

Fall and Winter Elation

By Erik Estabrook

These are my spirit of the season poems that talk about what I love in the season, the highs and lows of the fall and winter time. Much preparation was taken in the forms involved and much work was done in the forms.

I hope you enjoy my holiday gift for you.

Thanksgiving for Autism

Thanks is long overdue for the autistic mind,
Made and molded in many different hues,
All bring beauty to life,

... We should all be grateful for a unique mind,
Mines walked all over the 4 corners of this Earth,
Stretched an flown, even grown in its replies,

We should be thankful for our ways and our days on the calendar,
We are all worthy souls, who don't need a show spectacular,

In God's grace we earn what we yield,
And how we're often depicted isn't how we feel,

Once painted in outrage,
But my heart still lightly fluttered,
Once pointed out to the side,
How we're picked on and depicted is the struggle,

Strong words our waves break the peaceful day,

Once now a beginning not a delay,

Once depicted, now uplifted celebrated this way,

That we're unique, free and useful in our entire array,

You are in charge of the depiction in the end, friend.

Falls Hope

It's there in the rustling of the laves,
The eternal cry building off earthly pangs,

It's a fierce bleeding internal that rushed out,
The long desire of love's wellspring collapsing,

Sometimes pain sets you free,
Falls hope isn't false hope,
But life given in the dead of the leaves,

That force is there but
The first thing we imagine is power and chains,
That is why our minds restrained,

Believe, that sometimes you have to fight every last second to win,

Falls hope isn't false hope,
One might grow to see the colors within.

After the Disaster

There's always a ponderance on the day after the eve of a disaster,
something that calls to a poet
(It's quiet now let the mind work)

Had I been in the tower that smoke ridden day,
I think I might've touched a cloud and left without delay
For when they said "a second plane has crashed into the world trade
center" there was a terror that wrenched inside from these rotten
terrorists,

It had us all thinking what we'd miss
If we became face to face with the abyss
We wonder while the sky turns black am I right, every night?
When we shouldn't have to wonder,

And if you wake up thinking what now, the worst will surely happen,
Expectations are rarely met, as nothing revolves around us,
For if the stars attempted a revolution around our sickly form,

We'd likely turn to dust,

Thus remove the sparkles from your eyes and think moments ahead in
time,

For if a tragedy happened today would you be the weeping wounded,
or sifting through the rubble?

If we face our days like empty boxes, with items we sell for pennies,
then as such our days are numbered and our life is just as any?

Uprooted

Look up at the redwoods trunk and ask it a million questions,
You'll find hawks like to glide as much as people like to incessantly
babble

Next time, say something

We'll put a marker on you if we like you enough

A little sticker that says do not touch

People don't know where their rights begin and end

Thus new ones get created,

Redwoods speak in slow-tongued speech

Respect your elders of the forest and sea

Anything we build can be uprooted, lost in a blink,

Ask the sun to come out more it'll bring daylight eyes to budding leaves

Take a pen and grasp its shape,

Find its heart tucked beneath rooted fears,
Capture a bit but always release, let things free stay free,

We all might be figurines in snow globes,
Dancing an offbeat jig to some omnipotent being

Kindness though is universal

Purity, essential

Not just to us but all creatures of the wellspring

Our welfare is barren

How often do we just seek?

Makers of the golden road,

Your eyes have become prying on the common man's beliefs

Use your honor to pave a pathway

For the daytreaders tired feet

Virgins of visions past, uprooted,

Ideals aren't just for dreams.

Emerse Me in September

For time will notice my piece,
I haven't left it all said,
Yet I still find no relief,
As I lay here wounds unmended,
Fall is in the air,
Subtle fragrances, cinnamon hair,
Nights with white oleander leaf sheets,
A whisper of wonder with a hint of winter's breathe at the feet,
Colors that pop out like kids at Halloween,
Colors that revel purple splendor, pristine,
These leafs get their day in finest glory before they fall,
Emerse me in September,
Let me go with it all,
Whatever your task be,
Be it one fulfilled,
And crisp air with the right care,

Will fill your lungs with zeal,
Treat tonight with nothing squandered,
Hold onto it with wonder,
The days of fall with care one would ponder,
Kept to a note like that of an eyelash flutter,
The symphony a serene blossoming, the prelude,
A nude, somber tone,
emerge me in September,
The month where the sun's rays crystallize,
And dance before your eyes, where a threshold of laughter bloomed in
my heart,
Where cool rain came like falling newborn eyes opening,
emerge me in September,
That's where I long to be,
Though I'm a child born of snow,
And winter of January,
In September my heart was free,
Death now has its path to my being,
Let me be in one more grand September,
Let me know as a leaf, I'm now showing my brightest colors,

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