

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Richard Moriarty()

I am an old man, who is young at heart, who loves to both read and write poetry. All of my writings are also posted on my blog,

Lazy Day

The water was
dark and brown,
two turtles rested on a nearby log
soaking in the sun.

A large grey heron swooped lazily down
landing effortlessly
while looking around for a tasty morsel treat.

Overhead a squawking jay served as sentinel
to warn of my intrusion into its domain.

All I wanted was to sit and dip a line
into the cool brown pool.

Perhaps an unsuspecting fish would seek
the dangling worm on the end of my line.

Even if there were no takers
I wouldn't mind.

It just was a chance to visit
the calm and quiet of that dark and cool
pool as it just drifted by.

Thoughts of nothingness clouded an
otherwise empty mind.

It was just a lazy day,
warm and friendly sitting by that
dark and brown pool
with a drifting line.

Cares drifted away
like the white fluffy clouds high above.

So why spoil a beautiful day.

Rivers Of Time

Like rivers of time / our lives drift by /
as seasons / providing the trees /
acquire soft, green leaves / and then in time /
turning red and golden / shed their leaves.

Travelers in time are all / like a wind
sweeping across the plains of life / visitors in a temporary land /
enjoying moments of bright sunny days / filled with fun and joy /
soon to be followed by sudden storms /
and then dark hours / followed again by
the brightness of the day / rivers of time /
carrying each traveler through his day / waiting /
waiting for the next to arrive /

Time an ever moving thing / a river /
carrying each person / in turbulent white water /
or calm flowing streams / through all events of life /
then stranding him on a rocky and barren shore / or
other times / gently laying him upon soft and lush meadows /
to rest as in a quiet and calm place /

Finally on the appointed day / a call goes forth / and
the wayfarer receives his summons / to quickly go /
moving through time / to stand in a queue / moving to an unknown space /
together with others summoned / to appear at some distant place /

The queue is formed / the line moves forward / the time has arrived
to board / those great ships of time / like the giant Leviathan / casts
off from near harbors / and then ever moving / to arrive at some distant
shore/

Like rivers of time / our lives drift by / a season at a time /
travelers all / in a moment in time.

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The Big Easy

Brash lady of the south, home of jazz and blues,
party town USA, brawling port of the nation,
melting pot of cultures, the city of Hope,
and Queen of the Nile of the Americas...

.....She's the Big Easy..

Yes, I know there is Bourbon Street where you rub shoulders with pimps,
prostitutes, drunks and movie queens,
And, you stand shoulder to shoulder and jostled and fight for the cheap beads
thrown from a Mardi Gras float,
Walk the narrow, crowded streets and listen to the mournful moan of the blues,
and
the rhythm of jazz being discovered as it drifts through the narrow alley ways,
Feel the sweat and the clamor of the docks, with the exports
of the nation being loaded on the mammoth
ships for all the world.
Sip the strong coffee and wash down the beignets, savor the dripping poboyos and
famous oysters Rockefeller, and smell the aromas of the seafood preparer of the
nation.

She is the queen city of the Nile of the Americas - the
mighty Missisip'

- don't apologize for her being
a lady of the streets,
the birth place of jazz
the queen city of the mighty river of the nation
good food,
fun time
fast people....

She's the city that never sleeps,
The play town and work place of the nation,
....A lady like no other lady.....

.....She's the Big Easy.

The Window

Protected from life
Hidden from view
Alone in my room
With little to do.
I sit at my window
Safe from the world
Looking out at people
Going about in a swirl.

Whether a marriage or loved one
that has been lost,
Or maybe a business of which I was once boss,
Now all is gone and with nothing to do
I sit at my window
Safe from the world
And hidden from view.

A world of hurt
Do I see
A retreat from life
is safer for me.

Like an animal hurt and
withdrawing from life,
hiding from the world and all of its strife
I sit at my window
with nothing to do
Not willing to commit to the care of a few.

There was a time
in this life I know
when I would come and I would go
Now I hide away from it all
Not willing to venture out from this closed-in stall.

With nothing but a window
to the world that I see
hidden from sight
and all who would love me.

A sad time is had
A lost life is bad
But my window is all that I allow to protect me.

(Dedicated to all of the hurt and gentle people unable or unwilling to share their lives with others.)

Richard Moriarty

Un Lieu De Paix

There is a special place, where quiet people go
when times get tense and mean
a place where life seems much more calm - and truly serene.
A place where gentle spirits can go
with wounded hearts or fearful souls -
un lieu de paix - a place of peace,
where sounds and fury all cease.

Far away from noise and prying eyes,
where soft sounds and quiet times abound.
Un lieu de paix - a place of peace,
away from all the turbulent sounds.

Days of blue skies, green meadows and slow moving streams -
a land of quiet and pleasant dreams.
Purple flowers brighten slow walks along a country road,
red and yellow ones too,
Never knew what they were called -
just beautiful color - like a rainbow's hue.

High overhead fluffy clouds float by,
colorful birds soaring on high.
A place of peace - where children play
with the sound of small voices laughing
while echoing calls of a dare
as they chase butterflies and dandelion blooms
that drift like small parachutes through the air.

The smell of fresh baked pies set out to cool
drift through an open window.
An old rocking chair waits on the porch
a place of rest from the warm day's sun -
comforted by an old dog lying sleeping nearby
makes this world a place of quiet - and fun.

Away from all the noise and confusion of the day -
to a special world of escape from the fray.
A place where quiet people go
when times get tense and mean

a place where life seems much more calm - and truly serene.

A place far away from sounds and prying eyes,
where soft sounds and quiet times abound.

Un lieu de paix - a place of peace,
away from all the turbulent sounds.

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