

Poetry Series

Jerry Buckley
- poems -

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Jerry Buckley(08/07/57)

As William Matthews so aptly observed, most published poems fall into one of four basic categories:

1. I had a nice, almost religious day in the woods
this afternoon
2. We're not getting any younger
3. Sure is cold and lonely without you (or with you)
4. Sadness and happiness are but two sides of
same coin: and in any case the coin is
'too soon spent and on we know not what'.

I'd have to admit most of my poetic attempts have fallen neatly into one of the above-mentioned categories. Not blessed with an over-abundance of imagination, I have to go with what I know: rhythmic and figurative language infused with splatterings of the more blatant poetic devices.

I began writing poetry somewhere along mid-life and have kept in-play almost fifty, one-page poems and the manuscript for an allegorical novel about victory and atonement; 'Roll The Gospel Chariot' Visit my blog site for a sneak preview:

If it doesn't flow, please let me know.

Before Adam

Before Adam's first election
Must have been the thought of Eve
Nothing less than pure perfection
Should he so easily deceive

Before Cain faintly claimed his brother
There was gain and thus defeat
Before Jacob conned his feeble father
and Isaac took that bite to eat

Before Aaron's staff stretched fateful
When a night light led the way
Only then a remnant are found faithful
Just those few allowed to stay

Before Moses dreaded Zion's thunders
There were visions of how it ends
We kick the pricks against our blunders
And refuse half the help he sends

Jerry Buckley

Bewitched

In the blinking of an eye
Lost my equilibrium whenever you walked by
Scarcely could have been foreseen
Bewitched me when you twitched your nose at me

With the waving of a wand
Your 'accio muchacho' took me away past fond
Upon the chiming of Big Ben
Sucked into a worm-hole opened up and let me in

At the closing of a door
Walked out upon whatever might have come before
Within the flicker of this candle
Let's stir up our own little cause for scandal

Jerry Buckley

Bradford Pairs

Staged in neat horizontal rows: Linear. Like so many Bradford pear trees
Beaming out at us from the 'Society' section of the Sunday newspaper
Complete with full frontal smiles betraying idealism grafted onto ignorance

'McNeil weds O'Henry at Our Lady of Perpetual Agony'
'Thompson and Blakely to say vows in garden ceremony'
'Spencer and Lyons to wed at Second Presbyterian Church'
'Barton and Smith exchange vows at Cheekwood Tea Room'

Don't these young lovers ever read the articles in the 'Living' section of this same newspaper?

Haven't they spoken with acknowledged experts in the field; and learned that their odds of

survival intact are fifty-fifty at best? And even at that: the blooming season is so truncated.

And afterward, there's fifty drab weeks staring over coffee every morning at a snarling mangle

of branches, grappling with an overwhelmed trunk.

Scenario A reveals the blushing bride cannot be expected to be constrained by such mundane

concepts as decorum and property rights; that she finds wings on warm breezes and elopes into

the wild: to be exposed and recognized by anybody in the know, as an invasive pest.

Scenario B discovers that the first good strong thunderstorm or sheer wind past the third year

of planting effortlessly snaps off one or more of the main branches; and so now the poor

home-owner is wedded to an amputee flaying in a chorus line. And what on earth can you possibly

do about that?

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