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## Awaken My Heart

It has been so very long  
Since my heart has come to life  
At times, I forgot it was even there  
But the first time we did chat  
I felt it leap and jump and shout  
Now, even to see your name  
I feel my heart glow and pound.

The moment you come in to view  
I want to run to your open arms  
But decorum and reserve,  
They leave me in my stead  
I want to tell you the secrets I have,  
Let you see inside my heart  
But the walls are such a fortress  
I fear you will not see the light.

My darling one I'll take your hand  
As it is offered to a friend  
There will be moments of sadness  
And moments of glee and  
Times of tenderness, too  
But through every tear, every smile  
Every laugh and every sigh  
Your hand in mine will give us  
Strength to walk, to run, to be.

## China Heart

High up in the cupboard  
Pretty, prim and clean  
Hardly ever used  
Rarely to be seen.

It may break, it could chip  
It is so fragile and fine  
We cannot use it everyday  
It must be saved for a special time.

Just like a china plate  
You sit behind a fortress strong  
Rarely seen, seldom used  
From being treated wrong.

Everyday the fortress grows  
Ever strengthened by fear  
Layer by layer it went up  
Row by row, tear by tear.

The fortress seems so very old  
And yet somehow, also new  
From just a tiny scar  
The walls, they grew and grew.

With every heartbreak  
And loss of gentle love  
The walls were built around  
Now the lid goes on above.

The china heart has beauty,  
Is dignified and strong  
It has a deep, sweet longing

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To love and to belong.

One day there will come a soul  
Brave and strong and true  
He will break down those fortress walls  
With love he has for only you.

Until then the walls stay up  
But they crumble, bits at a time  
From little tokens richly bestowed  
By friends so pure and kind.

## Words of Tears

Tear drops roll down my pillow  
as blood trickles from my heart  
ripped, torn and mullied to bits  
by betrayal, cruelty and lies.  
Lying in a salty puddle  
remembering our days gone by.  
Aching to hold you close once more  
thus, for both, our pain to ease.  
Too many others between we two  
by them, too many words were said.  
Somewhere, lost, the only two  
too few words lie dormant and still.  
Now, nothing but tears are shed  
from a heart broken by you.  
Perhaps in time the pain will ease  
with a Q shaped scar left behind.

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## A Rose In The Old Oak Tree

In the middle of a shaky land  
growing taller everyday  
as old as the roots are deep  
sweet refuge for birds in the sway.

High up in the top  
growing ever so rare  
beautiful and fragrant,  
a rose beyond compare.

Then the day did come  
when the Father from above  
gently reached down His hand  
and picked the rose with love.

Her nest may be empty,  
but her scent will always remain;  
for none other could e'er replace  
MamaD's sweet refrain.

## Love's Forgotten Road

I choose to take the somber  
    path less trod  
though it curves and turns  
    and appears to have no place  
    to set a steady foot.  
The other path, to some more appealing  
    boasts of meaningless sex and  
    superficial liaisons lasting  
weeks, days or merely hours.  
The path, these days, less taken  
    the rough road to true and  
    everlasting love, is the one path to  
    deliver pieces of gold along the way.  
Then once to the end, a pretty  
    black pot to hold all the  
    cherished memories of  
Love's forgotten road.

## Billie

Voices to sing along with  
in the wide world of Jazz.  
Louis and Bessie  
providing hours of glee.  
Entering a realm they would  
one day claim her own.  
Lady Day stood her ground  
when "Strange Fruit" needed to play.  
Music for the world she did give  
pleasure to all who would hear.  
Eleanora Fagen she would  
no longer be.  
Adoration we bestow to  
Billie Holiday.

## The Greatest Battle of CuChulainn Flanagan

A dark cloud hung over all of the Islands that are called Lost. The whole of the Flanagan Clan was in a state of mourning as the beautiful Queen Lugh was laid to rest high atop Dani's Mountain. Queen Lugh had been struck down in the prime of her life, the youth of her reign. Everyone stood in shock trying to come to terms with a tragedy such as this. Surely chaos would ensue. The Islands that are called Lost lay vulnerable, open to vicious attacks from the Dragon Lands. Who would guide them and keep them safe?

With no other options, Prince CuChulainn, Princess Emer and Lady Ryanne gathered at the palace to confer on the fate of the Clan and the Islands that are called Lost. Hours were as days and days seemed like weeks as the trio wept and talked.

The likely heir, Prince CuChulainn, admitted in his grief he could not undertake such a task. Princess Emer felt that her tenderness and gentility would be deemed as weakness to the Dragon Lands and bring about unwanted attacks. Finally, Lady Ryanne, by virtue of being Queen Lugh's closest confidant, made known her thoughts for the future of the kingdom and the Clan.

Prince CuChulainn, Princess Emer and Lady Ryanne each possessed traits and characteristics needed to lead the Kingdom and ensure the future of the Flanagan Clan. However, they would best be served joined together. The queen's trusted messenger, Gwynn, was commissioned to spread the news throughout the Kingdom that Prince CuChulainn, Princess Emer and Lady Ryanne would stand shoulder-to-shoulder to fortify the kingdom against all enemies, known or concealed.

Each of the three set about establishing themselves in the areas they were best suited to. CuChulainn's first order of business was to erect a memorial to Queen Lugh. He chose to build a pub on Flanagan Square where Queen Lugh's Irish Stout would always flow. A place where the clan and any others on the Islands that are called Lost could go to meet, dance and just be merry. With his hands and the assistance of those closest to him, Prince CuChulainn built Flanagan's Pub exactly

as you see it today with its gaming area and sweet garden to be enjoyed by one and all.

The months and years went by and the three watched as the kingdom and the clan grew. Subjects of the kingdom joined the clansmen regularly for dances and festivals at the pub. Then one day a newcomer ventured in to join in the festivities. The damsel was greeted outside the door by the prince and given direction by Lady Ryanne to maneuver her way through the crowd. However, the damsel, being shy, was overwhelmed by the number of people in the pub and proceeded to just walk around and take in everything around her. Unbeknownst to the damsel, she had caught the eye of the prince. He watched as she toured the areas of his creation until she landed in another room. As she admired the craftsmanship in the small gathering room the damsel was joined by the creator and listened intently as the prince explained the history of Flanagan's Pub.

Prince CuChulainn offered his hand in friendship to the damsel who gracefully accepted. The pair would meet every day to share stories and seek out adventures throughout the kingdom. One day as the tender friendship began to blossom, tragedy struck again. This time the plague sought out and struck down another one closest to the prince. Hastily, Prince CuChulainn fled to the side of his fallen comrade leaving the damsel to watch and to worry.

This was the third time one so close to the prince had been slain. Advisors reported that a dragon had entered and was responsible for felling the queen and her two knights. The prince rent his tunic and went directly on a quest to find the dragon within.

Upon his steed, Prince CuChulainn sought his quarry beginning on the road which led to the Dragon Lands. This road took him passed the home of the damsel, but in his emotion he did not see her strolling nearby. She waved and stood in fear with a tear rolling down her cheek as her dear friend rode toward a battle which could prevent his ever returning to her side.

As the prince rode on, his visualization became more intense. There wasn't one inch of the kingdom to escape his eye. In rock formations, buildings and caves he was relentless in his search. However, while CuChulainn searched for the plague

bearing dragon there were eyes watching him with the same amount of intensity. From high upon his perch, Bro`n swooped down and began circling CuChulainn till the weary prince was forced to stop.

With a wingspan that far exceeded the palace wall, three heads each breathing the hottest fire and a long tail filled with poisonous barbs the dragon, Bro`n, kept CuChulainn at his mercy for days. Day after day the prince wearily knelt by his steed as Bro`n circled, taunting and tormenting him. One by one the heads of the great dragon took turns hurling insults and lies at CuChulainn.

Bro`n performed tirelessly picking up on those areas that brought CuChulainn the most pain and then throwing a continuous barrage in that direction wearing the prince down even more until CuChulainn's physical health was in peril. The mighty dragon used every weapon he had to bring CuChulainn to doubt. He doubted his own worth and actualization. He even doubted the loyalty and honor of those closest to him, those he called friend.

News was received in the kingdom of the battle Prince CuChulainn was fighting. Friends who were able hurried to the aide of the prince, but they were unable to get close enough as they were kept away by the massive and powerful tail of Bro`n. They stood by and kept vigil knowing that CuChulainn was the only one who could defeat this brutal foe. Instead, they held up encouraging thoughts and sent out well-wishes to somehow give the prince the added strength and courage he needed.

Days and weeks went by as the steadfast and true watched and waited from a distance as the prince fought his greatest nemesis. CuChulainn felt within himself the warmth and strength that comes from truly being loved and cared for. This force within gave him the ability to rise to his feet and drawl his sword from its sheath. Bro`n continued in his cruel attack of the prince making every effort to drive him into a world of despair ~ farther away from those who cared for the prince.

With strength renewing every moment, CuChulainn raised his sword and began wielding it in a manner to deflect the darts hurled by Bro`n away from himself. Every time the lethal sneers were diverted CuChulainn gained more strength and power against his foe. With every blow diverted and CuChulainn gaining strength

and stamina, Bro`n diminished in strength and stature. Each minute to tick by CuChulainn could see members of the Flanagan Clan, his Clan, surrounding the battlefield and willing him to continue in the greatest battle he had ever fought.

Bro`n was not destroyed that day. Instead he fled with his life barely intact. He would return time and again as the prince knew he would. However, he would never be able to regain the power he once held over Prince CuChulainn Flanagan. CuChulainn learned that while a dragon may come from within to bring utter destruction, he held within himself the power to conquer such a foe by holding dear the love from those in the Flanagan Clan. Once again the prince rode throughout the kingdom upon his steed while peace and merriment reigned over all the Lands that are called Lost.

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## The Swimmer

As I plunge into your crystal blue warmth  
Security's secret residence  
Striving for -- gliding toward  
Picture perfect resonance.  
Each strokes exhaustive chore - till  
Rhythm meets her rhyme.  
Mind before matter I'm only  
Passing away the time.  
Then finally I realize  
I'm no longer in a race  
The ultimate is achieved  
A lovely swans peaceful grace.

## Through Water's Eyes

Taking a step  
I walk through  
Soft music lulling,  
Gliding me  
Entwining with color  
Bright, happy, sweet  
A gallery of  
Magic, beauty, love  
Butterflies and paper-whites  
From mountain, field, stream  
Drawing me further  
Into a watercolor world.

## The Dance

In a gown of silken blue  
the fair maid glides in  
across the way in tux & tails  
the handsome gent approaches  
poles of brass circle around  
tied with bows of lace  
flowers with the sweetest scent  
scattered in the air  
stars twinkling above  
add glimmer to eyes twinkling below  
meeting across the circle  
eyes pierce to see  
the heart, the mind, the soul  
the eyes move the feet  
without uttering a sound  
soft music, sensual and warm  
wafts on the evening breeze  
each step toward center hope  
anticipation of one first touch  
meeting in the middle  
encircled by poles of brass  
he offers his hand  
with a gentle bow  
she curtsies and slips her hand in his  
no hesitation  
no anxious signs  
the music elevates  
to a waltz of grace.

## Texture

In swirls of blue passion the room fills with the aroma of times gone by seeking a fresh soul to explore and once again revive the sweet memories which will never die.

## I Wanted You

Looking deep  
deep inside  
searching for  
your face  
Once seen clearly  
now just a  
shadow of a  
past that could have been

There is longing  
a longing never to be filled  
realizing you  
will never be there  
never will joy sing  
with a kick or a turn  
excitement is stifled  
to never feel your growth

Arms meant to hold  
breasts set to suckle  
these lay dormant  
dormant and still  
desire, need, hunger  
my being is empty  
empty and hollow  
never to be satisfied.

## Ode To Your Pleasure

With a package of blue  
anticipation grows  
a glass of milk by your side  
small chocolate discs  
glued with the sweetest cream  
then separating the two  
only to enjoy the sugary creamy goo  
then together they fit  
but the milk you bypass  
to your lips a smile begins  
crumbs find their way  
to the table below  
your eyes close lightly  
your smile widens  
the visions in your mind bloom  
I breath a sigh  
as I watch in silence  
you offer me your last  
glancing down  
from your face to your pleasure  
a grin slips to my mouth  
reaching slowly you realize  
you have but one Oreo left  
horror I hear in your gasp  
then I take your milk instead.

## Little Girl Lost

I sit and stare at your photograph  
pretty and framed upon the table.  
I look into your eyes and wonder  
Where you went through this world so unstable.

There is no smile, nor sparkle in your eye.  
And the childhood wonder? It's all been dismissed  
Were they ever there as you played so free?  
I could not recall as I reminisced.

You always longed to be  
a child without a care.  
But the world you're lost in taught you  
only to sit, listen and stare.

Wearing the burdens of a woman  
your very age – times three,  
you were never allowed  
to run, have fun, play and be free.

You were very flattered  
at the age sixteen sweet,  
when others thought you older  
for you it was such a treat.

Now the years have gone by  
and you're older than before.  
Looking back and recalling  
growing up was a very big chore.

There was never a childhood or adolescence  
for which now you have paid the cost.  
Growing up too soon you want to go back  
in order to find That Little Girl Lost.

## What The Eyes Hold

Looking into eyes  
    deeper than the night  
I take a tender journey  
    to a kind, gentle heart  
One subtle step at a time  
    I linger longingly  
With each endearing glance  
    I drift closer still  
Pondering the warmth  
    and ardor I find  
This is not a journey  
    for one who walks alone  
With eyes that glimpse  
    to the depth of the soul  
Shedding light on  
    that which is true  
Moment by moment and  
    day by day  
I see in your eyes  
    the key to my heart

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## Searching!!

So many words I have inside  
so many words to say.  
Words, they run through my head  
but, my pen will not obey.

Ideas they float all around  
flitting to and fro.  
But written in a sentence  
the ideas will not bestow.

Where do I start, how to begin  
with words upon the page?  
It's driving me mad, I'll surely  
fly into a rage.

Listen up, oh pen of mine  
in my hand, take heed.  
If you cannot write for me  
then I shall have to read.

## Words

Trapped within a world  
where thoughts torment and tease  
swirling around inside my head  
if only to find release.

My mind is all a flutter  
filled with new and old  
I cannot seem to sort them out  
as weather turns to warm from cold.

But one day very soon  
I truly hope and pray  
the words they will spew,  
spatter, upon my page to stay.

## **The Windmills In The Mind**

The windmills in the mind turn slowly,  
toward the humble thought  
'till alas, for my poor mind  
they are greeted by tornado rage.

Swishing, swirling, turning about  
until the pen is finally in hand  
then spewing forth, geyser force  
the words will splash upon my page.

## **Passion**

Arms invite with smiles warmth  
a voice gentle and sure  
your eyes gleaming  
they whisper my name  
a quiet turn of my head  
I meet with your ardor  
with the smoothness of smoky brie  
and Rieslings' sweetest splendor  
sunshine's rays turn  
to moonbeam's glow  
wrapped in the savory aroma  
of tender devotion's spring.

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## Tá Mo Chroí Scríofa

It all started with a dream  
a dream I never had  
to write a lovely poem  
win a splendid prize

A dream I never had  
now a dream in my heart  
to win a splendid prize  
my words on printed page

Now a dream in my heart  
forevermore I will see  
my words on printed page  
my heart is written out

Forever more I will see  
looking back to the start  
my heart is written out  
for all the world to see

Looking back to the start  
to write a lovely poem  
for all the world to see  
it all started with a dream

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## No Beans About It

*(written for jellybean Day)*

The task at hand  
a bean of jelly  
for the life of me  
I can't understand  
No jelly, no beans  
the name it is odd  
pure sugar, one task  
to stick to teeth  
causing me ill  
Delight, others find  
for me nauseating goo  
so I pass the buck  
or sugar if you will  
to those who can  
appreciate the jellybean.

## As I Go

If I should wake before I die  
pray tell me only where I lie  
of melodies sweet  
a hummingbirds treat  
and gems sparkling in the sky.

If I should wake before life's complete  
Lull me back to restful sleep  
To dream of days far away  
When I would run, skip and play  
The folly of insightful lass.

If I should wake before life's end  
Have at my side the sweetest friend  
To recall evenings of delight  
dancing under moon's shimmery light  
facing tomorrow full of hope.

If I should wake before I die  
please don't dare breathe a sigh  
just turn and give a tender smile  
sending me that one last mile  
As I go so silently.

## Trying To Hide

Stepping into the great room  
filled with books galore  
two lone souls  
skittering about  
greetings muttered  
I sauntered in  
a corner for me  
I sat to view  
stumbling, fumbling  
rooms, elevators and stairs  
each new place  
my corner I find  
corners are nice  
room only for one  
but each move found  
my corner grows small  
one-by-one  
they have sought me out  
all for me was to hide  
one last room  
where Wally does amuse  
perusing the crowd around  
two things noted here  
my tongue speaks funny and  
my hair is red.

## I ♥ NY

Yes, it's true. I dared venture up to the Big Apple. I teetered back and forth not knowing for sure if I was really ready for such a trip. Finally, I made up my mind to not only go, but to take a nibble on the apple myself. My apprehensions would remain even as I was in the security line at the airport to leave. I made it to the plane and took off, my mind filled with more emotions than I thought could happen all at once.

The night before I was to leave friends advised that I should hold two words in my vocabulary ~ fuck you. These words have never been part of my vocabulary, so I tucked the advice away and went forward.

Entering LaGuardia airport I looked around as much as I could while making my way toward baggage claim. It seemed every shop had at least one item which read "I ♥ NY". I suppose if I had bothered taking the time to get past my fears at McGhee Tyson, it would have been a similar scene with all the Volunteer items. Reaching my destination I peered intensely looking for my one small suitcase. It was not there. Gaining assistance, I found my case and made my way to call for the shuttle service to the hotel.

Following a minor security issue with the shuttle driver not wanting to show his ID to airport personnel, I was led to the waiting van with a very amorous couple behind me. We stowed our luggage and climbed aboard to be off to fetch six more souls to be distributed to various hotels around New York City. Finally, we were taken to the streets of NY where I was bitten by the Big Apple.

Well, perhaps it was the worm which bit me. Either way culture shock rocked me to my very core. My knuckles turned white as I clung to my laptop case as if my life depended on my not letting go. The fifty-something woman sitting next to me let out a gasp equalling mine in intensity but much louder as the shuttle driver just missed bowling over at least a dozen people on Broadway.

As we sped through the obstacle crammed streets of New York City I watched the blur of people and thought about the locusts which plagued Egypt to convince Pharaoh to set the Children of Israel free. No, I am not calling the residents of NY nor the city's many tourists, swarms of pests. There are just so many of them and I couldn't understand why anyone would choose to live this way.

Now the questions begin. Am I sorry I went to New York? No. Will I return to New York in the future? Probably since it is the writing capitol and I am a writer. Do I desire to live there? After this if I have to answer this question, you didn't read the paragraphs before. Do I love New York? I love a dear Second Life friend who lives there and perhaps someday we shall have lunch and she will slap me around telling me how wonderful NY is. Until then, I am very happy to be back home with fewer

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people and I will try not to complain about the wretched drivers in Knoxville ever again.

Stay tuned to this frequency for the possibility of further sketches of my adventures in New York City.

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## The Yo-Yo

I start in your hand  
all pampered and petted  
then you push me away  
with just a release.  
To you, you beckon  
and I'm there again  
a smile I bring to you.  
Then once again I fly,  
pushed away by you  
o'er and o'er and o'er again  
this game you do play.  
I feel I am just  
your yo-yo.

## The Sunrise Of Our Love

Seeds planted, watered with care  
till small and green from the ground  
a tiny blade fresh and new

Sticks and twigs upon the sand  
flint strikes with a spark  
flames, small promise of warmth

Sitting high above looking down  
across tomorrows horizon  
'tis the sunrise of our love

## Passion

Arms invite with smiles warmth  
a voice gentle and sure  
your eyes gleaming  
they whisper my name  
a quiet turn of my head  
I meet with your ardor  
with the smoothness of smoky brie  
and Rieslings' sweetest splendor  
sunshine's rays turn  
to moonbeam's glow  
wrapped in the savory aroma  
of tender devotion's spring.

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## Big Brother?

Watching, you sleep so well  
though in the depth of your tears  
sterile and far away  
watching you, the way you move  
you stop often to fix your hair  
a smile for one stooped on legs of three  
taking a double view when  
gestures you show while driving your car  
watching as you look around  
extra change you keep as yours  
viewing as a bad film  
you utter obscenities  
for one different from you  
From perch among the stars  
to screens the world below  
naively you deny and ignore, but  
I AM WATCHING YOU!!

## Under The Rainbow

Here under the rainbow  
green trees grow  
Here in the rich, brown soil  
where with glee do I toil

Here, under the arc so fair  
are friends who are quite rare  
ne'er will I ever trade  
nor will fondness ever fade

One day I wished upon a star  
finding comfort from afar  
dreams they can and do come true  
ever, always, just for you

Black, white, yellow or red  
color nor race you should not dread  
north, south, east and west  
these are those you should like best

Under the rainbow we're all the same  
appearance as wild or perhaps very tame  
day or night, whatever the time  
when we respect, we always shine.

## Time Gone By

A man of stature  
plied by gin and rye  
whatever happened to Daddy  
in those years gone by?

With every tear that falls  
another memory slips by  
good and bad I ponder them  
longing those days gone by.

With every tear that falls  
your face I clarify  
though not the one worn with age  
it's the one from days gone by.

With every tear that falls  
another laugh, another sigh  
your voice I also hear  
as you sing my lullaby.

When I was born  
displeasure was in your eye  
I was not a little boy  
on that day, long gone by.

Then you saw me as I am  
a little girl sweet and shy  
you seemed okay by then  
as the years, they went by.

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You even came to see me  
in my castle up on high  
we sang our song together  
a day not long gone by

Now you're gone from me  
I gaze up in the sky  
longing to have once more  
sweet memories of time gone by.

## Hearts For Love

looking around to play  
Searching for a little fun  
little did you really know  
you'd find your only one  
you have had ups and downs  
through which you found your way  
seeing each other - good and bad  
to stand here upon this day  
the future will surely come  
by minute, day and year  
every trial and every smile  
in your heart you each endear  
for now a lovely bride stands  
before her charming groom  
setting forth before the world  
displaying true love in bloom

*For Liss and Cheyne*

## **There Were Two**

Hearts are open  
With eyes that are closed  
From the beginning of time  
Yet never before  
Thoughts become words  
Words turn to feelings  
One meets one and  
Emotions explode  
O're the course of time  
Blossoms and blooms  
'til that one day  
When face to face  
Life, new and whole  
Love came in when  
Time went on hold  
Now there is one  
When once there were two.

## **Today**

Reaching out across tomorrow  
yesterday's hand takes hold  
fear and worry vanish as vapor  
settled on the river's shore  
looking back, memories flow  
ahead are hopes and dreams  
want melts into desire  
as need gives way to claim  
no more a life of brokenness  
enveloped in arms so strong  
hugged between yore and the morrow  
today we can live in peace.