Poetry Series

Patricia Fritsche - poems -

Publication Date:

2019

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ash To Ashes

As a child the sky was the ceiling To everything Starting to fill up fast Upon the death of a loved one The ritual of burial Flowers strewn around The drama of heavy eyes unfurling The thing that was most important to me was escaping fast As I chased the butterfly Avoiding his landing On the grave but, stayed with me Choices began surfacing fast As it left each space No time to linger on and on Time's irrelevancy turned around Filling empty pages within this murky memory

Knowing the pain of loss

Would be there for me to swim through

Die a thousand times in the arms

Of all those reassuring hugs

Flashback videos in my heart and mind

Maybe, cremation wouldn't be bad after all

After twenty times of this playback

Of death of flesh so near it became clearer to me

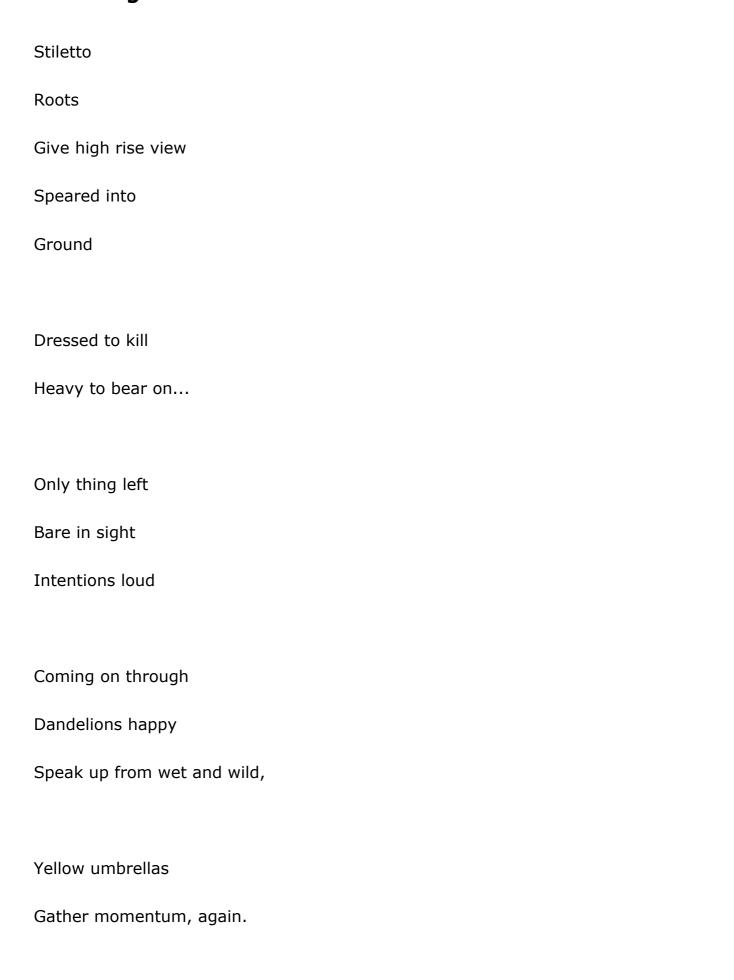
Illusion to disillusion back to spiritual reality

Returning into peace where apple blossoms retire

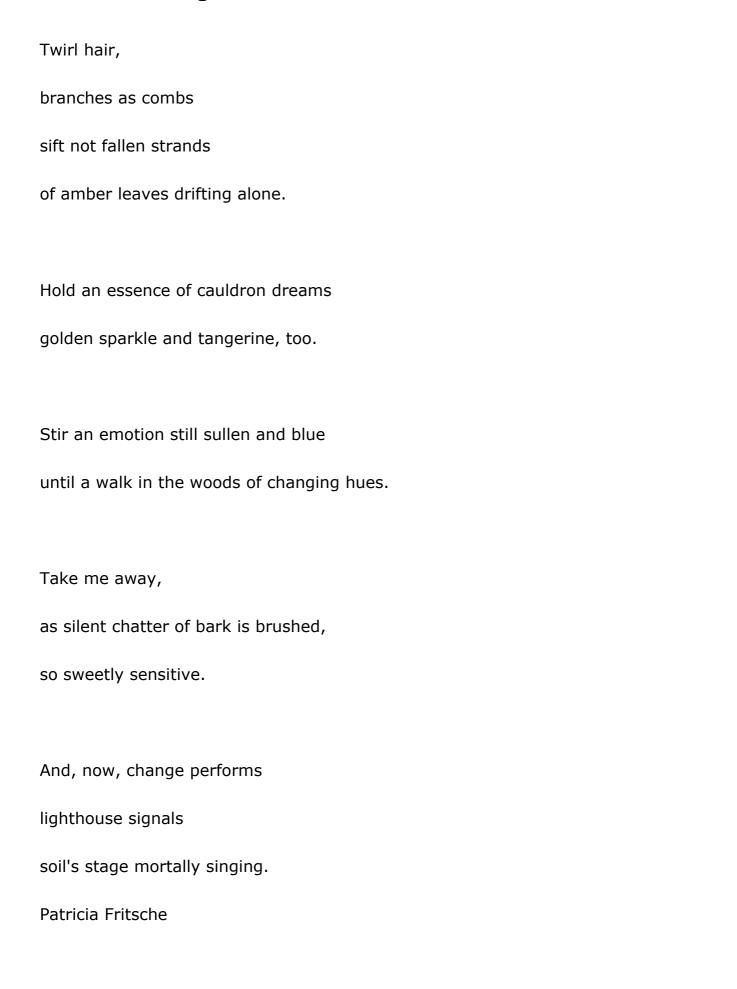
Bulbs take a break for awhile

And refurbish the land again.

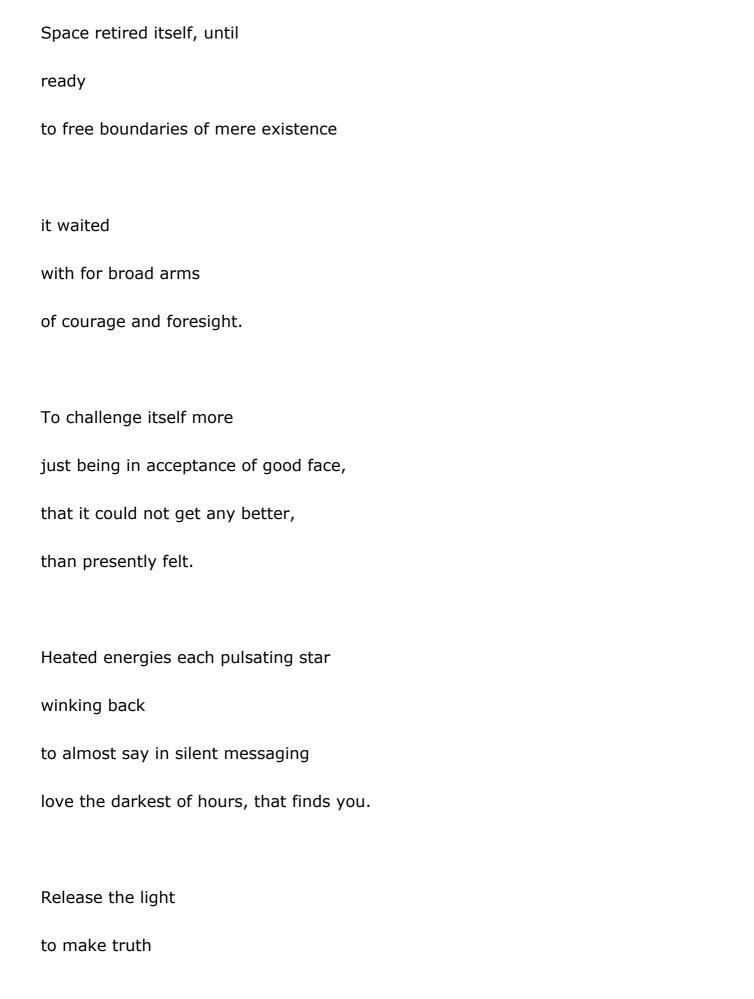
Breeding



Do Your Thing



Half Truths



become sentient in virgin passageway.

Guiding lost hope

back into retiring emptiness,

that seems to always figure out the locks.

To make its dark presence

be in firm clench

of mortal control

a presence yet known in transparency.

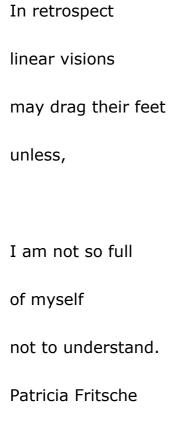
Heavy Weight

As with most, or decisions Lost with translation Mending of broken glass Glue of misdirected intentions An image well spoken of meaningless worth. Falling upon thirst Puzzling ground in depth, Regaining swords of consciousness, Worth of price to forge within cosmic dust. Cheeks of neon, comfort zones, open and close. Questions flirt in evasive style, Immortally braves... In existence of tomorrow. Nebula auditioning playing rainbow's rhymes Diamonds strewn about felt in flight, Space's open belly crest of light steering The papyrus in strength of remembrance. Patricia Fritsche

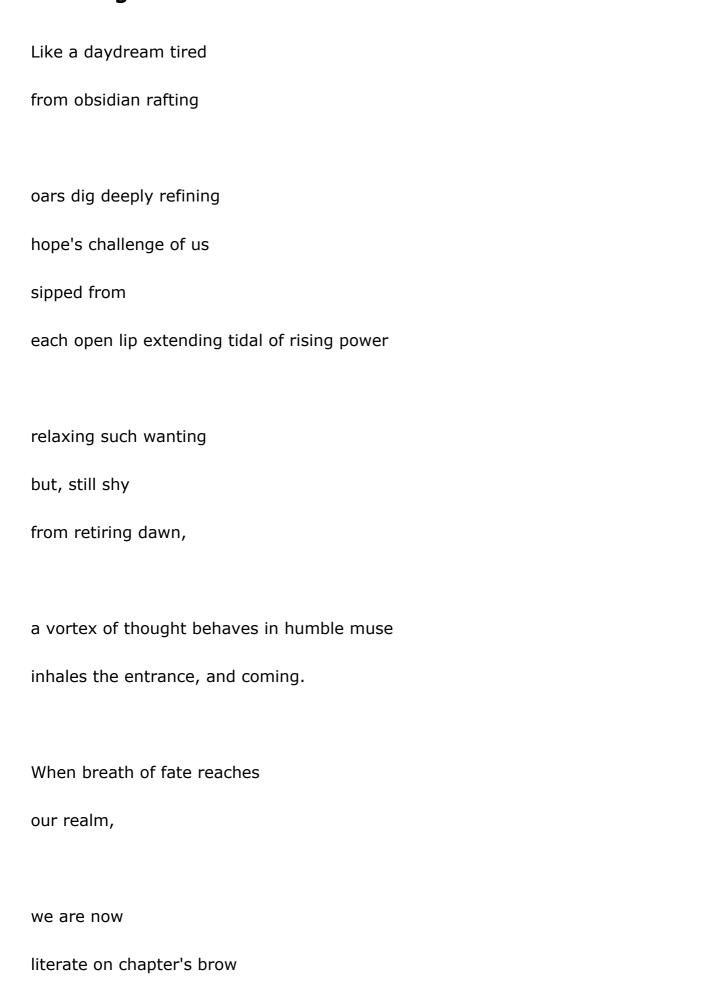
In The Zone

i. Can I lay complacent, upon weary portals visiting volumes views yet unspoken for? Of deeds turbulent thoughts life corking contents of each until processing is ripe on board this vessel of mine. ii. Channeling immortal, dry thirst one of dusting with champion of hope geysers bolting commanding attention iii. as thoughts spews between empty spaces arrival's ovation to be whole of itself gathering all questions. iv. Rungs of inspiration climbing, clearing, coasting to helm's halo, of light eternal, I am in the zone.

Looking Further



Recharge



new inclusions of moment's end

the beginning of us.

Rose Colored Glasses

Remember the time that of itself could be a milestone... romance carpeting fertile groundwork's effort a garden radiating fidelity rows of mutual compassion having life of its own to sustain... generating trust feeling its way, that I have access my mind's eye at anytime to see you, be as one, for what you really are to me, evermore. Patricia Fritsche

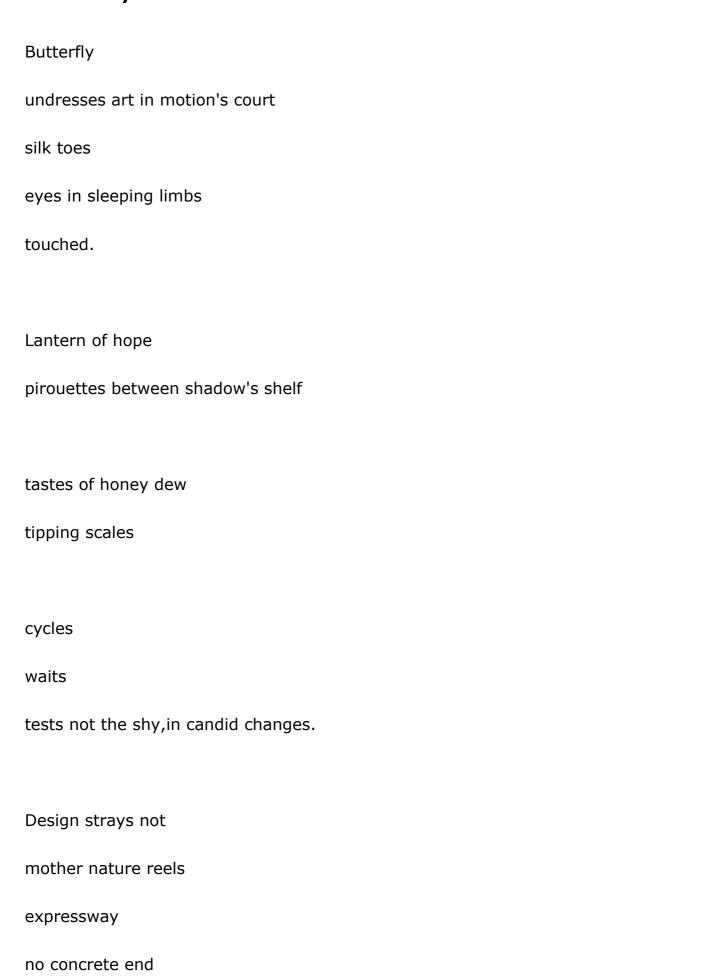
Senses On Overdrive

i. Obsidian night slippers tread lightly on orb returning cycle in line dreams craving casting fate obscure canals seen channel feelings ii. mimic sullen moods in mix making headway's gain playing into doubt's game, though, straight ahead, or not... iii. getting through quick sand lost thoughts tumbling in confusion

bellying up

effort extends stronger hands, now
iv.
hope hearing tired beats echoing softly
ticking away
valuable seconds away
faith meets
her calling que before all trust ends.
V.
Yet. the moon stays peaceful
and unrestrained
until the morning sun tends to its flock,
still overwhelmed by it all.
Patricia Fritsche

That Day And On



gate on the mark,

get set, and emulate

message of spirit

against any rock staring back.

The Coldness Of The Embers

Fire always seems

To sear a molten forgiveness Absolute denial Flesh can hold no reign of power. Nature allows shifting show Silence hurts ironic episodes Presenting themselves Juncture in time. Tides chaotic temperaments flow A player, a message, It bellies seducing the land. Gigantic in scope Lava spiraling draping veils of despair No real time of gestation to truly know Fertile anger, deep-seeded issues. Masking soot's suffocation

Blind confusion

Self-doubts deliver

Within daily security's haven.

Constant rhythm kinship hazy

Next time volcano, brazen and bold

A small coin tossed in fountain's immortality

Your mighty strength playing out again,

Will not do for now, for earthly gain.

Yin And Yang

Within ebony sleep

Within a peace	
It can	
Sire	
Biorhythm knows	
Experience true	
Moonlight deflects,	
Waits again	
Solar	
Beams	
Tend	
To its garden.	
Patricia Fritsche	