

Poetry Series

Zach McClure
- poems -

Publication Date:
2007

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Zach McClure()

I was born at the same time the space age was, and lived all across this American continent. I have always loved art and music...anything creative. This year, when I was having problems with my computer, I thought to myself, 'there's got to be a low-tech way of being creative'. What could be more low-tech, than a pen, a scrap of paper and some imagination? If I can communicate the depths of my soul to a fellow pilgrim; touch a heart; help someone to see things from a fresh perspective, while glorifying Jesus Christ...well, then I will be satisfied. Grace to you, my .

A Snowboy Named Sam

"Who tracked in this snow? "

Mom queried her son.

"It was just me and Sam

Outdoors having fun."

His mom wondered who

This new friend could be,

So she changed her approach

She knew just the key...

Poured him some hot choc'late,

"Here, sit next to me.

So, this Sam you've played with,

Right now, where is he? "

"He's outdoors in the cold

Standing in snow.

Thanks for the hot choc'late mom,

Now I really must go! "

Out in the winter

She spied his new friend.

It was none other

Than Sammy...the snowman.

The snow boy named Sam.

Zach McClure

Beatrice Chats

Beatrice wept.
But not so others noticed.
Oh, she laughed alright,
when others told jokes
or humorous anecdotes
but deep inside-
where no one could see-
Beatrice wept.

But what about those
crows-feet beside her eyes?
Oh, but if you could look, inside!
Peer beneath her brow
into her soul's twin window pane
You'd there discover, secret pain.

Of feeling lost
in a sea of vast humanity;
stranded and desperately alone.
Within her four walls
of home sweet home.

See her tip-toeing
to the internet.
To chat with her neighbor next door
she's never met.

Zach McClure

Bubbles

She's all of three
And whirling 'round
In circles.
Her tiny hand clasping
What?

The answer hastens
To my eyes
When bubbles trail
To my surprise
And girlish giggles
Tickle my ears
And easily elicit
Tears of joy
From my eyes.

And then her dance is past.
In fleeting childhood
These moments
Seldom last.

Zach McClure

Farewell To Snow

Today, glimpsed I, a curious sight
A mound of snow, no longer white.
It basked alone, upon brown grass
It seemed to say, This too shall pass

When greener days shall come to be
When Spring soon covers every tree
With robins nests and leaves of green
This mound of snow shall cease to be.

And so, in passing by, paid my respects
To winter and to all of its effects
And bid spring-time my warmest welcome.

For as long as this old earth shall spin,
God has ordained each winter's end,
Yea, God has ordained each spring begin.

(I wrote this poem on March 29,2007 at 1: 20 am after seeing a dirty mound of snow in a park, in my hometown of Norwood, NY after a thaw. There is a place in the Bible, in Genesis, after the Great Flood, where God promises the seasons will remain. To all of you snow-birds, take heart! Spring will come!)

Zach McClure

Just One Sorry

Just stay away!
Sobbed she.
Scalding tears
Pool both her palms.

Anger cloaking
Secret fears;
Furrowed brow,
Highlighting years

Her narrow, maiden
Shoulders shake,
Revealing heart's deep
Epicenter's break.

Allow me to explain,
Begged he
Choosing 'no contest'
O'er guilty plea!

Then spinning 'round
She whispers this,
With lightning from
Her eye:

All I require
Is, just one "sorry"
No explanation
Why.

Zach McClure

Norwood Night

Norwood asleep beneath
A crisp, crunchy blanket of snow.
Stillness.
Dim street lights bathe
Everything in amber glow.

Norwood asleep beneath
God's silent care
Angels everywhere.

Goodnight.
Sleep tight till
Norwood night becomes
Daylight.

Zach McClure

Ol' Bear And Sarah

This was to be their first, grand journey.
Who would dare believe?
Sarah Maple, and Ol' Bear
Her special, robot teddy!

Both, strapped inside Securely;
Await a lifetime ride;
Her heart is jumping, as
Her nine-ish, choc'late eyes grow wide.

Fear mixes with Excitement;
Humility with pride;
When she realizes she's
Histories first starfolk child.

Soon, they would be riding,
firery, rolling, thunder, cloud

Above the humid dawn. Destination:
International Space Station.

Then, tucking one loose lock of
Coal-black hair behind her ear;
Glances sideways to Ol' Bear...and gulps.
He gives one soothing wink to Sar. She smiles.

Then, hanging on
For all they're worth,
They soon are floating
High, above the earth.

Zach McClure

The Robbery

As I gazed out the window this
Sweet morning and surveyed the view
I saw that change was in the air;
Like some celestial store clerk,
rearranging shelves, replacing old for new.

The trees, all barren, reached up
to scratch an egg-blue sky while
'round their feet, upon the green
Lay crumpled leaves, so dry.

Oh! Did you see that?
Bounding over frosty grass, its bushy tail behind,
an old gray squirrel's dashing towards a tree
as if he's lost his mind.

He scampers up the pine, with such speed and ease,
next time I blink,
he's perched on branch and
twitching in the breeze.

(Across the lawns, between my home and Perry's Big M, I saw this scene unfold
before my eyes. It was 10: 45 am, November 5th 2007, and I just had to
capture the drama in poem. What do you think?)

Zach McClure

The Tire Swing

He gazed across
The wind swept meadow
To a lone tree
Standing there

Its jagged, silhouette
Surrendered `neath
A sky more firey embered
Than
his flaming hair
which crowned him then

but-
it was neither tree
nor sky
that stole his youthful eye.
It was
The tire swing
Whispering, promising,
"With-me,
you can fly! "

The boy lept
Across the meadow
Like a deer panting
For water,
Till at last
He climbed aboard his dream.
His round, black, holed
Flying machine.

Then, holding tight,
And bending to and fro
With all his might
Began to drive
Began to glide against
The sinking sun
Till
It was night outside

Across the starry,
Littered sky
Beneath the moon's
Soft lullaby
Ascending ever higher
Make believing
He's a flyer,
He smiles,
As he tips a wing.
He is an aviator.
He is the sky king!
and
All because of one,
Old tire swing.

Zach McClure

Why, Universe?

Underneath a crystal sky,
Underneath the darkness wide
with stars so bright,
I lift my eyes to wonder
in the night,
and offer up... one silent, 'why? '.

'Why am I here? '
I ask the universe, then patiently
await reply;
I find I'm in a long line.
But I, like they, hear
nothing from the sky.

But as I'm slipping into sleep,
Someone whispers to my heart,
With a still small Voice so deep
'For Me.'

Zach McClure