

Before I Die

I WILL DANCE!

AND DO A COUPLE OF
OTHER SILLY THINGS AS WELL!



By: C. J. Krieger

Books by C. J. Krieger

POETRY

Pinacolada Child

There's Always August

Absorbed By The Sun

Reflections In Glass

On Tinker Street

Leaving Woodstock By Walking Backwards

Traditional Folk Song: "Green, Green Rocky Road"

Red light green light 'round the town,
I found a penny on the ground
Met a friend I never know'd,
Walkin' down ol' Rocky Road.

Dedicated To

Mimi Turque

Each time I sing "Rocky Road" I think of Mimi... I sing it a lot!

With heartfelt thanks
And more gratitude than I could ever express

About The Author

I would like to share with you the works of poet C. J. Krieger. Whilst some of his poetry has a candour most suited to an adult palate, others are suitable for all ages as they are about individuals who have touched his life... and scenes of the natural world that are curiously stirring. So refreshing are these authentic poems that I find myself feeling truly moved and inspired.

No matter the day or hour, when I log on I am immediately drawn to CJ's atmospheric poems, sensing that likely there will be another memorable experience... CJ's gems speak straight to the heart, relating the faces and colours of life throughout the seasons around Tinker Street and the glorious mountains beyond. More often than not, I find myself smiling or laughing out loud... or crying inside for a tender loss so beautifully expressed and so carefully woven into the poem as it draws to a close.

For those of you who have not yet tasted his unique penning... take a moment and savour the way CJ takes us through the panoramic vista he calls home... feel the crisp wind as it travails the mountains... and the mists that declare the vicissitudes of a particular time of year. Many times I find his penning reaches in deeply. I hope you will experience CJ's works as similarly moving, as do I.

Poet Robyn Selters

Blackall Range, South-East Queensland

Australia

A Word From The Author

Here I sit, five days away from the ripe old age of 68, and with each passing day, hour, minute and second that goes by I find myself less like taking the time to write. I think this is nature's way of telling me to take a break and do something different for a while.

With the road ahead of me, much shorter than the road behind, I have tried resetting my priorities. Certain things which I had put away, like music and going out for a walk on a beautiful day, or taking a ride in the country, I am pushing myself to do once again. And although it isn't easy to force myself to do these things, I try, nonetheless.

These days, I also look for that special someone with whom I might be able to, in my old age, share my life with. My requirements have changed quite a bit, these days, she needn't be beautiful, or trim, or have all those perfect features I once wanted in my youth, so very long ago. These days, all I want is a companion to share my remaining days with. Someone happy, someone I can make smile and can do the same for me.

Well... that's it! So please feel free to dive in and enjoy my poetic thoughts. And if you find something that tickles your funny bone, or brings a tear to your eye, or a song to your heart, please... by all means, share it with anyone you like... even me!

C. J. Krieger

I Will Dance

Before I die
I will Dance
There will be no tears
Of sadness
And I will ask
That all my friends
Who come to say goodbye
Sing songs as they dance
Throughout the day
In memory of my life

Before I die
I will dance
To remember my younger days
When I danced up a storm
My feet
Flying aimlessly about
While I danced
With all the pretty ladies
Until one fateful day
I danced with the one
Who stole my heart
Who became my wife
Who danced by my side
Hand in hand

I danced with the one
Whose kisses were sweet
Whose arms kept me warm
During cold, cold nights
Whose dance matched my own
Step for step, heel for toe
Until the day that my tears

Stopped the dance
When
She could no longer
Dance at all

Before I die
I will dance

I will dance
To remember
All of the other times
Before I grew old
And felt Gods spirit
Lift me up
Lift me high
Filling my heart
Making me smile
Making me dance!

Before I die
I will dance
With all that I have
With all that is left
So that others might see
There is something in me

Before I die
I will dance I will dance
I will dance
Dance
Dance

A City Walk

The day had changed
From a chilly fall morning
Into a warm autumn day
As I walked down
A car infested road
That led to the center of town

Off to my right
I noticed
In the high grass
That bent in various directions
Near the end of the curb
An old, dead
Hewlett-Packard printer

I stopped for a time
And looked
At this once mighty machine
Rusted and broken
Almost hidden
By the uncut grass

My mind ran wild
Imagining its better days
When this once powerful machine
Ran through paper after paper
Happily humming along
With nary a problem or a care

But now
It has been tossed aside
For some reason
Into the wild grasses
Of a city street

So I said goodbye
With a little prayer
And once again
Continued my way
Down the block

When suddenly
Off to my left
I spied
A dead
Old
Smith Corona typewriter

Unsaid

Even though
I only spoke English
And she only French
She could express herself
In innumerable other ways
With a warm embrace
Or tender touch of her hand
The way her lips
Could uncover
Every hidden part of me
In the end
We found
That no words were needed
Without a single remark
There was nothing
That remained
Unsaid!

Dawn's Early Light

Paris loomed before her
Beckoning to her
Like a table
Filled with delicacies
Or an untold story
From some romantic novel
That she had read
Over, and over again

And though
She had not yet awoke
She knew
Before she went to sleep
That this was where
She was meant to be
When the soft rays
Of the morning sun
Danced about the room

I sat on the bed
Watching her quietly breathe
While she lay sleeping
And as I watched her sleep
The sun's early light
Stretched out and about
Filtering and reflecting
Off of the colorful items
That rested with her in the room

I thought about the glimmering
Of the rising sun
As dawn slowly inched over her
Reflecting off her moist skin
Giving her body the appearance
Of sparkling diamonds
Dancing on water
Making her almost appear
Angelic

Baptism

I watched as morning
Filled the bathroom
With bright sunlight
While my sleepy feet dragged
Softly along the ground

As my waking eyes
Focused in and out of reality
My thoughts
Slowly came together

I adjusted
The hot and cold water
Into a comfortable stream
Before stepping
Into the shower

In these early morning hours
With soap and shampoo
I baptize myself
Cleansing my body
As all the evils
Of the past day
Fall away

If cleanliness
Is next to godliness
Then surly
If only for the briefest moment
I have learned
To see the world
Through Gods eyes

How Shadows Fall

I loved how the shadows
Darkened about the room
As they fell away
From the morning light
Especially
In the dead of winter
With sleeplessness upon me
While I listened
To the sound of falling snow
Today the winds blew cold
Searching all about
Bringing with them
A ferocious appetite
From the borders of the north
Sitting at my winters' window
I watched the only leaf
That didn't yield
To the blustery weather
Twist and tremble wildly
While all the naked trees
Of the forest
Patiently waited
For the coming of a new spring
And the warm gentle breezes
To blow

Just Yesterday

Listening to an old album
Her face flashed across his mind
It was the music
That brought her back to life
Suddenly
Just for a brief moment
It was 1969 all over again
He could see her
As clearly as life itself
Remembering the only time
They made love
As he quietly cursed himself
For letting her go
Back then
She was just like him
Making a living
As an entertainer
In those days
He loved to hear her sing
She was a friend
As well as a performer
With the voice of an angel
And although many years
Had come and gone
Time is a chasm
That grows wider
With each passing day
But on this day
The music from the radio
Ignited his memories of her
With his eyes closed
He quietly recalled
The sweetness of a young love
Remembering how it was
Over forty years ago
As though it was just like
Yesterday

No Way To Say Goodbye

A cold moon stood guard
Like a sentinel
Over the night sky
Softening the glow
Of a million stars
While all along
The floor of the forest
Growing shadows reached out
Far, far into the night
Towards the east
Tonight
Sleep would not come
Nor could I stop thinking
Of all the other times
And better days
That had long since
Come and gone
For a period of time
I tried to chase away
All these feelings of you
Letting them flow
Onto these pieces of paper
But no matter
How many words I wrote
Or how many times I started
I could not find closure
To any poem I had begun
I now realize
That even though
You have gone away
No matter how much I need
To let you go
My heart
Cannot find a way
To say...
Goodbye

Like Chocolate

There was a smooth quality about her
Like chocolate
That special, smooth way it feels
As it rolls around the tongue
Or that unique sweetness
That sort of makes one take notice
Even the color of her skin
Was chocolate-like
Sort of a creamy latte color
Flawless and perfect in every way
And in the early morning hours
When she pressed close to my cheek
And her breath weaved
Over and around me
Mingling with my own
She was my special
Warm-up cup of coffee
And though she has gone
These many years
Every time I go shopping
And look at the chocolate
At the checkout counter
Strange as it may seem
I can almost hear her
Calling out my name

Goodnight Pauline

Because of you
My mind ponders
Half-inch rivers
That run in the rain
Touching the shores
Of distant lands
Where bridges are made
Of watermelon sugar
I still remember
The late gatherings
Where the food
That we cooked
Had lots of carrots
And the curious lambs
Who bounced about
Were always in the flowers
Most of all
I remember
When our stories
Went on and on
For much too long
That it was Pauline
Who always said
“That’s all for tonight everyone,
Time to go to sleep”

A Tranquil Thought

It's loud

It's shrill

It goes on and on and on

Nonstop!

She just doesn't know how to "not talk"!

Out in the street

A car with two elderly couples

Drives by

As she continues

To ramble on

My eyes follow the car

Until it becomes

A small dot on the horizon

While thinking

That maybe

They would like

Someone very, very quiet

To join them

Talking o God

Good morning God

Well

Here I am again

Having this one way conversation

At five in the morning

Wondering if maybe

You might be listening?

What's that you say?

Oh...

Sorry...

I thought you said something

My mistake

Yes...

I know that all I do

Is mostly complain

Or have questions for you

That I know won't be answered

But still

For some strange reason

I keep talking to you

Every morning

Day in and day out

What's that you say?

Oh...

Sorry...

I thought you said something

My mistake

Anyway

I just wanted you to know

That I am still here

You know God

It's been sixty-five years

Since I was born

And although

I keep on talking to you

Every day

Somehow

I keep on hoping

That you might find a way

To answer me

What's that you say?

Oh...

Sorry...

I thought you said something

The Dead Remember Everything

The dead remember everything
The living have forgotten
Except in dreams of kings and queens
And lost marines who joined as teens
To help and keep our honor clean
From those who plot and make up schemes
Because they think they are supreme
While truth dictates they're just extreme
And wish to tear to smithereens
Our children's, children's hopes and dreams
Though they might plot out wild schemes
I'll not succumb to what they done
Or yield to their regime

Last Poem of Summer

It was one of the warmer summer days
Not a breeze or cloud in the sky
The humidity so high
I could almost reach out
And pluck it from the air

I watched the sunlight
Hitting the north side of my house
Seeking shelter then slowly roll away
Towards whatever little shade remained
With the speed of Grandma's Black Molasses

A few miles east of the old country trail
The river's waters had fallen
Lower than I had seen in years
Even the riverbanks had dried
Into a crumbling hard brown clay
That yearned for the rains to come

The heat, so oppressive and unyielding
Muted the voices of the birds
While all the wild animals
That usually ran about the fields
Sought out some relief
Or at the very least
Waited until night fell
Before coming out to play

These were the quiet days
The silent times of life
It was the summer of waiting
A time that I could no longer dance
Or sing, or see you
Under the starry sky
This was the summer you had gone
And I had grown much, much too old
To wait for another winter to come

The Last Poem Of Winter

It was one of the colder winter days
Not a chill or cloud in the sky
The temperature so bitter
I could almost reach out
And touch it in the air

I watched as the frozen sun
Hit the north side of my house
Seeking shelter from the cold
Before slowly rolling away
Towards whatever little warmth remained
Moving slowly
Sort of like Grandma's Black Molasses

A few miles east of the old country trail
The river's waters had frozen
Into a hard layer of ice
Thicker than I had seen in years
Even the riverbanks had froze
Cracking all along the banks
Yearning for the warmth to come

The cold, so oppressive and unyielding
Muted the voices of the birds
While all the wild animals
That usually ran about the winter fields
Sought out some relief
Or at the very least
Hoped for some sunlight
Before coming out to play

These were the quiet days
The silent times of life
It was the winter of waiting
A time that I could no longer dance
Or sing, or see you
Under the cold starry sky
This was the winter you had gone
And I had grown much, much too old
To wait for another summer to come

Seasons

It was a season of calling
When phones rang
And knocks fell loudly
On the front door of my home
When friends
Would call out to me
As they walked across the street
In old familiar voices
It was a season of places
And romantic spaces
From far, far away
That would whisper to me
Saying
Come
Come visit me
Come away
It was a season
Of no winters, summers
Autumns, or springs
That ended
In the same way it all began
Calling out to me
With a simple knock
That fell loudly
On my front door

Twas the night before morning

Twas the night before morning
While throughout the house
All the heaters were running
Till the electric blew out

The icicles hung
With a slight dripping sound
As they dribbled from the chimney
Way down to the ground

While up in the sky
Where the moon brightly shone
To try and remind me
I wasn't alone

Was a plane heading somewhere
With someone I knew
Going back home to Boston
With a full Delta crew

Now I felt kind of lonely
Being here by myself
So I reached for the phone
That I kept on the shelf

And left you a message
So that you'll understand
That I'm happy you left
And I hope you pound sand!

The Scent Of Winter

I could smell the sunlight
Fragrantly falling
Like a morning perfume
Over winter's skin
Sinking into the pores of the earth
As it sped along its way
I watched as the trees
Lifted their noses into the air
And waved their arms about
Endlessly trying to reach the sky
As if to say
Good morning

My Compass

The day began
With a hard driving rain
That gradually slowed
Into a soft pitter-patter
On a small port-like window
Located on the north side
Of my country cabin
With my morning coffee in hand
I listened to the changing beats
Of falling rain
That sort of sounded like
An old Jazz drummer
Who couldn't find a place
To enter into the music
Sometimes
I have days like this
Days, where the tempo
Is so easy to recognize
But no matter how hard I try
I can't find a way
To join in
Days like this
I let pass by
Giving myself the luxury
Of knowing
There's always tomorrow
Or if things are really bad
Maybe next week
But even if I can't find a way
To enter into the beat of life
I will always have you
To take my hand
And help me to find
A way to enter
Into life's music
Rain or sun
Day or night
You have been
And will always be
My compass

Malaysia

The gentle breezes danced
On the tips of the harbor waves
As I watched the village
Filled with huts fade away
On the Malaysian shoreline
All of the fisherman
In their long boats followed
Until all that was left
Was the syncopated beating
Of oars striking the sea
In tempo to some old chant
That I had heard them sing
Many, many times before
It's been over thirty years
Since I have seen Malaysia
And the sun burnt faces
Of the children playing
On the white sandy beaches
But when the summer sun
Beats hot over the land
Casting long, long shadows
Into the deep green forest trees
I can still feel Malaysia
Rippling over me
Like a cool sea breeze
Carrying the memories
Of a young man
Standing on the bow
Of an old clipper ship
Watching village huts fade
Along a Malaysian shoreline

When I Awake

When I awake
No matter what the day may bring
Or if the sun is shining

When I awake
If there is a chill in the air
Or rain falling throughout the land

When I awake
I wait
Patiently
Longingly
To hear the sweetest word
Ever spoken
By you
When you awake
And say
"Hello"

Lost Dreams

I watched
As my dreams
Tumbled and fell
Like a beautiful crystal
Sitting high upon a shelf
I watched them fall
In slow motion
As they went
Tumbling, tumbling, tumbling down
In what seemed like
... Forever
Until
Like a giant drop of water
Falling into a lake
In flawless synchronicity
I watched the sides
Rise up
In a perfect circle
Reaching all about
I watched
As my dreams splashed
All around the room
Covering the walls
And everything about
With
Lost hope
Lost expectations
Lost wishes
And yes...
Most of all...
Lost dreams

He Died

He died
In a war
That wasn't his own
He died
He now returns
Like the feet
Of a Flamenco dancer
Gliding over
A stained oak wood floor
Tapping out a beat
Taught to him
By those
Who have passed before
He went
Without question
To a war
That wasn't his own
And he died
Like a chess player
Who cannot prevail
But hopefully waits
For a mistake
So he might turn the tables
And win a game
That cannot be won
He returns
To his family
Who does not celebrate
His triumphs or victories
Because in a war
That wasn't his own
He died
He's dead
He's gone
He cannot return
And all the Flamenco dancers
And chess players in the world
Don't mean
A fucking thing

To Believe

He speaks

To anyone who will listen

About the wonders of God

Not because he believes

But, because he needs to believe

In the end

His faith remains unshaken

Faith in others

Faith of life

Faith of love

And faith

In which

He has no faith to speak of

Except the need

To talk about

His need to believe

These Days There Are Nights

There are nights
When the moon sits still
While the stars float
In no particular manner
All about the sky
Nights
When dreams
Come to rest
Gently
Quietly
Motionlessly
On my shoulders
There are nights
Outside
In the darkness
The wind
Dances in circles
All about earth
Calling my name
Sometimes
There are nights
When dreams never come
And though I chase them
While I sleep
They have learned
To hide from me
Much too well
To ever find
But these days
There are nights
That hold nothing more
Than promises
Spoken in the darkness
That tomorrow
May
Or may not
Come

Romantic

I thought
She was just being
Romantic
When I asked her
About the weekend
And she said
Niagara!

Now I realize
She "was" being romantic
And what she said
Was... Viagra!

After The Storm

The pounding rain
Beat
Like a toddlers hand
On an old Indian drum
Waking up memories
That I had long forgotten

Songs
That I knew so well
But had gone
Now decide to return
Chattering aimlessly on
About why
They decided
To come again
On this particular day
Which of course
Made me smile

Throughout the day
No matter how hard
I attempted to ignore it
The old music kept playing
In my head
So for the rest of the day
Though I tried
The music continued
To followed me
Everywhere I went
Growing louder and louder
Until my whole day
Was a medley
Of the 1960's

Note: My headache kept getting worse

It was just about this time
That a second cup of coffee
Would have been perfect
But the hurricane
That had just passed
Blew all the electricity
Away

Not being
A campfire kind of guy
Boiling water
Was not in my nature
So after some time
I lit up a second cigarette
While drinking what remained
Of my cold
Once hot morning coffee
Half & Half without sugar

About this time
I was fairly certain
If I waited long enough
The single cup
Would work its magic
And chase my sleepiness away
So
I drank what remained
Closed my eyes
Leaned back
And fell fast asleep

It was typical

They Came Running

They came running
Without pause
Without thought
Without hesitation
Not away
But towards the dangers
That lay ahead

They came running
Not because
It was their job
Not because
They were brave
But because
Their brothers
Their sisters
Their friends
And most of all
Those they never knew
Needed them

They came running
Because someone disagreed
With the way
We chose to live and believe
And worship, and pray
With the way
We did something
They did not do
They came running

They came running
From down the street
Across the city
Across the boroughs
Across the rivers
From miles and miles away
And they stayed until
Nothing remained

And when
It was all over
And many
Who had come running
Had died
Along with those
Who could not be saved
The brave sat and cried
Not because
It was their job
Or because
They were brave
But because
Many of their
Brothers, sisters, friends
And those they never knew
People with and without faces
Who had called out to them
Were lost
In the smoke
Of what had fallen

But I remember
I will not forget
That when
They were called upon
When
They were needed
When
The world
Seemed to be falling
And when others
Like me
Looked on
Not knowing what to do
... They
Came
Running

Filled

I watch
As the raging river's waters
Pour into the sea
Wondering
Why the sea has never filled
All about me
The rains keep falling
Filling the earth
As far as the eye can see
It is a cold rain
A winter rain
A rain that holds
No love or dreams
Off in the distance
I can hear the melodies
Of autumn birds
They are like me
Asking with their sweet songs
For the rain to go away
Standing by the windows
In the homes on the street
I can see the faces
Of children
Waiting for the sun
To free them
From their wandering imaginations
They wait impatiently
Tapping on their windowpanes
Faces pressed against the glass
Watching the drops of water
Run into each other
All the way to the bottom
Before being washed away
They wait impatiently
To go outside and play
But the rain doesn't hear them
It just keeps drizzling
On the houses
On the windows
On the world
And on the river
That pours into the sea
Which has never
As far as I know
Been filled

Hello

Empty cocoons
Are all that remain
While in the field
Picasso-like wings soar
Changing the brown color
Of a fading autumn field
Beat the wings
Of new born butterflies
Fearlessly
They dance all about me
Touching my nose
Gently alighting
On my shoulders
Its as if they are saying
Nice to see you my friend
Glad you came by
To say
Hello

Perfect Day

I watched
While the tall weeds
Waved back and forth
And the north wind bellowed
Down the mountainside

The sky
Gray and black
Gathered unto itself
Readying
For the oncoming storm

The dampness in the air
Hung like a fortuneteller
With a sad face
About ready to read a future
No one wanted to hear

I opened the door
To an empty house
That I once had called
My home
Walking into the kitchen

There
On the table
I noticed an envelope
That had been carefully placed
Between an old ivory
Salt and peppershaker

To this day
That envelope still remains
Unopened
I didn't need to read it
To know why you had gone

While the heaviness
Of all those words
Caused the table to bend
With the weight
Of all you kept inside

As the rain started to fall
I looked out the window
Thinking to myself
What a perfect day it was
To go

Each And Every Day

It was early morning
When the coffee started brewing
While down the hall
From the bedroom
Her words echoed
Past the old furniture
And tired old sleeping cat
Whose tiny black and white feet
Dangled off two thick phone books
Sitting next to the wall phone
Her voice
Seemed to annoy
All the old photos
Hanging on the wall
Causing a quick reaction
From the once smiling faces
As they all grimaced
In unison with a loud sigh
Before eventually
Reaching my ears
Turning my head
I watched for a while
At the quick darting tongue
Popping in and out
Of a Cheshire like face
And two adoring eyes
That seemed to follow me
While I walked about the room
Every time I stopped
To continue with my work
A deep grating meow
Followed by a short stillness
Echoed through the silence
Like a proper expected response
This seemed to be
The normal routine
In the early morning hours
Until a small figure of a woman
Shuffled into the kitchen
Poured a small amount of milk

Into her cup of waiting coffee
And with a long satisfying ahhhhh
Sat herself down at the kitchen table
On this particular day
Autumn seemed to have arrived
With a cool westerly wind
And the rustling
Of golden brown leaves
As they hysterically danced
Through the town streets
Before heading out
To their winter home
Here and there
Mobs of ferocious squirrels
Ran up and down trees
Harvesting whatever
They could find
That refused to drop
From the shivering trees
Whose bare bark matched
Gangs of local barking dogs
That ran about the town
Sipping on my coffee
I stared at the squirrels
Whose mouths now bulging
With bits and pieces
Of summers left over bounty
Ran hither, thither and yon
All about the streets
This was
My normal daily morning
Day in
Day out
For as far back
As I could remember
My normal routine
Done, without rhyme or reason
As is with any task
That is repeated
Each and every day

Fresh Cut Grass

I loved the symmetry of her body
The way it geometrically connects
By twists and turns
Like a detailed road map
With all the signs in place
I can almost hear it say
She's waiting for you
At the rest stop
You know the one...
Where there's a fork in the road
A special place
Where summer awaits
And the humidity is high
And today
She's cleared the land
And cut the grass
While she waits for me
God!
I love the smell
Of fresh cut grass

Morning Light

Lying in bed
Her bare shoulder
Reflected the morning light
That fell lazily in from the window
While at the foot of the bed
A sheer cotton dress
Which had fallen in upon itself
Lay in a happily content pile
Without any ambition at all
On the opposite side of the bed
Lay a second pile
That seemed to have been
Thrown haphazardly about
In a determined effort to move
As quickly as possible
By removing themselves
From their owner
With only one single purpose
As sunrise filled the room
And dawn danced upon the roof
He found a peaceful place
To put all of his problems
And a place to rest his head
On a beautiful bare shoulder
That was filled
With nighttime memories
And reflected morning light

Fire

The loud knock
Seemed to bring the night
To an abrupt end
And though
Her lips were wet and sweet
A voice he did not recognize
From the other side of the door
Urged both of them
To leave as quickly as possible
As the fire drew nearer
To their home
He had come so close
To having her stay the night
One might say
It was a sad case
Of premature evacuation

A Good Man

The farmer
Who once tilled the land
Is now himself
Tilled under

And the doctor
Who once made me well
Has died

There are flies
In my pajamas

And my sink
Is overflowing

The parents
Who raised me
Are now in heaven (hopefully)

And the words
I've written here
Will most certainly
One day soon
Be gone

Nothing lasts forever

I have always promised
To visit my best friend
But the son of a bitch
Has moved to Canada!

And I don't see myself
Going to visit him
Anytime soon

Although
I will always
Continue to say
I will make it up there
Someday soon (I don't believe it!)

Yes
Like leaves
on a winter tree
Everything and everybody
Whom I have known
Has slowly (And sometimes quietly)
Fallen away

This is a winter
Without a spring

A winter
That has eaten
All the winters
That have come before it

A nuclear winter
Filled with record snows
And deep, deep cold

A nuclear winter
That leads a small group
Of those who are left behind
To a cold chiseled headstone
That rests with other lonely stones

I can only hope
That the words
Under my name
In some way
Say... He was a good man

A Young Man's Eyes

With winter gone
The spring thaw
Moved quietly over the land
Revealing an old summer road
That led high up
Into the tall mountains

As a chill flourished
All about the forest
I patiently waited
For the warmth of spring
So I might take this road
Over the foothills
To the high mountain lake

I remember many years ago
The first time I came upon
This old mountain road
Back then the road
Like myself, was young
With its wild flower path
That led to the very top

What I remember most
Was the sound of the forest
And the crackling
Of last year's dry leaves underfoot
As I hiked up the path

It seems strange
When I think about it
But, from what I remember
The springs back then
Were more colorful
And the sky much fuller
Then they seem these days

I realize now
That the eyes of a young man
See things quite differently
And as the years pass by
Memories seem embellished
By the passing of time

And though I have waited
For winter to pass
And the warmth of spring
To open the summer road

I know
When I reach the top
Everything I see
Will never be the same

Because I can no longer
See the world
Through the memories
Of a young man's eyes

Life

Life is a front porch
And a game of checkers
With a playful cat
Hiding
Somewhere in a thick bush
In the center of the garden
Life is a box of crayons
With a missing green
And a small delicate hand
Scribbling
On a large piece of paper
Life is the fresh smell
Of a spring day
Dancing in the morning air
And the sound of a cocktail party
From a flock of seagulls
Gathering on the beach
Life is a mother calling
Breakfast is ready!
Put down whatever you are doing
And come inside
Life is a little child
Thinking
How hard
Life is!

Childhoods End

I have tried
As the years have gone by
To keep the child within me
Alive
But each year that passes
Tiny bits and peaces
Fall away
You look so young
My friends all say
And as I thank them
I know
It because the child in me
Still laughed and played
But these days
My life has changed
Now
In my old age years
I have searched myself
Looked everywhere
In my mind
In my heart
And in my soul

But the child I once knew
Has gone
Late at night
I look at the photographs
That are the stories
Of my life
Each one makes me smile
And for the briefest of moments
The child within smiles
Before vanishing away
You look so young
My friends all say
And as I thank them
I find myself yearning
For those younger years
With but a single wish
Dear God
Help me remember
What it is like
To be a child
Again

A Time Of Butterflies

From the milk weed fields
Outside of town
I watch small rugs
Of reds, browns and blacks
Slowly make their way
Across the road
A thousand legs
Simultaneously striking the ground
Going somewhere
From someplace unknown
It's the march of the caterpillars
This is a time of transformation
A time of change
Soon
They will be out of sight
Carpets running into the woods
Fading into the countryside
Someday soon I'll return
To watch the beauty of nature
Dance in the milkweed fields
Sometime soon
I will come to see
A time of the butterflies

Far, Far Away

The railroad trestle stood out
Like a burnt tree
In the center of an arboretum
Just down the road
Past the old Wenapecka tunnel
Late at night
At almost any given time
The sound of heavy wheels
On trains that appeared
To have a million box cars
Would roll through the black night
Click-clack, click-clack, click-clack
They would say
Until what seemed like forever
Finally faded away
Into a haunting whistle sound
Growing dimmer and dimmer
Into the silence
And though I have lived here
All my life
In my dreams
I have traveled distant lands
On a million journeys
From here to the stars
Each time I have heard
The sound of a train
Drawing near
Then going
Far, far away

Watching the wind

I watched the wind
As it rolled the grass
Through the fields
Making it appear as though
It was God's finger
Stroking the earth
High above the ground
Birds of every kind
Darted and glided about
Singing praises to the land
As they weaved their nests
And laid their eggs

For Erica

Your life unfolds
Like pages
From a Russian novel
I have been searching for

Each line
Speaking in revelations
Carrying long lost names
Filled
With the secret songs
I have been seeking
Since I was a child

Since the sun has fallen
I am unable
To close the pages
You have opened
Deep inside of me

Somehow
You have reached deeper
Than anyone
I have ever known
Or met
In the years gone by

You have touched a cord
That resonates
Like the crumbling walls of Jericho
Bringing down
All those places
I have hidden behind
For so very long

With each pluck
Of your string
And with each word
You silently sing
You draw me in

I am Ulysses
Strapped to the mast
Torn apart by a voice
I have never heard

Please
Please
Won't you sing that song
I have never heard
Again!

Sunshiny Day

Oh day

With your bright rays of light

I don't know how you do it

Day in and day out

If it was me

After about a week

I'd be pooped!

I guess that's why you're the sun

And I'm here

With my pen in hand

Writing about it

God... I really need a cup of coffee

You Can Find Me Dancing

You can find me dancing
Not because I can dance
But just to make others smile
And if you ask me
Are you alright?
I shall answer on my good days
Of course!
And on my bad days
I will say
Of course!
Because dancing
Makes me feel better!
You can find me dancing
Sometimes in my house
But mostly
When I go out
And have nothing better to do
When others look at me
I will smile and wave
As though I know them
And I will ask them all
Would you like to dance?
You can find me dancing
Down the streets
Around all the corners
Past the old grocery store
Where I buy my beer and cigarettes
You can find me dancing
On the old cobblestone streets
When as a child
I danced with my friends
Like a whirling Dervish
Until I went home exhausted
And laid down
In my childhood bed
And dreamed

About days to come
But today
Today is different
Today I am old
But it doesn't matter
You can still find me dancing
Yes
Still dancing
With all my might
Past the children
Who point and laugh
Saying... he must be crazy
Past the people
On their way to work
Who look on in amazement
Saying to each other
Poor old man
You can find me dancing
For all the times I didn't dance
Or never danced
Or could have danced
Or should have danced
Or might have danced
Or thought of dancing
Or was asked to dance, but didn't
You can find me dancing
And when the Grim Reaper comes
To take me home
Well... he too will find me dancing
Dancing, dancing, dancing, dancing,
dancing
And together
We will dance
To that place
Where all my dancing
Began

Younger Eyes

I watched the steam rise
Off of the sun-burnt road
While the forest dreamt
Of warm summer days
While the morning progressed
The silence was broken
By the chatter of chipmunks
And a matched set of gray squirrels
Playing tag
As they ran round and round
An old giant pine tree
That had fallen to the ground
I looked back over my childhood
And some magical memories
I carried with me
Fantasy-like recollections
That could only be seen
Through the eyes of a young child
But every so often
When the cool mornings
Touch my eyes
And a soft northwestern wind
Tumbles down the mountains
I can see the wild flowers
Shaking off the moist morning dew
And I remember the world
I once knew
With younger eyes

Cricket Lake

Oh cricket lake
With your chirping waters
And long green legs
Play a song for me
Of flying birds
Whose songs dance
While whisking on the wings
Of warm southern breezes
Take me away
Far away
To palm tree lands
And white sand beaches
Where I might rest
In the warmth
Of the summer's sun

When Old Dancers Die

She was a dancer
But now at age sixty-seven
During the day
Her ghost leads small groups
Of aging seniors
In palates stretching
Several times a week

She was a dancer
And though her feet
Remember every heel and toe
That she had ever done
Arthritis keeps her
From ever thinking
Of a simple lock step
Ever again

She was a dancer
Whose feet flew
This way and that
Across every stage
From New York to California
But was never chosen
To be the one
To dance in
That special role

And though
She is sixty seven
And the direction of time
Can never flow back

Somewhere
After the sun departs
And nighttime covers the land
She closes her eyes
And still dreams
Of the time

She was a dancer

Dancing On Ice-Cream

Sometimes

Life is like

Dancing on ice-cream

Each day

A different flavor

Although

Some days are all vanilla

You know what I mean

Boring!

Other days

No matter how hard we try

We just keep

Slipping on down the mound

Today

Was a good day

It was... Rocky Road!

I just love

Those Rock Road days

Remembering

In a way

It was funny

And totally unexpected

After not seeing each other

For so many years

They found themselves

Alone in his home

Pressed tightly together

It was absolutely amazing

How with only one kiss

They were both

Able to remember

How wonderful

Love could feel

If You Were Here

Night had nearly ended
And the darkness
That had overtaken the land
Slowly fled
Over the mountains
Into the ever brightening dawn
Of a new day

Watching from my window
I could see the wind
Rolling the dry fallen leaves
Lifting them up
Into miniature tornadoes
Before falling
In a helter-skelter manner
At my front door

A single word
Echoed down the hall
"Coffee?" said a sweet voice
While the sound of light steps
Drew closer and closer
As the aroma of wakeup
Resting upon a beautiful hand

Stepped through the door

These are the times I miss
The times I always think of
In my older years of life

And though
I know you are gone
Each time I sip
My morning coffee
This memory comes alive

Here is the strangest part
Of these daily morning moments

In my mind
I picture you
Sitting in front of me
While I tell an empty room
About all the things
I would have said
If you
Were still here

Beautiful Winter

The last winter I had seen
Was back in 1973
Just before I lost my sight
What I remember most
Was the brightness of the sun
As it reflected
Off of the freshly fallen snow
And the cold chilly wind
Sharply nipping at my hands and face
Even though my sight was failing
The bright sun helped me to see
And for almost a full day
I refused to warm up inside
Knowing
That this was
The last winter
I would have a chance to see
When I think back
I believe that day was probably
The most beautiful day
I could remember
These days
I see winter
Quite differently
I can see winter
By the chill in the air
I can see winter
By the warmth of the sun
As it gently touches my skin
And I can see winter
By the smell
Of freshly fallen snow
As for the rest of my life
My memories
Of the last winter's day
I have ever seen
Will always be one
Of beauty

Cold

Today

The winds blew cold

Coming

With a ferocious appetite

From the borders

Of the north

Fearlessly

Sweeping away

All traces

Of summer and autumn

That the earth

Once knew

These were hard winds

Chilly winds

Winds

That never knew

The softness

Of a tree in bloom

Or a blanket

Of flowers

Covering the land

Cold, cold winds

That left behind

A skeleton

Of the forest

Once filled with colors

But now

Empty and white

Today

The winds blew cold

Christmas cold

Canadian cold

Arctic cold

Winter cold

You-left-me cold

And foolish me

To even think

You might return

With just

A little bit

Of spring

Summer Wind

The summer's days passed

Heat

So oppressive

That each breath I took

Burned

Inside my lungs

I remember the cold front

Coming in

With the rushing wind

Blowing hard

Across the land

Driving

All the flies

Away

Hello

I watched
As the fog rolled in
Inching its way
Across the fields
Slowly
Plucking all the stars
From a moonless sky

After a while
All that remained
Was a silky blackness
So dark
It felt as though
You could weigh
The heaviness
It carried
To my door

Sitting at my window
I stared for hours
At nothing
While all about the house
The weight of the night
Relentlessly pressed
On every window and door
Squeezing the outside world
From view

These were troubling nights
Sleepless night

Nights that never heard
The sound
Of a Bluebird
Welcoming the dawn
Or the warmth
Of a morning sun
Brightening the land

I spent years
At that window
First in anger
Then in sorrow
Sometimes in prayer
Making deals with God
While I waited for you
To come home

At first
I knew every word
I was going to say
But over time
I found myself
Saying out loud
Something different each day
Until
In the end
All I wanted
Was to say
Hello

Good Morning

It was a cold sun
An early March morning
As I walked outside
To the sound of a grouse
Beating its' wings
On an old hollow log

I listened for a while
Watching my breath
Rise high into the air
Only to be stolen
By the hands
Of a cold north wind

At the end
Of an old gravel driveway
The country road quickened
To the hum of morning traffic
That hustled and bustled along

While I
Lit up a morning smoke
And sipped on the coffee
That was just poured

Moments ago

I love
These morning moments
When I stand outside
Looking eastward
Waiting to greet the rising sun
Of a brand new day

These are my quiet moments
When not a thought
Stirs about
Or comes to mind

Moments
When the brisk cold air
Upon my skin
Is broken
By the rising suns' warmth
And the sound
Of a grouse
Beating its' wings
On an old
Hollow log

You Are Old

I looked out
Over the morning field
With mounds of grass
That looked like waves
Rolling in
From the ocean shoreline

The sun
Barely peeking out
Over the horizon
Glimmered specks of light
Off of the morning dew
That had settled
From the cool night air

On my left
I watched
While a bright blue bird
Acrobatically danced
From tree to tree
Testing its wings
As the world awoke

To a brand new day

All about me
The beauty of the world
Filled my eyes
While in my mind
A single thought
Bounced about

A thought
That as strange as it was
Kept repeating
Like a Buddhist chant
Over and over again

This is a beautiful day
And you are old
This is a beautiful day
And you are old
This is a beautiful day
And you are old

When I Am Gone

Who will remember me
When I am gone
Or stand before others
And read the poetry
I had written

Will the words
I have tried to share
And left behind
Touch you

Or will my poems
Speak to others
With those feelings
In that wonderful poetic way

Most of all
Will others
When they talk about me
To each other
Say
I wonder why
I don't remember
That he wrote that

Maybe
I just wasn't listening
To what he said
Because
When he wrote that
He wasn't dead... yet!

When We Were Once Young

When the warm winter winds
Strayed north of the Dakotas
And blackbirds filled the sky
I would hear their voices
Bouncing off the Catskills
And across the old forest

It was a winter of cold sun
When the deep chilly snows
Could not cross the mountains
Keeping all the western storms
Far from the roads
That led to my front door

Sometimes
When the bison ran wild
Thundering across the open plains
I could hear their rumbling hoofs
Running down the twisting, turning roads
Into my dreams at night

This was a time of memories
A time of youthful imagination
Kept in that special place
That we call upon in later years
To remind us
Of the pictures we had painted
When we were once young

It Was Almost a Very Good Year

It was the year
Of the dark yellow moon
When the cold winds came
And the oceans turned green
Before running out from shore

It was the dawdling year
A year
Sadness fell from our eyes
Like an eruption
Of hammering storms
The type we kept
In the gardens
Just around the block
By the Stop and Shop

It was the year
The dog died
The year
We placed him on a board
And all the children wore black
Carrying him home
Like a soldier
Returning from war

It was the year
You packed my lunch
Sending me off to work
Wearing
Your I've got a secret smile
And that new dress
You bought on Monday
That flowed about you
Like a cloud

It was the year
I came home
Only to find
You had gone
Leaving nothing
But the rains
And a note that said
It was almost...
Almost...
Almost...
A very good year

Greenwich Village

I remember music
Pouring from small cafes
Guitars
Mingling with voices
From unknown singers
Whose names
Like the clicking
Of wooden shoes
Can still be heard
Fading away
Like the end
Of some sort of
Well read
Dime store novel
That was found
Lying around
An old house

I was young
Back then
And in the land
Of Greenwich Village
We laughed
Loved
Sang

Read poetry
And painted life
In a way
That has
These days
Fallen
Into the yellowing pages
Of very old history books

Back then
If you asked me
Where is
The center of the world?
I would have said
Like any young
Bright eyed
Spellbound boy
Of the 1950's
Why sir
It's right here

I mean
After all...
Isn't life
Greenwich Village?

Like an Idiot

On a night
Where the moon
Lights the land
She waits
For the rising sun
With a thousand thoughts
That move to and fro
As she recalls
All the feelings
Of an older time
When the world was fine

On a night
Where the moon
Lights the land
She remembers the years
When her life was young
And a young man stood
With a smile
That could make the clouds
In the sky... her sky
Slowly fade away

On a night
Where the moon
Lights the land
She waits for me
And like an idiot
I never come

Not That Kind

Back then

I loved you

Not the kind of love

Like...

I want to "make" love to you

But the friendship kind

You see

Back then

You were my friend

These days

You are not my friend

But...

I often think of

Back then

When I loved you

You know

Not the kind of love

Like...

I want to "make" love to you

No...

Not at all like that

Well, almost not at all!

My Dad

He carried anger with him
Like the ocean carries water
Often exploding
Not unlike a volcano
Without any warning

He was critical
And I never knew
What he was going to say
Only that he was seldom kind
Or understanding

When he came home
From his day of work
I would shake
Always, always, always fearful
Of those powerful hands
Finding their mark
Somewhere upon me

Although ...
I remember "once"
He played catch with me

I have never forgotten that time
It was the one time
The only time
He ever made me smile

May I Call?

Not a word

Or a letter

So... he wonders

Is she well?

Did she receive his messages

Or

Have her troubles

Temporarily

Embraced her?

Maybe... she is

Just distancing herself

For a little while

Letting the pieces

Fall back into place

Whatever it is

He hopes she is well

Even though

She will never know

He cares

Leonard Cohen

First

I heard his songs
Then I found
That they were poems
Put to music

Later

I read his poetry
And in my young self
It touched every emotion
I had ever felt

Today on the radio

After many years
I heard his music
And once again
Read his magical words

Although

I have grown old
Even though the years
Have washed away
Memories of younger days

His poetry and music

Touch the same places
They always did
When I was a young
And foolish man

As his unique voice

And wonderful music
Make me
Feel young
Again

The Road Back Home

The stand
On the side of the road
Was filled
With various types of food
All of which
He couldn't name
Or recognize at all

And the unpaved road
That led into town
Was the only road
Into this small foreign village
Which after years of travel
He had stumbled into

Standing
At the edge of town
He gazed
Down this wind swept path
As far as his eyes could travel
To another place and time

After fifty years
Of traveling
To places
Whose names
Could not be pronounced
A understanding fell upon him

No matter where he had gone
No matter how far he traveled
No matter who he had met
Along the way
That somewhere
In the setting sun
Far, far down the road
Was home

Aperitifs and Love

I was her lover
But growing up a poor boy
My life was fast food
And the labor of my hands
... Time was unkind to me

She was my lover
But her childhood was filled
With Hors D'Oeuvres and cocktails
And time played
More gently upon her

Where I was a bear
She was a shark
And as I grew older
She drew further and further
Away from me

In the end
I returned to my forest
To lie down amongst the trees
While she swam off searching
For bear, aperitifs and love

Not That Kind

Back then

I loved you

Not the kind of love

Like...

I want to "make" love to you

But the friendship kind

You see

Back then

You were my friend

These days

You are not my friend

But...

I often think of

Back then

When I loved you

You know

Not the kind of love

Like...

I want to "make" love to you

No...

Not at all like that kind

Touching The Past

There was a time
I could blissfully
Reach out
And touch
The gaiety
Of my youth

But these days
In my old age
Try as I might
My arms
Are just not
Long enough

In The Wee Morning Hours

There were times I would wake up
Just lying there
Staring at her beauty

Sometimes... looking at her
Wrapped in nothing
But the strands of her long, long hair

She had a way of waking
Parts of me
I thought had gone to sleep

And I would wait
For her eyes to open
For her hands to touch me

Always, always, always
In the wee hours of the morning
Helping me rise

Words That Were Unspoken

They were words we knew
When we were young
That were better left
Unspoken
It was as if
In speaking them
Darkness would appear

They were words
Our parents hid
From prying children's ears
So that questions
Wouldn't be asked
Or images
Be brought to mind
That might hurt
A child's dreams
When nighttime
Tumbled down

When I was a child
I could not understand
About such evil
Men can do
When darkness fills the land

And even though
I am sixty-six
And served in times of war

I can't imagine
What my parents
Ever felt or saw

When words like
Auschwitz or Dachau
Appeared at their front door

It's Christmas

All those
Who I care for dearly
Are far, far away

It's Christmas

My room
Is bare
Except for a computer
That constantly hums

It's Christmas

My mind
Plays tricks on me
Bringing back old memories
Loving memories
Painful memories

It's Christmas

I close out the night
With a warm glass of tea
A cold sandwich
And thoughts
That continue
Teasing me
With shadow memories

It's Christmas

The clock
Tics away
As voices from
The corner store
Occasionally
Drift by

It's Christmas

I have nowhere to go
And I wish
I wish
I close my eyes
And wish
It wasn't
Christmas

It's Christmas

My First Love

I remember

My first love

Which I believed

At that time would be

The only love

I could ever know

But now

As I look back

I have come to realize

Why we remember

Our first love

So well

Unlike other loves

That followed

Everything about it

Was new

Pure

Untainted

And silly

Empty Buildings

Somewhere

Inside empty buildings

Our voices still echo

Bouncing

From

Wall to wall

Somewhere

Inside empty buildings

Where our voices still echo

Are the sounds

Of our shoes

Walking in

Walking out

Walking on

It's quiet now

Your Name

Early in the morning
Sitting at the kitchen table
After an exquisite night
Of sharing ourselves
She looked at me
With loving eyes
And a sweet, coy smile

Several bites
Into a buttery western omelet
I watched
As her smile expanded
Like a flower
Opening to the warmth
Of a new days sun

With eyes closed
And the scent
Of green peppers and mushrooms
Upon her breath
She leaned forward
Until her breathing
Caressed my cheek
And asked...

What's your name?

Ochi Chernye (Dark Eyes)

The glory of the morning sun
Rose over the forest meadows
As autumn winds waved
The sparsely filled branches
Of cold sleeping trees
In winter fields

I did not see it at all

Out
Along well traveled roads
Sunday traffic raced
First north
Then south
On their way to church
Or home
Or just out
To see forgotten friends
Lost by
Distances and time

I did not see it at all

Throughout the day
Birds nested
Before flying aimlessly about
While the forest animals
Danced their winter dance
Foretelling stories

Of all that had come
And gone before them

I did not see it at all

The darkness came
Filling the land
With a million old stars
Each star telling a story
Of someone who had once
Made a wish upon them
Hoping it might come true

I did not see it at all

But before night faded
And dawn danced
Its final dance of death
On the fading shadows
The moon had left
On the ice cold ground
I looked up
Into the beauty
Of your deep dark eyes
And realized

There was nothing

I did not see

At all

My Age (A true story)

I met a man my age

Who was born

On the same day

As me

He seemed old

Worn out

And tired

I said to a friend

I hope

I don't look like that

My friend said

That old guy said

The exact same thing!

Ishkala Babala

The tall green trees
Seemed to materialize
As if by magic
From the morning mist
That had settled
On the woodland floor

While all around me
What was once a forest
Now become a drawing
In a fairytale book
I once read as a child

These joyful mornings
Stirred up memories
Of my grandfather
Telling my sister and I
Children's stories
From the old country
He knew as a boy

Stories
That were told to him
By his fathers' father
Just before bedtime
That filled the night
With wondrous dreams
Bringing smiles and wonderment
Along with
Soft peaceful slumber

I have not forgotten
Some of the strange words
He shared with us
Words
That were his alone
Words
That I have not heard again
Since he had gone

So tonight
When it is time
For dreams
To fill their sleepy eyes
I will tell my grandchildren
Before they sleep
About the wonderful adventures
Of Ishkala Babala

Brothers*

Saturday, 4:23 AM

I woke up this morning

In my mind

I was thinking

About when we will

Be getting together again

In my mind

I could see

That we threw our arms

Around each other

(It's been too many years in-between)

In my mind

... it felt good

*A poem for my oldest and best friend Robert of over 55 years, who I haven't seen in over 10 years, you are missed.

Wings

She wove a cocoon

Beautiful and strong

Waiting, waiting, waiting

All her life

For wings

Never realizing

She was not

A butterfly

My Poems

My books
The ones I've written
Are almost gone
I have passed them on
To those I love

There are times
I would sit
Reading each poem
Trying to understand
How it was
I wrote them

And even though
My name
Is on the cover
With each poem read
I say to myself
How did I write this?

Honestly
No matter how hard I try
I can't remember

The words I see before me
Seem to have been written
By another hand
Someone other than myself

Yet
I can identify
With these words
These poems
And for some strange reason
The way
They touch my soul
Makes me cry

Spring

I watched the morning sun
Streak across
An old worn-out
Pale blue sky

As wisps of gold rays
Fought to rise
In and out
Of winters windy fingers

All along the ground
Crumpled dry leaves
Shuffled
Into alternating piles
Of last autumns bounty

Reminding me
Of all the past colors
Summer had painted
Before the cold winds blew

Today
I saw a flower
Pushing its way
Through the melting snow
That had covered land

And with a grin
That went from ear to ear
I was overcome
With one
Single-minded thought

That somewhere
Over the old mountain roads
That wiggle about
The surrounding forests
Spring
Is calling
My name

To Sleep

When we were young
Each night
Before we went to sleep
We would lie together
And she would read to me
One of her poems

At first
I found it annoying
But as the years went by
Little by little
I looked forward
To hearing her

That was over
Fifty years ago

These days
I lie alone in bed
And she
Is no longer there

And though
My hearing
Has long since gone
When I close my eyes
In my mind
I can still hear her voice
Reading her poetry to me

And on those nights
Her spirit
Lies beside me
Speaking softly
As I fall
Peacefully
To sleep

For Holly

I have not asked
Any lady
To have coffee
Or a bite to eat
In over seven years!

Yet...
Today
As we spoke
And I saw
The corners of your mouth
Turn up
Ever so slightly
I opened myself up
To the word... no

Which, by the way
Did not come!

So... sweet lady
Let us see
If a cup of coffee
Can still hold
A little
Of the same mystery
It once did
At least for me
So very, very long ago

When

No joke
I am dying
And every single moment
Of every day
That's all I can think about
No good thoughts
No bad thoughts
Only one thought
Keeps coming to mind
... When?
What I wouldn't give
For a few minutes
Of thinking of
Something other than
That single word
That pounds
And sounds
And goes round and round
In my brain
It's making me insane
But then again
I can't help
But wonder
...When?

Never to be Heard From Again

Last night
As I watched the moonlight
Dance over the woodland fields
Casting soft lit shadows
As it carelessly fell
Through the forest trees
I remembered other nights

Nights
When the two of us
Would sit
On the front porch
Looking at the starlit skies
In the warmth of summer

I could still hear
Your sweet soft voice
Filled with declarations of love
And beautiful words
Unraveling like a child's ribbon
That had be thrown
Haphazardly on the ground

Your words
That I now see
Were only meant to please me
For a night
Running from you
Like a soft warm river

Your words
That I watched falling
Like honey
Down the gentle curves
Of your body
Before disappearing into the wind
And just like you
At the rising of the new day
Never to be heard from again

Joyful

Last night

I watched your underwear

Lying softly

On my bed

And as beautiful

As they were

It was

What was inside them

That made my day

Joyful

Gone

The gates are closed
The doors are locked
And my lips
That once spoke to you
Of love
No longer
Make any sense
At all

Most of all
I cannot find
Those sweet words
That once flowed
Like honey
To say
I love you

Barbie Doll

Between the makeup

And her clothes

She believes

She is changing

The passing of time

She looks like

A plastic doll

Whose best friend

Should be named Bobbi

Still... somewhere underneath

All she has composed

Is a woman

I long to see

Once again

The Road Home

I have searched
All the memories
Of my life
But as hard as I try
I have found
That not only
Has my past
Faded away
With the passing
Of time
But so too
Has the road
Back home

C. J Krieger's 2319 Poem

The storm moaned
Like an old man in pain
As the wind
Swung around the house
Like a dog
Chasing its tail

All the fallen leaves
Quivered along the ground
While I watched them
Wisk past the kitchen window
Before going down the road
On their way home

Out in the fields
Now dry and brown
From the winter's cold
Small animals scurried about
Seeking shelter
From the oncoming storm

And as the storm begun
I watched
The sharpness of the earth
Slowly gave way
To a covering
Of new white snow

Night approached
And I grew sleepy
Watching the world
Ebb and flow
Into a quiet place
Of soft, gentle curves

While occasionally
I nodded off
And dreamt
Of one last love
Before the return
Of winter

C. J Krieger's Poem # 2320

On the roadside
As I walked the path
I noticed
An old bicycle derailleur
Rusted and broken
Lying in the tall grass

How sad I thought
That some bicycle
Must have lost it
As it rode
Down the trail

I wondered to myself
If it ever
Was repaired
Or if someone
Was kind enough
To make it whole again

I don't know why
I have
These silly thoughts
During my
Early morning walks

Unlucky

I don't want to die

I just want

The pain to go away

At least for a little while

Tenderness and love

Spending time with friends

Has been replaced

By loneliness and old age

What I had done

When I was young

Has visited itself

Upon me

Still, man makes plans

God laughs

And I

Am the recipient of his laughter

I once said

That I hope

I never get that old

I guess, I'm just... unlucky

Living

My dreams
Are as persistent
As a door to door
Salesman

Each night
Haunting me
Over and over
Saying, you're too old

I am so very tired
That rising each day
Is always much harder
Than the day before

And with each moment
Of passing time
My strength
Ebbs away

Meanwhile "you" the reader
Are probably tired
Of hearing this
Over and over again

Still
I need to express myself
Because
I have come to realize

That the day
I stop telling you this
Is the day
I will never write... again

I Wish (For Judy K)

I never saw her
Grow old
But in my eyes
I can only see her
The way she was
So long ago
When I was young

I never saw her
Grow old
She was a lover
... Of sorts
And I can still feel
Her sweetness
In those memories
Of long, long ago

I never saw her
Grow old
But I can tell you
That loving her
Was wonderful
And pure
And honest

I never saw her
Grow old
But that was
A lifetime ago
Yet in my mind
And heart
It was only yesterday

I never saw her
Grow old
But she did
And today I heard
That she is gone

I never saw her
Grow old
Still
No matter how old
She had become
I wish
I wish
I truly wish
I could have held her
Just one more time

Good Morning

I have been sitting
At this damn computer
For five and a half hours
Still...
No matter what I begin with
Nothing comes
Or wants to continue

Maybe
I'm just getting old
Or stupid
Or both!
Regardless
I have finally
Come to a standstill

So... in about one minute
The computer goes off
I "will" walk away
And the best
I can do for those
Who are reading this today
Is say... Goodmorning!

One!

How do I love thee?

Let me count the ways

One

Ahhh... one

Hmmm... one

Well...

There's always... one

A Patchwork Quilt

She lies
Under the guise
Of an old patchwork quilt
Thinking I cannot see her

Her foot sticks out
As I watch
Her toes wiggling
Wildly

All the time
Her laughter
Jiggles the blanket
Up and down

What could be sweeter
To my ears
Then the laughter
Of a child

While On Vacation

You keep forgetting
Everything!
I said to her
No I don't, she replied
Kind of irritably

As she left the house
She asked me
If I knew
My dog died
Last week!

Pusillanimous

My dreams of you
Ensnare my nights
With your image
Lying sweetly beside me

Foolish me
To have let you go
So easily
Without a fight

In my dreams
I never let you go
And I am never
A coward

Awakening

I wake up
In the morning
To the touch
Of her breasts upon me
And the sweetness
Of her breath
Rolling across my neck

I turn
Only to feel
Her lips
Caressing me
Slowly taking me
All over
Until
We are one

When our breathing
Dwindles down
I turn away
Only to feel
The magic
From the tips
Of her breasts
Making me turn
Again and again and again

Footsteps (Poem # 2326)

Footsteps in the dust
Take us through time
Coming from
And going back
To that small place
Built just for you

In each step
Resides a piece
Of history
That as a child
I saw
And remember so well

Maybe someday
When my spirit soars
I too
Might walk
On the Moon

Nightmare

The lights of the old car
Barely cut through
A starless sky
And the road
Just a few miles
From where I live
Seemed to take forever
As I traveled
To my rented room
And cold water flat
In this frosty night

I have been trying
To understand
Everything
That has happened
Over this past year
But trying
To comprehend it all
Only gives me
A headache
And no matter
How hard I try
I don't believe
That any answer
Would be one
I could accept

This was
The year from hell
The year I lost
Everything
That mattered to me
Good friends dying
Losing my home

My job
But most of all
Losing myself

I'd like to tell you
That everything
Will be all right
That if I fight
The good fight
Things will change
But honestly
I don't believe it
And let's face it
The alternative
Sucks!

So
I'll just keep my eyes
On this
Poorly lit road
And hope
That maybe
Just maybe
Before I get back
To that rented room
Someone out there
Would be good enough
To make me
Very Happy
And blow through
A red light
So this nightmare
Might
End

Growing Old

My thoughts
Vex me
Throughout the night
Piling up
Brick upon brick
With the hands
Of a master stonemason

And my dreams
Escape my slumber
As my eyes
Open wide
While my mind
Races
Through the dark

I have heard
Sadness Knocking
With Herculean hands
On my door
Drowning out
The sound
Of my own thoughts

And I have spent
Way too much time
At this kitchen window
Watching the stars
Steal my nights
Waiting for some love
That I know
Will never come

Moonlight

I watch

As the light

From the April moon

First softens

Then erases

All those wonderful years

We have been together

Suddenly

You are the young girl

I had met

So many years ago

But the truth is

My beloved

I never needed

Moonlight

Rimsky-Korsakov

I love the way
Your music flows
And how your music sings
To those up high
Amongst the stars
And to our God
The King

I find each day
When I awake
And hear your music play
It fills my heart
With thoughts of joy
That makes me
Want to say

If you can hear me
Up above
Then thank you
Rimsky-Korsakov

Worms

As a child
I remember the rains
And watching the worms
After a storm
Poking their heads
Out of the soft earth

My grandfather called it
Fishing time
As we gathered night crawlers
For the next days journey
To the northern lakes

Life was easy then
It was simpler
And the entire world
Seemed to turn quietly
And peacefully
In my young eyes

These days
I sleep on the streets
I am an old man
Older than my grandfather was
Still trying to understand
How I have gotten here

These days when it rains
I cover myself
In a cardboard box
And watch the worms come up
Trying to remember
My happier times
When I was a child

Words Of Love

We sat next to each other
Under a star filled desert sky
So vast and wide
That when we spoke
It took several minutes
For my words
To reach her

And as she
Listened to what I said
I noticed
That it was almost an hour
Before she replied
With a smile
And a soft kiss

I love these leisurely
Trouble-free nights
Of slow caresses
And words of love
That take forever to travel
Between old lovers
Because of such a vast
And open sky

A Naked House

In a naked house
Echoing with the sound
Of a ticking clock
Traffic
From an open window
And the hum
Of an old refrigerator

In a naked house
Silence resonates
Off empty walls
Following her
From room to room
With the click
Of wooden heels

In a naked house
She walks about
Listening for a voice
That no longer speaks
The words of love
She longs to hear

In a naked house
She walks
Day and night
Searching for a memory
She will never find

Zen Master Mother

When I asked
The Zen Master
To teach me about
Enlightenment

He said
The same thing
My mother told me
When I was a child

"Sit down and shut up!"

I never knew
Until then
That my mother
Practiced Zen

Brick By Brick

I had built walls
To protect myself
From love
High walls
So I could no longer
Feel pain... again

For years
I watched you
walking in circles
Examining
Each brick
One by one by one

Until
When I was totally
Unawares
You magically
Replaced my wall
With a door
And touched me

Elephants

I watched the seagulls dancing
With the rolling ocean waves
While two by two
The elephants
Went on along their way
And as they swam
Into the sea
The morning light
Shined down on me
While ocean waves
Raced quickly from shore
Until I saw the elephants no more

She's Still With Me

It was as though
The world
About her
Fell silently into itself
And whoosh... she was gone!

Not a sound
Nor a whisper
No flash of light
One moment she was there
And then... not!

Yes
I have looked
Everywhere I have ever been
In every corner
I have passed
Just emptiness

Still...
That's how life is
There is no cruelty about it
No rhyme or reason
Eventually, we all pass on

But that will not keep me
From thinking of her
Or missing her
Or even
Loving her

If you ask me
Where has she gone?
I will point at my heart
And tell you
She is right here... with me

Words

It amazes me

How the "same" group of words

That make no sense at all

Put together SIMPLY and correctly

Can form a stupid poem

Like this

Amazes sense the together

Form poem stupid this like

A correctly make words

Me no put "same" can and

At group of it that all how

SIMPLY!

Change

She was younger then
With a wonderful heart
That somewhere
Between
Then and now
Found its way
Into darkness

She was younger then
And was
Quite beautiful
But somewhere
Between
Then and now
She became old

In time
Everyone could see
How age and darkness
Descended upon her
As her beauty
Fled far, far away

And a face
That use to sparkle
With life
A face
Once so lovely
To look upon... Changed

I miss her

A Normal Day

The music from my childhood
Pounded in my head
Like a child's hand
On an old Indian drum
Reviving memories
I had long since forgotten

Songs, I once knew so well
But chose to forget
Now decided to return
(On this particular day)
Reminding me of happier times
Which of course... made me smile

No matter how hard I tried
I could not get the music
Out of my head
And the more I ignored it
The louder the music played

By the end of the day
All I could hear
Was a medley of the 1960's
Almost drowning out
Everything around me

Note: My headache was getting worse

Just before four in the morning
A second cup of coffee
Would have been perfect
But yesterday's hurricane had blown
All of the electricity away

Not being in my nature
To boil water
I poured what remained
Of yesterdays hot coffee (now cold)
With half and half (no sugar)
Closed my eyes
And fell fast asleep

It almost was... a normal day

Cadillac Escalade

I wish
I had a car
Like yours

New
Beautiful
Pristine

I would sell it
And buy
Something normal!

And more than likely
Have enough
To eat for a year

Or put
A down payment
On a home

Maybe
Just maybe
I would pay my bills

And then
Go see a movie
I wanted to see

All these thoughts
Ran through
My mind

As I watched you
Get in your car
And drive away

I wish
I had a car
Like yours

I wish
I had
A car

So Long Ago (For Robert)

There are things I still recall
When I was young
Playing cowboys and Indians
Or stick ball with my friends

I remember my first friend
Who is still my best friend
Playing basketball
In the schoolyard

I remember the first time
I stopped to look
At the changing colors
Of autumns leaves

Or the fuzziness
Of the first caterpillar
I had ever seen
On my way to school

I remember the sweetness
Of my very first love
And the sorrow
Of my last

Or how big
My father seemed to me
As I looked up
Into his face

There are also many days
I want to forget
The sadness in my life
And let it fly away

So I try to remember
My life as a child
Over 60 years ago
Now so very, very far away

Lonely Storm

The mountains
Like soldiers in a single line
Hid the western lands
From view

As the sun seeking shelter
From itself
Dropped behind
The western mountains' wall

Standing in the fading light
I could see off to the west
A gathering of dark clouds
Quickly moving this way

It wasn't long that I realized
With the rising of the wind
That a storm
Was quickly approaching

Going inside my cottage
I shut all the windows
Picked up the phone
And called you for comfort

As we passed time
Talking about ourselves
In chit-chat conversation
The wind tossed the rains about

But hearing your voice
Made me feel calm
Until a stroke of lightning
Ended our conversation with silence

It was a lonely storm

Words Of Love

How I long for the warmth
Of a lovers arms
And the sound
Of her soft voice
Gently whispering
Tender words to me

I have forgotten
That special touch
Or that surprising way
In the early morning hours
When our arms entwine

Or the sound
Of a morning hello

She Dreams

At night
When the lights go out
She dreams of love
Not riches
Nor fame
Or the life
She left behind

She dreams
Of arms that hold her
And the sweetness
Of love
And words
That speak
Sweet nothings

Words
That make her smile
And the sound
Of laughter
That she remembers
From long ago

At night
When she goes to sleep
She dreams
That when she wakes
She does not
Wake alone
And most important
She prays
It will not be
A dream

Black Bear

A little over a year ago
Out on a grassy field
I watched what appeared to be
A large black rug
Rise up
And slowly meander
Across the meadow

At first
I thought it was
Our black dog
That had laid down
To enjoy the morning sun

But after a few moments
Of watching the rug
Lumber about
From place to place
I realized
It was a large black bear

I pointed this out
To a close friend
Who quickly said
How lucky I was!
That this was
A very good sign!

The following year
Turned out to be
The very worst year
Of my entire life!

To start over again
... Did I ever tell you
About the unlucky black bear
I once saw
Meandering across a meadow?

The Ugly Swan

She was not
What others considered
Pretty
Or cute
Or beautiful

So she tried
In other ways
To be attractive

But the cost
Of it all
Wore down her soul

She always tried
To make others smile
Or laugh
Or see something
Interesting in her

She tried so hard
And for so long
That she never saw
How she changed
Many, many years ago

She never saw
How beautiful
She had really become

An Unfinished Life

She wanted to see Paris
And take the elevator
To the very top
Of the Eiffel Tower

But that
Was long, long ago

In her dreams
She could almost taste
The delicacies
As she walked
Through the Casaba
In the early morning hours

One time
Not too long ago
Mount Fuji called to her

She could see
The snow covered top
Picturesque
Like the perfect postcard
But... truth be told
It was a postcard!

So many places
She should have gone
So many sights
She should have seen

But that's how it was

Life...
Somehow
Always got in the way

Now
At the age of ninety
There was nowhere left
To go

Time...
Had its way with her
Discarding her
Like an old used lover

Still
There's something to be said
About
Postcards

Reincarnation

As she grew old
Her forgetfulness
Became more and more
Troubling
As the things
She tried to remember
Came and went
Like a wayward wind

As she grew old
She remembered
The skipping of a child
That the years
Turned into a cane
Of an elderly woman
Slowly moving
Down a twisting road

As she grew old
Her hopes never faded
Making her smile
While she waited
In an old house
In an old room
In an old chair
Filled with dreams

As she grew old
She quietly hummed
An old mantra
While waiting
Patiently
Quietly
Hopefully
For a time
When she would be young
Again

A Drop Of Rain

I sat looking out my window
As the rain rolled and tumbled
Flying from the eaves
Only to splash with a plopping sound
Onto the green grass below

The limbs of the trees
So heavy with moisture
Bent west
With the grace of a princess
Bowing before a dance

I watched the forest animals
Scurrying for their shelters
As the clouds darkened the sky
And the sun bid the day
A fond farewell

The once dried, cracked ground
Now wet and muddied
Tried to shake free of the rains
As small brooks began to form
And rivers once quiet came to life

And all the creatures of the forest
Like me, looked on in wonder
While brooks changed to streams
Streams into creeks then rivers
And finally coming to rest in the sea

I sat at my window
Finally understanding
How all of us bond together
Because of a drop of rain
That fell from my roof
With a plopping sound

My Dad

There were very few memories
He had of his father
And what memories he did have
He chose not to recall

It wasn't that he didn't try
To remember a happy moment
But in all his soul searching
Only one came to mind

The day his father died

She Dreams

At night
When the lights go out
She dreams of love
Not riches
Nor fame
Or the life
She left behind

She dreams
Of arms that hold her
And the sweetness
Of love
And words
That speak
Sweet nothings

Words
That make her smile
And the sound
Of laughter
That she remembers
From long ago

At night
When she goes to sleep
She dreams
That when she wakes
She does not
Wake alone
And most important
She prays
It will not be
A dream

Autumn Leaves

I watched
The colors dripping
From the falling leaves
As autumn
Slowly traded places
With the end of spring

On the ground
The sound of dry grass
Crackled underfoot
As I made my way
Up the twisting mountain trail
To where we once lived

I had come back
To see the old cabin
And help rekindle
Fading memories
Of happier times
Before you had gone

Standing in the center
Of an empty room
My eyes traveled about
From one bare wall
To another

In my mind
I could almost hear
The music we played
While I found
An old wobbly wooden chair
And sat for a short time

For about an hour
I struggled to remember
How the pictures were hung
And the flickering glow
From the fireplace
Dancing about the room

As the evening light dimmed
I buttoned up my coat
And said a final farewell
To the ghosts that remained
Before starting home

Passing the stone
That bore your name
I stopped for a short prayer
Before going on my way
To the crackling sound
Of colorful autumn leaves

Change

She was younger then
With a wonderful heart
That somewhere
Between
Then and now
Found its way
Into darkness

She was younger then
And was
Quite beautiful
But somewhere
Between
Then and now
She became old

In time
Everyone could see
How age and darkness
Descended upon her
As her beauty
Fled far, far away

And a face
That use to sparkle
With life
A face
Once so lovely
To look upon... Changed

I miss her

Forever Young

Too many years
Have come and gone
But here
In my pocket
I carry an old
Black and white photo

It's wrinkled
Frayed at the edges
And has faded
With the passing of years

But it's a powerful picture
That still holds the beauty
Of the one I love
Trapped
Within a moment of time

Even though
I know
She is no longer young
I still believe
I will find her

These days
In my minds eye
I can still picture us
As the two young lovers
We once were

And when I find her
Even though I know
That I have grown old
The moment
We embrace
We will be young again
Forever

How Old Are You Grandpa?

I told
My oldest granddaughter
(Who loves reading the Bible)
That I could remember
When cigarettes cost
17 cents a pack
A double feature with cartoons
At the movies
Cost 25 cents
And a gallon of gasoline
For our car
Was 19 cents!

She thought about this
For some time
And later that day
Came back
Sat on my lap
And in a very serious manner
Asked me
If I knew Methuselah?

I thought about this
For some time
And much later that day
I came back
Sat next to her
And in a very serious manner
Said... yes!

Listening to Bob Dylan

Bob Dylan dropped by
And in the most courteous way
I listened to him
As he spoke

I smiled
From time to time
Nodding
Here and there
Trying to be
As polite as possible

It was just
Like listening to his music!
I didn't understand
A damn thing he said

Perfectly!

At the exact moment
Of happiness
I watch
As the small of her back
Arches
Rising like smoke
From a chimney
Reaching towards the sky

And at that moment
I can hear
Small
Unintelligible sounds
That she speaks for me
Knowing
That I
Can understand
Each one... perfectly!

Meeting Humphrey Bogart

The black statue
That my grandmother
Brought over from Malta
Stood about one meter high
In the shape of a large bird
That slightly resembled a falcon

When she passed away
Sometime in the late 1950's
Everything in her house
Was put up for sale
Including the statue
Which sold for the grand price
Of one hundred and fifty dollars

I was very young at the time
But clearly remembered a man
Who stood for quite sometime
Examining this figurine
Before eventually
Deciding on the purchase

Taking it to my father
Who seemed to know him
Saying, hi Humphrey
Like the statue, do you?
It's perfect, came the reply
Exactly what I've been looking for

Do you know my son, Cecil?
I don't think we've ever met
Said Humphrey smiling
Cecil... come over here
And say hello to Mr. Bogart

For Robyn Selters

I am not one
For comments... but I read!
And when it comes to poetry
You are on speed dial

The first place I go
When my eyes open
Is to that wonderful place
Of poets, rhymes, prose and dreams
And you dear friend
Are always my first
And sometimes my last... stop

All aboard poetfreak shouts
And I try to grab
The second seat
First row, on the right
You see
It's a comfortable seat
And if I get there early enough
It's a great view

You might ask
Why do I start
At Robyn's place?
Well... to be honest
I'm not one for long poetry

As you might have noticed
She has a unique way
Of getting straight to the heart

Long ago
Someone said to me
(He wasn't anyone special
I just remember what he said)
Write like you speak!
And I have been doing that
For a long, long time

So let me speak-write
A few simple words to you
Of this place
Where we come to display
Filled with
Robyn's and Nandy's
And Nightmute's with Willows
There's Wilkens and Brian
With so many others
And there's Some Girl
Who sits only three seats away
But I'm always drawn back
To the song of a Robyn
Who is there
When I start off my day

Hair

Her hair
Now freed
From the bonds
Of her silk red ribbon
Fell all about her
Like a waterfall
That had sprung from her head

Except
For the glistening
Of her naked body
All I could see
Was a single eye
Peeking out
Between the loose strands
That hung long to her waist

No matter where I moved
Throughout the bedroom
A single roving eye
Followed me
In a seductive
And teasing manner

Soon
I will join her
And watch
As her hair dances
Flowing all about her
Covering the pillow
Covering the bed
Covering me

Dreams In A Pillow

I laid my head
On a pillow
Of unfinished dreams
Dreams locked in feathers
And fused by a darkness
That only night can bring

I laid my head
On a pillow
That once was yours
And tasted your dreams
Like an liberated child
In a candy store

I laid my head
On a pillow
Of our dreams
Blended and fused
And sadly left behind
For another's head... to dream

Zen Poetry

I watched
As the ink from my pen
Exploded upon the paper
With all the words
I had been carrying
Since early this morning

In each line
That fell
I could feel the weight
That had earlier
Rested on my shoulders
Tumble far away

As a poet
I have often wondered
If my pen
Had a soul of its own
Or did it thoughtlessly
Just borrow mine

Or maybe
I just foolishly thought
That these words
Came from me
Instead of really coming
From my pen

By The One I Love

They gave me your ashes
On a sad day
A day that cried
From sunrise to sunset

A short time later
I left my house
And walked
To where the ocean
Met the rocky shore

When no one
Was around to see
I gave you over
To the wild waters
That spat with anger
On the sands

When my time comes
To say goodbye
Please... give my ashes
To the sea
So I can be near
The one I love

Soon

She has become
Like a thin Chinese tea cup
Placed upon a large rock
She has become... fragile
Afraid to go anywhere
Least she break

She sits outside
When the weather is clear
Reading the same book
She has read for many years
Painfully turning the pages
With crooked fingers

Occasionally
I see her smile
As the lines on her face
Seem to multiply ten fold
While she tries to remember
Why she is smiling

When the cooler weather
Dances around her
She wears a long soft scarf
Wrapped many times
Around her neck
To keep the cold away

Sometimes
She will ask me
"When will my friends
Be coming by?"
And I sit next to her
And hold her hand
Saying to her
Soon Grandma... soon

Gone

I watched

As the elephants

Swam out to sea

Until

All that was left

Were their footprints

In the sand

A Cat or Mouse or Tiger be?

What stalks me now?

What's this I see?

A cat or mouse or tiger be?

Or possibly my sleepy spouse

Sleepwalking somewhere

In the house

Here in the night amidst the dark

I might have erred

And missed the mark

Just as to whom this thing might be

That I had thought

Was after me

This frightening creature that I saw

Was my reflection

And nothing more

One Door Closes, One Door Opens

I have found
That in life
Whenever bad times
Come my way
If I wait long enough
Things change

God
Has a strange
Sense of humor
Yes... one door closes
And one door
Slams on your fingers

Second Sight

She had a gift
Of seeing life
From both sides

When she looked
At life
From her point of view
Everything was
Understandable

And when she looked
At life
From my point of view
She could also understand
Why everything I saw
Was wrong

Perfect

I watched
As my dream
Took shape

Slowly
Coming together
To form

The perfect image
Of a
Dream!

The Present

Some day

This present

You have given me

Will become nothing more

Than a loving memory

Of the past

Happiness

Here

At my window

When the darkness of night

Covers the land

High in the heavens

The moon comes

To make me smile

Commander William Parry

He discovered
The North Pole
Before he died

Personally
I prefer
New Mexico

Let's Talk

There was no one better
At handling disputes
Than him
Late at night
All alone
In the dark
You could hear him
Practicing for his next debate
We all knew
That the title they gave him
Was so richly deserved
Stan Smith
Masterdebator

True Love

True love

Is always remembering

To put the toilet seat

Down

In a Dream

Half asleep

I looked at you

Your breasts

Rising and falling

As you quietly lie

Lost somewhere

In a dream

Until I realized

When I awoke

That it was me

Dreaming it was you

Looking at me

Looking at you

Lost somewhere

In a dream

Eventually

Whatever a man can't do

Or a cat can't do

Or a cat can't to a man do

I know for sure

One thing is true

Eventually Katmandu

Yugoslavia!

Roses are red

Violets are blue

If I could write poetry

It wouldn't be about... Yugoslavia!

Calculating Love

Nothing

Is more intangible

Then the mathematics

Of love

One

Plus one

Equals

A greater one

One

From one

Equals

A lesser one

A Winter's Summer

In the middle of winter
I feel a summer madness upon me
A warmth
That radiates from your smile
Chasing the chilly of the morning
Far, far into the sun
In the middle of winter
The heat of your thighs
Embraces me
Enfolds me
Until all the icicles
That once hung long
From the eaves of my heart
Have forever gone
In the middle of winter
Even though the cold
Has taken the land
And enters all my dreams
When you approach me
My temperature rises
Until all that is left
In the middle of winter
Is summer

Forever Gone

The rain
Sounded out
Like castanet's
In the hands
Of mad flamenco dancers
Pounding on the ground
With the force
Of an autumn hammer

You took me by surprise
Running out
Into the storm
Leaving me in awe
As I watched you
Soaking wet
Fading down a road
That can never
Bring you home

Lonely Old Man

No matter how long
I stare at the thermometer
In the living room
It's still too warm
To light the wood
In the fireplace

Late Autumn

In the late autumn
I watched a butterfly
In the rain

It seemed
To dance about
Between the raindrops

I think
It might have been
... A Rumba!

Gone

From my door
The road twisted and turned
Going down a bit
Before rising
And turning around the forest

On moonless nights
The light
From my opened door
Shines
On all that is left
Of the road

The rest
Is gone

Milkweeds and Buttercups

I have put on
Much too much weight
To run through
These highly filled cholesterol fields
Of Milkweeds and Buttercups
In the morning light

Screwed Up

I keep thinking

Each time I screw up

That I've learned my lesson

And next time

I won't make the same mistake

Twice

But each time I screw up

I'm screwed up!

And when I'm screwed up

I always

Screw up!

Taxes

While walking down the mountain

On an old rocky dirt path

I passed a sign that said

Speed Limit 30

And here I was

Thinking

Where are our tax dollars going?

Sputnik (written 1956)

At the age of 10 I wrote my first poem about the Russian satellite Sputnik.
In July of 1956 this event caught the imagination of the world.

My name is Sputnik
I'm just about to go
I'm blasting off from earth right now
Through the atmosphere I go
I'm blazing through the stratosphere
And into silent space
It's there I'll travel round and round
In circles I will pace

Perplexed

I saw

A beautiful flower

Of reds, greens and yellows

Rising from the earth

I didn't have the heart

To tell it

It was winter

Escape

I am a prisoner

Who dreams

Of someday escaping

Into a cage

That only

Your love

Could build

Changes

I lived in Japan
In the late seventies
And just revisited it again

I was shocked to see
How the size of the people
Have changed

There was obesity everywhere
Honestly... in was like
Being back in the states

I had a cat
In the late seventies.....

Tomorrow

The morning sun rose
Nothing special
It just rose the way
It always did
Day after day

And when day ended
I watched it fall
With a thud
Below the mountain line
As darkness fell hushingly
Over the land

When sleepiness overcame me
I let my head rest
On an old feather pillow
That was almost flat
From all the nights
I rested my heavy head

A heavy head
Filled with bygone times
And old man fears
That tomorrow
May never come

Zero

She is as holy
As a toothpick
But loves
To tell the world
How spiritual she is

She joins organizations
Religious groups
And churches
But never goes to church
Or board meetings
Or get-togethers
To help others
But she joins... nonetheless!!!

And of course
Her friendship
So "carefully" given
That's worth its weight in gold
Is priceless
Because its value is
Zero
Zilch
Zip
Nada
Nothing
Not worth the breath
That was used
In its offering

An Office Job

They gave me forms
And paperwork
And paid me
For eight hours a day
Plus vacation
And medical benefits
But it didn't matter
How hard they tried
I just wouldn't let go
Of my dreams

Drums

Forgotten

In the cold of winter

We devoured each other

To stay warm

Consuming

All the memories

Of our old lovers

Until nothing remained

But the love we shared

And the warmth

Of our bodies

Beating upon each other

Like sacred drums

C. J. Krieger's 2321st Poem

I have found
That I live a life
Of quiet desperation

I have found
That when it comes
To quiet desperation
If I look inside
It screams
Like a child in pain
Searching for comfort

I have found
That life is not fair
It's an uphill battle
That I fight
Each and every day
In the hope
I might change
What it is
I have found

Six

She walks
In the rain
As-though
It were sunshine
Falling upon her

She cares for nothing
Because her life
Is complete
Unfurled
Not a problem in the world

And as I watch her
I ask myself... why?
But the answer
Is so very simple
after all
She is only
Six!

Breakfast Views

Under a park bench

Just across

From where I sit

I watch a sparrow

Dancing about

Searching for breakfast

Under the next bench

I watch a cat

Watching a sparrow

Dancing about

Also

Searching for breakfast

Not Cancer

The lump had bothered her

For quite sometime

But after a physical examination

It turned out

Just to be her husband

Victuals

She keeps the kitty litter

On the outside porch

Surrounded by

Bread crumbs and bird seed

She never buys

Cat food

Freedom

Even though

The door was open

The bird sat in the cage

Content to stay

Within the comfort

Of the home it knew

It is said

That iron bars

Do not a prison make

Yet in this prison

I have made

I sit and wait for you

The Far Side

I remember

In the summer's passed

Heat

So oppressive

That each breath I took

Burned

Inside my lungs

I also remember

The cold winds of winter

Rushing in

Without warning

Blowing hard

Across the land

Driving

All the flies

Far away

Second Sight

She had a gift
Of seeing life
From both sides

When she looked
At life
From her point of view
Everything was
Understandable

And when she looked
At life
From my point of view
She could also understand
Why everything she saw
Was understandable

One!

How do I love thee?

Let me count the ways

One

Ahhh... one

Hmmm... one

Well...

There's always

One!

Between Two Bridges

She sits

On a road

Between two bridges

That she has traveled

Way too many times

And Though

She has traveled

Both left and right

Neither way

Leads anywhere

She wants to be

So she sits

On a road

Between two bridges

That she has traveled

Way too many times

A road

That leads

Nowhere

Six

She walks
In the rain
As-though
It were sunshine
Falling upon her

She cares for nothing
Because her life
Is complete
Unfurled
Not a problem in the world

And as I watch her
I ask myself... why?
But the answer
Is so very simple
after all
She is only
Six!

A Comfortable Old Chair

It's a comfortable old chair
That sits in the corner
Facing out
Towards the center of the room
While I
Watch her sitting
Her arms
Covered in age
And her hands
Gripping
In a vice like manner
The ends
Of the wooden arms
As she stares out
Into nowhere

It won't be long
Before that chair
Will be empty again
With its eyes
Searching about the room
For someone else
To replace
Its emptiness
Maybe...
Another old friend
Whose arms and body
Have fallen to time
And whose heart
Appreciates the feeling
Of a comfortable
Old chair

Lost Dreams

I watched
As my dreams
Tumbled and fell
Like a beautiful crystal
Sitting high upon a shelf

I watched them fall
In slow motion
As they went
Tumbling, tumbling, tumbling down
In what seemed like
... Forever

Until

Like a giant drop of water
Falling into a lake
In flawless synchronicity
I watched the sides
Rise up
In a perfect circle
Reaching all about

I watched
As my dreams splashed
All around the room
Covering the walls
And everything about

With

Lost hope
Lost expectations
Lost wishes
And yes...
Most of all...

Lost dreams

Zen Poetry

I watched
As the ink from my pen
Exploded upon the paper
With all the words
I had been carrying
Since early this morning

In each line
That fell
I could feel the weight
That had earlier
Rested on my shoulders
Tumble far away

As a poet
I have often wondered
If my pen
Had a soul of its own
Or did it thoughtlessly
Just borrow mine

Or maybe
I just foolishly thought
That these words
Came from me
Instead of really coming
From my pen

Soon

She has become
Like a thin Chinese tea cup
Placed upon a large rock
She has become... fragile
Afraid to go anywhere
Least she break

She sits outside
When the weather is clear
Reading the same book
She has read for many years
Painfully turning the pages
With crooked fingers

Occasionally
I see her smile
As the lines on her face
Seem to multiply ten fold
While she tries to remember
Why she is smiling

When the cooler weather
Dances around her
She wears a long soft scarf
Wrapped many times
Around her neck
To keep the cold away

Sometimes
She will ask me
"When will my friends
Be coming by?"
And I sit next to her
Hold her hand
And say to her
Soon Grandma... soon

Home

The sunlight
Broken by the branches of the trees
Poured through like spotlights
Upon the ground

Walking down the country road
His eyes took in the beauty
That could only come
After a wild autumn storm

Small animals gathering food
Scurried before the coming frost
And birds practiced for their long flight
Back to the southern grounds

It was a time of wonder
For almost everything
As he turned about
To begin retracing his steps

With a cane in hand
That landed with a thud
Just before the movement
Of his feet

He joyfully realized
Just like all the life about him
He too
Was going home

The Past

I peeked

Through the broken doorway

Where we use to hang out

As kids

But no one was there

Not even the ghosts

Of days gone by

I stood around

Wondering

How many others like me

Have come here to see

If any old memories remained

But the only thing that lingered

Was the dust of time

And an emptiness

That all the years past

Could never fill

Walking away

I could not bring myself

To look back

And finally decided

To no longer dwell

On the past

Old

Kissing her
While her teeth
Were in a glass
By the bed

Was like
Eating oatmeal
Without
A spoon

Growing old's
A bitch!

Sister Helen

Sister Helen died
But I remember her
Smiling
Especially
When Sue and I
Took her
To see the chimpanzees
At the San Francisco Zoo

Lying Eyes

Sometimes at night
Memories come rushing in
Tearing away reality's curtain
With recollections of days past gone

Staring at her from his chair
His eyes cut deeply
Peeling away the old skin
Of the elderly woman before him
Only to reveal the young girl
He had come to love

Though the years
Have buried her youthfulness
And time has taken its toll
His eyes could never see
How this girl changed
Into a tired old woman

A woman
Who just like him
Was so very happy
When they looked at each other
And their eyes
Lied

As Though

It was as though someone
Had misplaced a summers day
Into the early part of October
Only the leaves
Told of the difference
As one by one
And then in hundreds
Without so much as a breeze
Fell to the ground

It was as though
Today... this day, was fall
This day was the dividing line
Between summer and autumn
While before my eyes
Green changed to reds
And oranges and browns
As nature's foliage fireworks began

It was as though
This day
Was fall
As summer
Past quietly
Into the ages

Forever

She was like a shadow
That passes
Over a field of flowers
And just for that moment
Gives them reprieve from the sun

Or like a dream
That is so beautiful
That you want it to come
Again and again
And though it never returns
It will be a dream
That you will never forget

A dream
That you tell others about
Not that you want to share it
But in the telling
It helps you remember it
Forever

Morning

Her legs unfold
Like a tulip
In the morning sun

While I watch
The morning dew
Drip gently down

As the aroma
Of her flower
Embraces me

I watch
The pedals open
Calling out

To taste
Her sunshine
As I rise

I Dream

I dream

Soft and sweet dreams

In the blackness of the night

When the world

Is silent and dark

I dream

Of myself

Dreaming of you

And together

As our dreams embrace

I look at you

With open eyes

And I dream

Too

My love has fled
Over far distant hills
Laid much too long
In the noonday sun
And shriveled
Like an autumn leaf
In a winters wind

My love is gone
And with its passing
It has taken my heart
To someplace
I do not know
A place that even
In my old, old, years
I still hope to find

If you see my love
Please
Come find me
It will be easy to see
You will know it
As it knows you
By the way it smiles
And makes you smile too

Just My Luck

I couldn't believe my luck

When at two in the morning

She asked me to walk her home

I thought... wonderful!

When we got there

She kissed me on the cheek

And smiling... said goodnight!

I couldn't believe my luck

Who Ever Knows

The lights in the distance
Were the first sign
And as I walked up
To the front door
Of my apartment complex
Both an ambulance and police car
Were parked outside

It's a small complex
And in this place
We try not to pay attention
To anyone but ourselves
But as they wheeled him out
I couldn't help
But feel badly about it

I don't know his name
But he wasn't a loud neighbor
Nor nasty or angry
Not loving or friendly
Always had a quick hello
If he came within shouting distance
Or goodnight if it was late

No... I didn't know his name
Or what happened to him
If he was hurt or sick
Or became too lonely
Or just got too old
To deal with life
Like me

And as the ambulance
Pulled away into the night
I came to the realization
That there is nobody here
For all the hellos and goodbyes
That I have given with a smile
Who even knows my name

As They Will

Before they told me
I was dying
I took life very lightly
Because I did not know

You see... in my youth
Seconds were seconds
Minutes were just minuets
And the hours lasted forever

Ignorance is a mindless beast
That blindly dances
Carelessly achieving...
Nothing

But knowledge
Has changed my time
Lengthening each moment
Of my life

But as I try to find
Meaning in things
That never had meaning
At all

And as I near
That place
Where all livings things
Must eventually go

I have come to realize
That seconds are seconds
Minuets are just minuets
And hours will do as they will

Woodstock Is Gone

Woodstock is gone

My cottage which sat at the end
Of an old country trail
Lined with trees
Has been replaced
By streetlamps and a paved road
Called Market Street

I no longer see
The cold northern winds
Sway snow filled branches
Or the morning frost
Gathering on the bottom
Of my cottage windows

The sound of the forest
Has been replaced
By the movement of cars
In the morning
On their way to work
And in the evening going home

The beauty of a full moon
Surrounded by the brilliance
Of a million stars
Has been washed pale
By the brightness
Of city street lights

While I spend too much time
Wondering why I am here
Trying to understand
The foolishness that caused me
To sit and accept
What I have done... and why

Woodstock is gone

Wild, Wild Sex

For the last two hours

I tried

To think of something

Or someone

To write about

But sadly

Nothing came

So instead

I thought of a title

To a poem

That would grab

Your attention

And ended up with

Wild, wild sex

After which

I will get back

To writing

Lost Love

The moonlight
Fell upon her
So hard
That nothing remained
But the sound of water
Flowing through the forest
And trickling down
To the sea

I often
Find myself
Watching the rivers
Run into the sea
Calling her name
And listening
For her to call mine

Inspiration For a Poem

Four hours

Nothing yet!

Adam & Eve

It's just my opinion

But I really believe

That God made an error

He shouldn't have used a rib

In creating Eve

He should have used

A heart!

Good Morning

I could smell the sunlight

Fragrantly falling

Like a morning perfume

Over winter's tough skin

Sinking into the pores of the earth

As it sped along its way

I watched as the trees

Lifted their arms into the air

And waved them about

Endlessly trying to reach the sky

As if to say to God

Good morning

The Mortician

He knows nothing of their life
He cannot see how they danced
Or played, or laughed
He cannot see
How they touched others hearts
Or those that went before
And those who will follow

He is an artist
Who paints life into the dead
So that just for a moment
Family, friends and onlookers
May see him as he was
The father, the son, the man
And share between them
Tales of his life

He sews, and he knocks
He pins and hammers
Pulling here and pushing there
Adding color where it has gone
Combing and brushing
So we may come without fear
To look upon
Whosoever's time has come

It's a job
That someone must undertake
And when he finishes
There is nothing to do
Except say good-bye
Nothing left, but silence
And never... ever
Having to pay taxes again

The Miraculous Nature Of Life

I often watched the monsters
Dancing between the tall trees
As night chased my eyes
Into the darkness

I was so enchanted
By their wild dancing
That I sat on a toadstool
And stomped my feet to the beat

This is what life's about
I said to myself
As I watched them slowly fade
Into the morning sun

I often watch the children
Dancing between the tall trees
As morning fills my eyes
With miracles

Center Fallout

There are no consonants

No vowels

No words left at all

Your side of the bed is yours

And mine is mine

God...

How I miss the warmth of you

And the way we use to meet

In the middle

Words of Love

How I long for the warmth

Of a lovers arms

And the sound

Of a soft voice

Gently whispering

Tender words of love

When I awake

In the early morning hours

That... or a cup of coffee

The Chair

The rocking chair on the porch
Was old and worn
Most of the shine
Had long since dulled
By rain and many seasons
But it was her favorite chair
And more comfortable
Than any she ever owned

On sunny days
When the snow
Didn't cover most of the land
She'd take an old book
From the library shelf
And with a pair of glasses
Bought at the dollar store
Go outside
And read until night fell

These days
The book shelves are empty
And the house
Has an old musty smell
You know...
Like something
That has lain around
For a long time

But when the wind blows
The old rocking chair
Rocks back and forth
Creaking in an old voice
That is calling out
For a friend
Who has long since
Gone away

Sleep

I am from the old school
And truly believe
That things can be said
Or written about
Without the use of profanity

But at two in the morning
I really wish
That ?#@*&% dog
Would stop his f****ing barking
And let me sleep

Rain

The rains came
Falling heavily on the land
As I stood by my window
Watching the drops
Roll down
Into each other
Quickening their pace
Until they reached the bottom

The ground water
Came from everywhere
Rolling down, down, down
Into the small creeks
That fed the streams
That fed the brooks
Flowing into the tributaries
And eventually
Into the rivers that continued
Fall and tumble
Into the sea

Yes... the rain went on
Falling heavily on the land
While I stood at my window
Watching the drops
Roll down
Into each other
Quickening their pace
Until they reached the ocean
Which as far as I know
Has never
Ever
Been filled

My Wonderful Cat

My cat died
Several months ago
And to tell you the truth
I really miss her
Running around the house

But what the hell
She still looks cute
Even though she just lies there

Did I tell you
About this new smell
That has started recently

... Can't figure it out
Hell....
I cleaned the litter box!

Gone

They have all grown old
My mother, my father
Sister, aunts and uncles
Grandparents and all the rest
Gone

Lassie grew old
Rin Tin Tin grew old
I Dream of Ginie and Bonanza
All old and gone

MacDonald's is old
Berger King is old
Big Boy... is very old
Hell... even the great Wendy Burger
Is old

My life
And everything I've known
Since I was a child
Is old

Sometimes
I think about this
I think of the movies
Humphrey Bogart
Douglas Fairbanks Jr.
And Peter Lorie
And when they gallop away
On some horse
Or the camera flashes
To a barking dog
I say to myself
They're gone

I often stay up
Late nights
And look in the mirror
Saying to myself
Almost gone too

Spies

He was only nine years old
A secret spy
Watching the world
Between the spaces
Of an old pair
Of wooden venation blinds

A clever spy he was
Watching the enemy
In a blue uniform
Pick up and place information
Into a tin mailbox
On the front of his house

He watched his neighbor
Casually walking her dog
While in his mind
He thought to himself
Must be out
Searching for dissidents

Across the street
There was a gathering
Of young boys
Trying to cause disorder
By blasting this awful music
Throughout the neighborhood

Yes... there were spies
All about him
But he was going to
Save the day
By notifying the proper authorities
Right after lunch
And his afternoon nap

An Office Job

They gave me forms
And paperwork
And paid me
For eight hours a day

But it doesn't matter
How hard they try
I just wouldn't throw
My dreams away

The Key

Are you young or are you old
Can you feel the beating of my heart
Are you the one to make me whole
Or will you watch me fall apart
For years I've wondered who you are
Or where it is that you might be
This prisoner's waiting for your love
I am the lock
You are the key

Remembering

The visions and dreams

Of my youth

Replay

Like old tapes

But the joys

That that I had then

Fill me

Only with melancholy

They were foolish

Brazen ideas

That seemed to solve

All the problems

Of the world

But instead

They melt away

Like a mist

Over a cranberry bog

Or slip away

Like a sailboat

Into a foggy night.

Prisoner Of Choice

She has taken herself
Off the open market
And made herself available
To the wealthy at private auctions
Wearing only the finest
In silks and satins and sparkling diamonds
And though everything she wears is new
She herself is a hand me down
Shared for the price of Tiffany bracelet
Or an Oscar de la Renta dress
Longing for happiness
Praying that someone might keep her
Never seeing that she is the one
Who is kept

English

At the ATM machine
It wasn't the normal message
But it put a smile on my face
For the rest of the day

For English... push one
To learn English... push 2 !!!

In Lieu Of Understanding

He was as if an island cold
With frothy seas and biting wind
No land or ship would he adjoin
No comfort would he let ascend

He cut long gone his link to shore
And set himself upon this place
To free his pains of love insane
He writes in hopes his heart will mend

But still the wind does fiercely blow
As heavy rains torment the land
Yet through it all he still stands tall
And hopes someday he'll understand

Sleep

I met Ansel Adams in my dreams
He looked a lot like Stan Lee

I met Franklin D. Roosevelt in my dreams
We walked around for a bit

I met my X-wife my dreams
We were still divorced
I met my X-wife my dreams
We were still divorced
I met my X-wife my dreams
We were still divorced

Did I ever tell you I was married?

Did I ever tell you I was married three times!

I'm going back to sleep

Please Take Me Home

There is no land for me to stand
No angels left to sing
The stars that once had filled the sky
Have flown and taken wing

I do remember billowing clouds
In skies of pastel blue
And golden rays of long lost suns
That all have passed from view

Though we've grown old it's not our time
To shed this mortal coil
Your eyes still speak to me of love
That time can never spoil

My only wish, my one desire
Before we bid adieu
Is that when life has reached its end
You'll take me there
Into the air
Where springtime lives
Without a care
And not leave me
Alone and here
Please take me home with you

He Has Gone

He died
And that was it...
Once so famous
You couldn't go through a day
Without hearing someone
Mentioning his name

But the years
Caught up with him
As little by little
The world forgot
Who he was
And what it was
He did
Until... he died

I loved watching him
Bouncing about the movie screen
His spoken lines
Delivered
With such power
And eloquence
That he could touch
The very fabric
Of my soul

But all that
Was long, long ago
In a time
Remembered by few
Who themselves
Were following close behind

So you can understand
How much
I was affected
When I picked up the paper
And read the two lines
On the bottom
Of page 24
Of his passing

Someday
Maybe
Hopefully
If you would like
I will be
More than happy
To share with you
All I know
About
What's his name

The Past Is A Field

The past is a field
Driven deep beneath
All of my dreams
Where memories rest

In a field
From my youthful days
That I have tilled under
Over and over again

I can see the meadow
That sustained me
Diminishing
With the passing of time

And as I survey
All that is before me
All that has grown
From the work of my hands

I have found
That what remains
Is most certainly
The sweetest I have ever known

The Final Frontier

It was the first time
For both of us
As I stared
At your stunning ass
Long body
And silky jet black hair
Hanging loosely down

Each strand
A was road-map
Freely dangling
Over your breasts
While I nervously
Tried to explore
“Almost” everywhere

Somehow hoping
You might ask me
To trek south
And boldly go
Where no man
Has ever
Gone before

Hope

Though the darkness

Enfolds me

I would be

So very foolish

To remain here

At least

If I keep moving

Eventually

I will find

A place

Of safe haven

As long

As I keep

My faith

And my feet

Moving on

There is always

Hope

A Desert Sky

We sat next to each other
Under a desert sky
Filled with so many stars
That it took the moon
Quite sometime
To find a place to rest
And so very vast
That we could count
The passing seconds aloud
For my words
To reach her

Change

The summer's days passed
With a heat
So oppressive
That each breath I took
Burned
Inside my lungs

I also remember
The cold winds
Returning
Blowing Relentlessly
Across the land

Driving
All the flies
Away

His poetry resonates within me, brings peacefulness, and tranquility to my very soul. He uniquely "gets it". Congratulations on your seventh book!
Rich
Greenwich, Ct

I've owned "Pinacolada Child" since I heard of its publication. I've always admired his poetry and am looking forward to reading his new book of gorgeous, very visual poems.
Deb
Hamilton, OH

I have been reading his wonderful poetry and have found great amusement in the magical aspects of his writings!
Kimberly
Woodstock, NY

What great poetry... he is amazing! I hope to buy some more of his books this year, to sit and enjoy.
Lucy
Colorado

His poetry is mesmerizing and has touched my soul.
Marcia
Dallas, Texas

I Love his writing and wish him great success for his new upcoming book.
Carol
Canada

He is truly a blest and gifted writer. I wish him all the best
Emilou G.
Philippines

C. J. Krieger is without doubt an exceptional writer who is definitely worth reading. I especially like his humor.
Lillian
Texas

His economy with words always amazes me
Fay
United Kingdom

The End