

## Foreword

These are the last of the poems that I wrote during a three and a half year time span beginning in September of 1967.

Orb II contains all of the poetry that was written during the 2<sup>nd</sup> half of that time frame, the good poems and the bad ones. This volume contains some of my best work. A Champion Born and Flamenco Dancer are two of my personal favorites, along with the whimsical Sunshine; while Prism is arguably the biggest bunch of malarkey I have ever read. But then, what do I know? Over the past years, I've learned that what I like and what my critics like are two different animals.

What the reader may notice while paging through this book is that towards the end of the volume the quality of the poems begins to slip. My excuse for this diminishing focus is that I had to get out on my own, explore life, and try to earn a living and put food and beer on the table. Suddenly, poetry did not seem so important to me.

Still, all in all, I am very proud of what I accomplished during those years. I truly hope that some of these poems reach out and touch your heart, and bring a little sunshine to your day.

Yours,

B. Wayne Scott

Orb II:

The Last of the Poems

- 1 Rumpelstiltskin.....March 1969
- 2 A Champion Born.....April 1969
- 3 One-eyed Man.....April 1969
- 4 No One Weeps.....June 1969
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- 6 Evening.....July 1969
- 7 Vernal Fields.....October 1969
- 8 Flamenco Dancer.....January 1970
- 9 Prism.....February 1970
- 10 Winter/Madcap.....March 1970
- 11 Mourning Song.....April 1970
- 12 Dulcimer Suite.....May 1970
- 13 Rhapsody.....June 1970
- 14 One Year Hence.....September 1970
- 15 A Poem for Hillary.....October 1970
- 16 A Daydream.....November 1970

## Rumplestiltskin

Cold-hearted bubble of green hued tint  
Rise to the surface, shatter to mint  
Cover the surface with a cellophane ruse  
Make truth and wives easy to choose  
Indivisible nation all underground  
Let flowers and sunshine rise to the mound  
Illume the netherworld with a brilliant shine  
Let passions flow with a sweet tasting wine  
A time and a space for all evil and good  
But there is no evil, Hell has come as it would  
An insipid sky of colorless fright  
Put ghosts and goblins into the good night  
A startled world of hypocrisy  
Rumplestiltskin, what about vanity?  
Men and trolls and minds full of hate  
Cold-hearted bubble you will burst too late

## A Champion Born

Across the prairie of desert grass  
The dust and loose-rooted soil arose  
And in one final cataclysmic moment  
It came together taking human form  
And a champion was born

It was a miracle the old lepers  
Could not comprehend as they  
Watched from their ranch house.  
They turned away saying it was  
Merely a twister and besides, the  
Sun was near the horizon  
Making their eyes play tricks.

Sensing the pessimistic presence  
The champion arose into the air  
And shot across the brown, leprose acres  
Toward the ranch house.  
He hovered outside the window

As he watched the scowls on the  
Old peoples faces as they failed  
At trying to light the fire.  
The fantastic temperature change would  
Soon bring early death to the cursing lazars  
If no flame came to crackle in the fire place.

But the champion felt compassion for the  
Stricken lazars and with a mere  
Thought the fire burst into flame.  
Each lepers eyes widened the  
Length of his face at the oddity  
And they lit out the door into the  
Frozen night never to be seen again  
Except by the lemurs.

The champion thought deeply for  
A moment and then in an instant  
He shot high above the Earth into  
The lavender reaches of far space  
Where he exploded himself into a thousand  
Fragments that drifted forever through the cosmos.

## One-eyed Man

Beware the one-eyed man

His sadistic approaches

To find contentment between

The parted limbs of the

Fair and soft skinned creature

Bend and shape the heart

As impulses and throbs,

The sensation of the strobe

Beware the one-eyed man

Weaving back and forth

In his struggle against hypocrisy

He goes to Hell in one flaming

Indiscreet streak of spark

And then triumphantly returns

From the dead

But in his moment of silence

He sees all good in man and love

And then turns his back on them

And drops out when he

Realizes he may be the anti-hero

Please, beware the one-eyed man



## No One Weeps

We both wept, those warm spring days  
When love is fabled to flow like rivers  
For those already stricken,  
And blossom and grow  
For those less tender in emotion.  
It was a time when moisture laden trilliums  
Over-ran the meadows, and the sweet scent of  
Sage and myrrh defied the winds to push them away,  
While lavender made its pledge  
To crepe the processions of gowns or organdy.  
And that white obverse disk sat in the  
Proud, black sky for a seeming eternity  
And lit the path for the treasures of love.  
  
Yet **our** love grew further apart.

Perhaps it was only for  
The harsh, winter months  
That we had generated a warmth for each other,  
A warmth that was as sincere as any love  
That had blossomed during the spring.  
For us the snow was truth.  
We needed nothing else.  
For even though the moon had  
Deserted us, we still had our light,  
An aura which we had created for ourselves  
That reflected from the pure snow  
And made us realize that we did indeed love.

But with the coming of a new season  
Our love vanished without reason  
And we wept those warm spring days.

Yet no one weeps these summer days  
The past is past and lies somewhere hidden  
In sadder memories meant only to forget.  
Another has taken her place, and  
Though the colorful spring flowers have  
Turned to dust, we have more than

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