

Poetry Series

Patricia Fritsche
- poems -

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Patricia Fritsche()

Ash To Ashes

As a child the sky was the ceiling

To everything

Starting to fill up fast

Upon the death of a loved one

The ritual of burial

Flowers strewn around

The drama of heavy eyes unfurling

The thing that was most important to me was escaping fast

As I chased the butterfly

Avoiding his landing

On the grave but, stayed with me

Choices began surfacing fast

As it left each space

No time to linger on and on

Time's irrelevancy turned around

Filling empty pages within this murky memory

Knowing the pain of loss

Would be there for me to swim through

Die a thousand times in the arms

Of all those reassuring hugs

Flashback videos in my heart and mind

Maybe, cremation wouldn't be bad after all

After twenty times of this playback

Of death of flesh so near it became clearer to me

Illusion to disillusion back to spiritual reality

Returning into peace where apple blossoms retire

Bulbs take a break for awhile

And refurbish the land again.

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Breeding

Stiletto

Roots

Give high rise view

Speared into

Ground

Dressed to kill

Heavy to bear on...

Only thing left

Bare in sight

Intentions loud

Coming on through

Dandelions happy

Speak up from wet and wild,

Yellow umbrellas

Gather momentum, again.

Do Your Thing

Twirl hair,

branches as combs

sift not fallen strands

of amber leaves drifting alone.

Hold an essence of cauldron dreams

golden sparkle and tangerine, too.

Stir an emotion still sullen and blue

until a walk in the woods of changing hues.

Take me away,

as silent chatter of bark is brushed,

so sweetly sensitive.

And, now, change performs

lighthouse signals

soil's stage mortally singing.

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Half Truths

Space retired itself, until

ready

to free boundaries of mere existence

it waited

with for broad arms

of courage and foresight.

To challenge itself more

just being in acceptance of good face,

that it could not get any better,

than presently felt.

Heated energies each pulsating star

winking back

to almost say in silent messaging

love the darkest of hours, that finds you.

Release the light

to make truth

become sentient in virgin passageway.

Guiding lost hope

back into retiring emptiness,

that seems to always figure out the locks.

To make its dark presence

be in firm clench

of mortal control

a presence yet known in transparency.

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Heavy Weight

As with most, or decisions

Lost with translation

Mending of broken glass

Glue of misdirected intentions

An image well spoken of meaningless worth.

Falling upon thirst

Puzzling ground in depth,

Regaining swords of consciousness,

Worth of price to forge within cosmic dust.

Cheeks of neon, comfort zones, open and close.

Questions flirt in evasive style,

Immortally braves...

In existence of tomorrow.

Nebula auditioning playing rainbow's rhymes

Diamonds strewn about felt in flight,

Space's open belly crest of light steering

The papyrus in strength of remembrance.

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In The Zone

i.

Can I lay

complacent, upon weary portals

visiting volumes views

yet unspoken for?

Of deeds turbulent thoughts

life

corking contents of each

until processing is ripe

on board this vessel of mine.

ii.

Channeling immortal, dry thirst

one of dusting

with champion of hope

geysers bolting commanding attention

iii.

as thoughts spews

between empty spaces

arrival's ovation

to be whole of itself gathering all questions.

iv.

Rungs of inspiration

climbing, clearing, coasting

to helm's halo, of light eternal,

I am in the zone.

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Looking Further

In retrospect

linear visions

may drag their feet

unless,

I am not so full

of myself

not to understand.

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Recharge

Like a daydream tired

from obsidian rafting

oars dig deeply refining

hope's challenge of us

sipped from

each open lip extending tidal of rising power

relaxing such wanting

but, still shy

from retiring dawn,

a vortex of thought behaves in humble muse

inhales the entrance, and coming.

When breath of fate reaches

our realm,

we are now

literate on chapter's brow

new inclusions of moment's end

the beginning of us.

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Rose Colored Glasses

Remember

the time

that of itself could be a milestone...

romance carpeting

fertile groundwork's effort

a garden radiating fidelity

rows of mutual compassion

having life of its own to sustain...

generating trust feeling its way,

that I have access my mind's eye

at anytime to see you, be as one,

for what you really are to me, evermore.

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Senses On Overdrive

i.

Obsidian night

slippers tread lightly on

orb returning cycle in line

dreams craving casting fate

obscure canals seen channel feelings

ii.

mimic sullen moods in mix

making headway's gain

playing into doubt's game, though,

straight ahead, or not...

iii.

getting through quick sand

lost thoughts tumbling in confusion

bellying up

effort extends stronger hands, now...

iv.

hope hearing tired beats echoing softly

ticking away

valuable seconds away

faith meets

her calling que before all trust ends.

v.

Yet. the moon stays peaceful

and unrestrained

until the morning sun tends to its flock,

still overwhelmed by it all.

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That Day And On

Butterfly

undresses art in motion's court

silk toes

eyes in sleeping limbs

touched.

Lantern of hope

pirouettes between shadow's shelf

tastes of honey dew

tipping scales

cycles

waits

tests not the shy, in candid changes.

Design strays not

mother nature reels

expressway

no concrete end

gate on the mark,

get set, and emulate

message of spirit

against any rock staring back.

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The Coldness Of The Embers

Fire always seems

To sear a molten forgiveness

Absolute denial

Flesh can hold no reign of power.

Nature allows shifting show

Silence hurts ironic episodes

Presenting themselves

Juncture in time.

Tides chaotic temperaments flow

A player, a message,

It bellies seducing the land.

Gigantic in scope

Lava spiraling draping veils of despair

No real time of gestation to truly know

Fertile anger, deep-seeded issues.

Masking soot's suffocation

Blind confusion

Self-doubts deliver

Within daily security's haven.

Constant rhythm kinship hazy

Next time volcano, brazen and bold

A small coin tossed in fountain's immortality

Your mighty strength playing out again,

Will not do for now, for earthly gain.

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Yin And Yang

Within ebony sleep

Within a peace

It can

Sire...

Biorhythm knows

Experience true

Moonlight deflects,

Waits again...

Solar

Beams

Tend

To its garden.

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