

Poetry Series

Fred Rick Kesner
- poems -

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Fred Rick Kesner()

Freds Kesner lives and writes from south Sydney, Australia

. Harvest (Bintuan Rice Fields)

He hunched with sweat-drenched brow
his sickle lay beside uncut stalks
the insects droned toward blood
that trickled from the web of his hand
He quickly wrapped the wound -

Throughout the day he worked
the scent of ripened rice filled the air
against the threat of early rains
to gather and thresh the golden grain
Dreamless sleep his reward -

The sun shone low in the sky
the field now a barber's Number-2
the sound of children's play lit the air
smoke of the evening meal met the clouds
A cold drink soothes his hands

Fred Rick Kesner

Bintuan

poem to be posted
as soon as possible

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Fred Rick Kesner

Daring To Hope

in spite of what surrounds us
whatever circumstances are
we are learning to find peace
within ourselves
regardless of what's

going on around us,
learning to self-soothe
kind of thing and find
we all are coming through
to the other side, strong

persons we've missed;
our friendships through
a new season approaching
and a sense begins to form
that peace rising up from

inside the very core of you!
and it's a happy moment
this first day of autumn
here, although summer
is quite happily overstaying

so colours are changing
and the breeze is blowing
face the horizon, your hair
a banner waving, highlights
in sun beams, catch and shine

Fred Rick Kesner

Dearest Friends

Friends that are dear to me
I hope I shall ever see
Our wings soar ever free
Let the four winds so decree!

Fred Rick Kesner

Dubas Baeghe

,

`Dubas Baeghe Chronykles`

Den Kessner Kinder

My title need not be envied
nor your name be brought to shame.

My estate confined to a flower pot
While you're free to eat cheeseburgers.

,

Fred Rick Kesner

Harvest Mooning

shadowy sheets cover,
dark shining lips purse;
pointy ears prick skyward
as corn stalks pondered
chanting scarecrows curse
in a sea of dreams left over

Fred Rick Kesner

Joshua Davie

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Fred Rick Kesner

Joy Of Fading Memory

his gnarly fingers
veil his face
skin thin and crusty
at spots:
splotched parchment
of years in the sun

water
cascades
from his forehead to
his chin
then meets gravity;
raindrops

through his soil-grimed
singlet, jeans and boots,
hours of toil
simmer away
in rivulets
of forgetfulness.

Fred Rick Kesner

Lights From Within The Hallowed Hall

there were two lights that shone bright in the fields of green
the one was bright in ways that it shadowed the other
that even after the first had snuffed out, its afterglow
shone brilliantly and commandingly that the other cowered

both these lights have come from the same source
both created for great things - illumining a darkening world
each never intended to outshine the other, but together
bring upon this life a freedom from the lurking shadows

In the same way always remember,
let your light shine before humanity
that they may see the good to be found in you
and thereby praise your Father in heaven.

for Liam

Fred Rick Kesner

Lina Kesner

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Fred Rick Kesner

One Someday, Soon

game over; roll over
turn your heads around
smell the 4-leaf clover
1 day truth shall abound
with angel trumpet sound
an infant's primal cry
and all tears wiped dry

Fred Rick Kesner

Peping Guevarra

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Fred Rick Kesner

Poetry Underground

smokescreen
tear gas and pepper spray
thick fog, dash display
wipers on overdrive
halogens burning bright
road ahead still dim
destination out of sight

Fred Rick Kesner

Put Up Your Fight

,

Fear, the most
will pull you down
the most
will slow you down
the most
areas of pride
the most
the Foe already dwells there

activate the call
stir up your gifts
operate in authority
flow in the power
come against what will
with inward filling
of the Most High
witness, unfolding hence
very weight of glory

,

Fred Rick Kesner

Ryana

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Fred Rick Kesner

Set This Captive Free

there need not be iron bars
to keep a heart imprisoned
there is no white flag of surrender
nor o-d, nor cutting would resolve

nor does the coming-off of chains make one trully free
the stench of blood curdled cold
staining my cheek with ferrous-ity

on that flee bitten bunk each unforgiving night
a plaintive prayer wafts in upward draft
to rejoin the fraying bonds of you and me

no prison bars my mind and heart could hold
no gruesome sight my countenance would melt
if we but have a moment pure as gold

Fred Rick Kesner

Song Of The Stars

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Sing, through the flowing tears,
And laugh though it aches,
ask again for love in rejection's face
into the sun's first brilliant rays

Peer into that song and hear its heart
take along these raindrops' prisms
let them glow in the dark of night
its tune your comfort and companion

Hold your friend deep within your soul,
journey into the promise tomorrow holds,
fear fades with the passing of the storms,
the clouds disperse in the breath of hope.

Sleep softly, gently sing your lullaby
Wipe those tears that no one spies.
For sure your smile glows bright gold
in the sun's fading glory at twilight's dawn.

Into the distant shimmering sea
let dreams sail into the misty dusk
fond thoughts and dewdropp wishes
cared for by the twinkle of starry night.

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Fred Rick Kesner

Under Construction

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Fred Rick Kesner

Valentinus The Worthy

Valens, you are esteemed worthy,
at the Via Flaminia you lay:
Valentinus offered up in faith.
Your deeds aren't known in our day.

In this life you wed young couples;
an act the Emperor would not permit.
And though your grace the monarch received,
your execution he did transmit.

Alas, with clubs and stones they came,
challenged by your fortitude great;
whose blows did not complete the deed -
your head severed at Flaminian's Gate.

These days we celebrate Valentine,
dedicate and plan for those we love;
oblivious to how it all began-
the depth of love known only Above.

Fred Rick Kesner

When

,

when
in
doubt

then
you
pout

why
the
spout?

swell
with
gout....

,

Fred Rick Kesner

With Reckless Abandon

in its purest form
the simplest of
possible affirmations
is to be loved in return

in similar manner
the most complex of
probable affirmations
is reciprocating like affection

in conclusion, then,
it seems most apparent
to appreciate with reckless
abandon the air we breathe

for we build tomorrows
on these simplest, most
basic of molecules, our
humble bricks of being

Fred Rick Kesner