

Poetry Series

Linda Batchelder
- poems -

Publication Date:

2007

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Linda Batchelder(November 3,1952)

A Suicide

Insane visions
Stab the night.
Laughing demons
Mock his plight.
Bathed in blood,
Too weak to scream;
He sanctifies
This horrid dream.
Clawing, screeching
At his door,
He lets them in
Life is no more.
An angel cries
This tragic night,
And covers him
With wings of light.

Linda Batchelder

Cry For Mother

The blackest veil of illness
Shrouds you as the night.
No light to penetrate the dark,
No laughter hides within.

Greedy fingers snatched away
The loveliest of jewels.
Without apology or sound,
This treasure disappeared.

Torn away with vengeance
Fragile corners of your mind;
Lay forever buried deep
Within the sands of time.

Hanging on the edge of this,
A bird with broken wings.
Every fiber of my being cries
For you to fly again.

Linda Batchelder

Full Moon

Two comrades huddled
On the frigid ground.
Mangy, tattered blanket pulled up
Around grey, matted beards.
A vain attempt at shutting out
The bitter edge of winter.
Kindred spirit vagabonds,
Clumsily riding out the seasons together.

Each lost in his own dream.
Phil envisioned Susan,
A pretty girl with long dark hair
Who left him with only a
Tattooed memory on his forearm;
The girl he still loved now.
Jack dreamt of childhood,
His mother swaying in the kitchen
To the big band sounds;
Laughing as he joined her,
In a waltz around the room.

A sudden rush of icy wind
Pushed Jack from his slumber.
The light that shone upon his face
Revealed an age much greater than his sixty-two.
Gazing steadfast on her glorious light, he smiled.
Freezing bony fingers gripped tighter to
The wretched shred of blanket.
'Some peace for us tonight', he whispered,
Nestling closer to his constant friend.

Just before the snow clouds formed
To rob him of this vision,
Jack slipped silently away somewhere
Far beyond the moonlight.

Linda Batchelder

Loving You

Loving you is watching
The sun dance on water
Like endless acres of diamonds
On a golden summer morning.

Loving you is walking
Through a candlelit cathedral
In silent prayer.

Loving you is the feel
Of a gentle breeze, and
The cool green grass
Beneath my feet.

Loving you is being surrounded
By the quiet beauty
Of great works of art.

Loving you is the sound
Of a waterfall,
Or the sight of a rainbow.

Loving you is running through
Bright hillsides of autumn, and
Breathing in their earthy scents.

Loving you is the joy
In the eyes of a child
On their birthday.

Loving you is standing
In the middle of a sun shower,
Arms outstretched.

Loving you is awakening
To the first snow of winter,
And the crisp clean air
Of early dawn.

Loving you is the returning
Of birds
And the first buds of spring.

Loving you
Is the memory
Of home.

Linda Batchelder

Music Man

Skillfully rendered chords
Melodious and strong,
Chime forth at any given hour.
Bringing infinite serenity and peace
With every careful note.
Infusing with the sound
Scattered fragments of my soul.
The wholeness of my spirit builds
Upon this melody of love,
Immeasurable and pure.

Linda Batchelder

Southern Gentleman

Upon first meeting
I was wholly smitten
By the wit and wisdom of this man.
Soft grey suit and finest silken tie;
Eyes that danced
With light and laughter;
Education and romance
Dripped like cool water
From his soft spoken tongue.
Retreat was not an option.

Against all odds and
Without hesitation,
We moved into each other,
Instinctively and unabashed.
For a time we shared
Our souls and secrets
Upon a bed of lust and love.
My need for him became
Much greater than addiction.

So quietly and quickly
As he, his entrance made;
Too soon, with softer step,
He exited the same.
On looking back
These long years past,
No thorns or faded petals find
Upon this rose of love;
For I remember what it was
As well as what it could have been.

Linda Batchelder

The Shoes

Shuffling forward slowly
On cardboard fitted soles;
Rancid bits of leather
Held in place by weathered twine.
Shoes that tell a story
Of bitterness and pain.
On passing by
With head bent low,
Silent screams of sorrow
Pierce the air with every step.

Linda Batchelder

Windows Of The Soul

Eighty-five.
Her walk is different.
Sensing uneven ground,
Carefully placed steps
Gingerly move towards me.
The twilight years are never kind.
I worry as I watch.

Radiant skin and raven hair,
Have faded somewhere
Beneath a silver chapeau.
A face that echoes back the years
Of scattered joys and,
One too many sorrows.
Once beautiful and strong,
A fragile body now clings
To a worn, pale frame.

As she nears I am transfixed
By eyes that have defied her years.
Their magic serenade begins and
Speaks to me in whispers
Of summer days and penny candy;
Laundry on the line;
Lilac scents and hoola-hoops;
Ice cream dripping down my chin.
Of streetcar rides to Sunday school;
Ponytails and braids;
Bicycles and baseball games and
Graham's corner store.

Of floured hands and shortbread sweets;
Toboggan runs and ice rink falls;
Christmas Eves and tangerines;
Angel making in the snow.
Of nimble fingers dancing
Over ivories with ease;
Transporting me with every note
To other times and places.

Voices rise in unison
To 'English Country Garden';
Each verse a little louder
As we sit side-by-side.

Standing now before me
I see beauty wrapped in grace.
My mother's eyes brought youth and joy
To both of us today.

Linda Batchelder