

Poetry Series

Carolyn Brunelle
- poems -

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Carolyn Brunelle(1946)

I'm 68 yrs. old, married 49 years to my high school sweetie. We are both military brats and grew up everywhere other than where we were born. Got old and retired and are now living in northern California (just north of Sacramento) I love and enjoy my small family (my soulmate Hubby, our one Son, one Granddaughter, and one old kitty) and lots of hobbies and interests: my computer, writing, poetry, photography, Pinterest, cooking, the S.F. Giants Baseball games, movies and wine and being anywhere with my hubby. Come visit my webpage:

A Birthday Without You

The gathering was wonderful;
Laughter tasted great
Mixed with wine in the palate;
Birthdays are good reason to celebrate.
Like a scarf knitted together in love,
The family wrapped warmly around me,
But one of us was missing.
You were not there.
Your absence
Left a hollowness to our joy;
A deep longing in our hearts.
A birthday without you wasn't happy at all,
It just felt sad.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Bond

Theirs is a bond
that will last through time;
a devotion and trust
forged and tested
in the fires of life.

Old lovers,
no longer lost
to uncertainties of youth,
strong with faith and courage
born of adversity.

All that matters now,
in this part of the journey,
is the love
they know is there
in each others eyes.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Closed Door

A chapter ends;
the door
closes on the past.

Other roads lie ahead
with all new experiences;
who knows what waits
around the next corner.

But at least
it's her song to sing;
her chance to dance.

With no more clouds
in a wide open sky,
she'll be flying high
without all the baggage.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Day On My Own

A day on my own doesn't happen a lot;
retired hubby hangs around a lot too.
Rare indeed this event;
surprises me I have no trouble
finding my old 'zone.'
Creativity is always the soothing balm
whether a good write or photo shoot,
... oh and music to boot.
Crank up that old rock n' roll
take me down memory lane;
can still do the twist and the stroll.
A day on my own is easy
to fill all the empty space;
one day can become
a fairly likeable place.
But then I know he'll return
at the end of the day.
And to be honest
whenever he's hangin' around,
somewhere near me...
I'm really at my happiest anyway.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Different World

My candlelight flickers
In the same Delta breeze
That tosses around the trees;
Music drifts
Across the yard.

“Who needs it anyhow! ”
Precedes the slap of placed bet;
Fans snap open,
Click and swish
At cool summer sweat;
Crackling, sizzling steaks.
Oh give me a break
Not the evening I planned
I’m outmanned tonight.

Still, that catchy Salsa
Drowns out the daily grind;
Picks up my spirits.
I pour my wine
Enjoy my precious down time;
Let it all take me away
To that other world tonight
Ole’! Ole’! !

Carolyn Brunelle

A Dream Come True

You sweat and worry
About making the grade;
If you can get this one done
You've got it made.
Fears and self doubts
Always creep about
Disturbing your dreams;
A journey it seems
With no end.
But this is your challenge;
Your choice
And yours alone.
You must stand prepared
Ready to make the call;
Pay the piper his due
Lest you stumble and fall.
It is 'your' dream after all;
You must carry its burdens
If you seek its rewards.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Final Grace

It was here in my arms
she began to feel safe enough
to release the tear stained memories
that would fill the casket of childhood.

But that sorrow weeps no more.

All disappeared in the winds of time
when the child made her peace;
now, in a blessed final grace
both have passed on to other shores.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Friend

Time is ever fleeting
never stays in one spot;
time keeps on 'keepin' on'
whether I want it to or not.

Hours turn into days
the months and years fly by;
time a constant companion
remains steady at my side.

But only so much is allotted
all things must come to an end;
it's easier to accept it with grace
knowing time is really a friend.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Gamble

Yours was all a bluff
put out there
on the table;
I could only guess
where it would end
in
A high stakes
gamble on love.

Some players
love their games
till they stop
being fun;
when the best is called
and the horses run.

The game you play
has grown cold,
time for you to fold;
go gamble
with another's heart.
This girl
doesn't play at love;
I was holding the ace
from the start.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Girl

A whirling, dervish of a girl tosses my heart about;
lifts it to heights I've never dreamed.

A twisting roaring power
that can rain on my parade
bring darkness to my skies
not to see the light
in her eyes,
or heaven's sweetest grace
with the smile on her face.

She is unparalleled
a ride on a carousel
a mystery, an open book;
she can kill me
with just one look, and
make all my storms subside.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Grain Of Sand

Almighty Creator
are you mindful
of grains of sand
along your great sea?
I am less than nothing
on the shores of infinity,
but I come
from the desert to drink.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Great Deal

Under a canopy of stars
A full moon rises.
We sip our wine,
Laugh and talk
By candlelight;
It's your deal.
Efficiently you
Shuffle and ruffle
The new deck.
They flap, flap, flap;
Flutter over one another
From a perfect bow you create
With your hands.
You're a better player;
You always win in the end.
I play for fun;
I win a perfect evening with you.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Harbor

Come into my open arms
and I'll chase away your fears,
feed your empty aching need
and dry up all your tears.

To the lonely, weary traveler,
my heart's a soothing balm;
a harbor from the storm tossed seas,
a respite and a calm.

So come to me and rest your head,
here upon my breast,
lay down your heavy burdens
and take much needed rest.

All things change soon enough
and this, too, will fade away,
the heart will mend, the storm will cease,
and tomorrow's a brand new day.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Little Light

For everything a reason
and a season under the sun;
every puzzle has its answer
that is not uniquely our own.

Nothing remains a mystery
in the light of life's experience,
or hurts like the awareness
we cannot live it over again.

Yet nothing is ever lost if we
pass such wisdom to one another;
no life lived in vain, that sheds
light on the path for a brother.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Loving Memory

Cute as a bug, bright eyed and spirited,
the littler terrier
filled all our lives;
captured our hearts as easily as he managed
to sneak into the boy's room each night.

A bitter sweet chapter of our history;
this adored pet of youth
that lies wrapped in his own death
remains forever wrapped in our memories.
The poison was painful and slow.

He hid in the storm but I tracked his cries;
cradled him back home to the comfort of family,
to our broken hearts and the little boy's hands
that would dig a very special place
to gently give him back to the earth.

An innocent creature taken so mercilessly
speaks even now these decades later.
Some hearts are already dead
lost in the darkness of their own cruelty;
others live on in loving memories they leave behind.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Marriage

In some force of nature
He reaches for her
Time and time again.
And time after time
She soothes his fevered brow,
Calms and strokes the fury in him.
A marriage of sea and shore
Embracing only one another;
And yearning for nothing more
They thrash and crash about.
The going has always been rough but
They cling to their life in one another;
Knowing separately each would die there.
But together, their dance continues
Painting a mesmerizing beauty;
Timeless and enduring
Through sunshine as well as storm.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Matter Of Time

Time in a bottle;
sands of time
running out of time.
IF there is
a time to be born
and a time to die,
is there enough time
and for what?
Is time on my side;
is it friend
or enemy?
And why is it getting faster
while I am getting slower,
and
what is that
infernal ticking?

Carolyn Brunelle

A Moment

Come; rest here love.
Share with me a fleeting glimpse
of that silken splendor
as you linger for just a moment.
The flowers are willing to wait.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Natural High

Words begin to float
to the surface of her mind.
She grabs her pen as
the lines begin to rhyme;
another poem is being born.
She'll be exhausted
tomorrow morn;
but so flows the juices
when the muse seduces
her from nightly rest.
In this inner world
creativity is like a drug
a natural high;
there's so much to say
sleep just has to wait.

Carolyn Brunelle

A New Day

Let's move this there
And that over here;
Make some more room
For this brand new year.
We'll clean and scrub
And make it all bright;
Organize it all
And put everything right.
Make some goals
We intend to reach;
Look at today's economy,
It has a lot to teach.
We can rent instead of buy,
Pay off yesterday's debts;
Learn better ways of living
We're not finished yet.
Life is all about lessons,
We can make a new start;
Get ourselves together and focused
Instead of falling apart.
Each day is a step toward
A better life down the road;
If we start with better decisions
WE are responsible for what we've sowed.
A new year is filled with promises
For a new life and a new day;
There CAN be fresh new beginnings
If we change ourselves along the way.

Carolyn Brunelle

A New Day With Old Ghosts

We've worked so hard to get here
finished a career, retired
remodeled, redecorated;
even taken a vacation or two.

Only one problem remains
full reconciliation of the past;
how to deal with old ghosts
who come to call.

Stepping into this new future,
perhaps we should put those to rest
before we miss something important
they might still be trying to tell us.

Carolyn Brunelle

A New Hope

There's a strange silence in me
almost a reverence for this tear inside;
one I can only hope
will somehow mend.

Happy voices of youth and laughter
stand mute;
Time speaks louder with broken promises,
shattered dreams, disillusionment.

Standing here in my numbness,
I pray for a fresh shot at life;
yesterday's dreams are nothing more than dust
I need a new hope for tomorrow.

Carolyn Brunelle

A New Recipe

Dull routine,
has me digging for
something fresh
from my bag of tricks.

It has to excite
have some kick;
same old same old
won't do the trick.

Whatever change is needed
it's time to move; innovate,
life is only what you create;
my life needs a whole new recipe.

Carolyn Brunelle

A New Season

She calls at my door;
wants to know
what I'm sitting here for
when the sun and soft breezes
are trying to tease me
away from winter's doldrums.
But I can't take the chance
much beyond winsome glance,
'til my work is complete.
Then I'll gladly take a seat
there in the fresh
beckoning air;
when all I have to lose
is these indoor blues
to the ever playful,
captivating beauty of Spring.

Carolyn Brunelle

A New Start

A new year begins;
a bud not fully blossomed
at the dawn of a new day.

Take it for what it is;
let it be a blessing.

Treat it well;
let all the rest go to hell
and move on with the living of it.

Focus on the beauty and love
in life and all things bright.

Free your heart;
even a fragile bird still flies,
dares to dream.

Be thankful;
you are alive, rejoice!

Carolyn Brunelle

A New World

Every breath turns to a puffy cloud
footsteps crunch their way to grab
shovels and scrape out driveways;
engines hum
as they thaw out cars.

A new landscape greets this sunrise.
Shards of ice crystals decorate every roof
smoke rises from chimney tops;
the smell of burning wood and freshly
brewed coffee hangs in the air.

In this bright winter dawn
every simple tree and lawn
glitters in sparkling white beauty;
beckons to any still snuggled
beneath their warm blankets
to awaken to a whole new world.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Pause

A pause...

Sweet notes of spring are
heard from foraging birds
who discover the seed bag
hanging beneath a limb;
they become territorial,
begin to build.

Tree buds appear, oddly
out of time and season,
flowers awaken from slumber
for the same reason;
An overly eager nature
stretches wide to a welcomed sun.

And then...

Frost returns, brings silence as
winter begins to breathe again;
freezes all such innocents
who acted upon emotion
instead of common sense.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Perfect Ending

A sweet ritual,
no matter
the day
or what it has brought.

Lights dimmed....
a little talk,
a hug and a kiss, then
"Sweet dreams my love
see you in the morning."

Tender moments before slumber
close and 'tuck-in' the night;
a little love
a perfect ending
to any day.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Poet's Heart

Among the throngs
who toss words carelessly
with no meaning or purpose served,
the poet's voice rises from the depths.

And therein
lies reason to hope again;
a true heart still beats.

It sighs from deep within;
we glimpse its beauty
and weep.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Question Of Time

Time
in a bottle;
sands of time
running
out.

IF there is a time
to be born
and a time to die,
is there enough time
and for what?

Is time
on my side;
is it friend
or
enemy?

Why is it getting faster
while
I am getting slower,
and
what is that infernal ticking?

Carolyn Brunelle

A Reflection

The hour glass of time
returns bits of me to the sea;
and it's these shattered fragments
that seem to whisper back to me.

'Who can know what is true,
or what is reality;
could be, LIFE is the illusion
and this, a distorted reverie.

I've pondered it all for sure
life must be something more;
serve some another purpose
perhaps on other shores.

Beyond our clouds of doubt and fear
maybe life is actually a mirror;
sparkling glass by some beautiful sea,
a reflection of light in eternity.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Rough Road

She bathes, dresses in a haze of memories
knowing what awaits her there;
each year another look-see but it's
more than routine and part of her history.

The fears wait there too.
Old familiars accompany each event
evidenced by each scar she bares;
every battle wound
re-traces the map of a nightmare.

The questions, the fear, the forms to fill out,
the inherent tension, the shadow of doubt
the waiting to hear ONLY five days from now;
all play a part in her private hell
and it's a rough old road for anyone to plow.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Smile

An old familiar fear grips;
turns your stomach
grabs at your heart
tosses you across the room
in all manner of horrifying scenarios.
Happens every time
your kids take risks;
climb so high.
But then...
from inside that quiet still place
you have learned so well,
a smile begins to work itself out.
Your shoulders relax,
your breathing changes
your brain gets it;
the light dawns and the cloud lifts
and you somehow know
everything is going to be okay.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Son

A son is a son
wherever he roams
no matter how far
or the years that have flown.

He may test the darkness
to challenge the unknown,
yet he'll never be less
than your beloved son.

He may take your soul with him
from sea to sea;
but the child of your heart
he will ever be.

Doesn't matter the distance
or trials he may know,
he is always 'your son'
wherever he goes.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Teen's Lament

You want me to make good decisions;
I do. Sometimes my choices
aren't always in line with yours, but
that doesn't mean I am not capable.

You say you're afraid I'll make mistakes;
I know I'll make my share, more than a few.
Tell me how am I ever to succeed
without trial and error and freedom to learn.

You think I want to be in control;
what I really need is your support.
You've taught me to think and act for myself;
now you need to learn how to trust me.

What appears to be all about this teen
is also about you as my parent.
If your hope is that one day I will learn to fly,
then you must also learn when it is time to let go.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Timeless Sea

Bottled bits of glass and shells
all that a heart could save
from the wonders of wind and wave;
treasured memories from a beloved shore
captured in glittering sand.
But it doesn't matter how far you roam
or how long you follow your star,
a timeless sea will wait patiently
for wayfaring children to come home.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Tragedy

No one could know on a
sunny vacation isle
that tragedy was but
a slip away.
Silenced adoring hearts
are wrapped in grief;
you left so quickly
nothing could be done.
Where are you now
out there in that big blue?
O Jet, may god speed
your journey back home;
the broken hearted have no wings
to fly there with you.

*dedicated with my sincerest condolences to the Travolta Family.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Vanished Hope

Off the beaten path
and into the world,
she vanishes
carrying only
her hopes.

Thicket and thorn
rip and gouge at her young skin;
a warning of impending shadow.

But she only feels the wind in her hair
propelled by an air
of determination.

She has to believe it's out there
beyond the things of man
beyond the crash of noise;
a place of rest from the peace spoilers
and war mongers
who would suck up every ounce of joy
and know only how to destroy.

If only she can run fast
.....and far
enough.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Violence

An innocent walked in the woods;
never heard the calls
or knew
of any fearful search.

But a father's seething fury
met her that day;
lashed out in a way
she had never before known.

Its pain
stung through decades;
the fear of unrestrained anger
warped the young seed

Welts beaten into flesh
eventually do heal,
but the scars remain
a lifetime in the soul.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Welcomed Demise

In the interim, nothing but remnants remain.
Dried grasses, dead blossoms, wilted trees
not even a delta breeze
stirs beneath a gibbous moon.

By light of day, as far as the eye can see
a weary earth with a thirst unquenched
bakes beneath a sun that refuses to relent;
all of the lush beauty completely spent.

But Autumn is poised just around the bend;
how eager we all are to welcome her.
She can put a final end
to these long drawn out days of summer.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Whiff Of Yesterday

The smell of a memory
floats in on the breeze;
jogs the senses
pretty as you please.

From another time and place,
delicious memories of Mom's kitchen
reach across time with warm embrace
to hug my soul.

Heaven's own feast, her fried apple pies
and worthy of all the oohs and ahhs;
always a special family delight
a treasured and tasty surprise.

Carolyn Brunelle

A Woman's Search

Seems natural the way a woman
senses things beyond your eyes,
from the sound in your voice or
in certain tensions in your body.
She reads and studies each loved one;
assuring herself that all is well
before she is content enough
to settle into her comfort zone.
Keen as a wolf who smells trouble
before it brews,
female instinct may hearken back
to an ancient wildness
when survival made it necessary
to assess the health of the pack.

Carolyn Brunelle

Abandoned

Four years old,
eager to have another
little person to play with
she counts the days.
But life had other plans;
other roads ahead.
Many operations for baby brother,
a traumatized mother who
empties herself to all but the one.
A mirror shattered
no longer reflects a little girl
who disappears in her eyes;
big girls don't cry,
big girls have no real needs do they.
Destiny leads a little girl
lost and abandoned;
'tis the pain of another
will have a mother.

Carolyn Brunelle

Abolish All War

Why can't peace
be the anthem of my country
that we sing throughout the years,
so the lives of our young
are not shattered and lost
leaving our people
to shed sorrow's tears?

Time could be lived
in a world without fear
where we teach
our children brotherhood
making it clearly understood
that hate and war are NOT answers
to any of life's challenges in this world.

Why can't we raise our flag to THAT;
unfurl a flag that flies
over a people that are free
to flourish and grow
in peace and serenity
and share the BLESSINGS of life?
Or is that only a dream
buried with our dead
that the living still want to know...
Why can't we abolish all war
and build upon peace instead?

Carolyn Brunelle

Acorn

Wore her identity so close
to the skin,
couldn't be touched
or ever let anyone in.

Had a heart well hidden
in a hard outer shell
wonder who she really was
but no one could ever tell.

After so many years
tucked away from the light,
all the worlds inside
would grow out of sight.

An acorn soul hidden
inside an oak tree;
never in this life
could she ever be free.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Autumn)

A serenity moves across the land
under a hazy harvest moon.
Trails of geese honk their goodbyes;
ushering in a season of change that
makes the leaves turn and fall as
nature directs them all to new destinies.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (A Broken Heart)

A nybody would've been upset. We were devastated;

B elieved it was because we were gone longer than usual.

R eally have no control over weather and airplanes; had lost

O ur flight connection in NYC. But an old and lonely

K itty doesn't have a way of understanding any of that.

E ven the neighbor who was watching over him

N ever even saw him but once, the whole week. Went through

H ell wondering if he'd been hurt or maybe worse.

E ven put an ad in Craig's List lost and found pet section; continued to

A che not knowing anything except our hearts were empty as our yard.

R ode around looking and hoping we didn't find what we feared. And

T hen after 48 hours he returned, safe and sound, finished pouting ready to
forgive

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (A New Hope Rises)

A ll of us believe in something, want

N othing of the old politics; to
E rase the ways of the past and
W ash away the yesterdays. We

H old onto a promise of change that might
O pen new doorways to the future and
P repare a new path for other generations to
E nter into their own age. As a

Ripened tree bears fruit,
I nch by inch we will find our feet;
S tand steady and speak in one voice
E voke our freedom to vote and
S elect a leader worthy of our trust.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Cats)

C urlled and wrapped into themselves
a ssigned to no other activity, they are purest
t estament to lunar rule; felines
s lumber by day, prowl by night.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Cell)

Classified as a living thing,
each one is called a building block of life; the smallest
living biological structure found in all known
living organisms.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Dark Sky)

Day light saving while
Autumn begins
re-arranging landscapes
keeping up a face.

Sun in need of rest
knows when to retreat and
yield to Winter's grace.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Environment)

Everyone should care.
No one should ignore a world so
Vital and green;
Inviting and teeming with life. Mother earth
Revolves around our respect, how we take
Ownership of our actions; and
Never forget our inheritance. We must
Mind our responsibility and pass along
Every moment of beauty bestowed upon us;
Nurture a green future for our children, and
Try to preserve Mother Nature's gift to us all.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Fireflies)

F orever there in memory, their
I llumination in a child's night skies
R eminds me today that youth itself
E scapes as easily from one's grasp.
F astened to the universe
L assoed to the stars,
I cling to that magical glow;
E ver is its light inside my heart
S parkling in each summer's eve.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Freedom)

F orever it flies over the halls of justice;
R evered as beloved symbol across the land
E very heart feels humbled by her anthem.
E ach pledge made beneath her liberty and
D ream fulfilled in her history is part of her glory.
O ver her adoring people she waves her colors,
M y country's flag from sea to shining sea.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Lyrics)

Love to hear your melody and I
yearn so to hear you speak;
really feel your embrace. But I feel
instant relief in my heart when you
come whispering in the wind and
say the words that set me free.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (My Bacon Valentine)

May you always remember
you are my first love.

Believe me there are few things I love
as much as I adore you; I just
cannot imagine my life as it was
once upon a time long ago without you,
not even if I try.

Valued beyond all others
and treasured, we have a special
love that rocks and rolls
every fiber of my being with a
never changing, never waning desire
to feast upon your love alone, so today
i give my heart without reservation;
never desiring more beyond your
ever tantalizing, ever tasty pleasures.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (None Are Lost)

N one of us are who we think we are.
O nly those sheeple who follow blindly
Necessitate great introspection, cruel judgement.
E veryone is on equal ground.

A ll fall short, soon evolve and are elevated.
R espect should be given to each man so that
E ach soul is allowed to grow and flourish;

L earn to be a part of the whole.
O nly those of limited vision see men perish
S tripped of beauty and angel wing;
T is only earthly eyes that envision such things.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Painting)

Pulling out fresh canvas, he
assumes his seat in front of the stand and
imagines a scene in his head.
Next he gathers his colors, loads his pallet,
tweaks the radio at his side.
Immediately he begins with broad strokes and
never once even looks up at the clock as off he
goes into his creative world.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Prophet)

People eagerly follow;
revere the
one leading, and
place great responsibility on the
head of he who would take
every risk to direct the fold. Best pray
that it is from the right Spirit.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Remodeling)

R eaching out to get recommended contractors, you make an
E valuation on each one, then you finally
M ake your most important decision... your Project leader.
O ggling a ton of sites for products you are the one
D ecides each detail, chooses sinks, faucets, flooring, cabinetry
E valuates whether you want new cabinets or a refinish. You
L ose your cookies over the prices you see; there's still more that
I ncludes tile, granite, custom shower doors, a soaker tub;
N ot to even mention more bids on vanity mirrors, painting, etc...
G reat Caesar's Ghost, what have I begun! ! ! !

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Revolution)

R estoration of 'united' states
E very man had certain rights
V isionaries all who knew
O ld ways had to go. They
L ined up on battlefields
U niforms of blue and grey
T ook up the fight against own brothers
I nvoking battlecry, 'All men are free'.
O urs is a history of fighting for freedom
N ot diplomacy.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Science)

S earching and
c ollecting data
i n many varied ways to
e xplore
n ature's
c hemistry and
e mpirically test the physical world around us.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Spring Arrives)

S pring sunshine
p ierces winter
r ain clouds;
i nvites a
n ew earth to
g row.

A nd in warm
r esponse the earth
r eplies;
i gnites even my own
v igor as it
e nergizes and awakens a
s leeping world.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Steady Heart)

S omewhere in heaven
t here has to be a place for the
e nduring ones;
a ll those who stayed the course
d idn't turn or run, didn't
y ield but decided to overcome.

H anded over their hearts
e ven sacrificed their own lives to
a nswer the needs of another;
r esponded to love's call, rather
t han live life only for themselves.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Storm)

Suddenly Autumn is done and over with, all
too soon. A storm packing SNOW waits just
over the horizon and it makes for
rushed and hurried preparations;
most folks are not ready for Winter so early.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Wednesday Sales)

Watching the special season, I
Entertain a shopping spree;
Decide this day is best.
Noting hubby has plans of his own, I
Evaluate my needs, target the stores and
Savor the day's prospects. I am
Determined to find myself
A new wardrobe of clothes as
Yearly sales are calling.

Shoppers just like me will be as eager.
All will be ready for an early start
Lining up outside the doors;
Excitedly, they too, will gather in
Surrender to a new season's siren call.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Winter Blues)

W hen all outdoor interest has faded,
I am stuck inside my refuge from the storms in
n eed of mental stimulation. So I
t ry to stay busy;
e ven tackle those postponed projects that
r equire time I would never give in summer.

B elieve me, staying focused is the answer. If you want to
l ose seasonal doldrums, you must
u nleash your own creativity and
e liminate any idle complaint
s o you can overcome the onset of winter blues.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Winter)

Why have you left me here alone
inviting cold, windy guests
never remembering our summer romp
thank you for sea, sand and memory
every one held close to my heart, please
remember me, your lost summer love.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Wintry Days)

Wind in the trees releases the leaves
invites them to fly onto rooftops, cling to the eaves.
Nostalgia hangs in the air, neighbors burn
their quickly raked mounds; try to beat the
rain predicted. Admiring the colors of
yesterday blanketing my yard, the

darkening skies overhead sends a chill that
awakens me to my shivering senses. I retreat and
yield to the need for warmth;
snuggle by a glowing fire as rain arrives.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (World Trade Center)

W hen tragedy struck on 9/11/01
O ur world changed forever but we will
R emember all the
L oved ones who died on that
D evastating day when

T wo thousand, nine hundred eighty-five souls fell in the
R ubble of destruction.
A bout 50,000 people worked at the World Trade Center; its
D ust and smoke and panic and loss
E ffected the lives of people all over the planet. Their

C ourage in the face of such an act
E clipped the hatred that flew into the
N orth tower which was 1,368 feet high.
T hen the south tower at 1,362 feet fell and no one could
E xplain such a horror that could
R e-shape the lives of an entire world in one event.

Carolyn Brunelle

Acrostic (Worry)

What-ifs plague a mind with an
Over-active imagination; and in torturous
Replays of imagined scenarios as
Response to its fears, the mind willingly
Yields its best strength to deal with reality.

Carolyn Brunelle

After The Rain

A fragrance still lingers
in a soft afternoon's landscape.
Dripping leaves
shrubs and trees
bask in a returning sun;
scrubbed of yesterday's dust
refreshed from a long thirst.
Earth's misty breath rises
to a crisp, clear blue sky;
where a rainbow paints itself up high
on a newly cleaned canvas.

Carolyn Brunelle

Again

A love story
that screams in the night;
when beauty turns to cold stain.
No warmth can be found
for her bruised heart
in his embrace of pain.
She does leave
... again,
 ... and again,
 ... and again.

Carolyn Brunelle

Age Of Anger

It wants to break free,
burst out
and blossom into something
fresh and new.

But the clouds of discontent
only cast their dark shadows
over these days of harsh reality;
bring deeper reason for concern.

The raging season
has not ended;
it simply ushers in more storms
and here come the tears.

Carolyn Brunelle

Aglow

The season's last days
drift golden from the trees;
winter now whispers
its own arrival if you please.

A chill is in the air
and fog hangs in low;
yet it is 'her' memory
lingers on wherever I go.

The rain sounds so sweet
splattering at my feet,
but the beauty of Autumn
remains aglow within.

Carolyn Brunelle

Ah-H-Choo! It's Spring

Trees in blossom
make me sneeze
with every incoming breeze;
when Spring comes alive
so do my allergies.

A season in bloom lovely to see
but for me Mother Nature's beauty
is best viewed from afar,
in pictures, on the internet
or from the window of my car.

Carolyn Brunelle

Alive

A beautiful child;
a lonely old soul
carries a pain
from somewhere else,
another time
and place.

Memories
alive beyond the grave
passed on;
handed over to an angel
arriving,
from one going home.

Another young old soul
will have to work it all out
discover her own identity;
find her own path of freedom.

Carolyn Brunelle

All About You

'You don't want that
you'll like this,
you shouldn't feel that way
you don't mean that.
How could you not like it
when I worked so hard;
it looks so good on you.'
Told through the years
what to think
how to act
what to wear
was never asked
or listened to.
My thoughts and feelings
manipulated when I tried
guilted when I cried,
so I finally just buried me.
My life
had very little to do with
the daughter you thought you knew;
because somehow
it always wound up
just being about you.

Carolyn Brunelle

All Are Precious

Not a single breath or heartbeat;
not one moment in time
can we be assured is ours.
Who can know the bigger picture
or what might be the overall design?

We struggle through life
rise to each new dawn and
meet the challenges of whatever road
we find ourselves on;
then find we control nothing
at the end of the day.

Age and experience tells us
it's true and when to let go.
And that becomes the best time life
when we are ready to start livin'
from a heart learning to be grateful
for WHATEVER moments are given.

Carolyn Brunelle

All Grown Up

Another hopeful starry eyed dreamer
strikes off on her own
to carve out a place,
live it her way, call all the shots
whether you like it or not.

Freedom's bus careens off roads
into ditches, smacks into walls;
reckless, with no common sense at all,
freedom is a child with one speed,
lofty goals, and no controls.

But she will learn, it will be her life's story;
because experience teaches each one of us
that our roads have the same destination
and all lead to the same revelation...
'it is WE who crash ourselves.'

Carolyn Brunelle

All Kinds Of Days

It takes all kinds of days
to build a life.
Some are soft places to look back on
others filled with rancor and pain;
but ALL of them count.

All our days create
the world of our tomorrows.
Never knowing how many there are,
treasure them all
and forgive.

Life is short,
Live

Carolyn Brunelle

All Over Again

There are times my mind
reaches back
into that bag of memories
pulls out the pain, re-lives, re-hashes
goes over it and over it again.

Other times an innocent statement or question
connects back to that sadness;
stuns me every time
how profoundly powerful it still is
with a life of its own.

It's been decades now;
and I still have to remind myself
that it's "all over"... again!
Does history
EVER really die?

Carolyn Brunelle

American Dream

Working harder
For cuts in the check,
Some, already the loser
With more bills
And no checks.
Again, the ordinary Joes
Take the fall
For a corrupt
And thieving herd;
Most, just try to survive,
Too busy to say a word.
In emails and blogs
Facebook and Yahoo
There is some escape;
Even a pal or two.
"Community" has changed
With so little time;
Most everybody's friends
Are now those
Nothing good is in the news
Even the weather sucks too
With either too much rain
Or no rain at all.
The States are going broke,
The whole economy
Is circling the drain;
Can't imagine things
Ever being the same.
It's an all out struggle;
An awesome strain...
Living the American dream
These days.

Carolyn Brunelle

An Honest Man

Lives lay to waste
in a sloth, a liar, a beggar, a thief,
burdens ALL for life to carry;
they only give the world grief.

But an honest man does the best he can
to honor the gift of his days.
He lives a much different way
by sharing his gifts with others
has regard for himself
and respect for the lives of his brothers.

God Bless that humble man,
it is he who stands apart;
makes the world a better place
gives humanity its beating heart.

Carolyn Brunelle

An Innocent's Memory

A guarded and gated world
of I.D. cards, base patrols, uniforms olive green;
military with its rule and rank, snappy salutes
planes always on the radar screen.

Still, a young mind could hardly be prepared
when ALL base sirens suddenly blared.
Airmen on alert ran wild and scared;
communications ceased except to planes in the air.

Innocence died with a President that day;
a nation's colors turned to shades of grey.
It was the 60's; none could believe
all we could do was watch it unfold and grieve.

Carolyn Brunelle

An Observation

You live long enough, you see alot,
you learn and get to know things;
things you really don't want to know
about people, who they really are.

A family living on nothing but pretense and plastic,
a drinker, a shoplifter, a secret hoarder,
that illegal housekeeper from south of the border;
the couple who cheat on their taxes and one another.

Still, it all goes to show
why your life makes perfect sense
to you now though; and explains
why you prefer your own company.

Carolyn Brunelle

An Old Hiding Place

Years went by
while it all gathered dust
in an old hiding place
far from the light.

Tucked away from the world,
it rested quietly and waited
'til one day,
light pierced that darkness.

A door opened on
long buried secrets;
awakened the ghosts of my past
and my need
to finally deal with them.

Carolyn Brunelle

An Ordinary Day

The street outside
becomes alive with
school busses
returning chattering
children from local schools,
road traffic swells
to constant swoosh;
a weary, happy bunch
makes their way home
from their day.
Blissfully unaware of life
and ears
behind the wall
walkers and runners
converse in the breeze
about intimate matters,
dogs bark in the distance;
the kids next door
throw rocks at trees
hoping to dislodge
their ball
hanging in the branches
which upsets the dog
on guard in the house
on the corner.
A distant train
clatters on tracks;
whistles
to any who pay attention
while
ambulances scream
all the way to next emergency
.....and behind the wall.....
it's time for wine
 a hot shower;
 and dinner with you.

Carolyn Brunelle

Ancient Dust

Striped poles stand
outside 'barbershop' windows
tattered awnings drape
over blank storefronts;
ghosts of the long departed line the streets.

A remembrance
of another time in history.
lies in faded, dingy photographs
of a time long past.

And the only hope
rests with poets and painters,
who, in broad strokes of imagination,
can restore life from ancient dust.

Carolyn Brunelle

Ancient Struggle

Another age old story
seventeen years of nurturing
yearns to be free.

A sense of entitlement reigns,
not a particularly new game
just an eternal rite of passage.

Little angel
you have grown strong, bold;
your heart dismissive and cold.
Where are you going?

Once a babe in our arms
now distant; so disarming,
a little girl no more
storms out the door....

Where are you taking our hearts?

Carolyn Brunelle

And So The Story Goes...

Bits of me lie on to the floor
like so many pages torn from a book;
complete chapters have closed
to a life
that is all ahead of me now.

Each of those yesterdays
added light or shade or hue;
and in their own way
had something to do
with creating my world, my story.

One that's been both good and bad
at times joyful, other times sad;
but in all its living color and humanity
still my reason to hope when I pray,
there really IS a 'happy-ever-after' someday.

Carolyn Brunelle

Angel

Emotions take me to heights
beyond the limitations of this room;
I soar beyond it all to places unknown.
I break the chains that imprison me;
another world engages
lifts me into a blissful freedom.
Rock and rolled to the heavens
I am healed by sweetest blues.
All mysteries solved
I have evolved
dissolved into a beautiful nothingness
on the wings of sound and rhythm.
Another pounding heart beats
cradles and lifts my soul;
music's Angel has such a lovely face.

Carolyn Brunelle

Angry Shoes

He stood on my life
with his angry shoes
booted every dream
kicked every attempt
to be me.

At first I fought
then learned to obey;
and just when he relaxed
I was strong enough
to walk away.

He's been kicking himself
ever since.

Carolyn Brunelle

Another Anniversary

It's warm here with you
here in our little corner
of the world,
where the sun explodes
into so many diamonds on the sea.
This is our treasure chest;
our special place
where we yearly embrace
a closer view of eternity,
reminisce our yesterdays
contemplate and welcome
all our tomorrows.

Carolyn Brunelle

Another Birthday With You

Birthdays,
stopped being exciting and fun
when my exhausted youth
passed through the door of old age.
So Please!
No more of the gifts
or parties
or dressing up to do.
All this old heart really wants
is to live
another ordinary day;
have another birthday with you.

Carolyn Brunelle

Another Castaway

I entered your door looking for more
than even I could understand;
the need to belong to somethin' or
find some hope in a promised land.

Heard the Word; sang the songs,
but it was hard to really fit in,
though there wasn't any problems
going on and on about my sin.

Repent you said, and so I did,
but I feel emptier still;
trying to follow all those rules
I'm only drowning in my guilt.

Is there any real joy in heaven?
or do we just sit and pray? Will
a new life with God, be any fun?
Maybe I'd just get in the way.

Not real sure there's a place for me
at some fancy feastin' table;
I'm only another of life's losers,
a castaway or so I'm labeled.

But if HE'S still turnin' water to wine
feedin' folks on fishes and bread,
I'd be thankful for a really good meal
and a safe place to lay my head.

Carolyn Brunelle

Another Creation

No tears in lament
not anymore;
wouldn't live it any different
that much is for sure.

Family was always first
the way I wanted it to be;
but that time is long gone
along with its responsibility.

And since that part is over
my life is open and free;
I can be about the business
of creating a whole new me!

Carolyn Brunelle

Another Day

When our time here is done
another day will come
when we'll return
to the fields of home.

We'll talk and sing
and our laughter will ring
as we swim
in its sweet flowing river.

Together once more
on that other shore,
in a place where
we'll never grow old,

my love and I
will walk forever
in fields
of glistening gold.

Carolyn Brunelle

Another Day, Another Dollar

'Another day, Another dollar'
comes to mind as I pad down the hall
where the love of my life waits
with latest paper, sweet conversation
and first cup of morning brew.
All our 'dollarin' days' behind us;
there's time for breakfast, to listen
while others in haste of morning,
barrel head long bumper-to-bumper
into a completely different world.
And that world becomes best reminder
with its daily inherent need for speed
and all its bustle and rushing noise;
how happy our own slower paced days,
how gratefully lived, each golden year.

Carolyn Brunelle

Another Journey

The colors of Autumn
wilt into history;
faded stories
on wings of paper
destined to float away
on other journeys.

Carolyn Brunelle

Another Ordinary Day

Just another ordinary day,
same routine brings me
to the kitchen table
for morning coffee;
held precious nonetheless.

To remain unscathed
by the fury of nature,
that has devastated my neighbors,
a most treasured grace.

Some have no homes
this morning
no town left,
loved ones have been lost
ushering them all
into their dark night of sorrow.

Moments of my own
in reflection of theirs,
gives my heart reason
to pray;
grateful to have
just another ordinary day.

Carolyn Brunelle

Another Path

Winter makes it look barren and cold
but it will take on its own beauty
lying beneath the shade trees
in these
fields where lives are laid to rest.

A simple marker
only evidence of a lifetime of experiences,
none of which will ever be known
except to those who look at it now
with the painful absence it represents.

I bring flowers from time to time;
they soon die as well.
The living pay their homage
to a name and a space
as if it's the place where love lies in wait.

But it's only an empty hole in the ground
like the hole she left in my life;
all I knew and loved is gone.
I'll be needing some new shoes if I'm to be
strong enough to walk this path alone.

Carolyn Brunelle

Another World

Palm tree silhouettes
on a white sandy beach
the final finish
to great splashes of color
across the horizon.
A masterpiece painted in
reds, oranges, yellows
surrenders now in grand fashion
to the first glittering sparkles
and deep hues of the night sky.
The music and fragrances
surf in on the breeze to
caress these frazzled nerves
and gently toss my hair...
such a warm island welcome.

Carolyn Brunelle

Apple Tree

Age is a wretched thing;
it creeps up on me like a spider
tiptoes across her web
to devour latest victims.

Lotions, potions, rubs and pills
keep me healthy and I am most grateful
to take my vacations by the sea
where warmth is my friend.

But one day
when I am no longer at home in these old bones,
I will fly, light as a bird,
to rest in a tree in that heavenly garden;
take special delight in its delicious apples
... and perhaps a spider or two.

Carolyn Brunelle

April Awakening

A delicately woven welcome;
a soft touch for each blossom,
a tease of every velvet blade of new grass
pushing up through weary soil.

I press each stamen close to my face
light and flirtatious;
tiptoe aimless with no worries or cares
on such a delicious and fragrant day.

April's warm sunshine speaks to nature
in a language few understand;
awakens and coaxes me into the sky
where I can learn to be a butterfly.

Carolyn Brunelle

At Last

Displaced as a refugee from a disaster,
he sits peacefully over morning coffee
and ponders a new life
he no longer has to plan for;
retirement has come at last.
It will take some getting used to...
being this happy;
finally free to explore
another place to be.
Looking out the window
surveying the fruits of his labors,
he sighs and smiles.

Carolyn Brunelle

At The Bottom Of Nowhere

Not at all dark or dank
In my little think tank
Here at the top
Of my world,
I've created a new thing.
I'm sure they'll all sing
When they hear the music I play
The magic in the words I say.
But alas I am mistaken
For I have awakened,
To discover
I've been somewhat blind.
My topsy is turvy
My predicament unnervy;
It's all been quite a scare.
In spite of my hope
I've been quite the dope
Seems I'm
At the bottom of nowhere.

Carolyn Brunelle

At The End

At the end of my days when I am laid to my rest
I will know in my heart that I did my best.

Left no work undone or words unsaid;
no sad memories or regrets in my head.

I will wait for my children to join me once more;
Pray the Lord guides them too, to this beautiful shore.

So that none shall be left, become lost or feel alone,
as they continue on their own long journeys back home.

Carolyn Brunelle

At The Mercy Of Time

Trains of thought are up to you
stay on track or bid adieu to
making claims you can't keep.
You'll keep step and keep time,
or fall asleep at the wheel.
When the rubber meets the road
we all conform one way or another
find a way to make a livin',
not become burden to others.
Dreams are for those
who don't grasp reality;
time is tickin' away for you too
do you listen or bid adieu?

Carolyn Brunelle

At The Movies

Some of the old black and white
classic 'Creature Features'
still create escape for my world-weary psyche.
Like old friends, they can turn back the clock
to the comfort of simpler and sweeter times,
times when there was no real terror or fear
beyond those tangible celluloid creatures;
a time when innocence had yet to experience
the 'real monsters' in the world.

Carolyn Brunelle

At The Window

Here at the window
I steal a moment or two
to ponder another world
in every shade and hue;
not much time for reflection
with so much work to do.

Frenetic and demanding
my life is a never ending
racket and clatter thru the day;
and it's not an easy matter
to quiet a mind in this disarray.

Yet here in my stolen reverie
a sweet embrace washes over me.
There is a moment, I swear,
when a perfume is in the air;
it takes my very breath away
and I am renewed in its fragrance.

Carolyn Brunelle

At Your Side

At Your Side

I want to walk
Through this life
With you, my love.
On bright sun filled days,
Through the fog,
Or in the rain,
I want to be there
Over and over again
In whatever kind of weather
Our life together
Might have in store;
Go wherever the road takes us.
Because there will never be
Anything better in life for me
Than living it with you;
And nothing I want more
Than to be right here at your side.

Carolyn Brunelle

Aurora Borealis

Lady Aurora,
you are beauty personified,
dancing in the night skies;
Queen of the heavens
in swishing skirts of light
twirling amongst the stars.
How could you be so far
from this adoring heart,
the eyes you inspire?
You paint the darkness
between me
and the worlds beyond;
you touch my soul with
a glorious glimpse
of the eternal power
in that great somewhere
where you are.
I am small indeed,
but when you dance
I am not afraid;
I no longer feel alone.

Carolyn Brunelle

Autumn Days

Trees begin to dance this and that-away;
skies ablaze in leaves of all colors
helps brighten the longer days.
All things have to change
when summer comes undone;
and nature signals that Fall has begun.
When the new moon rises,
Autumn's dance can fill the senses
with a world of colorful surprises.

Carolyn Brunelle

Autumn Dusk

In the gathering dusk of Autumn
the mist of evening
rolls across the farms and hills of home
to greet the brisk chill in the air.
Grasses wet with dew
such a relief
from the long summer's heat;
a gourmet feast for cattle
grazing lazily in the meadows.
The sounds of wood chopping,
smells of burning leaves and
mom's pies baking in the oven,
all warm, cherished memories
of home in the fall;
exquisite jewels in a crown
I will wear in the long, cold,
less comforting days of winter.

Carolyn Brunelle

Autumn Is Here

Never mine to hold,
it soon ran its course;
faded and disappeared
without so much as a word.

Youth made passage
with little ceremony;
caught me off guard
how hard it would be to let go.

Memories of other Springs
other warm Summer days
still have a life of their own,
but the young girl
that lived them is gone.

It's now Autumn
that rests here in my eyes,
and winter waits
not too far behind.

Carolyn Brunelle

Autumn Leaves

The fandango of Autumn,
leaves traces in the wind
of all the yesterdays
turned now
to golden memory.
She dances
through the leaves
and through my heart;
takes part of my soul
with her
wherever she goes.

Carolyn Brunelle

Autumn Relief

Summers hot,
exciting, busy;
a feast of
sun and breeze,
barbecues, parks,
flowers, trees,
beaches, vacations,
moonlight walks.

Autumn relief,
slower paced time of change.
Warm breezes become chilling winds
erasing, blowing away the colors.
A season fades,
bows to gray days of winter;
storms wash away the yesterdays.

Earth renewed; slumbering
beneath blankets of snow and ice,
will re-awaken, expectant in spring;
both man and nature
eager for summer.

Carolyn Brunelle

Autumn Renewal

Autumn's chill hangs in the air.
Lately my thoughts turn to her;
they warm these October nights
as her birthday nears.

Do I dream I see her whole again
filled with laughter and chatter?
She IS a vision... young and pretty
her mind sharp and witty.

Who can know the truth of it
whether vision or visitor?
I know this, I am comforted
and find myself believing again.

Carolyn Brunelle

Autumn Sanctuary

A late afternoon sun
Hangs low in the sky;
Silhouettes
The landscape
Against the horizon.
Flooded fields of rice
Glitter
In its tangerine glow;
Become
Inviting sanctuary
For weary
Water fowl
On long journeys.

Carolyn Brunelle

Autumns Past

Autumn reminds me...
of the happy recognition in your eyes;
how they danced in anticipation
when your favorite season
began to appear.

Autumn comforts me...
when I remember your busy kitchen;
the Autumn smells of apple
and cinnamon and pumpkin spice
in your scrumptious pies.

I miss you most in Autumn...
when the days and shadows grow long.
The house feels so empty, always will;
who else could ever fill
it with a Mom's special kind of lovin',
the kind you brought from the oven.

Carolyn Brunelle

Autumn's Song

Autumn moves through
my world with artist brush;
I welcome and release the past
to the rush of her cleansing winds.

She touches the soul of nature
and caresses of my own senses
every time she whispers,
'the time has come for change.'

As Summer's days fall from grace
Autumn finds in my heart
a warm and special place;
and I never tire of her song.

Carolyn Brunelle

Autumn's Story

Crinkled and curled inward,
the once lush green beauty
turns to paper imitations
in the cool night air.
The last of Summer's glory
changes now in these Autumn days.
Time nears they will
let go completely to fly
to other destinies;
their brilliant final shades
glowing flames of red and gold
all moving toward a winter dawn.

Carolyn Brunelle

Awaiting The Sunlight

Hidden within the heart
are secret treasures
lying dormant
in the darkness
awaiting only the sunlight
of love's discovery;
surrendered willingly to
the one who earned the beauty
found there.

Carolyn Brunelle

Awake Still

They fly freer at night; old
dark memories and feelings
arrive on wings of sorrow
gather at my feet and
slash at tender rest
in a repeat of the past.
They sing their sad songs;
songs sung blue to
color my elusive dreams,
make the soul to ache.
Hard to let them rest in peace
when I lie here awake
alert and receiving;
but oh how I wish
I could stop the music.

Carolyn Brunelle

Awareness

The winds of change
Swing wide
My garden gate;
Clearly a path
Has been made.
No
Obstacles
Remain
Except
My unwillingness
To
Move on.

Carolyn Brunelle

Baked Surprise

My latest effort rises
like so much yeasted dough;
works its way to the top
I can see it swell and grow.

I double check myself;
review all the directions
that will bring the sweet promise
from inception to perfection.

I dusted it, punched it up
massaged and kneaded it,
then covered and left it alone
to rest and breathe a bit.

Now the time is right
to release it to its fate;
the oven will do its magic
I have only to grab a plate.

Who knows what I will see
but I can barely wait
because this just might be
my greatest creation to date.

Carolyn Brunelle

Bats

Flying through the night
to suck your blood in their flight
how batty is that?

Carolyn Brunelle

Be Alive

To feel alive be creative
and learn something new;
keep the mind busy
find something to do.
Fire up the brain cells
stoke the embers of age;
there's a whole book to be read
if you keep turning the page.
There's a lot more to the story
with its own pay off and glory;
exercise of that space between the ears
is its own reward through many good years.

Carolyn Brunelle

Beating Heart

You've always suspected
but now you really know
whatever happens in this life
I'm forever a part of your soul.
I'm in the very air you breathe,
imprinted in your memories;
have been from the start
even closer than you imagine,
in the beating of your heart.

Carolyn Brunelle

Beautiful Flowers

So many youthful days
spent unaware
that the hours,
like flowers,
are special gifts.

Precious bouquets,
fresh as morning dew,
delivered to my door
in every color and hue
and sweet fragrance.

Each day of life,
picked just for me,
by God's own hands;
such treasures
deserve
very special care.

Carolyn Brunelle

Beautiful Pain

All is not as it seems.

In pictures she is
smiling and happy;
inside she's really
coming apart at the seams.
You never really know do you.
You never truly know;
you simply cannot judge
by the face that they show,
designer garments they wear;
the smile of pretense
or that devil-may-care,
breezy attitude.
When the lights are low
and the moon is high
only the good lord knows
what's at unrest inside.
Reaching out to the universe,
she cries and pleads
totally immersed
in self doubts, unmet needs,
trying to figure life out.
Photos present only a fantasy
of a beautiful young girl
in her prime, in her glory;
underneath lies a different story
of another lost and frightened soul.

Carolyn Brunelle

Beautiful Smile

A quick trip back to her country for
Urgent and extensive dental work still
Cost her far less where she hails from;
Even with added airfare.
What an enlightening difference in my own
Country's health care costs.
Able to lodge with family
Her return to those old roots
For bridges, multiple root canals
Allowed time to visit old haunts,
Take some nice little jaunts through
Familiar sceneries, visit with family
Even gain a little weight, get a tan.
Family back home neatly stacked up
The bills and newspapers, batched it;
Most lost weight as they waited
For the return of their beloved
Home cooked meals.
She returned with savings five times over
And a perfectly beautiful smile.

Carolyn Brunelle

Beauty And Grace

Beauty and grace,
I still recognize the girl
in the woman's face;
why can't you see yourself
here in my older eyes?

Surely you must realize
the glory of the stories
was that, "love builds
the strongest castles of all."

No amount of time or age
can alter the pages,
the story we wrote together
long long ago when
"Once upon a time
there was a princess.... "

Carolyn Brunelle

Before

Was a time he didn't care,
Before he saw
The way the sunlight
Danced in her hair,
Before he heard her laugh
Found that he loved freckles;
Saw his life unfold
In her big green eyes.
Was a time she wasn't there,
Before he felt so alive
And important to somebody,
Before he even knew
He was so alone,
Before he could see
That his life
Had promise after all.
Was a time he was lost
And nobody cared ...
But that was before.

Carolyn Brunelle

Before The Boat Sails

All my days of youth
I gladly devoted to family;
gave it my all, did the best I knew,
just like most women do.

But life's moved on;
things have changed.

A grown Son's moved away
the Granddaughter's in college
even parents are in a better place;
seems it's my turn to have some space.

So the housework and chores are left to wait
while I explore other worlds, and create;
while I paint and write and decorate my soul
before my own boat sails and it's too late.

Carolyn Brunelle

Beginning To End

A droplet in God's big sea;
no one even recognizes me.
I am one among the many
disappearing in the mass
seen in waves that often crash
upon the shore.
I cleanse
wash away all the yesterdays.
A clean slate I give
so life can begin again
as dropp in a bucket
a tear in the eye
not even a chance
to say goodbye.

Carolyn Brunelle

Being A Grandparent

Wisdom grown from age
Blossoms into frustration
With the cycles of life.
Matters little that I did alright,
What burdens I carried to the light;
This old heart still breaks at the sight
Of another generation; their own fight.
Thank the good Lord above
It's an enduring grace
That we are never alone;
And there is no end to love.
For though my children's children
Believe it's a brand new day
It's these same old prayers
That will light their way.

Carolyn Brunelle

Belly Button

Here in tall summer grasses
I survey the clouds on high;
a spot far from the masses
where I've found a place to hide.
No light is shining here on me
as it peeks in through the trees;
apparently I've blended in just right
and fooled the inquisitive bees.
They seem to love my belly button
though no lint is found within
just a part of pollinating nature;
I am now a flower to them.

Carolyn Brunelle

Beneath The Surface

Sunken hopes and
Broken dreams
Lie at the bottom of
Of a dark sea
Where once I sailed
High and mighty;
A crushing blanket
Of water
Covers my grief.
A devastating
Acquaintance
With reality
Has me done in
By the heaviness
Of my own folly.
The sea was never
Mine to rule,
Wind and wave
Made me a fool,
Reduced me
To floating debris;
All there was of me
But a passing memory.

Carolyn Brunelle

Big Girl

With tiny little hands,
barely able to grab 'round the knob,
she stretches and tippy toes with all her height;
finally succeeding in opening the door
to sneak down the hall,
all two and a half feet of her.
Skidding across the hardwood floors
in footed pajamas,
night terrors await in darkened hallways
and staircases but she is determined
to do it this time all by herself.
Finally reaching the landing,
she slips and slides from each step
until she reaches bottom.
Gingerly continuing her midnight adventure,
favorite blanket dragging behind,
she shuffles off for the kitchen
straight to the refrigerator
for some milk and cookies.
Her loyal, comforting friends
through all manner of boo boo's,
and assorted troubles of the day;
mommy must have forgotten
all about her need for them,
for hugs, together time and stories too.
But she'll be proud tomorrow
that she can take care of herself;
mommy's "big girl" trying not to need
someone who isn't there anymore.

Carolyn Brunelle

Bits And Pieces

Just as early rains
leave little buds of promise
strewn unfulfilled
on the ground,
a sudden change in my fortune
has cast my hopes and plans
to the wind
in a cruel twist.

Have to pick up all
my lost tomorrows;
start over with
one last hope remaining,
.... the insurance.
Have always
resented the hell
out of insurance;
those bits and pieces
out of my life.

But now,
bits and pieces
is all I have left;
I need help
to put it all back
together again.

Carolyn Brunelle

Bitter Goodbyes

There's never enough time
To overcome the shadow
Of what has become inevitable.
Veiled within this loving heart;

Hidden in its acceptance,
Lies the hope that someday
My lover's kiss will be mine
To Hold.

Now, in these bitter partings;
Concealed in sweet embraces,
I feel like the goodbye girl wondering
If I will ever be his homecoming queen.

Carolyn Brunelle

Black And Blue

I loved you
back in the days of green fields
and yellow daisies in the sun;
now stained red with the blood of your lover.
Your black murdering heart
finished my world in grey;
left me here in this brown earth
a pile of white bones
and these blues to sing forever.

Carolyn Brunelle

Blank Pages

The universe waits
in anticipation
of a writer's heart....
a heart open and ready
for inspiration.

As rivers join sea,
mind and pen
move as effortlessly
when muse meets the moment.

Such a convergence,
a union of the ages;
fills the blank pages
of creation.

Carolyn Brunelle

Bloody

Nothing lasts forever they say
it all eventually passes away;
I think it's time to say goodbye
and go our separate ways.
All the love has simply run out
my heart feels more like a sieve;
no way to fill that hole in your soul
you need more than I can give.
Can't fight that river inside you
intent on pulling us apart;
it won't get any better
better to get a fresh new start.
Once upon a time
this love was everything
but I'll never be what you need;
it's futile to keep on trying
when all we do now is bleed.

Carolyn Brunelle

Bloomin' Boomer

I may not be everyone's cup of tea
frankly that's fine with me.

A sterling product of my history
but I've come a long way
from the rock n' roll days.

Been a long time growing
singing a new tune,
allowing myself to bloom;
I'm a 'Bloomin' Boomer'.

I own myself, make my own choice
and I speak my mind
from an empowered voice;
I'm an old gal blossoming beautifully
into who she was always meant to be.

Carolyn Brunelle

Blossoms

Blossoms spring from darkness;
From slumbering depths
Beneath snows of winter.
Time to awaken!

Life waits to burst
From hopes hidden,
Bud from unseen mysteries of old;
In their appointed time.

Spring!
We call your name and rejoice
Come forth, oh maiden of earth,
It is time to dance.

Carolyn Brunelle

Blue

A child's world
Interrupted,
The dance of
A blue tango in
Someone else's story;
A bubble
Of blue memories
Floats forever
In the oceans
Of the heart.

Carolyn Brunelle

Blues

Used to see him
Grinnin' and pickin'
Out his own tunes;
Spent most of his time
And money
Learning the rules;
Going to schools.
But somewhere along the line
He lost his ambition,
Buried the lessons;
Forgot the teachers.
Lives hand to mouth
Only plays the blues
Since he gave his soul away.
Some still stop for awhile
To listen;
Throw money in the hat.
But he's gone.
Gone into his own world
Paying life's dues;
It's what he chooses.
They're still together
Since they found one another;
A perfect pair
Going nowhere
Inside the world of booze,
Just him and his guitar
Playing the Blues.

Carolyn Brunelle

Book Worlds

It never takes long
to set the stage;
fire the imagination
from page to page.
It's high adventure,
a call of the wild;
another great read
for a book lovin' child.

Whether mystery,
romance,
or bit of history,
poetry, prose
or biography,
the mind can travel
as far as it can see
through the words and ideas
that spark its creativity.

Carolyn Brunelle

Bored

How can some people
Be 'bored' with free time?
There are few things as refreshing
Following a lifetime's hard work
Rife with burdens and responsibilities.
How can one be bored
Being able to read, listen to music,
Relax and actually enjoy life?
Seems to me, boredom is a total
Lack of appreciation for something
Many will never experience.
Some open spaces motivate us, others
Stimulate revelation in moments tranquil.
And all of it should be valued,
Held precious
By those who are able to revel
In such a luxury,
As having enough time to kill.

Carolyn Brunelle

Born Free

Who are you to bend and break her
rule another sentient state;
deem her one true purpose in life
be at the mercy of what you dictate?

How many roads she'll never take
how many dreams unrealized
when forced to fill the expected role
of wife and parent in this life?

How dare you speak for a another
and grieve the spirit within;
it is you that violates holy ground
while you label hers with sin.

Possessing the gifts and talents
to fulfill her own destiny;
Woman is not defined by her gender
she is a soul born inherently free.

Carolyn Brunelle

Bound For Glory

Somewhere
Between lost and found
On a train
Bound for glory,
It's an age old story
Of blinded faith;
Faith in a God
That wants her to give.
So give till it hurts sister;
Give from your meager.
Many are waiting
Willing and eager
To have you plant that seed
From which their pockets
Will grow.
Besides, you'll never know
Or ever believe
That humanity could be so low,
Because it was Jesus
Told you so.

Carolyn Brunelle

Brave New Spirits

Small little minds follow someone else's rules
in devotion to minutia, the favored tools
of perfectly controlled order, all just so so;
a strangulation of spirit and life's natural flow.

Asked not to think, but merely to conform,
how refreshing and beyond the norm
when brave new spirits dare to be free
of what others say they should be.

Eagerly they create their own destiny.
read their own stars; sail their own seas,
live and become all they are meant to be,
as they chart their own way home.

Carolyn Brunelle

Break-Up

She says,
He says...
both saying the same things
just not to each other.
Money for the analyst,
the doctor, the lawyer
and child support;
nothing but heartache
for parents, children,
friends, rest of the family.
But what the hell
it's done and over
time to move on;
all other hearts
drag behind
in the dust.

Carolyn Brunelle

Bring Me Wine

Many of life's pleasures
are as wine to the palate,
the smell of a new rose
blossoming in spring,
stirring music,
delicious food;
stimulating conversation.

Senses enlivened and joyful;
humanness in celebration of itself
forgetting the fight,
the judgments,
heavy burdens lightened.

Let me drink deeply of
life's goodness,
bold, invigorating and filling.
How thirsty I am
for living, forgiving,
and simply being.

Carolyn Brunelle

Broken And Hurt Inside

An Acrostic using 'Broken And Hurt Inside'

Believing you would receive, you
Reached out
Only to have the
Knife in your gut driven deeper.
Eventually you learned
Not to be so gullible.

Answers cannot be found in others
Nor will healing be instantaneous; your
Denials keep you chained.

Have you not heard or
Understood? Though a
Resolute heart
Tries again and again to be free

It is held captive by its past.
Nothing will
Save you pain
Inside the soul's
Domain, when
Every memory bleeds.

Carolyn Brunelle

Broken Beauty

Bits of this
and chunks of that;
I'm fascinated
by mosaic artistry.
It's so hopeful
and compelling
that something of beauty
can be created
from the broken.

Carolyn Brunelle

Broken Bond

A bond made then broken,
cast aside to some greater need,
changed the course of a life
inside and out from choices made.
Abandoned love frozen in time
never fully understands,
or forgives;
never completely heals.

Carolyn Brunelle

Broken Camelot

Like so much shattered glass
it lies on the floor;
our camelot exists no more.
Gone to the fates
blown to the four winds;
some things cannot be fixed.
I wonder now
if these devastating wounds
will ever mend.
Nothingness permeates the room.
Nothing can be said;
Nothing can be done as
hope crumbles inside hearts
beaten and sorely bruised.
Drenched in old familiar tears,
here among the shards of glass
I stand in a broken place
and wish I had the strength
left in my soul somewhere
to kick your selfish ass.
Yet, even this broken love
still prays
you find your way.

Carolyn Brunelle

Bruised

Nothing amusing
about taking
a bruising in life;
being knocked about by
insufferable indignities.
Struggling
only gets
the wind
knocked out
of the sails.
Might as well
go with the flow;
winds continue to blow
and take me back out to sea
tattered sails and all.
A banged up ship
I may be,
but she still sails;
in a calmer time
any damages
can be overcome.

Carolyn Brunelle

Bubbles

Somewhere on a balcony above me
someone blows bubbles into a morning sky;
now caught up in the wind they float
in all colors by my window.

This stranger and I
share a small expression of life;
the simple joy in this moment.

Dawn breaks on the horizon
and I tell myself I must experience
more of these "moments" in my life,
before I, too, drift away...
like bubbles in the sky.

Carolyn Brunelle

Bugged

Bugs me no end
when they willy nilly
invite themselves
into my domain.
Autumn's arrival
has them
trying to escape
the cold and rain.
But I refuse sanctuary
call me inhospitable
but they get the message
when I haul out the spray.

Carolyn Brunelle

California Coast

The empty harbor's waters glitter
like so many diamonds,
her fishing boats dot the horizon
of the open sea beyond.
Summer skies above the cliffs
teem with birds
hang gliding in the air currents;
it is a place where one can breathe.
Breathing fresh ocean air
without a care in the world,
we are thirsting valley children
teased into returning
by these seagulls and sea breezes
to find peace for our yearning souls.
Here we can bask; relax
in a little piece of paradise,
drink our Merlot,
and taste the good life.

Carolyn Brunelle

Candle

Some said in simple reverence for daily graces,
many unspoken from sobbing hearts
of destitute souls in despair;
still others whispered on behalf
of loved ones somewhere.

As they cling to the same hope for intervention, a miracle,
a bit of comfort or guidance,
aching spirits on their knees reach out to a God
who might still be in the business of moving mountains.
With their wounds and fears they bleed, beg, bargain and plead...

Not this! Not now! Not ready!
O God, hold me steady
see my need
and please, please hear my prayer
from out of this darkness.

Carolyn Brunelle

Castle Catastrophe

Where once a castle stood
beautiful and strong,
built on years of concreted trust;
one heart now retreats behind its walls.

Defending some perceived attack,
the gates have closed to understanding;
no one knows what to say
and there's no explanation anyway.

All that remains are hearts lying in ruin;
cast aside in the rubble of a Camelot
gone awry
and no one can tell them why.

Carolyn Brunelle

Castle Truce

Not so cold,
a bit less guarded,
she has at least allowed
tentative entrance.
In a quick rejection
that broke our hearts;
all that remained
were the stony walls
of unbearable silence.
Now in a castle truce,
we engage in re-connection;
tread familiar halls
in search of new entryways.

Carolyn Brunelle

Cats

A cat can be so delightful
even when they're being spiteful,
over some grievance that has
displeased them;
while you're simply
trying to appease them.
Stubborn and willful
they ignore your pleas;
leave you begging
and dropped to your knees.
Convinced you have lost
their affections for sure,
suddenly they
reappear at the door.
Gleefully you respond to
their obvious invitation;
then they act indifferent
to the whole situation.
Left in a state of puzzlement
they again return
in playful wonderment;
and seem to ask
"Why won't you play,
Why do you keep walking away? "

Carolyn Brunelle

Caught Up

Caught up
in the breeze rustling my hair,
I feel life still here in these old bones.
Light spills
into dark corners of my mind;
makes me aware of eternal breath.
All my life is gift;
each enlightenment
a step forward on the path
to a bigger world.
Caught up in a moment's
delectable reverie,
I become a smile
on God's eternal face
fully alive again and
aware of His grace.

Carolyn Brunelle

Celebration

Too much celebrating
has me happy to close the day,
drained and also kind of sad;
not real sure what to say.

No longer a mere number
in all my long range plans
I have to deal with this best I can,
Social Security is just a month away
since I turned sixty two today.

Didn't want candles
nor a fancy dancy cake;
my family's love and good wishes
are all that is needed to take
me through yet another year.

And I am grateful to be living it
healthy and in style,
but understand I'd rather not see
another birthday for awhile.

Carolyn Brunelle

Change

A new season
Peeks round the corner;
I can almost smell
The fresh blossoms
See the bright colors.
I am moved past reason
When storms
Bluster and blow;
Because I still believe
Change is coming...
Whether or not
It shows.

Carolyn Brunelle

Changes

He's always changing direction
I'm sure he doesn't even know
he changes the channels
in the middle of shows;
changes his stories
from yesterday
to day.

I'm a little mad, a tad off too
trying to play these mind games
It's "I didn't say that;
how could you ever believe? "
"Well, because that is
what you said, not
something just perceived! "

He gets angry
then so do I..
he simply just forgets,
none of it is a purposed lie.
We're both getting older and
each new day brings a new glitch;
things aren't always so golden
some parts are a genuine bitch.

Carolyn Brunelle

Character

Beneath the sun
The grape grows sweet;
Beneath the skin
Does truth run deep.
Stories are told
In labels bold
But none can say
What really lies within.
Character will out
As it pours forth
In sweet bouquet;
There alone shall truth
Have its say.

Carolyn Brunelle

Cheers To Autumn

All I seem to want is my Chardonnay,
to reminisce, find ways to play.
Thoughts of vacations;
relaxed days by the sea
both tease and please me.

Perhaps with the advent of fall
I'm not ready to make the change;
move on quite yet.
I still cling to warm, lazy days;
trying to find lots of other ways
summer remnants can still be enjoyed.

For now, I must remain employed,
get a full measure of work done;
but I can still see those beaches,
cherish those days in the sun.
So, cheers to the beauty of autumn,
but summer sure was a lot of fun.

Carolyn Brunelle

Child Within

She'll stomp at me in defiance
hold her fists up in the air;
I'll get sick when she cries and screams
and tries to pull out her hair.

The tantrums get my attention
it's her way to make me hear;
there's an angry raging part of myself
going to make itself quite clear.

It's so easy to get busy, forget that she exists
though we've been through all this before;
the only reason she gets royally pissed
is when all I do is work, life's no fun anymore.

Joy is the child inside this woman;
God help me never to forget
to make time for the things she loves
or there'll be ample reasons for regret.

Carolyn Brunelle

Circle Completed

Time to look away, far
into some other blue sky morning;
time to free the soul and rise
cease the time for mourning.
Try out the wings and believe again
take some comfort from what has past,
pick up the pieces of all your dreams
hold onto them hard and fast.
Within a breast made heavy with sorrow
there is still reason for hope in tomorrow.
Nothing lasts forever, a whisper on the wind
we can only come for such a little while
before destiny takes us home again.

Carolyn Brunelle

Cloak And Dagger

Every time he slips it on
for protection
against the cruelties
of life's foul winds
and fair weather friends,
he yearns to be another.
One who doesn't play it
straight and by the rules;
one who could fearlessly
cast his fate to those winds
so he could choose
his own roads and
create his own destiny.
But instead he hides
from the world and himself
stabs the tender reed;
and makes his own soul bleed.

Carolyn Brunelle

Closed Door

She blows out the candle,
passes through the doorway
and closes the door behind her.

What was, is finished.
What is, is yet to be.

Another candle is lit;
a fresh light for a new day
and another journey begins.

Carolyn Brunelle

Clothed In Wonder

Their delicate steps
Lead them
From the forest
To feed
While I can
Only snap pictures
Of such
Naked freedom.

Quiet envy
Sees them
Slip
Back
Into wildness
Leaving me
Clothed in wonder;
Trapped
Behind glass.

Carolyn Brunelle

Coming Home

Last remnants of afternoon sun
fade into a colorful haze
behind a landscape
of white birch and snow.
Shadows of long blue arms stretch
longer and longer from the wood
to cross roads and cover bridges.

The sounds of school bus doors
clap open and closed
before grinding away and
leaving last drop-offs
to make breathy clouds in the air
with their giggling and chatter;
all excited and anxious to get home.

Behind each glowing orange window
a harbor of inviting dinner smells,
clanking dishes, TV, laughter,
and family waiting to gather
to evening table
with last stragglers to arrive.

Finding the way to safe harbor
brings an end to the day.

Carolyn Brunelle

Competition

Hit a line drive
or maybe a homerun
try your hardest;
hope the effort will be recognized.
Many support
and cheer for you
but
cannot play as you do.
A special thrill
given to so many
who can only watch the game;
but still
want to be a part of it all.
You're next up to
that plate,
yet another test;
you know
it always rests
on the next ball.

Carolyn Brunelle

Complicated

Not many days ended when
navigation of that craggy mountain terrain
did not require all the survival skills
painfully learned over a lifetime.
A struggle of wills and histories
carved complicated relationships
over the many years and landscapes.
Love was a river that ran deep;
But I learned to swim its rough waters.
Now all of it lies
deep in the earth with them;
deeper still in this heart
that is ever grateful
to those who made it strong.

Carolyn Brunelle

Considerate Man

Following a phone call
To report his dilemma,
I'm sitting on the front porch
Waiting for my biker son
To arrive with a flat tire;
in need of a ride.
Of all the times this mom
Waited for him as a teen
To return home safely;
What I wouldn't have given
For cells phones, the assurance
Of a call like this back then.
Thankfully, he grew up safely;
And I smile to myself knowing
He's also managed to grow up
To be a considerate man as well.

Carolyn Brunelle

Coyote

Weeping coyote
Bays at the moon;
Its solitary nature
Powerless
To coax
The ball of light
To come and play.

Carolyn Brunelle

Crazy Fools

She likes wild and beastly
he just wants it mean
together they're real fussed up
but at least it's their own little scene.

Both definitely twisted and
nothing else helps them to cope;
so she's happy as the ringmaster
and he's her dope on a rope.

They are the pu-urr-rfect couple
one so sxxxxxy, one so cruel
nothing real about the games
they're just lost and crazy fools.

Carolyn Brunelle

Creativity

It's a buzz that
beleaguers and hounds
the hell out of me;
a gnat that clamors in my ear.
It follows me into slumber
pulls on the pillow of my dreams;
awakens me to extended dialogue
when I'm brushing, flushing
bathing, eating.
Only as it arrives on the page
does the little bugger cease its demands;
only then is there peace.
Such persistence of thought,
how hard it fought
its way from the id;
is that a credit to me
or simply a creative force
that needs to be set free.

Carolyn Brunelle

Critical Review

No rhyme, no rhythm
call it what you will; it
says nothing and poorly,
you clearly have no skill.
You're a child's drawing
seeking approval
to the point of disease;
despite all the re-writes
it's still not going to please.
Nothing you can do
will ever make it float;
bottomed out on critic's seas
you're just another sunken boat.

Carolyn Brunelle

Crowded

Phone rings before
I even get out of bed;
I know who it is
She's old, she wants to talk.
Bathroom is occupied
Each time I need it
I have to wait till later.
An appointment drives me
To the shower yet he wants
To talk;
Stands next to me the
Whole time I dry my hair
Put on makeup.
Seems I can't make a move
That I am not smothered today.
God how I wish for some
Of my own space;
My own air to breathe.
These wrangled nerves
Could use a little solitude
And some peace and quiet.

Carolyn Brunelle

Cruellest Dance

A treasured innocence
broken and bloodied;
its ruby tears
encase memories
that can never be erased.

Life's a cruel little dance
when the joy of youth dies before it should;
becomes an anger
that won't forgive and can't forget,
even when it wishes it could.

Carolyn Brunelle

Crumbs

Only crumbs
Lie on my plate
Following
The consumption
Of a most delicious read.
Now I must digest
The feast;
Try to get comfortable
Again
In my own skin.

Carolyn Brunelle

Cry For Help

Confused,
you asked for advice;
in a dilemma you reached out.
I responded
only to have you become angry.
You are afraid;
resentful
when anyone
tries to help.
What you really need
is direction;
direction
to your own inner voices
The anger tells me
you already know your answer.

Carolyn Brunelle

Crystal Clear Blue Eyes

He's always had
crystal clear
blue eyes;
I always thought
somehow they represented
the clarity of his character.
Youth now faded
along with hair; teeth,
perhaps a bit of the sharpness
of memory,
but
behind those eyes
there still lies
a genuine heart,
a man of strength,
honesty; good character.
Maybe it's true after all,
that the eyes
are the window
of the soul.

Carolyn Brunelle

Cup O' Joe

Dear God, it's late; the sun is up,
but I haven't a clue where I put my cup.
You know my mind is there with it.
I'll never get past the gear of "slow";
my day will be ruined without my joe,
please help me find that damned cup.
Hot and fresh,
just the aroma alone
wakes me from my stupor
hey! there's my cup, how super!
Grind the beans,
pour in the water;
now I'll feel
precisely as I outta,
Forgive my language,
my temper, my smut,
but you know I'm a mess
till I've had my first cup.

Carolyn Brunelle

Cycle

Some keep their
pain well hidden in
a blockage of emotion
that breeds contempt
and feeds upon itself
when not addressed.

Denial looks away
with nothing to say;
but the heart
in a crush
of feelings unspoken,
bleeds and gushes.
It never stops aching
and there's no mistaking
the steeled exterior,
cold as any cell
a self made hell
with wounds left
to fester in the dark.

Soon its foulness leaks
on an unsuspecting world;
sickening and destroying
innocent lives around it.
The walking wounded
soon become emotional cripples;
creators of tomorrow's wounded.

And so begins a cycle.

Carolyn Brunelle

Dad

Anger was the emotion of the day
Anger that just wouldn't go away;
For years it tore holes in my heart
Wracked my soul
Nearly ripped me apart.
But time has its way
Of cooling the volcanoes inside;
I came to see a lot of things
Differently with these aging eyes.
It wasn't just me
Changing through the years;
It was hard to see him through the tears
Of his regrets;
We all have our sorrows come to haunt us
At the end of the day.
So Dad I just wanted to say
I sincerely love and forgive
I know you feel the same way too,
We are ALL just human beings
Doing our limited best
And whatever we are able to do.

Carolyn Brunelle

Dance Of Life

spring waters falling from mountainsides
crashing, splashing, gushing, roaring,
carve a presence in the rock
whose great stony arms help its
descent to the pools and streams below.
a mighty, rushing, flowing, spilling, glorious journey,
as it spins and twirls itself to the sea.
in a sashay and flourish of ruffled skirts,
it performs a dance of life
to a thirsty world.

Carolyn Brunelle

Dancers Of The Universe

A storied birth
beneath a bright star;
a death that goes unnoticed
in some land afar.

Each serves a purpose
on life's puzzling stage;
as one story is ending,
the other begins an age.
Dancers of the universe
all part of an unknown plan.

In a time and in a season
with no apparent reason,
the ballerina rises to her toes
lifts her arms and strikes a pose;
and just what it all means
no one really knows.

Carolyn Brunelle

Dancing With Words

It's never easy being in your head,
where all the sounds and syllables are said
in broken lines and fragments of thought;
a dance where all the words are caught
in a wild crazy-making music of the mind.
A merry-go-round of thoughts and ideas tossed
about in a whirlwind of scattered language.
Only a writer can know
just how it should all go
so that it means something;
comes together in harmony and sings
and what joy there is in that creation.

Carolyn Brunelle

Dark Days (Goodbye To King George)

I dreamed of knights
In shining armor,
Of rescued maidens fair,
Evil dragons and castle roads;
The lives of the peasants there.
But in those times of old
Men in power could be quite cold,
fight any wars they conceived
By sacrifice of the poor;
In numbers beyond belief.
Kings lorded over their kingdoms
It was the rule of the day,
That royals were in control of it all;
There was nothing anyone could say.
But, in reality one knows
Sure as the wind blows
There's a time to awaken
From dark days of royal rule,
For all meet their destiny one day.
She brought lessons to teach
And things to say.....
"Never again allow the reign of fools,
And let all such dreams fade away."

Google search 'autumlovr's 360 blog' for illustrated postings of my poetry.....

Carolyn Brunelle

Dark Passage

Where is she?

They searched and searched to no avail.
The whole neighborhood had failed
When finally she showed an hour late;
Stood innocently with glowing childhood tale
Of carved tree trunks in the wood.

Lest he again entertain the awful terror
Still lodged firmly beneath it,
That grim knot of anger in his gut
Demanded satisfaction and release.

All he knew to do was lash out,
His rage and fury striking blow after blow
On tender skin;
So neither of them would ever know
Such fear again.

Carolyn Brunelle

Day's End

The landscape becomes a silhouette
against a western sky becoming brighter
with each degree of a Pacific sun
beginning its descent
into a waiting horizon.

Harbor's horn calls to its children
it's 'time to head back home.'
Those already in safe moorings
gingerly unload their catch of the day,
conclude their charters.

Tourists and locals alike
mill around the cliffs, walk the shores.
With expectation, wine in hand,
they wait for the show
as it splashes itself across the sky.

For many, a perfect end to the day.
A time to pause and enjoy
the natural world's artistry;
a chance to experience the wonder
of another astounding California sunset.

Carolyn Brunelle

Days Of Dreams

It's bye bye to innocent dreams
making wishes on stars;
the magic in moonbeams.

Thought you had the world on a string,
the cost didn't mean a thing
'til a rock slide of reality broke you.

Without wings a grounded hope cries,
but wiser are the tears wept from empty pockets
beneath starless skies.

Carolyn Brunelle

Days Of Innocence

Some things we keep forever.
Happiest moments from youth
most cherished,
we keep safe in the attic of memory
like one would protect dearest heirlooms
from spoilage of time.

Childhood's treasure chest
with its old photos, bits of this and that,
all capture the life of a girl
catching fireflies on a hot summer's eve;
the smell of burning leaves in autumn
those fresh baked pies from mama's oven.

Cherry cokes, hot fudge sundaes,
burgers, fries and school on Mondays,
proms, dresses, vinyl rock n'roll,
snow day and skip days and that's not all
family dog's rescue from a lightning storm
saved little brother from a bully's harm and
married the boy saved me a seat on the bus.

Like dear old friends
these sweet memories
from yesteryear
stoke the embers, light the fires;
comfort me like warm blankets
I wrap around me
in chill of age.

Carolyn Brunelle

Deadly Distractions

Amidst the racket of clanking dishes
Slamming doors, sloshing washer
And buzzing alarm of the clothes dryer,
I get the distinct feeling that
His vacuuming will suck away
My last remaining nerve.

I'm attempting to write a verse or two;
In much need of some peaceful repose.
But god only knows
How THAT'S going to take place
In a world turned to such chaos.
Lost is the tranquil space I need to create.

Is this to be my new reality? ? ?
His never ending busyness and
Ins and outs showing me his latest discovery,
Sharing details from a race or golf game;
Tasting his latest culinary concoction.

Such incessant interruptions
Devastate a writer's flow;
Become weapons of destruction
And there goes another perfect train of thought
Derailed, as it crashes and burns
With the sound of his returning footsteps.

Carolyn Brunelle

Dealing

You are in and out
Insanely busy
With projects
Loading up the car
For even more
Destinations.

I busy my mind
And write.
Poems free my mind,
My soul.
It works;
Feeling no pain.

What's to gain
Is the break,
The space
We both need
From the issue,
From life
And...
From one another.

Carolyn Brunelle

Death And Re-Birth

Since her passing I can suffer and moan
till hell freezes over;
nothing helps soothe this place in me,
this emptiness of being a Motherless child.

I may be a product of my society
capable of determining
my own destiny;
but now it's a struggle and strain
To re-define myself all over again.

Carolyn Brunelle

Defining Moment

Few of my fears
ever came to fruition,
but God knows
they kept me awake at night
and on my knees.
And none of those tears
changed a thing,
they just made
ME sick;
robbing me
of precious moments.
When I found peace
in my inner world,
oddly enough
peace began to rule
in my outer one.
Relationships healed
because I let go
of the past,
the unmet needs;
the expectations,
held on to what I still had
and made that better.
I managed to overcome
not by my might or strength
but because I put an end
to war and let it go.
Then, and only then,
did I truly begin to live.

Carolyn Brunelle

Deja Vu

It wasn't in a lover's kiss
we hadn't even touched,
it was something in your eyes
that spoke to me so much.
A recognition,
a remembering,
a sense of Deja vu,
a feeling
we've been here before;
that somehow I've always known you.
How it could be possible,
I've pondered it
through the years,
but all I really know,
is that to me,
it seems crystal clear.
Beyond good luck
or happenstance,
some things
are meant to be,
whether by design,
or serendipity,
like this connection
between you and me.
Many years
have come and gone
the 'familiar' feeling
is still here;
an even stronger sense
that you and I my dear,
will meet again somewhere.

Carolyn Brunelle

Desktop Poet

A flat black and white screen
becomes portal
through which other worlds empty,
one pixel,
one keystroke at a time.

No longer dormant in darkness;
all the unspoken things
fly from her soul
before she dies with it all
locked inside.

Carolyn Brunelle

Destiny's Star

Time and space
won't erase your face
from my heart.
no matter where you go
how long,
or how far.
You will always be
in my sky
my love.

Destiny's star.
will always guide us
to each other worlds
where once again,
side by side
we will walk together
in some bright new day.

Carolyn Brunelle

Determined Endurance

It's a damn hard fight
from beginning to end.
Why would any of us
want to continue
blindly
stumbling,
bumbling
with no clue
what it's all about?

But we do

each and every day.
Determination gets it together,
holds on to it,
makes it through;
finds another way
to make do.

Why

hang in and hang on;
search for something inside
to keep going,
when all the while
we're alone
in the dark
praying to a God
we hope like hell is there;
and the road
really does
lead

.... somewhere.

Carolyn Brunelle

Devoted Weaver

Painstakingly, she handweaves grass
With bits of turquoise, river rocks, quartz;
An amazing artistry, a creation
Rich in color, texture; design.

Her life a similar tapestry,
Tending babies, minding the fire;
Cleaning pelts and tanning hides
As provider of clothing and shelter.

When the night falls upon 'this' day
Her family, wrapped in warm furry love,
Will eat their freshly picked berries
From her beautifully made basket.

Carolyn Brunelle

Different Notes, Same Song

He's off somewhere now
In his own little world
As the sounds of his guitar
Drift in from another room.
I put finishing touches to my
Latest poetic creation and realize
What little difference it all makes;
Nothing ever really separates us.
His is the last face I see
At the end of my day;
The first, bringing my morning coffee.
This old love has finally freed us to fly
Fearlessly and explore our differences;
It's a music all its own
Anchoring us to the home
We have created in one another.

Carolyn Brunelle

Dinner Party

A dinner party is a terrific idea!
You bring pictures from your vacation;
I have some gifts for you from mine,
We'll all have a nice dinner
Perhaps even sip a little wine.
They arrived two hours later
Than was originally planned;
Still she had the hope
It would turn out just grand.
But nothing was really right;
Was uncomfortable from the start
When suddenly it all ended
In a rush and a quick parting.
Now, night after night
From an aching heart so deep
She tosses and turns and
Continues to weep.
And to grieve
For those who only pretended to care,
Who just wanted to be off elsewhere;
Because for her, the awful sting
And hurt of it, didn't at all end there.

Carolyn Brunelle

Direction

Autumn is everywhere
felt in each day's chill;
seen in fading landscapes
through my valley, across the hills.
Summer grows tired and ready to fly away;
so are they, honking old familiar farewells.
Their formations dot the fall skies;
and stirs this deep envy in me.
Some creatures always seem to know
when and where they are going;
and how to find their way back home.

Carolyn Brunelle

Disappointment

Cool breezy nights
Already push away summer;
Prepare the landscape
For the onset of Fall.
All hope for that beach vacation
To walk barefoot in sand
And drown last winter's blues
Is lost at sea.
Awash in the waves
Of a changed global climate,
Wrecked by a season
Of nature's discontent;
That ship failed
Before it had a chance to sail.
Leaves will change and disappear
And I will still be here
Confused as the weather;
Looking for familiar seasonal signs
That will never come.
Summer is almost gone;
And Autumn is sure to be
As much a stranger.

Carolyn Brunelle

Discovery

He was 'the new kid'
they used to say;
the one left out
of all their fun and play.
Was so hard to make friends
god knows
how hard he tried;
the tears cried
when no one else could see
belonging
was all he wanted.
Time moved on, so did he;
wounds of childhood
led him appropriately
to become
A mentor, a big brother you see.
Figured life
had somehow meant him to be
along side those
easy for him to understand
other young hearts
in need of a friend.

Carolyn Brunelle

Dishing

His industry grates on her nerves
Like so much cheese
Stirred into a frenzy
In one more sizzling saute';
One more culinary delight
Left for her to clean up.
His passion fulfilled
Her empty plate
Of words left unsaid;
And worlds unexplored.
Others used to say
"He missed his best calling";
She wishes now
He'd answered it
From some other kitchen.

Carolyn Brunelle

Dissidents

Why have the people gone silent?
No more voices
for justice and equality ring;
those shouting, screaming, gutsy,
in-your-face dissidents.

Where are the brave?
who in everyday life will
stand up and dare to speak out?
Are there no more noble spirits who
work for peace, quality leadership,
demand freedom, equal choices,
and respect under our constitution?

Do we not, as human beings,
ALL deserve the same simple right
to live our own lives;
fulfill our own dreams?
Why have the people gone silent?

Carolyn Brunelle

Dragon

If I were Santa
I would have left you
the gift of peace,
or a fairy godmother
I would have waved
away your pain and regret.
If I'd been a dragon
my hot breath could've
burned up the anger in you
melted the hate you learned
incinerated the fear too.
We might even
have become friends
me and you.

Carolyn Brunelle

Dreamer

She's a dreamer and a schemer
who works the universe of possibilities
with a determined mind;
she wills herself to succeed.

She makes plans and plots
knowing it will take a lot
of hard work and skill
but she's got time to kill;
her whole life lies ahead of her.

She talks the talk,
walks the walk;
realizes better than most
how anything goes in a dream world
but making any of it real, is all up to her.

Carolyn Brunelle

Dreamers

There is a returning
and a final release
from these mortal lives;
o sweet rest;
well earned peace.

Wearied spirits given grace
through resting minds,
slip easily past shadowed veil;
in dreams begin to
remember their way back home.

Carolyn Brunelle

Dressed For Spring

Summer's warmth
in shades so lush and green
grows weary; bows out to the age
of Autumn's vibrant flush of color.

Color that gracefully disappears in the wind
as blast of winter rushes in
to sketch out another world
in black in white.

The green and the gold fall to slumber
stripped bare beneath blankets of snow
till the warmth of a spring sun returns;
to awaken and re-dress the earth in rainbows
that promise new life in living color.

Carolyn Brunelle

Dust To Dust

It was a long time ago;
sure the world asks for dues
but it doesn't owe you.
Your choices and decisions cost a lot;
and you ate your share of dust.
You can keep all that in your heart
if you must,
but the world is what you make it;
blessing or curse.
It can be cruel and unforgiving,
or kind and healing to any willing to let go.

Carolyn Brunelle

Dying Leaf

Its odd shape
Startles
At each re-discovery;
In the tree
Outside my window
A little black bird
Sits and waits,
Never to
Fly away.

Carolyn Brunelle

Each Storm

Each storm carves
a new shore;
cleans the slate
of yesterdays.
All new sands await
fresh footprints;
the courage
of willing explorers.

Carolyn Brunelle

Earrings

Out of character, she wears
Earrings that dangle and sparkle,
Laughs loud and loves the grape
That frees her for awhile.
Frees her from her old age
From her fears;
From a life
That is slowly choking out the fun
That still lives in her head.

Carolyn Brunelle

Earthen Jar (A Prayer Poem)

O Lord, divine potter of my soul;
I am not a vessel of sterling beauty,
the golden goblet or the silver chalice.

I am an earthen jar crafted in simplicity;
I've become scarred and broken
through my years.

But fill this cup Lord. Let your light
shine through all the cracks and crevices;
I will sparkle in the eyes of men.

When they see how common clay glistens,
it is You shining through me, as I am,
that will draw them to the light within.

Carolyn Brunelle

Echoes Of Laughter

Echoes of laughter
create a music in the air
from the life that teems
and seems
to be everywhere,
flowers are abloom
in dazzling array;
trees tickled by the breeze
begin to dance and sway.

□

The long winter is retreating
as temperatures soar,
a new season is upon us;
stands laughing at the door.

Winter's tears of sorrow
for those who have gone away,
sparkle in the light
of a new season of hope;
life goes on,
there is still reason to rejoice.

Carolyn Brunelle

Enemy Or Teacher

Is cancer an enemy
here to destroy me,
or teacher come to walk with me for awhile?
Will it bring me to my knees in surrender
or lead me on to higher places?
And, do I really need the answers anyway?
Maybe I should spend my time
being thankful;
grateful that I am where I am.
I am neither destroyed,
nor washed away;
just simply more aware
that life has limitations.
Who needs forever anyway,
when I still have you;
your love in my life
and my faith to get me through.

Carolyn Brunelle

Enter At Your Own Risk

The heart may easily open its doors
Allowing you to feel most welcomed;
At ease as you enter those private chambers
But you must beware, my friend.
Such beauty can be quite enchanting
With its wondrously mysterious places,
But you never really know
What lies hidden in the shadows there.
Waiting to be discovered in that unknown,
The loveliest things can still crush your soul,
Leave you wasted and wanting;
Lost forever in a black hole
Of your own regrets and tears.
It is only those who will chase away the fears
To openly risk the embrace of its depths,
Who will ultimately find salvation in its light.

Carolyn Brunelle

Escape

Cool ocean breezes
Calm the fevered rush
Of city dwellers;
A soothing balm to
Weary caravans who
Find their way to
Island treasure.
Tis' a crown jewel
For vacation seekers, this
Wine country by the sea,
Fine dining, warm beaches
Plenty to do and see.
Here it lies waiting,
A treasure chest
For zealous lovers
Of clear turquoise waters,
Miles of seascape,
A most precious escape
From the things of man;
The place they yearn to be.

Carolyn Brunelle

Everlasting Arms

She hears their voices sometimes
Late at night
When the rest of the world sleeps.
They tell her things she needs to hear
Not to worry so much, or to simply
Relax, not be so hard on herself.

Their closeness a soothing balm
To an aching heart, one that can't sleep for
Trying to find answers that elude her in the day;
Some inner compass so she can find her way.

They were always there to lean on
When she wrangled with some dilemma;
Ready to offer a cup of coffee,
Some advice or at least a shoulder.

And even now, they reach out
All the way from that other place,
So she can feel them holding her
In the arms of their undying love.

Carolyn Brunelle

Evil Planting

A lovely garden growing there
Cast aside in frenzy's pace,
To plant some evil thing
Deep within soft virgin soil.

No thought for innocence;
No grace fell there
Upon child-like eyes,
Just the hate-filled doing of it.

Fields of glory
Ripped asunder, with no care
For smallest wonder
Flourishing there.

Pushed aside for blind purpose
The heart of a flower beats no more;
Silence falls on sparrow song,
For death is a quiet thing.

But someday the soiled memory
Will pierce through time and space;
See the awful thing rooted there,
..... and scream.

Carolyn Brunelle

Excuse Me

Excuse me as I disappear to the cellar
where yesterday's sorrow played out and died
where tears flowed free before they all dried;
nothing's pretty about this place of goodbyes.

Only bits and pieces lie strewn everywhere
a mosaic unfinished but I don't seem to care;
lately it's become abundantly clear
I've overcome whatever brought me here.

So today is moving day and it's time to clean;
each step made lighter for what I have gleaned
from the cellar, and what I remove from there
and bring to the light at the top of the stair.

Carolyn Brunelle

Extraordinary Beauty

They thrive
In unexpected places.
Some gently tended
Given every advantage,
Others must work harder;
All manage such inherent beauty
In most extraordinary ways...
Some cling to life on a fence
Break over wall and through walk;
Emerge even from thorn and rock.
And if you really take stock
None are ever the same
In color, shape or family name.
Each being so unique,
Different as night and day,
Each will find its own path
And dazzle in its own way.

Carolyn Brunelle

Eyes On The World

Possessed of both beauty and grace,
her young innocent eyes wide open
with excitement and promise; can
barely wait to step into the world she sees.

I am hopelessly captivated
by that place
where beauty remains in a young mind;
where joy and laughter rests unspoiled,
splashes with abandon in pools of hope.

Carolyn Brunelle

Facing It

You can put a stop to it
if only for a day;
speak to any darkness
and make it go away.

So much power lost in fear
that we simply give away;
strip ourselves of what we need
to get us through our day.

We'd rather rant and rage
even allow it a full stage
than stand and speak TO it
beyond our passive outrage.

But if you're brave enough,
any giant can be slain
if you have the courage to face it
and call it by its name.

Carolyn Brunelle

Fading Warriors *

Each day the flame weakens
old soldiers, old liberators
their deeds, our memory of them;
fading candlelight in the winds of time.

Their granite carved glories,
passing into history;
20th Century heroes who handed us
a future they have no home in.

by Carolyn Brunelle

*At the start of the year, VA estimated the total current surviving World War II veterans at 5,032,591. VA projects about 414,000 deaths among our World War II veterans this year, for a daily rate of about 1,135.

Carolyn Brunelle

Fairies And Fireflies

Where fairies and fireflies
and other magical things,
are glowing in moonlight
on gossamer wings,
a dreamer child
flies into the night.

Out among the stars
in far away places,
her heart finds its splendor;
its sweetest graces
in the freedom to soar
to dream and explore
the worlds
lying deep within her.

Google search: 'autumlovr's blog' for graphic illustration of this piece

Carolyn Brunelle

Fall From Grace

It's a long way down
To fall on your face
Crash to the ground
So far from grace
Loss the only trade
For choices made.
Come home again
To your rightful place
Stand and pay your due,
Love isn't interested
In condemning you.
You can find
Your way back
To that place on high,
Just believe in yourself
Spread your wings
And fly.

Carolyn Brunelle

False Opening

Open...
a computer file
then
open up the mind;
the words begin to come.
They hit the screen;
as keys clickety-click
and a stanza is formed.
Wait...
for a thought,
a feeling,
a sound,
something seen or remembered.
Fingers steady,
senses enlivened;
at the ready,
try to push away the brain clouds
but alas...
the mind is a total blank
the last line is a dead end.

Carolyn Brunelle

Family

Awkward are the meetings
we've all been through.
Who are you? What do you do?
Sorry there are no memories
though they say we are "family".
You make up lots of small talk
and try to be friendly, but
if you live here, and I live there,
what can we hope to talk about and share?

How can we bridge the years and the miles,
not to even mention our differing lifestyles?
Mere cordial pretense, absent all the trials,
does not make us "family"....
more like complete strangers
living a world apart;
not knowing one another
or even where to start,
"Relatives".... for certain
but not "family of the heart."

Carolyn Brunelle

Family Drama

A history of disappointing excuses,
late arrivals, no-shows and quick exits
leaves a long trail
of heartache and resentment.

But thoughtless abuses come to an end
when the soup boils and there is no escape;
a decision made finds its voice and
creates a completely different landscape.

One more family drama plays itself out
in the only resolution;
let the chips fall where they may
or be damned to repeat it day after day.

Carolyn Brunelle

Fancy Dancy Girl

She's a fancy,
dancy girl
with her
diamonds
and pearls;
driving daddy's car,
living life on her cell,
and everybody else
can just go to hell.

Such a burden carried
from day to day
where to shop;
where to play,
shallow friends
in an empty life
but the money
can't buy a soul.

Have you any dreams
worries or doubts?
Ever consider what life
might be about?
Perhaps money
IS all
you need
when it's all
you have.

Carolyn Brunelle

Farewell To Bliss

My winter's slumber
Ripped asunder
By the busy noise of spring,
I rise
From tranquility's bed
And sigh a fond farewell
To those soft patterings
On closed windows.
Even birds fail to be discreet
As I find my feet.
'Tis only a season I know,
But for the laziest of reasons
Of all the seasons
My bliss is in
The quietude of snow.

Carolyn Brunelle

Farewells

You feel as if
a piece of your soul
breaks and falls away;
a part of your past too
when an old song dies.
But say goodbye you must.
And with each farewell
a thread unravels from the tapestry
of golden days that was your youth;
for nothing we hold in the heart
can stay forever.

Carolyn Brunelle

Fast Lane

Only a whisper
On a busy street,
A tap on the shoulder
Of my consciousness;
The sudden awareness
You are with me.
Death isn't
A stop sign after all
Merely
A backseat driver.
Life can
Shift to high gear,
Speed past
Fear's darkness;
Connect again
Through the light
That dwells within.

Carolyn Brunelle

Fast, Fast, Fast

Why do people talk so fast?
Can life be moving
that fast for them?
Has mine
slowed down that much?

Oh yes indeed,
real language is lost
to a high rate of speed;
my understanding is prime,
just not enough time
to really communicate.

Carolyn Brunelle

Feed The Soul

Sickened by the weight of it all
the clamor of the human stew?
Blinded by all its negative energy
like a cloud hovering over you?
Then come away for awhile
where the air is fresh and free,
reconnect to your nature
where even your soul can breathe.
Spend time in the natural world;
in its quiet beauty you will find
only steps away from the madness
lies a peace to restore your mind.

Carolyn Brunelle

Feeling Low

Recent events have
her completely deflated
and she hates it, hates it
when her emotions
roller coaster
into oblivion
leaving her feeling
empty, flat; used up.
Oh to be drifting high
on the air currents
as one of the balloons
she always envied
for their easy beauty;
floating above the heaviness
of the world they spring from.
But in the end, they too
fall to their eventual destruction;
crashing back to earth,
fallen angels
whom the heavens
thrust back
into the harshness of men.

Carolyn Brunelle

Feels The Same

Dark and windy
cold and wet,
our winter isn't
finished quite yet.
A new year blowin' in
brings gloomy predictions;
yesterday's soggy bogs have
become quagmires we must
deal with today.

He will save us, we hope; we pray
we are able to save ourselves.
Ominous weather brews;
no one has any clues
where it's all really headed.
So hang on and hang tough,
the climate of the economy is
as bleak as the weather outside.

Carolyn Brunelle

Feral

He slumbers peacefully
on a pillow in the garage,
rejecting indoor comforts,
too frightening; too confining.

The wildness in him will always
trump his gentle nature;
keep all others at a distance
so he can remain
independent and free.

Carolyn Brunelle

Fine Day

A young snip of a city girl
with her dancing green eyes
hidden behind a spray of freckles
and laughter in her mouth
races barefooted to the garden
hoping to beat the others;
eager to explore and help with farm chores.
Tomatoes are fairly bursting from the vines.
She finds the choicest, ripest and reddest one
still warm from the sun, bites heartily into its side;
lets the sweet juice run unrestrained down her chin
and declares...
'what a fine day for pickin'! '

Carolyn Brunelle

Fingerprints

Time has finally eased its raw power
but there are damages;
permanent fingerprints on the pages of my past
left by the hands that molded my history.

A gaping chasm of unresolved pain
forced me to move on, choose life;
its path would bring healing, lead me
further away, yet closer to my own truth.

Memories linger, the ghosts still haunt,
tattered remnants remain that I hold onto
from the gripping soul of a child; but it's this life
with all the baggage that makes me write.

Carolyn Brunelle

First Haircut

Yard men coming;
Yard men going.
Yard men mowing
And blowing leaves.

Cleaning here,
Pruning there;
Yard men scurrying everywhere,
Ministering to a growing world.

There are shrubs to whittle
And trees to shape a little
In nature's first haircut
Ushering in the Spring.

Carolyn Brunelle

Flame

The war, politics,
the economy,
how depressing is the news.
Shadows in my world
give me the blues
till I realize
that life really is good;
if I look at it with my own eyes.

Better to rely on my own
interpretation;
determine to be positive,
focusing on the goodness
that still burns inside of man.
I'd rather carry that flame,
that torch; that hope.

Carolyn Brunelle

Flame Of Peace

I crave a new hope,
I crave happy news;
I crave blue skies
instead of just these blues.

I dream of seeing brighter days
again,
beyond all these clouds
in the way.

Oh to have a fresh new horizon,
a reason to believe again;
have hope for tomorrow,
a season to rejoice.

And Peace.

Dear God, let there be a peace
somewhere in this world
even if it's only a spark;
it could become a flame
so needed to heal this world.

Carolyn Brunelle

Flame Out

Once a flourishing flame,
it flickers and ebbs in the darkness of despair;
with nothing left to give
it simply burns out.

Its smoke trail leaves a heavy stench
bad as death when the soul stops fighting.
No wax, no wick, no more will to go on;
it faints dead away
unable to bring light to another day.

Carolyn Brunelle

Fleeting Muse

My poor muse remains
helpless against the wall
of preoccupied mind.
And only a soft flutter of wing
lingers in the haze of my slumber;
leaving me with little more than
a fleeting glimpse of the stars.
Pity this prisoner
who so dearly wants to fly.

Carolyn Brunelle

Flight

In their steady vibrations,
The hypnotic
Drones create a soothing
Surround-sound;
A humming symphony.
From my unique
Portal on the world,
I watch
As tangerine clouds
Block the beauty of the sunset
From earthbound mortals below;
Sipping the nectar of gods.
A queen bee I am,
And flying high.

Carolyn Brunelle

Fools Paradise

The world is full of simpletons
small minded fools with their folly
who fan the flames of hatred
and idiocracy;
make war somewhere
so they can duke it out,
but always with the lives
of the innocent.
A fools paradise we are;
too much bloodshed
let's move to another star.

Carolyn Brunelle

Football Playoffs

Dear God save me from my fate.
I've ravaged a whole plate of tacos,
wasn't at all dainty or sweet;
I'm afraid the results won't be discreet.
Crazy of me but it was getting late;
so I ate with gusto and zest
knowing later on it would
probably kill me at best.
Tonight it's really hard to care.
I'm schlumped in my easy chair
ready to watch football playoffs
with a bottle of my favorite brew;
enjoy a much anticipated view.
I will most likely meet my justified end,
but, ahh-h-h, what a way to go!

Carolyn Brunelle

Freed

I buy books, read different authors,
study the words and writings of others;
it's not at all hard to be intimidated.

Their words paint intricacies
that are startling and beautiful;
and when held to the light they
sparkle in the mind like tinsel on a tree.

My words are simple everyday words;
sturdy like my passion, my faith, my love,
practical in thought and reason
defined by the grace within.

The same river runs as deep
and compels me swift as any others.
I'm not trying to impress a single soul
simply express from a freed one.

Carolyn Brunelle

Freedom

While some poems are light and airy
Others may be sad or disgusting or scary.
One writer's work may offend;
Another feels compelled to defend.
But all have the right
To expand narrowness of sight,
Clear cobwebs from the attic
Bring in a breath of fresh air;
Move you to another plane
Where life might be a bit insane.
It's not all nice and sweet
Life isn't at all discreet,
It's in your face and has a place
Just like all those who write about it.
So I want to hear what they have to say
Each in his own way;
Each given freedom to express.
Why paint on an empty canvas
If you can't use ALL the colors?

Carolyn Brunelle

Freedom's Call

Here in a quieted earth
the children of dust have returned;
fallen warriors
at rest
in the same sod that bore them.

Their answer to freedom's call
silenced in this shadowed peace.

No more battles or wars
no marching songs anymore;
not for this sea of lambs
lying in green pastures
who found the still waters.

Carolyn Brunelle

Fresh Air

The sound of dancing wind chimes
tells me good sleeping is in store;
delta breezes once again float
through windows and doors
as they will my dreams tonight.

Welcomed coolness moves through my valley
pushing out the heavy clouds
of yesterday's disasters,
as if the breath of God had
come to restore the stars in the night sky
and hang the moon back in place

Carolyn Brunelle

Fresh Shot

I may be broken
but it's better to let go;
there's a strange silence in me, but
perhaps I mistake numbness for serenity.
Voices of youth and laughter muted
for time speaks louder than broken promises,
shattered dreams;
the sound of a breaking heart.

What now? What to do with ashes?
Standing here, nothing left,
I pray...
for a fresh shot of life;
something new.
Yesterday's dreams are dust,
I need a new hope for tomorrow.

Carolyn Brunelle

Friday Noon

It's free!

Y'wanna refinance

No fees, no trouble;

We do all the work?

Any questions just call

At this number...

Course we won't answer.

You'll dance-around

For a week or more;

No papers,

Or returned calls

Cost you only \$4300;

The actual cost

Of life on the edge

Of carefree banking.

Carolyn Brunelle

Friend

Time is ever fleeting
and never stays in one spot;
it just keeps on 'keepin' on'
whether you want it to or not.
Hours turn into days
the months and years fly by;
time a constant companion
remains steady at your side.
And only so much is allotted
for all things come to their end;
but it's a lot easier to age with grace
if you realize time is your friend.

Carolyn Brunelle

From A Distance

I have so admired you...
From a distance of course,
Your lovely words;
Your method of discourse.
Long have I stood
At some precipice;
At the ready to perform
But alas
It is ended.
I cannot measure up
To the stature and form.
I, uneducated,
Unskilled
In my abilities
My expressions
Can only languish
In the shadows.
Mute, I await
Some muse to free me
From my tomb,
The words hanging
Unexpressed
On my lips.

Carolyn Brunelle

From Mama's Kitchen

Golden brown goodies
Butter crusted
To perfection;
Pumpkin fragranced air
Mixed with warm
Lasting memories
Of such tasty fare.
Her lovin'
From the oven"
And her favorite
Autumn season
Best reasons
To give
From her heart.

Carolyn Brunelle

From The Depths

Here I wait on lonely shore.
But, could words be said
As earth never heard before,
I would command from oceans deep
The embrace of undine soul so sweet.
A guide for us to a better place
Where no wave would say goodbye
No tears be shed for thee,
And my words alone
Would bring us together again
On the same shore of eternity

Carolyn Brunelle

Frustration

Frustrated with the state of things
from the bottom to the top?
Depressed is more like it
wondering if it's ever going to stop.

But whining doesn't delay the pain
or make it better or go away;
we've all had to begin again
to live our lives in different ways.

Our nation is growing up
and we can't escape that fact;
it's time to move on to adulthood
the trick is not to look back.

Been so many lessons for which
we've paid an awful price;
but we've learned to treasure what we have
how life can change at a throw of the dice.

So keep hanging on and don't let go
try to keep up your end of the fight;
tomorrow is another day and
eventually all things are made right.

Carolyn Brunelle

Fulfilled

Duty in speeding cars
rushes to life
outside my door
while I awaken
to the scent and serenade
of brewing coffee,
the newspaper waiting
to feed my curiosity;
my old lover who serves me
the first cup of the day.
Such is the life of reward,
a lifetime's duties
completely fulfilled.

Carolyn Brunelle

Full Circle

Goodbye again
My old friend;
My heart will
Hold you in
Dear memories.
How could
Yesterday's children
Have known
Their paths
Would lead
Back to one another
To make peace
And passage.

Carolyn Brunelle

Funny World

Funny how the very ones who
say they carry the light, also
bear the responsibility for causing
most of the pain in the world.
Funny how the loudest whiners
are the fanciest diners at the
buffet of humanity.

Funny how the rich are exempt
and the poor breed contempt;
how the nations with the most to give
play the best game of politics
supplying the weaponry that
eventually kills
even their own children.

Funny isn't it how the world works
with its upside down righteousness
and its lawful in-justice, while
all the best parts of mankind are being
sucked out through the holes in the ozone
or dissolved completely in the furnace of
unrestrained industry, avarice and greed.

It's a funny world alright;
funny how nobody's laughing.

Carolyn Brunelle

Future

A moving dimension
with color, connection
and a shiny face
with places to go
spaces to grow;
only traces of the old
left behind in masks given.
Holy beginnings,
the driver to
to a place
no one wants to return,
silences the bells
that toll no more
for yesteryear.
In a future dimension
all becomes clear;
seers reach for the stars
with no fear
of the unknown,
growing
changing
evolving and becoming
only what today's dreams allow.

Carolyn Brunelle

Games

I get so weary of this intruder
who comes out of nowhere
and devastates my heart.
Who is this stranger in my midst?
I always wind up pissed
having to deal with him
when he's like this.

Will I never be free
of these antics
that completely
shut out the light
and all communication?
Suddenly
the walls go up
and just like that
I'm shut out and hurt.

Never know
what's really going on,
just have to walk away
licking my wounds
looking for another way
to deal with my anger;
seems a perfect time
to sit and write.

Ah well,
tomorrow is another day;
all will be forgotten in slumber,
left to die
from lack of attention,
some games
aren't worth more of my energy.

Carolyn Brunelle

Ghost Towns

Some things manage to remain;
they become sole inhabitants
in the ghost towns of the past.
You return again and again
haunted
by the winds of memory;
and ramble around
in ancient dust,
but it's only to re-visit the dead.

Carolyn Brunelle

God Is Greater

God is Greater
than our losses,
our needs, our sorrows.
In his grace
there is sufficiency
for all our tomorrows.
Through tender mercies
we are blessed
in more ways than we know;
touched
in deeper ways
that seldom even show.

For God lives in moments
most ordinary;
his presence revealed
in ways most extraordinary.
In every shattered dream,
a glimmer of hope;
thru each of life's challenges
enlightenment for the soul.
For every tear shed
from a broken heart,
joy is also waiting
in each new start.

God is stronger than our fears,
our weaknesses or doubts,
greater than our afflictions,
our burdens, our faults.
We may never full understand
what our lives are all about;
but we know that God is with us,
helping us work it all out.
A loving assurance is given
in each moment of the day;
God is right here with us
in His own special way.

God Speed

Here we are
down a very long road
trying to connect
thru old memories and photographs;
mere fragments of each other's lives.
Lives each of us has lived
with much different ideas, teachings;
choices made along the way.
My path has led to green grasses
where I sip from the cup of goodness;
labored and sacrificed for,
the one I chose from the beginning.
Your bitter cup, the only reward
for a trail of sad ignorant choices.
We can't change,
re-order the steps that brought us here
from a long ago youth.
We are two different people
on separate journeys
living in two different worlds.
But,
my long ago friend,
I wish you well..... and God speed

Carolyn Brunelle

Gods And Monsters

A monster need
awakens
and so it begins,
a routine struggle to focus
find, then steady the feet,
stop the swim of vertigo
hold onto walls
make the legs go
forward, forward, forward.
A pause to pee
precedes determination
that weeble wobbles,
winds down sunny halls
following the scent of that
sweet nectar of the gods.
Its fragrance wafts
through the air
beckons
this early riser
to first pour;
 ah-h-h-h-h-h-h
how sweet is
my morning glory! !

Carolyn Brunelle

Going Somewhere

People going somewhere
destinations unknown
vacations,
business trips,
or just
trying to get home.

Some in groups
others alone;
all kinds of people
all on the roam,
going and going
to all kinds of places
a million destinations
and a million faces.

And none of them smile;
they all seem to be lost
in the journey.

Carolyn Brunelle

Gold Star

Thirty years a military wife,
She always managed to do
What was needed and expected.
She was courage in an apron,
Love at the stove.
Strangers in white gloves
Sent her packing to
Break camp
With her children in tow;
Their lives uprooted to places
She didn't even know;
Often with no money and no help.
She was every bit the soldier
My father was, but
No one paraded or gave her glory
Or even knew her story, yet
She earned her stripes,
The same my father wore.
Too bad
They don't give rank and ribbon
To Service Moms,
Her family
Would've given her a gold star.

Carolyn Brunelle

Golden Beauty

Labor Day, signaling
summer is drawing to an end.
Bowing from the stage,
one season fading,
blending into another.
Temperatures on the steady drop;
summer warmth coming to a stop.
Fall readies herself in the wings
anxious to arrive on the scene
where eager autumn lovers,
await her dazzling golden beauty.

Carolyn Brunelle

Golden Days

Those back roads that wind through
the countryside of yesterday's fields
connect to precious days in time;
and an old car with no particular destination.

It held our secrets and our dreams;
made for good times with lots of laughter
for a bunch of kids just hangin' together
tryin' to find their way.

Good memories from youth have strengthened me
on the miles and journeys since then;
always will, no matter how far I wander
beyond those days of innocence and youthful friends.

Some roads carve deep into the heart;
others etch themselves into the very bedrock of the soul.

Carolyn Brunelle

Gone... Not Forgotten

I gasped
When I read.
A part of me
Couldn't grasp it at all.
A legend in her time
Mary is gone, (of Peter Paul and Mary)
Gone at Seventy Two.
And I thought I was the only one
Getting older.
Those songs;
That trio who carried the torch
Of youthful hope and protest
Will be
A part of my youth;
My history forever.
We will ALL pass on
To other places,
Fade away
Into the memories of fans,
Family,
Loved ones.
God let those places be as dear
As they were to us.

Carolyn Brunelle

Good Neighbor

It was tuberculosis from breathing all that dust;
most thought 'Black Lung' there in the hill country.
Coal miners usually went that way,
but he never spent a day in the mines;
never smoked, drank spirits, or was ever sick
that anyone could ever recollect.
In younger days, his long legs made him a good logger's living
in the mountains he was born and grew up in; a lifelong
hearty appreciation for Grandma's cooking
never left more than a few scraps for the hogs after meals.
And oh how he loved his front porch
especially in summer when the sun hung on longer.
He'd sit and rock, wave at drivers through red dust clouds;
exchange "howdies" with anyone passing by
where he lived on an old dirt road to town.
Lots of folks he already knew, some not yet,
but all were made welcome to cool water;
a little shady rest there on the porch with him
as they made their way home from their day.
He just figured it was the neighborly thing to do.

Carolyn Brunelle

Good Time Gal

She pushed him away
till he could no longer stay;
he hit the road and to this day
he's never been back around this way.

Love couldn't hold her
to a promise or a ring;
all she's ever wanted
is a good time and no strings.

She still dances
in the bars and dives
not even looking
for love to arrive.

She'll break more hearts
on lots of other days;
can't face life
so she chooses to play
and meet her demise
in destructive ways.

Carolyn Brunelle

Got Any Glue?

With eyes wide shut
I thought I knew you;
my heart wide open
I let myself fall.

Gone now is starry eyed innocence.
Tried it all through the years;
everything was too small
to repair such a big mistake.

Somewhere in this world
there has to be another
that would be a better fit;
the very glue I need
to put myself
back together again.

Carolyn Brunelle

Grace

Awaken oh dreamer
get comfortable in your skin
make your life acceptable
in whatever state you're in.

Get a grip, be grateful
each and every day;
life always gives full measure
of blessings along the way.

So give thanks for what you have
family, friends, work and play
tomorrow is not yet come;
remember the graces of today.

Carolyn Brunelle

Graduation

Sudden changes in the weather
Has you trying to hold it together.
Is it outdoors or indoors?
No one knows anymore.
Will there be lightning and thunder?
Will graduation happen at all, you wonder.
But keep on practicing
Hold on to that dream
Take a deep breath;
Try not to scream.
It's always going to be something
That is outside the norm,
Because LIFE is all about
How you deal with the storms.

© Carolyn Brunelle

Carolyn Brunelle

Grandma's Pies

My Grandma made
the most wonderful pies.
Her patient devotion,
the love in her eyes,
opened me to a world
of wonder and surprise,
led me thru childhood
there in her kitchen;
made a warm place in her heart
where a child's soul could grow.

From that heart of gold
she spun her stories of old;
taught a child how to
make it through the storms of life.
She was my tower,
my high castle walls;
solid as rock
was her love through it all.
Never once did she falter, even
through the hardest parts,
she was more than just my grandma
she was keeper of my heart.

Carolyn Brunelle

Gray Day

Gray
Clouds my mind,
Foul weather;
A sense of gloom
Hangs heavy
Over my coffee cup.
Oops, here comes the rain.
A deluge
That cleanses,
Restores
Skies of blue.
A storm
Can sometimes
Pass
Without much adeu.

Carolyn Brunelle

Grief

Adrift on a merciless sea
an unspeakable emptiness
cuts a deep hole in me
one that bleeds and aches.
How much more I can take
only God really knows.

Each day swallowed by another
I am floating debris in the belly of a beast
where there is no light
no direction
or apparent destination.

Wounded in ways no one can see
the love and joy in my life ripped from me,
I feel nothing, not even you God,
and all I hear is the awful silence
where a beating heart should be.

Carolyn Brunelle

Growin' Old

Old hearts long enter twined
relax and share their evening wine
laugh and reminisce about younger days.
Kids all grown, well on their way,
retirement has grown on us;
we're learning to play and
love our vacations by the sea.
How long we can keep it all up
have such times as these, you and me
who knows! ... but hang on baby
for the ride's all downhill,
and growin' old with you
is its own special thrill.

Carolyn Brunelle

Guitar In The Evening

Easily transported, we are
Lulled into a serenity,
Then set adrift to find
Other palaces within the soul.
Captured and moved
By the rich harmonious chords,
These age old sounds
From an ancient guitar,
Bring soft comfort
To our soul weary world.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #001 (Spider)

In shaft of sunlight
Spider atop a leaf, rests
Hiding in plain view.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #002 (New Tree)

Reaching toward heaven
The newly planted tree sinks
Roots deep into earth

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #003 (Scared)

Thunder and lightning
Quite an alarming display
Scares fireflies away

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #004 (Lullaby)

Cool delta breezes,
a lullaby to appease
a hot summer night

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #005 (Rejoicing)

Music from the trees
songs sung for no one; life is
simply rejoicing

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #006 (Melting)

Fingers of ice that
once held earth in its grip, melt
into memories

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #007 (Grapes)

Grapes grow silently
gathering sweetness from life
then pour themselves out

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #008 (A Call)

Blackbirds on a wire
gather to chat away, hold
on I have a call

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #009 (Mantis)

Thinking them harmless,
victims do not know mantis
only SEEM to pray

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #010 (Bumble Bee)

Fly away from here
Little bumble bee. Some queen
Misses her honey.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #011 (Water)

Water flows downhill
In good seasons of time, but
Not a good season

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #012 (Sunshine)

Hang gliding over
Mexico, the sunshine is
On a holiday

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #013 (Snail)

Slowly, inch by inch,
A sweaty progress, life still
Moves at daily pace

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #014 (Migration)

Time to leave the nest,
Anxious; ready to fly high
On wings to the north.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #015 (Old Birds)

Closer to the earth
Than to the skies that bore them,
Old birds sit and wait.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #016 (Song Bird)

A song bird's scrapbook,
Notes and melodies captured
From old yesterdays.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #017 (Earth)

Thirsting, a silent
Earth waits, yearning to hear rain's
Voice so full of life.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #018 (Preference)

Watching the weather
And packing, I'd rather write
Haiku and Twitter.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #019 (Wind)

I have the power
To make the wind blow. All I
Have to do is dust.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #020 (Empty)

Abandoned luggage,
Emptied now from my travels;
My burdens laid down.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #021 (Round Trip)

Flight in from the west;
old familiar family
soon turns us back home.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #022 (Green)

Thirsty, a scorched earth
yearns for shade, the life in rain;
to be green again.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #023 (Elements)

The heat of the day
surrenders to cool night sky
a right of passage

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #024 (Cat)

He shies from the sun;
seeks shade of the day and
dreams of the night life.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #025 (New Rose)

A rose in first blush
Of youth, innocent and pure,
Soon learns to grow thorns.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #026 (Passage)

Heat of the day
Surrenders to cool night sky;
A right of passage.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #027 (Endurance)

A lot to expect
In bad soil, no chance of rain;
Yet the young tree grows.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #028 (Shadows)

Twinkling shadows of
Sunlight dancing through the trees
Captures fantasy.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #029 (Storm Clouds)

Foul as rotten fruit
They swell and grow in the sky;
Explode into storm.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #030 (Breezes)

Afternoon breezes,
a summer's apology
to a sun baked earth.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #031 (Dressed)

Summer blossoms dress
for company; hummingbirds
visit frequently.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #032 (Lightning)

A flash of lightning
warns of a storm on the way;
I hug you closer.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #033 (Finished)

All my projects done;
in need of a break, I am
headed for the beach.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #034 (Giants)

Serenity, winds
through forest roads among the
majestic giants

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #035 (Light Play)

Light plays quietly,
beat and tempo flashes out
muted symphonies

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #036 (Night Dance)

Winds rustle the trees;
dance together in night skies
to age old music

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #037 (Footprints)

He who hung the moon
lit the stars in the heavens;
left footprints on high

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #038 (Feline Ritual)

Unheard steps each night
end at my door; say goodnight
before the moon rise.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #039 (Waiting Flowers)

Blossoms in repose
wait for the right time; smile when
it's time to say cheese.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #040 (Nest)

Bits of used up trash,
newspaper, string, leaves and twigs;
a nest for new life.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #041 (Cooler)

A delta breeze moves
through skies at night; promise of
cooler slumbers wait.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #042 (Butterfly)

Rests for a moment
on my sill; in a flutter
flies off to the sky

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #043 (Hummingbird)

Humming to flowers
feeding on sweet nectars there;
unseen wings hold you

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #044 (Fast Track)

Runaway train on
a fast track to nowhere, tell
me where to get off

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #045 (Last Sounds)

The whir of a fan
crickets and frogs in the yard
last sounds before sleep

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #046 (Brain)

With black on her nails
blue Streaks in her hair, wonder
if a brain is there

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #047 (Morning Air)

First snow of winter;
roadside diner's fresh coffee
fills the morning air

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #048 (Cleaning Day)

Dust of yesterdays
Pieces of life on the floor
Wait to be vacuumed.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #049 (Road)

Redesign, expand;
Progress is a better road
for future journeys.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #050 (Autumn Morning)

Crisp autumn rises
In the air where chevrons of
geese point the way home.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #051 (Perfect)

Two glasses of wine
with dinner and you, perfect
way to end my day.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #052 (Critter)

Relocated to
a shrub outside, scurries to
create all new friends.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #053 (Peace)

Illusory peace
fleeting in the face of war
seems ignorance rules.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #054 (Nature's Eyes)

Haiku poetry
imagination runs free;
nature's eyes can see.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #055 (Goodnight)

Setting sun kisses
each leaf goodnight; slips away
and turns out the light.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #056 (New Path)

rain droplets splatter
wipe away the old patterns
to cleanse a new path

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #057 (Ghosts Goblins)

scary halloween
ghosts and goblins have no fear
all they want is treats

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #058 (Rising Dead)

all around the town
they rise from below the ground
zombie time is here

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #059 (Ghost Farts)

do ghosts really fart
fouling night of halloween?
no wonder they scream

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #061 (Zombies)

I love the morning
smell of coffee in the air,
but zombies don't care.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #062 (Pumpkins)

Pumpkins scare me with
cut out faces all aglow;
nothing else inside.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #063 (Black Cats)

Black cats don't scare me
on All Hallows Eve, I'm scared
of spookier things.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #064 (Trick Or Treaters)

Hear the little feet
hear them squeal it's trick or treat;
hope you have goodies.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #065 (Candles)

Candles glow tonight;
signal all in sight that good
things wait at each door.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #066 (Witchy Brew)

Witchy brew awaits;
smell that lovely stench from the
spells I made for you.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #067 (Blood)

Blood drips on the floor
from my cup, sorry my dear
to be such a bore.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #068 (Cape)

My cape is heavy;
wish I didn't need it for
frequent night travels.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #069 (Fangs)

That fanged tooth grin says
he must like the smell of my
designer perfume.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #070 (Feline Waiting)

patient feline lies
in waiting on a cold night
for food to appear

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #071 (Love The Seashore)

Oh how I love the
gulls, the sand, the salt sea air;
I'd rather be there.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #072 (Book Hunt)

Love the hunt for books;
sideways search gives me headaches
and my feet hurt too.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #073 (Bad Place)

Cold here by the door
seated next to a talker
a bad place to read

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #074 (Forgot)

Sorry I forgot,
it slipped right out of my head
and onto the floor

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #075 (Gas)

Love a great meal at
a fancy dancy restaurant,
except for the gas!

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #076 (Cozy)

On cold winter nights
cozy 'round the fire, I feel
sorry for my plants

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #077 (Inspiration)

Fresh coffee brewing
on a dark rainy morning
inspires me to write

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #078 (New Book)

My new book makes me
laugh out loud; I want to write
funny haiku too

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #079 (Black Hole)

A sucking black hole
one stellar view of space, stars
missing from one spot

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #080 (Big Dipper)

Stars align in a
moonlit sky, a big dipper
of heavenly things

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #081 (Foul Winds)

Dog sleeps on the porch
in cool summer breezes and
brings foul things my way

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #082 (Waiting)

Little hummingbird
perches beneath a leaf; waits for
the rainstorm to cease

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #083 (Rain Songs)

Happy little birds
sit atop the trees; sing their
songs because it rains

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #084 (January Blues)

January blues
sneaked up on me; guess I
need to get out more

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #085 (Something Baking)

The smell of something
baking on a winter day;
says bye to the blues

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #086 (Bathroom Humor)

Bathroom humor stinks
wreaks of tastelessness; best not
to open that door

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #087 (World Of Gray)

The sun is above
high cloud cover, beneath it
my world turns to gray

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #088 (In The Moment)

She writes her poems
in Haiku form so she can
be in the moment

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #089 (Mom's Heart)

Always there for me
A strength, a friend, a mentor
Mom's heart never rests.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #090 (The Power)

I have the power
to make the wind blow; grab my
camera for a shot.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #091 (A Wagon Tale In Haiku Stanzas)

The wagon broke down;
rain falls quite hard on the plains
in Spain's wet season.

Fearful of the floods
coming through in a flash, had
to run for our lives

But not to worry
we're stronger than these storms, we'll
fix it all up good.

New day on new wheels
and we're movin' again; can't
sit still for too long.

Got miles to go yet
baby's due anytime now;
town ahead can help.

Baby Jane arrived
no problems so far; good lord
blessing us just fine.

Our trip ends today;
left our old life behind us
to find a new one.

Struggled something fierce
but we made it through; it's been
worth it after all.

Rich soils for planting;
plenty of time before fall
brings on first winter.

We are so grateful
we left when we did, rains were
better than the heat.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #092 (Autumn Dance)

Autumn's in the trees
her colors dance and sway to
an old winter song

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #093 (Football)

Football teaches you
teamwork; reaching goals in life
by striving to win

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #094 (Sweet Sanctuary)

Set sail upon the seas
follow the sunset trails and
turn toward sweet slumber.

Searching hearts find peace
fallen to the rest of babes
sweet sanctuary.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #095 (Dreams)

Dreams like our pennies
even when they are nightmares
are all worth something

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #096 (Spring Sunshine)

The sun's warming rays
got me out of bed today.
Senses stirred within

seeing Spring alive
in the blossoms in my yard;
beauty I captured

in a new photo.
Winter's gloom has passed away;
a feast for the eyes

greet this bright spring morn.
New buds are everywhere, and
the air is fragrant.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #097 (First Sunlight)

First sunlight of dawn
turns fields to sparkling diamonds
earth's breath into mist

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #098 (Exercise)

Exercise the mind
and you will find it displays
a rainbow's colors

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #099 (Breakfast)

waffles for breakfast
sausage and coffee and juice
I ate way too much

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #100 (Autumn Skies)

Autumn in the skies
leaves turn and fall from the trees
winter soon arrives

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #101 (Diversity)

Each one so unique
yet we become equal in
love and tolerance.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #102 (Journey)

Life is a journey
adventure or tragedy
depends on your view.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #103 (Tears)

Dew drops gently fall
the forest becomes silent
when the angels weep.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #105 (Whispering Love) In Haiku Stanza

The religion game
only one right way; there can
be only the one.

Fear haunts such small minds
seeing through their broken glass,
blind leading the blind.

No heaven no hell
can remove love from within;
relax and just BREATHE.

The Spirit indwells
beyond the understanding.
A whispering Love

whose strength surrounds us,
guides us along each day; just what
is it, we should fear?

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #106 (Drops)

One tiny droplet
joins with others to become
puddles at my feet

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #107 (Winter Snow)

snowflakes become drifts
cover the landscape in white;
time for my mittens.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #108 (Storm)

Claps of thunder roll;
light crashes across the sky
before rain arrives.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #109 (Fire)

a flickering flame
brings light to the darkness and
dances on my wall.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #110 (Home)

Miles of orchards and
fields of rice all farmed around
the Buttes; home is good.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #111 (Harvest)

Sunflowers bend low;
patient plows stand ready for
harvest to begin.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #112 (Awaken)

morning rays of sun
wakes the forest and brings light
to each winding path

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #113 (Ice)

world of frozen ice;
drifts of snow pile up highest
in valleys below.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #114 (Eager Spring)

winter grows weary,
heaving a sigh it bows out
to an eager Spring.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #115 (Return)

an unforeseen storm
a drop in temperatures
winter has returned.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #116 (Waltz)

Winter waltzes back
not to be forgotten, and
freezes Spring in place.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #117 (Light Given..... In Stanzas)

Her tears are only
for awhile, as the sun fades
and the moon rises

She knows in her heart
light given, will be taken
only for today.

...a contribution by two poets
lovechild and autumlovr

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #118 (Nascar)

First woman to take
Daytona pole position,
Danica Patrick.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #119 (Potpourri)

baking in winter
the smell of warm cookies, best
potpourri ever.

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #120 (Hall Light)

the light in the hall
has always given comfort
there in the darkness

Carolyn Brunelle

Haiku #121 In Triple Stanzas (Flu Season)

Haiku #121 (in triple stanza) (flu season)

Coughing and hacking
bad enough but the worst is
total lack of sleep.

Annual flu shot
sure didn't help much this year
all luck just ran out.

Plans to remodel
at a standstill; flu season
not such good timing.

Carolyn Brunelle

Half Hearted Hope

Water fowl still gather
In half empty ponds;
A woodcarving man
Doing the best he can
Has wood for sale.
A scorched earth
Blighted with crops of
Raggedy failing corn;
Miles of
Vineyards with
Grapes dried out
On the vines.
A suffering economy
A suffering people;
A suffering land.
All has been taken away
Except for half hearted hope;
Prayers that rain
Will come again soon.

Carolyn Brunelle

Hallmark Of Change

It has become
a hallmark of change;
repeated through the ages
as a sad truth for those
who cling to the past.
For some,
the sorrow of CHANGE,
waning comforts of old ways,
gives reason to grieve and mourn
"Gone are the good old days".

But within young, new hearts,
lies the hope of renewal.
They are the promise
lighting the way to new frontiers,
"brand new days";
the vision that will re-define us,
reform the society,
create and pave the way
for tomorrow's children.

Carolyn Brunelle

Halloween Tale

An unusually bright moon beneath clear skies
and the early freeze made it irresistible; the beauty
of free, wide open ice became siren's call to them.
They scrambled to encase their feet in bladed boots
and sliced out across the lake.

S-wick, s-wick, s-wick, the six raced each other
faster and faster toward smoother ice ahead.
Their shouts echoed back to the shore line
'C'mon guys, lots more room than the rink';
young boys never stop to think of the dangers.

Not even one slowed or looked back
though the groaning and crackles
could be heard all the way to lake's edge
as it traveled across the surface.

Some had not been so brave,
the ones they taunted for waiting on the shore;
the ones left screaming as each friend disappeared
the only ones left who could tell the Halloween tale.

Carolyn Brunelle

Handprints

Empathy punishes my sleep.
Old familiar waters
Flood my soul.
A grandmother's tears
Flow from this rock of ages;
My heart bleeds
From a prayer garden
Well visited.
They will need my prayers,
The strength and courage
To carry their own cross;
A child's handprints
Remain in the heart forever.

Carolyn Brunelle

Hang On

Orange Blossom Honey
Ain't got no money
In the lower forty per cent,
But them that do
Can still charge you
A pant load more
For rent.

Higher this
Higher that
A small fortune
I pay
For this crappy flat.

When it will stop
Nobody knows,
The fat lady sings
You grab the ring
Hang on
And
Go with the flow.

Carolyn Brunelle

Happening

I can feel it happening;
Taking bits and pieces
Of me each day.
Soon I will pass
Beyond earthly things;
Be taken away completely.
It is a time I once feared
But that's all disappeared now.
For me death speaks in gentle ways
In rays of sunlight through the trees,
The soft lullabying of a cool breeze;
Many such moments of final grace
Are a great peace and comfort to me.
But, sweet Jesus, how long
Before you still these waters;
Let my soul run free?
Life has had its day with me
And most of those I've loved
Have gone on before me;
Now I, too, am old and weary
And SO ready to fly.

Carolyn Brunelle

Happy Endings

She slept
Till he snored,
He snored
Till she wept; sought
The alternative instead.

Agreement reached
Honored and kept,
Peace restored
When each one slept.

In separate beds
Still happily wed,
He snores undisturbed;
She sleeps unperterbed with
Only sweet dreams in her head.

Carolyn Brunelle

Happy Haunting

Again they come
with their screeching and taunting
trying to scare you as they arrive
each one in clever disguise.

With their howling and piercing screams
those thumping, bumping ugly things
suddenly appear from out of the night
and oh they give you a horrible fright!

They attack at your door
till you have nothing more
then vanish and disappear;
a relief that offers you little cheer.

This haunting night has come to an end
so there's nothing left to fear,
but you remember something
REALLY scary...

Halloween returns NEXT year!

Carolyn Brunelle

Happy Mother's Day Mom

I remember the better days
When my Mom was around.
I miss her and wish we could have
Shared more of our lives together,
Though I can still feel her near
When I need to talk,
Need some advice,
Or just a cup of cheer.
Guess the heart is always connected
Even when they're no longer here,
So I'm sending her these flowers
With a great big hug from afar,
Knowing she's there in heaven
Having a great day among the stars.

Carolyn Brunelle

Happy News

Happy news
Breaks through the clouds;
Brings warm
Sunshine with it.
Now the tears
Are for the joy
In my world.
The storms have passed
We can breathe a sigh;
Pick up our lives
Say goodbye
To those dark days.
Better weather
Is on the way.

Carolyn Brunelle

Hard Day

O sweet lord,
let me have my glass of wine,
some peace and quiet;
a little down time.
Don't want to hear the news;
somebody else's troubles right now,
I've got troubles enough of my own.
Never been much
of a pal or buddy
or party friend, and
it's been a real hard day
finally come to an end.
Haven't a clue
what other lives are all about,
where they get the energy
to play or to go out.
Because I'm tired,
I'm beat;
completely off my feet.
All I need is to crash
after a day like today
so please,
make the world
just go away.
so I can have a moment
and my
sweet wine time.

Carolyn Brunelle

Harmony Or Chaos

Make harmony in the world where
there is only crashing, clashing noise.
Raise your voice, you have a choice
Make it now.
Make peace, make children,
Make love; make a better day.
Haven't we had enough of war?
Our ship is sinking lower and lower
Into the sea of our own aggressions;
Our own need for revenge.
Heavy and fat with our own greed,
Blinded by our own ignorances; we
Exploit the poorest and weakest,
Hoping no one sees us steal
The tomorrows from our children.
Beyond the need for God to punish us,
We are already killing ourselves
And breaking HIS/HER heart as we grow
Farther and farther away from who we really are.

Carolyn Brunelle

Harvest Moon

Chenille dotted foothills
Boast more gold
Than green
As summer
Sinks into the leaves
This first day of fall.
Harvest toil
Sweats
Under scorching sun;
Its dust
Hovers in clouds
Over the valley.
It is only a
Harvest moon
That waits
For first frost
And long
Chilly nights.

Carolyn Brunelle

Healing

Pain was constant companion;
tormentor of memories;
singer of sad old songs
through all too familiar reveries.

I, a tortured traveler,
bound to yesterday's sorrow;
re-lived the ancient history,
suffered over and over again.

Yet pain,
while it never offered answers,
became unexpected friend;
leading me finally to find my peace
and peace brought the journey's end.

Carolyn Brunelle

Heaven's Gate

Where earth meets sky
and time stands still,
infinity lies displayed
in starlight's gleam
and rainbows that never fade.
And the soul of man
is a butterfly
returning new and free,
to the waiting Hand of God,
at the door to Eternity.

Carolyn Brunelle

Help Her

Recaptured from long ago
hold her close and don't let go
feel her heart beat steady as a rock
time passes as mere tic of a clock.
Hold and love her as you would a child
find her hiding and play for awhile,
bring her treats and listen to her glee
teach her to all you know she can be.
The child in us all wounded and fearing
healing can be just in the hearing
of all she has to say.
Just be there for her in whatever way;
she has the power to lead YOU one day.

Carolyn Brunelle

Help Them By Stopping Them

Stop them before they breed
the bad writers, bad spellers;
the ignorant who cannot read
much less comprehend the need
for punctuation and good grammar.
Stamp out the uneducated;
the text messengers who
think the art of communicating
is in cell phone keys.
Oh please,
I beg you please,
do not give them ease.
They must learn in order to grow;
you can help to encourage
and show them
the way to better skills.
Ignorance is not a tool,
it
only
kills
the light
on
the
path.

Carolyn Brunelle

Her Face

There are so many things
happening these days.
Wars, human suffering,
anguish, loss, hopelessness;
all good reasons to be
resigned to the depravity
and fall of man
and then.....
I see her face.

Her face, aglow with innocence,
the spirit of life; life in its prime.
She is beauty, she is laughter;
I feel alive and invigorated,
as if injected with
nectar of the gods;
given a sweet taste of heaven.
All else pales.

Perhaps, in this, there is reason
to go on
a reason to plan for tomorrow;
to be strong today and live,
determined to overcome
the darkness of our times;
found in the faces of our children.
We endure,
we continue;
we live for them.

Carolyn Brunelle

Her Little Man

She's always called him that
since his infancy,
'her little man'.
Now sixty five
his own youth long passed;
no one can fill the shoes of a dad
that left her with an empty life
not even the loving family
that surrounds her.
And none can take the place of
'her little man'
who still devotes himself
to her needs best he can,
come what may, even
though many many miles away.

Carolyn Brunelle

Her Voice

I hear her clearest
At night
When the noise of life
Has retreated.

In that still
Quiet place
Of my heart
Her voice still
Steady and true.

In this life
And the next....
I suppose Mom
Is always near
To watch
Over you.

Carolyn Brunelle

Here Lies

Here, lies are laid waste;
So much smoke and mirrors
Left to decay and fade away.
The truth speaks
In light of day from the
Flowered graves of those
Death has claimed with equal ease.
I am left to follow
But one voice
That leads me from within.
May such a love
Bring me all the way home someday;
Yet still remain a blossom in
The hearts I will leave behind.

Carolyn Brunelle

Hidden

How could you understand
if you never really knew me;
the me that was never free to be.
With no real voice
or choice,
girls didn't need to be heard
or be smart or have dreams,
just look pretty and marry well.
So I was what you wanted
what you needed me to be
but that young girl
wasn't the real deal.
You never knew
the me I always was inside;
because you wouldn't have liked
that I wasn't like you at all.

Carolyn Brunelle

Hidden Memories

Why can't I let the secret free?
Why do I hide from a memory?
I know not why the silent tear
nor what it is I hold so dear.

From long ago in my secret past
I hold on hard and hold on fast
to a darkened room inside of me
that still remains a mystery.

An angel near to hold me tight
protects me from some awful fright.
I cuddle close, no need to fear,
no one knows what's hiding here.

We play a game, the angel and me;
we lock the room and hide the key
and never let it ever be
discussed in front of company.

I tell the truth, don't ever lie;
cross my heart and hope to die.
It doesn't hurt 'cause I can't remember
did you know my birthday's in December?

Santa knows who's naughty and nice
he makes a list and checks it twice,
so I'll never let the secret free
I simply hide it in my memory.

written for those suffering souls of child abuse

Carolyn Brunelle

Hidden Soul

Flawlessly hand made
things of beauty and perfection
hang suspended from the boy's
bedroom ceiling.

The rest of the house reveals
his obvious artistic nature
in paintings and bead works
through the years.

The mystery has always been
that expressions of such beauty
came through the same heart
that also created pain and fear
for those who loved him.

Carolyn Brunelle

Hidden Treasure

Many of my years
were invested
In some struggle
to be free;
Never really
feeling whole,
just pretending
all was right with me.

Seeking answers
in other worlds
I willingly
paid the price,
and traded
all my youth
searching
for sage advice.

The journey's
been long
but at last
I am free;
my older,
wiser eyes
have finally
come to see
the only thing
that ever
held my soul
were the chains
inside of me.

The only
true freedom
for anyone's soul
lies within
their very own heart,
but it takes
a lifetime to find

what we
always had
from the start.

Carolyn Brunelle

High And Free

Wonder if
I can still
use these wings?
They were once
strong enough
to carry me
here.

Seeing such
anguish
and pain
in this world,
I am wounded
and weakened
with sorrow
in my breast,

Oh to be lifted up,
taken to a new day
where I can
once again
fly high and free.

Carolyn Brunelle

High Risers

Fragmented words, thoughts, ideas
laid out on the paper in an organized way
like puzzle pieces
and who knows what
they all say.

Juts of this, and cuts of that,
clear as mud and ceiling wax
a jumbled up mosh of confusion
but profusely proclaimed by critics. Bravo!

But the ordinary man
in everyday life is blinded still,
left hungry and thirsty for
that which would satisfy
if only he understood the rules.

So highminded are they,
adrift on clouds of accolades
they forgot that words
could point the way
to salvation and offer hope.

Carolyn Brunelle

Holding

Sometimes I wonder
if you haven't a clue.
that beyond being friends
I'm also in love with you.
I pray for a day
when the light will dawn;
and become a reality...
that there is more
than a friendship
between you and me.
But until then I must
keep a lock on my heart,
be your best friend
and hide this other part,
because
I love you enough
to hold to my dream,
and hold on tight;
a day will come
when you will see me
in a different light.

Carolyn Brunelle

Holding On

The vacancy overwhelms him.

Nothing he knows is there
behind eyes
that once governed hearth and home
with a strength and courage
that stood toe to toe with life.

A devoted mother and wife
inspired as she aged with grace;
carried her share of sorrow
as one by one she said goodbye
to youth, loved ones, and then even herself.
She is the last; all those glory days
disappeared with her into that haze
where this stranger now peers from the fog.

He must summon all the strength and courage
she gave him
for this long, long good bye...
and hold on to all the memories for her.

Carolyn Brunelle

Holiday Cheer

'Tis the season to be jolly
but it's not the music, the tinsel
or the twinkling holiday cheer
that brings them here;
the steady streams of them
that slowly pad in on their own
push themselves on walkers
or are rolled in wheelchairs.
'Tis also the season for colds, pneumonia,
flu shots and blood draws;
when Doctors, Nurses, Clinics and Labs
minister to the masses
in the hope that Santa
can bring good health to all.

Carolyn Brunelle

Hollow Halloween

Halloween is part of my heritage I suppose.
Mom had fun doing it for the kids and went all out.
For awhile my Halloween wood crafts sold well
but then popularity went to hell so I moved on
to create a Halloween Porch.

Everybody loved the lights and candles
the glittering colors and decorations
and of course the generous treats
all wrapped in individual gift bags;
special ones for the littlest and first timers.

Older teens wanted their pictures taken
with the fiber optic pumpkins;
parents enjoyed their children ogling
all the bright lights, so entranced
they forgot all about the 'trick or treat'.

Most, appreciated and enjoyed the display and said so.
They came in triple digits for years before haunted houses,
holiday events at the mall, and home parties changed it all.
Less than 20 showed last year and nailed the coffin shut,
so the lights are out this year; it's a hollow Halloween.

Carolyn Brunelle

Homage To An Old Barn

Old time-wearied barn
all but disintegrated
on familiar well trodden path;
stands as sentinel
to a time gone by.

An ancient remnant
crooked and bent,
has lost more slats than
still remains;
shows more light
shining through it
than not.

Dear old barn,
a friend to this traveler
you are poignant reminder
to aging beauty;
I hope my light
shines as brightly.

Carolyn Brunelle

Honeymoon

She was born and raised
In the hills of Tennessee,
So was he;
Newly wedded
High school sweethearts
When war broke out.
He enlisted and was shipped
Right away;
She went to work
In a munitions depot stateside
Where she worked, waited,
Wept, and prayed.
They and their love
Managed to survive, but
Their honeymoon was
Lost forever to World War II;
They were never that young
Or that innocent ever again.

Carolyn Brunelle

Hope Rising

There is always hope
Rising from within the heart;
A flickering flame that
Connects us to the Eternal.
We need to look
Beyond the tangible,
Else perish beneath
The heavy yoke of life,
Crushed by its cruel storms.
We carry on each day
Steadied by a faith in the unseen
That wraps its arms around us,
Wills us to endure;
Lifts us, so we may overcome.

Carolyn Brunelle

Hot Summers

The whirring blades
of an old ceiling fan
brings soothing night air
to my easy chair...
and thoughts of them.

In moonlit fields
of the mind,
two young lovers,
in a blur of emotions
trying to cool down
the heat of passion.

Warm memories,
other cool comforts,
come smiling back
from younger days;
other hot summers.

Carolyn Brunelle

House Of The Dead

The rooms have quieted
as bored adults fell to slumber
only mean little children
can be heard giggling
from behind closed doors
taking pot shots
playing hurtful games.
It's really a complete shame
there is so little life left
in the house anymore;
apathy, a raging vine
that chokes out the light.
Perhaps in dreams
a window may open
to renewal and evolution
where creativity and joy can return

Carolyn Brunelle

How Do You?

How do you keep a war alive in your heart
for the better part of a century;
stoke those ancient embers
and tend the fires of hatred and misery
'til they burn through to the next century
to foul a new day for future generations?

How do you hold to such bitter revenge;
nurse the infectious boil of your grudge
well beyond the society that created that
in the ancestors that bore you?

How do you fare with that boiler maker
in your gut, sitting there in the darkness
stewing in your own hateful juices?
How do you call that LIFE at all?

How do you look at your maker with
such a degraded soul inside your chest
and still cast eyes of cold indifference
on the world's pain and suffering
when you can't even look in the mirror
and address the ugliness in yourself?

Carolyn Brunelle

How Old Is Too Old

How old is too old
To have purpose
In the world?

This old heart
Still has a passion;
A wisdom I am told,
Experience in living
A willingness to share,
Encouragement for a heart;
A kind, listening ear.

How old is too old
To offer my hand
And care?

A dimmer light
Still burns.

Carolyn Brunelle

How Sad

How sad there
Wasn't enough time
To get through
All the layers
Of anger.
How sad
We couldn't
Mend all the fences,
Patch up all the holes;
Build something new
Between us.
How sad
There is time now
But
Only to grieve.

Carolyn Brunelle

Humanity, The Great Illusion

No real beginning
And no real end;
Only a contented few accept
We are but simple threads
In the fabric of the universe.
Others need someone to lead
Though none really knows
Where we are all going;
No more than any other.
But with illusion
Of understanding,
They continue to seek
A truth that will elude
Till humanity lets go.
Only then, when we have fallen
Back into our place
Shall the spirit be able to see
And truly know what is real.

Carolyn Brunelle

I Am

I am the song from a crippled bird
a cup of water from a dry well;
life is filled with mystery
how it all works no one can tell.

I am the flower,
where none should ever grow
through the cracks no one sees;
how that happens no one knows.

I am the pen, whose words knit together
can repair and heal a soul;
I spark the mind and light the fires
that will mend and fill the holes.

I am the hope, that beckons from
each portal, each inviting doorway;
for your heart to enter a larger world
I am the light to show the way.

Carolyn Brunelle

I Am Here

Baby,
I'm a soft pillow
For your dreams,
A warm blanket
In the night;
Even in
Fiercest storms
My arms
Will hold you tight.
I am the moon in your sky
Your wishing star
My eternal heart
Is here
With you
Wherever you are.

Carolyn Brunelle

I Believe

In spite of everything we try,
will you accept the truth
if there is nothing more to do?
Can you stand beside me
watching me fade away from you?
There may not be a future
no matter how hard I pray,
are you strong enough to endure
if I'm not able to stay?
This is not the end for us,
I believe there is something more;
we will find each other again
on some other distant shore.
I believe in your love for me
and what that love can do
you will come and search for me
knowing my heart waits for you.

Carolyn Brunelle

I Believed In Forever

Young love made promises
It couldn't keep
But
You were there
Beside me that day;
To give me away
To my future.
I believed
In forever
But you weren't
As ageless
As those precious moments
Captured
In old photographs.

Carolyn Brunelle

I Can See Clearly Now

A giraffe, a pelican,
even a monkey too
wanted their own business;
not a more unlikely crew.

Cleaning windows up so high
easy for giraffe
with that neck to the sky;
pelican opened wide for the pay.

But none seemed more fitted
than the monkey who spitted;
and created the work along the way.

Carolyn Brunelle

I Did Not Want To See

He was tired; I could see
His hands were shaking and dirty.
How long since a good bath;
A decent meal, only he knew
If he could even remember.
Never looking up
When we passed,
He softly asked
If we could spare a buck or two.
A few steps later
I offered my husband a few dollars
To bring back to him.
I did not want to look into his face;
Know his story
Be embraced by his pain.
He did not want to look into mine;
Be confronted again with his shame.

Carolyn Brunelle

I Fought The Good Fight

Life is a matter of choices
made at every fork in the road,
and none made for an easy way
to carry or lighten the load.
But I've been strong,
carried on through the fog of life;
able to say
I fought the good fight,
did my very best,
triumphed over my fears
and laid them all to rest.
I've made my share of mistakes,
but by my choices I still stand,
for in all my chosen paths,
there's always been God's hand
reaching out to guide and comfort
in each and every day,
and in all my darkest hours,
that grace has shone the way.

Carolyn Brunelle

I Have Been Loved

What once was, is no more.
Now rises the sun on a day
When contentment reigns;
I have long been comforted
Through dark nights of sorrow,
Aching need, unfulfilled love.

A lost soul on shores of loneliness,
I wandered empty deserts
Sludged through bogs of despair,
And through it all, someone was there.

Time and time again, that presence
Became stronger through the years;
As did my strength and confidence
Till finally a day dawned upon faith.

A day when love was recognized,
A day when that love lifted me;
A day when I found my life and
A day to day sustaining grace.

Carolyn Brunelle

I Have The Power

I have the power
To make the wind blow. Grab my
Camera for a shot.

Carolyn Brunelle

I Have Won!

At one time
Your darkness enveloped
My whole world;
But you could NOT
Break this spirit.
I beat you
At your own game;
Prevailed
Against the savagery
That brought me to my knees.
Then I broke you 'little c'
Down to nothing more
Than a mongrel disease
Cowering in the shadows.
I called you into light,
Stood firm
On holy ground;
And by that Grace
Put an end to you.
How sweet now
Is my victory,
For I am sound,
No more of you
Can be found...
And I HAVE WON! !

Carolyn Brunelle

I Hear You

Even through
time and space
you embrace me.
I sense your guidance
know you are near;
feel you with me.
And I hear your voice
inside me.
Maybe there will
always be some
connection;
life connected to life.
How can death
ever turn out
the eternal light
that lives in us forever?

Carolyn Brunelle

I Knew

I knew
it was just a dream,
that you weren't real.

It couldn't have been you
laughing out loud, holding me;
making our rankled past
disappear in insignificance.
It couldn't have been me
free to embrace you back;
overjoyed to see you again
so happy and so vibrant.

I knew somehow
it had to be a dream,
but I still didn't want to leave.

Carolyn Brunelle

I Learned

I learned about a computer virus;
that my system could not be saved.
Its personality; all the little things
making it my sweet friend, were lost,
in a sudden, unforeseeable event.

A shock, but other contingencies
had been put in place.
I had learned about flash drive backup;
that proved to be salvation.

I learned an external hard drive is the way to go.
Cloning is something good to know;
voids the need for computer repairmen altogether.
And, I also learned something I didn't want to know...
some of them do not wash after bathroom visits.

Carolyn Brunelle

I Love You

Bitter pills
cure the ills they say
but I say
love
heals the brokenness
salves the aches
takes away the need
entirely.
With love
there's little else to say
or do
except to hold you close;
so you can
hear me whisper
I love you.

Carolyn Brunelle

I Miss The Sea

I miss seeing water alive
and sparkling beneath the sun;
that first sweet taste
of fresh ocean air!
It shwooshes
through this valley-weary heart
takes all the dust away,
and all my cares with it.

I miss the sights
and sounds of harbor life,
with boats honking
as they pass one another,
fishing boats
arriving with first hauls,
tourists eagerly heading
out for a day at sea;
the ever faithful harbor horn
when sun surrenders day.
I am completely captured
by the beauty in all of it;
amazed at how cleansing it is.
Something washes over
and frees me each time.

And I miss standing on the cliffs
high above ocean's edge
taking in the vastness
spread out in front of me.
I am deeply comforted
by such a perspective;
the undeniable awareness
how truly small we all are.

Carolyn Brunelle

I Rose

One day I rolled the stone away
From where I had buried
My wrath;
Sacrificed and bled
To create a brand new path.
Freed of my burden
I rose from an old life,
My task finished,
And moved on.
Come;
Follow.

Carolyn Brunelle

I Wish

I wish I could
Cut away this fear
With a surgeon's confidence,
My head steady
With focused determination.
But the lines blur
Between
Heart and head
When it's you
Going under the knife;
Knowing pieces
Will be removed
And I love
All the pieces
That you are.

Carolyn Brunelle

Ice

world of frozen ice;
drifts of snow piled up highest
in valleys below.

Carolyn Brunelle

If Poetry Disappeared

What on earth
could I do, if...
gone
is all I've got.
If there is no you
to light my day
no moon above
the night,
nothing moves
as it should;
nothing at all
would feel right.
No way to express
from vacant heart
this much I tell you true,
if all the words of beauty
you took away
with you.

Carolyn Brunelle

If We Only Listen

Little songbird,
do you sing for me
way up high in yonder tree?
Caged bird talks
from break of day;
enjoys what life has to say
in chats with the wind,
other birds on the fly,
whistles little tunes
when I'm nearby.
Why do we complicate
the simplest of things;
forget the awesome beauty
that gives it all meaning?
Remember if you're lonely
a little down or blue,
it's God, through his nature,
chats and sings to you.

Carolyn Brunelle

Immortal Flight

In my immortal flight
so far from here,
the remains of my life
dissappears;
a bright new flower
blossoms on a hill.

The sweetest nectar
lingers there still;
when I re-awaken...
to brand new wings
and the discovery
of fresh new fields.

Carolyn Brunelle

In A Moment

Eternal breath rustles through
the pages of memory
tucked inside ancient diaries;
exposes a neatly folded map
to buried bones.

A window once shuttered
opens upon a larger world;
sheds new light
on a forgotten earth.

Carolyn Brunelle

In A Word

Words live and move
Through space and time;
At man's command
Carve into human heart.
Words filled with pain
Open tender places
Make the soul to bleed;
Gentle words
A soothing salve
Heals deepest wounds.
The mind of man
Walks through gardens
Where gods dwell,
Brings power to speak
Life and Death
In a breath from heaven
Or blast from hell.

Carolyn Brunelle

In A World Of Green

Lay me down in the softness of cool grass
where its fresh mown fragrance soaks my senses;
soothes my day's end weariness
with its sweetness.

Let me hear the birds in the trees above me
sample nature beyond the clamor of my day;
and lie here in these arms of green
till all my troubles float away.

Breathe a newness in my soul, be my
magic carpet ride through space and time;
I still remember a child at play...
Oh that I could stay this way.

Carolyn Brunelle

In Between

Sun peers through lighter clouds;
no more battles for now.
Birds forage beneath dripping limbs
gather what they can
before darkness falls;
while hope lives
between now
and a new dawn's
approaching skies.

Carolyn Brunelle

In Mama's Kitchen

Golden brown,
Butter crusted
To perfection;
Spices and
Pumpkin filled the air
Mixed with warm
Lasting memories
Of her creations there.
Her autumn lovin'
From the oven
Our favorite season
And best reason
In mama's kitchen,
To give
From her heart.

Carolyn Brunelle

In Memoriam

'Thank you' died alone today.
A last breath and heart beat
was suffered at the hands of
'gosh I'm sorry, guess I forgot.'

There will be no services
or celebration of life tomorrow;
none would even take the time
or bother with implied sorrow.

Thank You once had a legacy
to Pretense, but stopped caring a lot:

'It was my intent to bless you
so I could leave you better off,
but gosh I'm so sorry,
I guess I just forgot.'

Carolyn Brunelle

In Shades Of Grey

A cloud of morning air hangs heavy
as a wet blanket
over a world it subdues
of its clamor, its chaos;
reduces it to shades of grey.

A fog that smothers out the mundane
stirs the senses;
drives the mind deep
into streets
of contemplation.

Other worlds pass by me
muted, unspeaking,
then disappear into the mist
as they follow
their own voices home.

Carolyn Brunelle

In The Eyes

It always starts in the eyes.
Pain rises from the depths
swells over the rim in a flood;
and follows the destined path
of a contorted agony.
It rolls over cheeks
through helpless hands
drips from trembling chin;
each tear from aching heart
a memory... saying goodbye.

Carolyn Brunelle

In The Glass

Lately in the mirror I see
images that seem more real to me
than recollections from my own past;
more like glimpses of another life
that come to me in a flash.
Since my own autumn season
is embracing me from within,
it's a comfort considering the changes
happening here inside my skin.
And an assurance, seeing my younger feet
run through golden fields of grass,
in a place I think I've always known
looking back at me now in the glass.

Carolyn Brunelle

In The Land Of Giants

Again and again, hit after hit,
you keep your friend close and lit
even when there's no good reason
to medicate, no voices to placate.
Face it! ... you're hooked;
sickened on your own toxic cloud
and standing in your own ruin.
Not even a full breath do you own;
but that's only the FIRST thing to go.
This Giant addiction has only to wait;
you'll give up a whole lot more
as you continue to puff your life away.

Carolyn Brunelle

In The Silence

It is in the darkness;
That I am most alone
With naught
But this beating heart.
But THIS is where God is.
A voice whispering
From within
Is there only for me;
There
So I am never truly alone.

Carolyn Brunelle

In The Wind

August days, nature's rhythm
in a dance with the trees;
one that leaves a blush of color
in each cool afternoon breeze.

Gentle chimes clang and gong
their own soothing little song
a music carried in the wind;
music that signals Summer's end.

Birds seem to slumber,
to them it's a lullaby,
even bees and butterflies
have all said their goodbyes.

As another Summer wanes
change drifts in on the wind;
these August days seem to say
Autumn is just around the bend.

Carolyn Brunelle

Ineffective

An opportunity
Seized
To fight, scream,
Tease;
Run amok
In their
Public freedom.
Her countdowns,
And repetitive
Name calling
A
Futile exercise
Impacts only
The nerves
Of others nearby.

Carolyn Brunelle

Ingrates

It's simply incredulous
in this age of 'instant' connection,
people still fail to express gratitude
or even a modicum of appreciation.

How can there be any justification
for the lack of a note,
a text message,
an email, or quick call?

Even technology serves no purpose at all
in the hands of the rude and careless;
the fault lies in the ingrates themselves,
and there IS no excuse for bad manners.

Carolyn Brunelle

Inheritance

Momma and daddy was all about hand-me-down livin',
lookin' back, followin' tradition;
the old ways from olden days and generations before.

A lead weight inheritance it was,
to a child's eager feet trying to embrace its future;
anxious to run and follow her own gods home.

But, it was that age old struggle
of the generations
that grew and strengthened my wings.

Carolyn Brunelle

Inner Light

How can I pray to a God
who isn't personal to me;
I can only believe in the God
living here inside of me.

I do believe in a saving grace
that guides my daily path;
but my God never makes me fearful,
isn't one of brimstone and wrath.

I am loved and accepted as I am
offer the same to others come what may,
knowing ALL of us are God's children
equally beautiful in our own way.

This is the God I have in my heart
loving me in all I do and say;
the only way I can live my life is
follow THAT light from day to day.

Carolyn Brunelle

Inside

Old photographs
Capture a youthful girl
I barely recognize now;
My mirror reflects
A stranger to me as well.
I wonder...
What face I expect to see
When all that I am
Lies deep inside of me.

Carolyn Brunelle

Inside Yourself

I am a soft place of comfort.
My heart speaks truth;
A steady voice of encouragement
That calls you to action.
But I do not strengthen you,
I help you to strengthen yourself.
I am the hand up,
The outstretched arms,
Ready to help you stand
And believe in yourself.
For inside yourself
Is the only place
You will find
The answers you seek.

Carolyn Brunelle

Inspiration

The morning ripe with promise
a fruited tree waiting to be harvested
flourishes in the garden of mind.

What life springs from its branches
or depths of dreams rooted there?
What lies dormant, in a fog,
waiting for the light of awareness?

In these serene moments of dawn
let me explore the garden
in search of fruitful inspiration,
I am thirsty for sweet nectar.

Carolyn Brunelle

Invisible

Crumpled in a heap
smelling of stale cigarettes, booze and
who knows how many worn out yesterdays,
he naps on the stoop
to take advantage of sun's warmth.

She brushes through the door,
camera in hand
quickly orders a sandwich;
moves on to capture more
village beauty while there is light.

Two different worlds
within the same world
close enough to touch, yet
invisible to one another.

Carolyn Brunelle

It Is What It Is

It was a long time ago,
Years, decades even; and
It's true the world has forgotten,
But then it doesn't owe you a thing.
Your choices and decisions
Cost you a lot and
You ate a lot of dust.
You can keep all that in your heart
If you must,
But the world
Simply is what it is...
A blessing, or a curse.
Life can be cruel and unforgiving,
But it also offers healing
To any who are willing to let go first.

Carolyn Brunelle

It's A Fight

What I would've gained from writing
had I known;
what a vent it would've presented for me
that escape was all i needed.

Cigarettes, petty theft, vandalism,
would've fallen by the wayside
had I known the release
it would bring me.

Expression in a private world
"code those postings"
would've at least allowed
a private expulsion of pressure.

Does anyone need to know
of such pent up anger, frustrations?
I say to you, find a way to move forward;
DON'T STOP, as long as you move forward
you are not prey.

Call it by name, "it's loneliness",
know it for what it is...
a human condition in all of us.
Relax, let go, express. You will make it
I promise.

Carolyn Brunelle

It's A Good Day

I've had my third cup of
"attitude",
activated the fingers,
unblurred the eyes, though
still not quite full speed.
A few more cups are needed
to get the little hamster
up and running on the wheel,
but it's a good day
before it's even begun.
If I can breathe in another day
and see another sun...
yes, indeed, it's a good day
even before it has begun.

Carolyn Brunelle

It's A New World

Females had their expected place
one of submission, few choices
no dreams
beyond children and home.

Fifties females had no voice
but the children watched;
and the children grew
and knew there was more.

A matter of choice with a voice!
Any way this girl can shout it
stands as anthem to her place...
helping others to find the same grace.

Carolyn Brunelle

It's A Swell Season

It is a season
of madness,
of swirling controversies;
contradictions.
The "only way"
fights
for all they know
not wanting to let go
beliefs of old.....
their handed down
"one truth"
from questions
long ago
answered
by old warriors;
ancient mariners.

Stale grounded tradition,
a suffocation of life,
smothers
the spark of the soul.
I "must" fly.
I must explore my unknowns,
find answers
to questions
of my own,
else deny
the spirit
alive
in me
and
die.

Carolyn Brunelle

It's Time

She sloshed around in rain boots
But didn't wear them long;
Soon she was dancing barefoot
To an entirely different song.
In a gay flourish of colors
She fairly burst upon the scene,
Closing the door on winter
Leaving blossoms befitting spring.
We could only skip along with her
Nothing else we could do
Mother Nature knows when it's time
For her beloved earth to renew.

Carolyn Brunelle

Jewel

Left in the corner,
in a room of nothingness
its many drawers remain
unopened,
forgotten by time.

Hidden in the back
of tiniest compartment
barely identifiable at first
covered in the dust
of a thousand nights;

a jewel glistens now
in his searching hand
washed by his own tears.
At long last
he has found himself.

Carolyn Brunelle

Journey

I hate this life's ugliness,
Its sorrow and pain;
The disturbing savagery.
To me life is all about
Beauty and Joy;
The inexplicable power of love.
But life tosses sensibilities about
From one end of its spectrum
to the other,
Fueling my sense of powerlessness
Over the unforeseen unpredictabilities.
I'll never get a handle on it,
It will not be controlled or managed;
Life simply unfolds as it will.
All I can do is hold onto my own,
Find a way to deal with the
Suffering and the folly of fools,
While I cling with gratefulness
To my own daily graces;
My own precious loved ones
Who are on this journey with me.

Carolyn Brunelle

Joy Will Return

Sadness seeps
into the corners of the soul
squeezing out the light
that was once there.

Death has a way
of knocking the wind
out of your sails
setting you adrift,
in a wide open sea.

Darkness falls on sorrow;
it hurts to lift heavy eyes
to a rising sun,
and face a new dawn.

Yet these words keep
rumbling in my head...
"All things come to pass.
But the love will remain
even in the wounded heart;
to spark the joy
that will return one day.'

Carolyn Brunelle

Joyful Noise

In faith, I rejoice
well before
there is any joyful noise
within me!
I have been filled in ways
that allows me to praise;
take joy in your Grace
before I even see the dawn.
My heart knows it is there,
I have only to wait.

Carolyn Brunelle

Just Because

Just because life has you swimming
in a pool of pain and self doubt,
doesn't mean you have to stay there,
resigned to never getting out.

None can give you answers
or solve your life's ills but
you also won't find a solution
in drugs, or booze or pills.

You are making a choice,
deciding to do nothing
but whine and mope,
while many are trying
with all their strength
to find some reason for hope.

Keep looking back at that pain,
it will become a toxin in your brain
and you'll lose what's left of your life
as it disappears down the drain

Life is for the strong willed swimmers
who believe there is something more,
those who fight their way through
the murky waters to find another shore.

Carolyn Brunelle

Just Desserts

May you get your just desserts my friend,
In prison perhaps you will come to your end;
Reap some form of just reward for pain given.
But there is only one true justice...
An eye for an eye is what they say
So I would deem your demise this way:
May you suffer the pain
of the ones you knew best;
hear the screams of your victims
so your soul never rests.
May you share your cube
with the hairy chests
of victims' relatives and
smell that foul wind, where
there's no hope for an end
to another day in hell,
no fire to consume you
just the same well of pain you caused
and brought upon the innocent.

Carolyn Brunelle

Just One Of Those Things

It was just
'one of those things'
they said,
a complication,
but all I really know
is that he's dead.

The surgery was
just too much
or perhaps
it was plaque,
the bottom line is
he's gone
and won't
be coming back.

He almost made it
to the age of 83
but not this year
not meant to be.

I know this life
has its seasons;
reasons that
I don't pretend
to understand,

but I just wish
that in the plan
there had been
time enough
for.... one last hug.

Carolyn Brunelle

Just Routine

You
Smile too wide
Laugh too loud
Keep your heart hidden
Behind a happy cloud.

Too early to worry
You tell yourself
No reason to fear
Hold it together till
The Doctor gets here.

Another "routine" mammo
Feels more like ten rounds,
But results were good
"Nothing negative was found."

You heave a sigh of relief
Some celebratin's in store
You can pick up your life
On your way out the door.

Carolyn Brunelle

Land Sailors

Another yard sale going on
At the neighbors. A sea of
Humanity arrives dutifully
To place value
On yesterday's treasures;

Thinking some priceless
Trinket awaits the keen eye
Of a yard sailor. Sailing,
Sailing over the ocean blue
'I'll give you a buck or two.'

Like ants they gather,
Engulfing the sweetness
Of rummaging through
Second hand beauty,

While a thousand eyes watch
The count and the sticker price;
Then attempt to bargain for
Their own special price.

Carolyn Brunelle

Larger World

The tapping of metal to plastic balls
Tells me he's out practicing his golf
Swings and strokes;
Seems he's completely stoked over
The re-discovery of an old love.

The clickety-click of my keys tells him
I am renewing an old love of my own;
Writing poetry, visiting hidden worlds
Inside my office computer; attending to
Neglected interests from younger days.

In pursuit of old loves,
Like an artist applies paint to canvas
And creates new landscapes,
Our world is suddenly
Becoming larger.

Carolyn Brunelle

Last Breaths

With each dawn,
life escapes him in labored ways
as he's drawn back to better days;
days of youth and laughter.
Feeling only more of himself
slip away
there is so little left to care.

Layed to waste
in a body that whines
wheezes;
weary down to his socks,
those once cool breezes
of summer
now turned to medical air
and managed care.
Pills, bills, props and oxygen lines
is all that keeps him here
beyond his time;
any willingness of his own.

A cord unraveling;
coming undone, inch by inch.
If he could, he would scream
between labored gasps of breath,
"Let me Go!
Leave me to slumber
where at least
I can be myself
in dreams."

Carolyn Brunelle

Laying Low

All the gifts given,
ribbons and papers
lay tossed on the floor
separated and finished,
their purpose fulfilled.

Lights still glimmer
on the tree,
though not as brightly
in calmer moments
where a gentle peace
has settled in the house.

Christmas is ending;
this is the time
to relax and lay low,
have a little wine,
and bask in the afterglow.

Carolyn Brunelle

Laziness

Did the research
Once, twice, thrice over;
It wasn't appreciated.
Answered your questions
Gave you the resources;
You didn't use them.
I see now you will
Ask for more and more
As long as you don't
Have to work at it.
No wonder
You call me friend
When I
Do the work
You are too lazy to do.
This has to end;
I can't continue
M'dear
To live your life for you.

Carolyn Brunelle

Leaf

Its odd shape
Startles
At each re-discovery.
A little black bird
Waits in my tree;
Never to
Fly away.

Carolyn Brunelle

Learn To Dance

The work and planning of a lifetime
Quietly comes to fruition;
You're coming undone.
It still shocks and surprises you,
"Retirement" ...
Though you knew this time would come.
Seems almost a cruel illusion
That nothing really lasts;
Hurts to say goodbye
To the work and your youthful past.
Through the years you've labored long,
Always held strong and steady;
But now you wonder if you're ready
To move on and build something new.
This strange new voice that's calling;
Is giving you another chance,
To create a life beyond the career
And finally learn to dance.

Carolyn Brunelle

Left Behind

Walked away
hoping to forget.
Crossed over
many a bridge
to move on
with my life,
only to have it
re-visit my heart
when it
reaches
out to another.

The compassion
that reaches
across the divide
to offer hope,
re-connects to
what can no longer
be left behind.....
a very old friend
also in need of understanding.

Carolyn Brunelle

Lessons Learned

The flightiness of youth,
Surrendered in years since,
Has formed a new creation
Ready for whatever lies ahead.

With feet touching the ground,
She is firmly planted in her life;
Comfortable at last
In her own shoes.

Lessons have been learned,
Teachers have faded;
Leaving only Life to be lived,
And her memories.

Those she will have to keep
Close to her heart;
To rely on the wisdoms of the past
That guided her to her own path.

Carolyn Brunelle

Letting Go

Sorrows of the soul must be greived to fade
paying prices forever only leaves a life in shame.
The choice is clear, but you hold too dear
to your brokenness and its familiar chains.

New journey's begin with the same step of courage
by those who have come to know
that before you can stand and manage to move on
you must first decide to 'let go.'

Carolyn Brunelle

Life

Bottled up in tight quarters;
you are held captive
to time, space, weather,
and mind numbing monotony.

Confined to the minutia
of a little world with only one's
imagination and creativity
to help ease the humdrum hours.

Each journey
a challenge to attitude
and patience; every day
a unique trip of its own.

How and when you arrive
depends on your durability and
your confidence in the captain;
nothing else is really in your control.

It matters little I suppose
whether on the ground
or in the air,
life is pretty much the same anywhere.

Carolyn Brunelle

Life's Choices

On any given day in life
your dreams may wither and die;
rains may come to ruin your parade
and leave you to wonder why.

The questions you ask are bound to flow
but the answers are only for you to know.
So hang on for the ride and hang on tight
life only rewards those up for a fight.

For there in each dawn's early light
life's crossroads boil down to you;
it's a 'sink or swim' kind of moment
asking what YOU are going to do.

Carolyn Brunelle

Life's Little Rituals

Cut my hair
Write a poem
Send an email
And photo home.

Pay a bill
Read the news
Go to Amazon
Buy some shoes.

Do the laundry
Feed the cat
Weigh myself
I'm getting fat

Time for dinner
A little wine
Watch tv
Till
It's bedtime.

Life's little rituals
All in a row
Some days excite me
Others
Not so much though.

Carolyn Brunelle

Light A Candle

Some said in simple reverence
for daily graces,
many unspoken
from sobbing heart or
destitute soul in despair;
others whispered on behalf
of loved ones somewhere.

Same hope
clung to by all;
an intervention
a miracle,
a bit of comfort or guidance.

Spirits on their knees
reach out to a God
who might still be
in the business
of moving mountains.

Wounded and fearful
they bleed,
 beg,
 bargain;
 plead...

Not this!

Not now!

Not ready!

O God,

hold me steady

and

please, please hear my prayer
in the darkness.

Carolyn Brunelle

Light Of The Mind

A mind freed
of outside influence,
has the capacity to
plumb its own depths
not merely imitate;
no longer is it shaped
by other voices
that create conflict
and choke out the light.
A self possessed mind
channels great power;
in peaceful quietude
it reasons,
it learns
it creates.
It has light of its own.

Carolyn Brunelle

Lingering Song

Fear stalks me
when I feel most alone
and vulnerable in life.
Loneliness taps icy fingers;
waiting patiently at the door
relishing her triumphant entry.
Heavy clouds of discouragement
reduces me to tears;
seeking to destroy
any last ray of hope
that might be left
in a weakened breast.
Thieves all,
who lie in wait
for the lowest moments,
imagine me easy prey.

But the sound of faith
is a lingering song...
Grace is always given,
in each new dawn;
it sings to me of courage
and strength and the
will to carry on.

Carolyn Brunelle

Live It Now

I need some new paint
on these old walls
before one more day
fades into just another Fall.
Now is the time,
no better place to start
if a new day's coming
I have to do my part
fill in the holes, mend the cracks,
create a new look and never look back.
Add splashes of color,
a bit here, a bit there,
and spice up the place,
give it some flair.
Then light my best candles
and make some calls
haul out that party dress
from its place in moth balls;
and get to livin' this life
a bit brighter each day
take more joy in my moments
before they all go away.

Carolyn Brunelle

Living Grace

A mother's tears may bless the path;
her prayers
a lantern held
high in each child's skies.

But someone else leads us
and guides us on your way;
a living grace from within
that brings us through each day.

It leads us down the many roads
till we learn we are never alone;
till the power of faith lights inside us
and we can find our own way home.

Carolyn Brunelle

Loner

She came from them;
Naturally thought she was
One of them,
But they knew
She was not one
Of the little people.
The gracious ones
Never really fit in,
They who despise
Ignorant haters,
Bullies that feed
On the fear
And pain of others.
An outcast
Is all she could ever be,
With a heart and soul
Bigger than
She would ever know.

Carolyn Brunelle

Long Journey Home

She pretends to know me
but doesn't really care.
The blankness in her eyes
tells me
who she was
is no longer there;
the light within her
diminished to a flicker.

On her long journey home;
she grows frail and sick,
withdrawing
more and more
into her own little world.

She just stares now
out the window
to a world
she no longer knows
while the child
within
leads her
to a place
only
 she
 can
 go.

Carolyn Brunelle

Long Thirst

Dry as a creek bed in a drought
She waits, watches and hopes
For a simple glass of inspiration
To slake a very long thirst.

Carolyn Brunelle

Longer Days

The days were longer when I was a kid.
Longest kid days of the year were
Halloween, waiting for the magic hour
to don that costume
and Christmas Eve waiting for a mysterious
Santa that nobody ever actually really saw.
Both had to be a hundred hours long.
Simpler times, the result of not knowing
so much about the world; it's realities.
I only knew to obey mom and dad
and stay out of trouble,
mind my manners,
do my school work
and take care of my little brother.
My child's world was wrapped up
in those accomplishments
and in the challenges of
pogo sticks, climbing trees,
tutti frutti snowcones, kick the can,
and Saturday morning matinees
at the local theater.
Nowadays I seem to be out of sync
with time; so much of it a blur,
hardly knowing where the day went or
when one has passed me by completely.
And I miss those longer, slower ones
when I could still feel my life ...
as I ran and played in the grass
swung from tree ropes;
tasted its goodness in my mom's cooking,
saw its beauty in lightning bugs;
had it wrap around me in a blanket of stars
and sing me to sleep
to the sounds of crickets and bullfrogs.
And I wonder ...
in that other timeless place we all eventually go
if I might recapture those longer, slower days again.

Carolyn Brunelle

Looking Back

Faded photographs
From bygone days;
Each ribbon and sequin
With a timeless moment attached.
Misty eyed
Scrapbook of memories
How beautiful you were
Young and vibrant;
Filled with starry eyed hope.
Innocence lost to
Time weathered heart,
Wisdoms gained;
Would never do it over again.
Yet, glowing embers
Remain from youthful fires,
Voices that echo
From ancient halls;
Play back in old songs;
Sparkling evening gowns
Still dance
In today's mirror.

Carolyn Brunelle

Losing Her

When he looked at her
A firestorm of lust and passion
Consumed him.
Tenderness and compassion
Tried;
Could not move that stone,
Restore life to ancient ruin.
He looked at her through eyes
Of unrelenting jealousies;
Daggers of fear stabbed
At the darkness in him
'Til he murdered her.
Now she would be safe,
Now she was his to have;
To hold forever.
Too great was his love
To risk losing her.

Carolyn Brunelle

Lost And Found

She only came to visit
every now and then;
I didn't make it easy
from the place I had her in.

But these days she comes
quite often to play;
or hash out old feelings
she used to tuck away.

My door is always open;
and my heart is a place
where she is welcomed any time
she asks for my time and space.

No longer am I in darkness
no clouds over these skies;
she is the sunshine
that finally opened my eyes.

If I keep her close as I would a friend
she wants to lead me by the hand
to a better road in my life's destiny,
this eternal child that lives on in me.

Carolyn Brunelle

Lost And Found Train

Somewhere between
Lost and found
On a train bound for glory
It's an age old story
Of blinded faith,
Faith in a God
That wants her to give.
So give till it hurts sister;
Give from your meager.
Many are willing and eager
To have you plant that seed
From which their pockets will grow.
Besides, you'll never know
Or ever believe
That humanity could be so low,
Because it was Jesus
Told you so.

Carolyn Brunelle

Lost At Sea

The sun shine's brightest
On an open sea where
Fresh gentle breezes
Dispel any meloncholy,
Where eternal waves
Cleanse a waiting shore;
Washing away
All troubles once more.
Each morning retreating
To work and play;
Each evening returning
To close the day,
The sea is all
Of what life is about
With its tides rolling in
And then again rolling out.
Life IS change;
Each shore must renew,
Embrace your forever
And the sea that is in you.

Carolyn Brunelle

Lost Childhood

Like all young innocents
they launched into a new life
with only starry eyed hopes
their love and faith.
And they would need
a lot of it.
Life consumed them
broke them to their knees
shredded their lives
like so much confetti in the wind.
The new infant's special needs
for time and attention
would be the far greater demand;
lots more than big sis of four.
Eventually
they would all awaken
as if from a long nightmare,
but not in time for HER childhood.

Carolyn Brunelle

Lost Connection

There's a flash of hope;
Then nothing in response.
A light's on in the box
But in the end
Nobody's home.
You try and try
Everything you know
But you computer's life
Just comes and goes.
So you ring, ring, ring that bell;
Call a technician who can tell
You what the hell's going on.
It's dead in the water you are,
Floating, and bloated
With so much to say.
But, 'find something else to do'
Is the only advice I have for you,
Because today your computer
Cannot wake up to play.

Carolyn Brunelle

Lost In A Hurry

Frustrated...
an unanswered call,
angry expletives stir up the air,
pacing...
fumbling around the room,
making noises at the walls.

a hurried pace down the hall...
returning...
lists in hand,
in a whoosh!
he disappears out the door.

Errands can be done,
waiting
for a call-back,
dashing about here and there,
life's little 'moments'
all lost
in a hurry.

Carolyn Brunelle

Lost In Smoke

His skin wasn't always so brown
Wrinkled up in that frown;
A face that bares the years of abuse.
And those eyes weren't always so blue
So empty and pained; but
There's nothing anyone can do.
As he blows the white smoke
From lungs of black,
He knows there is no going back.
A heart once red
Now grey and near dead
Simply counts the days
From that familiar haze
That hovers round his head.

Carolyn Brunelle

Love

As faithfully as the sight of
stars and moonlight,
I have seen myself
reflected in your eyes,
surrounded by the love behind them;
held precious in the worlds in your heart.
A universe displayed in one look
one touch, a feeling unmatched;
knowing the eternal breathes
life into me when you are near.
For all time, it will ever be
an unspoken reality;
kindred souls
to last through eternity.

Carolyn Brunelle

Love Comes

Love comes to life
in the blink of an eye;
a smile from a stranger
may light up the heart
stoke a fire in the soul
that will last a lifetime.
Love, the unpredictable traveler
never know if
he might pass your way,
where he's headed or
where he'll call home.

Carolyn Brunelle

Love Letters

Love letters

Tucked away in the mind
Lie and wait to be opened,
Connect us

Back to days gone by
Where brightest moments
Can play back again.

Oft forgot days
Of innocence and sweet youth,
Its joy and laughter,
Will warm

The soul ever after;
Become soft pillows
For silvered heads
In golden years.

Carolyn Brunelle

Love The Rain

Oh-h-h-h, if those blissful rainy days
would come
to wash away all the hot yesterdays
summer blasting from roofs, trees; plants.
Rain, drip dropping at first,
then pounding
with its fury
crashing on cars and streets
drowning the drains
blinding the motorists
delighting the photographers and children
anybody not navigating in it
whipping the hell out of branches and trees
giving warning to cats and dogs
and even frogs if you please
bathing everything in water
washing away the blues
and the greens and reds too
all down the gutters, sidewalks, and lanes.
Ah-h-h-h-h, what a blessed relief;
a cleaned breath
of freshened air
to breathe in
before winter sets in.

God, how I do love the rain!

Carolyn Brunelle

Love's Story

Some loves really are forever,
others never stay the course.
They say it's in the genes-
use it as excuse for divorce.

It's called 'love' when a promise is made,
a 'marriage' when it's all invention,
through eyes that still like to wander
and a mind of secret intentions.

No one really knows for sure
what makes a love hold true,
or whether it's even love at all-
if it's destined to hurt or betray you.

But any real love stands a chance
to blossom and grow to the end
if it starts out 'right' at the beginning
as lovers AND best friends.

Carolyn Brunelle

Maelstrom

Choices made
dredge up old ghosts
for final blows.
One more strike of the gong
on a journey way too long,
lovers have come and gone;
a family exhausted in hope.

Thank God, at least one heart
found her way.
The rest,
to this day
caught in a maelstrom;
twenty years
sucked away
in oceans of tears.

Time to ride the losing train,
'round hope's bend;
time to pack up again.
Only this time
no one else is on board
for a ride
that never ends.

Carolyn Brunelle

Magic

Jam packed
into an old kitchen box;
written in her own hand,
antiquated reminders
dating all the way back
to my childhood.

A treasure trove
of dearest memories;
a lifetime of
"special moments"
wrapped inside
all those warm cookies,
exquisite pies,
eyerolling cakes.

She was QUEEN of the kitchen;
we, her willing subjects.
Such devotion,
a magic no recipe card
can ever duplicate.

Carolyn Brunelle

Magical Dreams

As you doodle and daydream,
Ponder and plan,
May there always be hope
In that fantasy land.

May all things bright
From your childhood's heart,
Create a safe haven
from whence to start

A life of your own;
A world of sweet grace.
A sparkling, gleaming,
Dancing place where

You can sing your songs
Play your own tune;
Create your own magic
Under the moon.

.....written for my wee grandchild

Carolyn Brunelle

Mama's Voice

Her voice struck a nerve
Left exposed
And vulnerable
By recent health concerns.
She sounded so amazingly
Strong and steady;
It warmed my heart.
A sigh of relief
Escaped me as I began
Breathing easy again
From lungs
Constricted in fear and
I heard myself whisper,
"She is well...
Thank God she is well."

Carolyn Brunelle

Master Of My Fate

I am the master of my fate;
the captain of my soul,
and it is an awesome thing
that I have at my control.

Whether I sail the highest seas, or
dropp anchor in some foreign port
either way I man the wheel
and determine my own course.

So, I never sail my ship alone
for I've learned why sailors say,
that "Ships are meant for sailing,
and "Good Captains always pray."

Carolyn Brunelle

Maybe

Maybe if you had been
shown love yourself as a child,
you might have learned to give
instead of to hurt and control.

Maybe if you'd relaxed your hold
on the things you loved,
let them breathe and flourish;
they might've given you love in return.

Maybe then,
you would've seen better things,
than fear and loathing
in the eyes of those you loved.

Carolyn Brunelle

Meeting In The Stars

If these dreams
and silent wishes
that I pray
come true,
you will hear
these unsaid prayers
and know
I need somebody
too.

O that my heart
could reach
through
time
and space,
to make a place
where love
meets hope.

A place where
the dreams of
another dreamer,
drifting in
the night sky,
embraces the
wishes of this
star gazer
awaiting
her own
destiny.

Carolyn Brunelle

Melancholy

I have moments
profound meloncholy,
Sometimes out of the Blue
When suddenly my mind is on you;
The way you drove me mad.
I wish there had been more time
To explore who we both really were,
Gotten to know THEM
Instead of acting out on
The identities of yesterday.
For us, the river of time
Always seemed
To flow backward.

Carolyn Brunelle

Memory Keeper

As a 'memory keeper',
your heart has been set;
you might someday forgive
but you won't ever forget.

Life goes on day after day,
while your life repeats and replays
the same timeless memories
over and over again.
A reference to hold on to
that connects to your past,
like old photographs,
in captured moments
through a lifetime;
revealed one frame at a time,
a movie of a life
you managed to survive.

But living is more than survival
and burying all its pain.
One day when you least expect it,
a child cries to come home again,
to unburden the soul;
fill up the empty spaces
left when your child
found secret places,
to hide away all the hurts.
A day when you are ready
to heal and believe
that you finally have the courage
to let go, embrace the child,
and grieve.

Carolyn Brunelle

Men In Boats

Men in their boats on lakes
In rivers and streams,
Create a rhapsody;
A life on the fly.

Casting tall tales,
Wistfully day dreaming
In Sweetest Reveries,
Of the one that got away.

Old battles lost or won
All fondly recalled;
The hauntings of
A rhapsody on the fly.

Carolyn Brunelle

Mesg 4u

The new generation
Shows me lots of
New things, but not
Better results.

Wisdom gained
Didn't help me much either
When it came too late
To make a difference.

But I'll add my water
To the pool;
Hope some of it matters
In a dry wasteland of text messages.

Carolyn Brunelle

Mighty Oak

Hid the pain;
angry
no one noticed.
Lonely
little tree
grew
strong roots.
Love will
have to dig deep,
the mighty oak
will be angry
a long, long time.

Carolyn Brunelle

Mindless Motorist

A BOOMBA, BOOMBA, BOOMBA
annihilates my usual reverie with
the pounding violence of a jackhammer;
assaults every human sensibility.
An overpowering racket,
LOUD and raw with stupidity,
thunders and pounds from another car
with no intelligible words;
nothing resembling a pleasant melody.
Its penetrating vibrations drill away
at my inner sanctity
with ear shattering volume
enough to crack paint six cars over.
I'm wishing the driver was pushin' clover
when the green signals my freedom
from this torture of the damned;
and 'Mr. Mindless' continues on oblivious
to curse some other traffic jam.

Carolyn Brunelle

Ministering Angels

A cough in the night
Stirs
Bedside vigil
To watch
Over lambs
In her care.
An angel
Prepared for battle
Against any foe,
Ministers
Of love and grace;
Ever armed
With prayer.

Carolyn Brunelle

Mirror, Mirror

Mirror, mirror you make me cry
with dearest memories of days gone by.
Days of youth may be sliding away
but this glass reflects ALL the women I am today.
I grab more cream, my saving grace,
add some make-up to soften this place
where Grandma's smile and Mom's sweet eyes
offer me this most tender surprise.
It is my own reflection that I can readily see
the one inherited from the faces in my history.

Carolyn Brunelle

Misplaced

You've misplaced her somehow;
she's up and disappeared.
An entire life is missing,
along with her abilities,
all her memories;
the essence of who she was.
I miss my mom;
all that's left now is
broken hearts around you.
You don't know me
any more than I know
this adult/child/stranger
that's in my care.
You've misplaced her,
but where?
What made you wander so far away;
why couldn't you stay in THIS world?

Carolyn Brunelle

Missing Pieces

A wild child
Beyond help or control
Hell bent on making trouble;
Dumped her life in a hole.
Destructive innocence
Took every chance;
Sowed its young seed
In all the wrong fields.
Got good at losing
Pieces of her life
Friends, lovers,
Even herself for awhile
Til'she became a mother;
Found what was missing
In her soul.
A little child not yet wild
In need of guidance, and
A whole lot of love
Finally made her whole.

Carolyn Brunelle

Mistakes

Last night she slept
for the first time
in a week
without tears
to remind her
of her humanity;
her shortcomings.

She prayed instead
to be
forgiven;
it seemed
to release her
from the prison
of sadness.

Maybe they can talk of it soon,
laugh again;
move on.

The love in their hearts
has to mean more
than any mistakes
made along the way.

Carolyn Brunelle

Modern Technology

Technology is frustration.
Can't turn it on, can't get it off;
Understand the new language
Make everything work together.

Gone is simplicity;
Things everybody could do.
Golden days
Of "On" and "Off";
One single box
To make it easy for you.

Today's complications
Make you wonder
What's the use,
How lame it is,
To be left behind; suffer
Your own TV's abuse.

Carolyn Brunelle

Mom

Her image fades. . .
But her love lingers on;
Just as burning embers
Have the power to bring warmth
After the flame has long passed.

Carolyn Brunelle

Moments Golden

At first light of dawn
the sun bursts through the trees;
in shafts of morning light
dewy grasses become
a carpet of glittering jewels.
A flutter of wing from the fields,
the rustle from the hen house,
a distant cow bell as yet
the only audible sounds.
From the wood tiptoeing deer
emerge from the mist of a first frost
hungry and ready to forage;
life on farm and field alike stirs
and comes awake.
Blessed be the early risers
treated to these golden moments
surrounding the beauty
of one of Autumn's sunrises.

Carolyn Brunelle

Moon Rising

Moon over young lovers
Shines on the pain of others;
Moon keeps rising
And the
Sun doesn't care
In a never ending cycle.
It's an ongoing time share
Of things beyond the heart
And soul
A bowl full of life
And we're all
In the same bowl.
If same day that blesses
Is curse to another
Life's not very particular
About victim or winner.
Sun keeps on rising
Moon does too,
Same moon for lovers
Rises on pain of others
And life goes on sloshing
One side to the other;
Rockin' and Rollin'
On and on and on.

Carolyn Brunelle

More

It's raining, it's pouring;
flowing through towns
that can never be restored.
Water rushing, gushing everywhere,
forming a brand new world;
turning the old one into mud.

Rain in the forecast for today,
all the tomorrows too
by the way;
being sorry won't make it stop.
It's taking towns, houses, crops
... and people's lives.

Just a dropp at a time
now floods have taken
away all that we knew.
Have no idea what we'll do
not anymore;
if it just keeps pouring,
the river keeps flooding
and we keep getting more
and more and more.

Carolyn Brunelle

More I Want To Do

I clean and scrub
vacuum and mop;
it goes on and on
and never stops.
There's laundry
and shopping,
meals to cook too,
bills to pay
and banking to do.
She can have the dust,
the maid I entrust,
with a chore
I can't handle anymore,
'cause there's other things
I would much rather do
like write and blog
and post at Yahoo.

Carolyn Brunelle

Morning Hits

Morning hits you right in the face.
The sunlight of reality in the mirror
is an altogether different place
and says it all;
you were dreaming.

You are NOT young and beautiful;
was the old photo of a friend
you restored for her in photo shop;
..sigh..
aren't we all timeless in dreams.

Stumble to first cup of morning joy
flashes of a little boy, your little boy,
playing his video games.
Your 'Doctor son', a lifetime ago,
makes you smile...who could know;
the new pic of mom's sister,
your own mom and how you miss her.

Eyes come into focus, the whirlwind slows;
you find your feet, your right mind as you go.
Finally awake and ready for your day
last night's dreams have faded away.
Well, almost
except for the cute little unicorn..
maybe you'll let that little one stay.

Carolyn Brunelle

Most Of Them

Most of them
Resides only in memories,
In flashes of days gone by,
Days of youth and vigor.
As time removes them
From this world,
Edging them closer
And closer to the next,
The tighter and tighter
I hold them in my heart.
There, they will remain
Young and alive,
Ageless as I want them to be.

Carolyn Brunelle

Movin' On

I'm gone; outta here,
can't take it anymore.
Silence screams
from vacant rooms.

Only the 'Empty' remains;
there is nothing left
except for this need
to move on.

Packing up my life;
making a new start,
somewhere there has to be
someone who will want me.

Carolyn Brunelle

Moving Day

Old age
moved them
further away in time
where they lost themselves
hidden beneath wrinkles
and medicines and blankets.

Then death
moved them all the way
to that brighter place,
where they could begin again,
but I was left here to mourn them.

I suppose all of life
is about moving...
away from some things too soon
or forward before we're ready.

They came to say goodbye today;
I felt them move from my heart
They must know I can
finally bare their absence.

I guess it must be time...
for me to move on too.

Carolyn Brunelle

Moving Mind

I always have
things in mind.
Streams and rivers
of thought,
push ideas
solutions, plans,
toward the surface,
into the light of awareness
to be identified;
find expression.

A flash of creativity,
problems solved
recalled memory
lists of errands to run,
things to be done;
goals set for tomorrow.

Every day
the river flows,
on and on it goes.
Every day
moving mind
is moving me;
every day
I am going somewhere.

Carolyn Brunelle

Muse

My muse is amused;
somewhat confused
that I need to sleep
waking me several times
with a thought, a rhyme
a word, or a line.
A steady stream,
night whisperings so clear;
soon I have poetry
coming out my ears.
The night is so quiet
nothing obscured,
and tomorrow
the muse will return I'm sure,
so I must learn
to calm
the creative flow,
rest in my head
and let it all go.

Carolyn Brunelle

Musing

When life becomes dull,
enthusiasm pales
and all that I experience
becomes a zero on my-idea-of-fun scale,
some prose comes to mind
like a friend come to comfort and soothe,
and I laugh when I think of it
the same could be said of booze.
Some wine in my life
replaces my whine in life
when the dragon
has me draggin'
and I need a lot of space,
time to write,
think my way through;
get my mind unscrewed.
It's balance I seek,
so I often retreat
to silent pages,
healing by stages
as I write and muse.
With wine in hand
I feel my way to the promised land;
say goodbye to my blues and excuses.
Oh I may seem a silly poet for sure
but it works to strengthen my core...
some time to think
with some wine to drink
and I'm ready for my life once more.

Carolyn Brunelle

My Answer

On my knees
my soul pleads
for peace;
family health, safety.
Of you I dare ask
for each and every task
a guiding hand
a word of grace;
a special dispensation
whatever the situation
or place.
I call, I ask, I pray,
on bended knee
O Lord I come to Thee
for a touch of the Divine;
beyond what eyes can see
and you have
always been there
as my answer.

Carolyn Brunelle

My Garden

WRITING unraveled the layers of a mask I wore
so nothing could see or damage best parts of me.
Then one day, I opened the tender breast of a child;
let her breathe the fresh air of a new beginning.

In the baring, I found a prisoner's release;
began other journeys that led to paths
and places buried and forgotten,
lands pristine, protected and sadly untended.

So I cleared the soils of joyless, spoiler roots
tilled away at the toxic, and planted anew;
grasses, trees, shrubs, blossoming flowers.
Here in paradise, expressing my own soul, I grew.

Carolyn Brunelle

My Grateful Heart

I am so grateful you are always near
we always seem to get through;
you are the anchor that holds me steady,
a calm focus in the storms.
You breathe courage into my soul;
strength when this world has me used up.
Your light is ever on my horizon, Lord
a guide to me on this big wide sea;
my boat is small and easy to get lost
but, you have never left me to sail it alone.

Carolyn Brunelle

My Heaven

I want to plumb the depths
of the deep blue sea
soar the skies
with the freedom in me.
Fly so high
with wings I am told
walk the many streets
paved in gold;
sing with the angels
run with the wind
write words electric
with my magic pen.
Want to find me a place
behind that pearly door
where all sadness is erased
where tears are no more;
where all who know me
wait with bated breath
to welcome this one last soul
returned from its mortal death.
The last to return to paradise
where they all wait for me;
those I still hold in my heart
very much alive and already free.

Carolyn Brunelle

My Love

My beautiful seductress,
you are my secret concubine;
the world unsuspecting
goes on
day in, day out, unaware.
They
will pay the prices
when bills are not paid;
houses and jobs are lost
lives and relationships are ruined.
They
will weep tears of despair
fearing they might be at fault;
guilt may drive them to help
for it is a sad story indeed.
In our besotted mutual adoration
we devour one another as always;
shut out everything and everyone
else around us.
We do not care or bother,
we have each other
and it is enough;
drink up my love
fill my cup
you are all I need.

Carolyn Brunelle

My Question Is...

Did we wander
Aimless, without purpose,
Stumble and fall into life
Unprepared, lost and wailing?

Or did some unseen force
Guide us kindly
On our way;
Chart our course?

Is there ONE answer
To countless searching souls,
Some all-seeing eye
That waits,
To blink this moment
Of life away?

Or is there life
And order to ALL things;
A thoughtfully designed
Individual challenge, a path
For each soul to find
And follow?

And, If I've never been lost
How can there be any need to be found
When I am part of the heavens
That created me;
A temporary mortal
Living life that never really ends?

Carolyn Brunelle

My Soul's Mate

Certainly in another life
and in some other day,
I won't even remember you
not in the same familiar way.
But, somehow in that other life
I'll know even from the start
that it's my destiny that I find you
and the other half of my heart.
I'll know there is another soul
that fits exactly to my own,
longing for its one true mate;
its only one true home.

Carolyn Brunelle

My, What Colorful Language!

Your mama must be so proud
Of you saying such things
Most wouldn't utter in private,
Much less say out loud.

Such gutter language is appalling.
Can't you come up with something new?
Surely you must have a vocabulary
That includes more than "eff" and "you."

But then again, maybe not.
Maybe you really don't give a hoot
But you're only defining your own low life;
And yourself as a horse's patoot.

Carolyn Brunelle

Mystery

Within each droplet, the possible stream
purposed to merge into quenching river;
each with a journey, a destiny toward the sea
that force of nature with no boundaries.

Some weaken, evaporate into mist
others lose themselves along the way,
the misguided stilled waters fall stagnant.
For all these, life remains unfulfilled mystery.

And so it is with man's soul nature
lost behind veil of ignorance and fear;
it is only in the guiding Spirit's natural flow
we become part of something larger.

Carolyn Brunelle

Mystery Of Life

life, was once such a mystery; □
felt it ALL depended on me, □
the choices, the roads to take; □
my personal responsibility.
yet, as i created my own destiny, □
there was also a quiet grace, □ □
an inner guide to light my way; □
a source of strength through the years
on many rough old roads.
i am not just older, i'm wise enough to
no longer question the love leading me
knowing that my identity; my destiny,
has ever been mine alone.

Carolyn Brunelle

Never Alone

He walks with me
Thru unknown places
Where no friend or foe
Would venture
Or even follow.
We travel
The uncharted lands
Of my soul that lies
Hidden from all other eyes.
From the depths
Of valleys of despair,
To the heights
Of hills of victory.
I reach out for the Hand
That's always there, for
As I walk ever onward
To new horizons
I am sometimes afraid,
But NEVER alone.

Carolyn Brunelle

Never Give Up

Question it, examine it,
Move it around a bit
Change it or keep it
Just for the hell of it.
But make it your own
In a way no other can;
Accept and make the best of it
Or get another plan.
Don't waste your precious time
Letting life get the best of you;
Keep it real and remember
To yourself you must be true.
Give it all you can,
Ignore others' points of view
And have a little faith
You'd be surprised what you can do.

Carolyn Brunelle

New Friend

Mom brightens
At the sight of her;
Greeted her warmly
Converses; nods.
She tugs at my arm
Excited to
Introduce
"sister"
To the stranger
In the mirror,
Her new
Found friend;
The one I lost.

Carolyn Brunelle

New Music

She tends, craftily hidden
From the world around her,
Two of the tiniest little eggs
Buried deeply inside one
Of my hanging porch plants.

Breezes gently rock-a-bye
Her nursery which she made
With the greatest of care;
No fear of any danger there,
Hanging high above predators.

Now serenaded by her mate's songs
From nearby trees,
They each await their newly
Created family and the
New music that will erupt soon.

Each year they return;
Each year their songs
Invigorate and awaken me
To a brand new season of life.

Carolyn Brunelle

New Windows

A silent stranger
stares back unresponsive
from a window to a world
I can no longer understand;
has me undone to my foundation
reduced to wretched tears
tears of confusion,
frustration
and yes, haunting fear.
How did I get here anyway?
Yesterday was bliss
nothing at all like this;
how do I talk to you now?
I was so in love with the old you
the familiar old you,
and your charming ways.
Now, it's bye bye baby
and here you are,
a whole new you
on a brand new day.
I want to move on too
but.....
Dammit!
there is so much to say.
Same paths and same old ways
aren't enough
when you're using another language;
you have to talk to me! !

Carolyn Brunelle

Night Companions

Lady night
dances across the horizon
flourishing her skirts
of blue velvet
bringing closure
to the day
with a snap of her fan;
leaving a spray of jewels.

Jewels
that frame
the window
to the universe.

The moon and stars,
ever displayed
in night skies,
eternal comfort for
searching hearts;
companions
in the heavens
for lonely souls.

Carolyn Brunelle

Night Embrace

Come from the shadows in your mind;
whisper the things of your heart.
Fill the night with that hidden beauty
til dusk meets the dawn.

Lift the veil from your eyes.

Gaze into a loving moon
and a canopy of welcoming stars;
the night is filled with friends
just waiting to talk back.

Carolyn Brunelle

Night Train

Life is a lonesome night train
of empty cars
on immutable tracks;
only God knows where.

A rolling thundering chaos
that screams, rattles and bellows;
each movement echoes
in an endless blackness.

And,
guided only by a single piercing light,
it plows headlong into a great unknown
as if it really knows where it is all going.

Carolyn Brunelle

Nineteen Pills

Nineteen pills

Taken every single day,
A mix of meds and vitamins;
Only one of my life's disciplines.

A regimen that just begins
As I Exfoliate and Moisturize,
Then put drops in my eyes
Spray my sinuses, and
Take an allergy pill.

And I'm still not done till
I apply some ointment
For aches and pains,
Manicure the nails again.

There's oils and soaks
And butters for my feet
I watch my diet,
Stay away from sweets;
Eat lighter foods and exercise
Get regular checkups
For teeth and eyes.

Get a physical every year
Keep a frost in my hair,
So what on earth is "fair"
About working this hard
To feel and look my best,
Only to run into a friend
From a long ago past
Who cheerfully announces
(Makes you want to scream)
"Gee, you look great -
"How lucky you are
It must be in the genes! "

Carolyn Brunelle

No Eulogies For Life

Don't want any funeral,
viewings or floral wreaths,
no eulogies or readings
or statements of belief.

No need for weeping
from any who ever knew me;
nor attendance required
from those who only screwed me.

THIS mortal life is what I lay down
to rest here in this sod;
but all that makes me who I am
has returned back home to God.

Carolyn Brunelle

No Inspiration

Nothing to inspire;
Expectancy
With no fruit,
A blank page
Waits.
Something easily
Distracts,
And all is lost.
The moment passes;
An unrealized work dies.
Such are the little deaths.

Carolyn Brunelle

No Lament

No tearful lament
not anymore
wouldn't live it any different
that much is for sure.

Family was first
the way I wanted it to be
but now that time is gone
retired, no responsibilities.

And now that it's done
and I am free,
I'm about the business
of creating a whole new me!

Carolyn Brunelle

No One There

Thought you'd go on forever
tried to convince my heart
to believe that from the start
but now this empty cavern
in my chest tells me
you are irretrievably
and unbelievably gone.
Oh god to touch you
see you once more
look into your blue eyes
kiss your mouth,
hold you if only to say goodbye.
But it's too late
you're not there
you've already gone;
and all that was us
is back to one.

Carolyn Brunelle

No Poem Today

Sorry, there is no poem today.
I haven't much to say,
my creativity is dulled
and I'm in need of fresh scenery;
a nice 'stimulus package'
to re-boot the sluggishness.
I fear even my muse needs
a little vacation,
some rejuvenation.
I have a date with a sparkling day
some ocean waves and white sand;
can barely wait to see her.
We'll stroll the beach together,
share parts of ourselves
and listen to one another;
who knows...
I might even hear a poem.

Carolyn Brunelle

No Sun In The Soul

Sometimes five layers of clothes
couldn't warm the cold in my bones.
I feel so much older than my years and
as gray and dark as the weather is outside.
Life seems to have retreated from my spirit entirely.

I am wearied and pained by my recent losses,
the goodbyes to relationships, and to youth.
I am inconsolable; my inner compass dulled.
Maybe it's just another perk of growing old,
having days when there's no sun in the soul
no wanting or caring either. Just a nothingness.

Wish I could go talk to mom and dad about it
but both are gone now. I talk to them anyway;
but perhaps with a little more understanding these days
of the sadness that was always in mom's face
when she looked at her own parents' picture on the wall.

Carolyn Brunelle

No Valentines Please

No paper valentines
for me please and
I'm fresh out of roses!
What a disease
to feel compelled by an industry
to do what they say
on a specific day
so they can make money
and you can tell your honey
I love you.
I do that everyday, so does he,
we don't need
to be told to hug and kiss
we have 45 years of this
day in and day out
we already know
what love is about.

Carolyn Brunelle

Not Alone

Experiences shared
make burdens
easier to bare;
lightens the heaviest loads
on most difficult roads.
Somehow we are stronger;
when not so alone
day after day
knowing that another
has traveled this way.

Carolyn Brunelle

Not To Worry

She calls from four thousand miles away
when others think she is resting
still weak, breathless, disoriented.
Another mini-stroke after a fall
but not to 'worry'!
Then we hear all the stories;
how she hides things
doesn't want to shower
won't use her walker, her oxygen,
sneaks pills from the cabinet.
I wish there was a pill
for this ache in my heart.

Carolyn Brunelle

Nothingness

A grey pallor hangs over the room.
Sorrow seeps through the cracks
leaves a heavy cloth over the heart;
this empty hole in my soul
sucks what joy there was away.
Nothing turns to nothingness.
Nothing helps
nothing remains;
nothing will be the same again.
Can nothing be done about this?
A sweet goodbye
and one last kiss
can't be all there is.

Carolyn Brunelle

Nothing's Easy

No trouble working hard,
done that all his life;
but how to play
well, let's just say
THAT's a can-o'-worms.
It's now his time, his turn.
Retired, life has him in a spin
how to stay busy, when
there's no demands on him.
All the freedom he dreamed about
not such a big deal he's found out,
when there's nothing to manage
to work or control; without the job
nothing to force him out the door.
It's a completely different thing
creating life anew,
when all you have to think about
is your own life and you.

Carolyn Brunelle

Nothing's New

Nothing's new
from across the world
details of nature's wrath
man's stupidities
governmental attempts to control it all
religion's cheeky responses
protestations, edicts, apologies
names muddied in exposed shame
lives destroyed, shock and loss
wars and rumors of same.
On and on it goes and
it shows in every broadcast
man is the same as always
fraught with his own failings
weaknesses, corruptions, ignorance;
all the while innocents pay the prices.
Life no longer spins on a dime
but by a throw of the dice
yet the people grow and flourish
love still shines
through the cracks
and
there is a God after all.

Carolyn Brunelle

Obedient

She smiles at latest arrival in her arms
pleased with yet another grandchild;
though they've all lost count
how many that makes now.

'Go forth and multiply'
has been taken to heart.

No matter the sky high debt
the house caving around their knees;
her original eight follow the set path
and God knows they're being obedient.

Carolyn Brunelle

October Glory

She will be a sterling beauty,
New and fresh and willing;
Welcomed by these open arms,
These weary but hopeful hearts.
Sadness has gripped this land;
It continues to yearn
For a responsive love.
So many have taken its strength,
Its devoted nurturing,
Only to falter and break and
Leave the earth empty and aching.
But very soon now,
Another promise will arrive
And the eternal hope renews with her.
"October Glory" be true to your name;
Bless and claim us as your own
Love us in return;
Stay and make this your home.

Carolyn Brunelle

Ode To Gardners

Plants and flowers,
Shrubs and trees
Warmed by the sunshine,
Kissed by the bees.
Ever growing;
Ever green.
Sweetest blooms
We've ever seen
Arrive in Spring
With each new breeze;
And dropp us faithfully
To our knees.

Carolyn Brunelle

Ode To Seniors

Suddenly the lights go out
as if nobody's home in this mind
rendered blank as a Vegas chip.
Another perfectly good idea vanishes
into the void of a "senior moment."
I spit out a colorful expletive or two;
try to return to what I was doing
before the rush to find pen and paper,
before I forgot what the hell they were needed for.
And so it goes in my life,
'gotta be quick and fast' and I'm neither.
Thank God I live in the computer age;
at least I still have nimble fingers.

Carolyn Brunelle

Old Absent Valentines

'Can you feel me, know I still care as
my fingers reach to stroke your hair?
My spirit lingers all around, though
I try not to frighten or make a sound.'

'Yes, I feel your spirit in the air,
sometimes I feel you everywhere.
I didn't know angels could be found
hovering so close to those on the ground.'

'I am always near to you my dear
so you're not so alone or feel any fear
through empty rooms and empty arms,
have any reason to be alarmed.'

'I know you are close, and miss me too,
though there's little else either of us can do.
We must live on, but in two different places
until such time there are no more spaces between us.'

'Yes, we'll live on, in these worlds apart
still holding on to this love in our hearts;
so "Happy Day My Valentine", my only love,
I still feel you here in these heavens above.'

Carolyn Brunelle

Old Baggage

This old baggage won't do;
the tattered bindings
and ripped seams
can never hold
all new dreams.
I must buy another
stronger and better
than the other
one for starlight gleam
and moon glow.
I've lots of work to do
and a long way to go;
other roads are waiting
and I mustn't be late.

Carolyn Brunelle

Old Battles... Old Ghosts

We were young and strong
Naive and trusting when
The world took us for a ride;
Stripped away our youth and joy
And drug us ragged and empty
To a place neither of us understood.
Through years of loneliness and pain
We suffered and fought till
Age finally brought two old warriors
A welcomed measure of peace,
Even some well earned rewards.
But the pain of those years runs deep;
The memories live on like old ghosts,
Haunting reminders
Of battles fought and won
And the awful prices paid.

Carolyn Brunelle

Old Birds

Life was flight;
wings aflutter at his side
nests made
chicks hatched
ever on the forage for food
Years passed
in sunshine and storm
their family grown
flew off on their own.
Now two old birds
on familiar shore
huddle together still
against life's chill
season in and season out
it's what their love
was always about.

Carolyn Brunelle

Old Dog

His eyes have grown dim with age
but not the mind behind them.
Hands spotted and coarsened
from hard work and useage;
the years have wearied the body
but there is still laughter in him,
dare I say a 'spark of excitement'
just seeing you arrive with magazines,
and news and your caring;
caring enough to come at all.
Not many do anymore.
Eager to talk and share and be a part of
a world he no longer understands,
still angered at politics and current events
all those things he was passionate about in
youth, the old dog can still be roused.
But soon he wearies and falls to slumber;
at last you are trusted by the alpha male
if only, so he can fall to dreams of stronger days

Carolyn Brunelle

Old Heartaches

Old memories, like my old bones
are still aging and aching;
it could be that they always will,
on some level or another.

Seen too many bridges burned
and roads that led me nowhere
with nothing but sad regrets,
and heartaches.

Blaming myself doesn't make it true.
You can only do with what you've got;
life has always been just a grab bag
of hopes and actual circumstances.

Guess the only real truth is that all
that could be done, was what i did;
all the rest is 'maybes', 'wish i hads,
'wish i'd done'and the 'could have beens'.

Carolyn Brunelle

Old Hiding Place

Years went by
While it all gathered dust.
There in an old hiding place
Far from the light;
Tucked away from the world,
It rested quietly and waited.
Then one day,
Light pierced that darkness
When a door opened on
Long buried secrets;
Awakened the ghosts
Of my past
And my need
To finally deal with them.

Carolyn Brunelle

Old Kitty

His soft caramel coat of fur
sports a variety of yard debris
from morning rolls in the dirt.
In a sprint that turns him into a blur
across the backyard,
he shakes off the lethargy of winter;
picks up his wildness with a fervor
not seen 'til advent of Spring.
Once more those old bones spark to life;
awaken from long winter slumbers
to rejoice with the rest of nature.

Carolyn Brunelle

Old Lights

So many, and each one
represents a part of my history;
dear old friends and mentors that
I continue to dust and hold close.
Wherever new journeys take me
these are the sentinels of my past.
Old lights they may be,
but I treasure those paths inside
where they brought me
and taught me to see.

Carolyn Brunelle

Old Photograph

It's all a dance!
Brash and gaudy
She laughs loud
And loves the grape
That frees her for awhile;
Reality is so confining.
A recalled stranger
From old faded photographs,
Skirts rejuvenated,
Revels in the fun
Still there in her head.

Carolyn Brunelle

Old Roads

Who would guess
the many paths
traveled in a lifetime.
Paths of pain and joy,
opportunities, decisions
all creating new directions
that have taken me to this future;
un-imagined in youthful visions.

The journeys unplanned,
detours unforeseen,
a canvas of color and contrast
that lies behind these eyes
has seen as many storms
as cloudless blue skies.

They are the ancient teachers;
and foundation of my tomorrows.
Old roads
still remembered clearly
held precious now
as old friends;
they have all served me well.

google search 'autumlovr blog' for graphic posting of this piece

Carolyn Brunelle

Old Sages

Sick and tired, feeble and weak,
Lost in her mind and unable to speak,
She stares out the window with
No memories now and nothing to do,

While memories are all
He has left to cling to,
Of the life they've lived, and
All they've been through.

Strange how things change.
In sixty years of married life
She once followed his every move;
He now sits at the feet of his wife.

Alone, yet still together;
One last storm they must weather,
These two fading old sages
Waiting for God to turn the pages

In a Book they both hope
Will offer new life, to
Another weary old man
And his weary old wife.

Carolyn Brunelle

Old Sailors

Old Sailors,
too old
to sail the seas,
bound to the land
hold salty memories
close to their hearts,
while their bodies,
like their boats,
age and fall apart.

In sweet reveries
of sunsets
pink in the sky,
gales that did blow
and seagulls on high,
old sailors nod
and dream and pray
of sailing high seas
again someday.

Carolyn Brunelle

Old Vet

He was just an old man in the neighborhood
Lost his wife a few years before, but
Had a nice house, never bothered anybody;
Was known as the old geezer next door.

Had money but couldn't remember
To pay all the bills;
He was slipping a little each day.
Took him a long time to meet his end
And die in such a way.

No warmth in his life, no heat in his house;
No matter the amount of blankets or coats
They found him frozen to his own floor,
That poor old geezer next door.

First lost his wife, then his own life;
Lost his mind along the way too.
What a tragedy, no one took any notice
Of the long, quiet suffering
Of an old Vet from World War II.

Carolyn Brunelle

Old Wine

When I am
an old woman
I shall take my rest;
gather all my days
to my bosom
to warm my bones
in coldness of years.
There will be peace
to fill any holes
left by regret
and bubbles of joy
shall arise in my soul
as these waters
are changed to wine.

Carolyn Brunelle

Older Music

The light bulbs hum
As the frig knocks out
A rhythm and beat
To accompany the rain
Banging on the metal awning.

An unexpected
Little melody rambles
Through my head.
I'm fifteen again
First prom,

Falling in love
With you
And the Beatles.
I still love you like that
Yeah, yeah, yeah yeah.

Carolyn Brunelle

Olympian

Athletes trained and yearning to seize
A most coveted golden dream,
Nervous and eager for the challenge;
Remember friends and family's dedication,
The commitment to them and to their team.
In that flame of hope, there sparks a prayer
For strength to endure; to do one's best.
"Champion me, O God,
Let me be brave in this struggle;
Courageous in the attempt
As I honor them, myself and Thee."

Carolyn Brunelle

On A Summer Breeze

Summer breezes dance and
Tease my wind chimes
In melodic sounds that
Sets my mind adrift on a sea
Of memories from bygone days;
They were such Golden Days.
The beauty of lightning bugs
The sounds of Whipporwills and
Mockingbirds, frogs and crickets,
Created a heightened sense of serenity;
Peace was easily found
In those voices of nature.
Life in the city is a landscape of concrete.
A constant swooshing of cars past my house
Assaults the senses in a mosh
Of fractured people noises;
I am a far cry from Grandma's farm.
But these childhood memories,
Recalled now only upon rare occasions,
Still remain as my mind's tranquil oasis,
A nostalgic retreat from my world;
As treasured as dear old photos.

Carolyn Brunelle

On The Move

Searching high
searching low,
loved my old place
but it's time to go.
Need more space
and a fresh, clean start.
Have so much to do,
and my own part
is just the beginning...
paint chips and packing,
shopping and cleaning;
weeks of whirlwind activity.
Hope it's all worth it to me,
meetings with appraisers
and realtors,
viewings and showings,
don't know how long
I can keep going.
Selling one,
buying another;
had no idea
this would be such a mother.
Then finally a done deal
meets with hearty congrats,
lots of handshakes and laughter,
Enjoy! It's all yours....
may you live happily ever after.
And, at last I have what I wanted
where my heart has taken root;
my new home-sweet-home...
but what an exhausting pursuit.

Carolyn Brunelle

On Wings

She is our special grace
an Angel Face Rose,
that continues to blossom
and create a place of
beauty in our hearts.

Heaven only knows
why God chose us to
be the guardians of this
precious flower of promise.

She is absolution;
answered prayer,
a candle
in dark places of regret.
Perhaps some things
were done rightly
if her light
could shine so brightly
and be such a hopeful offering
for a world we have yet to see.

Waxing strong
in the shadow of those
who have adored
and taught her
to be unafraid
of life's challenges,
she is the new generation,
the torch,
that lights the way
to a new day beyond us all.

And soon she will soar
high and free
on the wings
of the immense love
that has embraced and nurtured her,
where she will create

her own bright new song
from the music of the many hearts
that have lifted her to her flight.

Carolyn Brunelle

Once Upon A Dream

There was a time we had our dreams
But even then we knew full well,
No matter how long or hard we tried
Our life would still be just a shell.

The world keeps on turning
Same with us, nothing's ever new;
It's all so very tiresome my love
Doing the same old thing we do.

Over and over we begin again,
A sincere and honest go of it;
But nothing changes who we are or
Helps make the two of us a better fit.

How long will it take for us
To finally come to our senses;
Enough to realize we can't go on
Simply building more and more fences.

"We have to break down the barriers,
Find some other way,
Because we simply can't go on like this, "
But isn't that what I always say.

If either of us could accept the truth
Even if that breaks our hearts,
At least we'd have a brand new slate,
Maybe the chance for another start.

But we'll cry and make more promises
Pretend it's not an impossible climb;
Convince ourselves that our "once upon a dream"
Is something more than a waste of time.

Carolyn Brunelle

Once Upon A Time

“Once upon a time
In a land so far away
Lived a little fairy princess, ”
My grandma used to say.
We could fly through the skies
Or sail the oceans blue,
Be off on any adventure
Anywhere we wanted to.
Always through my mind
My Grandma would find
Some exciting new story
That would take us there.
And through those books
She would read,
She made me believe
In the magic that was inside me;
Where in the wondrous places
Of a child’s imagination,
I could become all I wanted to be.

See this and others at my poetry blog:

Carolyn Brunelle

Once Upon A Tree

A symbol of strength and endurance
I can't bring myself to take it out.
It should've starved at the roots
but managed to eek out something
from depleted soils, lack of water
and attention in leaner years.
Predator vines and disease enveloped
the trunk,
limbs twisted themselves
grew into odd shapes;
and yet it survived.
It lives still, healthy now because it
has all it needs to flourish,
although the struggle of the early years
have left their permanent scars.

Carolyn Brunelle

One Day

One day,
you will regret today;
realize how you wounded
hearts that only adored you.

One day you will cry
bitter tears of sorrow
when you remember.
In some tomorrow
you will wish you had
just one more day
to make amends and
laugh with us again.

Because one day,
there will come a day
when there isn't
one day left.

Carolyn Brunelle

One Heart Apart

Most of her, still lives
in that other world with him;
separate and divided,
aching for wholeness again.

All within her,
yearns for what was
with no missing parts,
no more apart,
one heart alive
and one heart not.

Old loves, they need the other
in whatever worlds they roam,
has ever been from the beginning
that one another is their true home.

Carolyn Brunelle

One Voice

Her family raised and gone,
she, too, has moved on
beyond the life of her youth;
its yoke of responsibility cast off.
From a career's daily grind
'retirement' now redefines her;
even the old voices of guilt
have been silenced
when polish and dusting cloths
wait for the housekeeper's hands
and the vacuum roars
in someone else's ears.
She's about the business
of living her golden years;
the only voice she hears
at long last...
is her own.

Carolyn Brunelle

Only A Boy

His uniqueness
sparked taunting
and ridicule;
he was so
unlike the others.

None bothered
to get close to the boy
who didn't fit in;
didn't measure up
in ways
anyone could accept.

Their eyes were trained
for the ordinary,
different was easier to label;
far more difficult
to fit into their box.

□

Carolyn Brunelle

Only A Matter Of Time

It was a crisp, bright sunny day;
The neighborhood was alive
With children's laughter.
Signs of springtime were everywhere;
Seemed the whole world was happy
About just being alive.
Then I caught sight of her;
Watched her turn in and
Walk up the sidewalk to ask
Is this the women's shelter?
'I have nowhere else to go', she explained.
'I'm only sixteen but
I can't go back;
I can't make him stop and
It's only a matter of time
You see,
Until he 'likes' my little sister
Just as he always has me.
They all hate me now anyway;
Said I should have more respect
For my father
Instead of bringing such shame
Upon the family.'

Carolyn Brunelle

Only Mortal

The sex was better and greater than expected
secrets and lies wrapped it in extra excitement;
it was the loyal heart that waited unknowing
would reap the awful stain, be the one left in pain.

Deepest regret never washes it away
never completely erases the betrayal;
puts it all back the way it was
like the same furniture in a re-painted room.

What's done is done, there is no going back;
maybe in time steps can be made to move on.
But in place of a promise, a soul now bleeds
over vows once made forever stolen away.

Only forgiveness can ever put it on a shelf;
make the choice to walk away from the closet
where all ancient skeletons lie abandoned
and covered in the dust of mortal sins.

Carolyn Brunelle

Only Six Miles

Abandoned and penniless
She managed to
Finish raising her children;
Is half raising her grandchildren.
Living at the bottom of the heap
Of lost jobs, houses, cars, men,
And her youth along the way;
She still hasn't found a man to love her
That's worth a damn.
But at least she's found a job
To put a little food on the table;
It's only six miles down the road.
Now she worries
How much further
Her old feet and legs will take her,
... Even holding onto Jesus.

Carolyn Brunelle

Original Seed

She used a small delicate blade
to patiently peel the fruit
of its tough outer skin;
each layer curled away and
gently fell from its sweetness.

A better suited tool was needed
to rout out the center
where the original seed
could be effectively expelled.

Its thrust violent and effective
brought the color of a memory;
she could only watch and weep
as the blood of today
drained from yesterday's sorrow.

Carolyn Brunelle

Other Creatures

Just because he wandered in
to the world of people within,
doesn't mean we have the right
to squash the life from him.
I gently grab this other life
set his new path in stone
as I move him to the great outdoors
where he will feel much more at home.
Have often wondered what new life
he might have created there
with all new friends and vistas
for him to navigate and explore.
Each of us serves some purpose
always been my belief;
the least I can offer my fellow creatures
is a life of harmony and peace.

Carolyn Brunelle

Other Vistas

You gave from your heart
a sweet gesture from the start;
but tuck the hurt away now
chalk it up to experience.

Waste no more time or effort on those
who lack manners or appreciation,
not even a simple 'thank you' uttered;
don't sell out to boorish ingrates.

Was a good deed done
for the wrong people.
Move on.
Don't let your heart be undone.

Life always provides ways
a generous spirit is better served;
sometimes there is warmer welcome
in the embrace of strangers than one's own.

Look for other vistas.

Carolyn Brunelle

Our Young Place

Even after all these years,
A flood of memories washes over me,
The fog of time lifts; years vanish.
This is where we met; fell in love;
"Our young place."

Everybody has one,
Their time in the sun;
That 'once upon a time'
Of starry eyed dreams and hopes.

I promise, no matter how old we get, my love,
Those two kids will always be alive in us;
I can still feel them...
Every time I'm in your arms.

Carolyn Brunelle

Out In The Yard

High temps too soon has
Exploded the size of our plants
Been out in the yard most of the day
Trying to overcome the enormous
Growth that has occurred.

Yard guys aren't to blame, just
The way of things and mother nature.
Tiring day trimming back even more
Than could be accomplished in one
Initial pruning.

Now sitting here at the computer,
My fingers are sometimes moving
And sometimes not; as I drift in and
Out of power naps and wishing I could
Go to bed early tonight. The evening
Is still young, it's just me that isn't anymore.

Carolyn Brunelle

Own World

I am solitude
In a busy world,
A single figure
On a playground swing
Listening to clattering dinner dishes
From glowing kitchen windows.
I am a child
In a blue snow world,
Cold envy pressed
Against glass,
Only imagining
Such warmth
When
I am happiest
Among the stars.

Carolyn Brunelle

Painter

In broad splashes across the sky
a rainbow of color and hue
remains from recent sunset;
a golden moon is on the rise.

A delta breeze moves through the trees
ending a hot summer's day;
a breath of relief for all of nature,
beasts and human alike.

A blanket of twinkling jewels
stretches across the heavens
as if an almighty hand scattered
them horizon to horizon.

I am humbled beneath a mantle of such beauty.
Each masterful stroke this summer's eve
stirs my senses and invokes a reverence
as it paints itself in the skies of my soul.

Carolyn Brunelle

Party Of Two

I am learning to live
With another voice
Chattering through my
Creative thoughts;
Other sounds in the house.
Busy shoes that clickety click
Up and down the hallways;
Go in and out of doors.
I am learning to live
With a snacker;
A retired fast tracker while he
Learns how to play golf and the guitar;
How to paint.
My heart's singular complaint...
It yearns to drink heartily again
Of the solitude it once knew.
But all things come to pass;
This too shall fade into my past
And I will learn
All over again
How to be a party of two.

Carolyn Brunelle

Passing Moment

Passing time on a hot Texas day
with a little added imagination;
kids catchin' grasshoppers
with some innocent competition.
The challenge: how many to a jar.

First the afternoon to hunt,
then the count;
by nightfall the release, so that all
could hop back into tall grasses again.
A children's game of no harm, no foul.

Less experienced, anxious, he clumsily
snagged the largest of the long legged giants,
couldn't fit much more than two or three;
she, with patience and delicacy, loaded
her jar with the tiniest of the green beauties.

But the day's triumph faded quickly
into a moment not meant to be;
made to sacrifice her victory
to the envy and tears of another
'after all he's your little brother.'

Carolyn Brunelle

Passing The Time Away

Who knows
how much time
lies in wait?
Obits say
I'm makin' it ok;
but then tomorrow
is up for debate.
They're dropping
like flies you know.
Least I have my wits,
my wine, and you;
anything wild
the two of us can do?

Carolyn Brunelle

Perfect Days

Some perfect days
aren't always spent by the sea
in lovely scenery.

Some are perfectly formed
and discovered unexpectedly
in the ordinary
moments in living.

A good report from the doctor,
a call from a loved one healing
from a long illness,
a raise in salary;
the jubilant child accepted to college.

Life's little successes and
tremendous victories
create days that build a life,
become lifejackets we cling to;
anchors to steady us
when the storms come.

Carolyn Brunelle

Perfect Endings

Airplanes, airports,
hotel rooms and restaurants,
gift shops and sceneries,
visits with the family,
stimulate the senses
in a burst of activity;
a whirlwind of creativity.

New poetry flies from
computer keys
while pictured memories are
shared in emails and letters
to bring completion;
"the perfect ending".

But soon enough
the dreaming will begin again,
dreams that will become new plans;
plans for other journeys
that will fire up the juices one more.

Carolyn Brunelle

Perspective

I am the delicate webbing
Stitched with care
That holds
The garden trees together;

The crystal drops
On the rose buds
Left from
Latest shower.

I am the hummingbird
Scouting for
Last year's nectar;

The two robins
One singing
One building
A new residence
In a
Hanging porch plant.

The world
Becomes
A larger place
From Spring's
Perspective.

Carolyn Brunelle

Pills

Some think there's an antidote
to all of life's ills.

At the end of the day,
a hand full of pills
erases the mind
from all its tomorrows;
a sweet release
from all today's sorrows.

A manufactured cure
from which glory streams,
a life being lived through
pharmaceutical dreams.
Days and weeks soon
turn into years;
a mind is lost in the haze
and glaze of empty tears.

A veil of confusion that
turns into self-doubt,
consumes the soul
that is left without
any love, any pride,
any hope or self-worth
as it languishes
and dies
from the antidote.

Carolyn Brunelle

Place In The Sun

Busy little architect
weaving your webbed palace
in the wood,
how clever of you
to hide in plain view.

Steady dedication,
hard work,
attention to design;
will reap rewards in time.

Success comes to those who
fight for their place in the sun;
heartiest admiration for the one
who stays the course and wins.

Google 'autumlovr blog' for a more graphic posting of this piece

Carolyn Brunelle

Play Me A Poem

Play me a poem
sail me to sea;
but cross
your heart
before you play
with me.

I'll unlock the cabin
unjar the door
shwoosh away webs
sit cross legged on the floor.
Revival remembers
days of youth gone by
makes a pact again
not knowing why.

You can play me a poem
but it costs, you see,
you have to play nice
get real over precise
come away from your world
and just be.

Carolyn Brunelle

Poet

A flat black and white screen
becomes a portal
through which worlds
play out,
one pixel,
one keystroke at a time.
He frees himself
from whatever lies
in that space between his head
through a mute screen
with typewritten words that fly;
empties himself
before he dies with it all
locked inside.

Carolyn Brunelle

Poet Hidden

No awards or accolades
no recognition or ticker parades;
no one cares
about a hermit's demise,
his work in secret holds little surprise.

Yet work he does
to empty it all
from corners deep within,
from attic places and webbed crawl spaces,
tornadoes that reap the wind.

It all rips through his soul
in a stream of words so that
night becomes curse, sharp as sword.
Call they do; call by name,
the tortures of a soul
that have no desire
for the light of fame.

Worlds crash together
when the voices come to call;
deep are the caverns behind the walls
he built for himself through the years,
built by a soul yearning to be free
from all the things he fears
and cannot see.

Carolyn Brunelle

Poetry

Words floating on air
silent beauty
reaching out to
entice the mind

Like the morning mists
that blanket a
sleeping world
retreat from the rising sun,

Poetry is a light
in the darkness
calling the heart
to surrender to its warmth.

Carolyn Brunelle

Poets

Write a little poem, perhaps make it rhyme,
Count and mark all the beats in time.
Create stories of issues unexpressed,
Fears and sadnesses and feelings repressed.

Give it a title, a 'by-line' makes it your own.
Type it and sort it and send it along
To carry your heart into the night,
Free up your soul, and make everything right.

Such are the writers who ache and feel alone,
And need little recognition for what they have done.
The voices that can't seem to speak in the day, are the
Poets, in their poems, who know exactly what to say.

Carolyn Brunelle

Possibilities

He never gave up hope,
Stopped trying,
Or believing
In a world of possibilities.

Never able to reach any
Further in his own life,
He instilled the dream
In his children. And when,

That flame flickered and died,
The embers still lit fires;
Warmed other hearts and souls
Who carried that hope, that faith

Forward into
A future, where
His children's children
Could finally reach to the stars.

Carolyn Brunelle

Pray And Let Go

It is a pain that has left me numbed
and unable to feel or speak; but deep inside
my heart and soul weep in despair, and need
comfort from someone who's been where I am.
How do I even form the words
beyond this heavy cloud that hovers;
and smothers all light and joy from me?
Unhinged, trapped in this silence,
I can only stare into the abyss;
how do I look away before it kills me?
Oh God, unwrap these frozen fingers
that cling to the edge of hope;
there is nothing left for them to do
except pray, and leave these things to you.

Carolyn Brunelle

Priorities

Racing to keep up
falling behind too,
living by the clock
is all I seem to do.

I need to let go;
invest in things
that really matter.
Write a new poem,
telephone chatter,
do a little shopping;
buy a garden hat,
do a little this
then do a little that.
Plant a lovely garden
and see how it grows,
let the flowers
tell me
all I need to know.

There is more to life
than watching a clock;
governed
by every little tick
and every tock.

A life fully lived,
each and every day;
is in all those precious moments
the clock....
lets slip away

Carolyn Brunelle

Psychedelic

A fish that swims in pools of thought
may explore places it really shouldn't ought;
roam the swamps of yesterday's sorrows
skip along clouds in the skies of tomorrow.

Befriend the child so small and scared;
empower the adult to be confident and prepared
adventurer, painter, poet, friend
or just as quickly none of them.

Electric powered lightning rod
rainbow colors can turn dark and odd
flash in a rush of colored heat
charm the socks right off your feet.

Daytime, nighttime any time of day
scenes may change in a million ways
but this one fact still remains true,
it's the world of imagination
that creates the land of you.

Carolyn Brunelle

'Puff' Is Not A Magic Dragon

The illusion is gone so it's no longer tempting
but I still remember the power
of its seduction after all these years.

That long slow deep draw sucked into the lungs
the flutter of eyelids and roll of eyeballs
as it hits the one nerve you have left, full on.

The huge expulsion in a powerful exhale
that releases tension in inner and outer worlds
as the brain swims in ecstasy;
before it ventures into deeper pools for more
of what it craves.

Again and again, hit after hit
with nothing more to medicate or placate
it becomes how you cope;
you disappear in the urge that carries you
from one pack to another.

Thoroughly bonged, saturated and standing in ruin
there's never a full breath of your own.

You cough and wheeze your way
sickened more and more every day
you get closer to your grave.

But then you're accustomed to breathing shallow,
if you can still breathe at all,
on a road destined to be laid waste and fallow
while you continue to puff your life away.

Carolyn Brunelle

Purest Magic

I believe in magic.

I believe there is a magic
woven into hearts of any age.
It draws us to its bosom
each time we turn the page
to a new chapter in life;
invites our entry into a larger world.
That pure light of discovery is magic,
it stretches out toward the heavens
with an open mind and
connects us to God's universal magic
in us all.

Carolyn Brunelle

Purple Passions

Purple passions, crimson sin,
Yellow daisies witnessing
Their secret fall from grace.

Ribbons of pink float on air
Beneath blue skies so soft and fair,
Time stands still in youthful lust
A touch, a caress, all lost in dust
Of time and space.

Yet in this place
There is a sweet embrace
Remembered still, of
Two lovers on a hill,
Reflected in her smile.

Carolyn Brunelle

Re-Adjustment

I'm sorry I left you.
I left myself too in a poem;
wrote all of me out in the lines.
Didn't design it that way,
simply retreated back to my center
like I always do, when my world
becomes challenging; confusing.
It's easy being in my mind,
it's quiet and peaceful;
I can get my bearings,
a part of myself back in line.
Writing keeps me sane,
albeit distracted from the world.
I know I can't stay in my head forever
So how do we fix this?
Now that you're re-defining yourself,
I need to come out of myself long enough
to meet in the middle somewhere, like we used to.
I want my life to have you in it again
and you need to re-adjust to who I am now too.

Carolyn Brunelle

Ready

Only a precious few remain
taken of a high school boy,
a young aviator in flight jacket,
a portrait with new bride.
This last one, more deeply treasured,
haunts me now
seeing how little of him is left.
Life has used him up;
made him old and heart weary as
he sits there alone in their kitchen
cradling his precious little dog
gazing off somewhere inside himself.
A bittersweet revelation
speaks from the moment captured,
his soul was emptied
and more than ready to move on.

Carolyn Brunelle

Rebels

Those who can't figure it out
rebel;
call themselves rebels
make a lot of noise,
create a lot of chaos.

A cover for the lost and confused
'how dare you say I can't,
when I know I can;
just because
I don't know how to do it YOUR way.'

And so they say 'screw you!
I'll launch out on my own and make it ok,
do it the way I want.'
BUT,
it will all come back again one day...

when youth has faded
when rebellion is gone
when they want to be heard
when they need to really matter.

Carolyn Brunelle

Reclamation

There inside
The old family recipes,
Beneath the anger
Stuffed away in the closets
She waited
Till the years
Fell away
From yesterday's grudges
Like so much dust.
A child's heart
Reclaimed
Had grown strong;
Ready to clean house
Create all new recipes
Of her own.

Carolyn Brunelle

Red Wine Stain

What's to be gained
from a red wine stain
except to lament
the money I spent;
a waste of a perfect
white scarf.

Perhaps it is a sin
to enjoy the grape,
each luscious brew
a reminder of earth's
fullness and pleasure
waiting in keg and bottle.
But, alas, I have no fear
of excess m'dear;
it's full speed on the throttle.

I have much to forget;
even more to remember.
Each glass gives me surrender
to days gone by and
memories that no longer glow
from a heart so protected by a
perfect white scarf.

Carolyn Brunelle

Reflection

That just simply
cannot be
her own reflection
in the mirror
she sees.

How on earth
has she changed so much,
oh surely to goodness
it must be the dust.

"I'll wipe away the lies,
you'll see, (and she tries)
there will be
that once youthful me."

An old woman's eyes
that cannot visualize
from a much older place
that youth and its reflection
lives now in another face.

Carolyn Brunelle

Remains

Tearing at my mind;
cold, icy shards
of the past,
pierce the darkness
where slumber's ship
sails on
without me.

Holding
yesterday's flowers
they come,
shrouded ushers
to thoughts of things
long buried,
but not forgotten.

Old winds,
come to blow away
what little remains
of the night,
and a soul
seeking only
peace and rest.

Carolyn Brunelle

Remodeling

Remodeling an old,
Outdated life,
Is like emptied closets;
Starkly void.
Nothing from the past
Fits me anymore,
So I must begin

Creating a
Whole new wardrobe,
For this older and
Broader old broad.
Filling the closets
Is going to be quite
An exciting challenge.

Feeling my way through,
Only myself to please;
I find easy, simple comfort
Better suited
To a way of life
That also promises
To be a better fit.

Carolyn Brunelle

Rescued

Relishing your intense gaze;
responding to your touch, i
revel in your presence as my own
resolute world spins out of control,
releasing me from fallow dreams in
rising and falling rhythms.

Racing hearts beating faster,
rushing waves, rippling and
ready to meet their own;
reaching for love in ravenous
raptured kisses, i am
revitalized,
resurrected;
reborn.

Carolyn Brunelle

Respect

What do you think heaven is like?
What does it mean to you?
Does it have those streets of gold?
Is there anything to do?

Is there really a pearly gate;
someone with a book,
trying to find your written name
to give you that one final look?

Do you gain approval or denial
to gain your entrance there?
Does your soul become visible
so every fault is laid bare?

Is heaven for you a paradise
where love and comfort waits?
Will you walk a country road
instead of entering through a gate?

Is it a place of light and color
where all things become clear
or simply a final judgment;
and a life based on that fear?

Maybe heaven doesn't exist
for some who fail to believe,
but then is heaven something real
because others embrace it with zeal?

If there is a place, in each man's soul
that helps him get through the day,
who can be God for each man's need;
be there to guide him on his way?

If God is real and hears my prayers,
then I know he'll understand,
I'd rather follow my own inner compass
than put my faith in the things of man.

There are many versions of God;
visions of heaven, a variety,
like grains of sand in the sea,
so I will respect who you are in life
if you also have respect for me.

Carolyn Brunelle

Restored

To see imperfection is not hard but
self-acceptance is to be mastered
and learned over a lifetime;
balance and inner peace the reward.
A soul's flame restored
possesses the real power;
one that passes through all doors
confident and with no apology.
The beauty in one's own humanness
openly displayed in the
awareness that any who would judge
are only lost from themselves and afraid.

Carolyn Brunelle

Reunion

The years fall away and disappear
and you are the reason my dear;
the minute your smiling face appears.
Once again we are young and gay
as we dance the wa-watoosi, giggle
and re-live old times 'til break of day.
Age can't erase the fun of that place inside
where these two young girls still reside;
those days, long gone in passage of time,
still shine as bright and bubbly
as our memories and wine.

Carolyn Brunelle

Reward

The great good reward for working away youth
is the time to sit at our table for breakfast
and listen to robin songs
in a garden of our own making,
the comforts of retirement;
such evening delights
as our nightly brew
when sunlight fades.

Content to leave behind youth,
all its complicated struggle;
we will find the soul's peace
in simplicity of longer, slower days
till we are freed from this world
to fly away
to other mornings
... in the garden,
... just you and me,
... among the heavenly things.

Carolyn Brunelle

Rich Or Poor

Opulent boredom loves to spend, in fact
shopping for 'more' is a favorite hobby;
a thousand shoes in her wardrobe
stands as testament to her dedication.

Then there's the jewelry and perfumes
the leathers and furs, the formal gowns
and outfits for all occasions, well
at least those that her kind of elite attend.

It's a life that affords few of this world's cares
or worries since money is so plentiful there;
yet even in that world of a thousand soles
she still can't find the one she really needs.

Carolyn Brunelle

River

Miles and miles of roads;
years of personal history
had me drowning in a river
that flooded over me.

It tore away at angry roots
as it crashed these tender shores;
left a brand new landscape
where it doesn't hurt anymore.

Cleansed all the old memories
as it carved a new path to sea;
I cried and cried me a river
till it did its work in me.

Carolyn Brunelle

Rock Of Ages

A godly and devoted woman,
my Grandma Patsy loved her family,
making a home, singing in the choir,
and taking care of Grandpa.
Plucky old gal too, one that suffered
more than her share to care enough
to pay the debts he'd left behind;
although she never seemed to mind.
Grandpa owned the town store;
he'd given away groceries and supplies
'on a tab' and fed hungry coal miners
and their families for years and years.
Took years before all was paid in full
such was her honor and self-respect;
but it was the devotion of their family
bought the Rock of Ages headstone.

They were both Rocks for the Ages.

Carolyn Brunelle

Rockin' Along

What do you do
when there are
no sad stories,
no longings for love,
no aching heart
or thirst for blood?
How do you write
with no axes to grind,
nobody to hate;
no skeletons from the past
or issues to satiate?
When life is peacefully
rockin' along,
the only place a poet
can get a clue;
find an inspiration,
is to wait it through.
From the depths of the soul
the instincts know
more lies in the darkness
than really shows;
a place where creativity reigns;
flowing through the veins
and rivers of the mind.
A world within a world,
singing like a violin;
creating the music
that stirs the muse.

Carolyn Brunelle

Rocky Road

Love can be a rocky road
Can lead you straight through hell,
Stomp your heart,
Crush your soul;
Why we need it
Is impossible to tell.
Except love can also resurrect
And create life anew,
Give you legs to stand
The wings to fly;
Fill your life with purpose too.

It's both a blessing and a pain
That drives us to our knees
Praying,
"God help me find someone
That I can hold onto please.
I know your love is near me
In your eyes I find such grace,
But I still need human comfort;
Someone of my own
In this earthen place."

Carolyn Brunelle

Romance Mystery

She blows in
On the breeze
Ruffling her skirts
Being a tease.
A sudden chill
Hits the air
Nobody
Knows just where
This stranger
Has come from.
But summer's warmth
Is history
As she stays awhile
To dance with the trees
In a summer romance
Turned mystery.

Carolyn Brunelle

Roots

A hillbilly girl
and a hillbilly boy
called the Smokey mountains
home
till they embraced the
the military life,
that would send them
all over the world.
"Everywhere" was home
till one day it was time to follow
their hearts back to their children.
Then home became the place
where family welcomed
a grandpa and a grandma;
where they could grow old,
and finally sink roots again.

Carolyn Brunelle

Ruts

These old tired shoes
offer no support.
They're worn
through and through
yet I wear them everyday.
They don't suit
my life anymore;
they're dated
and they hurt,
but it's easier
than making decisions
and shopping for new.

Carolyn Brunelle

Sail Away

When you feel it all slipping;
the miseries creeping in,
you need to lighten up
get it all together again.

There is much on your plate
so wash away those tears;
lose yourself in the journey
there is nothing to fear.

Accept what has passed
it has charted your way
to sail into the sunset
at the end of each day.

Carolyn Brunelle

Sailing

Cherub face
framed in curls,
nothing like
the heart of a girl
to wrap you in a bow;
gift your soul
like no other.
Her laughter, the
gentle breezes
that push
your tiny boat...
Sailing sailing
over ocean blue, and
where ever she is going,
she is taking you.

Carolyn Brunelle

Sailing, Sailing

A cherub face framed in curls,
nothing like the heart of a girl
to wrap you in a bow; she is
a gift to your soul like no other.
Her laughter, a gentle breeze,
fills the sails of your little boat;
you are sailing over oceans blue,
and wherever she might be going
she is taking you.

Carolyn Brunelle

Salvation Blues

It's a special sound that has the power
to transport my mind and spirit
to a different place
beyond my circumstance in life;
bring comfort to these weary bones
even a smile through aching tears.
I no longer feel disconnected,
a motherless child adrift in the universe,
when my heart and soul
breathes that sweet breath of heaven;
comes to life again
in the rhythm of the Blues.

Carolyn Brunelle

Same Old Familiar Story

Finally the light dawneth on a new day.
You eventually learned a whole new way
to walk a vastly different road
but old habits die hard.
You are re-captured beneath that load.
Soon you are back to your old bag of tricks
doing stupid things and getting your kicks.
Sometimes we learn, but can't make the change
from lovin' the old to beginning anew;
frankly, I'm aching with disappointment for you.
But all the things I want, isn't the real issue
as much as who you are, just doing what you do.

Carolyn Brunelle

Same Old News

Same old news, day after day
But he doesn't care much anyway.
Life in his own little world has
Challenges aplenty
That continue to swirl around him.

Right now it's off to the store for more supplies
If he can find his glasses, his keys, his list. He
Wonders how much longer he can keep doing this;
Tries not to think too much of sorrowful goodbyes.

Old house sure is in need of some repair
But climbing ladders is too much of a scare.
Yard's a mess and needs a good mowing but
Like the grass, his weariness is steadily growing.

He never ventures off too far or too fast;
Secretly worries if his mind will last.
It gets harder and harder by the decade;
And the fears get stronger too...
Fear of dying, fear of living too long

Carolyn Brunelle

Sands Of Time

One day,
I shall meet my destiny
in the dust of stars;
those sands of time
that form and dissipate
in perpetual creation
across starry universes,
span untold galaxies.

One day,
time will empty
the last of these grains;
stretch me out
a beach
on the shores of eternal sea.

Carolyn Brunelle

Scars

Not all our scars are openly revealed
not all wounds can be healed;
there's a reason you can't see
the kind of pain someone else feels.

Takes a lot of courage
to hold it together from within;
we must stand and face the world
no matter how hard life has been.

So remember the smiling souls
you see throughout your day
how each one carries a sorrow
and suffers in their own way.

Carolyn Brunelle

Schmoozer

It's all familiar territory to him
coming up against walls of resistance;
an all too casually friendly shark.
His animated and engaging manner
flips through cards, papers, brochures,
flashes a smile, wide as Montana skies.
Says he's traveled a whole lot of miles
just to bring the latest greatest innovation;
with boring eagerness, he explains
how you can save a small fortune.
(and his company can make one)

Carolyn Brunelle

Scraps

A powerhouse of industry
Cleaned the cobwebs
Of yesterday
Never considered
A better way
That would hold more
Than scraps
At the end of the day.
"Clean, clean, clean...
Life should sparkle",
A valued lesson of yesterday
Learned well at her knee.
But others too have had their say,
"Let there be time
For life day to day,
Breathe in its joy
And just be."

Carolyn Brunelle

Sea Mystery

Ripped
from
a mother's breast
it floats helpless;
tossed about
to and fro in the waves
in an undulation
between two worlds.
What once thrived
deep in the heart
of a gentle sea,
washes up
on a lonely shore;
cast off
to meet
its end.
And
no one
yet
knows
why.

Carolyn Brunelle

Season Of Change

The path ahead lies strewn with yesterdays
stretched out far as the eye can see;
Autumn falls quick and silent.
So willingly the leaves shuffle off in the wind
in answer to the call of nature in them;
and I wonder if the whole of life isn't
as the ever changing seasons.
The freshness of arrival in the beginning
given to blossoming maturity in passage of time;
then at the last, the relief of final release
and the hope of a glorious legacy in the leaving.

Carolyn Brunelle

Season Of Grief

A single leaf,
blows lost and futile
through an empty doorway.
Silent
frozen in time,
paralyzed by sorrow;
a tender soul surrenders
to its season of grief.

Carolyn Brunelle

Season Of Love

He was searching for her
She was searching for him;
Little did they know,
It was right in front of them.

Like two puzzle pieces,
They fit groove and tongue;
And their story, though not a new one
Was far from being done.

So many roads they would travel
Somehow just missing the other;
Never quite crossing paths
That would lead to one another.

Guess it's in the timing of things;
We'll never know the rhyme or reason
Why star crossed lovers finally meet,
Unless even love has a season.

Carolyn Brunelle

Season Of Peace

Another year is passed
and we're still here, still blessed;
grateful for every single day.
Not alone in our challenges
to health, heart, spirit and pocketbook
an entire society, brave warriors all,
hangs on and holds hands
in a season of peace
The abiding hope still is
that we can make amends,
make new friends
maybe even move on into another year
with brighter days;
it is what we all continue to pray.

Carolyn Brunelle

Secret Power

I thought love
was letting go;
learning to trust.
Do you have a need
for secrets?
And what secrets
do you hide,
hold close to the skin;
tuck deep within
the dark recesses
of your heart?
And why?
More importantly
how long will it take
to overcome the fear
of making a mistake;
before an 'I'
can become about
'us'?

Carolyn Brunelle

Secret Wellsprings

Hidden soul
locked
inside a cell
with no key
till
love of poetry
opened
the stilled places.

Now a spirit sings,
flings open doors
to secret wellsprings;
a flood,
a rush;
a hush
falls over a world
that at last is free.

Carolyn Brunelle

Seeds Sown

Time has not been kind
with the choices made
in her youth;
the unbridled excesses
ignorance and denial
have all cost dearly in old age.

Her man, gone all too soon
left a hole of loneliness;
that anger ripped her apart,
but there was always
her devoted family
to patch and deal with the pieces.

Now her support of iron and wheels
robs meager savings, steals
what is left of life for her care;
time has not been kind at all
given how cruel life can be
and the choices made in her youth.

Carolyn Brunelle

Seeking Refuge

Fragile ideas are rendered
benign and fruitless,
vacuumed away
in a thundrous whirlwind
invading my office.
Nowhere to run
except here...
the bathroom,
the sacrosanct;
the perfect creative place
for unmolested
primal thought;
the throne of powerful ideas.

Carolyn Brunelle

Sentinel

Such a simple thing it was,
Seen as "a great treasure"
Lying there
Cast forth from the waters.

A child's discovery
On yesterday's shores
Destined to become
A silent sentinel
In storied recountings.

Imaginations stirred
In younger, newer minds;
Memories refreshed
In dear aging ones and
Generations joined.

What other wonders wait
A child's discovery;
Treasures of tomorrow
In the simple things of life.

Carolyn Brunelle

Septolet (Comes Autumn)

Autumn geese
in formation
flying
off somewhere

Summer's birds
singing in the trees
unknowing

Carolyn Brunelle

Septolet (Nature's Way)

Mouse, discovering
cat's food;
dallies awhile there

Cat, rounding corner;
finds much better fare.

Carolyn Brunelle

Serene Seduction

A hidden behemoth
lies hidden there,
mover of mountains
carver of canyons,
energizer of streams;
river creator
tumbling and crashing,
as it falls
its way to sea.
Somewhere beneath it all,
a ruling force of nature
to be reckoned with
remains mostly
unrealized;
unseen.
Surface appearances
calm and serene
offer only subtle warning,
"Beware my beauty;
give due respect
to what
reigns in the deep."

Carolyn Brunelle

Serenity

Unforeseen delays in flight plans
become moments dead still;
a screeching halt to expectations.
Nothing but waiting.....
Waiting for weather changes;
listening for updates.

Some complain;
others accept limitations
knowing when things are
no longer controllable,
all there is to do is relax
and enjoy the journey.

Carolyn Brunelle

Set In Stone

She needed and dreamed of more,
But a woman's life was set in stone;
Marriage was judged as better
For her
Than living some life of her own.

Her life filled with hard work
The raising of her children
Till they were grown;
Her youthful dreams faded,
Became about
Making them a good home.

But at the end of her days
Her children gathered to scatter her ashes;
Knowing how 'mama' wanted to roam,
They set her free to the winds at last
Never again to be set in stone.

Carolyn Brunelle

Shelf Life

Crusted over,
Dust laden
From neglect
It all rests
There
On a shelf.

A star, a conch
A photo memory
Of the years;
Happier times
Mixed
With bittersweet
Tears.

Ancient stories
Younger glories
All remnants
Of a flame
Burned out
Long ago.

Carolyn Brunelle

Shifting Gears

A shift from high gear to low
When high is all you know
Is oddly disquieting.
A diminished pace is
A foreign place when
There's no pressure on you;
Nowhere you have to go.
Nothing is, as it was.
Each day is a clean slate.
You have to create
A whole new path instead,
Find another gear;
Or a different vehicle
To get there.
Many roads lie ahead,
Limited only by imagination
And determination.
Keep moving,
You'll find another way.

Carolyn Brunelle

Shoe

I found a single shoe one day
Just lying there alongside the road.
Been wondering about its owner;
The story behind how it became a loner.
I pondered...

How can you lose just one shoe?
You know they generally come in two's.
It could've been violently thrust airborne
In a car accident. Ambulances
Pick up people, but not too many shoes.

Maybe it was some other incident more bizarre.
She was out for a night run and fell.
Alone and without a cell phone,
She limped her way home
After a fruitless search.

Could be a child tossed it from a window.
Where to look then, if you didn't even know?
Bet she cared when she needed it later;
And irritated her no end
Not being able to find it.

Have you seen anyone lately
Who is strangely wearing only one shoe?
Tell her that
Oddly I, too, have only one shoe.
So, now what do we do?

Carolyn Brunelle

Sign Of Hope

(a rewrite)

Dark green scrub oak trees
Dot the rolling foothills,
In a chenile blanket
of textures and colors.

Bordered in ribbons
Of blossoms,
Winding roads create
Floral rainbows that

Run through pastures
Abundant with newborn
Calves, lambs; foals.
A flourishing contrast

To snaggle toothed
Fences, delapidated lattice barns,
Topped trees and debris
Left by winter storms.

God's nature rebounds in
The eternal sign of hope;
Fresh new life...
And the beauty of Spring.

Carolyn Brunelle

Signals

Strikes of lightning,
shout "take cover! ! ",
all very frightening
as a wave of her baton
brings ensuing rolls of thunder
across the horizon.

Mother Nature drumming out,
signals that a storm is coming;
you can smell it in the air
closing in everywhere.

Eyes no longer deny
alerts given with such skill,
when droplets appear
on the window sills

Age old signs
to flee for safety of course;
a warning to have respect
for Mother Nature's report.

Carolyn Brunelle

Silence

Why are your eyes so silent?
That spark of mischief has left you;
a trait sorely missed.
Your laughter has vanished;
eyes that once danced with joy
now lie hollow, empty with longing.
Time heals if you can only let go.
Allow your heart to rest
in this faith...
there will come a day
when your heart will smile again;
there is always reason to hope.

Carolyn Brunelle

Silenced Life

How strong
you must've been
to live that way
a caged sparrow;
no mercy, no open doors.

Life that would have you
submit your life.

Told by preacher,
parent and politic
you have inferior wings
not meant to fly;
know your place
and do it 'til you die.

Carolyn Brunelle

Silenced Song

How strong
you must have been
to live that way
a caged sparrow;
no voice and no choice.
Life would have you
submit your life
and then be silent about it.
Told by preacher,
parent and politic
that inferior wings
were not meant to fly;
to know your place
and then do it 'til you die.

Carolyn Brunelle

Silent Beauty

Cool night air pushed around by a ceiling fan
particularly soothes following a long day;
the hour is late, the moon is high,
only the things of nature come to life outside.

I cherish the memories of other nights
wishing on stars, and a young girl's dreams;
but now I crave these moments to listen
to the other worlds in me, and to create.

Senses heighten in the absence of man and light.
A unique beauty, silent and serene, roams the night
like a cat feeling its way through the darkness;
it is the time to awaken the things inside, and explore.

Carolyn Brunelle

Silent Thanksgiving

She arrives unceremoniously
from a long Florida flight;
plays it low key like it's life as usual.
Back home for Thanksgiving
no fuss, no bother,
a hug for sister,
bigger one for mother;
long as they don't look too close,
don't ask, don't want to talk about it.

'Mm-m-m, the food smells heavenly.'

Thank you God I made it
from there (cancer) - - to here.
But don't want to go there, not yet
not ready, just smile, look pretty
they won't notice, or feel sorry
the old feelings won't come up again;
the fear and vulnerability, the pain.
Oh, God, if they only knew
how good they all look to me! !

'You have no idea how glad I am to be here.'

Carolyn Brunelle

Silent Warrior

As a youth in the 60's
I was so angry
that she wouldn't stand up
in her own life.
The world outside
brave and suffering
for its freedom,
its dream, its hope;
defining a new age
while she remained
afraid...
to speak, to fight.
Secretly she lost my respect;
I was ashamed of her weakness.
It would take many years
for me to see
how wrong I was,
how strong she had to be
silently fighting
her battles in her own way;
many of her prayers bouncing
off the ceiling
while her faith in another day
strengthened her resolve
for her children's futures.

Carolyn Brunelle

Silent Wishes

I wish I were a star in the sky
with no worries,
floating by
on a gentle breeze.
Not as hard to be there
as long as it's not here;
a star that blinks
doesn't have to think,
has it easier than me.

Twinkling promises
drift on by;
shadows fade in moonlit sky.
A dreamer's gaze,
unspoken hopes;
silent prayers,
thrown to the air.
I am nowhere....
but you are always there.

Carolyn Brunelle

Sin

What a cheap shot!
A bitter stick
It was
That knocked me away.
You chose
To stop in the road;
Why it is you live
Life at the bottom
Of the heap.
Is compassion a sin?
I only tried
To help you stand,
Get up
And get moving again.

Carolyn Brunelle

Sleeping Warrior

In my dreams,
their rattling chains
echo
from distance places,
tethering me to old fears;
hauntings from ancient giants
that awaken
an inner warrior's rest.

"Listen to your own voices", it whispers calmly
above the clamor of unsettled soul,
"Trust in your own power,
you are strong enough to stand and conquer."

Carolyn Brunelle

Slipping Away

Time slips away
one hour
one minute at a time
in a race with old age;
some days it outruns me.
It brings fear to my door;
sometimes to my table for tea
but mostly, to my knees.
It's grateful I am
to have won
more than a couple fights
with life's diseases
both in flesh and spirit;
to have had strength
for the many roads,
a lifted hope
and a connection
beyond this mere dust
to trust in.
All the rest
when I get things
off my chest,
I leave to heaven.

Carolyn Brunelle

Slow Days

Most days are fraught with work;
ordered chaos surrounding a busy life
with little to no opportunity given for ease.
So when a slow day arrives
like a stray kitten,
nourish it and hold it close.
It's in the smallest and quietest things,
the unexpected treasures,
that spirit breathes back into your life.

Carolyn Brunelle

Slowing Down

After updating the music on my IPOD,
Scanning a receipt, burning a music CD,
Writing a new poem; posting it,
Making an entry in my blog,

Checking my three mailrooms, working
On new pictures in photoshop,
Paying a few bills and booking
Reservations for my next vacation,

I'll contemplate and worry
That as I grow older;
I seem to be 'slowing down'
And can't seem to multi-task anymore.

Carolyn Brunelle

Slumber Well

None of the poetic rituals
flash thoughts or beams of light
in a deep night sky;
no wonders to perform
nothing beyond the norm
just a sweet kiss
a lullaby
and goodnight....
be safe and warm
beyond any harm
and slumber well.

Carolyn Brunelle

Small Flame

She read of such things;
Dreamed a lot of swimming
Flying, floating away
To some far off place.
That other place would be different
She could find her true love
Get a life all her own
Live the 'happily-ever-after'.
But she never learned to drive a car
Much less drive her dreams;
Any real hope remains
A small chest on the dresser
Covered in years of dust
And wishful thinking.

Carolyn Brunelle

Snow Rose

Priceless are those memories
timeless and vibrant
that soothe the hard times in life;
wait to burst through to
brighten even the greyest dawn.

Treasured moments
that lie deepest in the heart
warm the loneliest journey;
spring to life as a new rose
waiting to blossom
from beneath winter snows.

Carolyn Brunelle

So Grateful

Would be so easy to fall right off the map;
this world casts such a darkness
over one's soul at times.
Excruciating times these are
with a never ending war;
many without hope, despair as they
face a world of financial collapse.
Hurting hearts grieve and struggle
barely able to hold on to last straws.
It is in the harshness of such adversity
that I am so aware of my own blessings;
even more humbled and grateful for You
through the dark corridors of this world.
Long as I have your light with me, Lord,
I am a ship that still sails.

Carolyn Brunelle

So Ready

Like soft curtains rustling in the kitchen window
a precious few warm, sunny days
held bright promise till
blustery breezes blew it all way;
brought more spring storms
just when I was SO ready for summer.
Rain will come again soon;
wash away all memory
of singing birds and butterflies,
kitty napping in soft cool grasses.
Again, the weather puts on the brakes
pulls me in reverse,
has me grumpy, disoriented;
in need of a sweater again.
Humor completely eludes me
in Mother Nature's latest joke.

Carolyn Brunelle

So You Like It Bloody?

You broke my bloody little heart
tried to suck it completely dry;
you wanted me in pieces
and be the one to make me die.

Blood thirst was never an issue
we both drank equally
but then you became greedy
and took mine away from me.

It doesn't work that way m'dear
your 'sweetness' hasn't lasted long;
you've sucked on me long enough
seems our love has sung its last song.

O my bloody little valentine
it's true this love was a rush;
but now all I want from you
is for your heart to gush.

I'll just push this stake in deeper
I can do the job just fine;
who needs that ol' grim reaper
when you know all your blood is mine.

Carolyn Brunelle

Softly

Softly you whisper your love,
Wrap me in your embrace;
Ignite me
In your desire.
Softly two lovers come alive
To kisses and aresses;
Silken robes fall
From warmed flesh.
Softy, the light glows
In your eyes
And I become the beauty
Your heart sees.

Carolyn Brunelle

Something More

Surrounded by your presence
I breathe in your essence;
we are united in ways
beyond these limitations.
In such need of rejuvenation;
I have hope.

I step into your embrace
full of my own grace
feel your spirit enclose mine
in love and warmth;
it possesses a light of its own.
I am home.

Have we known each other
before?
Have we been lost and
now found?
Will you enfold me
like this again?

I release; our worlds separate.
I am alone again
but I pray for your return;
for you to be a part of my world
where we are more
than we could ever be on our own.

Carolyn Brunelle

Somewhere Over The Rainbow

Oh Toto
we aren't in Kansas anymore!
Look at the changes
it all looks so strange
 doesn't it, yet here we are
not even close to a star
glistening in the universe.
'Lost' is what we are
so faraway from home.
Dear oh, dear oh me
if only we could see
the way back to that farm,
I would do no harm
to find Auntie Em;
live happily ever after
in my own backyard.

Carolyn Brunelle

Song Of Spring

Spry little birds,
stopping by for
seeds and weeds,
perch on limbs of

freshly budding trees.
Return they do
each year,
to sing their

gay rhapsodies
outside my window;
build nests in hanging
baskets on my porch.

Such industry
an ongoing life process;
I, too, feel renewed
in Spring.

Carolyn Brunelle

Soul Killer

She learns she is alone
even with others nearby;
no one to help her heart
shed its tears.

Death can be a silent thing...
it buries its need,
its pain,
hides its fears;
not so much as a whisper,
such is the power of neglect.

Carolyn Brunelle

Sounds From An Ordinary Day

Streets everywhere become alive
with school buses returning
chattering children from local schools;
the road traffic turns to constant swoosh
as weary, happy parents
make their way home from their day.
Walkers and runners converse in the breeze
kids throw rocks at trees
hoping to dislodge a ball hanging in the branches
that in turn upsets the dog on guard in the house
on the corner.
A distant train clatters on tracks;
ambulances scream
all the way to their next emergency
and behind the wall to it all,
in my little corner of the world,
it's time for a hot shower,
some wine
and dinner for two.

Carolyn Brunelle

Space

"Everybody needs space, "
I said.
So we created some
Between us.
But instead of
Enjoying it
As we imagined we would,
'The space" felt lonely.
I think our space
Has grown accustomed
To having each other in it.

Carolyn Brunelle

Special Treasure

Among the shelves
of fake sand,
tidbits and
little mementos,
a shell from our "perfect day"
stands out in memory.

Never found one like it since
and no other like you
as steady, as true;
ours a marriage
of wave and shore.

Your love,
a once-in-a-lifetime find;
my most
"special treasure",
held
closest
to my heart.

Carolyn Brunelle

Spine Tingler

Uh oh, here it comes again
that tingling feeling; it runs up my spine!
The sourness of anxiety chokes
and sticks in my throat.

Something in the darkness lurks;
I feel a presence I know I do.
All my senses go on high alert;
I case out the room, locks on windows and doors.

Damn this creeping fear and paranoia! !
Has me in its grips about to come undone
when the humor in it all erupts;
oddly, the heavy ominous mood lifts.

In the light of laughter they succumb,
none of the bad guys or monsters ever come.
Okay that's it, now I feel completely dumb;
no more Fright Night movies before bed!

Carolyn Brunelle

Spirit Of The Sea

Soar beyond the mountains high
above the treetops in a cloudless sky.
Sail upon the winds of chance,
glide and dip and do the dance
on silver wings, oh my love,
high as an eagle; sure as the dove.
Take our song to sea and sand,
a far away shore in a distant land
where the sea is married to jagged shore;
two lovers joined forever more.
Fly sweet spirit and be very brave
I wait for you there in wind and wave.

Carolyn Brunelle

Spring Gardener

Plants, flowers, shrubs, trees
all warmed by the sunshine
kissed by the bees;
encouraged to grow so evergreen.
Sweetest blooms we've ever seen
arrive in Spring
with each new breeze;
and dropp us faithfully
to our knees.

Carolyn Brunelle

Spring Projects

Sometimes it's a bit of a crush
but getting it done is a must.

With energy levels brimming,
my thoughts are on tree trimming;
sounds of grinders and trucks
gobs of gravel chucking men
willing to bare it all with a grin.

We all know the season is more
than the singing birds we adore;
a time to clean or replace,
perhaps revamp your whole place.

Summer's just around the corner
running out of time the great fear;
my spring is a hurry and a hustle
'till another contractor's here.

Carolyn Brunelle

St. Patty's Day Blessing

May your blessings be many
And your troubles be few
May the Good Lord smile
Upon all that you do.

May fortune find you
And good luck too;
May you always be blessed
With love around you.

And wherever the road leads
May you walk it in grace,
With joy and peace and
A smile on your face.

Carolyn Brunelle

Star Fish

Star of the sea
Are you fallen from grace?
Once you were hidden there
In the sea's secret place, but

Now torn from sweet charity,
Here you are lying openly
In the sands and mists;
Tossed upon the shore.
Are you but a cast away;
Not loved anymore?

Perhaps you are one of
Life's sweet mysteries.
Brought forth and freed
From an endless sea,
Simply to be reborn and
Moved to another destiny.

Carolyn Brunelle

Star Of Wonder

Oh Star of wonder
shining silent in your heaven above,
do you hear the heart
of a night dreamer speak of love?
From the beauty of such a sky
can you see me from on high
as I bathe in your moon beams?
Oh Star of wonder
fulfill these lonely dreams;
bring more than pillowed peace
to a restless heart
drowning in this blue.

Carolyn Brunelle

Stargazer

I looked upon distant stars
to see how close we truly are;
not so far from their light after all
that we do not feel them call.
I wonder from across the heavens
why questioning hearts
stargazers that we are,
still make our wishes
upon those sparkling things;
hope they hold some magic
for a universe of dreams.

Carolyn Brunelle

Stay Focused

Lose not one
precious moment
cursing
what lies behind.
It's one step at a time
then move forward,
eyes fixed
on that far horizon.
Soldiers all;
we remain
steady on the mark
making
our way home.

Carolyn Brunelle

Steady The Light

Darkness resides in each of us
and the light is in there too
you choose the one to follow
neither path will be easy to do.
But you'll find your own way
the one just right for you
if you listen to your heart
it will always guide you true.
We are never really alone
our feelings sometimes lie
so have a little faith as you move
and climb your way to the sky.
Stronger legs are needed
for higher kingdoms to come
keep your eyes on the path ahead
calm assurance will take you home.
Hold to the light and leave the fear
lighten your heart, be of good cheer
for all roads lead to better spheres
than you can dare imagine here.

Carolyn Brunelle

Sticky Wicket

It's a sticky wicket
But you have to
Stick with it;
Get through no matter what.
You can't dropp out
Or throw it away,
You just have to make it;
Take it as it plays.

Sometimes you're a winner
Sometimes you lose;
Times you're livin' the life,
Times you're singin' the blues.
But each day the sun rises
You have a brand new slate
With a whole new ball game,
Plenty blessings on your plate.

It's the yin and yang
Of life you see,
Not so much
A mystery
If you have a little faith
In the overall plan;
Let your worries cease
Much as you can.

Each day given
Has its own place,
And the grace
To see you through.
So try to be thankful
For the life given to you
And simply do with it,
The best you can do.

Carolyn Brunelle

Still Mom (Happy Mother's Day)

it's been three years now
and mother's day still
feels awkwardly empty
of someone to hug.
no more flowers or gifts
to give,
no more cards to buy;
no more, "oh you shouldn't have".
wonder if she can hear me
as I whisper,
"happy mother's day, mom
you're still my mom and I love you.
hope you have a great day in heaven."

Carolyn Brunelle

Storm

A raging beast, it
Bullies the laughter
From the skies; its
Thundering black clouds
Crackle with violence.
Blustering winds
Bellow
Till last beauty of Autumn
Falls from the trees;
Till earth
Finally dissolves in tears.
One fierce blow
Slams the door;
Winter arrives
With no apologies.

Carolyn Brunelle

Storm Coming In

It grows dark;
the weather looks grim.
When birds take shelter,
a storm is coming in.

Skies turn gray
and black and blue,
as if bruised
by the thunder
come crashing through.

Rains wash the day
and clean earth's plate,
as nature sings and dances
to the symphony she creates.

Carolyn Brunelle

Storm On The Sea Shore

I love watching a storm
Coming in from the sea.
Waves rolling in
From across the bay
Smashing, crashing;
Scrubbing the cliffs clean
In sudsy foam and
Giant shower sprays
That blast away
All the debris of yesterday.

Rains, blown sideways,
Move across the land in
Sheets of drenching wetness;
Even the gulls take shelter
Awaiting their sweet release
To a beloved sky

Tourists scamper from prime beach spots
And off they run to parking lots
To escape Mother Nature's relentless sea
While Her Majesty dances onto shore.

Carolyn Brunelle

Storms May Come

A Storm is on my horizon;
growing darker all the time.
Clouds obscure my sun, but
I don't take it as a bad sign.

Rains will wash away my fears,
Winds will freshen the
stale air of helplessness,
so I can breathe in the
fresh, clean air of hope.

Sunny days are times of ease
when all is calm and at peace,
but it takes the storms to cleanse
and bring the sweetest release.

Carolyn Brunelle

Stranger

A stranger approached today
so charming and brilliant.
Shining me on, he was;
knew he would only disappear
to leave me awash
in more tears.

He played his games
peeking in and out
from behind clouds of mystery
but I stayed away from his deception;
offered no reception
to such a fleeting lover.

I can wait for steadier arms to enfold me
when cold malice is through;
I can still dream
of deliciously warm summer days
even as I stand here again
in the rain.

Carolyn Brunelle

Stranger In Line

He looked
road wearier than the rest of us;
really choked me up
when he spoke.

"Mighty slim pickin's everywhere
ain't it, just gotta keep movin';
don't hold up the line.
It's always a bit of a wait these days
in soup kitchens from here to Baffin Bay;
they all passin' out the plates.

Reckon it's a way to keep on livin'
relyin' on them that's givin'.
No money, no job,
not even family;
it's all blown to hell
and the four winds.'

Glassy eyed, he almost
fell into that empty chasm
where his life used to be
when he snapped,

"So step up when the viddles is hot.
I can't be wastin' time, not even
on somebody else's dime; and I
got me a lot more miles to go."

Carolyn Brunelle

Stroke

Daily and humdrum,
Bored and lethargic.
I fly no more but
The moments do,
One after another.

Days and weeks
Go by,
Locked inside
My own little world,
Hidden; lost to a
Stroke of bad luck
That has me undone.

A traveler
On a slow boat
I can only dream
Of the jet set,
And wonder,
Is life a dance
Or a life captured.

Carolyn Brunelle

Stroke By Stroke

His hands unsure and clumsy at first
lighten around the curves;
his breathing once short and shallow
steadies in latest call and spark to life.
He gasps and sighs as he rounds the thighs
feels the supple skin beneath his touch;
revels in her blossoming passion
the invitation stirring in her breasts.
A memory perhaps or some ancient longing
becomes a moment to moment evolving delight;
each stroke and subtle shading unveils a beauty
through his expression brush to canvas.

Carolyn Brunelle

Sun Is Up, Coffee's Hot

Sun is up, coffee's hot,
a roll and fruit just hits the spot.
I read the paper, check the mail
before I sail into life's big sea;
each day's routine is monotony.

Years have passed, left me in a haze;
long days when reality screams
have drowned the memories
of my youthful dreams.

I drag myself home at end of day,
with a sigh of relief, I can stay
in my castle, my little retreat,
kick off my shoes and put up my feet.

And reflection brings me little sorrow;
I'm too damn tired to change tomorrow
when the sun is up, and the coffee's hot,
and that roll and fruit just hits the spot.

Carolyn Brunelle

Survivor

Managing to survive
her daddy's violent ways;
she swore an oath
no man would ever
get the chance again.
And none ever did.

That iron heart
crushed anyone
who got close;
all were destined
to be players in a war
that raged on inside her.

Wound up married
to an old man,
who offered no battleground
for unanswered rage;
no real love
for a lifetime of emptiness.

Carolyn Brunelle

Sweet Things Under Glass

From shadow
A wounded, angry child
Abandoned in the fields
Of childhood
Learned to forgive and trust
When a beautiful garden
Was planted there.
Now we sometimes visit coffee shops.
I drink hardy exotic brews;
She samples the
Sweet things under glass.
I write as
She tells me
Her secrets;
A world of things
From her heart,
In the light of busy souls
Who don't even notice
We are becoming whole again.

Carolyn Brunelle

Sweet Time Of Day

All giggled up
After a glass or two;
Lovin' my wine time
You havin' your brew.
I do relish the grape
That much is true
But
The sweetest part
Of all my days
Is simply
Being here
With you.

Carolyn Brunelle

Take A Breath

All the crushing demands and
anxious, stressful, rushed moments
make it easy to get lost in
this world's confusion and static.

Rare is that touch of the divine
when time suspends itself
beyond the curse of incessant doing;
speaks only to say,

"BE STILL...

fill your lungs with life
and just breathe."

Carolyn Brunelle

Take Good Care

I see you glance at my face
trying to find a friendly place;
test the troubled waters
that seem to be going on
between you and me lately.

It's hard to trust and let go.
I really don't mean to complain so;
this is only my fear
until I'm sure you are clear
on what I want you to do here.

You can't know what is at stake
how much of me is invested in this place.
A lifetime of sweat and devotion
to this little plot of land
means I am part of each blade and bloom.

So I can't allow any room
for error in a lack of communication.
Nothing's personal between me and you
lurking in the shadows of my concern,
I just want you to love it like I do.

Carolyn Brunelle

Talk Is Cheap

Your words are empty as air;
they flow from your mouth
smooth and slick as ribbon.
It's obvious
you are well spoken;
but you never follow through.
Oh you talk the talk,
but none of it
seems to mean anything to you.
That mouth is a gun shootin' blanks
... sounds like the real thing
but nothing more than a cheap shot!
You can never be trusted,
when the things you say
aren't followed by any real action.

Carolyn Brunelle

Teachers

I was taught many things
To make me strong
But the lessons were all wrong;
I only became more dependent.

The cruel discipline
Meant to teach obedience
Weakened me, made me angry;
Taught me to be afraid.

Fear held me too close
Wanted to keep me safe;
But all those walls
Planted the seeds of insecurity.

That limited love
Could only teach what it knew;
So nothing in my life worked out
The way it was intended to.

But I did find my best teacher
In spite of a rocky start,
My best guide and compass
Was the voice of my own heart.

Carolyn Brunelle

Test

Where there's smoke
there's fire,
fires everywhere
surrounding;
confounding the senses.

Smoke filled skies
in every breath
in mouth and eyes,
red sunsets,
though quite a sight;
photographer's delight,
are colorful escort to
sleepless nights.

Lightning strikes;
flames race through
drought-dry canyons,
destroying lives, property
and communities;
while my neighbors are in
row boats
trying to stay afloat.

Twisters form; hurricanes blow
from twisted weather patterns.
It's cold in the hot places,
hot in the cold ones;
too wet or too dry
and nobody knows why
or has
any answers
to this latest test
that mother nature
is throwing at us.

Carolyn Brunelle

Thanksgiving

Dust laden memories of days gone by
float in on kitchen clatter
and mingle in the sounds of love and laughter,
familiar smells of turkey and pumpkin pie.
Loved ones near to us speak of Grace
old ghosts gather round us in love and joy;
we pass them around like precious old photos
stored in the attic of our memories.
And we give 'thanks' for another year's journey,
one that has led us all back home
to our roots in one another.

Carolyn Brunelle

That Was Before

A curly headed little thing she was.
Brown skinned sunshine lover
big eyed and freckled;
a tomboy who could climb higher,
bat harder and swing the ropes
braver than any of the boys.
She hadn't yet kissed one
missed one
had her heart broken by one
been leered or whistled at.
She was just one of the group,
one of the gang
one of the guys
no different than the rest.
That was before time stole the innocence
before time muddied the swimming hole
and rotted the swing;
before life got so complicated
and buddies of youth meant everything.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Alone Tree

She could always be found there.
Beneath its welcoming arms
refreshed by its shade and comfort,
she shared all manner of childhood secrets;
even named it, her "alone tree."

It became her one true sanctuary;
a place to run with hurts and tears,
confide her joys and hopes,
her dreams and fears.
Their special bond
anchored them both on this earth;
each waxed strong on their own
and together they weathered the storms.

It stands alone there still,
a lush tower of strength and beauty that
visibly rises above the morning mists;
a lone tree in the meadow of childhood
whose little friend long ago moved on to other fields.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Brave

Always the strong and brave
voices of encouragement;
they were the picture of confidence.
An inner strength and resolve
carried them through many a storm;
helped lift and guide others on as well.
Now, as they age,
for the first time they feel real fear,
weak in their growing vulnerabilities;
small in a faster paced world.
"Growing old together"
is what they promised,
that very hope carried them through;
it's just not as romantic
as it used to sound.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Business Of Living

Depending on how you look at things
we're all dying a little each day.
It's always been so
but youth pays it no mind.
Forty starts to care,
Fifty becomes scared,
but now that I'm in my sixties,
it doesn't really shake me much;
death is just a fact of life.

Life IS a lot more precious to me
realizing my ticket is for a
limited ride.
I don't think any of us faces our
limitations till we actually do get old.

I'm social security age this year,
a good time for acceptance;
some new things on my plate.
Old tired tunes and I need to part ways.
The old recordings like my mother's voice telling me
'you're not worth a damn if you don't
work and accomplish something every day"
are ghosts that never really go away.
But it IS time for me to finally say,
"Hush now mom,
I AM still accomplishing,
I AM still quite busy....
I'm about the business of living.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Cellar Light

There's a light on in the cellar
I never noticed before
and now I'm a bit curious
about what lies beyond the door.

Guess I've been so busy living
up above on higher floors
that the tiny room beneath me
has yet to be explored.

Who turned that light on in the cellar
and what it means I can't be sure,
but I'll never know for certain
unless I'm willing to know more

About that area in the cellar
that presents such a mystery;
if that little room so well hidden
could be hiding a part of me.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Color Purple

You pretend you're alright,
laugh when you're sad,
hide your true feelings;
never show if you're mad.
Keep to yourself
does no good to fight,
simply try your best
to stay out of sight.

Here in this world
of black and white
you just don't fit
so you live in the night;
hide your color
in a heart so deep
and dream of rainbows
in your sleep.

But deep inside
a greater light shines
through pain and sorrow,
space and time.
There's red and green,
yellow and blue,
pink and orange
and yes, purple too.
A lasting assurance
that beyond the fears
you're not alone
with all those tears.
You are seen and loved,
this you know;
the rainbow's there
to tell you so.

But it's hard in your dark reality
in the world of black and white,
no one appreciates the color purple
until they see you there in the light.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Coming Of Spring

From the barrenness of winter;
wakened in all their glorious color
the flowers return.

In one of nature's greatest validations,
a rainbow of them
fulfills the earth's faith.

They spring up along roadways,
wildly paint through meadows
and splash over rolling hills.

Each bud witness to a promise kept;
each blossom,
life's answer to the eternal hope.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Dance

All the years
of planning
and struggles,
have come to an end;
IT IS FINALLY DONE.

The impact
catches you
by surprise,
though
you could hardly wait
for this time to come.

For some,
a cruel illusion
that nothing
ever lasts;
saying goodbye
to youth,
and work;
the things of the past.

But, the second half
of life is calling;
and you welcome
your well-earned chance,
to walk away from
a life of hard work
and finally learn to dance.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Eternal

Far beyond the clouds;
faithful in its appointment,
constant and unchanged,
its warmth and brilliance
uninterrupted; perpetual,
the sun still shines.

That which the eye can not see
must be taken upon faith.
Storms and tempests below
surely will come and go;

but the heavens above
still remain....
ever lasting,
endless,
and eternal.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Fan

A time of sorrow
she would suffer on her own;
so obedient, so small
she became invisible.

No longer could she see herself
there in the eyes of the gods;
the day childhood folded the open fan
that was her soul.

Lonely unshed tears remained inside;
years she would never forgive or confide
after she quietly disappeared
behind the walls of her heart.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Farm

Grandma's house
In the mountains
Has a white porch
And chairs for sittin'
After dinner,
A smoke house filled with jars
Preserving last year's harvest,
Fresh well water,
Rows and rows of corn,
A barn,
Some hogs and
More than a chicken or two.
I wonder if the old farm remembers
Grandma and Grandpa
Who worked every acre,
Whose love filled each room;
A little girl who visited
And loved it too
So long ago.

Carolyn Brunelle

The First

A darkness rides in
on the wind; always
a foreboding sign.
Nature grows quiet
as it creeps in across the skies;
not even the birds want to fly.
Heavy and full of itself
it wreaks of its burden;
a distinctive smell hangs in the air.
A sudden smack of exploding light
shocks, startles;
scared we jump, run for cover.
In one thunderous eruption,
it spat itself out; violent torrents
gush through streets
flow in rivers from rooftops.
First storm of Autumn
puts on quite a show
as it blows itself across
an October sky.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Golden Years

Made it through the years and tears
married for love, worked hard for the money,
and still these golden years
aren't always so bright and sunny.
Retiring and aging isn't all bliss
and I'm sure many can attest to this;
the days of youth and laughter
don't fade easily to a happy ever after.
Aging with a bit of grace can be hard
no matter how you choose to take it;
a work in progress no matter who you are
to be happy and healthy, successfully make it.
It's a long ol' ride from girls to grannies
with saggy boobs and growing fannies;
from boys to men all noisy and randy,
to social security and isn't it just dandy
these are called the 'maintenance years' for us?
I just maintain my life without a whole lot of fuss
keep on laughin' and lovin', try not to whine;
take it as it comes, with some really good wine.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Haunting Night

Time for spooks and goblins at my door
Ugly things I remember from before.
Howling and screeching; an awful fright
As they descend upon me this haunting night.

In hordes they purpose with mad intent
To rob me of my quiet content.
They taunt and scare me, stomping their feet,
Delighted in their screams of 'Trick or Treat! '

Who are these creatures gathering in the night
Do they not know they are a gruesome sight?
Have they no pity; have they no shame
Or is this somehow the plan, a little game

So I will light the candles, and give them my sweets
Laugh at their costumes, and hand out the treats?
Such is the Halloween ritual from year to year;
They only come for the goodies and then disappear.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Higher Place

I've traveled a stony path
stumbling, falling,
weeping and clawing my way
to high green pastures.

Leaving behind
bits and pieces of myself
the baggage of a lifetime;
now tossed aside
lost to a
higher purpose.

Only light vessels
climb to the high places.
They still bleed on the rocks
but rejoice,
for the master's voice
is sweeter
the higher
a soul reaches
into heaven.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Inheritance

At the end of their days,
The old place became just another
Real estate property on the market,
But not for long.

Other hearts succumbed to its charms;
Excitedly, they took ownership
Of the meticulously manicured lawns,
Lush landscaping,

The flag no longer waves from the porch,
But the delight of the children can be heard
From its swing, and from
Their tea parties out in the soft grasses
Beneath the old shade trees.

All they built together and loved
In their lifetime
Re-vitalized by the essence of youth,
Has become a home equally cherished;
A golden inheritance left to another generation.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Last

One by one they have
all left her,
brothers, sisters,
parents; spouse.
She is the last.
The last one of her generation
passing through time
and into her family's history.
At eighty, she is stretched thin,
unsteady, unsure and unnerved.
The time has come to move.
Moving in with children was
the last thing she desired but....
few choices are left now.
Life has its own way
of narrowing our path.
And, she has secretly yearned
for them clamoring around her again,
having come to realize
how big the world is
when you are all alone;
when you are the last.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Last Goodbye

Daddy's pajamas
Are still in the bottom of my drawer;
Saved with his fragrance still on them.
They were left neatly draped on his bed
When he left for the hospital.
He never came back to them.

I hold them to my face sometimes,
And smell him as if he's still lingering close by
Trying to comfort me from another place.
I, too, wish I could put my arms around him
And hug him close,
Like I never could have in life.
Maybe in that other place
There is more freedom to show your love.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Last Sunset

In fresh morning air
the breath of life,
like
a mist
of spray starch
on a clean white shirt,
was crisp and quick;
ready for any task.

With the passage of time
I've stuttered and stalled;
lost focus and fallen behind
even in my own expectations,
but life goes on.

So I must continue
to smooth the wrinkles
here and there
in the fabric of my life,
handle the unevenness
along the way,
finish the work
of the day,
before the evening arrives
and the last sunset,
low and red in the sky,
simply...
takes my breath away.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Last, Last Chance

You missed your last chance
for the last dance of the night;
you created quite a stir
when you hooked up with her.
Now I just want you out of my sight.
I'll forego the words I might have used,
for those I have too much class,
suffice it to say it's a brand new day,
and you can kiss my royal brass.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Living Dead (Domestic Abuse)

For some, the world is beauty;
Love fills their plate.
But to me, love is nothing
More than an exercise in pain;
A misery that makes a wasteland
Of my soul. Nothing remains
But this hole so empty
I cannot even flee my tormentor.
The world outside is hard you see;
In secret he takes that out on me.
Some surface wounds
Simply wait for tomorrow's
Light to become blaringly
Evident in bruises;
But there are other wounds
That cut profoundly deeper.
Dead eyes in the mirror don't lie.
Who I was, who I am, cannot deny
The stranger looking back that
Clearly has only one hope.
Lost in my world within a world;
I await my one saving grace,
My sweet angel of death
Come to free me from this place.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Map

If I drew you a map
would you travel inside
try to find the child;
all the secret places she hides?

If I showed you the way
would you follow the roads,
take on my burdens
perhaps carry my load?

With a wave of your wand
would you work your magic,
take away all I've learned
from both the good and the tragic?

I've had my share of suffering and pain, but
every sorrow and loss has turned to joy again.
I am who I am, because of this glory road;
and the sum of my life lies hidden in each fold.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Mighty Pen

So many could say it
with better command
of the language; they who
wield words as a mighty sword
against mindless cretin horde.

Others gush, bleed on paper;
wash their souls clean
through ink stained expressions
in storied pain and sorrow,
deep trenches of regret.

Those perfumed in natural eloquence
pour themselves out from high places
create whole new canyons; bridge
corridors to other worlds in the spaces
between heart and mind.

The silly rhymes and sing songs
a gay fringe on dusty volumes
of masters from the past;
bless the jesters who spill their light
and joy to stir creative tone.

A lowly minstrel am I who strums
simple tunes from day to day;
small is my ship on creative sea
but I still sail, offer hope to other
wayward ships along the way.

Carolyn Brunelle

The News

Nothing's new
from across the world
details of nature's wrath
man's stupidities
governmental attempts to control it all
religion's cheeky responses
protestations, edicts, apologies
names muddied in exposed shame
lives destroyed, shock and loss
wars and rumors of same.
On and on it goes and
it shows in every broadcast
man is the same as always
fraught with his own failings
weaknesses, corruptions, ignorances
while the innocent pay the prices.
Life no longer spins on a dime
but by a throw of the dice
yet the people grow and flourish
love still shines
through the cracks
and
there is a God after all.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Old Familiars

There's never going to be a time
When they fade away, these
Old memories that connect me
To my childhood, to days gone by,
And lost loved ones. My Ghosts.

Ghosts from the past
That slowly rise from my mind,
Like the evening mist comes to
Blanket the river from its labors.

When I am falling to slumber
They rise, the old familiars,
Come to comfort
And accompany me
On night journeys.

So I won't forget them;
So I don't feel so lonely.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Old House

I wonder if it gets lonely when the house grows still
how he deals with that emptiness that nothing can fill.
I wonder if he still misses them after all these years
or is there more of a comfort instead of anything to fear.

Can he still hear their footsteps in the wee morning hours
or has the old place settled and finally lost that power
from the previous tenants, an old couple and their pup,
who lived their whole lives there as he was growing up.

He would deliver their papers over and over again
carefully wrapped, placed on the porch just for them.
Was a sad neighborhood when they both passed away;
shocked when the boy inherited it all or so they say.

Funny how things have a way of turning out,
never really know what people are all about.
He and his own family still live there to this day
loving that old house like the couple who gave it away.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Old Things

An ancient jewelry box
Powders and perfumes
In pretty bottles,
One of the first doilies
She made as a girl
Spread over the dresser,
Favorite house slippers
Rest by the bed;
Her rumpled stockings
Still neatly tucked into them.
What remains of a life...
Her fragrance lingering in the room,
Her face held forever young
Next to the love of her life
In the portrait on the wall,
And me,
Left to mourn her.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Only Way Is Up

Once you are down, the only way is up,
out of the darkness, and away from its bitter cup.
Not lost and alone just confused, you are strong,
you can lift up your heart and create a new song.

Just close your eyes and dare to dream
keep hope in your heart and silence the scream
you know how to sail over dark raging seas
and chart a new course beyond a bleak reality.

Let your heart soar with birds on the wing
the pain will move through you, so let it be;
its power can propel you as never before and
time can then move you toward a bright new shore.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Other Half

We've worked
So hard
And prepared
All along the way
But how
Am I to plan
For your absence
Someday?
A house and car
And savings account
Won't save me then;
Bring me morning coffee,
Kiss my lips goodnight;
Wrap lovin' arms around me.
How do I live without
Your blue eyes at first light?
This girl has grown old
Happy at your side boy,
You ARE my life.
How can it be called "life"
When you're
The other half
Of my heart?

Carolyn Brunelle

The Poet

The poet is amused
with his creative juices;
enjoying language as a toy
while the rest of us, he seduces.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Price Of Silver

Nothing lasts forever
Not much you can do
But hold to the strength
In love,
To good memories too.
Days of youth will
Pass soon enough
Someday you will too
So cherish
Your golden moments
Before silver
Takes its due.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Queen

What is to be gained
from criticism and pain
for another; why
can't you give some encouragement?

Grade on the curve
frankly m'dear what nerve
to assume all are on your level,
can't you see
others where THEY are?

All have merit and value
listen to the tune they play
everyone has a song in their heart
all have something to say.

Leave your judgment at the door
can't you view others as they are
open your mind and see
they also reach for a star
could just as easily be you or me.

From castle walls you perceive
peons down below.
Maybe YOU see a lowly thing
but as for me m'dear queen
I hear the wail of soul
I hear all of them sing

Carolyn Brunelle

The Rain

There's a special sound to rain
when you haven't heard it in
long, dry months of a drought.
It's the sound of a blessing;
the same joy one experiences
receiving a most special gift.
And you recognize how much you miss
the sound of it in your streets
hitting the pavement,
pounding on rooftops.
It splashes the dirt from cars
and runs down gutters
as it happily soaks
and drenches the land;
even cleansing the very air
in its crisp, cool wetness.
The earth gratefully refreshed,
is humbled before such needful bounty;
I too feel as though my cup runneth over.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Rhythm Of Life

The rhythm of life is a soulful sound,
A precious jewel in royal's crown,
Pilgrim's pride in harvest moon;
Earth rejoicing in last sweet bloom.

In the misty morn's wintry chill
Memories linger within me still
Of days gone by in summer's breeze,
Birds and flowers; fields and trees.

One cycle fades; another draws near
A circle of nature year after year.
Ever changing; a balance; a rhyme,
Earth and Mother Nature dancing in time.

Carolyn Brunelle

The River

Life once innocent
grown wizened by its years,
wearies of its wordly gods
chokes back bitter tears.

Pain and loss the mold
has carved a deep despair;
we are all blinded travelers
lost and going nowhere.

Yet suffering cuts the path
carving deepest into pride;
'til a dying thirst is quenched
from the river found inside.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Rose

You'll never see tomorrow
In yesterday's face
Nor greet the new dawn
In God's fullest Grace.

A rose in the path
He has left for thee, that
Through tears of regret
You will never see;
Blinded by the sadness
Of what might have been,
Reliving the past
Over and over again.

So let go of what was;
Look at what's in plain view.
There's a great day dawning
With promise anew;
Today's a new beginning;
There's living to do,
And God is there waiting
In the Rose for you.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Seed

Plant a seed deep in fertile soil;
wait and watch it burst forth into the light.

Nourish it and encourage it to grow;
beam with pride when one day
it stands healthy and strong on its own
without need of your support.

A fulfilling completion is your harvest;
you have become creator..... a parent.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Smell Of Cigar

Where has life taken you,
and was it quite far?
Were you able to reach
and find your own star?

What were your passions,
your yearnings;
did you quench youthful burnings,
drink deeply of life;
perhaps light a cigar?

Now forever captured
in an old adventurer's story,
that no longer stirs the soul;
or beckons to lofty goals
you are reduced to these musings;
with all that you were
now held in a jar,
of stale memories
and mementos,
and the faint smell of cigars.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Sound Of Water

Tons of water down the drain
Taking those long showers again;
More water splashing in the sink
Only for brushing,
Please stop and think.
Those multiple flushings
Down the bowl
Make you a disrespectful troll
Suffice it to say
Water is a "luxury"
To have each day.
Till now,
Conservation never appealed
But not having any,
Suddenly makes it a big deal.
Water is priceless
When you're in a drought
Some don't have any
And are running out.
So please be mindful
Try not to waste;
It's quite precious
Every single drop,
You never know
What a gift water is
Until one day it stops.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Stones

The same stones
that once bloodied my feet,
are now the firm path
I walk on today
as a toughened,
seasoned traveler.

Whatever the struggles;
whatever things I've suffered,
have all served me well,
strengthening and preparing me
for the challenges ahead.

So, I trust
the wisdom
that continues to lead
and teach me.....
Stone by stone,
as I am creating my life,
Step by step,
I am also letting it go.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Sun Rises

The sun rises
At last
Over
This dark night.
I've been
Praying
For this firestorm
Of fear
To subside;
Praying
For you
My love.
Maybe these prayers
Will help
Light your way
Home.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Sun's Rays

With a blinding brilliance, it pierces through
this foreboding cloud of fear
that for days has plagued my horizon.
I am suddenly reminded of a lifetime of storms
endured and overcome;
and each gleaming ray of light
seems to say there is always reason to hope.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Tease

Glaring firm and naked
from beneath a turquoise t-shirt
her youthful duo
blast the small minded into complete ecstasy.
Regret and wistful longing sighs audibly
as it gapes full-on into turquoise dreams.
All eyes follow;
even big men swallow
as they drift away to those shores.
She drinks, winks, laughs out loud
leaves with all the hearts in the room;
their dreams stuck to her like post-its,
as she moves on in the night.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Top

Why the fascination I'll never know

nevertheless we spun the thing
just to see it crackle and spit and glow
and it would hum for awhile,
then almost outright sing.

Were we so lacking of entertainment?
pitiful by today's scope of things it's true,
but at least we shared, we cared, we laughed
took turns at spinning to see what it could do.

Each new toy and gadget was adventure
something new to explore, share with friends
our 'group', 'our gang', 'our neighborhood';
none dared beyond bounds our parents said we could.

That top, a gyroscope, and a working pogo stick,
a pair of skates and stilts, cards that made our spokes click,
our imaginations, assorted balls, a bat and one glove,

shared treasures all and testament to friendship and love.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Voice

In every heart there is hope
in a guiding hand;
a power to lean on,
a comforting plan,
a grace for this life,
a path on which to trod,
something to believe in;
some evidence of a God.

That hope lives
just inside us,
the truth doesn't
need a face,
simple as that
voice we all hear,
from a still and quiet place.

A voice that tells us
who we really are,
that we're never
lost or alone;
helping us
hold it all together
and gently leading
us back home.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Wail And Cry

angels hear the wail and cry
of lonely spirits
when they die.
another heartache,
too much pain;
one last struggle
to rise again.
burdened down
by life's heavy sword;
crushed to death,
they cry to the Lord
thru stinging sorrow.
wearyed souls, like
dead sea scrolls, lost,
but not forever;
wait for death's
last measure
of eternal peace.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Wait

So much
Precious time
Ticks away.
I wait,
Suffer the fear,
The cruel draft
That blows through
A freezing room;
Hold on to hope
And this half ass gown.
FINALLY... he comes.
His every step
Brings me closer
To another destiny.
O dear God,
Let it be a good one.

Carolyn Brunelle

The Way

From this oft forgotten place
a light shines through the mist;
almost regal in her saving grace
she stands tall in her isolation.
An unfailing charge
over moonlit or churning seas,
she cleaves proud to her majesty
as guard of earth and time.
Her voice spoken in rays of light
a hope that calls out across the sea,
spoken to any and all who sail
"I am here without fail
here is where I'll always be,
you have simply to follow
and come the way I lead;
I am the way home,
come, come to me."

Carolyn Brunelle

This New Path

I grab my wrap and step into cold night air
to gather myself for a moment;
gaze into the twinkling beauty of a moonlit night
that offers little comfort for the heaviness in my heart.
Seasonal holidays usually have me focused on family
but never more than now in this revelation.
A cloud of emotion now hovers over the new year ahead;
this road is not hers alone, it is OUR new destiny too.
Many hearts will be with her each step of the way
Parents, Grandparents, Family, Friends;
all trying to be brave in our support,
and on our knees as we hold our breath and pray.

Carolyn Brunelle

This Will Do

Not content to let it just fade
one more masterpiece is displayed;
He paints the end of the day.

Great swaths of color
splash wildly across the skies;
a variety of hues in
reds oranges yellows and blues.

Then stretching forth his brush
for a finishing touch or two,
He whispers to the breeze
'yes, I think this will do.'

Carolyn Brunelle

Thou

A new strength
Protects this place.
No longer stranger to me
O tree
Thou have become fence;
Come to guard
These old warriors
Against
The storms.

Carolyn Brunelle

Timbuktu

Borderline obsessed,
compelled to read it all
in papers and internet news;
now, at last it is fall.
The debates are taking place;
I am barely able to face
one more event that threatens my ruin,
stay ahead of what this country's doin'.
The election suspense is growing,
the Iraq war isn't at all slowing;
apparently our failures are also showing
an economy in a complete and utter mess.
I dearly love my country,
but still I must confess
if the crises do not end soon
so we can get some well earned rest,
perhaps breathe a sigh of satisfaction;
have at least a hope for a new direction,
I'll be forced to hide in places like yahoo
throw in the towel,
simply give up;
consider a move to Timbuktu.

Carolyn Brunelle

Time

You either run out
or can't find enough of it;
time for sleep,
to complete all your work,
eat or play.
How do you run out?
How do you find more;
and how much do you need?
Does it fly away from you
at lightning speed or
is it a mind numbing drag?
Either one raises a flag
about how you use your
twenty four.
It's all the same
in everybody's day;
how you choose to spend
what's given,
THAT
only you can say.

Carolyn Brunelle

Time And Season

Flowers and plants
flourished
as they basked and bathed
in summer's warmth;
landscapes became paradise
for butterflies, bees, and nesting birds.
But one season's
bright sunny days
have bowed out now
to cool winds and shadow.
Fall has arrived;
possessed of a unique beauty
all her own
to captivate and mesmerize.
She is the smell of the air
when moisture laden thunderclouds
rumble, crackle, and fight their way
across the horizon.
She is the voice of an old familiar song
that drifts in on the wind,
accompanied by an orchestra
of splats, taps, and bangs
on metal awnings and sidewalks,
splashes in the streets
gurgles from gutters rushing to drain.
And in each shining puddle and pool
there is a world of reflection...
and a world being renewed.

Carolyn Brunelle

Time Of Change

Brilliant colors
in dazzling display
usher in autumn
to wearied summer days;
bring welcomed breezes
that cool the brow.
Nature knows somehow
a new season is on the horizon
change comes for a reason
the earth is calling.

Carolyn Brunelle

Time Running Out

Time is running out.
Racing bargain hunters
rush through it, erasing
its quiet joys of reflection.
The season's moments lost
in an ever changing climate,
fade into the familiar abyss.
What now and what is this,
a new year that offers
more of the same
or a breath of fresh air?
Exhaling at last...
I dare to breathe.

Carolyn Brunelle

Time To Move

Time has come to move.
So I move furniture
Make changes
Embrace my tomorrows
Even the sorrows;
The goodbyes.
Life IS motion
Compelling me
To stretch, to grow.
It's time to change;
Time to move on.

Carolyn Brunelle

Time To Move On

I'm gone, I'm outta here,
Can't take it anymore.
Silence screams
Out in rooms vacant.

'Empty' is all that remains;
There is nothing left
Except for this need
To move on.

Packing up my life,
Making a new start;
Somewhere there has to be
Someone who will want me.

Carolyn Brunelle

Timeless Comfort

At day's end
she grabs a good book,
curls into her favorite chair
and wraps in the same comfort
that cuddled her infant...
the old "welcome" quilt.
Mama's hands
did the stitching
that has lasted through time;
her timeless love
still warmly tucked inside.

Carolyn Brunelle

To Keep

The lord God made us all
for our eyes to behold,
for our hearts to cherish
and our arms to hold.

But what freely was given
must freely be let go;
nothing is forever,
it's just the way life goes.

All things have a time and season
that is bound to make us weep;
for nothing stays forever
and nothing is ours to keep.

Carolyn Brunelle

Too Early

Yum, coffee smells so good
Just got up; still in my nightie
And oh m'dear
I am a fright to behold.

Perhaps I'll take my cup o'gold,
Try to remain discreet
And quietly retreat
To the shadows,

Till I can focus my brain
And go dress properly
For such
Early morning company.

Carolyn Brunelle

Too Old To Plant The Seeds

when I am too old to plant the seeds
that make new flowers for spring,
i will sit with my tea and enjoy the blossoms
of yesterday's plantings.
now fully grown, robust with life and beauty
standing tall and lovely all on their own;
a just reward for this old gardener...
a rainbow displayed across my garden wall.

Carolyn Brunelle

Tough Times

Everybody
Was a bit on edge;
Like they were all in the grips
Of the same awful secret.

Shop owners seemed
Overly helpful
Showing their merchandise.
Hoping you'd buy 'something',
No doubt, to help them meet,
What we heard, was skyrocketing rent.

Normal banter about gasoline
Prices dissolved into hushed tones as
Some folks grew quiet;
Dropping their eyes as if they
Didn't want you to see the
Fear in their souls.

Our favorite vacation area
On the coast, subdued
By rough times; and
Suffering the pangs
Of progress. Long standing
Shop owners, bought out in a

Rush of new money
Coming from L.A., will
Soon lose a whole block of
Their history.

Salmon fishing was suspended
This year, the Hotel manager said
Was the reason
The boats weren't running;

She never looked up
As she gave explanation for
Lack of activity in

The normally busy harbor.

Carolyn Brunelle

Tradition

I remember how
she would stand
and cut things
in her bare hands.
An onion or tomato
for instance
cut into fine slices
in one direction
then from the other,
would be turned over
for final dicing
into perfectly matched cubes.
Knives sharp as razors,
wielded with such practiced skill,
never even nicked her skin.
A mastered kitchen technique
no one else dared duplicate,
among so many lessons
lost to future generations
and learned so well
at her mother's side.

Carolyn Brunelle

Travel

I travel far and wide
throughout the world to
sun lazily in aqua pools in Greece,
picnic by the the Eiffel Tower,
stroll white sand beaches on tropic isles,
fly over glacier packed mountaintops
green countrysides and floral valleys.
In an instant I am transported to
exotic faraway landscapes
without ever leaving my own chair,
my soul free to experience things
it never can otherwise.
Truly an amazing gift....
being a part of the beauty of the world
through the eyes and lens of others
right here on my computer screen.

Carolyn Brunelle

Treasure Hunt

Mapped out treasure,
signs to point the way
for the hunters;
a chattering, giggling
swarm
of busy bees.

A delightful maze,
in a crazy world of
colors, shapes,
sizes and racks,
jammed, crammed
completely packed.

Anticipation grows
in a full on buzz,
a high that
only a woman knows;
a swirling, squirrely
dance of girl madness.
There's simply nothing
quite like a "SALE"!

Carolyn Brunelle

True Believer

Some paths are paved
Broad and clear;
Other roads disappear;
Remain clouded in mystery.
No one knows
Where they will lead.
There may be miles to go
Or a few steps
That lead back home,
But this much IS known.
Wherever you roam,
How far you go,
I have faith in you.
This heart remains true,
Knows you are strong,
Believes in your abilities;
Trusts you have all you need
To make it on your own.

Carolyn Brunelle

True Moment

She shared her naked soul
bared all, but was left wanting;
there were only naked answers
to fill her cup.

Nothing returned
to vulnerable empty arms;
the freeness of spontaneity,
the thrill of the moment, gone.

Joy flung itself into the universe
but she, chained by a soiled earth,
found no peace
beyond a scorched star.

Carolyn Brunelle

Twilight

Who are
Those voices
There in the mists
Of slumber?
Theirs are the faces
In the glass of time;
Attempting to reign in
The attentions they seek
Trying to matter;
Make their presence known.
Some do make connection
From that other place
Through the very dreams
We don't believe are real.
So we look deeper
Try to find meaning
In such things.

Carolyn Brunelle

Twisted

It once held tender promise
but neglectful abuse
created only a survivor;
one that grew backward
unseen there in its darkness.
Angry roots burrowed deep
into silent soil
where destiny created a menace
that would choke all life,
all hope from beauty's garden.
A gnarled and twisted bully;
it can only find strength
by preying upon and
strangling the life from others.

Carolyn Brunelle

Two Hearts Spent

A lifetime's
relationship
still lies
where it was tossed,
like an old tattered rag,
in the corner of the room.
unnoticed; unattended.

The "successful couple"
on a road too long,
with too much sacrifice;
time they both stole
from two young hearts
that promised
to be in love forever.

Bought it all, have it all,
living the "good life";
still together
as 'man and wife'.
Hiding empty hearts
they weather the loneliness,
and neither one of them
understands why.

Carolyn Brunelle

Two Little Horses

Two little horses
under a tree,
one pulled up lame;
the other couldn't see.
So they lounge in the shade
on this summer's day;
waiting on the farmer
to bring them their hay.
They might've died
but the farmer only sighed
and decided to let them stay.

Carolyn Brunelle

Two New Sweaters

One blue sweater and one in gray,
my Fall security all tucked away;
both promise warm, cozy comfort.
Not a testimony to fancy living
but to the virtue of simplicity;
because it seems a bit unreasonable
to have as many as three.
Three becomes confusion,
four makes for decisions;
I'd rather go nowhere at all.
So one blue sweater and one in gray
is a wardrobe simple as can be;
because two faithful friends in life
is good enough for me.

Carolyn Brunelle

Unappreciated

I stand silent.

A gift given purely
from my soul's joy,
floats off unnoticed
upon ungrateful seas.

Here at the edge
of thankless cliffs,
the ebb tide pulls
the last ounce of desire
from a deeply wounded breast.

Hot tears ache and burn
but there are no words,
just the awareness
it's time to move on
to different shores.

Carolyn Brunelle

Unblinded Heart

Farms and fields bump up against the horizon
their rows of corn
and melons still on the vines
basking in hot summer sun.
None are in his fields of vision
but he FEELS the warmth,
HEARS the sounds of
field animals and songs of birds;
the clickety clack of a busy train
going somewhere off in the distance.
He SMELLS the sweetness of the grass,
the honeysuckle vines and drying hale bales.
As bright a sparkling day
and as sweet to other senses
these gifts to the unblinded heart.

Carolyn Brunelle

Unexpected Moments

It's in the unexpected moments
That I feel them cross my mind;
A familiar emptiness
Reminds me again they are gone.

I miss the color and dimension
They added in my life,
Background to a painting;
The beginning of a creative work.

Wonder if my children will weep
For me? If they will miss my voice
In their lives; my love,
My presence?

I hope they remember me with laughter
And in shades of purple when I cross their
minds in unexpected moments.
Purple is such a warm; comforting color.

Carolyn Brunelle

Ungrateful

Sacrificed my time
A great deal of effort
Thought to benefit a friend;
Offered my help one more time.

Yet not a single response
Received,
No thank you in return,
Nothing.

So, "nothing at all"
Will be given again;
How perfectly rude of you
M'dear; not the manners
We were both taught.

But here's my thought,
We reap what we sow;
I can brush it off
And move on,
You will not.

Carolyn Brunelle

Ungrateful Heart

The ingratitude is shattering;
these hearts have taken a real battering.
We never dreamed you'd just walk away
not so much as a second thought
to all the years of sacrifice and pain;
the love that surrounded and sustained you.
But the obvious shouts loud and clear;
you don't really care anymore.
So go. Go find yourself in some other sky;
that new life cries out to you a lot louder now
than this love that lifted you to your feet
and gave you the wings to fly.

Carolyn Brunelle

Unpredictability

Thoughts of
Warm, sunny days
Still linger
From last week.

An overnight
Chill and
Blustery breezes
Arrived,

Just
When I am
SO ready
For summer.

Carolyn Brunelle

Unspoken

Whisperings of spirit,
in words unspoken
an unknown language of the heart
that needs to hear and be comforted;
yearns to be filled with more than nothing.
And always,
there is the choice to hear
and give way to its tenderness
or hear and walk away with emptiness.

Carolyn Brunelle

Unyielding

The blossoms, once vibrant with color,
now wilt and droop
beneath an unrelenting sun;
the summer has been long and unyielding.

The birds no longer sing in the trees
flitting so cheery from branch to branch;
even nature tires of doing the same old dance
enduring a summer long and unyielding.

The land too has seen better days, a season
not at all typical, justified reason fruit is scarce;
few vegetables remain in the fields
at the end of a summer so long and unyielding.

But Autumn arrives soon and right on cue;
her cool crisp days and frosty nights
will be a welcomed relief I promise you
from this summer so long and unyielding.

Carolyn Brunelle

Utopian Dream

Into that Utopia
we fade beyond our doubts;
life surely does age us all.
Youth enjoyed
t'was a beautiful spring
from which I arose.
And from this thought
I bring
a sweet rose of promise
a gentle good night
and sweetest slumbers,
good night.

Carolyn Brunelle

Vacancy

An absence
a vacancy;
an empty hole
where nothing
fills
what nothing
ever can.

What could have been
lies unfulfilled,
unlearned,
unknown.

What is,
is left to struggle,
unaware in its
diminished capacity
that it barely survives;
as the world that
should never have been,
creates a half-life.

Carolyn Brunelle

Vacations

You watch the weather;
shop for clothes
manicure the nails
pedicure the toes,
buy new shoes
hem new slacks,
decide what to wear
which to pack;
pull out the luggage
make sure bills are paid,
notify relatives
reservations have been made.

You spend a week
taking photos
and seeing the sights
eating in restaurants
from morning till night
Then the time arrives
to say your goodbyes.

Returning filled
and caught up;
completely exhausted
and happy to be home,
you have to wonder.....
why we think vacations are so restful.

Carolyn Brunelle

Validation

A simple outstretched hand,
In recognition of experiences shared,
Makes another's journey
Seem half as hard.
Life's troubles are easier carried
When a friend lightens the load;
Offers the encouragement to endure
Whatever lies ahead in the road.
We can all do amazing things
If we're not so alone from day to day;
When we have the validation in
Knowing someone else has walked this way.

Carolyn Brunelle

Vanished

In a last burst of creativity
words pour through fading light;
the all too familiar lines form
and fall perfectly into place.
But alas the wrong time and space
spells doom as consciousness slips
behind the veil of slumber.
Unaffected, the muse drifts away
to return some other day;
but the life of a poem vanishes
never to be back again this way.

Carolyn Brunelle

View From A Graveyard

Angels of Stone,
are you cold as the contents
beneath you?
Or marbled ministers
of hidden mercies
hovering over
fields of death
to watch the affairs
of men,
weeping rusty tears
for lost souls,
holding out hope
to living
earthbound hearts,
escorting last journeys,
scattering dusty
remains of a life,
to the four winds
on more heavenly wings?

Carolyn Brunelle

Vintage Model

Maybe I'm not the same, all shiny and brand new;
maybe I run more in spurts, coughs, and sputters,
but I do run,
and I go wherever I please, just a bit slower.

This road weary, older chassis,
prefers the peaceful ease of back roads
over super highways;
all the high speed racing of youthful skill.

A 'vintage model' is what I'm called, but it's okay.
I'm comforted by memories of a lifetime's roads;
with a tank full of gas and all the time in the world
I can finally look around and enjoy the ride.

Carolyn Brunelle

Violence

A violence changed her.
A child's innocent retreat
to forest beauty
never heard the calls
or was aware of time.
Blind fury met her
with a terror
she had never known when
Daddy disappeared that day too;
morphed into raging bull.
A brutal beating,
became her new reality
one that ached in a broken heart
through decades.
Its pain and humiliation
dissolved trust and innocence
took her joy and playfulness
left wounds deeper than
the ones she was able to hide;
left scars that
lasted a lifetime in the soul.

Carolyn Brunelle

Virtues Of The Grape

Ah-h, the grape!
rather divine
when stomped and beaten;
known for the juices treatin'
its fanciers just fine.

One of nature's mysteries
growing there on the vine;
one harvest yields nectar of the gods
another becomes raisins
when left to shrivel in time.

I prefer to pop the cork.

Carolyn Brunelle

Vision

Gone is the rain;
Not even clouds
Hide the light.
Old story
No less glorious.
Soul sees
Open sky;
Finds
Its own wings
And flies.

Carolyn Brunelle

Voice From The Past

We thought it was long buried and forgotten;
a voice from the past
shredded that illusion.

Brought it all back again;
opened old wounds and questions
that still have no answers or resolution.

The pain in your face tells me
you don't want to look back either
but we are survivors.

I have to believe we are stronger,
better able to find and fit all the pieces together
this time, so it can all rest in peace.

Carolyn Brunelle

Volcano

Angry hands
Unclenched
Have let go;
There are no
More rocks to throw.

The volcano
Of hot molten lava
Wearies; finally
Blows itself out.

Skies are clear
On a beach somewhere
Where it rests
On more
Peaceful shores.

Carolyn Brunelle

War

She was barely 17; he 21,
they fought and thought
at the end of WWII,
ALL wars would be done.

Boomer babies came like the sea
from a soaring post-war economy,
with joy unbridled, hope regained;
the world would never go to war again.

It broke their hearts
their sacrifice a mere beginning
of conflicts and pain;
a country revisiting its need for war
again and again and again.

Are we to live forever
by death's sour dirge,
economy bankrupted
in the war machine purse?

Where are all the peacemakers? ? ? ?
Are they still hungry like the people
for lasting peace and good will
or are they politically fat and satisfied,
feeding well up on the hill?

Perhaps they, too, have all gone away
leaving generations to mourn and pray;
continue to fight, to die, and pay
for their never ending wars of the day.

Carolyn Brunelle

Warm Blankets

Some things are kept forever
cherished and tucked away in the attic of memory
protected as dearest heirlooms from spoilage of time.
Fireflies on a hot summer's eve
Autumn and the smell of burning leaves;
hot fudge sundaes and homemade pies
cherry cokes and burgers and fries.
Proms and dresses and vinyl rock n' roll
tons of homework, thank god for study hall,
the rescue of a pet in the middle of a storm
stood up to a bully so a sibling wasn't harmed;
grew to a woman who still doesn't fuss, and married
that cute boy always saved me a seat on the bus.
These moments stoke embers and light a fire
as they play out from yesterday's stage;
become the warm blankets
I wrap around me in the chill of my old age.

Carolyn Brunelle

Warm Welcome

Warm sunlight shines on a warm welcome;
a brighter, more promising day for the U.S.
with a new President sworn to service,
to his people, his fellows and friends.

Hopefully he can help us make amends
lift us from our knees,
stand us on our feet again.
It is a day we have long awaited; we
have fallen far indeed from days of grace.

Let this man, begin now, in this time and place
to show us the way back to ourselves;
open the future with his outstretched hand of peace,
genuine smile, strength of character and humble ways.

We, the people, will walk with you Mr. President
on this new road knowing it will not be easy;
pledge to you, to ourselves, and to one another,
that we will overcome, WE CAN BE BETTER.
May God Bless us all ... and help us to rise.

Carolyn Brunelle

Warning! Warning!

The smell of rain
hangs heavy in the air;
the sky steadily darkens.
Alert warnings focus
all eyes at the skies.

Faster and faster they move in,
clouds, dark, ominous,
voracious;
gobbling up the horizon
in foreboding, swirling masses.

A beastly spectre grows,
formed and escorted
by sudden unimaginable winds,
great claps of thunder and lightning,
and pelting torrents of rain and hail.

A mighty Dragon! cracks its tail at us
and then.....
passes on by
leaving us grateful in the end;
relieved to have missed its hellish breath.

Carolyn Brunelle

Water To Wine

When I am an old woman
and ready to take my rest,
I will gather all these days
to my bosom.

A lifetime's memories will
blanket and warm these bones
in chill of remaining years;
peace shall fill holes of regret.
And one last great joy
shall rise up in my soul
when these waters are changed to wine.

Carolyn Brunelle

We Never Met

I never met you in a poem.
Your life, laughter and fun
Were words unknown to me
As you passed and
Your spirit flew away.
I met you first
In the brokenness of those
Who love
And hold you
In their dreams
And memories.
I met you today in that
Place in their hearts
Where God
Hears their prayers;
Wraps them in the
Same warm blanket
That took you home.
I only just met you,
But we will meet
Face to face some day
In another place,
Where the light
Of a very great love
Will restore all
That has been lost.

Carolyn Brunelle

Weary

The seasons fall and rise
Takes a lot to surprise me;
So many winters
Have I seen.
I've soared with eagles
Yet life can still wound,
Make this heart bleed;
Turn me around right quick
Drive a stake through my heart.
It can crush breath from lung
Utterly crash me, ugly and hard.
And it takes me longer to rise.
Bruised and bloody I may be,
But I do still rise
Get past the pain;
Start all over again.
I have to wonder why this is so.
Old habits I suppose
Makes me stand up to the blows.
How I wish sometimes I could just let go;
Lay me down in soft grasses
Among flowers
And put this old baby
Down for a nice long rest.
Sometimes life makes me so weary.

Carolyn Brunelle

Weather Play

Cool summer rains
do their dance with the sun;
drench the landscape
and spoil all our fun.

But when the sun comes out to stay
he chases all lingering blues away;
coaxes the flowers to open like before
chides Mother Nature behave once more.

Soon enough the temperatures rise
as though we could ever forget,
life beneath such clear blue skies
is baking heat and sweet summer sweat.

Carolyn Brunelle

Wednesday Sales

Acrostic using....

'Wednesday Sales'

Watching the special season
Entertaining a shopping spree;
Deciding the day that's best
Noting hubby has plans of his own.
Evaluating my need, I target the stores;
Savor the day's prospects and
Determine to find myself
A new wardrobe of clothes as
Yearly sales are calling.

Shoppers like me will be as eager;
All will be ready for an early start.
Lining up outside the doors,
Excitedly, they too, will gather in
Surrender to the siren call.

Carolyn Brunelle

What A Day

Was getting excited
as the time drew near;
counted down the hours
they soon would be here.

A birthday celebration;
time to prepare the meal.
Finished the dessert
quick as a wink;
all was going well
then the sink
sprang a leak.

Made a call to the plumber,
cost was astronomical;
with only hours to go,
it was no longer very comical.
But I grinned and paid the bill
rather than ruin the whole day;
give it the potential to kill
my attitude along the way.

Similar events
played a familiar song,
but not this time
I wasn't going along.
It would all work out
of that I had no doubt,
if I let it go and let it be,
had been here before
and this little glitch
wouldn't get the best of me.

Carolyn Brunelle

What I Feel

I can feel something else in the room
in a movement, a changing shadow
some kind of blur; it's a hint of
something or someone not me.

Never frightened or anxious,
more curious than anything else.
I grow still; strain to focus my eyes
but nothing is there to see, never is.

In another mindful little moment,
the room itself seems to change
its vibration around me, then it's gone;
all that remains is pure speculation.

Vivid imagination? Too many movies,
far-reaching tales of the unknown?
Perhaps, but for me a sensitivity
known and grown from childhood.

I've learned to listen with all my senses.
I can feel that I am not alone, and I don't mind;
because it is a peace and comfort
that has always left a smile behind.

Carolyn Brunelle

What Is This?

What savage amusement is this,
toying with these old hearts;
a simple call would do, now
that's become too much for you?
Sad, how easily youth forgets
the ones who
lifted them,
gifted them
applauded
and lauded them;
as they so heartlessly
fly away
from the very ones
who gave them wings.

Carolyn Brunelle

What Matters

I can never FORGET!
My memories are the history of who I am.
I still weep the old boo hoos to this day
just not with the maudlin need
to play out the complete symphony.
The past can be an old torturous tune
played over and over; one of many
habits of the mind to be overcome.
What matters in the end
is that the sweeter music
has a chance to be heard.

Carolyn Brunelle

What She Really Wants

Not just rings and things
or diamonds and pearls;
all she ever really wants
is your love for the girl.

A love beyond the tangible
to be placed on her hand;
one to open and free her heart
and take a lifetime to understand.

A spirit's journey
as much as mortal;
one able to carve
and shape its own portals.

A love and a bond
to last beyond youth,
one strong enough to hold to
when you are long in the tooth;
fulfill all the promises
that two lovers made
and embody all the words
any poet has ever said.

Carolyn Brunelle

What's New

The sun's hangin' low in the sky
dinner bell says time to wash up,
dig into farm fresh food on the table.
Thoughts of 'Grandma's fixins'
never made anybody late.
Wrapped up in evening twilight;
rockin' and sittin' on the porch,
we wait for any passers by
to say howdy, chat it up a bit,
ask what's happenin' with you.
'Neighbor chat' at day's end
the rural bulletin board for
passin' along updates
'bout what's happenin', who to, and a
bit of everything 'bout what's new.

Carolyn Brunelle

When It Comes Time To Go

Life is color
in every shade and hue
rainbows that bless me and you
in moments bright as dawn's first light
the next, darker than a moonless night.
Life is song
with rhythm and beat,
a poetry with ebb and flow
that plays the sweetest symphony
to soothe and cradle the soul.
Life is light
a candle with eternal glow
enough to illumine every path
for any wanting to learn and grow.
Life is love
and the freedom to choose
from all that's been given
and become co-creators
of a life worth the livin'.
So I must tell you, Lord,
whatever comes next
or tempests may blow,
I'm going to miss this life a little
when it comes my time to go.

Carolyn Brunelle

Where Do You Have Your Eyes?

Look not at your problems
Trying to solve each one
Just keep your eyes on your blessings
And your face turned toward the sun.

Today may hold some clouds for you
But the shadows will fall away
The weather brings its own curse
Or joy, in the sunrise of each new day.

Focus on all that's GOOD
Look at life with this new view
You are not lost or hopeless my friend
Good things are just waiting for you.

That next corner may hold your bliss
Or perhaps another cloudy day
But your peace will come from deep within
So that nothing can take it away.

Carolyn Brunelle

Where Is The Season Of Joy

Barely one season ends another begins;
exhaustion in the guise of family tradition
grips me in unrelenting frustration.

I am awash in expectation
wrecked in a sea of constant activity;
barely enough time to breathe much less
experience the season's beauty.

Oh how I yearn for some heavenly peace;
a little time to build my own fires
and warm the chill in my bones
on this spiritless shore.

Carolyn Brunelle

Where The Light Shines In The Wood

There in the light
on a path well trodden,
leaves pushed aside by other feet
leave little doubt to the rightness
of the course.

But Oh Lord I need a clearer path
in my life where daily
I must choose my own way,
despite appearances.

The well trodden path
is not always the right choice;
the only way for my heart
to fulfill its own destiny.
So shine your light brightly
that I may choose wisely.

Google 'autumlovr blog' for a more graphic posting of this piece.

Carolyn Brunelle

Why

Why rejoice when someone else
is aging like we are?

Why feel vindicated when someone else
stumbles and makes a mistake like we did?

Why are we validated by another's struggle
that we relate to our own?

We all feel less alone;
more akin to one another
in our brotherhood of experience,
so why aren't we more honest about our lives,
our struggles, so others can feel this way too?

What do we protect and preserve in secrecy?
Why are we such islands to ourselves,
unable to relate to a world of others
making a similar journey?

Others could use our help;
a sustaining knowledge
that we are, after all, humans
having a very similar human experience.

We could strengthen
through our vulnerabilities,
rather than weaken a next generation
with a facade of such towering valor;
competency and skill.

Carolyn Brunelle

Why Doesn'T It Work That Way For Me?

You offer me a nap and I AM tired;
only fifteen minutes you say,
so I grab a blanket.
I struggle at first to relax
but soon that haze catches me;
loosens my grip on the world.
Then just as I fall into the rabbit hole
of unconsciousness,
something slams; rudely it's all jostled away.
Wrecked and angry
I am pulled from the edge of it;
yanked back into reality and none too happy.
What happened to my peace of quiet?
When you nap, I tiptoe on eggshells;
why doesn't it work that way for me?

Carolyn Brunelle

Why I Write

I write to free my soul
from the bondage of youth
when I was not allowed
to openly express.

I write to mend the broken fences,
and drain the pain from the rivers
that run through meadows
seen only from behind prison bars.

I write to explore and experience
the valley that is me
and let my heart run free.

Carolyn Brunelle

Why So Loud?

When did the world become so loud,
a car crash on the senses?

I am no longer in its one dimension
but two.

What am I to do?

Time has changed me.

Life speaks so softly
to me now,
wraps itself around me
like a comforting friend
in the warmth
of each morning sun.

I am calmed by a living breath
that comes on the breeze
to whisper sweet nothings
through the trees;
serenaded by nature's own
in the twitter of singing birds.

Older and more fragile perhaps
but more in tune,
this aging heart hears God so clear
in the stillness of these moments;
in the smallest of voices
on this earth.

Carolyn Brunelle

Will You Ever

Time and time again
you hear me
weeping in the dark
and never ask.

How long
will you let me
suffer and never
reach out?

Will there ever
come a time
when you open
your heart

.... let me
and the light in?

Carolyn Brunelle

Window View

A blur of emerald
Zooms in on
Morning sun;
Hovers with invisible wings
Above each tree blossom.
Sweetest nectar remembered;
Another performance given
For secret photos.

Carolyn Brunelle

Wine In The Cellar

Strut your stuff girl!
Don't be the fool
And sell out
To the first romance;
Hide it all away
Like a fine wine
In the cellar
That waits
To breathe.

Open up to LIFE!
It's a stage;
And all its lights
Shine for you.
Find your groove,
Live the life you choose;
Write your own story
And
 Dance baby,
 Dance!

Carolyn Brunelle

Wine Shall Flow (My Heaven)

I am lifted away to become
light enough to fly
to soar through celestial spheres
in the sky
on gossamer wings I am told;
walk its streets paved in gold
sing with angels
run with the wind
write words electric
with magic in my pen.
I can explore the depths of deepest seas
discover new worlds unknown to me;
find that valley beyond pearly doors
where sadness is erased,
and tears are no more.
It is there they wait
with heaven's own breath
this soul's return
from its mortal death.
My own family circle made complete
gathered `round to welcome me;
all I love and hold in my heart
free to celebrate immortality.....

and the wine shall flow.

Carolyn Brunelle

Wings

Grabbing at life a bite at a time,
doing the best we can.
It'll be alright when the night comes
and life is our own;
when it all slows down
and you're there
to care; share
and bare the burden with me.
Nothing's too big for us baby.
Together, we can soar past it all;
with these wings
we're going to fly high.

Carolyn Brunelle

Winter

winter rushes in
moves to relocate the leaves
blows Autumn away.

Carolyn Brunelle

Winter Comes

winter rushes in
relocates the season's leaves
blows Autumn away.

Carolyn Brunelle

Winter Comes

Coppers, reds,
Deep bronzes and golds,
Surrender gracefully
Their time and boldness
In Autumn's last chilly dance.
Brisk, vernal winds
Toss them to and fro
In an engaging icy flourish
To let them know
Winter is taking the lead.
Stale and expiring colors
That will revive in a new fall,
Dutifully fade to their slumber,
When winter comes to call.

Carolyn Brunelle

Winter Days

Shades of winter blues
silhouette the barren trees
against empty skies;
not even the birds want to fly.

Heavy clouds hang over
even the smallest of hearts,
ready and eager for Spring.
But wait, something is happening...

Bees have returned and tiptoe
across the blossoms,
daffodils rise from slumber;
earth's colors slowly revive.

With each bit of sunlight
that peeks through a retreating fog,
Spring clears her throat
and gets ready to sing.

Carolyn Brunelle

Winter In The Mind

Icicles on the railings of the old iron bridge,
Glisten like jewels;
A fitting winter's crown
Over hardened river ice.

Trees wrapped in blankets of snow
Slumbering thru the season,
Offer little refuge on a cold winter day
Except for silent reason
To reflect, on the beauty along the way.

Images of the white breath of solstice,
Like snowy footprints in the mind,
Will remain till I wander this way again
Making spring much easier to find.

Carolyn Brunelle

Winter Lethargy

My supine activities peak in winter
no less than any other hibernating animal.
Beastly of me I know
but life will return to these bones
soon enough when the snow
gives way to the sun;
when the rest of nature awakens to spring

Carolyn Brunelle

Winter Rose

Her soft pearly petals
Curl inward now
Reduced to paper parchment;
A last testament to
Winter's cruel breath
Still clinging
To each fold.

Long live her majesty
"Princess Rose"
Fallen to slumber;
Life will re-awaken
To warmer welcome
In Spring.

Carolyn Brunelle

Winter Slam

Got bright and sunny
Went from cool to hot,
Just when Spring was here
Then it was not;

Winter slammed the
Door again. Even now
Another storm's
Coming in,

Rain and lots of it.
And of course I had
Just washed the car.
Weather just so bizarre.

Shorts and thongs
Didn't last long
Now I need a sweater
Till the temps get better

Because again it is cold, as
Winter takes another shot.
Really thought Spring had
Arrived, but, I guess not.

Carolyn Brunelle

Witch's Treat

Bubble, bubble toil and trouble,
a witch's feast fit to gobble
when winds do howl and moon is bright
and trick-or-treaters scream in the night.

It's the goodies they'll be wanting
when they knock at my door,
so I'll dish out my brew
and they'll beg me for more.

Let's see....there's tail of lizard, eye of newt
goblin feet and Frankie's old boot,
a worm, a spider, a wing of bat,
a web for spicing from a wizard's hat;
the hair of a dog and claw of a cat,
a pinch of this and some of that.

Oh, how it churns and bubbles
but it's worth all the trouble
fixing some especially for you;
'cause there's nothing quite as good
on a cold 'haunting night'
as some of my Halloween Stew.

Carolyn Brunelle

Withered Rose

The pain cuts so deeply
I can't hold on to myself.
All I was, is fading away
Numbness invades,
Abandoned and alone;
I just quit hoping
For him to reach out.

Exhausted, weary of trying;
Something in me is dying.
Is this what love is?
Alone, with nothing
But the sorry sound
Of a breaking heart?

Once I was young;
Love was a fresh rosebud
Just beginning to blossom.
But, oh innocence,
Where now is your bloom?

With hands so gentle
He placed me in a vase
where I died,
s-l-o-w-l-y, in
bits of death
each day,
till finally...
I was at my end.

Carolyn Brunelle

Without Tribe

These hills of home feel my sorrow;
their mountain skies
offer me no ties
to a heritage lost long ago.

I am destined to travel other roads;
alone in this life
without tribe.

O Lord help me
in a land of strangers.

Carolyn Brunelle

Wonder What It Meant

Such a little thing,
Only a moment really.
Didn't register in my mind
That it might be significant;
So I easily dismissed it and
went about my day.
But later it echoed
Back to me,
When the chaos
And hurry of the day
Had quieted and grown still.
Why does that
Particular moment
In a whole day
Still play in my mind?
I ponder now,
How many times
I have paid so little heed
To such moments,
Whether something important
Was missed;
And wonder
What it meant.

Carolyn Brunelle

Wondering In A Fog

A nod, a glance, any sign at all.
I search his face; his eyes, for a clue,
Smile, and pretend to be brave and
Wonder, if my cancer is growing

Do we know if results are in?
Is there finally an answer?
How much longer must i wait?

I feel like some puppet dancer.
Pull this string; one more test
Pull that string; another surgery.
Moving to the music that cancer plays
And surrendering more parts of me;
Weeping through long healing days.

I do the dance, that all of us do, and wait.
Wait and pray to be strong,
Though i'm quite lost, and
Wandering around in a fog of fear;
Wondering if my cancer is growing.

Carolyn Brunelle

Words

Ill spoken words
can cause irreparable damage
to tender hearts
hiding behind listening ears.
Words....
weaponry used to destroy;
or tool to bless, to heal.
Be wary and choose well.
A world is created
or perhaps destroyed
by your use of them.

Carolyn Brunelle

Working Into The Night

It's late, I'm exhausted;
Ready for serious rest.
I've given it my best
And these words
Are just blurring
Across the page

My train has stopped
Dead on the track.
Time to wind this down
And just call it okay.
Tomorrow is another day.

Nothing matters now, the
Mind has left without a trace;
My body has to find a place
To crash and burn
For a few precious hours
I've lost all power to continue
I really need some sleep.

Carolyn Brunelle

World Of White

Winter's breath is on the trees;
fingers of ice have replaced the leaves
when he takes to the hills to venture about
in its frozen beauty before it all thaws out.
A flurry of snowflakes from on high
makes him turn his face up to the sky;
invite the crystals to rest on his tongue
before he grabs his board for a first downhill run.
It's the world he loves so well and it shows.
There in all those blankets of snow
earth has given herself to slumber and rest
but he comes alive in the season he loves best.

Carolyn Brunelle

Wrapped In Ribbons

This old house sighs from
contentedness and exhaustion;
the fragrance of holiday candles
still lingers.

Christmas visited here
in laughter, delicious food
and delightful memories.

Colorful wrappings and tissue
lay on the floor as lasting reminder
of how love was delivered wrapped in ribbons
and stayed for awhile.

Carolyn Brunelle

Writer

Couldn't say it, had to write it
write everything down, get it out of the gut
far better than being in a rut of silence.
A diary as a girl, love letters to a beau
schedules and lists as a young mother
even on the job and so it would all go
until... poetry.
Poetry evolved from
feelings swirling, twirling about
nothing to make anybody jump and shout
but from a love of the words
letting them flow from a keyboard
to become a language all their own.
Yes, I am a writer at heart
but it's not a 'bad thing'
to call myself AND
it doesn't mean I'm a good one.

Carolyn Brunelle

Writing

Weariness hits those eyes
everything begins to blur;
been a long day at the computer
but the spirit won't be deterred.
Compelled by a passion
that burns from within
senses become energized;
life is flowing from her pen.
Familiar rustlings in her soul,
yet from one moment to the next
she never really knows
what might spill out in some text.
So, on and on she lets it flow
a gift, a work, a treasure;
doesn't matter where it goes
because it's always such a pleasure.

Carolyn Brunelle

Yesterday's Dust

Yesterday's dust
Covers the world;
Blinds the eyes
Of the future.
Today's hope
Must look within
For salvation,
For real change
Instead of rain.

Carolyn Brunelle

You'Re Not The Boss Of Me

It was easy enough to see
that she was very angry with me
I had put her in a horrible mood and
she wanted a few things understood.

'You're not the boss of me,
don't tell me what to do;
don't try to take care of me
if I've not even asked you to.

I'm a little old for this;
don't need my daddy's hand,
my momma's shoulder to cry on,
or somebody to help me stand.

A fully capable woman,
has no need to be overprotected;
it's rude to step in and take over,
and makes me feel disrespected.

I'm vocal and independent, with a
strength and mind of my own,
all you're doing is pissing me off
when your attention is overblown.

I may be older, but a whole lot wiser,
and you really need to see,
my age is not a sign of weakness
and you are NOT the boss of me.'

Carolyn Brunelle