

Poetry 101

To the reader of this book,
(Whether it be on shelf or in nook)
Of this book I must say,
“There are 101 poems in this way.”

Yes, it takes a thinking man
To understand the poet’s plan:
Words with a magnitude
To inspire awe and gratitude.

That poet’s name?
That poet’s title?
Some call me Snowflake;
Some call me Kendall.

But I am not the Master Poet
Nor the Master Architect;
HIS ideas (don’t you know it?)
I merely reflect.

In short, this book
Is a mix of poetry,
Written to edify and make merry
People like you and me,

Written to expound
The merits of intimacy,
And to glorify and praise
The God which be.

Whether in cities celestial
Or in towns terrestrial,
HIS ideas are superb
For home and suburb.

That Man’s title?
That Man’s name?
My Lord and My Savior:
One in the same.

He was sent to Galilee
But I born in Kentucky.
This book is in your sight:
Discover its soul and might.

This book contains the following features:

- 1.) Aesthetically pleasing 1.5 spacing
between lines of poetry,
- 2.) Chapter divisions between its 5 groups
of poetry,
- 3.) Preface to those chapters of poetry,
- 4.) Table-of-contents of styles of
poetry used in this book,
- 5.) Index of poem titles,
- 6.) Introductory information for each
poem of this book [excluding
“Poetry 101”, which is on this
page], and a
- 7.) Glossary of the terms and obscure
poetic language used in this book.

Poetry 101

Snowflake



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Poetry 101

by Snowflake

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Regarding Earth... for those connoisseurs of poetry, for personal records, for those literature teachers, and for those who wish to pass the time on an otherwise boring day... an assortment of poems in five parts...

In Memory of Dolores, about-whom the readers of this book might learn a little if they read this book in its entirety.

Regarding the table-of-contents and index, titles which are ***bold and italicized*** refer to short-stories (metaphrastic poems); those which are *italicized* are somewhat personal poems which I wrote to other people. *Asterisked* titles are not poems.

The author ensures that all fictional characters portray fictional characters, and that no libel is contained herein.

Preface:



The people of mankind have been writing poetry for many years. My poetry in this sense is not unique and barely worth reading. However, this book of poetry, *Poetry 101*, contains a medley of stanzas in various styles. In that sense, the poetry of this book is truly reflective of the variety which exists in poetry, from the sonnet to the haiku to the free-verse to the open-form to a few styles quite different from the mainstream of classic poetry.

Not everybody who reads this poetry will be dramatically transformed by it. Be realistic; for,

It takes a thinking man
To understand the poet's plan.

There are poems in this book which mention what could vaguely be considered “social issues” to various people. For example, there is a poem about cutting, a poem about depression, and a poem about greediness. Perhaps it would be better to state that this poem-book includes many of the emotions and desires of the people of mankind, thereby representing much of the spectrum of human nature.

Probably no reader will like every poem in this book; but the readers should like at-least one poem in this book. There is a variety of themes in this book of poetry, *Poetry 101*. *Poetry 101* has five parts in it; each part contains at-least 20 poems, for a total of 101 poems.

No doubt someone who has read the table-of-contents of this book might wonder why so many poems are labeled “Free-Verse”. Simply, Free-Verse is easy to create if the poet has a message to consecrate. However, some of those poems are more “free” than others; and a few of them actually don’t give the feel of a free-verse poem, being only barely free-verse poetry.

There is a collection of “Random” poetry, as well as groups of poetry of a religious, romantic, rhythmic, and reflective theme. The origins of these poems are perhaps as varied as the themes of these poems: some were originally short stories; some were originally personal poems to other people; a few were done on road-trips; some were done at the writer’s whim; and a few were “last minute” additions. Most of this book’s poetry I wrote as a teenager; I apologize for the late release.

There is an overture per poem which may give additional information interesting or precautionary to the reader. There is also additional information at the end of some poems which may include information which will help the readers to comprehend those poems. If the readers desire to know the meaning of certain terms (and a few lines of poetry) in this poem, then those readers should search through the glossary which is at the end of this book. (Some of the **bold** words in the poems are in the glossary.)

Zackary Earl Kendall, Esquire,
Snowflake Iterbaneous

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Glossary and Index of Poems

Chapter 1

Random Poetry



Sometimes poets create literature which is difficult to place in any particular category. Sure, someone could suggest, “This is free-verse,” or, “This is a lyric,” but the true essence of the poetry is lost by the vagueness of its description. Such poetry has a different feel to it; it is not necessarily the soft pillow after a long day’s work; but, perhaps, it is like cheesecake to a hungry soul, or like pizza after plain potatoes: it is, to use clichés, the spice of life and an oasis in the middle of a dessert.

Were the average reader to look through much of the contemporary poetry of today, that reader would probably see free-verse poem after free-verse poem (or haikus if that reader is fortunate), with only a slight variety even within the free-verse genre. Please, poets, don’t bore us readers to tears! Make poetry which can endure the years! I am a reader too: one who is fed-up with having good poems just a few!

Regarding the section of “Random” poetry, there are a few poems of relatively unique style. The poem “I Wonder What This Day Will Bring” is a translingual poem (English-Spanish). There have been some poor attempts at English-Japanese translingual poetry; I hope that my attempt at English-Spanish translingual poetry is better, though short. The poem “Cutter’s Remorse” has the first **Literary Compound** of this book; the poem “Crimson Crime” is the only true open-form poem in this book of poetry; and the poem

“Grandpa, Merry Christmas” is the first **Acrostic** Poem in this book. Yes, I must say that I have several experimental critters gone published in this book. Without here any further adieu, this poetry I present to you.

“What Is White?”

Written in elementary school prior-to my conversion to Christianity, “What Is White” is one of the two oldest poems herein. It is my first good poem. Unfortunately, some haikus I wrote back then are not accessible.

White is a lie,
That can get you right by.
White is a **flower**,
That smells sweet and **sower**.
Some schools
And pools...
Also a Sidewalk,
And teacher’s chalk.
Some dice,
And mice.
White is a star,
Near and far.
White is a bright,
Shining light.
White is an empty feeling inside
And you can, in a while, get beside.

And that’s the end of the **rime**,
We’ll see you next **time**.

“Truth’s Battle”

One family history document stated that the motto of my family’s original realm [the Kendall’s lived in the realm between Scotland and England] was “Virtus depressa resurget”.

I have read the poems;
I have sung the songs;
I have played the melody;
I have beat the drum;

There are no more poems **left**
For a poet to newly **right**.
There is no up,
There is no down,
If on one side of the fight you’re found.

Truth versus error – it cannot be!
Truth does now merely oppose relativity!
Truth, victorious over standard error
Has moved to a new battle,
As on a warhorse trained with a saddle.

It rides, and the horse does dash
Against the infantry – that is, Truth’s foes.
Should truth victorious be,
I might have a newly written melody.

But now all I can do is frown
And in expectation assume a funeral gown.
I see armies amassing,
Foes harassing,
And at every-which stride
I see no comfort at my side;

For truth goes down again.
So then I call my name-sake motto,
“Virtus depressa resurget!”

“I Wonder What This Day Will Bring”

This poem alternates between an out-of-order English and a proper Spanish. Some lines rhyme. Regarding line two, the Spanish word “HAY” is in a false rhyme of the English word “DAY”: the Spanish word “HAY” has a similar pronunciation to the English word “EYE”.

Bring what I will wonder this day?

Qué es hoy? Hace lo que hay?

You sun the see as I do as well:

Es este día más provechoso que aquél?

Tell please, me that I can so the for prepare future.

Señor, Qué tengo que hacer?

I will You trust by day day:

Me la da – la paz; y yo iré con Su camino.

The simple conversion of the preceding poem into English prose would be as follows: “I wonder what this day will bring. What is today? Does it make it which there is? You see the sun as well as I do. Is this day more worthwhile than that one in the future? Tell me please, so that I can prepare for the future. Lord, what must I do? I will trust You day by day: give it to me – the peace; and I will go with Your way.”

“Answers”

What are the real answers in this life? Answers to pain, misery, and strife? Who can we ask – who can we put to the task – in order to know and be comforted?

Can one find it in the meadow?

Can one find it on the shore?

Can one find it in waters shallow?

Can one wish for no more?

May I ask the reader

As if he were a seer:

“What makes life so great

And enemies from all time from hate?”

Would he say to me,

“Be in glee

For irony is it

Which tells the story of the fit”?

“May the 1st”

*This poem was written on May the 1st, 2009, for friend Chelsey Jackson,
upon returning from the Autonomous District of Columbia (Washington D.C.).*

From the hills of West Virginia,
 To the streets of D.C.,
I hope this trip was memorable
 For both you and me.

From Tripoli to Normandy
 And everywhere in between
Soldiers fought for liberty
 Which is enjoyed of you and me.

“To Cynthia, on Graduating”

This poem was written for the graduation party of Cynthia Albro, who was Valedictorian of her class.

Year one, year two, year three, year four –

You still had years to accomplish more;

Year five, year six, year seven, year eight –

You’d be #1 – no debate.

Year nine, year ten, year eleven, year twelve –

You had more studies in-which to **delve**;

Year thirteen, year fourteen, year fifteen, till now,

All the audience here can say is, **“Wow!”**

“Sleep, Dear Son”

The calming reassurance of a dad to his young son amidst civil conflict is evident in this poem. The gun is portrayed in this poem first as an instrument of terror and second as an instrument of protection. The rhyme scheme of this poem is ABAABB:ACCD:AAEE:ADFG:CCFG.

Sleep,
Sleep, my child;
Sleep in the Deep;
Sleep, Sleep,
 my child;
Let it not be mild.

Sleep, Sleep, Sleep,
 my son;
Let not the sound of a gun
Scare thee.

Sleep, Sleep – Sleep, Sleep
Open eyes not a peep – not a peep
For rest is sweet
And to you a greet’

And as a prince you sleep
Young lad o' me,
Heaven Sings your praises
For what you are about to do.

Sleep, Dear Son
For I am near: I am your gun
We, your parents; your banner raises
The signal – The signal – The cue!

“Cutter’s Remorse”

This poem is dedicated to those who felt compelled to punish themselves for what they believed was their own fault, to those who were rejected by their peers not on the basis of the content of their character, and to those who have lost all hope to continue living. You have heard of “Buyer’s Remorse”, yes?

I am the shadow of light upon light:

I am the crimson-cut soldier lonely after battle’s day:

I am the buyer who still holds what is frayed:

I am the broken neon sign just past lit.

In me is the fit of sadness;

In me is that bit of madness;

In me is the regret and frustration;

In me is *that* great consternation.

From me goes all my hope, expectations, goals:

From me goes all my mien, countenance, tolls:

From me goes all my sense of duty, love, rules:

From me goes all my will, glee, **inner-fools**.

Find you in me glee to be as a tree?

Find you in me a passion as mighty as the sea?

Find you in me a guide for my life?

Find you in me a solution for an end to this strife?

I am the seeker who has sought no more:

I am the one broken, with sorrows galore:

I am the **token of neglect foresworn**.

In me is the lover's last dance:

In me is the outcast's last return-plea:

In me is the shadow beneath the pitch-black sea.

From me goes all my envy, jealousy, greed;

From me goes all my wants, desire, need;

From me goes all my choice, feeling, liberty.

I am the drunk man in sorrows drown'd:

I am the smoker with self-hatred renoun'd:

In me is the sting of one hundred **lacerations**;

In me is the confidence of one in desperations.

I am the cutter: see my wounds and remorse?

“Despair”

Imagery is a main feature of this poem, which begins with a storm and ends with a suicide which is referred to in the final line of this poem. This poem has no true End-Rhyme.

Thunder rolls as rain pours...

Lightning strikes as the sun shines...

Roaches like locusts fly in swarms on high...

But I am lonely, afraid, depressed...

Mice soar, rodents roar...

The shark his rounds of teeth he had shown...

I cannot progress higher...

In this final breath I take, hold my hand as my heart doth break.

In this final battle I fight, watch my head as my foot doth enter the Night.

Forever this defeat, agony, sorrow... goodbye.

“Crimson Crime”

This is an open-form poem: open-form was developed in the 1950s. Many of the poems in this book incorporate one or two elements of this form while mixing other elements from other forms of poetry. The stanza break is 1, 1, 4, 5, 2.

See the sea between you and me

Take a breath

○ the bleeding inside

○ the outstretched arm clinging to the air

(It feels so cold as to numb the touch:

I know not what will become of it.)

I there catch the wind

The water, the love

(How could I have known the course of time?)

Clinched fist

Out-hold I it

Close your eyes as I do mine –

Petty, petty, crimson crime.

“I Am the Man”

The first stanza of this poem is somewhat older than the remainder of this poem. The wise man, the young girl, the teenage man, the bum (former music-artist), and the sinner are in this poem in two stanzas per person. The “Nathan” in this poem is a prophet mentioned in the Old Testament in the book of 2nd Samuel. In this poem, “Nathan” symbolizes the conscience.

Who you persuade, you can earn,
Who you earn, you did persuade
Or work in a version of escapade;
I am the wise man: from me learn.

Though the environment waste away,
Though my body henceforth decay,
This is the rest that I can say:
I am the wise man: be under my sway.

What you know, and who you are
Can lead me to believe that you’re a star;
Every day service, noble, faithful be...
I am the youngling that you, daddy, see.

I look up, I look down...
I see for me no future;
I wonder why daddy has a frown...
I can have no **suitor**.

The keys, the tux, the car, the money –
I'll get tonight some honey
From that good lookin' gal in the limo.
I'm your main man – no business funny.

There's that spark, there's that blaze!
Good to be her man in velvet clad...
Good to be a part of the craze...
I'm your main man – soon to be a grad.

Could you give a penny, a dollar, a **c-note**?
Times are tough and so is this concrete.
Remember the days when I hit an a-note?
I am the bum – but I was famous.

Charity! Charity, my fellow!
Cheers to the wealthy! Cheers to the wealthy!
From them I can get healthy.
Addiction is a real slip, slip, slippery slop...

Addiction – addiction, you say?
Without Him we all have hell to pay...
And misery...
The last vestiges of habit

Are no rabbit.

“Thou art the man,” my Nathan cries;

I, aye – I have sinned...

I am the man: bury *me* in the sand!

“Nearly Prophecy”

This poem was originally supposed to be in a novel, which I have not at the time of the publication of this book finished.

As it was in the beginning, so shall the end be,

As it was on this branch, so shall it be on the tree;

Day is as darkness and night is as death:

All you have to do is remember to don't hold your breath.

Don't expect good and you won't be surprised

To find that the government and **god of this world** lie –

Do unto others as Me and you will see the glory of the sea.

“Who Knew?”

Perhaps the perspective from-which this poem originated is a presumptuous one, but it does make for an interesting conclusion if the reader knows the allusions.

Who would know
That I would grow
Into the world’s next **Webster** –
Into the world’s next **Poe**?

Who would know
That I would glow
Into the world’s present Dumpster –
Into the world’s present Foe?

The usage in the preceding poem of the words “The world’s present Dumpster” is imagery which emphasizes the desolation, uncleanness, and lack of fulfillment in the world as a dark, dirty place – a dumpster. I can cause some light to enter the Dumpster, but only God can clean that Dumpster out. The “world’s present Foe” is the Church which does God’s bidding. (Read James 4:4 and Ephesians 6:12.) By glowing into the Church, the Church can shine more brightly as a witness to those people of the world.

“Bill Rice Ranch”

Although not every line of this poem does apply to a specific person, the 24 lines represent the 24 official campers who went on the trip. This is a real story; the poem I wrote in 2009.

(Pastor Matt, Mr. York, Cameron the C.O.R.E. guy, the girls’ camp-counselor, and Pastor Matt’s wife were unofficial campers.)

With power in prayer, and confidence in Christ,

We went to the Bill Rice Ranch to do right.

Our camp-counselor’s surname was York

And on our camp-shirts were a spoon, a knife, and a fork.

“Just give me Dinner,” was our slogan for the year:

“Forget the snacks” in order to keep our hearts tender, unclogged, and dear.

During our stay, we heard messages three a day,

except on Sunday;

During the week, we had cabin-cleanup

and on a horse Pastor Matt did sit-up;

Joe made a poem; many wrote trivia and sang;

We did not win the competitions in-which we sang.

continued

In the competitions musical, the harp was played,
And there in the auditorium for that we stayed;
But also in there, under “Seek ye the Lord”
We heard preaching which for us others could afford.
In the services there the Lord spoke to many
Thru thought and desire in number of ways any.
To me, I came to the front for more boldness
Before my lifetime passes me by in oldness.
Thank you for praying for us
Who went along in that air-conditioned white bus.
We began at the Ranch under the sun’s deep-fry,
We left the Ranch under the **lightning-sky**.

“Thump in the Night”

This was a poem for Jacob Heckaman, for his 15th birthday. The poem was written on December 13, 2009. The poem has one line for each year of his life to that point. He had a memorable experience at the Bill Rice Ranch.

There once was a thump in the night,
 A knock on your door;
And into you the Father did pour
 His Holy Spirit.

So this birthday eve,
Remember God who in you did breathe
 The Breath of Life everlasting.

And as we are casting
 To you the best of wishes
 For all of the holiday season dishes
 Which you will clean with your mouth,
We also give you a hearty youth group welcome
 In the spirit of the good old South.

“Howdy! How do ya do?
“Happy birthday! In ~~you~~ yer mind now hear it.”

“Alaska”

This poem I wrote to my mother while she was depressed about the time of her birthday. One line without End-Rhyme mentions her birthday.

Thru all the years, tears, and fears –

Thru all the days, praise, and haze –

Thru all the trials, smiles, and files –

You are my mother.

You with kisses smother

While we ride along the road during the many miles

On the way to vacation during the traveling days.

We wait till the cloud clears

To venture out into the waters

And glance at the bright expanse

Of the Alaskan mountainside.

If on snow we glide,

Or on sea we cruise,

On a trip to the North, no one will lose

The spirit of adventure.

Whether on your birthday,

Or on any other,

You will always be my mother.

Remember the good times –

I know you can try!

The wind will ring the chimes,

And I will then reply:

“Look at the sky,

“The sun, the range –

“Is the magnificent landscape of God so strange

“That, when upon the Mountains of life we gaze,

“We focus upon the parts of the climb which are in deepest haze?

“Let us continue to the peak;

“Let us God’s blessings seek.”

In Heaven’s forests we can retreat –

But ere that come to pass,

Let our lifetimes be fulfilling and complete.

Let the joy of our days in our souls amass.

“(Well,) It’s Been a Long Time”

This was a poem for friend, Brittany Basham, for her 16th birthday.

Well, it’s been a long time

And might not be apt for a rhyme,

But this day and to this end

Spend

In enjoyment of modest pleasures

Your life’s endeavors.

Live peaceably;

Live graciously;

Live knowingly...

Of those who care.

While it may be a little deed –

A little creed

Of tenderness and blessing –

My hope is that your breath’s need

Will be the seed

Of the yessing

Of a wish,

Perhaps a list,

As candles you blow-out

Or whatsoever it might be...

If I could grant grace

I would do it to your face;

Yet since I busy be,

And words for writing I cannot see,

I pray a blessing and comfort

All along the trace

Of the path of your life

To be as a grace

Even to your heart and soul.

And although we may be old

And not as bold

As we used to be,

Let us all see

Today to be

Both ' our sixteenth –

And let us not feel beneath

Without joy and consolation.

Yet on life's path, faults there may be

Set in the way of one's own Liberty;

Led by that shining Light, so that even one's

Stead in the night

continued

May be secure,

And therefore endure:

From what is not yet seen to being a teen.

What can I say

On this day?

My gift is my writings:

My idea my inspirings.

We are all as clay.

Written in a day

Or written in an hour,

May not this night's hitting the hay

Be one that's sour.

Regard not my reason:

For this is the season

Of merriment, joy, and reflection.

Whether 'r not this is mailed or hailed,

My poem has accomplished my wish.

May you receive from Blessing this day a kiss.

“Two Before Twenty”

This was a poem for friend, Brittany Basham, for her 18th birthday.

For such a day as this, I wondered what to mention.

Is “Best of wishes” here enough?

Of what to buy for you, I know not the stuff.

Should I sing? Should I write?

I want to get this right!

“What seemly words could get her attention?”

Perhaps I in my mind should have had a convention

For my many sources of ideas to

Display for clarity what is too

Potent to be perfect before some editing

Would be done for good measure and reading.

So I conclude that,

While I am writing this writing,

I should make good use herein of that

Which I have learned.

Of symbolism and science I have learned much;

Advice and encouragement – I have also some of such.

From the head to the toe

I want you to know

That your friendship I welcomed always

In life thru each and every phase.

continued

When I was six I got a shot;
I came back to my house
 With a shake from Arby's which I liked a lot.
I saw my front yard,
I saw a moving van.
 To here your family then came.

With moving, many things don't remain the same.

 So this I voice:
As you and I are moving down our terrestrial course,
Let neither of us forget that Celestial Source
From which all choice things flow.

True, there are limits to this path of life:
We can only say and do here so much.
Perhaps I thru this poem you can touch
In a way which results with the absence of strife.

I claim not strife between us:
I wish merely to help, to bless, to be
In one special way a part of this birthday memory.

 "Why does this seem so familiar?" I ask
 Myself as I put myself to this poem – this task.
 "It has been two years:
 There have been twice a new year's
 Since the last such task."

The body of this work,
Much like the body of a person,
Should have life and function and production
Of those things which significant be.
In the garden at your feet, let this poem be a sapling-tree.

Now that your foundation is sure,
Your life's message you now secure;
As with wings you go on your way,
A melody in your heart play.

Whether fortune, fame, or family be yours,
Remember your Maker in the waking hours.
Let His Word be for

The root of your eye
Under the firmament of the sky.
Let not the storms of the firmament
Spawn whirlwinds upon your home,
Wherever that home may be.
Whether rich or poor,
I wish you cheers galore.

continued

Of any one of us in this red
 Stream of life,
Prudence preserves the pillars of that pulmonary part.
So breathe a breath of glee
As your lungs and heart agree
On the rhythm of your course; as-to the heart –
Sanity preserves its joints;
Vigor its motions appoints.

So from such a prudent breath and heart –
So from such an official start –
 Take momentum:
Each impulse results with another,
 Sustaining life's way.

'Till the heart panics,
 It works in the body to stay.

So my advice?
Need I say it thrice?

 Never cower, never panic:
 React with forbearance to every annoying antic.
 Keep on track, as I with this poem tried to do.
 Remember right tact, as I for this poem tried likewise anew.

From the gravity of the worlds in orbit
To the gravity of the course set before you,
I wish you well. Well, you wish I
Delight rather-than fright.

So this I voice:
As you and I are moving down our terrestrial course,
Let neither of us forget that Celestial Source
From which all choice things flow.

God bless us all, every one;
Henceforth may your days
Be as bright as the sun.

“Grandpa, Merry Christmas”

This was a Christmas poem which I wrote to my grandfather, Arthur Cerminara, who fought in WWII in the Po Valley of Italy.

Great things we have heard:
Righteousness, truth, and honor,
And the coming of the Savior.
New tidings of joy the angels brought
Down to the shepherds of old.
Put in their hearts that day did they
A, a message for young and old.

Mary and Joseph cradled their baby
Even in Egypt.
Returned did they to Nazareth,
Returned did they to Galilee.
Yes, with Jesus, who is the

Christ.
He is
Reason enough for the season.
In this world, wide and vast,
Sing we now of cheer for the Hope that's here.
Today let the light of Jesus
Make a new joy in your heart,
And rejoice for the day of your New
Start.

“Baptism of Jesus”

How does a dove flap its wings when it lands?

The dove which flies above
 Exemplifies love with a hug
Against the air which graces
 The surface of the Upholder.

The Spirit in embrace with Christ
 Hugged the fumes of the fresh Bread-of-Life.
The water, the dove, the Man, the Crest –
 Fulfills this symbolism the best.

Like as unto Christ who after death
 Received New Life and a new breath,
The Disciple, after the Pledge of Devotion,
 Receives the Dove, the peace of Contrition.

Chapter 2

Religious Poetry



Although in this secularized multinational society little emphasis is on religion in the arts, religious poetry has traditionally been a cornerstone of poetry – from Lamentations and Psalms in the Holy Writ to the writings of even this author.

There are a few themes in this section of poetry which the reader should notice:

- 1.) No man knows from the little things he does what God can do thru him.
- 2.) What is not told may be shown.
- 3.) We should seek to be devoted to do what we ought to do, including God's calling for our lives.
- 4.) The depravity of man can be absolute.
- 5.) Much in nature symbolizes Heavenly things; nature is beautiful.
- 6.) Not all people will abide for eternity in Heaven, and
- 7.) Not all people are salvageable (but many are).

I desire this section's poetry to be inspiring, challenging, and bizarre: for if the poet's words blend into **milieu**-static, his words won't be heeded, being barely heard.

Furthermore, it is my hope that the readers will enjoy most (but not all) of my poetry in this book. Some poetry is designed to be offensive; therefore, a few poems in this book are offensive to certain types of people. The reader should keep this in mind while reading the remainder of this book. I have no doubt that some poetry purists would scorn even my usage of certain forms of “poetry” in this book. Nevertheless, this book and this chapter stand for what they are: evidence of the extent of greatness which God has enabled man to achieve in the expression of what God has established.

I tried to make a little bit of a transition between the different chapters of this book, so that the reader of it would appreciate more the poetry.

“What God Shall Show”

This poem was written during the TACS competitions at Shawnee Baptist Church (“Northside”) in Louisville, Kentucky. In this poem is some Anaphora.

We think we’re sane; we think we’re humane;

We drink a toast

And eat the most –

To our shame...

We eat what is not edible:

We believe what is not credible.

We hear what is not audible:

We experience what is not sensible.

We live in what is un-inhabitable;

We die in what is un-forgettable.

We shine in what is un-seeable;

We hide in what in un-deniable.

We think, we think we know –

We throw, we think we sow;

But who can tell and who can know

Beforehand what God shall show?

“Iniquity, Vice, and Sin”

More imagery of iniquity, I'm afraid, old chap...

What shall we do? Where shall we go?
Which shall be true? Whom do you know?

Of mere possession is no vice,
Nor sin, nor corruption, nor fiend.

Howev'er 'tis a pity true
When our lifetimes are but to each a dream.

'tis in the usage, the partaking, the process,
That iniquity, thrown in,
Should lead to guilt and vice and sin.

But what of iniquity, vice, and sin
Compels us to enter their gates within?
Or is there rather a better sign,
That better explains this in a rhyme?

Amidst two mountains, vast and wide,
A river, crystal and life-filled did slide.
Then a load was thus cast in,
And soon the river stopped from therein.
The water, rising, changed to colors gray,
As the river – behold – it was big as a bay.
But as the waters did weather the shore
Dirt came in, more and more.
The water then stagnant be
And thereby represents iniquity.

continued

Vice, now and then, we refuse
To speak thereof, and we play the blues.
For what satisfaction is so opportune
That one robs another of liberty?
And what man truly breathes anew
After being wronged, or being wrong?

In the blood there is a flow
Which enables life for flesh, we know.

Iniquity, once the flow it stops,
Clogs the arteries, strains the heart.

Oxygen, the element of breath,
The organs need, until their death.

Oxygen, thru many conversions,
Provides electricity to power the versions

Of tissues of flesh.

Oxygen, symbolic of a moment of life,

Must be supplied for life to continue.

Nevertheless, every hinge and sinew,

Deprived of blood, deprived of power,

Dies alone.

Iniquity, which blocks the blood,

Precedes sin – the lack of oxygen.

The sinews, the tissues, the cells alike

Of flesh be separate from bloodflow and life.

Thus the iniquity – the clot,

Destroys the flesh which needs it best.
But the method of blood-course by which it happens,
Includes the sin, and death enters therein.
Lest you know not how to interpret this...
The blood sacrificed willingly,
Is equivalent to sin to the flesh of the Man:
Death it causes, life is sacrificed for life.

“Creator of the Sky”

Many months after writing the last line of this poem – perhaps the riskiest doctrinal statement in this poem – I found it to be true regarding certain words which the Holy-Spirit “spoke” to me. He told me that another person whom I knew would not come to Him until after I came to the altar; He did not beforehand tell me who, but later He showed me.

Creator of the snow and sky,

What is the limit to-where I can fly?

Possibility, ability, and action –

You alone bring creative satisfaction.

Pleasure in Your eyes,

Pleasure of Your heart,

Make You the ties

Which from them did start.

The moment of-which I speak,

The moment of-which he writes,

Some cannot comprehend;

But we apprehend

That eternity, in-which He delights,

Is another time-system – one which we seek.

But is there a language which words cannot express?

Is there a comfort satisfactory for all distress?

Whether here or there, or high or low,

What God does not tell – that He does show.

“One Chance, One Task”

I think you know very well what this is.

If I had one chance,

 If I had one plea

Which would proclaim itself as perfect agony –

 It would be thus:

That at times bravery

 Would put its presence in me

So that, rather than fuss,

 I might do my reverend duty.

“From Figure to Faith”

Figurative language is used in order to keep or obtain our attention – to get us to think.

Metaphor, Simile, Zeugma, Repetition:

This is our new petition.

Ellipsis, Meiosis, Climax, Epistrophe:

This is our new Apostrophe.

Symploce, Ploce, Epimone, Inversion:

Figures-of-speech can result with a new conversion.

Metonymy, Enallage, Epithet, Epibole:

This is not our hyperbole.

Effictio, Horismos, Refrain, Enigma:

Surely this poem provides no stigma.

Synecdoche, Metallage, Syllepsis, Parable:

In the Holy Bible is no fable.

Archetype, Allegory, Negation, Personification:

Christ died to bring us a new Nation.

Amphibologia, Gnome, Eironeia, Concession:

Receive for your heart, spirit, and soul salvation.

Anacoluthon, Tmesis, Hendiadys, Exclamation:

Have a new life in Christ via contrition.

Figures-of-speech language enhance my so that you understand I.

continued

*Are there corresponding lines in the preceding poem? What seems to not be designed is sometimes **more** designed **than** what seems to be designed. In the preceding poem, what is the “new Nation”? Is it not the kingdom of God? You know, figures-of-speech enhance **my** language so that I understand **you**: yes, you and **the Bible** too.*

This is our petition:

Have a new life in Christ via contrition.

This is our apostrophe:

Receive for your heart, spirit, and soul salvation.

Figures-of-speech can result with a new conversion:

Christ died to bring us a new Nation.

This is not our hyperbole:

In the Holy Bible is no fable.

Surely this poem provides no stigma.

Hmmm... Perhaps this is a better way to write what I wrote: “This is our petition: this is our apostrophe: figures-of-speech can result with a new conversion. This is not our hyperbole; surely this poem provides no stigma. In the Holy Bible is no fable: Christ died to bring us a new Nation. Receive for your heart, spirit, and soul salvation: have a new life in Christ via contrition.”

“He Died for Us”

In this poem is an acrostic; there are three poems in this book which have acrostics in them.

Be kind, be true,
Eat right, live anew;
Life is good, and death is not:
It is not that for-which soldiers fought.
Even if soldiers die for death’s sake,
Violence in war will surely of them a mess make.
Each man, shocked at his own plight,

To himself cannot obtain delight.
Hats off! We salute our brethren now!
Eventually the glory of the fallen returns to us somehow!

Gave of themselves, they did for us –
Opening the doors of our hearts, we must not fuss:
So far we are from foreign invader safe still;
Put we no thing on these graves of people which marauders did kill?
Even the forgotten receive something – but perhaps
Living the honorable life and befriending others with hand-clasps

continued

Of brotherhood will honor the brotherhood of the soldiers best.

Food-for-thought: we must for them take care of the rest.

Just as the soldier did give his life so that we could live,

Even so must we strive for them and our lives give.

Soon our own lifetimes will be done:

Understanding our purpose in life can make us shine as the sun.

So to whom will you, dear reader, devote your life true?

Soldiers do not fight merely in order to die. War affects both the living and the dead soldiers, regardless of for-what purpose they fight. There is no real intrinsic delight in warfare for the soldier: it is a life-and-death struggle or a competition of targeting. There is no justification for us as a nation to fuss about soldiers who did die for us: we should honor their deaths instead. One way in-which we can honor their deaths and service to those around them is by living our lives in service to those around us. We must for the dead soldiers care-for those people who they did leave behind on Earth. Jesus died for us: are we caring-for those people who He left behind on Earth as a part of His Family? (See John 13:34-35.)

“The Steps of an Evil Man”

*The name of this poem came from a contrast against the song which states, “the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord...”. How can something **holt** another person above water?*

By what can I profit?

By whom can I trade?

Tell me please, somebody,

Before I “have it made.”

How can I my wealth earn?

How can I all the “little people” spurn

As I climb up the ladder of no return?

How can I from you learn?

Is there a blessing in an hour

Or a bonus in a day?

Or must I wait till my bones fray

Before I have my first taste of power?

Money, money, money –

Oh – it is sweet as honey, honey, honey!

Gold, gold, gold –

Oh – I’ll keep you till I’m old, old, old!

continued

You can get me any thing that my heart says I need;
From your breasts alone I as an infant feed.
I invest; you accrue:
I hope my next paycheck is due.

Though I fall, I shall not
Be utterly cast-down: for my wealth shall have fought
To **holt** me up above the water.
I shall never be for any animal a piece of fodder.

In my works shall I boast:
I shall boast from coast to coast,
And then you too shall see a man with the most
That terrestrial wages can buy.

I shall indeed soar high.
I shall mount on Eagle's wing's.
I shall soar to realms unknown,
And in the mansions blessedly shiny I'll prepare for me a home.

In that house will be no mouse,
No rat, no spider, no louse;
In that place I will have grace and might:
There will be no lemming, tortoise, or termite.

While my rhymes would once be considered not best
I have enough money to persuade you – I'm better than the rest.
And if you have from "here on out"
Anything which, regarding that, is doubt,

Then I would suggest you flee:
For I have thugs now who only serve me.
And so you see the hierarchy of money:
You have your God – your Lord of Creation;

I have my god – my lord of destruction.
Your hierarchy has you second and so does mine:
Money at the top, then me, then those who are mine.
I take a step; they follow; in the mud all day we wallow.

“The Sad One”

Alternate Title: “The Despondent”

This poem is the first in a trilogy of poetry, though it was the last one of the three written. The second part is “The Counterfeit”, and the final part is “The Halfling”. This poem has 60 lines. In lines 31 and 32 is a Ploce.

*The darkness fades into dawn; but I am looking downward...
Downcast, downtrodden, down-sent – I cannot say where I went.
I walk upon trodden ground – cold, hard pavement even –
I can barely complete a sentence without – O Fate – a break or omission.*

*I am the sad one; I am the failure,
The loser, the cynic, the fool!
What is there in life left to be cherished or stored?
Should I have my heart out-poured?*

*I am the sad one, but not the narrator.
I am a little spiritually cool...
Gripped with hopelessness, plagued with accusations
Against all my shortcomings and sins and contemptible favors.*

*A flavor as bitter as pain from a knee knocked next Mahogany
Is in my tongue just now: I have failed my Father once again.
When I succeed, pride: when I fail, regret.
Understand you, O God, why I fret?*

*'A trial is a comfort to some,' they say.
'A knight in shining armor is not always a sign of Day.'
But I know now as clear as ever,
I am weak: He is strong.*

*I taste the Spirit's charisma for a short season,
For I have no real lasting rhyme or reason
Which cannot be thwarted by some manifested scheme
Designed to shred me at each seam.*

*The Mender – the Eternal One –
He I rarely see under the sun.
Though I can see, am I blind?
Can I – dare I say it? – a spiritual high not find?*

*Look away; Look away!
For hope my mighty banner cannot stay.
O narrator, you take the stand:
For I this grief to tell can no longer stand.*

So the sad one went on from day to day;
Fuzzier, grayer, noisier each moment was;

continued

He had his salvation; It stood at attention.
Behind It came trauma, contention, and panics of contrition.
A mixed world he now settled.
Would he not via his experiences soon be befuddled?

“Only with time,” concluded he, *“can we tell
“Who is for Heaven and who is for Hell:
“Show me a face, dear Lord; show me embrace:
“Heaven in a friend – Heaven in this earthen place.”*

He met a friend; that friend had a friend.
The name of the friend of the friend
I shall not disclose; I shall not reveal;
I shall not, shall not, no, shall not divulge.

This friend of a friend a Counterfeit would be;
However, I digress, as you maybe
Now know; but I trow that you will learn
The tale of the Halfling, Counterfeit, and Despondent.
Time, time, shall we enter a flashback in time? Hear the creed of the sad one:

What we fear we cannot now see;
Who we are we cannot then be;
When we go we cannot now know;
Where we sow we cannot then plow.
How we fare we cannot now care?

*I am the sad one, the failure,
The loser, the cynic, the fool!
What is there left to be cherished or stored?
I should have my heart out-poured.*

“The Counterfeit”

This poem I made after “The Halfling”, though in the short story, it comes before “The Halfling”. This poem has 100 lines.

Once upon a time when the grass bloomed and the bugs went by,
Once upon a time when the cardinals sang and the little children did cry,
Once upon a time a baby arrived; once upon a time, a new creature of sin.
Whose fate of his would Destiny win? Would he have a testimony contrived?

Round about the same era in a different day and place,
A fallen angel came to Earth among dark sparrows, crows, and owls.
Finally, the game would begin: finally, a new creature of sin.
Whose fate of his would Destiny place? Would he end in many howls?

Of these two newborns in the world, one was half and one was covered:
One was hated, the other, loved; however, this we shall not henceforth see:
Yea, verily, we shall know – we shall learn – what it truly is to be unheard.
Both would not often speak, but would observe with a nerve which no one could tell.

They aged to tribal manhood separately; but they would meet someday;
The one, as a Counterfeit; the other, as a Mutt.
The Mutt – or should I call him by the technical name? –
Was a Halfling by trade, and a Halfling in spades.

The Counterfeit, one surnamed in irony,
Went up the steps of the Tower of Ivory.
The Tower – that Beacon of Comeliness
Faced the land of the Counterfeit – a spiritual Damascus.

He learned of Truth at an age quite young;
At an age too young to too long remember;
In one such month – in December,
He reflected upon the Bees which him stung.

Yes, the Bees – those messengers of Light:
They worked in their libraries and study-rooms day and night
In order to offer the Invitation with tact –
In order to provide lost sheep with their Almighty Contact.

However, this Contact could not to those lost sheep come
Until they dared to open for Him their home.
'twas not a lack of knowledge which did hinder
This soon to be Counterfeit from salvation.

Rather, he saw of the found sheep the Nation
(That is, the Folk which is the flock) –
And a voice in his mind did mock
Those who had hearts to God's call tender.

continued

The Counterfeit, one surnamed in irony,
Went up the steps of the Tower of Ivory.
The Tower – that Beacon of Comeliness
Faced the land of the Counterfeit – a spiritual Damascus.

His parents continued, ever hoping, ever trusting,
That he to Hope would flee...
And that he would obtain that Breath of mercy
Which, I trow, shines forth in you and me.

Over the years, the day did not arrive:
The boy wanted no part in the busyness of the Hive.
The Bees, it seemed, wanted all people to be there.
The Bees, it seemed, wanted all to come to prayer.

Meanwhile the Halfling had a horrible beginning;
It was as if he were destined to miss his Seventh Inning;
Trauma, loneliness, stress,
All of those plagued him under duress.

He went everywhere to find a solace;
But alas, there was no place: no place for him
To meet a savior of any type, face-to-face.
However, the Counterfeit knew of love of family.

The Counterfeit, one surnamed in irony,
Went up the steps of the Tower of Ivory.
The Tower – that Beacon of Comeliness
Faced the land of the Counterfeit – a spiritual Damascus.

He entered the Pasture; he saw the Flock;
In his mind that voice still mocked.
Those of the Flock welcomed him thus –
They said their greetings and then into his heart thrust

A message which said, “We are too busy too
“To care about you; for when we were young, things out-sprung
“Such that now we have no time
“To give you a song, compassion, or a rhyme.”

But he stayed therein according-to his parents’ rule:
“Go to play and church and school.”
So he decided to avoid the shame
Of revealing a currently **Un-confessable Name**.

So he silent be as the sad one be silent also:
None of Flock knew but of family few
That a Counterfeit they saw.
However, this is but a mind game: this is all to avoid shame.

continued

The Counterfeit, one surnamed in irony,
Went up the steps of the Tower of Ivory.
The Tower – that Beacon of Comeliness
Faced the land of the Counterfeit – a spiritual Damascus.

Then came a trice in the perpetuity
In-which the Counterfeit, seeing no gain,
Sought within his mind and did strain
It until it could think no more.

What was his life? A vapor no less...
So would he ever to Jesus confess
His mental paths and occasional thoughtlessness?
He thought that he could try to live the life,

But now he knew that, through and through,
He had only cut himself unto a Thousand Wound.
There they were – his peers – in their own struggles
Against the same weights and sins which he himself had.

Thump, thump, thump – he had a pulse for sure.
Would he sans metamorphosis this trial of resistance endure?
Heh, heh, heh – he had a breath for certain.
Heavy it was in a world so uncertain.

The Counterfeit, one surnamed in irony,
Entered the room of a world far away;
A new solution he sought – that Breath of Life
Which anew could him make – a spiritual Sanctuary.

“The Halfling”

When this story first originated within my mind, it was actually a short story; however, I decided to put it in the form of a poem. This is the longest poem in the book, with 140 lines.

Under a bluish sky in a hot summer’s day,
A halfling sat on the corner of the court.
The halfling – half human, half fallen angel –
Was amongst those other Sons of God.

Upon the ground they all trod that day,
Playing and rejoicing along the way
Back to the cabins from the field.

Little did those Sons of God know

That their friend that they knew –
That their friend – their “Christian” friend,
Was really a halfling who salvation could not have.
Jesus him could not save:

His blood was not human:
Atonement at the cross for him was not made.
Though God was not willing that any should perish,
This creature would: for he was not truly human.

His kind, like some of the circus freaks,
Were despised by men, by God, by other freaks.

So the halfling told no one what he truly was.
But the halfling knew what he truly was.

Then came the shy one – introspective, rather,
Onto the scene which for Heaven’s sake I have presented to you.
He befriended the halfling after the halfling befriended him.
He thought the halfling Christian, the halfling thought him Christian.

Both were wrong; both had their own sad song.
The one, destined to Hell’s fire; the other, destined to cruel mire.
Now onto the stage I see, someone who I wish were me.
However, this my story is not: this is fiction: to know that you ought.

So the shy one and the halfling became friends.
I say now, henceforth the shy one I shall call the counterfeit.
I hope that you dear reader from this will not throw a fit.
So the counterfeit met this new one: they would never be friends.

This new one, whom I will call the sad one,
Had his share of sinful fun.
But he, yes he, had asked his Savior
For a new and spiritual favor.

continued

This favor was, that within a certain period he
Could be the kind of person who would fulfill his Christian destiny.
He wanted to be used – used of God –
To bring just one to Him – just one to God.

However, he knew that he scared would be
If ever he had to witness face to face:
For his face was marred, his speech was bland,
And everywhere other people thought that he was stark craving mad.

But he an encouragement tried to be;
He had given up on his goals, his dreams, his destiny.
Was he living on a world? In a nightmare? In a delusion of a dream?
In all his lifetime in a nightmare it would seem...

He inquired of his companions – of his companions' companions,
Saying, "How are you today;
"I would like to know you better,
"Become a friend of yours some day."

However, the counterfeit and the halfling heard him;
He spoke to them: both were in a secret despair...
Both believed that they were beyond Eternal Repair.
They – all three – knew themselves all too well.

All three were wrong; each had his own sad song.

The first, destined to Hell's fire;

The second, destined to cruel mire;

The third, destined to literary hire.

However, this my story is not: this is fiction: to know that you ought.

Only God and Death and Hell

Knew those three better.

Hell knew only one; God knew two; Death knew three:

All this would be so because one was still to go on bended knee.

But there is a fourth figure in this story:

There is the preacher, and there is his staff

Of counselors who lent a helping hand

To those who the Savoir should count as His grains of Sand.

This one, the preacher, ever took eye;

The sad one – the one in a dream –

He came to the altar, as it would seem.

The Sons of God saw him.

He went to a counselor,

Told him of anger:

Told him of malice, and hatred, and temper.

He had forgiveness the next hour.

continued

Thereafter that counselor came to the preacher;
The preacher knew of the sad one's problem.
The preacher then planned to preach on temper,
On rebellion, on forbearance, on a particularly windy September.

The next occasion was that message delivered;
Many hearts of other people were delivered:
They too knew of their sin of temper and spite:
They too knew that with God their hearts had to be made right.

Two came forward after hearing the words
To trust Christ as Savoir, though the sad one
Never knew that he had had a part
In the salvation of even an other soul –
That he had a part in such an Art.

The sad one was wrong, though he had his own sad song.
The first was destined to Hell's fire;
The second was destined to cruel mire;
The third was destined to literary hire.
The fourth was destined to climb spiritually higher.

However, this my story is not: this is fiction: to know that you ought.

The end of these characters you may discover

 If you can truly uncover

The deeds and consequences of the actions of men.

The sad one would never on Earth know exactly how many to Christ he would win.

His efforts, though indirect, caused others to connect

In their minds their need with their pain and their emptiness.

The counterfeit – well, he learned of compassion

From a source who nobody thought had any passion.

Then he turned his eyes, but not as of yet toward Heaven.

No – he turned his eyes to another preacher.

This preacher, though, acted more like a teacher.

Was this counterfeit under siege from a new threat?

Was a child of Hell to be redeemed yet?

This teacher he understood from lessons of old;

This sad one he understood from family of old.

This Gospel he understood from school of old.

This Jesus he understood from that Holy Spirit of old.

Under the sky, now red as crimson,

A new song did fly – one of peace from contrition.

Hell would know only one of the first three:

For this counterfeit no longer a counterfeit would be!

continued

However, never in the history of man
Has a halfling gained of salvation's plan.
That halfling, though he were Christ-like,
Died to go with sinners and liars alike.

The halfling had children before he did die;
They too in that Oven would eventually fry.
The halfling remained in despair;
But the former counterfeit received Eternal Repair.

The counterfeit was wrong, though he had his own sad song.
The first would be in Hell's fire;
He, the second, would stand in a Heavenly choir;
The third would rest and be called "the Friar";

However, this my story is not: this is fiction: to know that you ought.

The sad one would look at the calendar:
He thought, "The year is gone;
"God did not answer with a yes my prayer."
It was... all more than he could bear.

Yes, the sad one never would know
That God answered with a "yes" his prayer thrice.
Though this is all for those three quite nice...
No, the sad one never thought that he seed ever did sow.

This my story was not: this was fiction: to know that you ought:
Of the Halfling, Counterfeit, and Despondent was this just a thought.

“Civilian Comradery”

The stanza order of this poem is 4, 2, 4; 4, 2, 4. I wrote it while on a winter retreat somewhere in northern Indiana. It is a favorite poem of several people who I showed it to before publication.

I see, I see
Eternal Light
Flashing, flashing in dark of Night...
Shines It to me for day to see?

Shines It to me for thee to tell?
I saw others like persuaded in the Light.

I looked behind the golden strand
That truly binds man to man.
What should I find? What should I win?
I saw in it the presence of sin.

However, coupled with it also be
Stark Evidence of the Trinity.
Each man made after the pattern same,
Yet each has his own specific name.

This name, however, is not given by man;
It serves its purpose in God's grand plan.

Who it foresaw in time and space
That I – even I – would have my place?
Me, yes, me – with my golden strand
Which binds a man in friendship to man.

“I Love to Breathe the Snowy Air”

Is there snow in Heaven?

I love to breathe the snowy air
When that white stuff falls down here and there;

I love to run on crystal sands
To watch my footprints in Thy plans.

As I gaze upon Thy plains
Sheep surely graze upon Thy sands;
And as sheep we travel on these sands:
On these crystal sands which become seas.

As we step on these sands we walk on water;
But for this world we are no squatter:
This exquisite path we trod
Is not meant for us to merely enter sod.

The blue above, the white below:
For each footprint, a seed to sow
In future course when snow has melt.
Then Your pow’r the world has felt.

If this terrestrial orb

Water does absorb,

Then seed I can plant there,

And I shall at Heaven's gate breathe the snowy air.

“Young Aspiring One”

A person is easier forgotten when he leaves no literature behind. A person is easier shamed when he leaves no charity behind.

And then said I to him, “Hello”
Then I did remember that he hated Jello.
So to him I spoke
To him I did poke

We a heated discussion had
Which made me angry, and weary, and sad.
This was my **response**
To his obvious **ignorance**:

*But after a year or two or ten,
No one will come to mourn you then.*
However, in the writing of a masterpiece such
Perchance a reader, ninety years later will appreciate much

The things that I have written.
He will be smitten
With amazement that people in time this far back
Did have such a drive for excellence as to have such a knowledge attack.

The only hope is that your works be widespread:

The only way to live on is thru literature, my friend.

Long past you're well-and-gone,

Another author will spawn;

And your work will live on

In the work of someone else who does anon

Find it and use it to advance the human cause.

And this thought has oft brought me to a pause.

For what is the lifetime of a man

That, in the Author's han',

Produces a new step in a magnificent plan

For every tribe, and people, and clan?

It is the lifetime of the service

In the pen or lens which makes some nervous;

But that is the lifetime of a person well-spent

And will be rewarded at the last event.

But if, as I have said before,

There is beyond this life something more,

Then the question to you must come,

Where will you go when life on Earth you have not even some?

continued

As for me – I have made my choice –
I have put in my celestial Invoice.

And lest...

You believe that the decision I made was not best,

I leave you to for yourself fend
When you arrive at the last bend.

Is it not
For your soul He has sought?

Will to Him you yield?

Will you enter into a heavenly field?

Why gaze you now at the stars?
Will your hope come from that one there – called Mars?

I adjure you...

Where are you, in some cushiony pew?

Hell-fire's a blaze!
I'm not in a mere fanciful craze!

While you gaze at the sky night,

I came to give you a last fright!

But a hope can come to you from Above;
It can come to you from the Son of Love.

Yes, I'm a weirdo and a freak,
But I wonder if you will seek
 The Kingdom of God.
 Or will you remain on this sod

Merely to wander away
As the sheep of a field when they do stray?
 Live on in Heaven —
 Decrease your Leaven!

 If you know
 That what you reap — that you shall sow,
Then what you keep — that you shall eat.
And if you keep your sin thereat,

I can promise you with guilt your soul will become fat.
 And then who will clap?
 Will not God then you slap?
To him, you have that before done

Whether or not you will live to see again the sun.
 Why speak in rhyme to you do I?
 Do I in the sun want you to fry?
No, forbid it, Fate Almighty.

“Pass It On”

Without words there is no redemption

I look for a new day rising, rising, rising,
Where the people are merry, merry, merry;

I know not if I shall succeed, succeed,
But with my Redeemer I can plead, can plead:

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God with a burst,
And into the sheepfold enter ye to be indeed bold;

Seek never to be weak yet always seek to be meek;
Stay neither to play nor to bray;

Serve God only, boldly, wisely, and with tact;

Serve not curtly, coldly, bitterly, or without Fact.

Encourage another as I encouraged you –
Encourage the brother as he reminds you
That this is the way, the truth, the life
Which ends the soul’s mortally-binding strife.
The wounds another, a brother, a lover
In friendship can remove;
Can you me in this to me disprove?
The effects true, blue, anew
In Light can radiate
What you him in this arena gladiate.
Fight, battle, sword, bullet, and shell
Rescues him in hell from Hell.

Honor, glory, dignity, magnanimousness, and your estate
You now have in order to make another great.
As I did for you declare truth in Adonai,
You also keep someone else from where he otherwise would fry.

“Spirit, I am”

This is one of my favorite poems in this book: it is somewhat short, somewhat sweet, and to the point.

Spirit I am,
Clothed in flesh;
Weary I am,
Yea, but am blest.

Into battle I am
Wearing armor mesh;
Scouting near and far I am,
On this honorable quest.

Should I in this battle enter
Or from the thick of it flee,
I know that the evil inner
Must be expelled from me.

It may be Christmas Day,
But there is still a price to pay:
If you believe what I say,
Salvation may come your way.

The reception of the gift blessed
Comes from a willing heart confessed
Of that which Truth bears
Of that of most care.

“Into the Light”

*Many people do not see why they need a spiritual Savior. Others cannot
on earth rid themselves of addictions, though they be redeemed.*

Whisper, whisper, in the dark
The words which upon the soul will mark
An end to calamity
And insanity.

Tell me the secret of life Above;
Tell me of that snow-colored Dove.
But what of love, romance, and guilt
Will put me on a frightful stilt?

Am I not in darkness perfect?
In the light shall there not be the same effect?
I walk into the spotlight bright
To awaken to my own fright.

From whence came these?
How upon me is this disease?
The light – it burns truly me
As if I were a blank DVD!

A new mark I receive!
To Him now I gladly cleave!
But is it enough?
Will I ne'er again see this disease-stuff?

“To the Village Atheist”

This poem might be offensive to some people; however, it may be more truthful than some people suppose it to be: people have their dance because of their joys in their lifetime; only the humble come to Christ; and there is a big difference betwixt a requirement and a promise.

You take the Bible literally,
But you can't tell "If" from "Shall,"
You take the Bible seriously,
Until it says that you're foul.

So you turn and you twist,
Wondering if it's true;
All the while those you do not know
Are praying for you.

So if this God which you deny,
Really exists and you don't comply,
Then shall you burn
Because the Lord it is you spurn'd.

**You cannot prove the negative,
For the negative has no frame.**
You cannot provide the proof
From which you make your claim.

For what is it borne from space and chance

That gives you this day your dance?

And Who from crimson blood was in pain

Which bought your pardon's price plain,

Also plays the harp which brings

Joyful music to those who believe.

But if that your fancy fits not,

Then at-least this will not seem so hot:

One year in Paradise is bliss

And an eternity from which you are not dismissed.

“White and Gray”

Who will receive the payment which is your soul? It would be quite a shame to pay the wrong person. This poem is from the perspective of God.

So what have you to say,
To either of Us to whom debt you pay?
For either he or I will receive the payment;
So what is the deal which you have made?

Behold, do We not both have a charm?
Mine is depth, and his is area;
Mine is truth, and his is erra’
Behold, Satan can do a person harm.

Behold, I can give life unalarmed.
Wisdom can I provide;
Wisdom can I revive;
Behold, Satan will leave you unarmed

Against error and folly, trouble and wickedness.
Of what then is your life
But a tale of “then and there” – of vain strife?
We know that what is gray cannot be white;

Rather, the color is shown by the One of Spite.

One light, two lights, three lights above –

But only one comes in the form of a Dove.

Rather, the days come and go,

But your decision will show,

Whether you will suffer under loss...

Whether you will pick up your cross...

But your time is falling low...

Truth is a white beam of light,

Which shines in the dark midnight.

“Failure and Folly”

This story is fictional: it is very colorful. The pride of some is in their confidence. In this poem, the word “sale” is put by Metonymy for a “monetary incentive” or “beauty”.

One day I said “hey”
To a male who in my perspective did fail
To see that my pride was not in me.
I had no sale which could attract him away from hāll.

“Crimson, red, magenta, maroon...
Surely I am no buffoon;
Azure, cobalt, blue-green, sky-blue...
Surely there is beauty in any hue.”

But I replied – I mean, I tried
To convince him that some perspectives lack
The wisdom which can forge the kingdom
Regarding the foundation and emancipation.

“Purple, lavender, mauve, pink...
Surely I thru the sands shall not sink;
Yellow, gold, orange, peach...
Who knows what limits of height I will breach?”

“Reprimand, chide, mock, condemn...
I should to you for that statement,” I cried,
“For not every thing that is tried
Will remove in you the pus, residue, and phlegm!”

“Timber-wolf, steel, gray, and black...
I can defend myself from this attack!
Mahogany, clay, brown, tan...
I can craft against you a brand new plan!”

Blind he was to the truth that was.
Truth – he could not see truth.
No matter the hues or perspectives new,
Only one perspective on Salvation is truth from Christ.

“The Sermonette”

Microsoft Word corrupted this poem in a few places; I attempted to supply what made sense; some dialect is still in this poem. Although this is chronologically the final poem in this trilogy, this poem is the first in this book.

Should I write with pencil or pen,
Should I with brush or crayon stroke,
Or type from beginning to end
What thoughts to my heart do soak?

*Is it painful for me to see
What atrocities claim our need?
Is it sound to judge
The crest of the wave from a smudge?*

Or is there something less trivial,
Which also causes me not
To fear for all?
Surely, something will hit the spot.

As I pänder what course to wänder,
I come to the state of the day.
Whose Eternal Tapestry never fades
Gives me a tapestry of words to fray.

Is there a scheme to this tune?

Is there a trail to be followed?

Is there a show-down at high-noon?

Is there a snail to be swallowed?

Should we eat escargot,

Before to greater heights we go?

Or is the simple path the best,

Or just one without snails, so as to give rest?

Certainly this speech, will lead me on to preach;

*But before **your minds' gate I truly breach,***

I must tell you of a winsome leech.

(Albeit, you know not if now I do beseech.)

In our city once there a leech was,

Who at one time gave us a dreadful pause;

But the more we looked thereat,

And the more we considered that,

The more we knew what sin, 'twas.

Would these here allow me

To be as cryptic as I could be,

If they could listen, they still could see

What is going on inside Thee.

continued

(But as I turn to the mourners I now confess
That the guilt of the soon-to-be buried no less
Falls on me – at least, partially,
For I knew the lad of twenty-three.)

*Yes, I knew the man who died,
And this I say, not as something aside,
That his death, even, his suicide,
Was indeed tragic, yes, he died.*

*Cast your tulips at his feet,
Though the fire's flame did keep
That which you through a leg would use,
Albeit, his life and his soul he did lose.*

***But I know your needs and the cost, and the loss.
Yet for us for this day our silver sphere we toss
Into the fire – 'tis not lost.
You two spread the word,
'Be not as this man, thou he'rd!'***

*With the close of this sermonette,
We lay at our bedsides the bayonet,
Ready to take up arms in a rueful war
Needed to secure forgiveness, i.e., peace, from the Door.*

“In Hell”

This poem contains allusions to Shakespeare’s plays Macbeth and Julius Caesar. The woman mentioned in the last stanza of this poem is the same as the woman mentioned in the next poem in this book (“The Fireplace”). The witches in this tale are not the most honest, nor the friendliest of people; imitation is not advised, and it will not flatter them.

*Fire with brimstone and cauldron bubble,
There to torment him with trouble
Come we here today
To give him eternal dismay.*

*We the three witches are
Who like that glorious morning star,
Prophesied what in the day would come,
And would be heralded in by sound of drum.*

*We, like the star of the morning are,
And likewise with long life we fare,
But ‘tis our duty and our care
To conjure his soul to mar –
But the evening’s fair.*

continued

*A pinch of newt and a leg of a brute,
A morsel of corn and a hobo forlorn,
On the Ides of March we make our start,
And the next one to enter through the gate, 'twill pull apart!*

*Though resigned to the gate of Hell,
We still enjoy the place in which we dwell:
For we see the misery, suffering, and pain
Which others, before the grave, thereat do strain.*

*We saw Macbeth enter in,
Though his was a tragic life of sin.
And Hecate and Hades do cause men to go,
(Albeit, Persephone voted on such with a no.)*

*One, two, three,
Four, five, six, seven,
Whom we betrayed be more than eleven.
But, you, one who throws our kind in fire,
Should be run through with a spire!*

*"Ahh, this torment I cannot bear,"
Quoth he, who, in great despair
Did languish the thought
Of a place in Heaven bought.*

Fire, darkness, torment, all,
Did precede the coming call:
 'twas not good news to him,
For another soul to Hell did swim.

 But prior to that swim,
On top of him that new-comer came,
 At this, the man, went insane,
 And the witches almost wept for him.

Down the mountain of people went,
Until, with much energy spent,
They rose up – but not just as a mountain;
But rather as pieces of water in a fountain.

 Up and down, with foot on wrist,
And grabbing ankle with clenched fist,
 The men and women which were resigned
 To eternal darkness had a long time pined
That they would soon arise.

Though this poem to you does tell
That the man of twenty-three went to Hell,
What still know you not,
Is what the dear woman got.

Chapter 3

Romantic Poetry



In the previous chapter, the reader was exposed to Acrostic, Allusion, Anaphora, Direct-address, Imagery, Monologue, Ploce, Refrain, and – of course – Rhyme.

In continuance with the “R”s of Poetry, this section on Romantic Poetry refers to theme rather-than the traditional literary sense of “Romantic Poetry” as “poetry of nature”. In this section of poetry will the reader find the only English Haiku, the only sonnet, and the longest Metamorphic Verse Poem of this book.

In order to write the sonnet, “Glee”, the author studied a few of Shakespeare’s sonnets, analyzing which words Shakespeare himself used as being accented in particular ways. For example, a few words (such as “I”, “Of”, and “Nor”) were either one accented or one unaccented syllable. The sonnet “Glee” also has the poetic device **enjambment** in lines 3-4 and 9-10.

In this chapter, there are poems about romance gone awry, about hope for love, about marriage, and about intimacy, pleasure, and comfort. From the second poem in this chapter until the second to last poem in this chapter, there is a progression of sorts in the following order: poetry about tomorrow’s possible love, poetry about today’s love, poetry reflecting upon yesterday’s love. Any material which I the poet have deemed questionable

for young readers has the word “Caution” in the overture of the poem. I will remind the reader that I the poet will not compel him or her to read this entire chapter of poetry. Poetry, like art, has many possible forms and many possible themes. Some artwork some people do not cherish; some poetry some people do not cherish.

Many people prefer to not be extreme; but I prefer contrast. It is my desire that, throughout this entire book, the reader notices the contrast of imagery and theme from line to line, stanza to stanza, and poem to poem.

Do you rank poetry on its quality? Which of the poems in this book are the best?

“The Fireplace”

This short-story was a short mental video in my mind before I wrote most of this poem. It is perhaps an odd initial poem for this section of Poetry 101. Caution: There is some mild violence and dance in this poem.

He with her did dance;
Both they were, in a trance;
One to one, stance in stance –
Sharp he was, as a lance.

But the time was drawing short;
And no outsider could make a report
Of what the two of them did sport
While their bodies they did contort.

Truer to each other they were than
Those who to another plan
To stan'
In a clan.

As the evening ended and the night began,
No one could guess what was to come of the golden strand;
But as the morning arose with a rose,
Their lives they themselves could not compose.

As a sign by the owl at midnight fair,
Her long locks of hair
Caught in the fireplace in the hearth of the ball,
And he turned into the flicker,
All in all.

And as that last motion was done,
He laughed maniacally, as if in the sun;
Together they would burn, whether she wished to burn or not;
She him had spurned, so he made her hot.

Dawning glory and evening grace,
Found their way from place to place;
But of the mercy there none was found;
Not even in any note left on the ground.

Some would say that beauty and best wishes
Deserve a long-life to the wearer – and the best of kisses;
But there is a price to pay if a traitor to the cause one is;
For the cause may bring one to the other,
Showing deception in one's eye: in confrontation vis-à-vis.

continued

On the note it stated
That her strong feelings had abated;
She him forgiven had,
But remained against her Iron-clad.
Expressions one, and **struggles two,**
Over whether dismissing the second with a cue
Was the right thing for her to do.

Her entrance into the dance,
Was likewise continued into the trance;
One to one, stance to stance,
She around his arms did prance.

But in this dance that day did shine
Not that which could have been thine;
O man, you who were so fixed on revenge
Could not see that she her heart had cleans'd.

As I see you there on the floor,
I wonder whose meter you do score;
But fire you have thrice endured,
One from longing, and one from loss,
But this last one was at your own cost.

I glance at the ashes of her which remain,
And cannot imagine of that which was her pain;
This tragedy was not a catastrophe,
But certainly it is to my disdain.

“When I Went Alone”

The title is the first line of this poem. It is a preamble of sorts to the poem which follows it (“Proposal”). This poem was written originally in red ink on the back of a note-card.

When I went alone
I went fast;
But when I joined you,
I went far.

So if be you as the polar star
For our future children few,
Or if be you in an oven cast
And commemorated on a stone,

I seek you: let none here stay alone.

“Proposal”

I wrote this poem originally in red ink on a stenographer’s pad.

Open hand, or clenched fist,
You will control my movements of wrist.
Arm outstretched, or elbows up high,
You will decide if I rejoice or sigh.

As I unhide my hand
And reveal my heart,
My hope is for a new start,
And for cherished moments as grains of sand:
Sparkling, numerous, on the shores of every land.

What I offer to you
Is all I am, all I can do,
And all to you to be true.
This covenant of mine shall be **free**:
So sing, agree, dance with me!

For each new start a new relationship create;
For your love for me, end this debate
Which rages over your trust and soul:
Receive this piece: let me make you whole.

continued

*In line 13 of the preceding poem, the words “This covenant of mine shall be free” has two meanings. The first is that the initiation of this new start shall be at no cost to the hearer of this proposal; the second is that in this covenant both the speaker and the hearer will be free (or, “at liberty”). In the last two lines is the plea for the woman to **not** consider marrying somebody else, to receive the diamond and its ring, and to allow the speaker to become her husband. Hence, the words “let me make you whole” is an allusion to the sayings “he is my other half” and “she is my other half” in reference to a person’s spouse. This marriage proposal is alluded to in stanza 2’s words “As I unhide my hand And reveal my heart”.*

“I’ll Write You a Rose”

There is usage of an approximate rhyme in this poem; the quotable Emerson almost gets his place in one phrase of this poem. A possible association of the word “Tree” is the word “Investment”.

Cry me a river; I’ll write you a rose.

Make me a giver; I’ll sing what you chose.

Cling to me now, wife evermore:

See in me, tenderness ever stored.

Write me a note; I’ll on you dote

As the creek’s gentle waters on the stones,

As the cat’s fluffy fur on her kittens,

As the cradle’s **ocean-waves** on the infant.

Sing me a song – I’ll sing you one better:

Lest I be found with *such* a conviction-fetter.

Show me your hand – I’ll show you my heart.

Here we will make art: hitch **our** wagon to a star!

This art, this music, this form of romance

Goes from move to move, from stance to stance;

Upon you a festoon, upon me a skin-hat of coon:

Beautiful for the ages, attractive even to sages.

continued

Here I stand;

Here you shall be:

Here we shall craft from a house a home;

Here they shall see from us our Tree.

Our Tree, yes, our Tree, carrying sustenance which be

From one and another: from you and from me.

Sweet sincerity, sweet stillness, sweet serenity

Binds the heart, the heel, the hand, the head

In Holy Matrimony.

Our Tree we shall plant: in your garden 'twill grow

Until It reaches the age of a young sapling so.

Then we shall take It out to the Orchard:

We'll plant It again into a stately yard.

The Tree will grow – don't you worry so!

We will trim It when it grows wild;

We will embolden this Tree of a child.

We will write our names in the **Tree's heart**

Which we had engraved at the second honeymoon of Our Start.

We'll watch our Tree grow, and make saplings of its own.

We'll seek retirement, and we shall reminisce. So

Cry me a river; I'll write you a rose.

Make me a giver; I'll sing what you chose.

Cling to me now, wife evermore:

See in me, tenderness ever stored.

In the preceding poem, the line "Which we had engraved at the second honeymoon of Our Start" does not imply that a child was the result of the second honeymoon, but rather, that it was the result of the first, and that the second honeymoon was used in order to refresh Husband and Wife with a new dose of compassion which they would share with each other and their child.

“More than A Sliver”

This poem I wrote on my final lap – my last week – of high-school. It has a strange uniqueness to it, including the usage of the verb “implore” and the phrase “joy in your liver”. Caution: Supplementary notation may contain sensitive information: parental review recommended if intended to be read to young children.

If friendship were silver
And passion were gold,
Then we’d have more than a sliver:
We’d have our love till we’re old.

If I could see, predict, **realize**
Beyond the sea’s vast expanse,
Then I with a mighty lance
For you would fight – and I’d feel in your eyes
What I in a cold state could not comprehend.

As I you apprehend
For a dance for to cavort,
I make myself your resort
For smiles galore
And secrets to implore.
My Bijou, have you joy in your liver?
By your answer I know we have more than a sliver.

Let us never start to be apart!

*words in the preceding poem “and I’d feel in your eyes What I in a cold state could not comprehend” is based upon some studies which show that, when lust is **not** a factor, a man is more sympathetic to the needs of the woman **after** they spend quality time in physical intimacy.*

“Under Starry Light”

This poem is from the perspective of a newly-wed wife; in this poem, that wife does address her factory-worker of a husband.

Thy hope, thy best, thy gentle rest

Comes sweet in the night under starry light;

As wind sails past thy solemn mane,

Our cup is as yesterday the same.

Though thy servant comes at twilight,

This year will be the highlight

Of the page in the **Book of Love-sight**

Which I coauthor in flight.

Whether a day-eagle or a night-owl,

Thanks to your flight I shall ne'er howl;

In the **Book of Love-blind** I will ne'er look:

For no Satan my trust in you took.

Other women say I've no hero to claim;

But in your work you are a sage.

And as page gives way to page and page,

Our cup is as tomorrow the same.

“Sweet Unity”

In this book, this poem is one of only two poems which have nine lines.

Do you know the other one?

I look on her face,
Wondering, “Should I her embrace?”
I glance at what she is to me –
My faithful human companion she be.

She does allow me to bless her,
And likewise I allow for her.
Charity is the spirit we must have
If we think that with interactions fun we will have.
Is this all but a dream to him who sees it not in his own life?

“Hand to Hand”

*This poem is only a quatrain; but it is a **Literary Conceit**.*

Is it applause, alliance, attention – hand to hand joining
As if two halves of one person came together for prayer?
Oh – it is a dance... of slow step, and rhythm, and swaying.
Heads are bowed inward together: the two prepare for under there.

“Soul to Soul”

This is the only ballad in this chapter: Although this poem is not an acrostic poem, it does have several unintentional acrostics (“Dab”, “Wow”, and “Sat”).

Dressed in silk,
My fair one stays
In the next room,
Thinking of the plays.

Yes, the plays –
Those of romance:
Of ballad and song
And theater and dance.

As I prepare,
And as I reminisce
Of our nuptial candles
And of wedding day’s kiss,

I can’t help
But to think
Of what I could miss
In just a blink.

continued

So as I sketch –
As I contemplate –
How to charm, please,
And grace my mate,

I stand firm
In my convictions:
To her only
Gave I *those* benedictions.

Darling, sweetheart, treasure of mine –
Are you ready for me?
Be not tense; be not timid:
It's coming: an avalanche of intimacy.

(I hope that she will remember
To keep our style untold:
For each household-head
Must keep his secrets unsold:

If intimacy were commodity,
It precious would not be;
'What is to us is to us':
Everything in its proper place, you see.)

“Do you remember,”
I whisper to her thru the way of the door,
“How I can grow
“Over the years to love you all the more?”

The reply is “Yes” –
How blest! How blest
Am I to share even these moments
Unlike of you the rest.

(O the thought of language
Which comes to mind as streams!
O the language of thought
Which makes knowable our dreams!)

My signature and my fingerprint
I put upon her forehead:
For I for her would sacrifice:
Would my blood be shed.

She needs me now:
Instigator and warmer and lover am I:
I offer to her freely
Who and what she never must buy.

continued

Dressed in silk,
My fair one stays
In the next room,
Thinking of the plays.

Yes, the plays –
Every act
Of conflict-resolution,
Of credible fact.

As I prepare,
And as I contrive
Of our confidential laughter
And of frolicking more alive,

I can't help
But to dream
Of volumes I could write
In just a theme.

So as I bless –
As I rededicate
The part of me
That you consecrate,

I glide steady,
In my will:
To her only
My love I fill.

Dearest, sweetie, bijou of mine –
Are you happy for you?
Be not regretting, nor let-down:
It's coming: an elevator for two!

(I hope that she will remember
To keep our joy within:
For each household-head
Must keep his family from sin:

If intimacy were serenity,
It difficult would not be;
'What is to us is not to them':
Everyone in his proper place, you see.)

"Do you expect,"
I whisper to her from the side of the bed,
"That we can continue
"Over the years to progress in this stead?"

continued

The reply is "Yes" –
What thanks! What thanks
Have I to share even these moments
Unlike of you the rest.

(O the will of God
Which transforms the soul as fire!
O the God of will
Which implants always our desire!)

“The Whispered Intimate”

Caution: Some content in this poem may cause young children to ask questions about intimacy which do not have answers in this book: parental discretion advised. The last sentence of this poem I shall leave to the reader’s own interpretation.

Thy foot is as cinnamon;

Thy head is as pie;

When I’m with you, love,

I soar so high!

When grief is as-a-ton,

When mocking, they’re done:

Your presence, still my desire,

Lifts my spirit ever higher.

Whether in presence of angels,

Whether in presence of kings,

‘tis you that causes my heart to ring

And you are my candle of the Spring.

I’ve watched the doves

Make peace in the Spring;

And now I know that my love’s

The good tidings that bring

continued

Sweet release from this world of pain.

 Could I but obtain

In your goodness and your sight,

 That my might is sufficient

And my skill and trade's proficient?

You, my Eagerness, from your touch

 Bring satisfaction, and, at that, more than "nothing much."

You, my Devotion, draw nigh to me;

 Bring me that which pleased eyes see;

Does my hearing deceive me?

 Does my seeing relieve me?

Hand to hand,

 Eye to eye,

Heart to heart,

 Soul to soul.

 Then awaking, with you here I lie,

From crimson torch which I held high;

 And, as ear to ear we listen,

We hear the sound of the Doves which glisten;

And as they make their cooing sound,
We found
That life's sweetest moments are often
Built,
Under the strange paradox between sin and life,
Which lies under the **Q**uilt.

“To Be Smitten”

This poem will resolve little; but it does have dialogue; and it does have two unintentional acrostics (“Wow”).

Are there any poems yet to be written?

Are there no lovely women ready to by a poem be smitten?

Is there a poet who does remain

Who does not cause his audience to strain

At his own words?

My own words

Will resolve little.

Let me myself express:

The reader can see one part of me, or the rest.

Impulse, root, heel, hand, and head –

Who can remove my darling from her stead?

Let me come, hold, taste...

While I her arms in mine her embrace.

One and one makes a total of three, you see,

When the conception from the flesh results with conception of the flesh.

Let me my darling express:

The reader can see if what I voice will bless.

Valor, might, wealth, wisdom, bliss –

I know my husband by his tender kiss.

Let me dance, caress, smell...

While I and him share secrets well.

One and one makes a total of three, you see,

When I and he **and** he and I are we.

As I write,

Whether or not you delight,

My own words

Will resolve little.

“The Conception”

The name explains the poem; and not the poem the name.

Structure of **kindness** and method of **generosity**,

Sweet embrace to satisfy my **curiosity**...

Do we know what words to express

So that we will remember this moment best?

Or are we merely pawns in a larger story,

Which, for the life of me,

I cannot see

Is our victory?

Is this conception like the Thought

Which **arose at the Naught**?

Or is this a sinful man

Who is to enter this plan?

With all courtesy and knowledge

Which this hour and day has cost us,

Would we be better off

If a new child we did scoff?

Confused am I,
Confined to the pig-sty,
 If were not for this:
That if I were clueless,
I bear the shame same of those
 Who sowed
A seed without protection, and without promise.

So likewise I,
 With myself fully bearing,
 Will refrain from despairing
And be the nice guy.

“Remembering You”

Each stanza in this poem has its own rhyming pattern: no two stanzas are alike. Some stanzas have rhyming not on all their lines. There are 18 stanzas in this poem, most of which are 4-line stanzas. The man in this poem never really speaks to the audience, but rather, to himself and to his female companion. Two unintentional acrostics (“Fit” and “Dim”) are in this poem.

This face I see:

 These lips, these eyes, that nose –

I love to see how my newborn daughter be:

 How this child from love arose.

 You, my love, hold her now;

 For you, my love, had sweat on your brow

For to deliver her from one realm to the next;

But how should I of this express my emotions in text?

 From morning to morning I now arise

 To see my two beloved damsels safe;

And as I wonder how all this came to be,

 I look up to those heavenly skies.

My mind traces back the paths
That I did from day to day trod.
I glance upon the trees, the waters, the sod:
I know those who were beside me in the way.

I was born, did live, and surprise!
I saw another life – another soul I espied.
She was cheerful, honest, somewhat fair:
I saw in her a quite agreeable air.

So I overcame my sorrow, my terror, my belief
That in me no companion could find relief.
I went up, introduced myself,
And the rest, they say, is history.

There were moments of grief,
There were nights of sweet relief,
And there were reasons for the belief
That from start to finale would be peace.

(But surely you don't want to read a summary.)
Wedding was at lunch, the after-party with cake:
For I – yes, timid I – that proposal did make.
Our honeymoon was out on the lake...

continued

Did I have a clue?

Did I have a plan?

I knew what to do.

My love and I started anew.

I gained a career, gained more powers;

I brought more pay, brought her flowers...

Tulips, mums, daffodils, and daisies.

I had a soul to win; none of me now cowers.

Here I stand, as one fresh and ready

To embark over the ocean of embrace.

I leap to my bride; I keep myself steady;

I know my wife, my love, my mate...

Whether in one act or another of charity,

I serve to delight, defend, and protect.

If I maintain, sustain, improve,

Then I can more agreeable be in every aspect.

When one door is closing, another is open

And I can remove every other restraint here.

I can hold, feel, and apprise you, my one dear.

When one hand is closing, another is open.

I too close to back away,
Her, too lovely to in my arms fray:
And laid on me is the liability of it all.

Should I embrace my duty, my darling, my destiny
Just to see it all end?
Nevertheless, with her the rest of my days shall I spend.

“All aboard!” I hear my conscience yell;
I take her with me over the ocean’s expanse.
Of our future forehead-pleasure, who can tell?

Put-forth, apple of my eye, your hand and face;
Sing forth, object of my curiosity, your praise and embrace!

We will onward embark thither where only lovers sail.

The progression of the man’s love is obvious in the preceding poem. Lines 37-38 of the preceding poem refer to what the man did for the woman: getting a career, bringing paycheck money home, buying flowers, et. Cetera. In line 40, the mystical is put for the romantic: the “soul to win” was the woman: even after the wedding, the wooing was not over. In line 43, the man’s wife is still spoken of as a bride, for that is how he best wishes to remember her through the ages. Lines 47-48 express the notion that, when a husband is truly a manly man, he “builds” character and becomes more agreeable to his wife. All of this imagery and focus is a climaxing process, which ends in the last 3 lines of the poem.

“Matrimonial Flame”

This poem is written from the perspective of a wife. There is some alliteration in the last line of the poem, which refers to the comfort and peace which the wife has by knowing that her husband will still cherish, cradle, and care long after she awakens the next morning.

My peace, my safety, my delight –
You our flame ignite!
My brother, my teacher, my man –
I will execute your plan.

Fire, in fireplace lit;
For you are my soul, my strength, my wit.
Cozy am I in this House of Light:
For you make me to be sans fright.

Snug now am I as when a little girl, holding fast my teddy-bear;
Here I silently sleep sound: still you’ll cherish, cradle, and care.

“Magic of Comfort”

Dialogue, Personification, Imagery – a simple poem is this, yes? There is an unintentional acrostic (“Sop”) in this poem.

Pleasure sat by Comfort,
 With all Her pomp and fame;
Comfort, with clothing of Joy, Peace, and Wisdom,
 Wrapped His arms around Her,
Speaking as a whisper
 And an echo
Of a dove
 In Her ear.

Pleasure said to Comfort,
 “Surely, enough of Me can equal You”
But then came a pause between the two:
 “Surely,” said Comfort, “enough of Me will do;
“Enough from Me, when sacrificed
 “Created You.”

Pleasure, responding, **wondered**
 How such majesty was **conjured**:
“Not by magic my love,” said the Man,
 “**B**ut only through the grace of an omnipotent Plan.”

continued

So Pleasure and Comfort came together
As two birds of the same Feather.

And their offspring was named Bliss.

“Glee”

This poem is the only sonnet in this book. It is my first Shakespearean sonnet, completed after leaving the wedding of Wesley on June 5, 2010. Because I was more concerned about the form being a sonnet than about the words being beautiful content, the content of the poem might not be worth much from a critic’s perspective.

A sonnet, I complain, as art a way
Has this fault key: has this bad fate to be:
Of all of this that I can make to stay
You, sonnets art a most duty-true glee.

I look upon myself, and to my Hope;
And in possession of that gold that shines
As memories of this, the Prince’s scope –
I know that chance not me, nor thee confines.

And know I this: thy love shall still not fade
From dearth more gilded in disgrace arising;
Like to the tree that bears for thee his shade,
His life and this thou owest not one despising.

At break of day eternal, joy shall come;
For this death’s worth hath made my house a sum.

continued

Within the preceding poem, the words “His life and this” refer to the life of the shady tree and the speaker of the poem. The words “death’s worth” of the final line refer to the death of Christ, in connection with his resurrection. The words “hath made my house a sum” are to say that through Christ is his marriage: Christ has made his house to become a sum.

“Songbird”

This poem is an English haiku.

In the trees birds sing,

Flutter, and dance together:

Our love’s at great heights!

“Mahogany”

If your marriage were a dance in front of the world, what would the world see? Caution: The content of this poem includes dance. There are unintentional acrostics (“TANT”, “Fat”, “Law”, and “Hit”) in this poem.

Tap, step, watch your foot;
This mahogany deck is for us set.
We are on showcase – on display,
For all the world to see!

Hold my side, like on first-love’s night,
Of the audience get not scare, nor fright;
I’ve got your back – in more ways than one!
Twirl and sparkle for utmost fun!

See as they cheer when **you’re** at **your** best!
If only our ancestors could be here now!
They would see how we are blest
To be on the deck of mahogany.

Come now, to outstretched hand;
Yes, you still remember – still understand
That from two clasped comes four
And steps around galore.

Now you've spun:

This scene's only begun.

(I'd better get in the act,

Lest I end-up on a tack.)

Return back; and I you exalt

So all the world sees no fault.

Like a father with an infant,

I let you down

In my arms, all safe and sound.

And as we take a moment's brief rest,

The audience knows we've aced the test.

Shuffling the feet,

Across from each other we meet

And pause. Pause – the crowd is still;

Square dance *we will*;

And pause again with warm feet.

Now is the time

For slow rhythm and rhyme.

As the evening calls and the coals chill,

The last sparks of the flame are most cherished still.

continued

This may be an outdoor display
Of a repertoire of impressionistic talent;
But a blur no man can convey
For this last scene's piece.

The last scene's piece –
A piece of the puzzle
Which began before life
Was in the **Bubble** –

Before we leave this stage –
Before we leave this Orb;
Let the *globe* our affection absorb
As they behold the princess and her sage.

With forehead on forehead,
They see that our convictions always one were;
With neck leaning upon neck,
They know that our attitudes ever intertwined were.

The final act is the epitaph:

Here stands two as one
In an embrace under no sun;
Their final goodbye, a welcome:
Their final tribute, a kiss.

Then us the audience shall dismiss, vis-à-vis –

Vis-à-vis...

“Old Wife’s Tale”

This poem has the most apostrophes of all of the poems in this book, other-than “The Golden Moon”, which contains 21 apostrophes. Caution: this poem in stanza 2 contrasts lust from love.

Gather ‘round ye descendants of mine,
As I reminisce of one gal fine:
It was a frigid day in April, see,
When she first came up and said “hi” to me.

(Little did I know
How fast that the
Conversation would go.)

I looked around, and saw one thither
Whose tongue after her did slither.
Though I’d guess never that gal’d be mine,
I knew she wasn’t his! So fine, so fine

Was she
That the thought of her
Sent me on me knee.

continued

I said, "Why, O Lord, did you
"Make so many gals so fresh and new
"To a good old boy like me?
"Should I be under Your penalty?
 "Nothin's new – that's the same;
 "But I can't help thinkin'
 " 'What's Your game?!' "

My thoughts, they raced
As I in my mind chased
After so many an opportunity,
So many a crown, that unity
 Seemed so far out of reach.
 (I thought I was a learnin' all I needed to know...)
 But the good Lord had a lesson to teach.

So I a letter wrote;
I got the courage to go on da boat
A sailin' down Mississip' like
In the night a floatin' lantern-light.
 (I saw it thru to see her in town
 And we were convinced – "We're a match!"
 So I saw her in a weddin' gown.)

See, she was so sweet a chef
That the Thanksgivin' fillin'
Would wash right over winter's wares.
Never a wife cooked like that wife:

 And she was mine,
 Never a wife danced like that wife:
 Which was with me *all* fine.

But, ya see –
The good Lord, He
Needed her good cookin'
In Heaven.

 So He took her away;
 I wish ya'll could a known her!
 That... is all I can say.

With the preceding poem is some context which I withheld from you: it involves how a stroke and other complications affected that wife too. To think, her husband witnessed it all: From her first onset of symptoms to her final fall!

“Unwanted”

Here is a poem about love never expressed. It is a poem I wrote in order to replace another poem which was rather crude and satirical. This poem's just depressing.

Unforged, unflamed, unrefined:

Young love erodes, being confined
Within the flesh-walls of the human skin,
Within the deepest will of the mind within.

Unwarmed, unstirred, unmixed:

Young hope hardens, being fixed
Upon the rocky heights of the coastal cliff,
Upon the lifeless water of the **sea's whiff**.

Unparalleled, unmatched, undefeated:

Young bravery persists, being completed
By the promise internal of the platinum goal,
By the faith eternal of the sanctified soul.

Unfailing, unafraid, unfurled:

Young patience waits, being curled
Around a host friendly of the charity band,
Around a castle tall of the baked sand.

Unforeseen, uncherished, unique
Young man languishes, being bleak
With the nearing iceberg of his arctic streams,
With the sobering dashing of his childhood dreams.

Chapter 4

Rhythmic Poetry



This is probably the most beloved section of this book – that is to say, rhythmic poetry is appreciated people of many backgrounds, economic statuses, et Cetera. In this section is one theme that is absent in large or in whole in the other four chapters of this book: sports. In this section of this book is the theme of warfare most prevalent. Talk about something truly universal! From the warfare within to the warfare without, there is no crown without the cross, and no glory without someone's loss. I am confident that the readers of this book will or already have, if they are reading this sequentially, read and enjoyed...

Words with a magnitude

To inspire awe and gratitude

To the glory of God the Father. This section of poetry exists because there should be both heart and soul in the poet's poetry. The first three chapters gave this book its soul; this chapter gives it its heart: that thing which beats, beats, beats, pumping life-blood into every vein; that thing which puts the pulse into the whole body of work.

We pause here briefly to remind ourselves of some of the poets of the classics. There is another poem in this chapter entitled, “The Sparrows”, which might vaguely remind some readers of a certain poem by a certain Poe. He was a pioneer of the detective story, and he was an Escapist Poet. Of course, we cannot forget Whitman, the pioneer of American Free-Verse, who wrote of President Abraham Lincoln in “O Captain! My Captain!” Of all of the styles of poetry (so far as current classification is concerned), the Free-Verse form is most prevalent in this very book; but lest you think that the influence of Shakespeare upon this book’s works is done, there is still to be read of the spirit of his poems one: that poem is reminiscent of *As You Like It*, which contains the words “All the world’s a stage”, **and what follows those words.**

The readers should here know that there is one poem in this section, “Ecclesiastes”, which only becomes rhythmic if it is read at the same rate as a tongue-twister would be read. Furthermore, there are two loose “Sprung-Rhythm” poems in this section, which contain portions in **bold** so that the readers will be certain what portions of those poems **to emphasize** for reading aloud. Gerard Manly Hopkins is credited for introducing “Sprung-Rhythm” in the 1800s.

The poem “The Sparrows” was in part inspired by memories of my mother’s angry fighting with the sparrows which wanted to nest in the roof of her upstairs porch. The birds kept returning in order to nest: to my mother each one was a pest.

“Perpetual Rhyme”

How many words can you make to rhyme with the word “rhyme” other than the word “rhyme”?

Have you ever known a rhyme,
Which worked on a dime?
Or sang all the time,
Just like a chime?

Did a Jack and Jill climb
Up the hill that was lime?
Did someone pay a bill –
Or was it about a mill ' ?

Could someone ever walk,
Or write on teacher’s chalk?
Is it *as white* or *black* as day?
Or is this poem in utter fray?

“Ecclesiastes”

Have you ever wondered why are state-of-affairs is what it is?

Who is to tell us the nature of things?

Ring, ring, ding, ding!

Who is to tell us the result of things?

Bing, bing, sing, sing!

Cause, effect; question, debate;

Skill, accomplishment; journey, escape;

Echoes of madness, echoes of gladness;

Triumph, joy, pain –

Which of those does you restrain?

I long-for, pant, yearn

For a new grace to send me something to learn.

Teach and learn; learn and teach:

Then see who for Him you will reach.

Is it better to learn or teach?

Is it better to spurn or preach?

continued

Wreck a line, a word, a poem –
See who will give a care;
But for this thing you should beware:
We run, from what we cannot escape;
We destroy, that which we cannot recreate;
We are, as helpless as the snowflake which a finger can fling;
We cannot, stop many of the arrivals of the Trains.

The eye is the fervor of a man:

It represents his immediate plan.

The neck, is the reasonableness of one:

The neck, reveals intent as-to much “under the Sun.”

The hand the tool, the palm the control of a man be;

But ears can be deaf, and a man can have eyes which cannot see.

We ignore the miracle before it is even present:

No wonder our pitiful state is always before us evident!

“The Black-and-White”

This poem is about a former soccer player who does reminisce after seeing a soccer game being played by young people. This poem was written while I watched an actual high-school soccer game. Two unintentional acrostics in this poem are the words “Tad” and “Pit”.

Back and forth, forth and back,
They practically the black-and-white attack
As they sprint the field down and back.
Down and back, down and back.

Over and back –
There it goes!
Will it hit the net?
No one knows!

Now, glance there!
Now, look!
See that the black-and-white the goalie took!

And after the kick, and after the bounce,
Of a head of the other side it did pounce...
'twas sent to players other;
But half of the field they still had to cover.

continued

The sphere skips,
It crosses the middle;
The enemy charges with the tempo of a fiddle.

Clash, scramble, fall, spittle –
One more player hits the dirt.
His shorts then must be re-girt.
But the sphere moves onward.

At the game there is a puppy
And there is also a cat named “Fluffy.”
The dog and cat know not of the ball – where it’s at...

Past the defenders, past the goalie,
Into the net – don’t you see!
These words were mentioned as it happened!
And **now again** the ball is **free**.

Not only the ball, but also the dog
Are free and loose upon the field.
The ref calls “foul,” but no fowl are there.

Instead, the dog, as if in a smog,
Ceases to chase the thing; stamina the players wield;
There is the smell of the vender’s goods in the air.

One kick, one hit – in the sky
The ball from here to there does fly.
To watch and to play are different, I say.
Oh – and another goal was made.

But the first side came back
With their heraldry in formation.
They brought with them quite the sensation;
But the others came also back.

The ball kicked by a boy upside-down
Went forward – all was, as said before, the same.

Too bad I'm too old to play the game.

“A Squeak and a Swoosh”

The poems of soccer and basketball are put, mostly, in the language of an elementary-school student, because then was when I played those games – well, mostly. Two unintentional acrostics (“Fat” and “Stat”) are in this poem.

All is tense, all is calm,
Except for the audience which is in song.
“Let’s go team!” scream they
As the game – the same – gets underway.

For the crowd knows that as the game goes,
As the shoes squeak upon the wooden floor which shall creak;
An orb will travel,
And it shall unravel the otherwise untimely wrapped energies within.

The orb – an orange or a brown in color,
Passes from the grasp of one to a player other.
“Ballers” are they, according-to some;
Sweat-shop laborers are they... who have all the fun.

‘tis a sport not for the faint of foot;
‘tis a game not for the weak in hand.
To play well, you already know where to stand
And where to pivot your foot

Before you contort yourself in order to pass
The orb which a teammate can pass
To a little friend with four corners and a rim.

The wrist in a twist and the fingers in a flick,
The feet in a leap and the arms in a lunge
Plunge the orb into surroundings of tapestry.
The crowd sees it; *it* the crowd does know.
I hope that you, my teammate, do not soon *it* outgrow.

“Shapes and Space”

This is a poem inspired in part by Isaiah 40:22. This is a poem which has two layers: the first layer is the actual poem; the second layer contains the meaning of the lines. As a side note, there was once a pro-Christian kids'-show called Circle Square.

Triangle, hexagon, circle, square –
Can you tell me what shape is there?
Why, is it a lovely star
Which came here from near or far?
Does it thru the curtains shoot or skate
Before it thru the furnace does shoot or break?

Center-point, angle, radius, arc –
Who in reality has a mind a-spark?
Why, is it a witty poet
Which sung so that you know it?
Does it thru the curtains shoot or skate
Before it thru the furnace does shoot or break?

Tangent, secant, locus, line –
Is there any among you who's truly fine?
Why, is there one fervent Believer
Which is a-spark with a blazing fever?
Does it thru the curtains shoot or skate
Before it thru the furnace does shoot or break?

Tangent, secant, **locus-line** –

Is there any among you who's truly at the standard?

Why, is there one fervent Believer

Which is with a spark of genius and "on fire" for Jesus?

Does fervor thru the scrutiny of the mind survive as being important or be consumed

Before the reward of fervor thru the furnace [See 1st Corinthians 3:12-15]

does survive or perish?

Curve, cone, cube, prism –

What is the next schism?

Where is the next debate?

Is it thru the curtains of the mind – the gray-matter –

immediately apparent or a play-thing of the mind

Before it thru the scrutiny of the mind survives as being true or burns-up?

“The Capsule”

In the spirit of the old poet, this is a short poem about the brief life-stages of the human experience.

In the womb, curiosity and fear...
As an infant, wonder regarding what’s near...
The toddler waddles forth...
The kindergartener knows which way is north...
The youth, more complex be...
The preteen desires more liberty...
The teenager young needs a Song...
The teenager old is at the “bring, come along”...
The sophomore of college does read...
The newly-wed husband is a noble steed...
In the middle ages be the crisis of mid-life...
In the aged years, ache replaces strife...
When I am old, bold, and cold...
Bring me sacred warmth not sold...

“Unfinished”

This poem was left unfinished because the school-bell rang, and my classmates and I were sent away to Spanish I class.

Time, time, not enough time

To finish this poem’s final rhy –

“The Word of My Request”

This poem came to me rather suddenly and quickly.

Sending it away,
It was applied unto the day
That I wanted you to stay –
Which is all that I can say.

“The Snow Is Falling”

Well, this poem has an anti-climactic ending...

And the snow is falling, is falling, is falling...

And the enchantment of it is calling, is calling...

But I am halting, am halting...

For if I go outside a frolicking, a frolicking

My liking will be unto one

Who is ill...

“Murphy’s Law”

*What can happen in **just one** day?*

Walks the man
In gleeful way
Despite all this
That came today?

Marching, treading, at half past one,
Foot, leg, and shadow under sun –
Knocking, kicking, at half past two,
Crier, soldier, and guard summon anew...

O House –

Vacant, dusty, at half past two,
Bed, kitchen, and den raided too –
Scampering, sliding, at half past three,
Pigs, rats, and squirrels invade thee.

Walks the man
In gleeful way
Despite all this
That came today?

continued

Frantic, frightened, at half past four,
Man, woman, and child panic more:
Revolving, whirling, at half past four,
Cyclone, cow, and carriages galore.

O Town –

Abandoned, shuttered, ere half past five,
Why, how, and who'd this contrive?
Pillaging, looting, at half past six,
Robber, thief, and rebel left sticks.

Walks the man
In gleeful way
Despite all this
That came today?

Lost, dead, at half past seven,
Wife, mother, and uncle in Heaven!
Walking, singing, at half past eight –
Bliss, grandeur, and God shone great!

O Nation –

Torn, divided, at half past nine,
Smith, farmer, and statesman pine:
Staggering, stammering, at half past nine,
Markets, homes, and army weren't fine.

Walks the man
In gleeful way
Despite all this
That came today?

He came back home – a **lot** he found;
He stood in shock – without a sound.

“You Get the Picture”

This poem is entirely dedicatory.

To your questions will I answer:

‘My life’s a building;
My passion’s an art;’

But can I really sing this
From the very start?
And what of tomorrow?

Trust, the foundation...
Love, the steal beams...
Curiosity, the windows...
So where are your dreams?

Perched upon the building here,
Are birds of fortune, fate, and fury;
But many of them are in a hurry
To leave that which be here
And run their own course.

Yet when this building
Has 'run its course,'
And when this passion
Has completed enough,
It's my hope to my Savior
That I was the right stuff.

A cause to anger or enrage
A friend of similar age
Can make for a disappointment;
But if I a blessing be,
And return even one to bless'd Liberty,
'twill be a great day when Heaven's Peace
Delivers to him and me a great increase.

“Breed’s Hill”

If possible, the reader should proclaim aloud this poem with a sharp, somewhat fake German or Russian accent.

Behind the banner the troop stayed
 In their crimson colors arrayed;
Their enemies, foes in the night
 Shot them sore with flames of light.
Truth and error, mixed, were as one
 Until the battle there was won.

Startled, arising the men, they fought
 For the solemn victory they sought
In the shadows of the night.
 But lest you be affright,
I have come to you.
 Behold, I am here,
And those enemies of Error,
 They are not near
In the shadows of midnight.

Pitched, heated in battle worn
The soldiers' flesh-encasement stone:

Wherever the conflicts rage,
One will notice there is no sage.

But could the wise men prevent war
Allowing man on an eagle to soar,
Then would these apt men not nobly die;
But rather, in peace they'd find
A new hope enduring.

Truth and error fought, and von!

Truth stood shining from the sun.
With shadows over and night all done,
The ground crimson signaled a battle won.

“If Only One Could Win”

*The reader should notice two words in this poem which are used in **Antimeria**: the word “pick” is used as a noun, but the word in its intended meaning is actually a verb; and the word “intake” is used as a verb, but it is actually a noun.*

Which would you choose

Which would you lose

If only one could win?

Would you choose force

Or take another course

In order to prevent sin?

The pen or the sword?

Both are sharp

In their own little way.

One penetrates mind,

The other the body.

Which one will you convey?

The key or the pick?

Both are metal

At-least for today.

One is straightforward,

The other clandestine.

Which one will you obey?

The blimp or the copter?

Both can hover

Many feet above the ground.

One is floating,

The other flying.

Which one have you found?

The diet or a pill?

Both are edible

At certain times, we know.

One might be bland

The other bitter.

Which one helped **moreso**?

Which would you intake?

Which would you berate?

If only one could win!

Would you restitution?

Or take another solution?

If only to prevent sin!

Here are the options

Before your face:

To beautify or to deface,

continued

To destroy or to create,
To vex or emancipate,
To babble or enunciate.

So which will you choose?

You must now decide.

Want you to make the news?

Don't from challenges hide.

So which will you lose?

You must now decide.

Want you to make headlines?

Don't you fences ride.

“O Darkness, Night”

Sometimes rhythmic poems portray and seem to encourage evil. This is but a taste of such poetry, as I, like any other human, am capable of great good – and great evil. There are 24 lines in this poem.

O Darkness, Night –
Deeds to fright
Those in the corner,
Those in sight...

O Villainy, Evil Knight –
Stand in victory, in Crimson Fight!
For those in the corner,
For those in sight...

Shadow breaks over morning's dawn;
Critters in foggy swamps again spawn
For those in the corner, cowering,
For those in sight, towering...

Here comes the light:
O Black Light!
And the bleeding drops of red,
As that Evil Knight falls cold – silent – dead!

continued

But hark! I see along the way
A sword, a spear, in gladsome lay:
Arise, my soldier, arise!
Take this sword into the skies!

But alas, there he lies:
There the devil him fries;
I care not now what-for or what-ever,
As long as I undertake that Knight's endeavor.

“The Sparrows”

“Evermore...”

Chirping, chirping, chirping in my ear!
These blasted birds bring insanity here!
I asked them if they always did this,
Chirping, chirping, chirping in my ear.

Tweeting, tweeting, tweeting in my ear!
These speckled sparrows at me do sneer!
I asked them if they always did this,
Tweeting, tweeting, tweeting in my ear.

Puffing, puffing, puffing up in my ear!
These ubiquitous yahoos at this have a career!
I asked them if they always did this,
Puffing, puffing, puffing up in my ear!

Hopping, hopping, hopping to my ear!
These feathered fowl foul me dear’!
I asked them if they always did this,
And they replied, “Evermore.”

continued

I asked them if they always did chirp,
And they chirped, "Evermore."

I asked them if they always did tweet,
And they tweeted, "Evermore."

I asked them if they always puffed up,
And they puffed up, "Evermore."

Those sparrows me annoy;
This broom I shall employ:
"Die, foul fiends!" said I.
"**Evermore,**" was their reply.

“BOLDLY and NOBLY HOLY”

Glorify HIM, all ye His species (**spp.**)!

Sing, sing, praise be to Him:

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

Is the Creator most **NOBLY**:

NOBLY came He to earth nigh:

BOLDLY came He to earth to *die*.

Preach, preach, proclaim perfectly:

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

Is the Judge most **TRULY**:

TRULY makes He a home for us:

TRULY makes He a bargain for trust.

Pray, pray, seek paradise:

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

Is the King most **RICHLY**:

RICHLY keeps He His Word so very bright:

RICHLY keeps He our faith for this fight.

Seek, seek, fast unto Him:

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

Is the Priest most **STEADFASTLY**:

STEADFASTLY went He to the cross:

RIGHTEOUSLY went He to suffer *loss*.

“A Spark and a Vapor”

This is a poem of stream-of-consciousness thinking.

Thoughts of memories flood my mind,
Overwhelming my emotion, desire, and time;
Shall I tell you of a Summer’s day?
Shall I speak of a time for play?
Left, left, left, right, left –
Keep even in preschool in-step!
March forward, Time, march on
Until over our lifetimes your victory is won!
Is no thing new under the sun and moon?
Can I with stories enter your mind swift and soon?

Ghouls, goblins, ghosts, galore –
Do you want folklore
Or something intrinsically more?

I think, I write, my hand does recoil –

I hope myself your mind I don't spoil:

Rob you of wealth or of innocence?

Would that to me, to me, to me, make any sense?

Can I finish this poem within ten minutes flat

In this broken black recliner upon-which I sat

After 2:00 A.M. on Tuesday to write?

No, alas, I cannot now write so fast!

I once could do it, but now I am "thru with it."

Ramble or babble I some more?

Gullapple, Gullapple, Sofatra, Calor!

“The Golden Moon”

I wrote this poem after the ending of a missions conference. This poem was also influenced to a slight degree from the Transcendentalist poetry which I read not too long before writing this poem. The stanza break is 2, 4, 4, 2, 2, 4, 4, 4, 2, 2, 2.

In my life I've been privileged to see
The moon in its phases and colors more than three:

I've seen it new; I've seen it old;
I've seen it crescent; I've seen it gold.
I've seen it halved; I've seen it blue;
I've seen it pink – how about you?

I've seen it silver; I've seen it sunless;
I've seen it orange; I've seen it starless.
I've seen it in a fog, in a haze, in a cross
Of white or golden moonlight – like a gloss.

I've seen it upside-down, sideways, darkened in night
As a crimson drop turning golden – yeah, that's right!

(Yes the moon, changing from red to white
Included gold for a spectacular sight!)

Have you ever seen the moon black
Whether in front of sun or earth?
Have you read a good book under moonlight full?
Surely such should send you swell mirth.

How come highlights hit here in my life
When moon is full and golden and bright?
Or why are so many events ranked high
Followed by strangeness and peculiarity of sky?

Have you seen before morning is done
In the sky the moon reflecting light of the sun?
Do you heed events of like kind,
Or are you to Nature's winking blind?

In my life I've been privileged to see
The moon in its phases and colors more than three:

I've seen it old: I've seen it full;
I've seen it – cool. (I've seen it gold!)

Perhaps cheese and the moon are alike:
Both can be gold, and both I kinda like.

“Boldness”

This poem is expanded from its last stanza, which was the poem “How to Act”, which is in my memoirs.

**Joy and sorrow, grief and pain,
Glee and sadness, guilt and shame;
Strive yourself alone, but it’s the same –
Glory in the power of His name.**

**This regret, regret, regret –
All for this you’d fret,
But he sounds the trumpet quite loud
Who also awakens, yes, the soldier-crowd;
The soldier, for future things living,
Knows the hour not quite of his own death;
He who fights and fights alone,
Fights lonely, and doeth not so.
Soldiers in the midst of battle,
Fight along with men-on-saddle...
But the horses die under them all.
All the more
Glory for the power of this His name. So,**

**What is there in life so sacred and dear?
What do you believe which you hear?
What is your will? What is your care?
Do as unto God – if you dare.**

“Symbolic Gesture”

This poem was written originally in part on an Algebra 2 homework notebook. The last stanza was written some time later, and I considered posting it on an internet apologetics board. (I did not do so.) In line 7, the word “so” means “as it is”. This poem was modified slightly so as to be more sprung. There are the unintentional acrostics “Wit” and “Wow” in this poem.

Is the eye the lens which focuses light;

Is the ear the gateway to heart’s delight;

When truth enters fervor and is focused by it,

It enters the brain: the mind does try it.

If it comes thus, and is verified as truth,

An observer of the man of that mind might need a sleuth

To discover new the reasons why that mind’s so.

The vibrations, yes, of sound which loud be, you know,

Can even the heart affect, its real rhythm changing.

Or via way of electricity such a sound can be constraining

To the heart, yes, all the way from the mind.

**What a man does notice long thru his ear and eye, he cannot put behind
Himself. To a surface touch is still to be surface-to-surface**

Or still face-to-face.

The finger a nerve of reception in reverse;

With it, man can bless er man quite can curse.

continued

With arm **high** **advance** comes **nigh**;

With the **wing** in **sky** comes **eagle** to **fly**.

Crimson, I saw **such** a **sky**;

Who knew I could **be** a **sight** up so **high**?

What is **simple**? **What's** **complex**?

From this **argument** do **you** now **regress**?

Whether I state **fact** or **fiction**,

Do you **take**, sir, it as **benediction**?

Am now I **crazy**? **Am** I **deranged**

Just because this, **what** I **write**, is so **strange**?

Hear me **now** or **hear** me **never**:

You will rarely **see** me **less** clever.

Chapter 5

Reflecting Poetry



This chapter of poetry contains messages packaged into little stanza-boxes. These final poems give this book its spirit. Herein is poetry with hyperbole, common or striking sayings, strange descriptive words, and challenges to the readers; but **do** nevertheless lighten up a little as you read some of these poems, for some of them are for humorous effect: “lol does good like a defrag, but despair slows the processors.” (See Proverbs 17:22.)

There are a few things which the reader should know about this chapter: it is the final chapter in this poem book; it has not too much variety in official poetry forms; this chapter contains a Mad Poem; and, like in the other chapters of this poem book, I don’t care whether its poems are offensive, and I make no apologies for them being in print.

What? You say you still don’t know what good poetry is? Well, perhaps this chapter can convince the callous, critical part of you. If not, then I don’t know why this book you bought. For the critics is this final section: to them I again, as in the poem “Glee” beckon.

For the poem, “Address to Those in Debut,” the reader and critic should recollect that he who writes the words first is he who reads the words first. The final poem in this book, “Bright as the Sun”, has its last two stanzas based upon a poem of a family member of

mine, Dolores, who is at the time of this publication deceased. That poem, by the same name, might even predate the first poem in this book (“What Is White”), for “Bright as the Sun” was written as a closing to a family-history book which Dolores made for her family members. I was able to acquire information from that book for my own memoirs. Read, enjoy, and live your life. Amen.

“Eagle-eyed Author”

Here is another presumptuous poem. (It is like the poem “Who Knew?”.)

I get little sleep – barely *a* peep;

I find little rest – but I think it’s for the best.

I sing little symphonies – they’re my gifts as the breeze.

I write little stories – it’s all, at the core, easy...

I’ve searched many things – and have taken my flight **on wings**.

“One Simple Pastel”

This poem is a poem of God and nature, about the fullness of the presence of God. The fullness of the presence of God should not be confused with the blood of Christ in the sense of something which overwhelms the Christian: the blood of Christ was necessary as a payment in order for the fullness of the presence of God to overwhelm the Christian.

A splotch, a stroke, a twirl with the wrist –

The evening is here: God paints a new pastel.

I, after hours in front of screen, see a new scene.

The evening is here: Who of this can fully tell?

Should I rejoice to show my bliss?

For the presence – thanks to the Blood – overwhelms me as a flood.

What is that presence? Does it “make a scene”?

From the love of one is the gratitude of another.

Should I soar to new heights or here merely flutter,

I know that sometimes a pause brings a new cause

For a better tomorrow with less sorrow.

Not every thought has a rhyme, but each has its time.

If I talk in code, then I shall be told

That nobody else can understand what I contend.

So while I could eloquent wax,

I do not want to your brain overtax.

As I in this poem apparently ramble,

I become to myself an example

Of how far I came from being insane.

Can I be more sincere? Can I be more plain?

One simple pastel...

One simple evening...

A comeliness to tell

A part of life's seasoning.

“Images of Reflection”

*What and who do you see when you glance at the clear waters at your feet? Who do you meet? Do you see your head as a head of lettuce? What about **wit** which someone did **tat** into their brain? Do you see your eyes as eyes of an eagle? Do you see a **law** in the nature of sin?*

The sooner you reflect upon your life –
 The memories, the methods, the reason for strife –
The sooner the light from you shall shine,
 And the sooner you’ll be truly refined.

Stop! Hearken – hold fast:
 Lest you from a window gaze
To find your own life past,
 In the image of a withered face
Who, without grace, was cast
 First into childishness, in its proper place,
But afterwards to monotony, in a cast
 From which is indeed, strife,
And no escape.

A pool of water, a watered head
 Blossoms ideas from the lettuce-bread.
The eager eye – elated, rather,
 Washes the evil from the voluptuous platter.
All this true can be,
 If you will see
The possibility
 That there it may be.

“What is it?” You ask,
 With intention for the task.
“Why, look in a mirror,”
 I say,
“And then shall you see clearer,
 “That it is you, if you embrace
“The Ironic Thought which is Grace.”

Look into the mirror now – behold
 The ideal that what is sold
And what is bought compares not
 To what is prudently, ironically sought.
What have I sought that has made
 Me not, though discouraged, to fade
Into the final frontier of a lifetime of a man?
 Was it the discovery of
Mystery and Irony from above?

“Driving Down God’s Freeway”

There is some structure to modern roads and there is some structure to this poem. This poem has an ancient symbolism in it: that one’s lifestyle is like one’s trail.

Though life be tough and long and stuff,

The Lord is always near,

Even when the ocean’s tide is gruff:

The Lord can always hear.

Though life be sacred and life be dear,

Remember the One who has brought you here.

Even when the rays of sunshine stay,

Remember the Lord in every way.

Whether going at 20 or 30 or 60

Or whatever the pace of your life shall be,

The road which God will lead you to travel

Is paved with sturdy liberty.

“Huh?”

This poem has only one theme and only one sentence.

Equality – is it a folly

To see man search day and night

In the night and the day

For it?

“Encouragement”

I wrote this poem in 2009; sorry, this poem will only be encouraging to some people.

The springtime fun,

Summer in the sun –

School’s all done.

Strive for #1.

“Hamlet Summer”

This is yet another poem which has Shakespeare’s influence upon it. (It was a year on English Lit., okay – please don’t blame me. We students had to memorize a small portion of Hamlet.)

To write, or not to write,

That is the question.

Whether ‘tis nobler in the mind

To have a good summer,

Or to reflect upon memories of before.

To live, to thrive –

Forevermore.

“Wishes for Summertime”

Really, I don't know why this poem needs an overture. Maybe... because it isn't going to be originally marketable in the summertime?

Today, tomorrow, the next, forever
Let not the great things – no, never –
Depart ever.
Have a great summer, wish you the best,
Over the years, be blest! Be blest!

“To a Friend”

Okay, okay, okay – one of these poems, I’m just going to stretch your imagination, and you’re just going to forget all about this little poem, and when you do – when you do – I might just not be your friend anymore.

Should a poem I write

Or you invite,

Let there be no spite.

Everyday, let all delight.

“The Poet to Each of the Populace”

The stanza form in this poem is 3, 4, 5; 3, 5, 4.

One, Two, Four...

Want you in a family more

Than This?

Want you a spouse to kiss,

To cherish, to regale, to explore?

The physical? What about

The mental? Does it have clout?

Study the minds of your companions:

The words, the laughter, the statements.

Afterward consider a motive true.

Be a companion fit for companions:

Your words, your laughter, your statements.

Check yourself:

If everyone is true to his fellow man,

Then everyone is true to themselves.

Into the heart my mind delves
And searches the inner motives and the chance:
I find the correct answer in this mental dance;
I look thru the evidence and have conclusions;
And I intentionally lose those that are delusions.

Was I such and such to him and them?

No – God was.

Was I him and them regarding such and such?

Compare not; work not vanity; cease writing.

“Must a Poem?”

Every other line, which the reader should notice begins with the word “Must”, is on the first column. Every line which does end in a rhyme in-comparison-with the previous line of poetry, including line #22, is on the second column. In this poem, each line which does not rhyme with the previous one, excluding the first line, is on the third column. There are no mistakes.

Must a poem

Rhyme to be poetry?

Must a poodle

Bark or snarl to be canine?

Must a theme

Be as a dream?

Must a thought

Make wisdom to be bought?

Must words make cents

To make sense?

Must a baker bake bread

To make his stead?

Must we follow the quo status?

Be order must things in proper?

Must what write know you I?

Be there here extra everywhere words nigh?

Must because do so it this

Command I you?

Must a poem?

Poem a-must!

Must things in proper?

Must we with law and?

Must a rhyme

Function as obvious?

Must the cock crow?

Must I likewise dare so?

“Address to those in Debut”

The reader of this poem should enjoy this poem, for I no longer have the bird-feeder. This was a fun poem to write.

Note: to my love:

Your grace is as a dove.

Note: to my friends:

We'll be here till the bitter ends

Come to us all, nigh.

Note: to my kin:

You all can win

If your souls do no sin.

Note: to my pet:

It was a glad time when we met.

Note: to my teachers:

Well, at least you weren't preachers!

Note: to my God:

It was You who formed me out of the sod.

Note: to my reader:

Go stick your head in my dove's birdfeeder!

“Poem of the Mad”

What would happen if I were hit by a log, and then decided to write poetry? Would it look something like this? Every word rhymes.

Think, breathe, write, type!

Brink, seethe, spite, hype!

Clueless regarding

Newness regarding

Life, you are;

Strife, you mar.

Through the painful delay,

Through the strainful day,

Always pray;

Always obey;

Rhyme, now!

Rhyme, cow!

Moo, thou Love!

Coo, thou Dove!

Running to and fro...

Stunning anew and so...

Down He goes!

Down! Sea foes!

Beast!

Feast!

Yeast!

continued

Least!

Exclamation!

Precipitation!

See your men gaze –

Be your hen, Haze!

Die, cruel fog!

“Sigh,” cruel log...

“Souls”

We all need time for rest and meditation in order to know what best to do. This poem intentionally leaves the reader with the notion that I, the writer of this poem, did not complete it. Do you know the purpose of doing so for this poem?

Constantly reminded for burden of souls –
What will happen of me? Who knows?
Will I live; will I stay?
Will I die; will I go?
What is my end on this Earth?
I do not know.
All I know
Is that to Heaven I’ll fly
When I am at the moment in-which I should die.

Constantly reminded for burden of souls –
And for those who are **Christian-foals...**
God, I need a time of rest
And meditation to know
What to do best.

When they are at the moment in-which they should die...

“Wordsmith”

There are 60 lines in this poem: one for every minute in an hour’s work. ‘twas many long hours of researching and contemplation which resulted with both the archives which I now have and, consequently, this poem which you have. Rest? Rest? What about the remainder of my work still to finish? The structure of language is in some places very high, requiring layers upon layers of definitions for one mere, complex definition of a word. Line 31 cautions you to not fall off the structure of language once you’ve comprehended the more complex words of a language.

Clank, clank, pound, chop –

There’s a new “Smith” on-the-block.

Forget the furnace, the hammer, and anvil –

Think of the purpose, the paper, the quill!

Build I a house of brick, gold, copper, silver, or steel?

No – build I a house of words in order to excel and heal.

I return from a long day at work

With fingertips which do indeed hurt.

Not by my arm do I complete my work,

But rather, by using a thought-realm in-which to lurk.

Constructing definitions is my job;

From this challenge of structures I do not sob.

I have a helper – a friend indeed –
A mind; but I also have a Lord which I need.
Am I talented, skillful, or ready?
Can you keep your fingers for typing and writing steady?

Rest? Rest?
What about the rest?
How can I sleep
When every time I peep
I find new meaning, new interest, new joy?
In my studies have I again become a boy?!

I am the Wordsmith, carrying higher
That tradition of linguist and lexicographer:
If what you say is different from what you do,
I'll know what of you is old and new.

For secrets there are in language indeed:
Secrets which bear the stench of a creed:
Yes a creed – a culture, as it were,
Of the action, possession, position of her.
Beware, don't fall from the heights up there!

continued

Several notions from words you receive:

Which ones of these shall you believe?

I will list some:

Will you discover bliss in them?

After the root is gone, the weed will follow.

Before a man does devour, he will swallow.

One action, a second, and yet another

Can give to the lexicographer a new brother.

Verbs in sequence, language with tone...

Who is to say that in God is not home?

From "Fell" I see "Outsmart" and "Hate",

Who with me regarding these verbs will debate?

Splendid, extraordinary, and surely magnificent –

Who will from the advocacy of language dissent?

But hush, hush, calm I must be...

If you desire to know what I did see.

To "Eat" and "Devour" are two different verbs;

They are not quite synonyms in structure.

But lest I cause your brain to rupture,

I will comport myself to withhold from you the superbs.

Double-three Six will be:

Five is reconciliatory; four is terrestrial; three enough be.

Six is opportune, or prominent, or effective;

Is your study of English apt, non-existent, or defective?

Learn of language; learn of God; "from Above"

Means "from His Holy-Spirit" – you know, the Dove!

Fill a page or fill a half-hour,

When things are meant and sent,

The deliverer of the message does not cower.

“The Sky Is the Limit?”

Have you thought about food lately?

The sky is the limit?

What about outer-space?

Where one can see the Earth:

Where one meets God as-if face-to-face.

Face-to-face, you see

Of each galaxy a piece

Of the image of the nerves

Down in the brain of the God which be.

For as this universe is the image

Of the immaterial reality, so is,

Right here, the man the image...

To God’s own glory and ability.

He who learns this symbol

Ought to know the greatness

Under the sun, moon, and stars,

Glorifying God with gratefulness.

He who knows the

Truth knows pricelessness.

“Open!”

Reveal the Truth **too!**

Open the closet –
Tear the veil –
Let water flow thru the faucet!
Let truth prevail!

Bring me to your sweetness –
Truth, delight!
Lies are bitter;
Truth never causeth me to fright!

Sing, truth – bird, chirp!
Self – be on guard –
Every ounce of true-soup slurp!
It is not as unhealthy as a lie-of-lard!

The urge – whether to spread **true**
Or insane
Or impulsive
Or **vain** things...
Should I... no – only truth, only victory.

“Not the Master”

This is another quatrain for all of the students out there.

I am not the master:

I am just the student;

I cannot work faster,

But I’m truly prudent.

“Reality”

*Could this poem refer to the reality of your life or of someone else’s life
who you know?*

There is no rest, no relief
 There is only grief –
 Only grief!

And this is what each day I seek,
 Each hour I peek,
 Each minute I’m meek:

A peace from a higher source
 On how useful I have been.
 But so far as what I have seen,
I am the failure, the clown, the coward!

See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil;
 How can I speak at all?
 This speechlessness is not of awe,
But of panic, indecision, and grief.

Comfort my soul?
 It is but trash
Upon the revolting heap of it all:
 For grief is Hell

Merely without the sting.

continued

And these wretched arrows no solace

Bring: whether at evening

Or in darkest night, it matters not:

I – no, It – am a forfeiture...

I am an It, and no man!

As the thorn in the palm of the hand,

So am I as the weakling of this band.

Tell me not that hope is come,

For Earth, nor Heaven, nor Hell can be my home.

Grief is King; Grief is on the Throne!

“Bright as the Sun”

The final two lines of the poem express my wishes to the people who have read the entirety of this book of poetry. Although this was not the final poem completed out of the 101 poems of this book, it is the final one in this book of poetry: not all of my days were bright like the sun.

From playful meadows to home-cooked meals,
To comfy pillows, to vacations on wheels,
We know the blessing of company:
We trust the upholders of our heels.

We cry for each other’s pain;
We shout “hurrah” for each great gain;
We see our Cup, and walk right to it:
We have a Fate, and we progress to do it.

In closing, I must say,
I Love You All, in every way.
We may not always agree,
But we are still a Family.

We care for each other, very much,
Through Ups and Downs and all that stuff.
God Bless You each and every one,
May all your Days be bright as the Sun.

Glossary



Acrostic: At-least one word within a syntax of merely the first or final letter of every word or line which is in the ordinary syntax of the language.

Allegory: Story for-which the reader must use **Metonymy** in many places therein in order to discover the intended meaning therein. (The allegory is a form of representation.)

Allusion: Indirect reference to an other piece of literature. (An allusion can be a reference to a character of that other piece of literature.)

Amphibologia: Usage of at-least two meanings of a particular mentioned word for that particular mentioned word.

Anacoluthon: Quick change in thought while a writer or speaker does mention a particular piece of information, thereby causing an unfinished statement which does precede an other statement from that writer or speaker.

Apostrophe: Direct-address or Aside in-which the writer or speaker does dare to communicate with either a substitute of a person or a person which obviously cannot communicate to that writer or speaker within the situation or system in-which that writer or speaker does dare to communicate with that person.

Archetype: Model, image, or entity to-which an author or artist does refer in order to mention a comparison between that model, image, or entity and a particular model, image, or entity which shall come or shall originate.

Arose at the Naught: “Originated at the beginning of time [literally, ‘Moment zero’]”
(These words are from the poem “The Conception”).)

As I see you there on the floor, I wonder whose meter you do score: “As I see your body on the floor, I wonder whether your soul enters Heaven or Hell” (This implies that God is the keeper of Heaven and that Hell is the Devil’s domain.)

As streams: In the form of a few lines of text at once, usually in a continuous manner until the entirety of the message another person does receive. (By using **Metonymy** and **Synecdoche** of the words which refer to the various parts of the body, the actions which one person performs upon another can be interpreted. Each line of text simultaneously produced corresponds to one level of specificity of description regarding those actions.) (The phrase “as streams” is in the poem “Soul to Soul”).)

Ballad: Lyric which does contain dialogue, does contain a description or definite introduction of its content in some of the first lines of the lyric, may omit a large portion preliminary portions of the story, and is meant to be sung.

Book of Love-blind: Entirety of the actions and intentions which originate within one spouse yet never is known by the other spouse. (This can include secret blessings and secret iniquity or secret sin.)

Book of Love-sight: Entirety of the actions and intentions which each spouse knows about the other spouse.

Bray: (To) emit a sudden, monotone noise which does contain a low pitch. (A possible association of this verb is the verb “Complain”).)

Breed’s Hill: In the American Revolutionary War, the hill where the Americans defended Boston against the British until the Americans had no ammunition.

Bubble: Reference to this corporal universe as a bubble. Although the term could also be applied to the womb even in that very poem (“Mahogany”).

Chameleonic-Verse: Poem which is a **Free-Verse Poem** yet does appear to be a fixed form, with stanzas of a particular quantity of lines, with a nearly constant meter pattern, and with rhyming.

Christian-Foals: Christians who are merely beginning to learn more about the God who saved them. They are just beginning to walk, needing to avoid every stumbling-block. (The word “Foals” is a usage of **Antimereia** in the poem “Souls”.)

C-note: 100 dollar-bill (paper-money).

Cradle’s Ocean-waves: The soothing swaying of a baby’s cradle, which is like the swaying of a boat amidst the ocean waves.

Cum: “With” (preposition in the Latin language). (This word is an unintentional acrostic in the poem “Reality”.)

Curiosity: The desire to approach. [There are two desires that even people in the womb have: curiosity (the desire to approach) is one, and fear (the desire to flee) is the other.]

Delve: (To) cause works-of-literature or documents to be available in order for oneself to discover significant facts which be within those works-of-literature or documents. (This intransitive verb is used in the poem “To Cynthia, On Graduating”.)

Dialectical Poem: Poem which does contain words which are written in a nonstandard way in order to cause the reader to esteem those words as being from a person who uses a particular accent and-or contractions of speech.

Dual-stanzaic Poem: Poem which does contain two versions of stanzas.

Effictio: Word-Portrait.

Eironeia: Irony.

Ellipsis: Usage of merely a part of a statement or piece of information in order to allow the reader or listener to infer the understood part or piece of information.

Enallage: Usage of a particular word of one particular part-of-speech or style in order to cause the reader or listener to use intuition (of relationships) in order to know the actual word of another particular part-of-speech or style which the author did desire the reader to know.

End-Rhyme: Rhyme at the end of a line of poetry.

English Haiku: Haiku which is in the English language. (A Haiku is a poem which contains imagery of both a position and a recognition, contains three lines, contains 5 syllables on the first line, contains 7 syllables on the second line, and contains 5 syllables on the third line.)

Enigma: Ambiguous statement of complexity regarding worth; riddle.

Enjambment: Two lines of poetry in-which one statement does not contain any interruption in speech at the end of the first line of those two lines of poetry. (The result is that, at the end of the first line of poetry, there is neither a comma, nor a semicolon, nor a dash, nor a period. **Enjambment** does not exist in any **Open-Form Poem**.)

Epibole: The repetition of one phrase at irregular intervals.

Epimone: Usage of one statement of one intention regarding a particular topic within a document or speech after a previous statement of that intention regarding that particular topic in order to provide that document or speech with emphasis.

Epistrophe: Repetition of at-least one word at the end of consecutive statements or sentences.

Epithet: The usage of a definition, **Literary Compound**, or explanation in order to give a title to a particular person, place, organism, thing, or idea.

Epizeuxis: Repetition of one word in one statement immediately after that word in that statement. (This repetition gives more emphasis to that word, and both those words are not homonyms.)

Escapist Poem: Poem which provides the reader with imagery and-or themes which portray a particular fantasy or method of escape as desirable or inevitable over reality or the norm.

Fable: Description of at-least one fictional, improbable or impossible event which an author or speaker may mention in order to expose a particular fact or principle which the author does not clarify. (There are no fables in Scripture.)

Free-Verse Poem: Poem which does contain more-than one **Literary Meter**.

Generosity: The desire to sacrifice...

Gnome: By a speaker or writer, usage (which is not the entirety of a particular sentence or paragraph) of the real noises or words which that speaker or writer did hear or see.

god of this world: the Devil, who does rule over the false doctrines of the world, and by extension, influence the people of the world.

Gullapple, Gullapple, Sofatra, Calor!: "Well – well – yes, I do!"

Harp: Instrument of peace and majesty: it does contain a frame which does contain a shape which does resemble the shape of a triangle; does contain a resonator within that frame; and within the middle of that instrument does contain strings which can produce a resonance once a person, animal, or force does cause those strings to vibrate.

Hendiadys: (Nickname: "Two as One") Usage of the conjunction "and" between two words in order to apply the significance of one certain word (of those two words) to the other word (of those two words) while that one certain word does retain its independence from the other word (of those two words).

Holy Bible: 66 books which include the first (or, Old) and the second (New) Testaments: the two Testaments include poetry, codes, prophesies, narratives, and doctrine of Judaism and Christianity.

Hopkins, Gerard Manly: Pioneer of the **Sprung-Rhythm Poem**. He was born in Essex, England; he used much internal rhyme, alliteration, and unique vocabulary in his poetry.

Horismos: This is a definition, which is a statement of the entirety of the borders and-or limitations of a specific expression, claim, assumption, meaning, sentiment, era of time, group, attribute, or other piece of information.

Hyperbole: Description or evaluation of a particular situation, circumstance, action, or event as-if that situation, circumstance, action, event were extremely rare, extraordinary, or atypical.

Idyll: Poem which does contain a description of pleasant scenes of life in the countryside.

Imagery: Usage of descriptions which cause the reader to imagine a seeable image or scene, denoting actions or events.

Imagist Poem: Free-Verse poem which does contain imagery, does contain at-least one figure-of-speech other-than those of rhyme, and might contain colloquial language.

Implore: In the poem "More than a Sliver", this verb implies "seek from me".

Inner-fools: "Parts of me who want to joke and participate in foolish activities (be mischievous)". (This word is used in the poem "Cutter's Remorse".)

Iron-clad: Knight in shining armor.

Ironic Thought: The full-length phrase of the word "it" in line 21 of the poem "Images of Reflection". (This term does refer to a role of Christ as the Spiritual Thought.)

Joy in your liver: In a few tribal languages, there is "joy in the liver" rather-than "joy in the heart".

Kindness: The desire to sow or infect... (This meaning of the word "kindness" is now very rarely used.)

Laceration: Deep, jagged opening in the skin due-to a sharp object which did slide upon that skin.

Language of Thought: Language which underlies all human language, including body-language (analytically thru figures-of-speech, physically thru the brain). (This language is somewhat comparable to a modified version of the Set Theory language, but this language does not technically have a fixed syntax.)

Lettuce-Bread: Gray-matter and white-matter of the human brain, which has folds like the shapes of the folds of lettuce.

Lightning-sky: Sky which is visible due-to the lightning which continually flares across the clouds. The sky is maroon in color.

Literary Compound: Word which does constitute a combination of two or more nouns. (An example of this would be “pineapple”. A Literary Compound may be an idiom.)

Literary Conceit: Poem which does contain a description for an unconventional comparison. (A Literary Conceit ordinarily contains **Imagery**.)

Literary Meter: Pattern of accented and unaccented syllables for the lines of poetry within a poem. (The pattern includes the total quantity of accented and unaccented syllables per line of poetry.)

Locus-line: Line which does meet the entirety of the conditions which are required in a geometry locus-problem.

Lyric: Short poem of emotion, rhythm, and imagination. (An Ode is a version of such a poem.)

Mad Poem: Poem in-which every word of that poem rhymes or repeats, every word of that poem is a part of an acrostic, or every word of that poem precedes a pause (whether by the rules of Open-form, comma, semicolon, or other punctuation).

Meiosis: Ellipsis in-which an obvious (word of a) statement does cause the statement to be an understatement in order to cause an understood piece of information to be an overstatement (in contrast).

Metallage: Usage of a change of topic from the mentioned topic, statement, or theme to a related topic, statement, or theme within a sentence.

Metamorphic-Verse: Poem which does not contain an intentional acrostic, does contain at-least three stanzas which have more than two lines, and does not contain any repetition of rhyme pattern per version of stanza which is in that poem. (Those versions of stanzas are determined by their number of lines. For example, a poem with the overall rhyme pattern of ABA:AAB:BAA would be a Metamorphic-Verse Poem, or even a poem with the overall rhyme pattern of AAB: CDC: EFF: GG: H would be a Metamorphic-Verse Poem.)

Metaphor [proper]: emphatic “Be” verb which does cause a listener or reader to obtain an association between the subject and object of that emphatic “Be” verb.

Metonymy: Usage of a particular word of one particular part-of-speech in order to cause the reader or listener to use intuition (of relationships) in order to know the actual word of that particular part-of-speech which the author did desire the reader to know.

Milieu: Background, as in, the surroundings. Milieu-static is therefore background static.

Monologue: Uninterrupted speech from one character to at-least one other character, without a response from any other character.

Murphy’s Law: If the possibility exists in-which a particular plan or system will fail, then that particular plan or system will fail. (Murphy’s “Law” is a misnomer: the “Law” is only a saying.)

Narrative Poem: Poem which is a narrative (story which exclusively refers to at-least one occurrence within reality).

Octet: Poem which does contain eight lines and is fixed regarding style.

Open-Form Poem: Poem which is relatively short; does contain merely one, two, or a few themes; does use the end of lines as natural pauses; and does use further

punctuation of dashes and parenthesis as hesitations, natural fragmentation of speech, or shifts in thought. (The poet may divide his stanzas according-to his own desires for expressing those themes which he desires to convey.)

Our cup is as tomorrow the same: “our fate is the same as it will be in the future.” (These words are from the poem “Under Starry Light”.)

Our cup is as yesterday the same: “our fate is the same as it was yesterday: to be wed and fulfill our wedding vows.” (These words are from the poem “Under Starry Light”.)

Parable: Story which can correspond to a particular situation which would exist during a particular era of time, does contain at-least one comparison which should correspond to an explanation, and does contain information which to the listeners and-or readers of that story can function as a suggestion regarding the lifestyle(s), mindset(s), and-or worldview(s) of those listeners and-or readers.

Personification: Usage of an attribute, opportunity, feeling, ability, or expression of a human in order to explain the actions, attributes, reactions, or abilities of a non-human entity.

Plan: Potential story which exists at-least as a thought.

Ploce: In one sentence, the repetition of the same word in a different sense; or, the usage in one sentence of a word and a homonym of that word.

Poe, Edgar Allen: Poet of some poems which can be described aptly as hallucinations and oddities, many of-which having dark imagery and themes.

Poem of Nature: Poem which is reminiscent of Literary Romanticism in the sense of respect for Nature, intuition, and emotions.

Quatrain: Poem which does contain four lines and is fixed regarding style.

Quintet: Poem which does contain five lines and is fixed regarding style.

Realize: (To) cause [it] to be real.

Rime: Layer of white frost around a solid surface. (This word is used in the poem “What Is White” for the word “Rhyme”, which is pronounced the same as “Rime”.)

Sea’s whiff: Gentle, salty gust of wind which travels from the sea to the shore.

Septet: Poem which does contain seven lines and is fixed regarding style.

Seventh Inning: Part (of a Baseball game) in-which the crowd in the audience is allowed time to stretch and be refreshed. (In the poem, “The Counterfeit”, that part is symbolic of rest from the events of the Halfling’s horrible beginning.)

Shakespeare, William: England’s greatest playwright, who wrote such plays as *Julius Caesar*, *Macbeth*, and *Romeo & Juliet*. He also wrote many sonnets. In Shakespeare’s Sonnet 29, he uses the words “arising” and “despising” as-if they were supposed to be spoken by using only 2 syllables: “Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising” and “Like to the lark at break of day arising”. **Snowflake** did use those words in the same manner in his sonnet “Glee”. Such makes for a rather strange aloud reading, since normally the words “despising” and “arising” have 3 syllables.

Shakespearean Sonnet: Sonnet which does contain the rhyming pattern of ABAB:CDCE:EFEE:GG. (A Sonnet is a poem which both does contain 14 lines and does contain a **Literary Meter** which is “iambic pentameter”).

Simile: Word which does cause the reader to consider a situation in-which at-least one particular unit, method, attribute, or position does resemble at-least one other particular unit, method, attribute, or position. (The words “like”, “as”, and “similar to” can be similes.)

Snowflake, Z. E.: Author of this book of poetry, called *Poetry 101*. A few of the poems in this book are the result of years in studying the English language and poetry. (Others are from early childhood or are more personal poems.)

Sot: Foolish alcoholic. (This word is an unintentional acrostic in the poem “The Fireplace”).

Space-time Continuum: Dimensions of length, width, height, and time within this corporal universe, noticed as inseparable.

Sprung-Rhythm Poem: Poem which may contain alliteration, **Epizeuxis**, accents, e.t.c. rather-than punctuation in order to produce a rhythm within the mind of the reader; the first syllable of each line must be accented; accented syllables mark the beginning of the sections of syllables per line.

Struggles two, Over whether dismissing the second with a cue Was the right thing for her to do: “two struggles resulted: one over whether she ought to have dismissed her second suitor,” (She was considering marrying an other man. These words are from the poem “The Fireplace”)

Suitor: Man who does endeavor or is available to woo a woman in order to marry that woman.

Syllepsis: Omitted usage of one meaning of one word in an **Ellipsis** after one mentioned usage of that word with an other meaning. (An example of this is in the first words of Joel 2:13.)

Symplote: Usage of alternate repetition of two words or two phrases within several statements or lines of poetry at the same relative locations in those statements or lines of poetry. (An example of this is in 1st Corinthians 15:42-44.)

Synecdoche: Usage of the meaning of a word which is either a vaguer equivalent of the mentioned word or a more specific equivalent of the mentioned word.

TANT: “So much” (in the French language). (This word was in an unintentional acrostic in the poem “Mahogany”.)

Tapestry of words to fray: Poem which contains words for me to unravel [reveal].

Tit: End-cut of “Titmouse”, which is a songbird which resembles a sparrow. (This word is an unintentional acrostic in the poem “The Sparrows”.)

Tmesis: Change by which one word is cut into two parts which are separated by an inserted word. (An example might be that “He was the schoolteacher there” becomes “He was the school student-teacher there”.)

Token of neglect foresworn: “evidence of the neglect which someone else decided earlier to pledge to use concerning me”. (This phrase is used in the poem “Cutter’s Remorse”.)

Translingual Poem: Poem in-which some lines of poetry are in one language, while other lines of poetry are in at-least one other language. (In order for a reader to comprehend the poem, that reader must know both languages at-least somewhat, or the reader must obtain some supplemental information.)

Tree’s Heart: Reference to a cliché of sorts in-which two lovers carve a heart onto a tree and put their own names within the edges of that heart.

Type-Sketch Poem: Poem which does contain a description (perhaps through figurative language) of a particular type of person.

Un-confessable Name: Reference to the Name of Christ, in the context of Luke 12:8-9.

Virtus depressa resurget: Latin for “Virtue, (though) depressed, shall rise again.”

Vis-à-vis: “Face-to-face” (adverb, from French language); “Counterpart” (noun, from French language)

Webster, Noah: Writer of a dictionary which raised standards for American lexicography.

Whitman, Walt: Pioneer of American Free-Verse. (He was involved in Transcendentalism.)

Who’d: “Who would”

With myself fully bearing: “With a sound mind bent upon doing right”. (These words are in the poem “The Conception”.)

Word-Portrait Poem: Poem of **Imagery** which does contain a description of attributes in a list or list-like form about a particular object or part of nature.

You cannot prove the negative, For the negative has no frame: “You cannot prove that God does not exist, for the photographic negative [picture] has no picture-frame [system of associations]”. (These words are two lines from the poem “To the Village Atheist”.)

Your minds’ gate I truly breach: That is, “compel you to recognize and combat the problems within your mind (such as lust, envy, and greediness)”.

Zeugma: Usage (within one sentence) of merely one verb, adjective, or adverb as both one version of that verb, adjective, or adverb regarding one noun and one other version of that verb, adjective, or adverb regarding an other noun...

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