

Poems, Pictures, and Promises



AS MOUNTAINS GREW AND SEASONS TURNED
as mountains grew and seasons turned
the air was fresh and peace discerned
the ivy grew with roses and the wolf lay with the
lamb
no question was unanswered, at the start when life
began

but as he walked and lost his voice
to cries and tales of free choice
the garden weeds were sprouting, as their shepherd
walked away
the lamb began debating, from his pasture went
astray

as the sun beamed down his light
with his all vigor shining bright
the shepherd went and lay
beneath his rock for shade

and those fiery skies did burn
as if in yearn for our
return
to tend those garden
vines
forever and all times



MISTER OF THE SEA
Who are you that owns
the sea?

Thy crest is neat,
What name hast thee?

‘tis Mister of the sea
and yon;
My name discreet,
I live beyond.

I greet all who come thy
trail-
The lonely man,
Each brings a tale.

Why hide your face?
Unless I see,
A monstrous sir?
What form hast thee?

‘tis hidden ‘neath a
fiery blaze-
A whiff of myrrh-
You shall not gaze.

I talk above the
thunder’s roar,

The Heaven’s span,
Request thee, more?

Why dost thou call out to
me?

I shiver here;
What shall it be?

‘Tis you who must call out
My name-
Tell all who hear,
Release thy shame.

Go follow My begetting
voice
Through counts of sands,
You make the choice.



IMAGINE AND NEVER FORGET

Imagine the faces you
already know
Imagine the people you'll
meet as you grow
Imagine the bodies you'll
hold in your arms
Imagine the one whom
you'll love and you'll charm
Imagine the friends whom
you always keep near
Imagine the family you
love and hold dear
Imagine the faces whom
somebody knew
Imagine the people they
met as they grew
Imagine the bodies that
died in their arms
Imagine the ones who will
never know charm
Imagine the friends whom
they couldn't keep near
Imagine the families who
lost all they hold dear
Remember the one who
smiled so bright
Remember the one who
kept watch through the
night

Remember the one who tried
to see good

Remember the one who
saved whom he could

Remember the one who died
with belief

Remember Six Million who
fell like a leaf



THE MURUGROVE

In a faraway place for
human race

A Murugrove lives, all
dressed in lace.

What fur, what claygs the
whister holds!

Her hair so bright, the
dilckmin folds!

The box on left, in which
she lies,

Fulfills the need for odd
demise.

'twas sorrow left her
losing pace-

Threw her out without
much grace.

I knew the one who
called her sweer.

He fhinkled fast and out
of fear.

"I shall become what
needs me most!

The tyrant comes with, lo,
much grost!"

He called to her without
much arn-

Bywinkled by her
flaggost charm.

She ran to him with
sudden haste,

Flailing with the utmost
grace.

He twirled and then he ran
him out-

Befuddled in augmenting
doubt.

So

The Murugrove lives,
alone, her place.

Fuhdwhinkling, herself, all
dressed in lace.



UNTITLED

At last, before the eyes
Of sudden death I stood
Where turning head could
easy mean
A death of burning wood
At last, in front of King
And wrath upon his rage
With heart of stone, he
easy loan
Be punishment or sage
At last, it seems the end
Is nearer than the start
While beaming eyes
might hither fall
Upon wonderment of Art

SMILE

If one day I hap to meet
A face with mouth in
smile neat
I should surely like to
know
How I could make that
smile grow

AGO

The day at last, has come
once more
And nothing shall it bring
But remnants of the days of
yore,
That song that once heard
sing;
It hurries in without much lag
And carries heavy heart,
Bringing with an open bag
The one for which I part;
Alas, I cannot come to leave
Without a last goodbye,
On I go, in haste to breathe
And leave my past to die

MY MESS

This mess that lies upon my
floor
By me it was not made
'Twas little elves with little
hats
As I hid behind the shade

Bicycle Poetry:

1

Long do I await the rush
That fills my beating heart
And stills the pedals at my
feet
As that bike ride starts

2

When darkness on my seat
stay rests
Endurance of my brackets
test
The midnight ride I
frequent take
From the Churchyard to the
lake
I cannot tell how tires fare
Their treads as short as
newborn hair
Reflectors shine with all
their might
To keep my bike frame
glowing bright
Ah, sweet shifts derailleur
done
And cassette case click
there is not one
The fragrant scent of drops
of lube

Encase my tires, cranks, and
tubes
The turning of my chainring
keeps
My bike upright as it creeps
'Cross valley, rock, and hills of
death
As all I hear are chains and
breath

3

I think that I shall never like
A poem as lovely as a bike
A bike whose fork is carbon
framed
Shall kick your ass time and
again
A bike that kicked up through
the dirt
All that mud upon your shirt
A bike that may in winter run
Through rain and grime and
dirt and sun
Upon whose carbon seat stay
rests
An alloy top tube smartly
dressed
Poems are made by fools I like
But only G-d can make a bike

MY YOUTH

My behaviour from my
times of youth
Incredibly aberrant;
The manner I expressed
myself
Was slightly incoherent;

Unwonted ways,
And some may say
Most deviously insurgent,
Precede my name,
Although I claim
'Twas only my
divergence.

THE LITTLE CATERPILLAR

Along a little orange vine
The caterpillar climbed
He dropped his hat
Got mad at that
I can't believe this
rhymed



DOG

A pretty dog sits on my
couch
When you poke her she says
ouch

THE LITTLE MAN (FOR MY GRANDMOTHER)

There was a little man
He had a little hair
He did what he wanted
Because he didn't care

Shabbos Light

The Shabbos Queen with
Shabbos Light settles in with
Shabbos night; the challas
warmth, the candles bright
portrays our Nation's G-dly
might; with thoughts of
Torah, lessons told, and
mention of our Land of gold,
remembrance of our Nation
bold foretells the days we'll
soon behold.

NEW YEAR AGAIN
Sun rise, sun set,
throughout the year
And nothing ever
changed;
For ever a current will
appear
And nothing rearranged;
The grass still green, as
you have seen
And all remains
unchanged.

New thoughts and words
cannot be said,
For all were said before,
As people 'cross our
history led
Young people through the
moor.
And never one did pause
in fun
For all engaged in war.

An apple, sweet in drops
of pure
Honey from the bees,
Depict the Days that
we're assured,
Where peace shall grow
on trees.

There's much to learn but its
return,
As plentiful as leaves.

At last, a New Year through
the dark
We find before our eyes
A candle's flame, a tiny spark
We've hoped; it's no
surprise.
Our trust we voiced; with G-
d rejoice
And watch the New Year
rise.



תש"ח

In 5708, on the fifth of Iyar

In a land full of history, glowing under the stars,
With mountains and deserts, and valleys and seas,
A people, a nation spreading forth in the breeze.
Slowly they spread their wings through the sky
And though in their journey some live and some die,
Their life is the Land, as the Land is their soul,
And the present State brings what their promise foretold.
In the years that are coming, they see and behold
That their nation is growing, their land turns to gold.
The fire and thunder of progress goes on
Leading up to, in prophecy, the tambourine's song,
When the Nation shall triumph under one Might
And the Horse and the Driver will die in the night,
The blue and white flag stands high in the fight
As His People return and spread forth His Light.

Untitled – 1 September 2010

I understand the Shepherd and I understand the sheep; I
have wandered through the deserts, I have wandered long
and steep. In every valley that I've fallen, on every
mountain climbed, in every day that passed in silence, in
every noise I'd find, you have been the light my eyes
required and you have shown them well; you have been my
feathered cushion and were there each time I fell. In the
way you guide the world as feathers in the breeze, in the
way you light the dark as fire in the trees, I know you must
be with me and I know you can't be gone; I know you
wouldn't leave me, you are every breath and song.

UNTITLED

How sad it always seems
to be to watch a person
cry,
With mouth upturned,
they're inside out, and
hurting deep inside.
Whether friend or
someone new, it's always
just the same,
When fellow poked, you
feel the pain, cannot be
overcame.
What more it is when you
can't help or do not know
the cause,
When you see their lip
stuck out and watch
through world in pause.
The stars in Heaven lose
their shine; the world is
even dimmed,
For disagreement costs
too much, and more with
kith and kin.
When talking stops or
fists come out or lips
cannot hold down,
It seems, I think, the
cause forgot, respite
unless we drown.

What light is lost when dark
clouds forged, and dimming
of the hues!
How much more it's hard to
watch when the two involved
are Jews!





**A Dream is a wish your heart makes
when you are standing next to a friend**