A Collection of Poetry: Shades of Life Experiences

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

by

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For my senior Honors project I have gathered and revised works of poetry that I have written. The project is divided into three sections. The first section contains selected poetry written for different courses during my four years at Ball State. The second section contains poetry from a book that my Uncle Garth Fisher is in the process of having published. This book contains twenty of my poems. It is entitled Fortune Cookies: Recipes for a Master in Training Volume II, and should be going to the publisher in April of 1995. The third section consists of poetry, some recent and some from many years ago, that I thought should be included in this project.
SECTION ONE
During the spring semester of 1993 I took Mrs. Edmonds's Honors 202 class. Among the great works of literature we studied was Dante's Inferno. I wrote a poem called "Concentric Pain" in response to this literary work.
Concentric Pain

Vile trinity.
Mouths of three.
Center of evil,
Wings wafting fear and fury.

Dangerous distance,
Far from the sight of God.
Far from the warmth of the Light of Truth.
Cold with the ice of injustice.

Ripping, shredding,
Gnawing upon the souls of three
Fallen from the rock of God
Into the pit of eternal torture.

The archetype of a sinner.
Treachery to any is treachery to God,
As treachery rips apart unified will.

Being eaten
As they fed off of others in life.
Torn in tumultuous treachery.
Aspiring to their own heights.

Cold, icy spirals enslaving souls,
Who killed each other for evil goals.

Now the deceitful
Are a multitude of shadows.
Suffering, each sense afflicted,
Groping, horrid.

They struggle now for life,
As the truth they once corrupted
Struggled for life.

Rotten, dirty, stinking,
Animals, yet men.
Agony in their own afflictions.
Now victims of their own sins.

The men whose souls shone with the
Light of talent on Earth,
Before in deceit they snuffed this light out,
Twisting their souls in vile darkness,
For men’s reasons.

Now this same evil encircles them,
Wrapping around their bodies tightly as snakes,
Constricting their breathing
Taking their will as they stole from others.
Their hands are bound, the source of their sins,
Burning into ashes, and emerging into life again.
As the phoenix, forever reborn.
Only into vile misery and venomous pain.

Round and round the tiny path,
Men smiling on the outside.
Dressed in light cloth,
Moaning internally, wearing the leaden weight
Of robes of hypocrisy and remorse.

Endless, tireless circles,
Run by the trek of unnatural violators
Rain which would be so sweetly dripping on Earth,
Cool and quenching from the heavens above,

Here turns into burning drops of hot remorse.
Fire upon blistering sand.
Parching pain.
Beating out their inner violence which could not be tamed.

Blood dripping in a circle
For the violent and the slain.
A wood containing hollow pain.
Red voice reverberating the agonies which
Still remain.
I elected to take Dr. Matthys-Eddy's course for one of my Honors Colloquia. This class was on naturalist poetry and prose writers. Some of the naturalist authors we read included Henry David Thoreau, Henry Beston, and Edward Abbey.

As a final project for this course, I compiled some quotes and wrote poetry in response to the works we read. Three of the poems that I wrote for this course were accepted by my uncle for publication in his book. Those poems were "My Field," "A New Age," and "Peace."

I included in this section two poems that were written for this class and not put into my uncle's book. The first one is about man's disconnectedness from nature; it is called "World Under Glass." The second one questions which way society will go in regard to the natural world and its preservation or destruction. That one is called "Place of Peace, Place of Promise."
"The meaning of 'preservation' thus suggested is not saving apart, as under glass, but sustaining the creative power, that which keeps the world continually renewing." — Henry David Thoreau

World Under Glass

Underneath a dome shaped glass,
Disconnected and perverted,
Lies our "wilderness",
Separated from all things, including us.

Discontented and divorced from life,
And yet, living and breathing,
Struggling and surviving.
It is the wild, unwild, under glass.

It is as artificial as a greedy man's smile.
It is sick as a patient with AIDS.
It is as perverted as a molested child.
And as dying as our own souls, separated from us.

Irrationality reigns.
Freedom and spirit in chains.
Everything is broken and controlled.
Mere existence is taking its toll.

Reality has been perverted.
Can we say what is real?
Can we control the turn of the tide?
And the ways that we feel?

What can we master?
What can we devise?
Our own hearts under glass?
Before our very own eyes.
"This great expanse of deep blue water, deeper than the sky, why does it not blue my soul as of yore? It is hard to soften me now. I see no gulls myself." Henry David Thoreau
March 1854

Place of Peace, Place of Promise

I went there with a great hope.
I suppose the hope of being reunited with nature,
And therefore, myself and God.

I wanted to find meaning in the world again.
To find that the world's meaning is also mine.

Instead, I discovered a sense of dread.
The cool, calm, blue waters I had hoped for
Were now brown and grey.

I paused for a moment and wondered about the creatures who lived there.

I saw an aluminum can,
Held there by thick grey muck.
And I wondered where the turtle was,
Who should be there instead.
And as I wondered what he would be feeling now...

It occurred to me to wonder what we were feeling now.
If we are at all.

And if we aren't feeling,
How long will it take?
How much thick grey muck...

Perhaps enough to cover us?
Before we decide to move
And do something to restore our world and the turtle's.

But when we do decide to move, will it be too late?
Too late for us and far too late for the turtle.
In Dr. Brown’s Honors 203 class, we had a unit on existentialism. I gave an oral presentation on the writings of Kierkegaard. As a supplement to this project I wrote poetry in response to existential ideas.

I have chosen the one that I thought was the most expressive to be included here. Another poem I wrote for this class is being published in my uncle’s book. It is called "The Nature of Existentialism." I took this class in the fall of my junior year (1994).
The Quest of a Solitary Hunter

In the essence of everything,
Is nothing.
If someone has to teach you,
Then you do not know.

Every man
A Solitary Hunter
Solo seeker
Of his own truth.

Every man must find
His own Light,
Upon which
His path to shine.

Every man
Asks the question
And it must be his own voice that answers
In order to be right.

Every man who knows himself,
Knows everything,
Every man who knows everything,
Knows nothing.
This poem was written for my Eng. 354 class. This was an African American Literature course taught by Dr. Maude Jennings. I took this class fall semester of my senior year (1994).

In this class we had to read and respond in the form of written papers to various African American authors. The authors included Carey, Baldwin, Ellison, Hurston, Williams, Hughes, and Morrison. For our final projects we were allowed to write creatively in response to one or more of the works we read.

I chose to write a poem about Zora Neale Hurston's book, Their Eyes Were Watching God. It is the story of a young black girl who is growing up in the South at a time soon after slavery became illegal. Janie Crawford is the character whom we see develop into an amazing woman.

Janie lives originally with her grandmother who was directly affected by slavery and is raising Janie because her daughter ran off. Grandma had been a slave whose master raped her. Janie's mother was the child who was born as a result of that, and Janie had been born after her mother was raped by a white school teacher when she was only seventeen.

Janie looks for comfort in an ideal man who will love and marry her. Grandma, being old, has other plans for her, and she sees to it that Janie is married before she passes away. Janie is unhappy in this marriage without love and without her grandmother to turn to for help. She runs off with a young black man who is determined to become a powerful person.
In her marriage with this man, Jody, she finds that she has missed again. He wants her to be someone she is not. The love she has been searching for is not here either. Janie stays in this unhappy relationship until her husband, Jody, dies. Then she marries Tea Cake, and finally she has found the relationship she has been desiring to have for so long. The relationship with Tea Cake is a short and sweet one that changes her for good.

The following poem is called "The Pear Tree Poem", and it describes Janie's story in other terms. Hurston uses references in her book to Janie's youth as a young blossoming tree, and symbolizes the love Janie searches for with the honey bee pollinating the fruit. I have incorporated this symbolism into my poetry.
A Dream Of Sweet Pears

Part One: Rotting Pears

"I wanted something more," said Janie,
Looking toward the door,
Desiring the sweet pear tree in the summer time,
But finding instead, the staleness of rotting fruit.

Where is my soul? Bursting with the passionate fruits of life?
Rancid love and deceit have taken its place.
Where is my innocence? Now that I have grown old with knowledge?
All these years spent wasting away for what?

I am an object to the devotion of hatred.
Petty, controlling, unjust stifling of my soul,
Which cries so to be free!
I cannot escape these long locked chains
Which have slowly tethered my wrists and ankles.

Where is my freedom?

Under the bright pear tree,
Lavished with sweet juices of life;
Syrupy love, passion, and emotion...

But is this not for me?

I bite the sour, spoiled fruit of my passions.
How will I find love's sweet peace,
Lying under the rotting fruit of this pear tree?

Square toed death released Janie from her manacles
With death for Jody there was new life for Janie.

Part Two: The Honey Bee

Tea Cake, Tea Cake, the honey bee,
Buzzing around Miss Janie's tree.
Beauty long hidden, now will be set free,
By Tea Cake, Tea Cake, the honey bee.

Sweet life, sweet love ripen fresh pears
On the long forgotten tree of love.
Sweet nectar drips from Janie's lips
Life finally grown in the ripened tree.

Bright blue days for Janie,
Brightest of them all,
Though now she fears losing,
What she had always searched to find.

Tea Cake, sweet fruit of love.

Love grows steady,
Like the beans in the muck.
Strong stems,
Bearing sprouts of life, love, and laughter.

Janie finds equality in the muck.

Part Three: Turbulent Winds

Through time, the pear tree has grown strong and supple,
Enduring the hard times, there grew a resilience in its branches.

Turbulence sets in on the sweetest of dreams.
Whirling around and ripping at life's seams.
Chaos and shouts from the wind and the trees.
Whose eyes were watching God as it seems?

Saddest falling,
Pity of tales,
After the hurricane,
The tree can’t prevail.

Tea Cake, oh, Tea Cake,
Dripping with sweat.
What makes your mouth so dry?
And your body so wet?

What is this affliction,
That has turned your mind,
So now you try to take the life
Of the woman you saved and set free?

Tea Cake, oh, Tea Cake,
The tale has a twist.
Bitten with affliction,
Your Sweet Janie, you kissed.

Letting sanity slip out of your reach,
While sweet Janie, your wife,
Whose eyes do beseech you,
Can only save herself by destroying you.
Part Four: Only Janie

Janie, sweet Janie,
What sorrow is this?
That God gave you love,
And then took it for His.

Janie, sweet Janie,
Wise, delicate thing,
Your understanding is greater,
Than the wisest of beings.

Janie, sweet Janie,
Don’t lay your head low.
Realize that you did have love,
As you now let it go.

And do let it go.
SECTION TWO
My uncle, Garth Fisher, currently resides in Wisconsin and has provided counseling services there for many years. He teaches relationship workshops and has had many articles published on related topics. He recently switched his area of practice to massage therapy and is dedicated to the healing of people on the mental, physical, and spiritual realms.

Over the years Garth has collected many insights from his work and his own personal journey through life. He published many of them in his first book, *Fortune Cookies: Recipes for a Master in Training*. He has now given me the opportunity to have some of my poems published in his second book, which is a sequel to the first.
I have included the table of contents from his book, since the actual book is not included here:

Table of contents for Fortune Cookies: Recipes for a Master in Training Vol. II:
Chapter One: Crossing the Bridge
Chapter Two: Fortune Cookies
Chapter Three: Poems by Renee Miracle
This is a list of the poems that are being published in my uncle's book. They are listed in the order they appear in the book.

Wishes
Broken Child
The Nature of Existentialism
Somewhere Beneath White Stone Arches
The Caged Heart
Peace
Of Long Ago
Running to Stand Still
A Solemn Land
And the Tracks Lead Nowhere I Heard Someone Say
Melting Ice
Ancient
Look
Star
A New Age
Love and Understanding
Holding on, Letting Go
Across the Distance
In Flow
In a Room Without a Door
POEMS

BY

RENEE MIRACLE
Do you ever wish to thank someone,
Whom you cannot reach with the sound of your voice
Due to space or time or conflict?

Do you ever wish to swallow your pride,
And surrender your heart to the person you love?

Do you know when you are quiet and alone,
How much they’ve changed you;
How much courage they brought forth in you
To change your goals and your dreams, your future?

Do you ever cry because
You will not tell them how much you love them
Or do you ever cry because you know how much you have hurt them
And you know how much they simply want you to love them?
Do you ever cry because they want you to help heal their past
And you doubt if you can change your tomorrow?

Do you ever wish,
To save for them a bottle
Filled with your love and understanding for them?

Do you ever wish
For the pain to end,
And the present to stop,
And time to cease,
So that they can be fulfilled?

Do you ever wish to die,
So you won’t burden their tomorrows
Or your own;
So the stinging pain in your wrists
will stop
Like the stinging pain in your mind?

Do you ever wish for their smell, their scent,
their touch
Their promise of forever
Only to find yourself stale with cold wishes?
To a broken child,
With a shattered smile,
Sometimes the things
That tomorrow brings,
Take a long, long while.

Distracted by the tempest
When the lightening strikes,
Knocking out of me,
The breath of life.

Rolling thunder,
Pouring rain,
A feeling of stability
Is impossible to maintain.

But, it’s been awhile
Since the thunders ceased,
And quietly, the rains
Have eased.

Clearly, I see your face,
Beyond the storm.
And I know there is safety
Now in your arms.

I reach out and hear you say,
There is always tomorrow;
You can forget today.

But to a child in the past,
Tomorrow
Was more frightening,
Than the last.

But now,
I can say I know You will be there,
And maybe when tomorrow comes,
A smile of assurance will light my way.
THE NATURE OF EXISTENTIALISM

We are leaves,
Blown about
By the winds
Of existence.

Empty shells
Scattered
On the sands
Of life's shores.

Placed here by
The tides, the winds;
Directed
By forces beyond our awareness.

We are snowflakes
In the storm of surviving.
No two exactly alike,
But each will melt in the sun.

We are seeds,
Scattered to grow and then
Wither
On our own separate tracts of land.

We are the center of everything,
And the shadows of nothing.
We are the mortal immortal.
We are dying life.
Somewhere beneath white stone arches,
A little child's soul cries out.
Somewhere in the depths of darkness,
A child tries to be heard.

And in a well-lit room,
A child suffers,
Again, a cry for our ears,
But do we not hear!

And each child in the night cries,
And though we seem to reach a higher point,
Millions of living children's souls cry to us,
And the sounds of a child's sorrow illuminates
the night.

And yet we sit, unmoved.
Not realizing what to do.
Somewhere beneath white stone arches,
A little child's soul cries out.
Somewhere in the depths of darkness,
A child tries to be heard.

And in a well-lit room,
A child suffers,
Again, a cry for our ears,
But do we not hear!

And each child in the night cries,
And though we seem to reach a higher point,
Millions of living children's souls cry to us,
And the sounds of a child's sorrow illuminates
the night.

And yet we sit, unmoved.
Not realizing what to do.
Return to me
Again and again,
Oh wave of hope.
And of all things,

Bring to me
The pleasure and the peace
Of knowing,
There is meaning beyond
What I see.

Roll away my fears,
Everlasting, dissipate them,
Draw close that calm,
That balms the wounds of my soul,
And leaves me content.

Endless Light,
Sea to shore,
Guide me to your peace
With the knowledge
That there is more.
OF LONG AGO

Look into her eyes,
And there You'll find her heart.
Believe in what you see,
Because that is just the start.

For there within her eyes
Is the mirror of her soul
Though her face is worn,
And slowly growing old.

Her beauty was once there
Plainly on her face.
Even flowers in the springtime,
She did surely grace.

Yet no longer in her features
Plainly is it told,
The beauty in her heart
The passion in her soul:

But deep inside her eyes
The fiery flame still glows.
Though her face is worn,
And slowly growing old.
I’ve searched the roads and railways.  
I’ve searched the stars and skies,  
I’ve searched the night and day,  
And even someone’s eyes.

But the more I search out an answer,  
The more it wants to hide.  
And I wonder how many times I’ve been fooled  
Or to myself I’ve lied.

I’ve searched an open grave.  
And a ghost I’d once known.  
I searched the rock of Heaven.  
And some artificial stone.

But in none of them were answers,  
And in none of them was me  
And the more I searched,  
the more I knew  
I truly could not see.

I searched my heart  
so wholly I thought I’d surely know.  
I’ve searched empty open nights,  
And at times I’ve searched my soul.

But the answers evade me.  
I know not where they hide.  
I’ve searched the lonely valley,  
And on the highest mountain side.

I searched in crowds of people  
I searched out on my own.  
I searched in an abandoned church yard.  
And in the privacy of home.

But I still know not all the answers,  
And I doubt I ever will,  
Fore as many stones as I’ve overturned  
the More questions I’ve found revealed.

I’ve searched so deep that I’ve lost track  
Of what’s inside of me.  
And if I would quit searching.  
I’d see all I needed to see.
A SOLEMN LAND

Across the rolling mountains,
Beneath the stirring seas.
My mind is filled with sorrow,
My heart is filled with ease.

There is a land I know of,
From here it is not far,
The way is always gloomy,
Without a guiding star.

And in this land I know of,
The thunders never cease.
All the hearts are heavy,
In air there is no peace.

They dream of dreary dreams.
Doomed to never rest.
A barren, bleak, deserted land,
A never ending test.

And in my heart they have a place,
Although they do not know.
For at most times this very land,
Is the land where I must go.
AND THE TRACKS LEAD NOWHERE I HEARD SOMEONE SAY

Somewhere deep beneath the thick concrete
Lies the paw print of a wolf sealed in stone
Somewhere in the depths of my heart,
There is a cry, I feel alone.

Beneath the looming pavement
Our Earth tries to breathe,
Cold from lack of sunlight
Through steel and stench it heaves.

Alone it cries for life.
The wolf hears its call
And only he knows best
The meaning of it all.

Thick in industry.
In the heart of the city
People are crowded
Their faces not pretty.

An artificial world
All of our own
Of lights and streets and towns.
Of steel and bricks and stone.

We’re too close to feel alone.
Too separate to be one
Where is our link in life?
Where has our spirit gone?
MELTING ICE

A single solemn flower,
Changed by gentle rain showers,
Now is destined to grow
In the sun’s bright glow.

A tiny, perfect tear,
Holding within it all my fear,
Has now broken on the ground.
With a carefree, sweetened sound.

A barren beach,
Out of reach.
Now grown over with trees,
Stretches to the sea.

A cold stone accrued upon my heart
Scarce allowing breath to part,
Now has melted into gold,
Warming hopes, before untold.

A silent whisper to one’s ear
Always followed by the tears,
Now a smile burning bright,
Allowing love to warm the cold night.
Without a light to guide me,  
Through silent paths I came,  
While tugging at my heartstrings  
Was emotion with no name.

A slight slur of color,  
At the end of tunnel laid.  
An amplifying distance,  
A song that’s never played.

Yet something keeps me walking?  
Set deep inside my soul.  
A tragic tale of turmoil,  
That’s never grasped nor told.

An ancient drum beating.  
Till no more pain is felt.  
In sorrow I marched onward,  
While others stopped and knelt.
Look beyond my features,
God knows what you'll find.
Look past my eyes and lips;
Look deep into my mind.

Somewhere deep inside me,
Although you cannot see,
Is a soul that's burning brightly,
Allowing me to be free.

Look beyond your mirror.
Look beyond your tears.
Fill your heart with love,
And make great changes through the years.

Look deep inside my soul,
Where even I can't see.
Look there deep inside,
And there you will see thee and me.
STAR

The soft white light
Of the story ending,
Lights my way
Through the refuse of love.

Scattered and broken dreams
Lying all beside me,
Paled now,
By the bright redness of my life.

My lips part.
Words are spoken,
I reach out;
My hand is held.

No more echoes
Off of lonely walls.
I have joined in the fight
To save myself.

Love is within my own grasp.
Chance just plays with time.
I control my own destiny,
A star rising to shine.
A NEW AGE

Oh, Little Child
Whose roots have to grow
Through cement,
To reach the rich nutrition
Of the grass and soil,

Maybe this has done you wrong.

Oh, Little One
Whose bed is cold
As stone;
Who will not know
The comfort of Mother Earth
To sleep in her warmth...

Maybe your heart becomes cold,
like the stone under your feet.

Maybe this has done you wrong.

Oh, Little Child
Who sees the grey
Of yet another dawning day;
Who knows nothing
Of the colors of the wilderness,
Of flower, field, and stream,

Maybe your resignation
is due to a colorless world.

Maybe this has done you wrong.

Oh, Little Child
Who lives, breathes, and eats
Mechanical things;
Who knows not human comfort
In the face of pain and burden,

Maybe you are part machine.

Maybe this has done you wrong.

Oh, Little Child
Who sees not
The connection
Between the wind and the sea;
Who cannot realize how the "you"
Can hurt the "me".

This has done you wrong?
LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING

A gun
Cannot break down
The walls of ignorance,

Nor
Can it remove
Barriers to communication.

Intelligence
Should be our firearms;
Compassion our ammunition.

Words should be our weapons
In the war of justice.

Knowledge and understanding
Are the keys to our survival.

Open minds
Never close out
Possibilities of truth.

An open mind
Has never
Killed someone.
The twirling of a midsummer night's day
The spiraling inward
Into a shell of peace and protection,

A light, day dreaming air,
A quiet dance which doesn't dictate,
But rather glides,

Flowing from the inside out,
Outside in
Connectedness, peace, pleasure.

Beautiful, bold notes
Falling from the sky.
The weaving of a tapestry
Rhythm dancing by.

Rest,
then allow your heart
The wings it needs to fly
and Sails to glide by.

The rhythm like sailing
On the sparkling water
In June.

A dance for a bride and groom.
Silhouettes on the moon.
Dancing, floating, airy
Spiritual salve.

Healing from within,
Healing from without.

Quiet perfection.
Sail on a midsummer's day
Birds fly overhead,
In all important play.
IN A ROOM WITHOUT A DOOR
In the dark room waiting,
He saw a shimmer, soft and bright,
And watched it illuminate,
Into a patch of light.

And he went over to the corner,
And he took her by the arm,
To show her the patch of brightness,
Which them both it did charm.

And he pointed to the brightness
To its subtle glow,
And thought how somewhere out there,
Such healthy life must grow.

But he was stuck and sternly,
And much older than she,
And some ideas that she had known
He could never see.

And she passed through the dusty window
Although to him it was unknown,
And she sat there looking at him,
And she felt so all alone.

And she called to him through the window
But knew he could not hear,
Even though she was so close,
And freedom was so near.

She sat in the glory
Of the golden world aglow
And she wondered to herself,
"Should I stay or should I let him go"

"For this man knelled here before me
Showed me the right way to go,
And now I’ve found a sight much brighter,
Than I’ve ever known before.

Why can I not help him?
The way he helped me so.
I cannot just leave him here.
nor can I just let him go.

For the knowledge I could give him
Would surely help him so.
I cannot just leave him here,
fore I fear then he will never know.

But she gazed at him through the window,
As she cried a tear or two,
fore she knew she had to leave him
there was nothing further she could do.
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A Crow's Song

Sitting by the firelight,
Holding hands in the moonlight.
A microcosm of emotions
Between you and me.

Too meaningful for a common world to see.

Me.
Hanging my head down low.
Trying so hard
To let you go.

You.
Holding back the tears.
Knowing your numbness
To all these years.

We should have reached out long ago.
A little child's hand from beneath the snow,
Crystalizing a world of hope
Just to let each other know.

Pain
Between you and me.
So deep
No one else can see.

How can justice
in this cruel world be?

Where is Daddy's hope?

Sculpted
by the burden
Of two unhappy people.

Staring out the window
For someone to let the bird go.

Wherein
is ecstasy
In this burden
Between you and me?

You can't hear
And I can't see.
But neither deaf nor blind are we.

When can we let the pain go?
Yes, when can we let the pain go?
Like rain on the window,  
When can my tears fall?  
And your answers flow?

Oh tell me, Dad, I'm sure you know:  
When can we let the pain go?
The Girl

She kind of lingers,
If only for a moment,
To see if where she is going,
Is where you want her to go.

She is open hearted.
Open to suggestion,
Hoping that you'll tell her
Something that you know.

Driven by the image
Of the dancing girl before her,
Driven by the will to grow,

Determined and yet subtle,
Holding on to something.
Holding on to what she needs to know.
Maiden Moon

Forming an enlaced, gray-blue veil,
Feathery clouds drift by.
Casting shadows against her pale,
Then blending with the sky.

A large tear,
Of which we do not know
Built up through the years,
And then began to flow.

Ripe with love
She descended
As magic began to call,
And to a tragic, teary end,
She abruptly ceased to fall.

Our maiden moon
Hangs peacefully in the sky,
Watching all the night birds
And the owls fly by.

Casting subtle hope
On the black world below.
Her softness soothes the darkness.
As the light of knowledge glows.
Passing Time

Shadows dance among the trees,
As you feel the cool night breeze.
Strangely quiet, strangely calm,
You feel the window with your palm.

Darkness strikes as you look out,
And then the sky begins to pout.
The rain drops softly to the ground,
And the breeze is blowing without sound.

Then gently shadows slip away,
Taking with them black and grey.
A misty cover meets the sky,
As the first small bird begins to fly.
So the Day

And time beats on,
Like the pale of a fading buttercup,
Daisies and rose petals
All in turn bloom.
Holding their sweet fragrance
And bright colors.
Knowing that they are passing,
They are bright with life.
And as precious things are
Too few and easily forgotten,
So the day takes brightness from a petal.
The Swan

She was a swan
Perfect.
Lasting.

Gliding across the dark abyss
Trailing sparkling ripples that
Touch my soul

She preens in golden sunlight
White feathers of comfort and nurturance.

Rippling are smooth hearts
Delicately brushed by her wingtips.

Elegant
Restrained
Powerful
Provider of all love.
Wasted Life

She sat there still crying
And inside and out she was dying.

Gone from sweet lips was the laughter,
Engulfed in the midst of disaster.

Why can't I run?
Herself she was asking.
Run and find a place
Safe, strong, and lasting.

For in my soul, pain is aching;
For the first time, I'm just awaking.

Love once in my heart,
Gone forever,
Questions I've always had,
Answered never.

Things I thought would change
Always staying the same.

For years and years never changing,
While I passed through life, rearranging.

Give me the courage,
So I won't be
The lonely, lost lady.
Welcome the Quiet

In the quiet
Is where dreams take form,
And fears are whispered into stillness.

There in the empty
Of the Quiet
Is where we find fulfillment.

In the Quiet
Is where we find ourselves,
Our hopes, fears,
Dreams and tears,
Our loneliness and our wholeness,
There together in the Quiet.

Fear not your quiet spaces,
For in them is the breath of peace,
And silence is all you ever need
Within your soul.

It is all right to be quiet.
The Wind

The freshness of green valleys,
The softness of the breeze.
The wind begins to whisper,
Teasing all the trees.

It bounds from crack to crevice,
Across the still sunlight.
On its way it races,
A smooth yet bouncy flight.

Encircling all the branches,
Among the waving leaves,
It calls to all the valleys,
And teases all the trees.

It swoops across a shadow,
Across the still grey-blue.
Then back into the sunshine,
Frolicking with dew.

It winds tiny tunnels,
Through the bright green grass,
And tickles the soft ground,
While rustling perfect paths.

Dancing flowers praise it,
With their gentle flow.
Onward it continues,
Jumping to and fro.

A playful pouncing kitten,
Upon the leaves it bounds.
Attacking them so quickly,
Then swirling up in rounds.

It runs and jumps so swiftly,
Around the far off bend,
And nobody can catch it,
Because it is the wind.