

Rhyme 1

Pattern Questions

Lo, do I walk through the valley of angels
Lo, does the ghost of old Byron call
oft am I carried over fields that impel
toward the lachrymose swamp where the dark waters fall

here is the mantel of the Johnnie-Come-Lately
here the wrath of the long forgotten rhyme
resurrected by moles restoring words saintly
from the dark dingy dungeons which often malign

how can just words so deeply affect us
how can just words so move us to tears
turns on the emotions where we have a surplus
then opening the mind so it does adhere

why do some tempt this by moral type mentals
why do some others so fight and resist
it seems to turn on an early type cabal
parental driven to provide just such grist

when do you realized such flights of real fancy
when do you realize that you are one of them
reading and sensing the bitter uncanny
which does seem to be part of the crème

what is this meter that grabs you so tightly
what is this pattern that so overwhelms
the shape of the tempo which none did foresee
leaves a pulsating outline of the word realm

where are the ones who can honestly comment
where are those who's opinion is fine
locating this treasure is more than a fragment
such a paragon stands among all that are blind

who will step forward to stop the unwinding
who will raise hands to quench the deal
this has got out of hand you could see it coming
who will stuff this thing back in the creel

Rhyme 2

In honorarium as I mourn
this did flow, I do not scorn
a sad morning, rhyming engaged
trying to still the internal rage

unexpected, it was a shock
when I saw what a thug had clocked
she didn't deserve that no way, no how
so this rhyme to her avows

goodby, goodbye it came too soon
done in by an unfeeling goon
you enlivened my walk, engaged my dreams
we made an exceptional special team

Web Catcher Down

Lost a good friend, in the last twenty four
we walked yesterday, she is now no more
deliberately damaged, protected site gored
by an uncaring human, full of rancor

the impact startling, she was just a stick
only one ever named, we did click
from the first, on the lower walk found
no question at all, that decision sound

while she's gone, crumpled and tore
her effectiveness shot, can't use anymore
the flights we flew, the sights we saw
memories to rue, she did stand tall

an accidental find, after dumping three
we did mesh, she spoke to me
wide wing span, balanced true
cross-hair sights, I'll truly rue

the impact staggering, I was surprised
got a bit choked, a tear in the eye
had to halt, as the dawn through the trees
seemed a signal, a defiant plea

stopped right there, pulled notebook out
without farther ado, begin to spout
wrote two stanzas, thought that would free
but did not work, more rhymes decreed

the remaining miles, passed in a haze
as the rhymes continued to blaze
tried some reasoning, our end was in sight
come the fall season, I walk different sites

but two more months, we should have had
separated now, just feels bad
back to the old, uncaring crap
and I'll regret, every day, every lap

I hadn't realized till she came along
how much was missing from my morning song
a balanced motion, a gun-sight view
she added so much, to the morning brew

waited patiently, at the ½ mile bluff
flying with her was never rough
engaged my fantasies, dreams did flow
made short work as onward we'd go

you'll probably hear my mourning thoughts
as I reach for her and find her not
how long will regrets continue to overwhelm
probably till I return to the deep woods realm

farewell my partner, it was a great show
cut too short, by a nasty blow
you have returned to whence you came
leaving me feeling, quite honestly lame

Rhyme 3

from your posts, if I read them right
a few of you have encounter my plight

but I'm getting better, I want you to know
as this short rhyme, will kind of show
that when I am slap full in the face
I can, really, reevaluate, and change the pace

Wimp Out

I'm a wimp I have to admit
I look at the bridge, didn't cross it
the horizontal rain, the shrieking wind
water soaked pants, shoes, and feet therein

it started out fair, at least for me
old apt said light rain, this I didn't foresee
the rain map was old, three hours before
didn't update, before heading out of the door

a real nasty blast on the way to the lake
a short sharp downpour, did hit and did make
buffeted the truck, shaking it about
wipers were set to hurricane clout

that was real short, a few 100 yards
then sanity returned, consider it a shard
the gently falling rain both before and afar
did sooth my mind, reducing the jar

parked the truck, about to head out
had a debate, a bit of a doubt
all looked good, the rain fall light
should I take my broolly, do it up right

as I climbed out, checked the clouds
sure dark and gloomy, but a benign seeming crowd
but took the broolly, just being sure
figured I'd carry, not much of a chore

wasn't 200 hundred yards, till the rain ratcheted up
falling real heavy on the verge like a crump

a few seconds later was falling on me
deployed the broolly with a reluctant plea

but the rain stayed steady, big drops and hard
and the wind was rising, gusty, on guard
but I was committed, I'd started this walk
so continued, no hesitation, no balk

the gusts getting stronger as I neared the lake
took two hands on the broolly, for stability's sake
the ribs were a bowing, the fabric real taunt
big dishes in the edges as the wind tugged and fought

headed up wind, soaked to the knee
If I made the big timber, would be nearly free
Just a quarter of a mile, as onward I strode
toward the lake bridge, to that storied grove

reached the bridge, took one step upon
and looked reality, full in the face this dawn
the wave covered surface, spume blowing hard
the horizontal rain, obscured and barred

couldn't see across, not really that far
and suddenly my mind, backed away from that scar

*'who the devil is driving, this crazy darn push
what are you proving, except you're a tush
wise up you squirrely, so committed darn vet
your wet, your miserable, & not started yet'*

*'three more miles of this wet version of hell
can't get any wetter, unless a tree fell
right on your head, listen to those creaks
some are coming down, it is looking bleak'*

that happened fast, not a long chat
and turned right then and headed right back

now that is just miserable with the wind on your lee
keeping the broolly from turning, soaked the rest of me
real cold and dripping as I reach the truck
awaiting all lonesome, I did suck it up

but why in the world did I push it so far
no one would know if I had left all ajar
something to ponder in the dark of the morn
and hopefully remember ... and apply without scorn

Walking in the Rain

When you like walking, enjoy it a lot
when you don't, you must give it some thought.
How rainy or windy, cold or hot
muggy or dry, hurting or not

What conditions, feelings, aches or pains
will stop you going, halt the gains
What comments from those not so inclined
will stop your movement, seize up your mind

Take it from one who has been there and back
It's all in your mind, if you just review that
Set a habit, a goal, make it part of your life
to hit the trail early, beauty is rife

Even the worst of the dismal days
during the hurricane, when trees bend and sway
The exuberant air, the scudding clouds
the crashing branches, heart pounding loud

The torrential rain, soaking you thru
the creeks on the paths, you can make do
Rhyming helps, think of some words
to describe what your feeling, as the world turns

The slippery clay as you head up the hill
as you slide to the bottom reversing the deal
as you take a moment, to remove a tree limb
isn't life bracing, full of vim

Noisy nature drowns out the roar
of the interstate sound, what a bore
Now it's just you and the wind
and a little water as you push thru the din

When its not so bad, just a steady down pour
minus the wind, what have you to abhor
A sturdy broly on hand to divert
keeping your uppers dry, that is a cert

Avoiding the rivulets, hopping the puddles
clears your mind of a lot of muddles.
The sound of the rain on the leaves
starts the wonder, your mind to please

The smell of the air, swept clean by the rain
imparts a special tone to the game
And the small brooks, usually dry
coursing down on every side

Sometimes quite large blocking your path
then off into the woods to get around that
crossing on stones or a downed old tree
glad to be alive, glad to be free

And Dawn's light slowly unfolding
the scudding clouds, the picture molding
the view in the lake, reflections above
swans in the distance, symbols of love

Before the rain, Dawn's impressive rise
highlighting the drama, the clouds apprised
The colors reflected and changing fast
really can't ask for a better cast.

And the light rains, a misting matte
no cover needed except a hat
the drops on your shirt, shinning bright
before sinking in, what a sight

Arms swing, legs pumping, striding along
rhymes in your head or maybe a song
bring back memories of good times spent
when you were younger, meaning lent

Wonder the location and status of those
who shared the times, of laughter posed
A feeling of delight remembering that
all due to the rain, softly falling flat

The smell of the rain and the earth
How could you forget what it's worth
Returns to your childhood, splashing about
yelling, screaming, soaking wet no a doubt

Doesn't happen often, the surprise is nice
love doing this, it will suffice
to memorize poems or thinking deep
focusing your mind, it can't be beat

The rhythmic movement, the falling drops
pushes you on, don't want to stop
So it sets you up for the day
lightens the mind for work or play

The mental bet as you look at the sky
and calculate the chances of staying dry
Should you carry the broly or not
flip a coin or draw a lot

So you get a little wet
or really soaked, you lost the bet.
You won't melt, may smell a bit funky
but few are out who would think it funny

You only meet like minds on the rainy trail
and they are few with a similar sail
The poor weather walkers, a small select group
may never see any, maybe a small troop

So gather your courage, set your will
try it out, you may find it a thrill.
Not as heart stopping as an rousing Dawn
but for personal peace it is well drawn

Rhyme 5

for 30 plus years, I have fought this drear
unloved, and detested spring work
so here once again, I take it on the chin
cleaning up the falls in the cirque

not near as bad, as when the giant dropped scads
and we numbered the hauls by the tens
but I had the kids, to help me get rid
of these foul and unwelcome orbs then

Damngumballs

the gumball attack, has not slacked
as I headed on out to the site
the ground covered in parts, they've had a head start
in ambush and hiding for spite

and all who know, a word do bestow
to describe these crude evil things
while a bit small, can hurt like a caul
and multitudes descend every spring

the right correct term, as you will soon learn
is 'damngumballs' expressed as one word
they are a scrounge, like a nasty wound bound
bringing pain and suffering absurd

the first encounter today, of this spring and this way
and I've cleared the garden around
but that's just a pittance, another week to good riddance
and still won't have cleared all the ground

I'll get 95 percent, but they won't relent
waiting for the careless and blind
cause injuries will come, a foot hurting drum
for the bare foot practitioners inclined

for the second day, hauled 2 cans away
back to the brush pile behind
full garbage cans, shouldered them like a man
tho' wet and a right heavy grind

but that cleared the near, to the garden's rear
now the South I did rake today

another four piles, must move them with style
but left for a later day

the ground is still wet, standing water there yet
where those filthy things cluster and hide
so cleared the high ground, till more dry around
or at least not so soaked there aside

the forecast says clear, so I'll hit it up dear
as long term it says rain again
rest up today, as tomorrow I'll pay
and hit it hard in the main

back from my walk, day colorless like chalk
and a cold North wind blowing across
have to scrunch up my will, swallow this bitter pill
and work through this nasty toss

another two cans, of this revolting bran
dumped on the pile way out back
too cold to rake, as the spitting snow makes
the end of this day's clearing track

the freeze really hit, I won't work in it
and without warmth the grass doesn't grow
so till have some time, to clean up this slime
and save the mower blades so

cause these hard little bents, leave shocking big dents
hitting those whizzing blades at speed
enough will sneak through, to ensure that I do
replace blades as a winter maintenance need

well what the heck, took a breath hit the deck
and rake three more piles of the trash
enough for the fourth, day of proving my worth
so now those next rains can splash

apt says the spell, will continue to dwell
so my rhyming on this too must wait
to make room, for the next doom and gloom
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