

Poetry Series

Kevin C. Gardner
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Kevin C. Gardner(january 20 1959)

Poetry is my favorite way to express the realities of a life filled with truth, untruth, and all points in between. the further I delve into the world of poetic expression the more gray the world exposes.

Far Out John Denver, Far Out

Far Out, John Denver, Far Out

Far out from the maddening crowd.
Far out from the pre-Kevin daughter wanting warmth of the woman-womb.
Far out from the nylon blue clip-on tie on the first day of Mrs. Hudson's kindergarten class.
Far out from Kathy Church's long blond hair and Liz Seaeva's brown eyes.
Far out from long summer afternoons with Archie, and Jughead.
Far out from sailing sunfish hours and Narby's by boat.
Far out from a thirteen year olds first bottle of Genesee Cream Ale.
Far out from the 1973 Ford Pinto and the young girl from Hedley Street
Far out from Jaybird, and the day he fell from the sky.
Far out from the cashier and the bagboy.
Far out from the St. Mary's Saturday, and the Wedding by the water.
Far out, John Denver, far out.

Far Out from Fort Lauderdale, and Pompano Beach and Point Breeze,
Far out from Oak Orchard, and East State Street.
Far out from concrete and beer, and homegrown.
Far out from working with idiots.
Far out from the day I met Guillian-Barre.
Far out from mom, and the two percent chance that the tumor is cancerous.
Far out from landing squarely in the center of that two percent.
Far out from watching the strongest woman I have ever known wither.
Far out from that incredible fall of '05.
Far Out, John Denver, Far Out.

Far out from the "Warm Sun on My Shoulders."
Far out from the Vague Path.
Far out from the days of wine and roses,
and concrete and beer and homegrown.

Far out John Denver, far out

Kevin C. Gardner

Harvest Moon

So you write, to write, you write
day to day, time to time
and the past goes on, continuing into today
and you sit among leaves and history
and gaze upon the stars
and the fullness of the harvest moon
and wonder...

What's it all about... where is it to go?

And a tear as gentle as spring rain
and soft as love

trickles down your cheek

find it! Find it man!

Look beyond the stars

and past that white shining moon

that cries out for harvest

look!

To reality, to beauty

to fortune beyond gold

treasured past

and days unfelt, and unencumbered□

gone, and saved like the memories

of the stars, and the harvest moon

and thoughts not thought for years

spring forth....

and surprise

Kevin C. Gardner

Oft Times

Oft times, the times, the cost
life lived, love lost
I wonder if any of them knew
it was mostly me and not all you
an empty hole unknown to fill
attention span, close to nil
the hole still empty, and not new
the search, new bells to chime
all in my thoughts.
Oft times, oft times

oft times, I see the cost
of things gone by like melting frost
I think its meant to be this way
the void still there, even today
freedom to be me will fill
like water running to the sea
will make the man I'm meant to be
with faith and love the bells will chime
I think of this
oft times oft times

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Single Malt

Single Malt
The cask was sealed
The bung firm '73? No, more like '74 or '75. The
mix not right, The blend
Bellbottom jeans, scotch colored
Halter, peace sign
engraved on leather quite
Amber. Time in the oak barrel
Lost. Aging, bought
the copper; the thought we
knew? The corn was moldy,
The copper, cooper
on the Erie, Love by the Ontario
not quite amber
time equals space, three feet
away. Thirty years away. A fiery
amber ounce away. I write, right?
And claim all
of the privilege
the Napkin Poet deserves.

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Working With Art Ashton

Working for Art Ashton By Kevin Gardner
Chop, plunge, lift, measured by the h
measured in yards, it was work I enjoyed. Wood handle smooth; worn by acres ,
plunge, lift, ary filled obstacle to Job well etched point honed, , plunge, lift, the
end of the day The fruits are , plunge, lift, lful after weary shovelful, the day
moves earth moves on, pound after aching earth moves, testing muscle,
tendon, , plunge, lift, hard labor, get your hands dirty, Good clean the most ,
plunge, lift, are tossed out of the hole. Dreams rush , plunge, lift, throw. When
the spade is returned to the rafters of the grimy aluminum grotto, like a bat it
hangs until the need to feed, the need to alter the planet is once more you
stupid bastards dig.

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