

Poetry Series

**Lorraine Margueritte
Gasrel Black
- poems -**

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Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black(July 12,1952)

Once upon a time it was a dark and stormy night and I came into this world on 7/12/52 at 12: 22 a.m. in New York parents Eugene and Paulette Gasrel emmigrated from France and at the time I was born I had an older brother named Fred, who writes poetry and is also a musician. Later on a younger brother named Patrick and two younger sisters were sister June writes poetry, poems can be read on PoemHunter.I graduated from East Hampton High in 1970 and got married Valentine's Day 1978 to my husband Tracy Eugene have two grown sons and due to my husband's military career we moved around and finally settled in Anacortes, Wa when he retired. You can contact me at Imgblack@

I just recently joined FACEBOOK and since PoemHunter offers a poem sharing option you are more than welcomed to add any of my poems to your Facebook, myspace or any of the sites as long as I get credit for my work.I do not make public appearances nor am I available for the lecture circuit and if you want to include any of my poems in a published book or use on line please contact me.I like to keep track of where my poems appear and how they are my poems are my creations I have the right to ask for the above respect and consideration towards my request respecting my credit and includes use on-line.I don't sell or give away my rights to my poetry since I have some future plans for my you.

*****About my poetry*****

I was inducted into the INTERNATIONAL POETRY HALL OF FAME in 1998 and I have been writing poetry for over forty years and I illustrated and created the cover design for my book ON MOONSTONES PEARLS AND CRYSTAL WINGS published in 1984 and copyrighted.

I write lyrical verse and traditional haiku and tanka following the guidelines offered by the traditionalist originators.I have written only one poem that might be considered modern-style and that one is THE GOLD PETAL...and I've added more freestyle style poems on PoemHunter: CHILDREN REVISITED, MOTHER'S HYSTERICAL and THE BUGS OF NATURE'S ECONOMIC PICTURE, which is still under POET AND THE MUSICIAN is my only narrative poem to date.It is an original story invented by me, is written in lyrical form and is fictional.

Since I've been writing haiku lately I have found myself writing in series.It took me several weeks and some research to write my RAINBOW IN MOTION HAIKU.It is by far my favorite poem of all that I have written and I researched the weather and folk lore found in various uly my haiku will delight anyone who reads haiku initially started out as 13 haiku and during a month long bout of

sweet inspiration I wrote and added more rainbow themed haiku to this ! ! ! !

I wrote a tribute to Matsuo Basho titled BASHO'S HAIKU which was inspired by his frog and old pond haiku. I have written several other series added to my collection on PoemHunter. I will be adding to these series as I'm inspired and the haiku fits the title and theme.

In 1981 to 1983 while my sons were pre-school age my Muse visited and I wrote a volume of poetry titled ON MOONSTONE PEARLS AND CRYSTAL WINGS which I also To Time was inspired by my youngest son when he took his first baby step and is the first poem that I wrote for my we transferred to Oregon in 1981 I was inspired to write more poems and some of those poems are included in my PoemHunter section of poetry.

I still have in my possession the original artwork and typewritten pages (complete with typos and typed on my manual typewriter) and a couple of very rare copies of the one and only 1984 printing of my 100 copies- about half were destroyed in one our transfers.

At the time I wrote the book I had hopes of making money and well it didn't work out that kids were little and we lived payday to payday and I managed to save up a little more than three hundred dollars for a printing after my manuscript was rejected several times by several publishers. If I had known then what I do today! ! ! : Firstly the double whammy- there is a superstition about using gems in the title of a book and usually the first book doesn't sell very well for an unknown author- at least the first printed on to some autographed first printed copies and your hand written notes- collectors love them! ! ! AND if anyone does a self printing make sure you print up at least 1000 copies so that you can get an ISBN number and your printer/publisher can enter your book in various book contests. Also getting book reviews help. (Info from and the POETS MARKET)

and the best advice I ever got was from an editor: 'Get your name known' meaning get yourself published in newspapers, literary magazines and anthologies so that the public can read your poetry websites on the internet can do some of the job for a poet/writer but someone needs to know your name so they can look your name if you do a self-printing you can sell copies on-line: Amazon etc. or on your own website. I don't have a website and you can contact me on rs didn't have the advantages of the internet in the 1980s when I wrote my book.

I wish everyone the best of luck in their endeavors.

I feel comfortable following my Muse's guidance when She/He inspires me to

write verse. I also don't feel that my poems are that difficult to read. I hope you appreciate my you for taking the time to read, vote and brother Fred has set several of my poems to music and many of my poems are copyrighted.

Along with my photograph featured on the International Poetry Hall Of Fame Museum are three of my poems: When The Grasses Sing For Us, The Poet's Ride and Sonnet To Love under my name I Black which I recently decided to stop using the abbreviated version of my first name and middle can read the three previously mentioned poems on PoemHunter with my correct version of each poem in the main body of my work.

The Muse and Me

When I was a freshmen in high school I was inspired one day in English class and on the margin of my test paper I wrote down a couple of lines about seagulls, waves swirling and a light house and birds caught in a Winter storm on an unsuspecting flight..(the rest of the lines escape my memory)

-I was just getting ready to recopy them when the kid in front of me who's name was Calvin grabbed my test paper and turned it in with his name wasn't on it and the following week in our high school newspaper The Beachcomber my poem was published but no one knew I was the author-that's how the 'getting published bug' bit me...from that time on I couldn't wait to be inspired so I could see my poems in print.

From time to time I wrote a poem or a few lines and I kept them in a notebook-which has long since disappeared-but in my senior year Spring of 1970 I submitted seven of my poems to the East Hampton High School literary magazine Beachplums and after graduating I sent some of my poems to the local newspaper The East Hampton I attended college I submitted two poems which were published Spring of 1972 in The Evolution literary was titled ON THE ROAD and the other was titled Flower Of The I find my missing poems of my younger years I will submit them on BEACHPLUMS poems were submitted and added to this site August 20,2011 with my gratitude to Wesley Connors for sending the photo-copies of the pages from The Beachplums Spring 1970 issue. I just added ON THE ROAD and FLOWER OF THE WOODS on February 2, poems were published in the Spring 1972 issue of EVOLUTION, the Suffolk Community College literary magazine.

Why did I become a poet? In English literature class we studied various poems and the one that made me realize that I wanted to be a poet is the poem THE ROAD NOT TAKEN by Robert Frost. I was so inspired by his poem that as I was walking home from school I busily scribbled down some poetry lines on a page from my note book and completely immersed in my writing I kept walking-

believe this or not in the midst of traffic honking around me and just as I got to the hill above the old windmill in East Hampton a rainbow surrounded me. It was incredible! ! ! ! I will always remember its warm colourful glowing enveloping spray and my Muse who granted my YOU! ! ! ! !

My poetry credentials are as follows:

The main collection of my poems* with the exceptions of the newly written haiku and tanka were published in my book *ON MOONSTONES PEARLS AND CRYSTAL WINGS in designated on my biography page with an *astirix were published in my ing with the *THE BELL which was published in OUR TWENTIETH CENTURY'S GREATEST POEMS 1982 World of Poetry enormous volume contains the works of thousands of poets. I was very honored to be selected and published in this it is the first anthology that one of my poems has ever been published in.

Reprinted from The World Outlook Magazine in it's Poetry Corner of the Charleston Oregon newspaper: *Ode to Anonymous October 31, 1981, *Elegy To Time January 2, 1982 and *(Sonnet) To A Sailor February 20 and 27 1982 (I requested a reprint because of a major mistake that would have changed the seriousness of this poem) .And the title has since been changed to The Siren Sings to A Sailor.

The following poems were published in several anthologies over the years. *Raison D'etre was published in A Tapestry Of Thoughts 1996 National Library Of Poetry. *The Hourglass Waltz 1985 The New York Poetry Society Book was a mistake on my name in that volume. *Cupid's Rainbow in OUR WORLD'S Favorite Poems 1993 Who's Who in son David's poem What Will The First Day Of Spring Be Like? is published in this book along with Light Of Love which my brother Fred set to music and is Of Love has been published several times the first time in 1986 in Satori Press Volume One along side one of my angel illustrations. It is also published in FAMOUS ALUMNI POETS -Famous Poet's Society 2007 wth Summer Song, When The Grasses Sing For Us and The Mystical Rose. *The Poet's Ride was published in LABOURS OF LOVE Noble House Mystical Rose was published in The Colors Of Life 2003 by The International Library of r Song was published in HEARTS ON FIRE Volume 11 in 1985 by The American Poetry poem I dedicated to my father took me nearly seven years to write mostly because I could not figure out how to finish it and it is WHEN THE GRASSES SING FOR US which was published in 1998 EMBRACE THE MORNING, National Library of Poetry, MOMENTS IN TIME, The Poetry Guild 1998 and FAMOUS ALUMNI POETS 2007 Famous Poets Press And last but not least: Unless We Forget 9/11/2001 has been published in REFLECTIONS 2005 American Poets Society, THE INTERNATIONAL WHO'S WHO IN POETRY 2004, International

Library of POEMS OF THE WESTERN WORLD 2005 Famous Poets Society and in INSPIRATIONS published by League of American Poets Tanka: Pastoral Rhapsody was recently published(2008) in the anthology COLLECTED WHISPERS published by The International Library of Poetry and won The Editor's Choice award.I have won The Golden Poets Award and several others during the course of my many entries in poetry competitions

My WINDFLOWER HAIKU won the very much coveted mousepad in the daily haiku contest on December 6, LAKE HAIKU was selected as Poem of the Day for December 22, 2008 on THE ELECTRONIC POETRY NETWORK...ccolon@NATURE'S HAUNTING IMAGES HAIKU published in AUTUMN LEAVES a twice a month poetry journal volume 13 (12) and Lesson In A Flower Haiku published in vol 13 (13) , Tanka: Songs Of Angels vol 13/15, RAINBOW IN MOTION HAIKU vol 13(22) .LUCKY ME HAIKU published in the poetry anthology Summer 2011 titled Stars In Our Hearts, World Poetry Movement, publisher.

My poem SPEAK OF LOVE was selected by PoemHunter as Member Poem of the Day December 10, you for the selection.I felt very honored and this was one of the best perks in my career as a poet. It made my day.

My haiku titled All In War And Peace Haiku was published in Kamesan's WORLD HAIKU ANTHOLOGY ON WAR, VIOLENCE and HUMAN RIGHTS VIOLATION compiled by Dimitar Anakiev with artwork by Kuniharu Shimizu..2013

My poem THE POET'S RIDE was published in the Poetryfest book On The Wings Of Pegasus and recorded on Audio book CD reading by John Campbell...2014

My poem Elegy To Time was selected as Member Poem Of The Day for February 3, 2016..thank you for this honor..

I am also a Founding Laureate Member of the International Society of Poets and a brief biography was published in TODAY'S POETS 1989 by Fine Arts Press.I gave an interview to the Skagit Valley Herald June 5, called the article The Anacortes you can see this Muse and poet relationship is a lifelong commitment.I highly recommend a course on poetry and creative writing which I took in college and also it's alot of fun attending a poetry convention and very you need to do is enter a poetry competition.I'm not a professional-all I'm doing is listening to my Muse when ever I'm inspired.

My poetry quote: The mark of a great poet is to inspire someone else and to say I wish I had written that you for sharing your beautiful verses from the heart,

soul and mind.

A Glorious Promise Haiku

rapture

angel wings and souls

dipping into the light

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

A Haiku

Soul of brevity

deep words of meaning in life

snapshot of a thought

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

A Little Moment

Take time to smell the roses

and listen to its song

the song bird's fleeting notes

alights for just so long.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

A Little Planet

Under one sky
we borrow the earth
stars sun and moon
in timeless measured cycles
of birth life and death
to rise again somewhere
under one sky
as polar opposites
or in compromise
we share the earth
let us live in peace.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

A Small Service Big Job

~~~~\*Dedicated to the United States Coast Guard\*~~~~

Brave members on a shore kept free  
Who man the fleets in war and peace  
And guard the shores of Liberty  
To keep a freedom that will never cease

From North, South, East to West  
Come the rescuers of lives at sea  
Whom the war on smugglers shall wrest'd  
To keep our good land safe and free

As liberty tolls, two centuries span  
Though small in size this service be  
As one small part of Hamilton's plan  
Guards the coasts of Liberty.

I'm a coastie's wife and proud of husband served his country for 26 years  
following in his father's son is now active duty.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Achievement Haiku

A long walk through trees

the conical mountain reigns

the summit beckons

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Acrostic: All About Death

Darkest winged Angel uninvited  
Everywhere you gather  
A gathering of black petaled roses  
The pounding black hooves and cawing crows  
Herald the arrival of the Great Equalizer

Will there be a new life?  
I want to know  
Long after Life's journey  
Loses my soul

No one has answers  
Only Faith and religions claim they know just  
To comfort the heartbreaking tears as they flow

The loved ones who are left by Death behind  
Ask the Angels and Deities who  
Know how it goes in the Great Divide  
Everything comes to an end

Your Faith is strongest when you believe  
Only believing makes us brave  
Under the Truth beyond the grave or urn  
Restless as ghosts haunting eternal or do we forever sleep?

Some say no  
Our souls live forever  
United with the Universe as infinite treasure  
Living Spirit, divine Spark that breathes in all that is finite.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Added Dimensions: Beyond The Portal

A haunting image touched my dreams of a lost bird of many colours that sings from its heart and beckons me to hear its honey-bluesy song. When I try to look it stares back at me with black, beady eyes, plumaged in turquoise, teal, bronze, emerald green and purple iridescent hues, molting as it peers through the filigree bars of its gilded cage begging me to free it.

Slowly I reach to open the cage door and the bird turns into a golden statue, only to vanish in the morning light.

The piercing cries of half awake thoughts made me ponder:  
what did the puzzling dream mean?  
No answer could I find in the pages of the dream tomes.  
My vision disappeared into my mind's darkest realm, only to haunt and resurface every now and then.  
For many years when I least expected I would catch a glimpse of the sweet golden feathered songster and its fragmented melody kaleidoscoped in myriad patterns haunting me, always tempting singing 'Find w my notes.'

The soul's long journey had just begun taking the first step upon a bridge of stars that links in a breath that floats by touching me to my inner-core of devilish angel insight. Celestial diamonds among clouds when Angel's kiss, leaving a mark upon my brow, then takes my hand and leads me to the secret place between Heaven and Earth, a sacred space amidst the rainbow kissed flowers, rocks and trees in a place fluid boundaries change at the speed of a thought as a star takes flight.

Every Crystal Star Child knows the secret of the colour of magic found within the hidden space in a treasure meant to be unearthed when one seeks Truth and finds interpretations defined in the eye of the deep!

The golden Ankh in the center of a peacock's feathered eye appears at the entrance of the labyrinth filled with the scrolls of the Akasha and the sound of the sea.

My shamanic journey begins with one step toward the light at the end of the cave.



The great goat-foot God Pan plays his merry music calling  
to me from the ancient groves. 'A spiritual quest!' says he  
'The search for the serpentine grail within continues'  
Tap dancing on cloven hooves, leaving footprints  
in the waving grass for anyone to follow  
he shakes his shaggy horned head then vanishes into the mist,  
a retinue of spirit shadows dance behind his piping  
weaving Nature's spellbound treasures.

My hands joined my celestial guardian and then we astral- traveled  
to a realm so delightfully beautiful as the colourful wispy hues  
stopped spinning its silver thread to reveal the sunlit splendor.

Like a bird I fly around the domed bejeweled ceiling  
My companion begins to free in flight we felt  
Lighter than the clouds sparkling brighter than the night time stars.  
What joy to shed the common shell that encased me  
keeping me a prisoner in a gilded cage.  
My soul sang joyfully, no pain just laughter,  
the ecstatic lightness of Being  
While passing through the levels of the planes, each step I took  
I gained a guiding star upon my head.

Down below us the faithful were in prayer singing praises  
to the Creator and they had no idea we were present  
in the white marble palace floating just like free bird-souls in flight.

'My dear friend' my Bird of Heaven turns to look at me,  
her voice inside my head says 'There is someone I want you to meet.  
You are worthy.'

We entered an indigo, turquoise and gold tiled room encased  
in a diamond shaped prism turned spraying rainbow  
lights in the midst of sandalwood and rosemary incense.  
The smoke rising heavenwards permeating every angle  
of the pristine crystal.

An archway framed the white spires peeking among the emerald  
palm vines grew in rows neatly tied in boughs  
as fig trees waved when Zephyr touched their fruit.  
Beyond was a range of purple mountains and sapphire blue

lakes reflecting fluffy clouds.

A gently flowing waterfall meandered like a rainbow serpent down a series of steps, cascading as it murmured.

Welcoming the the twinkling night sky, the Moon and planets suspended in space followed their assigned course.

Every constellation told its story and the Zodiac filled the heavens like a celestial calendar dividing each month in its measurement of Time.

'This is my house' a soft voice said ' I am who you seek.'

Upon velvet floral, fringed cushions set on a golden filigree throne sitting in lotus position was a golden figure

The Vision surrounded by the brightness of a thousand brilliant suns could not compare to this entity's radiant raiment.

Many eyes surrounded but not one blinked, just flowed gracefully with each movement, slightly moving with every breeze.

His eyes changed from black to purple to turquoise to green then blue with a light shining forth in the steady gaze He held upon me.

I felt He could pierce my very soul and knew me better than I knew thoughts echoed my soul's story back to me.

My angelic companion laughed at my Soul's astonishment.

'This is the bird of your dreams that you Taus, Murugan has called to you from realms beyond your own imagination and astral flight has brought you here.'

'No need to bow.' as my head turned down.

'The Son of the Morning Star bids you welcome.'

Lucifer spoke in telepathic thoughts that only the soul can hear in the vibrations of the musically ethereal notes and the tones of the celestial spheres.

The lyres and flutes played endlessly, no hands upon them could I see yet the Universe's melody was clearly heard by my angel, my soul and the Deity.

Then in a flash as the Dawn's early light caressed the fading starry firmament, I cried.

My angelic companion held my hand as she, dressed in raiment

that matched the colours of the sky guided me to my next destination.

I looked back one last time to see the Tears of Heaven follow us from the clouds then sparkle like the jewels of the Paradise that I just visited

As the awesome vision began to fade I made my way to my earth-bound body. I brought with me the image of the one last glimpse of Him, wrapped in the rising Sun, gazing towards the Dawn pouring down like honey upon the mountain peaks glittering on the lake.

'Bound to earth are you' He said 'until your dying day. Always remember to keep a song in your head, think with your heart, feel with your soul and nourish your indigo child. For you are among the many who seek Truth but never follow their the rest of your life you will carry this memory and cherish your guiding light.'

As light as a feather I floated around and spiraled guided by a breath of fresh air until I spun like the swirling mist of kaleidoscope colours: cups, swords, wands, pentacles, the Major Arcana of the Tarot mixed with grape vines sprinkled with lotus blooms and peacock feathers constantly changing patterns and shifting colours finally melding into more solid essences until it turned into golden sand sifting in an hourglass surrounded by the fragrance of morning and bird song filling the air.

My Angel in her sparkling blue dress, Heaven's diamonds circling her head glowing in her radiant nimbus, bent over my third eye and kissed my forehead leaving a crystalline mark upon my brow, which pulsed all that day and any time I think of her.

She waved to me 'Until our next astral flight, my friend' she whispered, folding her hands and then vanished from my waking sight.

I still feel her kiss to this very day whenever I hear music in my heart and I connect with my innerchild

I know that my life's lesson is that my soul guides my way  
in life and death and I can trust my Angel.

The Old Soul within me sees the Truth, guides my way  
on the path I choose to take and reminds me of what I've  
our next astral flight leads me to another  
stage of my shamanic journey, I await eagerly my next  
stepping stone on the pathway filled with spiritual  
enlightenment and wear my crown of stars again..

Namaste.

This is based on a real dream I had last year...and after much soul searching I  
thought I would share my dreamscape.....

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Africa's Soul

I have never been to Africa  
I have only seen programs on TV

Verdant jungles teeming with wildlife  
and deep, dark mysteries unexplored then  
invaded and exploited bringing in the past  
the many changes

The plains teeming with lions and wilderbeast  
caught in the web of life like we are chained  
by a pattern, a cycle that ensnares as Fate  
deals its blows

The news tells of humankind's reoccurring pattern  
and constant plight: War Violence Starvation get  
the upperhand in an ancient land so vast.  
There should be none of these bad things

just the songs and happy stories of ancient times,  
the heartbeat of Africa's soul

And then I read the poems of their poets  
that tell of hope and courage and dreams  
as the people rise above their desperation  
and breathe the wind of change for the new days  
ahead

I have never been to amazing Africa  
but everything that is found there can be found here too  
I have often said Humanity's greatest achievement  
would be if we could ever maintain world peace  
and sow the freewill seeds of our fate by  
our own hands and thoughts and actions

I have never been to Africa  
a land so teeming with life, history and culture.  
Everywhere in this world there beats a loving heart  
and peaceful mind filled with thoughts,  
dreams and desires that begin in the home

and raises the human spirit to soaring heights  
and speaks of freedom.

I have never been to Africa  
and its people have a dream to realize  
to reach and grab and hold on to  
and break free to make a better life  
for their futures in verdant, vast, ancient Africa's  
dynamic soul.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# All In A Day

Snail paced

I'm stopped

by pebbles

Sunbird

soloist

heralds dawn and twilight

grateful

an inward smile

lights my day

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# All In War And Peace..Haiku

morning glories climb  
a barbwire trellis  
shadows in the mist

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Aloha Haiku

A room with a view

warm tropical paradise

Mai Tai anyone?

Hula in the palms

the breeze sways coconut trees

waves clap a rythem

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Anticipation Haiku

The grape vine rises

then bends towards apple flowers

I wait to quench thirst

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# April Fool's Trick Haiku

The Arachnid says

'Come into my parlor now

little r! '

At Midnight I looked

outside my window and yelled

'It's snowing! '.Nature laughed.

A Wizard appeared

in my dreams handing me a

home today!

April foolery

and hilarity is fun

the joke is on you

I tried to submit

the first haiku on today's

avail.

April Fool is lasting

much longer than one day as

Nature and we laugh

Laughter is the best

medicine of which nothing

Can escape its mood

Loki shapeshifting

moods from dark scowl to laughter

April's foolish pranks

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Attack Of The Snowflakes Haiku

There is nothing like  
being pelted by Heaven's  
dizzy frozen tears

I wish Heaven would  
quit crying so that Spring would  
finally get here

White spirals downpour  
Winter's avenging ninjas  
disappear from sight

Wrong season snowfall  
shouldn't happen at this time  
Nature's ten foot mess

How can such tiny  
feather light flakes reach such high  
accumulation?

Was Heaven angry  
when our planet rocked and rolled

wrapped like a snowball

Glacial planet

shaking to the music of

the sphere's legacy

What a cold promise

when the weather teases me

longing a Spring sign

I've come to realise

Winter, the mini-ice age

is Earth's sleepy time

I'm stuck shoveling

a ton of snowy cold ice

caused by climate change

I could really use

that global warming just send

it posthaste my way.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# August Hands

Destiny's child knows his hour  
Treasured as Infinity's hand  
Child of the wind sweeps eternal  
A gypsy's twirl on the land

A brief respite from the minute  
As charted by these hands  
Retrieved the king and pawn, forgiven  
Humbled by Eternity's hand

Each bequeathed a legacy  
Time's anchor in the sand  
And infinite love imparts  
Hope's echo of the man

As is written in the stars  
The vessel is bound to land  
Mirrored the return of an image  
Your ghost plays Destiny's hand.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Aurora Borealis Haiku

Dancing Northern Lights

glow painting the evening sky

touch mythic transport

Eskimo legend has it if you sing to and touch the flashes of the Aurora Borealis it will transport you to another dimension or dreamstate to meet ethereal beings.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Aurora's Gift Haiku

Morning awakes gasps

Surprized by a shooting star

Caught in bare branches

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Autumn Treasure Haiku

Autumn leaves falling

creating a brown carpet

mushrooms spring upwards

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Back To The Land Of The Cloud

Castles of my dreams sitting high on  
the azure strand  
where gamines danced  
to the white birds' screams  
and waves tossed the sun-bleached sands.

You've seen them sooner than I  
for the gates are closed to me  
on this each day  
brings me closer from my birth  
so like those gentle birds I'll fly...  
to my castles in the sky.

Should I forsake the beauty of my hill  
to dance the song  
of my piper's will-and like a puppet-  
be commanded to cry?

Let me live with my own birds here  
until my turn draws nigh-  
then I'll not think of my castles on high  
-for this hill is nearer.

Let me soar with my own birds here  
until I'm ready for the soil  
of my forbidden land  
and reach for the last Fig leaf  
loved by my withered hand.

Published Spring 1970 in *The Beachplums*

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Basho's Haiku

The following series of haiku are based on Matsuo Basho's famous The Old Pond and frog are my invented the haiku form. I just read the article titled Masters of Short Poetry (November 15, 2008 Providence Journal Books) about him on the home page and found this challenge in his poetry section on PoemHunter where several poets have written their interpretations based on of the stanzas in my tribute haiku are written in the three-lined 5-7-5 syllable format. It reflects how I feel about Matsuo Basho's inspirational poem. I thank him for inventing this short poem style.

Matsuo Basho

master haiku creator

frog old pond splashing

The croaking frog leaps

under the lily covered

pond splashing bubbles

Silently bubbles

follow the path leaping frogs

trail in the old pond

Frozen pose Zen frog

release then leaps under pads

the old pond's secret

The fourth haiku in this series is dedicated to a pet Zen frog we had named Prince tiny species will strike a suspended pose and freeze motionless in the water for several minutes and then release itself suddenly from a Zen meditative state and swim very rapidly. If you keep several in an aquarium they will perform the frog version of synchronized swimming.

A green flash splashing  
diving from lotus blossoms  
wary eyes peeking

The old pond draws thoughts  
What happens under water?  
Frogs play happily.

Many green frogs jump  
into the murky water  
ancient pond absorbs

Ancient pond song shared  
by little green or bullfrogs  
needeep ribbit splash

Why does the frog jump

into the old pond's waters?

To avoid the pan.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Be Patient With Astrology Haiku

The Moon is waning

in retrograde Mercury

wait forward motion

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Beachday Haiku

Jogging much closer

curious seagulls surround

sandcastle builder

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Bethlehem Star Haiku

The sun disc rises

on nodding Bethlehem stars

reaching from the grave

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Bird War Haiku

Survival design

Pelican fights cormorant

Don't trespass my space

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Birds Of A Feather Haiku

Two pollies gossip

red headed blue wing Macaws

best friends for all time

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Birdsong Haiku

A bird wings it's way  
to bring joyous song to my  
heart then leaves it's note

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Blue Hawaiian Haiku

Bali Hai spirit

beckons me to leave the snow's

wonderland behind

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Blue Moon Haiku

Alluring Goddess

reigns over water and trees

witnessed reflection

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Bountiful Harvest Haiku

Harvest pumpkins glow

Imagine jack o lanterns

smiling about pies.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Busy Bee Haiku

Nature's oldest dance  
enticing delphinium  
bee collects nectar

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# But-Who Played The Flute?

First there was silence  
And then came the sound.

The Sound of a Flute...

The creatures rejoiced  
In the ephereal melody:  
Their souls were lost  
To an intensive ecstasy:  
Their bodies reverberated  
With the virile rhythms  
Of the sound.  
The world breathed  
in sensuous fragrances.  
yet they asked why,

And they died.

First published in the Spring 1970 issue of Beachplums and read at the Guild Hall literary program Spring of 1970 along with my poem The Unicorn and the works of the many talented Senior year classmates who contributed to an outstanding of my peers have gone on to live extraordinary lives and I've connected with them on Facebook.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Calliope (Diamante Poem)

-----creation

musical, bright  
spinning crying laughing  
instrument noise Muse pen  
writting thinking sending  
hot cold

----- blocked

This my first diamante poem.I guess this as a good a day as any to it comes out in a diamond shape.....It didn't do the diamond shape here but it does the diamond shape on

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Canine Nightmare Haiku

While the March Hare is

afloat all dogs are dreaming

of the haunted hunt

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Captured Spirit Haiku

Encased spirit shelled

aging body ageless soul

born reborn released

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Caressing The Rose Haiku

Kissed by the sunshine

the sweetly scented velvet

petals of Love bloom

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Celestial Event Haiku

Crescent Moon shining

as storm clouds tumble in rage

eclipse is obscured

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Celestial Traveler Haiku

Dedicated to the very inspirational musical poet Ahmad Shaddiqi

Waves crashing on shore

clapping, embracing the setting

Sun's twilight last gleams

Golden fingers reach

across endless violet sky

Nature paints the clouds

Orange serenade

set the sundial's smiling face

emerald flash glows

The sun dips below

hugs twilight's red horizon

deep blue ocean sighs

Earth under cover

listens to nighttime music

currents of respite

The night shower leaves

refreshing rain or stardust

captured dreams released

Apollo returns

raptured Earth greets arrival

starlight blanket hides.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Chakra Haiku

One spirit rising

spinning wheels of light bridging

red to violet hues.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Changing Leaves

We are all of one leaf, each cell  
the same we follow  
an obvious route-never changing  
One deviated-  
And made a new pattern.

We were all of one leaf.

Published Spring 1970 issue of The Beachplums

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Children

Love's breath calling God's Spirit and joy  
Eternal the seed that lights our eyes  
Children of laughter, child of woe  
Fragile their trust, Life's candle glows

His own given pure in grace and strife  
Knowing, innocent; mortal as the flame  
Children of beauty, child of night  
Blessed by His Spirit, our own true light

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Children Revisited

All the footprints on the wall  
And thumbprints on the window  
As your toys clutter room to hall  
Loud your noise does bellow

(I'm tired of the little fellow)

O you whirling deverish!  
If I only had one wish:  
I'd pack you off in a sound-proof-rubber box

Off to Grandma's you will visit!

As the sound of silence reigns  
No fights which we lock horns  
And sweet the agonizing pains  
NO! I'm not forlorn

Don't miss:  
that menace who gets into things  
and battles with brush to pants

How loud my voice can ring  
To the questions often asked:  
Denials to 'Who did it? '  
Will I last?

But more I dread Ma's revenge on me

I've inherited the insanity:

She sent ME back to revisit! ! ! ! ! !

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Chilled Petal

under the snow  
a rose rises  
to greet the Sun

touched by a  
rainbow  
it trembles

as the breeze  
catches and releases  
the captive bud

falls  
lost to the dreams  
of lost love

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Chinese New Year Haiku

Red, orange and gold

Chinese Zodiac creatures

Buddha invites friends

\*\*\*\*\*

Be Patient With Astrology Haiku

The Moon is waning

in Retrograde Mercury

wait forward motion.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Clouds Haiku

Rolling fog touching

the edge of the cliff clings to

peeking fluffy sky

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Cornucopia Haiku

Bountiful harvest

Horn of plenty spills blessings

Happy Thanksgiving.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Creativity Haiku

Frozen whispers freed

from the mind's cold hard grip flows

imagination

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Cricket Haiku

Slow singing crickets

sunny is the weather's face

insane chirps means rain

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Cupid's Rainbow

Leaving rainbows in my sleep  
Only vision softly creeps  
Venus slain to rise again  
To share the light and quell the pain

Stardust shimmers like the past  
Prisms shattered or everlast  
Evasive whispers in my heart  
Carves the image my soul imparts

Voices chime in dreams of glass  
The future in the hour cast  
Immortal as time's frailty  
Unending with mortality

And in the dust the diamond makes  
Within my heart reverie wakes  
Alone you haunt, your essence chase  
With the Sun the Moon is chaste

In the mind illusions dwell  
Only the heart will clearly tell  
Better my love to you before  
Glow the morrow even more.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Cycles Haiku

Dormant bare-branched trees

feeling the season waiting

for chipmunks and Spring

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Daily Outing Haiku

Gliding gander leads

proud goose and peeping goslings

water sovereigns

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Daisies Bloom In Autumn's Wood

In my image I perceive  
The young child of mystery  
As the wind combs gentle my long hair  
To innocence flows a care-free air  
And time's changes clearly show  
As the shadows cast their eerie glow  
For rainbows are wrought by His hands  
The Sandman's kiss has left it's sand  
Wrinkles of cause as years will pass  
The sand still sifts in the hourglass  
For with joy I find reborn, a spring  
And in my summer I smile and sing  
For daisies bloom in Autumn's wood  
My life is blessed with motherhood  
As children run and climb their way  
Innocence shines that gentle ray  
I see myself in you again  
The fairy-tales of youth refrain  
Please spare the wrinkles and the mist  
Again, I believe in the Sandman's kiss.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Desert Reality Haiku

Parched rocky desert

peaks touch endless azure sky

no rain clouds in sight

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Desert Sentinel Haiku

Saguero cacti

desert dwelling survivor

observes its domain

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Desolate Haiku

The grey sky tumbles

Windblown shifting sands cover

Rocky terrain peeks

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Dog Haiku

My best friend a dog

star heavensent to keep me

-the sun-company

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Duck Pond Haiku

A drake on the wing

flapping for his mate he quacks

then settles at home

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Elegy To Time

Like rainbows dissolving or love's end  
We mourn the parting of friends

As the Sun travels East to West  
Do we wonder where or when it will rest

In the Spring a world reborn  
A child's first step this Summer's morn

Autumn's passing into Winter's night  
Shows a glimmer of Heaven's light

And slowly ticks the clock and chimes  
As in passing beats our time.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Elements Haiku

Monolith withstands

the onslaught of the angry

restless grey ocean

Titanic forces

in constant battle follow

cause and effect law

Steel grey clouds rumble

and gather wind strength over

turbulent whitecaps

The gigantic rock

stands aloof testimony

Earth's historic bones

The great sustainer

of all life the good, old Earth

creates rocky shores

Abide elements

tides, deserts, mountains, plateaus

create or destroy

Spirit animates

Nature's balancing act: earth,

air, water and fire

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Enlightenment Haiku

Lightning strikes deeply

storming the inner core roots

changing the tree's shape

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Entitled

The source has many themes  
Redundant they may seem  
All aspects taken  
New angles peered at  
Each thought spoken  
In the mind  
Some are lost as dreams  
Others become rhymes  
All are Reality's schemes  
Now as your's and mine

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Equine Haiku

Surrounded by mist

swift hooves pounding, manes tossing

horses eating grass

Dusk settles upon

a herd of horses grazing

coyotes howling

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Eternity's Seconds Fly Haiku

Startled birds rising

Moon shines brightly showing face

nothing stops nature

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Evening Colours

pearls wrapped in cloudy shells  
listen the warm air breathes  
gold in the sand

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Ever Changing Haiku

Dusty devils twist

as a waterfall sprays rainbows

stepping stones tumble

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Every Spring Haiku

Baby Robin chirps

downy fledgling on first flight

explores surroundings

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Existence Haiku

Life with a purpose

all creatures great and small live

Nature's hidden scheme.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Fairy Gift Haiku

Clinging grass and trees

fairy rainbows are dew drops

joy follows sorrow

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Faries' Delight Haiku

Midsummer Eve's Moon

full and bright grants hearts' desires

honeysuckle blooms

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Fate Haiku

Held fast by the lake

in the frozen snow the branch

awaits Springtime thaw

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Fibonacci: Hope

Hope

Pan

Dora

Pandora

Pandora's hope chest

forbidden secret held in trust

flowing pearls of wisdom share all humanity's faith

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Fibonacci: Cosmic Spiral

dance

swirl

spiral

Nature's scheme

flora and fauna

repeated shell sequence spirals

symmetrical patterns an essence of stardust swirls

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Filling The Void Haiku

A plain image etched

colours beyond the window

filled the empty space

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Fire In The Firmament

Upon my astonishment I did see  
a rage of clouds in a cloudy sea

A sunset as bright as a sunset could be  
and red and gold and as grey I perceived

upon the golden crest of the Sun  
a giant fish leaped as if in fun

the arc illuminated the grey blue puffs  
as golden rays victorious lifted aloft

A congregation of grey forms are formed  
an army so formidable it must be a storm

Upon the horizon over the Philippine Sea  
an elephant then Godzilla led his cloud army

Straight towards the vision of the Sun they clashed  
met in the middle of the sea they amassed

One by one they vanished into the night  
as Night lights the stars that claim the light

It makes me wonder about the visions in the pearly sky  
Is the Firmament telling me of the future in my eyes?

Is a great battle about to be fought  
will it be victorious or fought for naught?

Are cloudy images a mirror for tomorrows  
never to comfort those forever in sorrow?

As I sit on this porch and write this poem  
will my thoughts bring me answers where ever they roam?

for clouds can be an augury the shapes warn earth  
in it's myriad of life forms and reknown worth

Good deeds and bad recorded in the sky  
written in clouds for you and I

When Night collects the clouds sky sends  
then it's good night, time to make amends

The panorama on the horizon reflects the signs  
creative clouds in their busy designs

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Firefly Haiku

little lights  
blinking  
under the moon

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Fishing Buddies Haiku

Hungry otters stare

wary startled playful pair

dive into the lake

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



## Flight 93 Memorial (Haiku)

living history  
bird song in the meadow  
honors your bravery

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Flower Of The Woods

Woodstock, I  
hear your song on the wing:  
my heart is with you  
now

And heavenly are the words  
Of Love that you sing.

Child there are stars  
in your eyes,  
more than the universe can contain.

Nature, your voice  
to me brings  
a harmony  
and I fly free.

Soul, your understanding  
fills the heart of  
those who love  
as I am the Flower of  
the woods.

Published in the Spring 1972 issue of the EVOLUTION literary magazine, Suffolk  
Community College

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Flower Power Haiku

Serenity wakes

white petals radiate red

dawn centers on hope

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Flowing Falls Haiku

The rolling river

journeys through forest chasm

joins at the crossroads

This is my entry for the daily haiku of my past written haiku were also entered.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# For Jazmyne, Laddie And Lucky

sunset beneath clouds

my best friends' ashes in a box

coming home

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Forceful Nature Haiku

Nature's ebb and flow

tsunamis roll over land

washing away all

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Forlorn Haiku

Does the Mourning Dove

cry for a long lost love gone

forever on Time's wings

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Fountain Haiku

A magic fountain

grants generously wishes

dreams and desires

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Frozen Moment Haiku

Silvery blue sky

icicles dress the arbor

Winter's cold splendor

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Fun In New Orleans

Mardi Gras mask

behind sad eyes

big smiles

gold, green and purple

nobility enfolded

in the Fleur De Lis

Parades

among the thrilled throngs

ice and Hurricanes intox

beads and King cakes

eating Creole dishes

whet the palate

all in all the final day

of revelry

before Lent begins

After the big party

is over

more fun in Vegas!

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Gee I'Ld Run Too Haiku

He wears a crown of

antlers upon his wild head

Elk hunters trophy

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Ghost Haiku

The mist swirls cloaking

shadowy figures phantoms

from the haunted woods

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Go With The Flow Haiku

Wave after wave splash

curl, withdraw and lap the shore

endless world action

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Goddess Haiku

A radiant cloud

Tara whispers on the wind

songs in bowls and chimes

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Grand Canyon Haiku

The river winding  
like a snake flows through Earth's split  
all desert life clings

The winding river  
flows snakelike through the Earth's crust  
desert split open

Life clings to rocky  
cliffs long ago torn apart  
by Nature's forces

A desolate world  
unfolds its splendor flora  
and fauna abounds

A sharp eye perceives  
many things missed by others  
sit still and listen

The Wise Ones older  
than the Grand Canyon whisper



secrets from their souls

Earth's expanding crust

a magical awesome view

Nature's big picture

Grand Canyon vista

claims from sunrise to sunset touch

upon horizons

Roaring through chasms

the wild river rolls contained

by deep rocky cliffs

Great, wise or short lived

the sands and water meeting

flora and fauna

The Sun's brush displays

colours from rust to shadows

Night covers image

Barren rocky cliffs

Condors rise on thermal winds

coyote Moon song

National treasure

Nature's grand jewel in the crown

pride of my country

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Gratitude

I had nothing

but my breath

then it rained rainbows

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Guam Arrival

stepping off the plane

Mariana's humid kiss

is like a slap

from a warm hot towel

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Guardian Wings (Acrostic)

Angel

Now

Glow

Everyone's

Light

Souls

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Haiku Nuggets

rainy morning  
birds still sing  
at sunrise

Post-rapture morning  
birds are singing at sunrise  
I am elated

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Haiku Passion

Dedicated to the Master Haiku Poet Jane Reichhold who's passion for this style of haiku poetry will be remembered for a very long time.

passing shadows

clouds and feathers

silent quill

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Happiness Haiku

Clouds stray faraway

honeyhued capped mountain basks

in the Sun's glory

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Happy Family Haiku

The most common word

said by all living creatures

who gives birth: Mamma

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Happy Foliage Haiku

Japanese maple

crimson leaves turning upwards

cheerful in Autumn

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Heron Haiku

Hungry heron stalks

among the reeds and shoreline

searching for a fish

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Hesitation Haiku

Far horizon lights

distant rocky goal beckons

my feet hug these shores

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Hestia's Fire Haiku

A cord of wood piled

to warm the hearth, home sweet home

mice take residence

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Hidden Meanings Haiku

Humans don a mask

nature is truth and beauty

dig deep to find me.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Hidden Valley Haiku

The wind bends the grass

the hidden wildlife lives free

peace in the valley

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Hope

Alone we walked and in pain  
As blade or thorn shall twist  
Or loud the silence talked, refrained  
And echoes in the mist  
Born as angels sing, a light  
Once on earth before remains  
Peace His Love brings to night  
As each new life is more, proclaims  
His birth to shine as angels sing  
As the universe sang the Birth  
Long ago or this night brings  
Each babe the hope of earth  
As thorn or joy rebounds  
His love on earth resounds.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# I Heart You Haiku

For my husband

Happy Valentine's

Day! ! ! Cheers! ! ! It's our thirthyth

anniversary! ! ! ! !

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Icy Cave Haiku

Snow cave in the wind

portal to a realm unknown

ethereal view

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Imagination Haiku

Fallen trees cover

a cave or magic portal

enter if you dare

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Immortal Love Haiku

Lost in the soft clouds

Psyche's soul joins sweet Eros

butterfly spirit

Vanishing legends

true love in the ancient world

remembered by me

She of great beauty

he is a being of pure

winged immortal light

How their great love for

each other touches my soul

immortal beauty

Do not lose your glow

love lasts forever when true

transcending all time

Feathered winged lover

Great Phanes radiates a seed

Psyche's Soul flowers

Sing upon spirit

fly on a butterfly's wings

when the sunshine glows

Their legend exists

forever two souls unite

to overcome odds

When Love shot himself

with his gold arrow meant for

another's lost fate.

Cupid found his own

A soulmate lover lives as

Heart's eternal Soul

Among my favorite stories is the love legend of Cupid and Psyche told in both Roman and Greek versions in the ancient of the most inspiring statues I have ever seen is Antonio Canova's Eros and moral of their story is never give up on LOVE! ! ! ...because love is the strongest of all human emotions and when one connects the Heart with the Soul they are connected by the Spirit for all Eternity.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Impossible To Hold

Framed for a second

the Sun captured by a fence

in twilight's red skies

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# In Or Out Haiku

Inside the box safe

confined content blinded square

freedom is outside

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Inequality

Is the lamb as strong as the lion?  
Nature's laws  
Equates survival of the fittest  
Quality of life is a  
Universal law for those  
Always fair and strong enough to  
Live as  
If Life is all there is  
Today before one seeks and  
Yearns for equality, but knows its niche

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Innerlight Haiku

The soul knows where to  
go in life and death guided  
by angelic trust.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Innocent Curiosity Haiku

Little explorer

running touching learning grows

innerchild laughing

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Inquisitive Haiku

Such critter antics

hummingbird feeders entice

curious squirrels

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Insight Haiku

The light shines brightest

piercing dividing shadows

sea sighs secretly

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Inspiration Denied

O! Muse!

Speak to me

Why do I

read the words

I want to say

in other poet's poems?

are missed messages

your silent reply?

While you were sleeping

I passed by..

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Inspiration Haiku

The perfect sunset

amber orb seems suspended

the ocean welcomes

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Inspiration Streams Haiku

First snowfall or last

Winter says hello or bye

stream's happy freedom

Melting snow joins stream

branches dropp their icicles

the thaw heralds Spring

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Introspection Haiku

Solitude is how

I meet myself greet my soul

layered in warmth or cold

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



## Iridescent Mirror Haiku

The snake waits to strike

butterflies on lotus blooms

peacocks are strutting

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Island Flyover Haiku

Volcano puffs steam

bird's eye view of ocean and

rocky island cliffs

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Joy Haiku

Jolly moods jingle

smiles light the childrens faces

when bells and bows shine

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Jungle Haiku

Eluding pythons

a hungry monkey swings through

canopy of trees

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Kigo Entries (Versions)

White bunny  
shadow on snow scares  
running rabbit

Version One\*

The yellow  
lotus rises  
the stars crown

Version Two:

the yellow  
lotus rises  
starry night crowns

Version one\*

green reeds  
turn brown  
Summer Sun smiles

Version Two:

nodding green reeds  
turn brown  
Summer's Sun smiles

Version one\*

rainbows color  
red to violet  
dance from clouds

Version two

Rainbows colour

red follows violet  
dance from clouds

Stealing night  
dreams claim souls floating  
like angels

timid ivy  
chatters to stone deaf  
granite walls

elderberry flowers  
bees buzz  
my wine

Version 1\*  
Twirling umbrella  
pandas dance  
splashing rain

Version 2;  
My umbrella twirls  
black and white pandas dance  
splashing raindroplets

Thinking caps in flight  
jubilant graduates cheer  
high expectations

the old wooden post  
leans splintered covered by last  
year's vines this year's blooms

Fall's dusty apple crop  
lost to silver mildew bane  
*Podosphaera Lencotricha*\*

\*scientific name for powder mildew which infects apple trees

Version 1\*

Crescent Moon sails  
on a starry boat cloud  
across Summer's sky

Version 2

A starry boat sails  
in a sea of clouds guided  
by the crescent moon

Version 3

Indigo fingers  
weaving silvery moonlight  
shines on white sail boats

Version 4

A thief in the night  
stealing starry sailors' dreams  
cloud boat floats aloft

Version 5

Carina's star keel  
graces the Southern Cross caught  
by Midnight's anchor

Crows ride the maize in  
the old farmer's zigzagged maze  
battered corn awaits

Hunger's gnawing bite  
during the Lenten fasting  
chocolate-egg dreams

White spectre  
fog enshrouds  
weeping angel

Taking steps

towards open doors  
school bell rings

Just for fun you can let me know in the comment section which version of the haiku designated by an \*you like the of them won anything but I thought I would include these min-haiku gems are my entries in the st-kukai@ monthly contest.

I add my new haiku after the contest voting way I can keep them on PoemHunter for people to read..

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Knots

We weave our tapestry  
'Though mist may cloud the eye  
On rocky roads made smooth  
Or as pebbles tossed to sky  
The icy fingers lace  
Through gnarled and twisted vines  
Under stars in velvet skies  
Our mile we walked entwined.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Koi Haiku

Flashes of gold fins

blowing bubbles and hiding

their aquatic antics

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Last Snowfall Haiku

Cherry tree budding

caught in Winter's snowy grip

peeks as Spring slumbers

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Lasting Love Haiku

Soulmates and lovers

comfortable company

can't live without you

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Lesson In A Flower Haiku

White lotus opens

pure spirit born in the mud

arise crowned by stars

Awakening greets

shadows upon the green leaves

a fanning network

Flower captures dawn

surprise in the lily pond

still open all night

Nature's spirit lives

connecting all existence

celestial song

Dragonflies and frogs

rest upon the wide green leaves

koi adore blossoms

Pearly petals crown

then reign in quiet beauty

among lily pads

Rainbow snake arise

ignite the mystical bloom

Cosmos sharing light

Silent white lotus

spirit questing innerlight

listen to my soul

A stone filled with light

anchors the mundane overcome

by the white lotus

Centered in petals

the infinite soul's sacred

journey radiates

Lessons from a bloom

white lotus meditations

universal calm

Nature's heart beats and

flows in constant balance as

life begins or ends

Knowledge is power

to understand perceptive

accepting is wise

White lotus spirit

arise and greet awakened

inner horizons

To touch the Divine

lotus unfolding within

infinity's gift

Passive violet flame

sparks breathless cosmic seed

births breathing nectar

Bountiful spirit

how a beautiful flower

elevates my thoughts

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Let's Pick Them Haiku

Blackeyed Susans make

a lovely addition to

a floral bouquet

December 14,2008 entry in daily haiku contest

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Library

One's dream realised  
The honor of a book  
Within the realm idolized  
Shelved for another look

Plumbed the depth of knowledge  
Imprints the world of truth  
Within the ivory tower  
Words of myths or proofs

Hungry and in quest of  
All the old time lore  
Poems and fiction writings  
Some graffitied on the wall

Inspiration flowing  
New works strive  
To fill the stage once empty  
The actors come alive.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Light Of Love

The Christmas Star is glowing  
held in the Angel's hands  
with God, quiet faith growing  
for Jesus as the man  
Whose Birth so long ago still brings  
the message of Eternity  
of Love which made the Heavens sing  
to a world: Peace, Hope and Charity

The Holy Spirit on the wings of love  
in the Christmas Star All-knowing  
glows within and from above  
as God's love for all is showing

In His words the gift of Truth and Life  
in His heart the joyous star of night.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Limerick: Forgetting Titles

There once was a poem that I read  
the words keep getting stuck in my head  
if I could remember  
that rhyme of September  
my memory would remember the title instead

this my first limerick

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Limerick: The Quest

There once was an armadillo  
that took a road trip to Amarillo  
he rolled and rolled  
like a tumbleweed he rolled  
straight into a cask of Amontillado

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Limerick: Twisted View

There once was a woman misanthrope  
Who felt that the world had no hope  
if she could believe  
there is wind in the leaves  
then silver linings had clouds and she moped

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Limerick: Why Did The Turtle Cross The Road?

There once was a very busy turtle  
who crossed a branch strewn hurdle  
if he could have known  
his slow pace near the cone  
on his back by the edge he spun and hurtled

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Longevity Haiku

Methuselah's seed

Great Basin Bristlecone pine

ancient tree's sapling

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Lost In The Fog Haiku

Hazy gloomy day

the forest frames amber light

silence all around

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Love's Philosophical Potion

Love is over rated  
never understood  
but always believed in

slide down a rainbow  
then

take equal measures of  
wanting and desires  
faith in an idol or dreams

add kindness or bitterness  
jealousy or patience  
a smile or a frown

a pinch of bittersweet  
sadness and memories

stir in tenderness  
then dance on the clouds  
mix all in a chalice

then add a heart  
to the potion  
Is Love real?

or just an illusion  
only your heart knows  
what it wants

Do you?

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Lucky Elephant Haiku

Beauty and wisdom

ancient elephant blinks eye

dreams of green jungle

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Lucky Me Haiku

A red ladybug

lands on a four leaf clover

I find good fortune

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Luna's Release

In constant comments voices flow  
As the song I sing, my soul will grow  
You haunt my dreams phantomwise  
As the poet's poem or the artist's eye  
For in your waning or waxing tides  
As thou grows slim then wide  
Dry and crisp or pregnant thought  
In my words you are clearly sought  
To the Sun these words reside  
Or quietly scatter to your dark side  
For the answers are found in the signs  
Thou rule my pen or my design  
I think of pearls and moonstone hearts  
As my thoughts are stilled or dark night parts.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Meditation

waterfalls

mesmerizing

water falls

water falls

mesmerizing

waterfalls

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Miracle Haiku

A white Christmas means

World peace and prosperity

Bright Blessings to all

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Misty Roundup Haiku

A misty gray fog  
falls on green pastures and flock  
Shepherd collect them

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Memento Mori Haiku

Life's candle flickers

to constantly remind that

shadows await us

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Mon Ami

I long to hear your voice again  
And keep your company and the hour  
To share in letters of joy and pain  
For in friends Heaven sends a flower

With my spirit I give my heart  
In my mind and soul to last  
And with time we live and part  
Across the smiles of friendships past

For once with wine and bread we break  
And to the winds we cast our stones  
I remember you with every day I wake  
O my friends -how far we've flown.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Moody Haiku

Sunshine in hiding

bulky storm clouds sweep across

moonstone colored sky

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Morning Joy Haiku

A morning glory

clinging to a slender post

greet the rising Sun

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Morning Song Haiku

Joy in the meadow

freedom on the wings of the

the lark in the morning

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Morning's Mist

As dreams have turned to mist  
Joy wakes the morning sky  
In the wind the gentle kiss  
Of summer in your eyes

Love's touch has left me this  
My thoughts to you afar  
For night has claimed your kiss  
Step soft upon the stars.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Mother's Hysterical

As their screams reverberate  
And the fighting ne'er cease  
I long for the golden days  
Of quiet and blissful peace.

Did I ask for:  
The patter of tiny feet grown loud  
And the voices in a whining tune 'Let's go out to eat! ! !  
There's nothing to eat here.' they clamor

(as I'm holding a three hundred-ninety seven dollar and fifty-three cent grocery  
receipt and there are bags on the counters and on the floor and some still  
waiting to be unloaded from the car)

I'm bored they shout  
as they stomp to their music's disquieting beat and strange utterances  
are my kids from Mars?

'You'll get use to it' I've been told

('With earplugs') I mutter:  
Please keep it to a dull roar  
As I pull my hair out! ! ! ! ! !

I think:  
Was I that way before?  
I can remember Momma's shout  
'Can't you close your door? '

I'm hysterical--can't take anymore! ! ! !  
And yet I think of one good thing:  
YOUR kids will even the score.  
Muhahaha! ! ! !

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Muse Haiku

Sun Moon and Yin Yang

brings a gift of many stars

to shine on parchment

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# My Home Is My Haven Haiku

The log cabin in  
the hinterland's golden trees  
hunter's paradise

Fishing on the lake  
dragonflies mosquitoes bite  
giant catfish jump

A place to think, dwell  
upon life's reflections in  
a wooden cabin

Waldon's pond I think  
there should be more quiet places  
for hibernation

Among golden leaves  
and marshland pines a legend  
haunts: Jersey Devil

Nestled among trees  
ripe with fruit and golden boughs



my abode-heaven

Little forest hut

just right for austere pleasures

solitude...myself

Lakeside view palace

gazebo for parties and

old trees to swing on

A tent in the wind

lifted, traveled, unanchored

nomadic feet dance

Ancient ruins from past

civilizations recalls

lives wind blown away

I'm homeward bound to

the hills of my ancestors'

nestled mountain town

No matter where I

roam home is in my heart loved

by me forever

No matter where I

dwell home sweet home is in me

until my soul leaves

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Mysterious Creature Haiku

Masked rider flying?

triple thoughts and form teasing

gecko on orchid

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Nature Decorates Haiku

Decked in silver hues

icicles dangle then drop

Winter's snowy gift

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Nature's Haunting Images Haiku

Nature's gold dig deep

reflects images of life

above and below

Blue sky in the stream

The water rises ducks swim

much to my delight

Lake of bright waters

ringed by willow trees and rocks

how tranquil I feel

Pink water lilies

grace reedy crystal marshland

fireflies sparkle

The golden meadow

ringed by glowing amber leaves

bow to self image

The lake at flood stage

swallows autumnal colours

wood ducks are quacking

Autumn leaves gasping

in a song for lost Summer

sweet dreams tucked away

Rosy fingers fringe

a golden Sun blanketed

by clouds caught in trees

A blaze of amber

streaks across tumbled pink clouds

dark trees raise branches

What a strange vision!

The giant hammerhead shark

cloud chases minnows

Legendary place

swampland plays host to giants

Imagination

A walk on the path

covered by green leafy trees

bird song serenades

Stray from the dirt path

take a hike through the green meadows

Pan plays magic flute

Stay on the straight path

seeing but missing feelings

of experience

Caldera sheer sides

rocky volcano summit climbs

Neptune's sea meets sky

Rosy clouds aloft

lavendar and blue play tag

with the mountain peak.

Himalayan slopes

covered by blue poppy buds

open sunny smiles

Ice blue poppies bloom

dot the Himalayan slopes

waiting for sunshine

Prarie dog pops up

squeaking then eats chattering

Beware buffaloes

Shadow on the rocks

a soft-pawed snow leopard wanders

hungry cat pounces

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Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Nature's Brush Haiku

Patchwork colors meld

Gaia dons floral raiment

inspiration flows

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Nature's Gardener Haiku

Stolen flower bulbs

a squirrel buries treasure

surprise in the Spring

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Nature's Renewal Haiku

A withered branch grasps

the flowing water ripples

wood ducklings tumble

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Nature's Sundial Haiku

Cloudless or stormy

the Sun always rises or

sets just like clockwork

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Nature's Touch Haiku

Metamorphosis

a moth clings to its old home

Eden revisited

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Necessity Haiku

Baby giraffe suckles

change and growth laws of Nature

in the wild or zoos

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# New Year Sunrise

first day sunrise

cloudy with a

splash of sunshine

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Night Bird

flightless

the Night Jar's shadow

in the moonlight

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Night Queen Haiku

Jasmine, moonflowers

climb the trellis reaching for

a smiling white face

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Nightingale Haiku

Brown bird crescendo

upon a golden bough sings

my heart leaps or aches

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## No Worries Haiku

Four turtles sunning

on a rock in the middle

of a churning stream

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Nordic Exposure Haiku

Tundra under ice

deep freeze locks barren lake reeds

the Midnight Sun shines

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Ocean Jewels Haiku

Starry surprise clings

to rocky sea gems alone

unlike the others

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Oceans

Your waters churn within  
The sirens sing of your soul  
Sand accepts life's prints  
Your sprites erase their own

The denizens of your keep  
Flow to faraway shores  
Garlands and booty remain  
Testimony to your roar

Drifting along the beach  
As the sea birds soar  
Left behind your jewels  
Claimed as you've claimed more.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Ode To Anonymous

Melodies and themes painting your dreams  
    A word unspoken, a name  
Who smiled upon us and shared this gift  
    This stranger shy of fame  
As silent as mist withdrew from sight  
Leaving another's thoughts burning bright  
    The thief, Unknown, claimed

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Offguard Haiku

Sea spray surprises

never turn your back to the

undulating waves

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Om Haiku

Namaste I see

in all creation soul that

binds the web of life

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# On Crystal Wings

I paint my dreams in summer light  
Set to music my earthly hymn  
And to my ears the stars will sing  
As angels on crystal wings  
My mind is free to dance with thee  
As memories on the floor  
For as my soul unlocks the door  
I wine with thee once more  
I trust your gentle hand and heart  
And seek in thee release  
For with thy song my heart's at peace  
As echoes chime, then cease.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# On Moonstones, Pearls And Crystal Wings

\*~\*For my sons with all my love, Mom\*~\*

Love flutters on fragile wings  
Can bring the tears to eyes  
And in it's melody it can sing  
Of moonstones, pearls and sky

Love shines bright in the evening stars  
And within its crystal wings  
And like the rose in the morning Sun  
Is the magic that it brings

Love is born within the heart  
Can stay or sadly die  
As the rainbows that we chase  
Float in then passes by

And in promises and secrets made  
Are special when they're mine  
Something we all should keep  
As our special shine

But saddest is the love I feel  
For you who's flown away  
In my arms I long to hold you  
Each and every day

Love floats in on fragile wings  
Is found or quickly lost  
And can be special shared as ours  
Or slain by Night's cruel frost.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# On The Road

I travel from dawn to twilight  
    never knowing what the  
new day  
    born to sunrise golden  
hills will bring to me

The stones and rivers  
laugh at me and my load as  
we wander on whispering  
pine carpeted floors  
while the echoes of a  
    thousand ancestors say  
to deaf-blind me:

    look upon the sky and see  
        and the meadows will  
be your bed.

Published in the Spring 1972 edition of EVOLUTION

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Only Love Haiku

a chance to take of

life together spent one soul

united or alone

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Open Heart Haiku

Flower in the soul

like stardust captured glitter

awaken my heart.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Orchard Friends Haiku

The plum tree applauds

each annual shower of blooms

Hamadryad leaps

Devic spirit weeps

old apple tree's fruitless boughs

last dried bud dying

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Origami Myth Haiku

One thousand folded

cranes grant long life, peace, wishes

to Wisdom seekers

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Oso Mudslide

silent moment

only the wind

leaves its mark

on unmarked graves

buried beneath

tumbled soil

shattered lives

for ever changed

or ended by

Nature's forceful whims

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Out Of Words Haiku (Senryu)

When all is said and  
done I feel like an empty  
squeezed tube of toothpaste.

I entered this in the Me Myself and I poetry contest June 20 thru July 20 but I can't find anything on the contest now. I wanted to find out who won...

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Path

linear or cyclical

I ride a straight line

in a cycle

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Patience Haiku

Great noble trees stand

majestic reaching the Sun

before the fog lifts

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Pentacle Haiku

Hidden in a star

metaphysical symbol

are five elements

Airy aether blows

bends the reeds then climbs mountains

permeates life

Water trickles flows

in torrents shaping washing

over emotions

Earth lends a firmer

path that rocks, rolls, stands and shifts

moves at its own whim

Fire's destroying stealth

cleansing, clearing igniting

passions and new growth

Faith feeds the soul's flames

secret place where thunder sparks

Spirit's element

Drawn in a circle

creates Magic's sacred space

wisdom's universe

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Perception Haiku

Black and white photo

truth is in the beholder's mind

good or evil lives

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Perspective

brush strokes

grass meets sky

I am

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Phases Of The Moon Haiku

Night Goddess of light

a crown of stars upon your

head haloed and bowed

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Pink Spring Moods Haiku

blushing clouds

dew drops from

cherry blossoms

frozen

or unfrozen

cherry blossoms bloom

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Playtime Haiku

A gecko sunning

dog sniffing curious game

match between the two

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Poetry Is (Acrostic)

Poet's

Open-hearted

Efforts

To

Reach

You

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Polar Thaw Haiku

Aimless icebergs float

icy steppingstones bobbing

mirrored bay reflects

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Portrait: In A Summer Child's Diary

Hello again,

## I

The Arts and Time and Friends my themes  
And the handiwork wrought by His hands  
And thoughts of you who haunts my dreams  
And the beings of stranger land  
With gratitude for the little things  
And the right and chance to be  
Behind my mask of words I bring  
My song in poetry.

## II

In this self-portrait, I paint my tune  
Unbidden as time I wait  
For as its images live and croon  
Beyond the mirages, the glow I see  
The you understanding Love shall know  
And my acceptance the gentle Key

## III

In the Universe I live  
And seek its mysteries  
To the music that you give  
And the lure of the rolling sea  
For innocence bequeathes wisdom  
As Spring breathes from Winter night  
The sands move as day is done  
Lost in time and to our sight  
Our dance to life was very brief  
As day lights the brightest star  
In the bubbling brooks of mind's release  
And the bird's who have flown afar

## IV

Though small I be to the waking eye

And you a large part of life  
Towards my home I step quietly  
The part of me as wife  
For with love and its gentle way  
The sweet notes calm the strife  
As my little angels chime  
I thank you for changing my life

V

Lost in the rose of the fading day  
In the tune the minstrel sings  
And in the sand waves tossed about  
Embraced my heart still sings  
For once you turned me inside out  
On moonstones, pearls and wings

~\*\*\*\*\*~

P.S.

As night falls on the light I send  
    In the twinkle of the eye  
With after-thought I share my pen  
    With deepest love--

Good-Bye

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Pot O'Gold Haiku

Treasure is more than

a pot of gold buried here

beneath sod and sky.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



## Potential Haiku

A touch of Heaven

the wind bends as blue sky warms

grains of daily bread

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Precious Moments Haiku

Joy in the bonding

parent and child sharing world

of wonderful scenes

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Promise Rose Haiku

Rainbow fairy tears

delicate dew drops on the

bloom of Summer's rose

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Psalm 23 Haiku

Serenity sighs

Alone I walk into the

old peaceful valley

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Psyche Haiku

Yellow on sunshine

butterfly on sunflower

bright mystic vision

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Puppets Beat

Mimicry of life,  
the puppets dance on their strings  
all fall down...  
And rise with the pulsating beat beat  
of the wild sound:  
dance on the dark stage  
lift heads to the all-seeing master  
laugh at the dirt road  
sailing feet in the bloody field  
laugh at the mimicry of life.  
Phantom of the dead arise  
and protest...  
To the puppets' pulsating beat  
of wild sound  
Lift thy heads to the dark heavens  
and cry at the wall.

Die with the pulsating beat of wild sound,  
laughing at the mimicry of life.  
Mimic...laugh...arise...and protest  
ALL fall down.

Published Spring 1970 issue of The Beachplums.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Purity Haiku

Daisy the day's eye

Chaucer's innocent aster

stellified by Jove

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Quiet Nature

bowing

in silence

a snowdrop

bowing

in silence

a rainbow

bowing

in silence

the crescent moon

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Quill Haiku

A feather pointed on

parchment scratches scribbles stops

records new ideas

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Rainbow In Motion Haiku

Red, orange, yellow

green, blue, indigo- violet

mystic vision arcs

Red, orange yellow

green blue indigo follow

graceful violet glows

Red orange yellow

green blue indigo follow

violet rainbow mists

Shy crescent appears

lifting happy spirits soar

listen to my wish

Lively prism light

enchanted rainbow delights

brightly dance then hides

Sunbow or rainbow

Heaven's mysteries parting

Iris's raiment

Painting in rainbows

fairies alight gems dancing

upon the flora

Thin 'bow ribbon floats

colours capture bauble- beads

bubbles fly away

The waning Moon sets

cold ocean meets horizon

a rainbow shares sky

Peaceful lotus pond

two swans bow heads gracefully

frogs bask in 'bows end

A double rainbow

appears reflects faint image

imitates its light

Two rainbowed secret

paints reflected illusions

colours in reverse

Violet indigo

blue green yellow orange red

second 'bow brings awe

Unexpected scene

second 'bow riddle answered

shy mirrored likeness

First to disappear

the second rainbow lingers

grants a special wish

Lavender to pink

misty space between two arcs

colour magic spell

Blind or enlightened

Soul's rainbow fills the vessel

mind and body blessed

A moment in time

upon the cloudy climes shine

bring me more rainbows

Lucky is the one

who espies rainbow arches

wishes may come true

Rainbow guardian

spirit spray hovers over

cascading water

When rain dances and

the Sun shines Earth rejoices

misty rainbow's gift

Dreams, desires, wishes

granted in a million jewels

glittering rainbow

A rainbow's gift leaves

joyful laughter, thoughts and awe

mostly Nature's smile

Seven rays of light

herald the tempest's ending

a smiling sky shines

From moonstone coloured

misty clouds the Sun refracts

rain drops upon Earth.

A walk through a 'bow

bestows blessings upon when

Soul's pearls awaken

Bond seven swirling

chakra discs root raised to crown

inner peace regained

Looking at rainbows

can mean different things and

shared by everyone

Rainy guardian

a 'bow to walk under hugs

opposite gender

Always look for rainbows  
appearing opposite the  
Sun's teasing visage

A rainbow omens  
depending on local lore  
early death or wealth

Preparing for rain  
keeps it away but then the  
rainbow disappears

In the East rainbow  
shines then pleasant will the next  
day's afternoon be

A morning rainbow's  
Westerly ride omens wet  
cloudy days ahead

Rainbow to leeward  
dampness goes away sailors  
delight in Night's arc

Rainbow to windward  
portends whole day foul sailors  
heed weather warning

As the Irish say  
a rainbow on Saturday  
wet weather will stay

For those who are lost  
to the living day tears cross

Rainbow Bridge Heaven

Airy Baby's Breath  
gather a rainbow bouquet  
Life's long lasting bloom

Softly glowing or  
vibrantly showing proud Sky's  
enchanted decor

Sigh poet dreamer  
then listen to the rainbow's  
awakening song



Believe the Rainbow's  
magic touch upon lovers  
dreamers and forlorn

Can a bird in flight  
touch a rainbow and lose a  
wishgranting feather?

Fern and grass aglow  
rainbow-hued droplets pearling

Dawn's golden music

Silent 'bow aglow  
sentinel collects wishes  
then takes them away

A lonely crescent  
hiding pastel evening shine  
sighs across the sea

Long, long time ago

Rainbow appeared and promised

no end to this world

A peaceful peacock

perched amidst rainbow blooms

dwells in Paradise

Rainbows in motion

Nature's magical gift stirs

luminescent awe

Whatever joy brings

the elixir of life or

high expectations

Joyous sight behold

unfolding drifting graceful arc

heavenly colours

Misty promise made

sunny days ahead storm's ending

I see ROY G BIV

Rainbows inspire

set fire imagination

soul's journey unfolds

On earth I wonder

how the rainbow arc bridges

Destiny's wishes

Under and over

the rainbow haunts dreamlike quest

Leprechaun's treasure

Soft pastel rainbow

briefly meets the frozen rain

mountain snow glistens

Muse come dance with me

soft voice floats among the clouds

Your rainbow crown shines

Across the rising

full Moon face a rainbow graced

rosy sunset clouds

Pour ethereal

shining droplets from the clouds

sunkissed spirits 'bow

Brushed by a rainbow

the angel of the winds touch

Heaven's tears of joy

Colourful dreamer

fading into blushing sky

I bid you good day

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Raison D' Etre

Carved in stone as statues sleep  
And lasting to the eye  
We in life have to seek  
Or dance on celestial sky

Evasive to my hand or heart  
I wonder who you are  
As the sprites who dance or part  
Encased by celestial stars

As your loving hands caress  
Or morning cups the Sun  
The fool on the hill unharassed  
By the runner whose mile is run

For as life's wisps we shall bring  
The shine to the morning star  
All are born to live and sing  
Before night proclaims we were.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Rare Sighting Haiku

Misty woodland rolls

the white doe and her fawn graze

amidst the green ferns

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Reed Haiku

Pan's pipings calls me

to the wilderness of his

longing to be free

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Regeneration Haiku

Pumice touches sky

ancient from Earth's beginnings

a new world promise

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Remembering Pareng Abeng Haiku

I never met you but all too often people touch other people's lives in ways unknown to them and nobody's life is a waste. I read this story on the home page of PoemHunter titled Requiem for Abeng, Secret Sportsman Village Poet on 3/13/2009 World News Story. I hope my haiku honors this humble person...too bad his words weren't captured and written down.

Flowers lose petals

always a shadow known by

windy memories

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Requiem: 'The Last Poem'

I wrote this poem on All Saints/All Souls Day 1981 and it is dedicated to my brother, Patrick who passed away in 1975, and to the memory of many friends and family.

Embarked the journey on your own  
The choice in crossroads taken  
The tapestry you once wove  
The threads are now forsaken

The words you left to me  
Heard only by the Saints  
The voice from the wilderness calls  
No picture you can paint

Although your dreams not realised  
Your memory will never fade  
And Heaven keeps your secrets  
The words you tried to say

From the ashes the Phoenix rose  
Your soul which blessed this way  
Time's pirates may steal the gold  
But memories grace this day

And wide the Portals open  
One's life and death the key  
The star will reach its zenith  
Then quiet the ending will be

The golden path now taken  
A key to heroes unsung  
To His breath and in loving arms  
All your deeds are done

No epic or poet can describe  
The peace spent in the final hour  
Embrace me stars eternally  
A hymn sent to Heaven's flower

While the curtain draws across your eyes  
The stars sing their elegy  
This last poem I write for you  
Are to the words you wrote to me

Weep no more, His love imparts  
Peace as the Prophecy  
As is written in the scrolls  
Reveal the Trinity

Enshrouded as the Vision stares  
Look back; Forever sleep  
Your star vibrates in unison  
Now rest in Heaven's keep

\*\*\*\*\*

Amen

As you were given to us and now have part, you will always be in our memories  
and always in our hearts.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Resurrection Haiku

Delicate blossom

heralds promised Springtime joy

awakening dawn

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Revery

sunny blue

moods of a

Summer day

daydreamer

talks

to the clouds

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Riddle Haiku

Climb a pyramid

seek the Sphinx's buried gem

secrets blow away

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Rumble

war moon

an old cycle

begins again

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Sacred Site Haiku

The Weeping Willow

stands among Oak, Ash and Thorn

divine view reflects

1/11/09 entry to the daily haiku contest

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Satisfaction Haiku

Apples and grapes rise

bubbling in my full wine glass

I taste joy and mirth

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Saved Haiku

Lost without vision

sadness, darkness, hopeless cause

until Spirit rose

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Scavenger Haiku

Seagull flying free

aloft wind beneath its wings

searching for its meal

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Senryu: Shadows From The Mind

Nature beckons me

Do fences and patios mean

civilization?

Life begins with a

seed then branches in many

pathway directions

Come fly with me as

I wing my way through Life's pace

up, down and away

This series is based on the inspiring photos on the daily haiku contest and I will add to these human-natured philosophical haiku as I am inspired.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Serenity Haiku

Lacy branches frame

a hazy view of mountains

Heaven touches earth

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Shades Of Love

~~~\*\*\*For my husband\*\*\*~~~

All that glitters is not gold
So the wisemen say
As love shatters like a prism
For Heaven's diamond plays

As the red in the rose blooms
Or its petals shed as tears
Deepest are the shades of blue
Dark as night or light moods clear

As the yellow sun lights the sky
Or the greys come sailing in
Love is the truest color of your eyes
And it's stem the birth within

As white shares fidelity's hues
Or in green the stem of envy
Love is like the rainbow true
With anger's red or ending

Love is like the rainbow flowers
For me to share with you
In it's roots the home that's ours
And the children, me and you

For as the joy of the petals, open
Or the dark browns when they close
Love, we kissed in sunshine often
In the rainbow flowers-Love's rose!

On earth we stand and touch the sky
Shades of love I share with you
For the truest color lights your eyes
I'm glad I'm blessed with you.

For as love shines bright in my wedding band
And in the rainbowed flowers you gave me

As we share life hand-in-hand
Blessed, I feel are you and I for all eternity.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Shy Folk Haiku

Beautiful clear sky

Pine trees cover mountain slopes

Beware of sasquatch!

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Silently Fleeing Haiku

Captured by the Sun's

first rays the stars twinkle then

escape with the night

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Silhouette Haiku

A shadow on edge

the dark earth meets tumbled sky

faraway vision

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Silver Lining Haiku

Spirit in the clouds

the Sun always shines brightly

after darkness parts

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Snake Abode Haiku

Sharp rocky terrain

so barren to my vision

snake surprises me

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Snow On Evergreen Haiku

The new year cycle

begins again bringing good

wishes and blessings

The old year bequeathes

hope in the everlasting

pine released from snow

HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYONE

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Snowflakes Haiku

The Ice Queen dances

weaving her magic spell of

white lacy dreamscapes

Awakening Spring Haiku

A soft white blanket

falling upon sleepy earth

beneath it Spring sighs

Winter Scene Haiku

Bright crystal flowers

captured by the fir branches

sunlight makes them glow

Snowflakes Haiku was selected for the Poem of the Day on the Electronic Poetry Network 12/22/08

contact ccolon@

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Solstice Haiku

The Wheel of the Year

turns again: Seasons' Greetings

Happy Holidays

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Song To A Drifter

Like the wind breathes upon the leaves
Behind are left sweet memories
You live in my heart, soul and mind
In the world you own, now left behind
O Drifter, drifter why did you go?
Adrift in the wind only time could know

You, unsettled by the roads you own
So far away you have freely flown
You touch upon the waves at sea
You wander the storms of Eternity
Drifter, drifter have you found your soul?
Unanchored, your vision sets distant goals

Untamed spirit of sapphire sky
Gone are my tears for you I cry
This wide world you call your home
Born in your heart the need to roam
Free, unchained no earthly bonds need
Drifting, drifting..you're gone take heed

While I keep yearning wistfully
It's on this sad day I set you free
To catch the winds of wilder climes
To seek your soul 'till the end of time
Drifter, drifter through life you've gone by
Forever in my heart you will never die.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Sonnet On A View

O Innocence, catch the Sun, then hide
Reflect the first new fallen snow
Luna haunts in phase and tides
Awe and wonderment, your eyes know
As heaven sings silent words of love
To share and linger deep within the heart
In rose and thorn, His plan above
The river twines as valleys part
The clouded mountain reigns its clime
And the Angel to her bosom spares
As the memories that are lost in time
In joy and pain the tears we share
 The walk in beauty we shall dwell
 All in life before death's knell.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Sonnet: To Love (Correct Version)

Love's soft kiss as heavenly wine
Leaves the glow in morning's ray
Engraved as yours and mine
Whispered secrets shared our day
Sweet our souls flower and chime
In promises kept to chance
We reach for somewhere in time
Embraced by a bewitching glance
For Venus mends or breaks hearts
'though flames enkindle our eyes
Eternity's magic touch imparts
And diamonds fade to azure sky
Upon the stars we cast our light
As clouds are chased by darkest night

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Speak Of Love

Speak of Love and hearts afire soft unlayered mysteries
Bewitching captured enraptured, joyous or tortured souls
On the path one takes in every life since guileless Eve
seduced trusting Adam and lost innocence was replaced
by carnal knowledge and Eden's wise serpent hissing:
Mortal life is born, grows old and es are created
and live forever! But what we share in common is LOVE!

The stars are watching long past the night
The Moon, the Sun touching the heavens to come back,
to relive the true testaments of monumental emotions
when morning dew and tranquil lake, the only witnesses
in the perfumed garden, until the nightingale breaks the silence.
Its love song floating, melting on the soft night wind.
Unfurling petals and flowering centers entice a nectar
offering their fragrance lost upon the scented breeze
then resurrects a certain glowing, carefree laughing spirit,
Ethereal Love's eternal dance from the Kama Sutra shines
when feelings of love flow as soft as Spring rain,
as gentle as the touch of entwined bodies in unison
contact forever in the moment's ecstasy of unparallel joy.

Aether's delicate Light Being: Eros, Cupid, Phanes, Ericapaeus
by any name the Love God is known seeks the equal
measurement of his Soul found in the perfect Psyche
Armor's butterfly wife whose heart and immortal fabled death
inspired beliefs that boundless love is never lost and Love
conquers all in the is all or nothing, is never indifferent
because love feels one way or the other beyond the starlit gate.

Then we speak of Love's reality and true alter- nature as it
touches Deities' and mortal hearts:
for when passions are raging in a torrential flood
and the assault of the soul's anguished tearing of the heart
broken when love isn't sated in return bears vengeance
The impoverished fever burns as lust, as desires unquenched
turns hateful when spurned and in pain as Loves dual nature
slowly extinguishes the dying flames.

The spark survives until we can care again to ignite when passions play.

So I beseeched the great winged Eros: Speak to me of Love! ! ! !
Tell me what is true! Did you write The Book Of Love?
And do You collect all human works inspired by You?
Can your loving heart ease or send a balm that soothes
a long lost love? Can you return that lover to me?
Is there really a Love Bug?
Are we meant to love only one or everyone?
Does love bloom in the soul's garden ready to be picked
by the brave adventurer?
Are they the winners, those once bitten, willing to take another
spinning chance in Love's eternal game?
Is love at first sight true?
Does Love's deliberate philosophy set aquiver
Soul's burning arrow sent from the hopeful bow
to join two sides of the yearning heart as soulmates unite?

Sing of Love's eternal song fulfilled, tossed away or
as a storylined passion then bring its torch of burning light
to me and you to conquer, to feel, to know, to savor its power!
For love is the greatest mystery revealed to be cherished,
experienced and shared as the strongest of human emotions
forever touched by the wirling angelic wings of Love's living Heart
that buzzes and flies and breathes in the divinely inspired force and
Fate's enlightened thought that steers the stars and guides our golden universe.

O winged double-edged dagger plunging deep into my core then twist!
Leave a timeless message in its blows: despair, disbelief or infinite sustaining
love
The one forbidden feeling You claim is sent from Your realm only to bring
tumultuous love sacrificing tempting love whose misty essence is beyond our
reach but touches the joyful heart or surrenders to in fear this gift
once promised faithfully and now returned unto the Angel's share!
Then speak of Love's fluttering butterfly soul and its heartfelt kiss
shot from the enraptured arrowed paradox that speaks of Love me
or love me not.

'O you mortal fool! 'cries the winged Deity' Don't hesitate! !
My arrows are true and fated'.And the coiled serpent hisses
'Look before you leap! Then if you are certain and sure reach for

the promised gift of Life's seed that calls to you from Paradise
and cherish the everblooming rosy fruit of Love that beats
in our hearts and souls entwined forevermore! '

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Spinning Webs Haiku

The spider web shakes

decorates the fir branches

silver threads capture

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Springtime Serenade Haiku

Black Throat Gray Warbler

sings zee zee zee bzz zee tup

on pinyon branches

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Stalking Haiku

Shy woodland creature

shadowed spectre rustles leaves

woodpecker sneaks up

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Star Haiku

Faraway twinkle

in the vastness of Heaven's

invisible scheme

The stars are watching

waiting for the journey's end

angels collect souls

The stars are twinkling

celestial memories

cycle flows and ends

Each orb a vision

radiant amber glows

the stars' twinkling light

Under a twinkling

firmament a starburst streams

radiant asters

Then one falls its tail

trails streaming stardust across

exploding midnight

How far your journey

was to bring such wonderful

awe and excitement

And now you are gone

taking my wishes with you

into forever

The stars are watching

amber ambrosia pours

claiming another soul

The sky is filled with

stellar constellation tales

a brief flash then gone

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Starshine

all alone

one by one

the stars appear timeless

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Still Point Haiku

I visit Eden

on a bridge to paradise

pond of still water

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Strategy Gaming Haiku

The sly brown fox waits

then pounces on its quarry

puzzled by its speed

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Summer Song

The golden dew belies
The dreams left in my eyes

As daisies weave a memory
Time's waves in endless sea

With the eyes of a child I stare
As the stars cling to angels' hair

On wings of earthly song is born
I feel sweet summer morn

Between my toes the sand seeps
Leaving castles and dreams to keep

Endless is Eternity's rush
As Autumn claims His brush

And magic tokens engrave the sky
In Summer's kiss which drifted by.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Sunny Day Haiku

Nature's serene mood

as sky and water reflect

the world at its best

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Sunny Imitator Haiku

Apollo mimicked

sunflower heavy with seeds

tasty ripened snack

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Sunset Haiku

Apollo setting

rosy firmament alight

glorious vision

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Surprise Haiku

Searching for a wish

to pick among green clovers

garden serpent lies

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Survival Haiku

Agile wooly brown

Big Horn ram lord of the woods

espies a morsel

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Swan Song Haiku

A beautiful swan

swims amidst the muddy tides

a lotus rises

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Sylvan Ruler Haiku

The horned king surveys

domain of hills and valleys

fragile survival

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Silvery Blessings Of Ch'Ango

My ancestors called
upon all your fair faces
to guide my growing
harvest or my emotions
blessed bountiful Goddess.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: A Poet's Legacy

What do I leave you

when I turn to dust and join

the great beyond? I

leave my words as legacy

And inspire forever.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Almatheia's Gift

Pomona's romance

Gaia's splendid gems seeds vines

cornucopia

spills forth its contents give thanks

savor abundant harvest

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Angels

Guardian angel

violet light haloed feathered

wings peacock eyed

ethereal being of

depth innerlight radiates

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Busted Bunny

Run fuzzy rabbits

white, grey black bunny hopping

fast dusty creature

static cling hare-like monster

just out of reach of my broom

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Carpe Diem

Hold the last moment

Fleeting, drifting snowflakes melt

Eternity's heart

Release, flee the great design

and live life as a banquet

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Cosmic Spark

Stealing Heaven's light

Nature's gentle touch in sync

sentient timepiece

two sides of the fluid force

God's magic is miracles /alternate line: God's magic are miracles..

Personally I like the sound of the first but is it grammatically correct? What do you think?

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Crystal Soul

Through a rainbow door

I found on my soul's journey

a crystal palace

just when I stopped to ponder

my mind just lets me wander

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Eden Whispers

Star of Bethlaham

under olives Sharon's rose

tears of angels fall

lily of the valley springs

everlasting fruitful view

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Firecracker

A floral center

surrounded

by an outburst

of color- boom!

life is like that.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Flower Of Life

Designing patterns

symmetrical atonal

Universe touches

cosmic seeds of life breathing

in the thread that binds the stars

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Freedom's Price

Giant eagles fly

among the doves and peacocks

captive Phoenix soars

feathered souls delight in flight

freed when released upon death

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Furry Ball Of Trouble

My catastrophic

soft pawed dignified feline

daughter of great Bast

loves to tumble from high places

crashing loudly when she lands

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Hunter's Moon

Lord who gathers Death

to breath life for the season

ancestors visit

released from the chains of their

haunts to ride and collect souls

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: In Essence Dreams Are Real

No morning shadows

fall as sunlight claims the land

Sunset casts the shape

of the shady mimicker

attached dark essence clinging.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Iron Butterfly

Inspired by the wisdom in *The Spiritual Light Stone* by Andromeda Carefoot:

'Wow
no weight at all in this one'

Be ethereal

Spirit light as a feather

floats above or sinks

transcends the mundane that binds

unchain vibrant freeflight souls

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Is Love In Your Future?

Runes and crystal balls

Tarot readings and your palms

tea leaves ring your cup

in a trance your future told

by a spirit young and old

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Karmic Debt

Great Shining Ones who

watch and measure justice acts

upon our daily

deeds thoughts and actions we breath

until our soul journey ends

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Legacy Of Cycles

The starlight burns bright

A butterfly rises to

meet the budding rose

whose petals drip with dew falls

longing for a longer time.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Life In A Cosmos

In the beginning

the cosmic force tore the veil

of swirling astral

particles creating all

in existence joyously

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Luminescent Magic

Light dancing softly

upon fluffy clouded sky

pastel arc misting

red, orange, yellow, green, blue

indigo, violet and dreams

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Maltese Poppy

Standing still rooted

graceful colorful poppies

whisper never kill

red petals shed cross like tears

falling in the course we take

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Mountain Sunrise

Sunrise surprise me

glorious colors red gold

peeks between layers

of clouds reflecting rising

in the sky and on water

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Mystic Path

Mystic winds whistle

calling blowing pushing me

to a winding path

a cave a bridge swaying reeds

touching rainbows in my soul

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Pastoral Rhapsody

Red poppies adorn
the fields and hills swaying near
the vines neatly tied
stretching towards amber waves of
grain under a sunny sky.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Peace

Perfect even mood

Everyday's goal balanced

Affecting everyone

Calming, soothing searching soul

Everlasting inner joy.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Raining On Sunny Pines

Devas of Nature

spread your wings dwelling alive

a light within trees

attended by tears of heaven

your warm pine incense pleases

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Rapture At Sunset

The setting sun dips

into a clear horizon

crashing waves welcome

birds in ecstatic chorus

singing goodnight to the day

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Samhain Spirits

When the frost is on

the pumpkins and the moon joins

the phantom riders

then the veil between two worlds

parts as spirits are rising.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Secrets From The Sacred Mists

The spiral path leads

to sacred mists surrounding

occult secret rites

known in wise ether-grimoire

Akashic experience.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Senseless Violence

Dedicated to the victims of terrorism, tanka was my entry in the December 2008 Writer's Digest contest.

An Angel crying

tears from Heaven lost a life

no reason given

souless heartless murderers

destroying promised world peace

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Shadows Gatelight

Hecate's moon is new

invisible in the sky

Scorpio heralds

ghost hounds greet Threefold Goddess

torch at crossroads portal waits

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Shared Laurels

My name etched

on the Bard's bust

as a poetry award

Shakespeare never read

any of my poems.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Softly Dreaming

Silence of dreamers

soundless space no echoes pierce

the tranquil stardust

twilight lingers a second

then drifts in sacred embrace

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Songs Of Angels

Moonlit walk stream flows

fresh breeze playing in my hair

celestial crown

longs to hear angels' voices

whispering songs of my soul.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Spiral Dancers

Masquarading light

fairies spiraling dragons

dance as rainbow tears

seeds of the flower of life

falling on the fleur de lys

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Stellar Pose

A yellow vessel
cupped to share the sunshine's glow
raising its petals
asking for more golden light
multi faceted balance.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Thanking The Muse

Poetry is found

in the Bible, greeting card

verses and lyrics

be grateful for the talent

Inspiration's heartfelt gift

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: The Soaring Song Of The Early Bird

Joy on spirit wings
a rosy cross shaped sun raised
first light of dawn wakes
early feathered soloist
and chorus praising the morn

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: The Statue's Promise

Torch held high book in

hand our Lady Liberty

welcomes equally

no one is too great or small

to choose and live in freedom

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Unerring Weather Bug

Prognosticator

knows nature's weather signals

faultless harbinger

sings from my hearth and my yard

my happy little cricket

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Unknown Haunter

The shadow

next to the tombstone

reminds me of

the pale grey shade

of your forgotten life

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Upon Lofty Climes

Weary is the head

that wears the noble crown on

the brow of wisdom

as the mountains and sky know

or experience teaches

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: World In A Pond

Dragonflies gliding

among the reeds singing slow

windy melodies

the crane's bobbing head touches

a morsel and a frog croaks

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka: Yard Critter

Light to dark

the pelican statue

plays

with the shadows

just like a sundial

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tanka; Sacred Space

Temple mystery

stars fall on ghostly shadows

the shrouded mountain

peeks lost in the clouds well placed

designs by the Creator

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Thankful Blessings Haiku

Cornucopia

Horn of plenty spills Earth's gems

for us to savor

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

That's Life Haiku

Koi swimming circles

in black and white shades of gray

indivisible

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

The Bell

The world in my garden is peopled
in many hues
a riot of colors from brown
to crystal dew.

These people hide behind their masks
or turn in modesty
some look towards the Sun
and bask in majesty

Others are the moon-lit hour
brief their fragrance may be
enfolded in a coat of many colors
the gift that let's us be.

Attended by these loving hands, Who
sowed the seeds that free
from the frost which stole in darkness
the bell rings liberty.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

The Bugs Of Nature's Economic Picture

The spider spins its web and waits to ensnare prey
then carefully wraps it up to save for another day
to feed its also kill their mates.
If you break a sector of the web the whole thing shakes
but the spider can restore its web to its splendid glory
as long as it's alive and capable of doing so.
Should the spider get killed
another will take its place
in the scheme of Nature's design.

Worker bees buzz around and around
working very hard.
Their Queen of the hexagon chambered honey comb
-the lady of the house in her hive-
wears her crown and can be very large.
She gives birth to many drones,
generations who work hard.
Should the bees be disturbed
in anger they pursue any invaders
who tries to steal their hard earned nectar,
the prized honey in the hive.
They attack, defend to the end,
protect and rebuild, too.
Nature's pollinators have an important job to do.

The industrious ant works nonstop
worn down to their ecto-skeleton.
A close knit self sufficient bunch,
their society is based on what prey
and crumbs they find on the ground
and how they preserve
and hoard it for a rainy day.
Nature's ordered colony survives in co -operation.

The song of the cricket -Nature's weather bug
and the beauty of the butterfly
rising to meet the flower blooming in the sunshine
soothes all in reality
and, then raises the level of conscienceness from

the mundane and life's harshness
to the remarkable -for truth is found in beauty
and can stand on its own-
but does it shelter from the rain? -
O yes entertainment is important
but what's there to gain? The answer is in
the soothing of the aesthetic soul which
lifts spirits and shelters from the pain
in Nature's song of beauty.

Ah! ! ! How the lowly dung beetle -garbage collector
and funeral director -toils and serves
Nature's economic domain! ! ! !
Somebody- the fly's little under taker- maggots-
has to clean up the decaying, cluttering mess
before life begins again.

And those pesky critic gnats biting
drawing blood
with their bretheren,
sucking dry life from the living
dispiriting and infectious
so that ticks, fleas, and mosquitoes
and leeches can continue to
feed on the host without giving in return! ! ! !
And yet they are not the dregs of Nature's society
and in their turn are fodder for bats
and birds and aquatic creatures.

Nature's lesson on economy has much to teach
to us in order to gain insight on its intricacies.
Nature is an awesome teacher
and never fails to inspire
Nature is true to itself creating
every lifeform equally
from conception to death
showing no sentiment or favoritism.
Nature's spirit breathes in the
elements of earth, fire, water and air.
Upon the touch of Nature's personal design
in the natural order of life
the gentle or violent forces control

all in its path that are connected
with the magical invisible web.
Nature doesn't criticise
Nature doesn't judge.
Nature assigns each species a niche
Each aspect is important to the whole picture
and each aspect is affected by the strain of abuse
and final destruction,
only to metamorphis and evolve again
As Nature's victory.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

The Gold Petal

Love's divine truth
eccentric as the wind
It's budding flower
dressed in dew
Light memories etched
a finality to our hearts
as the Angel's arrow
pierced our passing day
its dust settled
as emeralds and dreams
love's golden hue
never to blossom
I bid "Adieu."

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

The Hourglass Waltz

I long to waltz with you once more
On wings of song and light
Our eyes sang a lullaby of love
And in our hearts everlasting
Was our waltz to moon and star above
We bowed to our last dance
Your hand on the hourglass
And to sand and star we pass in Love's immortal grace
As once in laughter, love and life
We embraced
Across endless sand, star and sea I long for you tonight
To waltz love's melody
On moon and star, once more

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

The Lost Child

Heaven has its own song
the one that calls us home
no one is ever really lost
or ever really alone
In the arms of an angel
as tears from Heaven fall
may the peaceful clouds and stars
once again welcome all

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

The Mystical Rose

For my mother with love

In the garden of the golden flower
 dancing in the flame
the Sun pours it's shining shower
 upon the bust of Phanes
The pipes of Pan's sweet song lingers
in the breeze
 then echoes through the sylvan trail
along the ponds and clinging reeds

Venus wears her violet slippers
and smiles at Cupid's darts
as he aims his golden arrows
and claims all lovers' hearts

The soul revealed in the moonlit hours
 can only be true to itself
when shadows dance upon the mystical flower
 mirrored as thoughts impart

Then I picked the fruit of the golden bough
 and escaped on gossamer wings
to join the Phantom in the sky
 and hear sweet nature sing.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

The Poet And The Musician: A Love Story

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all'
Alfred Lord Tennyson

A friend of mine once told me
This story one sad night
So inspired I wrote it down
This love story, strong, wrong or right
The romance of Suzanna and Lee
Star-crossed lovers from a small town.

ONE

They met one eve at a dance
Amid laughter, Suzanna and Lee
And on the wings of fortune and chance
Love blossomed beautifully
They made quite a pair
Waltzing under the moon
As their spouses angrily glared
Swept in his arms Suzanna swooned
Lee slipped her to the night's air
When revived, they talked for awhile
Of life and love, dreams to share
And with a bond and secret smiles
Become lovers and swore love true.

To the Fates they threw caution
Forgot the others they hugged
Though they'd drunk their portion
Unbeknown, their drink had been drugged
What started in laughter, ended in tears
For a brief moment love shone so bright
Lee whispered a promise in her ear
She smiled, kept it through the night.

He brought her home, went to his quarters
With sweet memories clinging love's light
And steeping deep in love's heavenly waters

He felt a love, strong and right.

Her husband wondered where she had been
But Suzanna held on to her fears
For Lee found her; love in between
When love is lost from those once dear.

With wild passion, Lee claimed her
By rights, chained by love
Yet cruel fate would tear asunder
By destiny's hand, above.

Love born deep, soul of heart
In a child so beautiful
Sowed the seed, Lee's part
For they had not been careful
With a love meant for eternity
In the dreams that lovers hug
Yet she by morn, lost memory
In the drink someone carelessly drugged.

TWO

Lee searched all over
For his dear sweet lover
But could not find her place
With fear on his face
For he had known
The love he felt had grown...

For, her husband had told
Another child.(He was cold)
Though a smile painted his face
Then he moved them to a new place.

A sweet son was born
One bright September morn
To Suzana and Lee
And she smiled so radiantly.

THREE

In the new neighborhood
Lee found Suzanna and son
Kept hidden, though he knew he should
Talk to his love, claim his only son
Though her husband claimed him as his
Lee was thrilled by fatherhood
Knew he could not leave her like this

For his wife no child could she bear
And children Lee sadly missed
So one night under the stars, he dared
Approach Suzanna with this;

He spoke of the night time tossed afar
Memory of passion, love so wild, a tryst
Lost in Time's timeless corridors, unbarred
Pierced by the memories mist.

He sang of paradise
And told of his deep love for her
As love glowed deep in his eyes
Life on the road, with a star he offered
And Suzanna could write for the band
He told of how he had sought her
To ask her for her sweet hand
But she could not remember or think
How he pleaded her to remember
Though that memory was lost to that drink

In a flash with quick surprise
Truth love of her life
As worlds promised, light in their eyes
She wanted Lee, be his wife
As they kissed, hugged the joy in their hearts
And happy was their reunion
But haunting doubts tore apart
Marred the hope in love's sweetest union.

In the dreams true lovers all seek
Reality threw deep clarity

And at real life they had to peek
And lost was hope to desparity.

For Suzanna you see
Had more children at home
And settled she felt they should be
Not on the road to roam.

So, hard was the choice they made
As the tears filled their eyes
To the fates a high price paid
In a dream they had to let die
For with her husband she would stay
And promised to raise Lee's son right
And he promised that someday
He would come back, then faded from sight.

FOUR

As love can burn deep, long in the heart
Dwells in dreams they would follow
Lee followed his, as time tore apart
Behind smiles he hid bitter sorrow.

He went very far, became a big star
Suzanna bought his album, one day
In a love song of love flown afar
Was his heartbreak in the tunes that played

For life played its joke
Though memory haunts, sparks anew
O The love that Heaven spoke.
As the days passed, how she rued
For her Lee, most dearest beloved
And in her poems she wrote of love, true.
She mused at the Fates above
Why can't lovers be allowed to be free?
Like the wildflowers or dreams thought of
And deeply she longed for her Lee

FIVE

Transferred were they, another small town
In new starts a good life found
And happiness chased away the sad frown
Deep contentment with life would abound

But the fates had something else in store
As one night a storm raged terribly
Caught several boats in its roar
Suzanna lost her husband at sea

In deep depression, she moved to Seattle
Wearing ebony, lace and misery
She mourned her husband; in time's battle
And in shock forgot about Lee

Reclused, she kept herself from the world
And wrote poetry, sent out some songs
Lost was she in poetry's pearl
In a love grown deeper, so strong.

SIX

As time flew by, the road claimed Lee
The band traveled far and wide
As hearts unraveled; a success became he
Though he drifted alone in the tide

For lost or found he felt life's twist
As he walked upon two shores
And hollow he felt was victory's kiss
Empty, forlorn and lonely to the core.

For haunted by a memory
Of a face he once knew
He sought among the crowds, hopefully
Suzanna's face to view

And always he sang that special tune
Hoping someday soon...

Suzanna had sent him many letters
But Lee never received them

And behind he thought it better
Broken-hearted he set her by then.

In a bar, on a juke-box he played
A song of love so true and untarnished
For in Suzanna's lyric, a strong love said
As he stood there shocked and astonished.

But..O fateful night.
After his band finished playing
Someone started a fight
On his head a crushing blow strayed
And near death, he lay dying
To God, was his sight
In a coma the mind set flying
And fled all memory
To darkness fled the light
And long was his recovery.

SEVEN

Amid thundering applause
At the Music Awards
Summoned by its good cause
Lee and his band stepped forward
To play their solid gold hit
And she in the crowd sat
In tears and shocked to her wits.

Suzanna's turn came
To accept an award
For a lyric, she claimed
Nervously she faced forward
For there stood her Lee
Clapping loudest of all
And his eyes gleamed, tearfully

Then back to her table
She walked from the stage
Hoping Lee if he was able
O, TURN BACK TI a new page
But when he sat down beside her

They both knew somehow
The love they once treasured
Was now lost between the two.

EIGHT

Life is the greatest comedy
In essence dreams are real
But for those who lose so tragically
In the fate they once had sealed
As love abounds in many places
And true love should give chance
And in romance which sets the pace
As the hope of Life's sweetest dance
For the dreams that should be followed
Born in mind and soul and heart
Can turn to bitter sorrow
In sweet love torn apart.
So a toast to the few are brave
And let no dream slip by
Only faith can give or save
As dreams can live or die
When left to a better day
Takes its toll-a greater cost
As the pawns of a game so played
In a love once found, then lost.

NINE

Through her bitter tears, she cried
And wrote Lee one more song
His part in her would never die
And bravely she said...so long

Roses And Rainbows

I was handed a rainbow
But could not hold the sky
In a song you sang to me
I heard you say 'good-bye'
I was handed a rose

In its petals love would hide
If I could believe your magic
You love abounds inside.

As time's treasure I will keep
The tears you tried to hide
As I turned away in sorrow
The memories will abide
For it was in that rainbow
The golden tears had lied
and in the song you gave me
and in the words 'good-bye'

In a heart now broken
Like a rainbow in the sky
Dissolves as love's sweet token
In a dream that drifted by
You handed me a rainbow
In the rose that lived, then died
And on Love's wings forever
Is whispered my "good-bye"

Lee came to a peaceful end
Sought God in silence vowed
Suzanna's heart would never mend
To the Final Curtain she bowed
And somewhere in Time's memory
As only Eternity can bestow
Lives the romance of Suzanna and Lee
And to their memory, I close now.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

The Poet's Ride (Correct Version)

On the wings of Pegasus, borne in flight
Strings of images dance to my delight
Tempting the flow of reason and rhyme

On this great steed's back I ride
Searching and reaching for words that hide
Before they are lost in our clime

Now down to earth we must go
Steady as comets my words grow
This song of Poetry I write in rhyme

On the wings of Pegasus born this night
For you these words I write
My song of poetry shared our time

For the wings of Pegasus, now in flight
You danced your image to my delight
To your song, I thank Thee for our Rhyme

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

The Siren Sings To A Sailor

Restless as the surf and tide beneath the seas you rest
Lorelei chains you to her breast, felled midstride your quest
Her treasure trove the lure, net laden of her fruit
Alone you dare the angry sea a victim of her flute
The tempest throws her furied might, claims your soul this night
She holds you in her pirate's chain, the wind blows cold and high
Homeward bound you set your sails, she combed her hair for you
I know who your heart loves best: your spirit in the tide
Deep beneath the waves you hide claimed by her domain
No epitaph on a stormy grave erased in a sea of time
Spent the wind has died, herself, the sea is calm at last
Your spirit haunts and rides the tides, sons follow in your past;
 Laid to rest no epitaph in the sea of which he braved
 We lament a sailor taken by the deepest grave

*This is not a true sonnet -song in Italian- but in my own attempts this a 'song'
to those who lose their lives at sea or make living from her.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

The Sky's Promise Haiku

Behold the bright sky

a blanket of golden light

the trees welcome rain

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

The Snowman

I made you with my own hands
Out of cotton stuffs,
your eyes were but little holes
And I shivered with their cold.
Your smile-I made that too-
Untouched by my love,

Mirrored your cold affection:
and neither love in your making
Or tears of a heart breaking
reached your cruel mind.

I broke you
Then I danced with joy.
You are no more.

Published in the Beachplums Spring 1970.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

The Space Between The Words

A Zen moment suspended in space is
the sound of silence and the music of the spheres
non shall capture and hold the golden notes
that sing in all hearts and spirits
because that gift is meant to soar

Poetry's magic is the awe that a thought leaves
or the impression that elevates the mind's eye
but mostly the song of inspiration leaving
its footprints for everyone to follow
to cherish, to share, to give
and to shine as Poetry's star.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

The Thirteenth Month

The thirteenth month goes unnamed
And stealthily steals away-and comes- and goes
grows and grows.

There are no earthly friends -just a voice
and a barren heath-where the brave go.
And the old live young.

Age is ageless and Time is timeless
dreams "become real"
Mists obscure the vision
-and Its death is blameless.

Then I wandered that lone dark road
sitting by my hearth.

Published in the Spring 1970 issue of the Beachplums

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

The Unicorn

Hail the unicorn-
race the wind of your Fancy
fly with the sound of Euphoria's wing
dance to the tune of the Horn.

Think not of the grey-skies
of an older year
And let's hear of the being
named Melody
who dances to the tune of the Horn.

Hail Unicorn-
You've sprinkled sand on the stars
capping the light of Fancy
Dancing to the tune of the Horn.

My poem was written in 1970 and was first published in The Beachplums, East Hampton High School literary magazine Spring of 1970 and is dedicated to the memory of the best English teacher I ever knew: Mrs Barbara Bologna, who recognised talent and encouraged creative development in all her students.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

They

They knocked at the door
but could not enter
my silent world of dreams
where man is but an image
A shadow of my realm.

Daisies bloomed and suns set
-they're still in the cold
Then silently-a tiny crack-
I opened the door
And they peeked in
They knocked again-
undeterred by what they saw
These are the true friends.

Published Spring 1970 issue of the Beachplums literary magazine.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Through Tears And Buried Treasure

Misty as the grey sky
As the fog recedes
Mirrored in my eyes
Unbidden tears I see
Uncovered in the attic's dust
Under layers of debris
Untarnished by Time's eternal rust
I found a memory

The memory in your picture
Treasure of your love
Once held a dream, unnurtured
Once spoke of gentle doves
Your smile and sad eyes
In promises are told
Treasure of sweet paradise
Shared as all life's gold

As I set you in my album
I blow away the dust
With courage to summon
To look again I must
If only I could replay
Time...bring it to life now
I could look upon the day
At a dream, unfollowed

Lost as memory's treasure
Joy once lived on and in
To share life's lasting pleasure
Love still burns within
Uncovered tears forever
O the memories my beloved
As time touched it-never
To be. O infinite is love.

I'm glad that I once knew
Untarnished gift of heart
That special someone, you

Though I had to bid you part
For in dreams to realise, must
As reality gave its turn
When I look behind at us
Time freezes as it burns.

The night we turned away
In anger and in fears
Your sadness hid-fateful day
I tried to hide my tears
Though buried deep within my heart
Now uncovered by the dew
As we now live worlds apart
Joy sparks those dreams anew

Though as your picture lays
Sleeping in my book
In tribute to you I say
O, to treasure one more look;
The choice in dreams unfollowed
As your fading picture lives
Look forward not in sorrow
At the treasure.O you give

For the promises which held us
As loving hands are stilled
Still live untarnished, in dust
As frozen as God's Will
Though frost has stayed your motion
And the twinkle in your eyes
Remains as my heart's tokens
In a memory that won't die.

If we could have danced forever
And never said good-bye
Found then lost, Time's measure
In a love song sad am I
For you, the magic moment
Sweet melody had graced
And now in deepest torment
I gaze upon your face.

Through tears and buried treasure
The embers burn on and in
To once share the sweetest pleasure
And bare the soul within
For as you now lay sleeping
As infinity holds the sky
In this small keepsake, keeping
Only you twice held my eyes.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Thundering Archer Haiku

Silver crowd collects

legends in the clouds' shape speaks

Centaur takes a shape

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Timeless Haiku

Two elements meet

dancing clouds churning water

Sun's colors kisses

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

To All He Brings

As waters in wells deeply run
The hymn in my heart You sing
Snap Your fingers-arise the Sun
To Thee for all you bring
In Your seeds are the hint
Of laurels and wreaths of season's eves
Of lilies blooming and the mint
And brisk swirl of autumn leaves
In the fire, earth and wind abide
As the gentle art in stone shall last
For in the trickle of the waters' ride
And like Lot's wife our salt shall pass
For as Autumn slays Summer's mist
In lacy flakes of Winter storm
By His hand and loving kiss
A new face to Spring is borne
And in the memories of the sweetest sleep
As each good day is done
Are His words to cherish and keep
Look forward-Rejoice! ! ! His Son

This is the first poem in my book ON MOONSTONES PEARLS AND CRYSTAL WINGS.I will always honor the Deity according to my over the years my interest in archaeology and cultural anthropology has broaden my view on how important it is to develop a personal understanding and connection with the universe and respect and tolerate the religious choice of each person I we find the peace someday that begins with each of us.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Treasure Haiku

Resting on laurels

the Sun's glory crowns the oaks

draped in mistletoe.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Tree Critters Haiku

Four baby raccoons

in totem pole formation

masked bandits peering

Bandito critter

hungry, curious behind

a mask watching me.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Triangle

Love floats its heart on lyrical wings
The moon carves its midnight hour
Pierced the dawn on angel's wings
Apollo rides his hour

My only love engraves a ring
Harmony colors this chord
Refrained sweet notes the minstrel sings
God's covenant with the world

Rare the angle in the soul
One's fleeting gift, good-day!
Leaving statues time has sped
My heart's attendants pay

The void fulfilled in a tryst
Cupid's triangle keeps growing
Your memory may recede to mist
Mine keeps the embers glowing

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Trust

If trust could be as right as rain
then I could believe in promises again
If trust is faith in the great divine
behind the clouds the stars still shine
Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Truth In Beauty Haiku

Majestic mountain

dangerous beauty lie in

sleeping volcanoes

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Two Sides Of The Coin Haiku

Deity Devils

dwell as paradise angels

in turning seasons

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Under The Sea Haiku

Radiant mermaids

aquamarine world glistens

starfish and pearls shine

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Under The Weather Haiku

a plumped up pillow

chicken soup and tea for me

rest-no company

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Universal Donor

Into a world made heaven or hell
a soul is borne
by a fragile shell
my blood is red
just like yours
so why do we wage
angry wars?

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Unless We Forget 9/11/2001

I saw Heaven in the clouds
A place of freedom and light
In a land of diverse crowds
Living and respecting each person's rights
I saw a vision of this world
As a globe in the universe
Where we practised by the word:
Tolerance as a personal choice
If each of us could reach
That special inner peace
Then Liberty will teach
And hatred will now cease
Since I can make the choice
Between Heaven or Hell on Earth
Then my one singular voice
Shouts PEACE for what it is worth
I saw a vision in the heavens
As each day goes sadly by
Let us not forget nine-eleven
Or our Freedom for which they died.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Valentines

When Love comes a-visiting
in a floating heart
the wings of the heart strings sings
an eternal song
live love life!

only the heart knows what it wants
and flutters so every day or
even from the grave and beyond

in violet fields and starlit dreams
they found the tip of the arrow aimed
from Cupid's bow and it left an
everlasting mark with its blow

A kiss on the wind shall tell it so
Love is forever, never let go

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Venus Haiku

Violet roses

and many heartfelt big hugs

heavenly body

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Vernal Equinox Haiku

Spring's warming embrace

gold ambrosia magic

weaves a great design

Mystic joy conquors

Winter's weeping death overcomes

Spring's coaxing whispers

The last decorated

bough icy daggers dangle

losing crystal grip

Shy snowdrops peeking

Winter removes its cover

to reveal rebirth

Mystical magic

fingers touch upon Earth leaves

a new greening cloak

Bird song on the wind

floral raiment dresses an

awakening world

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Water Spirit Haiku

Water fall repeats

mesmerizing cascading

thundering pattern

Water falling speaks

volumes billowing flowing

in constant comments

A timeless treasure

a world full of waterfalls

ionizing souls

Eden's waterfall

treasure of paradise lost

long ago remembered

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

When The Grasses Sing For Us (Correct Version)

Dedicated to my father with love

When the grasses sing to us
And gods dance upon the graves
Of the long forgotten past
In the golden dawn of day
Buried in the august path
And borne again to life
The soul once beckoned
Shall dance in harmony and strife
The sprig shall reach its setting sun
As the wind whispers through the leaves
The Universe shall move as one
In the sound that is received

From the world beyond Beyond,
Through the rainbow gates of time
In the music of the spheres
In the ring of the eternal rhyme
Upon nodding blossoms in the breeze
In sylvan wood and pond and ions
Psyche dwells as the cosmic touch
When earth meets sky
In visions and horizons

On winged quest and on infinite flight
And as breathless as a seed
No barrier can hold the astral light as thus
While voices whisper from the reeds

When the grasses call to us.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

White Rabbit

As mad as the
Mad Hatter
chasing his hat
the white rabbit
runs in circles
chasing the shadow
of the crazy March Hare

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Wind Flower Haiku

Wild flowers blooming

soft and pale violet petals

nodding in the wind

December 7, 2008 mousepad winner in the daily haiku contest.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Wind In The Willow

A curtain gently combed
By the wind in the willow
Haloed in amber and blue
Red leaves are burning
Green needles earning
A cushion to Fall's angry rue

A blanket now covers
The wind in the willow
Decked in grey and blue
All creatures stirring
Winged friends yearning
The whisper of Spring's early cue.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Windy Melody Haiku

A field to romp in

uplifting freedom colors

rosy gypsy dance

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Winter Deer Haiku

A brown doe filled with

cautious curiosity

poses in the snow.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Wishful Thinking Haiku

Brown leafy carpet

potential desires juggled

fenced in surprises.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Word Catcher Haiku

Imagine thoughts and

words written without paper

left upon the sand

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Word Diet Haiku

So many haiku

all peeping for attention

scarce words weaving awe.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

Writer's Block Haiku

My pen stops moving

my imagination sleeps

nothing comes to me.

~~~~~or~~~~~

My pen stops moving

my imagination sleeps

my Muse is napping

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Writting A To Z Haiku

From A to Z I

have written five-seven-five

meter three-lined thoughts

This is dedicated to my Muse who inspired me to work on this crazy writting you  
enjoy my haikus

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# X Marks The Spot Haiku

Ever search for an

item right under your nose

to lose to find mark?

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Ye Olde Bridge Haiku

Bridge over calm or

troubled waters are meant for

me to cross over

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Yearning Haiku

Far away my thoughts

float to lands unknown to me

follow setting Sun

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black



# Yellow Haiku

light moods are yellow

daffodils in the sunshine

are golden on you

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# You Were One Of Heaven's Golden Pearls

Will I ever see you again?

Beyond the veil of tears

will you be there when I can

cross the abyss beyond Death's fears?

Will I know you on sight?

As I travel through the tunnel of stars

You standing on the bridge of light

Your pale shadow seems so far

Can I touch you one more time?

Back to Eden you have gone

into the Soul's blissful clime

and Heaven's heavenly song.

Why do I feel so sad?

You are where you belong

and I am still here just as glad

that I am where I can be strong.

Grief is such a strong emotion

it never let's the mourner go

it holds on tight in real devotion

as you bask in Heaven's glow

What Angel are you with today?

Or is it just your starlit soul

that brings such glad and happy days

but now in grief I let you go.

Will I ever see you again?

How will I know it is you?

When the your pages in The Book Of Life regains

the beautiful soul that is you

You were an angel among us

when you walked upon this Earth

And now you are star shine glorious

in your spiritual rebirth.

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Zen Haiku

A frozen moment

suspended tranquility

breathing sacred space

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

# Zephyr Haiku

Beachplums and grass sway

the breeze travels over the

white capped deep blue waves

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black

## Zzz Haiku

Buzzing bees zip by

hummingbirds fly close to me

skimming the blossoms

Lorraine Margueritte Gasrel Black