

Poetry Series

Sophia White
- poems -

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Sophia White('90)

When Sophia is not at class, doing homework, trimming hedges, spelunking, sleeping, eating, reading, or spending time with her friends, she writes poetry. 'I first became interested in poetry when I took a class on it in the ninth grade,' says Ms. White. 'I am enthralled by such poets as Shel Silverstein, Alfred Noyes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Don Marquis.' When asked where she finds her inspiration for her poems, Ms White thoughtfully twirls one golden red curl around a finger before replying, 'I think that people I know well and care about a lot can move me to words, as well as particularly emotional experiences. That is when I write my more personal poems, such as 'Darklings' and 'When Words Fail.' However, when I am in a 'green' sort of mood (read 'Color Me! '), I love to write idylls and ballads, like 'A Light and Fair Wind's Blowing', 'My Myles Has Gone Away', and 'Cursed.' Ms. White has been writing poetry for one year - 'And it's been a most lovely year, too, perhaps the best I have yet lived!' At sixteen years old, Ms. White is a young poet, just begun on her literary endeavors. She looks forward to growing in her creativity and command of the poetic devices. 'I think structured, rhymed, and metered poems are the most delightful,' she says, 'and I think free verse is used much too freely and in often bad taste. Much of my own free verse is ill done. It is much harder to write a structured poem, but the results are so much more rewarding.' When asked what her goal as a poet is, she promptly replies, 'I want to write poems that leave the reader with a refreshed, sweet, and pleasant taste on their lips, as though they had just sampled a small droplet of nectar from a honeysuckle.' Ms. White lives in the lush green foothills of the Appalachian mountains, where she and a small group of friends write poems frequently. She enjoys outdoor activities and anything related to literature.

A Child's Dream

I loved to look upon him,
The Hunter near the Way.
So strong his arm and long his bow
And so bashful of the Day.
His courage never failed him
For he held his mace so high
And glared at the Bull in the River
And ruled the whole breadth of the sky.
As a girl, young and silly,
I oft dreamed of being the Maid.
And meeting, one nighttime afternoon,
The Hunter, in a starry glade.
And we would love `pon sight
And marry in a cloud of joy.
What strange and daring dreams
A little girl may employ.

Sophia White

A Day's Work

What ho! A day's work is done.
Work indeed! For I've done none.
No bread is earned, no bacon won,
Oh, the sand of words is run.
For me there's no appreciation,
For you can't sell poems to an American.

Sophia White

A Lament For Mr. Alexander

Oh my master, my master,
My inspiration, who, when I was afraid
Urged me gently on to find a dream –
To weave a world –
And now it seems
That you shall never even know my name.

Oh my teacher, my light,
My wayfinder, who led me into night
And showed me the sun.
Oh my master!
You set me on my way
The distance I have come - I owe to you.
My master, who never knew you had an apprentice.

I wrapped your words about me
I pondered, and I cherished.
I learned from you and admired
And wished beyond every hope
That one day – maybe – you and I
Could shake hands, say "Hello"
And sit and talk about our words.

But oh! My beloved master!
You have gone, and I –
I remain in misery, comforted only
By the lights you lit and left
For me, though you
Never even knew my name.

Sophia White

A Light And Fair Wind's Blowing

Come, boy, and let us run
And soak up all this lovely sun.
Let no one dictate where we're going,
For soft, a light and fair wind's blowing.

The fields are gold and grand today.
They call with faerie voice and say,
"Children come, put down your sewing,
For soft, a light and fair wind's blowing."

Come, girl, and dance and sing,
And join our hands in merry ring.
For the world all her delights are showing,
And soft, a light and fair wind's blowing.

The trees are tall and great with leaf.
Let us bind them up in kingly wreath.
The sky is bright, the flowers glowing
And soft, a light and fair wind's blowing!

Sophia White

A Man, A Cloak, A Gondola

A Man, A Cloak, a Gondola,
A Subterranean Sea.
These Four recurring Elements
Compose a Mystery.

I draw him many, many times
Boating on that Sea.
And beneath his slippr'y boat
An eel with dagger teeth.

I don't know how this imagery
Is always in my mind.
Perhaps it is a forewarning,
A vision of some kind.

A Man, A Cloak, A Gondola,
A Subterranean Sea.
The Four recurring Elements
Compose a Mystery.

Sophia White

A Song

The sky is bright, the sun's on the sea
The salt's in the wind and the wind's on me.

The world is good, the weather's fair,
Here on the shore, I've naught a care.

The sand is white as the clouds above
The world resounds with heaven's love.

The birds all wheel and cry their song
And sea and wind all hum along.

No sound could best that lively tune
That rocks the waves and builds the dunes.

The sky is bright, the sun's on the sea
The salt's in the wind and the wind's on me.

Sophia White

A String Of Simile

Words bind me, wrapping around me like vines
And like vines they grow, and constrict, like a boa
And like a boa they hiss in my ear, the most wonderful things.

Words chain me, tethering my wrists and ankles like iron
And like iron they do not rot or wither, like Eternity,
And like Eternity, I do not know when they will end.

Words shackle me, holding me down like paralysis,
And like paralysis, they have no immediate cure - like Love,
And like Love, within them I am free and beautiful and alive.

Sophia White

A Study In Murder

Silent and still, the trees are Watching.
Watching without eyes.
Silent and still, the trees are Watching.
Watching as a human dies.

Bright and quick, a blade is Flashing.
Flashing into its sleeve.
Bright and quick, a blade is Flashing.
Flashing without obliquy.

Soft and dark, a cloak is Whipping.
Whipping past a lifeless brow.
Soft and dark, a cloak is Whipping.
Whipping by without a sound.

Sophia White

A Teacher, A Pen, And A Handshake

A teacher, a pen, a handshake.
Three deaths in one day
And each a death-toll in my heart.
I cannot even pray
My soul is so overwrought.
How much light can the darkness take?
Does eternity truly hold us apart?

A teacher, a pen, a handshake.
Three bodies in one grave.
Oh, you wretched world, mourn deep!
For one who freely gave
Of truth and love and soulful ink.
I fear my soul and heart shall break!
For death has taken them into its keep.

A teacher, a pen, a handshake.
Three stars fallen in space
Which once burned bright as the tears
Burning on my face.
How solemn strike the chords of death
Such a mournful tune they make –
And the Weaver of Worlds on a bier!

Sophia White

A Thousand Knights!

A thousand knights raise salute!
The sun illumines metal suits
And they outshine the sun.

A thousand knights lift their blades!
Away in fear run shadows and shades
Who cannot stand the light.

A thousand knights urge their steeds!
The ones in front all take the lead
And charge against the Foe.

A thousand knights clash and roar
Against the vast and evil horde
And blade encounters blade.

A thousand knights are lost to sight!
The dust of battle takes to flight
And masks the grueome scene.

A thousand knights – can they succeed?
By Heaven's Blade, they can indeed!
See – the dust has fallen still –

A thousand knights stand in the sun!
Raise the banners! They have won!
A thousand knights and not one fell!
Now there's a deed of which to tell.

Sophia White

A Tirelan Song

At the foot of the mount where the rock men dwell
And below the green plain where the goats graze
Tall reach the trees that Wintonwi hands
Called from the earth in Queen Ailynwy's days.

They called from the earth the fether tree
They called to life the fair serenity
Of the trees as sweet as a melody
On the winds that blow from the crystal sea.

And the trees grew as tall as the clouds above
Adorned with leaves like feathers of glass
That danced and whispered to Saphilora,
And the Wind played in them as a carefree lass.

They called from the earth the fether tree
They called to life the fair serenity
Of the trees as sweet as a melody
On the winds that blow from the crystal sea.
The trees as sweet as a melody
Melodious trees of Ailynwy.

Sophia White

A Woven Web Of Light

The clouds have scared the stars away
And I am left alone.
So I weave above my head
A thousand of my own.
They run and chase one another
A shining web of light
And with their valiant brilliance hold
At bay the jealous night.

Sophia White

Abroad Too Long

Walking down the cobbled street,
Wondering distantly how old those stone were
And looking with disinterest at the cathedrals,
And the columns and arches that rise
Like a great garden of stone flowers
That I cannot pick.

Hearing the muted strains of a violin
From some unseen corner where some unseen
Frustrated musician is playing for forints,
And I feel the sorrow in each strike of the bow
Reverberate against my tired bones
In a sepulchral strain.

Thoughtlessly tossing pebbles into the river,
Then realizing I am tossing coins,
So I pour out my purse with melancholic abandon
And let the river have its fun,
Because I have had my fill of it,
And want only to go home.

Sophia White

Adopted Strays

They fill my every shelf and every basket.
My sock drawer holds more of them than socks.
My closet overflows with them – I cannot open the door
Without getting a toe or two smashed by their fall.
They stack against the wall and in the corners,
Spreading like a plague beneath the bed.
They function as side-tables and doorstops,
And sometimes stray even into the hall.
I cannot keep them under control at all,
And just when it seems they are finally in hand
A few more wander through the door,
And beg with silent eyes for a place to say
What can I say? They are so lovely
And they smell so very nice – I must concede.
Though my mind chides me, knowing I shall never read
All these strays I've adopted – all these books.

Sophia White

Ah, The Soft Guitars That Play

Ah, the soft guitars that play
and lull the twilight.
I, unseen and all alone

Listen from a willow tree
feeling the warm notes
Like a breath wash over me.

I envision someone there
in the willow tree
Listening softly with me.

Sophia White

Alas

I want to help you.
I want to free you.
I want give you rest.
Alas, but I cannot.

I want to hold you.
I want to soothe you.
I want to dry your tears.
Alas, but I cannot.

I want to calm you.
I want to give you
Whatever you may need.
Alas! For I cannot.

Sophia White

All Children Must Grow Up

All children must grow up. Even me.
What point there is in this I cannot see.
I was happier then, and so very free.

Days suddenly turn into years.
Smiles cruelly disappear in tears.
Derring do crumbles before new fears.

The past is soon forgotten in light
Of sudden bills and the lonely fight
To live and not be eaten by the night.

Kind and wild forests sadly turn
Into wasted deserts that burn
With too much sun. I yearn.

All children must grow up. Even me.
What point there is in this I cannot see.
This cannot be what life was meant to be.

Sophia White

All Praise Saphilora

The trees and grass all sway in time
And chant in throbbing, runic rhyme
To match the bells with iron chime
And praise Saphilora.

All the stars in myraid sing
The cocktirel upon the wing
The stones with grinding voices ring
And praise Saphilora.

The rain and snow and ice and hail
Raise up a wet and chilling wail
In the roar of the juggernaut gale
And praise Saphilora.

In all Tirel, from sea to sea,
From Eagles' Ayries to Crystalline,
Myana, Tira, Metglochan trees,
All praise Saphilora!

Sophia White

An Angel And A Violet - In The Garden

A small garden, lush with flowers
Pinks and whites and lavenders
Specked with candles in colored glass
Strolled two young and handsome lovers.

The moon was half a glass of wine,
The stars were shards of shattered glass.
The water tumbled through its bed
Where the gentleman walked beside his lass.

The grass wrapped around their ankles
As the candlelight dappled the stream
And the stones shone white in the moon
But none outshone the young girl's beam.

And I sat on my windowsill,
Watching with a smile for the two,
As I picked up my rough wooden flute
And began to play a romantic tune.

Sophia White

And Here I Sit And Wonder What To Write

And here I sit and wonder how to write
Wonder what I have to you impart
If indeed I have within my heart
The knowledge of a way out of this night.
If, within my soul, I have a flame
To which you lightless ones may move;
If I have see through eyes of love
That see the times and thus the times may tame.

I wonder if I know what you do not
And if I have the means to tell you aught.
I wonder if I ponder hidden thought
That, if left untold, is all for naught.

And here am I in stupefaction stood,
Inquiring what I have that may be good;
And how to tell you of it if I could,
For if I had it, assuredly I would.

And now I know the word to which I'm bound,
The word which, to me, is plainly writ
And yet I balk at simply scribbling it,
Is truly all I have worth writing down.
The only flame I hold within my soul
Is indeed the flame I'd rather hide.
I ought to, with abandon, open wide
And let the words of life within me roll.

I know that I know things which you do not,
That I hold great and everlasting thought.
That my eyes see with love by which I'm bought
And how I'd err to have that love forgot!

I must settle war within my heart
So that peace to you I might impart
And on the road to Life you may soon start.
I'll hasten that you may at dawn depart.

And The Best Part Is...

And the best part is –
Now that the mixing is over,
Now that the mixture is poured,
The mold is set in place, and filled,
With hearts fixed on lovers...

The plaster (of Poetry) takes shape
Hardens until it is Done
Becoming like stone, unbreakable.
The style, the form, the theme,
With thoughts fixed on someone...

Again and again, as history repeats,
Hearts pour out hopes become hard,
And love binds the plaster,
Making it forever,
And great grows the legions of bards.

Sophia White

Anthropophobia

I walk into the teeming room
Brimming with people
It seems to me
That it must be
They all turn to stare at me.

I walk down sidewalks cleanly swept
Walk through grass so finely clipped
It seems to me
That it must be
Other walkers turn to stare at me.

I drive through crowds of thronging faces
Filling the street with furtive cliques
It seems to me
That it must be
They all turn to stare at me.

I walk into the lonely wood
Where trees like towers gently rise
It seems to me
That it must be
Here there are none to stare at me.

Sophia White

Art

There's a fellow on my desk
His name is Art Bigotti.
He is a mannikin, and yet
So human in his mood.
Sometimes he is dancing,
At others, he leaps.
Now a prima donna
Now a soaring Icarus.
I sketch him, and well,
Yet never can I capture
That mood he holds
His poise, that is very well,
But he is an elusive
Personality.

Sophia White

As An Eagle

I was down
I was weary
I was running
About to faint
But You
You were there
You heard my prayer
And raised me up!

On wings
As an Eagle
Flying for You
You alone!

I was failing
I was worn
I was falling
About to drop
But you
You were there
You heard my prayer
And raised me up!

On wings
As an Eagle
Flying for You
You alone.

Sophia White

Baby

She tottles about
A funny toy
I love her so.
Such a joy
But then she climbs
Atop the table
I try to scold
But I am unable.
Who could say "No! "
To a Madelaine so
Adorable?

Her eyes are blue
So bonny and bright
I cannot stay angry
Try as I might.
She giggles and winks
I wave the Spoon
"I'll spank'ee"
She sees right through!

Sophia White

Beast

It lurks.

It drools on the threshold of my mind –
Nameless, heartless beast,
Waiting, ever waiting, for me to take one – step – out.
Then, oh then it shall leap
High into the air and land, claws first, on my head.

I watch a cat wait by a hole in the ground.
It does not move save for the flick of its long, thin tail.
The foolish mole emerges
Pounce!
Its silly spine snapped between fangs!
I shiver and wrap a fringed afghan tighter around my back.

I hear it, the quiet drops of spittle on the threshold of my mind.
Each dropp hisses, "Come out, come out, I know you're in there."
I close my eyes tighter – little good.
It is, after all, my mind, which lies just behind and a bit above
The eyes.

Oh, the chilling trap I have laid for myself!
The rawest and everlasting freedom is here, inside,
But something hovering around the core of my mind – or my soul? –
Wants so desperately to be devoured,
And I fear
I may not control that urge for long.

The beast does offer a tempting alternative
To freedom, life, love, and hope:
"Exchange it, " it bids me, "for a brilliant light
For a treasure chest
For a name on one of those columns you yourself have written of."
Oh! The bitter gray areas!

In the day, I am in a great crowd, and with so many witnesses surrounding me,
I dare not let my mind wander.
I must focus, on warmth and love and servitude,
(But at night!) No one is there, and my mind, a rebellious rover,
Dreams of the beast and his offer.

No! I must not let myself wander.

(How cruel I must appear, to jerk my own consciousness about on this leash.)

Animalistic, I tell myself with disgust.

Craving worldliness... fame and fortune... a name on a column wrapped in vines...

Again I wander. Hopeless, hopeless.... hopeless.....

Sophia White

Beautiful Flight

(Sophia's first poem,2002)

I sat and gazed at the ever blue sky
At the sparrows and robins wheeling around
At the lazy clouds drifting in silence
Wishing I was not stuck on the ground.

A lion prowled over the clear blue sky
Stalking the stag that pranced nearby.
And a fish swam as in watery depths
And my heart sang, If only I could fly!

To fly like an eagle, golden and strong
To fly like a butterfly, beautiful and bright.
To fly like a cloud, with nary a care.
Oh, wouldn't it be such a glorious flight!

The surf of the seashore rose and fell
The wind whistled past brushing away fears
When a faint purr like that of a kitten
Came drifting gently to my listening ears.

Up I did leap and away I did go
To find what did make such an odd sound.
And I mounted a dune and blinked once or twice
For what I saw made my head spin `round!

A monstrous contraption of cloth and of wood
Sailed o'er the sand like a ship of old.
Faster and faster upon a small rail
And went up! Wondrous sight to behold!

It flew like an eagle, golden and strong,
It flew like a butterfly, beautiful and bright.
It flew like a cloud, with nary a care,
Oh! Wasn't it such a beautiful flight!

The men on the ground cheered and clapped.
They had succeeded where all others had failed.

And the ship of the air with grace unsurpassed
Just flew! Yes, I tell you – it sailed!

I never forgot the ship that I saw
As I stood on those windy sands.
Finally Man had broken his bounds
And left behind the trappings of land.

There on that island, small Kitty Hawk,
The triumph of triumphs took flight,
And though I watched from the ground
My heart sailed with that sky ship of white!

Sophia White

Beautiful Intent

I hear soft footsteps come down the hall and stop at my door.
She's here once more.
I lean down lower over my studies, eyes riveted to a figure-riddled page.
I hear her breath in the crystal silence, a breath that grips my core
And brings me to my feet. I turn.
When shall I ever learn? she asks. You fool!
Are you just stopping by? I ask with ice on my tongue.
She smiles just as coldly. At least she might've rung
The doorbell, but she just walked in. She always does.

Silence. Silence. Silence.
A thickening, a darkening of ambience.
Her eyes and mine, locked in a duel of wills.
My soul throbs with rapture at the sight of her, but still
My mind rebels and tries to pull my gaze around to my desk.
I'll just ask.
Are you here, I whisper soft, to drop a passing verse?
(Oh, whatever happened to the lecture I'd rehearsed?)
Her smile wanes; she will soon cut to the chase.
The answer is scrawled across her face.
I drop my mechanical pencil, but I do not hear it hit the floor
Because she has entered the door.
And crossed the room. And held out her hand.

My mind relents and is soon lost in wild schemes
(Why not, it hisses, why not let yourself go to your most sacred dreams?)
My soul is ready. I take her hand – and then –
A whirl, a giddy rush of blood fills my head, spots in my eyes,
And then I am not me anymore. Where I am, I cannot tell.
I've no desire to return to that pragmatic hell.
Instead, Sophia snips my wretched tether of duty, which tied me to propriety,
To society.
She smiles again – when did her smile seem cold?
I feel so wise, and alive, and extraordinarily identified, and terribly old.

I wonder at my past hesitation.
My fears, bound to my by the tether, evaporate into elation.
Here I am, truly and wildly unique with a mind that aches to create.
There are worlds out there, I am sure of it, and I'm late

To discover them. I was tethered, you see.

But she –

She cut my leash. And now, that tiny, exiled pragmatic and dutiful corner of me
Timidly sends a question that is obliterated by the exploding creativity
Of these two paths – Sophia and me - is this the path I ought to walk
Or am I all talk?

Puffing myself up with grandiose vision and beautiful intent,
When, at long last, this is not at all the world to which I have been sent?

I want it to be my reality.

I want to leave the pragmatic hell, the dutiful halls of nominal charity.

I want to stop filling my head and instead, empty it.

To pour out everything within me, to let it soak into the earth,

Where maybe it will give rise to a harvest far greater...

Sophia White

Being The First Installment Of 'Gedion'

I

A land so vast it might have been a world
A land enreathed in magic, ancient charm
The soil steeped with enchanments long cast
The wind carrying spells and fairy dust
The forests groves of antique charms
Laid by long forgotten wielders of the Flame
The people all with magic in their veins
Not unused to seeing the supernatural
A self-scrubbing pot, a shifting hat,
A disappearing cloak or a charmed brush –
All ordinary sights in old, old Avendon.

II

Over Avendon a shadow lay
Lay as deeply as the night's own cloak
Shadow of Death, Decay, and Doom,
Cast by one absolute monarch
The Dai'maryen of old Avendon.
The Dai'maryen of the ages past
All had been wise and just and fair
Strong in Magic, Charms, and Enchants,
All good men, rulers deserving their throne.
But Ashreal the Dark was darker than night
His workings all for evil and the dread
Ashreal the Dark, the Lord of Avendon,
Put shame to the sacred name Dai'maryen.
And all Avendon lay helpless in his grip
For thirty years, Avendon lay captive.

III

The Wonder Workers were the men and women
Who pledged themselves to Good and the Light
They met in secret, forced so by Ashreal
Death awaited Workers who were revealed.
Death at the hands of Vadi, Ashreal's men
The Workers, small in number, lived their lives
As citizens of no importance, seeming,
Blending with the people of Avendon

Who used Magic, but in the smallest ways,
Unskilled, base, and weak in the Charms.
The Workers hid, and waited, biding time...

IV

One night, as the wind howled angrily
Through hamlet Sadlehem in Avendon,
An inn so small it might have been a house,
Eight Workers met to finally lay their plot.
One, a Vietlander, strong and broad,
Second, from Khalata, dark and slim,
Third, a fair-haired lass from Tel,
Fourth, an elder of the Ring in Chael,
Fifth, the Lord of the House Damroni,
Sixth, a poor tailor from Yegrie,
Seventh, a woman great with child,
Eighth, a redhead sailor of Maresh Sea.
While the tailor watched the night for feared Vadi,
The seven left brought forth their Fragments.
The Fragments were ancient words first laid
By Baribar, the Dai'maryen greatest of all,
The most skilled and powerful Wielder of Charm
In all the long history of Avendon.
The Fragments, handed down from father to son,
By Workers, through the generations run
At last came together through long toil
To meet and piece together the puzzle.
Eight pieces laid on the table – cloth
Remnants of Baribar's finest robe
On which, in the tongue Vreddaire,
The Pieces of the legend Puzzle lay.

V

"A time will come three thousand years hence
When men will all bow to one, the Dark.
All will seem dead and lost in that day.
But forth will come one greater than even I!
Gedion he shall be called by the True.
The Light embodied, Good taken flesh,
Though a mere man he may first be.
Seek him in the Willows, faithful eight."

Each sentence one of the pieces eight
Together placed by the Workers brave
And when at last the puzzle had been solved,
Only one last thing to them remained:
To seek him in the Willows.
To find the legendary saviour, Gedion.

.....to be continued.....

Sophia White

Blue Eyes

Blue eyes caught me
For a moment.

Blue eyes smiled
For a moment.

Blue eyes winked at me
For a moment.

But I shut the blue eyes
In a closet.

I tossed the key
Into the sea.

Sophia White

Byrn

Fierce impassioned flame
Set to byrning
Heart blazing wild
Spirit chyrning
Fledgling me for flight
Sorely yyrning
Still just a child
Lost in lyrning

Wyrds can't be preached
'Till they're lyrned
Wyrds can't be lyrned
'Till their hyrd
Still I am fettered
Lyrning wyrds
Wanting fierce to fly
With the byrds.

Dampened time I fear
Will soon spyrn
The brilliant vibrant flames
Set to byrn
And to lesser byways
I will tyrn
Long before I have time
To lyrn!

Sophia White

Campfire

campfire: burning
thoughts: forming
visions: clearing

every eye is focusing
on the swaying rhythms
the wild situations
of the angry flames

hopes: lifting
eyes: drifting
worlds: shifting

every mind is wand'ring
to cloudy dreams unveiling
daringly they wonder
at the not-too-distant future

Sophia White

Candle-Lighting

Dear girl,

Words are words, faulty things
One word can mean, well, anything.
You may say it in one sense
But other minds may bear it hence
And destroy your pretty phrase
With hoping, wishful, evil ways.

Dear girl,

As one who cares, let me be frank.
My face, in this, is often blank
But you do light little flames
And none but yourself is to blame.
Beware your candles, little girl.
Beware the twistings of the world.

Sophia White

Cannonball!

Pitter patter pitter patter
Sounding down the hall
Tipping feet tapping feet
Padding-soft-as-cat feet
Puttering, pittering, down the hall
Pitter patter pitter patter
Wild undulating scream!
Cannonball!
Hair and lace and small bare feet
In a wild tangle flies
Behind a pair of great blue eyes!
Giggle and another shriek
Too slippery to catch!
Twirl away and launch again
Flutter thick eyelash and then
Cannonball!
Knot of curls and feet and ribbon
Twirling, falling, leaping, shrieking
Pitter patter pitter patter
Sneak away! Shhh! Sneak away!
Pitter patter... pitter... patter...
Cannonball!

Sophia White

Carousel

Gentle lights whirr
To the tune of pipes
And soundless hooves.
The blue-suited man waves
First time around – tenth.
I cannot grow dizzy and fall
Not with my hand held tight
Like it is.

The Tiger chases Horse
And the Elephant marches.
Behind me, Giraffe rears
And Zebra brays.
I ride the gracious Swan
And you the Lion,
On our Carousel.

Sophia White

Cease Thy Plodding!

Time... drags... by...
With achingly... slow... steps.
His head... is bent... with fatigue
And his energy... is spent...
So... deliberate his... pace
And his eyes... lidded.
If only... I were not... bogged down
By Time's... tedious crawl...
I would take a whip
And teach Time to gallop!

Sophia White

Cheese

My words are cheese.
So meaningless.
God!
Take them from me please!
Make them bigger, better.
Make them roadsigns, Father.
Make them lampposts in snowy woods.

My words are cheese.
Full of holes.
Sour.
Take them from me please!
Make them wiser, purer.
Make them holy, Father.
Make them candles in darkling nests.

Sophia White

Child Sense

When children, we wish to stay young.
To run and forever play.
A million little Peter Pans
Forever young to stay.

When we hit thirteen, we want to go.
To be as old as we can look.
We drop our toys for keys
Electronics in place of picture book.

We run as fast as our legs can go.
To be eighteen! To be cool!
We want to be away from Mom,
We want be free of school.

And then, when we get to the "perfect age"
We stay a little while in bliss.
But soon as we see that age go slipping by
We cry and scream and hiss.

And then we spend the rest of life
On food and makeup and toys
That make us feel as though we were
Still little girls and boys.

Why is it that when we seem to mature
Our common sense washes away
Why do we all strive to be one age
When we know we won't be it, one day?

We run ahead to be twenty and waste
The years we spend only running.
Then spend the rest of our live
Wishing we had stayed where we were.

Are the children the only ones with sense?
Let us be as they are.
Let us live who we are.
Not what we wish that we were.

Sophia White

Child, Child

Child, child, lai la lay,
I'll hold you tightly one of these days.
Child, child, lorra lai,
It will be a while, but you'll be mine.

Child, child, lai la lay,
I'll stroke your hair and softly say:
Child, child, lorra lai,
I'm here to love you and all is right.

Child, child, lai la lay,
You may not even be alive today.
Child, child, lorra lai,
But I'll be waiting for you, child mine.

Sophia White

Color Me!

Sometimes I can be zany-zony orange
Crazy as a loon, Light as Splenda
Popping here and there,
Floating in the air
Oh, so debonair
Bright orange hair.
I leap off the ceiling
Tell stupid jokes.
Slide up the walls,
Jabber nonsense.
Turn inside-outside somersaults,
Twist rightside-leftside-upside-downside
Inside-outside-frontside-backside
You never know what I'll say,
Where I'll go, What I'll do
When I am feeling orange.

BUT -

Most of the time I am green.
The deep, rich foresty green
Of elves and oaks and moss-beds,
The solemn, sapient, throbbing green
Of fairy-kissed fiddleheads.
I withdraw like a dryad into his trunk,
Reclusive writer I become,
Creating, thinking, lost in my soliloquy,
The lamplight shining on my Muse and me
In our clandestine fernery,
As we discuss the finer points
of phantasmagoric reverie.
We jot down thought and wonder both,
And tap down fantasy all our own,
With the living green flowing free
From Mind to Hands to Paper.
I think of Hyperbole
And Synecdoche
And maybe even Haiku.
And when my Muse retires,

I curl up in midst my down,
and watch the peril, danger, strife,
victory, sorrow, joy, and life
Of others when I'm green.

Sophia White

Communion

The world, it's gold and fortune,
The hopes and dreams and years,
All the castles and fairy tales,
The stories and adventures and cheers,
The hands to hold in adversity,
The security to rest my head,
The promises and the ambitions,
For a little piece of bread.

My life, it's comfort and wishes,
The smiles and warmth sublime,
All the pleasures and 'ever afters',
The summers and winters and time,
The people to cherish in memory,
The delectable cuisine to dine,
The security and the solidity,
For a little cup of wine.

Sophia White

Composed At 10: 15 Friday Night

Like a song in the night
A breath of music in the dark
I hear a voice that seeps through
The walls, a divine voice.

Like a light in the abyss,
A pinprick of light in the deeps,
I hear a voice that wafts through
The air, a gradiose voice.

Like a rose in a desert,
Like a lily on a brick walk,
I hear a voice that floats across
The ground, a celestial voice.

Whose is it? This voice so strange?
So clear, a bell, or a hawk.
Whose voice? I cannot say,
Yet I would follow it - unto the end.

Sophia White

Consider The Tree

I stand, in the low grass so finely clipped,
And the sun fills the world around me.
But I stand alone, and the sun cannot find me
I am hid in the great overpowering shade.

I stand, and the world outside the shade is gone
There is only me and the shade and the tree.
A bird sings and a squirrel chirrup, and I –
I stand and marvel, in the deep blue shade.

I stand, and consider with all my thoughts the tree.
What it is and how it is and every essence within.
I consider it in its existence, and what it means.
And while the world goes on and on and on
I stand and dream, and consider the tree.

Sophia White

Crimson

I keep tripping
Falling off my feet
My eyes are slipping
Off everyone I meet.

Please stop staring!
I just want to go alone.
My stumbles all blaring
Through a laughing megaphone.

I've no secrets
That the world will let me keep.
Just go away –
Leave me here to weep.

Sophia White

Dance With Me

So you wish to dance with me? Come then.
I'll lead you on a dance as was never danced by men.
Follow me through shaded brake and glen
Through dappled wood our winding path shall wend.
Oh, can you keep time with me, young man?
Can you get near enough to catch to my twirling hand?
Come and try to catch it, if you can.
If you fail at first, do try again! Again! Again!
Through meadows ripe with sun we shall go.
Through frosty meadows suffocated in the snow.
Over mountains where the harsh winds blow
And hills of the hidden gold where bends the rainbow.
Come! Come! Swifter now I run!
Oh, but our dance is still so far from being done!
And the prize you seek has not been won.
Do not lag behind – oh dear boy, we've but begun.
From deserts sands to misty, gnarled moor,
Flee we now beyond the reach of time and back once more,
Running through the ocean's ceaseless roar.
Almost we forget what we started dancing for!
Are you still behind me? Lose me not!
I shall dance eternally within your aching thought.
Try to keep pace! Alas, you cannot!
Now see what bitter heartbreak your wishing has wrought?

Sophia White

Dare I Hope?

Dare I hope to hope?
Is it safe? Is it right?
Am I hoping for nothing
But a black and empty night?

Hope should make me happy.
I should laugh, sing, and dance
Because I am hoping. Right?
Ha! Not a chance.

How is it that hope can leave me
Trembling in the darkness?
How is it that something so "good"
Should leave me feeling helpless?

Dare I hope to hope?
What difference does it make?
Fate will be fate in the end,
It will either "make or break."

Does Fate regard my hope?
Does She listen? Or care?
Am I shooting for a star that
Simply isn't there?

I cannot know! Oh, God
Why must I struggle with
This doubt that pulls at me
Rends me, limb from limb?

What sort of hope leaves pain
Where it should instead leave joy?
Is this hope at all? Or perhaps
Some wicked demon's ploy?

I cannot know! Dear heaven!
How can I even begin to dare
To hope for something – anything?
Is no assurance there?

No promise? No guarantee?
I cannot stand it! I cannot!
The doubt is a plague
In my every thought.

Dare I hope to hope
In a hope that leaves me dry
And lost? How can I dare
To hope in hope? How can I?

Sophia White

Darklings

This place is now a nest of darklings.
The air is rank with all their lies.
Once it rang with truth so sparkling;
But now, in the storm, truth dies.
The hall is dark, and much too fright'ning.
I'd rather stay beneath the bed.
The thunder screams behind the lightning.
Ill sirens scream inside my head.
I wonder if the Light is coming.
How I yearn to go Home.
I want no more of Hate's smug humming.
No more this earth I wish to roam.
Oh, Jesus...
Take me home.

Sophia White

Dilemma

Here, in my little box,
I feel I am too big.

But, if I were to see the world,
I fear I'd be too small.

Where then can I go,
I who belong Nowhere?

How can I, who have outgrown my Puddle,
Move out and not get lost in the Sea?

Sophia White

Don'T Quote Me

I spit a line, a clever word,
You wonder at what you just heard.
I see my trip, ignore my fall.
Just don't quote me – ever – at all.

I say one thing. I am another.
No one knows if I'm one or the other.
What's bluntly said is often wrong.
Don't quote my word, my rhyme, my song.

On the sidewalk, I scrawl my thoughts
The lies shine out like bloody spots.
The truths were small, rain washed them out.
My whispers are truth, don't quote my shouts.

Sophia White

Dread

What I dread is the knife behind my back
And the way I grip it, with knuckles pale,
Waiting for the perfect time to attack
Considering no other tide or tack,
And cringing through a gossamer veil.

Half reveling in the anticipation,
Half dreading the time so doomed to fall.
What a dark and strange sensation
This blend of horror and elation,
This puzzle of love and murderous gall.

How I dread the knife, the hand,
The inevitability of falling tears.
Fate lays claim with a fiery brand
And destines all to fall or stand,
To live a moment, die for years.

And I wonder, was it I?
Who chose the fate, or fate chose me.
Is freedom even worth the try?
After all, at last I'll die
And naught shall mean my destiny.

There's little use in thinking deep.
I know not the paths of time,
Nor what secrets Fate may keep.
What is life but one blind leap
We poets brave through tear-stained rhyme?

Sophia White

Dream-Trip To Mars

Mars.

Strange red rust world
Permeated with a scarlet haze
Red dust settled on the rooftops of shabby houses
Of trailers and outdated campers
Red dust filming the treeless, empty street
Oh, oh, moans the wind as it blows down the road.
Hot. It is stiflingly hot here. Hot air pressing against me.
I leave my little ship, its silver body bathed red in the sun
Its three fragile legs bent outward beneath the pressure.
Down the street, in the moaning wind, I go,
Passing rusted trailers, outdated campers,
All still – the wind does not leave the road.
No windchimes tinkling – no mowers purring –
No sound at all, except for the dogs barking.
Where are they? Where are the dogs?
No trees to hide behind. No bush or grass.
Only red, red dirt, hard-packed and dusty.
Only rusted houses straining against the heavy heat.
At last, a double-wide with its door open.
The door does not move, but sits, filmed over with red dust.
Up two cement blocks and I am inside.

Life.

Three dogs, a shepherd, a beagle, a bulldog.
They leap out from behind the door, growling, menacing.
No collars on these dogs. Only tangled, matted fur,
Fur like Grendel. They are all teeth and nails, and hot red eyes.
Their eyes. Not rabid – worse. Hard, shiny scarlet eyes
Full of hot anger, shining with malice.
Growls and snarls rolling through the hot air at me.
Away, dogs, away. The sweeping hand, and they bark wildly.
Stillness, and they growl again. Step forward, and they attack.
Run, run past the dogs, through a kitchen layered in red dust,
And rust on the pots in the sink. Rust on the walls, the table.
Strange red rust world.

Humans.

Three: a man, a woman, a teenage girl. Frozen on the couch,

Frozen in the oppressive, crushing heat.
Frozen, and filmed over with red dust.
Red dust lacing their eyelashes, their lips.
Scarlet dust matting their hair, clothes,
And crimson dust caked under their nails.
Dead? No. Their eyes move.
Their blue eyes, so chill in the red heat.
Pupils roll towards me, shock vibrates the lines,
The delicate lines in their ice-blue irises.
These people don't move. They are huddled together
In a little triangle of ice-blue fear they cling.
Arms crossed on their chests, legs drawn beneath them.
Head to shoulder they cower on the couch,
Beneath the fine red dust, beneath the heavy red heat.
On the floor lie more dogs. Mastiff, dachshund, poodle,
Another bulldog. Coats matted with red dust,
Eyes slitted, and red fire in the slits.
The dogs lie in a semicircle, watching the people,
The blue-eyed people.
Watching – guarding – holding captive.
Here are dogs for men, and men for dogs.

Help.
The people do not speak, do not move.
They watch me with those eyes blue.
They speak with their tiny pupils,
Their wide irises tinged with ice and fear.
Help, but no hope. Help without belief.
I want to help these people,
I do. But how?
How to help in this rusty red world?
Here come the dogs, the door-dogs.
Snarls and yelps slither around the wall, to me.
Hide? Run?
I leap onto the couch, I freeze. Head on shoulder
Shoulder of the teenage girl.
Do dogs see in color? I cannot remember –
Earth is so far away.
Can they see that I am not filmed in dust?
That my eyes are green – not blue?
Here they are, and they study.
One, two, three, four humans on the couch.

Strange world!

I am covered in red, red, red, red dust!

Sophia White

Drumming Fingers

Drumming fingers in ripe agitation,
I gaze with fevered eyes at the abyss.
I balance above it precariously,
Still pretending nothing's amiss.
But – behind me, the ground is cracking
And above me the sun dying –
Oh! My shoelaces need to be tied.
Fancy that. They'll take hours of tying.
Distractions will not last for very long,
And sand runs around my feet, over the brink –
Disappearing into the blackish Below.
The sound of it makes it so hard to think!
The boiling point is close,
I feel its breath on my neck
Like the stroke of a ghost
(My hair's such a wreck!)
No time for combs!
The echoing dome
Of the sky is cracked
I can't hold back
Sand runs
I run
Leap
Into
the
Dark.

Sophia White

Dry Bones

The well in the desert is dry, dear.
The well has gone bone dry.
I try – I try – I try –
But the desert by the well is dry, dear.

My well has come up dry, dear.
It's dry as a preacher's till.
My quill – my quill – my quill –
The plow's too dead to till, dear.

The sea in my heart is dry, dear.
My heart is dry and bare.
Beware – beware – beware –
The writer's well is bare, dear.

The well of my words is dry dear,
The well is deadly dry.
I die – I die – I die –
The veins in me are dry, dear.

Sophia White

Earth Moments: The Dark

The stars pulse dimly
High in the charcoal sky
I exhale
My breath a frosty cloud
That rises to join the stars.

The fog envelops the earth
Making the common seem cruel
Trees are shadows
I am lost in the mists
But never alone.

In the silent darkness
While the world is far away
The moon and I
Stand still
Regarding one another.

It is so dark
I can see nothing
But the night sounds
The cricket, the stream, the wind,
Fill the emptiness
Filling me.

I walk into the night
Intending a quiet walk
The cicades erupt like maracas
I grow angry at their impudence
Then hear the beauty.

Sophia White

Earth Moments: The Flowers

I pluck a daisy from the roadside
Enchanted by the simplicity
Then shamed of my audacity
Place it gently on the ground

The roses tumble down
A thousand to a vine
Almost white -
But not quite
I breathe in very slow.

The wildflowers are bundled
No order, no rhyme
A mad jumble of blossoms
I hold them to myself.

I pass the large blooms
In the garden, in rows,
Colors matched and neatly planted
I run away to where
The wildflowers are spilling.

High on the top of the tree
One lone flower rests
I watch from the ground
Wishing.

Sophia White

Earth Moments: The Forest

I recline beneath the willow tree
And by the silver pool
I toss a pebble in the water
Watch the ripples
Roll away.

It winds away through the trees
The trail disappears in the leaves
Time falls away
I have no choice, my curiosity
Takes me away.

Here, the clocks have stopped
There are only the trees
The trail
And me.

The tiny stream hides in the forest
Alone but for me
I watch the crystal waters
Dance over my fingers
Wondering.

Lying in the deep loam
With the transparent beech leaves
Waving to and fro above me
I am quiet.

Sophia White

Earth Moments: The Mighty

The water roars as it spills
From the high and rocky cliff
It echoes through me
I am ready for anything.

The cavern's maw swallows me
I pass through rock and stone
Direction useless
The cave is an endless abyss
Where will it take me?

The sea rears up like a beast
It sees me on the shore
It lunges forward – falls
Against the sand
And I am safe.

I see the mountain towering
For a moment, fear
Then I wish to hug
The great grandfatherly thing
Alas, I am too small!

The storm falls upon me
Lightning cracking,
Thunder rolling, rain falling
The electric air sizzles
I laugh with the thrill.

Sophia White

Elegy

Her hands once held the daffodils
And gathered up the lilies
In bundles tied with a lavender string,
And she'd roam throughout the flow'rs and sing
A song like flowing water
This beloved father's daughter
Whose laugh could make the rose take wing.

Her feet, once bare, roved these hills
Hills clad in pastel heather
And nevermore did such a lass
By the ash and yew grove pass
That fairest, lily maiden,
Her arms all flower-laden,
Cheeks like roses, eyes like glass.

Now she lies beneath the hills
Beneath the faded flowers,
Her feet lie still, her cheeks are cold,
Her eyes are shut, her hands in fold,
Her song has fallen still
And silent are the hills,
Now dark and oh, so dreary to behold.

Sophia White

Ephesians 1: 18

There is a woman with a large red hat
Who sits and plays the harmonica all day
Breathing in and breathing out
Her tears bubbling into the harmonica
"Woe, woe, woe,
Woe is me and mine, all the day, all the time.
Woe, woe, woe."

There is a woman in a tight red dress
Who writes ballads of her misery by night
And plays them on her harmonica by day
Doom and gloom, eyes of aquamaroon,
Eyes swirling with bitter, bitter spite.
"Woe, woe, woe. Woe, woe, woe."
And all around her, round the world goes.
"Woe, woe, woe." On the world goes.
The growl of tires on the road
Drown the moan of the harmonica.
"Woe..."

Look, Lady Woe! Look up, look in.
Look further up, further in.
Look at the rust on your harmonica and then
Hope, Lady Woe.

There is a man who reads every book
Who had read all of the books but one
He smells of libraries and museums and asphalt
I think he may know everything about the world.
So much to know!
"Here's how you fold the flag. That train...
In 1441... a duke in Naples, or Nice? No, Naples...
In a hole in the ground there lived a... modern major general."
Cleverness is very impressive, he knows.
Impressiveness is power, he knows.
"Do you know that word? Some engines are...
The atmospheric pressure at that depth... Mars...
Largest in history... terrific opera..."
Dangling ignorance before the bound.
All talk.

Look, Lord Know! Look up, look in.
Look further up, futher in.
Look at what you forgot to read and then
Hope, Lord Know.

There is a child who roams the hall at school
And crawls and creeps into the classroom
There she rises from behind the teacher's desk
She rises like Kraken from the sea
And scrapes her nails across the chalkboard
Poor Teacher! Poor Students!
Chills, chills, chills from the Kraken-call
The screech of nails on board.
The child, the nail-scraper, storms out again
Her eyes like Kraken-eyes, all frozen fire.
Dagger-looks at everyone, because long, long ago,
She stared at an empty sea, broken-hearted.
Now she carries a grudge in her nails
A grudge for all who try to understand
Who understand.

Look, Little Sea-child! Look up, look in.
Look further up, further in.
Look at the waves which are moving and then
Hope, Little Sea-child.

Sophia White

Essence

Fluttering like a thousand paper butterflies
On a wind that smells of far-off shores
And hear the repeating melody
Of a bird whose name we have heard
But slips past the tongue and hides
Somewhere in the unconscious.
A faint taste of citrus, or is it salt?
No matter; the taste is tangily pleasant.
Exotic, desirable, but too much
Will deaden all the senses.
These are words. This is their essence.
Whispering by on the tongues
Of maiden zephyrs and bees
Evanescent and when you reach
To grab one, it darts away
But all the same, you want it that way.
Somehow, if you caught it,
You would wish you had not.
And still, wish softly that you had.
You do not linger on it, though,
For their dance is all too enchanting.
These are words. This is their essence.
Something like the laughter of children
Bound up by cords of sunlight
Sometimes carrying the sweet tears
That the clouds cry when they're sad
A tune from a song you once knew
But have forgotten just enough
To not know the words –
Just know that lilting note,
Repeating, vibrant note
And you know the words are there in the air.
These are words. This is their essence.
In a curious dance around a garden
That grows flowers of radiance
You see no shadow fall across the path.
You see ahead the sunlight, dappling grass.
Your feet are bare, your hair is in the wind.
Something soft has melted in the air.

You know you know that something's there
But you cannot place your finger on it.
And that is just how you would have it.
Yours, but not quite yours, and all the while,
You know that it belongs to all the world
And still, somehow, it is only yours.
These are words. This is their essence.

Sophia White

Estranged

Standing still am I
With glazed and distant eye
Hands at my side and still
Incarnate Mind and Will
People blur around
Filling every inch of ground
Stones rumble with the sound
A thousand voices all resound
A chaotic mass of Man
From every near and distant land
Humanity in mass array
Around me spread.

Sun above, Grass below
Trees sway by Wind blow
World is as it always was
Times is as Time does
Earth in its orbit walks
As Man keeps stacking Building Blocks
Making cities built of stone
Harvesting Earth for his own.
There am I amid it all
But blocked by some unseen wall.

A part of World, and yet estranged
Not part of Earth's unceasing change
Always looking to the sky
Feeling different - knowing why
People `round me blur and spin
And I cannot - will not fit in
My feet have tread these foreign shores
They are not mine, perhaps they're yours
But I am not a Child of this World
Where Humanity is windblown and swirled
And colors run together in the sand
I am not a Child of this Land.
I was made for Somewhere Else
Somewhere Higher
Someone Better.

I am not a Child of this World.

Sophia White

Evenings In Jazz

This is a pleasant evening,
Jazzy, in a way that makes you dance.
If it were a color, I'd call it transparent blue,
When you could see the reality,
But it would be different, in a nice way.

Let the music roll on, please,
And won't you dance with me?
We've got the hallway and the kitchen
Open and free, for waltzes,
Or a wild, stepless spree,
Or a slow and easy, hold-me-close number.

These moments are so rare, you know.
Let's steal it for a while.
Lemonade? I'll make some cookies,
And we can dance all through the hours,
'Till we're tired, and then...
How about a movie?

There's nothing to do 'till tomorrow,
And I'm in a rare, funny mood.
I'll put on a skirt that will flare when I twirl,
And if you won't dance, I'll dance for you
And you can watch and keep time
By nodding or tapping the table.

Someday, the world will be made anew,
And we'll have time enough for anything.
I hope then, the evenings will be written
In jazz and dances and lemonade,
And we can stay up late and enjoy the music
And keep time when we tire of dance.

Sophia White

Fairies Come A-Calling

winter fairies come
a-calling
faces pressed window panes
winkling
frost makes lacy prints
glittering
light snow pristine pure
falling
world young life fresh
breathing
winter fairies come
a-calling

spring fairies come
a-calling
birds return twig nests
building
flowers open petals pink
blooming
fresh life everywhere
springing
pink green blue pale
coloring
easter eggs painted coats
dying
spring fairies come
a-calling

summer fairies come
a-calling
evenings teem fireflies
sparkling
watermelon opens red
eating
grass crisps green gold
waving
wind soft thunder nights
lightning
ocean swim hazy twilights

fishing
summer fairies come
calling

autumn fairies come
calling
colors ripe red gold
falling
harvest pumpkins orange
picking
apples delicious fresh
fasting
leaves underfoot piles
crackling
autumn fairies come
calling

Sophia White

Fairies In The Rushes

A fairie in the rushes calls my name
And bids me come and follow him away.
Would that I could leave my work for play
And follow little fairies all the day.

A fairie in the rushes grows impatient
And gives me just until he counts to three
To decide what my choice will be.
Would that I could let him entice me.

A fairie in the rushes flits away.
I could not answer him or I should cry,
The little fairie creature knew not why.
Would that I could flee to Gramarye.

Sophia White

Fingerprints

I see His mark writ in the stars
And in the ocean's roar
I see His hand among the trees
And in the eagle's soar.

I see His love in baby birds
And in the dandelions
I see His might in waterfalls
And in the golden lions.

I see His work shine with the sun
And in the softer moon.
I see His plans unfold in years
And know He's coming soon.

I see His name in raging storms
And in the morning dew,
But most of all, His fingerprints
All over me and you.

Sophia White

Flicker

The shore is fast receding into a distant line
Merging with the sun and the sky tonight
Here am I, drifting through the sea
Or could it be
That it's the sky?
All I ever knew, all I ever tried
Comes to nothing, fading with tide.
Down comes the sun, up goes the moon
Down come I, to the lonely tune
Free at last, and oh so alone.
How could I have ever known?
To drift free is to drift alone
To part with the world is forever free to be
But how could I have ever known?
Freedom is exactly where I have gone
But behind it, that curtain of light,
Oh, the light fades into the loneliest night.
To be free is to be me
Alone and drifting through starry seas
To be free is to never be
A part of any beautiful heart.
Here I go, I follow the sun,
And it deceives me as faster I run
Behind the earth, beneath the sky
The sun flickers, fades, and finally dies.
Is this the story then? The story of all time?
The sun disappears only to die.
What about the sunlit land it promised lay there
Behind the earth, beneath the sky?
Here I go, I follow the sun,
But now I know the course that I run
Is a sunless path away from you.
So what now? What can I do?
Keep on running, away from you.
Maybe they're all wrong, and the earth is still round
So maybe one day I'll stand on that ground
Where the shore looks out to an endless sea
And there you'll stand, waiting for me.

Fly-By-Nights

Captive spirit mine
That rides a narrow line
On a unicycle ride
Every fancy
Mood is chancy
Never knowing how I'll side.

Smiles could be frowns
Up quickly turns to down
Enslaved to fly-by-nights
Wills are whims
Based on him
A dangerous dance at such a height.

Looking forward for a lifter
An anchor for a drifter
Getting high off hoping
Like hidden drugs
Beneath the rug
No idea how I'm coping.

Looking back and finding shame
Magnifying bygone blame
Can't drown out past mistakes
Glance behind
It's all I find
One misstep's all it takes.

Yesterday and tomorrow
Brilliant joy, shameful sorrow
Consistency is overrun
Fly-by-nights
Hold me tight
A thousand minds as one.

Sophia White

For Now

One day I will be so far
From home that home will seem
An unreachable star
So distant not one soft beam
Will fall on me.

But for now I'm still at home
At home in this small town
For now I'll sit and look around
And keep my feet on the ground
For now I'll just be.

One day I'll live so fast
I'll not have time to reminisce
The years will all shoot past
Soaked in sorrows and bliss
No time for memories.

But for now I'm still young
And the essences do not elude me
I can still love the grass and trees
And savor sweet soliloquy
For now I'll just be.

Sophia White

Forest Friend

Every day, I packed a sack
With apples and with tea,
And skipped through the greenwood
Whistling happily.

Through the beeches and the elms,
Beneath the oaks and pines,
Merrily I made my way
Through dapple-dimple sunshine.

There beside a rippling stream
Amid the butterflies
I met a little forest friend
With bright and shining eyes.

We talked of this and talked of that
With time thrown to the wind.
Never have I known a soul
Like my forest friend.

When I cried, my wee friend cried,
And when I laughed, we laughed.
Life may have been a deadly sea
But our friendship was our raft.

Then one day, I skipped on down
The greenwood path again.
And the stream had all dried up,
And nowhere was my friend.

Sophia White

Fragrant Night

Fragrant night

(Cool, crisp air laden with blossoms)

Somber light

(Bright round moon sends silver caresses)

Whispering trees

(Oaks and pines engage in a slow dance)

Slumbering breeze

(Wind flows as though it goes half-asleep)

Beautiful stars

(Bristling the sky with a thousand soft lights)

Rumbling cars

(Tearing the night to slivers as they interrupt)

Sophia White

Free!

I knew it not
But my hand was tied behind my back
Cruelly.

Then someone came
And with a little tug and push untied it
Truly!

Now I'm running
Again outrunning the wind and sunshine
Sighing.

Here I go!
Watch me shred the grass beneath my wings!
Flying!

The world is behind
The sun is set before me in radiance
Shining.

I'm soaring wild!
And soon on golden apples I shall be
Dining!

Sophia White

Galoshesless

I'm gallivanting happily
With nary a smidgen of care
Through rainforest serendipity
And flowers fill the air.

The ground is rather muddy
From all the gobs of rain
E'en so, who could study
When the wild fills the brain?

I'm stomping without reason
Intoxicated with abandon
And, wow, the world is pleasin'
When you see it all as random.

I'm traipsing like a madman
Without galoshes to my name
And let the wild wetness in!
I've got the world to tame!

Sophia White

Gibbous Over Wood

The moon is not yet grown -
It is at the doorstep of maturity.
But still its light comes down
Through the broadleaf wood.
Here and there, a leaf is silver,
Chosen favorite of the moon,
While the other trees shiver
In the dark with envy.
The moon is not yet grown -
It is brilliant in its youth.
It is to the sun a mirror
And to the sky a mouth.
There is a light about a tree
A white wedding-gown,
Shall the moon wed the tree
Before it is yet grown?
The moon is not yet grown -
It is confident, though,
And shines with great spirit,
Piercing the wood through.
There is a path across the river,
Wrought in silver stone.
The moon mocks the walker
Who takes the path and drowns.

Sophia White

Girls

They move in flocks.
Like geese or like chickens.
Clucking to themselves,
Cackling with laughter.
Their heels scratching across the pavement.

They preen as they go.
Pecking and smoothing,
Everything in place.
They strut through the world
Flaunting their many-colored feathers.

I sit well apart,
Aloof from the flocks.
Not another kind,
Just a different sort,
Mocking them behind my poetry.

Sophia White

Good Work In Me

My eyes were opened yesterday -
The second time in years.
I should have known that if I prayed
An answer would unfold.

A finger touched my shoulder and
I know I felt the touch
Of a gentle and a guiding hand
Prodding me to Him.

And I saw the teary eyes
And I saw the reaching hands
And I saw the broken hearts
of children.

My hearts was broken yesterday -
The second time in years.
Before me opened a certain Way
That I'd been looking for.

A voice whispered in my ear
I know I heard a voice.
Though physically I did not hear
I felt the words so very clear.

And I saw the teary eyes
And I saw the reaching hands
And I saw the broken hearts
of children.

Wait, little ones, beloved of God.
Wait, for I am coming.

Sophia White

Goodbye Stewie, Enjoy Hawaii

Your dad was our youth leader
The funniest guy
Your mom the Philipino
Somewhat shy.

You were just between our ages –
My sister and me –
And as funny and great a kid
As you could be.

I remember Barbies, and no TV,
But I'm afraid
I can't remember much beyond that
We played.

I remember, vaguely, a Christmas village
Behind some doors,
And a story about an airport – was it my dad
Or yours?

But most of all, kid, I can recall
You smiling
And how often you made me laugh.
You were beguiling.

Then you flew away on a plane
To Hawaii
To live and be far, so far away.
Goodbye Stewie.

Sophia White

Gossip

Taste the News, the juicy words
They roll so pleasantly across the tongue
Such delight, satisfaction, in the Knowing.
A furtive giggle, a sly glance, oft askance,
Oh, feel the inward pleasure therein derived!
Pass it on – only one person – tell them:
'A secret! Don't tell anyone.'
You know better, as does your confidant.
For the next day, the headlines blare the News.
You look away, 'Well, I never! You don't say! '
But there beneath the façade of shock, smug smile.
And the deep, ling'ring joy of having the honor
Of being the First One to Tell!
And you don't see the eyes, the aching eyes,
On the pained and tearstreaked face
Of the one of whom you gossiped.

Sophia White

Grandmother

When I see you in my mind, this is what I see:
A lady clothed in scarlet robes by a glinting sea.
She sings a gentle song that catches setting sun
And turns it into liquid notes as if by angels spun.
As up and down the silver strand the crystal waters run.

All along the shining shore the sea birds wheel and cry
Their anthems join in harmony with ocean's tender sigh
And together praise the Lady and her spirit fair
They exalt her gentle smile and her loving air.
And she wears a silver crown upon her shining hair.

"No wiser sage! " the gulls all cry. "None wiser can be found!
Purest wisdom! " The sky is rippling with the sound.
"No gentler lamb! No sweeter spring! No grander mountain tall! "
All day the birds wheel to and fro, sea dances to their call.
"The Lady is indeed the noblest queen of all! "

She bows her head with bashful grin and tosses silver bread.
The setting sun makes a crimson crown about the Lady's head
As the sea birds dip for crumbs that fall from the Lady's hand.
Her steps leave silver footprints impressed upon the sand.
Leave a trail to follow – the truest in the land.

Sophia White

Happenstance

I was here.
There you were.
You a him,
I a her.

First you spoke.
I replied.
We were both
Alike inside.

I went here.
You went there.
Strange – we met
Everywhere.

Going there?
I am too!
What a chance –
I'll join you.

Odd how things
Are that way.
Happenstance?
(Grin.) No way.

Sophia White

Happy

It is frightening – to be so happy
You can hardly keep from crying.
And even more so, when you find
Joy in inconsequential things,
And all the things that matter
Are twisted and terribly wrong.

It is strange, when happiness rebels
Against its normal sources,
And when it grows to tempestuously strong
That no sorrow can overcome it.
So rarely do I find joy more deadly
Than sorrow. It is strange.

Yet even though I cannot understand
Why my heart flies and my mind reels
With utter and yet unreasonable joy,
I can still love it and be happy,
And with a smile, toss my head
At any critic, years hence, who may
Discard these words in disgust,
Muttering, "There is no joy as this,
And it is sentimental fantasy."

What need have I of critics' accolade?
Even they cannot dampen my spirit.

Sophia White

Heroica

A lad in brown, from a country town,
Asked the roving peddler:
" 'Scuse me, sir, but I wonder
If you could show me the way to Heroica.

My mother said upon her deathbed
'Son, if you wish to be great
You must journey far in search of a star
Of a place known as only Heroica.

And I've roved the land as much as I can
In sunshine and in shadow.
I've been here and there and I reckon everywhere
But I just cannot find Heroica.

Mama said to me, 'If it's great you'll be,
You'd best get going on.
Run hard and long and do no wrong
And one day you'll reach Heroica.'

Well, I've run and run, but found not one
Place that could be what I seek.
I reckon it's fair with a colorful flair
This place known only as Heroica.

I'm sure its grand as no other land
Has been or ever will be.
I seek my destiny in this land of harmony
Known only as Heroica.

But it must be far, this land like a star
And farther than I'd thought it would be.
So could you give a hand and point out the land
That is known only as Heroica? "

And the peddler laughed as if he were daft
And said, "Boy, you're a fool.
You've been running up and down in search of a town
Known only as Heroica.

Well, I'll tell you straight, there ain't no gate
That'll pass into any such place.
Your ma, she was right, but you took flight
Without ever understanding Heroica.

It's not a place to which you race
Not a land or a field or a stone.
It's who you are, not where you are,
That's the real and only true Heroica."

Sophia White

Home

Through two doors.
Rows of books.
Swinging door.
Eleven to pause.
Eleven to top.
At double doors
Pause and stop
Turn off phone.
Then go in.
Going home
Through double doors.
I'm home again
On upper floor.

Sophia White

Hope, Answers

Listen!

He is calling you.

The voice you have heard many times in the silence...

Listen.

You have seen trouble, dear one, and pain.

You have walked the trail of tears again and again.

You have been looking, haven't you, for hope?

He is holding it out for you to take.

You have long been confused, have you not?

Looking for answers in a world gone dark.

You have searched your every desperate thought

For a glimmer of hope, a shard of truth.

Truth, my beloved, is found not in Man.

You are lost in a desolate land,

Hopeless, and weary, wanting rest.

Come lay your head on His breast

And enter into Love, wandering one.

You have heard his voice often in the night

When the world is asleep, or in the pale dawn.

Truth. Answers. Hope. Love. Only One

Can give them to you and only His will last.

Take His hand and hear his voice, dear heart,

And in His arms and sight be blessed.

Sophia White

Hot Summer Afternoon

I'll paint a perfect afternoon in Georgia,
When the sun is steaming in the sky:
I am sitting alone on the veranda
Made of glass walls eight feet high
And a ceiling hung with fans which whirl
And mix the air cooled by electricity.
The grass outside the room is yellow-green
And rich and deep, a carpet for a king.
The trees are stately, lifting up their leafy crowns
To an azure sky mottled with white clouds.
Inside, where I am half-lying down,
It is cool and quiet all around.
By my hand: the iciest of mint teas.
By my other hand: a book half-read through.
Some assorted fruit, and chocolate cookies,
And nothing else in the world to do.

Sophia White

How Bright!

How bright! How bright
The stars are tonight!
Twinkling sensations
In jollification.

How bright! How bright
is their merry light.
A canopy of song,
A wondrous fine throng.

How bright! How bright
Are these maidens of night.
They dance through the dark
On a bright little lark.

How bright! How bright!
I think I might
Stay up all night
Marvel at the sight!

Sophia White

I Bow To None

I bow to none that walk the earth
No man or beast or demon.
I bow alone to God above
Who made the earth and heavens.

I bow to none that whisper lies
That haunt the darkened brush.
I bow alone to God, Yahweh,
Who came to earth in flesh.

I bow to none that deal out power
Who lure with gold or land.
I bow alone to God, the Maker
Who holds me in His hand.

I bow to none that bow to me
Who entice with honeyed flattery.
I bow alone to God the Father
Who has defeated diablerie.

I bow to none, I bow to none
I bow to none but Him alone.
I bow alone to God the King
Who has claimed me as His own!

Sophia White

I Cannot

I cannot stay to wear the chains.
I cannot keep my life in death!
I cannot lock my dreams away,
Not for pain, not for pain.

I cannot ignore a Summons.
I cannot dropp my vision.
I cannot change direction.
Not for tears, not for tears.

I cannot turn my ship around.
(As small a ship it be.)
I cannot lose sight of the goal!
Not for sighs, not for sighs.

I cannot chop a sapling down.
I cannot lie down on the ground.
I cannot give up without a sound.
Not for loss, not for loss.

I cannot plug the leaping spring.
I cannot stop for anything.
I am Called, Called to sing.
Not for you, if this is you.

I cannot.

Sophia White

I Don'T Know

The sky is low and thick with clouds of despair
And I – I wait. For what? I don't know.
The world is wet and damp with rains of tears.
And I – I hope. For what? I don't know.
I don't know.
I wait. I hope.
I don't know why I bother trying to cope.
Screams shatter dreams
Hopes are withered in storms of doubt.
And look – there is no way out.
The moon is hard and cruel with senseless hate.
And I – I dream. For what? I don't know.
The lovely painting that was once my life
Runs and blurs and streams with tears
And still I try to see what once was there.
Why? I don't know. I wish I did.
But the beauty's been so cleverly hid.
I fear – I dare not believe it –
But I fear it has been lost forever.
The ties of yesterday are severed
And all the wrong knots have come undone.
How is it that the dark has won?
I don't know.
I wish with heart and soul and mind I did but -
I don't know.

Sophia White

I Don'T Want To Be Here

I've tried to tell you many times
Without telling you outright.
If you hear, you must refuse,
I'd had an idea you might,
For the idea itself would bruise.

Here it is in plain old words
Since you don't seem to understand,
And I know you'll never read this
You won't, e'en though you can,
Despite any past made promise:

I don't want to be here.
I never ever did.
I don't want to stay in this
Spiritually sorbid
Sludge.

I don't want to be here.
I cannot stand the lies.
I can take the hate no more
Beneath the simpering guise
You wear.

I don't want to be here.
Just let me go!
I don't know why you want me
You didn't want it so
Anyway.

I've tried to ask you many times.
Each time, I could not succeed.
I ask it now in this rhyme
That I know you'll never read.
Perhaps I'll ask again sometime.
Perhaps.

Sophia White

I Found It All

What I learned in vivid dreams
What I saw in gold sunbeams
What I felt in streaming rain
What I wove in daisy chains
What I read in starry skies
I found it all in your bright eyes.

What I read in written word
What I in flutes and cellos heard
What I saw writ in the seas
What I felt 'mid tow'ring trees
What I breathed in red sunrise
I found it all in your bright eyes.

Sophia White

I Long With Blood And Bone To Carve My Name

I long, with blood and bone, to carve my name
Deep into the tree of glowing thought;
To set my words in wood eternal grown
So deep that time cannot wear them away.
My blood and bone cry out with years of longing
Trembling, aching, yearning with each breath
To make a mark in time that time can't touch.
Every day sees my heart grow stronger
In resolve to carry out this task,
But every day sees time grow all the stronger
Determined to crush me back to earth.
My carving knives I clench between my teeth
And stand at the foot of that glorious tree,
Gazing up at the place I have chosen for me
But still I stand deep entrenched in mire:
The mire and murk of time holds me down.
And every day we each of us grow stronger,
Time in its resolve, my heart in mine,
And neither giving sway unto the other
Nor breaking free in triumph all at once.
And yet, though we stay head-on-head,
Time is the wiser, and I the weak,
For time knows it need not pull ahead
But stay just strong enough to hold me back.
If I cannot beat it down ere long,
My longing then will all have been in vain.
If I could just beat it down and climb,
And carve with mighty strokes upon that tree,
Then will I at last greet time and sleep.
But if I fail, and the mire draws me in,
I shall sleep uneasy for all time.

Sophia White

I Want A Wind

I want a wind

To start in the far-off mountain
To rush down in a raging fury
And fill this dull and silent valley.

I want a wind

To wrap around the gray tree trunks
To rattle the leaves and grass
To whistle by the window's glass.

I want a wind

To make the pine trees clack together
To tangle the hair of the Barbie girls
To make the dust on the roads to swirl.

I want a wind

To take the litter on the sidewalk away
To blow the mist from the falls my way
To echo throughout this listless day.

I want a wind

To burst through the window and into here
To scatter the papers from their neat piles
To steal my breath and give me smile.

Sophia White

I Was A Girl With Wings

I had a dream; I was a girl with wings.
Huge wings made of pure white feathers
I could wrap around me to stay warm
Or to hide; I often had to hide.
I could fly, and how I loved to fly,
With my swan wings through the crystal skies,
The earth was just another place I knew of,
No cage, no tether holding me in thrall.
I had huge, white wings and I could fly.
What more did I desire? Nothing more.
But my wings and the open sky.

Sophia White

I, The Poet

All that there is that is me
Are the words that I write fervidly.
My soul only finds my poor vagrant mind
In the phrases it feverishly pens.

My world is a very small book
Hardly worth a second look.
Some fragmented lines and pitiful rhymes
Coalesce in my mournful eyes.

A lizard gnaws on its tail;
As such, I retrace my trail.
Reading again the fruit of my pen
Bitterly reliving the tears.

What a sad little person am I,
So long gone I forget how to try
To look outside and see how wide
The sky can be at noon.

Sophia White

If I Could...

If I could live where ever I chose,
I'd live in an Abbey by a dusty road,
With mice and squirrels, otters too,
With hedgehogs, moles, and 'licious food.
I'd live at Redwall Abbey.

If I could be whoever I chose
I'd be a fire-friend from Inkworld
And dance with flames all the day
And not be burned by their blazing play.
I'd be Dustfinger.

If I could do whatever I chose
I'd leave all trappings of the ground
And soar like a bird, no - a breeze,
Light and in the wild blue, free.
I'd fly like Superman.

If I could go wherever I chose,
I'd vanish into my own words
With Pegasi wrapped in pure sensation
I'd meet my own creations.
I'd go to Tirel.

If I could meet whoever I chose,
I'd meet a tall and hoary man
Who knew the secrets of the world
An ancient, everlasing Old One.
I'd meet Merlin, Merriman Lyon.

If only I could!

Sophia White

If Only

The trees are columns today.
They are clothed in glassy green silk.
Up and up they tower
Above me and my little dreams.
A canopy they form with stained glass leaves
In which the breezes play hide-and-seeK.
I play hide-and-seeK with my shadow.
Butterflies flutter past lazily.
The stream ripples like liquid glass.
Oh, all is right with the world to-day.
All is right with the world.

If only the world were like this.

Sophia White

I'LI Just Start Walking

So much time spent seeking
Not enough time for faith.
If I don't stop looking
I'll never find the way.
I'll just start walking
And trust that I won't fall.
His promises aren't conditional,
I'm not saved by my call.
I'll just start walking
By faith and faith alone,
For earth is merely fleeting,
Heaven is my home.
I don't know what to do
Or where on earth to go.
I'll just start walking,
Faith doesn't have to know.
I won't just sit here,
Gnawing nails and moaning
Because I don't have a crystal ball
That tells me just what's coming.
I'll just start walking
As best as I know how,
It's no use waiting any longer
Or wallowing in doubt.
I'll just start walking,
Yes, I'll just start walking.
Is that not faith, anyway?
I'll just start walking.

Sophia White

Impudent Me

I ask You to reveal Yourself to me,
To make me know Your true and mighty Form.
In doing so I might ask the sky
To set on me a great and deadly storm.

How dare I, a mortal being, seek
A treasure far too great for human eyes?
I, the finite dustling, dare to ask.
I, the sinner, hiding in a pious guise.

Instead I ask that You would merely show
Your will, that I might follow every word.
For of You Yourself in all your power:
No eye has seen nor any ear has heard.

Sophia White

In Tirel!

In Tirel! In Tirel!

I can hear the beat of wings,
Feathered wings of white.

I can hear the Pegasus wings,
In the starlit, moonlit night.

I can hear the tapping hooves,
Obsidian hooves so light.

I can hear the Satyr hooves,
Flashing dark yet bright.

I can hear the ring of horns,
Spiraled horns of gold.

I can hear the unicorn horns,
A thousand ages old.

I can hear the rustling wings,
Wings light and small but bold.

I can hear the fairy wings,
Under fern leaves fresh unrolled.

In Tirel! In Tirel!

I can see the shining city,
The city grand and rare.

I can see Myana city,
With her winsome air.

I can see the dancing people,
People tall and fair.

I can see the Tirelan people,
With garlands in their hair.

I can see the splashing fountain,
The alabaster fountain bright.

I can see the Pegasi Fountain,
Tossing water skilled and light.

I can see the sparkling castle,
The castle of pearls all white.

I can see Tira Castle,
The most astounding sight.

In Tirel! In Tirel!

O the sun is never far,
The Wind is never cold,
And the rain is friends with the light
In Tirel so green and bold.

O the night is never dark,
The winter never cruel,
And the Spring knows Autumn's name
In Tirel where the Wintonwi rule.
In Tirel!
In Tirel!

Sophia White

Inebriation

High on the stony mountain,
Swathed in fog,
Sounds a chilling, lonely gong.
I wander through the valleys,
Through the villages and trees,
And past still pools,
Searching for somewhere I lost.

Far beyond those mountains,
Once it lay,
My somewhere, that I forgot
In the bottom of a glass.
I left there, and my mind was full
Of that mountain fog,
And now I cannot remember where 'twas.

There was sunlight there,
Of this I am certain.
No misty valleys, no clouded hills.
It was flat, and full of light,
And clouds, and dancing people.
But I lost it,
And I fear I shall never return.

Sophia White

Is All Well?

Is all well? Is all well?
Why so silent rest the bells?
There is no one to tell,
As I sit, a shudder quell.

I wonder inward – is all right?
Whence came this sudden, silent night?
Better it is, to fume and fight,
Anything but an icy spite.

Was it me? What did I say?
Answers falter and delay.
All is well, I hope, I pray,
The world is just not right today.

How now? Bitter flow the hours,
As heavens high threaten showers,
Absence grows long and dour,
Worse an empty stare than glower.

Twisting knots so deep inside –
I can no longer anguish hide.
I loathe this endless, falling ride,
And wonder at presumptuous pride.

Sophia White

It Was On A Night Of Fog I Died

It was on a night of fog I died,
And I remember just one thing:
How the mists were white.
In wraithlike beauty, they sat
Upon the roads and the fields,
Coiling around trees and corners,
All around me.
I am not even certain they were mists,
But suspect, instead, the ghosts
Of many from the past who
Died within a pallid shroud,
Within a lovely, earthbound cloud,
Just like me.
It comes back clearer to me now,
And I recall their folded hands
Which slowly rose to greet me
As the ghosts drew near to meet me.
I remember how the air went stiff
As they took my hands in theirs
To welcome me.

Sophia White

It's A Big World, After All

The world is so big.

My crayon sketchings of what I once thought the world to be
Are like a single lily fallen upon the entire sea.

The cerulean sky I had scrawled with such eager anticipation
Is nothing like that gray-blue whiteness now above me,
And slowly a static numbness replaces my former elation.

The world is so big.

The trees are not the brown I thought they were before,
Nor do they have a dozen green leaves – nay, hundreds more!
The birds are not M's and the houses don't have triangular roofs.
The people aren't two dimensionally simplistic anymore.
This old Crayola depiction has become more of a spoof.

The world is so big.

Now I have to write with mechanical pencils and ballpoint pens,
And they have no color to speak of in them.
They write in a strange blackish-gray, the color of the pavement,
A color that I did not have in my box, back then,
A color that hid, I suppose, in the darkest corner of the darkest basement.

The world is so big.

Sophia White

Je Ne Sais Quoi

Leaning against the wall,
Twirling my jacket's cord
Round my graceful fingers.
Looking tragically bored,
With a delicate turn of lip.
One foot `cross the other
Toe down, heel up.
Wondering why I even bother.
A slow yawn in back of hand,
Long blink, like an owl.
Eyes sliding over the land
With utter disinterest.
Daring the awed hoi poloi
To step to and and say hello.
Reservedly dark, darkly coy,
Staring the world down my nose.
One brow raised, asking if
They really think they're all that fine,
If they dare compete with this.
With final melancholy sigh,
Lethargically walk away,
Mysterious, serene am I,
Suavely off to some soiree.
Let them all wonder why.
I don't care to live or die.
I'll take it all with a tragic sigh.
Well-practiced in this art am I.

Sophia White

Leslieann

Wee LeslieAnn, my bonny lass
Face of finest, rosy glass
Curls of silk, or satin thread
So soft, so light, so fine, so red
How old are ye, my rosy lass?
Ye are but two? Ah, me, alas!
If ye were but twenty and two
Why, lass, I think I'd marry you.

Sophia White

Library Laze

Sure, I love a library
When I'm feeling green.
But when I'm orange
A library
Is not the place to be.

Why's the world so cold outside?
I really want to play.
But the wicked
Winter ate
My vibrant sunny days.

So I'm stuck in all these books
Who scream at me with glee:
'Get to work
You lazy thing
Your time does not come free! '

How fine it is, and fine indeed
That I'm so well rehearsed
In the art
Of Ignore
In procrastination aptly versed!

Sophia White

Lingering In A Train Station

Sitting in the station; waiting for the train
Shoes wet from leftover puddles
The vestiges of last night's rain
Everyone walking past looks muddled
But I'm seeing so very clear
Clear-cut plan mapped out in mind
Gonna ride that train so far from here.

The two o'clock comes roaring in
Tickets flash as the whistle blares
Blurring past me go suited men
With inward, blank, and sullen stares
Not this one this isn't mine
I'll wait around a little more
I've got no money but I've got time.

The two thirty takes a short respite
And more rushing feet go by me
The platform's crowded; space is tight
And no familiar faces that I can see.
The strangers come and go and fade
My memory can hold not a single face
The two thirty left, but still I stayed.

The day runs on, the trains run on
Dusk rolls in like a final breath
I pick up my coat and put it on
The night is cold and still as death.
One weak light flickers and gasps
From a tall post near the empty station's end
And far down the line another train rasps.

It slowly, wearily screeches to the platform
Sighing like a great, tired beast
Within it's depths, I spy a form
Vague and lovely and fast asleep.
I stand up in the lone light's meager ray.
My bench, like an old friend,
Bids silent farewell as I ride away.

Sophia White

Little Girl

When she walks outside into the golden light
Her bare feet tickled by the daffodils
Her blue eyes open wide and shine so bright.

To her the sky is bluer than ever before
To her the clouds were custom-made just for her
To her the sun's a golden face that smiles just for her
And to her the world is right in every way.
And to her the world is right in every way.

Little girl, don't you grow up.
Little girl, don't you ever change.
Little girl, the world is at your doorstep.
Just reach out your little fingers
Take it all!

To her the berries on the bush are candy
To her the fish in the pond are jewels
To her the birds in the sky are angels
And to her life couldn't be better than today.
And to her life couldn't be better than today.

Little girl, don't you hurry.
Little girl, don't you worry.
Little girl, joy is the mailbox
Nothing can stop you
Just run out and take it all!

To her the flowers are all defining color
To her the trees are just waiting to be climbed
To her the woods are full of hidden wonders
And to her the world is full of magic lights.
Her world is shining bright with magic lights!

Little girl, don't stop believing.
Little girl, don't let the wonder pass you by.
Little girl, those magic lights are yours.
Take it all, little girl.
Take it all!

Little girl, don't you grow up.
Little girl, don't you ever change.
Little girl, the world is at your doorstep.
Just reach out your little fingers
Take it all!
Take it all!

Sophia White

Liyelah

Her gown

Like

falling

stars

cascading as a river

cascading over stones

stones like diamonds

Her hair

Like

rippling

silk

undulating as an ocean

undulating silkily

silk made of soot

Her eyes

Like

glinting

rubies

burning as a fire

burning fiercely

fierce as a tiger

Her world

Like

secret

corners

dark as thieves

dark like ether

darker than evil - and so fair.

Sophia White

Magic

It is the "stuff of legends"

Not real.

Would that it were.

Oh, would!

I wish I could employ it

Only once!

To make everything

Everything – Right.

But

It it only

Stuff of Legends.

Sophia White

Mair Enchanted

Mair roved the heath'ry, rolling hills
That danced above the sea
And played the silver harp so sweet
Beneath a lone yew tree.

Her high cheek like rosen blooms
Her eye a velvet blue
Her locks the deepest crackling black
Her lips a crimson hue.

Mair played her harp and walked the hills
Her soul was ever singing
Her song did court the wilding sea
And set the sky a-ringing.

She sang of heroes spun in gold
She sang of highwaymen
She sang of maidens passing fair
She sang of Oberon.

Mair made the heavens clash with joy
Her song enchanted thunder
And with her lilting melody
Could tear the skies asunder.

Her voice like moonlight spun to sound
Her voice like flowing light
Her voice like rivers rushing down
Her voice like mountains' might.

Mair lulled the sea to dreamless sleep
Whene'er her voice turned soft
Her whispers rose from pale green hills
To craggy mountain loft.

Her song a chant for dying kings
Her song a lightning thread
Her song a lullaby to live
Long after the world is dead.

Sophia White

Making Sandwiches!

A little ham
A little cheese
A little pickle
Voila!

Now you know
How utterly bored
And exhausted
I am.

Sophia White

Mask Maker

I sit all day on my cool bench
And make many marvelous masks.
I take some of this, and some of that,
And form fabulous fairie faces.

I snip and sew, glue and paint,
And my characters come alive.
They dance and sing, and delight
The wide-eyed, watching world.

They laugh and clap, call my name
And I smile soft and sadly.
They do not know how I cry
At night, when the show is done.

How I wish I were my own self.
But how I cannot be,
For I make so many, many masks
I have lost myself in them.

I am a writer. I have my words.
I have a host of characters.
But so real are my characters
I have lost me.

So all I have left to give
The wide-eyed, watching world
Are shades and shadows of who I am
Because I have lost me.

Sophia White

Melancholy

Today I decided I did not need you.
That I am strongest alone.
That, contrary to my former convictions,
You are not necessary to my breathing.
You are not the anchor holding me in place,
Or the ballast which holds me down.
I discovered that I am complete in myself,
And you are only an remainder to my dividend.
I am a tree, with roots, trunk, and branches
While you are just the grass around me
Or the nest set into my branches.
I do not need you. Why did I ever think I did?
You are not, as I once thought, my better half,
Because I am two halves, a whole, without you.
You are not the ocean and I the land,
For I am the earth. You may be the moon.
We are not two pieces to a puzzle,
But I am the whole puzzle, and every piece
Is a piece of me, and you are not a piece at all.
I am I, myself, am me. I am perfectly One.
With you, I am still only me, as I am.
I am the same heart, same soul, same mind.
You are only an accessory I do not need.
Today I discovered all of these truths,
And now, having learned and understood them,
I may truly love you.

Sophia White

Metaphor I

Life is a slide.
You climb up, you fight to be first.
You end up last.
You get a black eye.
You don't care.
You go down – whee!
But then look where you are.
The bottom.
So what do you do,
You bright, clever thing?
You run right back around
And do it again.
What's the use?
Look where you end up every time –
The bottom.
Then it's another black eye,
And when you run out of eyes,
It's your ear, your nose,
Maybe your front teeth.
You stub your toe on the way up.
But you keep climbing.
Oh! They tell you.
You're so persevering!
You try again and again!
Like Churchill said,
Never give up!
You are so brave! They say.
You carry on thinking you've the world to conquer.
You reach the top and think you've conquered it.
Veni vidi vici! You cry!
And then – throw yourself down the slide.
Whee! You shout.
Then BUMP! Look where you are.
Yes.
The bottom.
I ask you why?
Why climb again?
Why waste your eyes
Your ears, your nose?

Your front teeth?
Why fool yourself with that false victory
And throw yourself down
Down – down – down –
BUMP!
To the bottom.
Why?
I'll tell you why.
Because as long as you're down at the bottom –
You can still go up!

Sophia White

Metaphor Ii

Life is paper; we are pens.
A story to write we must
Will you write a poem?
Or perhaps a sonnet?
What about tales
Of frogs in blue bonnets?
Or a conglomeration
Of witty falsehoods?
Or a long narration
Of those who have stood
For freedom and truth
And other such things?
Or a limerick
With a rhythm that rings?
Maybe you would really rather
Write a ripping rollicking riddle?
Or classical rhymes
Like the "Hey Diddle Diddle"?
All very good, all very well
But what about prose?
That's an excellent field
That gets up and goes
On and on and on until
You find something wonderful
Like frogs in blue bonnets
Or pirates so plunderful!
Why not try your hand at wit?
Just make sure your jokes are funny!
For nothing's so rotten as punch line forgotten.
And really won't bring home the money.
Hey! How 'bout this?
A song! A ballad!
Of heroes gone by like Honest Abe Lincoln
Or good old Gil-Galad!
But look – there's more!
Non-fiction is educational!
Of wrestlers and pianos
And anvils sensational!
Did I mention nature?

A marvelous course!
There's frogs in blue bonnets
Bird, dog, and horse.
You can choose any way that you like
Just be sure that it's sensible.
(Or not) and appealing,
And also (or not) comprehensible.
Now that I've shown you just what you are
(A pen, in case, like me, you forgot)
Look at that paper you've got in your grip
And give it all that you've got!

Sophia White

Milliner's Boy

Day by day he sat – a lone boy –
Lost - in the smooth face of the shop window –
Where his father made our hats.
He spoke little – that boy – and played less
He was – they say – a loner
A friend of birds – and cats –
I often passed the boys – at play
In the streets with their bats and balls
And in their shouting – my pulse beat fast
Their exuberance permeating my soul –
A drummer's beat, a marching song
That race to win - to not be last
I'd want to be Best too – the Top
I wanted to Win – Beat – Face
To jump in the river - swim the other way
And then I would pass the boy – quiet
Sitting with his heels together – his eyes downcast
His face – not quite as gay
His thoughts elsewhere – I knew not where
Deeper – stronger – brighter perhaps
He did not need to speak –
I heard his message clear among the noise
The mongers – the wives – the dogs
My spirit stilled – Ambition turned weak
In the face of one so mild – so meek
And I would go on – down the street
Home.

Sophia White

Minimalism

The more you leave in the cupboard,
The more you will have tomorrow.
'Cause once you're out, you're done,
You can't buy or beg or borrow.

Leave it there.

Leave it where
It can't run out.

Sophia White

Mother

Amidst the roses and the lilies, a lily herself,
She stands.

And about her, the petaled ladies-in-waiting,
Whom she has sown and nurtured, only using
Her hands.

The petals follow her as a train, she wears a gown
Of white
Sewn by the spider-weavers, under the moon
And she steps to a wild highland tune
By night.

So fair stands this mortal Venus, amid her trellises
And stones.
The blossoms bow to her passing, the grass trembles
Beneath her tread. At her voice, the mountains rumble
Their bones.

Gentle, like a dove, and carrying the command of kings.
She sings.
Her eyes sing the song of the whippoorwill, and she smiles,
Unperturbed by the serpent's wooing winks and guiles
Fair thing.

An Eve, a Psyche, as fair within as without,
And kind.
She walks in beauty, the untrodden ways, lovely is she.
If any mortal should miss her beauty, he must be
Sheer blind.

And when shall her glory fade? Ne'er, I tell thee true
For see:
'So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life
To thee.'

Sophia White

Mother's Day Bouquet

Some get roses.
Some get daisies.
Some get lovely, scented lilies.
But this Sunday, some will get
A bouquet of tears.

Sophia White

Mother's Day Bouquet II

Alyssum, for her beauty
Which shines within her eyes
Jasmine for her elegance,
In modesty disguised.
Laurel for her glory
So subtle, yet so sweet,
Holly for her foresight,
Spoken soft, discreet.
Violet for her happiness,
Which beams `neath any sky,
Rose for all the boundless love
She gives without a sigh.

Sophia White

Musinamor

Musinamor Beach is white in the sun
And along the hot shore the waters run
Under bare feet the sands burn
My walk along Musinamor is not yet done.

I have walked for a long and tortured time
With my shallow words and my graceless rhyme
And precious little to do
I walk in the mocking mood of a mime.

My footsteps fill with searing sand
The shore is dull and the sea is bland
All I want is to be done
For this lifeless stroll on Musinamor to end.

I look back at the sands I've traversed
That echo with blank and wearied verse
My only solace and comfort
As I endure this Time-defying curse.

Ahead the sands stretch almost endlessly
So long I must wander so hopelessly
But the end is in sight
However set on the horizon so distantly.

Alone I walk with no comforting friend
And must forge ahead for myself to fend
But the sun is falling slow
And this walk along Musinamor shall end.

Sophia White

My Myles Has Gone Away

My Myles has gone away, away.
My Myles has gone away
And left me cold and desolate
On this bare and clammy quay.

His ship is sailing far, so far.
His ship is sailing far
And shan't return for many months.
For Myles has gone to war.

Here I stand alone, alone.
Here I stand alone.
And wave to the barren sea
My heart as cold as stone.

Before me stretch the years, long years.
Before me stretch the years.
Rain spatters the gray old quay
And mingles with my tears.

When shall my Myles return, return?
When shall my Myles return?
Am I doomed to wait forever?
How long must my heart yearn?

Dear Myles, don't delay, delay!
Dear Myles, don't delay!
Come home to me, my roving love,
To this bare and clammy quay.

Sophia White

My Myles Has Returned

My Myles has returned, returned.
My Myles has returned.
His ship is sliding up to the dock.
So long my heart has yearned!

He on the ship appears, appears.
He on the ship appears.
I stand with arms spread loving wide
My face damp with joyful tears.

My Myles comes to me, to me.
My Myles comes to me.
His skin is tanned and weatherworn
With the sun and salt of the sea.

I press him to my heart, my heart.
I press him to my heart,
And vow that never in a thousand years
Will we ever once more part.

But oh! My Myles is sad, so sad.
Oh, my Myles is sad.
The tolls of war are on his face,
They've scarred my lovely lad.

My Myles had been to war, to war,
My Myles has been to war.
And now I see the man I loved
And cherished is no more.

His sword is stained with blood, red blood,
His sword is stained with blood,
His face is dark with horrid death –
The face that was so good!

My Myles is not the same, the same.
My Myles is not the same.
I cry with tears bittersweet
And whisper my Myles' name.

Sophia White

My Secret Greatness

Sometimes there is a move upon my soul
That makes me close my eyes on all the world
And think instead of all life as a whole
A spinning wheel immersed in love and doubt
A chessboard on which I am but a pawn.
I conjure up philosophies so deep
That all the Greek thinkers of days bygone
Awaken from their thousand years of sleep
And tug their beards and whistle in their awe.
What great things they'll say of me when I'm dead!
And I rush to my desk and start to scrawl
Those great big thoughts that thunder 'round my head.
 But after I've stared at them awhile,
 I rip them up, wink to the mirror, and smile.

Sophia White

My Unseen Storyteller

Who are you, you who steal into my sleep?
You who grab rest and cast it aside
Who forbid me that fabled unconscious deep?

Every night you come, whoever you may be,
And weave into my mind masterpieces!
You leave wondrous tales and dazzling plots for me.

When morning comes with the harsh, blare sun,
How I wish to stay in the world you leave.
Worlds so formed can surely not be human.

I know it is not my own mortal mind that weaves,
But you, the Unseen Storyteller,
Who tells tale after tale, anchors them there, and then leaves.

And when I wake with the sun, I wonder:
Such a tale! But who the teller?
I am lost for that. But, whoever you are, thank you sir!

I dream not as others dream.
How anxious am I to return to slumber
And again delve into the worlds you bring.

Sophia White

Mystique Of The Chimes

The chimes upon the arbor
Are set to ring!
Harken, all ye peoples -
Hear them sing:

Harbingers of storms
Of wanton weather
Of rebel winds burst free
From nature's tether.

Wreathed in tinkling charms
Like the beads which
Entangle 'round the neck
Of a jungle witch.

Tinkling in no rhythm
In no rhyme
Keeping track of neither
Tune nor time.

A sound that turns your head
And makes you think
You saw a fairie flicker
Or flower wink.

A sensation wraps
Around you eerily
As though you were watched
By eyes you cannot see.

The chimes are softly clinking
Such eerie striking song
Like gnomie voices speaking
Or a clatt'ring fairie throng.

Sophia White

Necromancer

Fierce and full of fire comes my poem now to me
Arisen from a pit where breeds all foul and fitful thing,
Enwreathed in smoke and bitter steam from some unearthly tarn
Which boils in the bowels of the earth, where imps are born.
Is not this thing an imp itself, a demon from the deep?
A hellion wailing with black lungs that never still in sleep?
At my feet, about my head, it coils serpentine
Searching me for vagrant wisps of Soul to grimly glean.
It ever hungers, ever thirsts, and watches vigilant
For a moment when my mind should fail be diligent.
Then would it swoop, harpy-like, into my naked soul
And doom my essence eternally into hell's fiery hole.
A poet's necromancy work is ill begotten strife
Which sets him like a spinning top upon a narrow knife.
He plays with fires that no man should ever dare to tame
And thinks his play is but some superficial game.
Oh, beware, for poetry is no superficial thing,
But illuminates its summoner's own internal fiend
And laughs when at last the fool, realizing then his plight,
Finds himself trapped in a ring of hell's most hellish light.

Sophia White

Not Quite A Dream

My eyes slide slowly off the screen of the computer
To stare blankly at its reflection on the surface of my tea.
I tap the cup, and the reflection ripples. Looking up again,
I see my computer rippling, too, and as as translucent as the sea.

I get up in a daze to see my bed and my bookshelf rippling too.
Wandering then, into a hall that ripples under my feet, I strain
To stay afloat in this melting world. Outside, the trees and the sky
Are ripping, undulating as if washed away by an invisible rain.

All around me, the cars and the streets are rippling and fading.
Other people have caught on; they stand and stare as blank as I.
We nod slightly in greeting, but turn back again to the world.
More people appear from a melting bus that trundles by.

My stance upset by a rippling lawn, I grab onto a stranger.
We hold each other steady as earth and sky shiver and shake.
It's like God has dipped his finger into the world.
I grab someone else with my other hand as the earth begins to quake.

Then the sky, the trees, the houses, all begin to fade and die.
It's turning darker as the light ripples into nothing before our eyes.
A great mass of people, all holding one another aloft, we stand,
And realize the ground has gone and above us, so have the skies.

And then, there is nothing at all left to touch or hold onto.
There is only an unnumerable throng of people hung in space,
Each gripping another, unaware of who they have grasped,
Each with the same blank wonder rippling on their face.

Sophia White

Nounless

Wishing that I could:
But I can't
Knowing I should not,
And I shan't

Wondering – if I could
If I would
Remembering again
What I should

Knowing that it's right
Makes it wrong
It's short when I want it
To be long

My words scramble round
Your dizzy head
You shan't know their meaning
Till I'm led

Wondering if it's truly,
Really so
Should I not for
Certain know?

What, in time, will all
This have brought
If later on I learn that
It was not?

Thinking aloud makes
Nothing clear
Only dreaming – only
It is dear

Your words echo through my
Inner thoughts
Tracing cruelly all the
Empty spots

Sophia White

Of Someone I Once Knew

You, the popular, so idolized.
Adored by many
Who shouldn't.

I can't help but notice
When you walk
You swagger.

You, the lucky, so crafty.
Thoughts existing
That shouldn't.

I can't help but wonder
If there is this -
What else is there?

You, the sneaking, so slipp'ry.
Hiding words.
Hiding thoughts.

Wounds open
Not aware
Of their bleeding.

Yet.

Why do you cut
When you know
One day those cuts
Will turn to scars?

Sophia White

Of Traitors

Away ye've turned
As dogs with tucked tail
Dastardly cowards
Ye weep and wail
No heart have ye
Who throw stones.

Yellow-stained bones!

Ye left yer homeland
Ye abandoned mothers
Yer fathers air weepin'
Ye've shamed yer brothers
Craven and spineless
Not man enou' to fight!

Yer nation's blight!

A curse on ye turncoats!
Dare ye come home again
Ye'll meet wi' the noose
Dare ye call yerself men?
Abominations all!
Better ye were dead.

A curse on yer head!

Sophia White

Oh! How I Want Adventure!

Oh! How I want adventure!
Perhaps I'm being dumb,
But how I'd love to sail the sea
An advocate of piracy
And drink that famous rum.

Oh! How I want some intrigue!
Maybe I'm just wrong,
But how I'd love to solve a case
And bring the world face-to-face
With conspiracy miles long!

Oh! How I want some action!
Perhaps you think me rude,
But how I'd love to stage escapes
From every prison, pit, and cage
Just to see if I could.

Oh! How I want some magic!
Maybe I'm just a fool
But how I'd love to breathe a flame,
A unicorn, a huge chess game,
An enchanted pool.

Oh! How I want adventure!
Perhaps I'm just a child,
But how I'd love to fight a foe,
To save a world, to get up and go!
To be free and fair and wild!

Sophia White

Old Oak Tree

Bending, leaning, bearing up so many years,
Looking to fall – but stronger than stone!
By the stony brook, he stands alone.

His age is like that of the mountains of stone.
His hands are like talons with thousands of crooks,
Stooping under years over the sluggish brook.

In the dark before dawn, his head bows.
Low and defeated, 't would first appear.
But nay, 'tis a maestro who hunches here!

And then –

A ray, a single beam, from the black horizon,
And his perpetual hand is lifted dramatically,
His thousand fingers crooked emphatically!

Up, up, the hands of the knotted one beckon!
And from the horizon, a chorus arises,
Violins break into prelude reprises.

The hands wring every breath from the sky,
Bringing forth light of scarlet and white
To drive back the darkness, to combat the night!

The cellos break loose with the trumpets behind
As the hands wrench the sounds and summon the light,
A feast for the ears and a fortune for sight!

The music resounds, but still is not done.
The gods are awakened and even great Zeus
Strums a great lyre to shake the world loose!

The hands! They strain in their final command,
They stretch and bow amid clanging carillon
And with the power of ages they summon the dawn!

Old, Blind, Glorious

His face is a tangle of wrinkles,
But if you follow the crisscrossed lines
You will soon discover a pattern
Like winding roads on a weathered map
That start nowhere and end nowhere
And pass through many strange and exotic places.

His eyes are pale blue with age
And stare at the world through a peaceful film.
You see them and think of the jeweler's shop
Where there is a glass case
In which two blue daimonds rest,
Isolated from the world, yet so beautiful.

He smiles when he notes you staring,
And you nearly pretend you weren't looking,
But his smile is so deep
And crinkles the skin around his eyes,
You cannot help but stare a little longer,
Not realizing that you have begun to smile, too.

Sophia White

On The Use Of Narcotics For Inspiration

All the wishfuls desperately cry:

"Muse! Muse! O Muse! "

But where is the muse

To enthuse

Them?

All the hopefuls wretchedly cry:

"Shakspere! Shakspere! "

But no Bard here

To Hear

Them.

All the amateurs wrenchingly cry:

"Gods! Gods! Gods that be! "

But no gods see

(If they be)

Them.

All the aspirants wistfully cry:

"Anything – from anyone! "

And behold: things come.

But when done,

They die.

(no. I do not use drugs.)

Sophia White

Once The Cover's Shut

The last page is turned over, and there is silence,
As you sit still, blinking in a sorrowful confusion.

Dull and senseless; tottering drowsily
Your body functions slowly and mechanically.

You look around the world, the common reality,
Like you would look at a picture book.

It is stark and flat, and the colors are all wrong,
And the words don't match the pictures.

There is a longing at the bottom of your stomach,
To go back, to that place you spent hours in.

Your mind tells you that that was really the reality,
That this pale world is a dream that will pass.

But you know, with a pang of sadness,
That once the cover's shut, it is over.

And no matter how you loved that world,
It is evaporated and dissolved into THE END.

Sophia White

Once They Are Written

There were thoughts everywhere,
Scrawled on paper napkins
On the backs of old papers
In the corners of books.
Those thoughts were mine once
And still are, though I recant.
How shall I purge myself?
What is written remains so,
And though I burn them all
Into ashes that fly on the wind,
They are still written, and once written
Is to be written forever.
The thoughts, once written, now burned,
Are still thoughts that were inked,
And once inked on paper
Forever inked in memory.
I cannot change; I cannot change.
I recant the thoughts I once had,
But once they are writ, they are stone.

Sophia White

One Star

The sky is blacker than a bottle of ink
Spilled across a panther's pelt
In the deepest, darkest cave.

There is no sound but Silence.
No music plays but Quiet
The very air has fallen still.

No beast moves, no bird takes wing.
No man breathes, no child sings.
Nothing is – but black.

But suddenly my eye can see
A single, solitary life afloat on the black.
One star.

Sophia White

Only Joy

Here they are, I've brought them.
I've tied them up and bound them.
My heart breaks within me
But I consider it only joy.

Here my dreams, they are finished.
Mine no more – they are Yours.
Though they weep at my abandon,
I consider it only joy.

Here the hopes I had created,
Pictures I painted in the past.
It feels like my soul is ripping,
But I consider it only joy.

Here I lay my ambitions,
Yesterday I treasured them dear.
And though I still love, cherish them,
I consider it only joy.

Here I stand raw and unfettered,
My dreams of the world left behind.
You are my new dream and treasure,
And I consider it only joy.

Sophia White

Only Three

She looks at me
So young, only three,
Her eyes are blue and scared.
"Sissy, " says she,
"Don't leave me."
In a voice no more than a whisper.
I lean down, smile, and kiss her.
I pat her curls
(Sweet little girl!)
"Baby, " says I,
"I tell you no lie,
I'll be here as long as I can,
My love, and I'll hold your hand."
She smiles at me
"Sissy, " says she,
"I love you."
"Love you too."

Sophia White

Orion

There stood Orion.
And I, earthbound,
Left alone to merely
Gaze.

How could a child
Love a star?
Oh, how I loved
Him.

But now, I smile
As at an old friend
To my starlit
Love.

For I dream of far-off
Stars no more.
I have found Orion on
Earth.

Sophia White

Out The Window

The people are so brightly clad
And sashes and scarves and jewelry fly
The air is filled with song and laughter
To which all the people set to dancing.

I watch from a window with pleasure
One eye shut, to see it all the best.
Deep within my stomach, there's a hole
But I ignore the knots and disquiet.

After all, the streamers join the buildings
In a great mass of color, joy, and light,
And the music rattles the clouds above
With the cymbals and the bells and the beat.

I watch one little girl tossing flowers
In a wild and carefree sort of way
Her little feet are dancing down the street
With no worries and no sorrows so haunt her.

I watch, and my heart fills with longing,
And I want to look for all eternity.
But soon, my arms grow sore and weak,
And I am forced to lower the kaleidoscope.

Sophia White

Paper Airplane

I've made a paper airplane
With wings of Crayola blue
I made it just for me
To fly away with you.

To fly away from this old world
With all its storms of tears
I made it out of cardstock
So it should last for years.

Goodbye, all you people
Who fill the world with hate.
I'm flying off to happier lands
Before it gets too late

'Cause then I'll be a goner
Drowning in your lies
So now I think I'll fly away
And explore the foreign skies.

Sophia White

Penny Gathering

I am not one to gather pennies.

You may think me foolish
You may indeed be right
My belt isn't buckled tight
Nor do I think spending ghoulish
But hoarding's not alright.

What comes to me goes out
To the cashiers and the banks
Who accept with little thanks
But the goods are what it's all about
Not money-stuffed fish tanks.

A book has much more value
Than a slip of papery green
And a wallet that is lean
Is what I'druther pursue
And a bank account that's mean.

I am not one to gather pennies.

Sophia White

Perambulations

Groaning shambles
On my rambles
Passing ghosts
Of long lost gambles.

Sighing breezes
Worn with wheezes
Rip my hair
With weakened seizures.

Crumbling cities
Drowned in pity
Speckling maps
All gray and gritty.

Haunted places
Empty faces
All my walks
Through barren spaces.

Sophia White

Pervading Grays

The sky, seen through a window,
Is a dead and tasteless hue.
No sight of sun or rainbow,
The gray's devoured blue.
Not even rain breaks the scene
And adds a blest respite.
All is base, uncouth, and mean
No beauty is in sight.
No, no break from dreariness
All is gloom and stale.
Enveloped in this weariness,
I myself am pale.
And my own face turns gray
In the shadowless spare light.
I fear that this melancholy day
Will never succumb to night.
Oh! To see the stars again
In an ink-stained sky,
And hear once more the moonlight spin
Its silver lullaby.
To feel the nightly breezes
Caress my careworn face
But until this gray-light ceases
The world's a sullen place.

Sophia White

Photograph

There we are. Two shadows in a photograph
Faces blurred by time. The outlines are hazy, unfocused
I'm not even sure it's us anymore.

Where did the days go? How came these nights?

From where I don't know, but it'll be alright.

The night shall not endure, it never has,

But still this candle in my heart flickers.

Fear invades, what if you are lost again?

Beauty fades, years cover dreams and then

Here I am, staring at a photograph

Wondering.

I hear us, the voices of an unclear past,

Ghost whispers through a looking glass

Staring at me, I see pictures of you,

Reflected in my shining eyes.

But then the light of years, of time,

Ten thousand days of light blend and bind.

Where did you go? Where did you go?

I know that you were there, but I've been wrong before.

I heard your whisper. Was it the wind?

I don't understand but I'll try till I do or die.

I stare at our photograph

Wondering.

These walls are crumbling, and behind them, the sky

Peers through slanted sunlight and dust on the fly

I stare right back at it, but bold no more,

For it can see you now. I can't anymore.

Back into the photograph I turn my thoughts

Wondering what was real, what was not

Back into the lost years, my fevered gaze

Weakly roves and returns in a daze.

Returns into the photograph,

Here I stand with a photograph,

My hand clinging to a photograph

My eyes weep o'er that photograph

Wondering.

Sophia White

Poemhunter

The Poem Hunter came and sat next to me.

I asked, "Do you help us find a poem

Or a poet? Hence your name? "

"At times, " he smiled. "But my purpose

Is not to be a guide for the unguidable.

There are guides aplenty already.

No.

I am the Poem Hunter. I find Poems

(And poets) and bring them

Into the Light they did now know

That they were seeking."

And he, upon my puzzled frown, went on:

"There are poets in the far reaches

Of this wordless world

Who have words to give the wordless

But they know it not – yet.

I am here to seek them out

To hold their hand as they step out.

To show them how to make it in.

To hand them the map to win.

To point them in the right direction.

I am the Poem Hunter."

And I saw. And I said,

"As you found me. A poet

Languishing in bed.

Not knowing there are people

Who need words not their own.

And you sought me out.

You made my dream my own.

Though it may seem small at first

It will grow, it will grow."

And I bowed to the Poem Hunter.

And kept on writing.

Sophia White

Poetry

To speak in paragraphs is fine,
I suppose some find it best.
But to conjure measured rhyme
That throbs with hearts and paces time,
Is indeed the cleverest.

Anyone can say a word
Or string them up like beans,
But how sweet is language heard
When by passion's whip is spurred,
Not for an end – for means.

Prose suits those who stay inside
And speak in monotone.
Poetry's for those who glide
Into the sun with eager stride
And see the world as all their own.

Sophia White

Porcupine

Oddest of animals
Soft underneath and yet
Sharp up on top of you
Shunned by the carnivores
Saved by your rigid barbs
Bumbling along through the
Cowering wood. Porcupine.

Sophia White

Pride

Ribbons, ribbons
Bits of thread
Woven brightly
Blue and red.
First and second
Paper thin
No substance
To my ribbons.

Sophia White

Prism

I think there is a prism in my life.
A foul and putrid bit of glass,
That, whene'er I do good,
It dices it up into colored truth.
My own hopeful beam of white
Is turned, by this hated prism,
Instead to what I never meant it to be.

Sophia White

Promise Kept

Trapped in a dark and clammy hole,
Pain lanced through heart and soul,
No rest, no peace, no comfort found
In walls or ceiling, air or ground.

I gnashed my teeth and ripped my hair,
Called for you, but you weren't there.
I screamed and cursed, clawed my face,
But you had vanished without a trace.

"You promised! " I cried, and wept and wailed.
I'd called for help – but you had failed.
In times of joy you'd walked so near,
But when pain struck you disappeared.

I ranted, I stormed, I clenched my fists,
I threatened, I lectured, and I hissed.
Then – weary and broken – I collapsed in tears,
Then – "Are you finished? " you whispered in my ear.

And I surrendered without a word.
Too loud I'd screamed, so never heard
Your calm assurance, your soft promise
You're still there when all's amiss.

Then I lifted my eyes and saw your hand
Open a door to a sunlight land
And heard, "Enter, child, a promise kept."
And I went in, and there I slept.

Sophia White

Psalm

Man, a travesty of his beginning,
A finite beast that crawls the earth,
Moaning in his exile,
Far from his intended hearth,
So wretched in his mourning,
So wicked in his way,
How could he be the Beloved
Of the Ancient of Days?
God, in all his glory,
The Holy King of Light,
In Heaven's magnificent halls,
From whom flees the night,
Calls out so soft and tender,
His voice resounds as thunder,
And summons to groveling Man
With a love that surpasses all.
Man, with eternal scowling,
Hears not His gentle voice
And runs away foolheaded,
Thinking in his stubborn way
That God is not, and that Man is.
The great I AM is watching,
His tears mix with His wrath,
Wrath so just and deserved
Of Man on his wicked path.
God, in all His mercy,
Who loves incomprehensibly,
Lets Man run his own way
That in the end, the few who chose,
The few who believe the Son,
Might love and truly love
But those who don't, lose.
Lose their lives, their souls
To their own darkling ways.
How great and fair is He!
The Almighty Ancient of Days!

Sophia White

Raining Light

Looking up and seeing clouds
In looming mottled angry crowds
Watching shadows run the ground
And howling winds race all around
Thunder snaps as lightning threads
In streaks of snarling whitish reds
Sky meets earth in vicious war
And all the vile demons roar!

But!

Down falls rain of burning light
Down streak drops of golden white
Cool as winter on my face
Falling out of empty space
Splashing on my reaching hands
Dropping down as pearlen strands
Amid the broiling dark of night
I am cooled by raining light.

Sophia White

Read Me

You may look into my eyes
And see the sword-thrusts of sorrow.
You may look into my eyes
And tell me what I'll be tomorrow.

You may look into my eyes
And see them return your shining.
You may look into my eyes
And smile at their youthful pining.

You may look into my eyes
And read my unwritten poetry.
You may look into my eyes
Only – tell me what you see.

Sophia White

Refusal

poking, prying
all day long
sticking noses
where noses don't
belong

sneaking, slying
like a snake
fragile hearts
are easy hearts to
break

frowning, faulting
all my travels
shaking head
as if heads were
gavels

sniffing, snubbing
as if the mange
were on the loose
still I won't choose
to change

Sophia White

Return From A Search

Stumbling

Wearily onto the veranda
White hat in hand,
And falling into the wicker chair,
Where lemonade is waiting,
But it has grown warm in the sun.

Weeping

The Mutarazi streaming from inside me
And my hands so empty,
Brown from the sun and in need
Of some soap and water,
But I am unable to walk inside.

Gazing

With the emptiness of a gray sky
Across the short grass
That sits still and ochre in the sun
Saying nothing to me,
Though I beg it for answers.

Gasping,

As my heart flutters within me
And I reach out with one empty hand
Stretching for the lemonade
But my hand falls short
And I fall instead, heart broken.

Sophia White

Revelation Of The Day

Today I decided I did not need you.
That I am strongest alone.
That, contrary to my former convictions,
You are not necessary to my breathing.
You are not the anchor holding me in place,
Or the ballast which holds me down.
I discovered that I am complete in myself,
And you are only an remainder to my dividend.
I am a tree, with roots, trunk, and branches
While you are just the grass around me
Or the nest set into my branches.
I do not need you. Why did I ever think I did?
You are not, as I once thought, my better half,
Because I am two halves, a whole, without you.
You are not the ocean and I the land,
For I am the earth. You may be the moon.
We are not two pieces to a puzzle,
But I am the whole puzzle, and every piece
Is a piece of me, and you are not a piece at all.
I am I, myself, am me. I am perfectly One.
With you, I am still only me, as I am.
I am the same heart, same soul, same mind.
You are only an accessory I do not need.
Today I discovered all of these truths,
And now, having learned and understood them,
I may truly love you.

Sophia White

Rewind

Rewind, rewind, O silent Time
To days ere long forgot
So long ago did they turn dry
Like worn forget-me-nots.

A smile passed in years ago
Is easily overshadowed
For a smile cannot stand alone
When it is sudden widowed.

A day that's swathed in sunny rays
Is not hard to undress
And then clothe in thunderheads
With horrific suddenness.

Rewind, rewind, O silent Time
To golden years long dead.
Cast away these rotten blooms,
Lift the forget-me-not's head.

Sophia White

Ria's Pool

Ria lies beside a pool that catches heaven's stars
And gazes at the pinpoint lights with dreamy eyes.
The dark green grass is pointing at the upper skies
But Ria gazes at the flat face of the pool.

The stars are silent high above, waiting for Ria.
But she is not looking at them. She only sees
The stars reflected. The cool night breeze
Tries to turn her gaze up. She resists.

The stars in the pool are lovely, indeed.
But the stars in the sky are much more bright.
But Ria is lost in the pool's false light.
She cannot see the truth. She is blind.

Sophia White

S Is For Sad

I don't want to run around
This great big wheeling earth
Like a hamster in a ball
Rising just to fall
No sacred home or hearth.

I don't want to run this race
This speeding, staring track
Is filled with lies
And cutting eyes
Fingers pointed at your back.

I don't want to join this crowd
This crowd of human sneers
It's naught but hate
Appetites to sate
On unsuspecting peers.

I don't want to run this earth
Where the darkness grows so deep
Eyes behind hands
None understand.
Just let me go home – and sleep.

Sophia White

Sea Of Time

The water washes over me
The waves of passing years
A sea that fell from heaven high
A lake of angel tears.
I cannot grasp the surging surf
That knocks me down again
No matter how I try to stand
My will is pale and thin.
The heavy years grow larger yet
The waves weigh more and more
They crash against my struggling heart
Each larger than before.
This Sea of Time is evermore
Its depths shall never end
We who live among the waves
Are forced our time to spend.

Sophia White

Sharp Rocks

She paced the road, a lonely form.
Beneath her feet the hard cement
Drew from her the warmth and heat
And she knew what coldness meant.
She paced the crack that drew the line
'Twixt Home and World, 'twixt Heart and Stone.
Discovered there a truth severe
That chilled her blood and froze her bone.
No difference lay in that small space
That once had kept the evil out.
No distinction could she find
But diablerie all about.

She felt as though she were a ship,
Far from any cove or ark,
Floating on a sea so calm,
While the skies above grew dark.
A hurricane began to brew
And she could see no land in sight,
But an island small and firm,
Its lighthouse beacon blaring bright.
But no hope did it advance
The little ship out on the sea.
Its light sent out an envoi grim,
A cold and wicked emissary:

"Sharp rocks!
Stay Away! Away!
No harbor here, no port!
Sharp rocks! "

So she paced with bleak dismay
Beneath the starless, moonless sky.
Alone and lost, no hope to hold,
No one to hear her desperate sigh.
A hopeless thing, afraid and lost,
A lamb trapped in the lion's den.
She felt within her heart of hearts
She'd never see the sun again.

It's yellow rays were lost for good
No more would Earth be gently bathed
By Sol's caress and golden kiss
No more would the lost be saved.

Her soul turned dark, about to die,
As one last time she raised her eyes –
There on the horizon's stripe
So soft! The sun began to rise.

Sophia White

Shatter

The still silence falls
A curtain, nay, a wall
To dampen all the noise
Of the gathered girls and boys
Not a thing is heard
Not a whisper, not a word
But a solemn symphony
Of silent harmony
Like a soundless breeze
Gliding in with ease
Falls the silent wall
Holding all in thrall...

Then laughter!
With a clatter!
Like a clang
Out it rang
From their lips
Laughter rips
Hoots and hollers
Wild callers
Façade falls
Broken wall
With the laughter
Silence shatters.

Sophia White

She Saw A Man On Television

She saw a man on television
In a suit and tie
And he wore a fine felt hat
Cocked over his eye.
She saw him sing and whistle
And dance a little step
And she wished the men today
Would not be so unkempt.
She saw a man on television
Woo a pretty lass
With smiles, winks, and daffodils,
And diamonds made of glass.
She saw him tip his hat to her
And offer her his arm
And lead her to the dance floor
With gentlemanly charm.
She saw a man on television
Smile with easy grace
And wished that she could find a man
With such an honest face.
But she knew that man on television
Was a dying breed
And suits and ties and tall felt hats
Had all grown obsolete.

Sophia White

Sieze The Day

There are those who merely exist.
Who srabble about the Tree of Life,
Gathering nuts and stray leaves
Building nests of dead, dry twigs.
There are those who hide in the leaves
From the sun, the stars, the sky.
Wanting only to be left alone
Waiting as long as they can to die.
There are those who run up and down
Never looking up or around
Wanting no more than to get through
To get through life and be done with it.
There are those who cannot take it.
Who see the leaves as dull and pale,
The boughs too hard or too narrow.
These few brave cowards leave living
And instead jump off the tree.

Then there are those who 'sieze the day'
Who climb as high as the tree will take them.
There they view the awesome wonders
Spread in the sky so high above.
They journey to every branch and leaf,
Fearing nothing, bowing to no one,
And who, by their own teeth and claws,
Carve their names into the Tree.

Tell me, which will YOU be?

Sophia White

Slay Without A Qualm

It was a fool thing to do;
Even more so when you told it,
And spoke so flippant too
As if it were no thing to hold it.
Perhaps you thought you clever;
Perhaps you didn't think.
This latter seems to lever
The issue in a wink.
Such a matter's weighty;
At least for one as me.
My options aren't lately
What they used to simply be.
I could really gnaw it
And tremble with my hate;
Or act to've softly bought it
Like the food set on one's plate.
I may well soon forget it,
And you will never know;
Just as like you will regret it
And suffer 'neath my row.
I can always leave you,
Walk away without a care
(Never finding what I'd hoped to)
As if you were never there.
I sit and ponder darkly,
Your fate well in my palm:
Forget and go on starkly
Or slay without a qualm?

Sophia White

Small Men

Small men in stuffed shirts
Toddering about with pipes
Dropping their wallets, bending
And retrieving them off the ground.

Small men that bend as easily
As rods of stone, and break too.
Small men that walk in grooves
And cannot reach to step out.

Small men who follow a track
Follow it till it ends or they.
Reaching for nothing at all
But the next small, rigid step.

Small men who have no will
Who run by clockwork ticks
Who can tell you the time of day
Offhand, but not the weather.

Small men who see the world
As being as small as they.
Oh! The men are so very small!
God save me from small men!

Sophia White

Smallest Season

The trees are just beginning
To set out their new leaves.
They burst forth oh, so gently,
In pale and soft green sheaves.

All across the treetops
The infant leaves are sprayed,
Like foam lightly tossed upon
A gentle ocean wave.

The birds begin to settle
Into their new-built nests.
It is this mellow time of year
That I love the best.

It isn't quite the Spring's,
Nor is it Winter's claim -
This sweet and tranquil season
That has no widespread fame.

Many people pass it by
And never know it's there,
For it only lasts the shortest while,
As fleeting as the air.

Sophia White

So Strange A Dream

There he sits in his ruins, Man.
He holds the ashes of his thought in his palms
Wondering.
In the ash, there is nothing distinguishable
For it is all hopeless gray. Nothing remains.

His thoughts, his dreams, his purpose
Are all vanished – even the ash turns to mist
Disappearing.
Before his eyes his own hands turn pale
Begin to crumble, and so his face, his thigh.

His dark and empty eyes look on blankly,
Barely comprehending what he has done
So blindly.
“This is the way of things, ” he says so soft.
Everything is ending, nothing will remain.

The cosmos is gone, vanished into emptiness,
The stars he had stared at with such pride
Only memory.
Even memory begins to melt away inside his mind,
And he is left empty. A hollow shell quickly fading.

Sitting in his nothingness, so soon to die,
He still searches without hope or reason
For meaning.
“All is death.” Yet still he dreams of life,
So strange a dream within his thick despair.

Sophia White

Something About A Forest

There's just something about a forest
That makes the turbulent soul fall still
And listen to the mournful dirge
Of the solemn whipporwill.

There's just something about a forest
That makes closed eyes want to look
At the rippling, tipping kaleidoscope
Of the steady-flowing brook.

There's just something about a forest
Than makes the angry gazes see
The regal and majestic might
Of the ancient maple tree.

There's just something about a forest
That makes the most stubborn will learn
To praise the bashful beauty
Of the pale green, newborn fern.

There's just something about a forest
That awakens weary souls
With the fresh rejuvenation
That only a forest holds.

Sophia White

Song Of Roth

The people's hope is fading.
They are sick of waiting.
They say their kings have gone –
But Roth Zreth knows the truth.

Deyn is leading them astray
And who will rise up and say
"No! Hope is still burning!
The Wintonwi are not dead! "

Roth Zreth, come forward.
Save Myana by your word!
Though you are a Gray Jack's son
You know the Promise of the Kings.

Fearless, dauntless Roth Zreth,
Fazed not by blood and death,
Roth Zreth must make a choice:
To join Tirel? To join Üdel?

The Blade Master, the Emerald Fox,
Quicker than lightning, harder than rocks.
Roth Zreth, the general's son –
Choose whom you will serve.

Sophia White

Song Of Rusviel

King Ronni lies slain by the Usurper;
The reign of the Wintonwi done.
The Queen and the children are murdered –
All the children but one.

Tirel had faded to ashes
A remnant of what she was.
The green has all turned gray
But still she hopes because:

Rusviel is still alive.
The wind still carries his name.
There is work to be done, Rusviel,
A Usurper to put to shame!

Üdel's hand is very strong,
But Blood is stronger still
When it runs in the royal veins
Of young prince Rusviel!

For thirteen years all Tirel
Has lain in desecration
But with the Prince Returning,
Joy will flood the nation.

Tirel! Tirel! Awake and see!
Your Prince comes with the dawn!
Young is he and brave of heart!
Your vict'ry is half won!

Sophia White

Sparring

A thousand questions all resound
As hands tick aching slow.
Unspoken pleadings fill the air:
What would you have me know?

Shrouds of silk and spider-thread
Cloak the blazing word.
Here am I, list'ning close
But little though is heard.

A fragrant song perhaps exists
For me, it is too far.
With foil up and mask pulled low
With Silence on I spar!

Sophia White

Sparring II

A thousand mists all swirled about
Obscuring you from view
But then a strong wind from the south
Pierced the darkness through

Down I set my foil and
My mask I cast away
Out of the opaque questions
Ran into the Bright of Day.

Sophia White

Spiderwebs

Wrapped up in my dreams, nothing can go wrong
Night is moonlit and the days are long
Thoughts are reality, my world is my own song,
And butterflies don't get trapped in spiderwebs.
Indeed, nowhere can I see spiderwebs.

Trouble isn't found in this dictionary
Smiles in this world are always stationary
Here I hide, with kittens and canaries.
Canaries that weave no spiderwebs.
Indeed, here I am free of spiderwebs.

My mind is a solid fortress, I retreat,
And the false quiet of it stills my quick heartbeat
Here I know what's what, and all ends meet.
The corners here aren't clogged with spiderwebs.
Indeed, here there can be no spiderwebs.

But...

How long can I maintain this concentration?
How long before pain obscures elation?
My train is fast approaching the end station.
And across my vision comes a spiderweb.
Indeed, despite all my efforts, a spiderweb.

Sophia White

Stolen Kiss

Golden leaves flutter down
Around the girl in the gown
With laurel in her hair.

Golden sunlight floods the trees
Bathing the boy on his knees
Soon to be knighted there.

The girl holds light her sturdy stave
And taps the boy so very brave
Upon his suntanned shoulder.

"I pledge thee with my soul true
To always and more honor you! "
With a muffled giggle he told her.

She smiled back, composed, serene,
A true and valiant woodland queen:
"My knight could not be braver! "

She had no doubt within her mind
That should she ever trouble find
He would boldly save her.

Up he took his wooden shield
Arose from where he had kneeled
And held out his knightly hand.

The queen inclined her royal chin
And handed the stick-like sword to him,
The sharpest in the land.

Her façade nearly – almost broke
Her giggle more of a queenly choke
One escaped bubble of bliss.

And the knight, so very swift,
Stole that moment when she tripped
And turned it into a kiss.

Sophia White

Succor

Oh, they are so cruel! They are so cruel!
How can such hate as this exist?
Oh God, dear God, dear mighty God,
How can you let it be?

All Hell unleashed in violent storm;
A tempest breaks, and breaks,
Upon the shore of my sad heart
I cannot, cannot, cannot stand.

Fire and ice, fire and ice,
Either, either, I say, suffice,
To end the hate, cruel, cruel hate,
Be there God or gods or Fate:

Send a fire: burn the tears.
Send a flood: drown the fear.
Eloi! Eloi! Why don't you come?
Send a Savior: take me home.

Sophia White

Superhero

Have you ever walked outside
Looked up at the open sky
And almost lifted up your arms
To just push off and fly?

Have you ever stared at glasses
As if your eyes would pop
Attempting to with just a gaze
Make them cross the tabletop?

Have you ever closed your eyes
As hard as they would go
To see if maybe you could turn
As see-through as H₂O?

Sophia White

Sweet Muse

Sweet Muse, my love,
Draw near to me
Lend me all thy prowess.

Sweet Muse, so fair,
Dally not away
But place thine hand in mine.

Sweet Muse, dear heart,
Succumb to me
And lay thy heart with me.

Sweet Muse, go not,
But linger still
Grant me all thou knowest.

Sweet Muse, sit down,
And stay awhile
Whisper in my ear.

Sweet Muse, my love,
My essential one,
Be near, always, be near.

Sophia White

Take Me To Where The Music Comes From

Take me to where the music comes from
To its very basest root or central core,
Where the beginning of every song is living
The matriarch of every rolling score.

Take me to where the notes are springing
New and young and never heard before,
That I might discover what their essence is,
Take me there, or at least show me the door.

Take me to where the songs are rooted,
That place where they all become one,
To that one song or note or chord or something
From which all existing music has been spun.

Sophia White

Tangible

Tangible:

To feel

To touch

Smell?

Indeed

To see

And know

Go

To do

Think it

And imagine

To write

To sing

A dance

A book

Hold it up

Watch it fly

To possess

To Be

We humans

Crave

Tangible

Too much.

Sophia White

Tears Fill The Earth

Too tired. Gazing up. Life gone.
The world is terribly white.
Very scared. Eyes wide. Heart numb.
My dreams are nowhere in sight.

How can I go on?
The road is much too lonely.
The flowers once were lovely
But now they're gone
And tears fill the earth.

Nerves tingling. Ears ringing. Voice dead.
Tears stream down my face.
Blankly staring. Not even caring. Like death.
Such a very frightening place.

Dare I walk another day?
I hold a pool of tears in my hands
Watching them drain into the sand
Running down on their grieving way
And tears fill the earth.

Sophia White

Tearstained Angels

A man walks down the dusty street
Worn down and broken, lookin' beat
He carries a bag stuffed with cash
He knows it's wrong, but he don't care
He ain't seen right anyway, anywhere.

And the tearstained angels are watching him
From heaven's tearstained gates.
And the tearstained angels weep for him.
They know where he's going, they know.
He ain't bound for the pearly gates.

A fireman stands enreathed in smoke.
The flames lick his face and brush his coat.
He hears a faint and pleading cry
From deep within the flaming hallway.
He pretends he never heard, and walks away.

And the tearstained angels are watching him
From heaven's tearstained gates.
And the tearstained angels weep for him.
They know what he's doing, they know.
And for the one inside, it's just too late.

A girl walks down the hall at school.
She has the answers, but she's too "cool"
To tell the girl cryin' in the stall
That there's a way out of the strife
She's been livin' in all her life.

And the tearstained angels are watching her
From heaven's tearstained gates.
And the tearstained angels weep for her.
They know how she is hurting, they know.
And the only one who can help decides to hate.

The tearstained angels are watching you
From heaven's tearstained gates.
And the tearstained angels weep for you.

They know who you really are, they know.
But still hope for you, and still they wait...

Sophia White

Tempting

I am sore tempted, world,
To leave you and your woes.
To find a quiet Tudor house
And bury myself in solitude.

The sound of silence is alluring,
As is the gentle seclusion.
The forgetting of the race of man
And being naught but myself.

I should love to immerse
In nature, words, and music,
And let you, O chaotic world,
Run your own frantic race.

Sophia White

That Bitter Truth

Here we sit, in twilight worlds,
Staring at the umber sky.
We wonder at our fates and sigh
At our inability to move.
The sun is dying, that we can see,
It is old and tired and burnt-out,
Yet we can do naught but lie about,
Watch our sun struggle to breathe.
We are not like the bitter truth,
Which will go on after we end,
But like the grass that must bend
At the will of the wanton wind.
There is no purpose now, for us,
Once we know our own doom,
Our evanescent lives, our lasting tomb,
Unless we should cling to that bitter truth.

Sophia White

The Beautiful

They would seem to our eyes clothed in rags and in tears
Bound in shackles that chafe their pale wrists.
It would seem to our eyes that through icy glass years
They should struggle to merely exist.

□

All the nations despise them, the rulers all hate
The meek innocents under their feet.
And the sword blade pursues them its bloodlust to sate
Yet they glory in their own defeat.

Not a mind comprehends them or why they should sing
With their lives hanging by a mere thread.
In the prisons that hold them their praises still ring
Even still with their blood running red.

When another falls silent to never arise
All their enemies ought to delight.
But instead they fall silent as victory dies
In the face of a still-burning light.

All the world seems to darken in that little blaze
That is pure and as fair as a dove.
Pale the hands wet with blood, and how shaken the gaze
In the light of that bright golden love. □

□

And the martyrs all dance in their garments of white
At the throne of the King of all Kings.
And they bathe in the Holy of Holies' pure light
As their praises eternally ring.

Sophia White

The Constant Wolf

Friends, they come and go,
Flowing and ebbing, as the tide.□
When one steps away, is gone,
Into their place another will slide.
I wonder, 'What friend will last?
Who shall remain true and trusting? '
A part of me goes with each passing.
Will I slowly be chipped into nothing?
I love them all dear, and always shall,
But who can dictate our paths and errands?
They may go, but friend they shall remain.
And yet – not the same sort of friends.
To keep a friend, shackled by one's side,
Is to keep a bird from its freedom flight.
I will not be the one to darken
Someone's destiny with my night.
But what, then, is left for me?
Am I to slowly ebb away?
I should not think this is friendship,
To sow seeds of decay.
I need one friend. One friend to stay.
I find no one. They will all, by and by,
Drift their separate rivers.
And here am I, with naught but a sigh.
I look around and what should take my eye?
A ragged, hug-worn little thing. A play toy
Bought long-ago in Helen, ages past.
An abounding solace and silent joy.
Timber, little wolf, watching with
Those glassen, obsidian eyes.
He may not talk, or cock his head,
But he will always be mine.

Sophia White

The Cows And I

As I was walking through the woods
I came upon a pair of cows –
On black, a giant mother, her udder full,
One white, her calf,
Standing in a muddy little pool.

I paused and leaned upon the fence.
I thought I saw the big one tense.
They fixed their wetted eyes upon my face
And stood stone still.
Neither moved in their respective place.

It came to me that they were awed –
The presence of Man in their humble spot
Before them, still and silent. Merely seeing
The mighty Lord
Of earth and creatures in it – overbearing!

Or were they trembling at the sight
Of one whose dark green eyes were, like
The leopard or the lion, at the front?
A predator!
Perhaps a wolf-thing out upon the hunt!

And then a third idea hatched:
Mayhap 'twere I being watched
By two strong beasts with proud and grand disdain!
Did they think me
An intruder in their sacrosanct domain?

Long I thought, and pondered this.
Was there some detail I had missed?
Some frightened chill? Some haughty frown or glare?
What did they think
Of me – this silent as a stone still pair?

And then a light gleamed to life
In my poor, befuddled mind:
These two creatures simply didn't care

Who or what I was –
They were hardly even conscious I was there!

Sophia White

The Doomed Student

She has piles and piles of papers to write.
She has miles and miles of sources to cite.

She has many and many a book to read.
She has rows upon rows of gardens to weed.

She has dozens and dozens of lectures to hear.
She has hundreds of thousands of exams to fear.

She has work topping school topping tests topping dates.
She's hours behind and she's still running late.

She has to-do lists that stretch from here to Peru.
She has no time to dawdle, no hours to lose.

She's got summaries to write and figures to add,
But she just sits around writing poems like mad.

Sophia White

The Girl With Stars In Her Eyes

She looked up one night
A clear and star-strewn night
And saw the gleaming specks of light
And when she looked away
The stars were caught in her eyes.

She walked on through the day
The blaring, sun-filled day
But it did not light her way
Instead she was led
By the stars in her eyes.
She saw stars everywhere
In the corners of everywhere
Laying to her the whole world bare
And she loved everything
Because of the stars in her eyes.

Poor girl, who will one day learn
Who will, with ugly shock, learn
By a dark and evil, unexpected turn
That the world is not really
Full of stars like her eyes.

Sophia White

The Great Purple (Ersatz) Limericks

(this is a terrible poem, and sickeningly facetious. I wrote it several yeas ago.)

There once was a word known as "purple"
Which everyone claimed rhymed with "rubber"
But this, as you know,
Just isn't so
So "violet" soon replaced "purple".

Some people just cannot get
Why we must say "Violet"
But purple is gone,
Rejected and done
'Cause rubber would not rhyme with it.

So when you are ancient and hunched
If you talk to the youngsters too much
And out of your lips
The word purple slips
The youngsters will all think you're touched.

If you hobble to the library
And pick up a new dictionary
No matter how you flip
And gnaw on your lip
The word purple it just will not carry.

You might even call up the President
Who'll say, "To me it's quite evident
That your missing word
Is very absurd
I've heard no language having it! "

I'm sorry to tell youm my friends,
That all things must come to an end.
But don't insist rubber
Must rhyme with purple
'Cause it sure as peas throws off my limericks!

The Humanist

It's not in the sky, not in the earth.
There's nothing in memory or tomorrow.
Look in dreams, search through sorrow,
Nothing in death, nothing in birth.
There's no one waiting at the rainbow's end,
No secret lover, no hidden friend.
Each to his own, and his own alone,
Each his road alone must wend.

Looking right, there's emptiness.
Looking left, the world is bleak.
Alone, we're shy, afraid, too weak
To stand in that nothingness.
But reaching out with a shaking hand
Into the barren, thirsty land
Lying low and stark, we grope the dark,
But hark – no heart to understand.

This life must be lived in solitude.
Our eyes are too nearsighted to see
Anyone else that could possibly be
Bleeding nearby, and we conclude
That we are alone. And we are right
For who would walk into such a night
And take our hand – help us stand
And understand our hopeless plight?

Sophia White

The Kids Next Door

You two are notorious
So impishly glorious
Terrible, horrible kids.

You're never obedient
(You're mom is too lenient.)
Always, forever in trouble.

You're impolite neighbors
Who ask too many favors
Which you never, ever return.

You're so very, very bad
And make others mad
With your wicked, wild ways.

But I like you two boys
And your loud, raucous noise
No matter how I try not to.

Sophia White

The Land Behind (Or) I Can See

There is a land behind the sun
That's made of cotton clouds
And runs with rivers flowing full
Of the blood of the sun,
As it slides and slips
And suddenly dips
Behind the horizon.

And this land behind the sun
Appears to just a few
Who can see those secret lands
That are there, but not quite.
(If you are like me,
For I can see.)
It is a fleeting, wondrous sight.

And when I see the Land Behind,
I cannot help but wonder...
Who lives between the mountains
Of cloud and by the streams?
What sort of beings?
What manner of things?
It seems a land of dreams.

After all, in a land of cotton mountains
And rivers of sunblood,
Anything can live and dance
What a wonderful world must be!
I wish I could go
To this land that few know.
I suppose I should be grateful I can See.

For if I could not, indeed how dull
This life would soon become.
To be unable to see the Lands
That hide Behind the Sun!

Sophia White

The Lighthouse Beacon

Assurances. Assurances.

"I love you."

"Never leave you."

Then a storm.

The lighthouse beacon

Shines with light

Loving light.

Then explodes.

Promises. Promises.

"It's alright."

"We'll get through."

Then the sirens sound.

Why?

Prayers. Prayers.

Giv'n with tears

Faithful tears.

Then knife words.

The lighthouse beacon

Shines with light

Loving light.

Then explodes.

Laughter. Laughter.

Smiles and joy

Rapturous joy!

Then Hell.

Why?

The lighthouse beacon

(Meant to protect!)

Guides the ship –

Into the rocks.

WHY?

Sophia White

'The Lot Of The Poet'

The lot of the poet is no easy one.
Such burdens weigh the hands that wield the pen!
A poem cannot just get up and run,
A witty string of puns or pretty verse,
But must embody something wholly new
Which no ear has ever heard before.
The poet must see with a different view
Than hoi poloi or audience or critics.
He must not only find a lens unknown,
But create it and shape it with his words
Until it is perspective all his own,
And then – I fear his work's not yet begun –
He must discover if his lens will work,
Whether it's a telescope he's made,
Or a microscope or just a glass,
He's got to test it through the sun and shade
Be sure it isn't flawed or loose in places,
Which, I fear, such things so often are.
And after endless hours spent fine-tuning,
With his finished product up to par
With utter originality of mind,
He must discover what he wants to see.
His travels may find him anywhere,
Peering for hours at the simplest of things,
To find out what his view will show him,
Something never viewed by man before.
This search for elucidation may indeed
Last the poet years and still years more,
Until at last, with certainly past all else,
He knows he's found it, whatever it may be,
And he sits down in a daze of wordless wonder,
Picks up pen and paper silently,
And then, O reader, is his work begun.

Sophia White

The Making Of Kites

The world runs black with inken words
With all the thoughts of Men.
The seas churn froth with theories
Recurring time and again.

The hast'ning feet of philosophy
Run blind with slakeless thirst,
Pursuing answers ceaselessly
For fear their worlds should burst.

The hourglass is turned again
The glinting sands run thin.
All eyes looking endlessly
For ways out and ways in.

Thoughts turn inward, thoughts go out
A melee of jumbled sounds.
Men make kites of hopeful words,
But they never leave the ground.

Sophia White

The Painted

In the whirl of colors, kaleidoscope of fear,
The Painted faces sway and twist and leap.
Variety intensified, the world a piebald sphere,
The Painted are the weavers from the Deep.
The Painted are the keeners from the Deep.

A flash of burning crimson, a taste of siren blue,
The Painted smiles curled in twisted hate.
Spiraling in ribbons, a web ensaring you
The Painted's songs will insincerely sate.
The Painted's words will insincerely sate.

Twirling fans of paper, the colors blend and mesh,
The Painted eyes are watching everywhere.
Balloons are bursting color, the rainbow's here in flesh,
The Painted ones! Every man beware!
The Painted ones! Every soul beware!
The Painted ones! Everyone beware!

Sophia White

The Pirate Poet

Sophia lived in Lundontown
Before she put to sea
She'd been the toast of Lundontown
Till she took up piracy.

Her hair is black, and thick with curls
Of laughs she has a plenty.
Her eyes are blue, she's a pretty girl
Her age is two and twenty.

Sophia is the captain of
A ship of wide reknown.
It's dubbed the 'Robin Hood', the love
Of pirates all around.

Her sails are green, the Lincoln hue
To honor the thief of old.
Her prow is sharp, her rudder true
Her nameplate is of gold.

Sophia spends her jolly days
The scourge of the Atlantic sea.
When resting from her robbing ways
She writes down poetry.

Sophia White

The Poet, On Losing Her Mind, Laments:

Every time I sit to write
Or get some work done – finally!
I find my mind leagues away
In Some Closet – writing poetry.
Mind, won't you come back to me?
You're always in Some Closet.
Why'd I even write that poem
About this place, Some Closet?
Well, darn, it's too late now.
But I wish my Mind would return,
And how!

Sophia White

The Poet, On Seeing A Mess, Groans:

Ach! What has happened here?
Who left these towels on the floor?
And all these clothes, so that I
Cannot even shut the door?
Who dropped a banana peel
And did not pick it up?
Whose socks are these?
Who's sticky, dusty cup?
Who would leave a pickle jar
On the desk – without a lid?
What? It's MY room? Ah, so it is.
Who made this mess? Well, I suppose I did.
I think I'll just sneak away
Perhaps no one will see.
I'll just hide in some closet
And write more poetry.

Sophia White

The Poet, While Hiding In Some Closet, Gloats:

I'm hiding in some closet!
Hee hee hee!
I'm hiding in some closet!
You can't find me!
I'm hiding in some closet!
Don't like to clean!
I'm hiding in some closet!
And writing poetry!

Sophia White

The Potato Man

The wind was a torrent of darkness across the potato fields.
The moon was the only witness, a sliver as cold as steel.
The road was a ribbon of moonlight, tread by a moonlit thief,
Who came a-hunting potatoes –
Potatoes – potatoes –
Who came a-hunting potatoes, baring potato-hued teeth.

He'd a greedy scowl on his fore'ead, a greedy drool on his chin,
A coat that smelled of potato, and breeches of potato skin.
They fitted with many a wrinkle – in which potatoes could hide –
And he came with an ancient shovel,
A sturdy, trusty shovel,
A thief and an ancient shovel, under an ancient sky.

Then in the darkness he paused, and smiled at a glimmer of moonlight,
At the glimmer of another shovel, bouncing at shoulder height.
He whistled a tune to the shovel, and who should whistle back
But the potato farmer's daughter,
Tess, the farmer's daughter,
Plaiting a brown potato peel into her hair, long and black.

And dark in the dark potato field, the foursome set to work,
Two shovels and two lovers, while the hired-hand and his pitchfork
Watched with eyes of madness, and smelled of moldy hay,
For the hired-hand loved the farmgirl,
The beautiful, red-lipped farmgirl,
And dumb as a dog he listened, and heard the robber say –

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight!
I'll find a potato worth yellow gold before the morning light.
And if I find it quickly, I'll cook it during the day,
Then look for me by the moonlight,
Watch for me by the moonlight,
I'll come to thee by the moonlight, bearing potato soufflé!

He rose upright with his shovel, and plunged it into the earth,
And she tied up her hair with a potato peel, chuckling fit to burst.
As the bright cascade of laughter came tumbling out of her mouth,
He found the potato in the moonlight!

(Oh, giant potato in the moonlight!)

Then he threw his shovel o'er his shoulder and jogged away to the south.

He did not come in dawning, he did not come at noon,
But after the tawny sunset, after the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon through the potato field,
The farmer's girl was waiting –
Waiting – waiting –
The farmer's Tess was waiting in the potato field.

She'd said goodnight to her father, laid down her pretty head,
But soon's she heard him snoring, she leaped out of her narrow bed,
And slipped like a wraith through the casement, her shovel at her side,
And now she sat `mongst the potatoes,
Their precious, precious potatoes,
And Tess could see in the distance the road that he would hike.

Then suddenly out of the darkness, a familiar figure appeared,
Brandishing the giant potato and raising a lofty cheer:
"You kept good watch! " and he kissed her, she heard her robber say –
"You looked for me by the moonlight,
Watched for me by the moonlight,
I came to thee by moonlight, the potato on my tray! "

She twisted her hands behind her – the potato looked oh! So good!
She wiped her hands on her skirt to rid them of dirt and mud.
They stretched and strained in the darkness, the seconds crawled by like years,
Till now on the stroke of midnight,
Hot on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The potato at last was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it, she strove yet more for the rest,
Then – Up went the thief to attention, a pitchfork at his chest!
He'd stolen potatoes for many a year; he would not steal again,
For the pitchfork flashed in the moonlight,
Flashed so cruel in the moonlight
And struck the thief in the moonlight, and the deed was done.

Tess stood frozen by the body, shedding not a tear,
The hired-hand's vict'ry cry ringing in her ears.
Ringing o'er the potato field, ringing o'er the hills,
But Tess still held the potato –

Potato – potato –

Oh, Tess still held the potato! She stood up straight and still.

The steam rose in the frosty silence! The steam rose in the echoing night!
Closer she crept, and closer! Her face was like a light.

Her eyes grew wide for a moment, she drew one great deep breath,

Then her hands moved quick in the moonlight,

Her hands flashed in the moonlight,

And shoved the potato in the moonlight down the murderer's throat!

The potato burned his insides, burned as hot as the sun.

He grasped his smoking stomach, but the deed was a'ready done.

He fell to the ground moaning, his face ghostly white.

Thus the farmer's hired-hand,

The potato farmer's hired-hand,

Killed the robber dead in the moonlight, then died by the robber's soufflé.

Away Tess ran like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,

With the hired-hand smoking behind her, her robber-love at his side.

Blood red were her eyes in the gold moon, wine-red were her rosebud lips,

When she fell on her shovel in the potato field,

And it pierced her heart in the potato field,

And she lay in her blood in the potato field, her "trusty" shovel at her side.

And still of a winter's night, they say, out in the potato fields,

With the moon as the only witness, a sliver as cold as steel,

When the road is a ribbon of moonlight, two shovels come a-digging

A-digging up potatoes –

Potatoes – potatoes –

A-digging up potatoes in the potato field.

Sophia White

The Star Pilot

I know a man who has a ship
That sails among the stars.
He once took me for a ride
To circle planet Mars.

His ship is made of weathered wood
With sails of spider thread.
Her name is 'Spherie, ' a good old ship
With flags of bloody red.

We went sailing by cosmic wind
Through inky starry seas.
I shook hands with Perseus
And bowed to Pleiades.

Virgo took me for a dance
Along the Milky Way,
And Taurus gave a snort as I
Laughed at the Kids' play.

The Herdsman waved genially
And I waved gaily too.
The Hunter blew a strong salute
By the light of Betelgeuse blue.

And so I sailed a magic sea
With the starry populace.
I wish I could forever stay
In that enchanted place.

Sophia White

The Three Quills

For five months we have met
One and Two and Three.
And shared our tales and critiqued
Him and you and me.
Our writing family.

A few more weeks to meet.
Our time is running thin.
Sand sifts through my fingers
As our light goes dim.
But Blotters shall not win!

We may drift apart, indeed.
Miles between us grow.
But when some are close as we
They cannot die, you know.
For God hath made it so.

We shall write, and write on!
One for all, all for one.
The work is not nearly done
For One and Two and Three.

Our farewells may be said
And paths may wind away,
But our words are evermore
And will run with the day.
They shall not fade away.

And as those words are read
As those tales are ink
They shall serve between us
As an iron, binding link.
Our ship can never sink.

And long shall live the Quills.

Sophia White

The Way Is Shut

There must be a door here somewhere:
One that isn't watched.
For that door I'd never dare
So securely is it locked.

This room is getting grayer
Before my restless eyes
I lift a desperate prayer
For an escape route to arise.

The way is shut! The way is shut!
I'm trapped - inside this sordid hut!
I'd more than love to get out - but
The only way I see is shut.

I try to settle my rowdy soul
And live through one more day.
Breathing in, review my role,
Breathing out, review the play.

I fear my aerobic exercise
If failing me quite fast
As panic deep begins to rise
My calm can never last.

The way is shut! The way is shut!
I'm writhing in this prison-hut!
How I want to get out - but
The only door there is - is shut.

Sophia White

The World Is Quiet Here

The door is shut, the window is open.
The gossamer curtains are dancing in the breeze
And I hear, distantly, a squirrel chattering in the trees.
The world is quiet here.

No music plays but that of Silence and Solitude.
The house is full of it, the blessed quiet.
No greater joy is there but freedom from chaos and riot.
The world is quiet here.

Here I sit, seemingly alone, but not quite alone.
There are three of us, in thoughtful conference:
Me, my Lord, and my Muse, in creative ambience.
The world is quiet here.

Now and then I write a poem, now a song,
Or another chapter in my book, my mind's child.
I love this world, this isolation, so calm, so mild.
The world is quiet here.

Sophia White

The World Of The Toothless Alligators

I wish I lived in the winsome world of the toothless alligators.
There there is no pain, no tears, and no hate,
In the far, far, world of the toothless alligators.

You can lick the leaves of the topaz trees
And taste their zany zing.
Or hear the call of the Teetertall
With its silly, saucy ring.
You can float on down the River Hound
That howls with a happy howl,
Then swim all day in Rosypop Bay
And use Tickel leaves for towels.
You may climb the slopes of Mount Cantaloupe
And look down o'er Popindorf Plain.
You could set sail on a Kissing Whale,
(You'll never be the same!)
Or you can share a flagon with the Great Gulp Dragon
And hear his wild tales.
Have a great time with the Poiple Lion
During summer's giggling gales.
But bestest of all we could climb the Wall
Into the Great Orange Field of 'Taters,
And there we'd dance and sing and prance
With the wonderful toothless alligators.

Those wonderful toothless alligators!
How they sing and laugh!
With a hearty ha-ho! And a deep bass Hum!
The best time you'll ever have
Is when you're with the toothless alligators
Who feed on the topaz trees
And drink the waters of the Yayay River
And play with Polka-dot bees.
You never have to worry about bedtime
Cause the alligators never sleep,
You can stay up all night and joke about
Till the Earliest Early Bird peeps.
In the world of the toothless alligators
No one cries and no one dies

You can live year after year with nary a tear
Under purple-green peppermint skies.

Yes, there is no place like the winsome world of the toothless alligators.
There there is no pain, to tears, no hate,
In the far, far world of the toothless alligators.

Sophia White

There's A World Out There

There's a world out there! Now I see it.
Opened like a book for me to read.
But not page-by-page, flipping dully,
But wild rovings, random and untamed,
Because it doesn't run from front to back
Or start to end, or follow any line.
Each page is unto itself, independent.
And it won't mind if I take out the ones
That throw my heart into the sky just like
A kite, that just discovered it can fly.
There's a world out there! Now I see it.
It isn't just a curtain hung around
The place I know, with Elsewhere painted on it.
The only curtain was my ignorance,
But now, it's pulled away and burned forever,
And I see beyond the false horizon.
No doubt lingers, no fulfillment is there
Of contentment with the home and hearth.
(Though, mind you, those are still the root.)
The satisfaction earned from years of stillness,
Of blankly sitting in the same wood chair
Gazing out the same stark window panes
At the same thin trees, the same old town.
That satisfaction now is lost to me.
There's a world out there! Now I see it.
And what's more, I don't just have to dream
Of oceans, mountains, skies yet unexplored,
For I can go and go until I die.
I can reach each corner of the world
And further, I suppose, if I desire.
I think of those who would frown on this.
Is it wrong to have a roving spirit?
It cannot be; for Who would make a world
Just to entice and dangle temptingly?
Were wonders not created for the seeing;
For the testimony of their Source?
I think it so, so I shall go, and see.

These Past Few Nights

These past few nights
Have been the deepest
I have ever known.

These past few nights
Have been the darkest
I have ever known.

These past few nights
Have been the strangest
I have ever known.

It is as if the night
Has suddenly become
A master at his work.

I love it.

Sophia White

They Come Again - In The Dark

Please – anything but the voices!
Down the hall, wafting like a vapor
Black and heavy as the earth.
Nerves all tighten enough to balance on
But my balance is thrown
By the voices.
Please!
Stop!

Sophia White

This Is The Moment

This is the moment the planets align
And the stars hold their breath in the sky...
This is the heartbeat you'll never forget
Though you may never know why...
This is the chance you've waited to take,
When you will risk everything...
This is the dream you've held in your heart,
The song you've been yearning to sing...
This is when everything falls into place,
And your place in the world is made clear...
This is the answer to all of your questions,
And you suddenly know why you're here...
This is the moment of incurable joy,
The mysterious, inebrious bliss...
This is the time when you're sure of yourself,
This is your very first kiss.

Sophia White

Three Mice Who Hoped

Six mice stared out their door.
The Cat was crouching there.
"Have hope! " one cried.
"The Dog will come and scare it away! "
But one mouse ran out, gave up.
In the jaws of Cat he died.

Five mice stared out their door.
Still the feline purred.
"Have hope! " one cried.
"The Dog will be here soon! "
But one mouse could wait no more.
In the jaws of Cat she died.

Four mice stared out their door.
The Cat was waiting for them, too.
"Have... hope..." one said.
But one mouse snapped and darted out.
And soon, in jaws of Cat, was dead.

Three mice stared out their door.
The Cat sat ready, claws extended.
"Have... h-hope..." one said.
But one mouse squealed and started –
The one who'd spoken held her down.
"Have hope! "

For hours more the three mice sat.
The watched, trembling, the mighty Cat.
But still: "Have hope! " they cried.
Then came the Dog.
The Cat scurried away to hide.
The mice were free at last.

Sophia White

To Be In Scotland

Oh, to be in Scotland,
The land of kilts and pipes,
Oh, to see the lochs aglow
Under star strewn nights.

Oh, to be in Scotland,
Riding on the moor,
Oh, to feel the heather
And hear the ocean roar.

Oh, to be in Scotland,
With England at her feet,
Oh, to hear that wild brogue
That all in Scotland speak.

Sophia White

To Be Sure

I am currently engaged in a chess match.
The stakes are high – a future.
Somehow when my strategy gets torn
I find a way – to suture.

More often, though, I find myself in Check.
So far, I evade – capture.
It seems I shall be playing this gruesome game
Until my death – or rapture.

Indeed, I am sly, and clever as a fox, for now.
I can stay alive – be sure!
But one small slip... no! Better to not think it.
See how I am strong – mature!

I can slip into the smallest crack and live,
Make use of each available – feature.
I have made it this far, on my own, you know.
I've had no master – no teacher.

But how I wish, I wish this game would end.
To great already is – my expenditure.
Though I have always found another way
Another way – to insure.

To be sure.

Sophia White

To Ellen And Sarah: Friends Of Yesterday

I think often of you, olden day playmates.
Do you ever remember me?
I think back to you, Ellen.
Remember the camels in the playground?
Remember the days when I was Joe
And you, so graciously, Frank?
Remember playing dolls in the basement?
Remember Danny and the Building Blocks?
Oldest and dearest of friends, Ellen.
I think back to you, Sarah.
Remember Mrs. Parish?
Remember helping in the library?
And the time you pushed me
And I fell, and we laughed?
Remember the bug cereal?
I laugh still.
Sweetest and funniest of friends, Sarah.
I think of us, the three.
Always three. Always a trio.
Always getting foil shapes, Inoko.
Camping, Pinnacle, GAs, Mrs. Anita.
Oh, Ellen, Sarah.
Where are you now?
Where are you now?

Sophia White

To The Old

Ah! Crownéd heads of gilded years!
In robes with trains of practiced time,
Slippered in pastel sunrise,
Belted with vibrant sunset,
Walking past in company sublime!

Ah! Timelines cross thy astute faces,
Maps that trace the wisdom of ages,
Knowest thou only the intricacies,
Esteemed good and dread fallacies,
More wealth upon thee than in history's pages.

Ah! Sagacious heralds of the pending Hand,
Silently holding up hands of warning,
Guiding us who so foolishly stray
While walking the same twisting way,
Thy steps are bright as the glossy new morning.

Sophia White

To The Storyteller

Spin us a tale, tell us a rhyme,
What happened "Once upon a time"?
Give us a ballad, sing us a lay
Of kings and princes far, far away.
Spin us a yarn, tell us a story
Of battles and kingdoms and warriors' glory
Of princesses cursed, awaiting a kiss
Of lands full of laughter, beauty, and bliss
Of forests enchanted and wild bright lions
Of adventures braved by daring young scions
Of war and of peace, of love and of hate
Of apples in Eden that Adam once ate
Of sparrows in flight and fish in the sea
Of volcanic eruptions and mountains' majesty
Tell us! Tell us! Please – tell us all!
Hurry, do hurry! Speak swiftly and clear
For our bedtimes draw ever and ever so near –
Spin us a tale, tell us a rhyme,
What happened "Once upon a time"?

Sophia White

Train

There goes the train, steaming by.
The grass waves at its passing.
The smoke rises before falling.
I wonder where it goes, and why.

The train goes past me every day.
The passengers don't notice me
Watching from the boughs of a tree.
I want to ride the train, far away...

Sophia White

Trapped

There is a pair of robins
Winging over the trees
Into the watercolor sky.
And here am I.
Trapped in this bare room.

The sunlight is lancing
Through colonnade trees
Where dust-fairies fly.
And here am I.
Trapped behind closed doors.

The narrow path winds
Away through the forest
Where ferny glades lie.
And here am I.
Trapped by four walls.

A squirrel scampers
Across the grassy yard
And meets my eye.
And here am I.
Trapped at a hardwood desk.

Sophia White

Tree Of Light

When I in shades of blue repose
On trodden leaves of wildrose
With heavens speared by purple light
Above me writing twisted night
And all the world has filled with fright
As a foul and ill wind blows:

When I in robes of ash fast flee
Yet all the imps of Hell chase me
With chatters like a cockroach horde
And groans like stone scraped on board
And grass below cuts as a sword
Perchance I glance a glowing tree:

With limbs adorned in gorious glow
Defying evil shades below
With crown spun gold as if by gods
With light a-lancing crimson rods
Still, though all else be at odds
A tree by Elohim's hand sown:

How could I - in such a plight
Not love that tree so swathed in light?

Sophia White

Unearthed

"Bloom where you're planted, " they said,
"From your cradle until you're dead."
You cried, but meekly bowed down
Beneath their withering frown.
"Get the silliness out of your head!
Plant your feet on the ground, instead! "
Oh, the tears you let fall!
Yet you made yourself thrall.
You watch them walk smugly around,
Their feet glued to firm ground.
And you comply, blooming bright.
Smiling sweetly in the light.
But oh! In the dark cloak of night!
You feel the bars of your life
Constrict and shave like a knife
Pinning you to earth iron-tight,
When you long to be in free flight!
"Bloom where you're planted! " they cry
When they see you go running by,
Headed for the open, open sky!
Your roots are by now grown quite deep
But you'll never go back to sleep.
Not now that you've tasted the sky.
Not now that you've learned how to fly.
You've unearthed. Now wave sweetly goodbye.

Sophia White

Unexplained

There is this feeling –
Not an emotion, not a tangible sensation,
But a deep and unspeakable sense
That I cannot explain in words or in art.

There is this knowledge,
That I cannot apply or comprehend,
And I am unsure if it is real,
If it bears any truth at all.

There is this desire,
Not materialistic or emotional,
But inexplicable and confused,
An urge to fulfill something, or be something.

There is this feeling –
I could never explain it at all.
These words are the closest description,
And still I remain at an utter loss.

Sophia White

Unhealthy Habit?

All this reading can't be good
For a little girl like me.
My mind always distant in
Those lands of reverie.

These books are so enchanting
So difficult to leave
I can't help but watch enraptured
As the storytellers weave.

But can it be so healthy
Even though they say
"Everyone should read a little
Every single day! "

At that - perhaps I'd better take
Advice - read just a little.
Instead of inhaling books
Like sleep, water, and vittles.

But if I did, I just know
In a week I'd die
From Book Withdrawal disease!
I dare not even try!

I can't just put my books away
No matter how unhealthy.
Guess I'll just let my mind wander
Forget about being healthy.

Sophia White

Unwind

When the night is full of stars
And the air of silken voices

When the sky is deep with darkness
And the moon with silver sorrow

When the trees speak in whispers
And the world makes no more sound

How still it is
How easy it is
To simply
Let go

Unwind

Sophia White

Unwritten Poetry

I wrote a letter
- Or two -
Some about this
That
And you.
A rhyme
A riddle
Give thumbs a-twiddle
Write a little more
Got plenty words
in store
For this
That
And you
A song
A ditty
An "Oh! How witty! "
Little words
Meaning naught
For we're taught
To always be polite.
But at night
In the dark mind
When polite does
NOT
Exist...
that is when I write
Unwritten
Poetry...
For this
That
And you.

Sophia White

Up, Up, And Away

Up.
From the ashes.
From the pain.
Away.
From defeat.
From the blame.
Up.
From darkness.
From the night.
Away.
From the terror.
From the fright.
Up.
Into daylight.
Into the sun.
Away.
Into the love.
Into the One.
Up.
Into freedom.
Into the heights.
Away.
Into the heavens.
Into the sky.
Up, up, and away -
- pheonix -
Rise!

Sophia White

Upon A Shooting In Virginia

Who can comprehend? It is too great.
Weep all through the night
Fill the lonesome hours with our tears,
Wonder numbly at the wasted years
That shall never be lived.

Who can answer "Why? " It is too deep.
Stare up at the stars
That shine softly, seeming not to care
With all the time and indifference to spare
On us who waded in tears.

Who can offer solace? It is too sharp,
This pain which pervades the body
And slices right to the core of the soul
And reverberates there like the midnight toll
Of the gongs that signal death.

Who can move past the memory? It is too real.
The faces, the dreams, and the fates of those
Who were loved, by someone, somewhere,
And who loved as well, but now they're
Already left behind by Time.

Who can look ahead now? It is too far.
The future is like happily-ever-after,
Something we dream of, but do not believe.
It seems that dreams have ceased to weave
Their hope into our lives.

Who can acquire confidence? It is too strange,
This terror which has struck may strike again,
These things tend to work that way, it seems.
Does life only fulfill the wicked ones' dreams?
It certainly appears as such.

Who can comprehend? It is too great.
Weep all through the night,
Fill the lonesome hours with our tears.

Sophia White

Vacillation

You
 've
 lost
your
 glass
 e
 s.

Now
 I
 can
 not
 see.

Sophia White

Vague

If I could but eliminate
One word that I so dearly hate
That simply burns my palate
Vague.

It isn't how it sounds at all
That gives me such horrid apall.
That offense is very small.
Vague.

No, it is the denotation.
The ensuing, dark frustration.
Such a wrathful, cruel sensation.
Vague.

Too many things are so unclear
You add to all the darkness here
And refresh my rain of tears.
Vague.

I read a word, a verse, a song,
But get the meaning so very wrong.
And I wonder, suffer long.
Vague.

What does it mean? What does it mean?
What hides in the woven terminology?
So clear to the writer, but to befuddled me –
Vague.

Sophia White

Waiting Candles

She is sitting, slumped with fatigue.
The candles in the window burned low.
The lights on, lighting your path –
But where are you?

She has waited hours, stretched to eons,
Waiting for your step upon the porch.
She will not sleep or eat until you come.
So where are you?

Her eyes are heavy with the endless waiting.
But she replaces burnt out candles faithfully,
Hoping to greet you with the warmth of Home.
And where are you?

Don't leave her waiting any longer,
Her heart weak with beating nervously.
Come home to the warm and burning candles.
Where are you?

Sophia White

Wake The Books

O! The never-ending books! End on end,
Marching like a mass of scholars
Still the stacks get taller – taller!
Down the wall, up the hall,
I can never reach them all!
Into a fuzzy haze they blend.
Hundreds – thousands – millions more!
Cover to cover, spine to spine,
Endless rows and endless lines
Bottom to top, they never stop,
Stacked up to a dizzying drop
From the ceiling down to the floor.
Words of wisdom, lines of wit,
Every thought ever thought by man
Stretching by the mile – the span!
Some books wise, some just lies,
Some with ends full of surprise.
Every word that ever was writ.
O! I want to read them all! Every one!
But my hands can't even brush
Each cover in a full year once.
How can I, with one lifetime,
Even aspire to hope to try?
One row down and my sand's run!
O! The never-ending books! How I look!
Sleeping, needing only hands
To open them, release their lands.
Would that I! Would that I
Could let them fly!
Would that I could wake the books!

Sophia White

Water Spoons

The cards are dealt.
Hold your hand,
Four cards, two colors,
Begin the round.
Pass the cards, quickly now!
Faster, and faster,
Round and round,
Glance and pass,
Glance and pass,
Glance and –
Ah! A match!
Glance about furtively,
Watch the spoons –
Always watching –
Always passing,
Passing, glancing,
(match) , Passing,
Watching, glancing,
Passing, watching,
Passing, (Match!)
Grab a spoon,
Soft and swift
The others dive,
A melee!
They emerge
The loser scowling.
Hand him the cup,
The tall, wide cup,
the brimming cup,
And he drinks
And drinks
And drinks
... and drinks...
... and... drinks...
Empty.
Begin again.

Sophia White

Weakness

I try, I do, my very best
To be that City on that Hill.
I try, I do, my hardest
To be that Salt and that Light.
I try, I do, my strongest,
To be that Voice in the Dark.
I try, I do! But, dearest,
There are some days, some times,
When I cannot help but be
The Wave, tossed and blown
By the Wind.

Sophia White

Weeping Lebanon

I would like to go there anon
And again climb the cedars
The cedars of Lebanon.

I would like to sail upon
Once more, the Sea,
Mediterranean, by Lebanon.

I would like again to run
Down the streets and play
With my kin in Lebanon.

Once more visit Dar el Awlad, where sons
Of deceased live, work, and play,
At home in Lebanon.

And again watch the rising sun
Over bomb-torn buildings
And weeping Lebanon.

Sophia White

Whale

The sun is low and soft as down.
Her light sleeps on the water
In slumber unbroken by sound.

The waves are small and gently slide
Over each other; liquid silver
Stretching far and reaching wide.

In the gold and silent haze
No beast or bird is moving
In this the gentlest of days.

Then, softly, waves lengthen,
Heighten, grow strong
In one place they darken.

Sudden, like a break of thunder
On a frozen sky,
The sea is torn asunder.

The waves rip apart and shatter
Like glass turned liquid.
And there is something greater:

Slippery-black and shiny white,
It fills the sky for a moment
A huge and majestic sight.

Time slows, halts, a second flees
As in the air it suspends,
A Lord of all these earthly seas.

Then, slow, it falls, crashes down.
The water leaps like fire
High; Sparkling beads all around.

Then it is gone; The sea settles with
No sound. It sleeps
And the orca returns to myth.

Sophia White

What If I Died And You Were Not Here?

What if I died and you were not here
If you were far, far away
And I died while you were gone.
Would you hear of it soon?
How would you be reached?
By telephone? By mail?
In what fashion, in what way
Would they tell you that
I died while you were gone.
Or would they not think
To hunt you down and tell you.
Would they even know you'd care?
What if they buried me somewhere
And did not tell you how or when
Until it was too late,
And my grave was grown over
Choked and clotted with weeds
So that you could not find me?
What if they tried, but could not find
You anywhere upon the globe?
And somewhere in some foreign world
You were laughing and speaking
In a tongue I'd never known
Living for weeks in ignorance
Laughing, not knowing
I had died – what if?
Until finally you return home
With gifts for me, strange things
You had collected,
And I am not there waiting.
You wonder what could possibly
Detain me from meeting you,
So you get a little angry
And call my house.
But I do not answer.
So you would drive to our
Favorite restaurant
And there you would discover
My family, sitting silently,

Gaping at you.

"Where have you been? "

You will stare in confusion,

And then they will tell you how

I died, and you were not here

For you were far, far away

And I died while you were gone.

Sophia White

What Is A Gift Worth?

What is a gift worth
If it remains unwrapped?
What thanks are due to the giver
What delight is due to the recipient?
None, as far as I can tell.
What is a gift worth
If it is neglected and forgotten?
How can it be used or admired
How can its price be justified?
It cannot, and that is plain to see.
What is a gift worth
If it is forsaken for other paths?
Will it rot away or rust over
Will it linger hopefully, fade into nothing

Or will it explode?

Sophia White

What Is Not

I once lived in an old brown wood
Where everything went just as it should
And my feet were grounded square
Among the sensible folk living there
In that no-nonsense, practical wood
A wood oft dark, a wood oft fair,
A wood known as "What Is."

But every night, beneath the stars,
I'd leave the town and walk far
Into the dark and columned trees,
Rising up in twos and threes,
No one saw me thence depart
Beneath the stilled starry seas,
And no one knew I wandered.

I knew my way well and sure
So often had I walked before
The path slender as a thread
By none but me could it be read
Me, who had heard the water's lure,
The lure of a pool to which I tread,
A pool none else in this wood knew.

My eyes beheld it every night
A pure and holy, blessed sight
A pool as still as the sky above
A pool as good as first, true love.
Reflecting heaven's diamond lights
And all the other lights thereof,
A starlit pool, my heart's delight.

The pool's name: "What Is Not."
It held all I'd ever sought,
All that the wood could not know
The places reality couldn't go.
Dissatisfied with realism's lot,
I'd look into the depths below
And take one precious sip.

Ambrosia! Elysium's own!
Like the liquid, molten tone
Of celestial silver bells!
What worlds hid in its swell!
It coursed through blood, flesh, and bone,
In one eternal, fleeting knell
And I wept when it was done.

I dared not sup the water twice
Once a night must lone suffice
For I still lived in What Is wood
Where starlit pools are not good
And What Is Not's sweet entice
Lured me where I never should
Have let my wanderlust rove.

But still I ventured back again
Through the stale and stark terrain
To sip the silver waters there,
That mystic and mysterious lair
That had before stolen men
From pale and worn reality's care
And locked them in its depths.

Oh, how I played with courting fire!
The inevitable did indeed transpire.
One night, one sip just couldn't sate
The thirst I had in my palate.
I tread too thin and weak a wire
And tumbled off into that mire
That mire of What Is Not.

And now I haunt those wondrous deeps
All the magic is mine to keep
The silver stars weave through my hair
And all is good and all is fair
And when the nights are inken deep
I rise to breathe the stagnant air
Of that old, dull wood, What Is.

When Words Fail

I once thought words held everything,
Each dream and thought and sight.
They could express the heart and soul
Make the leaden spirit take flight.
I thought that every feeling inside
Could be released by a single sound,
But then I met someone – you
And words crashed to the ground.
No word could show just how I feel
When our eyes meet one another
Or how your voice can lift my heart
Make it dance like no other.
No phrase or sentence could rightly express
The joy that springs to life
When you glance my way – Oh! How
Your gaze cuts like a knife.
No word is nearly quite sufficient
To explain the rapturous times
Your hand, by fault or accident,
Lightly brushes mine.
I've written verse, book, and song,
With words varied and grand,
But never come across one for you
In any time or land.
And so I've never told you
What I feel inside,
And till I find words to suffice
My love I'll softly hide.

Sophia White

When You Are With Me

The sun comes after the rain
And the lost come home again
The seasons each tarry a while
Bringing shares of tears and smiles
All is well, all is well,
All is as it should always be
When you are with me.

The night is silver, the day gold,
The flowers young, the forest old,
Every new day is a puzzle to solve,
Old wounds heal and enemies absolve.
This is the world, this is the world,
As perfect as 'twas meant to be
When you are with me.

Dreams come true, and wishes too,
Hopes are many and sorrows few.
My steps are light and debonair,
In step with the melody in the air.
Lovely is life, so lovely is life,
It's better than I thought it would be,
When you are with me.

Sophia White

Where Are You?

I'm befuddled: Where are you?
I've not the faintest, vague-est clue.
I haven't looked; perhaps I'd best.
But I'd much rather leave that quest
And sit instead, and in my head,
Think of it from 'pon my bed.
Maybe you're at the store; maybe lying on the floor?
Or in a tree? In the sea?
Or sipping wine in a winery?
Are you walking 'round on stilts?
Watering flowers so they won't wilt?
Catching fairies with a bowl of cream?
Or far off following your wildest dream?
Are you really nowhere at all
Or everywhere? It is you call.
I do know this: (and this is true)
I know where NOT to find you
Right here in this plain white chair
I know THAT 'coz I'm sitting there.

Sophia White

Words

Words, words, words.
So many, many words.
So many words.
So many worlds.
So many words that lead to worlds.
If only I could find the code
That would unlock those words.
I might find what I seek
In those hidden worlds
That hide behind the words.

Sophia White

Wouldn'T You Agree?

Tuesday, a good day.
I love Tuesdays - my favorite day.

Wednesday, okay day.
Not the best, but livable.

Thursday, pretty good.
I can do weekly Thursdays.

Fridays, the harbinger
Of the weekend. Love Fridays.

Saturday, you sleep late.
I'll take a month of Saturdays.

Sunday, afternoon naps.
Yeah, I can handle Sundays.

Monday is an insult to the calendar.

Sophia White

Wretched Day

All wound up in its own cloak of misery
Rain weeping out of every pore
How this day has utterly drained and dampened me
Left me like an old boot washed ashore.

The sun has fled in cowardice from the sky
Afraid of the clouds, hanging damply in the air.
The earth is wet, so wet it shall never turn dry,
And the trees, like shorn sheep, are stark and bare.

The sidewalk is littered with leaves in dull decay
That leave no friendly crunch beneath the heel.
No, they've not but a sodden squelch to say
As in their dying throes they wither and peel.

This wretched day is a dark, cold, dampish breeze
Blown in from some far off swampish parts
That slithers down your coat and up your sleeve
And down your throat and all about your heart.

Sophia White

You Chose To Play

You had it all from first to last
You won it all when the dice were cast
You held the whole world in your palm
Your stars were lucky, your sea was calm.

You could have been anything at all
Your potential stood a mile tall
Your mind was strong, your talents great
Your wits the equal of any potentate.

But you chose to play, boy,
You chose to play.
You threw all the world away
And chose to play.

You once stood a mile high
You were one heck of a guy
Your life screamed success so loud
None had more cause to be proud.

But you chose to play, boy,
You chose to play.
You threw all the world away
And chose to play.

Sophia White

You Inspire Me

You inspire me.

You drive me to my paints, my brushes
Into wild mad rages with the canvas
Splattering red passion against yellow bliss
A clean blue wash over all
Stars of gold, for I could walk among them
Pale blue moon, for the beautiful evenings
Ochre sun which burns so brightly and yet
Never seems to die
Until finally the colors all run together
Into a coffeeshop brown, a pleasant hue
Neither color nor shade, but in-between
Balancing passion and rest
Desire and contentment.

You make my hands itch for a pen
As if I could inscribe what I am feeling
But my heart is too full for words
It overflows into my mind, floods it
Drives out reason, banishes doubt
Yet I try to write, to explain, to describe
My words make puddles on the page
Worthless really, but fun to splash in
I can only laugh at my desperation
My feeble attempts at eloquence
And the way the words run together like the rain
Which runs down the window beside me
Making the world wet like tears on the cheek
But I am not crying, only writing
My heart.

You inspire such wild, inexpressible creativity in me
The urge to form a new world with my hands
To create mountains and seas for you
To paint a portrait of what is in my thoughts
To make an epic of a moment we shared
This I cannot do, because my love for you
Is too much, too much, too much for art.
What then, shall I do? I fail in every attempt

To give you a gift adequate for my love
Know this, then, I can only give you what
Is greatest in my possession:
Every moment of my life until I die.

Sophia White

You'LI Never Go Solo

Your road is set before you, a road that's paved in stone
Stone from distant planets of galaxies unknown
It's lined with trees and columns, all woven tight with vines
That cast across your future shades of tangles lines.

You step with steps uncertain of destiny or goal
You see only a fragment when you want to see the whole.
The road cuts misty valleys and darkened mountain heights
And is lit by daylight only to be turned to night.□

It seems you'll never make it, or at least not in good time,
For the corners, they are dark, leading to uncertain climes.
You'll look back, and often, at what you've left behind
And wish for where you've been, when days were silver-lined.

But traveler, don't despair of twisting, clouded roads,
You'll never go it solo, you'll never walk alone.
I will walk beside you, for as long as I may,
Through sorrow-riddled nightmares, through wild joyous days.

And if or when I cannot share your road of foreign stone,
You'll still not go solo, you'll never walk alone.
Another will step with you, another hand in yours,
For as long as you'll be walking you'll walk in threes and fours.

And even when their footsteps and mine all fade away,
And no hand is grasping yours down the narrow way,
There'll always be a Someone whose steps will match your own,
You'll never go on solo, you'll never walk alone.

Sophia White

Za'Anaia, Warrior Queen

Za'anaia, Warrior Queen,
Raised by the blood of enemy kings
Rode to war on a shaihawk's wings
To slay her forsworn foe.

Za'anaia held a spear
Forged by smiths from Jha'daaier
The men all fell dumb with fear
Before Za'anaia's feet.

Za'anaia struck her blow
To enemies marching far below
Her hawk as white as fallen snow
His eyes a crimson blaze.

Za'anaia saw the one
She'd sworn to slay by moon or sun
Her foe saw her and began to run
But the hawk fell from the sky.

Za'anaia won her fight
Before the day succumbed to night
The enemy had no chance for flight
When Za'anaia rode to war.

Za'anaia, Warrior Queen,
Raised by the blood of enemy kings
Rode to war on a shaihawk's wings
And slew her forsworn foe!

Sophia White