

Vultures & Other Poems

Vultures

I.

Death's darkened watchers roost above,
Their huddled masses hunched and black.
I gently give my dog a shove
To coax her on as she pulls back.
Their whispers are an eerie hiss,
Which in these woods seem so amiss.

II.

Through graveyard scene along the bank,
On either side of water broke,
Disturbing not a sentry's rank,
Canoers silence every stroke.
With gurgled growl and eyes set hard,
They sit and stare and river guard.

III.

They loom atop the lodge and trees,
Patrolling quietly the park.
They do so with an expertise
For which I've found to be their mark;
A staunch and chilling gathered host
Who diligently stand their post.

When Stars They Whisper

When stars they whisper in the night,
They whisper of the love we share,
And even Cupid feels the spite
When stars they whisper in the night.
For oft they twinkle white and bright,
Though one might pause and find it rare
When stars they *whisper* in the night.
They whisper of the love we share.

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Girl Across the Way

I see you, do you see me,
Across the distance in between?
In shaded doorway, still you sit,
Never moving, not one bit.
Perhaps you're something in my mind,
Something in me I must find,
Or maybe just another soul
Lost in a world we don't control.
We share this link of open sky,
And ponder life, which passes by.
We have the birds, the stars, the air,
The world's view is ours to share.
With hope we might just find our dreams,
Though how unlikely it all seems.
I do not know your name or voice,
Believe me, it's not been my choice.
I've watched you every day, alone,
Sometimes you're still, just like a stone
With saddened look that longs for love,
That points to Heaven and God above.
I wonder if we are the same,
Stuck in this never-ending game;
Two lost players within sight
Who share the stillness of the night.
We never speak, we only gaze,
Out past the river, through the haze.
Will we ever meet as friends,
Or be alone 'til all life ends?
I wonder this and realize,
Besides this night, we have no ties.
We're doomed to live our lives alone,
To keep our thoughts all our own.
I see you, do you see me,
Across the distance in between?

Sonnet No. 9 For My Muse

Out there, out through the plated window glass,
One sees the trees as joyfully they dance.
A spell abounds, enralls them in a trance,
As wind, the frequent courier, makes pass.
Out there you hear its whispers in the grass,
Its rush, its howl, its longing for romance.
But what you wonder, when it has the chance,
Does wind tell tree, or anyone? Alas!
This breeze, from me, sends out my love in song.
It seeks you out wherever you may be;
Across the plains, on rivers or the sea,
Or on the highest peaks or flat plateaus,
To share with you these loving verses long
That waken life in all by which it blows.

When Living Your Life in Limbo

When living your life in limbo,
The days are an unending void.
They slowly pass on while they're laughing,
And drag on while you get annoyed.
Your mind turns and swirls,
Your stomach does curls,
And sanity threatens to leave.
Escape with me, and set me free;
Providing me with some motion.
Open the door, I'm looking for more;
Searching for my lost emotion.
Close the door, I'm looking no more;
Assuming I've lost all motion.
Escape from me, and go be free;
Your sanity threatens to leave.
Your stomach will curl,
Your mind turn and swirl,
And drag on while you get annoyed.
Days will pass on while you're laughing;
They're always an unending void,
When living your life in limbo.