

Poetry Series

Barry A. Lanier
- poems -

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Barry A. Lanier()

Barry, grew up on a farm in rural Georgia, working on the farm until college where he attended Georgia Southern College and later Mercer University Southern School of Pharmacy. After pharmacy school, Barry farmed for four years before economics forced him to practice pharmacy, which he also loved because of his passion for people. In and out of pharmacy, Barry has been a songwriter, an insurance agent, went back to Georgia Southern entering the MBA program, which he had to drop out of after opening a retail sporting goods store. The outdoors and sporting and hunting and fishing always a passion. Returning to pharmacy, traveling the state for years, taking a hiatus and learning to drive an 18-wheeler, always a goal, he has a CDL license. Currently Barry has earned a Master's degree in Community Counseling from Georgia Southern University and is working as a counselor/therapist.

He became interested in writing in high school when his mentor, Jessie Bird, suggested he had an innate creative talent after he wrote 'Moment In The Morn'. Only some 25 years later did he start back writing. Discovering his genealogy and heritage included being a descendant of Sidney Clopton Lanier who wrote 'Marshes of Glynn', and of Thomas Lanier (Tennessee Williams) who was originally a failed poet, Barry was motivated to begin his journey of writing. Many of his poems have been published nationally and internationally and he has been honored for a decade by the International House of Poetry for many awards. His new book ' A Slice of Life-Somewhere Between Bitter and Sweet' is scheduled for publication in the Summer of 2009.

When asked about his poetry, Barry admits, ' I have no special ambition, other than to give back hopefully a portion of what has been freely given to me, and should my written words help just one person, then my efforts have been a success.'

A Cold Beer

There's something about a cold beer,
I can't really put my finger on it!
Maybe it's because it's much better,
Before you drink it.
Yes, the thought of it going down,
On a hot August evening
When thirst, and sweat,
And the thoughts of a cold one lingered all day.
And then again, it gets better,
The moment, frozen in time. you pull the tab,
Pa-roosh! sizzle! and the vapor trail.
Beggin me to take the first gulp
One gulp, then beckoned to turn it up.
Kill it! Conquer the can! Be a Man!
Ectasy! Climax!
Then a burp!
Suddenly and unsuspectedly!
I can dance with my shadow!
Alll of the women are pretty!
Courage in a can,
What a man I am!
There's something about a cold beer,
I can't really put my finger on!

Barry A. Lanier

A Gun In The Blueberry Pie

I went out tonight with the guy's
Bonding at the local strip bar
Killing the Bud's and eating the spud's
Life was great you see.

The wife was smiling went I arrived,
A home cooked meal that couldn't wait.
I hugged her twice though she seemed cold
Distracted, unaware of my fate.

She pulled out the ice cream,
And I pulled out the cake.
She smiled again, a blueberry pie,
Gosh, I couldn't wait!

Barry A. Lanier

A Loving Wife

A bomb with a memory
'Thats armed'

Barry A. Lanier

A New Perspective On Old Friends

In retrospect, sitting on my frontporch in the swing,
Resigned to the fact, accepting my fate.
Not far away from the Happy Hunting Ground.
The hereafter, Azrael and Charon approaching.
A dying candle lighting the flame of another.
Then I see Tommy, who stole my crayons in the 1st grade.
He passed away years ago from leukemia.
The ant stealing crumbs from my BLT on the daystand.
In my pasture, Rebel, my prized stallion.
Then I see Jude, who always got all the pretty women.
He died 10 years ago in a car wreck.
Floating gently in the summer breeze, a butterfly.
Landing on my shoulder, nibbling my shirt, pulling me closer,
Agnes, my wife, who passed away last summer.

Barry A. Lanier

A Poet Is A Naughty Child But

A good poet is a naughty child.
Breaking hearts.
Playing with people's emotions.
Stirring up forgotten memories.
Reviving repressed memories.
Laughing in the face of death.

Like a washwoman wringing the soiled shirt,
Rubbing edges of humanity, brushing scabs,
Looking for wrinkles in disrepair.
Verbalizing what adults will not.
Telling the truth, wars to be fought,
Dreams to be dreamed.
Souls to confess, songs to be sung.
Making meaning of life.

Dissecting feelings and thoughts,
Justifying vanity.
Fashion fragments of life,
Bringing innocence into fashion.
Fashioning beauty from the barren.
In the silence of night,
A solitary figure,
Whose kingdom has no ending.

Barry A. Lanier

A Poet Is Like Smoke In The Wind

A poet is somewhat
Like the smoke
In the wind
Once on a pedestal
Then number five
Now nine hundred ten

Barry A. Lanier

All That Is Pleasant

Picturesque blooms wilt only to die,
Sunny days end, in darkened skies.
Slashes of blue turn to patches of gray,
All that is pleasant passes away.

Youth has it's glory, life has it's fame,
The petal is gone, yet the thorn remains.
The glory of victory, the agony of pain,
All that is pleasant passes away.

Countless friends that were, only a few remain,
Age seems to assure, might forget their names.
Old time tradition, never will stay,
All that is pleasant passes away.

Barry A. Lanier

All That Is Regal

Have seen all that is regal, through
the eyes of an eagle,
Dark shadows creasing canyons below.
Dewdrops dance on gentle breezes as my
human pain eases,
Crimson stains the skyline's slow ebb and flow.
In these moments of grace, North wind in my face,
Only God's breath beneath my fledgling wings.
Lift me upward, lift me home,
better, forever here to roam,
For I have seen all that is regal, through
the eyes of an eagle.

Barry A. Lanier

Anger Management

Anger, such a provocative topic,
Mal-aligned, ill-defined, all in time.
Just what exactly is anger?
A sequence of insult,
Repressed resentment,
Unconscious revenge,
Fantasies of aggression,
Anger really is.....
Having a sizzling, red coal,
Between the cheeks of your ass,
With a double Playtex girdle on!
Disappointing all the Adlerians,
What is the therapy?
Quit complaining about it!
Just remove it!

Barry A. Lanier

Artesian Attraction

Love that flows
With a lullaby sound
Passion cascades
From life underground

Barry A. Lanier

B A Poet Paints A Thousand Words

Over mountains and valleys
Soaring the skies in view
Random truths and wisdom
Coming only in solitude

Painting pictures at night
While sleeping on his heart
Arising only on impulse
Fancing a fresh new start

Taking all our sorrows
And rhyming it away
Etching out our memories
As they fade away

Painting refreshing springs
From where souls can drink
Soothing lonely spirit's
With yet only his ink

From ordinary meanings
Yet with no pretense
Distilling the emotions
Making so much sense

Fragrant sights and scenes
Nature's blossoming vines
Painting vineyards of crimson
Where old memories reside

Drawing inspirations
From the silence of night
Soaring among eagles
Amid their endless flight

Painting as The Creator
Vivid sights and sounds
Yes He also a poet
Just look around

Barry A. Lanier

B Imagine The Saudi

Imagine the Saudi gentleman
With the eight year old wife!
Wondering what does he do
Yet to add spice to life
Picturing this his world
That kind of strange life
Why only 55,000 riyals
Then a seven year old wife
Over the next couple of months
His palace elementary school
How many young virgin brides
To appease the heart of a fool?

{In response to the API headlines for April 30,2009 Cairo-8 year old divorces her
50 year old husband}

Barry A. Lanier

B Regrets Could Change The World

I would regret how terrible it would be,
To go through life never having certain experiences.
I would regret never walking barefoot in a cool mountain stream,
Holding the hand of the one I love, watching breezes blow her hair.
I would regret never seeing the radiant smile,
When my six year old daughter won her first and only beauty contest.
I would regret more never seeing the even bigger smile,
When she gave her trophy and crown to her best friend who didn't place.
I would regret never having gone to heaven,
But I've been there, coloring books with my daughters.
Would regret the serenity and peace of sleeping in on a frigid morning,
Under the tender love and care of rain dripping down on my tin roof.
Would regret never having eaten boiled peanuts,
Southern fried chicken in Crisco, and chilled watermelon.
Would have regret, not having come back to the beauty of verses.*
Would have regret, not addressing that which I have regretted.**
I would regret never feeling serenity, embraced in love's arms.***
I would regret changing anything in life for it would change me****
Would regret never seeing the radiant smile, changing hearts an minds forever

I would regret, that not I had been confronted with death, I would not know how
to live*****

Have you any, I'd love to add them to my little prose [with credit] and
add to the book I'm publishing 'A Slice of Life'. These regrets could change the
world. Send yours as a comment or feedback.

Credit* [John Tiong Chungyoo, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia].

Credit**[Tara Sloblock, Manchester, U.K.]

Credit***[Wendy Bureau, Colborne, Canada]

Credit****[Cheryl Miller, Logan, USA]

Credit*****[Akram Sagib, Sahiwal, Pakistan]

Credit*****[Almedia Knight, Brooklyn, New York]

Barry A. Lanier

B Skinny Dippin'

Young bare-bottom boys
All standing in line
Swinging rope to the river
There wasn't much time
The girls soon to arrive
In their pink underwear
We had to hide eyes
And we had to swear
When all in the river
In laughter were lost
Suddenly yet surely
Pinkies and T-shirts
Coming off!
Banter of bare-bottomed boys
Among deep seated voices
Shrills of care-free girls
Evaluating their choices
Really no harm done
Playing naked in nature's pool
Not one even considered
We might even be young fools
Yet lessons are learned
Though no one was listening
You don't drink Budweiser beer
When you're skinny dippin'
Time for all to go home
Not counting the cost
Somewhere in the evening
All the clothes somehow lost

Barry A. Lanier

Ba Door

In this

Existential

Nightmare

Like a tiger

In a cage

Clawing

To get out

Like a prisoner

Pleading

For pardon

Swallowing

All the fear

With the power

Of a bottle

Or a pill

I wonder if

He considered

Was there

Ever

A door?

Barry A. Lanier

Ba Drink

The regret is piercing
In this drink I have stepped
Breaking innocent hearts

Barry A. Lanier

Ba Feeling I Can'T Forget

In the summer of life,
By chance we first met.
The day I can't remember,
The feeling I can't forget.

My heart soon melted,
Then appeared in my throat.
A young lad, deeply in love,
At the time, didn't even know.

Music and laughter,
Visions and dreams.
Rocking on the frontporch,
Facing landscapes of bright green.

How much I loved her!
Never really telling her how deep.
Together we'd laugh, together we'd weep,
Abide in a love, and friendship so deep.

On a warm, summer's day,
My true love was sent.
A winter's chill filled my spirit,
As homeward, she went.

Barry A. Lanier

Ba First I Won'T Forget

Shifting his weight
Separated by the glass
Unbraiding his story
Detailing fine points
Long ago left out
Decidedly forgotten
By those who could
Change a man's life
Through teller's chute
A chocolate ice-cream
One smile and tear
Fifteen years old
He arrived then
Now 20 years later
Four long days
We talked
In his cube
Oral revelations
Of the prison
My life was in
Two weeks later
A thank you note
You are the only
Visitor in 20 years
Thank you for
Your kindness
And
My first
Ice-Cream

Barry A. Lanier

Ba Higher Plane

In the celestial and terrestrial,
We arise.

On a plane higher than life,
Powerless,
Yet irresistably gathered.

Sealed in shadowy moods,
Yet held to Providence.
Even as vanity might yield,
To wisdom.
In due time.

As the laurel lowers it's green,
So falls the dew.
Gently, insidiously around.
False wisdom fosters humility,
Solemn yet sound.

A confluence of life's experience,
Acceptance of pain,
Now yields,
To Providence.
And to a higher plane.

Barry A. Lanier

Ba Man Of Many Talents

Sitting atop the mountain
Fashioned by passage of time
While doing it so naturally
While other's had hills to climb

Man of so many talents
Traits so many would adore
So graceful hugging trees
And holding on to floors

Hustling and bustling for dollars
Taking the easy ways out
Staring in all of the mirrors
Seeing talent beyond doubt

Some folks climb mountains
While other's jump from planes
Yet do I refine my daily skills
Of simply being quite insane

Sometimes I'm real stupid
Other times I'm so very smart
Acquiring and using these skills
Requires getting a very early start

Negotiating many a crisis
Architecting many a love
Often with a few simple lines
Surely sent from above

Call me a vile manipulator
Always taking the easy way out
Yet staring into the mirror
Seeing talent beyond doubt

{ A satirical look at the disillusioned, dysfunctional thought process
of the addictive personality }

Ba Matter Of Humility

A small table in the bedroom
Folding chairs in the living room
A cheap Olivetti hand me down
Sometimes it works fine

Graduating to my new office desk
Two garage sale metal sawhorses
A stained blank door panel
My wife stained, I never put up

This sustains me, keeps me grounded
So, as long as I hear all the voices
Coming from beneath the ground
Multitudes of tears, falling from the sky

Wasting my heart upon these matters
Devoted and content upon change
Until creeks rise, and hell freezes over
Shall I continue the art, of writing

Barry A. Lanier

Ba Poor Man's Dream

A family of eight and times were hard, so very hard
The poor man a dishwasher in an exclusive restaurant
Serving the rich and famous, CEO's and Senators
His highlight on most days a nap during his break
When he dreamed always his favorite sweet dream
He was always sitting at the head of the long table
Entertaining the CEO's, Senator's, and President's men
Sipping champagne and eating Russian caviar
He held their attention and they focused on his every move
Not being the blunt of jokes for he was telling them today
They all laughed and clapped and begged for more
Seeking his favor and approval, hands out and palms up
Then he awoke from the dream with a smile on his face
Without a word he went back to his pots and pans

One CEO and also one Senator weren't doing so well
Both suffering from gout and an incurable insomnia
A cadre of physicians and advisors working on a solution
Seeking the astronomers and charlatans around the world
Both having dreams of one day being a poor man
So distressed and worn, both died in their sleep last week
Meanwhile the poorman still humming and singing tunes
Working in the kitchen over the steaming sink
With a smile on his face looking forward to his break

Barry A. Lanier

Ba Pressed Rose

Catching a glimpse of her, methodically
turning the pages of the book.
I thought she was reading a novel.
Her face as radiant as always, though
there are lines where skin was once smooth.
Her beautiful hair, as fine wine, has aged from
auburn to a fine silver.
Moving closer, she senses me, as she always does.
Gently holding the petals of a red rose.
Moments earlier pressed between the pages.
Asking if I remembered giving it to her on
our honeymoon night?
Instantly, the years disappeared!
My bride looked at me before gently placing it
back into the book.
The softness of her smile, and the passion in
her eyes telling me.
A newlywed couple again.

Barry A. Lanier

Ba Rainbow's Eye

Once I looked right into, a rainbow's eye
Sparkling spectrums of beauty, adorning a sky
Sheated in pastels of love, and ravishing flow
Delivering a promise, God wanted me to know

Apocalyse of dispersed colors, from indigo to blue
Yellow-green trails of a comet, amongst pinkish hues
Glazing red-orange mists, across endless seas of white
Eccentric bands of violet-green, almost defying light

Gothic vales of ascension, dazzling the sky
Only dusk having the audacity, to tell her to lie
As the evening soon shall pass, I linger and yearn
Again to be in her eye, for this moment's return.

Barry A. Lanier

Ba Rose For No Reason

A rose makes a woman smile
Fills her heart with sweet delight
Reminds her how a love should be
And keeps her warm at night

As she gently strokes the petals
Dreaming how her love should be
So every often just bring one home
And then get down on your knees

And like the day so long ago
You first proposed it seems
Remind how you love her so
And that she's still your queen

Should your day go all wrong
And there's no special season
Always think of the lone red rose
Often giving it for no reason

Barry A. Lanier

Ba Woman(Unlocks The Chain)

Gale winds wreaking havoc
She cannot always be there for him-
To unlock the chain no easy task-
Although he spoke, he could not see
He wasn't born blind, just lost his eyes
He wasn't deaf, yet cannot hear
She cannot always be there for him-
Despite the losses, she ignored-
Begging and screaming, to keep her near
One new moon night, she freed the chain
Like a newborn lamb, shivering, took a breath
Crying like a child, then he was gone
Now her heart, her skin, her bones
She cannot always be there for him.

Barry A. Lanier

Ba Woman's House

Never underestimate her abode
Yes her castle
A princess or queen she may be not
But the man who forgets
To dispose of the trash
Is most certain that night passion forgot

Barry A. Lanier

Ba Wondrous Fall

Intent upon her destined course,
Led by some blind and powerful force.
In her lay power of love and hate,
Was it one, not the other, that ruled our fate?

When two hearts enter, the long course begins,
Fate always has ruled, which one to win.
Was it old grief, that decided to stay?
One of us lost out, somewhere along the way.

Time passed by, fleeting moments awry,
Hearts not fully captured, still wondering why.
Balancing unsteady, upon this earthly perch,
A wounded spirit, a soul to search.

How could a flower, suddenly bloom, then die?
Age old wisdom questions, still wonders why.
But love giveth, and love taketh all,
Yet oh how it was, such a wondrous fall.

Barry A. Lanier

Ba World Unseen By Most (Or Welcome To My World)

There are those that get up real early-
There are those who gaze at starry nights-
There are few who witness the continuum-
And from the shadows that come alive-
Like a closed faucet that begins slowly to drip-
The slow drips gain momentum and speed-
Then suddenly the waters are gushing-
Waters are tossing and rippling unleashed-
First sounds as the leaves begin to rustle-
A faint wind begins to blow through the trees-
Squirrels skimmer and dance for their breakfast-
Sparrows skirting and bobbing on leaves-
Sunlight seeping through vines and the bushes-
Morning light peeping through cracks in the blind-
And new fawn awakens in her bed in the shadows-
Bleeting for her mother for the very first time-
Owls and raccoons returning from a night hunting-
Returning to home for a long day of sleep-
Finches and cardinals alighting on branches-
Sipping a drink from the dew on the leaves-
Then a lone crow cawks off in the distance-
As the woodpecker taps a concerto on the tree-
Rafters of wild turkeys swoop down in flight-
After brooding all night in their sleep-
All of the sounds coming together as symphony-
In their wonderful outdoor arena and host-
Nature's sounds so unique and so mystical-
A world that goes unseen in life by most-

Barry A. Lanier

Bacceptance

In the midst of the night,
Surrendered my fight.
Struggling through tears,
And times long gone by.

I've walked the path cut before me,
Whether by fate, or chance.
Tis' I who've treaded the waters,
At times gently, at times wrecklessly.

Yet, it was I, who walked the walk.
Should it be me to tell those holding me above redemption,
Of my failures, or my triumphs?
Might we simply yield, to love and acceptance?

Allow unturned stones to slumber,
Sift until their residence becomes the past.
To eventually become part of the whole,
Yet again, by coincidence or virtue.

Where past and present mold into no regret,
Becoming the moment of eternal residence.
Knowing the true way, before the journey,
Reaches it's destination.

Might I mount the courage,
To get to know myself.
To meet myself,
Before my arrival.

Barry A. Lanier

Bad Alcoholic Dream

Boarding the airplane,
I walked right by the bar.
The aroma of spent draft,
Jack Daniel's whistling thru the air.

Still shaken, I took my seat.
The stewardess took my order.
A business lady, seated next to me.
Gave her order to the stewardess.

She brought back my coke and ice.
She brought the lady beside me,
An assortment of small liquors,
Lady! there's your handbag.

Stuff three or four in the bag! Now!
She took only one, and poured it.
It sat there in isolation, saying drink me!
The business lady, took one sip.

Approaching Atlanta, I was in a frenzy!
The stewardess came by and what?
The business lady poured out her drink!
Catching my breath, such a waste of good liquor!

Barry A. Lanier

Balienated Affection

Affection, a tender feeling toward another,
Fondness, a propensity to feel, to do, to say
Knowing all of this I have considered affection
You know how my es Spaniel cuddles

Looks at me with those with those big brown eyes
Licks my arms and snuggles against my breast
A genuine look of 'please hold me close'
Yes, indeed I tried this.....and she went to bed

Barry A. Lanier

Balone-Liness

I miss her so much

I still cook meals for two

Always two plate settings

A red rose on her plate

Unless we are talking

Just me and the silence

That surrounds me

I place the dishes in the sink

Lying to myself

'I'll wash them later'

Barry A. Lanier

Bamber Rage

Laughter retreats in the face of my grief,
Repulsive scent, like charred human remains.
Clinging to the damp stone walls of my chamber,
I found your rage..and still live in it, too-
Inside of an empty amber bottle.

Alone with you, on the floor beside my bed,
Your form refracting what should be,
Beautiful morning sunlight.
Unbidden guest, you come, then go.
Your slow, devious, embalming,
Torturing so slow.

I am the proof, and I am the error,
Wallowing in your engulfing fury forever.
Manufacturing doubt with your offered toast,
At least to your conquered, harboring host.
I am the proof, and I am the error.

No more solace in your liquid dreams,
No more romance, in your embrace it seems.
His will not mine, to let you go.
Pray never again your rage,
I'll ever know.

Barry A. Lanier

Band They Think I'M Over The Hill

Once brown and muscled
Now pale and lean
Oh Father Time
How you are mean

Once strapping neck
Now patterned in veins
Somedays recollecting
Others don't know my name

An unsteady shuffle
With the help of a stick
Even on my good days
Everyone is a prick

Not to many thoughts
Of romance and glee
It seems about every two hours
'Darn' it's time for a pee

It seems every four hours
They brng me a pill
My goodness you'd think
I'm over the hill

Some think I'm sad
Struggling with grief
But I've still got my mind
And I've still got my teeth

Enjoy looking at the babes
Outside enjoying the view
As every year rolls around
Get my Playboy renewed

Barry A. Lanier

Bat What Point

At what point in life
Did I start to sow?
Maybe that's one place
One shall never know

Yet I've found our
Where He may guide
Is at the point
Where He provides

Then He washes
Away my sin
Lets this little child
Back in again

My richest gain
I'll count with loss
In the moment
I see His cross

No God or peace
This point I've found
Only through His blood
His love abounds

My soul
My spirit
Restored again
Reminded of my many sins

Barry A. Lanier

Bbar Napkins

All the wonderful poetry, I've written on napkins,
Probably about sex, education, or life.
The kind of stuff you don't talk about sober,
Maybe about me, or me and your wife.

Not writing anymore on the napkins,
Don't worry, I'm completely fine.
The paper quality has gotten so poor,
And it's hard to make even a line.

Getting back now to all of the napkins,
Which is really what this is all about.
Convenient, and always a challenge,
Recording my sins, thoughts, and my doubt.

So much for my days with the napkins,
A poet drunken and stupor and seer.
Missing the days tossed in the trashcan,
Thus beginning my illustrious career.

Barry A. Lanier

Bbar Thinking

Usually I never drink on Mondays
Cos Monday's the day for my health
But my pet dog's sick and hurting
I've just got to take care of myself

If the river was made of fine whiskey
And I, just an plain, ordinary duck
I'd swim my way to the bottom
Drinking myself all the way back up

Loving all the you done me wrong tunes
Cigarette smoke among carpets of stale beer
Cigar tunes and straight gin skies above
Two more drinks and I'll shed a tear

Sometimes I feel like I'm the Devil
In between me and a deep blue sea
Looking like another tequila sunrise
Is right where I'm going to be

Barry A. Lanier

Bbarefeet

Barefoot in Georgia red mud
The earth struggling to fight back
In dryer times a victory

Barry A. Lanier

Bbella's Fear

Death gurgling shrills and barks from
Bella, my Cavalier King Charles Spaniel
Elegance and energy transformed into fear
Trembling curled up in a dark corner of the room
Where obedience and agility serve no purpose
Somewhere her sweet, gentle nature vaporated
Together, we curled up, in the dark corner
And holding each other, rode out the storm

Barry A. Lanier

Bbig Cricket

On the field looking for nine counting eleven
Why I must surely be, in baseball heaven
Running wildly through shaved clover
Counting number of balls over
What have I gotten myself into?
Armed with hickory swords
Hovering like snoot overlords
Taking off in offensive strides
Faces beaming with pride
What have I gotten myself into?
Playing bat and ball on the ground
Why this just doesn't seem sound
Sending enemy balls six to four
Running while pulling up drawers
What have I gotten myself into?
Shouting out 'an over'
Is is time to leave the clover
Pitcher delivers a leg break
Looks to me like a mistake
What have I gotten myself into?
Pass on real quick now to Fall
And please give me baseball
Tomorrow I'll return the ticket
Can't seem to fanthom this cricket

Barry A. Lanier

Bbirds

Walking out my back door, headed to the woods
Two bluebirds serenading in harmonious bliss
Walking into the forest border, a pair of bluejays
Dodging and screeching, thrilled by their dance
Deeper in toward the dense, cypress swamp
A parliament of owls conversing in rhythm
Between bare trees and cypress folds
Approaching a stream, staring breathless
A blue heron, frozen, statuesque in the run
Walking out of the forest back toward home
Crossing the border of a corn field and pasture
Hundreds of crows, cawing in clouds of cacophony
Confusion and misdirection, soon they left
As I was walking slowly back down the lane
In silence, knowing nothing, yet feeling everything

Barry A. Lanier

Blind Fisherman

While down at the dock fishing one day
Walked up to the man, kneeling to pray
I heard him praying, for a new friend
One who could teach, him to fish again
Now I teach my blind friend, to cast
True left, right or center, how far from the grass
Between the lily pads and the fallen log
'I am seldom blind when I dream, and
morning is always bright, our bait, the worms
have no guides, they can be taught fear of
light' I cannot find myself at times, my shoes
the sink, tell time, but that is spilled milk
I can tell the difference between a liar and
friend, I can tell when I'm nearing the rope's end
Laughing, he says, 'I still hope the worm will turn'
Pink, flacid, and warm dining on good fortune
Books and woman have a faint legible smell
Divorced from the night and in my own shell
In the overcast I dream, using darkness well
Eventually he could not walk, or fish, he fell in
his own feces. He lay there weeping and died
where he fell. The power of righting all wrong
is now hard for me to sell.

Barry A. Lanier

Bblues Of A Georgia Boy (Lyrics)

Born in ole' humid Georgia
Walking barefoot through the mud
Back in those days picked ole' cotton
Somehow it was in your blood
Raised poor in wretched Georgia
Walking barefoot through mud
Ten long years cropping 'bacca'
Then I left that place for good
Saw my momma chopping cotton
While Dad drank the 'shine' straight
Made my mind up, leaving next morning
Dad napping, hung up in the gate
Jumped a redeye to Memphis
Then on to New York City too
Guessing by now a worldly fella'
But still got them Georgia Blues
Caught a redeye back to Atlanta
Where home I'd stay for good
Now I'm back home choppin' cotton
Walking barefoot through the mud

Barry A. Lanier

Brandish Your Talent

The tenacious spawning salmon,
Swimming upstream against all odds,
Dogged determination toward her destination,
To lay those fifty thousand eggs her job
While the ole' hen at home lays only one.
The salmon never cackles or struts about,
In celebration of what she's done.
While we might discount the salmon,
The cackling hen we adore and prize.
It takes not King David's wisdom to know,
Surely it pays to parade and advertise.

Barry A. Lanier

Buddha And I Went Fishing

Buddha and I went fishing the other day
The zen of fishing is that zen master's don't fish
He taught me to watch the cork lie motionless
Only moved by the ripples caused by the wind's breath
He said, 'Here and now, you are the sum total of the moment'
Adding, 'Become as the cork, moving with the breath of God'
Prosper in the measure of the moment, you have learned
how to be a human, now unlearn, and become as the cork
As the cork floats freely, so can your soul and spirit
Life is deeply in the here and now, a moment of residence
Experience all of the joy in dwelling in it's freedom
Be diligent today, for tomorrow is too late
Well, the Buddha and I didn't get a bite and I had to carry
him to McDonald's for supper, but you know I think I'll invite
him fishing again. He really is a pretty cool fellow when you
get to know him!

Barry A. Lanier

Bcalling In

Why do mornings happen so early?
Alarms always sounding so shrill!
Gently cradling my soft pillow
Why can't the world just stand still
Loving on these soft sheets
A five more minutes or so
Content here enjoying nothing
Why do I really have to go?
Sweet moments like these!
So confidant He gave
For no gold out there
Looks good today!

Barry A. Lanier

Bcan'T Conquer A Rock

Ye submit, how I tried to conquer,
By fate and yet vengeful force.
Every tactic of war known to practice,
Outwitted in painful discourse.

Tis' only through vanity and love,
Maybe one day she'd yield.
Perhaps maybe to devotion,
As the sweet apple to the peel.

Reconciled, defiled, affection then deceit,
Tis' only after each blow, to know where'd we meet.
Sanity in brief moments, hinted I should stop.
Tis' only Heaven or Hell, will conquer this Rock.

Reconclied, defiled, affection then deceit,
Tis'with each blow, I'd further know.
Never yielding nor retreat,
Hence my victory and defeat.

Barry A. Lanier

Bcan'T You Read The Sign?

Wonder of my words
Of certain uneasy rhyme
Of that which might be
In some future's time

Spilling more easy blood
By mankind's so loosed hands
Staining and then bittering
Yet Oh' So Many Sweet Lands

A fiery, dingy old dragon
Comes blazing, across evening skies
Two or three more times only be
Before the earth soon shall die

Behemoth mountains continue to roar
Quakes splitting lands from shore to shore
Tides rising beyond all of their kens'
Biting away homes, abroad and within

Dragon's tail is but one simple sign
Mankind's fall and certain decline
Of all the wisdom in intellectual mind's
Find solutions, for these trying times

The Creator coming, to reclaim His land
Greed and ignorance, man wouldn't take a stand.
For principles of humanity, in these trying times
And even more sad, he couldn't read the sign

Barry A. Lanier

Bchild Rebellion Part One

My loving son came home from school today
Smiling yet with a broad smirk on his face
Deciding it was now his time
To put me in my place
'I learned to much in Civics,
taught by Mrs. Kite'
All of the laws today
Including 'Children's Rights'
'I don't have to clean my room'
'Don't have to cut my hair'
'No one can tell me how to think'
'When to speak, or what to wear'
'Wear earrings if I want'
'Pierce my tongue and my nose'
'Watch and read what I like'
'Get tattood head to toe'
'And should you spank me! '
'I could charge you with a crime! '
'Backing up my charges'
'With the marks on my behind'
'Don't preach all your morals'
'Like your Dad did to you'
'That's considered mind control'
'And that's illegal too'
'Dad, I have these rights'
'So, maybe just lay off of me'
'Or, I call Youth Services Division'
'Better known as Y.S.D.'

{See part II }

Barry A. Lanier

Bchild Rebellion Part Two

My first paternal instinct
Was to toss him out the door
Seeing a chance for a lesson
Made me think a little more
Dissecting this so carefully
I just couldn't let it go
A devious smile on my face
He's messing with a pro
'Son, I've called an checked with the Y.S.D.'
'Who said they really didn't care'
'If I bought you Walmart tennis shoes'
'Instead of those new Nike Airs'
'No more time to stop and eat'
'Or pick up tastey treats to munch'
'For tommorrow you will learn'
'How to make a sack lunch'
'Don't worry about watching movies! '
'On your most favorite VCR'
'Sorry, I sold your new TV'
'Bought me some tires for my car'
'Oh, I rented out your room'
'You can have the couch instead'
'The Y.D.S. said they only require'
' A roof over your head'
'Selling off your new dirt bike'
'Jet ski and roller blades'
'Just found out 'Parent's Rights'
'Went into effect today'

Barry A. Lanier

Bclash Of Prophets

Man, intent upon bickering
About the God
The religion
The denomination
Man, priveleged to believe
In one God, many Gods, or no God
A fundamental God-given right
The ultimate distinction
Between living and dead
Which God appointed prophet
To believe?
Wondering
Which one is of perfect design?
Does the Pope have a connection?
Ordinary believers cannot access
Do we believe the prophets
Of the present?
Of the past?
Of the future?
Might one consider
Another option?
A fundamental God given right
Might one believe in God
Communicate with God
Depend on God

{ the following does not represent my beliefs but certainly represents
questions I have pondered between myself and God }

Barry A. Lanier

Bcome Sit With Me Under The Banyan

Began life like a lone, simple rose,
To impose and reclaim it's domain.
God so impressed with the Bodhi,
Out of honor, changed his name.

Come lounge under shade of my Banyan,
Impelled we might glimpse a parcel of truth.
Trek toward nirvana like Buddha,
Careening our backs upon it's roots.

Magestic, gnarled arms,
Serpentine and slender.
In it's spell of acceptance,
We might casually surrender.

O' tree that's a forest,
Sanctuary our senses.
Ocean of shade,
Tear down our fences.

To awaken enlightened,
And rise to our feet.
Or perhaps dream off silently,
Toward a mystical sleep.

Ficcus Benghalensis,
Buddha under your spell.
After five hundred generations,
This ancient father fell.

What touches has love,
Always a face.
Halcyon arms caress,
Imbue me with grace.

Prayer in humility,
As any wise man knows.
Tiny Banyan afoot,
Inexorably grows.

Bury me deep at it's feet,
After my demise,
But remember me as my Banyan,
Not in death but in life.

Barry A. Lanier

Bcomittment

The chicken makes a menial contribution only
But for the pig breakfast is a total committment
A total committment is what God wants from us

Barry A. Lanier

Commemorating The Violence

Mnemonic frames of political contention
Strategies of daily struggle shifting
From battles to eventful massacre
Inscribing historical quotidian experiences
Yet expedited within heroic frameworks
Unadulterated pain and human suffering
Pivotal and transformative yet what?
While swathes of scholars are evaluating
Politicians ardently debating, clergy praying
As the world watches, let us commemorate

Barry A. Lanier

Bconversationalist

After weather, what is there
to talk about? We could discuss
aches and pains, but think we
should leave them where they are
hidden. Under a thin veneer of
Tylenol and Goody Powder's.
We could talk politics? Nope,
We are good friends.
Maybe, television?
Nope, all the news is bad!
Maybe, the wives?
Nope, we're both divorced!
Hey, what do you think
The weather's going to be
Tomorrow?
Barry A. Lanier

Bcounseling Theory Class

Of course being a fifty-something student,
In Counseling Theory class with twenty something females.
Tactfullness being superior to modesty,
Honesty supreme over misdirection,
Should I have told them about giving Joe a Viagra?
They were astonished and outraged!
Joe was a little hyperactive and foamed around the mouth for a couple days.
But he's really Ok now.
Got him back from the vet yesterday.

Barry A. Lanier

Bdandelion Moments

Those dandelion moments
Before they descend
Waltzing among breezes
Then gone with the wind

Beautifully arched rainbows
And warm summer rains
Fleeting like new love
And sips of champagne

Red roses in winter
Sipping Chateau Lafitte wine
Swept up in the moment's
With you on my mind

Honeysuckle's aromas
Mingling among summer light
Hummingbirds suspended
In the middle of flight

Drifting in on fairy wings
Hushed silence all around
Fleeting hallowed layers
Untarnished all around

Cuddling under the goose down
Whispering love in an ear
Clinging to you forever
Til' longing disappears

Those dandelion moments
Before they descend
Waltzing in breezes
Then gone with the wind

{Inspired by Fiona Davidson}

'Desire reaches out, delicatly tracing face, with fingers of love'

Bdaughter

Sometimes her little wings are hidden,
By little outstretched arms that care.
At times you can't see her halo,
Yet you know its always there.

Her angels gown of brilliant white,
Is shielded from mine eyes.
Yet my heart and soul confess,
An angel in disguise.

Her soft, serene little spirit,
Makes even cherubs cry.
As they rejoice, and laugh and sing,
For a spirit that never will die.

In stature, so petite and small,
How could one exude such love?
Unless the Father, and the Son,
Sent her from above.

Barry A. Lanier

Bday Dreaming

I often dream of such places
Where solitude and lilac scented breezes
Usher me off on the wings of an angel
Among the hidden confines of leaves
Changing their colors with the wind
On lily pads ruffled by the August breeze
While bream underneath stir their beds
Drifting with borrowed light at dusk where
Martins swan dive and serenade meals
Listening to death rattles of pecan leaves
As squirrels scurry and scramble for nuts
Squadrons of crows circling in flight above
Cacophony of symphony echoing the sky
I often dream of such places

Barry A. Lanier

Bdeer Hunting With Jesus (Author Favorite)

The slow founts of dawn,
On a cool winters day.
Cast but one momentous shadow,
Where the new fawn once lay.

Pausing silently in the moment,
Sensing fresh dew on the sod.
Delight in the advent,
And the glory of God.

That still in the early,
And the middle of morn.
Forget for a moment,
Life's trials and it's scorn.

So tell me of virtue,
Sweet family and home.
Tis' my God of Thee,
Give me this moment alone.

Morning shall soon pass,
As I linger and yearn.
Praying my God of Thee,
For this moment's return.

Barry A. Lanier

Bdon'T Wanna Die To Become Famous

I don't really want to die,
Just to become famous.
Wait until the last prayers,
Are said over me.
Just to let the whole world know,
I've got something to say.
And I am what I wanted to be.
Would prefer my available intellect,
Critiqued ad hoc, not in retrospect.
My fame finally determined,
While I stand tall and erect.
But so are the times, as with the judgement,
Accolades, and finally the laughter.
When I'm gone, it'll finally be known,
Only then, in the great hereafter.

Barry A. Lanier

Beating A Shoe

Staying the course, drifting in winds
No way this fool, shall ever win
While setting half the world on fire
Governing his people with cowboy desire
You come over here telling us what to do
Sending you back home quit discretely
While in your comfort, eating a shoe

Barry A. Lanier

Bemerging Life

Green shoots with white tips,
Emerge all around
From the bushes and bark,
And even the ground.

The chipmunk sees no shadow or ice,
Announcing a new birth, and paradise.
Bluebirds exchange, about the advent of spring,
Worker bees tarry on, protecting the their queen.

Blueberries anew, breaking up tight pods,
A mirage of true colors, sent but from God.
Mixed scents from the blossoms of trees,
Mingling aroma, of a noon day's sea.

Spreading roses of red, dogwoods of white,
Open by day, and close only by night.
Such a domain, and presence we cling.
In God's glory, and the advent of Spring.

Barry A. Lanier

Benchanting Moments

Those dandelion moments
Before they descend
Waltzing among breezes
Then gone with the wind

Beautifully arched rainbows
Drifting warm summer rains
Fleeting like new love
And sips of champagne

Red roses in winter
Sipping strawberry wine
Swept up in the moment's
With only you on my mind

Honeysuckle aroma's
Mingling among bright summer light
Hummingbirds dart and suspend
During the middle of flight

Snow drifting in on fairy wings
Hushed silence all around
Fleeting hallowed layers
Untarnished all around

Cuddling under the goose down
Whispering love in an ear
Clinging to you forever
Til' longing disappears

Those dandelion moments
Before they descend
Waltzing in breezes
Then gone with the wind

Barry A. Lanier

Benduring Erection

My needs have changed
Since I've grown older
Drifting along rivers of blood
Merging into seas of restlessness
More time spent trying to understand
Ticked off why so many realize so little
The only piece of ass I dream of is peace
At least in it's bosom there exist reason
Not like the world-an enduring erection
Throbbing inside a womb of immoral ideals

Barry A. Lanier

Benigma

Staring down
Coffee-stained carpet
Searching
A simple rainbow
One pot of gold
Holding you
Accountable
For my sins
Sabel veils
Upon my
Repressed
Regret
Laying the
Pen down

Barry A. Lanier

Bevening Star

O' beautiful and brilliant
My one evening star
Gazing toward your beams
Splendous glory afar

Visions of hope and serenity
Cast out from your beams
For a moment in time
Caught in and endless dream

Brilliant pods of energy
Tucked in God's distant sky
Stunned by your beauty
Never questioning why?

Lifting my head upward
Again, and then again
Transfixed on the heavens
Toward my special friend

Only resting in prayer
With sparkles in my eyes
Spiritually, finally home
Just in gazing the sky

Barry A. Lanier

Bevil

Not found in the legends
of dark fearsome horsemen
But only in the ignorance of
many small minded men

Barry A. Lanier

Bewareb(Author Favorite)

She covets her pocketbooks and has no two alike,
And every month she goes to Belk's to buy a new one.
At 88, she still drives, with her huge sunglasses,
Making right turns like an 18-wheeler does.
She drives an average of 10 miles and hour,
Including stops when she remembers to she does.
Mom loves to attend all the social functions in town,
Especially the showers and weddings of the smitten young.
Armed with her pocketbook she'll sashay over to the buffet,
Fill her pocketbook with treasure, pigs-in-a-blankets,
Watercress and pimiento cheese sandwiches
All of which she'll eat later but she never does.
She always told me she grew up in the depression,
and a responsible mother would never turn down food.
They all harden and calcify like the plaque in her arteries,
Acquiescent to the fact, I empty her pocketbooks weekly.
'Mom, when are you going to quit driving I asked? '
'Oh about the same time that they quit having weddings and luncheons! '

Barry A. Lanier

Bextraordinary

Extraordinary men and women
Reveal themselves in time
Like fine wine only waiting
A succulence how sublime
Introverted or yet unknown
As calling of time demands
Rising in glory they are known
Most courageous and braven
Sifting through life like sand
Until their beckoned calling
All the times they fervently face
These few, the extraordinary
Shall we always forever embrace

{Dedicated to those who give the ultimate sacrifice to preserve our freedom and way of life}

Barry A. Lanier

Bfair Maiden With No Shoes

A fair maiden she was
Though having no shoes
Her freckles and red hair
One day I would choose

To love her every minute
Every day of the week
Each day more beautiful
More than words could speak

Though she had no shoes
Didn't matter it seems
For it was also of shoes
That often I dreamed

I walked her to school
Stealing those moments so true
We both knew how we felt
Didn't know what to do

Others jeered and poked fun
Because we were poor
Never knowing our love
For all time would endure

The fair maiden grew up
A lovely woman with shoes
Blonde hair and blue eyes
The freckles she'd lose

Loving her each minute
Every day of the week
Each day more beautiful
More than words could speak

Then came along more maidens
With freckles and red hair
Two, three, four, then five
Yes they were everywhere

We'd then send them to school
New dresses and fine shoes
Telling them stories at supper
Of when we paid their dues

Barry A. Lanier

Bfencerows (Sentimental Favorite)

Only gaps in tangled fencerows,
Where pomegranates stood eighty years.
Gentle potholes laying monument,
Where heartpine posts stood firm.

Remorse..the bitter tears I cry!
Why have all my fencerows,
Gone, and passed my by?

Bumper crops of blackberries lived then fell,
Fat scuppernongs glistened, plump in my pail.
Where fragrant honeysuckles, mingled then scattered,
Now nights evening mists, find nowhere to gather.

Remorse..the bitter tears I cry!
Why have all my fencerows,
Gone, and passed me by?

Purple wisteria, carefully draping rusty fences,
Among the pause and flare, of early morning crickets.
Covey after covey, nature's Southern Bobwhite quail,
Their sanctuary and abode where every tree fell.

Remorse..the bitter tears I cry!
Why have all my fencerows,
Gone, and passed me by?

Southern geese land, leaving prints in the snow,
Leaving only traces of passage, where did they go?
Such are my fencerows, now they're all gone!
Like a time-worn woodcutter, time to go home.

Barry A. Lanier

Bfinding Osama

The armies have failed....to track him down

But to hunt a man....make him an animal

A Boone & Crockett trophy....Top Ten Game

And the hunter's will.....find him

A trophy.....mounted on a wall

Barry A. Lanier

Finding The Cross

Scaling splendid cliffs

Transversing valleys

Ascending grand mountains

Of celestial divine

Searching this world

Over and over

The Cross so eluding

Found in my dark room

One night

Barry A. Lanier

First Blood

Whenever my father left that morning,
Thinking he might say goodbye,
Or have a good day

From that point on in my day,
Seemingly nothing was right,
And ruined my day.

When my friend walked away,
Playing ball at recess,
Reminding me of father.

From that point on we fought,
I may have lost,
Marveled at the volume of blood.

Ruined shirt and new pants,
Cuts and bruises,
First blood.

My blood made me proud,
Running home to mom,
Upset and concerned.

Yet I told her I liked the pain,
I wouldn't let her change my shirt,
So complete and bloody

When my father came home late
I'd show him my blood and scars
Patiently awaiting him to pass out

Barry A. Lanier

Bfishin

Should love be a gentle, misting rain,
I'm searching for the roaring thunder.
It always thunders, when I'm fishin'.
Have fished all my life,
With obsession and complusion.
Yet care not, for fish to eat.

Something sacred about fishing.
Through fishing, I might meet myself,
Before my arrival.
I revel in their size and colors,
Have a short discussion, then release them.
Squinting shimmers of water and love from their eyes.

Fishing has taught my lessons in life.
Letting go, when I let them go.
Humility, when I catch not one.
Learning to swim, as my boat sunk.
There will come a time when all is finished,
Except the fishing.

Fishing is Holy.
Ralph Waldo Emerson said,
'I will so ever trust that what is deep is Holy.'
All of the big ones are caught in deep water.
I have overcome the fear of being lonely.
Never had a lonely day fishin'.

Fishing is many things to many people,
And as at time in life things aren't always fair.
If life were indeed fair, fish wouldn't feed.
But there's something to be said about fishing,
Being on the water and having those moments of clarity.
Days when the fish are gone but God is in attendance.

Barry A. Lanier

Bfont Color=redliving Life With Barry Ii

Well, such an interesting week this one. Having a counseling class with thirteen women and the topic of discussion was sex and relationships. I was like a little boy in the candy store. I couldn't believe these mostly younger women confessing that a guy mentioning sex turned them off, yet size and motion of the ocean mattered, and they all wanted my opinion. Why, ladies of my age want to know what is wrong that you are not bringing up the topic! But, I did validate that which I already presumed about women both young and older. Fine, means 'I am right', the discussion is over, and you need to shut up. Of course when a woman says 'That's OK' you are in very dangerous territory. It means she's thinking long and hard about what your punishment is going to be. When she says 'Nothing', get ready because discussions beginning with 'Nothing' end in 'Fine'. Non-verbal cues like a sigh, mean you're an idiot and she's wasting her time arguing with you about nothing(See Above) . Well, I am exhausted and these ladies have given me much to think about. Have I really been thinking about sex daily for the last 55 years? No wonder I am so tired! See you next week. Keep the passion flowing, the peas in the pot, and the ham cooking.

Barry A. Lanier

Bfootball Friday

Once upon a time some few years ago we'd meet
Donning my oversized suit, cleats two sizes to big for my feet
Toward the end of a climax, prayed no one would frown
The thrill of Friday night lights, in every little Georgia town

Revealing where every man, woman, and child could be found
Good or bad economy, they seem to close down the town
All heading toward the nights 8 P.M. lights
Why some of them hoping to see me tonight

Saturday mornin' read not the comics, obituaries, and views
Heading straight to the sport's page, for Friday night news
In downtown cafe's, re-living all of the damage that was done
Ole' Hank and Maurice of course, bragging about their sons

Why didn't Coach Lane in the fourth, pull the quarterback out
Half the crowd with incessant booing, the others with doubt
Such as it is in South Georgia, with these Friday night treats
Always the toast of Fall weekends, whether in victory or defeat.

{ And in comes Barry Lanier #65 right pulling guard, 213 pounds, All-State, what!
the coach is pulling him out } Metter High School, 1970, record 7-3 Sub-region
Champs

Barry A. Lanier

Bfor Better Or Worse

Scientific genius now proclaims
Witness these cells, fragmented and maimed
I create life, give you eternal existence
For those of you, can afford my remittance

The miracle of life, once copulatory
Now only we need, my humble laboratory
Come one, come all, I'll take you all
Making you fat or thin, even short or tall

Death no longer a virtue, a sad part of life
Just step in right now, resolved with my knife
Laws of nature and God, need not apply
Is living worth living, should we never die?

Thinking the future holds new truths
Being never really anticipated
When newborns are not born
Yet simply replicated

Thinking I might defer at this time
From simply the man-made world
Lest one fine day we might not know
The boy from the girl

Barry A. Lanier

Bforeplay

Caressing silver kettles
Intense passion and purpose
Affairs my yearning can't stop
Dripping sensuous desire
Preparing for inevitable climax
Inhaling her aroma sensing juices
Olfactory sensual expectation
Tongue constringing in delectation
First dropp wetting my whistle
Heart racing, pupil dilatation
With satisfaction and optimism
As I courted that first one

Barry A. Lanier

Bfrom Here To Elijay

At any given point in time or space,
Dreams pull me to her memory and grace.
She lack's the world's desperation and fear,
Vast beauty to behold and cherish all the year.
Where one can cling and hold to God's grace,
Closing ones eyes, holding Dear Elijay.
So small and very humble,
At the footsteps of Appalachia's trail.
Untouched by worldly worries,
All all of life's travail.
Peace and tranquility, with no charge or fee,
Arms always wide open, she yields to me.
No parades or large crowds greet me,
No celebrities in the town square.
Only the aura of nature's celebration,
And a deep breath of mountain air.

Barry A. Lanier

Bgandhi

Gandhi, India's spiritual leader, considered converting to Christianity. One Sunday morning he went to a Protestant church to talk to the pastor about becoming a Christian. But an usher refused to seat him, and sent him away. 'If Christians have a caste system, ' he thought, ' I might as well remain a Hindu.' It's so easy to mistake our bigotry for the Bible, our littleness for logic, our tradition for truth, our favoritism for fact and cause a soul to perish.

Barry A. Lanier

Bgeriatric Hip-Hopper

Some days I'm a little feeble
Sometimes I'm a little evil
Slip in a snort and turn loose
Ten feet tall and bullet proof
Have yet to learn the knack
Wearing shorts down to my crack
But I'll role the britches legs up
Get on the floor and cut a buck
You can hip-hop and rap
Whiling you keep on your cap
But as you're shining as a star
Whisper me what the words are!

Barry A. Lanier

Bghosts In The Night

Lips and candlelight kisses
Looking over this cold and lonely night
My bed completely filled yet alone
Cursing the keys of another night on the town
Thousands of voices screaming in the distance
'We are here.....too! '
Dancing in finger strokes.....and fading nights
Lovers from another place....even time
As some are already living in my tomorrow
Help my lonely world escape...whispers in the night.
Nurture my needs....fill my voids....comfort me please
Cursored lines of ecstasy and censored contemplations
Whispers of shaman and belly dancers
Ghosts.....all.....in the night

Barry A. Lanier

Bgod's Shadow

With eyes wide open
Smile away your tears
And be happy

With eyes wide open
Dream away your tears
And be set free

With eyes wide open
Pray away your tears
And find peace

Right behind you a shadow
Hit the ground running
On both of your feet.

Barry A. Lanier

Bgoing Green Then What

All of the exercises in going green-
shingling the roof with solar cells, turning down the thermostat,
installing an economy flush toilet, walk and don't ride, replace
the incandescents, plant a tree every week, a windmill to generate
electricity, muling the grass and trash to ash, fertilize the garden
with ash, rows upon rows of indoor house plants-
my contribution to the world-and we're breathing better
Yet when should we get around-take the time-to address
Peace-

Barry A. Lanier

Bguns, Knives, & Talkin' Trash

A cell now a phone
So small and so thin
Back then behind bars
Looking out from within

A 'hoe' once a tool
Not some long lost soul
No wandering for strangers
To fill in a hole

Now guns & knives
And talkin' the trash
Back then bare knuckles
Ten fingers kickin' ass

Then 'weed' was a grass
And a 'joint' was a place
A 'toke' never heard of
Now such a disgrace

The rings went on the fingers
Not the navels and nose
Where else might they go
Only heaven seems to know

Maybe I'm an ole' woodcutter
Out of place and alone
Maybe time to pack up
And just go home

Barry A. Lanier

Bhaiku 747

Quicksand of my life
Neither sucking up or down
Only go side to side

Barry A. Lanier

Bhaiku Or Not

Barefoot in the mud
Mother Earth struggling to fight
In dryer times victory

Barry A. Lanier

Bhappy Is As Happy Does

Happy is the heart

Held by the sea

Calm is the soul

Hearing whispers

Through the trees

Ripe is the wisdom

Riding out the storms

Secure is the marriage

Making many beds

Always staying warm

Barry A. Lanier

Bhave Your Ever Seen...?

Barak Ilahy fik (Arabic)
Ashoge (Apache)
Dios pagaraktam (Bolivia)

Pojo (Mexican)
Obrigada (Portugese)
E'kosi (Cree)
Taudi (Assyria)
Rahmet (Uzbekistan)
Yewo (Malawi)

Ar kun (Cambodia)
Tazim (Pakistan)

Pilamaya Yelo (Lakhota Indian)
Otyo (Kiga African)
Erokamano (Kenya)
Terima kasih (Malaysia)
Hy'shge siam (Lummi)
Ulfaad'd'a (Somalia)
Nandi (Malayalam, India)
Thenqiu (Kikuyu, African)
Eso (Mabuiag, Australia)
Rahmet (Kazakhstan)

There is a theme and a riddler to found in this...can you find it?

Barry A. Lanier

Help Me Build My Poetry Sandwich

A gourmet delight of
Macaronic verse with
Catalectic dressing
Indelible ink omelets with
Squeezed orange allusions
Followed by cacophonous
Cream cheese & caesura
Crackers.....
Metered martinis and
Euphoic tonics.....
Rhyme & rye sandwiches and
Prolific verse pudding
Double diactyl tarts
And my poet friend Hanque O
Comes strolling up with
Trouffles troche and
Veletta verbiage
Antipest antipasto and
Iambs with mint jelly

{Help Me Out If You Have An Idea}

Barry A. Lanier

Bher Deep Sadness

The violence in Gaza gives her a deep sadness. Headlines: Rockets Fire Into Israel During Cease Fire, Israelis of all persuasions sending aide to Gaza, Gaza school bombed-3 fatalities, Jewish family murdered by Salafia supporter to be closer to God, Deaths of 4 siblings and their mother in Gaza, Journalist killed in Gaza, Reuter's newsman killed in Gaza, 12-year old killed on Wednesday in Gaza, Europe's Jews at risk for lives.....of just a few in last 12 months

It seems firing rockets into Israel is wrong and against any rational decision making anyone concerned about the welfare of innocent men, women, and children would consider. It seems retaliation into Gaza is wrong and against any rational decision making anyone concerned about the welfare of innocent men, woman, and children would consider. To complicate matters the United Nations has a Relief and Works Agency for Palestinian Refugees calling for ceased hostility and a permanent cease fire while also disgracefully slapping the face of Islam in the face, not content with denying Gaza relief, but surrendering it through international resolution. There are too many inconsistent paradoxes in the entire situation from all sides. It seems the radicals, who are leading both sides, have no genuine concern for these issues, only carrying out their own agendas. Again, mentioned in my poem 'Mindset'- 'Forever chained to barren lands...where fragile wings cannot fly'....God be with us.

{This is not poetry and not intended to be as such, but an issue that affects friends I have on both sides of the issue, and it grieves my soul that the cycle has been repeated my half-century of a lifetime and maybe feedback might help me make meaning of it as apparently I am missing something in the rationality and humanity of the situation for unless something different is done the cycle shall continue...for my other half-century}

Barry A. Lanier

Bher World Stopped Today

Far worse than death one would ascertain,
As I arrived to find her crying her eyes out.
Had she lost a friend, or someone died?
She had lost her validation and inclusion today!
She had forfeited her desirability and stature!
Her visceral needs had been seduced!
All her activist desires to congregate and cooperate
for survival had been severely threatened.
Her complete world had been hijacked!
The blackberry network was down.

Barry A. Lanier

How Many Ways Do I Love Thee?

How many ways do I love Thee'
Always counting then suddenly I'm lost
It seems to always keep happening
Every time your negligence comes off
Yet darling I shall keep on counting
And shall never consider to stop
Even when I get to to your doorway
Finding one that is securely locked

Barry A. Lanier

How To Get A Girl

Realizing the turmoil and difficulty at times in a guy getting a girl the proposed guidelines are purely suggestive. Based on the feedback the series may be continued.

How To Get A Girl

- 1) Recognize and utilize your strengths (Drinking Beer is not one of them)
- 2) If you have trouble socializing ask a girl who is a friend to go with you on a practice date (Do not try to get her in the back seat)
- 3) Being responsive to the emotional needs of others is not a weakness. Understand the girls emotional needs and practice empathy and understanding (We no longer drag women off by their hair to caves)
- 4) Learn the art of meaningful conversation and questions (Don't fire off questions in sequence and practice relevant practical discussion. Are you hot? is not one of them)
- 5) Take risks and be romantic (Going through the driveway at MacDonald's is not a romantic dinner)
- 6) Be Unpredictable (Flowers are nice but be a little more creative. How about cooking her a surprise meal with candlelight and roses and don't wear your baseball cap on the date)
- 7) Be Aware of Body Language (if your date is constantly yawning then something you are doing is not right)
- 8) First date- going to a movie really isn't a good idea- it's somewhat difficult to get to know someone in the dark when you can't talk.
- 9) Personal Hygiene (guys I know it's tough at times but please take a bath and not in the creek, and but a little of that special deoderant, you know the kind that is scented and go out on a limb and buy an after shave a little more refined than Aqua-Velva)
- 10) Attire (again I know it's tough but guys pay special attention to color coordinating the socks, and don't wear your work boots or tennis shoes)

11) Chivalry On Life Support (again guys I know it's hard but women do pay attention to little things like opening car doors and letting them walk on the inside when walking together, helping them with their coats, look at these as Bonus Points)

Well, tired out, so much more to tell, keep the passion flowing, the peas in the pot, and the ham cooking.

Barry A. Lanier

Bhow To Get Rid Of Your Girl

This is an extension of the series 'How To' intended only for information and entertainment reasons.

- 1) The first way is to start saying 'I love you', a bit more often than you usually do, then day by day increase the intensity and frequency. Thinking you want to carry the relationship to the next level, BAM! she leaves you.
- 2) The second way is to become hypersensitive, expressing your emotions in a dramatic way, even crying at times. By the third session, BAM! she will leave you
- 3) The third way is in your dancing technique. Dance like a moron when you go out to a club. Women love dancing and by the third outing BAM! she leaves you.
- 4) The fourth way is a very simple one. Just be the self-centered idiot that you really are instead of following the steps in the previous sessions and BAM! she will leave you.
- 5) The fifth and most extreme method is a multiple method. First start wearing deoderant and cologne she hates, then in increments start cross-dressing, first wearing girls panties, then evolve into a little mascara, then to finish it off, the lipstick and BAM! she leaves you.

Barry A. Lanier

How To Keep Your Girl

An extension of the series of 'How To' for the guys out there this one how to keep your girl assuming you followed the steps in 'How To Get A Girl'

- 1) Guys don't try to solve all her problems. She doesn't need you to tell her what is right and what is wrong. She only needs you to sit through a session of woes and patiently listen to what she says. If you aren't interested, fake it, and act genuinely concerned.
- 2) Say what you mean because you can't bluff and con your girl. Women unlike men can read body language. They can tell when you lie by your body language and reading your eyes....and they have memories like elephants
- 3) Don't argue with your girl, you cannot win...and should you say an unkind word...remember the elephant...you shall pay for years to come
- 4) Encourage and React- Two Key Words.....always encourage your girl for her successes and her attitudes in failure. Always notice and comment on new clothes and new haircuts.....Brownie Points +10
- 5) Chores- Guys I know it'll be tough and a blow to your self-esteem, but learn how to wash and dry clothes, ironing your own shirts, and washing the dishes..you'll be surprised...Brownie Points +15
- 6) Don't Flirt- Guys she may be the silent type but if she perceives that you are flirting....Brownie Points -20
- 7) Surprise Her- An extension of 'How To Get A Women'-cook her a candlelight meal at home, send her cards and red roses for no reason...Brownie Points +10
- 8) Never Talk- About old girlfriends....even though they won't admit this it makes them very insecure and angry
- 9) Communication- Listen more than Talking...Brownie Points +12
- 10) Hobbies- Make a point to enjoy some of her hobbies with her, even if you are not genuinely interested, become interested

Gosh, I', exhausted, pulling these life saving tips from the repressed cerebellum matter, keep the passion flowing, the peas in the pot, and the ham cooking.

Barry A. Lanier

Bhow Your Parents Met

Don't be ashamed if your parents
Didn't happen to meet on a beach in Monte Carlo
Or at a sunset bar in Key Largo or Tahiti
Based on romance and mystery,
But in an aisle of a discount drug store,
In the antifungals section,
Seeking relief from idiosyncrasy of itch.
His from the poison ivy, hers more personal
Yet among these veils of happenstance
Able to laugh at the indignities of the flesh
Maybe not love at first sight, yet willing-
to endorse the feeling should it arise
Do not be ashamed, for if they had waited-
for romantic settings more promising-
you would not be here today

Barry A. Lanier

Bhummingbird

Circling one blossom
Hovering in consideration
Of fragrant delay

Barry A. Lanier

Bi Asked God

Being a graduate student,
Daylong didactic interludes
Diversity and racism
I had to know the answer

So I asked 'God what color are you? '
He responded ' I am that I am'
'Yes God but what color are you? '
Again, ' I am that I am? '

Using my psychology on God I asked.
'But what color shall I assign you? '
God responded.'What color is the wind? '
Then he said, 'What color is the rain? '

Replying, 'You've gotten me with the paradox? '
Then he said, ' What color would you have me? '
Replying, ' God, I don't care, I just need to know.'
God replied, 'Well then son, I am the color of your spirit.'

Barry A. Lanier

Bias

I and pride
The start of a real tragedy
A disease of the heart
Why did they slaughter the lamb?
And not the lion?
For convenience? Perchance weakness?

Aan old, respected Southern man
Rugged skin now turned tan
No longer white
One more for the clan

Are eyes so easily overshadowed?
Two cauldrons of burning bias
In a more perfect world
Seeing only God's children

Barry A. Lanier

Bif I Could Change The World

If I could make a difference,
There'd be no flesh and blood existence.
No child would know abuse,
Or go the bed hungry.
Human would be the only color.
Prayer would not be taboo.
Mankind might know truth and good,
After the children are put in charge.

Barry A. Lanier

Bif I Only Could

If I could only engineer envy
I would
If I could only design doubt
I would
If I could only harnish hostility
I would
If I could only accumulate abuse
I would
If I could only design distress
I would
If I could only fabricate fear
I would
If I could only forge steel
I would
If I could only knit a giant bag
I would
If I could only sire secrecy
I would
If I could only invent infidelity
I would
And dropp them
All in the bag
Along with the men
From whence they came
And the forged steel
Into the nearest
And the deepest
Ocean abyss
If I could only do this
I would

Barry A. Lanier

Bimaginary Or Real?

An imaginary place
Or state.....in which
Conditions of life
Are extremely bad
Deprivation
Oppression
Terror are
Sad
The science fiction
Webster
Definition
Of dystopia
With Words
That spill
Might one assume
It is imaginary
Or real?

Barry A. Lanier

Bimprisoned

Lord, at times so imprisoned
And for my time served maybe
I'm ready to be set free
Yearning to be home with my Father
Where I've always known
There's a big room waiting on me
For my time served in this prison
Have been content now I know
My purpose in this existence
Was to get out daily and sow
While it has been such an honor
Most of the times it was alone
Praying you'll give me reprieve
Time for me to now go home
However until that sweet time
Hold me in your hands as I pray
Promising I'll continue my sowing
Dreaming of that winsome day

Barry A. Lanier

Bin Me You'LI Find

Nightmares that scare
Terrorist without care
Creator of all fears
Destroy all you hold dear

Insane killers lurking
Mass slaughter while smurking
Phone taps, computer hacks
Frail bodies tortured black

A dishonest politician
Inhumane living conditions
The neighbor next door
Hustling adolescent whores

Enemy of the state
One all love to hate
Finding me every night
Yes, Channel 6, so right

Barry A. Lanier

Bindian Wisdom

One day I think, I shall get in the end
Just a little of the wisdom, of my Indian friends
Seems they were gazing, sun, moon, and stars
While I was running round', writing on napkins in bars
They swaying with leaves, among flowers in sun
Whereas my time spent, with maidens on the run
Ardently now listening, with a most receptive ear
No longer time dining, on my Budweiser beer
In often ancient and mystical, rhythmical flaunt
Half-way round' the world, something I want
Petitioning and seeking, to master their style
For the moment my wisdom, a newborn child

Barry A. Lanier

Binspecting Myself

I don't know what this is all about.
when you start turning fifty?
Lying in bed at night to rest, yet
lately all I do is inspect myself.
Scratching my leg in bed last night,
feeling an itchy area like a patch,
of dried graham cracker, mixed with
bubble gum, stuck to my leg. Hell it
was something growing on me! I
scrapped it off and bled for two days.
Suddenly things are starting to grow
one me. All shapes, sizes, some hidden
others in sight, Even conglomerations.
Little warts, big warts, stuff that don't
even resemble warts. Get in front of the
mirror now every morning. I never used
to do that. It's reserved for women. I found
one in the corner of my eyelid this morning.
It looked like someone had put Super Glue
in the corner while I was sleeping. I pull down
my eyelid and the little thing looked like a
spread out batwing stuck into the corner.
Then I look into the corner of my nose, and
yes, I was right, a little round thing stuck in the
corner. Now when in the heck did that get
there? Now days, I have to lay down to inspect
other body parts. We won't go there. Well, life
has a way of making each day more interesting!

Barry A. Lanier

Bintention To Escape Him

Learning a new language
Where I can better relate
Honing skills and the courage
To yet leave him one day

Forever trapped in this existence
Praying and singing those hymns
Obsessed within my misery
Intentions of escaping him

Sweet dreams will sustain me
Through the pain and strife
Until my prince comes along
Wanting just me in his life

Barry A. Lanier

Bit Seems To Me

It seems to me
Walking down the street
I see a little bit of God
In everyone that I meet

And when the day is over
And all the doors passed through
Greeting all with a smile I've seen
Doing as I'm supposed to to

{'If you don't find God in the next person you meet, it is a waste of time looking for him further'- Mahatma Gandhi(1869-1948) }

Barry A. Lanier

Bjailed Poet

Connecting links,
And third eye blinks.
Setting minds free,
With ink blots and rhyme.

Words meaning more tomorrow,
Than their impact today.
Could my words of tomorrow,
Conflict with their ways.

They threw me in jail,
Didn't want me to tell.
What a 'free' man,
Could turn out to be!

They can shackle my hands,
And tie down my feet.
But they can't arrest my heart,
Nor incarcerate my dreams.

Should I remain here,
My dreams turning into dust.
The words forever remain,
And shall never rust.

Barry A. Lanier

Bjazzman (Written On A Bar Napkin)

Escaping my human condition,
Drifting through filtered rays.
Easing closer and closer to the stage,
Jazzman about to dally.

Moans of sassy tragedy and twilight procession,
The Tiger crouches upon his brass and ivory.
Broken shadows dancing,
Quite ashes on the floor.

Where ones are made of opposites,
They're calling out for more.
Among cigar tunes in a straight-gin sky,
Ushering maidens to line the bar.

Jim beam and Jack Daniels, present,
Misbehaved notes, second chance rhythm and riff.
Jazzman hunkers down, the wail of the sax curdles,
Epileptic frenzy, muddy water round my feet.

Deaf-mute waiters among dim lit smoke curls,
Gathering watered down bourbons and scotch.
Tis' Homer, Marlowe, or Kipling?
Hushing faintness crashes gainst' the walls.

Dionysos oscillating among smoke billows,
Final slips and slides, replete on his fruit.
Unbridled, Jazzman lays down his lute.
They're calling out for more.

Then silence, his half-torso, stainless steel,
Jazzman descends the wobbly music stand.
Brilliant shadows under his stump,
Swept.....the breath of God.

Barry A. Lanier

Bjewel Of His Heart

I was talking with my daughter
Just the other day
I noticed something wrong
But couldn't really say
Then she broke down and told me
Daddy I'm so scared today
That you and mom won't make it
And every night I pray
That God will come and fix it
All the problems that ya'll have
Then life will be so good to me
And I will be so proud

(Chorus)

I told her darling
You are my little girl
And God will listen
Cause he knows are my world
And don't you worry
Even though I know it's hard
I know he'll answer
You're the jewel of His heart

Then I held her tight and squeezed her
Felt her heart beating in my chest
Couldn't hardly bare to say it
Darling let me tell you all the rest
Your mothers sick and dying
She's been this way for a long time
The problems we've been having
Are not what they seem to you
But only how to tell you this
And how to break the news {Intense}

(Chorus)

I told her darling
You are our little girl
And God will listen
Cause He knows you are my world

And don't you worry
Even though we know it's hard
We know he'll answer
You're the jewel of His heart

{Bridge}

And after mom is gone
I'll get on my knees and pray
We'll miss her every moment
And wish she could have stayed
And every single moment
That I look into your eyes
I will see your mama
And I'll make it through the night

(Chorus) {Intense}

I told her darling
You are our little girl
And God will listen
Because He knows you are my world {Very Intense}
And don't you worry
Even though we know it's hard
We know he'll answer
Because you are
The jewel of His heart {Intense Close} then soft instrumental

(This song and lyrics has been forwarded to Trace Adkins)
only editing left to song is in substituting heart with world....would appreciate
feedback as to preferences

Barry A. Lanier

Bkey Largo (Author Favorite)

When I see the Spanish moss and mystery,
Across the seven mile bridge.
Crystal clear aquamarine waters call out for me,
Placating the blue coral and seaweed.

Gliding mantra rays welcome me,
As the shimmer in bright transparency.
Key Largo, your call lifts my soul,
Compelling crystal waters of blue-green hue hypnotize.

My island dream.....I am yours,
Ah, the hot white and mosquito-y summer of 75'.
Clannish Key people welcome my misery.
Houses on quarried grey stone,
Bamboo tables set with conch chowder and lager.

The rosey-pink allure of conch embodied,
My dreams of flamingos, sunsets, and female mystery.
Bogart welcomes me to the table,
Key breezes rustling lines and lines of palms.
Gnaw the prawns, sing a song, pummel the crustaceans.

Never mind the passing purple hue of lavender snails,
For there is more than beauty to behold.
Islas Moradas, shall wait on me,
For tonight I rest my sails to heed the gates.
Key Largo tonight, the Chart Room then Duncan Street.

North-Easternly buffet my fate, for dawn comes soon,
Halcyon late mornings where sea lights paint white houses
and memories clean.
Tonight the stars gather my dreams poured on my pillow,
For tomorrow is, 'Key Largo.'

Allure of the night announces the fight.
Where up from their domain in darkness,
Held hostage by light royalty hearkens the call.
Sailfish, the wahoo. tuna, majestic marlin, and dorado simpatico.
Grace of your speed, hasty to feed, then leave.

Brilliant purple dorsal, such a delightful morsel.
Golden reflections and pink flushes speeding away,
Not today for I'm out to sea in Key Largo,
Bicycle ride from shore, as seagulls people watch,
Bide time to steal bait.

Overtures of lapping waves,
Avalanches of brine confined to time.
A hard days work worthy of rum and coke.
Evening hues slowly settle in,
Dispersing the blue waters as quicksilver.

The Islanders settle down to dry quarters,
Green waters disperse 'gainst the shores.
Should there ever be an embargo,
Then drive me, least sail toward Key Largo.

Barry A. Lanier

Bladies Jack His Jaw

You ladies often
Write with your passion
And for most times
Writing with due cause
However there comes
A due time
For jackin' some jaws
Every once in awhile
Write and reflect
But every once in awhile
Grab him by the neck
Then lean him over
Kisses with passion & awe
With his eyes closed
Lean back jack his jaw
I won't take but one time
And he shall consider
You're not the roadmap
And he's not all glitter

Barry A. Lanier

Blater Life Decisions

Chocolate or sex, in proper context,
So important, we know indeed.
But which shall we choose,
As we go on that cruise?
Fifty-something, weak in the knees,
Navigating rough and sensous seas.
Why not just forego this despair,
Enjoying the abundance of salty air
Thankful for heaven and voice,
Seven days to make a choice.
We can praise, we can sing,
We can do anything!
Better yet give her a surprise,
A whisper and toast.
This week my darling,
I think we'll have both.

Barry A. Lanier

Blaundromat Love

Fumbling in my pocket
For change
Eyeing the soggy mass
She offered change
Combining soggy masses
And so we watched
Colors turning, tumbling, twisting
Her blouse, unbuttoned
Free flowing, flung open
Arms extended to embrace
My pants, shirts, socks
Our clothes taking risks
While we remained still
Eyeing each other
Smiling on occasion
An awkward silence
Unloading quietly
Exchanging socks and underwear
Hers in the wicker
Mine in a paper bag
As she wrote down her number
We said goodbye
The whole affair economical
Now wondering
Never cheap

Barry A. Lanier

Blazy Bones

While others fume and sweat to boil
Scratching and digging for golden spoil
And for what is gold when life is sped
For such times we are long time dead

Long days of worry and constant strife
Such times are not my dreams of life
When in the shade it's ninety-three
No gold out there looks good to me

Content with life and worries few
With jobs of really nothing to do
Slothful times have served me well
For the moment, I've lived to tell

Barry A. Lanier

Blean On Me

Lean on me
When you're not strong
If you're alone
Needing a friend

Lean on me
When you're feeling low
Life's dealt you a blow
You need a shoulder

All of your burdens
I need to share
My endless love
How much I care

Lean on me
Any time of the day
And in any way
You need someone

And then somewhere
Toward the end
Remember the friend
That you could lean on

And when the time comes
For God to take you home
You won't be alone
I'll be there to lean on

Barry A. Lanier

Bleave Them Their Armor

He watched him from the corner of the room-
head down, pen in hand,
trying to remain focused on
the paper in front of him-
intent yet struggling-
forever struggling.

Only fifteen,
he had seen his share of troubles-
family problems,
drugs and alcohol,
abuse.
From their conversations,
He understood his rebellious spirit.

he sought an identity-
in a world defined by cliches
he sought permanence-
in a world where nothing endures,
except change.
for a brief moment he looked up-
our eyes met, and he gave me
a foolish grin

The one that used to make me-
want to backhand him,
yet I smiled in return,
for I am wiser now.
and I also have visited his
world.

For when you live in a world-
where change has been-
the only constant in life,
you more often than not,
cling to your armor.
foolish grins-
no exception.

Blet Me In Or Let Me Out

A great story or epic poem,
Flows like mountain water, cold and clear.
While the fall cometh only in increments,
Absence of color, signals it is here.

Cool precision of words laid to rest,
Capturing moments before they retire.
Thickets of dense woods shut me in,
Inspiration from the words building my fire.

Whistling winds moan, through half-naked trees,
Rattles of spent leaving, serving to validate.
Force of the words, comfort and soothing,
Or yet, generate an eternal debate.

Life so arduous, at times my admonition,
Immersing my soul in prose, at time my position.
The woods shut me in, to sully and to pout,
Prose releases my soul, and lets me out.

Barry A. Lanier

Bleukemic Farewell

There are no final farewells.

Only seeds sown to grow,
Blown by the winds of time.
Love left to multiply,
Even from those we have yet to know.

There are no final farewells.

While our torch may grow dim,
Though flutter it might,
It shall never go out,
Always shedding some light.

There are no final farewells.

Memories while they may linger,
They shall always forever last.
Remember always your present,
Yet never forget your past.

There are no final farewells.

As the child sits in your lap and stares in your eyes,
Looking to you for his fairytale and bedtime surprise.
Forget not to hug him with re-assurance and love,
And tell him about his other Father above.

There are no final farewells.

As his little eyes drift off into peaceful sleep,
Hold him close and love him deep.
Softly end his fairytale
Know in your heart that all is well.

There are no final farewells.

Barry A. Lanier

Blike Bees

Bumblebees
extracting nectar,
sweet and bitter,
from the center
of rose-colored petals
a flower which isn't a rose
Engorged
thudding against the window
over and over
fixed upon escape
with their reward inside them
into the air behind them
the path to freedom obscure
unaware they are drawn
to an illusion

{This isn't about the bees}

Barry A. Lanier

Blittle Cricket (#1 Poem)

His ballad sets the evening sun,
Bidding all farewell, the day is done.
While twilight ushers in the dew,
Welcomed chirps, that bid adeau.

Vastness of dark, and night soon came,
Through wind and thunder, he still sang.
My quickened heart, forever still,
Little friend outside, my window sill.

Hark! O'er the valley, and the dell,
His ballad echoes, all is well.
One last refrain, sets the evening sun,
Bids farewell, the day is done.

Barry A. Lanier

Blittle Cricket Fame

Once wrote a few lines, called 'Little Cricket'
Regarding new found fame, it gave me a ticket
Speaking of only trivial, little insignificant things
Yet somewhere hiding, allowing one to dream

Of grande times far more simpler
Somewhere in his world we find peace
Immersing only in our thoughts
Then drifting gently out to sea

Quickened heart filled with hope
Among drifting valleys and dreams
Sitting proudly on my window sill
His ballads and echoes still sing

Barry A. Lanier

Blittle Girl's Mother Day Rose

I stopped at the flower shop to order flowers
To be wired to mother who lives far away
Getting out of the car a little girl sobbing
As she sat on the curb alone and scared
I stopped and asked the little girl, 'What is
wrong, is there anything I can do? '
She replied, ' I want to buy a red rose for
my mother but I only have fifty-cents and
a red rose cost two dollars.'
I smiled and said, 'Come on in with me and
I will buy you a rose.'
We went in and I bought her rose and ordered
the flowers for my mom.
As we were leaving, I offered her a ride home,
and she said, 'Yes, please take me to my mother! '
She directed me to the cemetery, where she
placed the rose on the freshly dug grave.
I returned to the flower shop and canceled my
wire order, and bought a dozen roses and drove
two hundred miles to mom's home.

Barry A. Lanier

Blittle Hole

Early morning smile,
Sand still lingering in his eyes.
He spots afar a little hole,
With a grande look of surprise.

Baseball cap ragged on the edges,
Sleeves cut out of his Yankee T-shirt.
Shorts four sizes too large,
No shoes, ten toes in the dirt.

Leaning over the old wooden walkway,
Mind made up, and gaze intent.
Only thought for the moment,
Is where that big un' went.

Little man on his final mission,
One he really didn't have to say.
As he thought and prayed in silence,
That ole'fish will now have to pay!

Glowing tint in his big green eyes,
Blusters on rosey red cheeks.
What now was on his mind,
He didn't even have to speak.

Now only in the moment,
No regard at all for the past.
With his last ounce of courage,
Leans over the rail and he casts.

Little red cork plopped right in the middle,
Water hole not six feet around.
I saw his grand lottery smile,
As the sinker slowly went down.

Amazed at his great success,
As his cast left a rippling wake.
Never once did he seem to notice,
Right behind him a ten acre lake.

Barry A. Lanier

Blittle River (Author Favorite)

Why hurry little river?
Off to the sea.
All there is to do, tis'sink in blue,
And all forgotten be.

Stay right here with me,
In the pasture and mead.
Where graceful maples rest,
And grazing cattle feed.

O' my melancholy river,
Fed by lazy, winding streams.
Slow down thy hurried pace,
Linger in my woodland dreams.

Little river rest,
Your banks so clean and fair.
Wild Toms edge out a drink,
On a wing and prayer.

In August heat and sunbeams glisten,
O'er your shallows and sandbars listen.
In nocturnal reverence you're so divine,
My little river, defying all but time.

Your whispering willows haven,
Bluebirds sleeping in their nest,
Brittle branches sway and swerve,
Steadfast they stand the test.

My little river that goes to and fro,
You wander as if, a need to know.
In Southern air, facing snows embrace,
Run fast or slow, you've won the race.

So why hurry, little river?
Trickling off to oceans sea.
All to do, forget the blue,
And stay right here with me.

Barry A. Lanier

Bliving Life With Barry

Please don't call people idiots! Insulting all of us stupid people in the world. We have feelings you know, You know people say my ex-wife made me a millionaire. I was a multi-millionaire before I met her. But I'm happy. You know love is such a long, enchanting, sweet dream, and then there is the alarm clock, marriage. But, I decided I was going to get it right the second time around. After the divorce, I put an ad in the paper, 'Wife Wanted, ' and the next day I received 142 e-mails. All of the replies except for two said, 'You can have mine! '. But this wasn't right so I prescribed myself a subscription to an internet dating and matchmaking service. So delighted, I found myself a lovely Ukrainian wife and we're getting along real fine. She can't speak English yet, but it's only been a year and I am very optimistic. In this marriage I figure if I'm always the flame, I can't get burned. Reminding us all to be yourself, for there are enough of the other people. Well, so tired, and ready for bed, so this is about all for today's edition of 'Living Life With Barry'. See you next week for my next edition. Keep the passion flowing, the peas in the pot, and the ham cooking.

Barry A. Lanier

Bliving Life With Barry Iii

Guys, we have just got to do a little better! Expanding on my research with the ladies in my counseling class, I have some alarming news for you. The ladies think we are a little unromantic. They think the only time we think about a candlelight dinner is when the power goes out. About the only time we give them roses is when we're in trouble or we want sex. And fellows, don't you know that foreplay is supposed to last longer than 5 minutes! Now guys, we've got to change our ways and change these stereotypes. Some of them think also that maybe we're a little dumb. They say the reason we hum and whistle on the toilet is to remember which end to wipe. We need to be more pro-active with the ladies, and pretend we enjoy shopping at the mall. They think the only reason we go with them is to go to Victoria's Secret and peek inside the dressing rooms. And don't ask her to see if they have a negligee with a Dallas Cowboys logo on it! They really do think we are too obsessed with watching television, sports events, and drinking beer. Might we try watching a few soap operas with them, and guys start sipping a little wine with the ladies! My hypothesis is that we can change the perception that we are male, chauvinist, pigs which we are, but let's work on perceptions. They also tend to think we have this problem with directions. We think we have this paternal instinct and internal compass, which we do, but guys on the next night out, ask her to help you with the directions to the place you're going. Gosh, we have so much work to do, and hello guys, quit picking your noses and scratching your balls in public. Hey they are on to us! Well, gosh I'm exhausted for tonight. Keep the passion flowing, the peas in the pot, and the ham cooking.

soap operas

Barry A. Lanier

Blove Affair With A Hog

Once upon a time, long ago, I'd follow in the footsteps of my father. When the heat of summer comes in full force, and the sun slowly rises as the dew subsides, we would visit the hogs to inspect them.

Following his every move, and in his footsteps, toward the hog pen. Not exactly a pen, but staggered pines and scrub oaks held together by thrown away fence wire. Like a jigsaw puzzle held together with haywire, pieces of boards nailed together, yet it held the precious hogs inside.

While he would call them, souie! souie! , I would sit under a resurrected pine. A barkless spectre, one that had been killed one day by lightning, along with three hogs. Dad summoning the anxious herd, his tone as eloquent as if he were courting an English maiden.

They all came running up to him, happy and excited, as if he had a spell over them. Calling them by name, they would calm down and nudge the leg of his pants. Such love, such devotion, such compassion I witnessed as a young lad, wondering why couldn't people act this way.

Driving back home, I asked Dad, 'remember Dad you were going to tell me about love and all of that? ' He said, 'Son, what you just seen back there in the hog pen is what love is all about! '. I'm still thinking on that one.

Barry A. Lanier

Blove Kneeling Down

Kneeling by your side
But seldom say much
Giving you these flowers
Holding hands never touch

Constantly still longing
That smile on your face
Feeling the sweet warmth
Of your loving embrace

Next year gather the flowers
That blossom in spring
Back here kneeling down
All of my love I will bring

Barry A. Lanier

Blove Like You Do (In Your Dreams)

If a man could only love
Like he does in his dreams
Would he love his woman
Until her pheromones steam

Candlelight dinners
Red roses and champagne
Making love under moonlight
Softly whispering her name

Chandeliers and silk linens
Softly ruffling her hair
Barry White and Luther
Soft notes everywhere

Lips touching her tender
From her head to her toe
Sliding in soft passion
Two eyes fixed in a glow

Consumed in her love
Giving it his everything
If man could only love
Like he does in his dreams

Barry A. Lanier

B'Mama Said' (Everything You Wanted Mother To Say)

Mama didn't read me
Fairy Tales and rhymes
Every night when she put me to bed
In the comfort of home when we were along
She'd recite the lines 'Mama Said'

Some times when you're filled with doubt and fear
'Mama Said', 'Try one day to discover your own idea'
Times get tough, life's filled with rigidity
'Mama Said', 'Son throughout life don't abuse your stupidity'

Sometimes when you feel, you've hit the bottom
'Mama Said, ' 'There's more virtue in the hoe, than in the cotton'
Sometimes when you feel, you've hit the end
'Mama Said, ' 'When the money runs out, you can count all your friends'

When you fall in love with the right one, give everything
'Mama Said, ' 'Love as you love, in all of your dreams'
When you don't find your dream, and don't really know why
'Mama Said, ' ' You can't catch a rabbit, with your dog tied'

When you need somewhere to think, and be all alone
'Mama Said, ' 'Remember, nature's pristine, where man hasn't gone'
When you've lost something, and really don't know why
'Mama Said, ' ' The river's most important, only when it runs dry'

When you're out on that beach, and flexing your tan
'Mama Said, ' ' Remember a good women, is twice any man'
When you're down on your luck, it seems the end of the world
'Mama Said, ' ' Remember only defective oysters, produce a pearl'

Barry A. Lanier

Bmama Said Also-Good Uns'

Son 'Always remember to follow your heart, or a compass'

Son ' Never go out with a lady who doesn't wear underwear, for she is
to lazy to wash'

Son 'When you our having dinner with a lady, and she's starts rubbing
your ankle or foot, she's probably having an allergic reaction, go
get her a Benadryl'

Son 'If your dishwasher stops working, don't yell at her'

Son' The only reason God created alcohol is where ugly people could
have sex'

Son' If your wife is smoking while you are in bed, something's wrong! '

Son ' Grow up to be the kind of man your dog thinks you are'

Son ' Don't ever take all the girl talk so serious, it will come the time
when small things come back in style'

Barry A. Lanier

Bman By The Railroad Track

As I head to work each morning,
At dusk always coming right back.
This rugged, little man is sitting,
In his chair, by the railroad track.

Always cross-legged in his ole' schoolchair,
Covered by smile, and the knapsack he bare.
Overheard townsfolk judge him by looks,
Tethered clothes, and apparent despair.

Shall we judge him only by looks,
Maybe his world fell apart?
Take the time to hear his story,
Maybe feel all the love in his heart.

Is he homeless or hungry, maybe carefree.
Is he hurting or sick, or where he wants to be?
Pays little attention, to the heat and the cold,
Thought as I passed him, a story to be told?

Is he mentally challenged,
Or in the depths of disgrace?
If so be it, then why,
Always a smile on his face?

One evening I slowed, almost to stop,
My emotions and time, guarded by clock.
He held my focus, grande smile on his face,
Extended hand, and a beckoned embrace.

A surrealstic thought, the Messiah returned?
All alone at the track, not one ever learned.
He watched every car pass, then finally drift,
Not one ever stopped, to bear witness the gift.

Then I mounted the courage, one helping hand,
Not the Prodigal Son, just a common old man.
The smile in fact genuine, on unshaven face,
He removed layers of shirts, we hugged and embraced.

I sat on a stump. beside his rusty chair,
Telling his story, like a gentleman he sware.
We laughed and cried, gazing each other's eyes,
Then two hopes renewed, two men realized.

And today I still sense,
That all will be fine,
We both shared a moment,
That transcended time.

Barry A. Lanier

Bmecca

Holy rites and laws ordain
Binding this sacred and faithful train
With pious zeal scatter'd tribes unite
Observing Holy and hallowed rites
With duteous zeal, the Prophet demands
These fabled raptures, on promis'd land
For woe to him, who stands around
And never kiss'd, the Holy ground

Barry A. Lanier

Bmeditating On Contemplation

What is really behind

This fractious

Conflicting

Life of desire

To recollect

Gather up

Make more effective

For a new life

Unsuspected meanings

And significance

Realms

Of contemplation

Vulnerable to all

Complexities

Of soul

Searching for where

Uncommon

Becomes

Common

Ascending mountains

Discarding the superfluous

Luggage

To summits of

Spirit

All gathering

As one

Communion with

Self

Leaving

One-room

And

Entering

Another

Barry A. Lanier

Method Of Prayer

There were methods of kneeling and sitting,
fine methods, if you lived in a country, where
stones are smooth, and sands are rough.
Men dreamed wistfully of hidden corners,
where knee or hind fit slate or sand.
Their prayers, weathered chants, and
ephemeral words uttered in sequence, as
if this shedding of syllables merged them
to the sky.

These were men who had been shepherds
so long they walked as camels.
Under mangrove trees, they raised arms-
God hear us! We have so much pain on earth!
Our burdens overflowing, and our coffers full!
While achar, dalls, and olives bobbed peacefully
in aromatic barrel of vinegar, dill, and thyme.
Then feasting on Chappati bread and Paneer,
and were content in spite of the pain,
because there was also happiness.

There were those who didn't believe in prayer.
The young ones, influenced by western culture,
and the insolence and ignorance of youth.
Worshipping their internet and delusions of grandeur,
telling the old ones, 'you are wasting your time.'
The old ones prayed for the young ones, praying
to Allah to repair their brains, for the water, moon,
or stars to suddenly speak to them so they heed.

Barry A. Lanier

Bmighty Dollar

Twenty-five thousand

For my brand new car

Fifty-five thousand

For a piece of sod

One hundred thousand

For my nice new home

And a dollar for my God

Barry A. Lanier

Bmindset

Forever chained
To barren lands
Hostile winds
Of ignorance and fear
Blowing among
Subtly induced self-hatred
Where fragile wings
Cannot fly

Barry A. Lanier

Bmistress Of My Mind

I see you on the bank of the river
dipping your feet into the waters
splashing the water with your hands
they are small, unblemished, like the
satin skin of your face, like the flaxen
hair, unbridled shining in the wind
your feet are small, no they are tiny
circling in the river, where you wrote
that last letter I answered and never
hear from you again, you used to write
beautiful love and emotion poems, all
in upper case, we got close once, but
never met, never touched, so you went
with the famous, what you found out is
that the famous worry about their fame-
not the beautiful young lady giving them
love, to awaken in the morning and write
in upper case, I loved you like a man loves
a women he never touches, only writes to,
keeps little photographs of, and dreams
of romance he shall never have, I see you
on the crying bench by the river, writing me
letters that I never got, weeping for lovers
who had hurt and forgotten you in time
but I did never forget you, and I still dream
of the beautiful lady sitting on the bank of
the river, dipping her feet into cool waters
to awaken in the morning and write poems
of love and emotion in upper case

Barry A. Lanier

Bmore Than A Handfull

In oversized presence
One might retreat
Toward the economical
A paring more discrete

Tis' wise to acknowledge
All the limitations of man
More than he can caress
In a one hour's span

So often in frenzy
Making love in haste
Where more than a handfull
Can be such a waste

Barry A. Lanier

Bmosquito Riding A Harley

Living in Georgia. we grow tall corn and barley,
Mosquitos so bunyanesque, they ride a Harley.
Delicate creatures on gossamer wings,
Flying in disguise, but hearing their sing.

Ghouls on wings of victory,
Obscenely ectasied on my blood.
Understanding their needs.
But where is the love?

Gorging silence, obscenity of violation,
Filling your cup, falling off.
Infinitesimal smears of reminder,
Of all I have lost!

[God was having a bad day when he made mosquitos. Contrary to Darwin, nature has surely degenerated. Why can't they be sterile like mules? Reincarnated friends, who didn't like me! Blood sucking humans I can tolerate, but these hairy, frothy, obsessive-compulsive flies I cannot. They should be the State Bird of Georgia. If Eve hadn't eaten that damn apple....God sent them to punish us, or maybe every bite a reminder of omnipotence. True reverence is praise for those things we do not understand. Motivation, or you can be small and still make a mark upon the world!

Barry A. Lanier

Bmountains

In all seasons, and at all times,
Luring me to their footsteps.
Steep hillsides clawing at the sky,
Multicolor quilts grandmother wove.

Tumbling, fold after fold,
Yielding colors not yet discovered.
Vistals spreading out,
Like and oil painting below.

Serenity hugging my shoulder,
Like grandmother's shawl.
Satisfaction giving way,
To elation and tears.

Barry A. Lanier

Bmulldown, Fat Woman, & French Fries

Ever had one of those nights?
Where you sit down to write poetry
Where you want to make a contribution
Yet there is nothing that moves me
No new loves, old loves, broken hearts
Making an attempt to reside in this moment
Of nothingness, separation, tranquility

Then suddenly thoughts of pleasure
Not love, old loves, or happy hearts
But of mulldown, fat women, and french fries!
Where in the world did this come from?
Maybe seeping from my unconscious
Obsessions creeping out of my past
Which I have not nurtured and caressed

So I invite them into my life again tonight
Catfish mulldown, missing for ten years
Strips of tender, white meat, marinated
Potatoes and Vidalia onions, new potatoes
Steamed in the pot, flavored with garlic
Salt and pepper congealing the flavor
And then the moment, ecstasy to my palet

Fat women, oh how I have missed them
So I invite them into my life again tonight
The abundance of laughter and love
All in one package, passionate woman
Spectacular movement of unordinary oceans
Loving me like I was the last, not judging
Creative love, yes smiling, creative love

French fries, oh how I have missed them
So I invite them into my life again tonight
Wondering where this obsession came from
There is no abundance of love, no passion
Wondering in my creative mind of a writer
I must know where the french fries came from?
Like other loves, pleasing without conversation

{This poem was written drug and alcohol free}

Barry A. Lanier

Bmy Canoochee

It winds and it weaves,
Under cool summer leaves.
Dew drops falling gently,
Yielding their wake.

Where the creek overflowed,
And sketched out its veins.
Solitude and serenity,
Ease all of my pain.

While the hot noon day sun,
In August doth shine.
My river yields not,
Neither Father time.

Intricate shades of vine,
From bamboo yielding high.
Streaks of crimson and blue,
Somewhere echoes a sky.

The gentle flow, the water,
All leaves, as one.
Moments frozen in time,
All troubles undone.

O' tender brown blades,
Swamp grass mingle and stir.
O' gentle river of mine,
How I love her.

Spirits flow with the waters,
Soar through the trees,
In my naked serenity,
Show me thy leaves.

Cleanse the darks that contain me,
Seal with wildwoods desire,
Sweet juniper swiftly breathe on me,
New passion and fire.

Wood ducks stir and they mingle,
To build their nest on watery sod.
Forever lives my Canoochee,
Among the Glory of God.

Barry A. Lanier

Bmy Circle

Like the rings of a rotten, towering oak tree.
My scars of life, notches in a belt.
Revolving in circles, a series of error,
With expectation, lacking success.

Barry A. Lanier

Bmy Fire (Written At Age 16)

In the folly and fantasy of youth,
Seeking out some unknown truth.
With whims of passion and desire,
Would build by night, my little fire.

Cast into a spellbound trance,
I'd follow each ember's trail and dance.
On wings of fire, and mist of dreams,
Destiny seemed to come to me.

Brilliant sparkles of red and white,
Silver and blue.
With each gust of wind,
They would renew.

No boundaries,
An endless dream.
Life is like,
The fire it seemed.

Barry A. Lanier

Bmy Hero

He left me with his garden,
English peas hanging all over the vine.
Ole' Liberty Bell, from the old homeplace.
Left me the ole' one row Farmall,
Some seeds who nows how old?
His axe, and a few rusty hoes.
Yet his laughter's not around anymore.

The memories of picking tobacco,
Inquisitive lad in the noon day heat.
Later the hard days work was done,
Home finally, rubbin' them stinkin feet.
But no one's around complaining harder.

The warmest memories of my Daddy,
Some called him J.B. just for short.
Though simple, kind, and country,
Always taught me gentle kindness.
And to always carry his torch.

Barry A. Lanier

Bmy New Avatar

Creatively planning the genius
Devising a marketing plan
Seeking critical feedback
From across every land
What might one just say
Getting undivided attention
Holding them often in awe
For most honorable mention
More shallow in thinking
Whereas poets should pray
Eureka! One new avatar
Of a fine, wiggling babe
My reviews and adulations
Seemed to cease overnight
Concluding my new Avatar
Maybe wasn't so bright
Considering new solutions
Not knowing what to do
Replaced the delicious babe
With George eating a shoe

Barry A. Lanier

Bmy Poetry Sandwich Is

'getting bigger' yep my poetry sandwich is growing

Barry A. Lanier

Bmy Prose

If my prose,
Did not generate laughter.
Should a seed sown,
Not finally grow.

Should one little girl in a world alone,
Catch just one glimmer of hope,
My face shall surely glow.

My earth's journey thought brief,
Providence planned it out.
For I might have given hope to an angel,
But for my prose, would have done without.

Barry A. Lanier

Bnarcissus

Alas, lovely nymphs, beauty eternal
Surely my pinning heart shall fall
Watching these ripples growing faint
Overwhelmed, body ravishing and tall

Enamored in gaping at this poolside
Imploring to have and hold you dear
Yet dispelling and dithering the waters
Heaping my heart and soul with fear

Inordinate my love and obsession
In your perfection I sit here and drool
No sooner to scatter and disappear
Cerabrations of the unbounded fool

Barry A. Lanier

Bnaughty Girl

A pale blue were her eyes
Tall, slender, and sand hair
Confidant air of deep passion
Seemed to exude everywhere

Excuse me, my darling
As she would say
In making her escape
Teasingly walking away

And then upon her return
Jaws dropping to the floor
Magnificent heavenliness
Coming through the door

Black high-heel stilettos
Thong matching sexy gear
Beautiful long shapely legs
Putting my heart in fear

Running all the way from the floor
To curvacious loving hips
Mesmerized and speechless
Until hearing crack of the whip

Barry A. Lanier

Bnew Books

Bought me a few new books

Called 'I Can', 'I Will', 'I Must'

Threw away a few old books

Called 'I Might', 'I Think', 'I Will'

And you should have seen

All of the dust

Barry A. Lanier

Bno Stranger To The Rain

I'm certainly no stranger to the rain
Tonight's, it's pouring down
Beating me further, in the ground
But if I hold my head high up
And with a little luck
I will make it to tomorrow
The rain has washed away my sorrow
Jump in my jeans as I get up
Heading to my Chevy truck
And put this dark cloud behind me
That's how the Man has designed me
Head into the wind to the bright sunshine
There to find new peace of mind
Ride the storms of pain, dodging hurricanes
Cause I'm no stranger to the rain

Barry A. Lanier

Bnobody

No one.....speaks to me
No one.....loves me
No one.....hates me
No one.....shuns me
No one.....seeks me
No one.....knows me
No one.....greet me
No one.....feels me
No one.....hears me
Should it be the time
To come out of my shell?

Barry A. Lanier

Bnocturnal Ladies

So many faces, as much to love,
All to do, is gaze above.
Silky kisses from satin beams.
Pierce the curtains of my dreams.

Quarter drawn, my mystic moon,
Drifting cross' you leave to soon.
Curving splendor, flowered gold,
Tonight why is, your heart so cold?

Hushed half-moon o'er snowy hill,
Rush off so soon, against my will.
Harvest flame, my gold doubloon,
Bouncing rays, across my room.

While I drift off, in peaceful sleep,
Your rays toss and cure, the winter wheat.
New moon silence, your shadows crease,
Changing tides, you give me peace.

Should any sulk, to be so bright,
Winter winds spread, your wings of white.
Beckon, slow down, your endless flight,
Bathe me veils of love all night.

As nights grow dim,
All drift afar.
My loves, my ladies,
Amongst the stars.

Barry A. Lanier

Bold Dogs And Men

Days are long for old dogs and men
As crows flap across the blue skies
We gaze and sleep, and gaze and sleep
Time is short and life is so frail
We rejoice in the soft summer breeze
Touching the bark of an oak tree
Praying yet for another season
Akward as little children playing
Yet eager without resolve
Streaks running across our vision
Yet still seeing the blue
Remembering all the good days
Before our get and go
Got up and then went
As twilight touches the horizon
We gaze and we sleep
Yes, days are so long
For old dogs and old men

Barry A. Lanier

Bold Walls Have Ears(And My Wife Has A Shotgun)

On the phone with my best friend Josh.

'Hey I can't wait to bag that deer! '

Josh said, 'Hey I think he's a 10-pointer! '

I replied, 'Certainly got the goods I want.'

Josh said, 'Does your wife know we're
going out of town hunting next weekend? '

No, I said, 'Don't tell anyone where we're
going, especially any of my wife's friends.'

'Hey, I gotta go before my wife suspects something! '

Barry A. Lanier

Bon Joining The Jihad

One thing to strap on dynamite
In the town market acting cripple
But yet another, blowing me up
And trying to ride that last ripple
And all the sex with the virgins
Has really been getting in my head
How shall I love, if I'm long ago dead
Having thought so long and so hard
Lately I've really been feeling so blue
Thinking I'll find, something else to do
Yes, decided to give, this passion up
Carry protest signs, or drive a truck
Seeing the futility, joining the jihad
Better to reconsider, even get a job

Barry A. Lanier

Bone Of These Days

Someday, one of these days,
I will pass by our oak tree
Where we first met and when
I, a young lad with two missing teeth
And a rabbit's foot on a chain
Smiled at you, rubbing the foot for luck
Slipping you a Snicker bar faintly to eat
While carving our initials in the oak
It is with that Snicker bar in mind
I recall the smudges around your mouth
Even more so, your glossy pink lips
As glorious as your dark, auburn hair
Rosey, red cheeks with cute dimples
That glistened in the sunlight
Someday, you will remember those notes
The ones I slipped into your books
Stashed away in cigar boxes in the attic
Someday, one of these days,
You will forget where you are also
And will pass by our oak tree
Memories carved forever in mind

Barry A. Lanier

Bonly One Survived (Author Favorite)

A story of wonderful times, the advent of Spring,
Wonderful little girl, who did child-like little things.
Cute as an angel, dirty as a pig,
Watching me lay out my tomato platts.
She emphatically hollered, with every ounce of being,
'Dad, can I do that? '

Planting on, I replied, 'Little girl why not! '
She stumped falling face in the dirt,
Finding her one perfect spot.
She huffed and she puffed, as she looked all around,
To see if I saw her, place her one plant in the ground.

She talked to the plant,
As if it were her last best friend.
Grande smile on her rosey cheeks,
Ten miles, end to end.
She giggled with joy, on a moist serious face,
'Dad, look at my garden, and the plant I just placed! '

A summer so harsh, and so very dry,
She'd run to her garden, come back and cry.
Months later, gracing Thanksgiving table,
Tomato's galore, planted in Spring.
Planted by one little girl,
Doing child-like little things.

That day at the table, she asked to say Grace,
With a most serious look, yet smile on her face.
She gave thanks to the Lord, for her family with pride,
Closed with the words, thanks Lord,
My one plant survived.

Barry A. Lanier

Pain Chosen Or Not

Let me tell you of pain
Cuts and bruises of ego
Slashes and cinew of mind
Fashioned of our own clay
Moistened by our own tears
Often dull and intractable
Often fleeting and tumoric
Always safe and secure
Leeching saved souls
Incubating in delight
So many faces of disguise
Nurtured by breasts of denial
In a world brimming of beauty
Choosing home with the pain
Many elements of blank
A future in to itself
Expanding the time
Gamuts of eternity
When shall we
Ever learn
Pain
Often
Optional

Barry A. Lanier

Passion Gathers No Dust

Mistress of passion,
Steal thy eye.
Fluid with flesh,
Bodies to mesh.
Passion gathers no dust.

Harness thy pain,
Oblivion of Love.
Oblivion of Lust,
Stoke thus my flame.
Passion gathers no dust.

Mine be Thy love,
Thine love my pleasure.
Breast to brow, toe to toe,
Fire Thy flame forever.
Passion gathers no dust.

Should the Raven pick ripe fruit,
Love bears no wrong.
Alluring power whisper the hour,
Loving through eternity's song.
Where passion gathers no dust.

Barry A. Lanier

Bpetit Garcon

In a field of tall grass
And bales of hay
Sits a little boy
With curly flaxen hair
And little round, red cheeks
Freckles and coveralls
Chewing on the bermuda
Like the cows around him
Dreaming only as a little boy can
Of days when he'll grow up
Cutting the hay, tilling the fields
Hearing his father's voice calling
Catching a breeze home
Dancing and dreaming
As dusk turns to twilight
He'll finish his journey
With a sleepy smile

Barry A. Lanier

Bpoet

Stylus in hand and passion of soul,
Sandburg's adulation of stories they told.
Glimpse life but in motion,
From the young to the old.
Exacted feelings from a heart or soul.
Aspiring affections, lifes reflections,
Fruit on the vine.
Lost love, or loved ones,
Passing Father Time.
Fathers and mothers,
Daughters and brides.
Spirits and flowers,
Blooms that must die.
Longing, belonging,
Daffodils among thorns.
Gods plan of redemption,
Grace of the newborn.
Alas, the ink well might dry,
Viso conscentum.
Ad infinitum.

Barry A. Lanier

Bpoet Power

Currents of thought

Constringed

Midnight churning

Pressure building

To a crescendo

Of creation

Swept away

Uncontrollable

Undertows of

Power

Violent winds of

Change

Cascading through

Fingertips

Whirling debris

Scattered thoughts

Plummet to

The page

Flashes of

Brilliance

Torrential downpours

Of dreamy

Ideas

Flooding the senses

Until

The sun peaks

Through curtains

The writer

Goes to sleep

Barry A. Lanier

Bpoet Tragedy(Have You Ever Been Here)

Gorgeous tragedy in sceptered pall comes sweeping by,
May my midnight lamp be seen in some lonely tower?
A fragrance of dreams slumbering under the soil,
The wind whinnies like a horse, yet keeps on riding.

Night sliding into laggard satin slippers forthcoming
Crafting dlatory innuendo's and nuances to paper
Laggard banancity of existence creeping inwardly
While the impervious enlightenment languishes

Measuring depths with a stick of fondness, I pen.
Sensations of auspicious fragmentary success,
Lost within manifold dreams, and a world half asleep.
No matter the tears poured, no flower bloomed.

Barry A. Lanier

Practical Purposes

For practical purposes, my father was dreamer,
He'd be driving down the road, the suddenly turn around.
Did you see that?
'What! , I would reply.'
I could use that in my Halloween project.
An old discarded Maytag washing machine,
Maybe 40 years old.
I can remember your grandmother when she got her first one,
Directly from Sears Roebuck for her anniversary.
He'd take the old washer, and remove all the parts,
Like a surgeon, dissecting and inspecting.
Telling me how this would open the coffin,
And this part would raise the cadaver,
And this part would raise his hand,
And the children would scream!
He was the producer, the director, the audience.
Weaving the tale as he drove along, a smile surfaced,
Dreaming of the children's muffled screams and excitement.
Followed by smiles and giggles, mission accomplished.
I never really could figure Father out,
A farmer, and five parts stores in town.
He'd never buy a new part.
Working on tractors and machinery for forty years,
But he always kept it all running.
A graveyard of old tractors, cars, trucks, machinery.
But he'd never buy a new part.
Then he'd tell me about his first tractor,
A brand new Ford-T, gray with blue trim,
Plow a 40 acre field in a day with time to spare.
That must have been 50 years ago I thought.
Pulling up to the house, I could see the garden,
An automatic watering system flooding the starving corn.
Made from Mom's new dishwasher.

Barry A. Lanier

Bpreacher's Message

All the hour,
The Southern hardline preacher.
Ranting and raving about morality.
Third person, second row on the left.
Her eyes explored mine,
As I dissected her dress.
Her eyes met mine.
The dress became as tissue,
In the April rain.
The service was over.

Barry A. Lanier

Bpredicament

Seperated cloaks of flesh and bone
Devastated, desolate, never whole
Together in separation, yet alone
Amid self-induced delusions
Separated from God
Detached as desert flowers
Brimming upon watery sod

Barry A. Lanier

Bprincess

The Princess
Silk Ikat headdress
Golden godet Jumlo
Lifting the veil
Wailing fragrance
Capturing fantasies
Then the eyes
Dark and mystical
Endless orbits
Sensous infinity
Then the voice
Souls quivering
Legs weakening
Palpitations
Walking away
A perfumed trail
Nervana

Barry A. Lanier

Prudence Of Direction

Far more prudent and wise
To follow the Master when
Not knowing the destination
Than to know the destination
And not follow the Master

Barry A. Lanier

Brain

Primal surge

Sparkling and glistening

Scaring and daring

Forcing us to listen

Barry A. Lanier

Brape & Revenge

Cowering in dark corners
Living out my nightmares
Wondering just how many know
Why doesn't anyone care?

Reflections in my mirror
Purple covering soft blue eyes
Tears streaming as a river
Even the guilty can cry

Long ago lost my feelings
Only blank emptiness inside
Searching corridors and halls
For safe places I can hide

Hearing the same footsteps
Slowly coming up the stairs
Frozen and frightened
Feeling all I could bare

The handle on the door
Slowly begins to turn
Hoping it would be mother
Guessing I'll never learn

Slowing advancing to my body
As I'm trying to back away
Pushing me down to the floor
Laying there I prayed

Ripping at my clothes
Wishing I were dead
Reaching out for the knife
Last night hid under the bed

Crying out why baby why?
As the blood began to run
Justice drawing upon him
As the countdown begun

Barry A. Lanier

Brash In Low Places (Sing Along)

Blame it on my boots
My two-toned roots
That show through
My gorgeous hair
The first one to know
The first one I'd show
You'd understand
When I dropped my underwear

And I saw the surprise
And the look in your eyes
Turned up my Budweiser
And toasted you
Knew you'd understand
I'm still a man
And there are some things
One just has to do

Cause' I've got a rash in low places (CHORUS)
Where the skin is red
And the ointment chases
The itch away, I'll be okay
The doctor said I'm not contagious
Hang in there and be courageous
Cause' I've got a rash in low places

Well, I knew it was wrong
When you found that thong
When it fell, off the rocking chair
Darling don't be so mean
And cause a big scene
Don't know where it came from
Honey, I swear

Cause' I've got a rash in low places (CHORUS)
Where the skin is red
And the ointment chases
The itch away, I'll be okay
The doctor said I'm not contagious

Hang in there, and be courageous
Cause' I've got a rash in low places

(Well not quite Garth Brooks)

Barry A. Lanier

Brebellion

Today rebelled
And fixed the world
Healthcare for everyone
Found a means to spread wealth
No more poverty and hunger
Israelis hugged Hamas
Found the twelfth Iman
Shiites loved Sunnis
Kurds loved Shiites
Sunnis loved Kurds
Iraq is at peace
Muslims and Christians unite
Hindus and Muslims unite
Peace in Kashmir
Peace in Myanmar
Omar al-Bashur arrested
Peace in Darfur
Al-Qaida dissolved
North Korea joins U.N.
I stood and stretched
Poured a cup of coffee
Not bad for a few minutes
Of carefully chosen words

Barry A. Lanier

Brecipe

Taking this imperfect world
With a small pinch of salt
Of enduring happiness

Barry A. Lanier

Bregret

Going beyond a place in me
That does not think out loud.
I am a dreamer
Hitching my wagon to a star
Leaving this world of woe
Yearning for yesterdays
Taken so lightly
Yearning for tomorrows
That have never come
Remembering the beauty
Of wilted flowers
Having just one more moment
With you

Barry A. Lanier

Bregrets

To miss the trickle,
Of a cool mountain stream.
Standing barefoot;
Among the slippery rocks,
I would regret.

To miss the soltitude,
Of being to first to rise.
The rooster crowing;
Aroma of fresh brewed coffee,
I would regret.

To miss unbounded joy,
Of not having to work.
New snow on the ground;
Under goose down,
I would regret.

To miss sleeping in,
Under the cover and care,
Of a thin tin roof;
In the rain,
I would regret

To never have witnessed.
The angelic white,
Newly bloomed dogwoods;
Early hours of a spring morning,
I would regret

To never have held,
My naked newborn girl,
Opening her eyes the first time;
Announcing her arrival,
I would regret

To have never experienced,
The love and friendship,
Of a personal savior,

Coming into my life,
I would regret

Yet should I ever have,
Any lasting regret,
It would be that;
There would come a day,
I should ever forget.

Barry A. Lanier

Brelease Me

Only He knows of the cup I have spilt
In these times my flowers dry, and they wilt
Gazing at a full moon, weaving in wide arms of a summer stream
Might I lay in this sage grass, and only to dream
Of days that were better, of times I was in peace
Would you come now into my life, and give me release.

Barry A. Lanier

Revelation

The revelation of desperation,
Kindred spirit so misunderstood.
Where did the elders go in these times,
Would they have helped if they could?

Fighting and dying at the hands of fate,
A fatherless child born, not one moment too late.
Watch all the smiles and the tears as they turn to dust,
Feel the new turn to old, and burdened with rust.

Desperate people do many desperate things,
Why such we wonder what misery brings.
The shootings at schools, lives erased in a blink,
A society educated in full, forgot full to think.

Barry A. Lanier

Briverstreet

I go with the Waving Girl to Savannah's Riverstreet.
To rest a weary soul upon the English ballast cobblestone streets,
Mingling aromas of salty air, barley and rye.
A vastness of Southern skies over the Atlantic,
Shrimp boats on the horizon, dodging the Oriental express.

Movement everywhere, on the waters, and on the streets,
Pioneers and travelers, adventurers and vagabonds.
Young couples kissing on boardwalks, belles dancing on streets,
Families strolling eating ice cream, sailors searching for dreams.
The riverfront trolley tugs along as jazz musicians curdle their wails of jazzy
procession.

Among a colorful mix of yachts, tour boats, tugs, and ongoing sea vessels,
Nine blocks of renovated cotton warehouses carry me back in time.
Couples ambling through incandescent streets as live music reverberates the
pubs and nightclubs.
Why can't my world remain in this ambience and infusion of nineteenth century
old-world charm?

Barry A. Lanier

Broken Chain

Naked were the lifeless tree's.
Once stood over the pasture and mead.
Palpable ice in my veins,
Chilled by the grip of it's reign.
Release these chains,
Consecrate my pain.
Slice after slice,
I feel the life.
Warm, slipping away,
Immersed in red.
The drain of pain,
No longer the same.
The chain is broken.

Barry A. Lanier

Bsasyonara And Adieu

Vividly recalling, the unyielding heat,
Top of my head, to the bottom of my feet.
Could this letter, be really for me.
Ultimate failure, unconditional defeat.

Like a lamb led to slaughter,
I couldn't summon a scream.
Only live in the moment,
Of a really bad dream.

Shuffling the letter,
Ten times side to side.
Suspense or regret
Attacking my pride.

Wadded it up in my hand,
Time after time.
Should I know open it?
I've made up my mind.

Should I use it for kindling?
Respectfully, toss in the fire.
Forget this never happened,
I was beginning to tire.

Could a lifetime be recorded?
On this letter I now hold.
Summon the courage to read it?
Be yet this careless or bold.

We stood the time I thought,
And we stood the test.
But it was time for the letter,
To have it's final rest.

Without opening the letter,
Though there was desire,
Walked over to the mantle,
And dropped in the fire.

Briefly, a sadness and loss,
Relief, tainted with blue.
Acceptance then peace.
Sayonara and adieu.

Barry A. Lanier

Bscreaming In Silence

So intent working at school
Laughing and play
Yet we never see them
At the end of the day

Weaving tales to their friends
How busy they will be
Last Christmas I noticed
No decorations or tree

Never singing the carols
Going on the shopping sprees
Often home sitting all alone
In their screaming silently

Barry A. Lanier

Seasons Of Life

In winter the trials of life have it ugly, bent, and twisted
Almost defeated struggling to survive the fig tree holds on
Spring comes, covered with green buds
Full of hope and promise, life renewed

Summer and laden with blossoms
Sweet and graceful, holding on to every moment
Fall arrives with succulent fruit
Ripe and drooping with plump figs
Full of life and fulfilled

The trials of winter kept it strong
The promise of spring and beauty of summer
The fulfillment of fall
Happiness keeps us sweet
Sorrows keep us human

Failures keep us humble
Success keeps us growing
God keeps us going
We are as the fig tree
In a season of life

Barry A. Lanier

Bshalom She Danced

A veil covering the loveliness
Of a beautiful face.....
Transparent red silk
Tantalizing all present.....
Bells on her toes....gold on wrists
Blue sapphire on the fingers
A red ruby in the center.....
Ripples of a bronze belly
Wiggling and swaying.....
Bosoms rocking away
Like gentle ocean swells
Heaving in unison.....
With a devil's temptation
Waves of womanly musk.....
Scented as wild flowers
Dark black mysterious eyes
Following my every move.....
Lifting a leg, resting it gently
On my shoulder with care
Scents of her paradise.....
On the tip of my tongue
Teasing every fiber of sanity
Finishing her dance.....
Pulling my head between cleavage
Soft satin milk laden bosoms
Retreiving my tongue.....
Leaving me numb
She finished her dance.....
Disappearing into darkness

Barry A. Lanier

She Was Great (Until) Or How To (Ditch) A Guy

She sure was
a looker,
And so great,
In bed
Somewhere
Long' the way
Something musta'
Went to her head
Then she walked
The mall
No bra, while
Counting cheers
Right about before
The end
Of our very
First year
All of the
Tupperware parties
Parties even
Painting toes
But then
She went punk
Three rings
Through the nose
Then sold my
Favorite
Fishing rod then
Bass boat
Her garage sale
My singing fish
And shotgun and
This ain't no tale
Lasted only about
As long
As my last pair
Of socks
Saying all
The goodbyes
And changing

The locks
Divvying up cats
Then the dogs
Then the beer
Honey don't
Let the door
Hit you in
The rear!

Barry A. Lanier

Bsilence

Where two hearts meet,
And know the destination.
Where two minds meet,
Knowing all of the thoughts.
Where two souls blend,
Knowing now is forever.
And all this is said,
Without uttering a word.

Barry A. Lanier

Bsilent Conversation

Sitting on the bank of the lake
Laced in the morning dew
Grasses, reeds, cattails, motionless
Mutant swans and geese drifting
Upon silent panes of blue glass
As the hushed silence captures
The beauty and tranquility of morning
Somewhere the inattentive has voice
Somewhere in this, between the
cerulean liquid, and myself
God speaks.....

Barry A. Lanier

Bsilver Needles

Winter's cloak embraces me walking out the door.
White diamond studded frost cutting into metal,
Silver needles pulling white threads beneath the sun.

Winter-bare trees drifting in and out of fog,
Azure carpet darted with cumulus circles tossing about.
Should serenity be as gentle, misting rain,
Basking in this moment of nature and nothingness-

I have found the cotton trails of roaring thunder.
Streaming upward toward the heavens and beyond,
On silver needles pulling white threads beneath the sun.

Barry A. Lanier

Simple Life (Humorous)

Scattered piles of corn,
No more room in the crib.
Hundred holes in Ma's dress,
Not a one in her new bib.

Wheelbarrow for every Saturday washin',
Pa forgives me for stayin' dirty.
Squealing and gruntin',
The pigs, not Pa.

If Pa knew the Bible like them hogs,
He'd for sure go to heaven.
Pa has a hurt that runs up his elbow,
Tittis', he calls it, but the hogs couldn't get it.

Pa never hits me, like he does that anvil,
But sometimes he gets mad.
Know, cause his mouth gets all squarish,
And he turns all bright red and such.

Never really understand, why all things happen?
Like inclement weather and women.
Pa says, 'Stay away from these,
So, I'm happy.'

We're gettin' a new cow shed,
And a new hog pen this summer.
Ain't life great on the farm.
Ain't life simple.

Barry A. Lanier

Simple Wisdom

Fear of God the Beginning of Wisdom

Wisdom the Beginning of Understanding

Understanding the Beginning of the Journey

Cease Looking but Living In Miracles

To admire the extraordinary but cherish the simple

Looking for that which cannot be seen

Feeling that which cannot be felt

Wisdom cannot be put on paper

Barry A. Lanier

Bso Small The Distance

So small is the distance,
Between politics and prose.
Just as the short distance,
Between the grave and the rose.

Let not my words provoke,
But clear thoughts, resolve and calm.
For I left all my outrage,
In a distant field in Vietnam.

I just gave my neighbor,
My only Silver Star.
For her firstborn and courageous,
Lost in a land, way afar.

I gave her my Purple Heart,
To gently lady on his grave.
So little could I share,
For the life he just gave.

While there were no words,
To justify her great loss.
I left her my heart,
Long ago, I thought it was lost.

So there is not so much distance,
Between politics and prose.
Just as, so small the distance,
Between the grave and the rose.

Barry A. Lanier

Bsocial Consciousness

Craven crowds of plastic people, two tongued
Chained to rocks, boxed in coffins,
Thundering overhead, rumbling underground
Red Man forgotten, dead men in their graves
The incomprehensible, now acceptable
Ignoring wisdom and salvation that might save
The horse once lore, now an object of obsession
Dispraising that victory is more and not less
Educated men drifting among glasses, while
Coffins float through the doors of packed cathedrals
Among thin veils of honesty and lavender haze
Counting passing seasons of the honest and brave
While the clocks run down, timeless and still
Endless days turn to nights, and nights to years
Are yet birth and death, some of the easiest hours?
Shall we struggle from our beds, to nurture the flower?
Once truth and perfection, were our endless search
Now finding mediocrity, as our comfortable perch!
Misty eyed people, in the comfort of plastic homes
Unreckoned, heavy hearts, content with the wrong

Barry A. Lanier

Some Die So Others May Live

As I spied this lonely caterpillar
Oh, so juicy, and natural green
Wondering if he ever pondered
Where he fit in the scheme of things
He chewed and continued ravaging
On the defenseless, juicy ripe leaf
Thinking before final consumation
Why was this feast, left here for me?
In a moment of clarity, he accepted
This must in fact, be fate by design
One shall eat, and the other be eaten
Both futures so ordained, in due time
For in time not so distant in future
Both would know fate not gone awry
For one would fall to ancestry
The other a beautiful butterfly

Barry A. Lanier

Bsouthern Armour

Envisioned your love,
Under a lilac tree.
My Southern love,
To Come to me.

The sun may set,
Distant skies shall part.
Yet where they meet,
Resides two hearts.

Feast on your flowers,
My love divine.
Your endless love,
For these lips of mine.

Oh distant love,
Lay thine hand in mine.
A love that transcends,
All sands of time.

As I die to dust,
And live in vain.
Whisper softly love,
Thy distant name.

I saw you once,
Drift by in dream.
Your endless love,
I'll always cling.

Barry A. Lanier

Bsouthern Haiku

Winter wind's rippling
Lily pads on the surface
Then is a stillness

July wind's rippling
Lily pads on the surface
The fish awaken

Green lily new dawn
Mornin ushering the sunrise
Life awakens

The morning turtle
Slowly peeking out of his shell
His time to get up

Georgia flock of geese
Speaking in Southern haiku
Flying the wrong way

Quit eyein' that girl
An roll your tongue in please
That gal is jailbait

Vast open expanse
A brand new kitchen tile floor
A roach exploring

Barry A. Lanier

Bst. Peter's Lie Clock

The man died and went to heaven-
At the Pearly Gates before St. Peter
He saw a hug wall of clocks, and he
asked St. Peter, 'what are they? '
St. Peter answered, 'everyone on earth
has a clock, the hands move every time
they lie.' 'oh', said the man, whose clock
is that? ' That is Mother Teresa's., and the
hands have never moved for she never
told a lie. 'Incredible, ' said the man, and
whose clock is that? ' St. Peter responded,
'that is Abraham Lincoln's clock, the hands
moving only twice for he told only two lies in
his life.' 'Incredible, said the man, do you
have George Bush's clock? ' St. Peter replied,
'It is in Jesus's office, he is using it as a
ceiling fan! '

Barry A. Lanier

Bstained Glass Window

Life, a retrospective reflection,
Like a rare, turn of the century stained glass window.
In due course, portions stained and sordid,
Lacking true meaning and purpose.

Yet just as the stained glass window,
Life comes alive with radiance and beauty.
A solitary event transpires and inspires,
Glimmering light from above shines through.

Suddenly and spiritually, raptures of beauty,
Myriad of stained portions, uniting in elegance.
A portrait to behold, a story to be told.
Such it is with the stained glass window.

And so it is with our life, as the light shines through,
A newborn redemption and grace,
Beauty to behold, a story to be told.
And so it is, with the stained glass window.

Barry A. Lanier

Bstirring Up The Past

To all my friends
Both living and dead
Regretting such things
One should have said

Why one agitates
And sits up past?
Memories die soon enough
Why not let them last?

Yet we stir them up
Won't let them rest
Sometime's one thinks
We enjoy regrets

Barry A. Lanier

Btalking To My Tree

'And so, how are you today my old oak friend? '
'How old are you these days? Really, one-hundred
and fifty-seven! Why I am only at fifty-six years yet
my bark is not as resilient as yours. Not that talkative
today, yes I understand for we both huddle beneath
the echoing silence of our aloneness. Making our
peace with the night by seconds in windowless
thought that keeps our eyes to the ceiling. We are
so much alike, you and me, loving the wind blowing
in our face, the soft summer rains, and moonlight
escorts. Our feet in the soft Georgia red clay, and
our face in the wind, we glory at yet another day,
another circle in our bark, and the promise of each
other. Thank you for being here for me today. I will
be back yet again, tomorrow.

Barry A. Lanier

Btamara Jay

My Dubain Princess
So far, far away
Thinking only
Of you
This special day
Your soft words
Lifting burdens
Reviving hearts
Moment's frozen
In sweet time
So far, far apart
Yet picture
This smile
So far, far away
Thinking only
Of you
On this special
Day

{Happy Birthday}

Barry A. Lanier

Bthank You I'M Fine

I wonder sometimes,
If my youth is spent.
My 'get up and go'
Has 'got up and went'

I don't really mind,
As I think with a grin.
Of all the grande places,
My 'get up' has been.

My memories failing,
Sometimes my head spins.
But I'm feeling great,
For the shape that I'm in.

A little arthritis,
And I talk with a wheeze.
But I still watch the babes,
When they walk near the sea.

My pulse is a little weak,
And my blood a little thin.
But I'm feeling great,
For the shape that I'm in.

These years are the Golden,
I've heard it said.
Yet sometimes I wonder,
As I get into bed.

The ears in a drawer,
The teeth in a cup.
The eyes on a table.
Til morning I get up.

The moral might be,
As my tale unfolds.
Hold on to the humor,
As you're growing old.

Saying I'm fine all the time,
With a big smile and grin.
And I'm feeling great,
For the shape that I'm in.

Just sit here for a moment,
And listen my friend,
Of all the grande places,
My 'git up' has been.

Barry A. Lanier

Bthe Cowboy In Me

Found my spirit in the stars,
In water, tree, and earth.
Renewed my spirit in the wind,
Even before my birth.

On the day they all come,
And visit my sinking hill.
I hope they all say he rode off,
While ago with Pecos Bill.

Wonder where he will wander,
In these later years?
No more boundless ranges,
No more Longhorn steers.

He dreamed of campfires and coffee,
Star-studded skies, bacon crisp in the pan.
He loved his women and horses,
And the poetry, though he was a man.

Never sought fame and fortune,
Read the Bible, and confessed all his sin.
Believed that there was a rainbow,
Maybe around the next river bend.

This man I describe is a brother,
One that knows what it means to be free.
The stars in the sky maybe only know why,
Confessing this is the cowboy in me.

Barry A. Lanier

Bthe Eighth Sin

Men ramble on in themselves and the wind
Ignoring the plain existence of the eighth sin
Denying and lying, they won't ever see heaven
For their lacking to acknowledge, the other seven

Barry A. Lanier

Bthe Last Ones To Fall

Reluctant, twisted, then released,
Twirling then fluttering to the ground.
First colors of green now have left them,
Surface soon as orange, tinted brown.

Earthward, they fall in their reverence,
To finally rest on hallowed ground.
While spring creeps in they don't awaken,
Buried they make not a sound.

Leaving a legacy long before eventual demise,
Their old leaves shall always be all around.
New life erupts from every twig,
Assuring the future, forever and sound.

Like flowers expressing creation,
God is still at HIS best.
Man, woman, and child alike,
Shall rise again, until their eternal rest.

Barry A. Lanier

Bthe Meaning If Any Of Life

Attempting to pen a poem this night
Considering the meaning if any of life?
Starting in fact, from the beginning of time
So many prophets, scholars, and lines
In all there were eighty-nine religions
On many things did they seem to agree!
Often the world seen through their eyes
Wisdom and knowledge, yet so different to me.
The hereafter and heaven, nirvana and light
Some even thinking, we're born only to die
Why are we here? What is life all about?
Attempting to process, all to do is shout!
That man has never, defined it and still....
Makes it so special....and is God's will
The meaning deserving, a second look
My little girl coloring, in her coloring book

Barry A. Lanier

Bthe Ode Less Traveled

Traveling down the road less traveled
Somehow it just seemed the best
Just an ole'country road
Like most of the rest
Enlightened and yearning
To rest my heavy load
Feathered anticipation
In this road I have chose
Winding round' curves
Thinking of this and that
My cell phone was ringing
Wham! Bam! both my tires went flat
She was tired and was leaving
Thinking things were on the mend
How was I to ever know of this
In love with my only best friend
One thing in life now for certain
Really nothing is for sure
Got out to change both tires
Stepped in a foot of manure
Thinking life's got to get better
Yet it came completely unraveled
Next time around I won't choose
The same road less traveled

Barry A. Lanier

Bthe Old Windmill

I see the grain coming
Looking down over the fields
Time to grease down my bearings
And to oil up my wheels

Configure all of my blades
Getting ready to now turn
A northeasternly is blowing
And my passion now burns

Aloft in my fine tower
Wherever winds blow
Coming face to face
As a soldier to his foe

Crushing the barley
The corn and the rye
Till dusk comes calling
No winds in the sky

When the flour is bagged
Full waters in the tank
To return again tomorrow
Impaling winds then to thank

[On my grandfather's homeplace he had a windmill built in 1919 on the hill with a standing mill attached along with a watertower made of wood shingles to store the families water, over the years the only poem I've ever seen written about these old wind mills is by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow-The Windmill]

Barry A. Lanier

The Postman Cometh

So devoted to duty
Come rain or shine
Never slowing down
Until the end of the line
His calling and purpose
All over this great land
Delivering all the letters
No matter the demand
The Postman cometh
And then he leaveth
Yet I 'll never understand
Why yet all of my children
Look like The Postman

Barry A. Lanier

Bthe Rock-Song Lyrics

I spent years a' sinkin down a bottomless pit,
And when I got way down, I found a rock under it.
I rejoiced no mo' sinkin', build my house on solid ground,
On the Rock, hallelujah, I've found.

[Chorus]

I found a Rock
Under the bottomless pit
I found a Lord
Who didn't quit
Loving Me
Loving Me
As I sank in the ground
He picked me up
I'm heaven bound

Now listen to me children,
About this Rock I found.
He makes his home in heaven,
And in the here and now.
All you have to do is ask Him,
He's waiting right now on you.
You'll feel it when he answers,
While He's telling you the truth
[Repeat Chorus]

Barry A. Lanier

Bthe Sky

I look up and often dream of the sky
Yet it escapes me, don't really know why?
Maybe countless sheets of eternal blue
Or in late evenings a crimson hue

Early morning skies interrupted by travelers
Jetting the horizon, making morning's run
As silver streaks across cutting ribbons
Magnified by tints of the morning sun

Blue silk skies light my soul's lamp in the morning
Sunset skies lifting my spirits every dusk
In you somehow I can see new beginnings
In your stillness, I 've learned to trust

As twilight etches out pink rapture
Again, stillness ushers in night's dew
Lingering lights now melt the horizon
Reminding of love I once knew.

Barry A. Lanier

Bthe Smell Of Death

One never forgets the smell of death
Burnt sinew in the ashes of flame
The fetid rancor of decomposition
Clotted blood among scattered organs
Yet the alcoholic keeps drinking

Barry A. Lanier

Bthe Will To Live

I asked her, 'Mother why do you think you are going to die? '
She answered, 'There comes a time when you just know.'
Pleading with her, 'Don't give up mother, I'm not ready for you to go! '
In a soft voice she replied, 'I have the will to live, I'm only giving in.'
She seemed comfortable and at peace, so I pulled the cover up.
Drifting off in a peaceful sleep, both of us, and when I awakened
Mother was gone.....

Barry A. Lanier

Bthe World's Shortest Poem

From all of my earnest
And all my obsession
I hereby announce
Sex is in a recession

Barry A. Lanier

Bthinking Disease

Runs of stubbornness
Infringed on my vain
Patience came calling
Adding imperceptible pain

Cognizant rational came running
Spicing up the dual
Logic and reason intervened
Adding plenteous fuel

Concord with the stubbornness
Objectively to please
Still stifled in stupor
My thinking disease

Barry A. Lanier

Bthought For Today

Sitting here with writer's bloc,
Writing down any thoughts for today.
Adding to these daily, one just might,
Turn magically into a poem.
A word means more tomorrow,
Than it does today.
If it were not for dreaming,
Where would I be?
I love the 'bookness' of a book,
The feel of the paper, the smell of new or old.
A motivational speaker told me,
I could reason myself back into cheerfulness.
He was wrong.
Don't ask me how old I am!
My bladder reminds me of it every 2 hours.
What are your thoughts,
For today?

Barry A. Lanier

Time Is A Shadow

Time is a shadow
We've only the now
Moments are fleeting
As leaves on a bough
Be secure in the shadows
And wasting not a day
From out of the borders
Come everlasting rays
Live out your inspiration
A bright shining guide
For young generations
Follow close by your side
Take nothing for granted
While paving the way
For others to follow
When out of the shadows
Find their own way

Barry A. Lanier

Bto Gird A Lilly

Dividing and conquering
Inflicting endless pain
Nurturing or loving
To many of the same

Yielding unlimitless power
Even killing as they spill
Or as a legion of angels
Touching as they heal

Gird the words as a lilly
And it shall grow straight
While an unbridled tongue
Bearing lamentable fate

Destroys!

Barry A. Lanier

Bto High A Price (Author Favorite)

Forgive us O'Lord
That man cannot abide
peace and forgiveness
To see the multitudes of men
Stumble in darkness
Only to rise no more
Laid out across the battlefields
Of all the long lost wars
The infinite sounds of the brave
The agony and screams
men calling out
Then ending their dreams
I know of the honor and glory
For these fearless and brave
But God only knows
Was it worth what they gave?
In man's wisdom and intellectual mind
Might he one day find
An alternate solution
For these trying times

In

Dying

Barry A. Lanier

Bto Many Coincidences

Sometimes life is hectic, Sometimes planned.

Bad decisions are made, with consequences.

But there are no coincidences, or are there?

Abraham Lincoln was elected to Congress in 1846.

John F. Kennedy was elected to Congress in 1946.

Abe elected President in 1860, John in 1960.

Both were shot on Friday, both in the head, both were particularly concerned with civil rights

Both wives lost children while living in the White House. OK just coincidence then.....

Lincoln's secretary was named Kennedy

Kennedy's secretary was named Lincoln

Both were succeeded by Southerner's named Johnson

Andrew Johnson followed Lincoln===born in 1808

Lyndon Johnson followed Kennedy===born in 1908 OK just coincidence then.....

John Wilkes Booth assassinated Lincoln===born in 1839

Lee Harvey Oswald assassinated Kennedy==born in 1939

Both assassins known by their three names both with 15 letters

Lincoln was shot in the 'Ford'theater and Kennedy in a 'Ford'car OK just coincidence then.....

Lincoln was shot in a theater and his assassin ran and hid in a warehouse.

Kennedy was shot from a warehouse and his assassin ran and hid in a theater

Both assassins were assassinated before their trials

7 days before Lincoln was shot he was in Monroe, Maryland

7 days before Kennedy was shot he was with Marilyn Monroe

OK just coincidence.....

Barry A. Lanier

Bto The Gardener

A woman is as a beautiful rose-
Petals to be caressed and stroked-
Nurtured with adoration, yet-
Only picked in time, one by one-
Like summer vintage red wine-
Ripening with passion and time-
Rounded contours of ecstasy-
Steaming after proper gardening-
Listen and she will convey-
When the harvest is ripe.

Barry A. Lanier

Btogether

Together we were two
Apart less than half
United conquering the world
Ceasing to need it

Barry A. Lanier

Btrees

Trees love to talk
They are just quit
Most of the time

Barry A. Lanier

Tribute To Yoonoss

Lacing out those lines
While capturing young minds
Diction tailored to trust
By Yoonoss Peerbocus

Polished wanes and refrains
Conceiving fragments of life
Processing his thoughts and intents
Followers have to think twice

Penning happiness and love
Scripting those silvery years
Transcending with prosaics
Bringing all of us to tears

Moment's living in his lines
One linger's and yearn's
Going back to that place
For a moment's return

With a name so unique
Must be one you can trust
Still shooting for the stars
My friend young Peerbocus

Barry A. Lanier

Btrying To Keep Up With The Joneses

From Plato to King Solomen,
And all of those who have been wise.
Elaborated, analyzing many subjects,
Common to all blankets of disguise.

Lessons passed down from our parents,
Mentors leading down all proven paths.
Living in fast lanes of prosperity,
Finishing first and never last.

Sometimes roads less traveled,
Bumpy, less comfort, so very long.
True happiness, success, and serenity,
Never found, 'Trying to keep up with the Jones'.

Barry A. Lanier

Twelve Red Roses #1 This Week

The first red rose
Sent out of season
The second red rose
Sent for no reason
The third red rose
Sent for happiness and health
The fourth red rose
Sent for gaining life's wealth
The fifth red rose
Sent for gaining new friends
The sixth red rose
Sent for guiding you through life's bends
The seventh red rose
Sent for praying you never tire
The eighth red rose
Sent for giving you all of your desire's
The ninth red rose
Sent for your happiness in love
The tenth red rose
Sent for hoping I'm your turtledove
The eleventh red rose
Sent for igniting passion and fire
The twelve red rose
Sent for hoping I'm your desire
And.....

Barry A. Lanier

Buncommon Becomes Common

Seek not the wealth 'scattered in winds'
Admire the holder and not what is held
Give in not to grief or signing and pain
But open only the way to joy and freedom
Smite anxiety with vigilant prayer
Sit only under trees with fresh blossoms
And meditate with the wind in your face
Eat diligently as you would also pray
Embrace the light in darkness, whereas
In darkness, allow the light to shine
Unravel all mysteries with knowledge
While seeking existence that is not
Drink only from nourishing springs
Eating only the manna from above
When uncommon becomes common
Enlightenment knocks on the door

Barry A. Lanier

Bunderstanding A Chicken

As in education, politics, and religion, a chicken has two wings.
The right wing and the left wing.
In my processing of thought as a student, dilemnic thoughts.
In congruence with more from the left, I have ascertained.
Both wings are talking out of both sides of their mouth.
Diversity has many faces and gives us a vision,
We choose to admire those differences we can love.
The left wing has somewhere left out the inequality.
Increased commitment to the celebration of diversity,
And the redress of historical grievances has converted itself,
Into the accomplice rather than the opponent of the right.
A symposium of the Who's Who of educators in America,
Agreeing our system is in shambles, outdated, ineffective,
Yet we continue No Child Left Behind with fervor,
Our educational system in K-12 and college,
Ignores and promotes upon assessing intelligence quotients,
Leaving the creative and the innovative behind.
The real-world problem solver's maybe discounted,
Because they tend to enjoy singing or dancing in class.
Many creative and innovative geniuses must move to think,
Yet we discharge them from class or school,
Insisting they need to be put on Ritalin and have ADHD!
Doing the same, expecting different results.
Leaving so many of the innovative and creative ones behind.
Bill Gates flunked out of college!
Einstein couldn't find his way home from 7 blocks away!
Yet they seemingly made a contribution.
How many Gates' and Einsteins' are we leaving behind.

Barry A. Lanier

Bunmentioned Love

I
Love
You
I
Think of
Of you
All day long
I
Dreamt
Of your
Voluptuousness
All night long
I
Woke up
Under
My tent
I
Had
A huge smile
Unmentioned
Love

Barry A. Lanier

Bveracity (Author Favorite)

The fledgling sprig turns into a forest,
A simple thought to a lifelong dream.
Simply one life can make a difference,
As the slow trickle becomes a stream.

Our hope may be someones's lifeline,
As a distant star guides the ship at sea.
The most precious moment of a lifetime,
Might be the one taken for free.

As one step begins a journey,
Yield not when the pace turns slow.
Joy and success just may follow,
What we thought was the final blow.

Forge ahead in the endless battle,
And at times when hardest hit.
Surrender is superior to suffering,
Victory is to never quit.

Perchance we continue the sinking,
Toward a lonely and bottomless pit.
Our faith shall rise as The Phoenix,
A solid Rock, down under it.

Barry A. Lanier

Bverbiage

Long intractable discourses
Of interminable verse
Longenial, veliated strings
Of compost
Better
Phrensial manfixating
Copulation
Of thought
Of communication
For apprasive cication

Barry A. Lanier

Victory

A fathers pride and childs embrace,
So easy to see, just peek at my face.
The wisdom of youth, in passing time,
From succulent grape, to withering vine.

Grandeur and riches, austerity didn't find,
Resolved toward the end, twas all in the mind,
Deep joy and content, sketched in my gaze,
Victory in mine passing, lifes long endless race.

Tears slowly trickle, gazing back at the road,
Pausing only for moments, to rest my heavy load.
As twilight colors disperse, the violent storm has passed,
Leaving countless memories, love to forever last.

Barry A. Lanier

Bwalking Out Of The Desert

I'm walking out of the desert
For the dawn soon meets the dusk
My journey once only a ritual
Destiny, poor choices, riding wind on a gust
Meager spirituality and false pride
Yet now? Or not yet?
Exposed to nurturing sunlight
Two steps forward, then three back
Appearing to me in the darkness
They why of me, always losing the fight!
So I'm walking out of the desert
Contemplating a meaningful existence
To discover the who of who am I?
Progress only in the shear darkness
Shielded from all heavenly light
So I'm walking out of the desert
Cast aside if but for a moment's chime
Finally mounting my earthly tempest
Perhaps the first and finally last time
Let my pinnacle be my search, not earthly perch
Revealing to me a vision not Pharos, but myself
So I'm walking out of the desert

Barry A. Lanier

Bwalking The Pasture

When I head out over the pasture
The morning after the first winter frost
Seeing the strain in the Bermuda
Sensing the life that was lost

In the early freeze morning of stillness
Adding weights bringing poplars to ground
Struggling leaves no longer cottage green
Falling down with a lingering brown

At the end of the pasture found a wild daisy
Yet not faded and touched by night's dew
Stooping, I picked this last enchanting wild flower
Softly holding, bringing it home to you

Barry A. Lanier

Bwe Are Really Not (In The Driver's Seat)

Headed in the wrong direction,
Someone will always turn you around.
Coming to absolute standstills,
Prude advice always rock sound.

Continually going in circles,
Never knowing which way to go.
One might turn you around completely,
If you follow the direction He chose.

He led ole' Moses out of the wilderness,
To an abundant and promised land.
Wanting to do the same thing for you,
If you'll reach out and hold his hand.

Barry A. Lanier

Bwe Only Watch

An outline of distant mountains,
Desperately clawing, heavenly blue skies.
Yet from valleys of hope,
Shivering, we only watch.

Barry A. Lanier

Bweeds

People so intent
Passing as blind fools
Not even noticing
A miracle of life

Barry A. Lanier

When Shall I Learn How To Love? #2 This Week

When shall I learn how to love?
Love for love, and moment's sweet
Breath to breast, when eyes meet
In a paradise, yet so deep
Sweet waters, that I long to keep
Flowers blossoming, filling the air
Nectar dripping, from everywhere
Two burning flaxes, of equal light
Flames that burn, throughout the night
Picking your flowers, for beauty's sake
Giving you pleasures, of a bouquet
Love that laces, the summer's green
Love that makes, flower's sweet in spring
Swelling and sinking, in faint caress
Staying with time, standing the test
When shall I learn how to love
As I do in my dreams?
Only loving as one loves
Every precious thing

{Inspired by writings of Rajkumar Mukherjee}

Barry A. Lanier

Bwhere Passion Gathers No Dust

Should the Raven pick ripe fruit
Love goes bearing no wrong
Alluring power whisper the hour
Loving through eternity's song
Where passion gathers no dust
Mine be thy love,
Thy love my pleasure,
Breast to brow, make a vow
Firing the flames forever
Loving through eternity's song
Where passion gathers no dust

Barry A. Lanier

Bwhite And Black

Within the black
White lights shine the brightest
Within the white
Blacks draws us in warm & friendly
Eternal orbits of formless infinity

[inspired by my friend and collegeau Gibson]

Barry A. Lanier

Bwilling Willows

Bowing to landlords
Kicking them out on the street
Turning off the gazes
At the scoffers they meet

Persecution whipping their branches about
Silently defying, a curse or a shout
Prejudice bending their dignity to ground
Only cry falling leaves and scatter to ground

Willows in fields
And the streets that you meet
Know pain, love, and sorrow
But never defeat

Barry A. Lanier

Bwinter Hawk

The hawk has flown away
Swaying in the evening breeze
A leafless tree

Barry A. Lanier

Bwintry Sky

No wilderness of sky,
The moon and one evening star.
Sparkling like a maiden, soon to be married.
How much more to love, than I love Thee?

In this wind and cold,
Beauty to behold, sadness without cause.
In youth, could have touched these winds,
And risen with this sky.

On this shore of innocence,
Lost in shades of winds and embraced silence.
Listening to the snow,
Embracing the nothingness.

On gray pallets of pressed grass,
Winter hardened by the bluest of reasons.
Dormant beauty,
Transcending moods.

On wings of unconscious will, vaults of darkness linger,
Gainst' the lantern without a bearer.
Thistle, grow me green, but tonight,
Loose and leave me in paradise.

Insatiable love linger,
A gentlemanly right.
Deem death fair,
Should He come tonight.

Barry A. Lanier

Bwise Owl Why (Author Favorite)

Shiny strands of moss beards,
Limping down slowly to rest.
Steamy sod placates the earth,
Like a mother lark on her nest.

O' brambles, cat briers, tangled intimate maze,
Morning dew heeds to the fog, creating its haze.
Birds of the feather know not their fate,
Rise in the treetops, cooing their mates.

Why brown pastures in Fall and hilly seperation roll,
While broomgrass and sage, stand upright in folds?
Why the Robin's plumed spray of orange and grey,
Blossoms as he stands tall, to ruffle them away?

Still-eyed and shadow-brow'd wise owl,
How do you defy darkness on low hanging boughs?
O' wise owl so obtuse, no mourning dove,
Yet by thine eye is faith, and thy wing is love?

Watching over water that flows with lullaby sound,
Trickling streams upward, from life underground.
As darkness of night you yield to whipperwill first,
In anticipation we wait, only for your first verse.

Listening in the wind and shadows for song,
Weary anticipation, fearing something wrong.
O' wise owl let me hear nature's angel at last,
Then roaring down the valley...a shotgun blast.

Barry A. Lanier

Bwithin The Black

Within the black
Pulling us inwardly aloft
Eternal orbits of formless infinity

Barry A. Lanier

Bwoman's Intuition

She knows all things-

She knows all signs-

She knows when it is-

Not her on your mind-

So think hard and long-

About your position-

Never underestimate-

A woman's intuition-

For remember when-

I told you so-

As you get down-

On knees to pray-

Right before-

Your moment-

You plead with her-

To stay.

Barry A. Lanier

Bwondrous Fall

Intent upon her destined course,
As led by a blind and powerful force.
In her lay powers of love and hate,
Twas' one not the other that ruled our fate.

When two hearts enter,
The long course begins.
Fate shall guide in time,
To rule which one will win.

Time passing by,
Fleeting moments awry.
A heart not fully captured,
Still wondering why?

Found myself unsteady,
Sitting upon this worldly perch.
Wounded spirit and soul,
Frantically I would search.

How could a beautiful flower,
Suddenly bloom and then die?
Age old wisdom still questions,
And wonders why?

Love giveth',
And love taketh'all,
No in between, yet in defeat,
O' such a wondrous fall.

Barry A. Lanier

Bwriter Bloc

If I could only.....
Really if I only could.....
Get my foot out of my mouth.....
I could write more effectively.....
Rhetorical chiaroscuro of intellect.....
Exposed to insinuate myself.....
Extrapolating my responsibility.....
Incoherent when engaged.....
Bogging myself in sentiment at the bar

Barry A. Lanier

Byour One Line Could Change The World

In formulating my poem 'Regrets Could Change The World' I am soliciting a one or two liner of wisdom conveying ideals, thoughts, attitudes, convictions, behavior, and such that might make a difference in uniting a world of diversity toward common goals.....a writer credit will be given on the poem and contributors should they choose will receive a copy of 'A Slice of Life'-Between Bitter and Sweet comig out this summer 2009 THANKS AND i HOPE YOU'LL PARTICIPATE

Barry A. Lanier

Byou'Ve Never Loved Til' You'Ve Loved In A Bug

You've never loved
Til' you've loved in a Bug
Hair tangled on speed shift
Feet tangled in clutch

Trying just one last kiss
Before the movie gets over
Then back to the country
Measuring fields of red clover

Move your arm over there
Or gal I'm gonna give up
Next time come in my pickup
Fear I'm loosing my luck

No, I said I'll move my left leg
But it's caught in your hair
Maybe let's just watch the movie
Eyes are on us, everywhere

Now your hair's hung on the visor
Can't feel my right leg it's stuck
Who said you've really never love
Until you've loved in a bug?

{ 1972 Volkswagon Beetle)

Barry A. Lanier

Chitterlings-Protect The Ones You Love

Down South we have a delicacy called.....
Chitterlings....yes....chitterlings!
Spelled chitlins or chittlins in vernacular.
Intestines and the rectum of a pig.....
Turned inside out and washed with love.
You can boil um', stew um', or fry um'
We have a festival in South Carolina,
You can smell them cookin' 27 miles away!
This is when they say 'the sky is crying'.
Of course down South 'we clean the' _ _ _ _ ' out of chittlins!
They'll fill you up and make a man out of you!
So if you're ever in the South dropp by.....
And get you some good, down-home cookin!
You'll never forget the first....or last bite!

Barry A. Lanier

Dealing With Bullies

The lion picks out his gazelle for the kill,
As the herd stands around and watches.
'Well, he picked the weakest one I guess.'
The pack of hyenas pick out the Zebra to dissect,
As the rest of the herd stands around and watches.
'Well, she didn't really fit in to our group.'
The tiger picks out a weak, young water buffalo.
As the rest of the herd of buffalo approach the tiger.
' Well, we've had enough, they attack him.'
With tail in hand, he flees for his life!

Barry A. Lanier

Didactic Frenzy

All the students in the hallway,
With no adult supervision.
They all were adults.
'No he meant this, no he meant that! '
'No it was in descending order! '
'Yes, but he meant ascending importance! '
I only knew one of the right answers,
Controversy creates understanding.
{dedicated to Leon}

Barry A. Lanier

Dr. Spencer's Anonymous

Hello, my name is Barry L.

I'm in love with Dr. Spencer's class.

[Hello Barry]

It all started about six weeks ago.

Entering the class with fear and apprehension,

I knew I could make it!

And I watched Harry Potter's Goblet of Fire three times!

Everything he says in class makes sense!

Everything he says in class reminds me of a guy I once met!

I'm in love with the class, but yes, it's tough.

A rugged and rocky road.

I'm hoping to stay sober and pass,

Or get drunk on my caffeinated coffee.

[Thanks For Sharing Barry]

{writing this in pun for the Addiction class I was taking having to abstain and daily journal log my life of abstinence from caffeine}

Barry A. Lanier

Elegy To A Friend

Like a myriad of rainbow colours,
A vapor trail of life with meaning.
Slowly drifting off into the sunset.

Barry A. Lanier

Every Line

EVERY LINE IN MY FACE

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Yesterdays don't decide tomorrows
Thank God for all his grace
You can tell alot about a man
From the lines in his face
They speak like circles in the bark
Of a weeping willow tree
Just look closer at my face
And they'll tell you about me

Every line in my face could be as hook
For a sad country song
And every time that I embrace
Reminds how long she's been gone
Lives been good, and lifes been bad
There's been joy, and misery
There; s been pain, and so much sorrow
And all the blessings, I couldn't see

Yesterdays don't decide tomorrows
Thank God for all his grace
You can tell alot about a man
From the lines in his face
I learned, to live in the moment
And I surrendered all to Him
No more days living in the fear
Now it's all crystal clear

Yesterdays don't decide tomorrows
Thank God for all his grace
You can tell alot about a man
From the lines in his face
They speak like circles in the bark
Of a weeping willow tree
Just look closer at my face
And they'll tell you about me

Barry A. Lanier

Find Your Peace In Me

Don't ever get to discouraged,
Or let your light grow dim with fear.
Always know in your heart and soul,
That my hand is always near.

And when you do, and yes,
At times life will tread you down.
Find the peace and joy, freely given to you,
Knowing that I am always around.

While your torch at times may grow dim,
Shall never go out, should it be passed.
And memories while they may linger,
They shall always eternally last.

Pass on what I have taught you,
Have everlasting joy each and every day,
Great comfort in each and every step,
It is I who have paved the way.

Barry A. Lanier

Font Color+redbefore The Third Day

On the cross, He had to die
So many wonder, and reason why?
One world to save, to conquer sin
With one precious life, each soul to win
Dragging a cross, up yonder hill
There to hang on it, but with His will
Thirty-nine lashes with three pronged whips
Barbs gnashing and sinking, with every rip
Dull metal stakes, driven through bone and flesh
Searing agony and pain, with every breath
Platted with sharp thorns, painted in blood
Seared flesh hanging loosely, in strips of love
Counting crimson stained tears, of His saving grace
In scarlet they flowed, dripping down His face
'The King of Jews', nailed over His head
Casting lots for his clothes, as His blood ran red
The sun disappeared, from noon until three
'My God, My God, why have you forsaken me?
Then darkness passed, for all sinners to see
The only Son of God, nailed upon the tree

{ We are commanded to remember- 1 Cor.11: 24-26 }

Barry A. Lanier

Font Color=redb A Weeping Willow

Somewhere between nowhere and goodbye we met,
Young innocence enveloped by passion.
Bond of lost innocence among the haze of neon-argon strips.
Lingering in bed, her back nestled against mine,
Remembering crisp sounds of freshly starched linen.
The early morning rain on a thin tin roof,
Feeling the love of her dreams.
Remembering walking barefoot,
Down trickling mountain streams.
Should love be a the gentle, misting rain,
She was my roaring thunder.
Moments with my first love, time stood still.
Crying and laughing, rolling down slopes of green hills.
Passionate love in the middle of every night,
Forever holding to each other so tight.
Then her father forbade, we ever meet again,
She too young, my ambition in the wind.
At night to our favorite willow to meet,
Drooping down now, our willow just weeps.

Barry A. Lanier

Font Color=redgaza

Though conquered hills and river endure,
Spring comes green again to the grass and trees.
Where petals are burned and shed like tears,
Lonely birds sing their grief with a peace that is brief.
Hope goes out like the light of an amputated candle.

Barry A. Lanier

Footsteps Outside My Door

While sleeping,
He was there creeping.
This is my home, my refuge,
Has he come for my silver?
Perchance, my gold?
What is his mission?
He has not, yet he assumes righteously,
My permission!
I shout, go away! go away!
A grown man, crying out in fear!
Is he here to steal?
My now, my yesteryears?
Emotionally drained, I sank,
A deep trance-like sleep.
Reconciled to my fate,
My bitter defeat.
A new day spawned brilliant light,
Remembering the fear, aware of the fight.
I awoke missing nothing,
Only aware of nights bliss.
Suppose he slithered away,
To his eternal abyss.

Barry A. Lanier

For All The Times

For all the times strived,
To do some good.
Somewhere was one,
Who knew I would.

For all the times,
I was bad.
Somewhere was one,
That I made sad.

For all the times,
Confessed my sins,
Somewhere was one,
Whispering in the wind.

Rejoice young lad,
You are my child.
We do these things,
Once in a while.

Barry A. Lanier

For I Haven'T Been On Line

For I haven't been much on line
Tis' they've forgotten all of mine
Once upon a time number nine
My words now lost in time
Now I must sharpen the pen
Mince my words
And drink the gin
Open up the windows
Of my heart
Begin again
A fresh new start
In time maybe back to nine
Wondering if I have the time

.....

Barry A. Lanier

Foxhole Prayer

'Honey'

'Darling'

'If you'll forgive me? '

'I'll never do it again! '

Barry A. Lanier

Golden Years

The wisdom and truth,
Of passing time.
Denial resolved like grapes,
Withering on the vines.

Austerity and riches,
A destiny to find.
Resolved toward the end,
Was all in the mind.

Finally deep joy and content,
Sketched in my eternal gaze.
Victory's in mine passing,
Life's long, endless race.

With dry eyes, looking back,
At the long, winding road.
Finally pause for one moment,
Resting my heavy load.

As twilight colors the evening sky,
The storm has finally passed.
Leaving countless memories,
Forever here, to last.

Barry A. Lanier

Good Times

I look outside, and I see that it's cloudy,
And I look inside, and feel so, oh sad.
And I reminisce, and think of you only,
And all, of the good times, we had.

Barry A. Lanier

Have You Been To A Mall Lately

Have you been to a mall lately?
Such a unique experience!
Just sit for awhile and watch the people!
Where did all the pretty people go?
Teens with jeans pulled down to their crack!
Everyone's got a phone in their ear but me!
What is wrong with me? When did I miss this trend?
Maybe I'm the only one with nothing to say?
Have you been to the mall today?
Maybe I'm here at the wrong time of day!
Where did all the pretty people go?
Everyone is fat like me or emaciated!
There is no congruecy, only noise!
What is going on today?
Men dressed like policeman flirting with the women!
Everyone seems to be going somewhere in a hurry!
I guess I just missed the point somewhere!

Barry A. Lanier

Honey I've Gone Fishin

Honey, I've gone fishin,
Don't worry if I'm running late.
There's plenty of fishin,
I've got plenty of bait.

If a big un' pulls me under,
And perchance I may drown.
I'll be waiting for you love,
With my heavenly crown.

Barry A. Lanier

Hooker's Valentine

What's up baby, do you like what you see?
It's all yours, but it ain't for free!
Let's get high, and feeling fine,
Then you can be my valentine!
I'll do you fine, I'll do you right.
You're paying for your death tonight!
Just ease right back and clear your mind,
For tonight you are my valentine!
Ecstasy and love's desire,
Tonight I will put out your fire!
Awaken Monday, when all seems fine!
Recount that you were my valentine!

Barry A. Lanier

How To Deal With A Racist

A racist!

How should we deal with?

Pray for them?

Educate them?

Shoot them?

Censor them?

Ignore them?

Naw!

Just buy them a box

Of color crayons

Barry A. Lanier

How Would We Know?

Without the pain
Love and heartache are the same
Without the pain
Would joy have any meaning
Without the pain
Would summer be a season
Without the pain
How would one grow?
Without the pain
How would one know?
Good from the bad
Happy from the sad
Without the pain
Life's such a bore.
Without the pain
We would never soar
Misery is optional!

Barry A. Lanier

I Want More

I want more
Not Less
Why can't I be
Like all of the rest
Is it because
I am white
Or I am Black
Whats that got to do
With all of that
I want to love
I want to dream
Do you really know
What I mean?
Is it because
I am white
Or I am black
Whats that got to do
With all of that

Barry A. Lanier

Ice

Palpable ice in my veins,
Chilled by the grip of it's reign.
Release my spirit and these chains,
Consecrate all of my pain.
Slice after slice, warm release,
Slipping away crimson stain and peace.
The drain of my pain,
No longer the same.
The chain is broken.

Barry A. Lanier

If Daddy Only Knew

I wonder if Daddy knew I had to become super-responsible and a miniature adult at the age of 12

I wonder if Daddy knew life at home was full of broken promises and full of disappointment.

I wonder if Daddy knew why he didn't ever carry me fishing

I wonder if Daddy knew why I had to take life so seriously

I wonder if Daddy knew why I couldn't have fun like my other friends

I wonder if Daddy knew I never really knew what 'normal' was

I wonder if Daddy knew I had to lie and cover up the truth about our family for all those years when telling the truth would have been easier

I wonder if Daddy knew why he didn't ever tell me he loved me. Was it because I was a little 'man'?

I wonder if Daddy knew why he didn't come to my graduation?

I wonder if Daddy knew how much I loved him?

I wonder if Daddy knew how many times the arguments and yelling was my bedtime lullaby?

I wonder if Daddy knew.....that I knew

Barry A. Lanier

If I Were A Fly On The Wall

Ladies and gentleman, Doctors and Lawyers,
Counselors and Preist, Jedi's and Maji's,
Visit with me, share my wisdom, my insight,
Having all the answers, revealing all,
Purest form of commentary, uncenscored,
For I have been where no man has ventured.
Creapy and sneaky, of all I can speaky!
Size really doesn't matter, except at the hairdresser.
The preacher's wife really did have a boop job!
She lies on the bed, silent and numb,
He introduced his masculinity, then fled.
Preparing for work, drinking the morning vodka and orange juice,
Buzzing back into the room, yes it's true!
Your wife really would enjoy a threesome.
Creapy and sneaky, of all I can speaky!
Secrets of passion, just die in vain!
There are no secrets in the ladies bathroom!
The war in the Middle East really is...
All about oil and not our support of Israel!
You are a good employee, but
Your boss really does resent having to pay you!
And I am an intelligent and the wisest of flies
For in all these years I have landed on the swat!

Barry A. Lanier

If Our Love Is Just A Story

If our love is just a story,
That somehow never gets told.
If what we have is just a dream,
We somehow never get to hold.

I just want you to know for this moment in time,
I don't want this moment to ever end.
You are the only love of my life,
You've been my only ever best friend.

Right here now in this moment,
Is where I'm meant to be.
Right here now in this moment,
With only you here next to me.

If our love is just a story,
That somehow never gets told.
If what we have is just a dream.
We somehow never get to hold.

Right here now in this moment,
Is where I'm meant to be.
Right here now in this moment,
With only you here next to me.

Barry A. Lanier

In The Shadow Of Hemingway

Spice-mad and salty ego
Dabbling in lager and
Lingering moments
Pummeling prawns with
The force of fiction
Nation changing swagger
Mincing words howling
To friends beneath all
The lonesome bridges
Dawns of oblivion and
Violated innocence
Wondering
Why is the sky
So blue?

Barry A. Lanier

In Thinking Of You (For A Best Friend)

You know all things considered,
The confluence of lifes experiences,
Even acceptance of pain.
Yield only to Providence,
Unlimited love and hope,
That shall forever remain.

Sometimes it appeared our moments were brief,
As a slow river winds, forever eternally to sea.
Tis' so you'll always remain,
A best friend to me.
Always present in my heart and soul.

Whether in body or spirit,
In truth forever divine,
You are and shall always be,
A best friend of mine.

Barry A. Lanier

Inevitability

Anger and pain I must refrain,
Taxes and death are to be.
Regret, discontent, time not well-spent,
Jealousy and greed must take heed.

In time work on issues and friends,
Have concluded yet don't know why?
All of these in life inevitable I agree,
Yet sweet misery is optional to me.

Barry A. Lanier

Insomniac

Four thirty A.M.
The hardest work in the world to do is nothing
Still air, to quite to think
I open the window to the night air
Hoping for a sound
Only my thoughts and they are few
Where in the world is the cricket?
When you need him!
Such wasted life!

Barry A. Lanier

Is This Really All There Is?

Sometimes I sit down down with my pen and ask myself?
Is this really all there is?
Sitting here feeling melancholy in this moment,
I wonder, what is it that I love most?
Could it be, sleeping under the sound of a gentle rain?
Or yet better a gentle rain on a tin roof?
Sitting in a swing on the front porch on an August night,
Swapping fishing stories with my best friend.
Walking barefoot in a cool mountain spring in the Smokies.
Watching the birth of my newborn girls, hearing that first scream!
to be continued

Barry A. Lanier

It Wasn'T Me

A quessential quiet classroom
Silent bewitching wind
Levitating in innocence
Looking to the right
Then to the left
Concealed talent
No whirr, nor hiss
I am dismissed
No roar, nor growl
Among the foul
Class is momentarily disrupted
I go back to my studies

Barry A. Lanier

Karma

Worldly pleasures
Shall never give
Everlasting peace
For I have tried all of them

Barry A. Lanier

Last Fading Flower

I must pick the last fading flower,
Before it comes softly falling down.
I must pick the last fading flower,
Before the next morning dew.
I must pick the last fading flower,
Only because it was meant for you.

Barry A. Lanier

Last Tempest

Oh soul, my restless eternal soul,
Cast aside if but for a moment's chime.
Might I mount my last tempest,
For the very first time.

My pinnacle a journey and search,
Destination unknown when found not a perch.
Visions of Pharos, summon my fate please with care,
Praying for that moment, I'll know when I'm there.

Let me go in haste, for the dawn meets the dusk,
If not my soul then it is I, who is seeking the rush.
For once be enlightened facing this evening's sky.
Might I once comprehend, the meaning of 'I'.

Barry A. Lanier

Life Awakens

Green shoots white, emerge all around,
From bushes and barks, even the ground.
Nervous chipmunk see's no shadowy ice,
Upright announcing, new birth's paradise.

Two bluebirds courting exchange vocally it seems,
Worker bees tarry on, protecting their queen.
Blueberries anew, breaking up their tight pods,
Against the mirage, true colors from God.

Mixed scents from maples blossoms,
Permeate the aroma of noon days sea.
Redbreast Robins dart cross' the lawns,
Dancing with glee.

Spreading roses of red, dogwoods of white,
Open by day, closed only by night.
To vast to mention all of the flowers,
Opening their arms, to life giving power.

Such is this domain,
Wonderful presence we cling.
All power in His Glory,
The advent of Spring.

Barry A. Lanier

Life's Major Choices

Chocolate, or sex, in proper context,
So important we know indeed
So which shall we choose?
As we go on that cruise.
Forego this despair, smell the salt air!
Seven days to make the choice!
Why we'll just make a toast!
Why not just have both!
Choices are so hard at sea!

Barry A. Lanier

Lost Time

I should have grieved for them!
All of the moments of lost time.
Yet I've never missed even one of them.

Barry A. Lanier

Love Never Yields

The mortar sinks and the metal rusts,
The bricks give way, and turn to dust.
Man has his sword, man has his shield,
Yet Tis' only love, that never yields.

Barry A. Lanier

Love-Haiku

Flowing as rippled waters
Expanding ever outward
Both touching distant shores

Barry A. Lanier

Magic Weaved A Spell On You

Underneath this starlight so bright
Tonight you'll give in to your fight
Think we might just be in love

{CHORUS}

There's no escaping love
When it's send from above
It's magic weaves a spell on you
You can try to resist
And hide from my kiss
But you know that this just won't do
Just admit it, I've gotcha
No escape, I'll watch ya
Head and heels in love with me now

I wonder why
We waited so long
I wonder what
We did wrong
No matter
Love's magic's
Weaved a spell on you

{REPEAT CHORUS}

Before this night is over,
Love's magic weaved a spell on you.
You can try to resist,
But know we're only half way through.

{REPEAT CHORUS}

TRY SINGING IT! ! ! ! ! ! !

Barry A. Lanier

Marathon Of The Pearl

Somehow I keep running and hoping,
Struggling to take hold of the prize.
Listening to my heart,
And the counsel of the wise.

Forgetting all that is behind,
My faith serves as my bread.
Struggling daily toward what might be,
Somewhere lies joy up ahead.

Distraught, yes, at times,
With this imperfect world.
Yet taught long, long ago,
Only the lonely defective oyster....

Produces the pearl.

Barry A. Lanier

Men Are From Mars

I was talking with Bukowski the other day,
Our minds met, concluding women need to know.
Two hot dogs and a beer is going out for dinner.
Socks should never constitute an anniversary gift.
Men have an innate need to read in the bathroom.
Men really are sentimental.
just don't know how to tell you.
Size really doesn't matter.
Don't Burst their bubble.
Alcohol is really one of the four food groups.
Men look up to Colonel Sanders as an icon.
He loved thighs, legs, and breasts.
Beyond a funeral and a wedding we don't know how to dress.
If you want him to shop carry him to Victoria's Secret!

We

Barry A. Lanier

Midlife Choices

It's like they appeared in the night,
Coming right straight from hell.
Pectoralis majoris rose like the Phoenix,
Then at fifty they fell.

Defying all gravity, and most of my pride,
Walking and sitting, the slip and they slide.
I went to the gym, and then I got slack,
Two days went away, three days later came back.

What's a grown man to say, when he has boobs,
But a new bra, get high heel shoes!
It really ain't funny, it really ain't cool,
This man with the boobs, is from the old school.

A sex change, or surgery!
How tough of a fight!
Guess I'll do the unimagineable,
And go on a diet.

Barry A. Lanier

Moment In The Morn

The slow founts of dawn,
On a cool winters day.
Cast but one momentous shadow,
Where the new fawn once lay.

Pausing silently in the moment,
Sensing fresh dew on the sod.
Delight in the advent,
And the glory of God.

That still in the early,
And the middle of morn.
Forget for one moment,
Life's trials and its scorn.

So tell me of virtue,
Sweet family and home.
Tis' my God of Thee,
Give me this moment alone.

Morning shall soon pass,
As I linger and yearn.
Praying my God of Thee,
For this moment's return.

(Authors First Poem)

Barry A. Lanier

Most Men Are Masochists

Surely most would agree!
Most men are masochists!
Yes they really do enjoy pain!
Why else would one continue to.....
Pull fingernails off in the quick?
When a nail-clipper would suffice!
Why would one leave the wife at home?
And go play cards all night with the boys!
Tell a bona fidee lie to the wife!
When the truth would have been much easier.
Men will cook, if danger is involved.
Men go shopping and actually act like they enjoy it!
Why would one wear underwear 3 days in a row?
Why would you think men enjoy crapping?
Hitting a door or wall is really masculine!
What do they love most about football?
Let the man clean the house!
Then beat him with the broom!
But ladies don't punish your men.
They actually might enjoy it!
However if you really to want to punish him!
Engage him in a conversation!

Barry A. Lanier

Multicultural Thoughts

1861-1865

For all that we take with us,
We leave so much behind.
In the Southern stillness of night,
Blue and Gray are the same color.

Colors

The blacks, the browns,
The browns, the reds,
The whites, the yellows,
All dipped into blue.
Do not look as different.
Yet lifeless hands,
Holding a lively flower.
Draw attention.

Barry A. Lanier

My Hill

Wonderful friends, O' friends of mine,
In this my tragic time.
Where did they all go?
Or were they really true friends of mine?

As my hole was dug deeper,
And I looked all around.
My best recollection,
Not five friends to be found.

Would they heed the last prayer?
Would they summon the will?
To show up and throw,
The last dirt on my hill.

As my hill sinks, and it hardens,
With passage of time.
I listen for their footsteps,
These good friends of mine.

Surely they were to busy,
Maybe preoccupied with self.
For sure they never heard,
About my bad health.

My hope though is eternal,
Never lost, pray never will.
Let them know when they show,
Throw the last dirt on my hill.

Barry A. Lanier

My Rivers Plear(Author Enjoys)

Give me the majestic rivers of my homeland,
Weaving and rolling across the terrain.
Slipping toward Mother Sea like slow strands,
Molasses rolling across the farmland.

Calling out in reverence,
'There's no reason to rush my lad.'
'Soak in the serenity smelling the magnolias, Inhale the vapors of honeysuckle
choking their host.'

Sense the aromatic cool waters,
Weeping willows hanging low.
Planting their fingers upon easy waters,
Halting the streams gentle ebb and flow.

White and pink dogwood flowers,
Budding azalaes seem everywhere.
Sense just once their fragrance and consider,
Slow, deep breaths of sweet Southern air.

Acquired guilt from witnessing sheer beauty,
More than my ravenous soul can bear,
As my river flows on to her homeplace,
I head home to my rocking chair.

Barry A. Lanier

My Wishing Well

Wishing well, oh please tell,
How might I fare today?
Drop in a coin and say your prayer,
And you shall know they way.

Gaze in my waters and you shall feel,
To know your way begin to heal.
Deep down I see a painted sky,
Then I see a cloud go by.

No worries at all which road to take,
Just stare real close to follow the wake.
And when at times I need a friend,
Talking to the well and to the wind.

And echo voice talks back with glee,
Gazing down exclaim, I think it's me.
Wishing well, oh wishing well, how did I fare today?
Drop thy coin and listen close, you shall hear me say.

Barry A. Lanier

Nothing Lasts Forever

Nothing lasts forever
I've always known that truth
But never knew how true it was
'Til I was losing you

Maybe I still just daydreaming
Or maybe I am just a fool
I never knew how true it was
'Til I was losing you

So now you're gone forever
I think I lost my mind
Nothing last forever
I know the truth this time

Nothing lasts forever
I've always known that truth
But never knew how true it was
'Til I was losing you

Barry A. Lanier

Oppressed

On corners far removed from notice
Chamelions passing time far removed
Dreaming their delusions and grasping
Grasping for hope, a place to belong
A reason to matter or reason to not
Where all tomorrow's are the same
Tears pour and mingle with blood
Among the ashes searching for crumbs
Quickened with fear, not of death, but life
Searching for meaning in silence
Clinging only to smiles, a pat on the back
Would any come today?

Barry A. Lanier

Optimism At 50

Why shouldn't the glass be half full at 50?

Why look at the positives.

Life is half-way over.

Opinions are more sacred, for no one wants mine.

I don't worry as much because I can't remember what to worry about!

Most importantly there is no need for depression.

All of the women are pretty now.

Barry A. Lanier

Over Wine

A little verbage over wine,
Can be so refined.
Yet I must admit,
A loose tongue turned loose.
A heart might remain so open,
While the thoughts might wander aloof.
But where are the true open feelings,
In a heart unencumbered and free.
Somewhere in the depths of a soul in recluse,
Where a moment of clarity and truth,
Might be.

Barry A. Lanier

Path Of Pleasure

Whitened path of soft scented petals,
Scattered afro from Magnolia tree.
Strolling down a familiar pathway,
Refuge, I yearned to be.

Oh soft Southern breeze,
Scented by Southern air.
Float me on down my pathway,
In abandon, tedious with care.

As vivid Spring colors intermingle,
With memories long ago fast asleep.
Slow my walk down my pathway,
Reawakened thoughts I should keep.

Onward, down my little pathway,
Soul lifts, finally to soar.
Desist, my primrose journey,
Turning the key, to my front door.

Barry A. Lanier

Pauper Served By A King

It defies all understanding Lord,
Why you hung on that cross for me.
You freely chose your violent fate,
Blood spilt at Calvary.

When my heart gets restless,
Life's a tossing, turning sea.
I walk back up that lonely hill,
Upon knees find rest in Thee.

Oh Jehovah, Master, friend of mine,
My soul in praise I sing.
It defies all understanding Lord,
A pauper served by the King.

Should I wander from the pathway,
You still lead, I don't get lost.
In your blood and promises,
Find my way back to the Cross.

I shall not fear the battles,
For you're always by my side.
All hope is in your Glory,
You are my precious guide.

Oh Jehovah, Master, friend of mine,
My soul in praise I sing.
It defies all understanding Lord,
A pauper served by the King.

As I make this promise,
To serve Thee til' the end.
Rest forever near me Lord,
My Saviour, my best friend.

I shall not fear the battle,
For the battle is already won.
The day that Death was conquered,
That day you gave your Son.

Ten thousand host of angels,
Wait just sitting on their wings,
It defies all understanding Lord,
A pauper served by the King.

Barry A. Lanier

Picking Your Nose Politely

Intense was the prelude,
The shallow comotion.
Like a thief in the night,
Hiding his crime.

Hesitation, calculation,
Precision arciformity.
Immersed in napkins,
Emergent relief.

Looking to the right,
With all of his might,
Then to the left,
Had they noticed the theft?

Then he smiled!

Barry A. Lanier

Prey Turns To Past

Early October morning at daylight,
Odds of failure, great from the start.
Slipping into the dense hardwood forest,
A tale for grandchildren from my heart.

Across the icestruck oakridge plain,
Silhouette of my trophy appeared.
Bordering a thicket next to the creekbank,
Stood my silent prey, the Lord I'd soon thank.

On that same bank a giant poplar tree,
Legend holds, Sherman hung Uncle Morgan, lifeless and free.
Wouldn't divulge, where he buried his gold,
Under that poplar he rest, silent and cold.

Beneath that poplar my trophy stood so silent,
Stalking forward slowly, dare it move real fast.
Gun cocked and aiming forward,
Only to discover, a poor Southern past.

A giant mound of discarded humanity,
Piles of rotten clothes, rubbish and heap.
Layer upon layer of old books and shoes,
How many lives ago might I see?

Shard upon shard of broken milk glass,
How many dreams ago was that?
Traces of twine baby dolls calling out for revenge,
Mummified amber pint bottles, suggesting a binge.
How many regrets ago was that?

As I frantically dug deeper,
Wondering how many children were deceived?
Hearing Uncle Morgan call out,
For his mercy and reprieve.
How many lives ago was that?

With uncanny reverence,
I stopped in my tracks.

No gold here, no trophy.
Promising the spirits,
I'd never come back.

Recovering the mound with layers of leaves,
Head hung down, I left really fast.
Later to tell grandchildren tales,
How my prey once turned to past.

Barry A. Lanier

Pristine Passage

Down a highway of life,
By chance we first met.
That day, can't remember,
The feeling can't forget.

Heart melted as mollasses,
Settled deep in the throat.
A young lad's first love,
At the time didn't know.

Warm summer days,
Rolling down slopes of green grass.
Two hearts molding one,
Memories forever to last.

Vows, then music and laughter,
Endless visions and dreams.
Rocking heartpine's frontporch,
Facing landscapes of green.

So much, how I loved her!
Never telling, really how deep.
Together we'd roll in laughter,
Together we would weep.

Living life with so much passion,
As much as life could afford.
Precious time with the children,
Trying to pass along our swords.

I love and cling to,
Cherish and keep.
Abide in the comfort,
A friendship so deep.

On a cool, Fall's evening,
My true love was sent.
Winter's chill filled my spirit,
As homeward she went.

Lover is forever,
Her love supreme.
Such love was more,
Well-nigh a dream.

Face that still smiles,
Eyes that still gleam.
Two arms still cling to,
A love so pristine.

Barry A. Lanier

Really Don'T Want To Die To Become Famous

I really don't want to die,
Just to become famous.
Wait until last prayers,
Recited over me just to let the world know,
I've got something to say.
Serve as the vase for the lilac and spring lily,
Really don't want to go out that way.
Prefer intellect critiqued ad hoc,
Not in retrospect.
Fame known as the wind is sown,
While my body stands tall and erect.
So are the times, as with the judgement,
Accolades shown I'll finally be known,
In the great uncharted hereafter.

Barry A. Lanier

Revival Dinner

As the last prayer was said, all heads would bow,
Thinking they'd get first to the tables somehow.
Revival Sunday's covered dinner, always a dream,
Aunt Sikes fried chicken, fresh churned ice cream.

Southern home-made tater salad, fresh green peas,
I just hope and pray, they'll leave some for me.
Pigs rolled in the blanket, fresh corn on the cob,
Turn your head for too long, they'll all get robbed.

Creek catfish and corn dodgers,
Fried fresh by Miss Rogers oh so fine.
Hope there's just one deviled egg left,
When I get to the end of the line.

Fitting climax to a Holy day, we judge not mistakes,
Yet the preacher headed twice, to the red velvet cake.
All the ladies are huddled, talking bout' all them sinners,
What I remember most, those wonderful Sunday covered dinners.

Barry A. Lanier

Rexcuse Me For My Insensitivity

Dead as a duck, how long dead is Dead as a duck? Such a common phrase I thought. How many moons ago was that? But my use of the words 'dead as a duck' and 'how many moons ago' offend my grandmother, with raised eyebrows, mumbling I should stop speaking like a moron. I thought morons could not speak, but then again, I was very young. And then again I was speaking of the man down at the funeral home killed in an accident. You'd of thought I was talking about granny. And she was so upset I had went to school and told all my friends grandpa was murdering crows in the yard, but I heard him say many times, there's a murder of crows in the yard. By the Grace of God, I should kill you.. Yes, I was alive by the Grace of God. It sounded so lovely, so pristine. Grace that beautiful thing, so divine, well, God was God, but then the dish flew against the wall, and the book glided toward the window like a jaybird. You know how a jaybird gets into the house and flies again and again into the windows? What could I have possibly said? So I went into my room and practiced saying the words with different tones and inflection. Maybe that's it, 'murderin the crows, dead as a duck, many moons ago'. I'll try again tomorrow.

Barry A. Lanier

Ri'LI Take It From Here

She so calmly spoke

'just pull up a chair'

'and sit by my side'

'these last moments'

'seem so hard'

'yet they are easy'

'hold my hand please'

'and smile'

and then she slept

the scene, seemed

to silently speak

"I'll take it from here"

Barry A. Lanier

Robert

Calm and composed as in battle he sat,
The gray-bearded man, in a black slouched hat.
Forced from it's scabbard, so pure and free,
Flashed the gleaming sword, of Robert E. Lee.

Roused from it's rest, by new battle's song,
Shielding the South's feeble, smiting the strong.
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
Beneath Virginia sky, til' the day he went home.

Hushed roll of the drums, the sabres are sheathed,
Old soldiers and new, can go home in peace.
New nation of hope, home of the free,
Once was this dream, of Robert E. Lee.

Barry A. Lanier

Something Bad's Gonna Happen

After a night of tequila, and a 24 hour virus,
The next morning, no toilet paper in the house.
Struggling to the mailbox, a letter from my banker,
Why don't you come in and see me this week.
Expectation of the warmth and love of my morning coffee,
Then the sugar was out and the milk soured.
Finally dressed walking out with my socks on backwards,
A note on the table from my wife, sealed with a heart.

Barry A. Lanier

Sore Travail

Well, yes I struggle in these difficult impasses of life
Heck I need new answers and a new direction
Can the fires of passion and vitality be lit under this mediocrity?
The black and white turned to color?
I could better mend my broken heart by buying a can of mixed berry blend Skoal

Barry A. Lanier

Southern Romance

Morning Glories in nightgowns of purple blue,
Awaken with sun, shimmer in early morn's dew.
Creeping along the cool summer ground.
Arms twisting and tangling round and around.
Heart shaped leaves, fluttering in wind,
Tendrils outstretching reaching for friends.
Silken faces bravely facing, a midday sun,
Only to curl up and fold, spent when day is done.
As the Sun starts to sinking, behind Father Earth,
A shy lady moonflower now takes her birth.
Struggling and clambering toward the arbor tall,
Passionately holding on, winding up the old stone wall.
Her slender white buds, relax as they unfurl,
Reaching toward the night sky, as they uncurl.
White satin, yellow throats, scents of sweet perfume
The moonflower's grand display, will meet her doom.
Sweet blossoms so fragile, they wither to touch.
Longing and searching, her heart for so much.
Saints and the scribes, must wonder might be,
Should their hearts only touch, what one might see?

Could true love between two flowers finally prevail?

Through mutual love, would all constraints fail?

Though one is like night, and one is like day,

For true love has no boundaries, and this I do pray.

While BLue Glories mourn and Moon Flowers shall bloom,

Often love is not found and death comes too soon.

I stand in this garden, and I bow down and I pray

How I would like it to end..if it could only be that way!

Barry A. Lanier

Starlight Cafe'

A starlight cafe',
Perched in the easternly sky.
Tis' where I would announce,
That knot soon to tie.

Northernly breeze parts your flowing hair,
In the soft candlelight.
Your smile reflects the beauty of the stars,
Gazing down in their delight.

Bathing in the silence,
That echoed ever still.
Almost broken in my spirit,
Till I heard darling I will.

Barry A. Lanier

Tao Or Bust

Drifting in to my world apart.
From that which is not among men.
Towering pines of Georgia,
Singing, though there is no wind.

Fading grasslands stretch out,
Endlessly toward the horizon like manna.
Distant bells echoing in the still breeze,
Maybe the Grand Junction to Savannah.

Crows returning to nest, an owl in the dusk,
Quail ruffling the leaves, headed for brush.
Patches of blue sky, break through the lather,
As evening mists, find no where to gather.

Hitching my dreams to a star, hope to the sun,
Dreams of tomorrow, that may never come.
In my world apart, that is not among men,
Basking in this moment, pray never to end.

Barry A. Lanier

The Intelligent Fly

Actions are more important than deeds,
Grass is more important than the weeds.
Thought is more important than feeling.
The dealer gets busted when he's dealing
The intelligent fly lands on the swat.
(to be continued with your input!)

Barry A. Lanier

The Most Urgent Poem You've Ever Read Urgent! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! Urgent! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

I think the art and inspiration of poetry
Would inspire all members here
To write
To Ban Alex Black from this site
Give me your feedback.....

Barry A. Lanier

The Most Urgent Poet You've Ever Read (Ii)

After conferring with sages of wisdom
And seeking counsel from the wise
It is concluded that simply to ignore
Is the best form of flattery for the ignorant.

Barry A. Lanier

The Poet

With stylus in hand and passion of soul,
Adulations in light of the stories they told.
Glimpse O' life but in motion, from the young to the old,
Exact just one feeling from a heart or a soul.

Aspiring affections, life's reflections, fruit on the vine,
Lost love or loved ones, come Father Time.
Fathers and mothers, daughters and brides,
Spirits and flowers, or blooms that must die.

Longing, belonging, daffodils among thorns,
God; s plan of redemption, grace of the newborn.
Alas, the ink well might yield and dry,
Only the future shall know the reason why.

Viso consentum, ad infinitum,
Only God knows
From whence the poet came,
And whereth the poet goes.

Barry A. Lanier

To Sow

A thousand ages, known to He are gone,
In peace I'll never, be alone.
Time, oh time, just a slow running stream,
Yet I know that He, is not a dream.

Love of a child, that is so divine,
I would only know, because they were mine.
And then I see His his scarred hands and also His feet,
How did such love, and such sorrow meet?

Could it be that just I, a plain sinful man,
Can sow all His seeds, amongst this plain, sinful land.
Strife always fierce, and the days will be long,
Yet I know I must carry, the warfare on.

Because I know the Father, and I know the Son,
It is written and known that both are but one.
My sword in hand, may I sow through these hills,
Give my the courage, and be it Your Will.

Barry A. Lanier

Trail Of Tears

I dare not summon them,
Though so special to me.
At times I've shed enough,
To fill every vast, vast sea.

At times they spill on my pillow,
In the hours right before dawn.
Maybe regret or retrospect,
Times with loved ones gone.

So warm and so salty,
Slowly flowing down both cheeks.
Comforting my sad or my lonely,
Solace when I'm weak.

Should an old thought,
Or words pierce my heart.
Seeking silent refuge,
My trail of tears start.

Always so close to me,
Whether by night or by day.
They know just the right time,
Wash all my grief away.

Time can't deny nor lessen,
As I count off the years.
Dear friends of mine, oh how sublime,
My long trail of tears.

Barry A. Lanier

Uncommon Becomes Common

- 1- Silence is golden, except to your banker
- 2- Don't stare in the mirror when seeking truth
- 3- Nature loves flowers and weeds equally
- 4- Futility is full of opportunity
- 5- Pain is inevitable, misery optional
- 6- Most are too impatient for temptation
- 7- True freedom is the moment between asleep and awake
- 8- If women would just believe in, the fantasies of men
- 9- I put Viagra in the cat food and the dog had kittens

Barry A. Lanier

Understanding Bukowski Now

Later in life I've really come to understand Bukowski.
Without women money would have no meaning,
Men would have no taste.
Soap operas truly are fictional,
Men aren't affectionate out of bed.
Colonel Sanders really is a gender icon,
All he cared about, legs, breasts, and thighs.
Without women man would never truly understand,
The meaning of an alien race.
Why do Black Widow spiders kill their mate after mating?
Just ask any women!
Men marry virgins to avoid the criticism.
Women marry virgins, but there aren't any.
The futility of the arrangement of life!
Charles how I'm beginning to understand.

Barry A. Lanier

Virtuoso

Virgin in angelic white,
Feathered anticipation.
Stretched and taunt,
My body awaits your strokes.
Wanton and firm,
Caress my body.
I shiver, as feverish waves,
Bleed over my yearning torso.
Crimson Climax,
Quenches my desire only until.
Your venetian tongue licks my albino to succumb.
Bestir, bleed your palette dry,
I crave each drop.
My love, my life,
My shadow.

Barry A. Lanier

Walking Out Of The Desert

Slowly walking out of the desert,
As the new dawn calls out to meet the dusk.
My journey, a ritual, poor choices, maybe destiny,
Riding the wind on each gust.

Meager spirituality and personal growth,
Yet now, or not yet?
Exposed to nurturing sunlight,
Two steps forward, then three steps back.
Appearing only in the darkness, the why of I,
Always losing the fight.

So, I'm walking out of the desert!

Contemplating a meaningful existence,
I discovered the who of am I?
Progress only in sheer darkness,
Not in the heavenly light!

So, I'm walking out of the desert!

O' soul, my eternal restless soul,
Cast aside for a moments chime.
Let me once mount my tempest,
For the first and very last time.

So, I'm walking out of the desert!

Grant my pinnacle, abide my search,
Lay bare to me my earthly perch.
Reveal not visions of Pharos and wealth,
Only define my mind and museful self.

So, I'm walking out of the desert.

Reveal a glimpse of my destiny,
Summon to me my fate, with care.
Let me never forget where I've been and going,
And never once, forget this heavenly prayer.

As I am, walking out of the desert.

Barry A. Lanier

We Only Watch

The outline of distant mountains,
Desperately clawing arctic blue sky.
Yet from valleys of hope,
We only watch.

Barry A. Lanier

What Is Intelligence?

I have often intellectualized and pondered,
I have often struggled over the important questions of life.
I have educated and re-educated myself in the search,
What is true intelligence?
And then one day it came to me.
The intelligent fly lands on the swat.

Barry A. Lanier

What Your Science Teacher Didn'T Teach You

A long childhood,
Made me a mental virtuoso.
Leaving a life-long residue,
Of emotional immaturity.

Eros ruled the first Freudian stage,
The pleasure of creating.
Something of my own.
Libidinal drives heightened.

Adrenalin surge, blood pressure peaks,
No fight, nor flight.
But ecstasy, climatic completion.
Albeit sex, the most pleasurable experience.

Some may call it a poop,
Others label it a dunk.
Yet in maturity, I profess,
A grand-slam.

Barry A. Lanier

Where Are You?

In our flesh and blood existence,
We sacrifice ourselves to conformity.
Cell phone zombies,
Babbling through shopping malls.
While whales beach,
And die in the sand.
Taking time to pet the dogs,
But what of the children?
Feeding our bodies daily,
Nourishing our spirit only on Sunday.
Creating litter.
What of picking up trash.
And hard is it to say,
I love you?

Barry A. Lanier

Who's The Real Enemy?

On CNN the congressmen and representatives smile and console their constituents that problems are.....

The military and pentagon leaders have miscalculated the true enemy and their resources.....

While the military and the pentagon blame the problems on inaccurate information or distortion of the truth by the CIA.....

And the President reconciliates the dilemma shifting the blame to the inability of the congressmen and representative to come to a consensus.....

Who is The Real Enemy?

Barry A. Lanier