

Poetry Series

Karl Stuart Kline
- poems -

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Karl Stuart Kline(2/16/50)

I can offer no better biography than the one that was required of me when 'Going Without Peggy' was in the 2006 (published 2005) Pulitzer competition.

It can be seen in full on my web site, along with several of my poems, pictures of our cats and other relevant material.

2007- an adaptation of the Pulitzer biography was published by Leicester Review of Books in the UK, subsequently becoming one of their top ten visited pages for three months straight!

My other site, is designed with Human Trafficking in mind...!

July,2008 - The PoemHunter site has 'top 500' listings for the relative popularity of their poet members. There is one such listing for each country and another for the world as a whole. I am pleased to say that on that list, I have risen as high as the top ten (#10) for the USA and to #43 for the world.

(1.1 - 1.7) Going Without Peggy

This first group of poems is excerpted from my book, 'Going Without Peggy' It wasn't the first book that I wrote, but you can see that it is first in my heart

These are excerpts from the book and I am going to provide the table of contents from the book.

Perhaps seeing what is here and what is not here will help you to decide if you are interested in procuring a copy of the book for yourself.

'Dedicated to the love that's all around,
With which this world abounds,
But never is easily found'

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Karl Stuart Kline

(1.1) Epilepsy Is A Dirty Word

There they stand, hats in hand,
Turning their faces to the wall..

No involvement, No absolvment,
They stand and let me fall.

They fear to touch, I ask too much,
My illness could be contagious

I'm touched by the devil, hand of evil,
A "Christian" act would be outrageous..

They're afraid I'll fight, afraid I'll bite
And look at me as if disfigured

They repeat the lies, fear in their eyes,
Believing every tale they've heard..

Surprised at first, they fear the worst,
Should I dare to declare myself

Through all the years, they've shed no tears,
Just hid me on the closet shelf

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.1) Peggy

The beauty that could not be seen,
But was always there.
The wealth of love and spirit
That she had to share
Was most wond'rously graced
By face and figure fair...
A gentle laughing spirit,
Always happy to be there.

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.1) Truly

Wouldst kiss me, my lady?
Bless these lips with thine?
Raise me to the heights of ecstasy,
To know again that Love is mine?

Touch my face with thy hallowed hand,
Stroke me with thy satin skin,
Rousing from slumber love's sweet demand,
Reaching for the soul within.

Thy hostage is my heart,
Forever bound to thee,
This binding that cannot part
And makes you ever a part of me.

For true love is a sharing without end
That mere separation cannot dim
The feeling that doth transcend
Even the beauty of the Seraphim.

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.2) One In A Thousand

There are a thousand things
We can say,
But there's only one thing
I want to say.
There are a thousand places
We can see,
But there's only one place
I want to be.
There are a thousand things
We can do,
But I only want to be here,
Sharing love with you...

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.2) To Be My Wife

Take my hand in love,
It is for only thee.
Take my hand in love,
Come in gentleness with me.

Come and join me
In a sharing of the soul,
Come and join me,
Together we'll make a whole.

You shall be my wife,
All of that and nothing less,
You shall be my wife
And share with me our happiness.

Take this ring
And share with me my life,
Take this ring
And come with me to be my wife...

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.3) Love On The Mountaintop

Love on the mountaintop-
Love all night and never stop!
Day in and day out,
Then we'll turn it round about,
Day out and day in,
When we're through, we start again,
Day in and day out,
Never sleep 'til we're worn out,
Day out and day in,
We'll live on love as long as we can,
When we must, we'll rest and eat,
A more loving couple you'll never meet!

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.3) Peggy On Valentine's Day

She walks about,
My eyes' delight!
I thank the lord
For the gift of sight.

Her voice is music
To my ears -
How blessed I am
That I can hear.

If God is Love,
Then she's divine,
I'm truly blessed
To know she's mine.

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.4) Madness Waits For Me

Somewhere, Madness waits for me...
I know, for I can see it in my dreams.
It's not a pleasant thing to see,
But then sanity is never what it seems...

There are Things that hide and lay in wait...
I know, for I can hold their presence back,
But they won't really show until it's too late
And I am overwhelmed by their attack...

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.4) My Sweet Peggy

She was my sunshine,
My only sunshine,
She made me happy
When skies were grey,
You cannot know, Lord,
How much I loved her
Or you'd not take
My Sunshine away...

My sweet Peggy...
The length and breadth of this world
Cannot contain what I feel for you...
Time itself will melt before the blast
And our love will be known beyond our lifetimes.

You were sick and I was by your side,
We fought, we hoped, we prayed, but you died.
I was there for your last breath and I cried...
and cried...
and cried...

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.5) Going Without Peggy

I'm going without Peggy
And it seems so strange
To be going without Peggy

So many things have changed
Since my Peggy's death,
But my love remains unchanged

She took her last breath,
Never to take another,
Passing from life to death.

And so she joins her mother,
Barely thirteen months gone,
Even in death, very like each other.

She lived, she died, it's done.
Touching so many hearts,
Mine's broken now she's gone.

Touched by Cupid's darts,
Given a brief score of years
To find and know our hearts...

So much love, so many years,
All my life has been for Peggy
For so many, but so few, happy years

And now I've lost my Peggy
And it seems so strange
To be going without Peggy

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.5) Seeking The Healing Power Of Sleep

Seeking the healing power of sleep,
I find no respite in my dreams...
Sinking into slumber deep,
It's not so restful as it seems.

Agony's relived time and again,
Magnified by the helplessness
I feel in my dreams and then
I mourn lost love and happiness

I find more relief in time than sleep,
Although I still relive my loss,
I feel the pain less acutely,
Still there, but not as it once was.

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.5) The Dreamer

The full moon beckons
To my heart
And clutches that most
Important part

With dark dreams of those
Lonely nights
And a lovely lady that
Fades from sight

Fantasies that now fade
With daylight
And make me yearn again
for the night...

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.5) The Dreamer, Part 2

Ah! Fantasies that fade
With daylight,
Tethered as they are
To the night...

I'm drawing the shade
And locking the door,
So, in my loneliness,
I can Dream some more...

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.5) The Greatest One Of All

My past is full of
Lovers lost and lovers found.
They're proof to me that
In this world love abounds.

Some of my loves were great
And other loves were small,
But my love for Peggy
Was the greatest one of all.

True lovers lost for centuries,
Kindred spirits were reunited,
Transcending space and time,
Our love became love requited.

Given but a brief score of years
To find and know our hearts,
Sharing our laughter and our tears
Until we were torn apart...

I know that she's an Angel,
More so than I can ever be...
I doubt that I can change,
But she's come to visit me...

I was inconsolable
And somehow she knew
And wrapped me in her love,
Rare and Wond'rous, too...

Our disabilities were our strengths,
Bringing us together again,
Empowering us to any length
As Lovers and the best of friends.

Old souls in a modern world,
The flame of love was relighted
The Gods were kind to allow
Lost lovers to be reunited.

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.5) Thoughts

How do you leave your love?
Twinned, as it seems, since birth
The spirit has left the flesh
And its' vessel is returned to earth.

You can never leave your love,
For that spirit is there to stay,
You might in time find another,
But wonder if you'll rue the day...

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.6) Peggy's Roses (Roses Three...)

I lost my Peggy 11/29/97 after a heart wrenching nine month battle with Breast Cancer - This was included in my book, 'Going Without Peggy',
Published in April,2005...

Peggy would always get roses three,
Fragile flowers for her from me
And like her they were lovely.

Red was the first of the three,
Because I was hers completely
And loved her most passionately!

Yellow was the second of the three,
Since she was a true friend to me,
By my side for eternity.

White was the third of the three,
For love that surpasses mortality,
The love that's always there for me

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.6) Unfinished Symphony (12/21/03) (It's Recorded In Ancient Lore...)

I missed kissing you yesterday...
I can say that every day,
Because since you've gone away
I've missed kissing you every day.

Just given a brief score of years
To share our laughter and our tears,
Finding courage to face our fears,
Loving each other through all the years.

These tears can never go away,
No matter what I do or say,
I'll love her 'til the end of days
And these tears are here to stay.

My love is there for all to see,
No matter what, it's part of me
And any fool can plainly see
She'll always be a part of me.

We never could say good bye,
We knew it would be a lie,
Death could never break these ties,
So we never said good bye.

I found my Lady Love today,
Everyone thinks she went away,
But she's always been here to stay
And I found my true love today.

It has happened to us before,
Long ago in those days of yore,
It's recorded in ancient lore
How lost love was regained once more.

We can never know how or when
A miracle truly happens,

But we do know it will and then
Lost loves will be lovers again.

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.6) Sad Songs

The world is full of
Too many sad songs,
They may touch the heart,
But right no wrongs,

They are melodious,
But so very dark and drear
That I cannot find
One that I want to hear.

I want to hear about
Happiness in full bloom,
So that cheery sounds
Can displace this gloom,

Tell me how love
And children's happy laughter's
Filling the world
And ringing from the rafters,

Bring the light to my life
That I've so sadly missed,
Return to me the joy
of a newfound lovers' kiss...

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.6) Starting Over... 3/17/03 12: 43 Am

A thousand poems a day
Went parading through my head
Confusion reigned supreme,
A skein of tangled threads...

Each blends into the other,
Without beginning or end,
Telling one from another
Or even finding a trend

Would be difficult at best,
But I'd seize a single thread
And follow it through the maze,
Mindless of where it led,

Weaving the cloth it made
Into a coat of many colors
Ranging from sunshine bright
To those that are dark and dolorous

For each thread is different,
And might not end as it began,
Raveled in a web of colors
Inseparable by Man,

Mirroring the condition
Of the souls' own torment,
Delicate mothlike beauty
Caught in webs fluorescent

Or darkling and well hidden,
Masking glory that lies within...
Honest poetry follows,
Unimpaired by expectations,

Discovering unexpected destinations
As it struggles to be free,
Going through several incarnations,
Each one a discovery...

The journey was important,
It didn't matter where it went,
I'd find out soon enough,
Once the poem was written...

Whether or not to write's
Like the difference of death and life,
The pilgrim and the shrine,
United only after strife

Journey and destination...
Upon arrival I've found
Some time for contemplation,
And healing of my wounds

Refreshed, I must begin anew,
Answers only bring more questions
But I've also gained wisdom, too,
Along with strength and dedication

At each journey's completion
I find another horizon
And a new destination
Luring me with its' Sirens' song,

It's a Quest that's never ending,
Leading off the beaten track,
Down paths that are ever winding
There can be no turning back,

Following music that I hear
Enraptured by the sound,
So far away and yet so near,
It seems that it's all around.

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.7) Blessed Be

Peggy was my Aphrodite
And she was there, waiting for me.

She took my head in her lap
And she caressed my brow,
I felt as if I was becoming
One with a cloud...

Gently sinking into
That wonderful soft cloud,
Enveloped by warmth and Love,
Blessed and Caressed, allowed

To Rest,
Merging with a Love that's greater than me

Is it the River Lethe
Whose waters of forgetfulness
Are closing over me?

A return to Innocence,
I don't even question why
I should so blessed be...

Karl Stuart Kline

(1.8) The Best Of 2003 (Written By Request For The Iip Book Of The Same Name)

For a while I had my "Camelot, "
Seventeen happy years with Peggy,
Who shared my disability and
Shared her Love, glorious Love with me.

She passed away as I held her hand,
She was taken by deadly cancer
And when it struck, we did all we could,
But our prayers all went unanswered

My constant companions had become
Depression, Despondence and Despair.
I wrote Going Without Peggy then,
But I always knew that Life's not fair.

So that was how it came about,
My writing was my salvation,
For when I had to work through my moods
I arrived at the realization

That She'd not want me to be so sad
Or for me to fall upon my sword...
Happy for the Happiness I gave her,
Now my life is free to move forward.

It's taken time, nearly six years by now,
I've wed a lovely Russian lady
And I can say that I now have sweet love
Again in the year Two Thousand Three!

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.0 - 2.6) Poison Pearls

These poems were excerpted from Poison Pearls - a book of poetry that was reclassified after it was released to Women' Studies and Criminology!

It and my experiences overseas in turn were the motivation for my creating the web site, , where my messages for Human rights and against Human trafficking have reached over 40,000 visitors from over 145 countries!

I've been told that some people are not strong enough to read these poems - that they want their poetry to be hearts and flowers on perfumed cards. This is too real for them, but it's still straight talk from a world that is all too real - one that we need to change!

Awareness is the first step on the road to change and I hope that this good work of mine will encourage you to share that journey with me.

Karl Stuart Kline

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.0) One For All

I'm a poet who would right the wrongs of this world,
But it's not so easily done.
My empathy is my strength and my weakness, too,
With others I can be as one

I know that I cannot always be correct,
To err is human, after all
But silence is the greater defect,
Unspoken thoughts might never be recalled...

Speaking without purpose is only making noise,
Meaningless to the listeners
And useless to the audience that is poised,
Ready to act on those words...

The greatest movements have been led by great speakers
Religious or political,
Their purpose is articulated by their leaders
Even if hypothetical

My purpose here is not merely entertainment,
To be read and laid aside
Universal Human Rights are our attainment,
By which we should all abide

If you will read this once again with that in mind
Take time to pause and reflect
No matter what, you're always part of Humankind...
Remember that and respect

The great diversity from which we all come
One Way is a fiction, but
No matter how diverse the branches become,
We all share a common root

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.1) Pedophiles

Like vampires stealing children,
Slavers slip through the dark shadows of the night
Hunting for the innocents
Before the dawning of another days' light

It's a business for them
Their lust for money keeps them up so late
Luring innocent victims,
Uncaring, knowing neither love nor hate

Seeking innocent children
Those who cannot see behind their smiles
Who're surreptitiously taken
To be sold to wealthy pedophiles

Their victims are children
With no means to protect their health
Taken by evil men,
Who're concerned only for their wealth

They're only businessmen,
Going forth to make their dirty millions
Minimal investment
Brings them into a trade worth billions

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.2) The Talent Agent (Ladies Beware!)

You're looking for women?
You want them to serve men of all ages,
Taking money from them
For you, without benefits or wages?

You want pretty women
And want them to be naive and young,
Little more than children,
Submitting whether they're right or wrong?

Whoever can afford them
Can readily place their order overseas
With the "talent agent"
Who knows very well how to advertise...

He doesn't need to hunt,
For women come knocking on his door
Looking for their chance
Naive, thinking he's what they're looking for...

He says, "You have talent! "
And they're willing to give him what he wants
Not knowing what he meant,
They'll pay and pose for his catalog for gents

Only the "best of men"
Will get to see their sexy photographs
But then, pimps are men
And their "sexy photos" are good for laughs

Timid and uncertain,
They're told, very much to their enjoyment
They have better jobs than
Their anticipated employment

No details are given,
Their imaginations fill in the blanks
As travel arrangements
Are quickly made, they happily give thanks

The language is foreign,
But that's okay because they think they'll learn
While they are working
And using the money they think they'll earn

So, young and ignorant,
They believe and their deception is complete
Naive and innocent,
They don't realise that they're only "fresh meat"

They quickly learn what's meant
When they arrive at their destination
Where their papers are taken
And they're forced into fornication

By pimps, who buy young women
And turn them into pretty prostitutes
Living in fear of the men
Who take their money and keep them destitute

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.2) Waking With Robert Frost (Written 9/11/2001 - 7am)

I woke up with Robert Frost this morning...
with sweep of wind and downy flake
I woke and I could see without warning
His Woods as his little horse gave his head a shake...

The road less taken has brought me here
To where I've stopped without a farmhouse near
Meditating on what has brought me to this queer
Circumstance and I pause in solitary fear,

Thinking back to words unsaid and deeds undone
Realising that I am fortunate that they are few...
I can see that my Self is greater than the sum
Of my parts, even though I still have much to do

My word is good and my debts are covered.
If I should die tomorrow I'd have few regrets,
Except that I hadn't seen all the worlds' wonders
And that I wouldn't get to see what happens next

But it seems that there are still deeds to do,
My little horse has become a fiery steed...
Carrying me in crusade against those who
Bind spirits that should be able to live free

Unfortunately, crusaders take some chances,
Whether right or wrong, they'll meet resentment...
They threaten the status quo with golden lances,
Left broken on the sturdy revetments

Of the society that they would wish to change.
For there are those who feel that they'll be burnt
Since they have much at stake and feel the danger,
So they will become dangerous in turn

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.21) 9-11,2001 (One Brother Against Another...)

Terrorists struck without warning!
Coming out of a clear blue sky
On a beautiful cool morning,
Leaving us to wonder why

They'd kill women and children,
Muslim, Buddhist and Jew,
Hindu, Shinto and Christian,
To name only a few...

One brother against another,
We aren't so different at birth
Teaching makes us hate each other
And lessens our own self worth...

Hatred begets hatred,
Your victory is to make more like you,
But in the end you're dead
And "Victory" is dust and ashes, too

Yes, terrorists struck without seeing,
Killing all in their blindness,
But the most meaningful responses
Were random acts of kindness....

>^.Karl! (12/02/01)

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.22) Head Hunters

You were my Sunshine,
My one and only charmer
And I was your Quixotic
Knight in rusty armor

So I waxed poetic
Your true lover. tu amor
My life became chaotic
While you discovered more

You tell me you don't know
What is a handicapper
But now he's your fiancée'
And maybe quite dapper

If there's gambling, that's where
You'll find his kind of man
With the Mob in the wings
Pulling strings when they can...

They need foreign women
As prostitutes and hookers...
They'll invest their money
In well paid headhunters

With their expense accounts,
It's only business
And for Russian virgins
There must be a bonus...

They're not people, only meat
An honest man can't compete...
When they lie, steal and cheat
He goes down in defeat....

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.22) Slavery

Slavery is unjustified,
Something that I cannot condone
Even though I have fantasized,
It's something I could never own

Abduction, rape and torture
Sex slaves are the most common
Loss of freedom, self and more
All while they're still children...

Slave labor is the cheapest
So that will also thrive
Even if it's not the best
And they're barely kept alive

Slaves are not the best lovers,
When they need to be coerced
Nor are they the best laborers
Only working when they're forced

It's the unadvertised price
That keeps our imports cheap
They've been dehumanised
In the name of profits reaped

They work to stay alive
It's no good to be pleading
There is no "nine to five"
And the alternative's a beating

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.22) The Skeleton (Altered One Word For Language Concerns...)

The thought occurs again...
That those skeletal remains
Could have been my good friend Lynn
If she had been with me
Like she wanted to be...

Then again they could be mine
Lost in the woods without a sign
If I hadn't turned about and spurned
That Rednecks' crude advance,
Telling him he had no chance

Backing my statement with my fist
So that he understood the gist
That there was no doubt he would let me out...
I was the one that got away.
Sadly, that's all I can say

For he was a predator
And he probably found more
Acquiescent prey on another day
Who allowed him to have his way,
Though it led to an early grave...

Lynn knew of my adventuring
And all the interesting things
That I had seen and places I had been.
She wanted badly to come along,
Not knowing how it could go wrong...

For there were other things I had seen,
That told me of what could've been
And this skeleton was only one
Of the ways our trip could have ended
For the girl who I had befriended...

As a hitch-hiker I had found

That the roadside abounds
With sad stories and mute testimony
To tales of Tragedy
Ending in Brutality...

These bones were with a bloody t-shirt
Lying near them in the dirt...
Of other clothing there was nothing...
Then there were the cords that bind...
Recognizable... from Venetian blinds...

Beautiful, bouncy, buxom and blonde,
Lynn would've been great to have along!
Until some trucker wanted to chuck her
And he had a gun or a knife...
To fight could be worth your life...

I'd seen sad things by the roadside,
But this time someone had died
The bones weren't complete- they had no feet...
The head and hands were also missing
And no trace of them was to be seen...

By roadsides other than here,
Torn clothing and a child's brassiere
That I had found lying on the ground
Were an open book that spoke volumes
Of how something wicked this way comes...

But never of Death and Mutilation,
Following naked Humiliation...
Forced to endure cruel torture,
Leaving only bones to tell the tale
Of a twisted mind from beyond the pale

I've lost touch with Lynn...
It's been years since when
She tried eagerly to accompany me,
Those times that I ventured out
And managed to travel about

With my duffel and my thumb,

I went out and saw the nation,
The Grand Canyon and Apollo Eleven,
But now that's long over
And these bones are a sober

Reminder of days long past,
When we thought Youth would last
Forever and we never
Thought that we could possibly
Meet Death and die horribly

Much as I'd have liked her to come
I'm glad that she stayed at home,
I said "No! " she couldn't go and so
Scattered amongst these stones
Are someone else's bones...

Karl Stuart Kline,
Approx.3 AM,10/11/01

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.3) Russian Brides #1 (9/6/01) Round The World Romance...

This I know... I have one!
She is very special
I think she's beautiful
And so very unusual...

She is intelligent,
also very sensual,
Both of which are to me
Relationship essentials

What most brought her to me
Was her sweet empathy
Which I appreciate
Most since I lost Peggy

She's not a replacement,
I love her for her Self
She's what it took to get
This widower off the shelf

She's my loved Marina
from her head to her feet
And she has what it takes
To make my life complete

She's lovely and I say
She's my Russian Treasure
Gold has value, but my
Lady's beyond measure

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.3) Russian Brides #2 (9/8/01) Some Become Victims...

I cannot understand
Why there are ugly men...
They're handsome to look at,
But that's only hair and skin

You turn them inside out
To have a look within
And there is ugliness
Festering and rotten

Foreign brides who're looking
For love in a strange land
They are lovely women,
Looking for helping hands

They want a home that's safe
Where they'll have family
With a loving husband
Such is their fantasy...

All too often, reality
Is greatly different
For all those men who write
Want her to serve their ends

She can't know the good men
From those who're not her friends
She's taking a chance that
She'll meet an unhappy end...

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.3) Young Girls (Crossing The Border...)

15 & 9- Mama's in Milwaukee,
Because there's no work at home.
An illegal worker come to the states
And she had to leave her girls alone...

But she's got a job and she's working!
They can finally join her!
She's made enough and they're done waiting...
Now she can pay for the smuggler!

He's someone who says he can do it,
A Coyote who sounds convincing...
Her daughters are precious cargo
And he says that he can do this thing.

But what she doesn't know
And he's not about to tell her
Is that once they safely cross the Rio,
They'll be for sale to the highest bidder.

Pretty girls are most vulnerable,
Unaware of their innocent charms,
They'll go to sleep in the desert
And wake up in a coyotes' arms

Because they're already illegal,
They can't report him to the police
He'll have his way with them as they pray
For their eventual release

Many girls are welcomed as "fresh meat, "
Getting passed around by the fellows,
Then they're considered a treat
When they're sent to migrant bordellos

Trying to rejoin their mother
When they got the blessing of the church
And ventured across the border,
Young ladies hoping for decent work...

Instead they're in a filthy prison
Where there is no running water
Kept against their will,
Forced to service their customers

Men away from their own families,
Following the crops for harvest,
Many feel the need of a woman
And for them a whore is best

Rank from working the fields
And looking for a honey
The girls can't turn away
Anybody with money,

Then, when the money's gone,
Their duties continue.
They have to entertain
The boss's retinue

Unfortunately, they're
Likely to be cruel, hard men,
A prerequisite when
They're hired as guardsmen.

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.31) United Nations

Abducted as a young girl
And brought to a strange country
Halfway around this wide world,
You're here to meet the gentry

Old men who want young action...
You don't know what you're in for...
They've gathered for your auction,
You're the virgin that they bid for.

You've become a helpless slave
And come to these lawless lands...
You're only a pretty toy
Who men rule with iron hands

But you age and they bid again,
looking for something younger...
You're forced to prostitution
To pay for their perverted hunger...

Then the United Nations,
Protecting your Human Rights,
Decides for intervention
And your new owners take flight

But they don't go very far...
They see opportunity,
For these are well paid soldiers
Who are known to spend freely

So they gather together,
Putting their slaves on the street,
Putting women in brothels...
It's a new market for their meat!

There can be no protection
From the United Nations
Whose soldiers give you infections

And want only satisfaction

Unknowing, perhaps, that you
Are someones'unwilling slave,
Forced to work the streets, it's true,
As many before you have...

Your master wants their money
And knows just how to get it
Women are a commodity
And soldiers inflate the market...

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.32) Secret Police (Afghanistan)

He was arrested when he protested...
They took his home anyway
His wife objected when they elected
To take her husband away

But her disputing led to her shooting
In front of her three daughters
With no protection, her execution
Was nothing more than slaughter

Losing their father, losing their mother
And left alone with strangers...
They were in good hands, these three young virgins,
And doubtless safe from danger...

Fortunate to land in the gentle hands
Of aspiring young surgeons...*
And Obstetricians... whose sole direction
For these fearful young virgins

Was do what they must without any fuss
While their parents were away
With no chance to hide, they'd watched Mama die
As her killers came to stay

They stayed a few days while having their way
With these pretty young daughters
Leaving memories that are cruelly
Punctuated with laughter

Obedying commands, helpless in their hands,
Rememb'ring Mama dying
They can't even say what happened those days...
They just can't stop their crying...

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.4) Betrayal (Sold As Raw Goods, Like A Horse To Be Broken...)

Beautiful women are objects of admiration,
Especially when they are innocent and chaste.
Virginity is valued for prospective brides
And is not to be sacrificed to thoughtless haste

Of course, they are highly valued elsewhere as well
And they're taken to become slaves and kept women,
Stolen from their families by someone they trusted
And sold as raw goods like a horse to be broken

They are demoralized by the betrayal of their trust,
But their spirit's intact and demands are refused.
They're going to be taught that they're only objects of lust,
So they are brutally raped, battered and abused.

Their objections do not matter and are met with laughter.
Soon they learn that to complain is to invite more pain,
Only increasing the amusement of their new masters
And so it goes until they are thoroughly trained...

They're taught who's boss and to acknowledge their masters...
Sodomized, battered, abused, ashamed and confused,
They're shared by many men and their spirit's shattered,
Learning that their only value is in how they're used.

They're moved across borders, they're the syndicates' now,
They've become aliens with falsified passports.
They're convinced that even the police are corrupt
And are afraid to seek protection from the courts.

Their descent is complete and they're living in fear...
Their beauty is lost, replaced by something artificial
What was once a life full of promise has become
A personal Hell, thanks to rape, trauma and betrayal.

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.4) Rape For Hire

Never mind statutory, again
I'm not talking about young lovers...
This is serious stuff... It's PAIN
To be endured over and over...

Endured again and again, so that
The pimp who owns you profits...
Battered, bruised and diseased, you know
His concern's the money he gets.

Five times a night, ten times a night,
He thinks that more is always better.
He has no concern for your plight
And doesn't care for your sore sphincter...

Then you're no longer a novelty,
His regulars clamor for "fresh meat."
He'll sell you as "good quality"
And buy a younger girl as a treat...

So now you'll be starting over,
Same old story, but with new faces.
Rape follows rape... There's no lover
To charm you with his good graces...

After five years of prostitution,
You've learned from the back of the hand
That the money is what matters
And there's no such thing as a good man

You've been through seven abortions
And you know it'll happen again..
It's part of the degradation
When you're used and abused by men

It's birth control where you come from-
Common practice in your line of work,
Where you'll seldom see a condom
And "the pill" is something you can't afford...

You've become older and wiser
You know that you've earned plenty
You can't help it that your pimp's a miser
But what will you do when you turn twenty?

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.41) Going Home

The inspiration for this poem was in the story of Greek prostitutes kidnapped from Albania and forced to work as sex slaves until arrested and deported as illegal immigrants... It's not justice, but it's an escape - then again, maybe not...

It can't happen,
Or so you thought,
But you're finally saved!

From where you were,
Raped and beaten,
Selling yourself, enslaved...

They'll send you back,
Alive and whole,
So you call your Mama,

Telling her that
You'll be home soon,
Free from rape and trauma...

But then you know
Your memory
Of every detail

Will stay with you
For all your life
Until you're old and frail

But now you're free!
Leaving this place
And your family waits

You board the train
With your ticket...
Free again... It feels great!

There are others,
A bit older,

Who were enslaved like you

And you wonder,
Briefly, why they
Aren't as happy as you

But now you're free!
There's the border!
At last you're home again!

You're so happy,
Until you see
Them waiting for your train...

Not family,
But your keepers,
Those who sold your body,

Who said that you're
Nothing but meat,
Beaten raw and bloody...

You look around,
No place to go...
Police have disappeared...

You can't escape,
They bring you back
And it's all that you feared.

Yes, you're back home...
Back in your box,
Let out now and again

To be cleaned up
And made pretty,
So you can entertain

The men who come,
Sick, twisted men,
Taking you as they please...

Where you had hope,
Now there is none...
You know it'll never cease...

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.42) Cigarettes (Stealing Moments From Their Masters...)

They're one of your few pleasures,
But they're bad for you, you know...
You laugh at the statistics,
There're more likely ways to go.

You have nothing to live for...
You lost your life long ago
Because it's no longer yours,
Sold the first time you went on show

On the slavers' auction block,
Betrayed by your one true friend,
You stood shivering in your smock
As he brought you to a bad end

There're worse things than cigarettes,
As you've come to know too well.
Life was going well, you thought,
But now you're living in Hell,

Not the life that you had planned,
Doing ev'rything you can,
A slave for every demand...
Submissive to any man

You can no longer deny
A man his perverse pleasure
As your pimp takes his money
And then he takes your measure...

Once you tried to refuse
Only to meet with laughter
As you were beaten and abused,
Hung by ropes from the rafters

You were raped again and again,
Men stood in line for "fresh meat, "

Some you knew as the policemen
Who "protect" you on the street

So now you can't go home
(You've seen others die for less...)
You couldn't hide your shame
No matter how you dressed...

It just doesn't matter that
Others share your sad laughter
Puffing on their cigarettes,
Stealing moments from their masters...

The "masters" who snatch children
Or buy them from their parents
And sometimes take young women,
Selling away their innocence

You smoke your cigarette now,
Slow, to make the moment last
Cherishing memories of
Innocence from days long past...

Now nothing belongs to you...
Memories are all you have,
No one can take them from you...
You'll carry them to your grave.

Karl Stuart Kline

(2.6) Hungry Women

Foreign jobs seem the way
When there are none at home
With good hours and good pay

Just pack your bags and come,
Travel expenses are paid
And wages are handsome

Back at home, you're afraid
Even bread's expensive
And your hopes start to fade

There's not enough to give
your kids a healthy meal.
This is no way to live

And so you make a deal
To work someplace foreign
No matter how you feel

Comparing where you've been
To money that you'll earn
Makes it a decision

That's easy, but you learn
The truth to your distress
Once your bridges are burned.

Now, you're under duress,
Anytime you're told to,
Your job is to undress

And do whatever you
can to please a strange man
who happened to choose you

You will do all you can
You don't have any choice
Except to please this man

Women don't have a voice
For he's paid his money
And you were his first choice

So now you're his honey...
You smile as he teases...
Not because it's funny,

But because it eases
Your plight while you're with him,
To do as he pleases...

Your future's looking dim
But you learned the hard way
That you can't refuse him

Wishing you had a say,
You take all the abuse
And hope you'll see the day

When you're no longer bruised
It's a faraway dream
And you've nothing to lose

You've lost your self esteem
There's nothing to live for,
Nothing is what it seemed

You can't take any more,
There are no friends so close
To be what friends are for

It's not the life you chose,
You can't live as a whore
And so you overdose.

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.0 - 3.6) Brain Stemmed Roses

Brain Stemmed Roses is my most recent book and these poems are excerpts from the six sections of the book. (3.1 thru 3.6)

3.1 (from Section One) 'A Poet's View of Poetry'

3.2 (Section Two) 'Early Works'

3.3 (Section Three) 'Smart & Sexy'

3.4 (Section Four) 'The Ukrainian Connection'

3.5 (Section Five) 'Finding Marina'

3.6 (Section Six) 'Passions of Poetry'

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.11) Who, Me?

I'm a sentimental romantic,
Something in which I take pride,
I'm honest about my feelings
They're not something I need hide.

I'm a quiet kind of person,
For silence is better than telling lies,
Besides, I learn by listening
And by learning, I might yet become wise

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.12) A Fun Posting From My Publisher's Bulletin Board

Like you say, it doesn't pay,
But where's the fun in writing prose?
If I want to go all the way,
I'll submit some prose and who knows?
If I do it my way, who can say
That there isn't poetry in my prose?
Besides, with an inquiring mind,
Wherever it goes my pen follows!

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.12) A Thousand Poems (A Quest That's Never Ending...)

A thousand poems a day
Went parading through my head
Confusion reigned supreme,
A skein of tangled threads...

Each blends into the other,
Without beginning or end,
Telling one from another
Or even finding a trend

Would be difficult at best,
But I'd seize a single thread
And follow it through the maze,
Mindless of where it led,

Weaving the cloth it made
Into a coat of many colors
Ranging from sunshine bright
To those that are dark and dolorous

For each thread is different,
And might not end as it began,
Raveled in a web of colors
Inseparable by Man,

Mirroring the condition
Of the soul's own torment,
Delicate mothlike beauty
Caught in webs fluorescent

Or darkling and well hidden,
Masking glory that lies within...
Honest poetry follows,
Unimpaired by expectations,

Discovering unexpected destinations
As it struggles to be free,

Going through several incarnations,
Each one a discovery...

The journey was important,
It didn't matter where it went,
I'd find out soon enough,
Once the poem was written...

Whether or not to write's
Like the difference of death and life,
The pilgrim and the shrine,
United only after strife

Journey and destination...
Upon arrival I've found
Some time for contemplation,
And healing of my wounds

Refreshed, I must begin anew,
Answers only bring more questions
But I've also gained wisdom, too,
Along with strength and dedication

At each journeys' completion
I find another horizon
And a new destination
Luring me with its' Sirens' song,

It's a Quest that's never ending,
Leading off the beaten track,
Down paths that are ever winding
There can be no turning back,

Following music that I hear
Enraptured by the sound,
So far away and yet so near,
It seems that it's all around.

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.2) The Tear (My First Poem - 1966!)

There she stood,
oblivious to the world,
Unconscious
of the stones being hurled.
Locked in the stocks
as a common thief,
One small tear, alone,
betrayed her grief
By that tear
the peasant crowd was troubled
And sought to remove it
by stones and oaths redoubled
She had taken
a pittance worth of bread,
A worried mother
seeing that her baby was fed
And now she was
a prisoner in the stocks
A helpless target
held down by chains and locks.
She had lost all
that she had once held dear.
For that, not herself,
She shed that last lonely tear...

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.21) Storm's End

I seek a haven from the storm,
A refuge that defies the thund'ring skies
And shelters me safe and warm

I fly before a fearsome gale,
A chill wind that blows until noone knows
In what direction I sail

I'm tossed about like a wooden chip,
My yardarms moan, my canvases groan
And I teeter on an abyss lip....

About me the everlasting thunder rolls,
Lightning plies the darkened skies
And the winds shriek like Hell-damned souls...

Alas! My steering ropes break!
The wheel spins free as I plow through the sea,
Leaving a twisting, sinuous wake.

I'm drawn into a vortex, a Stygian pit
Where neither brawn nor brain can ease my pain
And the darkness seems utterly infinite...

The strain is hideously appalling!
My timbers crack, the sails go slack
And still I go on, forever falling..

I'm being torn asunder, my death is near
I meet my end without a friend,
But also without fear.

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.21) Vertical Pollution

Pigsty People
Overtly
Letting their
Leavings
Upset
The balance
In
Our
Natural heritage...

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.22) The Safe Society (From 1960's)

Plastic People with plastic hearts,
Plastic men with plastic parts,
They are here, strongly standing,
Robotic beings, never demanding.
On they come, mass produced
Buying plastic goods, Freud induced.
Ever improving without emotions,
Mechanically buying perfumes and lotions,
The plastic man and woman in conjunction
Have produced the plastic generation,
That which thrives on the bland and safe,
Never knowing, never caring for the starving waif.
With canned adventure and plastic love
They live until they die to go above
To seek their reward for serving so well,
Myself, I'd rather be in Hell!

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.23) Love Amongst The Pines (1969)

Lips rising to merge with mine,
Tasting the warmth you wish to share...

Bodies merging amongst the pines,
Tingling to excitement and the cool night air...

The world is shrunken, leaving only you and I,
In a tiny wood, doing what we both must dare...

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.23) Mountain Stream

Flickering in rainbow haste,
It comes to our chance meeting.
Following its' pebbled path,
It laughs in liquid greeting.

Sunshine bright and full of life,
It may stop, but not for long.
Merrily leaping on its' way,
It leaves us with a happy song..

Now it's only a memory
Of an Autumn afternoon,
Someplace I've been before
And hope to return to soon.

Karl Stuart Kline
circa 1970

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.24) One In All And All In One (I Am God...)

I am God

I am a social god,

To hunger for the acceptance of my peers.

I am a strong god,

To stand firm in the convictions that are mine.

I am a lustful god,

Eager to go forth and enjoy that which my worlds offer.

I am a loving god,

To make all that I experience a part of my inner self.

I am a questing god,

Ever seeking wisdom with which to use the power that is mine.

I am a powerful god,

To build or destroy the beauty that is within all that I experience.

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.25) Freedom (1960's)

To stand forth in strength;
The strength of wisdom,
The strength of knowledge,
The strength of power,
The strength to stand tall,
The strength to say nay,
The strength to be proud,
To be strong, able and wise,
Down this road true freedom lies...

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.26) The End Result (January,1971)

Bombs are flying,
Kids are crying
In a place
That on the face
Is called Vietnam

It's all the same,
Despite it's fame,
Death is Death,
Life's last breath,
Privilege of the damned...

What is it now?
To kill them how?
What will it be?
Him or Me?
Kill the Red!

Let them come!
Drop the Bomb!
And sing this song,
We can't go wrong,
For we'll all be dead!

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.3) Black Widow

With her gossamer webs,
She weds and slays,
To her mate she comes,
But never stays,
She leads him ever onward,
It's a game she plays...
He's a willing sacrifice,
He knows her ways...

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.3) Sensuous Woman (It's Not Love, But It's Not Bad...)

She helps me take off my coat and hat-
I know my sensuous woman's where it's at-

To look into her hard brown eyes,
You know she's young, but worldly wise
And those things she whispers in your ear
Are little more than lies...

You know it's an act, but somehow you don't care,
You've got a warm sensuous woman lying there...

Then, when you're coming back from Heaven,
You turn to where she lies
And see that hard, sensuous woman
Lying there with tears in her eyes...

Then you realize they're tears of remorse
For what is called a sin
And that they're tears of regret
For what it might have been...

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.31) The Caress (Chastised!)

I stroked her lovely breast,
But not at her request...
It was spontaneous
Affection between us,
So was my honest thought...
Now I'm told it was not!

For which I am chastised
And stand here mortified,
Just because that light touch
Turned out to be too much.

I try to understand
Why it was out of hand
For me to go once more
Where I had been before
As a caress so light
When we had kissed goodnight,

But then she's angered more
That she was out the door,
Already on her way
To home and couldn't stay...

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.31) The Stripper (4/18/99)

Now my would be lover,
You think that it's over
And that you must return
To that which you had spurned
Find work where you can strip,
Dodging hands that would grip,
Letting yourself be used,
Pawed over and abused...

Inhaling drunkards' breath
Is its' own little death...
It eats you up inside,
A little more has died
As you swallow your pride,
For when you strip, you can't hide...

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.31) For Tirana

Brass and crass,
But a sculpted beauty
Is how she is
When she comes to me

I've touched her in ways
That she's never known
And when she plays
She's a child ungrown

Toughness born of need
Covers a softer core
And there she finds
That she's so much more

Something that she
Never thought could be
And inner beauty
Is at last set free

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.4) Dragon's Fight

Dawn beneath the twin sisters (the moons of Pern) ...

With thanks to Anne McCaffrey for her great works and her good humored tolerance of me as the "Poet of Pern! "

A phalanx of fierce fire breathers will
Quickly rise to meet the brand new day,
Slipping from the early mornings' chill
To icy Between, they're on their way,

Transporting their courageous riders
And emerging to tropical midday
There to be joined by many others,
To prepare for the battle today

Their enemy is never evil,
It's not a malevolent menace
A phenomenon that's natural,
But it's a deadly threat nonetheless

A huge cloud of hungry strands drifts down,
Their birthplace orbits in outer space,
From the sky over country and town,
They will fall, utterly merciless

Fighting takes wisdom and strategy,
It helps to be utterly fearless,
But it needs to be done carefully,
Because Threadfall will kill the careless

Quickly learning it's true for either
And whether it's Dragon or rider
They must depend upon each other
And neither one is ever master

They're closely bonded from the Hatching,
Closer than any marriage partner,
They can even touch each others' minds
And act in concert that much faster...

Nevertheless, the Thread can kill them,
Acid eats through skin or scale and will
Separate the flesh from bone and then,
Reaching vital organs, quickly kills.

Threadfall does not come very often,
But if it's allowed to reach the ground,
It can render whole regions barren,
Eating through the lush growth and on down

Predicted like a comets' trail, or
Even like a meteor shower,
Thread is predicted and prepared for,
Battle ready at the given hour...

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.5) Waiting At I.N.S. (3/22/2001)

Why do we go without eating,
Sitting here in plastic seating?

Waiting for our futures to unfold...

We are here at Immigration,
It's our new way station

Where it is dingy, plastic, grey and cold...

Contrasting with our warm, clean souls,
We are waiting here while they dole

Out peoples' lives, welcoming them to the fold

Or telling them that their Dream
Cannot be, for it is they who deem

The future that cannot be foretold...

Karl Stuart Kline

(3.6) Hunter's Moon

I woke up suddenly tonight
I hadn't moved from where I'd lain to sleep...
I'd been exhausted and slept so deep,
But I woke to see my windows bright

I quietly moved to the pane
And I could see my yard as if it were daylight
Even though it was still very near to midnight.
It truly was very strange..

To see the world swathed in moonlight...
Unbidden, the thought shot into my brain
From some predatory place where it had lain,
"My God! It's a Hunters' Moon tonight! "

The world was lit to favor stalkers
For nothing could be hidden from their sight
And on this beautifully lit June night
The world belongs to ghostly walkers...

I shivered with eerie delight
To see the world before me so brightly lit...
I moved to the door and stepped out into it,
To stand bathed in that bright moonlight

So I savored this contemplation
As I stepped out into that nocturnal light
Contemplating another Age when I might
Have sallied forth on this occasion...

Stalking game in a strangely lit night,
Going forth with flintlock, bow or spear in hand,
Venturing to hunt as a predatory man,
Taking advantage of bright moonlight.

This was indeed a spectral night
Where one could freely walk and converse with ghosts..
Lunacy follows the full moon with spectral hosts..
Trying to sleep is futile tonight...

In truth, the moon is full two days hence,
A time when Lunacy and crime prowls the night
And "righteous" folk lock their doors in fright
To ward against Evils' influence..

It's futile to guard against the light
For it only unleashes what is in the heart,
Whether it's good or evil, it's only part
Of the dark beauty of the pale moonlight...

Karl Stuart Kline

"i Don't Like Poetry! "

How many times have I heard that?

More times than I can count, certainly!

BUT, many of those same people have come back to me, saying, "I like YOUR poetry! "

It's true!

They do!

But WHY?

Distillation...

...is more than a process by which fine wine becomes superlative whiskey.

...is taking the essence of something and concentrating the most desirable part of it into the smallest practical package.

...is grasping the essence of any aspect of society over which lesser writers will expend gallons of ink, reams of paper and hours of their reader's precious time, then condensing it in such a way that is easily understood, readily memorized and oft repeated.

...is the difference between a common piece of writing (that is read once and tossed aside) and that which is savored, treasured and held on to, becoming a family heirloom, returned to again and again for generations!

Story telling-

It can be fact or it can be fiction.

With poetic license, even that distinction can become blurred at times, using fictional examples to illustrate higher truths, something that's been done since the time of Aesop's Fables.

The Fact Is...

...that I'm writing this to promote my own work.

...that I won't misrepresent what I have to offer.

...that there are enough amazing truths out there – enough that I don't need to resort to fiction, although, like Aesop, I might use a fictional character to illustrate a higher truth.

...that some of my work (not all!) is available at an archive –

...that many of my best and most controversial works are still only available through my books.

...that more background on me is available through my web sites, and .

Karl Stuart Kline

A Beautiful Heart?

I'd like to say
That I have a beautiful heart,
Even to say,
Its' reflection is in my art

It's not for me
To be judge of my own beauty,
Critically,
I am my own worst enemy

Every wart
Has been charted as part of me,
Mapping my heart,
So my art suffers needlessly

Karl Stuart Kline

A Poor Substitute For Manhood (Pakistan)

You were young and you had a future,
There's a happy life you had planned,
But now you've got gauze and sutures
Because some suitor felt unmanned.

If you don't give up all you have
To do what he says is your duty
And become his submissive slave,
Then he destroys your youthful beauty.

Cruelly using an acid,
A sick substitute for hormones,
He'll make you pay for what you did
By burning flesh and even bones.

An act typical of his kind,
That burns your face and leaves you blind...

Karl Stuart Kline

A Wedding Vow

Take my hand in love,
It is for only thee.
Take my hand in love,
Come in gentleness with me.

Come and join me
In a sharing of the soul,
Come and join me,
Together we'll make a whole.

You shall be my wife,
All of that and nothing less,
You shall be my wife
And share with me our happiness.

Take this ring
And share with me my life,
Take this ring
And come with me to be my wife...

Karl Stuart Kline

Abusing Women

Picture This (I think you can...)

And so he pretends to be your lover,
'Til his subliminal rage takes over.

Anger and resentment builds, blinding him,
His anger is bright and his wits are dimmed..

He blames you for his own ineptitude,
Resorting to brutal acts and language crude,

And suddenly you become his victim,
Used, battered, abused and accused by him,

You protest and he becomes more irate,
He says women lie and he's filled with hate!

Where you needed love, the back of his hand
Is what you get, so run while you still can!

You do not dare follow where he has led,
For if you cannot run, you'll wind up dead!

Karl Stuart Kline

Abusing Women Ii

Picture This (I think you can...)

Rearranged in the Shakespearean Sonnet form...

And so he pretends to be your lover,
But blames you for his own ineptitude,
'Til his subliminal rage takes over,
Resorting to brutal acts and language crude,

You protest and he becomes more irate
Anger and resentment builds, blinding him,
He says women lie and he's filled with hate
And suddenly you become his victim,

Used, battered, abused and accused by him,
You do not dare follow where he has led,
His anger is bright and his wits are dimmed
And if you cannot run, you'll wind up dead!

Where you needed love, the back of his hand
Is what you get, so run while you still can!

Karl Stuart Kline

Acid In Your Face!

You were young and you had a future,
There's a happy life you had planned,
But now you've got gauze and sutures
Because some suitor felt unmanned

When you won't give up all you have,
Doing what he says is your duty,
Becoming his submissive slave.
So he destroys your youthful beauty

Using vitriol or acid,
A sick substitute for hormones,
He'll make you pay for what you did
By burning flesh and even bones.

An act typical of his kind,
That burns your face and leaves you blind.

Karl Stuart Kline

Al Qaeda's Testicles (Twittered)

We're concreded about Al Qaeda's tentacles,
Thinking they use dark magic and pentacles,
This attack might sacrifice their man's testicles!

Karl Stuart Kline

An Impossible Task (Words Reach Where Bullets Cannot Go...)

How can this fight be worth fighting
When the task seems impossible?
When I'm fighting human nature
And my goal seems implausible...

My first step was the first stanza
Of what was only a poem.
But then one became two and it's
No longer merely a poem

I'd written some essays as well,
Researching and trying to see
How to continue with my task
And to find where it's leading me.

I must accept small victories,
Realize that each life is worthwhile.
That contending with slavery
And discouraging pedophiles

Makes me some mighty enemies
Who will use both silver and lead
To suborn those who'd be allies...
Resistors end up raped or dead!

Judging a man by his enemies
Might be a fallacy in my case
But I have never ignored the pleas
Of others or taken them as slaves

I brandish my pen as if a sword
Was gripped by my callused hand instead,
Carrying our bright banner forward,
Optimistic as we forge ahead.

Every word is a victory,
Words that are meant to be repeated,

They become part of our history,
A cry that remains undefeated,

Words reach where bullets cannot go,
Once heard, they can be repeated
So it seems that there's an echo,
Free minds cannot be defeated

I'm not preaching a religion,
This should transcend differences,
A message meant to reach regions
And people of many faiths whence

Will come the outrage that they need
For them to protect their children,
Or else their extinction's complete
When they lose them and their women!

Karl Stuart Kline

Beating The Bully

I can't forget
Anytime I've hurt somebody,
Been in a fight,
Sending someone home all bloody.

But I forget,
It wasn't a fight that I chose.
Forced into it,
I had to either fight or lose

And fight I did!
There's no one to do it for me!
I was a kid,
Picked on for my disability.

I stood alone,
Facing up to a school bully.
I couldn't run,
He'd get me eventually.

Him and his friends,
They thought I was easy pickings,
That it would end
By him giving me a licking!

Then they could brag,
Parade around school and swagger,
Saying I dragged
Myself home or how I staggered.

That's how it went,
I was hurt and had a bloody nose
And in the end,
It bled like it came from a hose.

It did look bad,
They must have thought it was over,
So that they had
Their fun and I was the loser.

I would not yield,
Fighting `til I got the upper hand.
No sword or shield,
It was here that I made my stand.

So in the end,
He was the monster I vanquished.
Before his friends,
I brought him to his knees to submit

My bloody nose
Was used to my own advantage,
Because I hosed
His clothes before I released him.

Father and son,
He learned his ways from his father,
So he went home
To get shrill shrieks from his mother.

I'm sure he went
Home to face another whupping
Angry parents,
But for fighting or for losing?

Karl Stuart Kline

Beauty

Beauty comes and beauty goes,
Like the Ocean, it ebbs and flows
But the truest beauty can be seen
When mind is sharp and Vision keen.
If you look to your horizon
And your Sight can look beyond
Then truest beauty will you find,
For I can touch you with my mind!

Karl Stuart Kline

Blessed

She walks about,
My eyes' delight!
I thank the lord
For the gift of sight.

Her voice is music
To my ears -
How blessed I am
That I can hear.

If God is Love,
Then she's divine,
I'm truly blessed
To know she's mine.

Karl Stuart Kline

Cheated By Ahmedinejad

Since the recent election it's been bad
Many Iranians have been on the street
They've been out there voting with their feet,
Protesting and saying that they've been had,
Cheated of their rights by Ahmedinejad!

Karl Stuart Kline

Coffee, Tobacco, A Kalishnikov

Coffee, tobacco, a Kalishnikov
And a spirit that wishes to be free,
These are the necessary supplies of
Dedicated fighters of tyranny

Hard men who, having lost their families,
Will carry on the fight or die trying
To frustrate all the petty tyrannies
That left children dead and women crying.

Their women and children have been taken
Or killed by the peddlers in human flesh,
Leaving them with a heart that's breaking
And for their brothers, too, it bleeds afresh.

So they fight the war that will never cease,
Denied their happiness, denied their peace.

Karl Stuart Kline

Confronting Abuse

She once believed that she was in love with him,
This woman who's in the emergency room
Whose familiar face they've seen time and again
Bruised, burned and broken, her lover was her doom

He has raped and beaten her many, many times,
This man who will beat her again and again,
But denies the consequences of his crimes,
Hiding behind friends, who are like minded men.

He's sure that he'll never face his accuser,
This woman who has always been his victim,
Afraid to call to account her abuser,
And so she will always live in fear of him,

The man whose twisted love would become her curse,
Convinced he's not so bad and he could be worse!

10/26/09

Karl Stuart Kline

Karl Stuart Kline

Earthquake!

The gods decided to amuse themselves,
So, taking advantage of mankind's plight,
The laughter broke glasses, shaking the shelves,
Until Beauty was lost into the night.

It's our nature to reach high and higher,
Break away from the bonds of life and Earth,
To soar until Heaven's nigh and nigher,
'Til they decide to reach out in their mirth,

Chuckling as they slap down our creations,
Sending forth pestilence, war, flood and drought,
Laughing at our puny machinations,
So that in the end it comes to nought,

But there's no end because we build again,
Reaching for the sky, just because we're men.

Karl Stuart Kline

End This War

It's up to us, we have to end this War,
There are no weapons of Mass Destruction
That so many have needlessly died for,
While others get rich on reconstruction.

Karl Stuart Kline

End This War Ii

We paid for the damn war,
We're paying for reconstruction,
We ask when it will end
And we get lies and obfuscation!

Karl Stuart Kline

For A Distant Friend...

Beauty comes and beauty goes,
Like the Ocean, it ebbs and flows
But the truest beauty can be seen
When mind is sharp and Vision keen.

If you look to your horizon
And your Sight can look beyond
Then truest beauty will you find,
For I can touch you with my mind!

>^.Karl!

Karl Stuart Kline

For Marina, Christmas,2008

Inanimate objects seldom speak to me,
My gift instead is soft warm and cuddly.
My wife likes jewelry, her gold and silver,
Gems that flash with their frozen fire

This year I think that I'll catch her by surprise,
No receipts, no returns – just happiness in her eyes,
For she'll get something that is so animated
That just picking it up leaves her agitated.

I know that she'll love her little hamster,
Even though he's likely a scamp and a prankster.
Looking High and Low – Below and Above,
I know the gift that she'll keep – It's called Love!

Karl Stuart Kline,
December,2008

Karl Stuart Kline

Gang Bang

I heard a gang bang once...
But I wasn't part of it.

In my apartment the walls were thin
And next door were thirty men.

They had a woman - that was obvious,
To my presence they were oblivious.

I had no phone, I couldn't call,
I could only listen, not help at all...

So many men came and went,
I couldn't think that it was by consent

Perhaps I could use an open window?
But I was second floor - nowhere to go!

The only way out was directly past them...
I wasn't up to confronting thirty men!

Even if they were less, I was still only one,
Although I could have brought my gun...

But though I had sympathy for her plight,
She was hidden from my line of sight

I really didn't know what they did to her -
I could be judge, jury and executioner!

It turns out that I'm glad that i did not,
Instead of a young thing they had an older harlot

Perhaps getting full value from an older prostitute
They'd get laid and later she might get screwed

Out of her pay for a hard night's work
By some entrepreneurial jerk

Who says he's the pimp and she's the whore
Who only gets what he gives her - no more!

After all, I finally did hear her voice,
Though she didn't say she was there by choice,

I heard her manage to get them to form a line
Hearing her anger when she said; 'ONE AT A TIME! '

Karl Stuart Kline

Good Help Is Hard To Find (Twitter)

Good help is really hard to find,
(The thought has crossed Al Qaeda's mind)
When you can't get someone to mind
And explode their own behind!

Karl Stuart Kline

Good Women

Good women, do you love your lives
Exercising due care and good sense?
God gave you a life like other lives,
But have you lost your innocence?

You do not have to lose your heart
To fall for someone's vile pretense,
But neither do you have to part
Ways with your precious Common Sense

Nor do you need to bear the blame
When someone else had gun or knife...
You should know that theirs is the shame,
Making you choose between THAT and life!

Karl Stuart Kline

Guatemala Unanswered

Where bad men go free as good women die.
Crying for justice that's never answered.
Their families mourn and loved ones will cry,
Waiting for justice that's never answered.

Raped, cut, bitten, tortured until they die,
Praying for police that never answer.
Gangs ruling the streets without a worry
About the police who never answer

For relatives who come, all those who cry,
Seeking, but never finding their answers
From police who shrug, roll their eyes and sigh,
The police who should have all the answers,

But then, it's not their daughters who have died.
So the courageous police run and hide

Karl Stuart Kline
June 10,2008

Karl Stuart Kline

Happy Next Year!

2007's been downhill at best,
2008's gonna be a mess,
But with the election in mind,
I'm looking forward to 2009!

Happy New Year & CHOBIBM GODEM!
©Karl Stuart Kline

Karl Stuart Kline

Happy Next Year,2010!

2010 is almost here
We've all made it through another year!
What was new has become history,
But the future's still a mystery.
Be it good or bad, it's almost here
And I wish all a happy new year!

Karl Stuart Kline

Hunter's Moon - About The Poem

Hunter's Moon

This poem was written just as it happened, waking in the middle of a June night to find that, 'This was indeed a spectral night, where one could freely walk and converse with ghosts... (Lunacy follows the full moon with spectral hosts...)
Trying to sleep is futile tonight... '

Yes, I have my ghosts and there are many sleepless nights when they come to visit and we spend a melancholy night together...

Fortunately, they are not angry or vengeful phantoms. Rather, they are reminders of sad lessons learned. Often from my youth when trust was given and betrayed.

Acknowledging it, I am free to forgive and proceed without a need for vengeance or anger.

I have also touched the face of madness, tracing its' outline as a blind man might familiarize himself with the face of a newfound lover.

Perhaps I have escaped with my sanity intact, but I have not been left unaffected...

>^.\.^< Karl Stuart Kline

Karl Stuart Kline

Iran Limerick

There was a very pious old man,
The wise old fool that governs Iran,
He would preach and he'd prate
About governing his state,
'Til the people said, "You can't, WE CAN! "

Karl Stuart Kline

Irksome

Working with others
Is irksome
When they don't bother
to work some!

Karl Stuart Kline

Just Because We'Re Men

The Gods decided to amuse themselves,
And taking advantage of mankind's plight,
Their laughter broke glasses and shook the shelves
Until Beauty was lost into the night.

It's our nature to reach high and higher,
Break away from the bonds of life and Earth,
To soar until Heaven's nigh and nigher,
'Til they decide to reach out in their mirth,

Chuckling as they slap down our creations,
They send forth pestilence, war, flood and drought,
Laughing at our puny machinations,
So that in the end it all comes to nought,

But there's no end because we build again,
Reaching for the sky just because we're men.

Karl Stuart Kline

Modern Slavery

You don't hear a lot about it,
but it is there none the less...
Quiet, they don't shout about it,
Speaking up's left up to us

Karl Stuart Kline

My Love Is Something I Can'T Hide

I missed kissing you yesterday...
I can say that every day,
Because since you've gone away
I've missed kissing you every day.

Just given a brief score of years
To share our laughter and our tears,
Finding courage to face our fears,
Loving each other through all the years.

These tears can never go away,
No matter what I do or say,
I'll love her 'til the end of days
And these tears are here to stay.

My love is there for all to see,
No matter what, it's part of me
And any fool can plainly see
She'll always be a part of me.

We never could say good bye,
We knew it would be a lie,
Death could never break these ties,
So we never said good bye.

I found my Lady Love today,
Everyone thinks she went away,
But she's always been here to stay
And I found my true love today.

It has happened to us before,
Long ago in those days of yore,
It's recorded in ancient lore
How lost love was regained once more.

We can never know how or when
A miracle truly happens,
But we do know it will and then
Lost loves will be lovers again.

Karl Stuart Kline

My Tweet Poetry

#Poetry -

Fame's passed on and Genius fades/
Now dimly recalled accolades/
Sighted among the blind and deaf/
Remembered again after Death

RoKKnRobin

6: 37 AM Nov 18th from web

Karl Stuart Kline

No Rest For The Wicked

There can be no rest for the wicked,
Their souls will never be blessed with peace,
The course they've followed is what they've picked
And their spirit's torment will not cease.

There can be no haven for their ilk,
With their soul's perfidious nature,
Raised as they are on the Devil's milk,
Their souls rot away as they mature.

As with rot, the stench will still remain,
Of Slav'ry, Death and Putrefaction,
Glimpses of Hell that mem'ry retains,
Condemned as they are by their actions.

Karl Stuart Kline

Ole George Ducker

sing to the tune of 'Ole Dan Tucker'

Ole George Ducker was a mighty man,
Gave our money to Pakistan,
Then asked for more to save the banks
So they can eat steak instead of franks!

So aim your shoes at Ole George Ducker,
He's so scared he'll lose his supper,
Our Fearless Leader, to our sorrow,
Spent all we had, then had to borrow!

Karl Stuart Kline

Opium, Fresh Milk And Strong Shoes

Opium, fresh milk and strong shoes would do
For the mountain fighters of bygone times.
A hard life breeds hard men – that's nothing new
And Mountain Men who know that, live hard lives

Modern times mean little on ancient trails
That have been there longer than anyone
Can even remember, but they tell tales
Of would be conquerors that were broken

By the defenders who they seldom saw,
Unwelcome as they traveled untamed lands,
Missing unmarked trails that they never saw,
Seeing naught of the land but rocks and sand.

They miss the point, because they cannot see
These are people who truly do live free.

Karl Stuart Kline

Picture This... (I Think You Can!)

This poem is going to be published in the next issue of Poemata (the quarterly magazine of the Canadian Poetry Society) and will not appear here until after that publication.

For those of you who receive that publication, part of what you have to look forward to is a very intense, adrenaline driven warning to battered women everywhere and it will be presented in two different versions.

The first is as it was originally written - a spontaneous outburst that was driven by circumstances that were brought to my attention on the Internet.

The second is the only rewrite that I've done since the original poem was written and the only reason for the rewrite is that it was singularly suited to a particular poetic form and it should be very interesting to see both how similar they are, but simultaneously very different!

The message is very clear in both versions and I look forward to seeing how people react to them, separately and together!

Karl Stuart Kline

12/09/08 - the poems are now on this site - see 'Abusing Women'

Karl Stuart Kline

Pock Marked Wall

Line me up on that pock marked wall...
Do your worst, I really don't care at all,
For when it's over and I have died,
My Peggy's waiting on the other side.

Karl Stuart Kline

Preachers And Presidents

The Preachers' congregation is confused
The Sophist twists logic to his own use,
And their trust, wives and children are abused...
Fallacious reasoning becomes abuse,

Sending women and children forth to die,
Taking their lives in a reign of terror,
Dying only so that others will die,
Honor and Sacrifice's twisted mirror...

How much better is the politician?
Who, citing "Weapons of Mass Destruction, "
Brings ruin to his own population
More surely than outside intervention!

The Seeds of Doubt and Seeds of Destruction,
Seeds that lead To Death and Devastation.

Karl Stuart Kline

Prose Poem

Ideas come and go,
Slipping through my grasp,
They dance heel and toe,
Elusive as an asp.

Sometimes they'll come again
So I have one more chance
To hold tightly to them
As through my mind they dance.

Poetry's like breathing,
Because you're grasping air,
Entering and leaving,
To find there's nothing there.

Poems become prosaic
And it's truly tragic
When a poem's mosaic
Has to lose its' magic...

Karl Stuart Kline

Roses Three

Peggy would always get roses three,
Fragile flowers for her from me
And like her they were lovely.

Red was the first of the three,
Because I was hers completely
And loved her most passionately!

Yellow was the second of the three,
Since she was a true friend to me,
By my side for eternity.

White was the third of the three,
For love that surpasses mortality,
The love that's always there for me

Karl Stuart Kline

The African Collection (A True Story!)

It was another truck like many others,
But what's inside was always different.
We moved people and we moved their things,
Where they wished to go was where we went.

On request we would provide packers,
Black women who'd work for minimum wages.
Uneducated, but willing workers,
They could easily learn to make packages

This day I helped manage the warehouse
And considered myself fortunate,
Because we received an unusual load
And we felt privileged to view it.

For we were moving a big game hunter
And the truck was loaded with his trophies,
But only some, according to the driver,
Who had seen more of those from overseas.

But these were only North American-
Bison, boars, bears, bighorn sheep,
Pronghorn, cougar, whitetail deer,
Elk, moose and Canadian geese.

That short list was only a part
Of the many specimens that we saw,
Prime samples of the taxidermist's art,
All seemed completely without flaw.

One of our packers was there with us,
A young black girl whose wide eyed reaction
Was absolutely spontaneous
When he told us of the African Collection.

She'd been watching from behind us,
Listening to everything, just as we were.
Her response was outrageous,
Her voice filled with quavering horror.

She couldn't believe what she'd heard,
She was afraid this man hunted Humans!
In a shrill screech, she voiced what she feared,
'YOU DON'T STUFF NO AFRICANS! '

Karl Stuart Kline

The Celtic Queen

The Celtic Queen

No pallid bust of Pallas, but a bronzed Celtic Queen,
Her helm is on and her sword is drawn,
Her darkly bronzed skin shimmers with a metallic sheen.

A bearskin cape is loosely draped over her shoulders,
Exposing her chest and beautiful breasts,
Petulant breasts that hang like pendulous boulders.

Achilleos' art, rendered by an unknown sculptor,
Beautifully done, she is the one
Watching me as I write, like a keen eyed raptor

She keeps company with the angel on my shoulder...
If they approve or they are moved,
They can only share their feelings with each other.

Sometimes wakeful or writing what comes to me in my sleep,
With my scarred heart that's been torn apart,
I record tales that will make Angels and statues weep...

Karl Stuart Kline

The Last Poet (7/8/2001)

When I was young,
I thought my life would be brief...
Now I'm older
Much to my surprised relief

But still I know
Just how short a life can be
And have lost friends
Irreplaceable to me

Life still is short,
But more than I expected...
An adventure
Greater than I expected!

My drink is strong
And my women spirited
They're also sweet
And utterly devoted

Beauties all,
I give without restraint my heart
Sometimes saddened
By those who are so faint of heart

As to deny
The Adventure that could have been
So shortsighted
That something Special goes unseen

Intelligence
Doesn't come with a suit and tie
Sweaty Love won't
Come knocking with a smile that's shy

Sometimes it comes
Around when it's least expected
A touch and smile
Promising pleasures undetected

Leading onward
To a tryst with your sweet lover
Scaling the heights
That leave you amazed when it's over

Finding you've reached
The pinnacle of your desire
You're all sweaty
And your hammering heart's on fire

Then quick descent
As you and your lover relax
Holding memories
And each other as you come back

To Normalcy
That'll never be the same again
Back to a life
That's painfully inane and mundane

Born of woman,
Joining the world through sweat, blood and pain
But that's changing
Perhaps never to be the same again

And pristine births
Lead to spotless lives without passion.....

Karl Stuart Kline

The Onion Man

The deceits of Musharraf's politics are like the layers of an onion,
For every layer that you peel away reveals another deception
Then, when you finally reach the core,
You discover that there's nothing more-
What's hidden behind the Holy Hyperbole's only for his protection.

The Truth is that he can kill or silence every person who knows better
Than to trust any slippery lies slyly spoken with conscience unfettered
Against a perverted religion
Whose dishonorable intention's
To take advantage of the faithful who follow his orders to the letter

Karl Stuart Kline

The Onion Man II

The Onion Man II

The deceits of Musharraf's politics,
Are so like the layers of an onion,
For every layer is a prefix
That will reveal another deception

The layers that easily peel away,
Until you will finally reach the core,
Looking for some truth behind what he says,
But you discover that there is no more

The Truth is that he can kill quietly
Silencing those people who know better
Than to trust the slippery lies slyly
Spoken with no conscience whatsoever

It's his nature; he'll lie with his last breath,
The one truth he'll share is sorrow and death.

Karl Stuart Kline

The Poor Poet

The rich men that I have known
are more interested if
You are only theirs to own,
To take care of something stiff...

Better off with a poor poet,
A Romantic to the heart,
Whose love will let you know it
And will finish what you start!

Karl Stuart Kline

The Runaway (Caged With Psychotics!)

You might notice that my meter is inconsistent in this poem, but the roughness is consistent with an uneven and unpredictable time of my life that I have brought bubbling to the surface here. I could make it a more polished piece, however the message is complete and in this poem I hope that you will agree with me that it takes precedence.

The Runaway

©Karl Stuart Kline

Out of the window and onto my bike,
I didn't realize that I could hitch-hike...

I was on my way, never looking back,
Trying to get away, leaving all that I had.

Get to the city, get to my sister,
Of all my family, I only missed her.

But I'd never make it. Suspicious policemen
Didn't like my answers, so they hauled me in.

I think that my Mom hadn't much use for me,
I was an unwelcome Responsibility.

I admit she tried, it just wasn't in her,
An unwanted child, I'd hoped for better...

What I got was incarceration
In a "State School" for "Hospitalization."

"Station B", you see, wasn't for delinquents,
It was our "Bedlam" for loony children.

We didn't need judge or jury
To lock me up and hide the key!

My dear Mother signed my life away,
If she meant well, it was no help that day

I felt out of place, I was epileptic.
I didn't deserve this, caged with psychotics!

But it didn't help to tell them about me.
They just didn't know where else to put me

Because, at least with "Hospitalization"
I'd be receiving my medication

Nobody cared that my "care" was overrated
I was locked away and so medicated

That nobody knew that I witnessed
Children brutally abused and being harassed

I watched our keepers (They weren't really nurses...)
Form lines of children with threats and curses...

Then, facing each other, a gauntlet was made,
Sadistic amusement that we couldn't evade...

Heavysset, dark hair and a menacing look,
He looked like something from a grim storybook.

A Troll who sent those of us who earned his displeasure
Down this cruel gauntlet to receive full measure

Of cruel abuse at the hands of our "peers, "
Feet, too, getting kicked 'til the onset of tears,

But tears could never help, they're a sign of weakness,
Letting the buzzards know when we're weak and helpless

We couldn't even cry or ever tell anyone,
We could only take it, staying strong 'til they're done

The Troll, ruling by fear, said you'd never go Home,
So if you ever cried, you'd better do it alone...

Karl Stuart Kline

The Runaway II

I was out of the window and onto my bike,
Still too young to realize that I could've hitch-hiked.

I was on my way, without ever looking back,
Trying to get away, leaving all that I had.

Try to get to the city, get to my sister,
Out of all my family, I only missed her.

But I'd never make it. Suspicious policemen
Didn't like my answers and so they hauled me in.

I think that my Mother hadn't much use for me,
I was an unwelcome Responsibility.

I admit she tried, but it just wasn't in her,
I was an unwanted child who had hoped for better.

What I finally got was incarceration,
Locked up in a "State School" for "Hospitalization."

"Station B", you see, wasn't meant for delinquents,
It was meant as our "Bedlam" for loony children.

My Mother never needed a judge or jury,
Locked away without a say in what was to be

My dear Mother willfully signed my life away,
Even if she meant well, it was no help that day

I felt out of place, I was an epileptic.
I didn't deserve to be caged with psychotics!

But it still didn't help to tell them about me.
They just didn't have anywhere else to put me

Because, at least with my "Hospitalization"
I would be receiving all my medication

Nobody cared that my "care" was overrated
Since I was locked away and so medicated

That nobody ever knew that I had witnessed
Children brutally abused and being harassed

As I watched our keepers (They weren't really nurses...)
Form two long lines of children with threats and curses.

Then they faced each other and a gauntlet was made,
Sadistic amusement that we couldn't evade...

Heavysset, with dark hair and a menacing look,
He looked like an ogre from a grim storybook.

A Troll who sent us who had caused his displeasure
Down this cruel gauntlet to receive full measure

Of cruel punishment at the hands of our "peers, "
Feet also, getting kicked 'til the onset of tears,

But tears could never help, they're a sign of weakness,
Letting the buzzards know when we're weak and helpless

We could never cry or ever tell anyone,
We could only take it, staying strong 'til they're done

The Troll, ruling by fear, said you'd never go Home,
And so if you cried, you'd better do it alone...

Karl Stuart Kline

The Widower

The full moon beckons
To my heart
And clutches that most
Important part

With dark dreams of those
Lonely nights
And a lovely lady that
Fades from sight

Fantasies that now fade
With daylight
And make me yearn again
for the night.

Now I'm drawing the shade
And locking the door,
So, in my loneliness,
I can Dream some more.

Karl Stuart Kline

Too Many Sad Songs

The world is full of
Too many sad songs,
They may touch the heart,
But right no wrongs,

They are melodious,
But so very dark and drear
That I cannot find
One that I want to hear.

I want to hear about
Happiness in full bloom,
So that cheery sounds
Can displace this gloom,

Tell me how love
And children's happy laughter's
Filling the world
And ringing from the rafters,

Bring the light to my life
That I've so sadly missed,
Return to me the joy
of a newfound lovers' kiss...

Karl Stuart Kline

Truest Love

Wouldst kiss me, my lady?

Bless these lips with thine?
Raise me to the heights of ecstasy,
To know again that Love is mine?

Touch my face with thy hallowed hand,
Stroke me with thy satin skin,
Rousing from slumber love's sweet demand,
Reaching for the soul within.

Thy hostage is my heart,
Forever bound to thee,
This binding that cannot part
And makes you ever a part of me.

For true love is a sharing without end
That mere separation cannot dim
The feeling that doth transcend
Even the beauty of the Seraphim.

Karl Stuart Kline

Twitter On Iran

Iran should embrace the opposition/
Respect their opinion and position/
It's an opinion, not a crime! /
Let them freely speak their minds!

Karl Stuart Kline

Twittering Poetry

#Poetry -

Fame's passed on and Genius fades/
Now dimly recalled accolades/
Sighted among the blind and deaf/
Remembered again after Death

Karl Stuart Kline, AKA RoKKnRobin
6: 37 AM Nov 18th from web

Karl Stuart Kline

We All Agree (Children As Victims...)

Statistics are terrible, we all agree,
Thousands, even millions, annually
Lose their lives to abuse and slavery.

It's deplorable, I'm sure we all agree,
When Daddy's liquored up, taking PCP
And comes home to beat the Hell out of me

And of course it's a shame, we all agree,
That so much is done with impunity,
In many nations, it's done legally!

I think it's wonderful that we all agree,
I'm happy that something eventually
Will be done for children so much like me.

I even think that you will agree with me,
I'm more than just another casualty,
More than anything that you thought I'd be

But since everything's done so slowly,
It's too late to do anything for me
And I'll already be a mortality...

Karl Stuart Kline

Wicked Dreams

There can be no rest for the wicked.
Their souls will never be blessed with peace,
The course they followed is what they picked
And their spirit's torment will not cease

There can be no haven for their ilk,
With their soul's perfidious nature,
Raised as they are on the Devil's milk,
Their souls rot away as they mature.

As with rot, the stench will still remain,
To mind them of deeds or inaction,
Glimpses of Hell their mem'ry retains
Of Slav'ry, Death and Putrefaction..

Whoever brother or sister frees,
Then their hearts and souls will be at ease,

Karl Stuart Kline (6/9/09)

Karl Stuart Kline

Witness...

Yes, you were there...

The chafe and burn of hemp ropes

On your wrists, ankles and around your neck

As you were led, powerless, to your fate...

The stinking breath of the drunken guard

Who saved your life for his own pleasure

The metallic taste of a gun barrel jammed into your mouth,

The barrel leaving an open wound in your palate

And the trigger guard bruising your soft lips

Just to remind you how little choice you have

As you struggle to survive,

But pray for death...

Karl Stuart Kline

You There With Your Toys!

WE are protected from the world,
Yes, YOU too! You there with your toys!
Your games, cell phones and computers,
You, who've never seen the stark, gnarled
Fingers a hard life leaves with no joy,
No Hope, no love and no future!

Karl Stuart Kline