

Little Did I Know

(Published on my poetry blog annalisewellman.wordpress.com)

Orange and yellow lilies in the yard,

Kept my gaze as I stayed,

Posing and waiting

For the photo to be shot.

Little did I know,

My world would never be the same,

As soon as midnight turned to true day.

Now, those pictures feel different,

Because I'm looking at a world,

And you're still alive in it;

Somewhere, smiling, breathing,

Walking on the Earth;

And now you're a memory

That says "hello" in passing,

Drifts by too quickly for me to touch,

As I'm going through exhibits of older times,

Captured in stills that still scratch at my mind,

Little did I know,

How I wish I knew,

Because I would have said

“I love you” twice

The last time I said

“Goodbye” to you.

Peace

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Never so black

Deepest of blues

Hello there, ghost

Did you follow me from June?

Recall I shan't,

But try I will:

Why you haunt me from

Bookcases and meadows

Lacking ill will?

I don't shed a tear,

My interior is seared,

I just stare,

Because I never forget.

It's all there

In the veins of

Slowly dripping ink dots,

On a soaking-wet, paper soul,
Each one from someone I loved,
Each one turning me cold.
But the ghost taps his quill,
And another drop falls
In the candlelight
An angel cries.

The Winter Ball

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Ensconced in cotton sheets
On this blessed day,
I set Tchaikovsky on with
Pops and hums from the record grain.
Staring into the winter yonder,
Through the open window slats,
Begging Jack Frost to come and play.
As the record spins round,
It summons the tree spirits to dance:
They put on their icy pearls and tailcoats of Spanish Moss,
Curtsy to the Jays and extend their bows
Their laughter embroidered in the whistle of their leaves,

Their shadows on the shutters and the swept hardwood,
Tell tales of conversations only divinely understood
It would be a fable to say I didn't listen so,
And dream of dancing with them in the December cold.

Children of the Wind

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There's a whisper in the wind.
Giggling and hymning tales of the grim,
Rolling in ashen charcoal plumes:
Indigo ink stains hiding the moon,
With embers from beyond burning bright:
Licks of velvet in the satin night.
The evening playground sets the scene,
When the sun dips down below the sea
And the devious breeze
Plays with frocks and toys at locks,
Elemental hide-and-go-seek
On empty, tar-laid streets
Careful not to get ahead of it's gait
And disturb Earth to her wake
For mother moon scolds by squawks of crows

And in beams of blue and gold
So shutter the wind gusts
And lighter its song skips along
Lest the moons bares its face again
And decides there be only calm.

Wandering

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Mystic fern field,
Cress freckled gully,
Crystal circle chanting hymns,
Twirling sugar maples dancing within.
Daffodils face, hands strike seven
Barefoot on the mossy hill,
Following the stars to find the moon,
Quaffing the indigo empyrean,
Dripping through the dusty hammock,
Dowsing the day fire in violet mist
Queen Mab's kiss to the dying day
And as the Sun's angels fall from Elysium
They sing to Helios above:
"Take me to where the roses grow
And the scent of lilies will lead me home"

