

FLORIDA SUITE

New poems, 2013,14

THE KOREAN WAR VETERAN

The *Steel Helmet*, a movie so true
Gave this war credence long overdo
Inchon and Yalu, "I fought there," he enraptures
"The biting cold, the savage hordes no film could capture"
"My purple heart", proudly displayed on a license plate
So few do notice, "But see this scar", He relates:
"Searing shrapnel, invidious missile
impaled my flesh—hearing the whistle
Ducking for cover, my being thus saved
Blood fest and torment, a MASH unit, for weeks I laid,
Mended my wound, but not my heart
For my *Band of Brothers*, unwillingly I part.
"May I shake your hand" sir, I resound
Holding back tears, for I have found
A genuine hero who has touched my soul.
How can I thank him for all he has told.

December 11, 2013

THE VIETNAM VET: TOY SOLDIERS

Revised from February 20, 2009

My army marches, medals are earned.

Kid general am I! What have I learned?

War is so much fun, I see on T.V.

Combat and action, a nation we see.

And so do little boys, their troops march so fine

Tanks roll, machine guns chatter, bayonets shine!

All set to do chaos, just one at a time.

For that is all my little hands, so dear, so frail

Set-up and topple, playtime, whim-some little male!

Now I am old, hands withered with age,

A grip that grasped steel, let's turn the page

To a time when for real. I soldiered so true

Fought for my country, the red, white and blue

A squeeze of the trigger, my bullets erupted

Found skin and bone, torn and corrupted.

Dead enemy's face I see every day

Why is it when as a child at play

I slept to calm visions, the end of the day

My battle field, a plain so pure, honored fight
Not one bloody body, victorious sight!
No nightmares, no harpies, cleansed is the night
No jungle, the green hell, where I did fight.

December 11, 2013

THE PANHANDLER

My ride to play, the red light halts,
A baleful sorrow, the hand-held sign thus boasts:
“Homeless and hungry. Please help me”!
Most pass pay-- ignoring the plea.
But I nod yeah and will alms to the poor:
Heaven's gate. Will this kind act my faith restore?
“God bless brother”, my coins the key...
A windfall for him and salvation for me?
“I've been there friend,” response to him
Both chained to a life sometimes so grim.
Soon beggar man and king, enter the place
Where both will dine in the Almighty's grace.

December 12, 2013

DECEMBER 7, 1941

Remind this day, infamy plays
A generation stunned, youthful knaves
Redefined, transformed, the world to yet again save.
Americans to soldier for the red white and blue
Which service calls, uniforms hue
Don with pride, your choice tells true.
The Pacific beckons, sailors, marines garbed so smart
For others Normandy awaits, board the LST's, now depart!
To hell and back, battle-scared, baptized by fire some of the lot.
Never the same, the life to return; salutes and plaudits, we render thee.
Now, so few of their number, the honored aged, are left to see.
This *Greatest Generation*, earned a free world, for you and for me.

December 13, 2013

HAMLIN PLACE: THE NURSING HOME: CHRISTMAS TIME

Christmas cheer! December here
Sign the roll, loved ones stowed
For care and comfort, enter they here.
Garland and mistletoe, an eye fest states

The Douglas Fir, the greeting hall, festivals beckon
Nurses and staff, scurry on by, a resistant here, long not waits.
Wheel-chair bond, not to frown, add your ornament, hand-made crown.
For all to see, holiday glee, not life's cruel path, for the aged, ends here.
Crafts and card play, butterfly gardens, horticulture-- all for you, resound.
Come join your fellows, bedrooms forsaken, share the heartfelt tale
Of the day when you so young, body pristine, laid the fest
For wide-eyed children, loved ones gathered: Cakes and ale.
The chime thus tolls it's mournful note. Resound not a baleful plea!
All say goodnight, and the staff reminds, your slumber was this day earned.
Homespun visions, God grant me, not a withered point setter, the last to see

December 13, 2013

MY PICASSO

Cubist zig zags, eyes askew. On my wall, it's place due.
No. A little dog, Pablo's surname, A Mini-Pinch, yours this birthday!
A canine breeder's astute whim, black and brown his close-cut hue
Distill the tall Doberman's proud found regal display
Into a toy-breed, cuddly dear dog, mine to play...
And to love fore ever and always. Banish all portents of the morrow
The fatal journey to assuage the pain, to put to sleep, not my task?

For the journey's end close for me, but for my friend, his told sorrow.

A life without his Master's care, poor old dog, alone at last? No!

Cherish his being, his little heart so grand. Remembrance of me

Surely to be, but a caring, loving hand all his being he gives

Fun and friendship! A Picasso dog, I sing of thee!

Dog and master are doing fine. He lies beside me, waiting to dine

Banish thoughts of mortality, poet. Enjoy him now. Don't you know it!

December 14, 2013

CHRISTMAS AND NEWYEARS 2013

Cakes and ale, dinners to feast, Florida here, Florida there.

Palm trees bright, no snow on sight, garland blue pierce the night.

A Christmas Carol alone I see, gone the days together fair

My family nestled, frigid winds, Olcott Street, Christmas lights.

Four together and the dog, gifts exchanged, happiness gained.

Alistair Sim, Scrooge so true, alive on film, we all do view.

This fairy tale, immortal lesson, twenty years hence have I learned

Now that all have past and my dear mother so true:

Frail and old, at my brother's home, passed this summer on to nil.

So no call, no vivid voice, no tangent time, no memories bright.

My new family fine, with my dear daughter we do dine, no baleful trill
And then goodbye, Just Scrooge and I, my mother's spirit in my sight.
And my father and beloved pet, view redemption this poignant night
My families old and new, so dear to me, Dickens lesson I do right.

December 25, 2013

BEETHOVEN

The "Nine," all mine: *Deutsche Grammophon, Berliner Philamoniker, Herbert von Karajan*
Which disc to turn, why not the *Sixth: The Pastoral Symphony*, hymn to nature, paragon
Magical sounds, blissful meadows, poignant colors, harmonies true
By the Brook, Peasant dance, awesome storm, rainy mist, tone-colored blue
A prayer to nature, God's hand restores, cherished glory, a gentle flowing, peaceful end
For me, a sound-world-- thus newly born, begin the task, my damaged soul to mend .
The Mousai, Greek muses, Aiode, Colliope, her sisters bright--Beethoven's own, at my
home.

Half a century, married mistresses, magical moods, untie the sterile Gordian Knot
I thank thee, serve thee, music, imperial art. Inexorable, fleeting time, ages you not
Not to forget the man amongst men, Ludwig van Beethoven's art was my start!

BEETHOVEN THE MAN: THE LAST QUARTETS

Tragic illness, you thus bore, worm-holed your hearing, never to restore

Well of glee and sorrow, fathoms deep, lonely cistern, yours alone to dwell, to reap?

The poet Keats thus doth write on viewing painted pottery of yore:

“Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter...”

A baleful bow to sighted English writer from the deaf musician steep.

As your *Last Quartets*, the final notes, silent sounds, parchment bound,

Sonic symbols, air-bound ciphers fill the air, brilliance bare, my being touched,

Your life thus lived, now my gift all told: sweet remembrances, fleeting sorrows,

“Ode to Joy,” the Reaper’s shroud, a stately dance, the final sound.

THE FIREWORKS MASTER

Banish Phoebes, bright day's hue. Unveil a black mica statue, “Nightfall” reigns true.

Old as I, now youth resurrected. Ignite the fuse, sparks, thunder sounds, awe expected.

Enthrall the crowd, motors and rockets. Burning hue 's might. What a great sight!

grand final fete, free Earth's net. BOOM, BASH, BOOM. Gift to you. Dismiss the gloom!

February 7, 20014

THE FIREWORKS MASTER AT THE JURIED ART SHOW

My ruby hues, sparkled labors, for the views, eyes amuse.

My tangent words, haughty displayed, a poet's pride twice resides...

...in the arena, wrestle with others art; the laurel wreath exalted, judges choose.

Crushed, back broke, no prize, my expression ignored, my sad demise.

Depression unleashed, morbid indolence, sick-sorry self, my art forlorn.

Soon the next fray: sirens swoon, enticing greater garlands, now for me?

Enter the lists, invent new tricks, cater the crowd, conjure new form.

Or boycott the fete, grapple the rabble, art that no one will read or see.

Then loves labor lost, my descendants on the junk-Heep toss

My words and colors, departed artist, all transposed to primal moss.

February 21, 2014

THE ENCHANTED LAKE

Harken Pilgrim

Release they world- worn staff and view

A blissful. beckoning, pristine pond, a Titan's Goblet:

Sweet meadow mirth, partake the draft, parched lips assuaged,

Restored rose-colored hue.

Now go! Lightly trace the emerald nettles and violet valleys,

The viridian depths, lilac lakeside, endowed with winsome grace

The Sybil's song, sweet sonic symbols, dismiss the irksome tallies

But now behold only a painting, a mortal's pride, an artist's face

No godly gift, no immortal valleys,

Just color and line

Magic you may find!

March 4, 2014

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN TAVERNER

My choice emeritus, composer transcendental art. His sublime spirit now depart.

Silence the sonic sinews, diaphanous harmonies, archaic mantras, the aeolian
harp.

The great gr omen's carillon, sepulchral evensong, *Song of Athene*, as you
Depart.

Did you hear the choristers near, In solemn procession, through the nave,
To thy grave?

Your faith, like the evening star, waxed and waned, not restrained
In indefatigable Christian continence.

But like your art, the truth doth sought, your essence it contains.
Great Almighty, accept this soul, once Lydian bard, man of truth and beauty--
Served you well. We cherish the Earthy remains.

February 11, 2014

LANDSCAPE: FLORIDA SUITE

THE OSPREY

Breaking dawn, the eastern sight,
Awakens the osprey, his talons sharp might

A prey fish perceived, commence your flight!

Far side a ripple jostles the shadows

Beckons the hunter, circle the narrows

Silent and stealth, death strikes, no sorrow

Fierce hunger abated till the morrow.

December 17, 2013

THE DRAGONFLIES

On gossamer wings, zither-like strings

Zigzag paths, mosquito's wrath

Inexorable flight, day or night

Syncopate the air, jewel-like flair

But take ye heed, denizen's creed

A tasty teed-bit down the gut

Hungry fish or bird, your jig is up!

December 21, 2013

THE LARGEMOUTH BASS

Ambush liar, nightmare stare
Camouflage keen, emerald green
Muscle might, prey's last sight
Orifice huge, death's head muse,
Angler's pride to land the prize
Released to gain a greater girth,
Till the time, my wall to shine!

December 21, 2013

THE TURKEY VULTURE

Gentle raptor, all to see, effortless soaring,
Nip the air, gentle flight, keen of sight
Carrion lay, break of day, circle above,
Rip and tear, the unfortunate hare
Devourer feast fast, clan to cove
Nothing remains, young or old
Nature's disposal legion, let it be told.

THE ALLIGATOR

Jurassic glare, green-eyed stare, Rex of old; need be told?

Power and might, death-head sight, or cautious creature, it's skin be sold

For vanities gold,

Human huntsman bait and trap, Quench the flame, primal shame

To destroy Leviathan for all to see, a show for kids, for me a hideous game.

Florida protects it's gators. It's the legal hunting in Louisiana that is

repugnant. Why not televise slaughterhouse operations?

THE EVERGLADES: MORNING LIGHT

Primal waters, commence nature's great play

Deep purples and mauve, not here to stay.

Great Phoebes pigments of yellow and pink

Rig deep a pallet sun-touched, not meek.

Don't scurry-on blind, the passer by, put pause to think.

Impregnate the mind, grasp the task, primeval seek.

Few sights on Earth! Enjoy--- yours to reap.

February 11, 2014

TO LILI BOULANGER (1893-1918)

Toute passe, toute casse, toute lasse

“O Sauve Fancilla, O dulce visis.” I see you in my dream: gentle, winsome, haunting visage.

Your craft, your soul, transfigures bestow, *Old Buddhist Prayer*, resounds above all peerage.

Earth-bound angel, salubrious mirth, not partake. Consumption, corruption, doleful morrow

La Boheme's *Jenne fille*, lucia-Mime, febrile demise, theater's eyes, Rodolfo's sorrow.

Your *La Princisse Maleine*, parchment bound, silent sounds, incomplete, the Reaper's prize

No more time, to tamper the rhyme, melodies thine, slumberous tenderness, denied our eyes.

My anger's mill, why you to nil? unworthy hoard, time's afford, wasted lives, lies upon lies.

But you died, Jeune fille, my amore, muse betrayed, now enclayed, azure skies, not for your
eyes.

Tragic sad story. Now you in seraphim's glory?

August 6, 2014

THE ROSE GARDEN

To a woman who showed redoubtable courage leaving her Communist ruled
Czechoslovakia as a young girl, alone and friendless. In our brief time together
she gave an aging poet, renewed life through sensuous bliss not rediscovered
for some time.

Easter Sunday, April 6, 2014