

Poetry Series

Kenlo Bertram
- poems -

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Kenlo Bertram()

I am a woman who is native to Pennsylvania and all its beauty. I write often in the style of my father,

Dr. Kenton W. Bertram, who published a collection of poems called: 'Rhymes of the Times' and wrote many other poems and tales of life in the French Creek Valley and other scenic and historic spots in Northwestern Pennsylvania and the Allegheny mountains. I can never compare to his talent and gift in my humble words, and my style often rambles, but I hope to express and reflect on the beauty of our home.

This e-book is a collection of nature-related poems and a few other descriptive pieces.

I live and work in Meadville, PA in Crawford County and hope to retire to write more than time now allows. I am also a student and reside with my best friend and boyfriend Ben (also a very talented and published poet, check out 'Poetic Laughter' from Trafford Publishing, available for purchase on ! !) and our two kittens Misty and Patchy.

As One

Nature all around shows many faces
Colors that seduce the light we see
Throws a pretty picture full of fantasy
To hide the sap and drug within each blade and leaf and tree.

Spectrum turns to spectre in the moonlight
By day we walk as women squeezed up tight within
When starlight shadows let electrons fly beneath us
We know to soar and dance at midnight is no sin.

All is magick when you are one with your maker
What we call healing frightened souls will name as 'spell'
There are no potions but the notions of the fearful
We commune here on God's green earth, not down in hell.

So come and sway with me later when the tides change
A bit of broth and polished stones to ease your woes
The world's a garden of quiet beauty singing freely
We can learn again to hear her song
So that living can be long
And peaceful dreamers walk where loving kindness grows.

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Harvest

Sweet the smell of apple squeezin's
The air is dark with hosts
No stars can show a glimmer
And the world is full of ghosts

The moon on the horizon
Is a gateway from the earth
A glowing orange portal
Growing from embers on my hearth

I walk with quickened footsteps
What has kept me out so late?
Leaves around my ankles swirl
As I hurry to my fate

Pull my garments even tighter
The breeze is crisp with chill
I cannot quite remember...
Yet I hurry forward still

I know each late October
When the darkness comes around
Before allowing sweet November
We must meet on sacred ground

I know it's not the solstice
Cause we haven't brought the boughs
And I can still smell leaves a'burning
And hear the lowing of the cows

The lane is lined with trees
Whose branches reach the sky
Like darkened clawing fingers
And the wind blows by and by

As I come upon the rise
And reach the top around the bend
I know my last long journey
Is most likely at an end

In the glow I see their figures
Harvest moon makes their sillouettes
Sway to and fro like shadowboxes
Or some stringed marionnettes

Some have joined their hands together
In a dance most macabre
Other cavort in moonlight wildly
It's a sight for sore eyes to see

Harvest Moon is a celebration
Where free spirits fly the skies
Leave this earth through moon's bright doorway
But make it back through before sunrise.

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The French Creek Valley

I look around this little town
Surrounded by valley and hill
Mountains here are old and strong
And pre-autumn air is touched with chill.

Our waters flow with healing balm
Creeks and streams and rivers
Forefathers camped and fought so hard
For the glorious vales those lakes delivered.

Fog hangs high around hilltops
And fills up the spaces below
Like a curtain drawn back at break of day
To reveal sunkissed wonders all aglow.

All seasons in unrestrained revel
Show up like clockwork each year
Each spring summer fall pass by quickly
Winter lasts but it still brings its cheer.

Breathing fall air is like perfume
Filled with pine, osage orange and more
Scent of cedar chips, leaves that are baking
And our harvest of crops by the score.

Everything colored like pumpkin spice
And leaves all shades of their own
Fall mums grace each garden and doorway
And the birds are still here! They haven't flown!

Nuts and buckeyes and apples
Stud the natural carpet of leaves
Rustling alerts you to visitors' steps
Be it neighbors, or squirrels in the trees.

As I warm up a good cup of cider
And watch red maples start to blaze
I know I was blessed to be born in this place
To have witnessed such heaven-sent days.

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The Storyteller's Web

Binding him tightly each nightfall
With dexterious craft and skill
In spite of the teachings of artistic tongues
Her words were what compelled him still.
Her beauty was unmatched on this earth
Like a bright jewel she constantly glittered
Even in lamplit semi-darkness
Surrounded by what feasting had littered
A setting hallowed by nature
Every color the spectrum produced
Was matched in her tapestry garments
Set to please the king this servant seduced.
But her mind was the source of seduction
Wordplay the most intense stimulation
While other dazzling sights filled his harem
They fell short and seemed only simulation.
Quick wits and a talent for flourish
Are what saves the best lives come what may
Anticipation of hanging on each rouge-lipped sentence
Is the highest compliment any can pay.

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