

POETRY TEACHER

I. Rhyme

I want you match
a stepladder stem
to the boastful trumpeting lily,
and there you will have a rhyme set free
from muted prison gates of English.

II. Meter

As your feet stumble,
So trip our thoughts.
Daydream shuffle of washing dishes,
Or trudging into a muddy test
Pattern the sounds that tune the movement.

III. Content

Do you sense something
Simple as a wall
Can cage you in the early day,
Then set you free when you go to play?
Simple true feelings are honest ones.

IV. Length

Staggering phrases
Or a four-line verse.
Love's a sonnet, life's a ballad.
But you're a fool to ask,
Because no one reads poems anyway.

---sdjones

Bedeutung von Silence

Black-Robed authority may silence
the courtroom,
And the jury keep their decisions
quiet until final.

The snow may hush the rush
of Christmas shopping,
For a song of a silent night
long ago.

There may be a tongue that does
not talk
To only tell thoughts itself
that others do not know.

The valley of the shadow of death
Hears the secret
Whisper of the Lord spoken
forever in our regrets.

But the silence that frightens
me the most,
Is with the promise of bombs and
Judgement Day.

When no voice shouts to question
Doomsday or Eternity.
But continues silently pretending
today is everyday.

--sdjones

November 5, 1985

Hi Mary Beth!

You are not forgotten, we hope your confirmation was inspiring to you. I remember at my confirmation no one seemed to notice the importance of it--I think Mom went and took some pictures and gave me a card which I still keep. The decision is very important--the decision of faith, and so taken for a natural occurrence in this society. Please know that.

It's been 6 weeks without a day off, everyday either work, school, or both--so today I do not mind that I went to my clinical and said I feel sick. I went home to get some sleep...I may have a touch of flu...or exhaustion. Any rate, now I am at the computer lab all night to type up notes for class.

Do you want a poem? I'll try one, see how it comes out....

The Last Day

"Tomorrow will be snow showers,
Today is the last day of good weather."
The forecaster promises
Things I do not want to hear.

Do the clouds and cold
Change my mind and spirit so much
That I feel sickened and slow
To make the last day last forever?

Winter's warrior is on its way.
Sleet, shovels, chills, and frost--
Pushing forward to a new time
Of nighttime blankets and shivering vigor.

Good-by yellow and red leaves.
Farewell Autumn sparkle.
Tomorrow must come,
You were a friend I will remember.

--sdjones

P.S.-

ENJOY!

Love you,

Allness Love

Oh my! Amae love, To love unlike
an Englishman or Ivory Tower.
It presents itself in meditative
Group--don't the Churches and
Patriots have that
Source Power?

But can you touch me,
Hold my hand and Say....
I Love You and Everyone,
Without running
away?

All together in together spirit,
Sharing without sacrificing,
Giving and receiving, Love of all....
Like a garden blossom
 that grows not
alone, and not alone
 beautiful,
With many flowers
 it sends its
Perfume, and the
 bees, butterflies,
Me, and You share
 the beauty of the garden....

All in All....Amae.

When You is All and Every
Flower-faced dew-dropped petal....

Not one that loves,
One that does not....

All in All....Amae.

No, I would like to think an Englishman knows,
But an Englishman goes the road to a goal,
Without seeing the garden as it grows,
And reflects on the prize flower
 and the effort it shows.

--sdjones