birth and source

They say the lonely Valdai Hills  
today lie lone and wild  
a humble birthplace and the start  
to Mother Volga's child

They say the Volga brought fierce Huns  
in hazy ancient days  
to flood the kingdoms of the West  
and tribal mayhem raised

They speak of Golden Hordes and men  
who founded empires grand  
of Kazan and of Astrakhan  
with thirst for power fanned

A river very long and deep  
may start with just one drop  
a trickle and a humble brook  
may swell and never stop

Though times and tides move as they will  
and change is meant to change  
sometimes a rock or grain of sand  
grows to a mountain range

In life a little smile or word  
can turn a soul around  
from darkness toward warming light  
with love and glory crowned

Of old I heard them sing sad songs  
about a mighty force  
a river deep and very long  
though small its birth and source.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Waif

There was a time when children roamed  
Abandoned in the woods  
Their early lives torn from poor homes  
Bare cupboards lacking food

Those homeless, hopeless little waifs  
With luck would find a friend  
A den of wolves as shelter safe  
To nurture and defend

Although so many folks would scorn  
Such ragged, straggled kids  
God chose to love them and adorn  
With gifts to most forbid

There is a special glow around  
Those orphans left alone  
An angel's blessed arms surround  
And keep them till they're grown.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Walls Of Rosebuds

When I was young my days were endless  
Filled with much striving for success  
There was no time to dream of mansions  
That being old, I now must build

My castle will have walls of rosebuds  
And eaves of fragrant violets  
All shutters will be soft pressed saffron  
The doorstep strewn with poppies red

Its curtains will be apple blossoms  
With fringes made of lacy ferns  
There will be lamps to light each chamber  
With clusters of bright fireflies

Two bluebirds will announce all comers  
Approaching on a path of white  
Strewn lavishly with spring fresh daisies  
That lead to lotus blossom gates

I'll lay the cornerstone with lilies  
As soon as dawn has spread its wings  
And hurry as the day moves swiftly  
To finish work before day's end

I never had much time when younger  
To even think of lovely things  
Now that old age makes time so urgent  
I feel great need to build that home

There has to be another sunrise  
Which I so anxiously await  
My life must not be snuffed and ended  
Before that dream house can be built

As lovely as is my fair vision  
Somehow I know it may not be  
None but the eye of God can answer  
If dawn will break or darkness reign.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# War Or Peace

How slowly and how surely do  
those memories return  
of days and nights when running  
was everyone's concern

It was a time of fleeing  
the cruel jaws of war  
as bridges fell and none could tell  
who would survive the gore

So many fell to shrapnel wounds  
and others to the guns  
while sickness and the lack of food  
brought down young mothers sons

Who can forget the orange sun  
of evening as it turned  
to flames of hell mixed in with clouds  
as towns and cities burned

Old men and women who had never left  
their little hearth and home  
were flushed like garbage from their nests  
and aimlessly to roam

The lucky ones who have survived  
the mayhem of a war  
though they may live in peace for years  
they're marked forevermore

How slowly and how surely do  
those memories return  
of days and nights when running  
was everyone's concern.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Warning Angels

They seem to light when I'm at rest  
Not thinking much at all  
Then suddenly a feeling comes  
And tells me not to call  
A former friend who suddenly  
Decides to pick up ties  
That long ago she tore away  
Ignoring many tries  
From me to meet or call or care  
With pale excuses, lies

They say when someone lets you down  
You need to let them go  
That angels pulled them from your life  
To clear the way and sow  
New budding friendships up ahead  
Much brighter than what's gone  
To newer beauties up ahead  
Before your journey's done

As time rolls on I tend to trust  
Those warning angels near  
Their visits help to soften, heal  
The losses once held dear  
They guide me in their silent ways  
Just when I need a lift  
My warning angels soften days  
Turn losses into gifts.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Was It Lies?

Gold orange crisp white purple  
Ribbed fluted curled and grained  
Twists pearly corals winding  
Colors man never named

I walk along the seashore  
Holding every shell  
Each one so precious to me  
Like each day I knew you well

The months are passing quickly  
My heart no longer blames  
The cruel yoke now gently  
Is lifted from my frame

Twists pearly corals winding  
Your hair your lips your eyes  
Your heart mine binding

Was it lies? Was it lies?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Washington Avenue

If only I had kept on walking

It was spring  
it was morning  
My life was tolerable  
If only I hadn't turned  
Down that little alleyway  
I had been getting by, you know

Suddenly the trap was set  
My feet weak on that forbidden path

You literally glittered in the sunshine  
Your jet black hair, your lips  
Your brow mesmerized me instantly

It was way too late  
My fragile world  
Now a hundred blue fragments  
Of a cobalt bottle  
Cutting sharply into the pavement  
Aimlessly I floundered in your grip  
I cannot tell you how I escaped  
This gorgeous hell

I cannot tell you how I crawled  
Back onto the avenue

I can tell you I am alive today

A white candle  
Coldly leads my path  
Today I grow strong  
As a Doric column  
Out of your greek ruins

I will not dare to stray again, I'm sure  
But the memory  
The memory is so lovely still.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Watch The River

Watch the river currents flow  
to and fro, to and fro  
see the bubbles rise and grow  
vanishing to depths below

Watch the waves' white crested show  
shudder as the North winds blow  
while the hardy boatmen row  
skirting gaping undertow

See the willow gently throw  
silken strands to plant and sow  
watch the fisher mend and sew  
salty nets in measured rows

May my days on earth below  
move as gently and as slow  
as a stream when morning glow  
touches it and then lets go

May my nights be free of woe  
and my spirit fear forgo  
may I be with love bestowed  
shared with friend as well as foe

Watch the river currents flow  
to and fro, to and fro  
see the bubbles rise and grow  
vanishing to depths below.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Watery Cross

I sailed the oceans of my mind  
so many windswept mornings  
I hoisted sails with ropes entwined  
salt spray whipped canvas awnings

I was an armchair buccaneer  
held tight when Southern Ocean  
tossed ice so I could hardly steer  
my craft beyond slow motion

Time came when I could see Cape Horn  
in all its deathly glory  
time came I did things I had sworn  
to never dig or quarry

Then one day as I watched a squall  
from my small hut's blurred window  
the rogue wave raised its foaming wall  
A dark blue liquid billow

Somehow I managed to escape  
though choking on much water  
somehow a spark of life took shape  
as soul in seaweed tottered

Tahiti, I now cried aloud  
that's where i must escape  
and sail my ship with head unbowed  
my life to seek and shape

I left the forties far behind  
while gripping my armchair  
regrets of yore would soon unwind  
and lay my conscience bare

The time came when I reached a shore  
that Moitissier had found  
as did Gauguin of fabled lore  
to free their souls once bound

I never left my little room  
although my heart oft wandered  
to waves which hid a thousand tombs  
unlucky lives now squandered

I did not challenge Neptune's wiles  
nor tempt the Albatross  
nor court sea serpents fiery trials  
with slimy scales embossed

Oh no, my friend, the sails of hope  
though once quite tempest tossed  
one day threw me a saving rope  
tied to a wooden cross

I sailed the ocean of my mind  
so many windswept mornings  
I hoisted sails with ropes entwined  
salt spray whipped canvas awnings.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# We Shuffle

We shuffle through the daily walk  
with stumbling feet of clay  
in hopes each step will move us in  
a well directed way

We wish and pray with fervent thoughts  
we're headed where we should  
and trust that something in the day  
will point us to what's good

There never may arrive a time  
when we are sure we're led  
to places lighter, brighter than  
the valleys of the dead

There is no ditch on either side  
of life's long winding road  
so on we go though trudging slow  
with often heavy load

We shuffle through the daily walk  
with stumbling feet of clay  
in hopes each step will move us in  
a well directed way.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Weather Warning

Swift circles swirl in skies above  
shrieks well from throats of birds  
the air is charged with rags of clouds  
yet I am undisturbed

Why does all nature herald threats  
with signs all creatures feel  
why do I choose to focus on  
things that are quite unreal

Soon terror strikes and slams the earth  
with torrents of wild rain  
as life and limb like fragile leaves  
succumb to dread and pain

Why do I seem surprised to see  
destruction unforeseen  
when will I blend with nature's signs  
and feel what's always been.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Weaving Dreams

My life has seen so many starts  
completing but a few  
so many dreams still to unfold  
and hopes to rise anew

Who will be picking up the yarn  
when spinning slows to purr  
when woven threads fall to the floor  
and tired eyes are blurred

is there a young and caring hand  
to find a faded cloth  
long doomed to a forgotten chest  
an attic home for moths

So many hopes have come to naught  
in wisdom's burnished mold  
so many sparkling cups of joy  
dashed to a ground so cold

Through hazy cobwebs fringed with dust  
I see a ray of light  
As yesterday's fond hopes appear  
Like sunbeams in fair flight

I move toward my modest cot  
and lay the shuttle down  
of that old wooden spinning wheel  
that still keeps going round

Tonight my dreams will let me know  
if that quilt full of seams  
will be attached and somehow patched  
to some new weaver's dreams.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Web Of Age

Time has come when webs of age  
wrap me in their silken threads  
chilly like the morning dew  
hair transformed to winter snow

Time was when I gave no thought  
that fair Spring would cease to spring  
never knew that just like trees  
branches break and often freeze

Time for me to think about  
whom I've loved and whom I lost  
in my days on earthly soil  
whom I hurt and what I spoiled

It's a time of reckoning  
even though my eyes grow dim  
and my mind gets hazy now  
still the truth shines through somehow

Much has been to my regret  
spilled the precious gems of friends  
yet as webs of age close in  
I must also seek within

Surely there have been some days  
when I trusted and believed  
gave my heart without a fear  
truly loved and held some dear

Though my visage may look grim  
still a blossom thrives within  
and I'm glad to have been blessed  
with each day of toil and rest

None can know the balances  
when the final scales are weighed  
So I seek this day to find  
chances to be good and kind

Time has come when webs of age  
wrap me in their silken threads  
chilly like the morning dew  
hair transformed to winter snow.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Weedy Lot

It was an empty forlorn lot  
no focal point to rest  
the eye and take a closer look  
by nature to be blessed

Harsh shadows crept from hidden nooks  
as clearings had been turned  
by sun and dust and searing heat  
to nought as weeds soon burned

The grass had burned and burned and burned  
as time pressed slowly by  
gray sand and broken glass remained  
ignored by passersby

There was no pathway for a trek  
to walk across this plot  
no branch or bush popped out to say  
touch me, forget me not

The few that wandered past this place  
would move without delay  
they'd flee to greener, softer scenes  
where no harsh shadows played

The weary shacks beyond this span  
were like an arm that's cut  
small amputated wooden boards  
where only rats would squat

This lot drew out all strength and hope  
from those who'd stop and sit  
no optimistic soul would say  
lets fix this up a bit

Those who may wonder where the wind  
or stormy clouds descend  
may never see the place of doom  
where all that's hopeless ends

All boundaries and rules of law  
lose meaning in this field  
illusions and fair hopes of man  
to shrouds of pathos yield.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Well - Being

The feeling of well-being  
I did not know before  
But as the evening settles  
It visits me with love

The feeling of well-being  
Is something to be sought  
To gently walk the footpath  
In harmony with God

The feeling of well-being  
More treasured than fine gold  
In trusting that all problems  
Are turned to joy in God

The feeling of well-being  
I did not know before  
But as the evening settles  
It visits me with love.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# What Is A Brother?

When you are small, a brother is someone  
Who knows how to whistle  
And takes the time to show you how.  
He goes to school and handles it  
So you aren't so scared when your turn comes.

A brother is someone who  
Doesn't complain or criticize  
But quietly does his part  
Even when times are very hard.

He goes off before the sun comes up  
Taking newspapers to homes in a car  
And he's only thirteen!

A brother is someone  
Who is strong enough  
To quietly nurse his broken heart  
But weak enough to try again.

He lives life as it is  
And not as he would have it.  
Someone who takes the years  
With humor and acceptance  
But in his heart is forever young.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# What Is A Poem?

What is a poem but a whisper  
a lark, a sprite, a butterfly  
a silver sparkle on the ocean  
a fleeting cloud just floating by

What is a poem but a footprint  
soon washed away on sandy shore  
a tiny tern too swift to capture  
a faithless lover seen no more

What is a poem but a cipher  
once scribbled on a torn off page  
a trace of dark forbidden kisses  
imprisoned in a gilded cage

What is a poem but a fragment  
left on an attic's dusty floor  
a backward glance that went unnoticed  
when you walked off and closed the door.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# What Is A Poet?

The world is filled with striving souls  
their earthly walk to grace  
with friends and food and shelter too  
and leave a mark or trace  
to be remembered by their kin  
and maybe spread across  
the lintels of their cottage doors  
their names in tomes emboss

A poet does not yearn or seek  
to strive or feather nests  
his only tools are words and dreams  
he shudders at hard tests  
his road is but a weed strewn field  
without a human print  
a thicket known to tiny bugs  
wild leaves of rue and mint

His friends are meadowlarks and ducks  
food gleaned from bushes, trees  
his shelter is a clump of weeds  
walled off from nightly breeze  
At times a friendly country wife  
will hand him fresh baked bread  
or offer a warm hearth at night  
and pillow for his head

It matters not if his few rhymes  
can even reach a pen  
or paper to be written down  
and never seen of men  
and even if someone has heard  
and jotted down each line  
the day may come or it may not  
when they are deemed sublime

For every poet and his words  
are written in a book  
that none on earth has ever seen

nor would they dare to look  
nor have they seen an endless source  
providing food and friends  
and shelter more secure than stone  
that to all poets sends

The world is filled with striving souls  
their earthly walk to grace  
with friends and food and shelter too  
and leave a mark or trace  
to be remembered by their kin  
and maybe spread across  
the lintels of their cottage doors  
their names in tomes emboss.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# What Is Art

They often recommended it  
the ones who get around  
Oh, you must go 'cause it's so great  
the best show in this town

So one hot Friday afternoon  
I stumbled in that hall  
deciding just to take a glimpse  
excited not at all

Oh there were quite a few grand things  
of chrome and mighty stones  
some paintings were as large as rooms  
and cunning cubes and cones

For our world has gotten big  
our buildings oh, so tall  
our art is surely 'cutting edge'  
some buy and spend their all

Before I left this show of shows  
I took a little peek  
inside a fairly small side room  
appearing modest meek

That's when my heart began to burn  
as faces without guile  
cried out from dusty centuries  
Dark Ages and the Nile

The image of a pharaoh's face  
stared up with kohl lined eyes  
meant then to block the desert sun  
now wrapped in cold disguise

My gaze next found a tiny face  
in finest egg based paint  
'twas Mary with a virgin smile -  
Medieval glowing saint

When leaving that small musty den  
I wandered in a park  
and could not shed the memories  
of eyes so old, so stark

Those ancients seemed to cry to me  
they touched me to the core  
their gazes piercing and still fresh  
so urgently implored

I'll never know what happened there  
in that small wayside room  
yet all my erstwhile highflown thoughts  
were swept with a new broom

The word called 'art' is oft explained  
in long words and wise briefs  
yet all my mind can comprehend  
is love pain and belief

They often recommended it  
the ones who get around  
Oh, you must go 'cause it's so great  
the best show in this town.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# What Is Life?

What is a life but many forces  
that push and pull us ever forth  
surprising gifts from many sources  
nudge and direct us South and North

What is a life but a far journey  
without direction, without goal  
until our feet stand at the crossroads  
appearing from a hidden knoll

What is a life but little footsteps  
sometimes with purpose, sometimes not  
yet since we're given our existence  
why not then give it our best shot?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# What Stars?

Great symphonies of galaxies  
from Pegasus to Papillon  
hide brilliant cosmic mysteries  
in vapors of creation's dawn.

Unfeeling Magellanic Clouds  
float frosty in a black abyss  
uncaring cosmic starry shrouds  
ignore a dying sun's last kiss.

Pale Cygnus cranes her studded neck  
wild Horse Head roars in silent space  
the Milky Way a ciphered speck  
Lost Galaxy a thing of grace.

Stout Capricorn and Ursa Dwarf  
scan deepest space, devoid of days  
where myriads of monsters morph  
in inter-stellar molten rays.

The mighty forces of night skies  
make Earth seem insignificant  
from fleeting life, a man soon dies  
embroiled in life-blood's surging rant.

Of numbers, proofs and learned sheafs  
wise men build astral pinnacles  
while hid in woodland's deepest reach  
a child can see true miracles.  
Red human hearts with mortal souls  
fly high beyond the stellar spheres  
surpassing mighty astral goals  
protected from stark black hole fears.

A Hand prepared infinity  
and hammered light years' swiftest swords  
exceeding mere complexity  
joined us to Him with loving cords.

Next time you see a falling star  
or wonder at a comet's size  
the answer may not be that far  
it may be in a dear friend's eyes.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# When A Sunflower Dies

It's sad to watch sunflowers die  
That once were strong and bright  
Their thick stalks drawing food from soil  
To reach amazing height

Their faces once were giant stars  
Their hearts an intense brown  
Their sunny petals always smiled  
And formed a golden crown

When stalks are cut and brought indoors  
To parlors decked with grace  
They bring its owners fleeting joy  
With fresh and glowing face

Nobody cares when in a week  
Life ebbs from each dry stem  
Each petal shriveling and spent  
To certain death condemned

It's sad to watch sunflowers die  
That once were strong and bright  
Their thick stalks drawing food from soil  
To reach amazing height.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# When Beth Ann Danced At The Warsaw

When Beth Ann danced at the Warsaw  
The night was slow  
Dim, dingy, dark and cavernous  
Red laser beams aglow.

When Beth Ann danced at the Warsaw  
None there was to see  
The barhop mixed a drink or two  
Tonight the drinks were free

Beth Ann never noticed  
She danced with nimble feet  
She moved her hands so slowly  
Enhanced by some dark beat

A couple started jiving  
They jumped with frantic joy  
The music louder, louder  
A sight to see.

But Beth Ann kept on moving  
To a distant, silent tune  
Her feet now swift, now sluggish  
Her neck bent, forced below.

The night went on so slowly  
The laser lights shone red  
Men came and played  
Then leaving  
The floor a silent spread  
But for a small dark trickle  
Where her fevered feet had bled.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# When Do Poincianas Bloom?

When are the months of riots  
For Poinciana blooms,  
As avenues are covered  
Like golden carpet looms?

I never could remember.  
Years filled with musk romance.  
There was no time to ponder  
Or give earth's gifts a glance.

The trees would flash by quickly,  
Wild seas of fire red.  
I knew not time nor seasons,  
Nor where I lay my head

Time's millstone soon ground heavy  
As flame trees spent their prime.  
Spring, fall and summers melted  
As decades stole thru time.

One day I was abandoned  
To darkened alleyways.  
Among the tainted refuse  
My hands groped birds of prey.

The largest one, a falcon,  
Cawed clearly "You are old."  
My hands indeed were gnarly,  
Skin hung in wrinkled folds.

"Oh, what a gift, " I answered  
And watched the birds take flight.  
"The riddle has been mastered,  
Why love's no longer bright."

I watched their flight and noted  
A silhouette in space:  
The Royal Poinciana,  
With hints of orange lace.

This month is called September,  
It's just a name, I'm told.  
My life unnamed, uncounted,  
Except by blooms of gold.

I know those bursts of orange  
Will always come again,  
Unlike my tortured lovers,  
Cursed with the force of men.

"When do they bloom, the flame trees? "  
I now have time to ask.  
It has to be in summer,  
In glowing heat to bask.

But wait. Does it then really matter  
When seasons come, or why?  
For life's buds blossom daily  
And petals daily sway.

I much prefer to relish  
The rich fruits of a kiss  
Once stolen in the moonlight,  
When young love sealed its bliss.

May deep blue skies find solace  
In golden blossoms knell,  
While my life ebbs in colors  
That only flowers can tell.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# When I Was Young

When I was young I liked to see  
The smiles on people's faces  
Droll puppies running `round a tree  
In sunny summer races

Time came and bigger things replaced  
Those tiny times of glee  
I spent my time on worthy things  
Fine jobs, fine homes, degrees

Now that I'm old my days revolve  
In search of quiet places  
A park bench where I'm sure to see  
Pups romp and smiling faces.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# When Striving Is Ended

When striving is ended  
And safety upended  
Dream segments are blended  
Frail sanity rended  
All chores left untended  
Hope quickly suspended  
Suffering untended

Till the final ending  
From a hidden bending  
Brightest angels tending  
Whose life was appalling  
Lazarus attending

At the Master's bidding  
Clean salvation bringing  
Like a north star shining  
At his feet reclining.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Where Are The Guests?

The table is ready, but where are the guests?  
Thick linen is flawless, fine china the best  
The silverware heavy, embellished with sheen  
Most lovingly polished, fit for a great queen

The napkins embroidered with monograms fine  
They have your initials, how can you decline  
This grand invitation sent by the king  
To sup at his table and praises to sing?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Where Do Poets Go?

Where do poets go  
When their hearts overflow  
And earth can't cool the coals  
Of hot poetic souls?

In that fevered time  
when blades of grass  
Pour out their secrets much too fast  
The feeble hand pales  
At thrills so soon revealed.

Eyes can't contain, restrain  
Still set in caves of flesh  
Veins too narrow for that surge  
At so much love revealed.

Covered caves and crusts of bread  
Shadows of an older time  
When those castles built of words  
Soar too high beyond the walls.

People, places, common ways  
Move along in timeworn days  
But where can the poets go  
Spirit lifting them away?

There can only be one place  
When the time has not yet come  
When the Master calls him home  
And his words and pen are stilled.

Surely there must be a place  
In a space that few can know  
Where land gently meets the sky  
Though it seems so far away.

That must be where thru all time  
Poets who can only rhyme  
Without eating, robe or sleep

Only live on words they keep.

Where a rainbow touches ground  
And horizon goes around  
That is where they all must meet  
Poets whom earth's ways can't keep.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Where Is That Place?

Where does the rambling seashore end  
why are some paths too straight to bend

where do cloud pillows learn to blend  
why must fair wheat with weeds contend  
why do dark reapers life upend

how can one quickly make amends  
or dare a helping hand to lend

who will his faith with strength defend  
or choose a broken vow mend

who can a humble lot transcend  
and willingly harsh thoughts suspend

where is the land where all are friends  
where neither man nor beast contend

is it where rambling seashores end  
where paths run straight and never bend?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Where Is Truth?

I landed on the plains of truth  
it could have been in May  
I don't remember much of it  
since I had lost my way

Deserted was this lonely place  
no trees, no birds, no sounds  
the air was still, the sky a haze  
no grass on stony ground

The sun waxed hot and parched my throat  
sweat oozed from every pore  
as hours crawled with heavy gait  
till I could move no more

It seemed a very long, long time  
before dark stars appeared  
a sliver of a leering moon  
with peering pale face reared

The cool night air was a relief  
to my hot blistered soul  
and even my once fevered brain  
was now a vacant hole

All cunning, scheming, clever plans  
had dried up on these plains  
my thoughts of yore beyond recall  
had I then turned insane?

'My child, ' an unseen voice replied,  
'You've finally returned  
to freedom's source where fear must die  
through suffering you've earned.'

'What is the name of this strange place? '  
I asked the unseen voice.  
'Truth, ' was the answer uttered low  
'You're free now child, rejoice.'

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Where Olives Grow

I want to walk on paths of old  
where our dear Master walked  
to feel the grass beneath my soles  
and hear the truths he talked

i want to climb upon the hills  
where mounds of olives grow  
to lift my arms and feel the thrill  
of warming heaven's glow

I want to touch his healing hands  
and see his loving eyes  
to listen to his new commands  
and with his love baptized

I want to walk on paths of old  
where our dear Master walked  
to feel the grass beneath my soles  
and hear the truths he talked.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Where Was I?

Where was I when it happened  
when young stars chose to sing  
and all the host of heaven  
dwelt in eternal Spring

A time when all creation  
was fresh and filled with awe  
hills, lands and seas established  
as God put forth his law

Where was I when the darkness  
transformed to night and day  
and when the first small raindrop  
fell on the new formed clay

No, I was but a cypher  
a thought, a hope, a dream  
a soul in mortal body  
a part of heaven's scheme

Don't ask me then to ponder  
the depth of worlds unseen  
or eyes to probe and wander  
dark secret things to glean

All answers have been written  
all secrets long revealed  
they live in those whose spirit  
with truth and love are sealed

There's nothing left to strive for  
it's all been reconciled  
upon the cross of Jesus  
when drawn there like a child

Where was I when it happened  
when young stars chose to sing  
and all the host of heaven  
dwelt in eternal Spring?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Where Wild Dandelions Dwell

Brambles, weeds and thorny thistles  
Poke their heads from chain link wires  
Whispering arcane epistles  
Wind and summer rain inspires

If a passerby should linger  
Hoping to observe their sounds  
They withdraw their tapered fingers  
Crouching lower to the ground

Man was never wont to enter  
Secrets of low wayside chaff  
He prefers a richer mentor  
Ruby red or golden calf

It may be grace dwells in humble  
Unkempt much neglected dells  
Hid behind a stone wall crumbled  
Where wild dandelions dwell

I have ceased to walk on highways  
Graced with blooms of finest breeds  
Now I creep in hidden byways  
Hoping to hear songs of reeds

Brambles, weeds and thorny thistles  
Poke their heads from chain link wires  
Whispering arcane epistles  
Wind and summer rain inspires.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Whirl

They whirl  
They swirl  
They spin around

They sweat  
They grin  
They hit the ground

These are the young performers  
Whose cobweb hopes and dreams  
Are fragile as small dewdrops  
That die in life's sunbeams

They whirl  
They swirl  
They spin around

They sweat  
They grin  
They hit the ground

Feet sore  
Bones tore  
They can't be found.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Whirlpool

There are days my balance ceases  
Sanity decreases  
Fear releases  
Its dark whirlpool

There are days deep hidden urges  
Surface and despair emerges  
Life's thread verges  
On whirlpool's rim

There are days as black as condors  
Mind can't ponder  
Body wanders  
Into a whirlpool

There are days with no forewarning  
Noon or morning  
Unadorning  
Pull me down.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# White Orchid

There is a flower that resembles  
A flitting moth in fleeting flight  
So fair its name has launched an island  
To natives' ever new delight

It is a flower that compares with  
White doves in panoramic sight  
It's purer than fresh snow in winter  
Fair inspirations to ignite

There is a flower kings and nobles  
Into their palaces invite  
To beautify their lavish ballrooms  
From breaking dawn to deepest night

As lovely as is the white orchid  
I'll never own this bloom outright  
Yet as I dream in my small chamber  
Faith blooms in ever spreading light.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# White Velvet

Did you ever wear a cloak  
Softer than a kitten's chin  
Creamy, milk rich, mild its yoke,  
Cradling soft with languid stroke?

Folding, falling, touching ground,  
Arms and shoulders blending in,  
Couching, tender to surround  
Floating o'er the snowy ground?

Did you ever fall on stones  
Frozen in a crevice deep,  
Soiling garments as your groans  
Upward flew, pale, icy moans?

When green spring came with its thaw,  
Did you heal as violets bloomed,  
Shedding tears with eyes that saw  
Once smooth velvet, stained and raw?

Seasons come and seasons end,  
Violets, velvets blending bend,  
Folds of love will not transcend  
Weighting cloaks as you descend.

If you're offered garments fine,  
Softer than a kitten's chin,  
Robes caressing, quite sublime,  
They deceive like tainted wine.  
Lying robes like tropic clime,  
Choking love, both yours and mine.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Whither?

Sea oats gently swaying  
Reaching, arching  
Softly nodding

Lucid green water  
The Atlantic  
White crests of waves  
Rolling toward  
Ever inward

Whereto do sea oats point  
What are the waves reaching to?

So is my life  
Reaching, ever reaching

I am as real as  
The sea oat, the wave

And my reaching  
Is as real and purposeful.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Who Am I?

Creation shows  
and will not stray  
from God's own laws  
and God's own way

The palm tree grows  
and greets the day  
the wood finch knows  
her eggs to lay

The south wind blows  
and stirs the bay  
the spring lambs play  
in new mown hay

The desert rose  
puts forth bouquets  
as sunshine throws  
gold tinted rays

Creation moves  
in God's own way  
then who am I  
to not obey?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Who Are We?

A certain look that's in the eye  
A restless gaze in distance  
I'm one of them, it seems to cry  
I understand you, really.

Worldly pomp and circumstance  
Can't hide the mark that marks us  
We spot each other in a crowd  
Scant few among the many

We hurt much more In senseless cries  
We throw away a treasure  
We laugh at pain, then die again  
Yet never full our measure

Who are we, then. Is there a name  
To us whom life can't rein in  
Who throw off fortune and so fame  
Who are we, who will tell me?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Who Teaches Us Warriors?

Who teaches us warriors  
when holding our knives  
to move from the blade  
to the handle of life?

Too long did I cling  
to the sword of my will  
its blade much more sharp  
than a porcupine's quill

With fingers quite bloody  
and battle scarred frame  
I tossed in the gauntlet  
surrendered in shame

Then out of the ashes  
my feeble hand touched  
a smooth birch wood handle  
which I quickly clutched

I brushed off the weapon  
and found in surprise  
it was the same sword  
that I once so despised

Who teaches us warriors  
when holding our knives  
to move from the blade  
to the handle of life?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Who Was Crazy Horse?

Born when the Sioux domain ran wide  
A giant swatch across the plains  
That hugged a mighty river East  
Its Western border was Big Horn.

Born with fair skin and curly hair  
His path was set in birthing veins

They came to call him Crazy Horse  
Not even ponies of great strength  
Could keep up with his furied ways  
Nor could his restless soul be bound  
By saddles, prairies, or high clouds

So even swiftest steeds could feel  
Their limits when this young lad rode

When but a child he saw much death  
For by that time the settlers came  
The Army did its best to quell  
The wilds of Western lands and men

But he whose horse had restless feet  
Could not be compromised or bound  
Not even common sense or fear  
Would to the last touch that dark vein  
The vein that to this day runs deep  
The thirst for freedom from all chains

The Black Hills were a sacred place  
The mountains, plains and rivers held  
Footprints of hallowed stories past  
Of great respect for what the land  
Gave to the Sioux in meat and grain  
And never once had their tribe tried  
To rape its breast for foolish gold

Time came when Crazy Horse was made  
Chief over many, warrior brave

He never signed his name or mark  
To papers used in white men's worlds  
Nor would allow his image drawn  
For that was not in nature's plan

He never reached the prime of life  
He was cut down when forces great  
Had overwhelmed the Indians lives  
And winter's cold had brought disease  
And trouble to his wife and kin

A soldier struck him in the back  
A bayonet snuffed that brave soul  
And even to this day none knows  
Just who he was or why he rode  
As if his feet had wings of birds  
Till his fine mount lost caution, care  
And pounded hoofs to break earth's heart.

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Who Will?

I see secrets in your eyes  
many ever changing lies  
nimble switching your disguise  
never twisted schemes devise  
never binding lasting ties

Fluid as a running brook  
quickly leaving hearts you took  
who will open your dark book  
who will tame your fevered quest  
putting all your lies at rest?

Lilia Talts Morrison

## Whose Poems?

A friend asked me the other day  
if I had borrowed some  
in that collection of short poems  
I shared with her of late

Surprising was her attitude  
I thought and let it slide  
but later wondered why on earth  
that thought had crossed her mind

How well could she have understood  
my way of daily life  
or whether I had darker thoughts  
and flights of fancy too

How narrow was the slot she set  
for me to fit into  
how narrow was her concept of  
my life path's highs and lows

When I in simple words explained  
that anything I wrote  
if real was channeled from above  
and set in stone right then

So in the end she may be right  
I cannot claim these poems  
my inspiration and the word  
come from another source

But whether human or divine  
the source I cannot claim  
but blindly trust my heart and hand  
will pen just what I must

Can someone really understand  
himself or anyone  
each heart so brimming with so much  
a mystery to all?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Why Did God Create Poets?

Why did God create poets?

To make a gift out of  
a bleary, rainy, cold morning (afternoon)

To make a treasure  
out of somebody dying.

To make sickness  
(mental/physical/spiritual) a gift

To make cars/houses/  
TV's/blenders/clothes a farce

To make wisdom foolishness

And foolishness wisdom

To make destruction a sure foundation

And a sure foundation destruction

To make pretending real

And reality a pretense

To make wrong right

And to make sense of life.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Why Was I Here?

A deep and subtle legacy  
I took into my grave.  
My thoughts were gliders soaring high  
More classic than the Greek.

My ports the dusty sidewalks were  
That is a poet's curse.  
Those same prosaic sidewalks now  
Take home my hallowed hearse.

Chorus  
(They didn't grasp my special quest  
And I avoided their infection.  
I only wanted what was best  
And took my own direction.)

Now that I'm gone, I'm sure there's one  
Who'll read my truth and say  
This surely was a noble soul.  
Why did he go away?

Posthumous love is better than none  
Dissolved will be my fear  
As voices ring and gently sing  
Why was he here?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Wider Passage

The strait gate is hidden  
as brambles 'round thrive  
but when it is found  
there's no need to strive

the passage gets wider  
as ages roll on  
the view from the mountain  
so lovely at dawn

years do not weigh heavy  
on my frail back  
as long as I walk on the  
narrower track

the winds of the spirit  
will move me along  
as music of flowers  
and clouds hum their song.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Wild Horses

Whose spirit can resist the pull  
of seeing horses free  
cavorting in unending plains  
by nature's sure decree?

They run where few men dare to tread  
in badlands courting dread  
surrounded by an ancient womb  
of peaks that turn blood red

The mesa a hostile place  
where rattlers coil in weeds  
and horses born of western winds  
roam undisturbed to breed

Their gait is unlike any steed  
that felt the harness press  
or hooves pierced with the nails of smiths  
or backs with saddles dressed

Their freedom comes with highest price  
each day of life hard won  
yet they would die on softer paths  
all shackles they must shun

Whose spirit can resist the thrill  
Of seeing horses free  
Cavorting in unending plains  
By nature's sure decree?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Will He?

The one who makes electrons spin  
and rules each proton's endless course  
will he yet offer mercy's cloak  
and with unswerving hand enforce  
the law of love to those who blot  
the fruits of sin with scant remorse?

The one who guides all orbit paths  
and fastens great Orion's belt  
will he still deign to proffer hope  
to those who erred and never knelt  
who stumble in the dark of night  
and tender love have never felt?

The one who made all that is made  
the source that makes creation sing  
will he yet touch the hearts of stone  
too bruised by fate's uncaring sting  
to pull them out of that abyss  
and bathe them in the warmth of Spring?

The one whose face no one has seen  
the one who knows each star by name  
will he yet reach his hand and grasp  
those who are choked by chains of shame  
and burn the chaff and save the wheat  
of those too blinded by the flame?

Is there a hope for those who seek  
what can't be seen or heard or found  
who wander lost in desert sands  
who never could find fertile ground  
will he who made the summer rain  
hold out sweet mercy's golden crown?

The one who makes electrons spin  
and rules each proton's endless course  
will he yet offer mercy's cloak  
and with unswerving hand enforce

the law of love to those who blot  
the fruits of sin with scant remorse?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Wings Of Hope

By brick lined gutters filled with trash  
he sits upon the curb  
the gray and blighted scene awakes  
old feelings that disturb

Hope languishes on this sad street  
without an exit sign  
barbed wired thoughts arise in him  
on painful borderlines

From deep within this lonely soul  
black wings begin to rise  
soon overwhelming in their size  
and birdlike in disguise

Hope springs from littered pavement cracks  
as wings of flight emerge  
to lift the soul of earthbound man  
as flights of spirit surge

Oh hope oh key to open doors  
to brighter days to come  
oh may creative wings arise  
and banish ghoulish slums.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Winter War

Fields sparking white  
Spread to the edge of the earth  
A team of oxen slowly moves  
At the ancient pace  
No trees to break the snowy spread  
The silent sound of hooves

Look! Carrots!  
Thick as your arm  
Turnips! Hard as stone  
Like monuments  
And beets! Small blood red  
And sweet  
The only sweet

Reindeer  
A distant herd grazing in the distance  
The farmer secretly dreams of meat  
But cannot eat

Vibrant, clear  
A shot cuts through the sunny morning scene  
Slim leather whip prostrates a shapeless back

The booted kolhoznik breaks  
A gray hued peasant  
Who was in his way  
He falls against the frozen earth

An ancient wooden clog is thrown aside  
Revealing a home knit woolen sock  
With many holes.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Without A Country

'Staatenlos' they called us  
a group without a land  
nowhere to rest or settle  
from liberty long banned

'Staatenlos' they called us  
a name and brand quite grim  
too fearful then to linger  
and face war's cruel whims

Yes, 'men without a country'  
a phrase heard through the years  
has sadly been the verdict  
as rulers seized frontiers

Although so many labels  
have branded many tribes  
there is a golden kingdom  
the ancient book describes

This kingdom needs no passport  
all earthly rules break down  
it lets me live and prosper  
in any field or town

'Staatenlos' they called us  
a group without a land  
nowhere to rest or settle  
from liberty long banned.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Wolf Love

Those memories again are stirring  
Of nights in woodlands days in dew  
As if on cue my eyes start blurring  
Recalling that forlorn adieu

Your wolf like ways so oft recurring  
In my mild mind like mourning doves  
The things you said are still occurring  
Loud echoes of our long lost love

There have been loves in café settings  
In well trimmed parks and boulevards  
Short lived those sentimental pettings  
Dimmed by new beaus soon afterwards

It's sad to lose the warm embracings  
When passions fade neath city lights  
Much harder still to brace in facing  
The loss of haunted forest nights.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Woolen Yarns

Whirring stirring yarns of old  
woolen cloth more dear than gold  
homespun stories spinning wheels  
earthen bowls of ancient mold

Wooden floorboards handmade kegs  
milking stools on three strong legs  
sauerkraut in weathered bowls  
raven nests in oak tree holes

New potatoes burlap sacks  
bright blue patches filled with flax  
never will those times return  
precious dust in stone hewn urns.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Words Words Words

What's an oar and what's a paddle  
what's a mount and what's a saddle  
yaks in herds and flocks of birds  
who can ever master words?

Even definitions vary  
as you browse thick dictionaries  
but be simple, use your noodle  
tap the apt app we call Google.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Would He Forget?

The morning sun glows bright today  
reflecting from street windows  
the day moon looks upon the scene  
dew rising from the meadows  
with grateful heart and hopeful mind  
I'm glad for this new morn  
I hear the doves on trees below  
a new day has been born

I watch the orange gold of day  
in contrast to blue night  
and wonder if God might forget  
in simple oversight  
to turn on lamps from distant space  
to make our paths here bright  
like you and I so often fail  
to do what's good and right.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Wounds

Just as a wound takes time to heal  
so does the spirit need  
space often spanning many years  
to cleanse deep scars that bleed

All things must run their measured course  
in their appointed times  
and even those of cruel ways  
will someday stop their crimes

The day of reckoning will come  
as harm and heartaches cease  
a great upheaval, then great calm  
when all will dwell in peace

Just as a wound takes time to heal  
so does the spirit need  
space often spanning many years  
to cleanse deep scars that bleed.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Wrinkles

A face is like a map of sorts  
its lines mark hopes and fears  
the wrinkles framing eyes and cheeks  
tell tales of challenged years

Some faces are like stoic masks  
they try to hide the pain  
their gaze is downward or aside  
they shun applause and fame

What secrets do some faces hide  
beneath a wide brimmed hat  
what deeds so cruel to be hid  
what evil plots begat

Some visages are frozen cold  
against harsh climes and lives  
as if the northern wind still chills  
their cheeks like piercing knives

The grooves and tributaries deep  
can hardly be erased  
no laughter and no stroke of luck  
can blot what time has traced

Just like a land with hills and streams  
is little changed by men  
so is the face a timeless truth  
to read now and again.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Writ On Sand

The sand is warm the surf is bright  
I lie and hear the waves  
the sea oats gently bend and mourn  
blue underwater graves

The ocean gives and also takes  
and none knows where or when  
their turn will come to join the ghosts  
of those who once had been

But I am here on golden shores  
and touch the grains of sand  
so tiny and so comforting  
upon my outstretched hand

As seagulls squawk in circling groups  
my finger starts to stir  
and trace upon the salty ground  
words that the surf soon blurs

My life is writ upon the sand  
my days like pebbled stones  
smoothed by the crashing of the waves  
as age wears down my bones

My words, my ways, my thoughts, my plays  
will all be washed away  
and while I breathe the briny air  
I'll celebrate the day

The sand is warm the surf is bright  
I lie and hear the waves  
the sea oats gently bend and mourn  
blue underwater graves.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Writ On The Heart

There are so many languages  
and many countries too  
with dialects and alphabets  
some old and some brand new

I've spoken many languages  
in places I have been  
and tried to follow hallowed ways  
of people and their scenes

But in the waning of my years  
words trickle to a few  
and all those many languages  
have vanished with the dew

Today I have a single choice  
to speak and play my part:  
to share and utter only words  
engraved upon my heart.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Ye Olde New Year's Eve

The goose would crackle in red heat  
the oven lined with bricks  
dried oranges and lemon zest  
spiced up the stuffing mix

Sweet loganberries and small plums  
stewed long in candied cloves  
a clotted cream whipped to extreme  
topped shapely almond loaves

A robust mead in ancient steins  
chilled long in winter kegs  
quaffed slowly by the evening fire  
till none was left but dregs

Those days of pounding on stone slabs  
we used to spread the feast  
on New Year's Eve so long ago  
gave joy to man and beast

The harps and fifes and leather drums  
accompanied fine songs  
a bit of Burns a touch of Bard  
would move the night along

Soft tin was heated on the stove  
then tossed in icy bowls  
its shape would proffer future signs  
and give hope to old souls

Ah, those were days of simple joys  
in eating what we could  
when neighbors huddled in a hut  
protected from harsh woods.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Young I Was

Young I was and few of days  
when I listened to old tales  
of the hallowed ancient ways  
mouth to mouth with dreamy gaze

Old men squinting in a room  
filled with smoke and lined with doom  
whispering in measured rhymes  
epic heroes' epic gloom:

When will freedom's clear chimes ring  
when will danger lose its sting  
when will chains of bondage melt  
and the flame of rebirth bring

Linden leaves from giant trees  
summer toil with little ease  
gifts of blue from flaxen fields

Salt cured fish and rich dark bread  
toil from soil and water's bed  
forests dark and blackbirds swift  
mushroom bounty's tasty gifts

Plowmen tilling stony soil  
currants plucked and summer toil  
hardy smiths pound iron nails  
fishermen sew nets and sails  
while their women carry tales

Harvest hay in fragrant stacks  
children leap and stuff in sacks  
as the evening sun descends  
summer with remembrance blends

Words that flow like northern seas  
lapping waves in northern breeze  
strange to people from the south  
runes and tunes from woods and seas

Woven in their souls and songs  
hand hewn spindles weathered looms  
ceilings black from hardship; s soot  
poppies stomped by foreign boots

Their small corner of God's earth  
still reverberates new birth  
dreams and lives may still abort  
earthly hopes may still run short  
Danger and destruction court

Their black earth and people sing  
as barn swallows take to wing  
children on old wooden swings  
still strive hard to reach new heights  
of unfathomed distant lights

Young I was and few of days  
age has wrapped me in its haze  
slow of step and short in phrase  
yet remembered are those ways.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Your Beauties Never End

Your beauties never end  
Your stitches always mend  
Lost souls direction send  
Hot tears to joy transcend  
Your love to comprehend  
All hurts and bruises mend

On you I must depend  
Your graciousness commend  
For errors make amends  
Through mercies great transcend  
Forgive who would offend  
My faith till death defend.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Your Season

'The full fruit of labor lives in the harvest  
And that always comes in the right season' Bible quote

We labor with sweaty brow, dusty feet and blistered hands  
We wait for end of day, cool evening air, the porch swing  
We drink our ice tea and talk with a neighbor  
Nothing earth shaking, just simple banter

We light up a cigarette or cigar or pipe  
And wish we could stop that dirty habit  
But it helps to forget the toil of day, week, the year  
Lying in bed, we think of someone we loved when we were young

Sometime during the night we wake and see the moon  
A cloud brushes it gently and moves westward  
Suddenly the heart warms and a feeling of love grows  
A message from heaven whispers in the ear

Your season is here, you are living as you should  
It is all right, everything is all right  
You are in the palm of a hand  
Whose love is too great to comprehend.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Your Special Song

Hold a hopeful candle  
As you trudge along  
In the dark while seeking  
Your own special song

Trust that none is like you  
In the Maker's eye  
Trust that he will give you  
Songs to make men cry

Do not let big torches  
Draw you from your goal  
Shield that fragile flicker  
Pointing to your soul

Harbingers to help you  
Are waves, winds and birds  
Let them teach you music  
None has ever heard

When you find those rare notes  
Sent from up above  
Life's gates will burst open  
Bathing you with love.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Yuletide Decor

The toys were in the drawer  
all hid from nosy eyes  
until that Yuletide evening  
when elves in thin disguise  
of bearded men in sheepskin  
sneaked in like secret spies

With long and weblike fingers  
they pulled out all the clan  
of roosters, bears and chickens  
that dozed in sleepy torpor  
in cups and frying pans

They dipped the bunch in glitter  
and hot glued pearls and such  
upon that motley litter  
then stuck them on a fine tree  
with tiny birds atwitter

They jumped in fancy frolic  
to see this awesome sight  
to brighten Santa's visit  
the old and young awaited  
that very Christmas night

Remember all you munchkins  
consider untouched drawers  
where toys long to be noticed  
like they had been before  
and brighten Santa's chores

The toys were in the drawer  
all hid from nosy eyes  
until that Yuletide evening  
when elves that looked like spies  
or bearded men in sheepskin  
were angels in disguise.



# Zombie Ways

Treading on those darker roads  
Like a Zombie dragging loads  
Cruel pavement pounds in pain  
Hopeless hands bear pulsing veins

Alleys dim with beer cans strewn  
Living corpses leaving soon  
Heavy gates push down and shut  
Heaven's mercy long forgot

Treading on those darker roads  
Wily Satan grinning goads  
Rain washed refuse mirrors gloom  
Where no man escapes his doom

Treading down those darker roads  
Alleys pungent bloating toads  
Scratching webbed feet embrace  
Suffocating without trace

Walking down those darker streets  
Where night's vast dominion meets  
Sin and vice whose glitter fell  
On dank puddles straight from hell

Haunting still those darker ways  
When the world was one malaise  
Slimy bony fingers pulled  
Fragile souls last hope was culled

I remember Zombie ways  
How did I escape those days?  
Somewhere lies a beating heart  
Stepped on, broken, torn apart.

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Zoppot

It was Zoppot in the summer  
She was the beauty on the strand  
The air was filled with schlagers  
As she held a stranger's hand

They danced upon the crystal  
Lit from below  
And spoke of Pola Negri  
Where are they now?

She waited at the station  
Cloche, chemise and train  
Who would have guessed  
Her life would end  
Down a little country lane?

Lilia Talts Morrison

# Zoppot Holiday

The twenties smashed propriety  
Or what was thought the norm  
Much like the hotfoot FDR  
Gave Hoover's pomp and form..

Like lions who had been subdued  
Our women roared and then  
While smoking, drinking, playing cards  
They came to life again.

Yes, suffrage came, as come it must  
While segregation's door  
Was pried and pounded till at last  
All looked at freedom's shore.

A global war preceded this  
There had to be a change  
Just like the other global war  
Brought sixties to its fame.

But I digress, my purpose is  
To flash back to a time  
When Zoppot was the place to go  
On Poland's lovely shore

A bathing beauty, tanned and sleek  
Bobbed hair in flapper style  
Spent summer holiday abroad  
Turned men's heads with her smile

She lounged on Zoppot's famous beach  
And danced in clubs so sheek  
Glass floors were lit beneath her feet  
Sweet whispers cheek to cheek.

A little man did give his heart  
To this gal, fresh as dew  
Nor would she soon forget his love  
As time and memories grew.

'He was so kind, a gentleman  
He loved me more than life, '  
She told us sitting by the fire  
'But I would be Karl's wife.'

We children knew this story well  
Loved hearing it first hand  
Of mother and her youthful fling  
On Zoppot's golden strand.

Lilia Talts Morrison