

Poetry Series

John deVries
- poems -

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John deVries()

A Confidence Born Of Grace

It would be just fine
Says this heart of mine
If my nose had not
Been filled with her perfume
During the ride,
Down and up went.
But that is not so,
And to writing go I
To express what I must
Before I end as dust
Scattered before the gust.

Watching her dance,
If I had chance
To talk with her
before evens' end
To tell her all.

Her flowing red hair
Did cause me to stare rudely,
I must confess here
But watching her dance
Was much worse perchance

Seeing her sway
To and fro
Those hips, those lips 'cite me so
In ways I can't
say to all.

Where it goes from here
I can not say clear
Will it end in naught
As others have ought
Perhaps it may not
Only time will tell

John deVries

Chuh

Cheerful Channelle chucked chump churlishly -

Challenge? Chiasma chilled.

Childishly chide? Chicken.

Chemistry cherished? Cheapened.

Cheat? Checked!

Chaste? Chased? Chafed.

Chagrin.

John deVries

Duet

And in the dance they danced,
They would dance many and ever a step
He would move forward
And she would move back
She would wear white
And he would wear black

Without any music
They danced on and on
Out under the sky
Out on the green lawn

They danced at a distance
They hardly could see
The face of the other
Their sorrow or glee

The distance is great
It never will lack
For when he moves forward
She always moves back

John deVries

Fall Day

Fault day, balk day,
Bouncing off the walls day

Will she will,
Will she won't
Will she even
If I don't?

No she won't and
Never would
She will do
But aught she could

John deVries

Leaving You

As alone as lone can be
I've left you, can't you see?
Though I wouldn't t'were truly
your wish
But to not would make long
the anguish
Of selection this lonely night
& eventually bring you fright
Of me -
Who wouldn't frighten if I could
And so I leave as well I should.

I wish I could believe in Fiction
And Believe that Romance was real,
I wish I could just do so
And tell all others what I feel

(Why couldn't you hold me?
To be held
Means Not to be dropped
For another
Every Saturday Night.)

John deVries

More Of The Different

To find delight while dancing
I found to my surprise
I found you quite entrancing
With smiling Australian eyes

It was more than I hoped dear Jill
When going out to dance
To find someone not run-of-the-mill
I'm glad I took the chance!

John deVries

Ocean Beach

The ocean waves curl, they curl and splash
They'd curl you too, if you did dash
And played among them
They'd curl you and kill you and bring you down
A wreath of seaweed would be your gown
A jellyfish you'd have to make your crown

I ought to just sit here, let the waves o'er take me
Drag me out to unknown depths, feel its icy fingertips
Hold me fast, suck water in instead of air
It wouldn't be nice, it wouldn't be fair
To the ones I'd be leaving there,
Among the mountains far away
But it would be different

John deVries

Oligochaeta

How lovely to be an annelid
How much do I hear? What am I bid?
It might be quite grand
To wriggle in sand
Where life's all a squirm
How lovely to be a worm!

John deVries

Potry

With clear cool glance and constant eye-contact
We danced insanely long that cool Fall night

Others compared her to a wraith, flickering ghost-like
Through the thicket of the limbs of others, moving
Not unlike the branches of a wind-tossed tree

Where am I in all of this? Working up a sweat as usual
Dancing my soles out, dancing my soul out,
In contact, not an ordinary flirtation

Not that I was free, nor was she
As we danced in the darkening gloom,
Beset by toga-clad revelers

My heart cries, whether unworthy or not
To find someone who will gavotte
Frolicsome, and then forget-me-not....

John deVries

P'R'Aprs

God is perhaps a comedian
And life is all his joke
Something to keep them laughing
'Til now from first He spoke

It doesn't pay to delve too deep
Explaining humor never can
Perhaps this explains such a thing as life
Perhaps this is why there is Man

Laughter is akin to sadness
Tears are often shed in jest
If God Himself's a jokester
Perhaps this explains the rest

John deVries

Security Is A Pain

Computer security is quite nasty
It won't let me be who I want to be

Changing the passwords is a drag
It makes me feel like an old rag

It is something I would disdain
Because it really is a pain

Really, it is not my bag
Makes my shoulders slump and drag

But if it works the way it should
I'll be more secure than I'd would

John deVries

Utterly Lovely

How utterly unutterably lovely you are
Glenda Lee, who helps attend the bar
At Lancelot's where the silver skulls gleam
'Neath the glow of bright incandescent beam
Where Jerry Chiemsee sometimes would play
On the piano in his own florid way

But that is beside the point

I wish I could allow myself to fall for your charms,
Glenda Lee, though my advances might sound alarms
In your mind, since there is no doubt
That you've been approached by many who seemed devout
Whose devotions have been tempered by liquor
Who, if they got their way, might do nothing but snicker

But that is being crude

Glenda Lee, I don't know why seeing you
Leaves me breathless, without a clue,
Affects me this way, makes me think thoughts,
write rhymes, makes me feel so overwrought,
Makes me want to find out who you are
Glenda Lee, who helps attend the bar

And that is the end of this piece

John deVries