

The Swing

I have memories of a porch swing
That I never had,
And a two story shuttered
Farmhouse on the hill.
The swing is on the corner
Of a porch that wraps clear round
Holding heart, and home and family
In it's grace.
I have dreams of wood slats creaking,
Of rusted links of chain,
Of gold fringed edging
On blue flower cushion seats.
Iced tea stains mark the surface
Of a table sitting near,
That started out its life a cable spool.
I have memories of great oak trees,
And to the East, a grove of Elm,
Where at Sunrise
I have watched the horses run.
As I swing I see fresh sprouts of corn
In rolling emerald rows
That spill across black soil
For miles and miles.
Come Summer those same stalks of green
Set pollen on the wind
To where I swing,
And smell the fragrant air.
In back there is a little house
That cousin Charles once said held slaves.
In truth, it was called home to hired hands.
Years later it would welcome back
The elders of our tribe,
Where Grandma grew moss roses,
And plum trees lined the lane.
I remember many, many things
In dreams of yesterdays,
That gives me comfort
In my daily Life.
I have memories of a porch swing
That I never had,
And a two story shuttered
Farmhouse on the hill.

The Shawl

Knit one, purl one.
Knit one, purl one.
Click, click, clickety click.

Pattern row, purl row.
Pattern row, purl row.
Click, click, clickety click.

Slip a stitch to the front.
Pass a sorrow over.
Slip a stitch to the back.
Pass off a woe.

Knit one, purl one.
Knit one, purl one.
Click, click, clickety click.

Psc
03/15/05

(Short Poems)

Corn row
Green in black soil field.
Corn row
Ebony braid with bead.
Corn row.

Psc
05/21/2007

Rug sale!
Elvis on black velvet.
Art sale!
Elvis on black velvet.

Psc
05/21/2007

How People Think

You say, "Tell me what you think."

I say, "This is what I think."

You say, "No.....this is what you think."

I say, "No.....that is what you think."

You say, " No.....you contradict yourself."

I say, " No.....I contradict what you say I think."

You say, "So.....tell me what you think."

Psc

10/01/05

Shadow Man

I see him, too.

In the corner of the yard,
His work clothes dusty,
His expression hard.

I see him, too.

Where he stands and waits.
Where he keeps his vigil
By the garden gate.

I see him, too.

Psc

09/05/2007

Salt Water

My tears are an ocean inside,
Who rises and falls on emotional tides.
Salt Water that purges,
That purifies and cleans.
The ebb and flow of a Life Time
That returns in my dreams.
My tears are an ocean inside.

Psc
10/06/2007

Cat Chat

The cats have started talking.
I don't know what they say.
My Bean, who never spoke a word
Now chatters all the day.

Psc
11/11/2007

Just One Man

I know a man
Who took the time
To prune a tree.
He did one thing.

I know a man
Who left some soup
For those without.
He did one thing.

I know a man
Who picked up a branch
For one who can't.
He did one thing.

I know a World
Who would be better served
By one more man
Doing one more thing.

Psc
11/10/2007