

Lady Liberty's Lament

O say can you see
your tired, your poor
can you see
by the dawn's early light
your huddled masses
from the perilous fight
yearning to breathe free

O say can you see
what so proudly we hailed
as the golden door for all
can you see
the wretched refuse
of refugees
on your teeming shore

Can you see
blood
on the faces of children
dragged along by mothers
fathers dead
from the rockets' red glare
bombs bursting in air

O say
does that star-spangled banner
yet wave
for the tempest-tossed
homeless
in the land of the free
in the home of the brave

IF I COULD BE AN INSTRUMENT

If I could be an instrument
it's sure you'd fall in love with me
and take me everywhere you go
to play your treasured melodies.

If I could nestle in your arms
your heart and mind I'd surely win
as you would bow or pick or pluck
on me, your happy violin.

I'd love to be your instrument
to feel your passion, watch you grow,
enjoy your fingers tickling me.
I'd love to be your piano.

I dream about a horn of brass,
sensuous lips on me each night,
hands polishing my lovely bell -
a bass trombone, that seems just right.

Or, maybe fame we two could share.
Our names in lights! Famous rock stars!
As you would nightly pluck my strings
I'd delight crowds as your guitar.

Still, I could be a clarinet
the sounds we'd make - oh so sublime.
Poets would swoon and grab their pens
and put our lovely notes to rhyme.

Percussion, brass, woodwinds or strings
it matters not at all to me.
Your devotion is what I crave.
I want your heart my own to be.

Our Country's Crying

Our country's crying
unforgiving skies
rage
against the rape of her mountains
making hillsides slip and ooze their soggy tons
of barrenness across her roads.

Vengeful rivers
smash
efforts to subdue
spew
turbid violent waters
over levees and sandbags
into living rooms,
over rooftops.

Her millions, chastised
crying too
are praying
fighting praying
over their plans
to build more dams
their boots sucking mud
as they search the muck
hopeful
of rescuing a photograph
from its wet wet grave.
They curse the rivers and their own bad luck

while waterfowl rejoice
in the flooded valleys they nearly forgot.
They alight
take delight
in humankind's
windy watery plight.

Again

I lie alone at dawn feeling the cool silence
watching a breeze create tree-leaf shadows on
the softly swaying wall.

Suddenly, as an awful surprise, You come
bursting uninvited out of the quiet darkness, through my shutters.
Your untimely brightness hurts, hurts my eyes, who are
who are erratically opening, tightly closing, opening again.
The frightening contrasts you cause to be violate my rationality
as I cling to the sheets, cling to the cover, acting darkness into being,
shutting my shades, shutting my shutters.
Again.

And I know without seeing that the shadows have been loosed and
You're in control.
Again.

The whole of my bed cooperates with you,
absorbs and spreads through me
Your warm omnipotence.
My body forgets its wintry state
as the blanket falls to the floor.
The now pleasure of your ultra-violescence
lets me forget to remember the burning, the fear, the burning
of your terrible omnipresence.
Again.

My body, thawing, responds as helpless
under your nimble-fingered rays
as they dart in and out and soothe all over
feeling warm, warm, wonderful.
Again.

The morning dissolves as afternoon comes
and you get higher and hotter and I begin to sweat and cry
and burn, and hurt, and hurt and burn until
You, smiling in all Your shining omniscient gloryness,
exit the way you came, leaving me alone
with the tree-leaf shadows on the softly swaying wall.
Oh, God.
Again.

Seems No One Writes A Sonnet Anymore

Seems no one writes a sonnet anymore.
Who shall compare thee to a summer's day?
You'll find no simile nor metaphor
except in my sweet words. I'll show the way.

I want, I need, the fourteen metered lines,
The A-B-A-B rhyming scheme. No free
verse odes splaying across the page like crimes
of modern art. Such words come not from me.

I pen delicious words for your delight
to charm your heart, to titillate your mind.
For the occasional cliché I write
I beg forbearance as my love is blind!

Your bard I'll be 'til winter's upon us.
My love you'll find when you read this sonnet.