

Poetry Series

**Val Brooklyn Rogers**  
**- poems -**

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# Val Brooklyn Rogers()

At age 23 I managed to write what I considered to be a Satisfactory piece of art. I can't remember the exact Title. It started with: a dimpled splash of gray on  
A frigid November MORNING

The BEST day of my life was February 17,1966 I was Born a being of human descent destined for literary Greatness of some TYPE, the elusive DESTINY OF most Poets.

I enjoyed a fantastic childhood, became an amateur Poet and published a TREASURE TROVE of poems on Poetry soup website. I also hold the copy writes To several other poems on My WORD wizard website.

I have not yet experienced the fame I hunger for. Nonetheless for effort sake. I will travel the Streets of poetry until I discover my own private Avenue.

# A Flower Is A Rose Is A Flower

There my dear  
Gentle bender of my hearts light  
We both saw one another true  
I saw in you a REGAL BLUE  
WE both saw a FLUENT brew  
You are a majestic ROSE  
And no one knows  
Disguised as a flower  
I read every VELVET petal.  
A secret book  
A luminescent LOVE story.  
Your FLORAL mannerisms are so  
Comely and fluid.  
Your spirit is electrically warm  
Tender is the LIFE.  
Then at that time does DEATH  
Extend its harm?  
And at the end of life it does  
Not PRETEND,  
A FLOWER IS STILL A FLOWER AT THE  
END IT'S A ROSE STILL A FLOWER

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# A Love Note To My Fairest Dearest One

I can't wait to steal your gentle gaze.  
How I miss the wind between each strand of your soft hair.  
And the golden gasp of mist on your breath.  
I yearn TO kiss your love stained supple cherry lips.  
SIP by sip by sip.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# A Twisted Spring In Bloom

A freshly frosted rose  
Starry summer skies  
Tasting a glistening snowflake  
Singing acappella of love  
The twinkling of a million  
Billion stars  
A RAINBOW soaking up a perfect  
Sunset

NATURE LOVES spring in bloom

The TRICKLING of dew drops  
At the bursting of spring  
Season.  
Strolling down by the  
Tepid LAKE WATCHING every  
Rose bloom. Each one at  
Its assigned time. None  
To soon.

Sing everything a love  
Song. Aching to watch an  
Early moon cast its blue  
Shadow.

Palms Perspiring at the  
Thought of holding hands.  
Feel the heat of a roaring  
SUNRISE

These are the things that remain  
Merely for NATURAL satisfaction  
Of a twisted spring in bloom

Val Brooklyn Rogers

## A Winding Road

I walked pass myself today.  
Down a winding road.  
My sight caught a glimpse of  
Striking brown eyes.  
I was watching me and I watched back.  
I did not hinder her path, for she is who I am.  
We see I to I.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# A Flower Is A Rose Is A Flower

There my dear  
GENTLE bender of my heart's light  
We both saw one another true.  
I saw in you a regal BLUE

We both saw a FLUENT BREW  
You are a majestic ROSE and no one  
Knows disguised as a flower  
I read every VELVET petal

A secret book  
A luminescent love story  
Your floral mannerisms are  
Comely and fluid.

Your spirit is electrically warm  
Tender is the life  
Then at that time does DEATH  
Extend its harm?

And at the END OF LIFE it does not  
Pretend.  
A flower is still a flower at the  
END IT'S A ROSE, STILL A FLOWER.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# A Haiku Or Not Haiku Festival

Soft white clouds breezing.  
A kitten seeks butterflies.  
A butterfly takes flight.

A petal falls soundlessly  
Nature smiles a horizon, miles.  
Quiet appraisals

The simplest of  
Things all so familiar  
Cool waves, feathered FRIENDS  
on placid shores

Dried leaves falling from  
Trees that will live forever  
Saved for endless Sun

There goes my sunshine.  
Strolling the long way home.  
The light of my life song.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# A Single Day

Every day may not be perfect, therefore  
In a single day I hope to see you every hour.  
In a single hour I hope to set my sight  
On you every minute.  
I would be honored to drown in your  
Tear drops. My heart stops when ever  
You whisper my name. ALWAYS.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# A Steady Drum Rhythm

The city in the summer nights.  
Beats a steady drum rhythm. Slow.

Living does rhyme with time.  
Strange be a drastic decision  
Proceeding without permission.

Bad luck. Nothing but superstition  
And lying leads to reprimanding in  
The limelight to pretending.

Love letters lead to romance rekindled  
And some slow dancing to remembering  
As an orchestra symphony played late  
Into the afterthoughts of midnight' s  
Afternoon.

Worthy of a perfect dream to much to  
Conceive. Which gives birth to unbelief  
And the

Return to reality: the city in the summer  
Nights beats a steady drum  
Rhythm. Slow.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Added To The List Of Beautiful Things

Conquest of a heart  
Pouting lips of the one you love.  
A youthful soul  
Memories that skip the ugly bowl

Senses unfold  
Love letters read at a quiet hour  
Christmas mistletoe kisses  
Shooting star wishes

Fondness of special days  
And a SMILE on every face  
Never fades  
As years pass

Fast as a dizzying CARNIVAL ride  
The birth of your first born as  
He cries.  
Lots of love  
Lost loves in old photographs

And slow songs  
Favorite memories of yesteryear  
No longer here  
Bloated pounds of laughter there after

A gleeful tear falls  
Beautiful is the fruitful goal  
Tear tracks grow  
An easter Sunday's glow

Our finest hours ever told.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# All Day Long Seasons Of Song

All day long on the boulevard  
Fire escape I elude with attitude.  
Heat wave of summer's sting.  
A tepid breeze of spring  
I sing of pastels and  
Lemonade in the shade.  
Summer time haze and laze.  
Yes! Steel drum LABOR DAY PARADE.  
From the thick VIRGIN ISLANDS CRAZE  
IN MY IMAGINATION.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Another Dawn

A dimpled splash of gray on  
This frigid November MORNIN, and  
My heart stands pale against this  
Evening's dread of knowing that  
My love is undiscovered.

Yet, LOVE IS not enough to carry me.  
I sleep.  
Another dawn.  
My heart aches for one such as my  
Sight has never seen.  
Yet, I search and SURFACE without  
A clue.

Another dawn of a day becoming  
Dusk then make haste into night  
Where air is fresh and blue.

But still there is not one who  
Quivers my blood and quakes my  
Spine. One whom I would adore  
And chase with might.

I relentlessly pursue with  
BREATHLESS delicious delight.  
Combustible emotions render all  
Words obsolete.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Aquarius I Am

Clearly I am I  
Carrier of EARTH' s nectar  
CONSTELLATION AQUARIUS  
Truth turns a transparent blue  
Water bearer I am  
Aquarius AM I  
Honestly, no schemes allowed  
I am I. Clearly I am  
Aquarius I take a solemn bow  
Aquarius to Aquarius  
Amen  
Again  
Amen

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Autumn Walk

The clearest of days  
Out for a noon walk.  
The warmth of autumn's Sun  
Felicitous noises excite the air.

Automatic SURPRISE, warming smiling eyes.  
Sun rays at the bay by day, every  
Sparkling minute.  
Nostalgia turns back the hands of  
The clock, feathered creatures flock.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Awesome

A utomatically aware  
W ishing for  
E very dreamy day  
S enses trace  
O utstanding  
M oments of  
E xciting celestial holidays

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Bartender Tales

I'm Kerris Hakim, bartender trade by night. Here at Fahrenheit Lounge I have heard stories of patrons who dared to live and lovers who Suddenly died. Graduating from law school without a dime.

Over gin and tonic I've listened to all arrays of ironic. Husbands who Didn't know their husbands had wives. Then husbands who didn't know their wives were alive. All these stories and...

Just one more for the road, Jack Daniels please. Don't tell me I'm to drunk to drive. You can't force me to stay alive. Give me my keys now Please. 'You need a cab Mr Wallace' Kerris asserted.

Ounces and ounces hard liquor STRAIGHT no chaser. That was Mike Baker. 'May be a BLACK RUSSIAN?' Kerris attempted to introduce something with less potency. 'Come on Hakim you know me by now. I like hard Vodka It's my weakness. No chaser. I've been a regular 7 years now and my Kidneys take me to the can.7 years.'  
'Here's your vodka on the Rocks straight, no chaser.'Kerris said.  
Mike Lifted the glass smiled and took a swallow.

There are others and other lovers of those who stop in just to sort Out their day.

One day Ferdinand Cools stationed himself on a bar stool at the far end of the bar opposite the door. As he watched every soul exit and enter He proceeded to tell me what he thought my PROBLEMS were. He didn't think I was competent enough to obtain more secure employment. Reason being is that I'm inept at simply completing an employment application. I laughed a lot. He was mostly sober. Just filling up on light beers.

I've had to shoulder plenty with this PLACE. Huge brawls some really Big ones lasting all night. I swear to all, one night the SWAT team was Called! More than half the patrons were arrested. Last night One of our regular bar hops came in talking the same old talk About how nobody loved her. She had no reason to live and nothing to Give. I said to her, 'life is not as bad as you think.'

Here have some coffee ice tea on the house. 'I need a long island ice Tea', she muttered. Kerris asked 'where we're YOU a few hours ago? She happily replied ' Sizzling Sam's Bar and Grill, been there all night.'  
Good ole key in ignition condition Sam. Karen was starting to SOBER UP.

Lanikah D. Wadi Prosecutorial Attorney/Child advocate by day, graced the Establishment. What a vision. Very attractive. She sat down and glumly Explained her latest case.' A 14 year old kid was beaten to death by his parents for stealing \$300 of the rent money due The next day. Just a small fraction of the whole parents are charged with child abuse, conspiracy to commit murder and a slew of other charges. The father used a bat the mother an extension cord. We will prosecute to the fullest extent.

Finally Jaret Jason his last man on deck was in the place it was ready to be locked down,2 customers and Max the bouncer remained. 'Hey, Hakim' They bro hugged. 'I'll Have some Hennessy', Kerris left and shortly Returned with a full bottle. 'On the HOUSE.' It seems to me as if you're in a bind. Kerris took his seat and Jaret sang his troubling Story and Kerris's fortune of glory. He announced he was Leaving his wife but she doesn't know it. 'I'm moving to Hawaii to Live with my second lover, my baby's mother.'

I gave him my card and said Kerris Hakim Attorney by day  
Bartender trade by night.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Beautiful Things

I was taught to always search beyond  
Boundaries and limits to realize what  
Is truly beautiful.

Such is a beautiful thing beyond the  
Threshold of ecstasy, pass the bridge  
Of hopefulness.

It's a beautiful thing when you are  
The lone soul roving in the  
presence of dawn.

There is no substitute for letting  
One's strong black TRESSES fall down  
Below her waist, then looking back  
With a radiant SMILE. KNOWING you  
Are beautiful.

Relaxing watching BEAUTIFUL things  
On an autumn morning. Going on an  
Autumn walk, under a red leaf tree.  
I declare this day most beautiful,  
Winking with starlight on its summer's night.

A sunrise.  
There, look a rainbow on a pristine summer  
MORNING after a raining dawn. This  
Sunrise named a most beautiful thing as  
The rainbow sings.

These things cause the lengthening of  
The list of beautiful things. The cause  
Will not be in flaws for it lays in  
NATURE as it applauds.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Beauty

When BEAUTY is near  
To me I breathe florally  
Deep breaths of petals.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Beauty Agony Eternal Eternal

For beauty I stepped out of the shade to embrace  
The light of day.  
And stood in the eternal doorway of time waiting for  
Perpetual agony to cease.  
How long does this loyal pain extend?  
But for beauty have I not been a successful  
Slave?  
I have made GREAT effort, agony! ETERNAL agony!  
Agony eternal!

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Beware Of The Sly Quick Pen

The sly quick pen?  
Who does not give up.  
He brings subtle shame to his name  
With carelessness.

The sly quick pen harbors writer's  
Block more times than not.  
He SLIPS AND SLIDES, and he  
Promotes himself STRATEGICALLY.

This pen is frequently cunning  
As a Fox who easily permeates  
Your head and steals your  
Thoughts away, leaving doubts in  
Place and subjective power plays.

Using negative words such as  
'Can't' and 'weak, '  
Clearly using FLAMES of fear,  
He slides.  
WATCHING his reflection in the  
Mirror he is naturally pleased with  
The arrogance in his own sight.

He ventures out again swimming  
Amongst the sharks.  
Sly quick pen is ever so careful  
With obvious disguises. Sometimes  
Winning PRIZES at someone elses  
Games.  
Someone elses FAME.  
And someone elses claims

The Sly quick pen does it again.  
Closing the wide open door with a  
Quietness and a smile so that no  
One else might see his guile.  
If nothing else he has style.

He escapes never suspected hardly  
Corrected. Beware of sly quick  
Pen. He is here!

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Beyond The Berry Cherry Trees

It must be true love because it was beyond the cherry trees we first  
Met and embraced one another in those CRYSTAL days. So unsure and  
Fond one of the other.

I have caught you, held you  
And played with you kindly laughing  
Beyond the berry cherry trees.

Only a whiff of your sensualness  
Was all for this. A wonder, an optimistic  
Smile, aah my BELOVE. For we shall  
Surely DANCE on heaven's bed for eternity.

But do not grieve. I have not perished.  
Save all of your mournful tears for another fate,  
And we will count every tear drop. Do not  
Become accustomed to tears.

Lest I wither away as a lifeless once graceful  
Flower now blowing in The wind.

I would pay. With. Every possession if I could  
Have you for a lifetime. A lifetime so pure  
I adore, splendidly  
Amazed, amazed.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Breath Of Spring

I withheld my breath to protest  
The gloom of winter's frosted sprawl.  
There, eloquence of nature was surveiled as  
It flourished. For it became more than  
Just a vested visit camouflaged among the  
Trees.

Spring had lastly met winter's boasting at  
The GATES of ULTIMATE frosted glory.  
No more everlasting punishing winds  
Freezing pains and flagrant frozen flurries  
Favored at the forefront of arrogant  
Accusations.

NATURE bought and brought the best of thirsty  
SPRING bursting on to the scene. With peacock  
Feathers and much fanfare.  
There, the awaited train, it's arrival  
Caused HEAVENS screams.

Its survival meant more to dream, and spring  
Was everything. The gates were thawed, the  
Sprawl ignored. All were invited to the ball.

Finally a grin as WINTER set.  
Its wrath has passed.  
Spring blossomed New, and new was BEAU.  
I EXHALED.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Can I Get A Mention For Love

Can I get a mention for love?  
The genuine love of an alluring sunset  
Can I get a mention for an inspiring LOVE?  
For the love of a pleasant dawn.

Can I get a mention for love?  
For the loving kind, for love of mine.  
For love enshrined. If LOVE should find,  
You in time.

Can I get a mention for love?  
For love in step, for LOVE unclear, if  
Love's unkept?  
For love unchanged or love arranged.

I do write with substance.  
I'm asking for a chance.  
Can I get a mention for the love of  
Poetry.  
There's no difficult contention  
Just a major mention.

Can I get a mention for love in deed?  
And for love resplendence? For feelings  
Most appealing? Maybe for a ray of  
Sunshine at least. Am I just a lemon  
Or am I the whole tree? For the love  
Of Poetic stature.  
A famous poet LAUREATE to the highest  
Degree, or am I only wishing hopefully?

I could go on and on and on. But I'll stop  
Near. It's only fair. If ever I deserve  
Dessert.

Can I get a mention in the love story of  
Poetry? CAN I?

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Cat In A Day

Fantastic, at my feet.  
A purr, a satisfying one  
more meow.  
Fish, mixed meat now.  
Next to content, then  
Making mischief again.  
Scurrying through passage  
Ways, settling on a  
Window sill.

Then...  
Curled around a leg,  
Pawing stretching, ball  
Of yarn. Mischievous now  
Meowing purring. Four  
Soft paws tussling  
Somewhere with a toy.  
Settling on a window sill.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Chaos Reigns Into The Jungle

Are we going out today?  
I go where ever you go.  
I deal how you DEAL.  
The appeal is real.

Have you placed the bet?  
I'm HAPPY if you're happy.  
I'm willing to FOLLOW YOU into  
The jungle.  
Do we have a goal.

Did you cook the bacon and pick  
Up the tab.  
How did the cake taste? Was it  
Delicious?  
Answer the phone.  
It's not that time.

Who committed the crime?  
Suicides don't cry.  
Enough prose and pose.  
Who struck the first BLOW

Are we socializing now?  
Wow, I'm so proud  
Social dialect.  
A tingling REFLEX

Were WE here? Reign here.  
We were where?  
Sweet precious pots  
Of GOLD. And too once  
Were WE not KINGS OF  
THIS DOMINION?

All say your HIGHNESS  
King of the ever lasting  
Of all DOMAINS.  
MAKE PLUSH your main

Let none prohibit  
Your gain.

Running scared but standing  
As a guard of the  
Innocent- reject.  
Dissect prospect indigo

Now we know.  
The roses are hypnoticly  
Blue.  
Well now, what a sharp mind.  
Are there more of your  
Kind?

Stand back let me try. Did you  
Taste the cake? Was it a  
Cake or a pie? Dot that 'I.'  
It takes time to CORRECT.  
What shall we PROJECT.  
THE winner is always US.

We're holding all the  
Cards.  
We are the ones in  
Charge.  
Let the clear fluid flow.  
Purge the TITANS.

For it is called the living WATERS.  
And they will be  
Called mightiest among MEN.  
AS MIGHTY KINGS

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Charismatic Sweetness Sugar Sugar

Languishing in the bosom of heaven the  
Eternal realm.  
Now awakening from a dream.  
Easy does it.

Looking for a chasm an exit  
Some escape.  
Where is it.  
The relief from this artificialness.

The SWEET scent of the CHARISMATIC FEST.  
So surreal SUGAR SUGAR.  
Taste the appeal  
Sweet as honey

Brown bacon In the sauce  
Whose that charismatic BOSS.  
SUGAR SUGAR  
SET IT OFF

I aim to contain the flames at the GREAT BARBEQUE OF LIFE  
Bring it to the TABLE if you're able.  
The sweetest Custard DESSERT.  
Adjust to the ready if you Know where come PREPARED for the  
Life lean and mean.

It can be as sweet as HONEY.  
This LIFE THIS MIGHT.  
NOT a constant grind.  
SUGAR SUGAR PEAR PINEAPPLE nectar and  
Sweet as HONEY such is life like swallowing dew drops  
On a SUMMER'S EVE  
Sweet as can be.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Colors

Chasing a rainbow  
Jeopardizing your colors  
Fine and fancy rain

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Day Walker

I consider myself as a day walker. Ironically  
Remembering the brightness of the day aides my sleep at night.  
We are who ever we say we are, as humans  
we must find our way through life. The sun leads the way.  
I am a DAY WALKER, since I love the day seldom venturing through dark of  
night. I furnish my mind with poetic  
thoughts at the hint of day. At that time my comfort is farthest from sleep.  
Some may find disagreement on the following words. When We are awake some  
of us pray. Prayer comes in different forms with different religions, Hindu,  
Muslim,  
Judaism, Christianity. We pray, we stand, we kneel, sit, prostrate our selves.

Even a single word may be CONSIDERED A PRAYER- GOD. Prayer may keep

Our minds alert during the day. Since according to my information the only  
prayer that is done during night is right before bed. Now, then it appears that  
we perform most activities during day light.

Night is mostly reserved for sleep. In my opinion sleep leaves humans  
in a vulnerable state for hours according to the amount the body requires.

As for me, I harbour fears at night and attempt to handle or analyze  
them during the day. I view night time, as maybe a different reality.  
It seems to cause a shift or a difference in human behavior and it may affect  
some animal population as well. This I try not to venture after sun down.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Desire

Doses of desperate lust

Every feverish stitch of me wants every bit of you

Signature of my heart

Irresistibly intoxicating

Regressing to primal

Emotions

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Diamond Rings And A Slow Cooker

Sparkling dollars of satisfaction.  
The day had past a fraction on her FINGERS.  
Many read life this way.  
Thinking of tomorrow, DIAMOND rings,  
And slow cookers, the aroma.  
Has anyone ever wanted less?

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Diamonds Are Forever

Nations divide and fight wars  
For its cause.  
It is the nucleus of deception  
And fragile miscomprehensions

Twinkling sparkling glistening  
None more precious and rarer  
A photograph of perfection.  
None more dangerously and DUBIOUSLY  
DIVISIVE

There is none more fairer.  
The Boss Stone.  
It becomes clearer and now  
You see.

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Dozing On A Sleepy Dawn

What a DAZZLING sunrise.  
Why do I despise sleep, so?  
I am watching with my NAKED EYES.  
It is much a mosaic display,

With gradual surprises, and  
Standing PERFECTLY STILL on its  
Blue bed of SKY.  
What is the eye Performing a  
Moisturizing TECHNIQUE each time  
It BLINKS?

I'm blinking NOW. I AM TO  
perform the slowest blink I  
Know. WATCHING THE QUIET OF  
THE FALLING SNOW.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Dream A Day Dream

I looked upon the scene as the whole day were a dream.  
Children play happily with smiles and screams that light  
The day.  
The day becomes a burning star.  
I reminisce on the curly shores of waves that can never quite  
Behave.  
It must be early morning. I step out of ecstasy to take a bow  
To whom ever created such pillow plush green things and  
Roaring oceans floors in between worlds of dreamy dimensions.

I get a mighty rush of cool SUEDE liquid at my feet.  
I can not move, all spaces are clear. No faces are near.  
My speech is absent nearly obsolete.  
I look upon the scene with newness and clarity.  
I see DUCKS IN A ROW in the pond.

Go round go round go round. Does not make one sound.  
How does this precious dream end?  
When? Win. Take the world and spin. Spend the time.  
Span the distance of yesterday and today.  
The caressing of the cool knows no end and words breach  
The kindly ROSEFUL Atmosphere. 'IS ANYONE THERE? ', 'HELLO'

I thought you had fallen from the edge of the earth.  
There's that sneaky emotion of pleasure, pleasure of  
Texture. I am awAke to measure this pleasure for light  
Years and forever.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Egyptian Goddess Of Beauty

Your lips are of raspberry rose.  
With skin of Amber, like GOLD.  
BLACKEST waist deep TRESSES.  
I will for eons bathe in your benign  
Beauty most excellently exalted.  
You are the relic that restores me.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Eternal Bliss

On a still DAY there is  
Omnipotent clarity.  
A flock of birds in the  
Far distance  
I probe inside their minds  
Beckoning them, carry me.

On this still DAY NOTHING moves  
Except the sun and the sea  
And whatever I will, it will be  
Somewhere on another plateau  
A bell is ringing. I will it to  
Cease. A canary is singing.  
I will it to be.

Flowers are blooming at the exact  
Time I inhale a fresh bouquet.  
Everything replenished.  
Nothing expires.  
This still DAY will last and LAST,  
UNTIL everything comes to pass.

A TRANQUILITY forever.  
Eons have elapsed and this still  
Day is still  
And has not faded.  
Everything OF it is tangible, as  
I will it.

The still air  
The bird songs  
The fragrant bouquet  
The awe of it all

As I will it.  
It begins.  
And nature is purely,  
Pleasantly pleased  
HERE IS BLISS SURROUNDING.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Existences

Every LITTLE simple minute  
Seems so much more.  
As though it has designs  
Within it present from  
Before, when we were tiny  
Dots our selves BEARLY in  
Existance favored on the  
Wish list.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Expect Changes

Expect changes that you know will  
Grow this love in time.  
Expect these changes which are  
Not dreaded, but open each of our  
Hearts like rose buds.

Expect changes as a frantic bride  
Waiting for her groom.  
The types which tips its hat to  
An audacious autumn afternoon.

Expect fiery changes that may  
Consume each of our hearts in flames.

One beloved to another expect  
These changes of subtle pains  
That come with torrential rains.  
Expect changes of social madness

At a spring wedding of BLISS when KISSED.  
NOW seasons turn with a twist.  
And all is fair on a SUMMER SUNDAY afternoon.  
Expect changes which may stay 'til

The festive spark of June.  
When all has SIMMERED and is FANCY  
and steamy acknowledge these days as  
Fine and DREAMY.

Then the laughter of spring and SUMMER  
mingle when AUTUMN touches and more to  
Tingle.  
Soon WINTER rushes in, a disguise at  
First, a slow falling snow.  
Exceeding the joy I hoped for akin to

Hungry waves licking the GLADDENING  
OCEAN'S SHORE.  
Expect changes with IMPOSSIBLE meanings,

And FAIR WEATHER DREAMINGS.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Fear Of Drowning

A cool wetness met my feet.  
It crept up to my knees.  
And pass my waist.  
I should panic, now  
As the fluid covered my  
Shoulders.  
I hopelessly shivered and remembered death is  
the loneliest soul Waiting for company.  
Then I began to swim back from the deepest  
End.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Fire A Maverick

Feel the flare a heat  
The flame of fire I am  
Within a maverick

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Flavors Of Love

Amazing places  
The Sphinx of Egypt  
Fort Lauderdale spirit.

PEOPLE'S faces  
LOVERS gazes

Swear it with MERRIT

Taj Mahal flavor  
Coconut KISSINGS

French Riviera gorgeous  
Banks A BEAUTY

PULL her close  
Nearer nearer

Within his arms  
MAXIMUM charms

Days and days  
Empire State the

Hilton the Hamptons  
CHOCOLATE drops

Tickle tickle stop  
All night all day

Savor away  
Clearing skies

Sparkling eyes  
Caught by SURPRISE

Squeeze you insane  
Top of the EIFFEL TOWER

Embrace again my LOVE  
THRICE I Love

Day light SHINES  
WAKE MY LOVE  
MY LOVE

Speak French to me BABY  
MON amour  
Mon amour...  
MON AMOUR

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Friday -989 Fox Street

7 years old.  
The candy store.  
Out the door,  
Running  
Candy store man, Miguel

Some Mary Janes,  
Tootsie rolls, lollipops  
Lip sticks, bazookas  
PUMPKIN seeds.

Tip toes, money's on  
The counter. Exchange  
A brown bag of  
PLEASURE TREASURE

Running, FINALLY  
Elevator or steps?  
Steps! Pouncing steps  
Pounding depth steps.

Made it no time at all.  
Ringing the bell 4A.  
Brown bag, have  
Candy, share.

Brother and sisters  
June WANDA Nath.  
Turn the channel.  
Fix the antenna.  
Watch TV YIPPI!  
GOOD TIMES  
Year 1973

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Fringe

On the fringe of the brink on the brim.

The tip on the edge of the ledge.

A clip of the hedge.

2016.

A LINK of the chain

NOTHING IS THE SAME

Ever again at the end.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Gardening Needs To Be Done

Heavy heaves and hoe and rows  
And rows of planting needs to be done  
While the soil is rich and royal  
A rake and shovel then a spade and  
Know a one man huddle

Rakes and groves tulips the rose  
Does know as it seemingly poses

As all roses with a striking  
Petal salute onlooker's  
Wonderment grew acute

Planting with prose then propose  
A tiny tidy garden pruned and  
Plucked and nipped and tucked.  
Stately gardens do not ever  
Pardon the exquisiteness of it all

The irreplaceable floral essence  
The gall of such a presence  
Persistent existence  
And still there are gardening  
Needs and needs must be adhered to

The gardening needs to be done!

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Good Winter Day

Silver sender winter's GLAZE.  
Sun style fun shine gentle rays.  
Bit of light.

Snowman built on top THE hill.  
Happiness DAYS AND DAYS.  
Happily snowy blowing CRAZE.  
This season's CRYSTAL phase.

Lofty softy covering with WINTER'S WHITE.  
SO Sun saturated a SLEEK Saturday's soothing sight.  
Cold and gleeful laughs.  
First part of winter's fun.

With sled and winter toys sliding gliding  
Cold and GOLDEN frozen SUN.  
FLUFF and huff and blowing stuff.  
Pilgrimages made again and again for the fun of it.

Snowflakes and frozen faces soaked in cold sport  
And play.  
Good day  
Good day  
Good PLAY.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Grandma's Living Room

Playful LITTLE sundrops shining through the  
Window pane.

Maybe it's my imagination come to haunt me  
Again. Searching round the room I see  
Nothing more to amuse myself than these  
Sundrops which have come out to play.  
Grandma's in the kitchen cooking. The  
Aroma.

Plastic on the LIVING ROOM sofa and chairs,  
Seems as no one lived there, but when you  
Peeled your self away it. Made a mournful  
Squashing sound. The same when sitting  
Down. I sat silently toying with the dust  
In the air for a time. Until my stomach  
Bubbled with hunger again.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Happiness Of Life

Waiting in the wings of life,  
There are PLEASURES.  
A collection of victories.  
EXISTANCES within life SUPREME.

FELICITY spilling over.  
Eclipsing subtle ideas.  
Searching everywhere for happy.  
Anywhere happiness Could be.  
Could it be within the

MONOTONY of frequent patterns?  
In the scheme of things.  
A glitch in the GROOVE.  
still I move.

With conviction AND CONSTITUTION  
IT can be fixed.  
There, within the glitch is HAPPINESS.

THE PROMISE OF miracle SCHEMES AND THEMES  
A security of SOBRIETY.  
Assured of LIFE'S CREAM  
Fresh BREATH of the HAPPY MACHINE  
Look it is the SHIMMERING of life.

I have to gather myself COMPLETE, I grow.  
Passed the MIDNIGHT GLOW.  
Happiness is HAPPENING. and I HOLLER  
Hello.  
I hear the echoes of every LUCID dream.  
Every quiet theme, also secret SCHEME.

HAUL THE HAPPY down the hall.  
Reminiscing about the TIMES  
Never missing the PRIME  
Observation is KEY.  
PROGRESSION no regression

All precautions must be taken.  
Forge ahead steps must not be FORSAKEN  
There's the happy now.  
It persist in every hall.  
Down the pathways of prosperity

I hear CELEBRATIONS HOLLERING INTO THE break  
Of day. I captured the DAWN IN my Palm  
Then release it again.  
I am the happiest I have ever been  
A quiet diet of DEEP SERENE

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Hearts Desire

Sweet and tender at a distance  
Come on closer.  
Sender SURRENDER  
Kisses, kisses

Whose a witness.  
Senses BLISSES  
BABY BABY

Hearts DESIRE  
Fire fire  
Burning yearning  
Easy easy

Tease me please me  
Love surrender  
Gentleness Gentleness  
Your the best.

Heavens BLESSED  
BABY BABY  
SWEET DESIRE  
SUGAR SUGAR

fire FIRE

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Hot Rain

Exuberant grass withered  
And the trees began a slow decay  
Bubbling skies of furtive gray  
Death comes what may  
Stages of gains come today.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# How Beautiful A Drop Of Rain

How beautiful a drop of rain.  
The drop becomes a trickle  
The trickle, soon a creek  
The creek becomes a stream  
The music of its chimes, how intoxicating.  
And too it GLEAMS.

Like the sprinkling of golden petals in  
The month of May. Bewitching.  
Sparkling effervescent, a single  
Drop from a cloud.

SUCCULENT the senses do not ignore  
Pour more. The bubbly NECTAR of  
Merriment and blithe. A single drop  
Brim to overflowing Teeming with  
soothing ambiance. How beautiful a  
Drop when the cork is popped. The  
Trickle becomes a creek. Enchanting  
When it screams. How beautiful a  
Blissful drop.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# I Amuse Myself

When no one else is around I amuse myself  
while sitting down  
And bring myself loads of joy  
when I pretend to be a stand up comedian  
Amusing all my friends.  
I amuse myself then.

Nothing else to do while sitting in the  
Pew. I might as well count my blessings  
And amuse myself while confessing  
When the day is gone I'm asleep I amuse  
Myself with my nightmares as I'm screaming.

I amuse myself with fun and jokes GALES  
Of laughter there after. Funny patrols the  
Hall's Of speckled jest. Ha! I amuse myself  
At my own request.  
When muscles are weak from laughters cause  
I amuse myself with my own applause.

I create a funny story and recite it to  
Myself and listen to my own glee.  
I am amused at myself with peels of  
Spastic HILARITY.

With tricks and folly it's all the same  
I amuse myself with silly games.  
At the end of the day I'm amused by the  
Moon as it sits beneath its HALO  
Laughing quietly at me.  
HILARIOUSLY.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# I Butterfly

Born from a cocoon.

Glorious wings of BLESSED colors.

I am in flight, gliding and diving.

In the midst of summer skies.

A cushioned landing IMMORTALIZED.

I BUTTERFLY

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# I Dare You

I dare you to be more than what you already are  
Be more breathtaking inside and out.

Spark the night and go far  
Take risks and live an exceptional life  
Do not linger at the fork in the road.  
It may disappear, then there are  
No choices.

I dare you to row your boat gently  
And slowly breathe  
Go and drift out to see

Merrily Merrily Merrily

Jump to heights that can not be  
Attained. I dare you to challenge  
The notion, regardless  
Marvel at mystery pay no tribute to  
Fantasy but if you must then use your  
Most potent IMAGERY.

Be a magic machine and quietly scream.  
For YOU have FOUND the code which opens  
The secret side door. I dare you take  
A LEAP and scheme the impossible scheme

Merrily row your boat gently down the  
Stream and slowly breathe. Life is...  
A DREAM.

I dare you to wake and tell what you  
Have seen.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# I God

Mountains shall be cast  
Down at your wake.  
You are my sons as kings  
About the earth, rushing  
Against FLAMES of  
Sorrows.  
All shall be in your  
Favor.  
It is my decree  
As it is written,  
Let it be done.  
I GOD HAVE SPOKEN

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# I Hate The Facts

I hate when he's always away.  
I hate that he's not home to stay.  
The slamming of the prison gates,  
I hate all those fates.

I hate the news reports of omenous times.  
And the fear it brings.  
The approach of another day  
The flight of the sun and the moon.

Preachers say don't loose faith  
A day gone to soon  
I hate a drastic ruin  
I loath a dimly lit room

Why is reality here at all  
Just to punish the vulnerable  
Even the small  
How do nations rise and fall?

I hate these numerous facts.  
The fate that hates humanity back.  
I hate the innocent suicides.  
And the tears that swell my eyes

I hate the torment of wretched souls  
Give them room to breathe and share  
Out what they need.  
Release the ones who will be forever free.

I hate the danger of a loaded gun.  
Freedom has a soul.  
LET IT ROAM.  
WHO'S names are written on the weeping  
Wall of prayer and fear?

I wish he were here  
I hate the feeling of alone.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# I Panther, Black Of Night

The fierce black jaguar, the terrible black tiger.  
STRAIGHT through the fire.

I stalk. Panther black. Night.  
The jungle is my home.

If you fear  
I am here. Panther swift  
If you dare, PANTHER sly.  
I am near. Panther Victor!  
The night affords my invisibility  
Stirring in the midst of  
Unsuspecting prey.

This PANTHER walks with silent  
Intent. My black coat GLEAMING in  
The glaring moon light.  
Silken BLACK JET EXACT.

My allure is constant.  
The big black cat.  
If I am behind you.  
You know that you are my  
Prey.  
Hunched low to the ground,  
I lurk NIGHT.  
I lurk day.  
Cool.

I pounce, you PRAY.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# I Thy Destiny

Observe the mystery  
I thy destiny I thy fate, said he.  
Squeeze thy palms with faith. Mark the swirling path.  
Wrench it straight.

Wash thy face at the living well  
Quench thy thirst.  
Let thy feet travel from thy dwelling PLACE.  
I thy destiny watch thy fate.  
Solemn is the race.  
Sacred is its place with the servitude and  
Joy in all the HEAVENS MY BELOVE.

Languish and lead to the LIVING well.  
Not be it secret, ancient ones tell.  
Ashes to ashes dust to dust.  
'Til time collected to rust

'Lo I am slow to RECOGNIZE he who breeds  
Another HEIR to nothingness.  
I thy destiny know thy GRACE.  
Often times one cannot calculate his own  
Fortune.

Stand erect. CONCENTRATE.  
Confiscate the hearts of man abiding  
With us.

'Lo the SIRIUS STAR COMELY twirling.  
The LORDS of the constellations have spoken.  
Your redemption is at hand.  
I thy destiny said them in unison.  
STAND AS ONE

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# I Chase The Wind

I make time to chase  
The wind listening  
To nature loving me I  
Sink in to nature's womb I

Drink in fresh droplets of rain  
And DIGEST the vast  
Luxurious scapes of plush  
Velvet greenery as I

So Busily thirst for her  
I chase breathlessly  
I chase the fever within  
I chase the wind

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# I Have Problems

when my Soul turns gray  
and there's No space  
to let the sun Shine through.  
I have PROBLEMS.

Walking through the thickness  
Of dark in the dead of winter,  
My destination is 15 minutes  
Away.  
Objects are black and white  
And gray. I stay...  
Out on my own, I stay.  
I have problems.

Need to COOK A WHOLESOME dinner,  
Not only, edible morsels, OR  
A glass of milk with toast.  
2 cashier jobs to make ends  
Meet.  
Sometimes they don't.  
I have problems.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# I Love You

True love knows no bounds.  
Limitless, it jumps and tumbles rolling and  
There, it lands.

I love you true  
I love you right  
I love you DAY  
I love you NIGHT.

I love you leaning on my sweet pear tree, reminiscing,  
Just you and me.  
I love you as though I am compelling a love I am spelling  
If possible a few LETTERS at a time and for your mind  
Intricate design.

I love you long and yet longer, still. Something magical  
About archaic sex appeal. As you cast your spell on me,  
I love you whole and strong til it tells on me APPROPRIATELY.  
I LOVE you, mere words can not express.

These gloves are removed with proper HAPPINESS.  
I love you back and forth my FAIREST FRIEND.  
I love you again  
I love you again  
I love you again

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# In The Path Of Passion

I'm in love  
In the path of PASSION  
We care not Where our sensual  
Thoughts wander.

I'm telling everyone in  
Heaven I'm in love  
A resounding explosion of a nova  
Is the sound of my carefree cravings  
I did not know that I would not see  
Her face for Countless days.

I wish if only for a moment that she  
Were here, we would sit and talk late into  
Midnight and into early dawn. Sleepless  
That morning but so fond. Purely  
Fantastic is that. Wishing you were here.

My tears cared not that I gave my heart  
Away. The only thing they knew is they  
Always had a home. Steadily I considered  
All of her Dreams. I had been raptured  
My fever cured

Temptress pure I adore ICON LOVELY poured  
Into the path of PASSION floral ESSENCE floor  
You are..... pleasing placidly alluringly  
Dangerous  
Walking on GOLDEN CARNATIONS.  
Fluttering heart's contagion.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# In Comes The Future

So Soothe sayers say, let the  
Mallet fall where it may.

At this day in time nostrils  
Breathe pollutants without choice.  
Breathe, then heed.  
At no point should you feel Worthless.  
even with Bottles of OPPRESSION SURROUNDING.

LET THEM SCRAPE THE SKYS.  
PROGRESS EATS THE MONEY PIES.  
Throw all innocents to wild dogs.  
Farewell to all left in dim DREAMS,

And those who walk forth Into the  
Light of LIFE. IN COMES the  
Future, for  
Those who are ENDOWED with  
Strength shall lead.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# In My Imagination

I shall be entertained by the clouds of the sky.  
Feeling the FIRST quiet overtake me  
I, of treasured wings a great feathered disguise.  
And I sample a BLADE of colorful grass.  
I lay on the world and a dolphin becomes a dove.  
My spacious paradise.  
A pleasant COTTONY SURPRISE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Indigo Garden Indigo Rose

The red rose may be beautiful  
Or grand sensual even LOVELY  
Then  
I strolled the garden BLUE  
I saw the indigo rose  
The BLUEST I had ever  
Seen a TEASING picture  
Of a stunning queen

The blue rose is exotic  
She feeds the WINSOME  
Rose shame with professional  
Precision on a petal plate  
Of pleasing purity Shades  
of BRILLIANT blue FLASH

Across a movie screen  
BLUE VIXEN SUPREME  
She sends the entire garden  
Into bland oblivion  
A blue diamond glimmering in

A lush blue HEAVEN  
All other roses WILT of  
Envy clamoring at her  
Heels with CONGESTED JEALOUSY

When I set eyes upon this Rose  
it so inspired me to See what  
had not been seen the indigo  
garden and all Its splendor  
magnificent presence

Pleasantly BEING the  
Immeasurable soul of  
The indigo garden magnetic  
Practically hypnotizing  
Immensely MESMERIZING

These are the blue garden  
Guarded secrets I've been knowing  
The indigo WAY always  
The indigo rose FOREVER

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Jasmine Jasmine

Your bodacious delectable petals assure  
Me of a dazzling display.  
Jasmine Jasmine, what a spin I'm in.  
I never contrive escape.

The western Sun RISES to your  
Captivating fluorescence.  
Your radiance is omnipotent.  
Oh, connoisseur of luminescence.

This delicate charm so alarms.  
Years pass as a day.  
You conjure life.  
So concise, resiliently calm.

I look forward to your yearly blossoms,  
Waiting at the cusp of unrelenting  
Adoration with PATIENTS.

You are all that exist in a field of  
Floral Excellency.  
Oh, Jasmine, Jasmine

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Just For The Most Sincerest Reasons They Help

A good Samaritan' s heart is gold.  
One has a space called EMPTY.  
For it is his smile that speaks to the hallow in him,  
Instructing him not to walk away.  
For ANGELS never walk away.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Kiss Of Kissings Instructions

Is a kiss a kiss when in the air  
And ever care where it FALLS blown  
By one who loathes missing.

Blowing kisses more kissings  
Contort the brow, perse your lips  
Come forward plant the kiss.  
So as not to worry whether you'll miss.

Feel the pleasure of good measure.  
Stay and persist. A KISS of a kiss  
Of caustiousness! Have patients  
My gracious. Flow into it.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Laundry Spring Thinkings

Washing spinning suds  
Watching thinking on spring things  
Carnations in strict  
Formation and blue roses  
Poses on balconies

With BLINDING beauty  
All are blooming and smell of  
Fruity confessions  
With their beauty fragrant  
Fruity concessions, they are

Doing their duty, making LIFE  
A lovelier world.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Local 41 - Eyes And Faces

I boarded local 41 uptown with two  
Other people.  
Woman in RED happily discovered a seat.  
Quickly sliding in, casting a brown eyed  
glance my Way as If I were a competitor.  
A young High school student with a marine  
hair cut boarded the bus  
And spoke to the bus driver with  
glowing CAMEL SKIN.

A sleeping GENT snored permitting me  
Careful passage to the rear of the bus  
Catching each strap to avoid falling.  
The bus swayed and swerve same as an  
Amusement park ride. I pondered on the  
Dying of the day. The passengers became  
My TEMPORARY FAMILY, AND THE BUS, MY  
refuge. I gladly sought glee in every  
Face, forgetting the RAT RACE, and  
Ambitions and dreams of BIGGER DREAMS.

A TEENAGER chatted on her cell phone  
In muffled tones, trying to ease the  
Irritation she was causing. Other  
Passengers searched at every stop light  
Through the Windows for interesting sights  
And frights and fights.  
Others daydreamed waiting. Some watched  
Me with distracted smiles.

Staring at strangers. They stared back.  
The crowd thinned. In a opposite seat  
From mine a man spoke 'GOOD AFTERNOON'  
WITH HAUNTING EYES staring into me.  
I wondered what he thought, and  
Contemplated what he wondered.  
His Green leather jacket caught my eye.

A large truck barreled passed. He

raised his brow.  
I grew cynical and looked away.

It could be any other city where  
Sirens wailed. An ambulance began  
An aggravating abrupt scream.  
Racing beside our bus. I listened to  
The DIN of the city scene as it  
Grew loudly animated.  
NEW YORK CITY USA Indeed! Indeed!

SAD BLUE EYES claimed a seat beside  
A curly haired youth. I made  
Deliberate maneuvers through the crowd  
until my Filthy black boots kissed solid  
Ground.

Some curious seekers on board watched  
With wide eyed enjoyment for early  
CHRISTMAS shopping DESPERATION as the  
Bus loaded and unloaded passengers.  
It departed. I walked seven happy  
Minutes HOME.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Love Drift

We seemed to drift pass a melancholy  
Phase, to reset our Hearts for a  
Love apace and succeed to amore embrace,  
And whispers of sweet sweet affection  
A TEASING taste

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Love Sickness

I got a brick that's weighing me down.  
Love sickness has come to my private town  
All the while my heart echoes bold and PROUD.  
I'VE got a love sickness deep inside, the hallow part.

It hurts so bad.  
I miss all of those SHE LOVE ME AND she love me not  
Moments we once had.  
And the love songs so so SAD.  
I've got an ache inside where the lonesome lays, no  
Doctor's remedy can cure.

The only thing I can do is cry.  
The lonely thing I can do is DIE.

The melody of my BREAKING HEART is  
My lonely's company.  
For now I will nap and DREAM the sweet  
Tenderness you used to be.  
And those flavored notes you sang  
To me.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Love Dance Taboo

Love dances by the light of life all of the time.  
Love dances by the simple sweet skillful sway  
Of her hips.

Rhyme after rhyme blissfully fine. We danced  
The waltz cheek to cheek adorably mine. The  
Tango. Steps hard, then soft. She twists,  
Turns, tones and moans my name.

My name on her CHAMPAGNE SWEET tender lips.  
I then lead her to a space in my heart only  
She could occupy. A beauty of dance with  
Long dark hair, crystal green eyes. NEVER  
Missing a step.

Gentle dove my love is TABOO. Tantalizingly  
Forbidden.

The wind had forced our feet. At home more  
Dance until we lay exhausted suffocating in  
Each others embrace After making love for  
Eons on a dare.  
A terminal dance for all time.

We held each other body to body. 'TABOO.' I  
Whispered As we waltzed. 'Then taboo it is.'  
Came her breathless reply, flinging herself  
Into my arms. The enjoyable passion  
Enveloped them both.

Lastly, a farewell kiss. A bidding good night.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Love Is These Things

Love is lacey things and beauty CARES.  
A touch of INFATUATION at the fringes and  
Always shared.  
A simple kiss on the CHEEK.  
WASHING her feet at the creek.

Love is BLUEBERRY STAINS on SOFAS and chairs.  
And tiny TOTS run AROUND safe and sound.  
Love is never a tarnished gray, an African Violet

On the best of days.  
Gentle laughter and smooth in June never comes  
To soon.  
That day.

Sensual yet delicate and refined.  
Love is hearing 'YES' after your down  
On one knee..  
It's WATCHING him walk or listening to her talk.  
Always filled with ACTIONS OF PASSIONS.  
With little EXAGGERATED FASHIONS.

What a LUSCIOUS melody from the HEART straight from  
The start.  
Beautiful when it's real, but here's the deal.  
It's sometimes crazy with plenty of ZEST and zeal.  
Love is ALIVE, it BLEEDS eroticism and bathes  
In sensuality.

It's pulling her close then closer.  
It's letting him have his SPACE, a whisper in  
The AIR, a STROKING of the hair.  
Love is EVERYTHING on a clear summer day.

Just sitting under a willow tree with him by the bay.  
Love is a POET'S dream of a perfect song.  
It is a new day unwrapping it self at the dawning.  
A TRICKLING of raindrops on a SWEET SUNDAY SUMMER

MORNING.

For all our enjoyment.

Love is the SWEETNESS THAT A CHILD IS BORN IN.

AND always LET it be said LOVE IS AN ETERNAL DANCE through  
TIME on HEAVEN'S BED

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Lover's Night

To catch a fever tonight  
means you're burning with  
desire for me ignite  
the fire Within incite  
admire The blend

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Lovers Fairytale

Blissful blossoms blooming  
Look LUSTFUL lovers  
Listless lovers looming

Krazy killer kisses  
Sweltering summer season  
Belly breathing blouses

Bayside beaches burning  
Winter worries wane  
Glorious gracious gains

Happy hungry hearts  
Dwellings do not depart  
Picture pretty parts

Take the time to talk  
Let listening lead to laughter  
Commencing comfortable communication  
HURRY HAPPILY EVER AFTER

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Magic Of Mystery

Not a peasant nor a homeless pauper.  
Truly a king in DISGUISE.  
The Majesty of a life.  
The magic of mystery

Top of a special sky  
The edge, you have fully acknowledged  
And began to understand the magic of  
Mastery is present, in command.

A missing key has been found  
The tide rolls in audible sound.  
Do you hear your keenest thought?

Wind in the proudest DIN?  
TRY the REBELLIOUS piano again.  
A DEATH SENTENCE goes silent on a  
Mournful thought.  
Do you think of me as a lowly heap?  
Do not speak of me.

Your notions are shallow!  
Do not look me in the eye  
Only to glance away.

Who is that you pretend to be  
On the surface of your character?

Let me count the threads of your  
Moral heart.  
Then you may walk your way with  
The proudest gait.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Masters Of Tragedy

I can talk of sunshine, happiness and  
Rainbows. Should I speak of a flower is a rose is a flower.  
But a rose, I suppose has infinite lives  
In poetry. I could write about more blue roses. I could write about all these  
things again until I'm blue in the face.

But here's a different taste, which needs  
to be bread. These lessons need teaching.  
The appointed time is at hand. Can't

sugar coat what the subject demands.  
The Masters of tragedy are secure in their  
castles, their mansions and condominiums with their deadly dreams.

Uncaring unfeeling, but thinking and  
knowing the fate of every tear drop.  
They are growing more wicked as the days grow shorter. By winter we'll be  
colder. But thinking of rent hikes and less jobs for the jobless.

A somber song.  
A sad cadence.  
A farewell march of doom.

The treacherous gloom.  
Who has chosen this?  
The Masters of tragedy have bolstered

Themselves into positions against survival.  
It is truly a nightmare beyond  
comprehension. Cinema symptoms,

This is it I can't believe this plot, this theme, this scheme on the screen.

Haters of impoverished masses who used to be called classes. Masters of tragedy  
not  
Likely to forgive our poverty.

Because because because excuses refuses

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Matrimony

My beloved as we dream  
Merrily we stroll the path of  
Life hand in hand together as  
Planned, so happily

By a stream with everlasting  
Evergreens against a  
Sky so hue a glorious  
DAY so new.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Melancholy Molly

Meticulous melancholy Molly Moody had a mole.  
On her belly, melon chocolate jelly swelly.  
Molly Maloy was her name.  
Long grew her mane.

Called her melancholy Molly  
Olly olly olly oxen free.

Molly had a TWIN name Dolly  
Dolly was a dream. Dazzling  
Dimply delightful. Dolly could  
She scream especially exciteful.

Something and something else,  
Those two.

Dolly and Molly  
Spry and coy

Molly and Dolly  
Sigh and joy

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Moonlight Romancing

Shimmering darkness  
Playing in the background a  
Symphony orchestra tunes

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Morning Snow

I woke this morning  
To snow piled ten feet high  
A snowy oasis, breathtaking  
One snow flake on top of the other  
An astonishing picture of PERFECTNESS  
Diamonds from the sky

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Mortality

Mortality, a desperate dance  
Of myriad souls.  
Unto the graves that behold  
Thy morbid kind.  
Hark thy lay low only for a  
Moment Godly STYLE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Mother's Way

For a real special occasion I bought a full bed of blue roses.  
Especially for you.

The mother I solitarily toast to over strawberry coolers and  
Frozen lemonade. I boast of one thousand blue roses at your  
Door step. And FILLING every room on this sundrenched afternoon  
Of a holiday. I rehearsed these lines in my mind several times

I hope that you have abundant health and copious  
Amounts of wealth. I owe my life to you.  
I do adore you mother dear, such as FLAMES adore the air.

I met her gaze a motherly stare. She greeted me and warmly  
And strongly the Caribbean Matron that she is.

'Hello darling child. I missed you for miles and miles wide.  
Come in side.'

I handed her the enormous blue bouquet. ' Oh thank you.  
The roses are so..... so.....' She was at a loss for words.  
I finished the statement for her. 'Breath taking mommy.  
Breath taking.'

She smiled her diamond studded ever best smile.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Music Of Mine.

I become the instrument and the instrument becomes me.  
And the music resides within me.

It's my life  
It's my aim  
It's my WORLD  
IT'S MY GAME  
It's my PEARL

I can't live without it  
I want you to know my melody is the song of  
A joyous HEART BEAT

I want you to know that I've never had another  
Love beside the melody of MUSIC.  
IT'S MY GLORY  
My never ending story

The nature of the melody is to please the BEAST within  
The human being.  
It's no chore music writing is my joy  
It HUMBLER ME  
Forcing me to CALAPSE in a heap moaning in TUNE with the  
PIANO. scheme in touch with the music. The precise notes  
On the cold marble floor.  
MUSIC, it cleanses the soul.

Triumphs over all that is earthly said to be worthy of a  
Musical dream.  
It's my night  
And my DAY  
IT'S MY SUN

Traveling by ATMOSPHERE  
FROM AIR TO EAR.  
MY ONLY EVER AFTER ONE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Musing On Spring

Yards and yards of spring  
Is left to come since we have  
Just begun all muse  
In caring contemplate a state  
Of mind as the dawn of spring

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# My Corner Comforter

Seeing my dignity FADE into obscurity.  
Am I who I am supposed to be?  
Is this all of me?  
Watching the clock.  
Noticing hours slowly slowly  
Drip. Drip.

I sit in my corner writing in my  
Journal.  
I sit in corner waiting for my  
Name to be called for linen.  
I hear the din from other areas

I sit in my corner, I am not  
Dethroned. Waiting to be called  
For supp, I am not alone. My  
Journal as my comforter, my  
Confidant, my home.

Peering through the dinge of  
Broken window pane.  
Watching for the elite  
Parade of stars.  
As night falls, tripping over  
The MOON.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Nature

Natural niceties

Affectionate afterthoughts in afternoon

Tantalising textures

Understanding the unseen

Repeated splendour in morning mist

Essential oxygenated environment

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Nature Is Listening

NATURE spends her time  
Listening to every  
Drop Of rain singing in  
every DELICATE ear.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Never Forgetting Those Velvet Days

In those VELVET days there was the promise MAJESTY.  
Fluffy buttermilk PANCAKES, MAPLE syrup, grits, and  
Scrambled eggs brimming.  
Oh, how my taste buds screamed for more.  
The fresh breakfast aroma LINGERED.  
The sweetest FLAVOR of life.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# New York City

A llegiance to no other vice except a New York City ATTITUDE.  
B oroughs Brooklyn, Bronx, Manhattan, Queens and Staten Island  
Take your pick.  
C ity that never sleeps.  
D isown your chewing gum on the sidewalk  
E mpire state of mind is what you develop when living in NYC.  
F REAKS and freedom come out at night.  
G et the gusto and go.  
H arlem is where you need to be when converging in New York City.  
I n New York city manners are not usually common placed.  
J ust watch the closing doors, you'll be OK.  
K NOWING an urban LEGEND is a prerequisite to NYC living.  
L eft FOOT loosers lurk around EVERY other corner.  
M ost New Yorkers are always rushing off to work at rush hour,  
Then rushing back home.  
N ight life neon lights and honking horns  
O ur only alliances are with other NYC loving metropolitans.  
P olice are there to ASSIST (unless you need assistance)  
Q uietness is not an option.  
R ising repeatedly to early morning blaring fire engines and  
Loud radio playing.  
S taten island ferry or would you rather the STATUE OF LIBERTY?  
T IMES SQUARE New year eve testimonials, NYC for real! !  
U nder no circumstances are you to ever agitate (piss off) a  
NYC police officer.  
V ery energized New Yorkers (metropolitans) visiting  
Broadway.  
W hy does New York city have a subway system? For the tourists  
Of course.  
X marks the SPOT, You are here.  
Y ou a NEW YORKER?  
Z estfully going along for the ride. TAXI! !

This hype is NYC stereotype. Only in NEW YORK. NYC IS a great  
Place to visit and maybe you'd wanna live there.  
You GETTIN' in that taxi? !

New York City Baabee! ! THAT'S REAL. YOU GOTTA PROBLEM? ! !

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Night And Day Sashay

The night is near across the street, can  
You see it peak?  
It's watching from behind DUSK.  
It appears as though it's here.  
It must be retracing its steps to be  
Sure it measured correctly.

The sun is right I hear it proclaim  
HURRAH from behind the bay.  
It celebrates a horizon smile.  
The sun has resigned onto the  
Shoulders of a fresh SATURDAY.

WHERE it helps laughter find a face.  
A giggling, a chuckling, smile.  
A magical relay, a pleasant stay.  
It is fiercely a FLAMBOYANT SUNSET.

As it prepares a colorful goodbye.  
Now, the sun practices its loyal  
Bow performs a acute SALUTE.  
Night is now graceful and coy and  
Sneaky watching for its exit cue.

That is what it happily contributes  
With its stars and moon in  
Company and a glow and sway of the sea  
so strong Who can compete  
With its choreographed sashay?

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Night Of New Year's Eve Celebration

Fly by high on winter's winged night.  
Chase winds through on a dream' s tail.  
Tell tales tall with screams of lurid delight.  
Taste the cream of the city's prime glory.  
Yours it seems, slight a story.

Yearly burst BALLOONS of careful tenderness.  
So shall it brim at the brink of hysteria.  
Attitudes come renewed searching for mild intoxication.  
Let it be sung with wild reiteration.  
The chant for count down 5 4 3 2 1

HAPPY NEW YEAR time has sprung.  
HAPPY NEW YEAR we all had sung.  
This new sensation ever so flamboyant.  
Beacon of glamor and heels that bleed  
With all night fashionhood if dancing could

Tell a smile that way.  
Night is gay and young.  
Tie one on for another fun.  
Next, be blunt when fraternizing.  
Let us scope with eyes, set a prize.  
Luster filled, TELEVIZED.

At the closing of night, the coming of dawn  
We BRISKLY carry on with more song.  
2016 a new one has begun with liquorish breath  
Style GALORE and bun unkempt.  
Socially inept, polite side step

Float away with yesterday.  
Bring prosperity for us all.  
A gratefulness for the gratefulless.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Night Of The Sun

One night the sun came out  
To see the fast fleeing moon  
This day rain and bow smiled

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Noticing Things Unseen

A whisper of the wind.

The sound of a cat's soft meows in the distance.

The frost protects a frozen rose.

The morbid moans of winter's spoils REVEAL the terror of the  
Frozen night.

Appealing to winter's brutal torcher, she reaches with aging  
Hands for the warmth of the stone fire place of her tiny cabin. 'Look there a Quiet  
prayer.' She mentioned to the listening air, pointing toward the Worn wooden  
floor.

Has WINTER no mercy? Is there a combined effort opposing the harmless  
Season of felicity

She had witnessed the howling wind wanting to come

In. A scent of misery had seized the ambience of the night until it

Screamed a silent plea releasing a frigid teardrop into

The air. Despair, despair. There was a quiet to the night

Watching timber burn crimson bright.

Look there a second PRAYER high above the fire place. This one had  
Flying ABILITY. She heaved the window and bid it good  
Night. The prayer flew far and high. It was answered with the  
Return of a most EXCELLENT season of blossoms and  
Untroubled thrilling exhaustion.

NATURALLY thinking of that most Dreadful season's passing and The beautiful  
prayer, spring is Everlasting and birds songs become familiar tunes.

Now, all the hours of MAY are mindful of days and days amid

DAZE that breathe of bloom. Fresh bright and SEEMING of dreams anew.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Ocean Song Called, 'home'

A BREEZE sweeps the ocean's surface  
Does the ocean moan an up beat tone  
A wave over takes me.  
I'm way back home.  
The wrestling leaves, remarkably  
Well strewn.  
My rusty friend barks, making  
Enemies with the garden gnomes.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Old Friend

Hello friend. Sorry if I've been  
Scarce lately. Not enough time  
In a day.

I won't use cliches such as I'm  
Living from day to day. Taking  
It one day at a time. Funny  
How life gets in the way.

Forgive me for rhyming. I'm  
Guilty of that from time to time.  
You know I've got the grind. It's  
A hard day's work. I thought I  
Drove pass you the other day on  
Your way home from church.

I just called to say HELLO. You're  
The dearest friend I know. I'll  
Bring that hammer I borrowed 2  
Years ago, when I visit. I know  
You miss it.

Strangely enough every minute I  
Thought of picking up the phone,  
I've often called my own bluff.  
Your amusing facial expressions  
Will always be registered in my  
Memory from the last joke we  
Shared.

Well, good bye old friend. How  
Time flies. You know I care.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# On Harmony Hills

Harmony hills  
Music at the highest  
Grits and eggs cooking  
All senses awakening  
Clouds bulge and hover high

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# One Of The Worst Things On Planet Earth

I despise job interviews.  
Just like a stale ASPARAGUS SANDWICH.

Tell me about your self.  
The interviewer eyes me anticipating the  
Perfect answer. I only offered a slight smile.  
I muster up my best and say, 'I'm a serious person.  
As serious as cancer. More serious than a panther.'

I can't believe myself! Why did I say that?  
What was the art of interviewing anyhow?  
You know that part where every reply is exact  
Matter of fact?  
What should I respond when she asks, 'Why do you  
Want to work for this organization? '  
My personal answer would have been.  
'For the money, of course.'

But that would be the disqualifying reply.  
Words swam in my head.  
Then I said 'This company has the best reputation for  
Training it's employees.'  
What I wanted to say was, 'Look, you have my resume here.  
Call me if you have any openings.'  
I really pondered the art of begging.  
But that wasn't appropriate.

She hit me again! ! Why did you leave your last job?  
I only stared into space for at least one whole minute  
Maybe two. Then I said 'My personality wasn't  
Compatible with the employment. I wanted to branch out.  
Was that two answers or one. This was a crucible.  
I wanted to gnaw at my own neck.(not possible)

Another question! ! Tell me everything you know about our  
Company. I swallowed hard. A fish bone from last night's  
Dinner.  
Well I don't.... I know you offer OJT (on the job training)  
She listed some facts about their organization.

Then we shook hands ' We'll keep your resume on file.  
Thank you for your interest.

Finally! And a few HALLELUJAHS! ! Haaa! !

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# One Soldier Tells

Death must be old fashioned way up in the future.  
Nobody's gonna die. Tell me when.  
Should I solicit from the REAPER?  
Must I decide with my keeper?  
Must I still try to be alive?  
Quiet, now must I pretend?  
Quit now, must I defend?

And be rewarded for my rage time and time again.  
Revision of decisions long past due. Collector  
Comes a calling where, I choose. I refused to be  
Used as a doorstep refugee ANGRILY laughing as I  
Bandage my open wounds.

Tough crowd. No self pity allowed. I'm not delusional.  
If only, please. I'm nocturnal operating without options,  
Ease. Never leave a man behind enemy lines. All who  
Volunteered to follow fall behind, and on my lead.  
All things HOT HAVE HAPPENED with my breed.  
I'm a soldier BLACK STALLION, BRED TO SUCCEED.

I know one day I'll be going HOME with my brain HOT  
Wired and my broad buff bionic body introducing my new  
Self to my adoring affectionate family.

But for now the fight is on the might IS STRONG. We  
Approached the enemy camp on clever phantom FOX FEET.  
Thinking. Waiting. These DEATH bound souls are all alone  
With me and my army. All who volunteered to follow fall  
In line.

...Waiting, ready! We pounce 25 down, no prisoners, no  
Compromise. Now hear this. Can't promise you BLUE INDIGO  
ROSE GARDENS and sunshine in paradise. Just know one  
Thing: STAY THE COURSE. We will win. WE'VE NEVER LOST.  
I'M A SOLDIER BLACK STALLION BRED TO SUCCEED.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Paint Me A Portrait

Paint me a portrait.  
Read it aloud.  
Don't forget my dimpled smile.  
Suspend it above the fire place.

Paint me a portrait with inclusions of  
My INDIGO GARDEN INDIGO ROSES to the left  
And right of me.  
Captivated by the strange nature of it all?

Come here so that I whisper in your ear.  
'We shall never know more.'  
Which I do so adore.  
Make sure you capture my lion hearted  
Personality.

Here at the piano with surreal music and  
Silent delight. I whistle the tune.  
Use earthly colors with reminiscing  
Renaissance attributes and ancient  
Attitudes.

Yes, oranges Dusty browns, earthly tones.  
Remember blues. My charm.  
Paint me more famous than the MONA LISA.  
WE INDULGE with fascination, and some  
Respite.

.  
It shall be haunting with wandering  
Eyes. Be sure to Gather your easel  
And brushes.  
I want it done before the day.

You may begin TOMORROW.  
Use oil paints of course.  
And much blue for the garden.  
And dark blue too.

A great painter. She paints the night full of day.

She paints the day gay and lucid.  
Hardly gloomy.  
When she's satisfied with what she's done she  
Does the unthinkable, tracing every star to  
A person FORGOTTEN.  
And she paints the night again with  
Unregrettable eloquence and furious fever.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Pen Of A Wizard

A poet walks on the fame of his  
Name every little moment.  
It is their DESTINY TO BE what  
They are, a spectacle among their peers.  
When is a poet most powerful?  
Even as a WIZARD, he stirs his charms  
With magical words.

Come take notes and observe.  
A poet is most ecstatic when he has  
Just created a master piece.  
This poet will be called great in  
The company of many. What does a  
Poet adore? His own creation, no less.

His sonnet, his FREE VERSE, HIS HAIKU  
AND HIS BALLADS. A poet CHERISHES  
Most of all, his words, transforming  
Them to his delight. There the poet  
Is most ESTEEMED. A WIZARD OF WORDS

A poet's love reaches far beyond an  
OBLIQUE strike of his pen on a blank  
Page. How grand it must be to have  
That page complete. His heart beats  
To the tune of the pen strokes. There  
He waves the pen as LETTERS become a  
Family of words.

Even, decorating with every colorful  
Line. Yes, more poetic and DEVINE.  
Each time, he SHINES. IT IS his  
Jubilant extraordinary display of  
Love for his pen, affectionately  
Calling it by name, JASMIN, JASMIN.

AS HE strikes the page joyfully  
heavy handed, recognizing his own  
Penmanship, his poem and pen.

Writing of deep waters, he can at  
Last swim in.

THE WIZARD IS GRATIFIED.  
SUPERBLY....  
CONTENT

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Power And Prestige

I am often asked what makes me tick. I reply.  
KNOW THIS.

I am the composer  
Of my composure

I am the man in DEMAND  
I have sat many days in the dark listening to the pouring rain.  
I am a mover and a shaker.  
Thinking of the BLOOD that thunders through my veins

The consumer of contemplation.  
I am the complete competition

Withstanding any objection  
I relish the court.

I often exceed OUTSTANDING OBVIOUS  
Excellent obligations

In truth, I blink with careful thought and precision  
I choose my fights and foes with such.

When my fuse is lit, I need nothing....  
But the best of the best in their profession  
Ceaselessly surrounding me successfully perceptive  
I FOCUS.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Prone To Rose Poems

Poetry positively prolonged  
More flare READ strong  
Excellent enjoyment exceptionally  
Electrically surreal surroundings.

Poetry does that with PROFESSIONAL PRECISION.  
POETRY fragrance. Worth BREATHS of floral LOVE.  
SIGH, SIGH.  
Polite insight of THE BLUEST BOTANICAL GARDENS  
with the spring of things.  
Poetry picking petals of unforgettable  
Forget-me-nots and INDIGO SPOTS

INDIGO GARDEN INDIGO ROSES  
Watch the POSES of the most fragrance filled  
Floral patterns KNOWN.  
Which LEAVES ONE PRONE to ROSE poems

LOYAL TO THE MAJESTIC THRONE...  
OF the ROSE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Question

A question of importance.

Scrawled across the midnight  
Wall.

How many stars and moons does

Chase the days away?

Days of magical ambiance and

Electric atmosphere does flare.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Rainbow Show

TIME IS swift before  
My eyes a silent sky first  
A sudden THUNDER  
Bolt then RAIN an immortal  
Sun rays end the pain send a  
Rainbow SHOW Careful beauty

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Roving In The Presence Of Dawn

The sweet scent of wood on the morning air.  
The dawning of another day.  
When nature's escapades begin UNWRAPPING in  
This November woods.

Searching for the first of a burst of a  
Brand new HORIZON greeting a fading night.  
Roving over wrinkled leaves newly fallen.

The MAJESTY OF DAWN.  
Kicking up my heels on this  
Juvenile MORNING. I feel the  
Immaculate presence of nature.

A hallowed log with early morning  
Squirrels seeking treasures for  
Their TROVES.  
Keeping on my best QUIETNESS I  
VISIONED A BOILING STAR take the  
Sky. A golden treat of slivers of  
Purple and simmering crimson bold.  
A sunrise New and gold.

I witnessed the flaring HORIZON as  
I ventured forward GENTLY uncovering  
A new born TRANQUIL day.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Savage Sun

The glaring sneering Sun has  
beat me down to the Pavement.  
The hot the HEAT  
the flaring has won.  
The violent engagement beastly  
perspiration beseigement.

Beaming steaming gleaming.  
Dazed AMAZED seeking shade  
from deathly rays.  
Prone to bemoan the scorching  
phase of days  
Of unfalling RAIN.

Nick named smoked and turned,  
fire starter Sun  
Churned and burned.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Scholastically Able

I have been taught  
Therefore I am teachable.  
I have learned.  
I like people.

Doable has been did  
Groceries oh, in deed! !  
Why isn't it didable  
Scribble. Scribble.

Now it's done.  
I am not yet AFFLUENT.  
I am wondering who is.  
Put the STEW ON.

GET the good pots out! !  
It's cookable.  
We are cooking! !  
By the way I am a student.

Seriously studious scholastic BRAIN  
Taking time out for the  
Warmth of a summer afternoon  
Rays are blazing.

Right back to it cooking  
Now COOK IT! !

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Shala Illustrious Emotion

Little light in my life.  
Tell me the secret of your shine.  
Star in my sight.  
Light of my life.

Little notions.  
Loving devotions.  
Now, I have an appetite  
My PLEASURE MEASURED TREASURE.

I am JEALOUS with every noxious minute  
The MOON glow touches you.  
Amore amore amore  
I am sending gentle tidings your way

To save for another day  
ILLUSTRIOUS EMOTIONS IDEAL  
Such a feel.  
SHALA WALLA MY DEAR cashmere!

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Shooting Star

By far a shooting star  
Fades into day braiding its  
Way across the sky searching  
For another night.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Sincerely Yours

Can't help myself.  
When I see you I can never  
Keep a STRAIGHT face.  
I have to smile every time

My emotions betray me.  
I'll stand on line for you,  
The longest mile.  
I'm strong for you.

A TITAN of IMMEASURABLE devotion.  
My oh my.  
When you seduce.  
You are DEVINE.

SINCERELY yours.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Skeptics Night

Not sure about things of life.  
Let's call it skeptical.

Not accepting second handed.  
Say IT'S unacceptable.  
Is that reasonable?  
If so then call it reasonability.

Excluding most over thinking  
Let's stay on track.

Nothing but the pleasurable  
All immeasurable, favorable spoken truths.  
That word is my BOND JACK.

Stand on truth John  
All reliable.

If I deny this, then it will prove  
Deniable.  
If there's no LIGHT at the end,  
Can't see a thing.  
Call it UNSEEABLE

ZERO VISIBILITY  
SPEAK EASY you see it's the

Squeaky wheel that gets all the OIL.  
If all things stay in SECRET but is  
Denied in PUBLIC.  
Then some where in there lays a LIE.

CLICK CLICK CIRCUMSTANCE  
AS a ROSY CARNATION ROMANCE

Speak easy. At ease  
Say what you said.  
Let the truth not be dead.

Seal this stack of secret thoughts.  
Just between IN WE.

IT'S NO ASSAULT.  
THERE'S NO FAULT.  
Anybody spoke up, get choked up?

Hardly a CADILLAC. DREAM,  
not sure of that.  
I'm skeptical.  
A bonofied skeptic  
Elliptical, electrical MAYBE

Right back a skeptic  
Drinking wine

The truth brew  
So CLIP THE COOL.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Sleep. Phantom

It doesn't really ever go away.  
I sleeplessly say.  
It must lay upon each eye lid.  
Sending drowsy glances to a pictured wall.

They slide shut next to one another  
Down my cheeks I try to peek  
One DREARY DROWSY DOZING BLINK at a time  
Can't seem to ever really sleep.

See here DUSK has beget a marvelous SUNSET.  
YET can't keep pace.  
The sleep race.  
The sleep PHANTOM without its face.

Day by day I ache to view a sympathetic  
SUNRISE.  
Lastly  
Maybe  
If at all  
The sun would bow it's radial head and I  
Would have a restful sleep.  
Yet I pace and pace and pace.

In this Lonely insane insomniacs RACE.  
Without a wink a blink to keep.  
Must find sleep.

Estranged alone.  
Maybe stretching out minutes in an  
UNFAMILIAR time zone.  
Groaning. Sleep without its home and  
GONE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Smokestack Lightning

Woot wooo  
Woot wooo  
Hear my train comin'  
Watch the hope spew from that smoke stack.  
Oh, watch that locomotion coming round the curve  
Woot wooo, she got nerve. See that smokestack  
Shinin' BRIGHTLY like a bolt of LIGHTNIN' STRKIN'  
Listen to her singin' on the track

I'm boardin' the 1137 to New York city.  
Keep your self pretty 'til I get back.  
I'm tellin' you like it is.  
Tellin' you where it's at.

There ain't gonna be no CHANGE in me  
And no charge  
Listen to my train pullin' in.  
Look at that solid gold smokestack the engine too.  
Watch the moon beamin', Brimmin' with love  
For this locomotive  
Don't cry. I'll be back one day

Riding' this bright New train.  
I'm going all the way.  
Yeah look at that smoke risin'  
Here I come New York City.  
I comin' to play at the COTTON.  
Sprinklin' trumpet notes  
Everywhere I go.

Shinin' BRIGHTLY such like a bolt of  
Lightnin' strikin.  
That's the smokestack Jack.  
Look at that baby FUNCTION

Woot wooo bye bye New Orleans  
Farewell BAY BEE farewell  
And all that JAZZ

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Some Kind Of Midnight

It must have been a dream last night.  
I can only tell you how it seemed to me.  
All of the stars were TWINKLING.  
Every tranquil event happened noiselessly.  
The MOON lent a simple yawn.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Sonnet Of Simple Choices

Simple choices and causes purposefully  
Pronouncing pronouns, tempers flare up  
Clauses and voices righteous and dignified  
Poses prose dispossess mercy knows it.

Instant gratifications senses senseless  
Incentives, complete sentences, make  
Sense of this. Spending time on  
SENSELESSNESS infamous notions purposefully  
Spoken.

Speaking in a rising voice by choice, a  
Promise of WILL POWER hungry for WISDOM  
WE can take hold of.  
A KNOWLEDGE we can take CONTROL OF.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Sonnet Of My Words

This must be a  
Member of my mind

A memory of my  
Own design.  
My memory is where  
I reside.

Unnoticed as a  
PAUPER in the grime  
By chance it would be  
Of scant design.

No average disguise  
Matching words to words  
Old hearts die hard.  
Without homes prepared  
For discard

Hardly For the trash  
But quite disturbed,  
Unloads onto the  
Barren city streets

Followed by shame  
And humbled.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Sorrow River

Sorrowful sorrowful sorrows come what may.  
I have taken my sorrows to the river.  
Now I shall have exceeding happiness.  
Laughter, felicity and HILARITY abound.  
Worries sorrows and grief are in the river of purity.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Soundlessness Of Solitude

Here I am laying  
My soft bed down I'M  
Thinking about tomorrow  
When days before I SAVORED  
The Banks of the FRENCH RIVIERA  
Undisturbed soundlessness, solitude  
Of the QUIET waves roll PLACIDLY  
Seemingly BEACHES AGO  
A flock of FAIR FEATURED FRIENDS  
SOARING being ADMIRE

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Spoken Words

Do not just say something  
But, make a statement.  
Then punctuate it with your boldest stare.  
While silently observing the expressions of  
Your audience.

Then, speak your dreams.  
Say what you mean.  
Let your words have a life of their

Own living from ear to ear.  
Let them hear words they've never  
Heard, eclipsing the Himalayan mountains  
And the others of Adirondacks.

Know your words, they shall serve as your  
DISCIPLES. For you are truly SONS OF GOD.

LET YOUR TRIUMPHS be ceaseless, never seen  
Over work the SENSES.  
Let MERCY REIGN. THEN there'll be no pain.

Hearts will be stained by every pronouncement  
Of your mouths. Everyone WILL WHISPER YOUR NAME!

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Stars At Night

Sleep steals away my sight  
When I watch the stars at night  
I HEAR their screams at the break of dawn.

I release a silent YAWN.  
It's time I resign to frolic in the BREEZE.  
I sent myself to breathe splendor among  
The trees. Anxiously awaiting, as NIGHT  
Held his breath and SLOWLY FELL.

For this spectacular super natural show,  
I waited the day long. Feverishly  
Excited. I so delighted in knowing, and  
I began to know how the moon continues to  
Glow. I stay for the wonderous secret of  
The stars, the twinkling against the  
Black VELVET sky. The smiling treasure  
I see, is what BEAUTY MUST be.

I love my golden supernatural treasures,  
Exquisite. Nothing shall prevent my  
Visits.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Station

Do not give thought to your stagnant place.  
Everyone has their station in life.  
No matter if you've been told other wise in the scheme of things you  
Will earn your place in life.  
The certificate from the furthest dark of toil.

Ink undried. Think in kind. Link in time.  
From the filthiest of soil.  
Endurance patients wealth poverty all in all the same.  
It must be entrained.

The bark is worst than the bite.  
But if there be refrain, let logic come to light of the  
Flame of life.  
Every soul has their glory.  
Everyone has their turn.

Let no lesson be unlearned.  
Let the child befriend the rhyme.  
Learn them wrong from WRITE.  
Everyone has their station in life.  
The stricken amid the strife.

May the mighty help the weak to thrive.  
Keep your bearing.  
No matter what you're hearing.  
Ignite the night.  
Do not give up the fight. Survive.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Strawberry Daydream

The day started, sunshine and rays.  
A GOOD omen of a special day.  
A fantastic fascination I have found  
A strawberry field.  
Every little red PLUMP

A BETTER DAY  
A STRAWBERRY WAY.  
I plucked one I ate.

Tender, TARTY TO MY TASTE slightly SWEET  
Surely there is some secret WILL

Legal THE LANGUAGE I can not tell,  
Lays some where under FLUFF of dust

My name printed there.  
A strange PENMANSHIP.  
NO gray days, the Sun sends its rays

To thousands and thousands of strawberries  
Lay waiting, ripe for picking.  
I plucked, again, I ate.

I contemplate, leaving.  
Such pleasantries

The field STRETCHED endless, a tarty  
Distance MAYBE acres I DANCED, I wandered

Further into the OASIS.  
I DAYDREAMED.

LONG before I found my way

Before I had eaten  
More strawberries than I THOUGHT

My thoughts could TAKE.  
I thought I might EXPLODE.  
A STRAWBERRY LOVERS FANTASY.

I Lingered HALF THE DAY.  
I had not, of course returned

The same way.  
I was DIFFERENT

No ordinary day,  
No ordinary DAYDREAM  
An unusual me, UNUSUALLY

For, I am sure I had LEFT my  
strawberry HEART behind.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Streets Of A Summer Dream

It is hot out here.  
Don't tell me about a sweater  
I think the sun is broken  
Walking down the same asphalt side walks

Still the same flaws I remember the  
Games the aims sunny sulken sheen to  
The shine sleek and shalacking was the  
Cadillac acting like a fact.

High powered proper schemes. Have you  
Ever dreamed of really dreamed?

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Summer

Sweat rolling down heat  
Spontaneous combustion  
Attack BLAZING flames

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Summer Of Day Dreams

Never again will I be a  
Believer in fun and games  
My motions my notions and  
Memories left in the grass at the lake  
Left behind as though it

Were a pretend pain.  
I fret I sweat  
I'm standing steady  
On my feet laughing tears away

My pounding heart  
Within my chest dreaded

This day, these lessons  
The stories bring tears  
To the eyes of the  
Listeners. All ears are  
Open for the final sigh.

You have a story, tell it  
The best summer here, have  
The freshest greenery, stepping  
Out of my day dream

With the sweetest juiciest cherries

Ever tasted feasting on Chocolate  
bags of berries  
Up to my chest  
So good bye summer

So long to dreams once  
I owned and diamonds

In my tears rain on me  
I asked the sky then every rain  
Drop hit its target  
Spot an emotional riptide

I am summer's last thought

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Super Star

Camera engaging  
Strictly amazing

Focusing bring it in  
Spinning grinning

Beautiful motions  
Black suede skin

Picturesque, patiently  
Persevering, persistently

Photogenic Super star  
No scars

Long limbs  
Black swan

Posing how  
ever delighted  
Super star  
Touch the sky excited.

Clicking flicking  
Whirling twirling  
Brand and smiling  
Styling.

Girl in a world of her Own.  
Mystic bones.  
Her alone  
Catwalk it

Camera is her home  
Astounding young star  
Shining brightly  
Defining

Attitude divining

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Symphony Orchestra Of Love

You're a beauty  
You're a sexy something  
And a cutie  
Baby you know  
You are my sunshine

Even in the shade  
You make my GOOD TIMES  
I'm squared away.

My ELATION, THIS ELECTION,  
MY selection.

Endowed CONVERSATIONS  
cream and NECTAR satisfaction.

I write this song for you.  
Clearly my future sparkles  
As a tinsel town jingle.

Gentle, GENERALLY GENTLER

Send for me.  
I am enthusiastic  
You're FANTASTIC

I measure my day with heaping  
Spoons Of your SPECIALNESS.  
We deserve a parade.

Are you the same as I remember?  
Oh, I forget it was just yesterday,

Or the day BEFORE  
PLEASE pour more  
I'm.... OVERDOSING.

SO sing to me.  
Symphony Orchestra PLAY PLAY  
I wear my heart on my sleeve.

Those sensational CHORDS  
You are the scent of me.

ORCHESTRA PLAY PLAY PLAY  
I am ABSORBED.  
EXHAUSTED, I APPLAUD

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Ten Years Old

There's a story about a ten year old who  
Often thinks she's much older when she  
Runs just for fun.  
And she mostly wears pinky swears on  
Grounds of play.  
Spends her cents from yesterday.  
Inny minny pink and things.

With the mouse on the clock don't stop  
There she goes adds her sense to the  
Digital fun, thinking she's a GAME PRO  
At ten years old.

Confessing that she knows so she laughs  
About MATH. Very good, knew you could  
Understand. OUTSTANDING accomplishments  
Scholastically understood.

And the story goes  
Little niece is LAUGHING me to pieces.  
Now I'm speechless.  
Did you do your homework?  
Oh, only on Sunday.

Video games a priority.  
She's got most new releases.  
She often states with pride.  
Already almost a TEENAGER at ten.

And then this is the end my story  
Listening FRIENDS.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Tender Star

Tender star way out far, can I  
Keep you company tonight?  
Shining star way up there with  
Your sleek satin white gown.

It pains me to see you lonely.  
The nights are best when you hear  
The swaying of trees with their  
Green pressed dresses and crickets  
In their SUMMERNESS.

OH tender star why have you been  
So forsaken? Those other stars  
Must be mistaken. You with your  
DAZZLING gown waiting for the  
PARADE that has died down the night  
Before.

My LITTLE star I promise to stay  
And be your company when you have  
Nothing to shine on at Christmas  
season when the  
Carols are sung when everyone gets  
The present they adore.

If only you could be the top of my  
Christmas tree.  
Oh silvery GLISTENER you are my  
Favorite long time listener.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# The Blackness

T emptying the tide  
H astily waiting for our selves  
E xperience knows the goal

B eing better than before  
L iving for the BEST life  
A ncestors loud ANCIENT VOICES  
C arefully harmonious  
K illing no positive ATTITUDE  
N o better future than now  
E xploiting your education  
S ending LOVE to all DIASPORA  
S ensing the TIDE

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# The Bluest Rose

A Love that does not  
Dispose is equal to  
The ELEGANCE of the  
BLUEST ROSE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# The Color Of Purple

Surreal as can be  
Laundered, now looking bluer  
Than The darkest sky

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# The Gambler' S Descent

Let me not be hampered at all  
Allow every chip to fall  
I am with spleen displayed  
Utterly despaired with tepid tears  
Soiled and disheveled, a post marked soul.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# The Game

T he contentious people play prioritizing purposefully  
Happily scribble FANTASTIC dribble  
Easily influenced by the score board

G enerating astounding accomplishments  
A nother DAY in the life of the players  
M onotonous tricks of the trade practiced every day.  
E xtremely competitive.

Don't hate the player hate the GAME

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# The Heart And Soul Of Poets

With unusual senses, we operate  
We dance to the sound of wind chimes  
And whistle to the tune of butterfly wings  
We SEE MELLOW MUSIC in waterfalls.  
We smile at falling rain on pristine  
Summer days expecting exceptional RAINBOWS

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# The Instigator

The instigator relates, we cheer.  
Deflates nay Sayers.  
The instigator retrace all fears.  
Detest all stares.

The instigator dissects dialects.  
The instigator oblige his faith.  
What phase? The instigator emblazed, freeze gaze.  
Counsels full laws. Legal eagle at the cause.

The instigator has fame, no game.  
The instigator takes flight.  
Ignite SURPRISE.  
Do fly red eye

Nice GUY. GOOD GUY. GOOD BYE

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# The Master

My will is  
I touch you where you beg me.  
Senses conspire.  
I feel you breathe.  
Proving my tease.

Providing a caress, causing a moan.  
My DEAL is fare.  
Come here to me.  
My deal is UNIVERSAL appeal.  
You know the secret.  
The MASTER I am.

Promising the comfort of my  
Hands on your DELICATE skin.  
So so soft, TENDER is she.  
And as ripe as sweet fruit  
Waiting to be plucked.

I AM your master. I am yours  
You are mine.  
Your taste is sweet and causes me  
Unspeakable pleasure.  
You are mine.

I MASTER

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# The Obscure One

The obscure one reeks of peasantry.  
Instead of pleasantries.  
Who only congregates in the  
Ghettos of hopelessness.

He, in the population of shame  
Runs the game.  
The escapist attempts it again.  
Lifting himself up, going for  
The gold.

Now, an educated PROFESSIONAL  
No longer salvages trash for  
A little cash. He LEANS BRASH.  
Artfully changed from his days  
As a dreamer.

Now with courage and strength  
He stretches, LEAN, CONTEMPT  
With deliberate contemplation.

He stands  
He steps  
Away.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# The Poetry Report Card

Can I escape with a passing mark if I quote  
Famous poems?

Will I receive an 'A' if I say a certain thing  
Made famous by someone else with resounding adequacy?  
Will I have to stand to recite an entire line?

I need all 'A's' on my poetry report card.  
I'm tirelessly thinking and MUSING and pondering  
And tweaking. I'm also sort of shy to be  
Standing as I'M SPEAKING.

I've employed a knack for breeching conundrums.  
I can handle this. They all sat eagerly attuned  
With sober eyes.

as I unloaded my liTERATURE I began to hope that  
I would receive an 'A', if not for EXCELLENCE  
then for EFFORT and etc., etc., etc.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# The Quieting

Sunrise, all is calm in each town.  
A melody of TRICKLING a nearby brook sings a gentle tune  
Sunset DUSK has kept a peaceful watch til it's end.  
Night has crept beneath the din.  
The silent PARADE A QUIETING satisfying day.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# The Things That Boys Do

Boys. Do boys break toys?  
Knick knack patty wack. Give a dog a bone.  
Some say the things that boys do are wrong  
And even more wrong, still

Pushing GO carts up a steep steep hill. Wrestling  
Down steps and falling. Breaking bones, being  
Home alone. Fire crackers one two three. Stop  
Spitting on me.  
REPEAT REPEAT REPEAT

Boys even when they're right, they're wrong.  
Boys are STRONG. They are triumphant on mix  
Marital arts and wrestling night. They need a place  
Here in society. They need their own show and  
Tell month. What week? What's a week?

Fighting through one trillion trillion jeers. Not  
Wanting to show their FEARS.  
THE MEDIA COMES THE QUICKER

FEARING vulnerability boys are nothing but the brunt of  
Solid steel with diamond spikes. Many boys are MELLOW  
But spell WE DO RAISE HELL. Some might think boys  
Do things for SPITE. Such as STAYING ALIVE OR FLYING A  
KITE. BOYS, but when dark is night stay INSIDE.

At DIFFICULT times they fight even when they're right.  
THINKING they are strong. MAYBE they are wrong?  
Wrestling tearing fisting clenching cursing spitting  
STOMPING reaching for his own fate. SUFFERING  
ALIENATION AND HATE. What he wants he gets one way  
(sparing no grace) or another. All in all in all.  
Some boys walk a CHALK LINE and are fine.

In the light of the life of things this is how it is.  
Boys ARE STRONG. They go long.  
THE MEDIA. THE CONDEMNATION. THE VILIFICATION:  
Boys are bursting through malls, tearing down walls,

Shooting guns on the run.

Nothing but boys will be boys. Nothing is truth until  
It is seen through the eye of a boy keen.  
Gangs, tussles, physical rebuttals.  
There, those tails wagging of puppy dogs.

Yeah BOY! You got SWAGGER, you got SWAY. Football  
Gear and baseball cards. Yeah, all HARD.  
Make way for shooting hoops, hanging on stoops.

Traces of MANHOOD TO DATE. Been never a man who  
Hasn't been a boy. ENJOY! ! GOOD FATE! !

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# The Haiku Halls (A Collection)

Life is sweet and bright  
Soaked in harmony every  
Minute passion DAY

Puddle reflect a face  
You are best with your shimmering  
Rippling everything smile

Stepping on rocks in the pond  
One, two bit of water on  
My three nothing better

Sand castles building  
Happy crowd smiling now  
Beach lovers living

Scribble magic now  
On this page maybe someone  
Will read this thought then

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# The Man The King

Into the King' s lair he goes to practice  
His Tai Chi.  
As he hones his skill he knows that when  
He returns he will be a man most POWERFUL.  
They shall call him your highness.  
He replies with a QUICK QUIP OF A QUIZ,  
'Do you remember me? '

He cheers the crowd hoisting his SCEPTURE  
Into the air above his head.  
'I am your BELOVE.' He roars.  
The crowd revels and chants 'Your  
HIGHNESS.'  
Adorably with affection.  
Now, approaching his THRONE with the  
POSTURE OF A KING.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# The Power

A leaf  
A tree  
A flower

All of nature  
A stream flowing  
Rain HEAVENLY pouring.

A woman  
A man  
Provocative

A child crying  
All in nature  
A sunshower

Notice the rain  
A rainbow full of Sun  
A day full of rainbows  
The power.

Notice a furious fire  
Hear it's mighty roar  
The destruction of the  
Burning FLAMES

The embers the flicker  
The POWER of the flames  
THE BLAZING of the roar  
Notice the MIGHTY power.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# The Speech

I must confess  
And do protest  
Needless request  
Then retest.  
Do not OBSESS  
Sleepless? Lack REST?  
At best count sheep  
Then speak and  
Reset phenomenal  
Address  
Now  
Relent  
Consent no  
Contest  
Restrain  
Contain  
Insane  
Now retreat don't  
Freak get sleep  
Then adress all  
Request.  
PRICELESS!

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# They Cometh The Night

We are his Honorary Van guards  
Standing afore. We know not  
Graves mercilessness nor dim  
Of light of senses. Lo' there  
We prepare these shores  
Undiminished in dusk of night.

For thee BEING our highness  
UNBLEMISHED. And they cometh  
All from the GREATEST DISTANCE.  
Shake thy HEAVENS, QUAKE thy  
EARTH. As THEE WILL  
Time is  
NOTHING.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# This God

This God some know is  
Real to the deal  
Not fake but GENUINE leather  
And even better yet FUR to the feel.

Such as a big CAT with diamonds  
In his fur, GLISTENING.  
This God I know STANDS....  
The test of time.

And walks on SILENT feet.  
But when he raws we must give  
Time for pause a God clause.  
This God is the only one left

Standing at the end of time.  
The BIG FATHER.  
That's exactly how it is.  
Yes, he is the man and kind

When it counts.  
With teeth sharper than any BLADE  
Ever seen. This GOD is here  
In the MIDST of we.

Be not Blinded by This BRIGHT  
Burning SMILE. NUF CHAT

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# This God

This God some know is  
Real to the deal.  
Not fake but GENUINE leather  
And even better yet FUR to the feel.

Such as a big CAT with diamonds In his fur, GLISTENING.  
This God I know STANDS....The test of time.  
And walks on SILENT feet But when he roars, we must give  
Time for pause a God clause.

This God is the only one standing at  
the end of time.  
The BIG FATHER.  
That's exactly how it is.

Yes, he is the man and kind  
When it counts.  
With teeth sharper than any BLADE  
Ever seen. This GOD is here  
In the MIDST of we.

Be not Blinded by This BRIGHT  
Burning SMILE. NUF CHAT

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# This Is All Because I'm Happy

Sun rise  
Sun rays LAVISHLY surrounding  
Emphatic in fact FANTASTIC.  
OH MY GOD.  
I'm joyous

Completely clear.  
Clearing the air with happiness  
Happiness is DELICIOUS  
OH boy what a joy!  
Copiously CLAIRVOYANT

Non-fictitious it's all real  
There are no under handed deals  
I've come of age.  
Turn the page, no games.

Shift the anger save the day  
I'm happy, are you happy too?  
I'm totally ecstatic, running with  
Fever of EXTREME enjoyment

Reading from the book of felicity.  
As electricity travels through me.  
Happiness has given me delectable ENERGY  
BUOYANT AND FLAMBOYANT ME.

I'm truly excited.  
With this prize, I am delighted  
Witnessing humorous events and laughing  
Out loud.  
I'm happy from now on.

What luck I possess  
Happiness, I confess.  
It's luck and something more at the lucky store.  
Bring. The lucky truck.

Happy rainbow bubbles bouncing off of me.

Because I'm happy opportunities abound  
Run round and round.  
Happily working all day.

Sunny sunnier making my way  
Because I'm happy.  
A felicitous kiss of Sun  
Come what may SUNNIEST DAY and DAY.

THE affect happiness has on me is  
Sensationally EXTREME  
The path of EXCITEMENT is now BENIGN AT  
SUNSET

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Those Yesterday Yearnings

The yearning for a salacious caress.  
I can't shake this, please relieve me.  
A SEDUCTIVE finesse  
You do it best.  
A pleasurable DISEASE I need.

Your heart is no longer vacant.  
I'm there, I'm staying.  
At this moment, here in  
This time, my thoughts are yours.

I'm holding on  
A park swing, high then  
Higher.  
I like your attitude and  
Love your fire.

I kept late hours last night  
Never slept.  
Watching the moon and reminiscing  
On yesterday and days before.  
On quietness of early  
Afternoons.

As the radio played our song  
Absent regrets.  
Holding hands lost in memories  
Making love in the rain  
Drop by drop your driving  
Me insane.

This is the ecstasy I live  
For.  
Drop by drop the storm has  
Calmed.  
The touch of your tenderness,  
Silky finger tips  
The rain has gone.

The taste of your sweet love  
Making lingers on.  
Time and time again  
I LOVE THIS  
I'M SHAKING.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Thoughts Of Royalty

In all races there are needs.  
In all races we have blood that  
Bleeds a distinct red.  
At some time in life all blood is shed.

Yet, no one confronts that which calls  
ATTENTION to the PAINS.  
That's the GIST OF IT.  
IT'S the twist that fits.

There's no need for CONFRONTATION  
THERE'S THE BLITZ Of it.  
YES! The TACT THAT FLIPS the lid.  
Sheep for the SHEERER

Cloth to the wearer  
A simple LIFE.  
CLOTHES that fits.  
The seam the split.

Year and year.  
LIONS LAIR, a PIERCING EYE,  
The BOLDEST STARE.

SUCH A ROAR FROM THE THRONE.  
A WAKING EYE  
HAUNTED MEMORIES  
Walking home.

Dozing on crying feet, royal themes  
Conquest of dreams  
Kings Of THRONES  
STILL WALKING HOME ALONE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Time Again

In time  
And time in rhyming line  
After line  
Is mine  
Of mind relying  
In type  
And kind  
In time  
Entwine Rewind

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# To The Delight Of All Humanity

Time will tell  
It shall pass  
Food will be cooked  
Cakes will be baked

Cheeks caressed, a friendly gaze  
Smiles around, songs will be sung or sang  
Seasons will change  
Hands will be shaken

Deals will be made  
Games will be played  
Promises kept  
Love will for always exist

Not much exist without it  
Babies will be born  
To the delight of all humanity  
Lives shall be lived

Fame will be experienced  
Sincerest of prayers  
Will be said unto the ears of God.  
Then who shall hold their tears

Til the end.  
Tears of grief? Or glee?  
Say to all those who do not know,

'Maintain your bearings no matter  
What you're hearing  
Your grief will be tears of crystal  
And diamonds on your cheeks of constant  
Reprieve and believe this is life.  
Release relief and live the life you love.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Tongue Kiss Of A Lover

A KISS from a true love is SATISFACTION chain reaction  
Deep within guaranteed to cause a need for more. No longer  
A want or a need for food or shelter. Only the want of your  
Lover's conditioned lips.

As the tongue INVADES music plays. All thought and sense  
Left on the HIGHWAY OF DESIRE. The tongue displays such  
Behavior unknown, then intrudes again. By pleasurable  
Force the Lover subdues the other. Leaving the other lover  
Breathless and weak.

The Lover was commanding and DEMANDED WHO has a more  
SUPERIOR technique. Let them come forward now with proof.  
Taking the other lover with one arm and once more filling  
The kiss with fiery bliss causing the other lover to go  
Limp.

Oh My love Exstasy is guaranteed and he feels the other  
Lover TREMBLE UNDER his touch. With a final lips on lips  
SUCCULENT SOLUTE DELUXE

Aaah the TRUTH is revealed.  
She blushed  
That face, what BEAUTY  
Those LIPS, WHAT lust.  
What flush! !  
The rush! !  
ENOUGH! !

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Treasure Trove

Lock down Limping Grove.  
PIRATES have stolen the treasure trove.  
I know all about the garden shed.  
How you hide and make your bed.

WATCHING with a whimsical stare, he replied  
'I know nothing of these TRAVESTIES.'  
Here are some facts you may not know:  
Tedious TEASING tussles to taste the TRUTH.

Merciless MUSING knows what TREASURES you  
Have stolen. Then, you will not continue  
To repose.  
Tell where you have roved lest I will  
Lance you with this BLADE to obtain the JEWELS  
You have sought.

Real EXCEPTIONAL TREASURES can not be  
Bought. Drop your sack where you stand. Do  
This as I demand. A search of the sack  
Revealed nothing familiar.

As he made a hasty EXIT a telling jingle was  
Heard.  
PRICELESS GOES THE NINES WITH FEARLESS YOU  
IN MIND.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Trending Then And Than

What nonsense is this?  
Where is the toss of the coin?  
Where is the shift within the GAME?  
The trick of the trade.  
Who is to blame? the fading...

Rearranging?  
More than before?  
The THIS and the THAT.  
Tired FAT CATS GET PAID.  
WHERE is the shade from all you  
Who engage?

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Twilight Before The Dawn

Some what as the twilight  
Which comes at dusk.  
This is the better one  
Replacing the flickers of light

With a solar spark  
The better, sipping up  
Twilight before the DAWN  
THE SUN rays excite all  
gardens With sparkle.

What tranquil thoughts these  
Are, witnessing a secret  
Blessing unfold.  
It is best from the shore

The spinning, minute by  
Minute, new by new.  
Darkness FADES.  
GIVING way To a burst of

Light seeping through the  
Seam of the HORIZON as the  
Day gives a quiet yawn.  
This is dawn!

a spark Of day begins  
A twinkling in its eye  
A splendid MORNING!

the sunrising,  
You have been missed by  
sprouts of flowerful  
Buds.

You have been yearned for  
With TIMID moaning VOICES.  
You slice the day hour by hour

Morning sun you  
Are doing your best for all  
To witness this  
With newness of senses

Dusk will soon slowly creep  
In again making its  
Path aiming for the powerful  
Signal, a lingering horizon

Once again a BRILLIANT  
BOASTFUL SHOW of MAJESTRY  
MAGNIFICENT OF BEING

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Up The Staircase Of My Life

Walking up the stair case of my life  
I've had to fight all along.  
It skips my mind time and time again  
I've found my lonely heart CHASING  
The WIND.

YET YES I was there and there making  
Solid promises to you I kept  
Step by step  
Every hallow space I felt I had to fill  
Walking up the staircase of my life I  
Was on trial  
More and more I was exiled

The times I've faught the tears, never  
Found a smile.  
There, I've reached the top, I'm home.  
Not only glancing back with key in  
Hand but recalling one solitary  
Teardrop at a time

I know you heard me repeat line and  
Line, yeah I'm fine.  
You're not blind, I've got my pride.  
You see, it's no ordinary thing.  
I must have the ambition of KINGS.

Its my right to reveal what I feel.  
I'm happening now. I have changed  
My tune I need room to roam.  
You had me wrapped around the pole,  
But baby, I've found GOLD!

A STITCH A SEAM  
The fabric GLEAMING.  
SPECIALNESS in my life. I think I'm  
Happy now.  
First time in years  
This instant...

I SMILE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# We Are Sound

We are sound of mind and soul  
We are sound of earth and gold  
We are sound

We are sound of constant grind  
Fire and coal we are sound

If GOD be told we are sound of  
Strife and right  
We are sound of toil and might  
Of fist and fight we are sound

Of listless days and RAGING nights  
Of blood and mud we are sound

Of grave yard fears  
Of tattered shares and ragtag flair  
We are sound of guts and fury  
We are sound

This is the song of the renowned  
POUND THE GROUND we are sound

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# What It's Worth

Stopping and starting.

Starting and believe

Believe what exist.

Exist and what is.

What is Will become.

Become and live.

Live and not die.

Die for what you believe in.

In this life that's all there is.

Is this the reassurance we need.

Need is forever a priority

Priority forever gains in what it's worth

Worth more than a HILL of beans.

Beans in the pot of LIFE.

Life as a priority

Priority becomes a HUNGER never satisfied.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# What If

What if you were the one and suppose you  
We're literally loaded with acute noteworthy  
Atrocious bombastic dialectic felicity?

As though your surroundings were a theme park  
And nothing beyond. No one shared a hunch or  
A clue. Didn't flaunt a spark.  
Occurrences were out of place.  
All was in disarray. Laughter faded into  
The Distance.

Outlandish, outlandish! Fantasies are often  
Famished SCHEMES with days of infected haze  
Polluted with archaic trash from spheres  
Unknown.

Someone barks into your thoughts, 'ANSWER THE  
TELEPHONE.' And you shout 'HELLO? ' A sense of  
A bewildering revolution is at hand. The agony  
Of black ash has disengaged. A teetering  
Revelation.

What if the world were such as that? Constant  
Electrifying chaos. Would we explore as a theme  
Park in the dark? Would we survive?  
Abandon our minds?

That masquerade, HEY! That PURPLE haze has  
Vanished. The suffocating skies are blue again.  
Every day is but a MELLOW breath of Sunshine  
And rainbows. No longer strange substituted  
For mundane.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# What Is A Nightmare

Now then, Let us begin.  
A nightmare is not a FRIEND  
But a foe that over flowed.

If this be true by decree, a nightmare  
Is a recluse enclosed in pain. What  
Is a nightmare when a nightmare  
Is sustained in court ENGRAINED?

Wars fought insane  
That is a nightmare.

With dreams it would seem that  
Nightmares are simple scapegoating  
Blamed then be gentle.  
Nightmares are strange and rekindle  
Flames of fire ignite accidental a  
Nightmare remains.

Shall we include and make good use  
Of what has been induced? A nightmare  
Is to loose your BELOVED in an  
Incidental ACCIDENT.

A nightmare is a scheme of the mind  
Against REALITY when it's telling  
You it's not possible.  
A word of advice: Do think twice  
Before falling asleep at night.  
Better to always keep awake until  
Day break.

Could it be, you think just a wink  
Or a blink of SLEEPLESS NIGHTS  
MAYBE UNTHINKABLE episodes of life?  
Now let us endure. A nightmare is  
An insane dream on steroids?

Is that mental? Let us think and

Rethink this. NOTHING of a nightmare  
Shall be relinquished. It exist.  
Do still enlisted. Now, let us deduce,

A nightmare is a shell of a dream which  
Fell from HELL IN an UPSIDE DOWN WORLD.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# What Love Is Love

If not pure and true  
Then what of love is love?  
Surely not a figment nor a fragment  
Of one's imagination.

Love is to share one's nature  
With another until it causes  
Spontaneous rapture.  
It's occasionally, not what's  
Expected, forgive one another then  
Hurry on the trail and except it.

Love may be blind and spontaneously  
Excitingly insightful.  
What is love on the COURSE of life.  
It is a part of life itself.

Love exudes stringent emotions and  
SILENT discussions, instant devotion.  
It is all you have ever DREAMED.

It can be cruel and nurturing which  
In case, we are all free to love  
Until it hurts WITHIN.  
Leaving one speechless. It is  
Unspeakable.

What Love is love? A Matter of  
Fact LOVE

What of love is truly love?  
What does it consist of?

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# What Madness Be

Madness be a delicious cocktail with a harmonious hilarity of  
Laughter add spices with merriment all day long.  
Madness be a city in joyous turmoil expanding at the borders  
Where everyone belts out a tuneless song.  
Madness be in defense of all insanity knowing something's off key.  
An overwhelming wonderment about life on the other side.  
Smash the bottle full throttle.  
Madness be an ocean without life in its sea. It be a world  
Without sea on its earth.  
Madness be the sun without the rain which ties the bow.  
Madness be the death of living life alive.  
Most of all madness be madness with reason to exist.  
It must persist.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# White Rosy Pink Rose

To say that you are beautiful is a  
Tiny utterance.  
Your BEAUTY reaches beyond...  
I suppose that you have known for a season  
How lovesome you are.

You WHITE rosy pink rose.  
And I, with my cup of mesmerize mint, I sit  
As you invade my mind and flourish  
Inside.

The first time I envisioned your glow at  
The purple meadow, I should have known  
It would be this way.  
You eclipse my being and comfort MY heart.  
Yes, you captivate my small world.

I am but an ANT in your galaxy. You are  
The rose. White rosy pink rose. Embrace  
Me with your life. CAPTURE me with your  
Light.

Suffocate me. You WHITE rosy pink rose.  
I am yours. I, at this life time  
Worthy.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Winsome Rose

She could have been the  
Most delicate ROSE.  
But a ROSE nonetheless

She was a BEAUTY  
I suppose, a WINSOME ROSE  
She was intrinsically mine.  
By elaborate design

I awoke to a beauty  
Well defined and quite DEVINE  
OH YES regal and refined  
Gazing upon her ESSENCE.

THERE, one thousand SUMMERS young.  
No ordinary ROSE.  
Gentle snowflakes and perfumes.  
Every tender petal was

An obvious tribute to her true beauty.  
Lovely and overwhelming.  
I have already said a life time  
And still can not say enough

I was consumed with FEVERISH devotion  
How PROFOUND a perfect ROSE.  
A FLAMING BEAUTY I resound.  
A precious joy  
I have FOUND.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Words Hurt Worse

When every word was said  
In the thick of it. Now,  
I'm sick of this. More of  
The same angry dish.  
A clever twist. In the heat  
Of the moment, in the passion  
Of the night.  
We faught when the AGONY was  
Worse than the curse. Then  
Again, no pain was worse  
Than the birth of a break.  
Nothing was WORTH that  
THIRST. WORDS HURT....  
WORSE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Yearning Point

I yearn to breathe  
I yearn to be  
What is it about this realm?  
Merely a place of existence?  
Body and soul  
I can not view this spacious oasis  
Bottomless catastrophe  
I am at the yearning point I have  
Sought my entire life lot  
Am I able to tie another knot?

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Yesterdays Yearnings

I meant to kiss you better than I did yesterday.  
The yearning for your sensual CARESS.  
I CAN'T shake this, please!  
A seductive FINESSE,  
You do it best.

Like a pleasurable disease I need.  
I'm in this.  
I'm staying  
In this moment, here in this time.

My thoughts are your thoughts.  
I'm holding on  
A park swing higher and higher.  
And baby that's a nice sting.

I keep reminiscing about yesterday  
And the day before.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Your Love Is

Your love is an endless melody  
Played just for me.  
Sweet notes in spring and all SUMMER  
Long.  
A single ROSE for for a lonely heart.  
Your love is a joyful afternoon RENDEZVOUS.  
Your love is more than just the spirit of my  
Leaping heart

It is as rare as a LAVENDER rose.  
Your love is the MASTER of all loves.  
An ENIGMA never to be understood.

It pulls at every invisible heart string.  
It causes me to aspire to what has been  
Silently desired

Your love is a MEADOW filled with VIOLET  
Blades of grass. Each blade has its own  
Unique name whispered on winds with  
PLATINUM wings.

Your love is each and everything EVERY  
Single day and all that sings

Val Brooklyn Rogers

# Youthful Reminiscing

Blue is the sky.  
This youthful heart is never far from those  
Laughing summer nights.  
The infinity of HEAVENS expanse  
The twinkling of a single star  
Heavenly design

The nights were permanent without flaw.  
Though in my youth I was wise and had lived  
one thousand life times in a single  
Summer moment

For one hyper NATURAL measurement it be by  
Jar. I could have caught one million  
Fire flies spiriting on the dark.

Val Brooklyn Rogers