

## Poetry Examples

Here are selections of poems from my three books. Each of these books is available from online retailers such as Amazon, Barnes & Noble, Books-A-Million, etc.

### From [\*The Godtouch: Poems\*](#)

(1986, 2011, ISBN-13: 978-1533215147)

#### **The Forgetting Season**

The summer mind greens thick  
with the foliage of words and visions,  
only to loose them  
in the cool casual season  
of a second's turning,  
undiscerning  
of their flashing beauty. . .

The bright thoughts  
fall from the mind,  
colorful invisibilities,  
and in random heaps,  
die.

The best thoughts, unwritten  
always are forgotten.

## **The Wisemen**

Miniature magi march majestically  
down the middle aisle of the church  
mistakenly placed in the annual  
Christmas pageant.

They really came two years later  
to give their gifts and long considered  
adoration to the patient child.

But in our modern reenactment  
of this eternal event,  
the kings come to the stable  
along with the sheep and the shepherds.

God doesn't mind  
this once-every-year-error,  
because the message is still clear.  
Magic is vanquished by the intense reality  
of this fragile fatal incarnation  
worshipped in remembrance  
at every church that is our Bethlehem.

Bathrobe wrapped wisemen  
bearing gifts of gold painted cardboard  
and mom's empty perfume bottles  
make up an inexact scene.

But draw us just as strongly just the same,  
to that holy point beneath the star  
that burns His perfection into our hearts,  
daily becoming His wisemen.

**Clue**

Somewhere  
There are two people

Facing each other in a café  
At this very moment

They are drinking dark coffee  
And they are saying nothing

And they have been saying nothing  
For so long

They have forgotten why  
They are together in the café

And they are waiting  
For a clue.

From [\*Home Noise: New Poems\*](#)

(2016, ISBN-13: 978-1539789611)

**Like An Old Jew At The Wall**

The cat sits  
slightly swaying,  
praying  
to the back of the couch,  
head bowed,  
eyes closed,  
thankful for the cushions  
upon which  
she is about  
to rest.

## **Missing Michael**

My heart, like the towers  
betrayed,  
struck by terrorist intent,  
crumbles into burnt dust  
every day,  
whenever I think about you,  
whenever someone asks about you.  
Whenever I dream of you,  
I awaken  
with invisible tears  
and a heart more cracked  
than anyone can imagine.  
One day  
it may break completely,  
irreparable,  
nothing but ashen  
fragments,  
each bearing  
your name.

## **At Least It Was A Colorful Death**

The leaf falls  
twists, turns, tumbles  
caught  
    twined in the wind  
held up  
    momentarily  
        hopeful

Perhaps I can fly  
it thinks  
    perhaps  
perhaps

    But no  
alas it lands  
at last  
    to die  
returning to the earth  
returning to earth  
returning  
turning

## From *Fading*

(2021, ISBN: 9798514571642)

### Memorial Day

Let us parade our grief,  
our thanks, our remembrance,  
draped in red, white, and blue  
on flatbeds and tractors  
and pickups  
moving solemnly along  
small-town streets lined  
with glory-waving families  
and porches decked with  
patriotic buntings,  
the Cub Scouts smiling,  
waving, tossing candy  
to the children watching  
the spectacle amble past,  
as the veterans salute  
the memories of their  
brothers and sisters  
who never made it home  
beyond the cemetery  
at the edge of town  
where, seemingly overnight,  
little stars and stripes on sticks  
have sprouted, blossomed,  
rooted in heroism and  
devotion, watered  
by the tears of those  
orphaned and widowed  
by wars that never end.

## **Taking The Candle Lights Out Of The Window**

"I feel like the house is slipping away from me,"  
he complained one day, annoyed that  
things were gone or rearranged.

Every time something vanished  
from the house, or was moved,  
it came closer to him.

He felt it tugging at his skin.  
At his heart. He wasn't sure  
he was ready. Vague anger  
stoked the fire of life.

A small raging  
against the dying light.

He went through the house  
looking, searching,  
trying to see what was still left,  
what was unmoved.  
The more there was, he thought,  
the more time he had.

I had to take the candle lights out of the window.  
I explained to him why. The cord shorted. Burnt.  
He understood but wasn't happy about it.  
I understood why he wasn't happy.  
The imagery is just too close to home  
echoing our own aging,  
our own wearing down.

No one wants to be discarded  
by death. We all want to burn on  
forever.

## Eviction

Early on, when the wound was freshest,  
if I came up behind a dad and a son  
about his age and my age, holding hands,  
I had to do an about face. Walk the other  
way stuffing tears back into my eyes.  
It happened so often, I lost count.  
But then, the pain pulled up a chair,  
asked for a bed and bath with a  
kitchenette and settled in.

Now  
when I see a man about my age  
with a young child clinging to his wrinkled  
hand, my heart aches differently.  
It aches twice over and more  
for those I've not even known yet,  
and for the one, who bears my name  
and my genes, who keeps himself  
to himself.

And the pain? We're old  
friends, nurturing one another as  
best we can. But I'm always hoping  
for an eventual eviction  
so the room can be let to joy.