

# **Tales of a Poor Poge**



**Tales of a Poor Poge**  
**Contemporary Poetry and Plays**

**Richard Palmer**

Custom Book Publishing  
Scotts Valley, CA

## **Tales of a Poor Poge**

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For my devoted wife,  
Margaret the Magnificent



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## Tales of a Poor Poge

### A POOR POGES TALE

An empty hand knows only the malaise  
Of endless hours which yield no issue;  
An unbroken silence in search of a running wind.  
Between the twin eternities a traveler  
May find a rich harvest or a bitter famine.  
This skein is sewn by another Hand  
And our voices are often muted by Its decree.  
More often a pilgrimage of the lost;  
Frightened souls without path or destination,  
Aimlessly wandering,  
Driven onward by Fate.  
May we grasp the unseen Hand  
And beg some meaning,  
Or is to grasp this Hand too bold?  
This Hand which touches a traveler,  
Somewhere on his journey between the sunlight  
And the dream.

## Tales of a Poor Poge

### DARK SOJOURN

Within the Godhead dwells the Dreamer.  
Embrace the Dreamer and your soul will fly free.

Dogma builds illusions.  
Lies politicians are paid to say;  
Always speaking of a good life  
That always seems to come another day.  
Love builds illusions;  
Joy and pleasure will not cheat mortality.  
We find mostly torment and turmoil; seldom  
tranquility.  
Lies upon lies spin a lethal web;  
Lies waiting to trap us at birth, death and marriage  
bed.  
Illusion birthing illusion, one lie begetting another  
Choking us little by little until we smother  
For need of real life.

Hurried lovers in a car;  
Curfew is coming and they have little time.  
Their need is urgent:  
New life is born  
Through bursting seed into a heaving body  
Sweating on upholstered foam.  
Real love is lost to a moment of frenzied lust.  
Blood feast in an offering bowl  
Butchered lives and souls  
Given mortal breath and now  
Born to die a living death.  
All is dust.

## Tales of a Poor Poge

### ADOLESCENT JOURNEY

Who are you in my dream?  
A Goddess Queen?  
You say, "Let us love,"  
And give this dream some touch.  
Night fantasy yearns for flesh  
And when we are done you say,  
"That will be ten dollars, please."  
The dark seeds begin to grow.  
I wish to give love as a man.  
I touch. You'll touch.  
Two souls will become a whole.  
Dark hole where I lie, curled like a viper.  
Sometimes lover, sometimes man  
Comes and then quickly dresses to go.  
Another evening we lie together.  
Our bitter glory feeds my sickness.  
My hot river flows into your emptiness  
And knows no voice of warmth,  
Only the voiceless pain of our bare  
And cold union.  
Used flesh as dough in my fingers  
Painted lips as ice on my breast.  
You and I are as slaughtered whales  
Butchered upon the water,  
Our faces awash with blood,  
Not knowing why we died.  
I know you now, in my dream.  
You are the Dark Queen.  
Our harsh grief is but laughter for you.  
Saying you love and not loving;  
Saying you care and not caring;  
Empty words and empty touches.

## Tales of a Poor Poge

### WOMAN

A woman is a fine and subtle vision  
A precious depth of shared aloneness  
Proudly cherished in the light,  
And held so closely in the deep of night.  
A woman is newness greeting the day,  
A tenderness that soothes an uneven course,  
An anchor in a high storm,  
A passion which stirs greatness in the heart.

Woman: giver of life,  
Caretaker of my seed.  
A living mystery whose beauty  
Ennobles the heart of man.  
These few words are but a small tribute,  
A scant and hurried thanks.  
When you are there I can go on.

## Tales of a Poor Poge

### IMAGES

I see the sunlight streaming  
Through the darkness of the gale  
As I see the ages mourning  
Over all that lived and failed.  
I see the lovers playing  
In the new, living grass  
As I hear the lovers weeping  
Over pain that time will bring to pass.  
I exalt the children running  
Leaving footsteps in the sand  
As I suffer with proud men fighting  
In brutal and angry lands.  
I watch a new dawn coming  
With a splendid, powerful light  
As I see all men preparing  
Against the fall of night.  
I know life as a firebrand  
Of glory, trial and pain,  
And pray that this parched and twisted land  
May be worthy of the Lord's merciful rain.

## Tales of a Poor Poge

### AN EVENING WITH A FRIEND

Vacant eyes and auburn hair  
Legs crossed, sitting in a chair.  
An object of love and a want of lust,  
Satin skin with a perfect bust.  
So speaks her social mouth  
To I, a poor man, sitting on her fancy couch  
Of the great value of her future to be.  
A future of sororities, societies and summer teas.  
I, a poor man, utter barely a word  
Just sit and listen, slightly perturbed  
Over the meaning of her future to be,  
A future of sororities, societies and summer teas.  
I, a poor man, rise free at last  
As my heart silently adds this love to the past.  
This beauty is a slave I see  
To her future of sororities, societies and summer teas.



## Tales of a Poor Poge

### RIVER OF DARKNESS

When love is five years out and dying  
Or ten years out and dead  
And you are traveling the river of darkness  
Reflect on the games you played  
When you were offered style and wealth.  
“With these I will love you,” was the promise.  
What day did the pain begin?  
Was it when you were again done  
With each other,  
That day when love was no longer  
Beautiful and you felt only empty and used.  
Now can it be that you see the truth  
Hidden in the flowers and lace of that day long ago?  
On that day a cruel belief pledged  
A stranger to a stranger and left them to rot.  
Where is that belief now when you  
Are alone in your pain,  
Trapped on the river of darkness,  
And better off dead?

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