

POETRY
(supposedly)

A WALKERS PERSPECTIVE

(symbolic of life)

✓ ? Smooth path winding languorously
beneath feet gliding in harmony.
Gentle breeze aids the pace of time;
revitalizing spirit, lithe legs, and mind.
Golden sun glistening on faceted rock;
sinewy steps around with ease.

✓ Rugged path curved monotonously
beneath feet plodding listlessly.
Harsh wind hinders the race with time;
vexing spirit, flacid legs, and mind.
Fervid sun glinting on jagged rock;
faltering steps around perplexed.

good

A TOTAL STATE OF GRACE.

(for Laura)

✓ Porcelain skin, peach
~~x porcelan skin x peach~~ hues blended in cheeks,
a ballerina, woman-child; a bit of grace in the spring of life.
Unpretentious, yet enticing, your subtle smile and perfect form;
your budding wisdom amazes: your gentle mirth engages. *Weak line*

Don't turn lines around → Enhanced by blue eyes, your flowing dress,
billowing like your fair hair in summer breezes.
A rather regal bearing you possess; with perception you're endowed:
brilliance of mind and spirit undaunted by life's yet gentle bluffs. *? dict*

By Autumn, my daughter, you'll surely have attained
blossoming of beauty and character acquired with passage of time,
and when winter yields it's fiercest blows,
by a total state of grace you shall be sustained.

A mother's perspective

*This poem is worth a little work.
Polish it. Rewrite it.*

A WREATH OF BLACK

New Mother, today I give to you a special dress
of rosebud pink, with tiny tucks and lacy innocence,
as a symbol of that exquisite stage of tender infancy -
but for a fleeting moment only, it seems -
that unique time when you reign in supreme significance.

If not for the sake of impropriety, I'd give to you a wreath;
a wreath of black, for this fresh occasion, as a symbol of my ~~greif~~.
Those prestigious years of eminence have passed, as has my efficacy -
but for a fleeting moment only, perhaps -
my precious offspring perceiving my council as mere inadequacy.

Forgive the burden of my most selfish ~~dress~~,
new mother, cradle your infant and don the dress;
that pink, tucked, fragile symbol of temporary perfection -
but for a fleeting moment only, as should be -
for tis only a sample gift in life's timely game of trundling transition.

Just a Thought

This morning a carpet of leaves I found
laid plushly upon the freshly raked ground.
A russet reminder of fall's subtle debut,
the essence of change in the seasons of life;
bold winter's prerequisite tossing askew.

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A TOTAL STATE OF GRACE.

(for Laura)

~~apricot~~ ^{PORCELAIN SKIN, PEACH} hues blended in cheeks,
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A Total State of Grace (For Laura)

Porcelain skin, peach hues blended in cheeks,
a ballerina, woman-child; ~~a~~ ^{a bit of} grace in the spring of life.
Unpretentious, yet enticing, your subtle smile and perfect form;
your ~~large~~ ^{budding} wisdom amazes; your gentle mirth engages.

Enhanced by blue eyes, your flowing dress;
billowing like your fair hair in summer breezes.
A ^{rather} regal bearing you possess; with perception you're endowed;
Brilliance of mind and spirit undaunted by life's yet gentle bluffs.

By Autumn, my daughter, you'll ~~probably~~ surely have attained
blossoming of beauty and character acquired with passage of time,
and when winter yields it's fiercest blow,
by a total state of grace you shall be sustained.

~~Handwritten scribble~~

~~Handwritten scribble~~