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janet p. caldwell

Poetry

Passages

by

Janet P. Caldwell

inner child press, ltd.

General Information

Passages

Janet P. Caldwell

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Dedication

You are forever the muse in my heart

my Children

Michael and Summer

my Grandchildren

Natalie, Abby and Jeremiah

my Son & Daughter In Law

Nate and Sarah

All of my sanity and effort in this life is because of you.

Foreword

When I was asked by Janet to write the forward to her next book of poetry, I was extremely honored as the humble feeling of responsibility set in for being appointed to accomplish such a noble endeavor. The reason being, this is an extraordinary human being, who is elegant at heart and yet absolutely real as she will reveal to you through words of poetry. She is absolutely original, and will deliver to you a raw, however pure spirit that will touch the very fabric of your soul. You'll say, I get her and completely understand where she is coming from.

In poetic fashion, you'll come to appreciate this is a woman who has undergone many challenges in life, but has chosen not to be a victim of her circumstances. She can talk about her lived experience, bring it down to its bare essence, and then show you the way to lift yourself beyond it all. In other words, Janet won't allow you to dwell in the melancholy of life for long. You'll be expected to get up, dust yourself off and then get on with the living. Janet's words will not surrender to the life of the hopeless, no matter how bleak reality may appear at the moment.

If you are into poetry, 'cause you know it will expose the experience of the writer as perceived and expressed by them through the ultimate art form, poetry. Well then, you will thrive upon and be inspired by the poetry of Janet Caldwell. Her destiny is to be one of the greats, I have no doubt.

Keith Alan Hamilton

Poet, Writer, Photographer, Publisher and Dear Friend
www.keithalanhamilton.com

Preface

The expressions found within the pages of this book are an attempt to take you on a journey from darkness into the light. I have seen the shadows that haunt me and the glorious light that enveloped me in love. I have found that as long as I look into the light of my Father, the shadows are behind me. Only when I look into the face of them and dwell there do I have the propensity to be swallowed by them.

I have learned that they are harmless to me as long as I do not engage. It's easy to become depressed or sad and let them swallow you whole, like a cold drink of water on a hot day in hell. My poetry has always been cathartic for me and I know it will be for you. The poetry and prose in this book are a reflection of my journey of stepping in and out of the light. Finally to be embraced by love, acceptance of self and more importantly to love all of God's creation and myself.

It was not an easy road but I would not have changed it for the world. I know the poems in this book will make you laugh, cry, feel love and experience righteous indignation at times. It has been an honor to share my words again and I thank you in advance for reading.

Blessings of love & peace,

Janet Caldwell

Table of Contents

Passages	1
A Rose is a Sore	3
Buyer Beware	4
What's it all about ?	6
Love Simply	9
Self Notes	10
Visibility	11
No Swallowing	12
Cranioto – me	13
Sometimes	15
Ransomed	17
Needing Her	18
Love Eternal	19
Meet Love	21
The Muse	22
Unchained	24
Orbiting the Sun	25
I Dreamed of Peace	26

Table of Contents . . . continued

For my Mother	27
Pure Love for Natalie Elizabeth	28
Summer Elizabeth	29
Opening	31
Michael David	32
Sarah	34
Branded	35
Research Project	36
Fatigued	37
Keep off the Grass	38
Radical Love	39
Dry Run	40
Something in the Air	41
Vision	42
Love Covers	43
Maybe Later – Haiku	44
Small Packages Revealed	45
Incineration	46

Table of Contents . . . continued

You	47
Star Dancer	48
I Am	49
When the Rains Came	50
Chasm	51
Extinguish & Proceed	52
Dinner in two dimensions	54
Thanksgiving	55
Tell me another	56
Arcadia	57
Daze	59
Jesus had a brain	60
Return to the Tide	62
Fragments	63
Déjà vu Tide	64
Asylum	65
Penalty Box	66
Forever Michael	67

Table of Contents . . . continued

Bone Chill	68
The words wouldn't come	69
Stunned	70
Solar Slake	71
I Chose This	72
A. M. Reverie	74
Ancient Lover ~ Part I	75
Ancient Lover ~ Part II	76
Consume	77
Thinking out loud	78
Thin Tuesday	79
Cover Me	80
Altered	81
And I Love Her	82
Breathe	84
Canticles	85
Haiku's Seasons	87
Confusion on the lam(b)	88

Table of Contents . . . continued

Dreaming	90
Dreams	91
Thank you for dropping in	92
Friday Morn Rant	93
He	94
How was I to know ?	95
IC Family	97
Just Me	98
Life is funny that way	100
Lily	101
Living	103
Loving Jenny	104
Mapping it out . . .	106
Masking the Girl	108
My Boy Lollipop	109
Never Right	110
Thursday's Dreams	112
One Love	114

Table of Contents . . . continued

A Poem for Him	116
Back to Life	117
Life Blood	119
Revelation	120
Lovers Reunited	121
Poetry Man	122
Fairy on a Breeze	123
Starved no more	124
Jury's Out	126
The Dress	128
My little toe was my friend	130
Forever Untitled	132
The Surgeon	133
Twin Souls in Karnack	134
Warrior Queen	136
1005	137
M. I. A.	139
Free at Last	140

Table of Contents . . . continued

The Garden Once More	142
Passing Fancy	144
Remembering You	145
Unveiled	147
Ladybug	149
Communion	152
And I Bleed	154
Humanity's Song	156
Flight	158
Freedom in Love	159
Lifting the Dead	160
A Collaboration of Lovers	162
Photograph	166
Retrial Denied, Times Three	168
Get it Together	171
Thoughts	172
Nobody told me . . .	174
The Twins	175

Table of Contents . . . continued

Dear Diary	176
Her Story	177
Caller ID	180
Moments in Love	181
Skinny Love	182
Mother and Daughter	184

Epilogue

About The Author	189
Endorsements and Reviews	191
a Final Word from Janet	195

Namaste'





Passages



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Passages

The Grateful Dead said it best
“what a long strange trip it's been.”
I concur it has, but what a riveting one
even while taking it on the chin.

I think of the days of crawling on my knees
through a drunken haze of insecurity.
Looking for Mr. Right Now; finding
Mr. Right and my ever growing needs.

Trying to understand my truth, untangle
religious dogma that I never believed
to love and honor my Creator, to be free.

Looking back to where I was then and my
journey today, I may have done a few things
different, but then I would not be me.
Smile and rethink. I like me.

Correction, I love me now.
As the light has come from inside self,
placed their by my God
and shared with so many.

I am so grateful for friends who have taken
the time to share their love light with me.
Without them, Mine would still be a candle
under a bushel.

→

Passages

Passages . . . *continued*

They have sown seeds of joy and peace
and shown me the way back to love.
I am indebted to give back, you know
exactly who you are, for you are many.

May we all shine, forever bright.
Sharing this love light, a lantern
to the soul, a map for the weary,
follow love, it's the right road.

A Rose is a Sore

Lying in the coffin fortune teller,
I listened as the noises came and went.
Some like mantras, others banging
and clanging to wake the dead.

Maybe me?

I wondered what my fortune would be
as this pain has been so hard on me.
I thought that I could ride it out
or lose it somewhere.

The lost and found kept bringing it back
so here I sit shattered inside, with no-one
to tell...ignore the shadows, the voices
are nothing to fear.

I do not fear them or what you think,
I am just sick of this shit!
I wonder if the MRI will reveal
the source of my real pain.

You know, in my gut, my heart
with blood pumping insane.

I think...that I know already.

Buyer Beware

An uninvited guest came knocking.
I opened my door to see...
a glint eyed ghoul,
with stains on his waist coat..
and a smell of serious shit!

Hesitantly, I asked, how may I help you?
He gleamed and beamed, opening his dirty case,
with maggots falling at his feet.
Covering them with his dusty shoes he said
that he had the perfect dress for me.

He was selling delicate dresses.

On closer inspection I noticed
the pockets were ripped from gorged gossip
and lined with judgments.
In truth, irregular fits.

Uhhhhh, I was in no mood to entertain
or ascertain the intentions of this call.

I snubbed his nonsense and
I closed my door.
I refused...to further his cause.

→

Buyer Beware . . . *continued*

From me, he has no invitation
and I don't know his destination.
I am just glad he's gone.

I want to live and let live.
So tell me a tale of
acceptance and I will lend my ear.

Yes, the discretionary tales
hum sweetly, as before.
Uninformed buyer

no more.

Passages

What's it all about ?

I ask you...
what is it
that benefits...
mankind ?

More concrete jungles
damned if you do
damned if you don't
nine
to
five?

Hmmmmnn
Let's see now.
What have we done ?

Warships and bombers
spilled blood
by the score.

Designed delusions
illusions
intrusions...
can we take anymore ?

Division, yes hatred
mouth spilling foam.

→

What's it all about . . . *continued*

Villages raided...
you know the score.

Can you see where
the buffalo did roam?

Borders not crossed...
fear of unknown.

Communication lost...
twisted touchstone!

Sadness now madness
imaginings catered
as a celebrated meal.

Scattered grain...
mustard seeds...
Losing our brain.

Killing and burning
against our divine will.

If we're not careful
slaughter is as easy
as we all fall downhill.

Take a look inside...
your heart beats...
not on it's own.

→

Passages

What's it all about . . . *continued*

One breath...

inhale...whoooooosh

exhale...ahhhhhhhhhh

All gifts from the divine

With out sharing love
we are surely insane.

Wake up beloved.
Extend compassion
and mercy...I heard
my Father's call.

Spread love
NOW
shower
them all.

Love Simply

Source's voice spoke to me today.
He told me of his great love
and joy, when his children are at play.

Laughing and talking, sharing one truth.
Come out now, inner child's youth.
Dance in the gardens, sing a new song.

How he *Agape-d* me so sweetly
unchained...
by his fluid heart.
He's always been here, cheering us on.

No longer sleeping
I let you in
Eternal Love
trusted soul
seeding the blessed
nature of One.

Picnic in the gardens, blankets strewn
on the lawn, making our bed
the joys of reunion-communion.

Beloved, you are the source of Source
I thank you for the prayers
and the teachings shared with me this day.

Inviting Source in our lives daily,
has brought forth joy and comfort
we share his love and give it away.

Passages

Self Notes

Humor is necessary
sensitivity required.

Compassionate heart
my trusted desire.

Intelligent and witty
spiritually enlightened.

Shine love/peace now
brilliance is heightened.

We roamed through Mother's forest
leaves clapping, sanctioned by One.

Forever grateful
when we sang one song.

Visibility

I wonder what
you see in me.
I wonder if
grass isn't green.
I ponder evidence
splayed before me
and the scenes unseen.

Passages

No Swallowing

Fear...
great illusion
taught to me
eaten by many
desiccated
choked
then evoked
regurgitation
day by day
remaining free
birthright intact
Powerful
Simply me

Cranioto-me

Lessons

Day by day
is never easy
I know the cost
is the price I'll pay

Take my brain
instead...I give
it gladly

severed sliced diced

for science sake
maybe yours
probably mine

some days
I wanna pack up
my fleshy chamber
pumping crimson

take it from you
jump the track

→

Passages

Cranioto-me . . . *continued*

depart
from this
crazy train

ticket please...
and I respond
thank you, yes
I'll ride along

I am here
perfumed and wrapped
ready for burial

or was it a party?
the thought has escaped me

silhouette
snapshot
vignette

a framed photo
on your wall

Sometimes

Sometimes...
ya, just wanna scream ...
but...
still dream
the dream
that dream.
Dreams of peace and love
always joyous,
serene...
No-one is perfect
not you, me, them
I gave my love always...
to share with everyone
now, to my horror,
it is not possible
at best invisible
Some are antagonists
need to paw around,
never take a bite.
Beloved guest
is
this
a
test?

Passages

Sometimes . . . *continued*

Sometimes
we allow life
to crash in,
hammer
WHAM
SLAM...
feeling that?
I sure did...
got that?
(Moving forward)

I have to smile, thank you kindly
for the loud lessons learned.
You, a needed part of my journey
even blurred and burned.
Just as you sent to me once
I send back to you, with pretty
ribbons & plastic bows.
Peace & love, my friend
and
if you can tell me
where did it hide,
run off, go?

Ransomed

The atmosphere, a caliginous cast,
a foreboding feel.

The prophecy still at work from times past,
so I could not heal.

Out of the nocturnal ages it seems,
sac-like organs heave.

Mercurial canals of my mind stream,
and then I did breathe.

Out of the fog and into the clearing,
shards of light met me.

Green grass and flowers started appearing,
seeds of life to be.

Nourishing my starving spirit and soul,
I ate them all up.

Soft illumination did make me whole,
I drank from His cup.

His promise to me is eternal
where there is no grief.

Providence is not accidental,
my trust is not brief.

Needing Her

She came in the nick of time
he was so lost, needed a friend
a confidant and lover,
a little peace of mind.

Her name is Carolyn, his name is Bob,
long time friends of mine
so happy their paths crossed,
that they intertwined.

A love to last for all time,
she became ill, he became lost
desperate without her at home
He cried to me, for prayers and hope,
this I will do, I love them so.

The years were good and chaotic at times
but she was/is his only one.
The lady of Grace, the lady that knows the
tune to his song.

I pray that she stays around in human form
to keep him happy, she makes him strong.
Should she leave and become spirit once again,
she'll dance in their gardens
singing songs of love for him
urging him along.

Love Eternal

I have heard it said that love eternal
cannot, will not be denied. I know
this is true because it has happened
to me, to us, once again.

We loved aeons ago but were separated
because royal blood ran through his veins.
We were secret lovers when
I became swollen with his seed.

I was banished from the court and
the kingdom itself. My life was
so empty then, I took our baby and ran.
A farmers wife had pity on me and took us in.

I heard it said that a bounty was on my head.
I could not bare the thought of the kings men
taking my life. So I gave our child to the farmers
wife to raise safely as her own and ended my life.

In shadows and darkness I looked for him. I
was born over and over again. Now I have
set my eyes on him. He sees and remembers
me too. We'll complete what was started
in the here and now.

Passages

Love Eternal . . . *continued*

Rejoicing in the return of our love
he said to me, *I knew that I would find you*
I walked through hell and dark caves
searching for you my love, my grace.

It's been a year now since our lives
were reborn. We pitter/putter in our
garden where seeds of love are sown.
It is true that love eternal love
cannot, will not be denied.

Meet Love

Love has always been here. She fed me,
led me, held me close and whispered
sweet somethings in my ear. Swayed
me, prayed me, serenaded and
ceremoniously sated me.

She cannot be contained or
hoarded. She gives freely
and she must be given away
immediately.

She's a gentle whisper in the breeze
dancing clouds, the shards of light
striking through my trees.

The cup of water you gave to a thirsty soul.
She's compassion and mercy divine.
She asks for nothing...she is the only
one that I know that when given, divided
for you and me...she's never less
than, she multiples, again and again.

Meet my friend.
Love never fails.

The Muse

I woke up with a different song
melodic tune, ticking my ears.
It was she, the muse, the poetry
that softly sang/rang her bell to me,
like a passage, a tubular seer.

What was she trying to say?
Was I to write her, me...those well kept secrets?
The ones buried deep, at least within my psyche
she pushing me on, againandagain ?

Me, always running, flighty
and carefree. At least I thought...
She saying, 'be still my child, let
the message sink in.

I have been here, watched you
struggle and my heart was heavy.
Though in time, I knew that you'd
see clear, should I keep you alive."

No head in the ovens, no gas-pipes
to silence your voice. Not a pill
to shake from the death bottle.
Should I keep you alive.

She, this muse, danced and played
upon my mind. I loved her, you know.
It's true, at fourteen, lying on the ground
staring through the trees. Contemplating
my demise.

→

The Muse . . . *continued*

Thinkingandthinking, asking if I should cheat you.
The wind blew a song, with a haunting
melody, it was she, the one, whispering
should I keep you alive?

She's convinced me now, I have so
much to give. A song of love, shared experiences
to uplift, maybe set another free.
I really must share and live love.

It was a long time ago when I met her,
couldn't been more than four or five.
When she asked the question
should I keep you alive?

Unchained

I was so glad when they said
let us come in and share.
I admit, I was hesitant at first,
afraid of being a fool.

Ego asks, what will they think
if you stumble/fumble, your
usual way? With a brave mask
hiding a shaky smile, I entered.

So many people around, my hands
began to move... and groove
like Cocker belting out
unchain my heart.

Oh God, you can't know
how I needed them to fall
from bruised wrists. Or was
it my heart? Never sure,
I needed to be free.

Free from lies, religious
and political, free from the
boy who said he loved me.

I finally realized that I
held my self captive,
I needed to be
released from me.

Orbiting the Sun

I am tired.
I do not feel clever.

I have no pretty or gritty words
for you today.

I sit inside four walls, dingy
with nicotine stain.

I did not want to move,
even to write this, but I did.

This is as high as I have to leap.

I Dreamed of Peace

Angry people stopped shouting.
Protest signs became invitations.
An extended hand grabbed mine;
People took to the streets
and danced. We rapped under an
ancient ash with living leaves.

Breathing...you are loved.
Show them the way
of labels removed.
Encouraged, by a new song
we live, the words of peace.

A bearded man with sandals said...
“Infected by love that’s
inside, you must not
bury this passion. Spread the news.
While succeeding in tranquility.”

I will.

For my Mother

I sat and watched, as water turned to
ice. I can see my breath;
thoughts always
race back to you, to us.

Unaware, we danced and splashed in
the water.
Life has taken a different turn for you &
me.

I somehow thought we would always be
solid, as that old tree. Roots deep.
People change and people die.
I'm feeling a little lonely and wondering why?

You were my teacher, my best friend. I was
there with you 'til the end.
A Mother/Daughter, who can explain? The bond
between them strong, at times filled
with pain.

I leave this spot and bid you farewell, when
the ice turns to water,
You know I'll be there.

Pure Love for Natalie Elizabeth

I am fifty-two at the time of
your Spring debut. Breathing
air, full of bluebonnets and hope.

At two weeks old
you slept with Granny.
I searched your face
for that squiggly smile.

Staring in awe, the wonder of you,
filling and melting my song.
Your preemie clothes fell
short. Within a day or
two, you grew and grew.

Our meeting was pint sized too.
Not long enough to suit.
For now, Mommy will
play the book, with
my recorded voice.

Telling you all the ways
that Granny loves you.

Summer Elizabeth

Green eyes and blond hair
my child of summer.
Beautiful girl, so fair
So proud to be your Mother.

Imaginative, with a Midas touch,
just one look from you
and I turn to golden mush.
Such is my love for you.

You have a way to make me smile.
Even when you didn't know it,
a presence that transcends the miles.
And such a fiery spirit

My impatient one,
I love you so, my gift from God
when I was so low.
Beat, lost and down trod'.

You brought me up
and made me sing.
I miss you sweet girl
The warmth you bring.

Passages

Summer Elizabeth . . . *continued*

I long to hold you when you're down,
and rock you in my arms again.
Make life safe, solid and sound.
Kiss whatever hurts, erase the things that harmed.

Summer Elizabeth, my only girl.
So much like me, my pretty one
with bright eyes, quicksilver smile
To my wonder, now twenty one.
Did I say 21, wow time flies
precious gift, you are in your 30th yr
and have a baby so dear.

I miss you loads and look
for the images that my computer
bring, to tell me of your life
and the new songs that you sing.

Fiery spirit, golden child, I have
never been so proud. You have
certainly blossomed as you love
I thank God for you, my gift from above.

Opening

Tender melons drip, juice of her life.
The bread is nearly done, though
still in the oven, ready for debut.

A picnic, now impossible
to stop. Greet the day with
joy, *this one* won't come again.

Feast your eyes my love.
Life is before you now.
You named her Natalie,
so many possibilities.

Michael David

My firstborn, beautiful son
discerning, soft spoken, blue/green eyes.
I smiled when the Doctor said
"it's a boy." Counted fingers and toes
making sure that you had ten of both.

You've brought a lot of joy
and pride as well.
Though I see you at times
in deep thought.

I can almost hear you thinking.
Wrestling with a problem,
turning those bits and
pieces of puzzle to find some meaning.

I hope that you can hear
the silent encouragement, "I know you can do it,
don't give up, there is a solution."
So instead of trying to chase all
those monsters back under the bed
I sit and watch you work it out instead.

Michael David . . . *continued*

I like to hang out and talk to you.
Laughing hysterically, your sense
of humor, bent like mine too.

Creative one, forever my gift.
I love you my child of spring.

Now 24, a man and still
always my first born, my son.

Again the moments have flown
my 1st born, my baby, my son.

How can it be that you are 33
with your beautiful wife Sarah
and 2 children of your own.

Still creative, and whispering
the songs to my heart, you cause
me to dance and sing, without you
life would be dull and flat.

My gentle one, peace is your color
compassion is your song...and the
band played on...

Sarah

She speaks softly, like a gentle breeze, taking care of my son and the Grand-kids with ease.

I am ever grateful for Sarah and her gentle heart my precious brown eyed one. There are not enough adjectives to describe this mystical young woman.

I know that I love her and prayed for her before she came in. Michael needed her and she needed him, so happy they found each other. She has brought sheer joy to my soul of which I can only shout and sing, praise God for her presence and the happiness she brings.

She is more of a daughter to me, no in-law stuff in this family. I love her so, her children are my grandchildren, little Abby and our precious Jeremiah. What a Godsend!!! May she ever have her cup full and running over, bless her Father, keep her whole.

Branded

Christian, Buddhist . . . bourgeois
or liberal.

Gay, straight, white or black.
Giver, taker, sometimes funny.
Boring, annoying maniac.

Labels...useless tags on a hat.
Stuffed judgments you place on me.

Breathless with chloroform rags.
Despising war, yet soldier, in
this army of death and life.

Dreamer of daisy chains and peace.
I am all of these. The sum
of parts is not equal to the whole.
Finally, I know it's true.

They do not define me or you.

Labels never do justice,
one dimensional shorthand.
Seems if you label someone,
you have some power over them.

Emphasis on the meaning
for the label...is the ultimate sin.
We are all multifaceted women/men.

Does anyone take pride in clarity?

Research Project

Another day, the light is too dim
for comfort. Indexes mismatched.
No magnifying glass to enhance.

Digging into archives, rearranging
files from cabinet. Looking
for THAT folder.

Air system moves dust, from
one corner to another, in this
hermetically sealed storage.

I cannot find what I am looking for.
Not in the reports, microfilm or index cards.
Cross reference is lost.

A memory, I had not too long ago.

Fatigued

It was new and bright,
crisp pages, the smell
so clean. Only I had the key,
to clean slate memories.

Daisies and love filled the
page. Dances and friends
inked into history.

Parties, costumes,
the mask that I sometimes
wear.

Today feels different. Faded
ink from the diary make up my
skin.

Essential juices drain
from cloaked face.

Can't seem to let you in.

Keep off the Grass

Your enormous mules, wrinkled
and dirty, slammed onto her
tiny roses. I watched
from a distance, sipping tea,
deciding what to do.

You, like a juvenile
trampling through a beautiful
garden, injuring all in your way.

The daisies no longer smiled,
the sunflowers no longer looked up.

The anger boils like vinegar
on baking soda, when I can
see a juvenile trampling through
a delicate garden.

Stay on the path made for walk.
Stay off the beauties
because I cannot sit still,
and watch the destruction.

No, I will not be quiet.

Radical Love

If you are in need, so am I.
When you ache, I feel pain.

Tears in your eyes, drench my soul.

Healing must be a communal campaign;
man was not meant to be alone.

I'll carry you until you are whole.

Passages

Dry Run

Looking back, finally seeing her,
I felt sad.

Shuffling feet through
life; eyes closed,
never seeing what she had.

The land of the living, so full
of the dead. Lost souls always
searching, pawing invisible reach.
Adapting history, on invisible pad.

No dress rehearsals, let's
appreciate today. Life isn't
a play, they can be
a bore. Curtains closed,
today is the gift,
there may be no more.

Something in the Air

Hey Bro, I just wanted to say hello.
It's been such a long time, since
we've laughed and fought. Though
love is ever present, in our hearts.

Your voice can be heard on a gentle
breeze. I can feel you near me
on the city streets. I caught a
whiff of your scent, wafting by.

Such a pleasant fiction it seems.

Some days are still so empty.

When I sit alone, and peer through
old books instead of my third eye
and you in my drop-in dreams.

I know you're out there somewhere
or so it was told to me.

I know we'll meet again, and until we do
know that I love you, and the
skates are still here, though winter
has almost gone.

Passages

Vision

Too quiet.
Opaque, dull, fairly dark,
I despise gray.

The laughter deceived me.

A needed medication,
helped me soar.

I didn't mind the differences.
At the time, I could smile.
A crooked grin,
slid from my face.

Not light and lovely,
Sour and twisted.
Burdensome and ugly.
Made me feel like ash.

Broken, older and fairly used,
I begin anew.
Reality my banner,
rose colored glasses
exist for fools.

A life to be had. I still
believe in love and rainbows,
no fallen stars or fool's gold.

Love Covers

If love is all that I need,
I have more than enough
to give to you and yours.

You in turn may give
to another. Share in my joy,
I will share in yours.

I will carry your burdens
when the weight is too heavy.
Will you help to shoulder mine ?

I do not understand hate, it
is not a part of my being.
When will the wars end ?

When will we love each and
every brother and sister.
The judgments must end,
or we will. It's a sad
state of affairs.

Let love begin now.

Passages

Maybe Later-Haiku

I need to write now-
Most days, I'd just rather read,
Gray matter informed.

Small Packages Revealed

The rivulet reflecting the stars,
ran free and small and large.

The tiny girl with the operatic voice,
belted out a vast tune effectual.

The no-one who became all,
carried me when I could not walk.

Incineration

The pilot light was aglow for years.
A crazy wind blew through, knocked
it out, trust ablaze and seared.

Change was not coming,
it was here. The feared move,
aroused and scared her.

They thought that it never needed
servicing, producing
heat with no care.

Not true you know, hearts
must be warmed and held dear .
Scars and brokenness are all that's
left, a single unit now.

Once a cherished pair.
Change was not coming,
it was here. The concerned move,
excited her.

Could she write the check,
afford the fare?

A crazy wind may blow through, kill
the love and adhere.

You

Fair was the day,
looking into the sky.
Crimson roses did sway,
the angels hummed a lullaby.

Your note still fragrant
with the dew of love.
I like a vagrant,
asked for your gloves.

Astonished, you covered
me to my core.
You guided and hovered,
I danced on your floor.

With wide eyes, I wonder
where you came from.
I am like the thunder,
you, like the sun.

Packed with emotions,
I strike and ignite.
Your warmth like a potion,
this I will not fight.

Now I thrust deeply
into my memory cave.
Pulling you out
when I'm glove-less
and find it hard to be brave.

Star Dancer

While walking down the hateful hall
she was trembling. Scurrying to an
unwelcoming class of destroyers.

No acceptance, no relief.
They said she was different,
aren't we all ?

Their opinions and acts
were wrecking ball madness.
Leaving her piled into a heap of ruins.

They walked down a quiet aisle
to see the fruits of wrecking ball
madness. She was no longer afraid
but forever dances on a star.

I Am

I know that you are tired and weary.
Sometimes you feel like letting go.
It all seems so frightfully daunting.
This hill, a scary climb but don't let go.

Reach out to me, take my hand.
I've been with you always.
Healing your broken heart and
body. Do you understand ?

In me there is peace and
perpetual health.
I am he that lives, and was dead;
behold, I am alive for evermore.

Amen

Passages

When the Rains Came

When the rains came
I danced with joy and hovered.

The parched grass drank
and slurped up it's moisture.

My hair stuck to my
face, wet with dreams.

Blinding my eyes.

I twirled and sang,
when the rains came.

Chasm

Somehow this day is
different, from any other.
Is it wise to traverse this
bridge today?

Rickety boards span
a gulf. It isn't easy
or safe, neither is she.

She aspires to the precarious.
she's wreck-less and jam-packed
with vigor.

Grandiose thoughts rule her.
Not careful at all, she dances
onto the slat. A gush beneath,
forced from some nether region,
her excitement builds.

Salt water surges and flows,
too weighty for laps. Just watch,
see where she lands. Predestined
to what, she doesn't give a damn.

Extinguish & Proceed

Recently she said
that she needed more
from this life.
Dreams are not brain dead,
the doors just ajar.

At 10 she told Jackie
she'd be an actress.
She was in school plays
to become someone else.

At 20/20 becoming a shrink
was as clear as could be.
Counseling is a funny thing.
Seeing...she was as mental as me.

At 30 found her riding high
and blind.
She needed a string attached
to that kite mind.

At 40 brought the loneliness strong.
She needed to commune with a warm face.
Careless, too careless he wasn't the one.

Extinguish & Proceed . . . *continued*

At 50 brought the disease
of youth and passed.
Ocre eyes and puke. I think
she needed a long, long nap.

In the center of these years,
she ached for freedom
to shout her own creed.
Void of uninformed
judgments she never believed.

She wanted to travel the world
and to sow more goodwill.
Helping others, her higher
calling, it is true still.

For just a moment,
sad with regret.
Time and opportunity,
so damn misspent.

Breathing in deeply, with
the strength of her might.
Tossing an old book of matches,
not willing to light.

Dinner in two dimensions

All dressed in your finery. Finger bowls
and children scrubbed in polite veneer.
A shining silver bell on the table.
Ring, ding, apron bibbed maidens
with hair wrapped tight
appear.

Me at my own table, (yours?) dressed in jeans and a tee.
Cats meowing and no-one to bring the next dish.
Bowls all on the table, grab
what you like, a smorgasbord.

Chatter and scraping forks didn't bother
you. Your element and time, me in mine, how
did they cross?. I wondered why you didn't see me, I
certainly saw you in your 20th century attire.

I watched in stunned silence as you dabbed
the corners of your mouth with your fine
linen cloth in my dining room.
Me with a paper towel.

I hope you'll be back, maybe we
can chat about when you left this life.

Thanksgiving

I looked to the sky and gave thanks
to my creator for all things unseen.

I felt the sun, warm my face,
I gave thanks for growth.

I found peace in the midst of the trees,
I gave thanks for sanity.

I looked in my Grand-Children's eyes,
I gave thanks for another chance to get it right.

I looked in my Children's eyes,
I gave thanks for a kind of perfection.

I looked around and I was not alone,
I gave thanks for friends and family.

I looked at depleted countries,
I gave thanks for the United States.

I looked into loving eyes,
I gave thanks for your patience.

I looked at a life gone wrong,
I gave thanks for 2nd, 3rd and 4th chances.

I looked at a broken tree on an ancient hill,
I gave thanks for salvation.

Passages

Tell me another

I see through my eyes of ochre, impure.
Scattered thoughts, memory loss.
Weak in body, not in nature.
Nauseous, not dead.
Jaundiced orbs and canary skin.

I must eat!

You, robust and seemingly healthy,
yet so afraid of the truth.
The guarded secrets, why?
Afraid that I'll tell?
I've kept them all, though
he's a master liar.

Once we seemed inseparable,
'til the ass-e-tone came to town,
we stuck like glue.
A little dab'll do ya...break away.

Confounded ?

Tell me another.

Acardia

He was a monster, a serial molester
he plagued little girls and got off
on their whimpers and bare mounds.

Eyed me once in the bathtub.
Covered by a shower curtain,
pounded his pole until I saw his
eyes roll back in his head.

How I wish he'd died right then. He
rubbed my doll between my
scrawny legs, all the while grunting
and whispering "don't think
Daddy is nasty."

What was I supposed to think?
Surely this cannot be normal. He
regularly beat my brothers and my Mother.
He told me by the age of thirteen
that I'd be pregnant by fourteen.
Really!!!

As a teen he never touched or controlled me.
Coward!
I ran away more
than once and spit in his ugly face.

I never hated anyone but him.
Just to spite him, I was married for two years
before I ever got pregnant to set him wrong.

→

Passages

Arcardia . . . *continued*

I used to wonder how he could make
so much money get away with shit
and never be punished for it.

He burned down my Mom's house,
best that those vignettes went up
in smoke. Karma never visited him
until he was completely alone.

Sick with lung disease, his victims were dead,
others wouldn't speak to him at all. Alone!
You start counting now. You'll never get past
one.

No more kids, wife or séances, to soothe
your wicked soul. Time to face God,
time for begging. You didn't have to
though, I came to take care of you.

Cleaning your feces off of the
bathroom floor, Doctors appointments and
grocery shopping for you. I learned
to forgive, to try to let go.

I pray that you are at peace now,
forgiven somewhere in the afterlife.

Once my shrink asked me if I
was angry at the things that you did
or the normal hugs that you couldn't
give.

It was a bit of both.

Daze

I woke up this day, feeling
a bit perturbed. My hands were
shaking, and skin was crawling,
premonitions so disturbed.

I tried to shake it off, but a screaming
silence remains in my blood. The kind
that forms in your throat, rings in
your ears, and will not be quieted.

Wings are meant for angels,
rungs too slippery are dangerous.
Icarus longed for something more.
Careful love, you may get scorched.

I sat here long suffering
never telling the score.
Snapping my fingers
won't make it happen.

This really blows.

I went to sleep this night, feeling
a bit rattled. My hands were
patchy red, the skin was gone
and I am at a loss for words.

Jesus has a brain

The misinformed get on my nerves.
Intolerance makes me mad.
You say that you are a Christian, Christ-like ?
I love him too, why can't we just be glad
and do what Jesus & Buddha would do ?

At a loss and feeling sad, the
stone chuckers are still at it.
Judging them now, am I tossing
intolerance from my self made pit ?

Reading my Bible from
cover to cover with many
translations. Deep in
the Greek and Latin too.

So many books left out (why ?)
Keep us in ignorance, brainwashed
without a clue.

Numerous found, most
hidden from the multitude.
Creator God gave me faith and a brain
to use freely, how about you?

Jesus has a brain . . . *continued*

Swallowed lies choke me now.
The intolerable untruths. The hateful
god of old, really now, tell me another.

Spitting them out, gagging
on hate stuck in my throat.
I'll Worship in honesty giving
Source/Creator the proper due.
He that hath an ear...

Return to the Tide

Moonlit nights, strolls on the beach.
Soaring through the midnight sky,
my love, it's you that I reach.
Our souls in time, I don't ask why.

The truth is hard for others,
we met a lifetime ago. My
sisters and brothers, how could
they possibly know.

It is time for us again, I've missed
you love. I've seen your smile
Without you my life was slain,
searching the beach mile after mile.

They call me the Tide Dancer.
I knew that you'd find me,
I knelt close to the water's edge
and prayed that you'd see.

A friend and ancient lover.
We were magical back then,
over the sea we hovered.
Transformed into a blue wren.

Again like the bird we fly,
circling each other mid flight.
Feels like home, soaring so high.
Full circles will come tonight.

Fragments

Partial, incomplete, I see the
ragged, tattered edges.

The ink has faded a bit, paper
torn, brilliance shelved.

Scattered scraps, flashes
to insight now lost.

Patterns near, stillborn.
Comatose, then breathes
no more.

Segregated.

The threads are there. If
only I can twine them so,
skein them into something
obvious, yet never seen.

Passages

Déjà vu Tide

How did you find me,
oh love of mine?

You hail from another
place in time.

Doesn't matter now,
warmth surrounds me.

Tide dancing, surging
in the ancient sea.

Your scent lingers,
on this wave I ride.

Transported, borne
on the Déjà vu Tide.

Asylum

Somebody left her, she
screamed and she cried.

Saw beautiful colours, in
her damaged minds eye.

She thought he would save
her, there's no way he could.

He was scarred more than her,
like floating driftwood.

He washed ashore, found
her, infinitely disturbed.

Salty tears, strained through him
there were no healing herbs.

Clawing, and severing
the thing that she loved.

She's alone in a room now,
with hands in forced gloves.

Penalty Box

Passing through town, I stopped
and wandered around. Sat on the bench
where we loved and carved our names.

Fingered the grooves that spelled
out a song. Tracing and longing,
where did we go wrong ?

It was brittle, sharp edges
and hard. Succumbed to erosion
and fully scarred.

Reminiscing among the
dampness, left me cold.

Shivering, remembering...disturbed by
the lies we told

.
Jumped to my feet and quickly ran,
like I did yrs ago,
when you gave me your hand.

Forever Michael

As sweet as the strawberries in Summer
as gentle as a babe suckling, he
is the sun in my life, the song
that never quit playing.

He came to me thirty and three yrs
ago. Mewling mouth and hungry.
He sang and danced at two,
rock and roll baby, soulful and smooth.

We were new at this, me being so purple, always
seeking. He was azure and green.
The epitome of nature and peace.
I found no fault in him.

A different drummer played a haunting song.
Life happened and we grew.
Though he was introspective
he shared his secrets with me.

I protect those undercover moments
They are mine, forever to hold dear.
My song, my Spring, my son.

I love you Michael. Mom
xoxoxo

Bone Chill

It was always the coldest
no matter the falling and rising
of that old thermometer.

My hands could hardly move
my throat stuffed full of cotton, shut
and tarred for decoration.

In the summer, I sported icicles
the ones that adhered to my soul,
they gave me a broken heater.

I layered myself like a mummy
ready for burial, and I was, the myrrh
couldn't hide the stench.

Through the gauze, I could see
a brilliant light, I clawed my way
out to peek, to breathe again.

I retreated. A soft mandolin began
to play and I felt hope stir, deep
in my bowels.

It was you saving me from guilt
delivering me from shame. After
all these winters, you are here.

Welcome home! Safe at last.

The words wouldn't come

It was clearly a dream.
I am still breathing.

My head shook from side to side.
Twisted pearl earrings,
encased in knotted hair
found in the morning light.

The veins pumped hard as a
chill slithered down my neck.

It crawled across my shoulder,
and traced my clavicle. My
nipples were easily taut.

My body started to ache and quake.
Like the urgency of a drowning man.
I was gurgling and gasping for air,
then I tried to speak.

I looked over and there lie a
man; blissfully unaware
right next to me.

Still the words wouldn't come.
With the sweat now trickling
I realized that I was passing
into another form of life.

Self pleasure while sleeping
deep in this wet ardent state.

Passages

Stunned

I thought you cared, maybe even liked me a little.
Yet, you threw stones, over a poem I had written
many years ago.

You know not the back ground or it's birth.
Just jumped on the stone wagon
and threw as hard as you could.

My eyes are blackened, my soul is bruised,
weak and a bit scarred, but
I shall recover !

Before you blast your self
righteous rhetoric again, think twice.

Oh and what is that in your eye?

Solar Slake

At dawn the leaves elongate,
their outstretched fingertips warm.
Unable to unfold, if the ultraviolet is under-provided.
A new spell holds sway.

Emerald veins expand; follow the great canary globe.
Hungry, gorging, glutting, gone the cold famine.
Drinking digits converge trunk-ward in the night.
To experience the after-sap of the succulence released.

Are we poles apart?

I Chose This

I am part of nature's all.
A leaf blows in the wind.
It pauses to listen,
then sails away.
Never knowing, where it will end.

A rock skips across a lake.
It is running from something,
how much more can it take?

The rock, can it remember?
Probably so, I'm sure amnesia
is welcomed, let it go.

The leaf, I'm not so sure.
It's still flying somewhere.
Maybe happy, maybe sad.
Or it does not care.

Tossed to and fro,
violent tempest...
self inflicted cost.

I Chose This . . . *continued*

Forever lost, forever lost.

The rock, it hides
at the bottom of the lake.
The joy of skipping is gone.
The rock begins to quake.

Little by little, it erodes away.
No longer resembling the rock.
Not polished or smooth,
maybe a lump of clay?

I have lived the life
of both, now I am only squishy clay.
Toss me on the potter's wheel.
Maybe I can be better,
is that how you feel?

A.M. Reverie

Early morning chill persuades me to curl
up very small on this cozy green mess.
Tapestry in pinks begin to unfurl
a leopard print pillow tight to my chest.

Creeping foliage this day did uniquely
give me reason to pause, and go away.
Escaped into that one place so bleakly
it was little comfort so I did pray.

Then I saw your face, you were chubby cheeked
and two, shadowing me into the blue.
You followed Michael and played hide and seek
Wait, wait for me please, I wanna come to.

I was so lost and just wanted to scream
throw a fit, cause the stars to burst and sway.
The years flew by and you grew just downstream.
A call came and again you came to stay.

We've experienced great pardons and love
written a new chapter in history
It finds me here with you, fit like a glove
known to each other, not a mystery.

We've always been a pair, twin-kin, soul-mates
my daughter, how I love you to the bone.
Out of my trance and back through my eye gates
I see you smiling at me in our zone.

Good morning my sweet, my love, my only Cookie!

Ancient Lover

Part I

I found myself dreaming, floating,
A warm sea surrounding me,
waves crashing, foam splashing;
incredible, lovely, lovely dream.
Swimming through the channel
of love so deep, colours without name,
silky objects so provocative.
Meaty, taunting, teasing so easily.
Whirlpools with a thousand
tiny fingers take me with might,
moving me on a wave of ecstasy,
hurling me through worlds known
and unknown, yet all faces seen.
Ancient lover, greatest passion,
my love without question
reaches for me...

Ancient Lover

Part II

His hands so familiar
make my rubies hard,
my flower of nirvana
is his greatest reward.
Slowly, deliberately
he peels my every petal,
tasting and licking my vine.
A sea flower, so tasty am I.
Full of colour and sustenance
of the loving kind, I am lost
in this erotic sea, I don't want
to ever wake up...
Seven times he took me extreme...
Far to the other side, swimming laps
through his columns, I couldn't get
enough...
For a thousand years
he has been in my dreams.
And he took me once again
to a place that he's shown me.
I see that my ancient lover is coming
home from the turbulent sea.

Consume

It wasn't his poetry
Or his countenance
That made me breathe deep
It was his way with people
It was his kindness
Wasn't his white oxford
That made me squirm
Following him, reading him
I sensed something honest
Honest and hungry, as if he
Hadn't eaten in ages. I
Wanted to feed him love
And purple grapes
Let him eat off me
Let him eat from me
Something to satisfy
Let him touch me
Let me touch him

Thinking out loud

Have you ever set the bar so low
that an ant couldn't squeeze under?
It was one of those lazy laundry,
dishes, and dusting days.
No time for grease or grime.

I don't feel like doing any of these.
I'll sit in bed and stare at this screen
hoping the words will come to me.

I suppose they have no time either.
They are projecting from the mouths
and pens of real poets.

I won't set it high today, then I can't lose.
All that I need to do is get out of this bed
put one foot in front of the other.
Breathe and maybe stare some more.

Thin Tuesday

It was no ordinary day.
Though the rains came and the trees drank
you left us still, and slipped away.

I doodled on the bed spread, drew
a seventeen year old flower.
Cleaved to the design of your demise.
Mourning, this wretched hour.

I knew your Mother once.
She was a peculiar sort of dame. Full of
light and darkness, she never
remained the same.

When you left her, I watched her spit
and chew. Gnawing her own heart
as she ate her self inflicted blame.
Gristle, bone, and nerves erased
wiping her soul, to clean her fate.

Then I saw her mouthing your wordless name.
Said she thought she knew it after all.
But it was dreary ~ and certainly no ordinary day.

Cover Me

Ribs, though hardly seen
serve a function, a purpose
to hold it together.

Tie and tip hang down
yet you cover me
with a moist canopy.

I move the tab to lengthen
your shank, taking note
of your ring and spreader.

Gripping your handle hard
I try to keep
it up, then,
relaxing your frame
collapsing your shank.

I secure you
my umbrella.

Altered

I saw her yesterday so odd, a bit of lore.
There she was, healthy and aptly lucid.
Determined and mouthing labels in the store.
She had put on weight, excitedly saying
the vitamins are a high score.

She was always so rummy you know, the usual face.
A few drinks, the paradisal place. Past
the tragic ascendancy, to places we couldn't go.

Stay out of her way she's lost all control.
Always screaming inside, searching for joining.
White lipped and unequaled, disconnected.
She knew she was disappointing.

Neglected and confused, she ran defected.
We found her stargazing, gravely ill. She
stayed away from that circuit, the one
she loved so well. Impassioned and scattered
scorched in some private hell.

I don't know how to deal with her now,
she's so normal. It gives me a scare.

And I Love Her

I may never
see you again
but let me say
that I loved

loving

you.

Your little girl giggle
wriggle, such a delight.
My bright eyed one
flicker and shine
let *them* see you.

Humming a tune, gold dust
woman, Rhiannon
in my heart, twisted,
broken and blue.

Only you and I know
the secrets held behind
a click and a flash.

I remember the Gilded Lily
or was it Gilded Lady?

And I love her . . . *continued*

All faces seen ...
so brilliantly.
you are so skilled,
can you see? They did.
Heart worn on your sleeve
tattered edges
I saw...as I walked
right passed you.

I was there, I was
hurting too.

Beautiful woman, lovely
child, so hard to let go.

I bid you farewell and hope
to tell our story
somewhere down the line.

In the meantime, safe travels
love abundance and peace out.

Passages

Breathe

Ever have one of those days?
As fucked up as ever, nothing
seems to fit or be the least bit right.

Ladders fell, did I mention
that I was on the top rung?
The cat pissed on the couch
gotta toss it out too.

Curb couch!

Sitting here...contemplating
the floor, counting my fingers,
againandfuckingagain.
I really can't take much more.

Brother has his paper, asking
questions galore. I want to
run and hide, lie under the
trees, wind nestling face
enjoying the whispering breeze.

STOP!

Wow, I really must stop
to breathe. Take in the
blessings given to me.

I have more than many
less than some, never
forgotten, never alone.

Breathe girl, just breathe.

Canticles

Let him sing to me, for
his voice is as soothing
as honey from the comb.

Let him kiss me, for
his sweet mouth is my
delight and my song.

Let him seed/source my
garden as before.
His seed of love matures.

Thou, whom my soul loveth,
hath provided heirs to dance
in *the* garden once more.

He brought me to the feasting
table, round about were our
children, his heirs of love.

Passages

Canticles . . . *continued*

We dined on manna and grapes.
Drank wine from our vineyard,
and rejoiced at his return.

His light illuminates
from sea to sea, far beyond.
Thou art beautiful my love

I have ached for aeons
awaiting your return.
Carry me once again, into
Our tent in *this* garden
where love began.
Selah.

Haiku's -Seasons

Spring

Willowy flowers
In tranquil gardens -rebirth
Spring is forgiving.

Summer

Lively voices sing
Popsicles melt- bell ring ding
Vendor drives away.

Autumn

Leaves, crimson and gold .
Sail carelessly to the path
Of death-crunch, crunch, crunch.

Winter

Lethargic bodies
Barely breathe, can't look
withdraw-Hibernation sleep.

Confusion on the lam(b)

I, what does it mean ?
Is it you, me or them ?
All of creation?

A dog in the park
a link on a chain, or was
it around my neck ?

A kiss and a smile on that
speeding train; communal
life began on the East coast
a spiritual *I* exchange.

Struggle/straggle, run and jump.
E-ne-me-ne-mi-ne-mo.
Tell me, tell me, I have to know
shed myself of dog
Ma and grow.

I . . . I ?
Who the heck is that ?

Is it a god within me
this wide-eyed prophet ?
I see no graven images adored
no crown adorned or thorns.

Confusion on the lam(b) . . . *continued*

I am just me
I think
or am I *It*?

Absurd!

Shit-i-wanna-quit
Oh shit, oh shit, **shit**
don't let me have a fit.

Tell me it's not so...
i am not good at this

gotta run, let God

help me

grow and go.

Dreaming

You don't know my love, not like I do, shared secrets and love, no, not in that way, Dear, maybe yours. He's tasty, sweet, like fruit cups drizzling cream in my mouth and on my face.

Oh that cream, it keeps me alive, as I spy his sun coming up. Just a taste please before he wakes, slippery on my tongue.

Tongue laps across my teeth, remembering sensual and wild nights, long before this life. He awoke the woman that sleeps in me. Now he sweetly sleeps by my side. I love looking at him . . . sensual images playing over in my mind, arms holding me tight. Rolling, locked as one, interfaced.

Did I say that I love him, I do. Need the way he makes me arch and yell for more.

The way that I beg for his tongue, up and down my thigh, probing teasingly that wet and juicy spot, dripping, he dives right in.

Tongue stroking me, producing a cream of my own. I feel it now from last nights love squeezing together, don't want to lose a drop. Whispers in my ear, not the kind that you may think, more shared secrets, oh no mind.

They belong to us, just as yours belong to you. Dream on my baby, just dream on.

Dreams

I woke up from a dream, we were making plans for our home and other things.

I couldn't help but remember the shared giggles and kisses upon the coastal trains . . . and those heartfelt things.

I call you Dennis, Boaz and Jesus wrapped into one. The laughter kissed by fated dreams, a knowing look and a smile when you touch me.

I sometimes empath the hearts of searchers, I remember how it felt feeling lost.

Maybe I should thank them because I have learned to be more compassionate
in their company and never worry about you-n-me. People do what they do !

I am not their Mother, including you.

They don't know our truth and the ones who do, a few don't care but it changes not our destiny.

I am to continue in love of all creation. In love there is no jealousy, ownership or competition
but many enlightening revelations.

I never could stand a rope around my neck so why would I put one on you? I won't,

I have not and really now, it is all too smooth watching you dance in the wind,
waiting for me, again, soon my love, so very soon.

I have loved loving you and will continue in this vein, if you get lost, or should I we'll think of the prophecies of old and so many days gone by. I am there...you are there...we are one destiny.

Thank you for dropping in

You dropped into my world
like a comet from the sky...
though no damage was done
I was rearranged, changed and
my heart set aflame.

Sizzling with love for you, on fire
for mankind. The chains did bind me,
loosened now, released, snapped
and dropped from thin wrists.
You...so kind, saved my mind.

I wanted to thank you, show
a little bit of love, gratitude
in my soul, my spirit soars above.

Above the madness, far above my
sorrows, you gave me hope for
a better tomorrow.

You dropped into my world
and I let you in, reflecting, projecting
our days of happiness, when
there was no "original sin."

Friday Morn Rant

When you stepped on her toes
you stepped on mine.
It is my business contrary to
your unsociable mind.

She's true blue. You're a figment
of your strange imagination
and no one's friend.

Shut the fuck up,
YOU don't know what
was said. Such a weird
person in an outcast land.

Go away, go away, today, today!

He

He came to me on a December day
graceful and witty, god I loved him.
He was a lovely man, giving and strong.
Clever with a huge heart.

We laughed the days away, sang songs
of love and wrote our own.
He's my passion, my soul, with him
by my side, I can reach the highest star.

We built houses together and made them
our home. He loves the mountains and I love
the trees, together we have all that we need.
We live our lives out loud, never
worrying about the rest.

He's a spiritual man and we do commune.
Never far, always here in my heart. He
peers into my dreams and kisses me sweet.
Makes me feel like a Goddess when we
are interfaced, so complete.
I do love that man.

It is an honor to be his lady, I will
forever treasure this gift that has been
returned unto me. Thank you God, for
bringing him back and honoring me.

How was I to know ?

How was I to know ?

We met when the sky of my mind
was dark, too dense, crammed full
of the past. Let it pass, pass, pass.

You chased, I ran, you stopped
and took a breath. Always thinking
she'll be back, her curiosity will
make her wonder at my stop.

I swung from the trees, ran barefoot,
fell and scraped my knees. The crimson
ran free, much like me. It burned
and seared, like a hot iron, pressing but
not sealing the wound, in my flesh.

Picking myself up and licking my wound,
I pranced and danced, pushing the pain
aside, or was it inside? I could not
feel so I didn't care.

Free, that's me, no none to answer to,
except self, her and me.
Self was a hard enemy that I had long endured.
She's a mean and crazy bitch, so I strangled her.

→

Passages

How was I to know ? . . . *continued*

I watched as she died and I laughed. Ahhhhhh, to
no longer be her captive. A sweet deal indeed.
In time, she came from the dead, spoke to me
again and again.

I could not silence her, those voices,
sometimes kind, sometimes as brutal
as the beatings from my childhood.
Neversilent, neversilent.
Garbledgibbled nonsense.

SHUT UP!

I'm OK, or so a book said so . . . once.
I had to listen she said, if I were ever to be in truth.
Deal with it, forgive the past, it is aeons away.
Does not define you, take my hand
we'll walk the servants path.

How was I to know?

IC Family

I found myself singing a song.
People stared then hummed...
the wordsmiths came along.

We sang of peace, we sang
as one, We sang all night
to a morning song.

Frowns turned to smiles
we were hand in hand.
United by love
and taking a stand.

No wars or hate, we
lived our love, from inside
our hearts... not from above.

We had it all along;
just needed one to sing
to start this song,
this chain of love
a perfect song.

Just Me

I nearly fell over when they said
in hushed tones that you had to go.
Really, where are you going my
love? I am still singing your song.

No, I know it's not possible,
not yet, so much for us to do.
Wonder if I'll ever get back to you.
It feels so wrong, like a prison sentence
imposed on an innocent man doing time.

Jailer swaggers the mile, corn stuck
between his teeth with a putrid smile.
Rattling those keys, knowing it's not
meant for me...not yet, not now.

I met with the parole board, turned
down once again. They gave me more
classes to improve my broken heart.
I enrolled, played their games, thoughts
of you racing through my brain. (jig-saw)

I miss you 'til it hurts, my heart
is cracked into, like that slammed
mirror across a tile floor. I crawl through
the glass, picking up pieces to
find an image...one that I can deal with
knees and elbows gush a red liquid.

→

Just Me . . . *continued*

I have lost all sight, no vision, no vision
help me, I cannot see. Circumstance
and fates have separated you from me.
I carved your name within my glass
heart and soul. (fragile) I got a tattoo that
bears the image of the man that I love.
(something to hold onto)

If only, it could hold me and wipe
away the tears that won't quit coming.
I miss you sweet man, the laughter
in your voice, your teasing manner
that left me with no choice.

No choice but to love you, wild
and extreme. Here I sit, shattered
now, broken to pieces. Can't think
can barely breathe, much less speak.

Just me.....

Life is funny that way

My life seems to have changed
rearranged and yet the same.
Or is it? Embracing my
own truths...acceptance.

It is as it should be...me
yearning to be free,
always my song, my plea
and now my reality.

So many times, I fought
the truth inside, only to
find, it will be heard,
shout out loud and abide.

Change is not coming,
it is here and now. What
I do with it, belongs to me
just a matter of how.

I choose to live my life
as was foretold of days
gone by. I am free, not a slave
to lies, ties, or narrow minds.

I choose love...I choose to
play, I choose life, I choose
my own path.

Won't you play with me?

Lily

Today an angel told me a story about
a little girl named Lucy. She was
afraid of spiders, she cried and cried,
terrified, she engaged and let them in.

They only caused her sorrow. She was a
afraid of the shadows and the green
witches that cackled and flew around
her room, so gloom, that room.

Angel Lily said to me, there is no need
laugh and shine, drive the darkness to
whence it came. Shine a light, sing a
song, they'll get tired and leave you alone.

Today the spiders tried to bite my skin,
weave me in, I smiled and waved, had a
sparkling day instead. They were so miffed
and muffed they could not spin...

Today a vampire tried to suck my blood,
I giggled at his nonsensical style, abashed
he shrunk and sunk in the mud. I danced
with Lily instead...

Passages

Lilly . . . *continued*

Lily has taught me to shine my light
that was always here, to laugh at the
devil when he comes a dancin' trying
to spill the child that shines so bright.

Today I walked through the park, so
grateful for my angel, that brought
to remembrance, the gifts in my soul.
The sun shined brighter, butterflies are free.

I sat on a bench, to breathe for the first time
in a long time, receiving the gifts
in this here and now. Letting them in.
I love Lily so much, she is a real friend.

I'll never forget her. She's always around.
I know how to call her if in the walls are dank
with slime, she is me and I am the beam
that radiates that shine, so fine, my shine.

Living

If you could visualize what I see in you.
You'd see a beautiful soul, many paces
you have taken, tribes forsaken. Return
to the land that inspires your life, those
trees were speaking life into an arid soul.

I see truth in your eyes, your beauty resides
within/without, all around, she shines for you.
Can't you see? I see a being that is a lover of purple
dreams...sharing all that you have, all that is you
all that breathes.

The colours of your mind, red, gold and green.
Passion, worth, and bounty, all is freely seen.
Open your spirit wide and receive, the love
we have for you, let us feed you now, then
return to the land that inspires your life

See the lane that curves around, calling
you home? I do, I see the vastness,
your field of trees. Closer now, your
home is in view. The porch swing is
awaiting you. Remember when you
swung back and forth, sending signals
to your loved ones and maybe one to me.

It's been a pleasure, my gift from the
universe, knowing you, and now I
send you love eternally, well wishes
and hoping that you will always be.

Loving Jenny

I loved Jenny, you know...
from the movie...reminds me of self.
I too prayed to be that bird, so that
I could fly, far, far, away.

Instead, I endured until I was
sixteen, all of the beatings,
the molestation and screaming.
No, wings, I married instead.

Such a baby, had no idea.
What life was about,
how to be a wife. Didn't
want to either. I wanted
freedom...no-one to tell
me what to do.

I wanted peace of mind,
a calm spirit, I ran to the woods
threw myself down among the trees.
Always, serenity, I needed them, they
communed with me.

In two years, I found my belly
swollen, I stayed on. Gave birth
to a beautiful boy, now it's time
to get it together.

Loving Jenny . . . *continued*

Working in that old Optical shop,
I remember hearing on the radio
that Elvis was dead. I wailed
and cried while my boss laughed
must have thought, I was insane.

I bought a new car, packed my
bags and moved two-hundred
miles to the South. We found
a tiny place to live that I could afford.

Weekends were spent swimming
in the pool, walking down 6th street
with the saved coins for a dessert.
It was such a happy time.

Then I met him, a rich guy
or so he portrayed...strolled into
my shop. Bought several pairs
of eye-glasses that he did not need.
He was a collector, of people and things.
Always a sharp dresser, driving that
sporty Jag...intoxicating.

In a few weeks I agreed to lunch,
this turned into another swollen
belly...Beautiful Girl, I love you
so, we've gotta go, just go.

I loved Jenny, you know...
from the movie...reminds me of self.
I too prayed to be that bird, so that
I could fly, far, far, away.

Mapping it out . . .

I was asked, “what are your truths?”
I still haven’t figured them out.

There is the child in me that remembers a dream...
the dreams includes the freedom to be me...
I have never liked conformity, suffocation...
I cannot breathe.

I followed the man-made rules, to what end???
I listened, obeyed the “word” from the pulpit.
I died a little each time. I had so many questions
only to be told...be quiet, you'll never understand.

REALLY!!!!

You, the wise old owl cannot answer the
questions of a tiny little girl, you cannot
answer them still. I had to buck up, be
me, find my own truths, sifting through
dogma and man-made rules, shaking
the dust from my feet.

Mapping it out . . . continued

It's a struggle still, I must admit
to decipher propaganda from my truth..
mine, not yours. I must be free to
love, to love all mankind, throw
judgments aside....POISON.

I drank it far too long, obedient
and small. I am my own woman now
no-one owns my life, it is my time
to shine a light, won't you let me shine?

What is wrong with you?
Shine on baby, shine on...

Masking the Girl

They told me to change my name
as if this could mask my identity.
Organize my face/fate, no smiles for me,
only fabrications, again and again.

Hoping their secrets, were mine to keep.
Yeah, they were ashamed, but not of me.
Snapshot movements, hush toned words,
decorated in glee, forever unclothed,
they had never heard of the emperor.

Never realizing that I listened, oh yeah
acute hearing is mine, I heard. After
that I wanted to fly away... literally,
sky bound, soar through the clouds,
hide behind the moon, hoping for trees.

Though I never told, never uncovered their
counterfeit minds, it doesn't matter now.
Darkness is always exposed by the light.
Yours and mine, this light, shines through
the murkiest dross, so tight, this bright.

They told me to change my name
as if this could mask my identity
or change my face/fate, no smiles for me.
Shine a light on me, please kind sir?
Won't you do it once again?
Beam for me....

My Boy Lollipop

Peeling back the wrapper, my finger gets
stuck on this blow pop...bringing my hand
up to my mouth...I lick something sticky
and sweet. Discharge, making me heady.

Sliding my tongue up and down, gentle
easy, slow blow . . . succus runs deep, between
my thumb and pointer, oozing down my lips
making me smile. Greedy laps from my
lingua...divine secrets, ready to be told.

The eye of love is screaming my name.
Tell me sucker, Mr. Lollipop man...are
you ready to explode? I am.

Never Right

Don't talk to me of politics and liars.
Never speak to me of their bourgeois
dance and their bullshit games.
I cannot hear you, must be a love plug
in my ears.

Promises, as faded as the ink on my pages,
crinkled like a torn milk carton.
Have you seen me ? Can you ?
Will you try ???

Blind, liars and thieves!

Neverright, neverright, hard to swallow...
like clotted, rotten milk. I never liked
that shit. The stench burns my nostrils,
and I refuse to drink coagulated spin.

It's a game of control, lock us
in a cage, yeah, me too.
A dream of their doing,
not the great dream, no not it,
where we sang, we shall over-come.

We must carry his message, high
and low, eat the fruit
and really learn...
what it means to be as one.
Take my hand...
we'll walk together, make a stand.

→

Never Right . . . *continued*

Unlock *that* door, we've got the key.
We have always had it, they hid it well.
Thank God for the light flash
shine on, shine on...
live the songs of peace.

Don't talk to me of politics and liars.
Never speak to me of their bourgeois
dance and their bullshit games.
I WILL NOT hear you, no not ever!

I have a dream. I'll live the dream.
Come on now, commune with me.

Thursday's Dreams

He came to me on a Thursday
a knowing smile, a familiar nudge
touching me with hope
up and down my spine.

My god, you can't know
how the story in his eyes
spoke to me of days foretold...
anticipations now fulfilled.

I spotted him long ago
and had to bide my time.
His plans were with another
I dared not tread on this karmic path
disrupt and bring darkness to mine.

I spent my time away from him
singing songs and barefoot dancing
toes wet with dew as their story
came to a close.

He came to me on a Thursday
a knowing smile, a familiar nudge
touching me with hope
up and down my spine.

Thursday's Dream . . . *continued*

Stretching my spirit wildly
fiercely claiming my inner core.
He said to me, "shhhhhh . . .
I love you Babe, relax
and remember our sweet
love divine...as before."

Interfaced and grateful
joy erupts inside of me.
The thunder roared
and I belong to him
where we dwell openly.

The sleep is over
the dream is real
our ticket to be claimed.

Celebratory days
once again realized...
I kiss you these times
to the end of our age.

One Love

I stand amazed, dazed and sometimes crazed
by hazy judgments of man. To what end I ask,
until we've beaten each other, bruised and scarred
decorated with leaking masks?

Dead, I say dead! No breath in that body
with no-one sitting in compassion's room.
The key to it lost...
by fogged borders and wailing walls.
Oh god, the gloom and doom, the lies,
unjust trials we set before our brothers.

Hang them without a cause. Oh, you think that
you didn't engage, spill some rage?
Tell me now, when you saw that
interracial couple, you secretly, but loudly cast stones
not missing a beat or turning a page.

What you did not understand is, you took those
boulders from the chambers of your broken heart.
Carelessly slung them, flung them into innocent eyes.
Do you feel me, can you hear my blinding cry?

One Love . . . *continued*

Come on now, rise up with me, let's love one another
without hesitations and cosmic murder.
Radiate, generate, infiltrate them with love,
our Father has shown us
as he released his own dove.

Yes, you are my sisters and my brothers,
and I embrace you all in truth. Graced
with a never-ending love that grows.
Take my hand and dance with me...
for we have a long, long way to go.

Drink *thIs* cup of *I am* illumination
and dissolve our human limitations
so that we may ascend, higher
and higher both male and female
...one pulse, One Love.

A Poem for Him

We don't need a box of chocolates with red ribbons
and bows, to express our love for each other, it's an obvious glow.

I love you 365 and a day, year after year, forever sealed.
Your gentle touch is fire, your magic is now revealed.

I don't need wine, to make me swoon.
You my love, are a delicious healing elixir.

You take me far above the stars, pausing
for awhile to dance and gaze on our moon.

Happy Valentines Day, my Love, my Heart my Song.
Prepare the banquet table and bed-chamber.

I will be home soon.

Back to Life

I think of physical death, as you think of saving a dime.
A relief for both, common place, habitual,
but I never told you of my dream.
Or, you didn't listen then.
It involved you, me, us and them.
The chance to be free, no time for tales now.

Clip your coupons with ink-stained hands.
Trying to save a buck, good luck, on these Knockoff brands.
You call this a *free land*? It won't last, so full of demands.

Go back to the end of the bus, MRS. Washington.
Oh no, you cannot use that fountain.
It's pure you see, Brother Johnson,
raised his hand in church, told us all, of your disease;
Lying, ass testimony! White slaves, are never free.

I refuse your membership card, MR Jones,
it's not in my heart to hate
and certainly not in my wallet, within.
A crowded purse, full of memories, dust and sin.

No cash to bury or bail us out, help me . . .
help us O' Angel's of mine.
Will you, I want out? So many liars, *some* gruesome-tales.
I am appalled, as the dead in pulpits rave.

(after thought)

→

Passages

Back to Life . . . continued

The demons lied to me as a child, I just could not see
their white hoods and never believed the masks they wore.
Same song, second verse. No wonder, we all went wild, at least I
was “saved”.

My breathing is shallow and fast. Trying
to savor one's last. A bit of life's force before I jump
this track, off and out. I'll say goodbye on my way to this,
final unknown.

It's been so strange, this world, that you think is so great.
So full of hate, the genocide, and in YOUR backyard.
I'll take my ride, and bid you farewell, a *kind* of suicide.

What can I say? It wasn't nice, it was more like a forced hell.
The games you played, the songs you sang,
never bothering to look beyond the “hate-filled haze, so crazed”.

Gotta run now, their playing my song,
(Hare, Hare, Hare Rama)

Mother Ganges is calling me along.
I saw what you did, I am not fooled and I know who you are.
I pray the light shines, that you figure it out before you go too far.

Oh wait, you did....I mediate and pray.

Life Blood

It was so close I could taste it,
aromas risen naturally . . .
AND SHARP,
Sweet, yet pungent, life's fruit,
I cut my finger and stared, amazed
at oozing, crimson art.
To watch the blood run down,
swirling on my ARM
reaching distant Lands with vials,
contaminating life's force. (was it mine?)
I tore the windows apart, broke every pane;
something within me screams,
feels like . . . I am going insane.
The blinds are on the floor, glass shattered
heart tattered, alone again, forevermore.
Bloodstained crimson running like rivulets,
down a tear stained-face
snot joining stream and more DNA,
giving my power way.
A false comfort enveloped me.
No reason to fight this life anymore
I could not handle my feelings, worries,
the dark thoughts galore.
To heck with it all, kicking in the damn door,
falling down an elevator shaft.
The ghouls with suits and ties will answer again,
I go for a ride once more.

Revelation

First, I want to say that when Death's door is ajar and some ole grim reaper peeks in. I'll smile, he does not scare me, he's like your cranky old uncle always having the last word or so they think. Me? I'll slide right past into the light, green fields and cottages fruit filled orchards meant for you and me, dancing so free.

I don't believe in THAT hell, it is here right now. God is not an ogre slamming his gavel for imagined sin. If your delicate (really?) taste buds cannot handle my truth, stroll on, stroll on.

Today as before, I live in the light loving my sisters and brothers, won't you come on in? Shed those preconceived notions, that ignorance, spoon fed and we ate, wiping our mouths as more lies/judgments were forced in.

We are here, all of us, to heal and be healed. Aren't you sick of this mirage? I sure am. Borders keep us out. Mankind has screwed us all, let's begin again, not too late my friend.

Wave your flag of freedom...march on.

Lovers Reunited

He came to me late in the night,
sang songs of love to me,
humming and strumming
he played for me.

He told me of One soul's purpose,
his and mine.
I questioned the intent of
the stories told me.

So many rang true and set me free,
could it be...is he the one purpose
sent to me.
Fruition is near,
I wanted to dance and scream.

I looked back over my own life
my purpose and see that we
have always been intertwined.
The dream is the same
yes, his and mine.

A blessing of love and the fates
on our side.
I won't miss this path
will never veer again.

He came to me late in the night,
sang songs of love to me,
humming and strumming,
he never gave up on me.

Poetry Man

His voice in my ear, softly caressing
me deep...whispering my name,
saying..."Janet, never let me go, come on
baby, not back to sleep."

He is a man with a golden tongue,
sipping my soup, lapping it up.
Tasting and teasing, eternally mine.

Loving his beauty,
our secrets we share.
The place that we met,
the joy that we bared.

This is it, the train has arrived.
Step on this platform called
sharing our lives,
no longer elusive...
it's our time to fly.

Safe in his arms, I am always
near and dear to his heart...
calming my fears.

I love you...always have,
time after time.
Oh poetry man.

Fairy on a Breeze

Lifting my window to palm a gentle breeze,
a soft sound escapes through the trees.
The leaves seem to be applauding
maybe for the bird that sings free.

My ears tune to hear this cacophony.
Singing for a loved one lost, a lovers plea.
My eyes spy a fairy twinkling through
green, swaying leaves...dancing,
no sorrow does she bring to me.

She would be gone, a trick of the twilight
had I not adjusted to see...
To visualize and accept this sweet one
who brought love letters for me.

Thank you little one, I am happy to read
songs of love from my only one,
who is waiting for me.

Letting the ribbon fall from the stack
I come back inside, sensing he's back.
On his way home now, a treasure to me.
Thank you, Fairy Girl...so lovely to me.

Starved no more

Strolling along the sidewalk
Eying an all night diner.
It was 2AM and I was famished.

Friendly neon lights beckoned me.
Loved the colors, seemed like a
living rainbow to me, inviting...

I reached for the doorknob and
with a flick of my wrist, I was in.
The aromas saturated my senses.
Smells go good, what shall I eat?

A lovely boy with chestnut eyes
handed a menu to me. I felt
the brush of his hand and almost
forgot why I came.

OK, OK, be cool, be calm, you're
hungry Girl, decide and eat.
Looking over the menu I opted
for something light.

Starved no more . . . *continued*

It had to be the fruit bowl
with the protruding strawberries
screaming my name. Juicy
and now dripping down my chin.

A slight embarrassment ran
through me when the boy with
the chestnut eyes smiled, I
quickly looked away.

Flights of fancy, romance
in the air, I really did not
have a care. It is my turn
to be loved, so I ate...

I ate the whole thing.

Jury's Out

Her light eyes gave her
a freedom that her sisters
never enjoyed.

Her Daddy was a *big* man,
plantation owner as I heard it.
Unbelievably *small*!

She didn't care, took to her
Mother's way of life.
With Daddy's money
and Momma's magic,
she was feared by all.

She's a dangerous lady
if you irk her off.
She once turned a man
into a sniveling squirrel,
last we saw of him was
being chased by a cat.

Jury's Out . . . continued

I found no stain upon
her breast. She just wanted to
be loved, acceptance
was a known enemy...
one she couldn't understand.

As easy as
a snap of the finger,
a twinkle of twilight
she is shiny and white.

What do YOU make of that?
Magic? No...we are all
darkandlight, darkandlight.

The Dress

The street was noisy, crowded and I
loved every minute. The oily smell of popcorn
and peanuts wrapped in old newspapers,
the crinkling of the twisted paper,
music to my soul.

The honking of horns, made me feel
alive, I wanted to twirl in the street
like Mary Tyler Moore with a toss my hat.
Careful love, the cars are whizzing by
this is not your neck of the woods,
you could get hurt.

I pranced on, nearly skipping through
the streets, pausing to look in a window
that held a beautiful dress. It was an
oversized floral lily print with
full fluted sleeve, to match my lips.

I really must try it on. Into the dressing
room, I tore off my clothes letting the
dress caress my skin. Yes, yes, this
has to be the one. Failing to notice
the price tag, I popped out my card.

The Dress . . . *continued*

I bought it, now it's mine. Wow, I
felt beautiful and loved at that moment.
I walked a bit more and then up to my flat,
turned the key in the knob, reached
for the light switch, that never came on.

Hmmm, I have a beautiful dress and the
power has gone. Make a choice here
my Dear, don't write emotional checks if
you cannot cash them. So I returned
the dress, though I didn't want to.

I sit in the light...wondering why I feel so sad.
The right thing is not always easy to do. I
must be strong, after all, wasn't this just a fad?
Dammit, I loved that dress just as I loved him.

They are both in the caverns of my mind, peering
through rheumy eyes, I see them both and can only
hope they have found peace of mind. I have.

My little toe was my friend . . .

It all started one day
with an infection...
My toe was turning the colour of grey.
Puss oozing, green/yellow...smelly too,
drip, drop, 'til it gushed and she rotted away.

Had never seen this phenomenon. I,
innocently trampling though the snow,
having so much fun....PSYCHE!
She nearly got by her, she and me.
Frostbite is her name/game . . . ultimate shame!

So foreign to me.
We were a team, something
that I had counted on, to keep me
upright, keep from tipping/slipping...
no-seam-no-seam, to thread us,
keep us aligned...no longer one,
this time five ain't working.
Skein me bitch....

I tumbled and fell, my only
thoughts, finally caught,
well this is no good.
I purchased a prosthetic, though
it worked, just wasn't the same.

My little toe was my friend . . . *continued*

It was cold, it was metal...
not the loving flesh that I needed
to keep me aright. I miss my little
toe, she was a good friend...
or so I believed...I guess infection
can turn to gangrene and...
no-one needs that, certainly not me.

So goodbye little toe,
wherever you are.
Always, precious to me,
you must not have known.

Forever Untitled

How is that you shit
in the place where you ate,
the place we fed you love,
shielding you from hate?

Time and again, we
have swatted the flies.
You, sick with chewing...
hollow stares from yellow eyes.

Wiped your foaming mouth
while you drank the lying bile.

I will never understand you,
though I have often tried.
Made excuses and protected
you, never told them your lies.

Lying eyes, so full of spies.
Goodbye my girl, see you
on the flip-side.

The Surgeon

I met a man, he sang a song
words to penetrate,
terms that knifed and gouged,
searching and digging,
pulling out the essence of me.

I, always so spastic
never serene had stopped
to listen, hoping to glean
a bit of tranquility.

He spoke of love, acceptance
of self and others. This did
excite me. Maybe if I relax
I could learn to accept the
beautiful woman, inside of me.

I wasn't all bad, not even to me.
I would take the good that
I have known, learn from the
past and give to others
freely, what was given to me.

I met a man, he sang a song
his words are clear to me now,
struggling at times, yet a haunting
tune, never to forget how he
yanked me from my dank room.

Twin Souls in Karnack

Many lifetimes ago, we loved.
The horizon was multicolored,
Asia loved us, Egypt too.
Now, we're here, and I found you.

I was your teacher . . .
You, a student of mine.
Falling in love was easy . . .
no need for reason or rhyme.

The dust didn't bother, from
the desert storms of the day.
You and I in the Temple . . .
Soon diving in the Nile
to dream, to play.

I wonder where the paths lead
now... as our journey unfolds.
My questions have one answer,
it was always you.

Now . . . I am your student,
Providence is funny that way.
Lessons to be learned, is it
for me now . . . probing in the gray ?

Twin Souls in Karnack . . . *continued*

The mists of time and the fates
have been kind my love.
They are magical . . . you see?
They led us once again . . . you to me.

Student . . . Teacher . . . you're a lot like me.
I hope that we get it right this time.
Whatever needs to be learned . . .
maybe wise enough, to not get burned.

Could it be that you were not an apprentice?
Was I really the instructor?
Perhaps, this is the balance..
Twin-Souls of the dreamers.

Twin-Souls in Karnack
for all time.

Warrior Queen

The shadows creep, bleep, sneak in.
They think that I am blind.

I see you, ugly little rodents
get outta my space, my mind.

The spiders think I can't see, their web of
lies so bold, unfold right in front of me.

Better spin some better silk
you've run into a Warrior Queen.

I'll cast my light upon you, you'll
get right or get off of my path.
I carry love's power sword.

I need love on this journey, nothing
else will do...compassion
and sister mercy will welcome you.

1005

He is a riveting man
such a turn on, most
can hardly avert their gaze
but let me clue you all in

He loves so many,
so please get over yourself.
You not the one,
I am, no not me, I AM.

No sweeter to one than another
he sees the beauty in us all.
I too love dearly and deeply.
You don't "need" him
your actions tell it all.

When you come onto him
baring your shame like spilt
milk, we talk about it. You
have a need to be seen...

The light illuminates the
secrets, the unhidden things.

We have shared the light daily,
communed with Source.
Erasing the untruths from our minds.

→

Passages

1005 . . . continued

Jealousy and ownership are
not in our vocabulary at all.
Conversations shared
spiritual communion
our lives bared.

Seeing all this is
why my Dear friends
We make such a fiery team.

Fighters we are
keeping it together
We're living quietly out-loud,
not hidden or dull, all dreams
to fruition seen.

M. I. A.

Eying the window, with every pass of a car.
Me, waiting for you to show. You didn't though.
Instead of dinner with you, I blew and blew
...damn candles, damn you.

I left the light on in the hall,
expecting to hear the turn of a knob.
I didn't though. Instead I took your
pillow and shoved it between my legs.

Restless sleep had me 2AM groggy,
made a cup of toffee coffee. I don't
really know why, I prefer tea.
Nothing makes sense these days.

Rise and shine, mop the floor
chores galore, thinking to
myself, tonight is the night.
(Better watch out, ya better not cry)

He's not coming to town
I'm telling you why, you...
Me??? Yes, YOU! It was
a dream thang, silly willy.

Wake up and smell the coffee
(you know the one) He loves you.
OOO, here he comes now...
what to do, fix my face
erase, erase, misplaced angst.

Free at Last

Open your slider. Let me in,
again and again. I don't give a
flying fuck what people think.
The need in me grows stronger day by day.
I heard that you were filled with doubt,
lover I burn, let me in. No doubt,
that is not what I am about. I need you. (now)

I know that you believe you'll be
lost, lover don't listen to them. (let me in)
I cannot explain this need, I know
for me the consequence is slight,
fabrications it is not. Ask me how I sleep
at night. My soul is a burning hell, absent
of your touch, your hands probing me.

I will never run, we did it once before
lifetimes ago and here we are this day,
now...come on Baby, my man, my Twin
Flame, I'm your only one. My desire
is beyond measure, it is something
I cannot express with simple words.
Too much, so much, I'm alright,
take your time, no rush...no rush. (Lies)

Free at Last . . . *continued*

I'm on fire, torched Baby, drowning in
your fiery love. You have no idea how
much I will do for you, your smoky love
is all mine. Flames arise. Oh baby, to feel you,
to have you crawl inside me once more,
my desire aflame/inflamed. I won't settle for less,
fearless and unashamed, it has to be,
let us experience what it is to be free.

Poem inspired by TF and Melissa Etheridge

The Garden Once More

I remember a time when we danced
loved, laughed and we were brighter
than our sister moon and stars.
Brother wind continued to blow and
Father sun kept us warm.

In the garden we were gods, we were
a part of it all...every tree a part of you
and me...the energy of every living
thing...had tales to tell and songs to sing.

The trees knew we had need of shade
and sprouted leaves to cover us while
lying naked in the plush, green grass.
The time was magical, communication
with every being was a possibility.

The waters raised to greet us with an
invitation to drink, to join in with them
let their glorious waves hold you and me,
speak to me, oh waters of the deep.

The Garden Once More . . . *continued*

Tell me about my brother the giant
squid, with his large brain and his
naked body that stiffens by an
interior cartilaginous skeleton.
He loves to swim and play
stick to the sides of his friends
with those powerful suction cups.

Let me stay here forever, do not let me sleep.
In this garden, now is where we belong.
Alas we did sleep, it swept across us
like a hazy day. We forgot where we
came from, lessons now had to be learned
to maneuver through this world, this life.

Let me remember again, I am waking now.
I remember this now, where there
is no time, while we dance
love, laugh and are brighter
than our sister moon and stars.
Brother wind continues to blow and
Father sun keeps us warm.

Selah

Passing Fancy

If I have not told you today that
I love you, I do...I love the sun
in your hair, the moon in your eyes
even your BS lies, can capture me.

I love the songs that the winds sing
when you're not around...I love the
feel of the grass under my feet, grabbing
it with my toes. Imagining us, entwined.

I love the feel of your touch when
a butterfly rests against my arm.
No longer illusive, there she is again.
She's a fine mistress, never to give up.

I love the rain when it dances on
my tongue, sweet nectar of the gods,
sent with images, reflecting rivulets
that hold your face.

I stare into the water to get a read...
what is it that you are saying to me?
Messages received, no need
to bend over and upside down to
peer into Jessie's old well.

In time you found me, or did
I find you? Not really sure
and I don't really care. We're
here now and if I have not told
you today that I love you, I do

Remembering You

It seemed like a snap-shop
perhaps a vignette, that
previous life, that popped in
and swirled my mind.

Maybe it was a case of
Déjà vu, but I remember you.
There we were, it wasn't a
dream.

I still feel your breath
on my throat. I meditate
to pull you in...where you've
always been.

I remembered you several
years ago, pushed it aside.
Thought I was going crazy
I could not abide.

Passages

Remembering You . . . *continued*

No longer true, I look
and I see you. Once
again, we'll go round,
and round, get it right...
make this happen.

Look at me lover, I
have always been here.
As well as you, it took
a few lifetimes to begin anew.

Your breath, mmmmmm, I can feel
it on me once again. The flesh
is better than any 2 tiered mind.
No trick of the eye, no...not this time.

Come to me lover, commune with me.

Unveiled

Maybe it's the truth that I don't see.

Thoughts twisted...
heart fisted/pumped/bumped.

Jumbled/fumbled...
jangled/jingled...
convos in my mind.

Mingled/singled
delighted/excited
off guard/blind-sided
where did you come from?

Escape
death
life
remake
rebirth

over
and
over...

→

Passages

Unveiled . . . *continued*

'til I get it right...
I don't want a re-do.

Let me understand
give me some truth.

This time I will consciously
intake, absorb and
feed my soul,
now.

No do overs.

Ladybug

Love is a choice
joy, happiness
and anger are too.

I could never live
in that land of joy
less gloom.

Ugly smoke blowing
trying to strangle me
with lies and drama.

Stay away from me
there is no room
for upset and doom.

We all choose to be
“hurt”, yeah I said it
we chose it
manufactured it
rolled, seasoned, filleted
and marinated in it.

We even liked it.

Not this day.

Passages

Ladybug . . . *continued*

They cannot take what is mine,
they may borrow, if I choose.
Then it's on me, and maybe it
wasn't mine anyway, still can't lose.

It's a matter of perspective,
when I look in the mirror, I
don't see you, you're a figment
of a vivid imagination, not
mine, mind you, a fractured
window pane now on the mend.

Rise up and remember
that love is the key.
It matters not how “*they act*”,
or not, I do wish they'd be *real*.

(leave it alone)

But you know what to do.
Give it to God, don't pick it up
smile and carry on through.

→

Ladybug . . . *continued*

I kept cycling in one area
of emotion, letting another
have my power. It's not
happening anymore
total waste of time.

I'm taking my smile back
and loving them anyway.

Gonna do a dance of praise for
lessons learned and the
tolerance brought to me by
so called infractions.

Thank you Ladybug for all that you do
in helping me to see.

I love you.

Communion

I know that I am not the first to cry
do you hear me Lord
as I bow my
head in secret
with so many questions
all ending with why?
Like George
I just wanna
see you
be with you
feel you
touch you and
commune with you.
I have a need to go where you are
to reside in that kingdom
whether near or far
wrapped in your bosom
where my secret thoughts reside
is my heart's desire
never to abandon or hide.
I'm on fire for you
I love you my Lord.
The need in me is strong
to express that I belong
to you, my creator
Source, my only ONE.

Communion . . . *continued*

The world has gone crazy
so much hate, I can barely
breathe, I can hardly
take it.

I try to shake it
hope that I make it.

Give me strength
remove this ache in it
my heart.

Oh my Lord, we are a mess
we need your guidance
reach down and give us a hand
and take us into that promised-land.

My Lord

My Source
we are waiting to come
out of the desert
and home safely to you.

I just wanna
see you
be with you
feel you
touch you and
commune with you.

And I Bleed

I needed to get in touch with me
not you
look deep inside
search my truth.
forget a pen bleed.
I am bleeding.
All that I ever wanted to was to love
be accepted, love my God
search my truth and be free.
I'm not a freak in some sideshow circus hell
you don't even know me, broken now, the spell.
I'm not a yes woman, hell to the no.
I am a strong woman, though fragile at times
you really don't know me at all.
You may when I bail the fuck out.
I can see you scratch your head
talking to yourself and wondering why?
"Why did she go, wasn't she
down with my jive, wasn't I the man of finesse?
She tried to tell me, but I was caught up in my own shit.
Hanging, flirting, midnight calls, writes,
sexting and all the while, tossing a crumb
hoping it would nourish her, keep her on my line.
Pushing her away a little, each time
spreading myself thin.

And I Bleed . . . *continued*

I needed her, still try to reel her in.
She's gone now, a breeze in the wind."
She said: "There is a pain in my heart
that will take time to heal
spill some more blood
wishing us well.
Grasping to understand
these lessons learned.
My pen reflects my insides
and somehow my pen
does bleed and burn.
With thoughts of what would have been."

Humanity's Song

We've sang about it
tolled bells about it
flew our banner
wore tee-shirts with slogans
to overcome, to be one.
We
marched
charged
in large groups
we held hands
mediated and
prayed for it.
The time for Oneness is now.
A never-ending season of love,
and peace between all humanity.
I have seen the downtrodden lost and alone,
feeling as if no one cared
and then you my brother, came along.
You offered a hot meal and a blanket for warmth
you gave of yourself
and gave another hope.
You passed a lady on the street
the rain was pouring
she was soaked to her feet.

Humanity's Song . . . *continued*

You gave to her your umbrella
only love is on your agenda.
This is what I am talking about family
treat your brothers and sisters as yourselves.
Indebted to love and kindness.
For we are
ONE
in the scheme of things
compassion is the thing to bring.
One race, one love,
to this I share
and cling.

Flight

Wednesday morning came
and I thought about my life.
My yearning to be as free as a bird
or a kite loose from it's string.

I stepped outside to see
a glorious sky painted
with pinks, blues and greens

spectacular hues.
I felt the warmth of the sun.
There was magic in the air.
My feet left the ground
and I ascended.

I viewed the tops of the trees
they waved their leaves
and whispered...

a serene
self-governing
message just for me.

I never knew that I could fly
but just as I rose and soared
a seeming impossibility.

I am able to break
these chains that bind
all placed there by me.

Freedom in Love

A diabolical one walked through my house
shouting and hissing, venomous lies.

Wounding spirits, gouging skin, seducing
me, again and again.

Much like the tyrant from my childhood
causing fear and exerting control.

In my struggle to be free, I sat paralyzed
not knowing if I could really be me.

Stealing any light, I was in a dark filled gloom
when a flicker caught the corner of my eye.

Thank you for the tiny light
that grew and beamed so bright.

You tossed a rope, I did grab hold.

Thank you, for the love vest
that you placed around me.

I knew the answer:
it was simple really...
the darkness has to leave.

Gone now is this impending doom
thank you, Love
for freedom's room.

Lifting the Dead

I walked through
a massive graveyard
called humanity.

Sadness and hunger
were prevalent
skin falling off bones.

Spirits broken...desperation
filled Mother earth's throne.

Young men by the fence
carefully eying me.

These observers,
watching....
seeing what I will do next
who could they be?

Stones, big and small had been thrown
and nearly tripped me as I passed.

They have before, not this time
I AM, the source of love.

The only headstone read
“Here lies humanity, what will you do?”

I stared to the cosmos above.

→

Lifting the Dead . . . *continued*

The answer is here with us;
always has been, awaken
and we'll make it through.

I AM that I AM
we need no more.

My hands and heart are open
to give and receive blessings.

Speaking light into this starless night
beckoning all, rise to love and life!

The seeds are sown.
I fed the dead.

Rise up and walk now,
and they did!

Share and spread some more.

a Collaboration of Lovers

In deep thought on my private beach...
I looked to the sky
and gasped in wonder

at the universe
staring back at me.

The colors were many
as I watched in awe

the clouds seemed to dance
and brighten my world.

They were sky-skaters
moving in and out
and merging again

a union to see

purples and pinks enlaced
adding...to my cloistered ecstasy.

*and i stand by thy side
i hear your soul filled sighs
the breath of life
being spoken in whispers to life*

a Collaboration of Lovers . . . *continued*

*i look into the Azure flavors of your eyes
and i am not surprised
as your soul reaches forth
to embrace me
taste me
as i do you
and thy beautiful spirit*

*your heart beat, i hear it
as it calls to me
and that Universe in me
to feel the composite of self
God
Creator
Source
found in you*

I feel the warmth of your soul
penetrating...
permeating
emanating

beauty and song
into my being.

As I turn to look
I get lost in your eyes.

→

Passages

a Collaboration of Lovers . . . *continued*

Such wonder and joy is
found there...
sharing our tenderness
communing as One.
This history of our lives.

My love comes from Source
a desire reflected in you.
It is where my universe
begins and ends.

My love, eternal muse
In you, my spirit thrives.

*and i bow in reverence
for in thy presence
i am reminded of the Gift
the Gift our Father bestowed
upon us
when he blew within us
infused us
with the breath of life*

*and as life is given unto us
we must give it back we must
for if in God we trust
it is so, thus*

→

a Collaboration of Lovers . . . *continued*

*i bow in reverence
for in thy presence
i am reminded of the present
and the pleasant quest
as i contemplate my best
as i stand on my private beach
in deep thought
looking at the sky
in wonder
where possibilities lie
as we vie
to go beyond the lie
that denies
of our divine birthright
to love*

Passages

Photograph

It was just an image
a colorful vignette.

Delicious shared moments
that I refuse to give back.

Strawberry and lemon secrets
My soul won't let me forget.

What am I seeking as I peruse
these passages of time?

Yesteryear's memories
dancing on my mind.

When you were here
teaching music and rhyme.

Dylan, Lennon and Green
screamed loud and proud.

Why do I feel sadness
mixed with joy and tears?

Many questions and answers,
within me dwell.

→

Photograph . . . *continued*

Looking at this faded exposure
there is a story to tell.

Thank you, for the music,
thank you, for the song.

Thank you, for the life you gave.
Thank you, that you gave all.

I miss you so much but I'll
keep the story to myself.

Maybe next time, I'll be more candid
spill and reveal, a bit of ourselves.

Retrial Denied, Times Three

In the state of Execution
my brother was thrown in prison Texas
without a sliver of evidence against him.
A bullshit trial for show
verdict carelessly shouted
GUILTY
without reason.

Lock the door...throw away the key
our judicial system is not broken
it is shattered
poor-ism and racism thrives.

With the help of the innocence project
some are freed while others fight to be heard
youth lost, never to be seen again
not protected by civil rights.
Cornelius Dupree is a black man
the system wasted 30 yrs of his life
on a wrongful conviction in Dallas
finally, to be set free. Or is he?

What about those 30 years?
Do they matter to you or me?

You bet your ass it matters!
It could have been us.

Retrial Denied, Times Three . . . *continued*

If your poor or black, better
watch the fuzz, becuz
they have quotas to meet
trolling the streets!

Blessed Cornelius
they didn't listen to your case
dig for the truth
forget about your plea
my god...
you were only nineteen.

What made the police pull you over?
I don't think they ever said.
You cooperated
never pleading the fifth.

Was it the color of your skin?
We both know that it was,
the fucked up judge
who believed a myth.

They robbed you
a crime they will never
be punished for.

→

Passages

Retrial Denied, Times Three . . . *continued*

Your youth
your family...to be.
I wonder what you would have been
if they had allowed a full testimony.
Thirty-one years served and released
trying to prove them wrong
and you are now free.

Or are you?

It took six years of dedication from
the innocence project and
thirty-one yrs of your life

and finally...

ten days after your release
for good behavior
the DNA results came back
proving you...
FACTUALLY INNOCENT!

With this heinous wrongful conviction
on January 4th, 2011
your name was made clean.

How are you my Brother during this Holiday Season?

Get it Together

We all hemorrhage red.
The woman from Africa,
that precious soul in Madrid.

All wanting the same things.

Can't you see?
Ethnicity is not a disease.

We are...family.

I am a poet, my words change the world

Thoughts

Every thought is worthy of space.
They comes to me as a visitor.
Not one to embrace, for too long.

Some are shadows sent to discourage
and confuse. To make me forget
where it is I came from...
and where I am returning to.

They once talked to me of
leaving this life too soon.
“No room, no not for you...and
your confusion, such gloom.

Lay it all down, the cheer
has been picked from your
pockets, only lint is left...
rest” they said. With orange
eyes and blood on their mouths
striking voices of doom.

They screech with emptiness
looking for a place to reside.
Hiding in the recesses
of my mind.

Thoughts . . . *continued*

My spirit alerted, raises the sword
of truth and vision. Third eye opens,
destroying them, one by one
replacing with love's power and
purity of thought meditation.

Whatsoever is lovely
and true...
think on these things.

Nobody told me . . .

Nobody told me that the lessons
though necessary, would be hard.
I will accept, play and embrace them.
Too late to turn back now, I have
been dealt these cards.

It seems that I am always waiting.
Waiting for a train, waiting to ease
this pain, hoping for a gain...soon
to see...soon to be...living for you
living for me.

Nobody told me that I would love
so deep...I didn't know, never
realized that you'd turn my world
right-side up...I never knew...
not until you.

My Prince has come and awakened
me from my sleep. How do I thank
you, my love? I have needed you
for so long, nobody told me that
I would carry on.

Nobody told me....

The Twins

I must have kissed you a million times.
Your sweet lips, down on mine.
I have loved you many lifetimes.
Your presence always, within/without...
under my skin, pulsing my heart.

Some moments beg the question..
I wonder, if you are me and I you?
I hear you call, you're mouthing my
name. I am coming to you, be still
I'm here, loving you as before.

My love, my twin, spun from stardust
and gold. Did I dream you in?
The focus, the pull
like magnet to steel...bonded.
I won't let go, I never will.
I love you my Twin.

Passages

Dear Diary,

Mama told me, when I was just a babe
“be careful child, the world is a dangerous place.”

I didn't listen to Mama, instead I ran free and wild.
More than a few knee scrapes, I ended up behind bars.

In my cell and looking back, I wondered, where my
friends are. They never write to me or visit at all.

Ten years is a long haul, I have had time to
reconsider Mama's advice, her love rings true.

It's Sunday so I need to cut this short. Mama
will be here soon, my first love is coming to call.

Her Story

Jane Addams . . . September 6, 1860 – May 21, 1935

Her name is Jane, Jane Addams
a 20th century pioneer.

Ahead of her time and eying her brothers
she wondered why she could not get a
degree at medical school too.

She was as intelligent as the others.

She wondered more, why she had to marry
and produce offspring, it was her life.

Wasn't it?

Not complying by Father's wishes,
to fit societies norm, no white lace and china,
would satisfy her...

she remained opinionated and strong.

Father said "Better pack her off to Europe,
a vacation is what she needs."

Jane's Father passed upon their return.

Guilt ridden and not well, she took to her bed.

Her year of silence did not go unheard
stories of need, ran through her head.

With freedom running through her veins
she arose from her bed of dreams.

Friends called...and

with tickets in hand

they sailed across the ocean

not aware that she'd find,

her life's path.

→

Passages

Her Story . . . continued

She enjoyed herself and had a ball
Ellen Starr was with her, they
laughed and danced all night but
through it all...
she had a hunger to give,
to ease the pain of others.
They met some people who ran a
settlement house in London.
These ladies took that idea home
and started one in Chicago.
Here they taught English to immigrants,
vocational skills were honed. Offering
legal help and caring for the sick.
Through the years, she gave and gave;
recognizing poverty would abound
more and more, unless laws were changed.
Working for the rights of women, children
and a loud member of the NAACP.
Jane made congress aware that these
groups had no rights, no safety.
What is it they say? The squeaky wheel get's the grease?
She did too, she fought for
humanity her life through.
A founding member of the ACLU.
Opposing the coming war,
she joined the Women's Peace Party,
and many more.

→

Her Story . . . continued

Expelled by some communities
and bruised by others, she never gave up.
Jane authored several books
while working on economic reform.
Taking the proceeds to further enlightenment
for the next generation born.
I thank you, Jane...I honor you today.
For showing compassion, using your power
to unburden the down-trodden
exercising courage and showing us the way.
Note *This 20th century lady received
the Nobel Peace prize in 1931.

Caller ID

She tests my patience
time and time again.
Always needy, too clingy
to this man, that is not her own.
I do love her, but at times, I don't
like her. I wanna shake her by the shoulders
and say wake up woman,
you're driving us insane!
It's been a busy day, I'm tired
and not in the mood for her bullshit.
Could I have 5 minutes...without interruptions?
The last time, I checked, I am his lady.
May I speak to him, without you
beeping in every 2 seconds
with so-called emergencies?
Poor baby, did you break a nail?
You, such a drama queen, whining and crying
taking his time, sucking him dry,
and not in a good way...
eating the life right outta him.
Call after call, We are weary
of these incessant interruptions.
You have no idea what it is to be me.
Or the burdens that he carries...
that we carry...
leave us alone for 24 hours please.
A little respect would be a welcome thing.

Moments in Love

There are so many things that I wanted to say.
We were busy with work, and friends, life got in the way.
Just for today, let's run away
you know the place...
where we dream and play.
I wanted to say that I admire you, and love your
gentle touch. Not just with me, you're a gentleman
in all of the right ways, I need you so much.
I love your kindness and giving nature, when I was
broke, you saved me from Christmas disaster.
You're a blessing to all and I am so happy
to call you friend and lover.
You picked me up, dusted me off
and my value I did discover.
You told me again and again
my worth was far more than
rubies and gold.
I am happy to partner with you love,
those dreams and talks we share are
priceless.
Sharing them on the porch swing
now, atop our mountain...
where we will together, grow old.
I love you, just wanted to say so.

Passages

Skinny Love

I asked if you loved me
you said that you do.

Hidden in plain sight
what else is there to do?

Illusions
contrived.

Romance
survived.

A little.

Fighting to live
striving to die.

Life is grand,
behind the great veil.

Isn't it?

Love is all around
and yet, I am empty today.

Starved for affection
emaciated from hunger.

→

Skinny Love . . . *continued*

Skeletal love isn't enough.
I need some meat on this plate.

Maybe it's me, rarely satisfied.
Always wanting more.

I asked if you loved me
you said that you do.

So why am I so thin?

Can you tell me again
and answer me true.

Why am I so skinny and blue
when I remember you?

Mother and Daughter

Sitting in my cluttered room,
clothes on the bed.
Memorabilia collects dust.

I wanted to give her a photograph
of her Mom, with pearls.
Me, in the best light, serene.

In the early morning chill, I visited her.

She blanketed and scarved me.
Taking care, as if I were her child
on a trip to the park.

Camera in hand she captured life
in these tired, green eyes.
Relaxed and confident in her craft.

I watched in wonder, proud to be her Mother.
As if I could take some credit for growth.

Me, like an awkward child, following her
direction, she snapped and flashed.

Vignettes, with a thousand stories
only she and I can comprehend.

Mother and Daughter . . . *continued*

Confidence looming, she beams a certain light.
A safe harbor for lost children and Mothers.

This amazing woman, my love, my daughter.
When I grow up, I'd like to be just like her.
Thank you, Summer Elizabeth,
child of my heart, living in my soul.

I wanted to give you a photograph, with pearls.
Me, in the best light, serene.

Instead, you gave one to me.

Passages

Epilogue



Janet P. Caldwell

About The Author

I feel extremely humbled and blessed by my Creator to have been gifted with the ability to communicate by way of the written word. The poems and prose expressed in this book are long over-due for publication. My last book was published in 2004 by Authorsden and did quite well. Since then I have taken many hiatus' from the literary world. During my absences, I continued to write and kept a personal Blog with Poetry, my Thoughts and other works. I began to post again in a variety poetry groups, a few of which I eventually became the Administrator of. I had many of my peers ask me when I would publish another book and share with the world "my unique voice that touches so many."

My first book primarily focused on the abuse of my Step-Dad towards my Mother, three brothers and myself. This abuse was Sexual, Mental, Physical and by any other means one could ever conjure abuse to be. It took a lot out of me to revisit those demons in our lives and I was not ready to publish again until now. In all honesty the thought of publishing another book was not in the forefront of my mind at all but I could hear the muse calling. For the most part, my Blog and the Poetry groups abated my need to express . . . but i was not satisfied with that. I knew that I had something to say, to go from the screaming/venting/purging mentality to a place of forgiveness and acceptance. I needed to let go of the dark days and express the love in my heart. Though life's current experiences are not all candy and sunshine, I accept the fact that the journey continues. I live in the "NOW".

In the spring/summer of 2010, I met my publisher and now very close friend, confidante and business partner William S. Peters Sr. aka "Just Bill." He read my first book and saw the growth in my newer works and encouraged me to publish. Even though I was working closely with him on a daily basis to publish others, it came as a surprise, a welcome one to publish again.

Passages

About The Author . . . *continued*

My poetry style has been compared stylistically to Sylvia Plath by many and Ian Thorpe wrote about this in his review of my first book **“5 degrees to separation”**.

I consider myself a confessional and sometimes dramatic poet. I have been known to write about myself in the third person but the point is clear. I also write poetry that leaves an open end to let the reader interpret and decide for themselves what I am saying. I have received many interesting interpretations on my pieces, some right on the money, some so far into left field that I shake my head, but then there are those gifted readers who saw something that I as the author did not see. I am forever grateful for those nuggets of gold that they so effortlessly mined for me. One thing that I have learned is this . . . once my work is in the world, it no longer belongs to me, it belongs to the reader and their own perspectives. I do the same thing with music. I love music and I listen to it everyday. I have noticed that I can “twist” a song and make it my own. If the artists knew, maybe they would shake their heads too as I many times have lost their original intent.

All in all, whatever the genre, I love art and art loves me. I have met so many people in this game called life, some ordinary people, some not so ordinary, some famous and a myriad the infamous. Life has been good and I cherish every moment, the good the bad and the not so pretty. Please enjoy my latest offering and pass the word on, “she's back.” Thank you so much.

Much Love & Peace,

Janet

xoxoxo

Endorsements & Reviews

In an era when popular poetry is often obscure for the sake of obscurity, the poems of Janet P. Caldwell are refreshing for their clarity and for the poet's clear vision. This is poetry that not only reads well on the page, but sounds powerful when read aloud. And the subject matter? A life examined with a poet's eye and recorded with honesty and intensity. Ms. Caldwell's poems can be bone lean, yet full of the meat of living, full of the flavor of being a human being. This is a collection of poems by a writer at the height of her powers of observation, and defining her life and the world around her.

James Lee Jobe

Author and DJ on 96.9 The Eagle

Janet Caldwell bares her soul raw and unpretentious taking us through the cycles of her life. We walk with her through the scars of abuse, the roller coaster of love, pain, loss and relationships, the unconditional love discovered in childbirth. In the end we must respect her courage as she kneels in forgiveness ready to take the next step on her journey. A testament to the human spirit as it rises from darkness into the light of awakening. After walking with Janet you end at the door of sustenance feeling full.

Teresa E. Gallion

Poet

Author of Contemplation in the High Desert

Passages

Endorsements & Reviews . . . *continued*

"I know Janet Caldwell as a very talented writer and poet. Janet tackles head-on every subject she writes about with wit, intelligence and, at times a subtle humor, all of which underscore her many gifts with writing. I would highly recommend Janet Caldwell as a writer, poet, and friend.

Respectfully submitted,

CJ Heck"

Author

"To know Janet is to touch the salt of the earth. She is not afraid to express total authenticity. Janet surrounds you with love and compassion which emanates from the depth of her heart and soul and expressed through her words."

Lindy Tefft, M.S.

Author

As a Writer, Poet and Publisher, I am awed by the "Raw Realities" Janet is able to capture in her Poetic expressions. She has a very Unique Voice of her own while at the same time being able to personify that of so many who perhaps can not put into words their Emotions, Thoughts and Spiritual Intuitions. I am so honored to call her "Friend". Her personal journey as captured in her poems are quite profound and will evoke a deep stirring in any soul who would take the time to read and contemplate the depths and insights she chooses to share. We are blessed.

William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child

Endorsements & Reviews . . . *continued*

Visceral intensity, both the violence and the love, are gustily, painfully and restoratively felt. Sometimes we have a strength we don't know. So that in . . .

*The tiny girl with the operatic voice,
belted out a vast tune effectual.*

There is both miracle and terror. The poet is aware that merely triumphing over our own being intimidated is no good, if we intimidate too much ourselves. This poetry is not just intensity let rip.

"Self notes" shows minxish wit, crisp spry consonants, suddenly holding the violent intense moments at arm's length, in a tickly sense of humour

Life isn't
a play, they can be
a bore.

There is peace but also risk - of the wrong kind of loss of self - in this detachment, as shown in "Research Project",

although there is commitment to delicacy, there is defiance

because I cannot sit still,
and watch the destruction.

No, I will not be quiet.

The poet shows her suffering, not as a leader but as honest, so everyone will be.

Healing must be a communal campaign;

Passages

Endorsements & Reviews . . . *continued*

Sometimes the poet takes an overview, almost like a ghost, of seeing the world of mere fleshly feelings as surreal and superficial to the long view of eternity, as in the fine poem "Dinner in two dimensions", the whole collection helping one hear the poet's voice (in this world, of this world) to appreciate her planting both feet in an unearthly otherworldly view in this poem. More serene, less suffering, poems of eternity float off more blissfully, but "Dinner in two dimensions" is where the earthly and unearthly poem styles meet and mix. They do too in a pleasurable musical more light verse way in *Déjà vu Tide*

Ira Lightman

Poet and Musician

United Kingdom

a Final Word from Janet

In this fast paced and sometimes crazy world we tend to rush and let beauty pass us by. I know that I have been guilty of this before. I used to go by a second name "*Derailedpoet*" and many know me by that name in the poetry world. It is OK, though I am slowly backing away from that persona as it's connotations are a bit off my *track* now.

I wrote under that name when I fell off the wagon for two years and picked up the bottle again. Thank God, I have been sober for years now but the name stuck as I wrote prolifically during those lost two years as *Derailedpoet* and nothing was off subject. I did a lot of purging as I sipped my red wine and typed. The good thing that came out about this was my first book got published and many saw themselves in my work and did not feel alone. I have since mentored some of these fine people.

Today, as I examine my life, the trials and the victories, I am satisfied that I am on the path set for me long before. I look at the world today and I see the sheer beauty of nature. I have always been a lover of trees and as far back as I can remember, and I have felt a kinship to them. I look at trees and I can feel a lump in my throat as I commune with them. I love the grass and anything green in nature . . . we are one.

I also look at the horrific injustices in the world. I see war, famine, lack of food and water, bigotry, racism and my hopes and efforts is to eradicate these wherever possible. Being the eternal optimist, I believe that anything is possible. I personally attempt to be mindful of my own bias, and believe me, there are many. I am happy to witness that in the last year alone many of the Poetry and World Communities are coming together, hand in hand in spite of our sometimes obvious differences. This is a beautiful thing.

Passages

a Final Word from Janet . . . continued

I also contribute as often as I can to digging and building water wells for third world countries who have none and are dying of disease when all they need of is a few dollars per month. Besides my Poetry, this is my personal way of giving back. I have been involved in many works of love such as volunteer work at the Aids Resource Center in Dallas, TX, the Denton State School and Angels Incorporated, Soup Kitchens to name a few. I do not tell you this to blow my own horn, as a matter of fact 99% of you don't know this. I tell you this in hope that it will spark a change in the reader of these words to do the same . . . give to life in any way you can. To share love, treat your neighbor as yourself is a service for them, but also for you. We all want love, we are love, pull it out and *pay it forward*. It's a simple choice.

It is our responsibility to serve mankind. To lend a helping hand if it is a monetary donation, a helping hand, prayer, well wish or a smile. Let's get moving and share the light of love that is within each of us.

I love you all,

Janet

xoxoxo

~ *fini* ~



I am a Mother, Grandmother,
Daughter, Sister, Lover,
Friend and Servant. I hope
you enjoy my Soul's Poetic
Reflections of my Journey
and my Love for Humanity.

Thank You

Janet



Janet Caldwell is a prolific Poet and Writer. In this masterful work, *Passages*, Ms. Caldwell demonstrates the uncanniest ability to capture the thoughts and spirits of many of us in her insightful and often pain-filled verse. Her propensity to bring light to that which was once dark has touched many Souls and many readers across the globe. Some liken her Poetic Expressions to such "Great Scribes" as Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton. We believe that her voice found in her words are not reflections of any others, but that of her own.

Visceral intensity, both the violence and the love, are gustily, painfully and restoratively felt. Sometimes we have a strength we don't know.

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www.innerchildpress.com