

Poetry Series

**jimmy blass**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2014

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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# A Beautiful Woman

What is a beautiful woman?  
Is it the tilt of the head?  
The ratio of the physiognomy?  
The form of the body?  
The coif of the hair?

No, No, No, No,  
It is the inner light,  
It is the helping hand,  
It is the calming voice,  
It is the constant presence.

Why do I know this?  
My life has been blessed with such.  
How can I honor them?  
With this!

Jimmy Blass  
11/05/2008

jimmy blass

# Frozen Rain

I wait the vaunted wind to rise,  
While gazing on the icy bough.  
The night has brought a beauteous sight  
Of hanging limbs bedecked in white  
Or clear glazed coverings of thickly frozen rime

When sun breaks through  
The world is new  
Limbs start to rise  
From weights imposed by night  
And no more break and crack  
As some did early in the morn.

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jimmy blass

# Genius & The Rest

There are the few genius'  
In each generation  
Who compose more than one theme.

Not always noted  
In their time.

Others can but  
Beat the same rhythm  
Each and every time.

Will still be remembered  
For that once

But not celebrated.

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jimmy bliss

# Gone

We know what loss of Father be,  
Or Son or Brother means to we,  
I know that only one can see,  
That loss is greater than simple be.

For those who celebrate his life,  
With stories, memories and the like,  
Today we send a gift to the sky  
And pray it brings hope to heart.

Gregory was his name with us  
Greg, Father, Pops and such  
And family secret, Cotton,  
Brings smile and floods the heart

Gone as we all must be,  
He, too soon for us, to the gallery  
Of those we must remember  
For how they touched our lives

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# Idyllic Dream

I once dreamed  
of an idyllic place

A time where I sat in a chair  
in a sunlit room  
soft breezes of early summer  
tickling my toes

A Viennese waltz  
pleasing my ear  
while I read  
some interesting tome of history.

Through the window  
I could see the work of nature  
renewing the foliage on shrub and tree  
as azaleas began their annual show.

By great good fortune.  
I have arrived at that dreams end.  
I can have all my dream presented  
it still is not enough.

I want to erase thirty years  
return to the days  
when it was all a dream.  
Sadly, time,  
will not allow that to be.

Ah, the good fortune of age  
when the dreams  
could be made reality  
except for the reality that is.

jimmy blass

# Inevitable

The spring's impetuous grass,  
Springing through late winter snow,  
Marked by blooming forsythia,  
Conquer the unyielding changes of March.

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jimmy blass



# Obscuration

There is no sky.  
There are no clouds.  
The world about is gone.  
No birds arrive  
To feed and fuss.  
The fog obscures the ground.

No neighbors house appears this morn.  
The forest trees have slipped away  
Into the mist of vapor close by the earth.

I know this too shall pass.  
But for the moment I will dream  
Of all the world now disappeared  
And no more Sturm und Drang.

We all do hope and pray  
Most every night and day  
That pain and suffering of our minds  
Will be befogged as now we find  
This morn of obscuration.

jimmy blass

# On Reaching 80

ON REACHING 80

(To Dwight Meeks on his eightieth)

We reach this age.  
No fault of ours.  
We cannot change.  
The passing hours.  
We thank our gods.  
They don't respond.  
With other than silence and smiles.

(rev.1: 55PM 2/16/13 jimmy)

jimmy blass

# Sad

Sad am I this year.  
Brought there by them.  
They are mine  
Mine by blood and love.

Close to my heart,  
I have not spoken.  
That is not my way.

Their life must be  
Without my hectoring.

Do they know my sadness?  
Will or would it help  
If I spoke now,  
Or is it late,  
Or too little,  
To unbalance the weighted scale?

Cause my heart to sing!  
Show conciliation.

Accept, we like, because of.  
But, we love, in spite of.

jimmy blass

# Snow

Snow, a sprinkling  
No, more a dusting  
No, a bit more  
It's pretty

Snow in the northern climes  
Greeted with joy to groans  
The first of the season  
Groans for the mess  
Joy for the sights

To understand snow  
We must to children's minds return  
The coolness on the stuck-out tongue  
The bite of blowing flakes on cheek

The southern latitudes  
Have this great luck  
No Snow to chastise or subdue.

Those who walk through open doors  
And leave them so  
Have not had white flakes  
Blown in behind their passage

To stomp boots  
Before coming inside  
Or watch the clumps sizzle  
And disappear on the stove-top,  
Or fall into a cushion of white,  
Or push the shovel along the sidewalk,  
Or wade through drifts as high as your hips  
And wish you had snowshoes like  
Those who lived on the shores of  
Gitche Gumee

To trudge through a virgin snowfall  
Feeling like Admiral Perry of the North

Sliding down any available incline  
On sled or ski

The first real snow  
Makes puppies of grizzled old dogs

Damn the tracks on the carpet  
IT&quot;S SNOWING!

jimmy blass

# The Blest Cohort

How blest the cohort of the depression  
Our fathers lived in trenches  
Then ten years without the Demon

Older brothers spilt their blood at Ardennes and Iwo  
We watched.

We spent our lives  
Cold and yet occasional hot  
Warring with a doomed colossus

Silently we took the next generation  
too excess and libertine pursuits

Now watching the decline of our happy world  
We were and are the blest generation  
As we disappear

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# The Festival Days

The trees are bare  
The leaves have fell  
The morns have frost  
It's cold as hell

The stove is warm  
Inside is great  
The electric's on  
Dog's on the grate

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The festive days are here  
The kids are of good cheer  
Beer and wine's in the fridge  
Gamma's comin' o'er the bridge

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jimmy blass

# Up The Hill

Lerner and Holder  
Went up the hill  
To testify on matters

Holder and Lerner  
Came down the hill  
Their reputations in tatters

Obama said  
Up the hill  
On all executive matters

We've had our fill  
Said the hill  
Of Obama's reclusive ratters

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