

CJ POETRY AND PAINTINGS

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Poetographs

© *Candice James*



“Atlantis Rising”

© 2015 *Candice James*

acrylic on canvas

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Poet's Collage Candice James
Poet Profile Candice James

Ink Stain In The Rain

Candice James © 2011

Cool wind scrapes and rapes
The soft satin drapes.
In the cave of evening shade
Under gun metal sky
Cracked, splintered, dry,
We perform our tragic masquerade.

Under mantle of doom
And foreboding gloom
We reach for this dream we're chasing;
We can't quite grasp enough of it,
Just a quicksilver touch of it,
This dream Daughter Time is erasing

I feel your heart slip,
So I tighten my grip,
On the trembling lip of this storm.
Your body's a river,
A fast running shiver,
And I can't seem to keep myself warm.
Engulfed by the ocean
And fading emotion
You let go of my hand.
Tide sweeps you away
But bids my heart stay;
Nothing is as we planned.
Waves wash me ashore;
Lips parched evermore
Never to taste yours again.

Love letters and pain
Left out in the rain
Became a fading ink stain.

Days - now without sun.
The moon's come undone

And I,
I've become the rain.

Fifty Years Later © Candice James

She walks into the sky.
He finds her with a knowing eye.
He's been waiting so long.
They approach each other
Fifty years later. Time ceases to exist.

Her hands gentle and loving;
The horse's breath, warm on her cheek,
Tendrils of life,
Slicing the early morning crisp;
He balks at the bridle,
It's been so long, but he remembers
It's cold steel weight; it's pinch;
She whispers to the steed;
Calms him; tosses the bridle aside;
Grabs a handful of mane,
Swings onto his powerful back
And feels his haunches quiver,
Tense, then respond in recognition.
Knees anchored softly
Against his sleek muscular shoulders,
She feels their bodies become one,
The way it used to be fifty years ago.

No longer horse and rider,
Now a gliding machine
Slicing through the brush of wind.
She sees the familiar ditch approaching.
Did he still have it in him to jump it?
Her belief in him flows through her loins
Into his loins. His gallop quickens
His powerful body shifts into high gear
They glide over the ditch as one,
Rider and mount fused together forever
In that beautiful moment;
The same moment they jumped through
Fifty years ago.
Spirits now, never to be parted again,
They'll race with the wind forever
And the wind will always let them win.



Ever Changing

~ © 2014 Candice James (Poet Laureate, City of New Westminster, BC)

**Inside a pocket of timeless time
I stood cloaked in white clover
Invading the privacy of still waters
Unstirred for centuries,
Blending coveted pieces of breath
Into shallow pools of blood
Bringing life to the lungs of the universe
Opening the lips of eternity
To form the word; and it was good;
And it became poetry;
And it became healing.**

**In the ever changing pool of cosmic consciousness,
Everything is a ripple effect. Everything begins with you.
Hold this thought gently in the calm of your mind.
The waves holding the image are flowing to your shore.
The tide is yours to turn.**

**We are the creations, and the creators,
Wrapped in the yin and yang of tumbling thoughts
And superconscious illusion, ever changing,
Becoming reality.**

Healing flourishes in silence.

**Stand resolute in your own still, small silence!
Thrust your hand into your solar plexus
And grasp your creative force.
In one swift motion pull your hand out
And fling its contents skyward.
The sun, moon, and stars
Will appear in sparkling array,
Ever changing as you are ever changing.**

***As you will it...
So it will be.***

Everything begins with you.

PURPLE HAZE

© 2014 Candice James

In the deep purple haze
Of non-descript days,
I wander aimlessly
Through the hard edged corners
Of a compromised sky.

I spiral and spin
Within
The shimmering core
Of an indigo sun.
I become invisible
In the purple haze
Of these non-descript days.

Emerging in blurs,
Smudges and tears
On a universe crying,
A broken heart dying,
The purple haze tightens
Like a noose.
I lay fallen and wounded
Beneath an indigo sun,
Thirsting for your touch.

Denigrated by lost love ,
I fade into the folds of the haze.

You are the ghost of my past!
I am the vessel you haunt
Day after day after night,
As the purple haze
Of my non-descript days
Dissolves in the tears
Of an indigo sun
Turning dark,
Darker...
Darkest.

Sans Satisfaction

© Candice James, Poet Laureate, New Westminster, BC

There was always a hunger
Pushing me past
Those many last ditch romances
I always managed to escape...
Just in time.

There was always a promise
Of brighter sequins,
Shinier eyes and warmer embraces
Pulling relentlessly at my sleeve.

As the hunger grew restless,
The sharpened corners of my need
Shape-shifted into soft curves
And smooth new highways
Leading away...
Yet, somehow, somehow
Always leading me back
To yet another last ditch romance.

I stand at a familiar crossroads,
Heart in hand,
Waiting to buy a ticket to ride
For the thrill of the kill
Before the final cut.

There was always a hunger,
A burning hunger...
Sans satisfaction.

Poets' Dance

~ 2015 Candice James, Poet Laureate, New Westminster, BC

Hazy circles float haphazardly
Touching down onto the squares
Of quiet desperation
That invade every-day existence.

Questions have become
Extreme quasi-conceptions
Inside this massive silence
That holds all the answers.

Do not wait
To step into your hidden soul;
The best part of you is beckoning you
To dive into the pristine white waters
Of the poets' surreal dance.
Where unfinished songs,
Searching for their true essence,
Find their long lost keys
And become seen and heard:
Liquid, quicksilver lightning
Shaking the foundations
Of the mind's sleeping spirit;
Rocking the willing heart
In the cradle of great expectations.
The wheel of fate keeps spinning toward you,
Waiting for you to claim your dreams .

Follow the path of quills and ink stains
That penned the broken letters of death
Onto the well-worn parchment of life.

*All things will pass away
And come to pass again.*

We are all searching for the God particle
Pulsating at the edge of our existence
Quite unaware that we are the God Particle.

Step into the poets' dance...
Look inward angel!

Showers And Dust

© Candice James, Poet Laureate, New Westminster, BC

I jumped out of the shower
And striped my multi-coloured towel
Around my socially unexposable parts.

I towelled outside
To take the dog I never had
For a walk.

He was telephone wire walking
But his thirty foot leash
Was dragging in the dirt.

We walked for miles.
He above.
I below.

How noble and nimble
The performing pooch was.
He never faltered a paw.

I stumbled on some pebbles
And disintegrated to dust.
The cleanest freshly showered
Dust on the beach.

I heard the canine's desperate cry
But I couldn't rescue him.
I couldn't get my dust together.

An abstract painting with a vibrant, multi-colored background of blues, purples, and greens. In the center, there is a faint, ethereal face with closed eyes, rendered in a lighter, more translucent color. The overall texture is grainy and layered, suggesting a complex, emotional landscape.

Lost In These Moments
© Candice James
Poet Laureate, New Westminster

There are moments...
Moments you fall in love with:
Moments that warm you in the cold of night;
Moments that will not come again;
But will never die in your heart.

There are moments
That coil around your heartstrings
And turn you inside out,
Into the song you used to be
Singing your body electric
And setting your soul on fire.

There are moments
Of paradise lost
That are never truly lost;
That live and breathe
With a life of their own.

Whenever I'm lost in these moments,
You are there too.



Journey

© Candice James

Poet Laureate, New Westminster

It is a journey of encounters,
Mysteries, joys and tears
Filled with rivers and deserts
Of emotions and feelings.

Standing outside the fire
We never feel the heat of the moment,
And the moment passes by.
The heart of the matter is
There are no guarantees
When it comes to matters of the heart
But do not build walls around your spirit.
Keep the door to your soul
Continuously ajar.

Some will walk past – a hurried journey;
Some will visit - a relaxed stop-over;
And some will take up permanent residence
Until your journey is ended.

Tears may fall
And hearts may break,
That's to be expected
In the journey of a lifetime,
But all that really matters
Is the journey.

Art by
Candice James
& Janet Kvammen



Unsung

© Candice James

Poet Laureate, New Westminster

I sing the nameless song
With unsung lyrics.

I walk down a street
Of long shadows.
Artifacts of a broken sun
Held in the echo of wet deerskin
Pound the pavement
In the canyons of my mind.

I take repast
At a table suspended in the air;
Read the invisible menu;
Digest the transient nourishment
In a silent ocean
That has not shorelines.

I lay in a bed of quantum dreams
Surrounded by slices of time
Rotating in surreal dimensions
Of yin and yang whispers,
Wet to the touch
Yet dry as a bone.

I sing the nameless song
With unsung lyrics,
Slingshot past sun, moon and stars
In the tranquil pause between heartbeats.

In tune with the universe
I am the nameless song.
I am the unsung lyrics.

Higher

© 2012 Candice James, Poet Laureate, New Westminster, BC

I've walked the summer pathways of love when it's in bloom
And travelled down its alleys of heartaches, tears and gloom.
I've walked through dreams with passion pulling at my sleeve
And learned that love is all that matters. This is my belief.

I've held a baby in my arms and been blessed by its breath.
I've come to trust the Lord and have no of fear death.
I've given up my heart and soul for the sake of love.
I've climbed inside compassion that fit me like a glove.

I've had my share of heartaches but faith has seen me through
The darkest of the starkest nights into a sky of blue.
It's been a destined journey, a long walk to remember
Under summer sunsets; through snow storms in December.

And now the days are hazing grey,
shorter every one.
Winter's chill is gaining ground.
The sun is on the run...

Looking back upon my life I do have some regrets
I've reaped what I have sown. I never hedged my bets.
The teardrops falling down my cheeks reflect each smile and frown.
The final day of winter's here. The sun is going down.

... Now I have run the good race and I have passed away
I hope my words will still resound; In someone's mind they'll play;
And if perchance they soothe a heart or cause a lover's sigh,
Higher on an angel's wing this soul of mine will fly.

A Murder of Crows

© Candice James, Poet Laureate

*Black is this night without scent of rose
Paint spilling from an ebony jar
Slicing the sky, a murder of crows*

*A rending of ragged seams to expose
The broken edge of a shattered star
Black is this night without scent of rose*

*The dying of essence and afterglows
A drifting of sparks turning into a scar
Slicing the sky, a murder of crows*

*A charcoal mist on December snows
This dream I can't reach that's always too far
Black is this night without scent of rose*

*With fragile arrows and broken bows
In the wounded paw of a raging jaguar
Slicing the sky, a murder of crows*

*The cup ran over, shattered then froze
Stepping back into my avatar
Black is this night without scent of rose
Slicing the sky, a murder of crows*

Early Morning Haunting

© Candice James

Through the foggy lens of an early morning haunting,
The ghosts of summer, windblown voices and hazy memories
Still linger in the blue shadows of a dying star.

A pearl scarf of frost glistens beneath a rising sun.
A lone gull whispers to the wind
Leaving its imprint in the thick atmosphere
Of this muted Autumn morning.
My footsteps crunch and crackle
On a scatter of pebbles and leaves
That whisper secrets into the outstretched palms
Of this early morning haunting.

I watch the sun rise:
Ash to ember to flame.
I listen to the wind:
Silence to whispers to voices.

I'm alone, yet not alone.
I walk with ghosts
In the blue shadows
Of this early morning haunting...
Haunted

Poetograph
by Candice James

Something

~ Candice James 2014

There is an eternal mark
On our souls:
A placement,
A time
And a tandem;
Something of you
That resides in me
And something of me
That resides in you;
Something that is,
Has always been
And will ever be.

There is no death in life
Nor life in death;
And yet they are both
Continuously
In constant overlap,
Here and there
In synchronous location
And time.

We cross the here and there
Unaware...
Yet aware on some level
That there is something:
Present or absent,
Current or past
That transcends everything
Into the Eternal Now;
Something that always is;
Something of you in me;
Something of me in you;
Forever ...
Wending its way home
To us.

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