

10/14/18

The early evening October sky at sunset
Welcomes me.
The lovely clouds and setting golden sun on high
My dreams of joining
Longing to see beyond the now
To live forever in a better place
And never die.

A dream perhaps
A longing for a time gone by.
I pray my questions,
Await my answer from the sky.
Be there baby, be there sweet face,
Be there girl, I love you still,
Though the years do fly.

Just beauty for beauties sake
Just dreams when I awake!

11/14/18

Where ever I see
Beauty in the day
In the night
In the faces of passing crowds
Or in the semblance of forms in trees
Wherever I hear the voices
Of reason or of rhyme of people
In work or play in song or dance
See our lovely histories in paintings
Or in the beauty of quiet dreams
or in the days dawn or clouds on high
or setting sun
The swelling seas in storm
The city streets in thunderous spring rains
The snow on mountains
Where ever there is beauty
In this poets adoration of the world at large
There is your being and presence...

Work in progress (untitled)

Mood indigo

From my high window
Is the view of a wide wide open winter's sky.
Gray and a tiny bit foreboding,
As in winter skies gone by.
A remembrance of an ancient mood
A time deep in my past
Standing as a child and staring outward,
Not knowing what the mood meant
In that moment
And, for many and each
Winter sky that's past, what mood
Was distilled in that and, each moment of
Those different years.
What time in life was it for me.
And, what year and with whom
Standing near?
This is what I feel and see
when looking upon
These ascending night clouds,
Reaping moods and stories from
the many years of my blessed life,
From then til now!

Monologue for my golden years

Each day when I look
Into the mirror on my wall,
I am keenly aware that it may be my last
Look, at me and my world within.
In fact, the world without!
Without my needs and happy deeds
Or sadness, fears and
Joy in the past days or years
Each day and hour is the possible last of days!
What can I make of this?
What can I do to remain
appreciative and serene
In the face of this?
The only way to make this
Day complete is to remind myself,
To be grateful for my life as it was lived,
even facing the possible truth,
That in the end, it may come to pass
my existence,
May actually never have been!

“Returning Is The Motion Of The Way”

Was it yesterday when
I cried into this poem?
Remembering the day when
You stole and possessed and
Threw my love away,
Just yesterday and a thousand years
Alone...

Only today to say your sorry.
And, that you pray forgiveness
And my return.
Well here I am!
Now again in love
With you,
Now again back home.

10/27/'18

Timeless interlude

About the time when I met you
There we were lost in time
In New York city without a clue.
No idea which way to go
No idea with who.

But, from somewhere deep within
A music played soft and true.
A sweet and kindly melody,
And a dance emerged
Between us two.

It seemed a graceful swing
With graceful steps and
A graceful fling and a time
To feel whole and true,
A time to be loved anew.

And this dance between us
Both soft and true,
Has seemingly remained
Our whole life through.
And now, each morning and evening
I, without regret awake to you.

WHAT DESTINY OWES ME

A RICH GOOD TIME IN LIFE NEXT TIME AROUND
ONE IN WHICH I COULD SAY
I'M HAPPY AND IT SHOWS:
MY WORLD IS A PRETTIER PLACE,
MY LOVES AND MY OWN GROWTH
ARE HAPPENING

THE TRUTH IS THAT
THE DEAD COME TO ME AWAKE AND IN SLEEP.
WAITING PATIENTLY AND AMUSED,
"HERE WE ARE, THEY SAY, THE TRUE LIVING INDEED!
AWAITING TO GUIDE YOU TO A MORE PERFECT
PLACE.
A PLACE THAT YOU CAN'T CONCEIVE AND
ONLY SEE FROM TIME TO TIME
IN VARIOUS AND ACCIDENTAL MOMENTS
LIKE A PRETTY FACE.
I WANT TO GO THERE I SHOUT ALOUD!
I WANT THE PROMISE THAT WAS MADE
BY BEING BORN.