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First edition copyright 2005

Published by the Smithtown Poetry Society , P.O. Box 793, Nesconset, NY 11767

Copies available at;

www.the-smithtownpoetrysociety.com

Original artwork and poetry by Sheryl Minter

The Smithtown Poetry Society

USA \$19.95



The Desert Wind

Like candles on the water a sleepy town lies in the distance.
Smokey mountains sprinkled with sprigs of trees,
Pink clouds run atop the mountains peak. A castle lies ruined upon the hillside,
surrounded by the waters edge. I can almost hear the thawed brooks roar,
a dog howls in the wind
to the rattling beat of this train's song.
Stacks of silos scattering barns,
Structures that hang like louvers on broken window panes,
their shallow frames haunt me.
Blankets of cows cover grasslands with pierced ears,
Painted ponies upon clay painted sand,
where tumble weeds follow the desert wind.
Cars lie in graveyards of ruin dug in deep.
I slip through mountains like a silver ghost.
Where the thick pine and evergreen take root in rock.
Onward bound there is nothing but time and time becomes nothing

Arizona Highway

Your ghost walks on the horizon of my
shaken soul.
Visions of childhood before
me, the mirage on the highway, my
creativity flows.
The clouds, soft pillars of my tears,
harbor tender yester-years
of loves severed afterglow.
The tides of life
I ride, the darkness of its undertows,
the glassened smoothness where I still
fly with the
sudden grace of the eagles soul,
hovers over the the mountains aimless of where to go
from here. So many seeds of wild
grass like love still grows.
Flowering cactus caresses the pain & beauty of love
that has flown.

Dead Poet Walking

The poet in my heart lies sleeping
in your eternal rest
Buried the child within me
Orphaned into adulthood
to slip through time
like the thread of a needle
not yet delivered to the other side.

Sheryl Minter

Edgar Allan Poe

Young orphaned sad man,
bore the tortured man.
With genius that crossed just over the line.
Try to walk the straight & narrow
embrace both sides of a line so fine.

Where the heart wrenching, breaking
is heard through the hollows of the soul.
Where the earth harbors disillusioned,
her quakes ring out of control.

Evils darkness tarnishes the purest soul.
Creator of the black hole,
void of inward destruction.
The implosion of a dying star.
Fueled by alcohol & loves undying devotion.
This is the haunting reality of Edgar Allan Poe.

Gathering Moments

The reels replay within a silent picture
a relic that renews as it unwinds.
The years turn into fleeting moments,
frozen frames still warm hearts;

Phantom love walks on the shore
on the threshold of evermore
lined in sea shells I hear them roar,
mixed with damp pebbles a pillar of salt.

Where love found a nest
in your tender face.
Where the oceans curl took the form of a lip
to caress my heart with your tender kiss.
I wrap myself in a blanket of thought,
so tender, so soft.

Sheryl Minter

I Write

Our love affair has grown in depth & meaning.
You bring out the passion that burns within.
Stolen moments, quiet corners,
I bask in your glory.
Evenings candle's
glow romancing the fire that heats my soul.
I am quiet in your presence yet say so much.
I am lost in your love, your merciful touch.
Patience, my love, don't rush the brush of
the pen that slowly unfolds to the end of our love affair.
Tonight I cheat on my love once more
stolen moments lost in the lines
written with care.
Tonight I write.

Sheryl Minter

In Her Shoes

I have stepped into another woman's
shoes, only the shoes will not fit
because they were not intended for
me. I wear her robe of illusions, her
crown of thorns, slipping over my eyes
blinding my vision with tears.
I have walked for many miles in her
shoes, I bear the blisters and callous
that was intended for her. I have slept
in her unmade bed, wishing to hide beneath
the covers, she left none.
I have borne the pain, carried her heavy
load, all her choosing, not my own.
Plagued by her shoes, never sizing up.

Sheryl Minter

John-John Kennedy

You lived in a white house
in a spot light of the sun
that peeked out from under the desk.

You saluted the darkness
of an eternal flame
that burned in your heart.

You spoke of a horizon
that was not vast,
you walked it with dignity.

Upon it you were immortalized.
I pray the ashes cast upon the waters
come back in happiness ten fold
for the Camelot you loved
and for two beautiful souls.

Sheryl Minter

Living in the Eye of the Storm

I grew up where the Weeping Cherry
extended its tendrils merely enough
to tease my face with the suns warm
glory diminishing. The flames licked
my eyes with splendor, burning its
imprint into my lids. This red sun,
that hid behind closed eyes astute
in my subconscious blindness,
haunts me even when the shadows
effervescence lingered into the silence.
Dragging me into dreams. The
subconscious retreat from reality.
Sand castles on the water big enough to
sleep in, and a prince on white Arabian.
I would leave this place forever. On the
back of his steed, scooping out
horseshoes across this yard. Leaving one
last footprint for my parents to clean
in their empty nest.

MOM

Your heart placed within His embrace
as I stand cast away by your side.
Where tears can not hide, where heart & pain collide, a new horizon awaits that divides
us in two...hidden behind soft clouds & skies of blue.
Faith, Love still connected me & you.
From our hearts, heart to heart and a memory or two...worlds apart I feel so close to you.
In heart & soul I feel you near and I know that somehow part of you is still here.
Watching over, wiping tears as they fall.
Faith my only strength as we turn the page.
I am ripped from your womb as you are reborn...you endure in my heart and in every love
song.

Sheryl Minter

My Maltese

Is my little one
with a smile that melts my heart.
My little dust bunny
that hops along with sunshine.

My little one
with eyes that sparkle of mischief,
my little angel with tilted halo
with flowing hair I like to wrap with a bow.

My little one
with the inborn innocence of a child
my baby who will never grow past adolescence
and makes life worthwhile

Petrified Portrait

desert skyline
rich plateau
burnt offerings
against the sunset
shadows of the heart
cast in stone
loves overtones
masked by darkness
cold cactus
turned inside out

Keeping Time

Father time takes his toll
as the clock chimes the
hours away. Still...
we buy clocks and watches in
effort to keep time

Poetic Law

Possession is it not nine tenths
of the poet's law, the unwritten
tearing at the soul in desperate call;

Control, the loss we sustain
inwardly; poetically insane.

Passion burning at both ends
along the fine line of sword and pen.
Intense suffering an artist bears
in written explosion to papers tear.

Masterpiece, the final chapter
to one, merely another just begun.

Somewhere over the rainbow bridge

My dog runs free
free from the worries of my world
my dog dreams of me.

Somewhere over the rainbow bridge
my dog's eyes are bright
Working on the daily mischief
Warm in Gods loving light

Somewhere over the rainbow bridge
my dog feels my love
God's hands gently hold him safe
in our memories.

Somewhere in heaven
is the rainbow bridge
my dog is with my loved ones
Just over the rainbow bridge.

Someday when I am older
we will all meet again
Somewhere over the rainbow
we will start our lives again.

State Of Shock

twin towering infernos fallen angels of hells fury
ignite sorrowful black clouds in our hearts
buildings once filled with life of loved ones
of our country
built on dreams that touched the sky
now lie before us
the eye of the storm is before us
giving birth to terrorism in our country
our skyline forever changed buried
in a country that views all as equal it is hard to accept
the infidels who murdered innocent victims
broken buildings raise broken families
united in rebuilding country family
across the nation
Manhattan, sir real portrait
of debris turning many an American patriotic
waving flags to one another
in unity of strength and sorrow

The Angels of my Dreams

The wings of a dove
one hundred fold
the breeze from them
rushes through my hair.
Whispering breezes,
brilliant light
blinds you from my sight.
Beauty beyond comparison,
no portrait just.
I am lost in your love-
your merciful touch.

**A dove soars despite
Broken wing her spirit not
Easily broken, sweetly sings.**

The Dance of the Snowflakes

The dance of the snowflakes
as they dust the vast
horizon in titanium winter white
each one a Picasso in shape, an
original, minute, free form ice sculpture,
from the abstract to the unobtrusive,
from the symmetrical to the intricate.
The imprinted wonders glistening in
beauty, adhering to our lashes, brows
and clothes stinging our skin,
burning our toes.
Composed menagerie among the inclement
weather, inordinate in its falling,
enticing us to observe, to touch, to
step into a second childhood!

The Garden Gate

She opened the garden gate and walked through
The sun rejuvenated her soft form
The flowers caress her as she passes through
The wind lightly carries her soft song
Funny she said that she has a brown thumb
Thinking back it was her mom whose thumb was green
Timeless garden paved in a golden memory
Fragrant English garden established so long ago
Echoes memories of so many yesterdays
When all of us walked through the gardens gate
When love was aglow in our family tree
She took her mothers hand she did not look back
The gate closed on me I withered to the ground
The red roses ensnarling the gate
Cuts me deep with their thorns of love that has gone
Through the gate torn between being here and now or
With those who walked another lifetime with me

This Little Piggy

I love to be in the yard underneath
the old gnarled oak tree.

To lean into it and wriggle my body
against it until I shake some leaves
free. I love it just before the mow
when the grass is tall and fine,
a dandelion here or there for a feast
that is divine. I love the summer
days when I bury myself in the hay,
I settle in for my afternoon siesta
and dream of bobbing apples in the
pool when I awake.

I love the earth's natural baby
powder of sand, to stir it with my back, rooting myself with the land.
Most of all I love how my family loves
me every second of the day. Our long walks
in the yard, playing in the hay. The pedicures and hoof dressing,
the moisturizing baths, the tender
loving hands that love every little task.

To Tell You Again

The air I breathe dissipates
heated molecules on the rise.
Clouds fallen from heavens grace
seem to sink to the ground as I rise.
Stars loose the lust for the sky
to find a home within the pupils of your eyes.
My heart it beats in time with yours,
carries the tune of forgotten poem & song,
lunges from the cavity of my soul
Mind alive, images emerge out of control.
A billion thoughts collide as one
to leave me with a loss for words.
Still, I can not believe it's me
that fills so fully that unforgettable gleam
and forms that mischievous smile
from two tender folds of skin
that touch my lips
to speak to the poetic voice within.

Forestwood

Nestled in a wooded suburb
On Long Island, New York was our
Home on Flamingo drive. In front
The Weeping Cherry blushed pink as
Linda and I wrapped a hand around
Her trunk to circle under the
bursting weeping cherry blossoms.

In the back a Weeping Beech that
Towered high as the clouds beneath her
Sheltering branches. We dined our
incredible tea parties. We
invited everything from dolls to
frogs to sip our watery tea.

Or perhaps a not missed cookie
from the jar on the shelf.
I named the weeping tree Daisy
In Irony of her terrific
Splendor, her might. She was our large
Castle, our home away from home.
Her branches cradled us from view.

Just behind her were Blueberry
bushes & a path we followed
to gather berries in upturned
shirts and skirts to enjoy with our
tea and cookies celebration
to enjoy with our many friends.

Our imaginary car the
Teeter Totter, flew like the
Wind rushing through our hair, it took
Us to our wildest dreams and
Beyond in youths celebrations.

,

**I am in tune with
The melody refined through
life's repetitions**

Just Beyond Our Reach

**Although the Weeping Beech left that
Place shortly after me-
I remember being sheltered beneath her tender leaves.
As children we gathered to sip make believe tea.**

**Our childish laughter still echoes in
Soft memories,
Love nestled beneath her tender leaves.
Birds serenaded just beyond our reach,
Just beyond our reach.**

**Although I still go there in my mind
The years have tangled onward to pass
That simple time.**

**A time I still remember with ease,
A time that remains just beyond our reach.**

Grandma's House

**There on the ground a Poly-nose
Tiny memory of my youth-**

**Long legs dangle on a tricycle
Well loved and worn
The sun twinkles stars through leaves
Of an old knarled oak
Rainbows dance in every sprinkler.**

**The familiar bumps of that old
City sidewalk, covered in Poly-noses,
I carefully open it to reveal the
Sticky middle and place it on my nose**

**I pick the Poly-nose up and place it in
an old book for future memory**

In The Distance

**Dusk creeps on the horizon.
Shadows barely seen in dim light.
The candle's flicker stills in the
Gentle breeze of twilight.**

**A familiar traveler passes by,
Brief flecks of light adorn starlit skies.
Kindly face
Illuminates the night.**

**In the distance the nicker of a
Newborn foal
With soulful eyes of a doe.
Oversized legs that wobble,
He stands on stilts.
Thirst for survival,
Mother's warm milk.**

Tears That Wipe The Face

**A whisper in the wind
Timid voice eases into
Tears that wipe the face.**

**Sorrow moves the pen
Whispers to folds of ten
Tears wipe the face.**

**There is no pain a poet endures-
Each tear that falls never fades to obscure-
Words of a tarnished heart upon the page endures
In the tears that wipe their face.**

A Muse

**I sit in total silence
I look to the intricate
Voices in my mind
I come to a conclusion
I really should get out more!**

Living In The Eye Of The Storm

**I grew up where the Weeping Cherry extended its tendrils
Merely enough to tease my face
With the suns warm glory diminishing.
Burning its imprint into my lids.
This red sun, that hid behind my closed eyes
Buried astute in my subconscious blindness,
Haunt me even when the shadows effervescence lingered.
When I laughed it hid in vain.**

**Inside our house was solace masked with sunshine.
Burning images in my mind.
When I climbed into bed I could hear my parents whispers
Grow lower into the silence.
The total darkness of sleep crept In dragging me into dreams.
Dreams , the subconscious retreat from reality.
I dreamed of a right future,
Sand castles on the water big enough to sleep in,
A prince on a white Arabian steed.
Someday would come for me, and I would leave this place forever.
On the back of his steed scooping out horseshoes across this yard.
Leaving one last footprint for my parents to clean in their empty nest.**

**When my dad left, suitcase dragging scuff marks to his car,
His head turned down, he never looked back.
He rode that brown car away from this place, I watched with my wheels turning,
Spinning around in my head. It was the beginning of a long nightmare.
This was the calm before the storm, he never did return to this place.**

**Just one year later we followed him down the road.
Dragging our suitcases and furnishings,
The sun burning imprints my wet eyes. I did not look back.
Not at my friends, my home, or the window that now looked into my room.
The new place was not as bright, the sun refused to shine there.
The storm ravaged my heart, ripped me into two sides, his and hers.
My father never visited this place. My tears built the pillars and bars
That imprisoned my heart, broken spirits never fully heal
Time only heals to the severity of the losses withstood.
Do we really stand during them?
This storm stood right over our dark, empty doorway.
Rained its lousy downpours for seven years, loves famine hit hard.
We hungered, we remembered that tranquil place where we were a family.**

**My prince did arrive and went just as he came,
It didn't surprise me, I dusted the dirt from my pants,**

Picked myself up and got on with life.
My mothers prince had come too.
Being of royalty he did not work, and we hungered for days.
The sun did not shine in this place, not for very long.
We left shortly after our mailbox was full of poetry and love.
The letters started coming as a big surprise, like a veil that is without an end.
Dad did ride down this road to take us back to that tranquil place.
The sun burned its imprints in my eyelids, and my sons too.
He grew , like the cherry that blossoms.
He rode off in search for his princess, and never returned to this place,
Except to visit every now and then.

Reflections of the Soul Turned Inside Out

Death is a social burial.
A ural that haunts eyond the grave.
It exists merely in a whisper
Hidden from children, old and sick alike.
It is almost a breech of contract in life,
With the exception that it is everlasting.
It severs relationships, without means to this end.

Nothing.
That chill that settles in the one just aove the grave.
When the hearse rolls y like a black silent cloud.
Is there nothing left of the soul here?
Just the bitter remains of one scorn y death again!
I walk the lonely road to my car, lights off.

The clouds they haunt me,
Spirits float just beyond my reach.
The flowers tease me with the smell of her perfume,
The trees reach out to her
Even they are closer to her than me.
These roads are paved in grief.

Death, that open heart surgeon,
Severed two major arteries in my life.
Orphaned, abandoned, alone.
I always say that time only heals to the severity of the loss,
It is very hard to heal when so many names in the sand are erased
by the rushing waters, heart and all.

Memories & Lace

The table was dressed in cloth and lace
Embellished with wildflowers from the garden
Who visited each spring.

The silver glimmering in the light
That was seeping through the window;
The table invited raenous hunger welcoming you to a chair.

As we were seated, smile's sun swept across our faces,
Memories filled our conversations
And our hearts.

On the Threshold Of A Dance

Storm clouds gather, shake free
Of condensations bloated weight.
Swirling portraits dance midst
The dark skies to the sun obliterate.
Circling raindrops, the grass awaits,
Seeping into the roots of trees instantly,
Late. Quenching in its soak
To thirst full foliage, trailing the storm
A rainbow vast, newborn to the peeking sun
Brillianlyt growing bright, bursting free
To cover the sky with light. The speckled
Day lily's come to life in vibrant bursting
Blossoms unfolding, as blades of grass
Commence to stand tall. Springing to life
Without boundries in upward dance,
On the threshold of consciousness
To the sun's romance.

Monumental Lincoln

Great emancipator of truth etched forever
In freedom fields,
Stood tall with open mind reflected in
Brilliant speeches
Beyond present time
Inspirational influence to society divine,
Presidential bard
Turned inside out the colors of our heart
With poetic charm.

The Arrangement

Eighty eight pieces to the puzzle
To which you hold the kea run in progression
Enchanting echoes in chambers
Mathematical flats lay dormant
Scales are shed
Dominance prevails
An arrangement
Sings within a sound
Caressing my ear
Captivating my heart.

See the Weeping Willow Tree Alone

See the Weeping willow tree
alone in the meadow where flowers once grew.
Where love and laughter made life anew.
Where the sun would dance and sing
Rejoice at everything.
Where the water moved along merrily &
White doves spread their tiny wings.
See the grass now rown and wilted
Buried eneath two hearts so sad
Saying goodbye to the love they once had.
See the water once filled with a bright reflection
Now grey and still with no direction.
Picture my little one-
The light shone in her eyes from morning until days done.
I wish you joy in your meadow anew
I'll never spend a day without you
Forever you dance within my heart
Whether we are together or apart.

Cradled Love

**Love flows in cradled hand
Tenderly wrapped in
gold band, clasped it runs out.**

Writer's Memoirs

Passion lurks within the
Writer's realm of unspoken
Reality. Words nibble at my
Ears provocative yet tasteful.
Memories linger in my mind
Invited charmers from way
back when. Back in images
fresh as just today.
Vanishing yet yielding
In profound thought,
Words worthy of the pen.

Metaphors

Your words wrapped around my intelligence in
Brilliant syllables reflecting in
Your eyes. Wisdom flowing to my heart in
Conversation worth my while. Your hand reached mine
On the rose I caressed. Inhaling its
Fragrant beauty, absorbing the message.
Your lips rushed mine as we sat like two metaphors
Beneath starlit night. Searching beneath the constellations
Through telescopic eyes. At dinner the
Silence golden as the flame flickering
At wicks end on white lace cloak and you my
Friend, leaving part of your face masked by darkness.
Shadows luring me to touch you, to see
if you are real or just an illusion
answering my lonely heart, fulfilling
my growing void within the sounds of silence.

A New Dawn

Tender is the heart that breaks
Beneath the warm harvest moon.
while a myriad of stars dance
and cooing pink winged doves swoon
whispering waters gently flow
like the words of Edgar Allen Poe.
Ghosts of a thousand yesterdays
That haunt without repose.
And night settles in until
The new dawn seeps through soft and still.

The Painting

**The starry night
Of mosaic motion
A phantom left behind
By a madman.
A galaxy seen by
Van Gogh's eyes
An evening's still
Sweet demise
Now bursts with life,
The valley closes in
Brings us nigh
To the stars
That cannot be contained
The lone wood
And Vincent are the same.**

Mozart

Possessed by one hundred angels
singing in your soul,
a youthful cherub
mischievous and quite old.
You caressed each note with
feathery quill.
Your voice instilled
In everyone, your laughter
And deepest pain.
The very weapon
That drove you insane.
By the hand of Amadeus
Driven by jealousy, and
The love and hate he held for you.
Robbed us of so many symphonies
Still unborn today.

**A poem is merely
The outline of someones soul
Exposed on a page.**

Dragging Time

Dragging time , en-capsuled now in a memory.
Raising spirits through thought of unconditional love
Rushing forth towards the light of love, or the fire of passion.
Devil's advocate playing with our soul.
Temptuous horns we wear
Floating amidst angel's halos.
Hold the hands of father time
Tie them tight behind his back.
Dragging time, preserving the spirit of today.

Dusk Walks on The Horizon

Dusk walks on the horizon
Beyond the light of day
The unwritten knocks upon the door
Future dreams await.

Dreams drift past my conscious mind
Into a field of retreat
Images undated by time stilled momentarily.
I slip into reality and the silent arrival of a new dawn
The dreams will keep
I open the door.

A face in the Night

I hear the beat of your heart,
Yet I cannot see you-
The hours twist and turn.
I know you are there,
Your face a mere glow in the darkness
I am comforted by its familiarity.
Until your hands meet daylight
You alarm me,
I wake up to the realization
You have done it again,
Lulled me into a false sense of security.

On Thin Ice

She walks on wafer thin ice
A skater in asence of blade.
To cut through, to chisel
With the grace of an ice sculpture
Wrapped in wool, scarf and sneakers
Rubber cripple
Noble adventuress
No security
To walk on thin ice
No rink.

The Force Within

Lightning strikes
Rarely twice
Upon the same charred shores.

Drift away
Distant place
Sizzling bolt
A brilliant pace.

Light to dark,
Within a single second
Shattering dreams with
Crackling force
Driven by destruction

Brightly veined in
Vast black skies
Of the mistress' eyes.

My Lady

Her beauty astounds me
She is never without just the right words
Lingers on my mind
Although sometimes she throws you a curve
Diversion one must sort out of the conversation
What does she have in store
My beautiful metaphor.

The phantom of youth rejoices through time
A webbed kiss of death to a simpler life.
Intricate voices mature to speak out,
Erases curiosity beyond doubt.
Fantasy lingers in the subconscious mind
In shadows of childhood that never die.

Dance in my soul lightly, they never die.
Search for the phantoms undying through time.
Rebellious whispers flow like rainbows in my mind.
A teens eerie impressions of shattered life,
Dreams of phantom youth clouded with doubt
Wearing masks of confusion to break out.

A kaleidoscope world that seems down and out.
Dreams, however unfulfilled refuse to die
Refuse to lie down in the shadow of doubt.
Eternally alive throughout passing time.
A spark of passion that ignites my life,
The driven fire that ravages my mind.

Relentless phantom of youth refreshes my mind,
Turbulent trials and errors sorted out.
A haunting ghost that guides me through this life
Some eerie and ghastly, these memories never die.
Others cherished, ingrained through endless time.
When the two apparitions collide there is doubt.

Do the shooting stars perish without doubt?
And the dream that is real live within the mind?
It carries my heart lightly throughout time.
The astral that refused to be wiped out,
An invisible star that can never die
There solely to thrive throughout my life.

To enrich me with its brilliance all through life.
To remove the shadowy clouds of doubt,
To at last rest peacefully, then to die.
Awaken mature adult, clear mind.
Childhood hauntings miraculously sorted out.
Keep the treasures, learn the lessons through time.
Fantasy and dreams will surpass present time
Driven by wild rainbows of an adult mind,
For these gifts of phantom youth never die.

