

Poetry Series

W.F.D. BLCK
- poems -

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W.F.D. BLCK()

Accessibility Of Love

At times dormant...at times elusive-
must not lose heart the breast of love
can still be had.

When the will within remains ironclad.

When the flames of desire reach for the northern seas.

When one can finally release all romantic agony.

When the soul is ready to leave doors standing open.

When the cavern in your life needs to be filled.

When the opportunity of love shines it's singular beam.

When the vision of truth meets the feeling of belief.

When the quest to be loved is most emergent.

When the intimacy of darkness is shared by two.

When the intimacy of darkness is shared by two.

When whisking of the lovers breeze is felt anywhere, anytime.

When a man and a woman connects beyond earthly zones.

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Adjacent Hearts

Will you be mine, be my Valentine?
A time again when love is scarlet red.
When lovers engage with impatient vine.
Romance elevating breath beyond stories read.
Sweet sensations tugs the inner string.
Maiden's hug and kiss an arousing gift.
That royal affection eased from her King.
The heated air with passion's upward shift.
Day and a season for hearts palpitations.
A fireplace of memories infuses more memories.
Chance to get real in one on one conversations.
The spirit of fun and pleasure with full compliments.

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Anticipation

Thoughts emerge from the awakened mind that merge
with sensations of the body our tracks and trains.
The longer the wait only stokes the waves of fire-
bent and rippled are our desires. Emotions sky, dip
and turn in one gathered motion an ocean of opportunity
and as explorers dive. Nicely framed pictures of how
we view the outcome-fantasy to reality which will be
outdone? The pressures of what happens next invades
our sleep. Make the rush of the day blush with frosted
daydreaming. Anxieties revealed as the hours pass, seeing
not just with our eyes-memories of loss on the winds of
the past. This is the present. What will be the future?
This is anticipation.

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Bridgework

Links the present with the past.
Joins two very different worlds.
Points the way into a future blast.
Adventure road for curious boys and girls.
It's strong and beautiful over waterways.
A time durable structure over rough terrain.
Able symbol of progressive nights and days.
The meeting place of those special ones.
Stands large and true wrapped in fog.
Travelers head for home when the tasks are done.
Supports the weight of freight moving rock and log.
The masterpiece of a innovative, creative mind.
In full light display has quite the presence.
With the mental bridge we seek and find.
Looked upon with great amazement and reverence.

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Closer To You

I sometimes gaze at your pictures
-bounding thoughts remaining the timeless
fixtures. Morning conversation sprays us
like spring showers. We become one tower
ignited in the most intimate hours. What
a wonder it is to feel love's presence.
Two hearts connected the soul, a romantic
existence. Ocean waves and desires flow
into the sheer blue. My watchful eye many
miles over, anything to feel closer to you.

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Devotion

Decisively bent on pleasing one's mate.
Every range of motion is love in degrees.
Vines of lovers join soul to soul.
Ocean of fire unlike any other flames.
Through the wreckage of years does not change.
Idyllic is the image it creates and paints.
Oriented in the hearts turning your one and only.
Not divergent from internal paths of feeling.

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Diverse

Designed not the same by the architecture of our minds.
Integrate other aspects makes the whole more complete.
Visionary in another world employing different styles and tactics.
Extends your game with range in the competitive spirit of battle.
Runway of colors throughout life's walk and promenade.
Symbolic figures on the wall whose origins took varied paths.
Elemental: earth, wind, water and fire.

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From The Wood That Burns

There will be quiet memories of a kiss.
That when longing burns it smells like hickory.
Things said and done behind the wall of life's mist.
That the seashell of love is not dusted in ivory.
Romantic games we play really are serious.
That opportunities of a lifetime are deceptively few.
That the past fogs the glass like the next day's dew.
The motion of living within a single beam of light.
That not all gardens are grown for good deeds.
Armed in many ways on the battlefields which we fight.
That on some surfaces water clings like beads.
Must be true to the soul and what it seeks.
Be bold and committed to journeying the road to happiness.
Listening to the subconscious as it wails then speaks.

W.F.D. BLCK

Glances Of The Past

When our mind backtracks with it's bright lights and sights.
Highway of time merges thoughts with emotions.
The perceptions, truths, pains, pleasures of yesterday is a
reminder our past is forever a part of us. To know where we're
going we must understand where we've been. Yes, in our rearview
experiences are shapers of the present and a teaching tool for
the future.

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Grit

Grind to the end a stellar quality.
Repel any thoughts of throwing in the towel.
Irresistible effort exerted everytime out.
Tremble not from fear and stand your ground.

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Palace Of Love

A palace built seen not with our eyes.
In the soul of love stood up this fort.
Crown and scepter outshined where true beauty lies.
Smoky passion looms in the halls, rooms, corners, the court.
On the royal banks of feeling there is a King and Queen.
The romantic streams flow sensual and clear.
A joining of lives together behind the walls serene.

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Queen Of My Desire

From the burning bed of fantasy she shook and pointed
her undressed wing. A willing foot soldier for all her
pleasures earning badges and rashes and would be King.
Of course I'd toe the bleeding vine and rise to lieutenant
through her chills of time. In a resilient state I await
her cold embrace looking in her eyes light has been removed.
She pulls me in for a kiss, a half septic potion on her lips-
purple passion glares on her flaring pits. Wearing down my
warrior's mentality weakened by the vapor and the weed.
Imprisoned by my Mutant Queen she bars the gate and the
buries the keys. Desire desire death by fire my only wish
is to live another dream.

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Resilience

Recovery over time which does recycle.
Endures adversity with a low burning flame.
Sustaining energy turns the will to fight back.
Isle of reserves imitates volts in the body.
Lively are the springs reviving inside out.
Integrates fortitude with renewed strength.
Exudes toughness when the outcome is still in question.
No surrender under heavy clouds of pressure.
Concert of power plays leading to action.
Embodies perseverance in life and being.

W.F.D. BLCK

Rivers & Streams

Running, running as they will through nature's gates.
The spectacle below the air in sparkling motion.
Coursing upon mind, emotion touching lake and ocean.
The graceful force and beauty high jumps rustic states.
In it's sublime deliverance riles a plate of memories.
Aquatic system that supports life and freedom.
Romantic plots are shaped around it's energy and scenery.
In a poet's world symbolizes the senses and passion.
The destination and the journey once one travels rivers and streams.

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Spring's Tale

Root, stem and structure begins the cycle.
Sun is warmer open water flows free unfrozen.
Thought and action carried on the most intimate breezes.
Eye of hearts and minds will be awakened.
The time vines penetrate, contort and reach.
A bevy of colors are spread about the humping fields.
There's this feeling of possibility no other season can touch.
Longer days more radiant skies delayed desires released when it
rains. Inner motions to change twirls around the human soul.
Romance dawns with misty eyes burning oxygen month to month.
Playful sounds of children, musical moods of nature, the dissipating
flakes of winter. These are the true signs of the season.

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Swept So Lovely

Inspired by how her fibers lay.
An unforgettable image transcending the day.
Aroma of wiles nets the entire length.
Compelling to the eye sensual, soft in it's strength.
Tales of passion and pain sprayed on either shoulder.
Provocative voices on elegant ends rolls the boulder.
A picture worth framing into the mind of time.
Thoughts a man can taste in the classic sublime.

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The Breath Of Love

Breathe in love, breathe out life- unresting
romantics in a dark cabin high above.
Love that breaks the clouds of doom.
Love that burns on the slate.
Love with impulse blips and moves.
The most essential part in our existing world.
The winds of emotion blowing on a lake, consuming
and transverse are the swirls, so are the refreshed
roots sunken deep. Under the tree of enchantment a
couple breathes. Time to wonder and reminisce that
chiming soft melody, fortunes turn fortifying love's
power-eyesight to the future on free wings.

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The Deepening

Take deep breaths and inhale love reborn.
Times ago in a place a meadowlark could not sing.
Recreate the romance and mend up all that was torn.
Within an unbreakable fortress a Queen reunites with her King.
Those dreams of falling towers are left far behind.
A refreshed phase of adoration is carried on a crane type wing.
Though shaken but not broken are the toughest cords that bind.
The air bubbles of lives connected in a slow motion breeze.
Creatures from the deep emerge, an enamored heart restored.
In the eye of intimacy with dangled fibers aimed to please.
A real life tale of the sorceress and the lord.
Dynamic forces beating the odds and hailing pride.
The souls of who they truly are willed to remain.
On a stallion of passion through enticing nights they ride.
Celebrate, celebrate a union made by amore' and pain.

W.F.D. BLCK

The Love Letter

A single horse of power head, shoulder, leg and flank,
pouring one's expression, galloping the oldest roads.
Yes, remarkable how words and fragrance can control the
outcome. How the blood from a pen can set lovers free,
emotions leap from each crinkled page. Tears pullback
and then they fall the heart pauses then the soul opens,
a place when proclamations ring the loudest. A place
where the expose' of fears are conquered. Desperation
carries no greater weights in it's flight. Reality of
possibility surely can shine. The truth can sting as
does death. Love once dead takes a resuscitated breath
and another. Future happiness does not have to wait.
All of these things exist when you read the love letter.

W.F.D. BLCK

The Ripping Of Silk

Made to probe so hard and black.
Her silky lobes. a yielding reservoir.
Worldly pleasures inside anxious to be gored.
Hooded beast spears the walls to her back.

Sizing the moans louder than any screams.
Muscle bobbing in, out with a flagrant surge.
Rounds of ecstasy demons-kings must emerge.
Love wrapped about the lust splashed dreams.

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The Years

The years go by breeze on vine along the long circles of time.
The telling of a season gives and strips away. Makes one look
at past reflecting days. Through the interior eye there will
be dreams. The reality of tears on field and stream. The turning
page of age sets on brisk wings. Living joys and pains strokes
the violin strings. Things beginning and ending cycle is universal.
In our tumbling existence there is good and there's evil.
So the stories flow with the passing of the years.

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Then There Are The Mountains

On a mountain's peak is there peace?
Mountains that overlook the quiet prairie.
Mountains that border life in rural counties.
Mountains chiseled by years of wind and rain.
Mountain winds creep keeping all secrets.
Mountains a kin to the lower hills of death.
Mountains at the height of glamour baked in sunshine.
Mountains that reach for more majestic planes.
Mountains inspiring the fulfillment of adventure and dream.
Mountains which inhabit the calls of the wild.
Mountains of spectacle, below the bending roads between.
Mountains embracing, magnifying the sounds of river.
Mountains the stellar monuments of time.

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Threshold

Tests to the edges of time and place.
Hear the beats of lands longed to be discovered.
Reservoir of reality and of dream.
Exists in the heart of every soul.
Sanctuary and source of light or darkness.
Has in it's territory a deep, sacred quality.
Ocular and enigmatic in it's purest form.
Layers sometimes hard to breach for any intruder.
Dimension that is sensual and irresistible.

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Tribute

Tell a man's story the trials and tribulations.
Remember guts. sacrifices, desire and greatness.
Inspired by those who came before and to inspire.
Belief that shines a everlasting burning light.
Uniting people and sharing dreams even in death.
Time stands still once the audience applauds.
Empathetic souls some crying some smiling all revering.

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Unblemished

A beautiful face that needs no enhancement.
Bone structure that should not be distorted.
Youthful exuberance moving free of weights.
Nature's interaction without scientific intervention.
Mind's recollection of events that are unshrouded.
Genuine in all you do dispensing any pretense.
Directly from the heart's emotions strong and certain.
Innocence of child into a world of the unknown.
Artistic monoliths that remain as they were.
The power of great storytelling enduring time and change.
Standing steady in what one desires and believes.

W.F.D. BLCK

When Love Persists

Love, like in a poet's dream.

Love, touched by all of nature's wonder.

Love, brighter than moonlight on a river's gleam.

Love, that beats with fire and the thunder.

Love, unspeakable power rumbling beneath the sea.

Love, strong and durable denies certain death.

Love, will capture the Queen, A Knight on one knee.

Love, grows an immortal soul through impassioned breath.

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When Love Quakes

When love quakes no other feeling comes close.
I gaze upon the most elegant stem and rose.

Movement in the heart like rumbling beneath the feet.
Searching high and low with romantic eye and fleet.

Captured the man and woman and now they believe.
Trust in one's instincts tend not to deceive.

Deny not one more minute, anytime of happiness.
Holding out the arms welcoming all the craziness.

W.F.D. BLCK

When The Colors Change

It's that time again when bright yellow turns bronze.
A time when on cooler winds brings an old autumnal feeling.
Memories are crisp, emotions are varied like shapes and patterns
of leaves. Thoughts whirl and twist within our day symbolic of
the season. Romantic love is fragrant unlike the perfume of
summer. School is in session, another year receding, the holidays
approaching. Yes, the dimming mist permeates the air as the signs
of Fall are here.

W.F.D. BLCK

White Beauty

I see the view like ocean white.
Truthful force and elegance within the waves.
I am thinking a sky's edge places a beauty's height.
Long golden mane of curls with all it's praise.
Her eyes of blue fire that summon the beast.
Lips wet on the air for her acquired taste.
Skin so soft, a flower's petals blooming in the east.
Sweet shoulder movement builds to enticement not done in haste.
Behind the lovely appearance lies a darker light.
For all the sensual arches there is some sadness.
Irresistible fragrances blushes with a southern might.
Embraced in the innumerable arms of love's madness.

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