

Poetry Series

Scott Ransopher
- poems -

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An All New Poetry Thread, Adult Amateur sic Writers Emporium; [hon.]
November 19,2010 Poetic Skies Poem Of The Week Her Love Has A Cold Wet
Nose, May 15,2015, First weekly winner for Fortune Poets group A Soldier's
Fortune,2015 Poet of the year for Fortune Poets; [pers.] I write what I see in my
mind, what I feel in my heart, and what I know in my soul; [a.] Garland, TX

"Beaded, Shimmering"

Beaded, shimmering
Bright sunlit doilies of dew
Bless the dawning day.

Scott Ransopher

"Cancer"

Cancer is painful.
Is taking loved ones away,
Find a cure now; please.

Scott Ransopher

"Songs Sung By The Journey"

Songbird flies upon dissolving, white clouds,
Climbing and descending- windward, she sings,
Guided by moonlight when the pale night shrouds,
She flees from Fall's presence, and waits for Spring's.

Flocks of crickets, creek and croak to the dawn,
Calling anew the day- with past behind.
Away, like the crickets, day will pass on,
And new crickets croak to a new dawn shined.

The songbird soars through the pale, westward flights
Spying for her songs silenced by the breeze.
With her wings weathered by the endless plights.
Below, whistling winds dance about the trees.
Cricket's croak are swallowed by midnight's mouth,
While the songbird breaks night's wind to fly south.

Scott Ransopher

"There Once Was A Woman That Lived In A Booth"

There once was a woman that lived in a booth
She always knew what she was switching
Until she had a minor problem with her tooth
And after her tooth, she began twitching.
Now, you might think of this woman as crazy
But she had always done everything correct
And then one day she became very, very lazy
Until she lost track of the subject.
Then one day, the woman heard of a show
That needed someone to run the lights
So, she applied for the position, and they said "LET'S GO! "
But strangely enough the woman lost all her sights.
So, to make this long story seem so short;
If you had any twitching problems- "GO TO COURT! "

Scott Ransopher

A Girl

Yesterday her black hair flew with the wind
Her beauty he could not have just ignored
But her love he could not possibly win
He fears his heart could be sliced by a sword

Today he looks and could almost go blind
Her beauty improves it's never the same
Yet inside her soul is forever kind
He feels that this could all be just a game

Tomorrow she'll be yet more beautiful
Oh how he wishes that she could be his wife
But for her love he is not suitable
So in the end he'll have to end his life

For her love is so great he'll never gain
And in the end he could not find the pain

Scott Ransopher

A Hand For The Tears (A Villanelle)

Someone's hand through these long lonely years,
Can you see this heart that's torn inside?
It is filled, it's a cup full of tears.

Too many pains, sorrows, aches, and tears,
The heart is broken, the crack is wide,
Someone's hand through these long lonely years,

The heart was screaming, yet no one hears,
It gave up, it just sat there and cried,
It is filled, it's a cup full of tears.

The storm- it settles, the sky- it clears,
Help has come, stemming the hopeless tide,
Someone's hand through these long lonely years.

Out pours the heart to these lis'ning ears,
The river runs free it's not denied,
It is filled, it's a cup full of tears,

Brightness and lightness the heart now wears,
Where want and sadness you tried to hide? ,
Someone's hand through these long lonely years,
It is filled, it's a cup full of tears.

Scott Ransopher

A Sonnet For Today

A brand new day: This life's most precious swatch;
A doorway to the world they've yet to see;
An unusual page; another golden notch;
A challenge and an opportunity.
As she goes forth, this day, to meet her fate,
She wonders what surprise awaits her there.
Though fear and danger lurk outside her gate,
She shall persist and she will not despair.
Today she shall be constant in pursuit
Of lofty goals and fondest heart's desire.
With courage, work and confidence to boot,
She can succeed in all that she aspires.
With Love's help, she will seize this blessed day
And send misfortune on its wretched way.

Scott Ransopher

Answer: Love

Born of a virgin-
Crown of thorns, whipped, crucified-
All for you and her.

Scott Ransopher

Eclipse

Formed in ocean depths
Disdained cloud children
Eclipse Father Sun.

Scott Ransopher

For Frances II

The waltz music fills the room.
Their arms reaching in embrace;
Your smile is the dance.

Scott Ransopher

Georgianna Laid To Rest

Crushed Violets,
Silks turn from plastic stems
Limestone lost since spring.

Scott Ransopher

Her Goodbye

She thinks about you every day
It feels like she's having bad dreams
Why did you have to go away?
You've been gone so much longer than it seems
Dying is hard to understand
It made you glad when she stopped by
Seems like only yesterday she held your hand
She never had a chance to say goodbye
It won't be the same without you
Your finally has missed you for almost a year
Now that you've gone everyone is blue
To all of them you were so dear
She felt so helpless, but there was nothing she could do
And you know she'll always love you

Scott Ransopher

Ito, Lance

Has big pants
He got a lot of money
For sitting around looking funny

Scott Ransopher

Kids

Kids are fun,
They like to run,
In the sun.

Scott Ransopher

Labor Not

Labor not to be rich in goods below,
For who can grow in wisdom of his own?
And seek not that which men on you bestow
Of fortune, fame, and beauty they have sown.
But not your eyes upon his dainty meat,
For who can trust the veiling of the coat?
Speak not to him who wraps a package sweet
With hands of smoothness- feign, and foolish dote.
Instead, lift eyes- trust Him in yon above;
Apply thine heat as he instructs thy way.
Rejoice! Rejoice! He fills thy soul with love;
Imparts his knowledge rich- enough, each day.
Then, hearken now to them and rest sublime,
Forever in His presence- O joy- 'tis hers.

Scott Ransopher

London,1944:

Belly of the plane
With the weight of German bombs
Drops its deadly load

Scott Ransopher

Modern Haiku

Silver sky
A sparrow sips
From a crocus stem

Scott Ransopher

October Haiku

The Red Hibiscus
Makes her miss her lover's lips.
Ah! Fresh coyote tracks!

Scott Ransopher

Racing, Crashing, Pounding

The rhythmical thrashing, a surge in all;
The pace is sped up without an ending.
The feel: it seems to take a slight fall;
Racing: it's never been this deafening.
Crashing, pounding, it's complete in the blood,
Yet the power still feels useless...Creepy...
Is it horses' rhythmical pounding thud?
Or is it a black deathless heart that's breathing?
Lovely is how some shall prefer it;
He sees not why, he likes melancholy;
Then again and all will ever just fit,
Not all can see it as he, ...quite holy.
It is the voices and fears of men's plight;
It's what you call music, an awesome sight.

Scott Ransopher

Sea Shells

Her friend's long skirt makes plumes across the sand;
She lies here listening to the whispering sea
That sends its ancient answers far inland,
And tries to pull their meanings into her.

Elizabeth is bending near the shore;
She hums an aria from La Boheme
And is content to quietly explore,
Becomes all air and sunlight, hair to hem.

They've known each other long, full forty years;
They share the bonds of widowhood, the ache
Of bone-deep loss, of lonely nights and tears,
And rare compassion for each other's sake.

Where lives a friend like she whose laughter bells,
Who gives to her such pretty little shells?

Scott Ransopher

Silhouettes Of Mountains

When she alone drinks silver gray glowing
Clouds, sky, stars in silhouettes of mountains,
In sweet pure solitude, his joy brimming
Over the chalice with wine from fountains
Of fancy and words of all creation,
She thinks she can walk these hours with shadows.
Will you storm in with looming seduction
And rain bleak anguish outside her windows
To obscure her absorption of beauty?
She can't taste honeyed poison from nectar
And consume myths in search of ecstasy.
Shall she say that reckless path is better
Then season's steady course of solemn sense,
The faithful reminder of imprudence?

Scott Ransopher

Snow

The snow that falls so gently to the ground
Can do no harm, its form so soft, so fair
It comes about without a single sound
No matter when, how far away or near.
And yet as time goes by and hours pass
And winds begin to howl and whip and throw
The gentle snow begins to form a mass
Its gentleness it does no longer know.
How can this gentle beauty cause distress
That every thing must bow to let it by
For there is no control, to let it rest
Its wrath comes down upon them from the sky.
And so however fierce or gentle it may be
It is a white phenomenon to see.

Scott Ransopher

Sonnet No. Fifteen

Should he write like Robert Frost?
He searches within his heart
Looking hard for talent lost
Which might incite a start
From where does it come?
To pen such verse
So flowing to some
To others a curse
He wishes to know, seeking to aspire
To place his writing
On the muses fire
Hoping there to receive a knighting
Thus it is his poetic fate
To attempt and ponder how to create

Scott Ransopher

Stars (A Haiku Sequence)

Earthbound
From winter's bitter sky
A falling star

Wind tossed
Glittering stars scatter
Across the snowfield

Falling stars
Start their brilliant flight
April earth waits

Morning star
...In spring's greeting meadow
Last frost

Starlight
Shining on silver raindrops
Miniature worlds appear

Shining hopefully
Into the dusty window
Wishing star

Scott Ransopher

Suspense

From keep of stolid dark, a lawless knife
Dislodged reclusive shadows from the room,
Pried hapless calm and vexed day seeds to life;
Faint ends of yesterday, new, coarsely rued.
It stirred the stealth of hope she most esteemed,
So safely failed elsewhere; lulled from harm
Deigned if the eye should crack and wet should spring
Aloof dismay, fraught 'neath her proper charm.
Unschool'd when braving dull tears not to wet,
Who flesh or paltry shields prove less than fair;
So fierce this throe some early tempest set
On artless youth, it, since, enlisted her there.
'Til she knows why bleak folly plagues the sense,
'Side love, she shall e'er linger in suspense.

Scott Ransopher

The Dance Iii

Her costume sparkles as she waits to win
The music begins loud and very fast
She dances with a high kick and a spin
The look her face shows she's having a blast

The music takes a turn and slowly quickly
Seriousness replaces her smile
She's making her opponents look sickly
She feels as though she has run twenty miles

Then the music in a sweet love song
Her toe shoes carry her across the floor
Then softly you hear the sound of a gong
She looks as though she could fly out the door

Sweat very lightly forms upon her brow
She steps and gracefully takes a bow.

Scott Ransopher

The Day

People surround him, yet he's still alone.
He enjoys the dark, but he fears the light.
He once was warm, now he's cold to the bone
How can he possibly survive this night?
When all is stolen, wrong seems right.
His life is faded, not shiny and new.
Despair is here. He must concede the fight.
No tunnel of light to just pass on through.
No heaven or hell, so what should he do?
Days drag on as if he's barely alive.
Death is inevitable, harsh but true.
THE DAY is here, not a chance to survive
They said "You'll be great, " but that was a lie.
Once he was conceived he started to die.

Scott Ransopher

The Inherited Foolishness

Accidentally, supposedly
Discovering her shores, slowly, eagerly
Sowing your seeds, forcefully, brutally
Raping her grounds, incessantly, foolishly
Damaging her gifts, regardlessly, wantonly
Filching her goods, unintentionally, unknowingly
Wasting her resources, apathetically, disturbingly
Realizing their errs, remorsefully, apologetically
Attempting to change, timidly, reassuringly
Learning to teach, respectfully, peacefully
Adopting their lives, knowingly, assuredly
Living as equals, naturally, intimately
Loving her, endearingly, continuously,
Inherently, eternally.

Scott Ransopher

The Seasons (In Haiku)

Spring

Ice melts. Pods explode seeds
Robins dine on Spring's larder.
Faith reaffirmed.

Summer

Garden war! Blooms vie for sun.
Marigold win in
Pungent skirmish.

Autumn

Crisp and brittle, leaves whirl color.
Long shadows say
The party's over.

Winter

Snow gentles the earth.
Come stars- shine ways through
Their drifts- that they may
Find peace.

Scott Ransopher

Untitled Lxv

Tomorrow is gone
As twilight becomes darkness
Their lonely travels.

Scott Ransopher

Untitled Xxv

Clouds lazily float
Like piles of driftwood looking
For a resting place.

Scott Ransopher