

Poetry Series

Paul C. Maybury Jr.
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

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

Paul C. Maybury Jr.(March 1951)

I am the middle link of a short chain of Paul Mayburys. The Paul Maybury Sr. is a retired Physical Chemist, Paul Maybury Jr. is me, and Paul Maybury who doesn't use the 3rd in his name is a quite famous graphic novelist. Googling Paul Maybury will get you several pages of the 3rd with a sprinkling of me, mostly as a poet, although I make my meager living as a visiting nurse. I have been married to the mother of the 3rd link for 27 years. She is an extremely long suffering woman from Chile and is also in the Health field. We hope to retire to Chile in a few years, and meanwhile I continue to work, read, write, and enjoy life as much as possible. My dog, who is the subject of many of my poems and youtube videos, is named Miguel.

I have been writing poems since sixth grade, although I went through a several decade hiatus until the early 21st century. I am an avid admirer of the nineteenth century american poet Edith M. Thomas, and I recommend her to you highly.

I have collected her complete published works that are in book form at great expense and with much effort, but the good news for you is, that after one hundred years, her works are now again available through publish-on-demand booksellers.

A Clever Arrangement Of Stones

We go today up Peter's hill,
my dog and I up pine trail walk.
We reach the top, a kind of sill
I set my old bones on a rock.

For they are very weary old bones,
and the granite is carved in blocks.
A clever arrangement of very old stones
people sure do love their rocks.

My dog and I look down the hill
From that stone, holding those old bones,
gray rain clouds make the air feel chill
As we sit on the clever arrangement of stones.

At the hill's bottom there's kind of a gleam
And then trees rise up misty and green.
Could be a puddle or even a stream
To old eyes its not clearly seen.

And dim in gray distance a city is etched
Just beneath sky's edge and lowering cloud.
Across the horizon old Boston is stretched
But the rain in the trees is getting quite loud.

My dog's fur is starting to mold to his side
As he looks at me kind of forlorn.
He awaits in his patience for what I decide
If from my deep thoughts I'll be torn.

The falling rain brings the smell of the sea
out of sight as it is beyond the far town.
No shelter I find under high branching tree
And the rain now it starts to pelt down.

I pull my hat lower and my collar up
We start down the back of the hill.
I call and he's with me, the very wet pup
The cold drops on both of us still.

Our way takes us lower and left the trail bends
On the path that leads over old bones.
They also are resting as dirt with them blends
'Neath a clever arrangement of stones.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

An Atheist's Polemic For Monotheists Of The Bigoted Kind

I am tired of people who quote the gods
And spoil their children with their rods.
Sweet little innocents threatened with flame.
Surrounded by elders all taught the same.
Unquestioning faith is the name of their game,
Fearing their gods, whatever the name.

Narrow minded fear haunted men,
Shame haunted sex with enslaved women.
Being 'good' out of fear of imagined gods' hate,
Seeing death as reward instead of just fate.

Be good out of goodness, and for goodness' sake.
No gods are there waiting, and no flaming lake.
Life, one to a customer, is there to be tasted.
A life lived in fear, is surely one wasted.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Another Mother's Day

Mother's Day comes once a year
It rolls around each May.
It's not a holiday to fear
No trees, no lights, its just a day.

And how come she only gets one day
When all the year a mom she'll be.
It's like getting only one day's pay
And working three hundred sixty four for free!

Perhaps the years of work and strain
That put those lines around her eyes
Mixed joy enough in with the pain
To keep her baking apple pies.

Perhaps the job's its own reward,
And doesn't really need a Day.
Still its something to look toward
(That's what flower sellers say.)

So Mom, Have a Happy Mother's Day!

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

At The Mercy Of The Bees

I can tell you why the willows weep
I know this secret of the trees.
They stand there drinking while they sleep,
At the mercy of the bees.

They show their flowers each to each,
for willows male and female are.
Yet mates are always out of reach,
Although they branch out o so far.

Even if they crowd the side
Of streamlet or of pond,
And branch through branch does slip and slide
Like fingers that are fond.

Still they may not new lives start
These clustering hoping trees,
Nor quicken deep the flower's heart
Without the help of these.

That's the secret willows keep
Sad secret of the trees,
That's why they drink until they weep
For mercy of the bees.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Birds Outside

There are some birds outside
I've fed for many years.
Generations have gone by
You'd think they'd lose their fears.

But still they fly away
When I suddenly appear.
If they should look my way
The flock takes off in fear.

Old stories I have heard
Of hermits living lone
Who have for friend a bird
But all my birds have flown.

At morn when I arise from sleep
I hear them cheep outside.
I know they hear me as I creep
Because from me they hide.

I see them peeping out at me
From the juniper bush.
I wonder what they think they see
As I fill up their dish.

Some blunderer with a bag of seeds
Who spills them like a fool;
Or else some god who sees their needs
And lives by some gilt rule?

I myself don't really know
Why for them I care.
Yet'n summer's heat or winter's snow,
I love to see them there.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Four Paws, Faux Pas?

What is it that dogs are so worried about?
What causes their doggie anxiety?
What secrets have they that they don't want found out?
Some fault in their canine piety?

For smiles they manage a worried grin,
Lacking fists to give things a knock,
They just scratch when they want to come back in
They'd apologize if they could talk.

Guess we can't know what our dog friends are thinking,
Or what they're about when they're out.
I'd just love to know why he's nervously blinking,
And why he's so plagued with self doubt.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Fragment

The importance of humanity
'Tis little more than vanity
The pride before the fall...

Before...

A twisting in a stream of gas
O so immense the stream
When some star un-named did pass
To begin this solip's dream.

Slowly and more slowly yet
In paces through the infinite
The gentle force threw out its net
And gathered atoms bit by bit.

A stately round then there began
A dance unending under stars
The atoms stepped without a plan
Not yet were Jupiter or Mars.

To slowing atoms were applied
The strictures of the chemic rules,
The dancers partnered in their glide
And whirled about as molecules.

The dancers milled around their goal
The center where the action grew
At darkness' edge an icy shoal
Reflected starlight rawly new.

While all these years flew past by billions
With light hid hind a dusty curtain
Glowing as the dancing millions
Planetized and grew uncertain.

Some the newborn Sun would keep
Close and warm or far and cool.
Some cast out into the deep

Others into orbits school.

Aitch two, aitch two
And sometimes a Hee
Atoms added to the stew
A kind of solar sea.

What happened in the center there
There was no one to see.
And certainly no one to care
What was or was to be.

Long ages passed and kept on passing
Planets grew and kept on growing
Moonlets crashed and kept on crashing
Worlds out-gassed, first sunsets glowing.

What was to come there was no knowing...

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

My Bird Julio

My cockatiel's a funny lad
He stands five inches tall.
I bought him 'cause he looked so sad
Encaged there by the wall.

I was there to pay the city
for a license for my pup.
'How much?' I asked in pity,
'We'll have to look it up.'

They said 'He's very grumpy
and he'll fly into a rage.'
His feathers were all lumpy
As he stood there in his cage.

I cautiously approached
as he watched with small dark eye.
'Don't touch him!' I was coached,
'He'll bite you if you try.'

He shook his little shoulders
and he turned his little back.
The clerk he searched his folders
But my bird he could not track.

'There isn't any name wrote down,
but he comes from the North End.'
'Well, now he's in our end of town.
What will I have to spend? '

'Well, he's been here for a week or so,
And his bites they are not funny.
We'll be glad to see him go,
you will not need much money.'

And so I took him in the car
off to his new abode.
I hope it doesn't leave a scar,
You'd think he never rode.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

My Front Door

Last week there came a knock on my front door.
I sighed and squirmed, hunched down and closed my eyes.
But it came again, that sound we can't ignore,
Could say that I'm too busy, indisposed, or other lies.

But then it came again, peremptory and ancient sign
That someone waited, so reluctantly I crossed the floor.

There's a window at the top of my front door,
By poor design it's set above all likely height
A visitor might attain, this side of hooper's floor.
All lesser mortals are kept well out of sight.

I spent a moment wondering who it might be,
For I expected no one, no one to visit me.

So I rose up, and walked to my front door,
Stood on my side and silent cocked an ear;
Hoped the knocks were ended, there'd be no more.
No more that sound of visitors that I fear.

Of course they came again, one, two, three.
Not soft but loud, they wanted me!

I touched the burnished latch on my front door,
for other's need, to turn it left against my will,
My silent steps reluctant on the floor.
I touched it, but my hand grew still.

They came again, relentlessly!
O leave me! Leave me, leave me be!

For this is mine! It's my front door!
No other has the right to ope.
So let them knock, yes, let them roar!
I turn and go, leave THEM to hope!

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Nothing More

I looked outside and there I saw
a Cooper's hawk and that was all.
With speckled breast and yellow claw
It gripped my fallen garden wall.

No other bird was to be seen.
A Cooper's hawk and nothing more.
With eye a thousand times more keen
than mine, though I have four.

A sudden turn of its fierce head
with beating wings through space it tore.
Incautious dove in instant dead,
A drift of feathers, nothing more.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Once More

My dog is getting older now,
His head rests on his paws.
He watches me with furrowed brow
Black nose and grizzled jaws.

He hears me pick up phone and keys
The clues that I might drive.
Perked ears and one wag ask me please,
Take me! Keep me alive!

I have not heart to leave him there,
Who so soon will be gone.
I love my little golden bear
Who greets me with the dawn.

He doesn't know his empty bed
Will tear my heart in two.
The empty future my eyes red
See now, the then I'll rue.

I say to him, "All right, let's go."
And he leaps up, a little slow.
So one more day I have my friend.
Once more at least, down roads we wend.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Poem For Edith M. Thomas

I remember the fate filled day,
I opened that old tome.
Serendipity is the way,
We find our true heart's home.

The History of Ohio!
What an unlikely place
To find the one I now know,
Would give my heart no peace.

The poem was quite commonplace
Really not one of her best.
Yet in it still I found a trace
That sent me on a quest.

I found her verse strewn here and there
Her name and story sometime told.
Of her pictures just one fair
One young and three quite old.

Her eyes stopped me, stopped my heart.
If turned my way they'd see me clear,
Through the years that do us part.
One hundred years can seem so near.

Her verses are that timeless kind,
That give few clues to when she was.
Her eyes looked forward and behind
To what might be; of what man does.

Her soul I find within her words,
A spirit sad and so alone.
Her love of nature, love of birds,
I share, and reading, 'Edith' moan.

How I wish I could have known,
And cherished living her sweet life.
Her story'd melt a heart of stone
The loves she lost; her paupered strife.

But she happened long ago,
Her verse is all that's left of her,
So Edith I will never know,
Not so, I love that's best of her.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Points Of View

We gag as we see the cat on the seat,
Lapping his drink from the toilet bowl;
Yet in being disgusting we have the cat beat,
When he sees what WE do in the water hole.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Rain Pie

Like the man who perpetually misses the train,
From searching the sock drawer again and again.
The kind who forgets to come out of the rain,
The kindly and amiable...scatterbrain.
I am a man some would judge less than sane,
I beg to differ, and I live in my brain.
I'm distant from you, as I'm distant from pain.

So why do I speak to you, why do I try?
Have you ever heard me? That sound was my cry.
The truth is I'm strange. I can't bear to lie.
I do it of course. I still have to get by.
It's just I can't bear it. And that's why I cry.
I smile when I do it, so maybe that's why,
you seem to feel no pain, you know, when you lie.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Ramblin' On

What kind of omnipotent being's great plan,
Can be stymied by abortions clinical?
What needs 'he' the help of some dark suited man,
Mouthing words I suspect are quite cynical?

The words of their god are but an anthology.
Stories amassed by a well traveled group.
Assembled for James with no hint of apology,
From what old Nicea'd left there in the soup.

I base my beliefs on what we have found,
What our senses and instruments bring to our minds.
The beauty around us within which we're bound
Is infinite large and infinite fine.

Take a white flower as just one example,
The human eye sees what it needs and no more.
But arrows show there for the insects who sample
The pollen and nectar they seek in its core.

Or go five miles east or go five miles west,
A human scaled journey of less than a day;
You may find a desert or cold mountain's crest,
Stand under blue sky or raining clouds gray.

The air that you breathe there your senses t'will please,
Molecular gas moving just the right speed;
Too fast it would burn you, too slow it would freeze,
But the mix you will find will be just what you need.

But go five miles up, or else five miles deep;
Surprised you will be at the world you would find;
Your world, yes, but your life you won't keep
Gasping and freezing, or crushed, burned, and blind.

From the last star we'll see, to primordial beach,
From your birthplace position to life's ending's sky,
The limits of life will be beyond reach,
In time or in space however you try.

But still you were born here, may be here you'll breed,
If causes you seek to comfort your mind.
This world and this time will nurture your seed
Until your time's ending, now hid by road's wind.

Fear not that road's ending, fear not your own death.
Our world's one of many, so many in number.
One day you will take it, will take your last breath,
No different for you, than all other slumber.

Your birth is a limit, your death is another,
Though limitless stars fill your sky,
All men are your cousins, all sisters your mother,
But no Father you'll find when you die.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Residue

If a god held the world in the palm of its hand,
And the world filled its hand as an orange fills ours,
A thin film of wetness the oceans would seem,
The forests a light green stain in its fingerprint's whorls.
Of us, not a trace.
Well...perhaps,
A slight stink.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Rhyme Or Reason

When I read modern poetry,
I feel I'm lost in time.
Its meanings and its flow I see,
But where is beat and rhyme?

For some rhyme may seem limiting,
And scan a prison too.
Rhymes force the undermind to sing,
They give it hint and clue.

A guide is all it needs it seems
A pattern on the floor for steps
To bring out hidden long lost dreams
The conscious mind forgets.

I drift I feel in centuries past
In rooms all others have left
And hallways empty and echoing vast
A poet of hearers bereft.

I missed my time and timing
My friends died before my dawn
But still my heart is filled with rhyming
My mind and soul to rhythm drawn.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Scoff Law

A man in special clothes today,
In a specially painted car,
Told me where I could walk my dog,
And just how far.

He sat there looking out at me
To see if I'd obey.
(They'd told him 'its the law! ') you see,
So he'd sit at guard all day.

The law, the law, the law, the law.
Or Tra la la, la la.
La la.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Snow Haiku

Blue light and shadow
Mysterious round snow humps
Winter flesh on bone.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Sonnet For Stromatolites

From ocean's depths to mountain's heights,
Ignoble lie stromatolites.
In a silent stony cry,
They in noteless ruins lie.
Evincing such an urban blight,
As compare to ours in height,
As mountains are to sand heaps slight.

If wind blew soundless ere there were ears,
And no eyes yet did blink back tears,
Was grief unknown for all those years?
Do voiceless creatures moan?
In simplest lives are there not fears?
Nor life be all they own?
Stromatolites our mothers dear, our world the one they've sown.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Spring, Its No Big Deal

No season more storied than Spring is
Or sung about either in youth pained song.
Its just that with me, the thing is
Those pains, and that youth, are long gone.

I can look at new flowers and feel no heart's pang
For seasons will change, this I know.
I look at the greening, ken songs I once sang
Still in my heart, no sadness will grow.

So is it a loss, or is it a gain?
This feeling, or lack that I feel.
Have I grown colder, or only more sane?
Well, who cares, its not a big deal.

(Roslindale, Spring 2008)

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

The Ends Of Day

Quiet dawn and creeping moon
Dark lost birds and nestlings croon.
Shuffling sound of fuzz winged shapes
Blind eyes craned neck angled gapes.

Mothers fathers seeking worms
Gleaming slime in snail weaved forms.
Noses from small burrows poke
Rivers glide beneath gray smoke.

Pipeless Pan through forest glides
Traffic hornless swishing slides.
Silent sun awash in cloud
Dripping tree forms standing bowed.

Golden windows face the East
Squinting eyes leave faces creased.
Showers run and mirrors fog
Millions rise and feed the dog.

Unseen etheric sinuous waves
Twisted resisted becoming slaves.
Boxes boom and shake the air
Tight coils glow and dry wet hair.

Humans waking make their mark,
Noise and clamor break the dark.
Smaller creatures lose the fight,
And mourn the loss of silent night.

But there is an other where
And the sun is sinking there.
Western windows glow with gold
Quiet stalks through day grown old.

In the woods the shadows grow
In the sky the first stars show.
The fist of darkness slowly closes
The air is sweet with unseen roses.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

The Eye As Fulfilment Of A Ray Of Light

Until the universe is still and dead,
If ever it lived as it is said,
The nested movements among the curls,
Smaller than the eye reveals,
(Tracked on plates as mystic whorls,
Tracks to follow to other reals-)
From out these nests there do explode
Parts that seek a straighter road.
Yet doomed to follow Albert's way,
And reefs of atoms light waves sway.
Most `scape and fly a universe away,
Some strike and rebound,
changed but still away,
Some by eyes are bound.
These are called the Day.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

The Gasteracanth For Ogden Nash

The Gasteracanth for Ogden Nash

Wherein the Title is Much, Much Longer Than the Poem Itself

What a gaudy creature is the gasteracanth,
what troubles she hath to pull up her panth.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

The Old Ones

They sit in quiet rows upon folded linen sheets,
They gaze with quiet eyes upon the empty streets.
No movement stirs their breast, no strong heart beats,
The rows of quiet old ones, on padded seats.

The television mumbles in the corner unbeheld,
Puzzles incomplete are from their boxes spilled.
No interest stirs the old one's eyes,
Which are with witless tears o'er filled.

The elevator opens with a swish and muted bell,
Dry mouths with spittle fill as the food they smell.
Old hands grasp fork and spoon remembering them well,
But tremble as they lift the food, and much of it they spill.

The meal soon over, trays withdrawn.
Untouched food the helpers down.
Mute hunger quails before the frown,
Frail bodies, each dressed in a gown.

Impatient hands do pull and press,
Old ones, jostled, make a mess.
In the hampers go their dress,
Futures grown now one day less.

The rows of old ones quiet lie.
Occasionally one of them will cry.
Occasionally one of them will sigh.
Occasionally one of them will die.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

When Every Thing Was New

When every thing was new,
fresh and bright,
colors and sound,
smells sweet and sour,
milk and talcum powder,
when every thing was new.

When every thing was new.
The one face,
the kind hands,
bringing warmth and fullness,
cleaning and soothing,
when every thing was new.

Too soon the sharp sounds,
the uncomprehended laughter,
loud and fierce.□
Other faces not the one,
sleep disturbed by dreams and cries.
Thoughts begin and wondering whys.
Oh, everything was new!

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Winter Is Coming

The winter is coming, I sense it.
Not by the trees, though they color and thin.
Not by the leaves piled where oak logs fence it.
But by the cold in the tuck of my chin.

Red ears at the bus stop, cold noses well wrapped.
Feet stamping and shuffling, wind kept at the back.
Gratefully climbing the warm stairs crowd trapped
Bottle filled carts pushed by human shaped sack.

Sure nature is signing the coming of cold
Some wastelands, unmarked by man, sound to wolve's howl.
But where the mass huddles behind brick walls cold,
The signs are more subtle; the scarf, glove, and cowl.

The deepening blue of the sky of the fall,
The declining sun arc and shortening day,
The mood that is darkened by dim autumn pall.
Yes, winter is coming, it won't stay away.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Without Death

A life without death is not ended
Its story can never be told.
Not all whom it knew and befriended
Not all it had learned growing old.

The sun rises slow on the dim world
Where opened the eyes reveal not.
Till sky with light gray is faint pearled,
And eyes lamp the brain, birthing thought.

And morning is gone by the noonday
Rather more often than not.
The westing sun crimsons a laneway
And most that we've seen is forgot.

But all do remember that sunset,
More gorgeous than all gone before.
We know this for certain that sunset,
Of which we know there'll be no more.

A life with last breath is not ended
Its story is yet to be told.
By all those that knew and did friend it,
And loved it, though they too are old.

Paul C. Maybury Jr.

Words Put Away Like Wine

Words put away like wine,
ferment not in the bottle but in the mind.
Seething soundless in the dark,
unseen bubbles leave no mark.

Until the day they are called forth,
and are poured, then swirled upon the tongue.
Sparkling reminiscence or remorse,
burgundy thoughts of songs not sung.

Words put away like wine
not decanted in good time,
miss the mark of proper tongue,
vinegar thoughts of hearts not won.

Words put away like wine,
ferment not in the bottle,
but in the mind.

(Roslindale March 2005)

Paul C. Maybury Jr.