

Poetry Series

Tajma Hall

- poems -

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Tajma Hall(01-15-1976)

~ I Am Blues ~

you row in an escape
in a sense resent me
gasping I left with no clothing
you watch me nakedly
I have eyes that taught me
you'd turn away
I shackle on to your memories
fading I am better off
than when we were close
your voice thunders in my head
is all I speak of
you- over and over again

I cry out
for you to come here
with me its no secret
I'd freely shout your name
the clouds presently
are not as beautiful as you
do you have to ignore me?
or may I propose this pleading
for your heart in the October sky

wish you'd stop and think
for dear me vanishes
with every chance I get
calling on your considerations
that please I phone
you are as mysterious
as a cloud leavens
due to the raindrops
holding a love letter
to be sent as soon as
the atmosphere shakes off moisture
my proposal burning in my hand

Tajma Hall

A Dark Night

I've a dark night
from yesterday I madly wreck
my internal works
overturn the pillow
I sigh- glare at the wall
I'm mad about you
at you; for the best of me
cannot escape the draw
if I picture frame
you would who I paint
caressing me to insanity
either part sounds like
a compromising position

Tajma Hall

A Lesson With God's Nature

What does God mean to me
He is more than a friend
for He troubled with me
I am not that faithful nor He would have left me
He keeps coming back to me
I ask why Lord? Why me? He never answers with words only in deeds
I feel the more need to prove I can take it
My faults mount above me as He digs deep to find me
Then suddenly its just Him
I am surrounded no more in pain
but by the joy He visited me in my moments weakness
where I am least loved

Tajma Hall

A List

a flower
a pot
a moment
a thought
a pause
a second
a date

Tajma Hall

A Maniac Lesson

I hold out
hoping for your hand
I would trade a thought
for any number of times
I said your name
is till this breath
catches a soft crease of your hair
I am your maniac
flowers gently flow
no longer than I kiss your face
crowding the fear
you might disappear
I rebuke any rejection
that climbs resentment
my mind is out
my love, faith is holding out
hoping for your hand

Tajma Hall

A Tree To Me

is a tree a book of food or more than a piece of wood
in a nook or by a road next to that truck
can i ride on your crooked limbs or ask for a kidney

Tajma Hall

A Wheel

My clouds upon
in this wheel
I feel free
from a sharp wonder
this land I be
in not a touch
of disbelief
-a cloud as rest above
I rise from beneath

Tajma Hall

Atlas

This I ponder, sit, fish and mood
my better acquaintance with time
across this universe I travel
not with much in time I ravel
many degrees I trapped inside a hole
mind-body-heart the vessel
my soul filled with more time
until I noticed no more

Tajma Hall

Audience

my chair from my chair
i write to you
me leaving for seconds
you my picture
to paint sounds in your head
i do whisper

Tajma Hall

Birth Of A Flower

a sunshine flower needs to exist
many roads traveled
the hardness of rock
shaped differently
than that a symbolic rose
and my sunshine flower needs to exist

Tajma Hall

Blank

I am slowly dying
I rather be alone
my fantasies ran out
I am left with no hands
I am here
I judged and became judged
I would rather run out
than give anyone a chance
to persuade my ill matched soul

Tajma Hall

Bread

brown
is my dust that trails
this lacking earth
yellow
ties a ribbon on a tree
hoping that thou
art set free
red
is the mark to the crossroads
a color in front of salvation
you must see

Tajma Hall

Breaks

i hope upon a sparkling mist
bridge at dew point north
unlike me i cast
is as if a shield
my feet upon covered sand
the ocean waves break
wrestling with a constant
i struggle to compromise

Tajma Hall

Brilliant Eyes

i cannot muster suddenly
i cause breaks
enough to speak
shoulder blocks
shuffle shores
she mark on a whisper
the shore close on mark
horizon barking on tide
our relationship in distress
hem the bow with string
i'm in need of mending
she call on me near
intent on her warm smile
brilliant eyes, were mesmerized

Tajma Hall

Carelessly

the lady fell in step
a fellow blindly asks
children dance in the rain
we are in a position
wake my deaden eyes
dance by the fire light
I can still remember
years I have spent
those I ignorantly loved
to whom I have loved
ignorant of their cares
she fault on a step
he opens his eyes
the children are chased
in from the rain

Tajma Hall

Celebrate

seeing the sky
I ask why
sky with its wonder
cannot name you
you soar more than on wind
heart a window to a soul
the only light
that streaks across the sky
a place high for your name
yet still all in place
no matter what way the wind blows
a soul will find a brightness
covering over your name

Tajma Hall

Chalk Of Tears

you can cause me to speak
what words would you have without me
when the bird sails whispering to the sky
hide and seek among the trees
dancing choo-choo train on the leaves
would you catch me in flight
wipe the tears streaming my eyes
waiting for a reply
you are spirited
why bark at the moon
if you would hand me that knife
I'd carve a frame, pray you best wishes
be on for the night
never bother with good-bye
whistling on past the leaves lasso the wings of departs
having no other part of words, spoken less
proving more of a point to say many things
I rest myself by the fire caught on words
as some are caught I am slightly warm in this drift
alarmed but not cross you rest far away from me
but each tear is warmed by your thoughts

Tajma Hall

Choice Daylight

we drawn on a smile
a lake in drift with bliss
the preceding stormy
mountain road- steams
we clung in tight
for there was danger
I, your wounded animal
swagger in symptoms
that we both predestined
the other night is yet real
before the daylight
I dream of you
holding me in a cresting
position- us fanciful
we would never freeze
this lake full of blissful
considerations

Tajma Hall

Cigarette And The Guitar

The guitar and cigarette burn melodically
I sit in the lounge hoping to train myself
No sitting in the lounge before the show starts
under my breath a few sad whispers
I wipe my hand on the fitted jeans I wear
smearing them with cigarette ashes
very few fallen to the ashtray
engulfed with the music- I stir- waiting for the melody to stop

Tajma Hall

Cinder

The cinder pots chide
in day among the sprouts
I hide
you an amazing sparkle
having touched upon grace
I am no longer gentle but warm
to reach the dust
I incline that I must
never part with this day
my best knit wishes
for closet fame in the murk
is the endless dust I puff
off your footsteps through my heart

Tajma Hall

Cloud Nine

the day fills more often than I have seen
my life is with the clouds
romantically pitched into a dream
I rise the more with fitted interest
high above the earth an arching sky
lost in many worlds I rest in the place
where doves are the envy
castaways those who have no wings
I am drawn to make beautiful
whatever is lost in the dawn
waking this most awesome notion
that days are forever granted
despite clouds covering me from being so small
there is also a wind that is present
gathers me in the clenches
thus this is like the dream
I am then naked to the earth
without the billow of sunshine
darting my gaze happening to the life
I have mostly dreamed away

Tajma Hall

Comply

The dust blindly
a fine hair
out of place
my hunger rolled
deep in this mirth
turn on my blank shield
I ruffle my crown
shift focus
a gray shirt open
to advice I blink -stare
my wrist golden retriever
within my looks
ready to face
out of place

Tajma Hall

Content

I love to be loved
I sit nervous
left with crackling thumbs
my fingers work
wonders why I haven't still
asked of the stars
what beloved does fall
from the sky I beckon
loving to be loved
slave to spousal duties
conflict with the prim
properly I ask of thee
tonight I wish not; why be
alone I again, wait on
this nervous ending
of a confident plea
in hopes of discovering
a love just for me

Tajma Hall

Cool Chatter

thoughts spring and delay
in fountains pure train
glistens like wet clay
caption off with punctuation
flaring in the matter
subspecies to action
simply put mover of the natural
held by the chances
that logically doesn't matter

Tajma Hall

Dark

The sea upon me
people see this wash on me
wishing I crept into light
this grief shades not this
only fades into the night
in those grief shades
slept in darkness
awaking within a gray drift
cold the in between
on my face held brown eyes
only to hold alone
I conquer the night
dreaming of light tommorrows
landing me between
a sweet remembrance
covering my body
shackling this grief
I pull the shades off cold and dark

Tajma Hall

Day

day comes bright
day comes blue
day came gray
a day spot on you
sunshine bright thistles
clouds solemn whispers
rain columns combine
a day spring for us both
hatch a chances are either one

Tajma Hall

Doused Rain

this vivid day
spare me take my hand
miles of many smiles
I am across seas, broken land
I am fancy laid
the relief in view is spare
for the breaking showers
you dow me in love
blue in the view
is the countenance arise
to sweetly kiss upon unchartered isles

down spot mark

you raise in caress
I embezzle the nook crest
tying much with best smiles
in the end this vivid day
recaptures our new measure
for in the distance I felt raindrops
their token is forever lost
in the doused rain

Tajma Hall

Dream

I dream in day
I dream at night
my dreams rise and fall
like the beating of my heart
easy to make
yet hard to be taken
never stop this dream
reaching out to me
day or night

Tajma Hall

Dry And Hurt

the desert it seize
you ring in the desert
with its sea
drown a tie
with it string
a hope suffering
no longer bleed
gush I gown
love rushes fro
loose that string
the mad to shore
unawares the desert
does swallow a tree
fellow that mends
only wanting of a breeze

Tajma Hall

Dust Settles

My ending
with time; it ran out
no further than it began
to give birth
though the dust
settle on the earth
I found a life
led with raft
many a woe
had to settle
the drifting grains
that mark a harvest
now in store
I plot to live
outside they mark on
the grave a sign
for rendering lifeless
is not a choice
I have best to make
of a situation and escape
my character flaws
from the origin
I had since birth

Tajma Hall

Enrich

we've done
by the fire light
not just when
I handled you a rose
only in my daze
days seem endless
that I mark myself
happy, in luck, blessed
forever I claim
this enveloping love

Tajma Hall

Enroll

err I bumble
this clad wiser woe
to or more - a pair
muck on soul
lifted brows
kinda like fell
at James Dean picture show

with a sky like that
I stumble
squints a impressive
sigh

move any closer
I lie down in the street
little less reality
more dreams
I would sleep

if heaven is a knocking
earth is a rocking
so many prayers
we constantly waiver
thrown on golden streets
for at the throne
Jesus sits

Tajma Hall

Face

you are so lovely
as one counts the moon
so ahunger am I
as one with no spoon
by many a fairy tale
life has less room
to suck me blind
of having sight of you
I crawl around with little spaces
making room with only glimpses
of all the moments I spent
glaring in your face
I shield not from cold nor from the night
the light of your love and the guided
shield of your face

Tajma Hall

Flowing Wit

late evening pockets this way
cool shells in the bright echoes
ripples the ends of a shout
lasting through the night
sky in swirl as a child
upon a sea is the wind
as much bright as the noise
from a heavy autumn day
shaking its tailcoat inviting
us into a warm house~

Tajma Hall

Free

price a mile
wood willows by
concert a flower bed
a concern to empower
flock by the sea
a dove is rose
I champagne those
whose champion is rose
by mile and mile
the bird goes
meter a feather
bend as though free

Tajma Hall

God Loves A Rose

I cry with the trees
their breeze adopted me
sadly we both have leaves
in a garden flow
my fellow dreams
unfolded rose
grows out of me
though the fear of rejection
I embrace with thorns
my hugs hurt and are clumsy
God loves a rose
garden me I run from
the distant thunder
fearfully intent
on embracing the Father
with my drizzled stem

Tajma Hall

Gone

neither by which is or know
it does not seem
truth has stood here before
a young heart, or a lion
took to capture this hope
link in, link a hand above this rope
one width this part
clasp - and clasp

Tajma Hall

Ha!

crest
the barely clothes
my fruitful stage
color sparkling the center
my bubbling character
flows.....

Tajma Hall

Held

today i drifted upon
the summer glare
on the trees held an expression
though many times i least
have to walk upon grass
my footsteps fall
with a start - call
remember that i am here
never alone

Tajma Hall

Hollow

a night crawls
compared to light
is night slumbering like a~
yet sprinkling the end of day
much need of sleep
from days that pass
not much faster than night
my mind inks and dips
in the slumbering rain
of night rays escaping whose
~thought a curious pose
as I travel in the night
asleep in my bed

Tajma Hall

Human Clay

This whereby I fly
I come around
sometimes I have been so high
much less settled in
I know, more so rustled
since my time began
I rook, tis an evil pawn
rinse above this surface
I am gathering in these wings
stroke of having never luck
I am blessed more the so
for by my name
I am so called
the dust of wind

Tajma Hall

I Am Cold

shadows drift apart
that leaf it blows
i stand here
my arms fold

Tajma Hall

I Am Weak, A Whimp Of A Child, Scared And Vulnerable

Nor a passage of scripture
written I mark blindly
the pages seem to reappear
stab my legs with health
so I wonder around
yet more water drops
on my head; squinting
I drown in your spit
I am weak
a whimper of a child
scared of running
vulnerable to the wind
that I fall down
read a passage of scripture
creating a difference
yet the early sun
rose on my dispensing sadness
I believe appearing at the
onset of my childhood

Tajma Hall

I Jealous Over You

I do my best
yet you never notice
me in that I chest
on color and blue
I get sad
that none other would
I grape on despondent
picturing in light- a hue
that settles on my eyes
I engulf a gulp
in essence a departure
never one could
latch me except
the One who makes
me; Me in you

Tajma Hall

I Love The Brokeness

I am pleased
you'd come back to me
I speak out; name
love could hurt more
I am best in pain
no more tears
settled my barrel is full
your eyes dance before me
mine start to drench
in missing you
I swim- I pool
together we once were
I thought a smile
meant some connection
pity me what a fool? !
empires lie in ruin
Can love break and mend?
yet at the same time purify and cool? !

Tajma Hall

I Love Thee

fresh rain
love to reflect about
you for one
are better than the moon
with its beckon
I have to
lighthouse
I trail the open seas
searching for not one
becoming two
reasons
I dearly cross
not one land
but also the sea

Tajma Hall

I Surrender

I love a sad darkness
no light which covers me
can reach the depths
yet still know me
that I love those
life has lesson with blows
only a mark of them
carry on for they learned
a stiff upper lip
equals a bloody nose

Tajma Hall

Inspire

Arise the spirit quicken in the dusk of sunsets

*****INSPIRE*****

Tajma Hall

Love

How could you be so cruel
Banish this blade tempest
E'er so slightly over my mirth
I bow the strength to conquer
My desires succumb
over an hour of time
Who conquers you love?
With cruelty spilling in my blood

Tajma Hall

Love Note And The Necklace

a necklace in that I handle
is lace for a pursuing is hung about
sip in delight in the cup
we mate on love gather a swoon
a love note I write
such crawls with space
that we march tithe this race
neck on neck
we tie in a kiss
like a nuisance sprawls
never once have I bothered
to ask for more
a night we share
no interruptions
or in a spell I stand up
as the hour calls lately we drift
on sparing the evening
somehow lifted past
our bodies in the wait
a message is in the lesson
that we speak neither promises
yet heard is a tone
that we should not part
due to the lightening bolts
in ear- the whisper chalice
that chains in lavish earthly
rings a present
a love have in rest
with the other people
people who stand in line
for perhaps a chance
to write or spell a love that promises
on everlasting the purpose that grows
on throughout adulthood
a promise is make
of the last made
is startling the copier
made a flying
off we never handle

angels our carrier for the promises
that take action over the judgment
taken at the foot
of these endearing words
written in letters

Tajma Hall

Lovely

sunny delivers the
butterfly it wonders
fray the wind
catapults
fling and sits on a branch
hatches my softest rule
cleverly more I focus
wind slaps against
my face
walking by the Holy Ghost
gently places the hair
from the sight in my eyes

Tajma Hall

Mach 18

caught in a dimension
I am slowly drifting from within earth
my quickness no longer needed
yet just out of range of light
I infused with the lands
waving them back and forth
so entranced I happen to uncover a key
planted firmly between heaven and hell
what used to shape from roots like trees
this key dispelled this much more to me
in relaxed spirits I went in search for any door
within the dimension that would uncover my trials
show them something deep within my eyes
neither existed past the ending of light

Tajma Hall

Mad Hats

when my heart does
it bleed on resentment
I resent having ever borne
this heir I take in
that I better known
yet as chills me
that I have frontal
lobes that are damaging
and, but, still remember
whereas is left of hatting
madly I strike at the air
that fill my whereabouts

Tajma Hall

Mind, Milk Bottles, The Soul

am I to see
across my eyes mind in tow
desert seas less bottom
honey to the soul
drops bottom out milk bottles
freezing winter cold
dripping starts to bother
I neither see or know

Tajma Hall

Minute

a minute
flushed with space
of seconds
a second dies younger
than a minute has hands
a second- pause
minutes in silence
reflect man a homage
for his fellow, God, and land
a minute
its last stand
fighting for peace
to own fame
unconsciously thrown away
a bottle
overflow with a fleck
of menial time
desiring yet lacking
a second its cost
my minutes
slip away

Tajma Hall

Mistakenly Breathtaking

a ray at night
call me
I am the one
entice no shimmering hope
with laughter
light crack
peering over a leaf
dependency rampages
that leaf
desperate actions
accuse the one
shadow of trees
fall a ray
placed in a realm
darkness set a backdrop
that hope sparkles more
.clearly.

Tajma Hall

Moments Bleak

timed shore moments bleak
climb saunter soak in sheets
i watch your eyes, they mesmerize me
i couldn't put it better if i spoke
i spoke what better eyes
my speech broke
i still have those
timed moments on shore

Tajma Hall

Morning!

me thinks
is well my occupation
on to the kitchen
the coffee brew
this morning
my hair clung
face in two spoons
whatever thought I
sprung a night slumber
other dreams remain
its still nice to sleep
I fling dear relaxing hints
this morning

Tajma Hall

My Bed

I have come to the night
perhaps less fitting for the occasion
than if I came in the light
more prepared in clothing

I enter into the bedroom
nothing surprising - a bed
so I peel back the covers
enter a dream world- my head

Tajma Hall

My Crying Side

I am about to cry
Why? you'd hurt me inside
I cover my eyes
seeking shelter from this feelings
I blanket emotions
so no one can outside me
get the best of what
I am trying to hide
from myself one
but mainly you
so you will not hear
my weaken cries
attempts to shelter
my feelings are dependent
on you the source of my crying

Tajma Hall

My Rain

gray matters, inside my pen
i write the sublime sunshine
inking across the sky
speaks of a manuscript
words crest over with tears
the pellets dropp on the head
stinging the saddness
deeply inching across our faces

Tajma Hall

My Sunrise

love develops where we stand-
down this scene
covered with trees
daylight streams
in meadow brooks
the gentle sound
took away my breath
for landed in between
my most held promises
along this scape I dream

Tajma Hall

No Need

though he would
foster best attempts
that should he
though he shoulder
at does; lack this bowl
on whether for intent
thoughts that clever
his flawed best interests
a faulting behavior
cement this empty
drawn soul nor need
a charted mounting
yet clever as gold
is in a sense
his best chance

Tajma Hall

None

my twilight, the dance (off balance feet)
cloudy day outside mirk
then under my navel
my off balance feet
walk pour me singing

Tajma Hall

Oh! The Just

I in joy awe
a whim bird lay poise
due to rich
cornered as lovely rays
smile on me
a dole engulf the channels
I turn around
in love with my wife
nor does it spake
through a radiate churn
about a high
thrown in trout
salmon slinking esteem
my dearly reinforced
team that makes me
smile the more brightly

Tajma Hall

Out Of Pocket

on top a brink
in the sink
on the shadows
rest a world
ease your woe
in a bit, maybe later
you will know
ye are the created
not the other way
you travel in high class
only you ticket by
the street- paving poverty's
loose change

Tajma Hall

Part Of A Year

dust darkly settles
and the bees
peak but not on mountains
in some flowers
rest an ease
that would a spider
raise some hairs
around here we march
no band or mark sleeves
my rainy due
to the lack of moist
cotton, you sneeze
God bless the trees
that give a heat
a chance to shed
autumn came around
this late part of a year

Tajma Hall

Quicken

this deadly force
produce winds
the discontent
cord a constant
of other day
we pick the field
a breeze
though the park
is in shambles
a contrast
we pick the pieces
a joy to proclaim
we carry on
the evolving
beat of rain
wheel
pound our face
skull the land
until a night
sleep tight
as starry eyed
the post description
yet mark a future
in driving home
buckle up
can save lives

Tajma Hall

Season

Woodland instruments play
the day is gold
have not to despise
our creatures unfold
light drizzles beyond sunshine
its gift a burden lifted
which in is harmony
there is the wind
strides seldom waiting on matters
copper strips hiding
in the vast season grow
turning down the isle
footsteps in the grove
whistle pass as you go

Tajma Hall

Since I Last Laid Eyes

I see the dawn
I hear the birds sing
I hope everyday faith will bring you near
maybe on the dawn of the day
I hear the birds sing
I talk ever so softly as I say this prayer

Tajma Hall

Slayer

My dry fist
faced with full expression
along this ties fisted chain
lock this grip
I search in the covers
me down in twists
convulsing with pain
the pleasure I adore
the more twist in my chain
a mind in cellar
no cops a plea
just me in the covers
I flee
today amber
tomorrow.....
Sat fits in rows

Tajma Hall

Soft Day

this cloud a name
guide me in the reins
nestle in soft blue hugs
crisp sky as morning doves
this eye in dotted frame
in much love asleep
name a rainbow's name

Tajma Hall

Somewhere

come here, I ask
I call on more than powers
that invoke rotation of the earth
you'd love me this May
spring it happen once
wind is up
toward the clouds
my thoughtful wishes
come down by the first
April a day filled
with the fool in paradise

Tajma Hall

Strike Me, I Down

the dust does spider
shadow my fonder
for you it gave
to sit and wonder
no better mark at blues
this electric blueprint
your trail leaves me dusted
in that I loved your eyes
for in them I trusted
you tumble leaves drop
I mark to gather
my heart; bent
to return your eyes
leaving me this sadden known

Tajma Hall

Struck

darted a bow a lonely walk
although under my coat that arrow struck
dear smile of love beautiful stone
this song stays on me
shine bright and fast
health is strong I pal around - creep
her downs have bound me alone
not as desparate my spirit wronged
I broke out of emptiness
eyes bewildered me be blind
might you notice in my words or speech
fallen in drops the written pens
black warmth love the day I met with

Tajma Hall

Summer Fair

The summer fair
they turned us to friends
grade a glad list us
more of a cold night
summer missed us

than dates soon illicit
the memory in the brain
basil that fits, turn in sleep
more summer will
about a ferris
late evening
summer night

day broke and rose us
brandy and color
spirit this light dense
rainfall
showers the cumbersome
sedate a moon in show
treats shine as mirrors
slowly turning to the white of snow

pale pumpkin
fall blends the seed shells
slang tickets buy the seashore
coupled hands
the team of fresh peanuts
covering the ground
in fits like rain

a day that is easy
using the ground as a blanket
no blanket
no bed
rest our easy summer

Tajma Hall

Swimming Hurt

emerald light crosses the jaggedness
memories fade watching you
drive me bittersweet
home to a dreamed poet
glancing all the heart survive
now silence screeching to a halt
my scattered dreams lay bright
by the echoes tied to the bundles
the bundles I spoke of love
I do battle and dream only that everyday I survive

Tajma Hall

Talk

we've seen we had
what better to picture
our handle on grace
puts in terms my very main
exits to states
governing the least
no place on this road
tender hugs lost glory
we've seen we had
this is the story
if I may act bold
startle you how
the way a seed plants and grows
deep inside now
grace chatters with me

Tajma Hall

Thank Flannel Sheets, Pillowcases, And Bedfellows

all much about you
she folds in
flannel sheets blanket
she folds all much
about you came
flannel sheets blanket
we drift apart
with like little spaces
until a big gap is there
laid all bare between the sheets
and then pillowcases our fall
from the graceful embraces
of talking to one another
to facing back to back
sighing in the pillow
grappling the ends of covers
still sharing space- very little rest
though in a sleepy daze
tossing and turning, insisting
the bedfellows safely end the night
unharmd from the cold of a lonely heart
for yet another time

~aroused an interest as the sun peeks to ease buds from the tender
earth to tip and rise to life~

Tajma Hall

The Argh! Poem

Argh! Argh!
I have argh!
Argh? have seen
Argh! to the resent...ring in
Argh!
Uh? what we here for?
Aah~ I have fortunated
in this Argh.
I Argh! You

Tajma Hall

The Bird And The Sunlight

the bird and the sunlight lay at the neck of a tree feathers in a breeze the bird
drags throughout the tree gathers the bird releases just as the creature
strikes out suddenly calm and beaming with light the tree in sparkling rays
her nest resting to wait return bird now in perch this house its roof
sealed with light the sun is starting to shout
above the bird's perch

Tajma Hall

The Candlestick

Coves covered with moss
steamy river beds
a mark to the lost
the ship points north
down
in the cabin
I have yet a candlestick to run across
my attentions sails elsewhere
that bird lapping
intruding my thoughts
my mind eye wonders
back to that night
we both covered in the dark
searching each other
our faces
with no candlestick for light
I'd close my eyes
.....still exist

Tajma Hall

The Danger

Tonight I am closer
perhaps more of a correspondence
I let out more than a sigh- possibly I
bare more in this letter that I dare relieve in person
the night affects me so
if the wind goes by unnoticed only because you cannot see it
then I too am the barer of its same origin
and if light by the wind then more soon uncovered in the dark
I speak of this in total meekness not wishing to be seen
More closer tonight than in my lacking past attempts

Tajma Hall

The Leaves At All

the leaves
remarkable how they never stay
about their promise for a breeze
the leaves are bound to spend the night
sleeping on a doorstep
or in some winter's way

we found in leaves
no one to come home to
the former in trees

softly clasped in prayers
at night we cover up
to slightly
leave a day that will never be
reaching for our correspondence
so our dreams won't leave us
without another day

we found in leaves
no one to come home to
the former in trees

branching out of fear
leaving former unknowns
so as not to despair
we hope the leaves
come back to give
their covering for the next year

Tajma Hall

The Light

Heaven will let us
will not chance it
how winter turns everything cold
yet we all know
a season will not end until one is lost
in the days and nights
home to those troubled souls
Is there still sunshine on-
the weak prevent a delay from angels
twisting this thing up side down
turning a sinner's chances toward light

Tajma Hall

The Nest

Will issues of love flow?
My heart and mind channel across
steady rivers in constant touch
with me breathing love
its sweet kiss upon my lips
I speak as though it never happened
love twine in me as cloth from cotton
Top to bottom, seed and fruit
~ Rotten~
I spoil everything I wish
as all is forgotten desires
to succeed as my very need

Tajma Hall

The Night

I drift from this day
in a better mends
I choose to say
my bed a cloud
often struck by wind
I blow in from the past
as though my last
breath is fallen
upon the pillow

Tajma Hall

The Sky Is Covered

land caress the clouds
the rain to send
i beg your hand
i miss you truly
forcing back this need
to drift on loving you
my eyes to the sky
a heavy, dark melody
the clouds send the rain
i trek upon your laughter
its gyser pulls my chain
as a sudden cast alarms me
your smile is the rain
i love you
the moment shoots across the sky
my outstretched hand
too lonely i close both hand and eyes

Tajma Hall

The Untitled Title

stone and plate full
kept in laughter
Why the moon?
I rise from the night
promise a great secret
laughter hurts when it bubbles
spills any hope caught
up in the sky
a bird- while I fly off
that pull in a poet
nowhere does it state
you must listen
bend your ear
jump in the deep ends
settle a rainbow
make your promises straight

Tajma Hall

This Poem

this poem
or rather a song
from the heart
does not my body bleed
I have yet to soul
or know what it means
that she escapes me
is it not my heart, mind?
please tell me
my eyes despise the hidden
a counterpart to the hands
I see a clock its tick
warning me that time
escapes into eternity
rise a question?
do not block the sun
it rays of light
shun so I can see
my soul
is as a child
young - proper
on the emotion level
of about a three...

Tajma Hall

This Sleep

sadly I face laughter
with my sad face
deliver remains
of those happen days
a droop now darkens
while yet I slumber
a bad dream
this nightmare reappears
in my sleep I swat out
murmur, 'not me'
turn noisome bothers
roll out of bed
a certain deadness
in my stress
full of sleep
from real happiness

Tajma Hall

Tokens

night time breath in
sunshine breath out
heartbeat aim your light
some start with a call
some end in a fight

rose the plight
in merry May is the sunlight
some have hid in a bush
some ran to and met

Tajma Hall

Touch

fidgeting in the pouring rain
light touch I box in
except close- I notice
I blink by the eyes
shelter past nod
this evening I rest
folding paper with my hands
reads this need to resist

Tajma Hall

Town Square

His in this we betray
as does the lovely
truth in touch- a sense
we finger past a less
becoming page our index
rose a heat climbing
team a blood boiling
that would hate ever end
those quench a cover
loose-leaf He faces
nor squanders yet
reads every page
dictation...our story

Tajma Hall

Tracks

Tires my luck is out
searching for me I suppose
My chin up about my profile
you'd notice I grow
not depart yet gone
far away the train
leave me alone
reason to believe
I was meant
to full steam

Tajma Hall

Twine Of A Lover

lover
in battle or height
the ground is cover
the rain slight
love is a chance
a glance at forever

atop a brink
the thirst I adore
climb in a glass
are we more
for we bask
in our major affections

no need of bread
we fall to the ground
the world instead
you are my mound
the earth I burrow

Tajma Hall

Vest

I humble aloud
the loud colors of pride
hail winter snow
peak mountain mist
cloud my thunder
tie my wrist

Tajma Hall

Wagon Box Square Knockers

she trail in grace
a host among the thorn
a question on face
we battle- we yet horn
the trees lack a daisy
thus a bridge
in a gap is lazy
rigor the untamed- our ridge
in a danger of exit
the best have kept
I am help but resist
this tangled graceful two step

Tajma Hall

War

please tell me if peace
comes in a fleece
as white as snow
the major cover for spots
that blanket the wool
a savior for all we know
His gown our garden to
fleet the eastern wind
come off the coast
of Africa our beginnings
find reason to end our woeful
stark and sought
nakedness of war

Tajma Hall

We Dream

turn of midnight
the light of day
fresh scrubbed and pulling her covers
leaving room for the night
who comes to bed bright and early
so as not to disturb the children
their love both hot and cold
the children are the water
surrounded by nature and dreams
the earth instead of destruction
it holds the water
that make the streams
that streams from rain
a cousin- their cloud brothers
who cover light
and her lover the night
as we fall asleep to the rain
□

Tajma Hall

Wish You Were Here

gone are the days
now cold cumbers
left a remarkable maze
~ from the beginning
 I loved you
 now at a point
 to throw it all away~
so hurt the breeze of November
I cover from the cold
 alone
back on the track to sanity
comforted by the sad arms of
 December

Tajma Hall

You Figure It Out

you hate me
i love to hate you
why chase away?
my heart runs out
to catch with the game
you beat me like a rag doll
tearing my stuffing
though imagined it is
suffering
i fend off your thoughts
hoping once more love
will cut- sprout
my already bleeding heart

Tajma Hall