

A New Collection of Poetry from Kelly Darrow

A Day with You

By Kelly Darrow

A day with you,
is better than life.
Time with you,
is better than with me.
Your gaze and laugh
replaces all the pain
that life holds.
You're so funny,
so cute,
I love you.
I know you love me as well.
Playing together-we're so happy.
I can't imagine life without you.
You make me so rich
in all that you do.
Smile for me
and I'll smile for you.
Together we'll run
through the precious fields.
You make my life perfectly whole.
Laughing every day,
time just passes so fast.
I'll teach you
and you teach me,
to see
what separately we may miss.

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Blue
By Kelly Darrow

Blue is my favorite color
True is my favorite word
Mankind is my brother
Faith is my sword

Blue is cool
Blue is true
Blue is a swing set
I hear on a playground at school

Sounds of childhood from the playground up the street
Carried on the breeze
Right through my office window
For an instant makes me freeze

For a moment to think back
Back to the blue sky above me
When I was a child swinging
On the playground of David Crockett Elementary

I played in that playground hour after hour
Swinging in those old weather battered swings
Hoping to reach the sky, trying with all of my power
This is my perfect day remembering these things

If I told you that as a little boy I touched
The sky, would you believe me?
Or dismiss me as a boy with a good imagination
Or perhaps play a long by saying
“Holy crap, are you serious? That really happened?”

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The Leaves
Kelly Darrow

Fog getting thicker
Although sky crystal clear
With the devil I bicker
With the spirits and energies I steer
Steer myself sane
Down my dysfunctional highway
From times of pain
Forgetting a bad day
Which, can be hard
Because some days transform to two
Thoughts are tough to discard
Good ones sometimes too few
I curse the one who started these
Her sick mind working mean
All I wanted was together to run through the leaves
Scatter the raked piles, laughing, easy it would seem
Not for her meanness, still hard to believe
That's all I wanted
The only thing I asked
Sit down and shut up, her voice haunted
Through stinging salt I looked at the piles as we drove passed
Many calendars since gone
There is a new little boy and in goodness he believes
We will scatter piles over every lawn
And when he grows up he will remember the leaves

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