

Poetry Series

Melba Christie
- poems -

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Melba Christie(11-14-1952)

Retired educator, artist and poet. Married with two adult children and three grandchildren. Love nature photography and designing.

Brown Place

The house no longer stands
on the corner of Brown Place
where it was the happiest once
It succumbed
from loneliness
Someone torched it
to put it out of its pain
leaving behind a few remnants
The old cyclone fence
still hangs in there
to protect
the memories we've forgotten
Dad's favorite shrub survived somehow
Mom's stone bench
covered with green moss
Reminisces about the good
old times
The landscape carpeted
with shattered pieces
of the hopes
that once lived there
let the dandelions
sprout and squeeze through
to greet the sun.
They form an unusual Mosaic
fragmented coke bottles,
mulch bits, newspaper clips,
flattened milk cartons (with the face of a
missing girl)
crushed foam coffee cups,
and hundreds of soda pop caps.
Pigeons strut and peck
at morsels of dried bread
because someone still
cares about them.
Familiar sounds and smells
recoup and seep through
my nostalgia
recapturing serene moments

of childhood play
seeking and hiding
and I hear Ivan's voice
count and giggle uncontrollably
because he was
designated 'it'
and I hear the shuffle of his shoes
and he yells out,
'Ready or not here I come.'

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Eclipse Haiku

Here comes the moon
happy to commune with sun
majestic event

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The Poet And The Muse

They meet by accident,
perfectly naturally;
like bustling bumble bees
on a mission of love.

They form a unique union,
elusive, exclusive,
essentially right for each other.
Neither knows
why or how
The end will justify the means.

The poet,
lonely and desperate,
devoid of divine images
wants to inspire the world
but cannot find the words he wants
then suddenly he collides
with the spirit of an unclaimed verse,
and an unrhymed couplet

They conspire
They concoct
Together they undo all the rot

Ecstasy smiles and
Fantasy wanders off
To sing a sweet song.

Sunflowers stand silently in amazement;
They watch as the
bean stalks stretch their vines
to lasso and squeeze the clouds
and the dry fields quench their thirst.

then like magic,
a poem is born;
A poet rejoices
and the muse moves on, looks back

and winks,
Hasta Luego!

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