

Poetry Beside Rippling Waters

By

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A Sweet Love Poem

*Once again,
I stand at the edge of the cliff
And look down.
Forty-seven feet below,
And I'll wear a golden crown.
I'll fall to the bottom.
My life has been wasted.
No cradling mother for me there..
For God and husband are nowhere to be found.*

A Sweet Love Poem II

*Once again,
I stand at the edge of the cliff
And look down.
Forty-seven feet below,
And I'll wear a golden crown.
I'll fall to the bottom,
But my soul, my soul will not ever die.
It will lift up to the highest clouds in the sky.
There will I stay, as virgin, forever.
But no cradling mother for me there.*

A Sweet Love Poem III

Two legs, dangling in the air...

*I see the blue of the sky! And the white wisps, like spun sugar across a
backdrop of topaz.*

I turn around, again and again,

And experience the centripetal drug

I will never know a love like this endless drug;

But this swing was meant for two...

Four legs...

Sweeping across the mottled sky,

But then lightning comes

And rain gushes forth, like a release of tears.

Give me your legs

And crook them with mine,

Give me your arms

And cradle them over my body,

Give me your smile,

And radiate it against my face,

And give me your love...

These tears will erase.

I saw eternities in your eyes...

I would die... to see eternities in your eyes... forever...

Beside the Still Waters

*Beside the sundial, we walk
And speak with each other quietly
About our lives and our happiness thereof,
We enjoy each other's company peacefully,
And begin to understand, deeply,
Each other's thoughts.*

*Then I discover a still pool with him.
I bend and drink from the water, and so does he.
So invigorated, I feel
So joyful to know another person
So thoroughly, and
Examine closely each part of his life
Wondering at what had gone wrong, and what I could do.*

*From his beginning 'til his present day,
He had felt alone, and I was not with him.
The quick realization comes that,
Today,
Though I felt the same,
The two of us could walk side by side,
Teeming with happiness, to the end of our existence,
And I would be forever with him, as one. The breeze blows.*

Church Bells

Church bells toll in the distance.

I rush through the halls, my heart beating furiously

My hands are trembling; my face is covered in sweat.

The bells toll five, the time that I am asked for.

As it grows later, the shadows elongate,

and the sky becomes ablaze with pink, red, orange and yellow.

Daffodils bow their heads to bring forth the darkness of the night,

And birds slow their song as the day comes to an end.

There is a haunting sorrow in the air,

So thick I could feel it tugging at the bottom of my stomach

As a lonely nightingale sings,

And angels keep watch as we make our way.

Slipping into the cool air of the church I sink into a pew,

My thoughts racing as the music calls to my soul.

I never thought I would be here.

I never thought that I would need it, but face it I must.

The monastery bathed in a green-gray light,

I open my mouth and begin to sing,

Half-heartedly, though my voice lifts

To meet the enthusiasm of the chords.

Dusty Fingerprints

*The spine-limbed cedars, which surround the bay,
They whip and cackle like a devil at play,
Sway sorrowfully but surely with the solid wind,
And can delve into my heart, and know that I have sinned.
Its branches are like black-gloved fingers, which reach out,
trying passionately to penetrate my pointless doubt
Ever groping and embedding its talons deep,
And awaken me from a long, and meditative sleep.*

*I hesitate, if only for a moment, to survey what I have lost
And look beyond the trellis to the sparkling of frost.
The old, barren cedars call to me, "Come."
And I hear the low rhythm of a steel-band drum.*

Inspiration Within My Hand

*Tracing my hand along the edge of delicate shadows
cast by a forest of Juniper trees against my window.
I jump in delight at the thick brush of underwood greens,*

*soft and smothery, reflected in the glass.
Is this cage of a room the only freedom I will feel?
As day after day, pacing back and forth, a mad poet
I try to expand the room with my sometimes insane ideas.
My red sash of a belt brushing the ground,
The branches of the trees brush past, and
Those images that come to my window,
Expand and grow, and
Are those I digest, and regurgitate
To be hopefully upon someone's pillow
As a little book of poems.*

Street Stairs

*When I awoke and saw the city lights,
Saw the sleeping cars on the street, the warm exhaust rising up,
And headlights moving that cut through billowing steam.
Droves of people were walking along, who I guessed
Had very different, separate lives.*

*I looked down from my vantage point, and saw the street-vendors,
The alley ways, and fire escapes leading down from the rooftops of
buildings.
The merchants' umbrellas were up, to catch rain, all of them black..
A man called out to someone else from very far away,*

As a woman dropped her purse and bent to get it.

So busy, this scene, as the early moon rose higher

The streets were slick with rain and grease

When I set my foot upon the sidewalk

I walked faster and faster

Until I broke into a run

And ended up falling

Into Your Arms;

With You,

Finally.

The Billowy Wind

I touch my hand to the dark puddle, watch the ripples expand

And trace my hand along my reflection, the glass-like silhouette.

Sky and sky rushes by, blowing with enormous gusts,

As days of time seem to pass, obvious to me;

A time refraction in the open air, I seem to not know where I am.

Boundaries become invisible as the day passes to later,

And I am still transfixed by the rolling shallowness of the cool water.

To see the sky, in all that goes by above me,

Gesturing gently that all pain surely goes away.

The cacti bend lower as the light goes down, and the air hushes.

*The wind is thick and massive, nearly blowing me over,
And the air is scented with sweet, delicate to the tastes
I am overcome by the grandiosity of this land, reflected upon the
water
And the castles made of sand hills leveling overhead.
The power sweeps me up in all of the day, me observing.*

The Black Dracula

*He enfolds me with his cape, drawing me closer inwards
To allow me to feel his warmth, his blood-dripping fangs*

*Drawing my blood, the very life-form out of me
As my yearning drifts to his mouth, the part of them*

*And then the sharpness into my neck, his shadow
My Arch-love, ever coming back to me.*

*I depart from him, as though in a dream
Never to forget his dark presence
And never to think the same way again.*

The Cleansing Water

*I awaken to the bright expanse of day,
which is filled with the joyful colors of creation.
I try to rejoice, and give my God thanks
But I tumble into sad contemplation.
Would this loveliness of the slate-blue sky
In which robins and larks cry out on high,
Pull back the curtains of my despair,
And cut through the darkness, which festered there?
No, I cannot seem to find
A most suitable argument to leave behind
The sorrow, self-doubt, dejection, and blame
that my lover caused when he rejected my name.*

*Just beyond the forest, I see
There flows a river, gushing with power
Its waters are cool, and azure-blue
And besides its banks I have spent many an hour.
The lush, dark evergreens that line its banks
Are sentinels that keep watch as salmon give thanks.
It is a retreat, in the past, where I found peace,
But lately my visits have begun to cease.
Long ago, I trusted in the Lord,
But now I follow my own accord.*

*The river that winds through the thickets and valleys
was once a place I cleansed my sins.*

*These waters of communion that restore my soul
Are the conduit through which my great God wins.*

The invigorating touch of Heaven's gate

Did help to make my fears abate,

But now the dirt that soils my day

Is the very impurity that keeps me away.

Depression, shame, guilt, and pain

Do mark upon my soul an ugly stain.

And so, this great scope that stands before me,

Cries out in a voice I can barely hear.

"Abandon the filth of your painful past,

And follow me now; there is nothing to fear."

I went out that day, filled with new expectation,

And saw the raw beauty of Divine inspiration.

My soul was weak, my heart breaking

But once I reached the river, I began shaking.

I did touch the water, splashed it on my face

And all my sins, my Lord did erase.

and

Beckon to my heart, so filled with doubt?

For, my tears hold no purpose; there is no agony to shout.

The Evening Wind

Through the meadows and trees, I search desperately for the perfect words,

The perfect words to describe the exhilaration I am feeling inside.

Past cottages and the rolling hills, I sit privately upon a stump

And interlace my fingers, waiting for poetry to roll out.

Will it be about my God? Or will it be about my love?

What images do these pastures conjure, when I am with nature and God,

But all I am waiting is for a single kiss from my gentleman?

*He sits with me as the sun goes down, and watches the colors dip,
deep past*

*I feel emotions well within my chest, so tumultuous, like the scenery,
And I reflect upon God's creation and his glory.*

With the day escape me, with little whisper behind it,

*Or will I capture some romance, some relic of what I have
experienced?*

His kisses escape me, gone into the dust like yesterday.

Echoes, echoes, to come rolling back to remind me what I have seen

And what I have experienced, as the day long goes away,

*And shadows are left over, long rolling out like black fingers upon a
frost.*

What will we dream about, my love? Will we see each other again?

*And until the next time we meet, 'til then, 'til then, I must tell you a
good-night,
And let the night spirits take you away.*

*I am left to the hollowness of myself, alone with my thoughts,
When long ago I should have gone inside,
But the nature calls to me with its low bellows and gust of wind.
I cannot help but stay, with the cold breezes,
Drinking the dew into my hems,
Shivering to get a little bit of inspiration.*

The Shadowed Hallway

*Elongated shadows, draping across the hallway
Tell of the time passed since I saw you this morning
As the hands of the old clock tick away,
So grows the monstrousness of our arguments,
But I can't wait until I see you again.*

*Like a vast pool of neglect and woe, so are troubles are
Thick and consuming, our distance more than silence
A depth of darkness, and a massive cloud of doubt
And confusing, ominous self-delusion
As the shadows creep over the runway in stripes.*

*Tick, tick, and more time passes, stretched to seem longer.
I breathe haughtily, not knowing where you are.
My pulse races, only to know your whereabouts,
So that we can mend our hurt hearts
So that words can soothe the damaged egos.*

*A hallway of hurtful words comes between us,
A museum of things that we ought not to have said.
So vast these gaps that selfishness have afforded us,
And not even a thought to the dignity of love.
Foreboding sweeps over me, as I know it has been lost.*

*Time seems to completely elude me, as the den
Is completely encompassed in thick darkness.
All the day has gone away, swept up in ignorance,
As I have simply not done a thing for the old house.
My emotions are enveloped in despair.*

The Soils of the Forest

*To send my love poems deeper into the forest...
Where the swallow will never touch,
Nor human being behold.
I would bury them deep under the soil,*

Where my heart could never break.

*Running, and running, and running away,
And from all calls that could rip at me,
People's gasps and sighs at my lack of cooperation,
And then only to tell them that I am truly in love.
Do not approach me!*

*I have tried to hide myself away, away from their threats
When once it was so terribly sensitive;
Could rip at my soul in an instant.
Don't come closer to me!
Allow me to hide away, deeper into the forest.*

*To bury my tears, all the breadth of them,
Drum, drumming, ever away from them
I find solace in the beauty of this nature,
One that would bend her boughs
And cover me to safe hiddenness.*

The Spiral

*It reminds me
Of a pinwheel,
Spinning around at a smoky state fair*

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