

Poetry Series

David L. Harkins
- poems -

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David L. Harkins()

David L. Harkins endeavors to make sense of the chaos around him through the thoughtful telling of life stories in what he hopes to be an engaging and sometimes humorous manner at his blog, *It's A Process* ()

Dave was born in capital city of West Virginia the year John F. Kennedy was assassinated. He cheered Neil Armstrong's walk on the moon, watched solar eclipses through a color-film negative, and listened to music on 8-Track tapes. He watched President Nixon resign his office, owned a first edition Sony® Walkman, and remembers his physical location when both Harry Chapin and John Lennon died.

Growing up he spent more than his fair share of time grounded to his bedroom, yet he wisely used this time engineer and flight test from his window the most amazing paper airplanes decorated with, perhaps unwisely upon reflection, the phrase, "Help! ! ! I'm being held captive by a wicked witch! " When not in captivity, he survived walks through protesters during the Kanawha County Textbook Controversy, was interested enough to learn New Math, rose many mornings at 5: 00 AM to deliver newspapers, and learned how to march and play the trombone at the same time.

He set off for college to become a dentist, but organic chemistry got the better of him and a wise chemistry professor encouraged the pursuit of a different career. Communications and marketing became his focus, but it was a wiser creative writing professor who first suggested he think about becoming a writer. Unfortunately, his parents had no room in the basement for him to make a home, so he took to a life of marketing and advertising—the closest fields he could find to writing that actually paid enough to keep him out of his parent's basement.

As a young man, he perfected the art of chasing shiny things. Throughout his career he has never stayed in one place for more than about five years. If you are interested in this side of his life, check out his website and business blog at .

These days he's either trying to figure out what he wants to be when he grows up, or looking for the guy he lost somewhere between the 8-year-old who spent an hour hanging only by his watch band and the man he now looks at in the mirror every morning. Either way, it's a process.

Butterflies

Small wings
aflutter worlds away,
opening doors, concealed
from view.

Midnight currents
carry dreams afar,
amassing strength, unobserved
by time.

Full clouds
cloak chaos within,
consuming hearts, exposed
from desire.

Morning lights
ignite hope undying,
eclipsing loneliness, surrendered
to eternity.

(July 28,2012)

David L. Harkins

Darkness Hopes

In each of us lives darkness
black as coal and full of desire,
that lies dormant in the midnight
though it longs to feel a fire.

The fire brings great brightness
to the heart of the darkest dark;
as it dances with abandon
flirting madly as it sparks.

When the sparks flash in the darkness
the blackness feels the heat,
that's created by a passion
when light and darkness meet.

Once the darkness is ignited
white light burns deep inside,
emboldened by combustion
once begun, won't subside.

Though as the fire burns lower
and the light begins to dim,
embers glow with excitement
for what will come again.

The darkness is quite patient
as it quietly sits and waits,
for the fire to build inside again
and reconnect the fates.

You see, the darkness holds out the hope
for the passion of the light,
to dance again with abandon
to bring a fire, burning bright.

(September 10,2010)

David L. Harkins

Hearts Withstand

Hearts
isolated
by years
withstand
unknowingly, longing.

Hearts
separated
by miles
withstand
patiently, lingering.

Hearts
desired
by two
withstand
intensely, longing.

(July 27,2012)

David L. Harkins

I Will Be Here When You Wake

I will be here when you wake
my love,
to witness
morning sun
break the window.
Room aglow, your body glimmers;
your eyes, slow to open
your lips, a smile parts.

I will be here when you wake
my love,
to feel
soft skin
beneath my hands.
Head to toe, your beauty traced;
your breaths, quicken at my touch
your body, into mine falls.

I will be here when you wake
my love,
to console
falling tears.
Heartaches kissed away, your soul assuaged;
your hands, held tightly
your head, against my chest rests.

I will be here when you wake
my love,
to rejoice
amidst romance.
Happy laughter, your life beloved;
your ears, hear whispers
your heart, love's secrets hold.

I will be here when you wake
my love,
I will be here when you wake.

(September 15,2012)

David L. Harkins

The Guide

Night comes quietly
surrounding me in darkness
but for a tiny flicker of light
dancing
just beyond my grasp.

My light.
My hope.
My inspiration.
My muse.

Sent to guide me
she leads me to the place
I need to be unknowingly
illuminating paths
long since lost to time.

Doors thought closed for eternity
now open effortlessly
when touched by the softness
of her light.

My heart
once locked behind those doors
blooms with gratefulness
for what it now feels.

Shadows creep in
to remind me of the light's brevity
and of my life desires
that never shall be.

My light.
My hope.
My inspiration.
My love.

(December 30,2010)

When I Am 18 Again

When I am eighteen again,

I will remember the excitement of living

and forget the dramas of daily life.

When I am eighteen again,

I will see more bright smiles in the hallway

and fewer dull reflections on the hallway floors.

When I am eighteen again,

I will build stronger friendships

and tear down my insecurities.

When I am eighteen again,

I will do more of those things I want to do

and worry less about fitting in because of my choices.

When I am eighteen again,

I will fall in love with a giggling girl

and overcome my shyness to ask for a date.

When I am eighteen again,
I will remember how it feels to be eighteen
and forget I am not eighteen.

When, I am eighteen, again.

(October 24,2012)

David L. Harkins