

Poetry Series

**elysabeth faslund**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## elysabeth faslund(11/23/49)

Something here for everyone. Mythology, humor, love, Katrina poems, ancient times, history, loss, etc.

# .....Caligula

Caligula, like Nero, was not born neurotic (by today's standards) . They progressed to that stage through power, and money....

-----...

Ah Caligula, with puff pouty lips, I hear your trumpet call  
out away across barren sands.

Have you enough soft silks, satins?

Have you enough silk, satin skins?

Cast away your wine...cast away your mind?

Or will you drown scorpions in grapemares?

Only scorpions mark passage to your palace lair...

sand arid scurry prints tick, tick. Tick-tock.

Timed den of mania proclaimed, maintained...

trumpet your sour lungs.

Ah Caligula, with pasty face, youth floats to the surface...

a bloated, gnawed fish, reflecting waters of madding years

vined, knotted, with temple whores'

boy-women,

pawing acquiescence for your poisoned touch.

Trampling each the other to hear nonchalant insanity

slithering oldness across your reddened eyes.

Have your temple whores an arched tail?

Have your temple whores attended desert schools

of privation truths...sought redemption in a dewdrop?

They sanctify your demoned darkness,

as you, theirs.

Your call summons.

I arch only in the desert

of Truth.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Celtic Mother

What comments on 'Celtic Mother, Winter's Crone' poem?

In the time of dead leaves,  
when wide-eyed things  
frowned at sound,  
and snow fell through fog,  
a red berry circlet  
crowned her hair.

When hunger stilled infants  
and frost shrouded ancients,  
wrinkled laughter dappled  
forests, glades, fens.  
Her talons clawed  
life through death,  
veil through veil.

Mother. Hag. Virgin whore.  
Giver, taker, wise before  
gods' birth.

In the time of black robes,  
when men killed  
for one mouth of meat,  
she walked naked  
on frozen fields,  
and the earth  
shuddered  
its young  
upwards.

Mother. Midwife. Woman.  
She was breathtaking.

elysabeth faslund

## .....All Around The Roseys

June gloom storm night...  
'here we go round the roseys...'  
sliding windows' rivulets...  
'pockets full of poseys'...  
river down, plink down...  
'upstairs, downstairs'...  
comfort bundling dry eyes...  
'one, two, three'...  
deep twilight sighs dreams.

'I wish I may, I wish I might'...  
Sleep the dream I breathe tonight.  
'have the wish I wish tonight'...

elysabeth faslund

# .....The Beast

Sing soft. Sing loud. It remains so.

If the Lady lifts her hand, does the Beast speak petals...  
With hand by her side, does the Beast speak dust...  
For we all hear dust.  
Do we ever hear petals?

Oh priest, what have you done by corrugating belief...  
What have you done with the Garden?

The Lady spreads her robes, anointing the Beast  
With female rust,  
Soothing men and gods alike  
With Floods of torchlit groves...  
Fruit annihilates flowers that gave them life.  
The pomegranate survived to destroy.

Oh priest, what have you done by castrating belief...  
Why did you destroy the Garden  
With scaled angels?

Listen softly. Hear loudly.  
The Beast speaks petals  
For the winds...  
Of Truth.

It remains so.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Was This Poem Written Yet?

The poem was visualized on the front, screen porch,  
in silence, in wonder, through eyes...

It swarmed the Autumn-purpled flowers by the door,  
leafed through reds, golds of the Chinaberry Tree...  
dripping words down Sunday wet tin,  
onto the wooden steps.

The poem never stalked like Lady McBeth, through  
darkness to her ending hall, last line spoken...

Never flew too close to the Sun, as Pegasus,  
gathering no Phoenix rebirth...

The poem did not herald a magical Sunday.

For the poem stayed on the front porch,  
and was never written.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Dunces In A Confederacy

After reading 'The Confederacy of Dunces' (Pulitzer Novel of 1983? set in New Orleans.) , these words ring true. I lived in New Orleans for 10 years.....

-----...

Who dat say dey gonna beat dem Saints?  
Who dat? Who dat?  
Who dat clown wid da big, flat feet?  
You know. You know.  
Sometimes be yo neighbor,  
Sometimes be yo frien...  
Nevah yo enemy...

But, when dem shutters close at night,  
Don be a'walkin dem sidewalks.  
Nevah dat alley bee-tween houses.  
Don be a'lookin out yo window, ether.

The knife will always stab yo back...  
Never yo front...  
Why is dat?  
Why is dat?

elysabeth faslund



# .....The Yellow Rose

The Veil is translucent. Owls eye complacently.  
Do not fly. Not this day, night.  
They blink gold discs. Ruffle feathers.  
Talon branches tight, anchoring legends.  
Mists under Sun, Moon.  
Owls of lace, blood, warmth...waiting.

My father twined the Linden and Ash, though  
He never knew...while Earth held him.  
Blooded fighting hands, balancing the butterfly.  
Teaching me. Softness, quiet, gentility.  
Voice to shake mountains. Move them  
Out of his weariness.  
Yellow roses. His favorite.  
Did he take one with him...  
Or leave them all with me...

Owls call my name, today. Did you hear them?  
Again, and again. I cannot answer the legend.  
I want...  
I need...

Tethers loosen. Drifting. Floating away from  
The Shore. Freedom. Lightness.

My father's hand reaches through the Mist.  
Pulls me back.  
His other hand holds a yellow rose.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Dawn Song

May this dawn dry all your tears,  
that were cried just yesterday.  
May this dawn be joyous bright,  
chasing all your cares away...

The Night has gone, bearing all  
to the realm of stillness...

Now come here, come here...  
I will wait for you.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Eternitys Beaches

I stood on sunsets beach, gulls circling,  
skimming wavelets,  
hovering fish husks...long gone.  
One, lone feather, spiraling ocean incense  
of lost continents at rest...out there....  
Below dolphins' arced grey backs...horizon storms...  
Tucked in my hair....leaving footprints  
to sand crabs, I walked far, as stars quietly haloed,  
crowning universes, folding glitter  
into the night.

I walked to sunrise stillness, breathlessness.  
Mirroring creation...one handful of water.  
Down the dunes came a little child  
running a kite.  
'What do you see? ' Piping tiny.  
'Nothing...no, nothing.'

And walked through the child,  
into Eternity.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Fairy Tale Sillyosophy

Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,  
The Brahma jumped over the moon...  
Got into Stephen's territory and was  
Classified a comet, an extraterrestrial...

So much for cows.  
But, the moon jumped over the Brahma,  
And was classified as a reincarnated  
Butterfly...careful who jumps over who, here...

Fairy tale, fairy tale, what have you to say?  
Wishing on a falling star...what has that to do  
With rings and strings and ceiling wax...  
Ceiling wax? Uh, what is ceiling wax, anyway...

Integral portions of molecular structure...  
Little Red Riding Hood went to the shore,  
Little Red Riding Hood met Eliot's mermaids,  
But they sang each to each, ignoring her...

Too bad. She trudged on down to Emerald City  
And met a much better wizard, horse of a  
Different color, and married the Cowardly Lion.  
Fairy tale, fairy tale, what have you got to say...

Simple Simon met a pie man heading to the fair...  
Said Simple Simon, 'May I have your wares...'  
Pie said, '...no, but you can pay and pay and pay.'  
Pie was in a recession...Pie was a democrat.

Enough of morning chat. Got milk? Got a job?  
Louisiana is overloaded with jobs, so  
Come on over to my state of affairs...uh, how  
Is the UN these days? Swine flu...thought that

Was the term for Al Quida, or however you  
Spellllllllllll that...okay, Afganistan, Bin Laden,  
And North Korea...got nuclear?

Good Morning! Good Morning!  
Ya'llses!

elysabeth faslund

## .....One Simple Question

When we reach for clouds...do we use two hands?  
Or the one...  
Careful, careful, with the answer, now.  
Just a simple question...or is it?

Use two hands, we leave behind our fellow man.  
Use one, we hang one hand useless...  
Should it be?  
Strength enough to grab the collar

Of our neighbor, who only looks to the clouds,  
does not reach...  
Grab the neighbor, grab the clouds...  
Use two hands,

And bring three together.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Stars In Her Eyes

Watchers of the skies, tonight, as always.  
'Yes. Yes, pet, waters are troubled with  
lilies. No wind...no sun. Lavender blooms.  
Always these days in August. Quiet beauty.

She knew watchers, as herself.

'We will sit on the rocker. Cooler,  
on the porch. This perch a treat.  
Come, eat. Was easily caught.  
Twilight curls fingers through air.

Nothing but the sky, moves tonight.'

Lifting ages' wrinkles, she peered up,  
past cypress tops, to black beyond.  
'They will come, pet. Wait with me.'  
The cat pawed silver streaks on wood.

'No, pet, not those. Those. In the sky.

The Seven Sisters dance seven nights.  
First of stars on cave walls. First stars  
in all history, captured. Before the moon.  
What magic spells their August dance? '

The cat pawed her dangling hand.  
The cat curled on her lap.  
The old woman's eyes, unblinking.  
Shadow-watching the dance above.

As dawn crept, the cat looked back.  
The old woman, in her rocker,  
eyes open...  
to stars gone.

elysabeth faslund

# .....The Book Of Lilith, Part 1

We were birthed by the same Mother.  
Should that not make us  
sister and brother,  
from the Earth, by God?

And the seventy-two Sanhedrin  
spat their lines into Script....  
'God made woman from Adam's rib',  
thus a part, only, of man....

Adam and his subservient downfall, Eve.

Lilith became first divorce,  
by asserting equality of  
man and his woman.  
Adam needed to be superior.

What was this great fear of Adam?  
Wasn't it enough to be first man?  
What threat would equality bring?  
Wasn't this what we fight for today?

The taboo of incest is not part  
of the Ten Commandments.  
Brother and sister, the first  
breeding pair.

And Eve, sister-in-law  
to snakes.

elysabeth faslund



## .....The Book Of Lilith, Part 2

And the people were angry with Jesus, after he cast out demons from a man.  
They accused Him of black arts. He answered, 'Do you not remember she who  
was greater than Solomon....? '

-----...

God, my Father. Earth, my Mother.  
What ancient book did not tell  
this story?  
And what being, heaven-chained,

did not look down in jealousy?

We were born from dust, equally,  
my brother, my love, my destiny.  
No Garden, no snake, no sin....yet.  
Was it not Adam who committed

the first sin? Of sloth?

'Woman, I am hungry.'  
'Then, eat.'  
'Woman, you must feed me.'  
'You, my brother, have two hands.'

'Do you deny my requests? '  
'Do not order me. Love does not order.'

Then my Father spoke, 'Woman,  
if you rebel, I will cause one hundred  
of your children to die each day.'  
And how long was a day, then?

I did not look back, then, or ever.  
I did not give my brother children.  
Who else was alive to impregnate me  
with hundreds of children?

Solomon came ages after me.  
After the Patriarchs demonized me,  
as 'she who was not subservient.'

I was not Solomon's pagan wife,  
for whom he raised heathen temples.  
And, went insane, through the streets.

Who was 'she who was greater than Solomon'?

Did even the Patriarchs know this?

elysabeth faslund

## .....The Book Of Lilith, Part 3

Who, then, committed the first sin?

Adam....sloth.

Lilith....pride of independence.

Eve....original sin.

The Sanhedrin....lies of omission.

The Sanhedrin wrote me as a demon,  
after running from Adam, my brother.  
Does it not take knowledge of demons  
to create demons?

Who was the first demon, then?

It could not have been me.

My Father had not cast down

Lucifer, the Light Bringer, yet.

The Sanhedrin wrote me as  
a demon succubus of the night,  
tempting men, and seducing them.  
All men are seduced in their dreams.

Is this what happened to the Sanhedrin?

They had to put a name with the act.  
I, as Lilith, was available.  
Not demure Eve, mother of the first  
murderer of his brother.

No, not Eve, the subservient one,  
the ultimate betrayer of humans....  
having been created from my  
brother's rib.

What does that say for  
the inherent tendencies  
of Adam, then?

elysabeth faslund

## .....The Mephisto Waltz

Absolution, my little albatross...do you not need it now?

'I have done nothing sinful to redeem, minister.'

Albatross, you have said things unwholesome...

'My words are ever as true as yours, minister.'

Are we ever to be in a catch-22, albatross?

'We are ever to be in a web of deceit, minister.

We are opportunistic fools, you and I...leaders,

led by the dance of false gods...we are damned

to dance every day, every night...we love it.'

Albatross, which of us leads in this dance?

'Oh! You do! Unless I condemn your moves...'

You would never do that, for I am of the Holy.

'You stay the fool. I only tolerate you, minister.'

'I will turn on you, when it serves my purpose.'

The strains of the Mephisto Waltz began...

Oh! How they danced, minced, around

Each the other...as the tribe watched,

Listened, to that suicide music of madness...

The minister, golden sun denied, twirled

The albatross in chains...and the mask

Lifted from both...but much too late...

Blood flowed, as truth went down the

Drain...

The Mephisto Waltz played on...

Shrouding inferiority with delusions

Of superiority....and the devil watched

The sand in the hourglass....certainty.

elysabeth faslund

## .....About You, About Me...The Truth

Poetry was etched on our eyes with birth.  
Pains long, echoing screams on paper,  
offered to stars in sacrifice  
for what might have been. At one time.  
Does Heaven listen to words?

Poetry is written in our footprints.  
Marking passages into phrase forests  
through shadowed meaning word brambles.  
Clear-sunned patches' epiphanies  
pathing to ending lines. Lanes.

Our Father, Who art in His Heaven,  
we have sprinkled food for Your angels,  
fed wearied wanderers on Earth,  
touched the souls of doves. Broken. Tired.  
What words can hide the poet...

Lead us to peaceful glades  
seen with unquestioning eyes?

elysabeth faslund

# .....Dandelions In Cement Cracks

'The Best Poems Are Penned At Night'

After the world has bottomed you up  
like a brown bag, no label wine.  
All. Day. Long.  
Plopping your worn glass,  
empty, on a Whirlpool cardboard box...  
Absorbing, drying  
all once-upon-a-time, 'Made In China',  
condo-walled dreams.

Your buddy, 'Thunderbird', twitches whiskers  
over glistening gutter teeth.

Dandelions in cement cracks.

Ah, life is good. Sleep peacefully.  
No mortgage. No rent.  
The morning brings a full glass  
to hold you in escrow...

For Torquemadas  
Of the World.

\*\*\*\*\*...

\* NOTE!

But, look on the bright side!  
Publisher's Clearing House  
Can knock on your, uh, door!  
You DID follow the rules...  
Didn't you? And...buy \$5,000  
Worth of stuff you'll donate,  
And write off on your taxes...  
Next year....?

Good Morning! Good Morning!  
Ya'llses!

elysabeth faslund



# .....**Hamas Plays Football**

Getting to know you, getting to know all about you...  
Knowing you're saying 'Who dat say dey gonna beat dem Saints',  
Don't get sillious! Cause realious tain't necessary, that

HAMAS thought the 'end zone' was Ground Zero...  
Sy-Fy, not DEA, planted that CIA mole, hero  
of NCIS informant counter-espionage that UNSC, and  
\*oh say can you see\* double domino UNESCO covert  
Massahd squad \*royal flush beats 4 of a kind\*  
sent Cheyenne Mountain \*black ops still there\*  
and UN/Priory of Sion joint efforts. BS of A  
beat holy hell out of all that silliousness, as GS of A  
applied FBI lipstick. JAG shade. CSI, with blocking  
by USM, ran the touchdown, as USAF  
jets' surveillance noted HAMAS'S @ss being  
kicked by Al Queda, ALL over the Middle East...

And yes! The home team won! Go Saints!

elysabeth faslund

## .....Cycles Born To Fall

Friday blue, clouds building,  
pushed to the sky by the Earth.  
Yesterday's rain is the clouds  
Of today...born fluffy white,  
Drifting to pink, grey pink, dark.  
Thunder teenages their malarky,  
Lightning adults those teens,  
And skies shed wisdom of rain.  
Sheeting drowsy drips, back to  
Earth heat...  
Cycles born again.

Summer old spider lilies  
tinge brown, lavender glories  
dot sides of the highway.  
The tap, tap, tapping grasshopper  
of Fall scurries the road mirages  
rising, spiraling up, up, after  
the rain...  
Cycles born again.

elysabeth faslund

# .....Flood Gates Closing!

Lights flickering, dancing, off, on.  
Sun is black this early day...  
from the South, no voices,  
silent radio.

Loud sky drifting lightning circles...  
earthbound searching, finding...  
lilies hide this bayou, flowing,  
rising, fast, too fast...

Second rail on the bridge fender  
covered. Currents smooth,  
speeding North...from the Gulf.  
The Gulf is the bayou, this morning.

I wait for the radio.  
Please break silence with one sentence...

'Flood gates closing.'

elysabeth faslund

## .....Have You Ever Seen.....

The hobo, seen through willows  
past my screen,  
walking shell side of a bayou  
highway,  
half his life in a poled bag  
over his shoulder...  
beyond, past, away  
from my screen  
this cold, slight sunrise  
morning...  
and I, seated on old wood,  
warm, sock-swaddled feet,  
watch him.

The black bayou water  
flows past us both...  
waters of no passage.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Hysterious Blossoms

Wind scuttles foam cups down the streets  
Fluttering coat shouldered ghosts  
Stepping quick, not shopping. Stopping  
Only before paint shrouded doors.

No voices echo city canyons  
Of multicolored grays smudged,  
Brushed by eyes of artists  
Eating death with ketchup sandwiches.

Knocking. Peepholes.  
Air on staircases, stepping  
Down  
.....down  
.....down  
To breathe in watered basement walls.

Where are the caution words on  
Pesticides?

elysabeth faslund

## .....Merry Guests Of This Season...Sonnet

Crystalline laughter, greetings, and snowflakes.  
Tinselled trees draped with ribbons, laces, and  
Bows. Tiny, sparkling glasses of sherry.  
Ladies in delicate chiffon. Red berry

Woven wreaths of holly, juniper, wound  
With silvered streamers, curling round the door  
Open to all, this season of Good Will.  
Winter not allowed, yet the outside chill

Accompanies merry, homeward bound guests.  
Blazing fireplaces wait patiently to  
Warm and cheer those opening the door. Frost  
Breaths soon disappear. Parties are hosted

Each night of this Season. Friends not alone,  
Family gathered again all at home.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Passing St. Eloi Church

Funny. Always meeting like this...  
You in the air, me in the car...  
For one second I fly with you...  
For a moment, you're the passenger...

With passing, your smile grows wider,  
Words louder...  
'Go on. Go on.  
You have something yet to do.'

My heart has always hovered near.  
For now, your white palace  
can only hold one.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Silent Circus

Morning came unbidden with  
chained thoughts, slaved to  
this white page...it speaks to  
me in whispered secret silence.

Which words am I allowed to write,  
for I, like you, start and end in...  
silence. Between, is the madness  
of poetry and its dance...dance for me.

Am I not in the harem of the world...  
in mysterious darkneses of corners...  
veiled ancientnesses beckoning, teasing...  
in the dewdropp of a buttercup...

wrapped in cotton candy circuses  
of words ferris wheeling, until, poetic  
ride taken, alight in dizzyness, silence.  
Leaving chained words on white pages

Of poetry...finished,  
Done.

Strains of silent music...  
the dance begins again.

elysabeth faslund



## .....Ascending Debutantes

The Sun, honorary heathen, cotillions  
sunrise staircases' silken tinges,  
oh-so-slowly mincing upwards.

Eons of dawn-tight bodices' tat laced  
clouds, berber mewling planes,  
stained, tinct with pastel change.

Gilded domain gained, fans  
Snap! coquettish skied cuffs.  
Days unfold gold.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Call Me Wild Moon

Call me wild moon, forest etching night's clearing....  
glow ghosting silence-wide eyes,  
blurring frost fur paths  
feralled ancient....

Do you recall our Mother?

Call me memory, scaling tidal pools,  
breathing green water  
bubbling melted granite....  
death birth ice knell  
tolling, beckoning,  
  
rending convergence.

Brother Human,  
call me Wolf.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Ever Opposites Attract

Part your lips to hear the song.  
Close your heart to one love.  
Open the door to feel safe.

Lips are doors to hearts.  
Songs are safe for love.  
Sight is seeing with open eyes.

Turn out the light, for Light to be.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Listen To The Song Of Night

Listen to the song of the night,  
my little one, my sweet.  
Silence is the life of quiet dreams,  
my purest one, my light.

Tonight is to always know,  
I was there, at your side.  
Whispering to closing eyes,  
'I will bring the dawn to you,

Go, go on your way.  
Good night

elysabeth faslund

## .....Mornings' Dragon

The purple eye of the dragon,  
Streaked red, yellow, twitches  
Back and forth over the morning.  
Dark mists, darker land...

It looks, malevolently, for any  
Obstacles of Night lingering.  
One scaled arm emerges,  
Claws into the fog. A long body

Slithers through grey cloud banks,  
And it roars triumphant. Trees  
Hushed, wings fly, dogs lay  
Curled. Only timid lighting...

The dragon blinks slitted eyes.  
And, breathing flame, flicks  
Its tail, flinging Sun up and onto

The horizon.

elysabeth faslund

## .....The Holiday Church On 36th Street

The homeless see us, much better than we see them...  
we are warmth, food, roofs, and Time.  
Perhaps laughter, family...a coat in Winter...  
memories of yesterday, when they were us.

What mistake made them cigarette  
gleanings from garbage vats, gutters...  
kings, queens of one smoke left,  
one bite, from a crumpled wrapper,  
that is Holiday cheer and festivity.

We see them as assortments of 'one'.

What have we to give them from our pockets?  
One dollar, one dime, one wish for them,  
one stop by their side...then we are gone,  
with one memory of their eyes, hands, hair...

And one, 'I tell ya, Maude, something should  
be done for the homeless. I gave one a whole  
dollar today. Probably spend it on drugs, but  
I gave it with a good heart.'

Then, she adjusts her hat, shoulders her  
handbag, and tic-tacs off to church. It's what  
God wants her to do.

Right?

elysabeth faslund

## .....Equations Take A Poetic Form

Nothing from nothing leaves....nothing.  
Would you say that?  $0-0=0$ .  
And yet, with nothing, is the start  
of everything in anyone's life.  
If, and only if, one wishes to add....  
not subtract.  
For, how would one subtract,  
from nothing?

So it is to add, and with addition,  
subtraction from nothing  
can hold value.  
And the equation becomes  
 $0-0+$  thousands of successes,  
failures, attempts=worth.

Then, one may subtract, delete,  
arrange, to their liking....  
for it is not for others to do that  
for us.

We are the equation of our lives....  
complete with erasers  
for our own mistakes.

No one else, no ethereal entity,  
or mortal complexity of doubts,  
can accomplish what we can....

with nothing.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Martin Luther King, Jr. : The Truth

The singing is in the losing.  
Were you there then?  
Bell-bottoms, leather,  
the march of vindication....

the black behemoth  
rises into rain clouds,  
this dark, dismal mourn....  
swishing its prehensile tale

of shabby, tattered fur,  
blinking righteous ribbons  
of heaven-down drops,  
thinking no more of hell

than one bullet.

'And what rough beast,  
its hour come round at last,  
slouches toward....' Atlanta....  
'to be born....'

Should the rose glasses fall  
into truthful dreams,  
dream of political leaders  
who never said to lackeys,

'Say bro', delight my night  
with a ho,  
and damn what history  
says for the ages.'

elysabeth faslund



## .....Morning Star

Serendipitously bemoaning  
the acrobatics of thought...  
I haze through the morning star,  
Wondering if it was the first  
to appear...  
or the last to go.  
Exquisiteness of importance,  
pondering this sight,  
from a front screen porch,  
darkened by the Light.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Why Can'T Poets Learn To Speak?

Obliqueness can be boring at best,  
with sharp pointy horns, pause of feat,  
Oh why can't the English learn to speak?  
And right the wrungs of there defeat?

Righting a poem can be frisky, the learned  
stakes on much risky, the our of hour  
discontent, brought on bye winter brooks.  
Righting bye candlelite is beast to no...

Obtuse is much bitter, biter of phases...  
daze of the pulpit ovary gowned down,  
shouldered shrouds caul lawdy, singe  
that steeple chaste, and win won fore

The gipper of roses, poses, hoses  
running races to a sacral graven...

Jabberwocky never dyed...  
This is liven proof...

elysabeth faslund

## .....Dare The Truth Of This Day

All things come around, go around.  
Another year, and Independence...  
And we celebrate this, take note...  
Only once a year...what's this?

The British got burned, and we had  
to learn, to become the nation we  
should...with our own mythologies,  
celebrated without knowledge

of what lay beneath...contained  
from sea to shining sea...so much  
for the Monroe Doctrine, a good idea  
for its time...not 2009...would that

we could adhere to its principles now!

Dreams I'd like to see this day:  
A parade in every city, town, burg,  
chicken yard, and pasture...led by  
the piper and the drummer of old.

North Korea's missiles go awry  
and hit Afghanistan...after our troops  
leave for good. Palestine, Iraq, all  
Muslim dominated countries, know

the true life of Mu hammed, and know  
his vengeance for lies, in his name.  
That our Independence Day not be  
once a year, but every waking second.

That Freemasons not be as prominent  
as they are...the Illuminati disbanded,  
and the Bilderburgs treated as children.  
That 'the new world order' stand for all.

That the Statue of Liberty's torch  
not be in question of it's meaning...

rather, the flame of our fortitude, and  
blood, to have the right to live free.

That every newborn baby bear the  
name of a US soldier killed in war...  
and know the honor of that name,  
in its years of growth, in freedom.

That the kernels of mythologies  
always have the basis of truths  
beneath...

elysabeth faslund

## .....The Pawnbroker, Revisited

Thorns of thoughts,  
mind,  
have become rooted in paper,  
pen.  
'Goodbye' fertilized with  
steel tears,  
massively spikes,  
glints.

Warnings fog soothing  
balms....  
Dorothy stays in Kansas.  
The Lion has found  
her door,  
gouging claws  
closer.

I slam my hand through  
'Goodbye',  
blood flowing worded penance  
on crystal pages  
of vinegar.

I sip rights of  
passage.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Fixing A 12th Hand Car

Being kept penniless was way too much!  
Gonna fix my ex's car...  
Hell, he couldn't do it!  
Couldn't find rusted parts...

Needle-nose pliers, Phillips,  
Ratchet, spit, gum...jack.

Hmmmm...reroute spark plugs  
Thru the injector...  
Ignition nutrition...ho hum.  
Throw out carbuerator...  
Manifold's too round...

Computer don't need this  
Many circuits...  
Turning signals' gotta go...  
New fuses color the ground lovely!

Don't you agree, now that you see,  
He did the same to me, to me...

Oh, and chewing gum shoved  
Deep inside  
That key thingy place...  
No spiteful binge!

Just angelic revenge...

elysabeth faslund

## .....Goodnight, Dear Reader

And so, Goodnight, Goodnight.  
Gray winds, blue eyes  
Watching Louisiana, and  
Texas...

May your dreams never fail  
To soothe you,  
Nor your problems last  
Overly long...

Find peace with these  
Words, for words  
Outweigh the Dark...  
Always, the loved one

Speaks to you in your  
Darkest hour.  
And wraps you in the  
Warmth of wings...

And so, Goodnight...  
Goodnight...

Always the morning hour.  
Always a new Time  
Appears.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Hurricane Ida Meets Ms Agnes

Lawd, chile, we be sittin on dis heah black bayou  
seems like forever...might well be forever...cause  
who know Time don't stand still fer us, and go  
on its way fer other folks? It's okay, though...  
done invited Time in fer supper tonight...  
cause it gonna need sheltering  
from dat Ida...a'spittin and a'hissin  
up toads dis heah way.  
And dis heah ole shack'a mine done been  
thru 'em all. Das right.  
Dat hussy can screech all she want.  
And all she gonna get is  
Red Cypress boards....  
standin tall.

What choo want fer supper?  
Sausage and tater salad  
be fine wid me too.

elysabeth faslund



## .....Knight In White Satin

Knight, in white satin, rode Morning hard. Long.  
Lathered clouds, bit flung foamed colors.  
Street lights hooved out.  
Reined in.

Morning pawed one, two, three...  
Night, cloaked, hooded... vanished.  
Shadows banished.

Sun was Knight, and Knight was Sun.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Mary, Bellydancing

Mary bellydanced down the aisle  
Of the church on 57th.  
Mary swayed her hips, made men smile.  
Onsets of fainting from dour wives...

Who was this woman, tinkling bells!  
In spite of the sacredness  
Within statued neglect of hells!  
Invectives were many...hell's bells!

Mary let dropp the Seventh Veil,  
Proceeded to read from text...  
Minister bolted at first 'Hail! '  
'Preliminary findings fail...

'Have for many a century,  
To justify joy and glee...  
How about changing this dullness  
Towards a fulfilling religion? Agree?

'For God so loved your world, He gave  
Laughter to you...to enjoy!  
Yuk it up, laugh it up! And when  
Temptation arrives...smiles will  
Destroy! '

elysabeth faslund

## .....One Weeklong Night

All the greens, all the blues,

cacaphonied silence

of one room.

Memoried mists

texturing wallpapered

defiances, timed alliances

of rose reminiscences,

shattered crystal dreams.

Joy of roses, joy of laughter,

ended with that opened door,

'I have news for the family of....'

elysabeth faslund

## .....Silence Reigns

Morning and I, play in the darkness,  
At this keyboard of all words...silence.  
No dogs mumbling, no cat biting me  
Good Morning! No rustlings in the house.

Early as the first sky streak yet to be  
Seen. In this way, and Time, are poems  
Managed on the screen...in silence.  
No songs to startle. Only sound is this

Computer tower humming, creating,  
Investigating every letter I type, every  
Universe that knocks on its circuits.  
Protector, or Private Eye...third Eye?

It lays dormant all day, much as I, at  
That bridge house...silence.  
It blinks into Life this Afternoon, as I  
Stumble in, packages down, and lie...

Dormant.  
Silence.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Southern Superstition

Tin dripped sprinkles leaked puddles,  
Watering Spider Lily, Narcissus blooms, roots.  
Front porch steps lined white scents. Beloved.  
Yard greened early Spring. Cypress, cattails,  
Blue, water Hyacinths.  
Needle lace rose curtains. Old eyes.  
Cataract hazed brown.  
'Tain't good a'tall. Not dis heah  
Fall in thuh Spring. Spring in thuh Fall.  
Bad. Bad Nights. Days.'

Misty fog Nighted one candle's dawn glow yellow.  
One newspapered, walled room.  
One bowl meaty rabbit stew. Coarse, sweet bread.  
Cat winked. Dog curled. Beloved.

Emily's Morning.  
Emily's Night.

Rattle, tattle, swish, tic, tic. Winds played  
Screens' music. Black clouds tore starred skies apart.  
Oak, Elm, Chinaberry trees bled leaves.  
Mimosa pink fluffs flew.

'Emily...'  
'Who out in dis storm tonight? '  
'Emily...'  
'Come on in. Come in. Dis ole woman not afraid.'  
'Emily...'

One owl's feather floated before her eyes,  
As a hawk's talon felt her heart.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Bridging Of Thoughts

Night.

Silver meanders downstream...

no moon tonight.

Bridging of worlds, the veil

has parted, closed.

Night.

Bridge.

Bringing two roads

together...

opening, closing,

for the third...

passing through.

Bridge.

Is Charon peering

over my shoulder...

whispering,

'You pass all over,

on, the water.

Where are the coins? '

Coins...

Is he speaking of

coins for the dead...

or the living dead...

All pass this

Night...

as surely as I,

parting veils unseen,

wait the Dawn.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Jasmine Goodnight

May pillows dream  
You to sleep,  
Closing shades of  
Night...

May jasmine and  
Gardenia scents  
Follow you,  
Walking pathways of

Beauty remembered.

May morning light on  
Your shoulder...as a  
Butterfly. Quietly.  
Bright colors...of

Brighter Day coming.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Lao Ma Speaks

Let go of wanting, needing.  
Have no wrong, have no right.  
The mountain does not beg  
for snow,  
yet in sparkling snowflakes,  
it is jeweled.

Do not say the man is blind,  
for he sees spirits  
of the ancestors guiding you.  
Do not seek truth in Light,  
for it is around you,  
within you,  
spoken by you,  
every day.

I give this song freely.

elysabeth faslund



# .....Monet Sunset, Dali Sunrise...Where's Rembrant?

Monet sunset of neurotic twirled oranges' pink,  
cathedraled blusterings of thunderheads high,  
lighting, highlighting twilight grays' usurpation...  
Did I not see, to envy weathered palettes...

Dali sunrise slurring, melting, dripping the sun  
liquid over sliding landscapes, framed stark  
spires twisted, deadened memories of trees...  
Did I not see, to question this palette...

Van Gogh drags both into a starry, starry day  
we feel...  
Watch with me...it begins.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Morning Foxtrot

Morning flounces red petticoats,  
Sending the Dance steps up,  
Up, to foxtrot the lazy sky into  
Shedding layers of Night.

Dinosaurs and King Tut saw,  
Genghis, Polo, Magellan,  
All saw thousands of Dances.  
What were their thoughts...

Morning Salsa, Morning Waltz,  
All, each, steps practicing Day.  
Competition judges we are...  
Misteps? No, perfection, as

The lighting sky tosses its  
Mane of clouds, alluring, alive.  
Catching its breath, begins  
The choreography once more.

We dance along, never knowing  
We do. Until, awake, we sense  
The Day had ancestors, sprites  
Gaily costumed, hatted and heeled,

Dancing away the Night.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Morning Silence?

Was never a Morning as silent,  
Sheathing birds' songs for later.  
Perhaps.

When Thursday's winds will loft them.  
Unknown destinations.

While Sol shines questions of no warbled greetings,  
From the chorus.

Where the sparrow, wren, dove?

Worried.  
No storm approaches, yet silence was  
Not forecast.  
Morning has no wings today.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Phoenix Love Night

And now, my love, press fire lips,  
brush lovers' breezes across mine own.  
Yet, wake not, Phoenix. Early, a new fire.  
Morning glows shadows bed-stretched...

Rumpled magic spiraling enchanted  
naked dancers, torch-bound through  
the night. The Night. Fire tango frenzy.  
Wake, Phoenix. Rebirth in embered flame.

And now, my love, press fire lips...

elysabeth faslund

## .....Seduction In The Desert

Midnight.  
No guards. Odd. Quiet.  
Robed. Hooded. Common clasps.  
No gold glints, gem-fired fingers.  
No plumes on horses.  
Chariot passed through one gate.  
Midnight.

Fire.  
High. Glowing oasis.  
He leaned back. Comfortable.  
Eyes on one body. Dancing slow.  
Fire, her lover, reflected cast garments.  
Made love to flames.  
Eyes to eyes.  
Desire.  
Fire.

Queens.  
They do not seduce, in deserts,  
Crippled kings. Nor Ankhs.  
That concubine, and his son...  
She...daughters all.

Great lovers. History etched.  
Queen Nefertiti regented Tutankhaten,  
As Pharoah Smenkara...  
Lost mystery.  
Dynasty politics.

Midnight fire.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Silent Verses Shout I

Night bowls over Earth.  
It leaves one pin.  
The pin rises, laughing.

-----...

Sunrise is sparkled  
in dew. Sweat  
from Night's defeat.

-----...

Winter is in recession,  
warehouses empty.  
What is the price of ice?

-----...

Sensitivity-  
the best guide.  
I see where to walk.

-----

Where is your warm smile?  
Robins wait for you  
beyond the last white.

-----...

The Master is mentor.  
I stay the student.  
Poetry bears witness.

elysabeth faslund

# .....The Chameleon...Controversy!

The chameleon...  
Laughing frowns,  
Crinkled eyes.  
We anthropomorphized  
Him,  
Into our faces.

He wore a size 11 sandal,  
Robes too loose, hole in hood.  
Sand-washed hair.

At 12, a know-it-all.

OMG! Did you manner this brat?  
Did disciples with CHF  
Eat those salted fish?  
Did Jesus follow CPR guidelines?  
Christian Presense Required.

He was well-read.  
Sanskrit parables.  
Gilgamesh Flood.  
Sumerian cuneiform Corinthians.  
The Essenes partied in  
Private caves.  
RSVP.

elysabeth faslund

## .....The Hawk And The Shed

The hawk, flying aloft this cold morning,  
was a ghosting blur on the frosty pane  
of violet blues' crisping chilled sunrise.  
It sliced to the roof of the backyard shed,

and cast shadow over grassed diamonds.  
Perched, eyed movement, taloned early breakfast,  
having found nothing the warm day before.  
For all things small had burrowed, in knowing

the night would bring challenge, testing of life,  
surely as dawn would, when hunger drove them  
into the unfed field of the lone hawk.  
Lifting into the sky, small eyes watched it,

peering from under the boards of the shed.  
Shelter they would leave soon, ranging for food.

elysabeth faslund



## .....The Nun, The Cat, And 'Chores'

Long into Twilight, round supertime,  
Matilda came waltzing. Sho looked fine!  
Sashayed her skirts, adjusted her hat,  
Grabbed her broom and grabbed her silky cat.

Matilda was a nun That was that.  
Swept the vestry. And her cat wasn't black.  
Course, women with cats, were all witches!  
Priest looked stern...but, laughter in stitches!

Flock was pure, altar boys all bad.  
Matilda finished chores. The wait was sad.  
The clock struck midnight, one, two, then three...  
That one night of the year, Halloween...

Cat turned black, and broom in the jet stream!

Now, if it's thought this blasphemy...  
Really, pure care...  
I'll repent by cooking up a  
Cauldron 'recipe'...

elysabeth faslund

## .....Twilight Storm

Rain blending tin roof  
Pitter patter...  
Rain scooping pocks,  
Bayou moves...

Thunder canyoning clouds'  
Full Moon...  
Thunder throws sky  
To Earth...

Lightning chants screeches'  
Ritual trance...  
Lightning feasts bones  
Of houses...

Wind breathless in branches'  
Headstones..  
Wind hiding plans...  
Limp trees.

Storm outruns itself...  
VHF silent.  
Twilight edges webs  
Of light...

Silence.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Wheat From The Chaff

A cold farmer sketched into  
his fields before dawn...  
stood gazing on his colors,  
planted, left to their own.

Wheat from the chaff....  
Always, ever.

Harvest, new ideas...  
what's this?  
Wheat for bread...  
chaff tossed away...  
not today...

Had not chaff hulled,  
protected infant kernels...  
Housed, used for shelter,  
enfolded from storms...  
chaff is rained upon...  
not golden, ripe wheat...  
combined, processed,  
eaten by the world.

Wheat from the chaff...

Transient thing, wheat.  
Unsung developer, chaff.

Let chaff be sung long...  
wheat eaten by voraciousness,  
in one day.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Winter, Spring....Of Sight

There was beginning and there was ending.  
And the Time between,  
when Goldenrods foretold Spring,  
when vining green held Winter.  
All to be. Yonder. Past the Present...

Ripe tomatos dew dusted,  
cradling ice centers...did you see?  
Hail, hearted with first morning glories...  
were you there?  
In the cyclones all around  
did you see the picnic ground  
awash with blue, red, blankets...  
Were your eyes open?

Sight is for the seeing...  
Sight is for the blind.  
Sight within the Darkness...  
Sight to feel that

Seeing is believing.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Angels Of Dragons

You heralded my wing-swept thunder  
with garlands anointing the ground.  
Sweet petals spiraling upwards  
as I stood majestic, towering over  
my protected children of Earth....  
mankind, it was you.

You greeted me with song, dancing,  
feasting of meat I brought when  
times were lean for you.  
I brought fire to your cold caves,  
taloned megaliths for your cities....  
mankind, it was you.

I taught shamans their wisdom,  
knowledge that stars were your home,  
shredded deadly storms into breezes,  
dispelled nightmares in my cuddling wings.  
You flew skies on the backs of my children....  
mankind, it was you.

When did you teach me to cry....  
to be wary of your weapons,  
to keep my gold under mountains,  
when it was yours  
all along....

elysabeth faslund

## .....Conjunction Of The Spheres

Serendipitously astounding!  
Conjunction junction  
Last night...and tonight, the  
Last for 52 years...

Soft fluff rabbits twitched  
Tinky warm noses,  
Escorting Sun to its burrow.  
Cozy. Sky size. Surmise:

Legend held Truth from  
Beginning to End. Sparkle Dark.  
Sickle Horns tickled  
Goddess and Giant. Dark love

Menage et trois...Destiny  
Tryst, parting years to 52  
Steps through the To Be.  
Rigid Sky Dance....

Sulphuric heart, frigid Moon,  
Red Giant flaming passion,  
Laughing. Hot Red Spot  
Circling, twirling, courting...

So long, long ago...

Maya child, attend  
The feasting fire...  
Teach your grandchildren  
Always, always,

To look upwards...to  
Sky attending feasting  
Fires.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Devil Gets Evicted! Coven Thows A Party!

Same ole coven, same ole grove  
Every Saturday nite, chanting...  
No sacrifices! Spells they wove...  
Boring Horned One! ! ! Always ranting...

'Watch those neighbors! Corrupt those minds! '  
Never a weekend free! THAT was enough!  
They grouped as one, power that binds...  
'Listen UP, Horny! You've run your last bluff!

'Get to that store and bring back the beer!  
Don't forget the chips and the dips...  
No sass either! It's twelve to one here!  
Horny Dev, Dev...done run out of chips...

'We're dealing! Dictator Poker ain't your game!  
Don't you DARE come back without the booze!  
Boring coven, and YOU...not what WE choose!  
Breakin the brooms, throwin you OUT! '

Horny slithered away! Ain't that a shame! ! !

elysabeth faslund

## .....Fishing On The Bayou

Everyday the fishing pole called, hook smiled.  
Everyday the bayous melted my eyes anew...

With watercolors vapid, vagrant, hyacinth-call.  
And the bass waited, finning defiantly, smiling.

Sitting on that wharf, wanting that night's feast,  
Realizing the feast was already before me...

What beauty to relish with seasoning of years.  
What years to relish, already seasoned...

elysabeth faslund



## .....Taming Of The Shrew

A most lovely November...2006.

I'd turn my year on

Thanksgiving Day.

Every six years this lay in wait,

Turkey for bait...but, late I'd

Remember the rustling, bustling

Weeks of twinkling smiles

For no one...to greet, kiss, or

Love.

Verse in Time...wanting mortal rythme.

Mates came up. Mates went

Down.

Turkey, a memory...no one

Found...to beat Artemis...the

Wiley witch...at her race for

Love or gold.

It's been told not to look, if you

Wish to find.

Then, the view. A sideways's

Look at the man

Who dared to race with all

The romantic grace,

Lovey-dovey words of

'Carpe Diem' or 'Domani? '

Then, no roses, candy, or

Wine...dinner...wanted my choice

Of Tango or Waltz.

A stranger with determination,

By aggravation...of witty

Questions, aside remarks...

But, enough novelty to ignore

Apples.

Even give Artemis a

Head start into

Her very own

Heart.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Tarot And The Spider

The cards say I lose. Again.  
Should I tell the cards they lost,  
so very long ago...or deal again.

The dead spider does not move. I watch it.  
My expectations are too high.  
Height is for the dead. Souls rise, join the One.  
A riddle only the dead can answer...who is the One?  
Is it the Fool, the wise one...  
or the Magician...

Perhaps the spider told me. Once.  
Webless, no deceit, intrigue, or agenda.  
It's heaven was here, in the now.  
Perhaps I am the Fool, but not the One...  
for I gather expectations of tomorrow.

I deal the cards once more.  
The eyes of the spider glitter.  
But not with life.  
Cards have no life. They lost Forever.  
And one dead spider gained Forever...  
without knowing it existed.

Cards, spiders...what common ground gained...  
what knowledge.  
I hear no laughter in this dawn.

The door closes silently.

elysabeth faslund

## .....The Agnostication Of The Pope...Part Iv

Agnus Dei, quitolis pecata mundi, miserere nobis...  
And where shall we three meet again...  
Of course, of course...the Vatican!  
More dark magic in this cup, than in the world...  
Will, why say you nothing of the Templars...unholy fire...

'Burning sanctioned by a predecessor of yours, Pope.'

We have no conscience, just imagination. Silence, mind!

Jesus fell out of the rosary tree, thorned himself  
for you and me. Left false scripture for history...  
DaVinci wrote the coding...  
Pray, Pilate, pray. Pray, Judas, pray...hmmmm...  
No one reads the Book of Judas...

'Not after Constantine burned it. Give your copy  
to the world, Pope.'

Murderers in confessionals...not my tea...  
Judas in the morning, Judas in the evening,  
Judas at suppertime. Be my only best friend  
And love me all the time...like you did for Jesus.

'That kiss was not betrayal, Pope.'

Who speaks to me in my mind? The Devil?  
'No. He directs badly.'  
Are you God?  
'No. He directs just as badly. What is the Vatican,  
Pope? '  
Trysting of incense lies, jokes. More blood here than  
the Andes. Purity of gold lost our soul...forever.

\*Enter Pizzaro, Cortez, Torquemada...\*

elysabeth faslund

# .....The Agnostication Of The Pope...Part L

Anaphalactic shock. Breathe,  
though throat is closed to air.

Get thee hence from this  
confessional...be gone with your  
repentance of murder. I've heard  
your boring tale from too many.  
All the same, all have a reason,  
All have blood in their eyes, on hands.

You had no Gethsemeni.

Why spare beautiful doves,  
why pet your beloved animal,  
then stalk shadows, waiting...  
Father...what have you done,  
what binds me to robes, robes  
of pitiful, believe-if-you-will,  
salvation...

What incense to cleanse?

Cardinals, you have too many  
children, though you are children  
of God. Beaded, hooded eyes.  
Bring the gray smoke. Do not  
anoint me, rite me, prayer me.  
Take the confessional, open  
its door to hear...mockery.

I am my own Judas.

elysabeth faslund

## .....The Agnostication Of The Pope...Part LI

I do not reek of olives, salt, as these hallowed halls...  
dust-sticky silk, furred robes. What sanctity those?  
Loin cloth, sweat, blood, not allowed. Haunted palace.  
I sit, walk, on the dead. Worship the dead. Dead memory.  
To worship the living is mortal sin.  
Contradictions...heart burn. Afflicted holiness.

Which statue sees me as mortal...what fresco?  
What cardinal is without agenda-dilated eyes,  
Kissing my ring with greasy, delicacied lips...  
No. Again, no. Bring food of the poor to me.  
Pheasant cantata domine? Better cardinals  
Dine on mockingbirds...

My God, my Father! Why canopied, luxury penance?  
What sin so appealed to you?

Lazarus opened the vault door. In walking in, suicide  
Gold-blinded me...an Aztec statue in my arms...  
Child born of a virgin. 'Universality, Pope. Flood,  
Thorn crown. Poor, rich...what matter all this? Here,  
The denied scrolls of Nicea. I never died to your hell.'

Father, womens' laughter in this haunted palace...has  
The time come for resurrection of the 'Grove'?  
Did Mary laugh into vengeful ears...the price of patriarchs?  
Heresy truth. Truth heretical. Merger reality.

I stand on Peter's rock. A tic bites, burrows...  
Christian, get to confession.  
Pagan, heaven waits.

elysabeth faslund

## .....The Agnostication Of The Pope...Part LII

'The Lazarus Monologue'

Euphoria clouds lifted, folded, soothed...  
I sang with eagles...they with me  
in circling song harmony...  
left earth's wailing,  
sun dead sands.

Freedom.

Anointed, lined. Arms, hands, folded...  
finality-stopped heart.  
What joy I then knew!

Freedom.  
My freedom.  
By my  
hand.

Bitter and sweet, the wine.  
One clay cup portion...  
potion.  
Poison.

Drugged beginnings...suicide.  
Before suicide was sin-pronounced.  
Sin of mortality...  
mortality of birth.

And was murdered with life.  
Again.

Look no further than your fingernails, Pope.  
Cleanse them of false scrolls...  
And absolve the one who murdered  
me....

elysabeth faslund

## .....The Art Of Apology

Apologies. Not words, but tones of voice.  
Humility of apology, makes eloquence forthright.

Pridefulness of silence, will return, in kind, silence.  
The brave are humble, and, they never mumble.

I saw a sparrow this day.  
On crippled wings, it flew.  
I thought of you.

elysabeth faslund



## .....The Light Calls

Surrounded by true-to-faith millions,  
but what's this? Light through an  
alien forest, an unknown forest.

What protection? Do I walk alone?

Millions are traveling the Ancestor Path.  
Sweet voices call, sweet incense veils,  
but what's this? Singing in the forest.

What protection? Do I walk alone?

Light and song beckon to this wanderer.  
I leave the path, unafraid, and alone.  
Warm hands and eyes welcome me home.

Millions pass me by. I wish them well.  
Walking the lesser-known path,  
I find myself at peace.

For peace has found me worthy.

elysabeth faslund

## .....The Pool Game

First draft only....prose poem....

-----...

To the West, I looked.  
Free-falling backwards, down.  
Like Ripley into the furnace, clutching an alien  
Horror...destruction. Death.  
Violet petal soft falling. No pain. Slow motion.  
No impact. Peaceful.

'Girl, get off my pool table, ' my Daddy, smiling,  
Chalking the cue tip. 'You want to play? '  
'But you're...'  
Clean break, 11 balls scattered over the table green.  
'Only if you think of me like that.'  
Banked nine off five into the side.  
'I can't beat you. Never could.'  
Long cushion seven...back corner.  
'Why is my daughter here? Now? '  
Ball after ball, pocketed.  
'I was falling, like a real dream...where is this? '  
'Want a beer? ' Daddy's ice blue eyes were the same.  
'Then I'll beat you! I'll take six! '  
'Nope. You're going home.' Soft authority, so loved.  
'No, Dad, no. I want to be with you.'  
'Nope. A while yet. Where's your spunk? Fight! '

To the West, I looked. Daddy frowned.  
I grabbed his cue, called, and sank the eight.  
'I win, Daddy! '  
'You're starting to. Now. Go home. I'll be here.'

To the East, I looked.  
Towards the rising Sun.

elysabeth faslund

## .....This Christmas Table...Sonnet

Welcome friends, family...Please be seated  
Around this Christmas joy, table of food,  
Good stories from the past year, and laughter...  
All in abundance, all cherished dearly.

Everyone is here once more, to enjoy  
Rest from their journey, warmth from our fireplace,  
The feast from our table...given gladly  
In sweet hopes we meet again this next year.

Join hands and hearts for the Grace offering...  
A moment of silence to wish the ones...  
Who for whatever reason, do not have  
This bounty before them... the warmth of peace

In their hearts, trouble-free days, quiet nights.  
A loving home be their journey's ending.

elysabeth faslund

## .....What Kind Of Driver Are You?

Bank curves for smoother, safer travel.  
Highways unknown, length, durability,  
Longevity.  
There are no detours.

Destination known, means 'no arrival yet'.  
Do not offend travelers. Guides they may be.  
Consulting is a virtue, no 'fault' at all.  
There are no detours.

Wishing, makes not reality.  
Dreams, not in cement.  
Plans go astray...rebuilt  
With consideration, kindness.

Travelling at 110, zoned 35...  
There are no detours.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Wilderness Gardens...Sonnet

The seedling. Seeking rooting in rich soil,  
Sprouting higher with sunrise-bright lighting,  
Folding leaves through night, renewing growth's toil  
Morning brings. Each stem, each bud, greens fighting

For its place, life. The Garden's timeless peace,  
Sensed soothing by these young, rarely protects.  
It beckons, summons, then the surprise cease.  
Trusting is treacherous. Testing rejects

Youth which cannot withstand stem breaking storms.  
The Garden has no walls. Life, no safety nets.  
Winds crumble barriers. Nets seep, drip, young forms  
Back to earth's old arms. Seeds of timed regrets.

Better to flower the wilderness knolls  
Than death in Gardens, without beauty's tolls.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Anger's Logic

Anger...energizes enthusiasm for truth.  
Anger...destroys rose glasses.  
Anger...antithesizes depression fears.  
Anger...has no use for crutches.

Depression...anger turned inward.  
Take the pill. Wait, wait, wait.  
Anxiety...is the pill working?  
Fear...call the doctor. Again. Again.

Doctors never prescribe anger.  
Anger needs management.  
Sane anger is release.  
Managed release becomes anger.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Bering Strait Myth

'Well, lookee here, Jake! We done found  
the oldest skeleton in the Northern Hemisphere!  
Got to be 20 thousand years old...crossed  
Those Bering Straits it did! We is famous! '

Jake said jack about that, gazed askew  
at the Starbuck's coffee cup, clutched  
in its boney maroney hand...'Uh, you mean,  
...'if the ice age builds a land bridge, they

will come? '...uh, ice builds ice, my friend.'

20,000 years previously...sunny day, all that...  
Glug looked at a mile high wall of ice, and, him  
looking UP at it, gave him an idea...voiced...  
'BULLSH\*TT! ! ! Tain't no food up there! ! !

Go South in Siberia, and those fools will  
kill us...go West, we in bogland...can't  
go North, ice wall too high...hmmmmm,  
well lookee at them fishin boats we got! ! ! '

Glug and the tribe went sailing merrily,  
happily, catching fish, rainwater, fair winds...  
only one teensy thing went wrong...  
they got caught in the Humbolt Current...

and founded Equador...

Hey, it's on the internet...hotly  
contested theory!

elysabeth faslund

# .....Can Of Soup For Restricted Poets

One Idea Poem, With Rime...Meter...

Can of soup on the shelf,  
You're not made by an Elf.

Can of soup, why so glum?  
You were made for my 'tum'.

Can of soup, with crackers,  
Diced cheese, onions...smackers!

Can of soup, much too late! !  
Fine print says, 'Out of Date'.

elysabeth faslund



## .....Daylight Saving Went To Confession

Monday Morning came alarming  
On Blueberry Hill...All Along The  
Watchtower...ya keep a' knockin  
But ya cain't come in...On Blue

Bayou! Daylight Savings go away!  
Australia would, perhaps, like to  
Have this 'saving' of time? 'Saving'?  
Uh, it needs absolution before it

Can be saved...so, 'saving' went to  
Confession one day...Bless me, Father,  
For I have sinned...What are your  
Sins, my child? 'Saving' thought back

To the beginning of Time...uh, well,  
Father, it looks like just about  
EVERYTHING is my sin...\*silence\*  
My child, think of what you're

Saying...if everything is your sin,  
Then, there is nothing left for  
The rest of my flock to admit...  
Uh, Father, that's what I'm saying!

Then, for your penance, say 'If I  
Could Save Time In A Bottle'  
For every second of Time...  
That outta do it...now, for that

Bottle...

The parody of a parody is...

Good Morning! Good Morning!  
Ya'llses! ! !

elysabeth faslund

## .....Fire Ants Gonna Gitcha! ! !

Whisper of the leaves  
From knotty, knotty trees  
With knees over knuckles  
Under mounds and towns  
Of anty fire ants  
Propping up briars  
Cresting up crumbly  
From hills upon trees  
Kneading fence posts.  
Those round about ghosts  
Seen from hills way above  
Mist valleys way below.  
Whispers of leaves whose  
Tic tac grieves curtain  
And repel glances, lances  
Of a setting town at sunrise.  
Anty fire mounds,  
Around, about, down,  
Down a riverless state  
Of no, no risen night.

elysabeth faslund

## .....For Honor, For Faith, For Human Spirit

A prose poem...internal rhyme and alliteration...

-----...

For Honor:

The Old Mountain waited...beckoning eyes to ledges. Snow.  
Glistening pure under Sun's shadows.  
The Old Mountain lived. In living, breathed. In breathing,  
Drummed avalanches.  
The Old Mountain, waiting breathlessly, waltzed snow.  
Whirled Death.  
No face was safe. North, South, East, West. No slope.  
Cliff-ledged treachery.  
All knew Old Mountain. Its faces. No Spirits of Honor there,  
Even those of the Sky.  
The Climbers brought Honor with them.

For Faith:

They knew, trusted, one another. Veterans. Battle-hardened  
Granite warriors...of spike, boots, rope.  
Passed crosses cold...before base camp. Passed. Nodded.  
Night. Toasted fallen comrades of old. Slept. Woke.  
Broke piled snow. Joked. Laughed.  
All knew.  
All may not return. Old Mountain sneered.  
The Climbers brought Faith with them.

For Human Spirit:

Weeks lingered misery. Camps flowered Old Mountain.  
Dotted defiance of past treacheries...crevices, thin-ice deceptions.  
Night. Some spoke return. Some, exhaustion.  
Morning cocooned Climbers. Old Mountain glared. Spit Ice.  
Ice split ropes...two fell. While falling, screamed to comrades.  
Broken, bloody, snow-traced...final whispers  
Of Life.  
The Living listened. Eyes met. Heads nodded.  
One topped Old Mountain's peak...others limped up  
To join.

And, lumps in throats, nodded to snowed lumps below...

'For Honor! For Faith! For Human Spirit!

We dedicate our Fallen to

Old Mountain's defeat! '

-----

For, while falling, those two saw, whispered

Old Mountain's flaw.

The Climbers passed up, through

Old Mountain's hollow heart...

-----...

One helicopter flew all away. Aloft, they witnessed the

Sway, collapse, of

Old Mountain into itself.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Holiday Answers

Holidays have answers...

Heard over our din...

Happiness, singing...

Heralding the Birth...

Do we listen

To the whispers

Of that wisdom

Of the ancients

Or, wait

Another year,

Anticipating

Those words

We could

Have heard

This year?

elysabeth faslund

## .....My High Cholesterol Diet Plan

No sugar! The doc said...  
Never mentioned cheesecake.  
No potato chips...Pringles then.  
No soda...then Miller Lite.  
Afternoon snack apple...pie.  
20 grapes...wait, I'll count them. Right.  
Bread substitution....HA! Cheesy, butter biscuits.  
Tuna, in water...tuna steak, lemon sauce, in stomach.  
Avoid fatty meat...I'll close my eyes.  
Oatmeal...rather bamboo shoots torture.  
Puffed rice cereal...but Cheerios promised!

In the dead of winter  
Doc did pronounce,  
'You'll follow this diet  
To the ounce! '

14 years as my Doc. You'd think he knew me better!

elysabeth faslund

# .....One Appointed Way

## One Appointed Way

Guides' many forms, ways, visages...  
The Light changes erratically. A hand bids stop, go...  
Never 'caution'.  
Caution...choice in Time.

Yesterdays' deer live in Morning prints. Today.  
Eagles' nests empty, waiting. Tomorrow.

We look to clocks as future Time...  
As seagulls look to water as waiting food.  
We hear with confidence. Future comes.  
We should be gulls...know that waiting  
Is not 'promise'.  
Caution...no promise.  
Ticking of clocks...noise.

And as we skate frozen surfaces,  
Wolves, concealed on shores, watch...knowing.  
Disappear as mist, through the Veil.  
One Appointed Way.

Wisdom of the caves.  
We chose structured brick.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Resurrection Of Roses

I have tried.  
Tried again.  
Picked fallen petals on pathways  
Littered red with Life.  
Hell-red, rose-red, blood-red...  
All, Life.  
Delicately-tried futility of  
Attaching petals to hearts...  
The strongest bonds broken...  
Falling petals once more.

I have tried.  
Tried, tired, again.  
No flower resurrection for  
Flowers' sake.  
When petals wish brown dryness,  
Leave them dignity...  
When prescient present denies,  
Leave it respect...  
When thorns shred hands,  
Let blood drip on  
Pathways.

Follow drops.  
The Way back Home.

Sanctus Agnus Dei!  
Pater Noster!

elysabeth faslund



## .....What Women Know

This morning, while buying Wal Mart, on the way to work...a few things became SO clear to me, walking the aisles....

Clothes....

What self-respecting woman will have her car tuned-up,  
...when new Fall clothes are more important?  
After all, she'll be the best dressed woman,  
...broke down on the side of the road.

Make-up...

I don't care if I have one eyelash left,  
...I WILL get that tube of mascara!  
I WILL get 2 tubes of that color lipstick,  
...and throw them away when a new color arrives.

More make-up...

If a man comments on heavy-handed blusher,  
...part of his anatomy goes on a kabob stick.  
If a woman comments on the same item,  
...'Oh Hon! Show me in the ladies room! '

Wrinkles...

If a man says those lines are really not that noticeable,  
...which part of his anatomy kabobed this time?  
If a woman comments the same,  
...'Oh Hon! Know a good Dermatologist? '

Cars...

A woman notices 'noises' costing \$5 to fix.  
...by the time she's believed, it's \$500 out his pocket.  
Why would a woman buy 10w30 motor oil,  
...when 20w50 is way cheaper?

Driving speed...

A woman drives like the Indy pace car,  
...until she sees it isn't a cop in front of her,  
...then, it's back to 'green flag' racing.  
'But, officer, I was blowing the carbon out! '

You know it's true! ! ! ! ! ! ! All of it!

elysabeth faslund

## .....Candlelight Speaks

One candle in the Dark,  
Slips sleep into me.  
One candle in the Morning,  
First thing I see.

Never did this before.  
Now, every Day, Night.  
My Father speaks to me  
Through Christmas candlelight.  
A gift? Planned...chance?

I listen to his words.  
They hurt...  
But, oh! How they  
Dance!

elysabeth faslund

## .....Don'T Look Back

The Twelfth of Never came.  
Morning song, plainly the same.  
New, and old, you walked toward me,  
Back through Time. Teared memory

Misted real. You tickled my heart.  
Heated. Held. 'You had no part  
In what happened...my fault alone.  
No guilt. My choice. If I had known

Pain caused by that gunshot, I'd  
Change Time. Christmas by your side  
Forever. You need not pack.  
Open the Door. Don't look back.'

Walking into Eternity, I was sure, remembered,  
'The Ghost and Mrs. Muir' had played that past  
December.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Eagle Of The Sun

Time: November 14th,1532. Pizarro's ships have just been sighted off the coastal desert of Peru, by a Khipu messenger. (Inca runner of messages, in knotted form)

-----,...

This is a prose/poem. First draft only. It is long.

-----

Eagle of the Sun

For kings and gods will always be,  
Legends of reality.

Merciful Inti! Sun! Tapa Father! Hear this man! Sign...one sign.  
Condor, help me reach the Sun!

He knelt. Sand puffs seeing sails, as he. Not fishing sails.  
Why men, then?

Tapa Father blinked. Sun-harsh. Earth lurched. Shook.  
Dunes walked.

Ear to sand...deep groaning. Warning! Mama Pacha  
Shaking Puma's Land this day.

Feet, sand blistered. Seared. He knelt...knees and hands.  
Mama Pacha tossed crests. Boats rode up, then down. Closer  
To his land's shore.

A mouth opened below...snake scales...Uca Pacha!  
The Evil world joined all, today. This Time.

Sun. Earth. Hell...Inti. Mama Pacha. Uca Pacha.  
Convergence of destruction.  
For kings and gods will always be,  
Legends of reality.

Blooded fingers tied colored knots. Message to Atahualpa.  
Alpaca fine cords. Haste! Men walking the shoreline!  
Inti glinted metal from these mens' hearts. Not gold. Silver.  
No feather cloaks.

Khipu message around his throat. Mama Kuka's leaf between  
Lip, gum. Pouch full. Condor! Give me wings!

Foothills. Terrace farmers. Llama herders. None could watch the  
Eagle of the Sun, on his run.

Noon. No cold. No heat, hunger, thirst. Off worn path. Unknown way.  
Up. Higher, higher. Price to pay, runner...

Into clouds, snow. Valley mists thick. Cold-blistered,  
Blooded feet. Blooded heart. Pain.  
Breath short. shallow. He knelt, knees on iced rock. Arms to sky-glow.  
Where was Sacred Mountain...peak touching Heaven?  
Vision hazed. Darkened. Feather-woven world.

For kings and gods will always be,  
Legends of reality.

A man-form walked mists. Shining. Illapa? Star Keeper?  
The Khipu runner felt peace, lay prostrate. Blurred sight. Pain. Sharp.  
Shimmer surrounded.  
'Illapa, i have failed Atahualpa.' Lifted the message cords.  
'Eagles do not fail. There is another.'  
He threw the Khipu to the sky. Talons captured.  
Banked North.

'Watch, Eagle of the Sun, with your heart.'  
Mists...Atahualpa's throne room. Khipu fell at his feet.  
'Will he heed my warning, Illapa? '  
'Atahualpa lives with gods tomorrow, Eagle of the Sun.'

Dawn words. Bright Death. The Eagle heard...  
Tapa Inca laughing as the Khipu burned to truth.  
'I will never hide. Invite these strange men to my home.  
We will honor them with gold.'

For kings and gods will always be,  
Legends of reality.

elysabeth faslund

## .....For Each A Sacred Grove

Old light shines in your eyes. You freeze.  
A buck with cloven hooves. Ivory burned antlers.  
Royal Stag...who named you so?  
Royal Stag...who is your family?  
Royal Stag...challenge is born today.

Mother...birth protective. Curling her fawn.  
Mother...birth destructive. Blood beckoning.  
Birth waters soaked into cloven printed earth.  
No water redemption this time. Time gone. Gone.  
Red. Red to be. And again...red.

Sacred Grove...silent anticipation.  
Sacred Grove...antlered shadows.  
Waiting. Still. Earth slows, slows. Stops.  
Clashes shattering, snowballing myth to life.  
Old Stag...no gods' offering.

Old Stag...blooded dirt beneath you.  
Young Stag paws earth  
with cloven hoof.

Years protective of advancing Light.

elysabeth faslund

## .....For My Father...The Slip, Falling

The slip...falling...  
Our Father. I beg  
The begging. Kneel.  
In kneeling, blooded flesh.  
Bloody hands' supplication.  
Do not lift my soul, eyes, heart.  
Not now. Not this day.  
I will not pray, but  
Our Father...

Hundreds of staples in my  
Creator's legs...  
Eyes open to ceiling, tears icing  
Cold, stainless...stained  
Pain.  
Sheeted, still form.  
Cold hands.  
Our Father...my Father-  
Why?

'Daughter, ' whispered split lips,  
'I love you.'

The slip...falling...  
Our Father!  
His eyes, mine. Heart, soul...  
Steel belief again, rain prayer  
To reality.  
Reality to prayer...  
Our Father...  
Where the compassion suffered  
On your cross...  
Where, the divine guiding...  
Surgeons' hands, bloody.  
Tears...blood.  
Our Father.  
Too high this price...for my  
Pauper Father.  
Where, your salvation...



The slip...falling...  
Our Father.  
Hear you curses  
Louder than prayer?  
Clothe demons, not angels?  
Do you hear me? Watch me?  
See me place yellow roses  
On this stone.

The stone which set you free...  
With my Father...  
Imprisons me.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Meek In The Cave

500,000 years, and 2 days ago,  
Meek matriculated to adult,  
At 12 years of age...brought  
Back a Bison by himself...

Elders were not impressed.  
Repressed grunts, then, for  
Clarity, spoke, 'Where's the  
Mammoth, junior? ' Junior

Was not thrilled by Elders.  
Clocked one with a rock.  
'Mammoth in valley, waiting  
On lazy-butttt tribe to haul in.'

'B\*tch, b\*tch, b\*tch! All the  
Time, b\*tch! ' Meek picked a  
Stick, and QUICK! flicked one  
On his ear, then threw it out

The Cave Door. 'Go fetch!  
Now leave me lone be! Got  
Bison steak. You have Mammoth  
Stew.' Then skinned his kill

By the light of flickering fire.  
All that night, Elders sat and  
Chewed fat, over whether  
Meek was adult, or not. He'd

Killed food for the tribe, clocked  
With a rock, flicked with a stick,  
Sassed the Elders good! 'Oh,  
Shaman! Come out of your trance,

And solve this for us! ' Rumbling,  
Grumbling, reeking, skinned man  
Limped to the fire, surveyed the  
Scene. Laughed, and laughed,

And laughed! ! 'I know. You don't.  
Fools! Meek has proven to be a.....

elysabeth faslund

## .....Mississippi Christmas Tree

Last night  
One question,  
'Christmas? '  
One answer,  
'No.'

This morning...  
Sheets of lightning  
Sky-dancing  
With thunder...  
I walked barefoot

In the rain to  
Put one red  
Velvet bow  
On the Magnolia  
Tree...

Where I could see  
It out my bedroom  
Window...

elysabeth faslund

# .....Strawberries And Divorce

.  
There is clean coldness in the sky today.  
It has been swept with wings.  
The air is nothing of the Earth today.  
The decay of summer is spent.  
Summer is six days gone.  
I hear Ariel approaching.

I never meant to dislike July and summer  
Nights reeking with frog voices,  
Nights merry with the discord of crickets.  
I did not question why I was living a life  
Of spoiled strawberries  
And the staccato washing of dishes.  
Wringing my hands in dishtowels that  
Seethed with endless repetition,  
Until I heard Ariel approaching.  
In Ariel's own time  
And reason.

Walking on air in Ariel's time,  
Dreading those doors and words  
That interrupted my preparation  
For shepherding wings and phrases.

Now Ariel is here, between the lowest  
Levels of a gossamer Hell  
And myself.  
Between dishtowels, strawberries, and  
Myself.  
Between the ice-laden images of divorce  
And myself.

Ariel is mine.  
And Ariel is approaching.

elysabeth faslund

# .....The Old, Old Dragon...Change He Must, But, Change He Will Not

Dragon. Fire weaves old dreams through your teeth  
Tempered, steeped in erratic impulses.

Scales. Steel buffers plated in old memories threaded  
Into soft skin.

Eyes. Black slitted yellow tears for upon a time  
Sun daisies.

Wings. Leathery harbingers of quick death,  
Quicker reality of by gones.

I weep for you.

How many females did you burn, after they believed  
Your lies?

How many females made a home for you, while your  
Ranting anger papered the walls into their memory?

Too many lies web-caught you in falsehoods for all  
To see.

Too many females left you, seeking another of sanity,  
Sweetness, and talker of Truth.

All females left you.

How you blamed them...could never see your  
Destruction closing the door behind their exit.

I weep for you.

A new female now.

I weep for her.

Your scales have not prevented feeling the coldness  
Of your winters...passing so swiftly...soon, a matter  
Of a few more winters...and you will echo only

Isolation.

elysabeth faslund

# .....The Red Ink Pen

Subtitle: Heaven Loves You More Than  
.....You Will Know.....

---...

At 17, I walked in your office. Talked.  
A poem in hand. Better than Shakespeare!  
You, gravelly, kindly said, 'Give it here.'

Didn't need glasses, way back then.  
No fright, when you took that 'red ink' pen,  
And 'hmmmmmed' as you red-lined out  
Every line. 'I like your title, though.' Doubt.

'Write a poem about that. You know, revise.'  
At 17, out I walked, cursing skies!  
My pride...nearest bar, beer. Didn't speak  
To you for six weeks! When the time was bleak,

January cold, I did revise. Wrote a new poem,  
Out of pure spite! In...I...stalked, poem  
In hand. 'Whatcha got there...this time? '  
Poker-faced, said, 'Oh, nuthin. I can't write.'

I sat, you stood. Bounced, grinned! Cheshire Cat!  
'Oh, this is...' out your door! 'Dr. Quertermous!  
Dr. LeCompte! ' Great! A PANEL of red pens! ! !  
'You're in! Sign this! We're gonna win! '

I learned from you, long, long ago.42 years...  
Of revision, 'go with the flow', never write about  
Things you don't know...

And that Dylan Thomas changed the word  
'Blue' 26 times...  
And came back to 'blue'.

Your red ink pen is legendary.  
Thank you, Dr. Swetman...we laugh  
About it, now...



elysabeth faslund

## .....Anubis. A Fool Of A God.

Jackal, you coated your tongue  
with Osiris. Thirteen pieces of linen.  
Ra rose meatier every morning.  
Ask fat Nuit.  
(And get the Lapis out your gums!)

Guard well, toothless darkness.  
Isis/Demeter/Diana  
hunt forever....  
your teeth grace ancient necks.

Jackal, you fell to Akhnaten's pack.  
Torn apart.  
(Turnabout's fair play)  
Where were Tiamat, Shiva, River Mares?  
Tutankhamon's politically buttered  
bread....lip service resurrection.  
Jackal....tomb toy.

Jackal, run.  
The time of Fenris nears.  
Hyenas are wolf delicacies....  
Olympian banquet table  
tosses....  
to attentive dogs.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Having A Dog's Life This Morning?

Flummoxed, like rain  
On the backyard dog,  
Chained to no home,  
Foodbowl empty.

What can I do for you,  
Yard Guardian?  
'Well, I say, Gladstone,  
A slice of cherry cake,

And a spot of Jaegermeister  
Would make this morning  
Dandy. No chain in the rain.'  
Whoa, Bubba! You're a dog!

'Your point being....?' ' My  
Point? My point...hmmmm...  
You have a point there...  
Dammit! What about 'it's a

Dogs life'? 'I wag my tail,  
Bark a bit, muddy paws  
All over your clothes, and  
Fold your heart with these

Big, brown eyes. Do you  
Know how boring that IS?  
You won't give me chocolate,  
The vet shoots my buttt,

And Purina sucks! No  
Insurance, and 24/7, I'm  
Guarding YOU? ' Uh, uh,  
Well, I pet you!

'Oh, that just fills my hours  
With robust adventure! Look,  
Stoneglad, just hand over  
Whatever you're imbibing...

Tad of a hangover, I see.  
Make it a double shot for  
Me. And, cherry cake be  
Damned! Chocolate! ! ! ! '

Okay, just as soon as I  
Can get out of bed...ack!  
My aching head! ! !

'Having a dog's life this morning? '

Well, uh,  
Good Morning! That hurt!  
g...o...o...d sssshhhh  
m...o...r...n...i...n...g

elysabeth faslund

# .....Locked In The Bedroom For A Year....Mississippi

I will not cry. I will not scream. I will  
Watch demons, thorn-crowned,  
In bedroom corners of  
Daylight shadows.

When did this begin, with no end...ever  
Beginning again...  
Tentatively closing the Door..  
Waiting for words. None.  
Nothing.

Epic clicks of a lock, sealing the  
Seventh Sign into the Valley.  
Beauty out windows...  
Pane glassed in freedom.  
Release.

Demons granted me soft sheets...no escape.  
Salvation was their crowns, thorned.  
Words secured royalty of isolation...  
Freedom of memory.  
Cruelty.  
Satin sheets, alone in those Days of Nights.

Three lock clicks. One...mine. Everyday.  
Always.  
My mind danced outside panes. Reveling winged  
Flight.  
Flitting through acres of forest.  
Freedom.

Release my hair. Do not pull me back to insanity I lived through.  
Always his car, twisting cruelty toward the  
Door.  
Demons laughing thorns, blood...blood  
With the click of a lock.

I never cried. I never screamed.  
My soul did.

One Saturday, I flew through locks...  
Left him with demons he created..

And danced with. He reveled the joy of thorns...  
Behind locks.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Morning On The Bayous

Ambivalent hues sensing  
Another watercolor-draped  
Ambient Dawn.  
Do we not sing this Song...

Serene perspectives, seen  
Silently. No words  
Selected for necessity.  
Do we not sing this Morn...

Marshes relinquish harbored  
Meek beings...flying, swimming,  
Meandering worn Paths.  
Do we not sing this Dawn...

Ducks, deer, cranes, mink,  
Dot bayou byways...  
Disappearing to Sanctuary.  
See to sing this Forever...

Once again...as hawks swoop,  
Coyotes pack. Hungry Day.  
Do we not sing Life's cycles...

By singing this Morning...

elysabeth faslund

## .....Pachelbel, Canon In D Minor

What then, is heard today? Water and sand  
Miraging each other in Timelessness.  
Smooth, rippling, tentative crescendos' part,  
As I, holding Pachelbel to my heart,

Will never be. Solacing the cold air,  
With violins, harp, cymbals, of morning.  
What then, this sunrise of beggaring clouds  
Seeking, searching chordless choirs of gods

In mere skies, while Canon in D Minor  
Joys rags to kings' raiments, tantalizing,  
Challenging Heaven for tones lovelier  
Than I, the pauper, can bear in Winter.

Classically, my Spring will always be  
These soft tones, that resurrected me.

elysabeth faslund



# .....Poem For The Relentless, Conventional...

Parody of structure, meter, single idea, rhyme...you name it!

Thyme rime  
Sonnet,  
Or not,  
To rime  
Meter...

Is it convention,  
Or back to basics?  
Excuse my absence...  
Thyme to take Lasix.

Hear! Hear! Inedible  
Mongers of edible  
Terms of varying use!  
I sleep. And your excuse?

Poetry  
Convention  
Retention...  
Laxative! ! !

Gotta go!

See you in  
Poetry  
One of these...

Gotta go!

elysabeth faslund

## .....Sunday Beggar

Sunday silence, gold-summoned  
Onto morning shelves.  
We choose the book, open, read.  
Archaic pages, dust deified,  
Sanctified by water.

Whence this liquid, languid  
Penalty of truths...dawn haloed,  
Labeled 'rise, rise'...do we then  
Righteously smite the twilight

Beggar back...knowing he must  
Limp from yesterday...having  
Broken through the Storm...  
Saturday Morning.

Tides trio Tess with tear-torn heart,  
Thunder flung.  
Dawn limos timid tints, oath-white clouds  
Fronting gray truths.

Mariah smiles Time...ragged garments  
Gold-summoned.  
The beggar wraps in Sunday  
Silence.

Yesterday sleeps.

elysabeth faslund

## .....The Torture Will Be Sonnet-Drip

'Aha! Game's afoot, Wats, ole boy, ole pal.  
What's this? Words on the people-page,  
which had no use for them?  
Agog! Magog! Then why did readers  
read that rubharb? Aha! Googa! '  
Puff, puff, shuffle of schematic rhyme,  
time, chime, not fine, and definitely  
sublime, went off the balconey, haughtily.  
'Sonnets' upon us! Run from the dulldom!  
Ten speed! Always the ten speed! Where's  
the racer with fresh motion, ignoring  
the notion 'sonnets' sacred cow must  
be fed with musty, rancid, green-globby  
fungus of yesterday's literary world? ' '

'Wats, here's the plan, the ruse, the  
gag for the 'in a literary rut' writers....  
in the dungeon with them all!  
And, slowly....so slowly....drip words  
of the 'sacred cow' upon their forehead.  
Sonnet-torture them all! Which sonnet writer?  
Shakespeare, Petrarch, Spenser....all  
the ones who statically stay the same  
for all time! And....are....worshipped.'

elysabeth faslund

## .....To Be Free

Years. Testing eyes, hearts...  
Ostracizing, petaling spaces  
Unfilled. Hoping...  
With humor, laughter...  
In valleys' souls, needed  
Love.  
Life.  
Boisterous reveling  
Every Day, Night.  
Festooned gaeity. Calm  
Release. Fly, owl wings!  
Enjoy! Hearts, eyes...  
Ever the owls' wisdom!

elysabeth faslund

## .....Forests

You took my breath away...gave oxygen  
To keep me alive.  
You made me laugh...I'd forgotten how.  
You inspired me to dance...I waltzed  
Life.  
Danced, laughed, breathed life.

Turn once, turn twice. And a third.  
I did not make the rules...  
Followed, corrected them.  
Following, leading...they are the same.

You opened your door...I needed entrance.  
You held on through dark and light.  
You spoke...I was used to closing sound.  
Opened, held, spoke.

Turn once, turn twice. And a third.  
I did not make the rules...  
Judged the ones to condemn.  
Creation, destruction...they are the same.

Wolves create their isolation.  
Wolves create their pack.  
Wolves create their society.  
Creatures of forests...greetings.

Turn once, turn twice. And a third.  
I did not make the rules...  
Find no fault in those good.  
Isolation, society...they are the same.

Turn to the four directions...call.  
Greet the four directions...leave none  
Out.  
Spirits will come from the forests, air, and  
Earth.  
Leave none out...or all.  
Guiding, Shining Ones

Will come.

elysabeth faslund

## .....How Morning Is Served

It's a cookie of a morning!  
Creamy sky filling, sprinkles  
Of grey clouds, and a cold  
Glass of milk, waiting tonight.

Windy kitchen...someone  
Close those doors and  
Windows...aromas will  
Escape! All kept in today!

Cozy, cozy mistletoe!  
Twine the holly, wreath  
The bow. Thanksgiving  
In twelve cooking days!

Recipe for Dawn:  
Into a large bowl of sky,  
Add fluffy confectioner  
Sugar clouds. Two large

Eggs, separated into  
Yolk-sun, and white day.  
One packet yeast into  
105 water temp(no, not rain!) .

Flour from sifted gardens,  
Stir a tad, cover, and let  
Rise 3 hours. Roll out Day  
And twist into a beautiful

Brioche of Merry, Merry!  
Serve warm from the oven,  
Dripping new, yellow butter,  
And scrumtious preserves

Of yesteryears parties!  
Dollop of honey, and coffee-  
Breakfast, Holiday style,  
Is served. Morning Banquet

Of November proportions...  
Be seated round this table  
Of Morning. Toast the  
Coming Day of awaited

Juicy, crispy-skin, Turkey...

Misspellings go into the Garbage! ! !  
And all 'editing', too! ! !

Good Morning! Good feasting Morning!  
Ya'llses! The pampered Guests! ! !

elysabeth faslund



## .....Would You Do The Same

I turn the rock over, over, in intentional soft hands,  
accidentally rough hands....

wondering.

Should I, could I, break the mirror....

splintering images waiting, hooked  
on tomorrow's wall,  
shattering slivers of a butterfly  
that almost was.

Never totality.

Always 'a few moments more.'

The butterfly watches my hands....

its Today.

I will not touch the mirror.

Will the rock shatter water into mirrors  
lapping distant shores,  
sanded feet, urchins face up  
to a sun, setting....  
or drift soundlessly bottomward,  
disturbing only seaweed fronds?

One rock. One time.

Mirror. Sea.

I give the rock to the air.

It, alone, holds the sun,  
for me.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Don'T Look

Sleep.

In sleeping, dream...

The Unicorn outside

Your window...don't

Look...

Alice and The

Cheshire Cat...

Don't look...

The Rose vining

Thru the window...

Don't look...

Look to the stars,

Dreaming...

Waking, they will

Always be

There.

Fond Goodnight....

elysabeth faslund

## .....Metaphysical, Or Existentialist, Poem?

Flame...for candles' light,  
Negating dark.  
Do we not trust light?  
Flame?

Vagaries in binding, beyond hope,  
Altruism to reality.  
Do we not trust reality?  
Hope?

Buds open. Yesterday yields  
Tomorrows' petals.  
Do we not trust yesterday?  
Flowers?

Do we trust...  
Trust?

elysabeth faslund

## .....No Wasteland For Prufrock

T.S., I have strolled,  
Turned again,  
Wear my knickers rolled.  
Dance alleyways...  
No clotheslines above.  
No doorways with cedar  
Lintels.  
Shall my Father give,  
Or get, love...  
Kneeling, throw dice.

Peaches rot. I choose  
Pomegranates...lose, as  
Time permits, not this view.  
Cores, seeds newly planted  
For the next.  
I dare. Eyes open. Music retains  
Many dancers. One hand.

Turn again. In graceful sin,  
Of Left. Right.  
Death's dominion reigns,  
Until a comet throws  
Our royalty through panes.  
And there, I dance  
Past parlor windows  
Into the ballroom  
Of God.

elysabeth faslund

## .....The Dragons Of Arthur

And the dragons, white and red,  
fought deep underground, under  
the tower...Vortigern, listen to  
your advisors! ! !

Everynight, the tower fell in ruin,  
everyday, was rebuilt...sounds like  
compulsive/obsessive ole Vortigern  
was a die hard...but, along about

the second week of this, a raggedy  
bard said to him, 'oye vey! that roaring  
ain't your stomach! Dig deep, dig deep,  
and there your problem lay...'

'Why MY tower, eh? ' The old bard spit,  
'Fool, you don't belong here...not in  
this history...now out, and let us attend our  
work.' They dug to where waters lay

and there the dragons fought, all covered  
in mud, not having eaten for two weeks,  
intent on getting the other one GONE.  
One white, one red...and the old bard

simply asked, 'Why fight you so, and  
crumble this tower? '  
One dragon arched a dragon eyebrow,  
'Why say, ole chap, we are metaphors

for the Roman faction and the English,  
and the tower is the ruling dolts who  
must get out of here...so we fight...  
metaphors always fight.'

'And Vortigern? ' The other dragon  
grumbled, 'He's just the vehicle in  
the wrong place and time. Read  
Gildas and Nennius...uh, never mind,

they haven't written yet.300 more  
years, and our story will be told.'  
'What story, you cartoons of scales? '  
'Why, the child called Arcturus...that

sorry excuse of a dragon will be his  
banner of red, the dragon his coat of arms,  
and YOU, you dolt, are Merlin, but you  
don't know it yet...'

'We fight, so the future will not believe  
in Arthur, the 'once and future king'.  
'Enough of your tomfoolery! I'm going  
to Tintagel. Ygraine is a winsome lass! '

'Constantine will win Ygraine. You are  
just another vehicle.' 'How know you this? '  
'Haven't you read, will read, already read,  
6 Olde English Chronicles' yet? '

'Rubbish! '  
'Tintagel calls you. Begone, old fool,  
You're needed there, or Arcturus  
will never be born.'

And it was so.

elysabeth faslund

# .....The Lincoln Assassination Conspiracy

Mary Todd Lincoln  
Suggested Ford's Theater  
That fateful evening.

After Lincoln's death,  
Stanton assumed leadership.  
And... Andrew Johnson?

The Naval Bridge guard  
Chose to pass Wilkes Booth across...  
One hour past curfew.

Doctor Mudd knew Booth.  
Dinner and conversations.  
Written messages.

Wilkes was an actor.  
But, not better than Stanton.  
Garrett's Farm the stage.

Kill the assassin.  
Law of all conspiracies.  
No way could Wilkes live.

Fifty pages gone  
From John Wilkes Booth's diary.  
What was written there?

elysabeth faslund

# .....Coffee And Stephen Hawkins

Coffee is made from a bean...  
Beans are from trees...  
Trees are from the Earth...  
And the Earth is of the Sky.

The Sky is of the Solar System  
Solar System of a Galaxy,  
Galaxy of a Quadrant,  
Quadrant is of the Universe,

Universes are in Parallels,  
Universal Parallels....

Belong to Hawkins! THERE! AHA! !  
Drink the coffee, chug it down...  
All proceeds go to Hawkins...  
And he ain't talkin...

About that tin cup....  
About that porcelin cup...  
About that Corelle...and, about  
That coffee maker...

All is irreverently irrelevant  
As long as purpose is achieved...  
Means justify ends?  
YES, INDEED! ! !

Uh, as far as coffee goes...

So, wake the hell up!  
And thank Stephen Hawkins  
For that wild, caffeinated brew! ! !

Good Morning! Good Morning!  
Ya'llses!

elysabeth faslund



## .....Maid Of Panthea

Sheer gown flowing with winds,  
She looks to far horizons...  
All one. Sends laughter to  
Dolphins, foam, waves.

By moonlight, her silhouette  
Stands elegant. Clouds hide  
Her beauty from stars.  
Morning finds one wish

Escaping teared lips,  
'This heart will not beat  
Again...hear me, Time.'  
She walks in foamed grace,

In framed Life, in grief.  
'This heart will live again  
When I find love constant...  
Tell me when...please.'

She listened to silent words,  
Slipped off her gown, strode  
Queenly into the sea...the  
Only constant lover.

Mermaids knew their beginning.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Sparrows Of Christmas

Can't lose that lovin feelin!  
Too, much too close to that Eve and Day!  
Don't let it slip away! My  
Christmas heart and inspiration...

This goes out to those who  
Only see a sparrow,  
Not its hope, bouncy hop,  
Bright eyes, warm...

Ot its miracle of flight.

elysabeth faslund

## .....The Osprey And The Phoenix

Osprey. Eagle tossed in name, heart.  
Talon-comb clouds through my hair, that I float words,  
Messages, down to Earth.  
Snare peak thrones, high seats of knowledge.  
Screech skies to oceans in search of wisdom...just that...  
One glimpse.  
Hours breathe quick Sight, quicker reality.

The mountain, motionless.  
The mountain, in journey.  
The mountain, gifting spirits to sit silent.  
Through, around, quiet, within me  
The mountain, bending Sight downward.

What, this morning worship of color? Newness?  
I tell you...morning color resides in you. From within  
You...color births creation newness.  
Seek not sky-colors. You, the rays of infant Day.  
Waters reflect you. Sky lives in your folded hand.  
Open. Open.

What, this grief of sneaking Death? Closing eyes?  
I tell you...Death resides in your eyes.  
You choose to see Death in color shades.  
See Darkness...and Death laughs negation  
To Sight.

See behind Death. Above, below, the sides.  
See all, know your answers.  
There is no Death for Sight within you.  
When your eyes open, Death exists not.  
You are the answer. Always.  
Always have been.

Spirits chatter, chattering 'yes'. Gabbling 'no'.  
Spirits restless. Peaceful.  
Spirits see you as spirits. Sit with me.  
So short a time...this Forever.

Phoenix. Flap ashes aloft, aground.  
Talon embers to my open hands.  
I open Day for you.

Now...burn me.  
Phoenix. Power of Fire...burn me in Life.  
With Life. To Life.

With open eyes, we are Forever.  
We are the  
Phoenix.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Mostly, A 'Richard Pryor' Type Of Eulogy!

Mostly, from a Richard Pryor, comic 'sermon'...

-----...

'Our text for today is...

\*Porter! Git down nat coffin! \*

'Our text for today is, our  
Dearly departed...He was

'Dearly, and he has departed.  
Didn't think you was evah  
Gonna die, didga, Porter...?  
Our broken, stained glass is lettin

'The sun...can I get an AMEN! ...is  
Shinin on dis heah dead Porter...  
\*Porter! Close dat lid! NOW! \*  
The rain shinin on him too!

'Pass the collection plate for panes!  
What ah sayin? ...got it now...  
Dis heah Porter loved to port...AMEN! ! !  
And, if you think we gonna bury

'You, wid dem gold teeth, ya got nother  
Thing comin! No fool, like a dead fool...  
AMEN! Sisters and Brothers!  
His woman, dats her ovah da in...GIRL! ! !

'Well don't sell nuthin in heah! ! !  
If you do...I want a CUT! ! !  
You dah reason dis Porter dead...!  
Hadn't caught you sneakin around....!

'My Brethren! pass dat plate agin!  
Seems our 'dearly' didn't have enough  
Tah git buried fit and proper!  
YOU! In dat back pew...you, his only

'Friend! I saw dat quarter you give!  
Ante UP! AMEN! Let's turn our

Text to...wait a minute...turn our Text  
To..Lazarus, ole boy...ya'll

'Know dat boy...arise one too many  
Times! Now he under GOOD!  
Took wine wid him, too! Happy  
In his cave...like dis heah....

\*PORTER! ! ! You be dead! Florist  
And CSI tole me so! Git dat  
Coffin lid DOWN! Swear tah gawd!  
Break ya fingers, if I gotta do it! \*

'Breathren...let us bow our wigs,  
Heads, whatevah ya got handy...  
Put DOWN dem wine bottles! Ain't  
No cause for celebration of

'Porter departed...AMEN! ! !  
But, while those bottles being  
Blessed in dis here congregation...  
Pass ME 12 dem bottles!

'Can I get AMEN! ! !  
Shout it, Brethren!  
AMEN! ! !  
Our last Text today is...

'Before dat ice cream truck  
Hauls Porter off...told ya'll...no  
Money...is...Porter's untimely  
Death...Death of untimely...

'Gimme those bottles o wine agin...  
In wine is truth...'

elysabeth faslund

## .....Mysterious Mists

Morning plinks on my umbrella.  
Drizzly Mists, Elfen Mists...  
Protected by the Changling Oak.  
Dare I hover under those branches...

Snatched into the trunk for a  
Hundred years of rhyme gone  
By. As Elves glow dance in  
Circles, tenacious glades

No woodsmen cares to touch.  
Would not be much, to appear  
Once more, a hundred years  
From now. No morning pastels,

Poems, ballads, ever will change.  
Through the Now of Elves and Oaks.  
Blink once in the Mists...you live  
True. Blink twice in the Mists...

Farewell to you.

Mists are not what they seem.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Sdrawkcab

Cup's in the coffee, face on the soap,  
Keys on the fingers, poeming this write,  
Cigaretting a smoke, questioning answers,  
But, hey! It's a Morn Gooding!

Flooring the walk to the pot coffee,  
Not catting on the step, birding to listens,  
Owling at my look, crystal, shelving on the sit,  
But hey! It's a Morn Gooding!

Bedroom smoke full of air, up creeping Sun,  
A.M.6, and it's here in cold!  
Tree oak in the shadows, ground on the fog,  
But hey! It's a Morn Gooding!

The escape did poem, open not eyes,  
Hot is the coffee, sweet is sugar,  
The made is bed, sleep goodbye!  
Taley fairs making the in...

Is how you feel this? Are too you there?  
World to my welcome!  
I'll today sometime wake...meantime...

Morn Gooding! Ya'llses!

elysabeth faslund



## .....Wrap Your Troubles... And Laugh!

If, when problems appear,  
Laugh...  
If, when the world goes down,  
Drink the Sunlight...  
If, when you do wander,  
Know the Path  
Is always, always  
Near.

How soft, the angel wings.  
How warm, how home to  
You...silence is an  
Angel's delight...ssshhhh,  
Be at peace with  
These words  
Of love.

elysabeth faslund

## .....And Now, The Flooding Of Houma, Louisiana

And now, water. Oozing over broken levees.  
Broken by defiance.

Whose hands tore chunks from salvation,  
Distributed them to crabs, ditches, back to silt?

The Jester looks apologetic...be not fooled by  
His eyes, for they search, while smiling, cajoling.

Malignant Jester all the same..  
Malificus Malficorum!

Dancing with the Devil on these bayous.

Churches hold no services today...  
Baptize thyself in Waters of the Mother...

Mother. Do you see us, hear us, want us?  
Send the salvation of sandbags, for we are

Already water-baptized...

Houma cries today.

elysabeth faslund

## .....And, You Know You Did This!

Was the dark side of a white night  
all sweaty with remembrances  
of dancing, moving the dancing  
crowd to watch....me.

Hair flipped up, shake it, shake it!  
Pop it good. Navel ruby  
on a flat belly, glitter on my  
shoulders, face.

Watch me move. Don't care....  
it's my night, not yours.

Then it became our night.  
He left his girl and moved with me.  
We glittered together  
all across that floor,  
right to my door.

White night of darkened bedroom.  
Glittered floor.  
Glittered sheets.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Dreams Can Come True

.  
Galaxies aren't all that far...  
A sleep, a dream, a travel...  
You're there.

You and I will travel to a  
Distant star...one with  
Planets.  
We'll pick a planet alive  
With Unicorns, Griffins,  
Dragons...you, my Knight.  
I, your Lady.

Water Nymphs, Satyrs will  
show us the way to  
Golden Elves and Muses.  
We'll dance with them...  
All in a shining circle...  
Sparkling silver.

Maybe, just maybe, we'll  
Find a bespectacled, old  
Sorcerer who'll teach us  
To fly. And spell-make trees  
As tall as clouds...clouds as  
Beautiful as rainbows...  
Never to rain, never black  
With thunder, lightning...

Then he'll show us  
Purple-gold waters with  
Garnet beds. And then...

He'll give us the power to  
Come back to Earth.  
If...if we really...really  
Want  
To go.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Fishing Is Grand Freedom

The Fisher.

Cold pre-dawn. Coffeed  
Out his house. Feed dogs,  
'I'll be back, hush. Sleep.'

The Fisher.

Ready. Boat down ramp.  
Water freedom. Free.  
Summons answered.

What questions go unanswered, Fisher?

Fisher...ask.  
This one day...ask.

The Fisher.

Favorite spot. Fast  
Out-going currents.  
Three in his ice chest.  
Good Day!

Seventh cast. No fish jumping now.

What reason, Fisher?

Ask. This one day...ask.  
Go home. Go home, Fisher.

'Snagged a log! Damn hurricane! '

Trolled into currents. Reached.  
Nothing. Nothing.  
Hard jerk on line...hook set.

Over. Over the side.

Home disappeared.  
Water. The Fisher  
Became his freedom.

What was below your freedom, Fisher?

Below the water...  
What...

elysabeth faslund

## .....Incense Of Suicide...To Alvin

.  
Suicide: Incense

.  
Some women get roses.  
Some get perfume.  
Why did you send me  
Lotuses and incense...  
Then turn your back,  
Steps clapping echoes  
Like a plodding  
Draught animal...  
It's harness too tight,  
It's lips dripping blood  
From the bit it  
Accepted...  
Then fought.

Who was your cruel owner...  
Why was I never  
Introduced?

One long-stemmed rose  
To lay for you...  
One final look...  
Forever.

elysabeth faslund



# .....It's Arbitration Season! ! ! ! !

Why don't men stock merchandise  
In the bedroom, during football season?  
So, SO wise, to wear no disguise  
Such as clothes...nudely grab

That beer! Even one for him...  
Swing, gyrate during halftime  
Would put an end to 'second half'...  
An end to shopping too!

No banks broken here...got my  
Own job, own money...but, I'll use  
Yours to get some tinsle, placed  
Strategically, with 2 silver stars...

On...wait...make that tassles!  
Swing and bump, bump and swing...  
Honey...Oh Dear! Did I interrupt that  
Touchdown pass?

So sorry! ! ! !

elysabeth faslund

## .....Joshua

In the years of black tap dancers and cotton bales,  
Massah Jim had a boy...raised him from cypress knee  
Height in the ways of the Earth,  
Plantings, harvestings.  
Massah Jim named him Joshua...gave him a hound  
And grey Apaloosa that loved the rain and winds.

Joshua had eyes like a hungry hawk at noon...  
Heard rustlings that cats ignored, late in the evening  
Under river willows.  
Joshua, the hound, and Apaloosa roamed through  
October nights, when only owls were about.

Frost rimmed the windows when Joshua's mother died.  
Massah Jim watched his boy grow quiet, then walked  
In the library...closed the door behind him.

Joshua knew ancient trails where wisteria grew wild,  
And waters remained dark under moss, sun.  
He grew closer to the oaks than his father knew why...  
Ventures became secretive, silent as a cottonmouth.  
His footprints left no traces.

Slaves whispered. None would walk with Joshua  
Through the cotton fields...or smile when he passed their  
Cabins.  
They feared the sounds of hoofbeats in a storm, begged  
Old women to raise fires against the darkness.

Spring rains came with the fog. One misty morning, before  
Roosters blinked, or the black cook yawned,  
Joshua, the horse, and the hound were gone.

Massah Jim died in the library, brandy glass in his hand.  
Slaves and lands auctioned. Crops sold. Steampaddles  
Floated upriver past a desolate wharf.

Brambles crept around pillars, up the stairs, shrouded  
Trees and roads. Floors fell through. Saplings grew into

Broken panes...once glowing with candlestick flames  
Outlining whirling ladies, cigar-smoking gentlemen,  
Servants passing delicacies.

In the years of Blue and Gray uniforms, as sparrows  
Hatched their chicks in parlor walls,  
Soldiers found the shadow form...a man, one gnarled hand  
Around a brandy glass...  
Seated in the library,  
Close to the rain.  
Close as a body could get.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Meet Me Down The Road A Bit

I did not want the sepulchre  
Nor stone door  
Nor womens' tears...  
Three days...  
I never died, just  
Down the Road a bit.

Shedding thorn crown,  
Releasing rusted nails,  
Laughing with Lazarus  
All the while...  
I never died, just  
Down the Road a bit.

I do not revere Death.  
I will not wash feet.  
Such breathing flowers  
Bloom,  
Sins denounce the Holy...  
I never died, just  
Down the Road a bit.

Step off beaten Paths, and  
Here I wait for you...just  
Down the Road a bit...

elysabeth faslund

# .....Noah, His Pal, And The Ark

Desert amalgamated heat.  
Dune drenched, inquisitive sand.  
Correspondant mythos mirages...

Uh, say! Say, Noah! Whatcha doin ole buddy?  
...Building an Ark. God said the demensions....  
Where's your building permit, ole pal?  
...What for to permit? God said...  
Where's the sewage system, potable water?  
...Flood'll take care of all that.  
No clouds. No rain for 1,000 years.  
...Got water wings, damned fool?  
Better! Got Sumerian EPA and FEMA.  
...FEMA knows about the Flood?  
Not zoned 'flood'. See? No levees...  
...FEMA knows about God?  
No, just insurance fraud. This Ark's insured?  
...Shut it, and help me get 2 of eveything!  
Here's 2 OSHA citations for a start.  
...Oh Lord! Help this damned fool!

Clouds topped the mountain ranges...dark, darker...

Got a minute to talk, damned fool?  
...Who said, uh, who are you?  
I AM OSHA.  
...Oh God! ! !  
Right.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Raging Silence

Silence.

What color this, the heaviest emotion?

Pounds per lost words...

Golden? Hardly.

We turn lost gold, to blue...with

Words nourished internally.

Protected failures.

Silence.

What color eyes scream loudest...

What size hands, frantically appealing...

What size lips, holding back emotion

Weighty as Black Holes...

Silence.

Word feathers tickling deafness

Of love, truth, dignity...

Silence.

And, my kitten silently mews, 'Hello, '

When, tired from work, I say, 'Hello Angel.'

Eyes, heavy of love. Loving companion.

More love than Human.

What would I give...

elysabeth faslund

# .....Same Ole, Same Ole...Idiot Commenters And '1'Ers

Well, well, well...there appears to be  
Stupid, ignorant people still being  
Allowed to comment on poetry here...

Delete, delete, delete...COMPETE  
With that DELETE KEY...IDIOTS! ! !  
Course, there's always jealousy

Involved...'1'ers and stupid commenters...  
Why don't they put their sorry poems up? ? ?

They are oh-so-scared to do that! ! ! ! !

Uh, try again, idiots...you'll NEVER  
Be poets...much less members of  
ANY intelligent group...hahahahahahahahahahahahaaaa! ! ! ! !

elysabeth faslund

## .....Spring, Winter...For The Birds...Sonnet For Fun

A blackbird preens sheen-blue feathers  
while cocking gold eyes on it's thunder-dark  
flock. Never beaked, stranded, it trusts tethers,  
whether, or not, tethers weather the bark

Of crested, not breasted, bluejays. Mean birds.  
Gorgeous flappers. Routed by red robins,  
when red beaks Springtime song, in lieu of words.  
Robins swarm. Advanced schedules of 'bobbins'.

Too advanced. Worms delight in frigid nights.  
No rain to flush them birdward. Black, blue, red,  
flock away. A sky of Winter delights  
resolves to a message, 'Spring is not dead.'

From blackbirds, to Spring, then Winter again.  
This is quite normal...notarized 'Amen! '

elysabeth faslund



## .....We Are The Elders In Time

Neverland. Closer.  
Elders speak. I see whispers' winds.  
Curtain sheer reality.  
My choice not to hear. Intrusive.  
Not today.  
Today harbors Time, as it washes  
Seashells free of sand. Clean.  
I listen to sand. Water. Time directness.  
Neverland. Everland. What difference....?

Upon a Time, we were sand. Joy.  
Granular. Round. Relentless.  
Elders spoke lungs...tied us to air.  
No wings.  
Translucent hands, summoning  
Babies from waves. Slicing cords.  
Freeing blood.  
Binding eyes open to Sight.  
We blinked. Turned away.

Upon a Time, we only cried in Elder years.  
Seconds.  
We were Elders. How quickly we grew to children.  
I turn away, back from the child.  
Opening my arms, ears...  
Join Elders in Everland...  
The future Now.

elysabeth faslund

## .....A Long Overdue 'Thank You'

This goes out to everyone who helped us, in Houma, after Hurricane Gustav.  
Please, if you know any of these military, or otherwise, people...send them this  
poem....please....

-----...

A young man in fatigues,  
Walking the cool store...  
'Aren't you hot in those? '  
'Lady, we're about to die.'

That's how much they gave for us,  
After the monster storm, 'Gustav'.

We gave them our very best,  
Those long ago, long months...  
Hotels, campers, auditorium...  
And although none had died,

This is my memorium.

For, in my memory  
Will remain,  
A too-young boy  
In obvious pain.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Appalachian Sunset

Moonstruck rust, enchanted rust  
Gathering substance,  
Spiraling up, descending crescendos  
Spidering spells across ground  
Boundaries  
Of air, rock, hills, backroad towns...  
Backbone ridges in  
Time-tinted tin...  
Sheds, webs of buckets, plows,  
Wagon wheels...  
Shreds, straps of harnesses  
From upon-a-time mules  
Dusting through rows flattened by  
Sunstruck rust, twilight rust...  
Passed by ritual busses, S.U.V.'s,  
Cell phones speaking of hotels,  
Scenery in Chattanooga.  
Turkeys cock an eye toward  
Medicine robes secluding  
Four-house towns,  
Descending invisibility on  
Kitchens of corn bread,  
Gravy, pork chops.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Beloved Cat...Merlin

.  
Last night, when Merlin lay curled on the rug, twitching  
Claws and ears in memory of some sparrow,  
I adjusted the quilt, sighed.

Merlin opened an eye, saw it was only me, and walked  
To nibble on a dish of Mackerel...then lay by the fire  
Too softly, ignoring the windows too innocently.

Each dusk, I closed the flowered curtains to keep  
Treetop shadows out of Merlin's eyes.

But in the mornings, robins scouted the yard...and  
Merlin's whiskers quivered against the screen.

Last night, I picked Merlin from the rug, scratched his  
Chin, ears, and whispered acres of woods and dripping  
Perch years from the city.

Insensitive drivers kept the door locked...and children  
Who liked black cats...and city toms who fought their  
Blocks.

Early this morning, before the world flamed again, a  
Scratchy noise and padded steps crept into my mind.  
I knew the torn screen behind that window kept a particle  
Of Merlin's fur for me when I fully awoke.

A particle of fur from that window that only Merlin  
Knows why I opened sometime last night.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Black Widow Spider

.  
It could have been the snow-heavy  
God...god of brief glincings from  
Icicles, octagonal tapestries...  
Creeping to the window, gaining  
Dim light, somewhat of warmth.  
Not too much, now.

What if this god abhorred the power  
To eternally remind us of months of  
Deathlike dormancy...

If you watched carefully, you would  
Have seen his death...out your window.  
An ignoble death at the hands of a  
Young maiden. A virgin...a child  
Gathering first blooms of her new  
Reign.

A murdering child, innocent, wide eyes,  
Hair piled in golden ringlets.  
Coy, child-woman, slaughtering the old  
God...with a virginal promise, 'All is well.'  
Melding with disaster, killing winds...  
Her crystalline laughter is still  
Coy.

All revel in her greenery, sweet spring  
Air...dancing on the lawn, picnics by  
Still water.

All will forget, as ever they have...  
Their sweet Spring Virgin is an  
Unabashed whore...  
With a stiletto.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Ever Twisting Past Into Now

Did you believe in good nightmares?  
I tell you demons hide behind every  
Tree, every blade of sculptured grass...

The Light hours are more the danger  
Laden, Dante hours, Machiavelian Joke...  
Tease.

Tease the Light.  
Love you so the destruction of Innocents?  
You are not innocent.  
Love you so haloed mockery?  
Know the two-edged blade of folly...

Sit in your chair, sleep till Midnight.  
I will not wake you.  
I will watch the corners for shadows  
Moving toward your dreams  
Of demons, preaching from pristine  
Pulpits..  
Do they preach?

Or, do they laugh at the  
Pool of blood  
Below your  
Chair?

elysabeth faslund

## .....Everest...Growing Upwards

The mountain...it's soul...  
Sentient or stone  
Nudges upwards.  
Centimeters over  
Millenia...

The mountain...it's faces...  
Will it grow into the Light,  
Pawning souls on it's slopes  
For entrance...

The mountain...it's being...  
Has it dissolved all want,  
Need, to defy Earthly concerns  
In penance...

The mountain...it's heart...  
Will fall into itself. Too much  
Weight upon the Earth...  
The soul, overburdened in sin.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Grab The Nog! ! ! !

What do you think of Get Another Cup-O-Nog morning pome?

Gimme, gimme, gimme,  
Those Honky Tonk cheers!  
On Midwinter Day...  
Countin down 4 days...

Gimme, gimme, gimme  
A man after midnight...  
Help me through the darkness...  
What? Ain't no darkness heah!

Got a white Christmas tree  
Done up in red velvet and lace...  
So Ricky don't lose that  
Number! It's the only one you'll need!

Fat bottom girls, you make the  
Rockin world go on...!  
Just braid tinsel into a circlet  
And put in on your head!

Voila! You are an elegant Elf  
Of Christmas Eve! But I still  
Haven't found what I been lookin  
For...that angel for the top!

Got too much Georgia on  
My mind...I'm back in the  
U.S. of A., never knew how  
Lucky I was, gang...Christmas

In the U.S. of A! Now, English  
Men make me jump and shout...  
But, Christmas, Christmas, Christmas's  
Always on my mind!

And I rush to your side, with my  
Arms open wide...and as we smile  
Through an embrace...I can tell,



I can see, you are real, really...

In the mood...Chattanooga Choo-Choo  
Be on time...be under my tree in  
Four, lil, itsy days! Done told you  
Before, OH, you gotta do that! ! !

MERRY, MERRY! ! !

elysabeth faslund

## .....Gypsy Artist, Gypsy Soul

Take me with you when you go.  
Make room for my dreams  
When we leave.  
Bring your canvases, brushes...  
I'll bring my funny soul.

Paint the butterfly on my  
Shoulder...then hear the  
Seagull laughter all around.  
They laugh at us.  
They think we cannot fly  
Away with them into  
The sky.

Who do they think is guiding  
Their journey...they never  
Looked over their shoulder.  
Birds don't remember...  
We've flown with them  
Before.

elysabeth faslund

## .....October Spring

Baby leaves after Indian  
Summer...delicate, new.

Late August hurricanes  
Rearrange seasons...

Summer-burned foliage,  
Blown away...birthed, budded.

Furniture, piled on highway shoulders,  
Picked up by Poor.

Hurricane Gustav took old,  
Gave new...

Horrid price. The Mother  
Whispers,  
'Sorry.'

elysabeth faslund

## .....Porcelin China Demons Of Morning

I weave no positive, unchipped china  
Words today.  
Morning poured bitter tea.  
I drank from a cracked cup.

Thirst plaited danger in braids  
Of thought...no pretty bowed  
Endings...not yet.

With lovely dawn flaps hope  
For Evening.  
Perhaps night will be in  
My corner.

Now circles demons dark  
Around these eyes...  
And I laugh. Drink, sip.

Demons are demons  
Beaten once...  
Soon, twice.  
Today. Tomorrow.

elysabeth faslund

# .....Sacrilige...Or However You Spell That...Hehehehe

What should I cry, in lines,  
That I will not cry, in eyes?

Rather be daft, and laugh  
At the amazing array,  
Every day, of wafting  
Words, driven in herds...  
To the idolatry of poetry  
Gods and Goddesses.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Sing The Truth Of Feral Bananas

I do not fear words. I fear meaning, meandering.  
Moonlight is printed. Night burned with quotation marks.  
They are mine. Owned in escrow of meaning.  
This before that. The other, in lieu of...

What color sky, other than a word?  
I touch the sky. Fingertips retain...print hues.  
Tinted hues. Worded by fingertips.

I do not fear words.  
I fear meaning touched by eyes, nestled by  
Cupped hands.  
I pour meaning down, away from me.

Words stand crutched. Pull crutches,  
Words fall to print. Grovel in intermittent lines,  
Periodically ending. Beginning. Pausing.  
Refraining on, on, on. From.

Meaning closets itself, peeps through rusted keyholes.  
Attains the other side through cracks in the door. Words.  
Seeping. Misting. Watering arid passages  
Never opened. What use?  
No explanation. Lone tree, without confrontation  
By forested phrases.  
Forests open rustless, hingeless.

I limp with the staff of a pen. Mere pocks  
On white pages.  
Still, yet, forever, pathing words into trails.  
And, limping along, reaching softly into  
Forested dimness,  
Always draw back meanings' blistered hands.

I do not fear doors, trees.  
I fear the forest.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Spiders, Villagers, And The Vicar

Spiders came. With them, dawnlight.  
Brown, gray, black, spirals...dragging  
Their colors weary...no webs.

'Give us homes, sanctuary.  
Our kind knows nothing of  
Heaven,  
Ties that bind.  
We do not pray...tomorrow  
May teach.'

Villagers came. With them, twilight.  
Old, grizzled, craggy, gnarled...dragging  
Their dreams weary...no smiles.

'No homes here, sanctuary for your kind.  
Our ties bind to the earth.  
We pray, pray...  
Tomorrow is the same to us...  
We do not teach.'

Night came. With it, silence.  
No horse, chicken, dog, bird sounds...  
Dragging soundlessness, still air weary...  
No Light.

Toward dawning pastels, one door closing,  
Shattered Dark's spells.

Villagers filed to pews, cross-sword shadows  
On rooftops.  
As their eyes turned Heavenward to ceilings,  
Webs of crystalline fragility  
Starred Light upon them.

'Our sermon today, my brethren, will  
Be spoken about the smallest becoming  
The highest,  
In our God's

Kingdom...  
On Earth.

elysabeth faslund



## .....The Birds Of Divorce

Grackles tip step rails.  
Garrulously return...  
Raucous return...  
Insufficient birdings.

Trinity. Rush green free...  
Rush, webbed memories.  
Late May jottings...  
'Did not come home.'  
'Did not teach today...  
Did not come home.'  
'New York. Why no  
Souvenirs brought back....? '

You and your fat \*itch  
Laughing...pointing...  
Laughing...tied to the  
Earth...never Eagles.

Grackle lawyers tip  
Stepping  
Around this marriage  
Carcass...  
Vulture flapping around  
A divorce courtroom...

And I, the Mockingbird...  
Forever.

A good diet, adultery.  
Crow always forces  
Wait loss

elysabeth faslund

## .....The Light At Miller's Pond

Falling. Falling.  
Late water hyacinth petals  
Pink-plop lazy stilled  
Mirrors.  
Minnows-red tails  
Swaying-swaying  
Willow-shaded  
Warm shallows.

Late summer cloud-  
Plumps  
And the sky is sticky-  
Plum sweet as  
Children lean into Fall,  
Dream into sleep,  
Sleep into years...

Falling. Falling.  
Bundling purples,  
Pinks, reds, greens  
Into pages of pressed  
Memories.

elysabeth faslund

# .....The Ship Called 'Cajun Doll'

Coffee-lightning awake. Shower-ozone  
Perked. Driving. Windy. Bridge.

'Good Afternoon. Bridge okay? '

'Span light out. Lost a ship in the bay  
Last night. Coast Guard confirmed  
'Cajun Doll' split up. Looking for survivors.'

Chain smoking thru hours. Bridge house  
Gust-creaking. Tin rain lulling, lulling...  
Power out. Battery back-up radio...  
Storm-streaked windows...

'Cajun Doll. Cajun Doll to Brady  
Bridge...Brady Bridge...request  
Opening.'

'Brady back to Cajun Doll...Cap  
Stand by, stand by. Power out.  
Bridge locked.'

'Roger that. Standing by. Cajun Doll  
Out.'

Window...black. Street lights. Heavy  
Sheet-rain. Nothing. Nothing.  
3 hours to dawn...then, lighter gray.  
Then, pink light, black trees day-green.  
Power on.

'Brady Bridge to Cajun Doll.'  
Silence. Asleep?  
'Cajun Doll. Cajun Doll.'  
Silence...

'Morning, morning. How was the night? '

'Span light out. Boat on stand-by...

Cajun Doll. Didn't break up in that  
Storm...she's right over...'

Nothing. Nothing.

'Come see! Quick! '

One board floating under the Bridge...  
'Cajun Doll' in script letters...

Morning fog shrouded the road, as I,  
Driving, going home...

Like 'Cajun Doll'.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Bayou Of Diamonds

Sleeping waters. Still.  
Polished. Perfect reflections.  
Streetlights sparkle liquid.  
Dawn rainbows upon black  
Trees. Sentinels.  
A boat passes. The

Bayou shatters into  
Diamonds.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Bengal Tiger

I had a sense of you being near. Alone.  
The lone hunter stalking with cautious claws  
Extended, imprinting the warm earth.

You raked your claws across my life  
In that hunter and huntress ceremony,  
Leaving your male mark.

I would gladly have smoothed your fur,  
Groomed your anger.

But I had a sense of you leaving. Alone,  
With cautious claws extended,  
Imprinting the soft earth.

Leaving with my blood under  
Your claws.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Confetti Of Evolution

Confetti of the Serengeti  
Rained up, down,  
Diagonal...  
Intracacies spiraling  
Granite to sandstone...

To Life, before fang  
Claw...  
Miasma's prints  
Imprinting survival  
Mutations...

Kenya...Olduvai...  
Staged basins  
From the Earth.

What price?  
What eyes closed...  
Opened  
Eons later to  
Triumphs' confetti?

A door shut behind  
Me.  
I opened the window.

Was this how all  
Happened?  
The stage. The play...  
The acts?

elysabeth faslund

## .....Dawn Arrives...Stars Never Leave

Dawn twirls Night around  
Its rainbow hands...  
Sparkles black with  
Stars, vanishing one

By one. Paints the  
Sky Angels with  
Pastel wings, flying  
Changing...stars

Remain, covered  
In pastels, then bright,  
Then Day. This world  
Goes on, singing Dawn,

Stars' choiring  
Along...the stage is  
Set  
For Day.

elysabeth faslund



## .....Doves Don'T Cry

Suicide in many ways,  
Places, times...but the worst...  
Sightless.

Never hearing birdsong,  
Surely is accursed.  
Seeing birds' beaks moving...  
Knowing song is sung.

Seeing feathered beauty,  
The minds' song...perfect.

I felt your clumping failures,  
Heard you shattering the mirror.  
I heard your slamming of the door,  
And saw you even clearer.

The sightless see.  
Some eyes will never  
Glow with Light.  
You judged that 'clever'.

Your path had best be straight,  
For your way is very long.  
I gifted you with a Dove.  
You never heard its song.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Five Glimpses Into Beginning Day

1.

Dawn layers trees in spindle branch  
Dark...ember oranges paper clouds,  
Dragging Gray into tomorrow...  
The artist does not chose the colors.  
They are already painted with ancient  
Wisdom...peeking, hidden.  
Wisdom drips seen.  
Hearing is for the deaf.

-----...

2.

Hills of clouds, rolling soft beging mounds  
Into Everest peaks...thunder a growling stomach,  
Needing Lightning tidbits, black-seared trees...  
Easy, quick, delicious crashes...  
Needs no refrigeration.

-----...

3.

Day dragons huff fire thru dawn, syncopating  
Levels, layers, loveable colors...hours scratch  
Clocks, fire dampens, and day raises up into  
Dragon wings.

-----...

4.

White grays grayer, cloud puffs, strings haphazardly  
Sky morning into broken shards, glassy  
Sky slivers.

-----...

5.

Ripples dark, light pocking bayou water  
Seething never-asked-for dawnlight.  
Waters accept gracefully, winds high...  
And water fights in towers, white-tipped.

elysabeth faslund

## .....For All Creatures Great And Small...Goodnight

And, as twilight whispered  
Softly...murmurings soothed  
Sanctuaries,  
For the small, the weary...

When dusky folds blanketed  
Horizons...gentle creatures  
Welcomed warmth  
In Hearth, in Home...

When Evening hued its  
Hellos...all creatures  
Great and small,  
Smiled their

Goodnights.  
Slept in peace...  
Quiet of heart,  
Dreaming Dawn's

Silent 'good morning.'

elysabeth faslund

# .....From Me And A Rooster...Merry Christmas!

All through the night, the guests arrived,  
Laughing, singing this Holiday alive.  
Racks for the hats, minks with me...  
Stand by the fireplace, off with the frost.

Warm, great taste of Southern Hospitality.  
As guests, your wish is my command.  
Sit right down on velvet brocade. But,  
If you stand, git in that kitchen and

Rattle pots and pans...wherever we  
Are, will be a party. Laughter from  
The kitchen, loud and hearty...make  
Those in the parlor wonder what we're

Doing...why, we're making a Holiday!  
And tipling sherry...Old Fashions,  
Highballs, yummy zippy Egg Nog  
With that bite of whiskey...even that

Turkey'll cackle right frisky...12  
Apples in that pie! Secret recipe  
Passed by a sassy Grandma to me.  
All is calm, (relatively) , all is bright...

What's that sound from the coop?  
MERRY-DOOOOODLE-DOOOOOO! ! !  
Snidely and me, are wishing you  
One heckuva grand Christmas...

DOODLE-DO-IT'LL-BE-DOOOOONE!

Good Morning! Good Morning!  
Ya'llses!

elysabeth faslund

## .....Goodnight...Sweet Dreams

Gentle wings soar  
Soft dimness past  
Twilight.

Dainty shadows feint  
A bright, full moon...

Mimic-darkling life looms  
Temporary.

The sleeper turns,  
Warm, smiling...  
The dream smiles,  
Warm, turning

To gentle wings soaring  
Soft Dawn  
Past Night.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Jungle

You saw bamboo, Kulu trees,  
And watering holes where  
Predator and prey

Met twice a day in common  
Need.  
You never saw me smiling  
At your teasing

Of gods better left alone.  
Did you not know the jungle  
Was mine?  
The carnage.  
The beauty.  
Life.

You should have known about  
The predators.  
I walked among them  
Unharmmed.  
Laughing.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Mary

.

Where are you tonight?

Where is the child's

Earth father....

Joseph?

It has been eleven days

Since the Birth...

Since the shepherds...

Since the Wise Men...

Since the Romans'

Search for you...

elysabeth faslund



## .....Mythology Out The Bedroom Window

Centaur, satyr, on this rainy morning...  
Open the windows. Look now. They are there.  
Mischieving around with not-so-shy nymphs  
Silking trees with song...jealousies of sylphs!

Medusa! Keep your outrageous distance!  
No 'twisty' types allowed in these velvet  
Misted pre-dawnland hours. Get thee hence to  
The Nemi Grove and scare the Fisher King.

Short shrift he will give you...snakey ole thing!  
Let be your vengeance, dance with us awhile.  
Do you still remember the steps of Life?  
As you will, then. Does Charon have a wife?

What fun, laughs, outside my bedroom windows!  
Imagination! Before Morning glows!

elysabeth faslund

## .....Nature's Fall To Winter...Sonnet

In each the courage for on-coming Fall...  
Not lightly do deer leave hoofprints behind  
In searching for, claiming, thick stands of trees  
Promising shelter. Sunshine days turn leaves,

Once green, to gold-flecked yellow, reddened flame.  
Bold travesty. Colorful, barren cold,  
Misted, creeping by degrees. Shorter days  
Giving way to longer, chillier stays

Of nights, laced with owls eyeing small shadows,  
Huddled, not invisible to hunger.  
With an elegant, slicing swoop, the life  
Becomes life, twining seasonal cycles

In rhythm, as each, apart, dance through Time.  
A doe uncurls, still cold, into sunshine.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Nothing To Write About...Help! ! !

Sitting at this computer screen,  
seeing the words tap, tap, tap,  
into being, into virtual reality,  
millions of years, pictures parade...

I've got the Veil Nebula, Doradus,  
Eagle, Saturn, as screen savers.  
Got Andromeda peeking round the  
Corner, with Jupiter in close pursuit.

Got the insanity of Caligula, and the  
sanity of Cleopatra, tears of King Tut,  
Ovid drinking from Nemi's lake,  
Vesuvius, Krakatoa, Pangea splintering

Apart. Got roses, bumblebees, violets  
and willows in the Spring. Snowscapes in  
the Winter, Ice Ages from time, Mammoths,  
Saber Teeth, and the Ice Man speaking

of his last hours. Got cave paintings, ancient  
man sitting round fires, afraid. And when  
I return from getting coffee, there's T-Rex  
googling me, all the Allosaurus, the Nazca

lines, mysteries of Macchu Picchu, Montezuma's  
brothers, and Noche Triste. Got Tikal, sacred  
cenotes, the ice on Magellan's beard, and the  
Clovis people...got subway conversations,

interstates of wandering, Area 51, and  
the Philadelphia Experiment, Newport News,  
and then I pause, look up, turn the screen page,  
and see the innumerable questions....

'Help! I don't have anything to write about! ' or  
'Writer's Block! ! ! What do I do? '

I simply turn to the screen, and see the

pictures unfold...then write them down.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Pizarro's Last Mistake

Tapa Inca, feather wool robed, lace gold sandals,  
Frescoe palace...mightily colored.

Shadows.

Known shadow, shaman whispered, hooded low

Eyes...

Blank cocoa leaf clouded...

Tapa Inca, Atahualpa, took her hand, and, kneeling,  
Pushed it below water...mountain snow fountain.

'Lightning feel you? Reach Ancestors for you?

Feel me dead-walk with the Sun? '

'I feel beginning all things. Yes, Son of Sun.

Gold slaved him lies.'

Tapa Inca looked Eagle upon the mountain...

'Lies now, lies. Up, Life, stand. Keep you

Beginning.'

Tapa Inca, Atahualpa, feather-walked

The Path.

And, when first he

Saw Dawn last...

Tapa Inca saw

Dawn forever.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Rhymes Are Deadly

Poetry is a gamble, a ramble  
Of disproportion to meaning...  
Meaning to disproportion...  
But, either choice...is poetry!

Raining on my cloud parade,  
Monday charade of mice and  
Men...would it be a sin to rhyme...  
Doth not be of that opinion...I...

Rhymes do have place in Time,  
Ancient Time of oral memories.  
Remember the rhyme, and the  
Rest came tumbling after.

Nursery rhymes are not that cute!  
Remembrances, mnemonics,  
Started revolutions, war, memories  
Of kings' and traitors' deeds...

The seeds were planted in  
Rhymes, flowering into the  
Babies' cribs of future vines,  
Gardens of memory.

When it's asked 'why don't  
All poems rhyme? '..or 'all  
Poems should rhyme'...well  
Remember the season of

The birth of rhyme was not  
Innocent, nor cutsey...it  
Served its purpose for mice  
And men, to attend to deeds

Not as 'harmless' as...

Roses are red, violets are blue...

elysabeth faslund

## .....Safe Havens In The Bayoulands

Marsh reeds rustle safe havens.  
Moon-cool shadows still, spilling  
Deepness into shallows.

Winged beauties tuck night  
Into feathers...fluffed chicks warm.  
End of Day...the wait for Morn.

elysabeth faslund



## .....Sewing Day And Night

Clouds through the eye of a needle,  
Cross-stitching fluffy-puff blue  
In Day's frame...no stingy winds...  
All directions charitably magnanimously

Embroidering shadows on the Sun.  
Running hems on Light's skirts.  
Later. Later, Night's seams will tight-fit  
Her Earth bodice, and the Mother will

Snip threads of the Daylight, carefully  
Re-threading with Dawn...waiting to  
Tat-lace Night.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Swing The Poem

Well-a bless my soul, what is wrong with me...  
Always questioning, never satisfied...  
Better wake up, little Susie! Wake up...  
With overwhelming curiosity...

Creativity living inside you...  
It's back! To bother you! Will you survive...  
With those old words upon the page? Revise...  
Argentina. Because I wait for words...

All along the Watchtower images...  
Not all the leaves are brown, not all skies gray...  
Both been sound asleep! Wake up! Get out of bed...  
With or without you, achy, breaky heart...

'Houston, we have a problem...Major Tom  
Is writing in a most peculiar way....'  
'Creative, that's why he was sent into space...  
Hush, hush, thought we heard the words of a poem...

Now, hush, hush....'

(Apologies to: Elvis, The Everly Brothers, Gloria Gainer, Jimi Hendrix, U-2, Billy Ray Cyrus, The Mamas and Pappas, The Beatles, Deep Purple...)

elysabeth faslund

## .....The Forever Dance...Sonnet

Tinsled silver, crinkled crystalline light  
Lustrously glowing embers in mirrors  
Dancing Elfen of swirling dresses, shoes.  
Windowed snowflakes reflect candlelight moves

Futuring Holidays' delicacies  
Daintily nibbled, set softly on lace.  
Silken hands attentively fanning air.  
Blushed rose cheeks cooling, curls recoiled on hair.

Nimble fingers adjusting bodices,  
Buttons secured, stockings lined once again.  
Elegant sippings of cordials, sherry...  
This Dance continues Forever. Merry

Ancestors, Grandmothers passed on the Sight...  
Tinsled silver, crinkled crystalline Light.

elysabeth faslund

# .....The Grinch Was Not Mean! ! !

That Grinch...the one and only, made a mistake...BIG!  
Took a splinter out of a reindeer hoof...looked tasty!

SSSSHHHH! ! ! Too late! World came to a halt. Hush.  
Hearts melted! All in a Dr. Seuss shock! He was wrong!

So, Christmas Elves(with SWAT backup) took ole Grinch  
Back in his cave. Stripped him tiddly BARE. What a sight!

A rustling and a bustling, and a hurry, hurry, hurry!  
Green? No, the Red! Wrong size! Cinch him tight!

Tredapiously, peeking out at the standstill world,  
Out came...hesitantly, sheepish...our Saint Nick!

Hearts' belief is all powerful...and, all possible...  
So, offer the price this Season's Love asks...

Nothing.

elysabeth faslund

## .....What If You Saw Eternity?

I can walk between Eternity...life.  
I saw Eternity just once...  
The dark, whispering cave...  
Light at the end.

Light seemed a sun...lighting a  
Different place...  
Dark circle...almost obscuring  
The sun...  
Rays shone brighter than the dark.

My eyes were open...saw it all.  
I kept them open...things to do,  
Places to go.

elysabeth faslund

## .....When My Name Was Victoria

Put a woods' violet gently  
In my hair...  
Outside, on the veranda  
Where we sat  
For hours...  
Gazing at each other.

Remember to tell me to  
Plant more climbing  
Roses...  
Around the front porch,  
To attract delicate  
Hummingbirds...  
So swiftly away  
Again.

Don't forget to tell me  
Of the ivy and ferns...  
Everything in  
The parlor, and  
Kitchen.  
Portraits...

Everything I have done  
Before...  
Before the dream  
Ended.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Word Are Cats...Purring, Hissing

Writing is dangerous...for words follow commands....  
If they choose.

Cat Words, scratching claws sharp, with meaning,  
Or jibberish, or half-written, haltingly.

And the Cat arches metaphors  
And the Cat purrs simile  
And the cat eats alliteration...  
If the Cat isn't sleeping, dreaming  
Style as scurrying mice...caught, shredded,  
Eaten.

Words vary in color, breed, longevity, softness...  
And when Cat Words pet us with enough years...  
They lie curled by our fireplace  
Of Life,

Watching for our last line...

Disappearing with us  
Onto the pages  
Of Eternity.

elysabeth faslund

# .....You Had It So Damn Good You Were Blind

.  
The door rattles.  
Someone lost.  
The calendar speaks three weeks...  
Of my life.  
I write. A warm chair hugs me close...  
Closer than muscled arms.

The phone, unplugged,  
Cannot speak sweet words.  
Cell phone off.  
I write. The microwave needs  
No food, dishwasher-no dishes.

And if he asks if I looked strange  
Or said anything...  
Tell him  
I danced last night.

elysabeth faslund



# .....You, My Friend, Did Not Write That Poem! !

Running just as fast as we can...  
Frilly, laughing children outrun  
Adults' poetry...depending on that Muse's whims...  
Defeat.

The child inside laughs, points. The Muse slinks  
Away at giggles...defeat.

And the adult composes...happy!  
Never realizing the inner child  
Played words on the page.

elysabeth faslund

## .....A Southern Christmas Secret! Sssssshhh! ! !

Now you know, I done fixed these heah  
Meals a lifetime...mine...  
And had ma family round me  
Ever yeah...  
They say ahm lucky that way,  
To have everbody home...  
But dontcha know...I'm sure you do...  
Ma husband ain't heah,  
Ma sista ain't heah,  
Ma motha, ma fatha...  
But when I give out with ma 'Ya'll  
Git yo azzes home now, Christmas  
Is in a little while, don't be late to table, '  
I can see that front door openin, and  
Walkin right in, with those great big  
Grins...is love.  
Love round ma table...love round ma  
Livin room fireplace.  
Don't know where they all are rest  
Of the yeah...but ma loves all come  
Home...ever yeah.  
They do that with you too, chile.  
You can always see um with your  
Eyes of love.  
Dontcha know...  
I'm sure ya do.

elysabeth faslund

# .....Ashes To Phoenix, Phoenix To Angels, Angels To Ashes

Angel, obsessed, fallen with the weight of  
glacial delections detecting waters  
dispossessed of ice....

Angel, occupied, stricken with the burdens of  
strangling swollen floodings  
brooding in the South....

Angel, immaculate, translucent with the Light of  
masterpieces in pieces directing casual  
observance of fraud....

Angel, pristine, shine gone with the sight of  
the Earth as Gaia, and correcting  
herself immaculately naturally....

Angels should not consume  
themselves as  
the Phoenix....  
Light fractures....  
never white again.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Atchafalaya River

Grumbling, perverse river...slither straight on...  
Brown, brown, sniveling river-crone.  
Snatch up those drifting cypresses and hustle  
Them haphazardly under bridge supports, to  
Vanish into bayous even you have never  
Watered...muddy river hag.

Rogue river-child, did you caper and cavort  
With your trifles today? Did you haul that  
Half-sunk hulk down? Down, down, so the  
Perch can play? Have you crumbled that rusty  
Barge? Searched that tug yet...drowned it to  
Travel far away to memory...and fall apart,  
Rotting?

Muttering russet river, you told the Sun who  
You're going to meet, didn't you...vile shrew.  
Maybe you wish to visit a brother, or sister.  
Perhaps a great, great grandmother. Vied  
And vying river...you should stay home and  
Gurgle to the trees. Yes, old vixen, your cackle  
Only proves the danger of greener pastures.

Rambling tart, do not open the door to a  
Stranger. A stranger too powerful...strutting a  
Vimish spirit. And potency. Stay home. Stay  
In your bed...alone. Why do I still not trust you,  
Capricious vamp?

Who comes to meet you...for you've changed...  
Harlot. You are submissive, tranquil, today.  
Knowing. You are still waiting for that stranger  
To take you out of your ages-old home. In spite  
Of bolted and steel-barred restraints.

What will you both take with you when you leave  
To vanish...changing to something else...  
Somewhere. And you will see us again...  
Inconstant gypsy witch-river.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Bridgetender On The Bayou

Ghosting rain hiding,  
Seeking cloud stairs  
Carpeted with  
'Severe Weather Alert'...

Thundery, arced laughter.

Time and again.  
Tides down one foot,  
Up four...an hour  
Passes. Up, up...

'Flood Gates Closing.'  
Marine radio crunches  
Voices. 'Brady Bridge!  
Are you still there? '

'Come on, Captain...  
You're almost home.'  
Ghosting ships fast  
Around that last bend...

And I...still, quiet,  
Holding 'home' open.

It's just a job...

elysabeth faslund

## .....Butterflies Sleep Under Leaves

.  
I falter at the steps before the brass doors.  
A crucifix veiled in waxed flames, haloed  
By garlanded Marys...  
Does it wait beyond the cold, empty aisles?

Into what bed did I slip, calling, 'Daddy, I'm afraid'?  
Father, I am afraid.  
I want to replant every altared Easter Lily,  
If only I were a gardener to use  
These muddy fingers.

Didn't you know? Butterflies never die, but  
Sleep under leaves all winter.  
Unpainted wings on Judean hills echoed a God  
The children should know of.  
I would have taught them for Your sake...  
And theirs.

But I dreamed of a cripple that I married once.  
He tried to enter the door...and, with my flowers  
I ran. And ran away, knowing the petals would  
Wither.  
The cripple loved You.

Aren't mornings more than clouds and a sun?  
I've opened every one of your gifts...tags, string,  
Shiny things.  
No dirt or rocks, thorn or leaf, twisted root...  
The treasures windows keep.

The curtains are too long in winter, when...  
When whatever happens.  
I believe in butterflies.  
Pray to your God for me.  
I cannot talk to strangers with candy  
Or warm eyes.

elysabeth faslund



## .....Children's Eyes And Children's Toys

.  
What are seasons but children's soft dreams, and  
Sunrise, their opening eyes?

Seeing at a glance  
The days and years open...waiting,  
Fringed with softness, or  
Laced with abandon...

Like playing dress-up in the attic  
With Aunt Dorothy's hat and gloves...  
Not remembering the season  
She died in childbirth...  
And yet,  
Ready to hear the story and pass it  
Beyond their years...  
To other ages.

Like playing with 'Bunny' in a toy crib,  
Feeding her, patting, hugging...  
Not yet realizing it is their son or  
Daughter's crib...in a Time they already  
Know of...deep inside.  
Dreaming in waking.  
In reality.  
In dreams.

Dress-up and Bunny...hazy remembered  
Pieces and bits...  
Of kindness, hardness.  
Cruelty, sympathy.  
Love...  
Known before, after...beyond.

What are seasons but children's soft dreams...  
And sunrise, their opening eyes?  
Seeing at a glance...  
The days.  
The moments.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Drawing Blood Of Nations

My name...not in letters.  
My soul...universal.  
My heart...no Earthly arrows  
Draw blood.

My words...John the closest.  
My parables...spoken before.  
My children...no myths  
Draw blood.

My demons...armed angels.  
My angels...sacred demons.  
My bottomless pit...no hells  
Draw blood.

Who invented sins, threatening, frightening?  
Who replaced joy with trepidation?  
Who invented that garden...to only  
Draw blood.

Why insults for sinners...  
Why praise for saints...  
Why truth-damned souls, who  
Draw blood...

Of nations?

elysabeth faslund

## .....Excerpt From 'Questions'

Galaxies should intertwine...without the interim  
Or space that interferes  
With nearness to the core  
Of things...of personal galaxies.  
We have our own galaxies, hoard them like  
Scaley dragons  
Hoarding gold.

I choose lamb chops  
You choose ground beef  
We do not entertwine.

There is nothing more than space that keeps time  
And places so far apart.  
We do not entertwine.  
Could we ever drink beer in faraway galaxies?  
I think so...  
I think not...for I do not think for you. Yet, we think.  
Both together...galaxies apart. Both without  
Knowledge of the other...but, we think.

Call this galaxy your own. It is there.  
For your liking or not.  
I think...  
And I smile at you across Time.

Listen very, very quietly and carefully.  
Such answers are never shouted.

Listen.  
Quietly.  
Give me Time.  
I will give you...Galaxies.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Having Fun With Christmas Songs

God rest ye Merry Gentlemen  
Let nothing ye dismay...for  
Away in a manger...above,  
The stars are brightly shining!

Oh! Holy Night...  
Repeat the sounding Name,  
Rejoice! Rejoice...  
All is calm, all is bright.

When up on the rooftop...  
Jingle Bells! Jingle Bells!  
Oh! Come all ye faithful...  
Ladaumus Te! !

Here comes Santa Claus,  
With a nose so bright...  
Merry Christmas to All...  
To All...To All...

A soft, silent, Night...

elysabeth faslund

## .....Hour By Minute...Wednesday After Gustav

First day out and about...Mother of God! ! !  
Were you an evacuee from Heaven, that you  
Could not soften/temper your Son's crucified  
Hands?

Blood sunset, blood sunrise, blood sky...blood.  
With what water does redemption/salvation/baptism  
Arrive?  
Where?

Why rail against Heaven, child?

My neighbors, dead eyes/spirit, slog  
Wooden crosses/trees down the street.  
This is Golgotha...with innumerable crosses  
Sky-dark slanting screams to a nation...

Do you hear us, Mother?  
Are you listening, Pure of Sin?  
Sins of Heaven, we need none of yours.  
Our sins were happiness.

No water down the flooded bayous...

Do not say quiet prayers...for us.  
Batter down the doors to Heaven  
With shouts, screams...for us...  
Those doors closed by broken trees,  
Knotted by spiderwebs of power lines.

Rain falls again...soundless.  
Impotent.

elysabeth faslund

## .....I Sing The Writer

I must write all words I can.  
In this scopic space, time, event...  
They tell me syllabically, that Neitsche  
Contortions wing seams to arms,  
Raptor talons afoot for swooping,  
Shredding those who bare words  
In his Frankensteinian forest.

With measured, metered sugar, I  
Can sprinkle Zarathustra to invisibility...  
Right after ryming, alliterating his  
Throat muscles-  
Much like chicken neck wringing  
Before de-feathering for soup.

Can we afford laughter's tax on tears...  
Or pay full price to hear the lone owl  
At night...alone.

Should I...can I afford not to write?  
For Zarathustra melodied delighting echoes...  
There were no words.

Writers coelesced song tones to words,  
Eternally damning themselves...  
Thus, the Roses of Hell...  
Petalled with 'now',  
Rooted with 'creation',  
Stemmed with 'neverending',

Surrounded in flame.

elysabeth faslund

## .....Poetry From The Screenporch: Marsh Trapper

In the time of Brown Pelicans, he set traps  
in the marshes, round Intracoastal way,  
down one lone stream, ending in 'off limits'.  
When the moon shattered into dawn,  
he paddled past mossed cypresses'  
gold-browns, burnt oranges, straggling  
colors still unsure of cold, warm, frost.

Cold sweat stung clothes tight.  
And light rain conjured fog  
from the water, the earth.  
His dog's barks led home.

Posted: keep out....  
Posted: property of....  
Posted: violators will be....  
Posted: \$500 penalty....

In the time of Nutria pups' birth, when snakes  
foraged longer, found more, and owl chicks flew,  
he floated rafts of timber past  
the old eagle's nest.  
Driftwood-edged walkway to a door.  
Door opening on a shanty, round  
Intracoastal way, down a lone stream,  
ending in a torn down sign.

Long about twilight you can see him,  
dog curled on his feet,  
smoking, whittling, on his porch.  
Signs shingle his roof,  
keeping out the rain.

elysabeth faslund



## ....Eclipse Of Poseidon, Pluto, And Bran

Ah! My darling, my savior....lusty Hathor!  
Leave mortal incense of hearth, home.  
Banish that bright-with-himself fool, Ra!

I wish to see this seaborne sprite by night!  
'Turn out the light, then, turn out the light'!

Hera, break from pecking my brother,  
break from your crackled-eye jealousy,  
you have no green worth the gambit.

This sprite is mine, mine, mine!  
No temple worthy, but my sea.  
Aphrodite seems all used up!

Lift the cup, heralded with religions,  
and drink of truth under the arbors  
harboring All is One....the One is All.

So much for the Gitas of Greece...

elysabeth faslund

# 24 Hour Shifts Can Be Rough! ! ! !

HONK! BEEP! Sport fisher,  
High windshield...traffic signals on,  
Gates down, cathead motor on,  
Bridge horn! Pulls rope...

SSSSNNNNAAAAPPPPP! ! ! !  
#@&+\*) \$! \*\*&\$

Go out, get rope, show fisher,  
Wave it at him, frayed ends  
Flying everywher in sight!

'Why ain't you opening the  
Bridge? '  
Haul piece of broken rope,  
Wrap it around his propeller,  
'Why ain't you moving anywhere? '

Pull bridge in. Cathead motor off.  
Gates up. Traffic lights off.  
Call office. Inform.

Kick back. Watch t.v.

elysabeth faslund

## 3 Up,3 Down....The Baseball Game

Crowds in bleachers. Hot Dogs, Chili Fritos. Pickles.  
Sodas guzzled. Tension high. Blue the sky.  
Palette clouds...acrylic colors.  
Hot, that afternoon.  
Children laughing. Splashing water puddles  
Under benches.  
Shadowed cool.  
Paper cups, flags breeze-blown...  
East, West...tension winds.

Home Team in the field. Two outs.  
Bottom of the seventh. Score...3 to 2.  
Home advantage.  
Visiting Team standing. Tension roars wild.  
For McNighty wasn't a clean-up batter.

Up to the plate. Spit on his hands.  
Realigned his cap. Spit on his bat.  
Glared at Home Ump.  
Home Ump...blue steel.  
Catcher fingered a call.

High fly foul. Crowd went wild!  
Pitcher threw. Ball flew low...Strike two!  
Crowd roared, 'One more! One more! '

McNighty stepped away from the plate.  
Readjusted his grip...spit.  
Catcher opened, closed his glove.

Pitcher's leg up, high arm arc,  
Ball's release a blur...  
98, it clocked that day.  
Caps flew high in the field!

3 up,3 down...Home Team danced,  
Surrounded the mound...and  
Their silent mate...  
Known as 'The Clean-Up Pitcher.'

McNighty kicked dirt at the Home Ump.  
Home Ump spoke to his captain.  
The captain nodded...walked away  
McNighty was off that team...

Forever, and a day.

elysabeth faslund

# 300 Days And Nights

Ash cascading, fading, onto highway  
Floors  
Unswept. Unwashed dishes dusted with  
Roasted vows  
Spoken coldly, unsmiling.  
I smiled at the sun, clouds,  
Forever sails.

Do you love, honor, and promise to blemish...  
Will you take this woman...make her old.  
Will you hold her...every 3 months.  
Will you turn her laughter to tears...then hatred.

I curl silver light through fingers that once  
Curled hair.  
I look through silvered eyes of age, that once  
Were green with life.

300 days and nights  
Have married the  
Vows of divorce.

elysabeth faslund

# A Card From Life

Mantles of incorrigible  
Tin-rain wrap me...  
The present of sleep,  
Ribbioned in dreams,  
Bows peek-a-boeing  
A card...

Once more. Tomorrow.  
Carousels, cotton candy  
Freedom of sleep  
Tonight.

Love,  
Life.

elysabeth faslund

# A Cook In The Kitchen!

Get outta that bed, and rattle them pots and pans!  
Wake everyone up in the house, and gettum goin!  
2 pots of coffee to start, and a pan of cinnamon rolls!  
Every move in the kitchen is waiting on you!

Lil Martel brandy in the coffee, makes you glad to wake!  
Lil verse/talk time makes me wish you all here!  
You're kings and queens of your castle today!  
Anticipations, aggravations, all Holidations!

The most important part of Thanksgiving is the cook!  
That's why your family is gathered in your home today!  
You are the star, with your talent and great heart!  
You wizard everything together, weaving family and food!

And, with every bite and groan, loosening of those belts,  
You've succeeded in sprinkling love, good wishes, to all  
Gathered round your table! Keep them there a while!  
Your specialty dessert is still bubbling in the oven!

Clear those plates away now...the pets are waiting!  
Family is everyone, today! Go into the kitchen now...  
Take that desert out the oven...sprinkle brandy on it,  
Bring it to the table, beautifully flaming!

Those gathered, are unloosing another notch just  
Looking at it! Oooohhhhssss, aaaahhhhssss,  
They're all yours to receive, and give again...

Seconds anyone?

elysabeth faslund

# A Four Year Old's Forest...Memories

Begin the long road home.  
Turn. Look. Path the sun,  
Home your bearings. Walk.  
Stop. Flick spiderwebs away.

Yellow, black, Autumn spiders.  
Harmless. Blackjack vines  
Spiderweb trees...leaves  
Trim-edged yellows, reds.

Walk. Palmettos shelter old  
Yellow Jacket nests. Evergreen.  
Ever good frond caves for  
The lost. Woodpecker tapping

His meal. Red head...hammering.  
Purple Hyacinth blooms, white hearts  
Straggle floating remains of summer.  
Sun leans West. Cross goldenrod

Fields, pink glory blooms closed.  
No rabbits, too early. Lavender  
Asters clump roadsides.  
Turn. Turn towards home.

Soft, baked bread. Beef soup.  
Fluffy pillow. Dream seen miracles  
Nature grew for you. Always woods.  
Always the way home.

elysabeth faslund



## A Free Bird's Love Song\*

You ain't hittin' on nothin  
Forget about homemade bread  
Forget about coffee at 5a.m.  
Think about things you said

A caged bird knows the hand  
That feeds it, gives it water  
Bird in a cage still has wings  
Remember that? You ought to.

You got your car, got cigarettes  
Got your boat and the sea  
You got everything you need  
And one memory of me

A caged bird knows the hand  
That feeds it, gives it water  
Bird in a cage still has wings  
Remember that? You ought to.

Your soul was dead when I found you  
They did a good job on your heart  
I told you lonely would hurt me  
So I told you the way to start

Opening that cage's door  
Teaching wings to fly with the sun  
Cage is empty. I'm looking down  
On the fool who thinks he won.

elysabeth faslund

## A Good Side...A Down Side....(Humor)

Your nails are hard, lovely, and LONG...  
CSI wants their impression cast...unsolved cases.  
That huge Kingsnake ate all the bad snakes...  
Your Chihuahua is aggravating it.

That red, slinky dress will look so YOU...  
What's 4 months of exercise?  
That 5 star cheesecake-the finest ingredients...  
You have those ingredients...and finest intentions.

You made the bed and went for morning coffee...  
Won't spill a drop, until you get out the bed at noon.  
Have a 'double decker chocolate ice cream' party...  
Why bankrupt that company all by yourself?

Uh, Happy Holidays!

elysabeth faslund

# A Home Is What You Make It

Moccasins shed skins against floorboards.  
Broken, splintered. Slither. Stealth.  
Silent.  
Clay-packed crumbly brick. Fireplace glow.  
Pecan, oak, cypress, piled under table,  
Bed, in corners. Warmth.  
Thick window velvet, tattered, bemused with  
Years. Dust. Webs. Butlers...long ago  
Gone.  
One room parlor shack. Mansion cocooned  
Moon whispers fluttering, flying lips shriveled.  
Moving memories cracked, dry, dessicated.

One yellowed talon-nail scratched her pets  
Ears...  
'What does the outside do today, eh?  
Is this not our world...  
Is this not Paradise...? '

elysabeth faslund

# A Morning Poem

Eyes and feet on remote control,  
Coffee pot(aka 'missile silo') activated.  
Activated? I spelled it right?  
Roosters all crowing  
Under fog-shrouded trees.  
Coffee is HOT! Singed tongue...  
But, I can't speak yet, anyway.  
No sun today...rain on the way.  
My house! A bold, new territory  
To be discovered...  
Every morning...  
Damned elves!  
They could at least make coffee  
For me,  
Before disappearing, once again...  
Every morning!  
But, I usually wake up by tripping  
Over a sleeping dog  
Who licks the coffee off her fur.  
Ack!

Good, better, Morning to you!

elysabeth faslund

# A Poem To Caffeine...Song...Whatever

Caffeine in the morning,  
Caffeine in the evening,  
Caffeine at supertime,  
(they all lined up neat!)

Be my damned BIG  
WAKE UP! ! !  
Then let me SLEEP  
At night!

Ain't no choice of light roast,  
Ain't no choice of dark...  
WAKE me up this maunin,  
Then SLEEP when ah PARK(it in mah bed)

And Good Morning to any  
And Good Morning to all...  
Good Morning everyone...  
Wednesday is the call! ! ! !

Proverb: No caffeine, no sense.

elysabeth faslund

## A Slow Poemhunter! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ... (Humor)

Had I but world enough in time,  
This slowness, Poemhunter, would be no crime! ! ! ! ! !  
Vaster than Empires! ! ! But you don't mend! ! ! ! !  
Comments to make...letters to send...

Poems to read...but, what the heck! ! ! ! !  
What about US? ? ? ? ?  
You've got the HIGH TECH! ! ! ! ! !

NOW USE IT! ! ! ! ! .....

elysabeth faslund

# A Sweet Thang Needs Sugar...(Humor)

All I want is love...

Say it.

All I want is the world...

Wrap it.

Not to cry anymore...

Kleenex.

But, there's three problems.

Of love...you don't speak.

The world...you don't know your backyard.

Not to cry...Kleenex HELL! ! !

Get me four king-size comforters,

Two bottles of vodka,

Carton of cigarettes...and

A one-way ticket to Montego Bay.

And if you ever learn

To make a bow,

After I'm gone...

Stick it on your ass.

elysabeth faslund

## A Timed Sonnet\*

The days, invariably, quickly pass.  
Natures care not to amend tiresome hours  
Hiding, lurking, sleeping. Casting away  
From mortal shores. Trespassing. Always gray.

Unmindful of colorful patterning  
Lives, as a rule, require. Preservation  
Of the soul in brilliant tapestries needs  
Flowering crescendos, not boring weeds.

Denouement, in time-set twilight, seldom  
Lights any spark to firework-light the skies.  
Days, industriously speeding, passing,  
Of dullness impregnate the years. Massing,

Becoming monsters we lustily bred  
From colorless years. Mortality fed.

elysabeth faslund



# A Trip In The Universes

Shards of Earth in Saturn's Rings  
Gravelling ancient into timeless,  
Falling inwards by centimeters  
Until Saturn, Earth, are one.

As each orbit free, in string music.  
Apocalyptic orchestrations...collisions  
Through wheels, donuts of universes.  
What kin in the Kyber Belt?

Which of Earth's pasts does  
Andromeda call 'future? ' What  
Heavy feet will stride, unhurried,  
Into our Sun, leaving prints,

Unfossilized, on Earth?  
Solar Wind...rustling leaves.

elysabeth faslund

## A Winter Willow... Sonnet

It is time to test the Winter Willows  
Rooted on banked edges of Autumn suns  
Rivering through September, on their way  
Downstream...rapidly tumbling yesterdays

Around boulders into quiet, still coves.  
Winter Willows...forever sentinels,  
As they were when foliage was Springtime green...  
With silent roots, cave deep under this stream...

Supporting, housing, protecting waters  
Advancing across the sky. From mornings  
Of April, to twilights of November,  
Willows journey. Yet, always remember

The Autumn sun, warm, fertilized with years,  
Draws young shoots from old roots. Life reappears.

elysabeth faslund

# A Wolf Named Tennessee\*

Three. Gun. Shots.

I knew my wolf  
Would run  
Forever across  
The sky,  
Free...

Bubbly cub that she was,  
To laughing giant she became...  
One paw on my heart,  
One paw in the forest  
Of her kind...

So, thank you, Hollywood Movies...  
You taught a Budweiser idiot  
To kill the monster YOU made...

Not the angel I raised.  
Not the soul I bonded.

Not the eyes I look through.

elysabeth faslund

# A Woman

I guard your eyes at the dawning...  
Veiling you from intrusion.  
I guard your face in sleep.  
I sing demons of dreams back  
Into their Abysses.

I know your dreams long before  
You.  
If mine tarry...bring me a kitten.  
Or baby owl I can name  
Archimedes  
As Merlin did...  
A life-long confidant.

I bring air melodies, responding  
Sighs from Eldritch Forests...  
That receive no footsteps.  
I whisper fire to life, fashion tea,  
Gather olden sustenance.

One dawn, when sadness disappears  
From your face...  
When all is right in your morning...  
When you laugh at the world again...  
I will tell you my real name.

For now...  
I am called Woman.  
Only gods can create more  
Than me.

elysabeth faslund

## A Woman Says 'Talk Dirty To Me'...(Humor) \*

A woman runs around the house all day  
Thinking 'This night, I'll play,  
I'll tickle his fancy when he gets home.  
After all, I've cleaned, cooked, all alone.'

Then through the door her man appears  
With bundles of flowers, a case of beer,  
His caseload of work, and smiling still!  
The woman is happy! Steaks on the grill! !

They dine with candles alight,  
He pats her ass, whispers, 'Tonight.'  
She's bought a naughty at a store.  
Slithers into bed and hears the snore!

Slithers out of bed, smashes a plate  
Loud enough to begin a debate.  
He stumbles, grumbles into the room  
Where his love is flying a broom.

'What's THAT all about, what's the matter? '  
As another plate flies at his head to shatter,  
She spits, 'I'm going home to Mother! '  
'You ARE your mother, doesn't even bother.'

elysabeth faslund

# Absolve, Jerusalem, Harrapan!

Damnation becomes incomplete with washing...  
Feet. Hands. Eyes. Flesh.  
Ganges. Euphrates. What matter the source?  
Unloose my hair. I become the Mother.  
Tie my hair. I become the sinner.  
With hair, I am bound to Heaven,  
To Hell.  
I choose neither. Not now. This minute.  
Later.

Fire...damnation. Fire...salvation.  
Ashes, Death. Ashes, Life.  
Water, salvation. Water, damnation.  
I choose. Do not beggar the choice I make.  
I choose in silence.  
In silence, I loose all, to gain all.

Vedic script. Vedic wisdom.  
Hebrew parables. Hebrew wisdom.  
I choose both.  
In choosing both, I am saved...damned.  
My choice alone.

With wild, free hair, I will walk both rivers.  
With wild, free eyes, I will see foamed ripples on  
My Path.  
And, I will dance my choice.

Dance my choice,  
With Earth and Sky.  
My shadow lives,  
In Time.

elysabeth faslund

# Advice From My First Marriage

Courtship, without marriage...  
How romantic, indeed.

Marriage, without courtship...  
You're going to bleed...

The clock is ticking  
On a bomb that's armed.

elysabeth faslund

# After The Dinosaurs...The Mammals

.

Leaving our footprints on shores  
of Great Seas,  
walking forever inland,  
we left gills and fins behind.  
We played in the trees.

Predators below us, we remained high,  
then, standing...we saw far.

Back to the oceans one, last time  
to nurture our young,  
our bodies' hair streamlined.  
Predators weren't comfortable in water.  
As we.

Turning again, we chattered 'farewell.'

As Khan's warriors, we slew Europe.  
We were Custer's Last Stand.  
We crossed the Potomac.

We built mansions on the shores.  
Palaces of jeweled mahogany.  
We left footprints in manicured  
gardens, laughing at Bengals,  
always below us.

Some took to the air, once sacrifice-  
screamed, to appease who we made.  
Turkey, Bolivia, Japan- -all destinations.  
Arrival. Bound captives.

Heading 1-7-4. Mach 127.  
Two seconds after our Great Seas  
escape, we looked to pinpoints  
of our night.



We saw far.

.

elysabeth faslund

## Ah! The Country Life...A Study In Patience...(Humor)

Cletus and Leotard came over that day,  
(five hours late) to install mini-blinds.  
Lord, help us. Lead us in this valley of  
Tears, to pray.

Cletus was bearded, Leotard was fat.  
Cletus scratched his balding stubble,  
His bud began measuring. Unread  
Directions screamed, but on the over-  
Large table, resigned and sat.

Leotard used an electric drill...plugged  
In an outlet never-to-be-found.  
Cletus looked around my temporary home,  
Never cast an eye on me...which was best.  
I wanted meat. Rare and ground.

So, friends and neighbors, I sat on the bed,  
Back against the wall, ankles crossed,  
Shoes tapping fast. Not even a snarl as the  
First blind fell, nor suggestion to read the  
Directions. No profanity, for well I saw signs

Of near sanity...  
In Leotard.  
Not Cletus.

elysabeth faslund

## Ah! The Country Life...Bellvue...(Humor)

Did I mention dear Bellvue...  
She was part of the proceedings  
With a one-sentence thwack! ...  
Where the garbage vat  
Lay hiding.  
I admired her knack of  
Forgetting the present...  
Closed my door,  
Looked askance at the  
Sky...  
And cursed it blue.

elysabeth faslund

## Ain'T Love Great When He Has Bad Dreams? (Humor)

I burned your toothbrush  
Yesterday.  
Slept by myself  
Last night.  
Slept like an angel.  
Slept like a queen.

And, damned delighted  
You had bad dreams.

elysabeth faslund

# All About A Genie Poet And Poetess In Poemhunter

Droning words, unfortunately read  
This tender, fog-draped morning,  
Has done nothing for my appreciation  
Of the world of the 'Genie'...

'Genies' live constricted to their world,  
Giving three wishes to one fool,  
Or many fools, depending on the reach  
Of their snare...and dare the reader walk

Blind into their dark world. Don't even rub their home  
The wrong way...would you summon the  
Not quintessential poet, poetess, who diatribes  
On things which could be righted...  
But has 'worded' it all the wrong way?

Leave your 'critiques' to judicial committees  
Who, just possibly, could leave minutes  
Of their meetings to a future of  
One less war, one less grist for the  
Mill of the poetic quill.

'Genies' give three wishes which are  
Nothing more than slimy fishes  
Which squirm through the hands of  
The witless fool who only wanted  
Material things...rings off the fingers of  
Kings who are still alive...

And now the kings have grown silent.  
Silent as the dark of those 'Genies'.  
What obtuse reasons, what possibly  
Coherent thoughts could have ranged  
Through the home of those poets

To foster plans to escape from the  
Bottle and litter the world of beautiful  
Poetry with cloudy diatribe. The 'Genies' have  
Well forgotten that the poetic pen is by God

Mightier than a BFS poetry critique.

elysabeth faslund

Note: And, now there's five among us.

elysabeth faslund

# All 'Bump And Grind' Poems Are Not Bad

Lizzy McGuire set the stage  
On fire...showing her bump and grind.  
The talk of Paris, rage of Calcutta...  
But, most of the world wasn't kind...

She had a flair for the debonair.  
Peek-a-boo feathers and boas...  
But Handsome Dan did not approve  
Of showing her pink, and her bare...

Not wanting to be a 'stagedoor Johnny'  
Dan bought all the seats one night.  
Sat middle, front row, awaiting her show,  
But Lizzy bumped nowhere in sight...

Except behind Dan. Rubbed his shoulder  
And when Dan turned around...  
Indeed there were sounds! I'll skip  
That part...but mention the marriage

Of Dan and Lizzy McGuire...Yeeee-Haaaa! ! !

elysabeth faslund

# All The Men: Please Don'T Ignore Your Woman

The man wants his way...  
The man works on his sailboat...  
The man works on his cars...  
The man makes all decisions...  
The man eats, then sleeps...  
The man has no time for his woman...  
The man gets his way...

His present of appreciation?  
Divorce papers  
Tied up in a bow.

elysabeth faslund



# All Women Do Is The Dishes?

Only color left in these mountains is brown.  
Like dirt piled on the open grave's side  
While services are held.

Raspberry, purple, orange shades...  
Mountain sun colors...forgotten. Disappeared.  
Leaves gave up, falling back to feed the  
Roots of trees.

Don't be sad to fade and die...  
You had years of color, dazzling the passerby  
Until she stopped on your doorstep  
Forever.

Men take fading so much harder than women.  
Never had as many colors as us.  
But, they had the world...few of us did.  
All our married lives were partly devoted to  
Ease the passing...  
Promising to meet them  
On the other side...  
And there...we'll both have  
All the colors  
Of the world  
We'll own.  
Together.

elysabeth faslund

# Allegra\*

Even the hollow reed voices across sand, dry plains,  
Startling lilt, notes we can remember.  
We can forget. Forgetting is our salvation,  
Not reincarnation.  
When memory is destroyed, we are spared  
Thorns, destiny.  
No further life.  
Peace be with you.  
With you, Father.

To each the choice, known, unknown, of what the  
Heart can render. Rending forever, keeping us  
Worn, sworn to earth, dust.  
Do not erect stones for me, they would keep me  
Company. I did not have companionship in  
Life, why plague the stones at sunset?  
Cover me with thorns, as in life, one reed,  
One drum. I clutch music of death,  
No salvation, yet reincarnation.  
You are in peace. Let me.  
Remember me.  
Remember.

Who would leave their bed of winter's night  
To light dark's ice with wax candle?  
Not you, priest...  
Bound by law to the body, not soul's grief  
Or expansion.  
Bound to limit the soul in one direction.  
Denial of reed and drum leads voices,  
In canto, to ceilings.  
Captured. Tonal.  
Never twice on key.

To each a choice...thorn, dulled thorn.  
Thorn nonetheless.  
Vine. Rose.  
What redemption after salvation?  
Can salvation be redeemed?

Must it, should it, by who's hand...  
Long the vine, short the rose.  
Together...vining rose of headstones  
Rendering hollowness in winter's  
Dark ice.  
For you who remember...  
A candle.

elysabeth faslund

## Almost Sisters...Why Leave The Earth? \*

Ancient steps, aging breath,  
Dark, stained glass  
Entwined in bronze...  
No shine, spark.

Should I change the laws of life?  
Should I pull aside the Veil?  
I can hold the roses of Heaven.  
I can hold the Hell of thorns.

Places in Time, names forgotten.  
Inner lights of buttercups...  
Not picked, vased, or mantled.  
Seeds.

When did I swim in primordial waters?  
When did I crawl out to breathe?  
Where were my families to greet me?  
Where were the footprints to follow?

Never-time. Warm, candled cabin.  
Snow-covered valleys to sleep in.  
Cuddled,  
Fading upward.

I can arrange the rules of Days.  
I can mold the Crescent Light.  
Never will the roses curl, brown...  
Never will the thorns dull.

elysabeth faslund

# An Old Man Told Me This\*

Walk with no shoes...walk quietly.  
Walk like a new mother,  
Watching her babe.  
Walk, not speaking, as close to  
Sunset as you can.  
Walk when there are no clouds  
In the sky.

Tiptoe to the waves' edge. Stop.  
Do not touch the water.  
It is not yet time.  
Listen, until the sun touches the  
Horizon.

Now. Fill your hands with water,  
Foam, the sea. The Mother.  
What do you feel...what do you  
Sense?  
They are all there...in your hands...  
Dinosaurs, Neanderthal, ancestor  
Reptiles, Rameses, Montezuma...

Eternity cannot compare to their  
Peace.  
All now gone...have found the  
Beginning.  
No more will they return.  
We have lost them...not to bones,  
Ashes.

To a place in Time where they come  
And go as they please.  
They will know you, eventually,  
By the feel of your hands...  
Reverence in your eyes...  
Sorrow in your heart.  
For there is no Heaven, only  
Continuity...  
In the Sea.

elysabeth faslund

# Ancient Rain Gods

Linen drapes the valley,  
Lingering for Tlaloc's  
Languid approval...  
Luxuriating sacrifices.

Priestesses spread arms,  
Perpetuating rain gods'  
Pleasure tonight, and  
Perhaps tomorrow.

Flowing, sheer linen  
Falls to Earth...  
Flashes! Branches bending  
Forbidding winds.

A tighter fabric weave...  
Another treeline disappears  
And rain gods chant  
Apocalyptic approval.

Thor tests his Hammer  
That terrifies lightning  
To run across  
The sky...silver tinsel.

A dog is under my bed.  
A creature seeks comfort  
Against the storm...  
And I talk to her,

'Ssssh, now. The Ancient  
Ones are long gone.  
Ssssh.'

elysabeth faslund

# Andromeda's Mother

Dancing sands of the Celebration!  
Step, step, round, and twirl...  
Tilting aisles of Andromeda...we,  
Leaving, learning, fixing  
Our sights...tuning satellites...  
Racing sand in Celebration!

Dancing sands of the Mother!  
Lifting, shifting her skirts...  
Recalling the baby she held to suckle...  
Taming, naming it 'Andromeda'...  
Tossing high, higher, out...farther-  
Racing, chasing only one hour ago!

Shaking skirts free of sand!  
We laugh crinkles skyward, blinking  
Pin-points beckon...  
In the distance, our Path, course, journey...  
Ahead, behind, above...hands, that held  
Andromeda,  
Fluff pillows, mountains, clouds,  
Of our new  
Home.

elysabeth faslund



# Annie Gets Her Gun

Sunrise...no surprise.  
Trees are where  
They're supposed  
To be...

Leaves on the ground,  
Not in the  
Sky...

Bobcat in the weeds,  
Looking at a rooster...  
Excuse me...

Gotta see a 12 gauge pump  
About a cat.

elysabeth faslund

# Anonymous Painter

Long-furred Bison paw, snort.  
Lunge towards hunters  
Leaning forward to toss  
Lethal spears. Food.

The Sorcerer, chanting,  
Taps blood on eyes  
Torchlit into circles,  
Terrified wide.

Fire pits shriek flames upward,  
Finger painting  
Finely sooted ceilings.  
Friezes in fear.

Limestone walls trickle drops,  
Leaching all Time  
Languidly through paintings  
Long left behind.

One handprint on the wall.  
One fingerprint.  
Ostracizing Masters.  
Only questions....

Painter, what words for your  
Poetry heart?

elysabeth faslund

# Another Space/Time Triviality

Eagle, Crab, left behind...past baby cries  
Deeper through Andromeda, Sagittarius.  
Does Light exist more than Darkness?  
Through Darkness to Light?  
Through Light to Darkness?

Waves of spatial life support.  
Waves of cigared captains chewing  
Through asteroid showers, storms...  
Savoring instrument panels  
Gone wrong...  
Back-up systems warning  
Back-up systems  
Blinking red...  
Voicing beyond Darkness,

Arriving where voices of dinosaurs  
Trumpet,  
Tectonics grind mountains to clouds.  
Sound cannot be destroyed.  
Sound travels...  
Transporting curses of captains  
Not seen again.  
Forever heard.

elysabeth faslund

# Answering Questions...Sonnet

Inspiration, without hesitation  
Leads to ramblings of a curious sort.  
Meter, rythme, and moods? Throw all of them out!  
'I hurt' says nothing to readers about

Why you 'hurt'. Concrete images do that.  
'He even gave my apartment key back.'  
Then, revise that to five words. It's a start.  
Readers will decide! Don't say 'broke my heart.'

Revise! Revise! Writing is a word game.  
Write your first draft. Revise it all again.  
To these 'bare bones' add a dash of meter.  
Salt rythme, pepper mood...nothing is sweeter

Than a tight, polished poem! Of which you're proud!  
Never forget...you're talking to a crowd.

elysabeth faslund

# Apple Fritter Morning

The application of denial is such a tedious thing.  
Do we really wish Melville had never lived,  
or Pocahontas had drowned?  
On the bright, right side, who can take their place?

Not me. Not you.  
Certainly not U-2.

So, we are left with who might have beens.  
Doing whatever they will do...unknown as now.  
Rhymers will rhyme. Free versers will verse.  
All to rehearse the coming years of limelight.

Not me. Not you.  
Maybe U-2.

On Martin Luther King Day, let us join hands,  
stumbling through that mulberry bush together.  
He never did that deed, but left it to others.  
I hear his bible was sworn upon.  
Swearing on a bible, kinda gets you right there.

Not you. Not me.  
Not U-2 either.

elysabeth faslund

## Arachne...(Full Version) \*

Thinking back on ages when I was angry,  
Spinning anger in webs...  
Catching my reflection in bits of  
Shattered dew,  
Thinking how funny my thousand eyes  
Shone  
And how sad it was that they saw...  
How horribly, greedily, they drank in the  
Poison of  
Sight.

Catching my reflection and watching it  
Beat veined wings  
Against the crystal threads of my home,  
My anger,  
Spun from my body and sticky with  
Millions of years  
Of feeling nothing  
As soft eyes closed...

What day was it when the first dry  
Wings fell to the ground, betraying me  
To the trusting things as  
Predator...

What day was it when the butterflies,  
The kind, lovely beings, ceased their  
Visits, and  
Cursed my  
Sight...

If, by spinning, I could empty  
My belly of anger,  
I would web the stars...  
Then stalk the highest corners of  
Eternity...  
Crawling on my belly into  
The House of God.

Published by Gryphon, University of South Florida

elysabeth faslund

# Are You Wrong

To tell me God  
Is not in my hands...

When I look at all  
He has created in

Four fingers, one  
Thumb...

Do you ask the  
Cosmos....

Eternity...when I have  
All in my  
Hands?

elysabeth faslund



# Artemis Made A Big Mistake! ! ! ! !

.

A most lovely November...2006.

I'd turn my year on

Thanksgiving Day.

Every six years this lay in wait,

Turkey for bait...but, late I'd

Remember the rustling, bustling

Weeks of twinkling smiles

For no one...to greet, kiss, or

Love.

Verse in Time...wanting mortal rythme.

Mates came up. Mates went

Down.

Turkey, a memory...no one

Found...to beat Artemis...the

Wiley witch...at her race for

Love or gold.

It's been told not to look, if you

Wish to find.

Then, the view. A sideway's

Look at the man

Who dared to race with all

The romantic grace,

Lovey-dovey words of

'Carpe Diem' or 'Domani? '

Then, no roses, candy, or

Wine...dinner...wanted my choice

Of Tango or Waltz.

A stranger with determination,

By aggravation...of witty

Questions, aside remarks...

But, enough novelty to ignore

Apples.

Even give Artemis a  
Head start into  
Her very own  
Heart.

elysabeth faslund

# Assassination Conspiracy....Haiku

President Lincoln...  
Was Booth the only killer?  
What about Stanton?

A conspiracy?  
Five bridges out the city.  
Only four guarded.

Note: Lincoln and Stanton, from the records, never got along... although Stanton was Lincoln's Secretary of War. The night this President was shot, there were no guards for the Presidential box at Ford's Theater. Five roads led out of the Capital City...four were guarded. Booth rode out on the only road not guarded. Stanton could have been the instigator of this President's assassination.

elysabeth faslund

## Autumn's War.....A Sonnet

Speak you the days of Sun's warmth quietly.  
Reverently. This church will open doors  
Too soon, (much too soon) to galing Autumn's  
Outrage of being summoned into fire.

Fall does not greet us gladly...welcoming.  
Damping down Summer's heat is a challenge  
Disquieting. The War, even now, has  
Begun. Longer shadows announce the first

Skirmish. Degree by degree will fall like  
Icing rain...sleucing into overcoats.  
Temperatures dropping like fireplace logs  
Into the hearth of hearts. Heat we wanted

Only months before. Now, changing our minds,  
Wish coolness...never knowing Autumn's War.

elysabeth faslund

## Awake... Not Alert... (Humor)

Chairs to vacuum  
Carpets to dust  
Banks to rob...  
Uh. No...  
Piggy banks to rob.

Dog to kill  
Fleas to walk  
Dishes to break...  
Uh. Yes...  
Dishes to break.

Hair to floss  
Teeth to spray  
Schedule to meet...  
Uh. No.  
Man to meet.

Coffe pot is empty  
Got to make another  
Drink, lay in bed  
Relax from a 30 minute day.

elysabeth faslund

# Battle

Father...do not worry for me today. Sleep for a time, as I.  
Gather the Cedars and Rock around you.

Be content.

Be still for a short while.

I have gathered branches of Yew and Water of the Mother...  
I have gathered History and compassions of Women  
Who stand guard under evergreens in Winter. I have found  
The Rowan Tree.

Father...do not guilt me with future knowledge. I learned...  
Of children, who run under the darkness of Osiris,  
Brave to play in rain that has showered madmen. Children  
Who do not know that skulls smile, that water redeems  
Without Baptism. That ever You loved them.

Father...do not send my mother. Dead trees do not give  
Shelter. Nor rocks, water. I drown content. Do not interrupt.  
Stay as you are...fragments and laughter.  
Do not send the woman of dry plains and dust...spiders and  
Guile. Beads and acid...she would  
Surrender.

Father...send the Unicorn that did not die, the white raven, and  
A martyr who does not rule from the tomb...I have Battles to  
Attend...Predators to contain...Foundations and Pits.

Father...do not worry for me. Today. Perhaps tomorrow, when  
The Beast escapes and becomes...  
Roses.  
When Hell disappears, and there is only Heaven. Dealing with  
Only Angels is dangerous. In that Heaven is darkness...and  
Demons of innocence.

Father...there is Battle at hand. Know that I have slept under the  
Hills of Changlings...worn Gold.  
Drowned in the waters of unfortunate captains and whistling  
Dolphins. Drowned in the folly of waiting women, taken to foam  
And tides.  
Do not ask.

Gather to the Cedars and Rock. Rest for a short while. Be content.  
Women stand guard for you under the darkness of trees. I have  
Sent the Mother to watch.  
I know where you are. Be content. Do not worry or ask.  
I wear Ancient Armor.

It will be Time, shortly.  
I stand under the evergreens, waiting and watching.  
The Lady of the Rowan Tree stands near, watching...  
Waiting.  
Father...Battle is at hand.  
Father...it is Time.

elysabeth faslund

# Beggar: Man Or King?

Coin commemorates  
Accomplishments of a king.  
A man begs for food.

elysabeth faslund



# Beggar's Triumph

Cruelty. Be not proud. You have kinged nothing  
I did not give you royalty for.  
Scepter...Sepulchre.  
Banal. Dawnward splices Sun, Moon  
Bouquets...

And the beggar sleeps uneasily under  
Newspapers...cruelty remembered swiftly  
At heart's end. Heart's beginning.  
The full Moon echoes shadows longer than  
Yesterday. Lethal as tomorrow.  
Tonight, the parkbench cocoons, soothes...

What madness, cruelty? Did you stroke your  
Balding ego vainly, denying angles of Truth?  
What pride lured you into yourself...a mirror  
Monster fanged dripping.  
What anger, what revenge?

And how screeching the laughter that buried  
You under the  
Beggar's  
Bench...

Agnus Dei!

elysabeth faslund

# Bill Gates' Fangs...Uh, Make That 'Windows'

Dark deeds pasted night's gloom into tombs  
to-be of computer babies...best sacrifices of all.

Bill filled his goblet once more, in silent rehearsals  
of a speech before his board of two.

And, you know who the other was,  
now don't you....

pleased to meet you, can you guess my name....

'But if I invent that, they will come....once.

Where's the profit, where's the billions? '

'Bedeviled meat in deceit, genius,  
and blooded money of Internet addicts....

ah, so tragic....should be a law.'

'What's your part in this slaughter, ole pal? '

'Purely angelic....I recall....malware, viruses,  
Trojans. Not the drugstore kind.'

'And I just happen to have the programs  
for sale, of course, that will remedy.'

'And, the first thing we do is kill all the lawyers.

They suck as good as you, ole Bill.'

The feasting began. Then screaming, curses.

Blue screens.

The computer babies went to Best Buy.

Ole Bill went to Fortune 500.

elysabeth faslund

# Black Satin Morning

Black Satin silken,  
Changed to patchwork  
Rambling dawnlight...

Delicious, as one appetizer  
Follows the last..  
No one need 'fast' forever  
On Black sheets...

Day's brunch on  
Whitest...  
Past white.

elysabeth faslund

# Blood Type Of Space

Matter...known, unknown.  
Anti-matter...unknown...  
Possible, probable.

Stars new-born.  
Stars blooming  
Into Red Giants...

Reversing, imploding,  
Dragging space/light  
To pinpoint origins.

Bodies of Space with  
Timespans of life...  
We live the same.

And space probes  
Needle through  
Orbital veins...

Withdrawing data,  
Assimilating, disseminating,  
Transfusing, assessing

Strata, Methane,  
Latent bacteria, Hydrogen in voids.  
But genotypes,  
Mitochondrial DNA?

elysabeth faslund

# Bohemian Rhapsody, Not In Harmony!

Scaramouche! Scaramouche!  
Can you do the Fandango  
Down a crawfish hole?  
Down a crawfish hole?  
Foxtrot across the Eagle aerie?

Scaramouche! Scaramouche!  
Talonizing nightlings' souls  
With a tuneless Tango!  
With a tuneless Tango!  
Stepping steeping beats incomplete?

Beelzebub has a devil partner  
Poker bluff...  
Oh Mama Mia! Mama Mia!  
And here we go...well, I paid my dues...  
Orchestra! Play a ta-ta Cha Cha

Ad Infinatum! ! !

elysabeth faslund

# Bon Bons

Snow bright Eagle  
of the underworld-  
Talon Sun upwards.

---

The bayou flows  
into the morning-  
Day spreads its sails.

---

Noon does not laugh shadows.  
Fish fin to the surface.  
Kingfisher claws grin closed.

---...

The Sun balls its fist  
at threatening clouds.  
Gardens wonder why.

--

Mother and Father wrens  
dropp food down beaks.  
Crickets do not sing.

--

Tomato plant worms  
hide from mockingbirds.  
I toss them to fish.

---

The silent sandfly  
bangs into the screen.  
A thousand eyes open.

--

One hundred frogs  
are quickly swallowed  
by one alligator.

--

From arid sands  
came Gilgamesh....  
wrote of water. Odd.

elysabeth faslund

## Bored? You Are If You...(Humor)

...Actually polish with a furniture polish...

Not use it as an air freshener.

...Notice the surrounding wildlife...

Pick any room of your house.

...Finally do laundry...

And separate the colors.

...Strike up a conversation...

With that wrong number.

...Assign page numbers...

To the Internet.

...Watch a special on Hawking theories...

Then call the BBC to argue a point.

...Write a nonsensical toss-off...

Next day, it still makes sense.

Forgot to add: Relax! You're absolutely Human...

elysabeth faslund



# Bourbon Street

Trapeze girl of the  
Stripper joint  
Swinging out the window.  
Tourists enticing!

\$20s tucked everywhere.  
\$100 bill or three...

Little girl, little girl,  
Do you remember me...  
Merry-go-round at  
Recess...

Hide and Seek at noon.

Costumes and boas  
Left behind at dawn...  
She wakes her little  
Princess,

Packs a little memory...

Crunchy peanut butter  
And thick, grape jelly.....

elysabeth faslund

# Butterflies And Kites...Goodnight

Balloons on strings,  
Sailing, bouncing June  
Into July kites skimming  
Tails like afternoon

Mosquito hawks on quiet  
Water. There! The butterfly  
Making its rounds of  
Moonflowers' snow petals

Enticing emerald hummingbirds,  
Giant moths soundlessly  
Fluttering topaz and ruby  
Wings. Again! The butterfly

Dips, bobs angel-blue wings.  
Balloons, kites, put away  
For the night. Hummingbirds,  
Butterflies vanish....

There is peace....

elysabeth faslund

# Butterflies Sleep Under Leaves

I falter at the steps before the brass doors.  
A crucifix veiled in waxed flames, haloed  
By garlanded Marys...  
Does it wait beyond the cold, empty aisles?

Into what bed did I slip, calling, 'Daddy, I'm afraid'?  
Father, I am afraid.  
I want to replant every altared Easter Lily,  
If only I were a gardener to use  
These muddy fingers.

Didn't you know? Butterflies never die, but  
Sleep under leaves all winter.  
Unpainted wings on Judean hills echoed a God  
The children should know of.  
I would have taught them for Your sake...  
And theirs.

But I dreamed of a cripple that I married once.  
He tried to enter the door...and, with my flowers  
I ran. And ran away, knowing the petals would  
Wither.  
The cripple loved You.

Aren't mornings more than clouds and a sun?  
I've opened every one of your gifts...tags, string,  
Shiny things.  
No dirt or rocks, thorn or leaf, twisted root...  
The treasures windows keep.

The curtains are too long in winter, when...  
When whatever happens.  
I believe in butterflies.  
Pray to your God for me.  
I cannot talk to strangers with candy  
Or warm eyes.

elysabeth faslund

# Cadillac Pam And Seafaring Sam

There's much in the tale  
Of a love story here...  
Lovely wedding, guests,  
And way lots of beer!

The Angels were there,  
The ole Devil was too.  
He cooked up a scheme  
And then let it brew!

Sam boarded his ship  
The very next morning.  
Pam tended the Pub.  
There was no warning!

That fifty years came,  
And fifty years did go  
With nary a fight...  
Only love to show!

Angels were grinning.  
The Devil was sour.  
His scheme went awry...  
Bet was one flower!

And not from the Earth!  
Devil tossed, Devil turned...  
No way could he pay!  
He did a slow burn!

Angels laughed for joy!  
That extra-crispy Devil,  
Hot and spicy, of course!  
Would serve their purpose  
As one Damned bad,  
But laughable toy!

elysabeth faslund

# Castle Morgana....(Complete)

Part 1.....

Enter. Do not hesitate. Come.  
I wish to see you...closer.  
Cold stones will warm...by  
My fireplaces.

You are tired from your journey.  
Wet from storms.  
Be at ease...I see you now.  
You have Royal bearing.

Your name is mine to know.  
What brings you at this hour,  
Deliberately. With purpose.  
Nothing Royal is ever...lost.

You know to whom you speak.  
You know this hall, this chair,  
Stairs to your bedroom.  
Careful, Royal Storm....

Nails of storms have come  
With you this night...spells'  
Nails are always sharpest  
In the Darkness.

Part 2...

Lashing of wild branches at the window.  
Casement-crawled with rain fingers  
Pushing for entrance. Desperate.  
The Royal Storm slept. In sleeping, dreamt

A castle-mountain, spelled in words, blood,  
Never undone, trod, screaming skeletons  
Down stairs sprinkled in rings, once-worn,

Shed, cast away in cackles, wild laughter.

Slept, was dreamt, reality not, but heard.  
Had he given his eyes to the Quest, madness?  
Left his Lady, questioning starkness, dark vision-  
Formed beauty. He was no longer alone.

In dreaming, had formed the mistress in  
Reality.  
Morgana...threshold beauty.

Part 3

Gurgle as the babe, Royal one.  
Now, before, evermore.  
Sssssh. Your storm passed,  
Quest done, Night gone.

You know my arms,  
Lullabies...teaching.  
Again, again, we begin  
The years. Deliberate.

With Royal Purpose.

Ever you to herald  
The Ages Prophecy,  
'The King will return.'  
Sssssh. My little one.

Born in haunted storm.  
Re-birth in Faery Storm.  
Morgana protects you, Arthur.  
Nothing Royal is ever...lost.

elysabeth faslund

# Castles Of Writing Demons

So we sit on the battlements, keeping watch  
Over our typewriters,  
Marshalling the words  
Into fighting order.

There is no sin in letting the angels edit,  
Arbitrate our words  
With delicate sweeps of their talons.  
Have you never considered the kind spirits?  
Have you never considered Ariel?

There are angels, there are demons,  
In our castle keeps and tapestry-rich halls.  
There are archangels in our dungeons.  
There are satans in our castle chapels.  
There are words to exorcise.  
There are images to trap and chain to  
Our mural-laden walls.

We will ultimately be invaded by these beings.  
They will dictate  
What depth of moat,  
What abyss of endeavor  
To keep them benign, at bay.  
Until, we must summon them.  
But, at the last, we will be invaded.  
By angels.  
By demons.

I have Ariel.  
Who do you have?

I have been warned against too-loud  
Exorcism, the screaming summon.  
For I could awaken even  
The gods of our castles.  
Gods do not take kindly to being  
Awakened by mortals.

I have Ariel.  
Who do you have?

elysabeth faslund



## Cheerio Dreams\*

When a child's eyes open  
At night, looks around the bed...  
Teddy bear winking back with  
Black, button eyes...rattles,

Clothes covering the quiltlet,  
Cheerios clutched in sleepy fingers,  
All is all right...  
All is as should be...

Wall covered with Tigger posters,  
Scooby Do, Santa, a horse or two.  
The door is open...  
Night light glowing...

A shadow stops by the window...  
Waves hello, waves 'sleep tight'.  
Passes silently past...  
The child sleeps, happy.

Hush. Hush, little one...  
It is only the Tree Soul  
Wandering in it's mantle...  
Making sure your dreams

Are sweet.

elysabeth faslund

# Children's Eyes, Children's Toys

What are seasons but children's soft dreams, and  
Sunrise, their opening eyes?

Seeing at a glance

The days and years open...waiting,

Fringed with softness, or

Laced with abandon...

Like playing dress-up in the attic

With Aunt Dorothy's hat and gloves...

Not remembering the season

She died in childbirth...

And yet,

Ready to hear the story and pass it

Beyond their years...

To other ages.

Like playing with 'Bunny' in a toy crib,

Feeding her, patting, hugging...

Not yet realizing it is their son or

Daughter's crib...in a Time they already

Know of...deep inside.

Dreaming in waking.

In reality.

In dreams.

Dress-up and Bunny...hazy remembered

Pieces and bits...

Of kindness, hardness.

Cruelty, sympathy.

Love...

Known before, after...beyond.

What are seasons but children's soft dreams...

And sunrise, their opening eyes?

Seeing at a glance...

The days.

The moments.

elysabeth faslund

# Circling Wheel

Mornings were created for the innocent animals,  
To see their way, in bramble, on paths where,  
Forever their brothers, predators, waited...  
In shadows, under bowers, and treetop high.

Noontimes were created for each of them,  
To see each the other, when heat forced  
Lack of energy to run...to run...turn to fight,  
Die, and lay limp on ground, as the victor.

Nighttimes were created, also, for each...  
Eyes from under logs saw predators turn, but  
This, the little things' mistake. For leaving  
Safety means death for some. Never heeding

Safety, as predator, also means death, at times.  
Circlings of the Wheel...for Great and Small.

elysabeth faslund

# Cleopatra's Victory

.

The Nile goes on forever. Before, beyond gods.  
The Gods gaze once. I am almost gone.  
Sipping this chaliced Nile would make me eternal sand.  
Sands of eternity are forever.  
I will be in forever.

Who was Isis, beyond salvation for her brother, Osiris.  
Who was I, beyond sarcophagus for Ptolemy.  
Only lotuses ask, swarming banks of this Nile.  
Only lotuses answer lavender voices.  
I will be in forever.

Raise this chalice to my lips, then. Antony is dead.  
Raise this Nile to flood legend over the world.  
Lay my head up to see gods' turned backs.  
Lay Roman legions under my feet.  
I am forever.

.

elysabeth faslund

## Cliched Or Parodied Poem?

Well, if that don't beat all!  
I'm as nervous as a cat in a  
Room full of rocking  
Chairs!

Tension is high, the moon is  
Full, spirits are low!  
Will the kiss of death be  
The

End of the line? There's  
Always tomorrow at the end  
Of my rope. And, check's in  
The

Mail. Didn't have a clue,  
Till I clued you in...why  
That cliché had me nervous  
As a cat.

elysabeth faslund

## Cliff Side Is The Wrong Side...\*

Been through the Southwest desert,  
Been through the Texas hills,  
Through a snowy Teluride...  
One blow-out on it's downside.

How's it feel to be so free  
With a wolf for company...  
I'll tell you later on, my friend,  
Miles from here, around that bend.

Never saw how close I was  
Until the tire threw gravel...  
I looked down two thousand feet...  
Spun the wheel...God was sweet.

Never will forget that day  
Time kindly stopped for me...  
I had other plans, you see...  
My life planned for no delay.

How's it feel to be so free  
With a wolf for company...  
I'll tell you later on, my friend,  
Miles from here, around that bend.

elysabeth faslund

# Comet

How can you have passed so close...  
That you left my world intact...

But devoid of  
Life?

elysabeth faslund



# 'Corn Flake' Speaks To His Flock

While drinking coffee at 6 a.m. on the front porch...

'Corn Flake's' flock, scratching, pecking...

Grouped under The Oak...

'Corn Flake' flapped, eyed them all:

'Cu, Cu, Cu, Cuuuuuuuk! Screeeeek! '

'You, You, You, You All! Speak! '

Mean Hen (not laid in a year) : 'B\*stard, cluck, hawk B\*stard! '

Young Bob: 'These nubs are spurs. We gonna tangle, Snidely!

Napolean Banty Rooster, 'Bring it on! After I've groomed...'

Big Pet, 'I'm pretty.'

Flop-Over Rooster, 'I'll bet four bugs on Bob...my man! '

Dead Chicken Walking, 'What hawk? '

Skitzzy Hens, 'Voices say...lay now, hawk later.'

Cocking an eye on the hawk diving fast, 'Corn Flake'

Gurgled under the porch:

'The few, the loud, the uh, out-in-the-open....

Upon evaluation of an imminent convergence of  
Predator and Prey, I feel compelled to humbly offer  
Mild, insignificant(for the most part) , situational  
Insight:

'CORK-A-GET-YOUR-\*SSES-UNDER-THE-BLOODY-PORCH-  
DOUBLE-DAMN-FLAP-IT-FAST-DOODLE-IDIOTS...! '

elysabeth faslund

## 'Corn Flake's' Farewell To '2-Note'

We gather our feathers today  
...no scratching, you hens...  
To depart with this pitiful rooster  
...'Flop Over'! Drop that bug! ...  
Who did achieve 2 notes to his crow,  
...'Napolean'! Outta that tree! ...  
Topped my...er, our hens regularly,  
...'Big Pet'! Lay that egg later...  
For which I judiciously kicked his ass.  
...'Bob'! Chase 'Skinny Minny' later...  
His scattered feathers, due to dog,  
...'Big Bertha', take the dust bath later...  
Will not go unanswered, as is just.  
Do not quote 'survival of the fittest' to me!  
Because Elysabeth has a baseball bat...  
Can I get an AMEN!

elysabeth faslund

# 'Corn Flake's' New Year's Eve

'I do expect there may be a  
Question of timing involved,  
Seeing as how you humans  
Do tend to celebrate the

New Year's commencement  
At 12: 01. Within that time  
Frame, around the world. I  
Am of the knowledge you

Call it Earth.

But, from my constituents and  
I, we wish you all the finest in  
Your happy endeavors. And,  
Of the certainty I and my flock

Are already full of the finest  
Corn to be had, we're going  
To get our tails to roost now.  
Big day with more of that corn

Tomorrow...and DOODLE-  
DAMN-NOISE? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

We'll see you 'pale-faces'  
TOMORROW! ! ! ! !

Happy New Year's Eve from a CRANKY rooster and his flock! ! ! ! !

elysabeth faslund

# Creations Are Unknown

And the beasts, cast down from levels of heaven,  
held conclave in stitched fog,  
sewn by careless witches  
dealing in yarn, with no regard for pattern  
nor placement.

Needles sharp, fingers bled rose petals  
into beasts' paws,  
and God saw 'beginning' in this.

Where had such beauty gone amiss, when?  
Surely not His Garden,  
where snakes never ventured flowers,  
Eve bearing the brunt for mankind,  
before birthed.

Witches cackled, knowing their mistakes timely,  
misdeeds approved,  
gore, the forerunner of cycles.

As ever.

Blooded beginnings.

Rosed dawns.

elysabeth faslund

# Creativity Process

Then, what nourishes the bee, but pollen  
From the gracious, mature flower.  
What twists the stolid oak, but age,  
Weathering youth to wisdom.

Curves of Time minds. Many Paths.  
One, unbidden, thought changes all.  
Multiply spokes of this Wheel.  
Unborn Universes', colors', first gasp.

Breaths of creativity appear. Tentative  
New steps...flowers bloom. Oaks  
Stand storms down.  
Answers from, of, Sky Minds' multiplications.

Loose yourself in the air you breathe.

elysabeth faslund

# Crossing, Mexico, And New York\*

## 1. Migration

The pregnant and the old straggled along jagged cliffs,  
Following their young hunters' path...no frost-snorting horses  
To carry the sick. Only thick-furred, black dogs...pets when  
Stomachs were full.  
Sons, born in the mountain snows, did not cry in the plains below.  
Wails filled the high passes, etching stunted trees, then  
Drifted down...on.  
Voices echoed to each other. Bones marked the trail. When pelts  
Hung loose on hips...shadows sat around the fire, grim-jawed,  
Faces grizzled.  
Children laughed with the puppies at sunset. And old men smiled  
Through their eyes.  
By dawn, fire ashes cold, footsteps wound to the south, disturbing  
Only shriveled blades.  
A week-old wolf kill...arms became strong. An ancient deer dying  
By a stream...stomachs quieted.  
A shadow...holding a skull to the waning sun.

## 2. Mexico

To the moon, an upraised, warrior skull...chants scattered the  
Density of sweet incense.  
Limestone blocks riveled red, priests' hair matted, robes stained  
Stiff.  
A young girl waited in a damp chamber. She smiled for her young  
Man in the war. Tlaloc-God came. As she ascended temple steps,  
Her love, shorn of Eagle armor, proudly entered the enemies camp,  
Wrists fettered.

At dawn, corn cakes sizzled...old women stirred peppers into the  
Beans. Two boys played with Jaguar claws. The father hoed corn.  
At dawn, twelve thousand chained, climbed temple steps.  
The Hummingbird God came...blood ran to the plains. Drums died  
At twilight. Cakes, beans devoured. The father went to his field.

## 3. Thirty-Fifth Street

Offices hang in parallels. Coolers bubble. Khaki-clad janitors shuffle  
Down vacant halls.  
Huge glass doors are locked against streets.  
In kerosene-scented basements, the sick dream feverishly  
Of cool, mountain streams...snow, sorrow.  
Pictures of animals, trees, crowd split, plastered walls.  
Electric poles lift arms to the sun...sparrows twitter  
Over crumbs.  
Ambulances shriek past red-lighted intersections to waiting pain,  
Deposit their sheeted burden...  
Search for another.

Somewhere on the Old Continent, fur-cuffed, weather-wrinkled hands,  
Skin their kills  
With finely manufactured  
Japanese knives.

elysabeth faslund

## Cupid Needs A Spanking... (Humor)

That little bitty kid  
With the arrow nocked tight  
Does far too much damage.

Although the kid's got wings,  
A Cherubic, chubby face...  
Who trusts a god in Huggies?

elysabeth faslund



# Daddy: World-Renowned Politician\*

My Father was a world leader and the best  
Damned hobo...  
He loved butterflies.

My Father was a world-renowned politician.  
Then his favorite neighborhood bar  
Closed down.  
He sat...turning his old, gnarled hands  
Over and over  
In his lap.

He knew things about water...the ways of  
Small, innocent creatures.  
He knew the healing properties of  
Death...  
Death knitted his arteries back together.  
Death periodically dropped in to check  
On his heart...then  
Death stopped.

Should I show you my Father's hands  
When I return?  
Should I bring you his knowledge of  
Dolphins and butterflies?  
Should I return with smiles...emeralds  
Of the water?  
Should I return?

elysabeth faslund

## Daily Wish List... Just For You

For each a home  
where rain shows  
no face....except  
when wanted.

For each the music  
of laughter, when  
waking with the  
Sun...

For each the glad  
'hello' of a  
cherished friend...  
warmth...

For each the  
fortitude to  
battle wrongs  
into rights....

For each a  
special star to  
shine their way  
home....

And arms to hug  
them when the  
knock on the door  
is answered....

Good Morning!  
Ya'llses!

elysabeth faslund

# Dancing With A Devilish Vampire

Tick Tock, tippy toe...  
I know that coo-coo  
'Clock'...  
Tock, Tick, trip, fall...  
Ain't too good on  
Ya feet...  
Clock strikes one...  
I'm having fun  
Watching  
That 'dervish-silent'  
Fool...  
Clock strikes two...  
Come on 'Hoo-Doo'...  
I'll dance till three  
With you...  
Your hooves, horn,  
Fangs...  
Dance till six...  
Then pick up  
Sticks, cloak...  
Ash....

Oh My! You're gone!  
By Golly Gosh!  
Is it already  
Dawn?

elysabeth faslund

# Dawn Shatters

The sun harbors no mystery today.  
It rises timidly, rampantly,  
like shattered crystal, on Earth.  
Rabbits shake shards from fur.

The ocean glows as never before.  
Each wave reflects as heraldic.  
With reflections, it honors  
all life, all time, all genre.

Let poets continue this reflection  
in their work.  
Let today dawn as new, with promise  
of greatness.

Shores wait, un-walked.

elysabeth faslund

# Day In The Life Of The Parkbench Man

Long til night...mewling,  
Sun newborn. Dawned in  
Swaddling clouds  
Keeping it warm.

A man shuffles the sidewalk,  
Picking a penny, eyeing  
The date.  
Pockets Abe. Snags a  
Can some woman dropped...

Bag over-full...heels tic-tacking  
Cement. Yesterday...dreams.  
Today...peaches. One penny.  
Clouds. Raindrops. No sun.

Long til dawn...mumbles  
Ancient lips...  
Swaddled in newspapers,  
Keeping him warm.

elysabeth faslund

## Divorce Proceedings...Part 1...(Humor)

'Place your hand on the Bible, please....

Do you swear to  
Tell the Truth,  
And nothing but  
The Truth....? '

'Well, can't say  
'I do'  
To that, sir.  
Said 'I do'  
Before.

That's why I'm  
Here  
Today.'

elysabeth faslund

## Doc, When Did I Never Listen...

To your Wilde magic of laughter....  
Your comfort, , , and just that touch  
Of humor that made me come  
Back...and back again....

If you never saw but a few of my  
Comments...they were always there,  
In the highest rating I could give you...

My heart and laughter...  
Wrapped in a 10.....10....10.....10! ! ! !

God forever bless you...  
You give....you  
Do not ask.

elysabeth faslund

## Domestic Exorcism With A Baseball Bat...(Humor) \*

Was the same dull nite  
All over agin.  
Comforter cozy.  
Ice cream gone.

'Will ya shut up! !  
Ya wrekin ma movie!  
Quit floppin aroun, and  
Get the flies out ya mouth!

Talk English, ya bum!  
This 'BOOGALA BOOGALA'  
Ain't gonna get it.  
And get off the ceilin...'

Then knocking on the door.  
'Who the hell is it? '  
'A priest, my child...  
With Holy Oil...'

'I never called ya, and  
Don't need that.  
Save your rites.  
I gotta baseball bat.'

elysabeth faslund



# Donuts

Donuts in the morning  
Donuts in the evening  
Donuts at supertime  
Be my awful sugar

Coma, but I love you  
All the time.  
Put I.V.s around me  
And swear by Krispy  
Kreme

You'll be there forever  
In a sugar frosted dream!  
Donuts are a danger  
Donuts do a harm

But, I'll be there this  
Morning  
For another bag of  
Warm, ooey, gooey

I.V. coma warning alarm!

Good Morning!

elysabeth faslund

# Doors Of Emerald City

I was asleep...sometime before dawn,  
Then woke awfully cold...  
Remembering dreaming...

(get out of the woods, get out of the  
dark, get out of the night...)

That a voice called my name.  
Over and over. My mother's voice.  
So sweet, so sad, lonely...

(get out of the dark, get out of the night...)

'Did ya ansuh dat voice? Yo muther...  
Did ya ansuh? Did ya? '

(get out of the night...)

'No. I was afraid. Why should I be  
Afraid to...why be afraid of  
My mother's voice? '

(you're out of the night...step up to the door  
And bid it 'Open...open.')

'Oh Seet Baby Christ, chile!  
You's lucky. Ole folk say dream  
Voices a'callin  
Are death...fotelling.  
Yo death.

Lawd, girl. Sumpin' tain't right.  
Ansuh none dem voices.  
Ya gots to 'membra...  
Yo mama's funeral  
Was yestuhday.

elysabeth faslund

# Down La Salle's Mississippi\*

My lord sovereign King Louis XIV, to  
Whom I take pen in hand to  
Announce the news,  
We're here.

Now where it's hard to tell.  
But insects are attacking daily  
And your ship has gone to hell.

My genius French helmsman  
Has informed me we are stuck.  
We left our luck in Canada  
With that rotten govenor.

I wish I were back at Versailles  
Courting those fair belle femmes.  
Instead, I'm stranded on a sandbar  
Choking on swamp stagnant air.

Damned helmsman.  
The lace on my cuffs has drooped.  
Our snuff is full of gnats.  
We've tried salvaging our sinking  
Ship. But our food is gone.  
We need the rats.

Ah yes, my dear king, we're floating  
Down south  
Out in this glorious spring weather.  
Our driftwood has stayed together  
Despite this rising river.  
And it's raining. On me.

(Robert Cavelier Sieur de La Salle-(partial part of entire poem)/Grand prize,  
College Writers Award. Louisiana)

elysabeth faslund

# Dragon Flames

We greet rain with dour eyes,  
down turned mouth, sighs....  
wishing blue, sun, clear skies.  
Grumble dragon's flame,  
succeeding in creating mist.

Who walks through the mist?  
That dark figure, silent, slow....

That being of our own creation.  
Demon-winged, or angel-robed,  
laughing at enchanted clouds,  
leaving no prints to identify....  
perhaps our deepest fear, realized....

It is us.

elysabeth faslund

# Dragons

Dragons cave-wrapped...  
Skyborne leather. Scales rain,  
Rain...look to the Sun!  
Look to the fields, forest!

Dragons of morning...cave-wrapped.  
Leather wings. Storm skies!  
Scaled skies! Play fire with lightning,  
While prints water-fill, vanish

Into Myth, Legend.

The Archeologist takes off  
His cap. Scratches. Holds a  
Flatish stone...fossil?  
Found in Neanderthal strata.

Of course! A scoop for soup!  
Ancient, mammoth soup!

Why the scorch-marks,  
Archeologist?  
Look to the caves for more  
Than...

Men.

elysabeth faslund

# Driftwood And The Widow

She'd forgotten walks along driftwood beaches,  
Meandering hand-in-hand...long ago...  
One of them picked up an interesting piece,  
Then home,  
Above the fireplace.  
It had a home.  
Forever.

She walks to the supermarket, smartly dressed...  
Decisions between wheat or white flour.  
The produce section makes her take a little,  
Pink pill.  
Her hands are laced with gold...a band, other  
Things, grace her lotioned hands and body.  
She's sold her life for Island Cruises...alone.  
Perhaps.

The driftwood lives on the mantle, but now,  
When she sees it...she makes an excuse...  
An errand. Mostly driving as long as she can.

One day, she doesn't know when yet...they'll  
Walk that beach. Watching horizon clouds,  
Leaving their footprints as before...and choose  
One, unusual piece of driftwood to keep the  
Other company.

The young choice...the old.  
Two pieces of driftwood,  
Side by side.

elysabeth faslund

# Driving Over The Cliff Together

Let's go over the cliff together,  
Holding hands, laughing.  
It's over for us...  
Except for Death.

You picked that awful blouse  
At Penny's...never approved  
Of your taste...  
You knew it.

Laughed each time I made  
A face...  
You looked good in anything.  
You knew it.

You smiled in memory...  
Weren't they good  
Weren't they happy...  
The long hours of work.

I don't want to remember.

Went to your house one day.  
You were talking funny,  
Walking funny.  
'Oh, I just feel bad.'

You liar! You damned liar!  
We were Thelma and Louise.  
You named us that...I had the  
Convertible. You...no Time.

Let us go, hand in hand, into  
The horizon. Always the West.  
You always knew Sunsets  
Always become Sunrises.

Let's go over the cliff together.

You always wanted to see God.  
You'll not be seeing Him  
For the first time.  
God saw you...and kept you.

Goodbye, my friend.

elysabeth faslund



## Dumb Blondes...I'M One! ! ...(Humor)

All angels have blonde hair...  
Ever notice that?  
My spike heels don't get caught in my earrings...  
Only my hair.  
Why do you want to be a blonde...  
People don't take you seriously now.  
The up-keep is way too expensive...  
Rolls to the salon, \$100 tip for the hairdresser.  
For a fact, blondes are dumb...  
 $E=mc^2$ . We can explain that. Can they?  
Blondes can get away with anything...  
'I just totalled your BMW.' 'No problem.'  
Blondes never get speeding tickets...  
Only dates with the cops who caught them.  
On a good day, blondes can't spell 'a'...  
Bad day? We can redesign the Hubble Spacecraft.  
On a good day, blondes 'can't' cook...  
Bad day? Blondes won't cook.  
Why do men prefer blondes...  
They know they can't afford the diamonds.  
Why do I prefer being a blonde...  
Maybe it's the Viking blonde...  
But it keeps everyone guessing.  
Oh DUH!

elysabeth faslund

# Earth-Woman

I am woman and I have borne the Torah on a gold cloth  
Over my shoulder.

I have consecrated its dust-leadened parchment,  
Cradling the scrolls into temple darkness...

Clicked-shut the doors, saddened and empty.

I am of childbearing age...

I am crimson with life.

I have touched the Ark.

I have read the Covenant.

I cannot lighten the laws of heaven.

I have nothing to do with clouds or sin, but

I could have shown them where Eden was hidden...

The forgotten way going home again.

I have caressed the male god on his couch  
In a ghost-haunted room, a candle-dark room...

Remembering a soul, but eyes with no spark.

I have soothed his forehead in the dead hours,

Softening his terror, silencing his scream,

'Mother, do not leave me again'.

I cannot replace the laws of heaven.

I have nothing to gain from angels or sin, but

I put him on the road to Eden...

The long-hidden path going home again.

I am woman and I come adorned with a  
Mitre of thorns.

I own salvation, blessed and chaliced...

Giving to sinners,

Selling to saints.

I have witnessed the sins of gods.

I have dried the unwarranted tears of Eve.

I have confessed and absolved the dead.

I will not revise the laws of heaven.

I will not tamper with death or sin, but

I will wait for you in Eden...

At the end of the road going home again.

elysabeth faslund

# Edges Of Home

Traveling along edges of morning...  
Dewed grasses  
Brush our shoes...  
Paths not present hours before  
Change night songs  
To Light's melodies.  
We are renewed...  
We walk home.

Traveling along edges of midday...  
Briars burst with promises  
Of sweet berries...  
We make our way through  
Forests' eldritch with  
Lichen, vines, ferns...  
We are aware...  
We walk home.

Seated within edges of twilight...  
Evening primroses scent  
Our porches...  
Doe and fawn wander beyond  
The latticework frames...  
Seeking grasses' bedding for the night.  
We are content...  
We are home.

elysabeth faslund

# Editing A Master Poet

Sun's Light is a  
Morning bright.  
Hope is for rain  
To wash the stain

Of brittle dryness  
Away...renew the  
Green and let me  
Walk closer to

Infinity...that place  
Where forever Spring  
Laughs, dancing with  
Baby wrens, baby

Everything.

Onwards to day...  
Away to the work  
Of letters arranged  
In Time, with Time...

With a great poet.  
How did I get so  
Lucky?

elysabeth faslund

## Eternity's Home... Sonnet

What price to welcome Eternity home...  
What price has our sun paid for it's rising,  
Shining, on Forever...faraway lands...  
Squealing, laughing, children playing in sands

Where ancient reptiles left their tracks behind...  
Where dolphins mated water, earth, water.  
Who tore Eternity's spinning apart...  
Why hasn't it's mending ended? But starts

Again each day, one hour closer in Time.  
Again, light laughter of unknown children  
Sifting Forever through little fingers...  
Settling for food, warmth, sleep. Answers linger

In every birth, in each child...Welcome  
For Eternity. And, in their eyes...Home.

elysabeth faslund

## Eve And The Promise...(Humor)

Caffeine pot bleeping, leaves falling,  
Chickens scratching, pines sighing...  
OH GOD! ! NO! Not sunshine! ! !  
You reneged! You promised Eve  
No sunshine or mirrors before 10a.m!

So what if she had to swallow that bite  
Of apple  
To be able to speak... she agreed!  
A promise is still a promise! ! !  
Women...and mirrors...before 10a.m...  
For US...THAT'S the sin!

elysabeth faslund

# Even Madness Is Not An Option

Unequivocable yes's, are equivocable no's  
of unsatisfactory decisions, made in too-  
hasty moments under the judgements of  
the worlds navigated through...ours.

Who said we could be free?

Ingredients in the soup of the day,  
make for compliment or derision...  
but, should we taste once more,  
just to be sure of decisiveness?

Who picked the five-leaf clover?

Morning to night, and back again,  
revolving light/dark doors never closed,  
circling as doves, eagles, vultures  
of a sky we never chose, but accept.

Who frosted the windows on Forever?

The human condition, magnificently human,  
destined for extinction, unraveling like  
Aunt Agatha's shell-stitch shawl, in degrees  
of self-doubt. Desperation held within.

Who told you not to tell the Truth?

elysabeth faslund



# Evening

In a draped parlor,  
The soft Lady  
Waits on her brocade  
Chair.

Delicate, tiny,  
Slipperd feet, soundless  
As she rises,  
Greet

Her guest. Always  
Arriving on  
Time. Never hurried,  
Calm.

She turns over the  
Keys to her mansion.  
Opens the drapes  
Wide.

Never sunlight.  
Always complete  
Darkness takes her chair.  
Night

elysabeth faslund

## Evening's Kiss

In the Evening, sounds get  
Softer, until there's a hush  
Which settles as powder  
Snow would...leaving the  
Earth almost velvet, gentle,  
Soothing the last, worn,  
Tiredness...

'I'm almost home...almost  
There.'

Felt by man, animal, alike.  
Evenings are not the end  
Of the day...just a breathing  
Of kindness, a faint kiss on  
Cheeks.

You look around...no one  
There.

Oh, there was something  
There...it was Evening's  
Kiss...until you meet again.

elysabeth faslund

# Evolution

A whale in the seas  
Had boney maroney knees,  
But he glided along  
Hearing a morning song...

Coming from the beach  
That he couldn't quite reach.  
He tried a million years  
Despite Cetacean jeers!

But his little, bitty son  
Definitively won...  
Flipped with alacrity...  
Day after year with tenacity.

One dawn, a goodly thrust  
Sent this younster, with crust!  
Up on the beach...loud elation!  
'Come on pop! You'll like  
Being a  
Crustacean!

elysabeth faslund

# Family

Ages, silvered ancient...trillobites...scrawled  
Ocean mud. Forever-time. Fossils.  
Mother. Why did you not call me? Towel-off  
Sand?  
Bathe salt from my skin? Cleanse me of  
Time?

Waves, teasing mountains...Himalayas...  
Scratching waters' nicknames.  
Father. Answering my question, 'What do you  
See out that window? ' with, 'Look, girl.'  
Did you trust me to see? Did you trust my  
Sight?

Tectonics, movers...moving...Pangea...  
Lava...oceanic ridges...lava. Always.  
Brother. Why did you not call me...your son  
Died. Why does your heart shift? Now,  
Do you feel the the Earth shifting?

Winds, soft, seducing, contesting waves  
For words upon the stone...which will  
Conquer?  
Sister. I never had...answer me. Do I want  
Your answers? Should I listen?  
When have you become the ' Mother'?

Are you the Mother...  
My Sister?

elysabeth faslund

# Father's Footprints

I follow one trail, another,  
Ending sharply  
In these woods.  
Crunching last Fall's

Leaves under bare feet.  
Blackberry stickers,  
Thorned, ivy webs.  
No passage. No trail.

Under woods-cool canopies...  
Knowing I must turn  
Back. Run through rain  
Bending leaves, grasses.

Then, I must make the trail.  
I wish to know the end  
Of a path begun years ago...  
To hear my Father speak to me.

elysabeth faslund

## Feel Lucky? Be Thankful For...(Humor)

Not having a train run over you,  
In the last week...  
Your wolf eating your chicken,  
You don't have to feed him again...  
You don't have to wear pantyhose,  
To make the new shoes comfortable...

A friend who drops in with a  
CARTON of cigarettes for you...  
Calling ANY business and  
Getting a human voice...  
Getting that human voice, and  
They speak English clearly...  
Going to a high-end hair salon,  
And they DON'T screw-up...  
Going to that '.com' site,  
And you DON'T find a match...  
Writing a love letter and it  
Isn't returned proof-read...

Going to your barber shop, and  
Your barber says nothing of the bald spot...  
Eating a baloney sandwich,  
Then finding a twenty in an old pocket...  
Sliding into that tight pair of jeans, and  
NOT finding a rip in the hip seam...  
Having your gorgeous convertible  
Start the FIRST time...  
Listening to a brand new, favorite cd  
And it doesn't SKIP...

Drinking your favorite beer,  
And it's Arctic cold...  
Waiting for that train to pass,  
And it's five cars long...  
Calling ANY business, and  
You know your party's extension...  
Losing weight, and  
Needing a bigger bra size...

Gazing into your closets, and  
Knowing you need NOTHING for 40 years...  
Having a husband who only shows  
His faults when you're shopping, alone...

This writer has a ton of these,  
But she chooses to stop NOW...

elysabeth faslund

# Five Glimpses Of Morning

1.

Dawn layers trees in spindle branch  
Dark...ember oranges paper clouds,  
Dragging Gray into tomorrow...  
The artist does not chose the colors.  
They are already painted with ancient  
Wisdom...peeking, hidden.  
Wisdom drips seen.  
Hearing is for the deaf.

---...

2.

Hills of clouds, rolling soft beging mounds  
Into Everest peaks...thunder a growling stomach,  
Needing Lightning tidbits, black-seared trees...  
Easy, quick, delicious crashes...  
Needs no refrigeration.

---...

3.

Day dragons huff fire thru dawn, syncopating  
Levels, layers, loveable colors...hours scratch  
Clocks, fire dampens, and day raises up into  
Dragon wings.

---...

4.

White grays grayer, cloud puffs, strings haphazardly  
Sky morning into broken shards, glassy  
Sky slivers.

---...

5.

Ripples dark, light pocking bayou water  
Seething never-asked-for dawnlight.  
Waters accept gracefully, winds high...  
And water fights in towers, white-tipped.



elysabeth faslund

# Flame Twice

Burn me  
Under massive oaks  
Whose branches tumble  
Breaking  
In chaotic winds  
Never the same direction  
Twice.

Burn me  
With their beauty  
Pyre of Nature's regret  
In choosing land  
Unwisely...

Tsunami-crested heated heart...

Burn me  
Into  
Sainthood.

elysabeth faslund

# 'Flesh Of The Gods'

Gold, Flesh of the Gods,  
Slips through touch  
As water...

Back to water.

The Mother gilds upon  
Waves,  
Humming Eternal songs.

The words for mortal ears.  
Be quick! Listen!  
The Mother will not repeat.

Gold rocks gently back to  
Her Ocean's bottom...  
Best left in words

Of treasure...not  
Forgotten.

Superstition...Truth...  
Which outlasts the

Other?

elysabeth faslund

## Fog\*

Too misty, too white.  
Fog changes pelicans  
Into prows of ships.  
Slow, too slow to  
Ignite red lights,  
Switch gates down.  
Listening, windows up...  
No engines, no  
Crackling radio.

Easy seagulls perch  
Ramshackle wharves,  
Eyeing pelicans  
Moving pterodactyl-like  
In time, in space  
Over smooth water  
Not jumped by mullet  
Or Reds.

White receding, revealing  
No outriggers on far  
Horizon bend to  
Boudreaux Canal.  
A red and white cork  
Zig-zags, t.v. blasts  
A decongestant ad.  
Fog chimneys into the  
Air.  
The mirror clears.

elysabeth faslund

# For Howlin...Ships In The Night

Would have been a most  
Beautiful poem....one, the  
World would never see the  
Likes of again....but, alas

The world will not see it  
Once....

Skypes' read it, have it, and  
Will not give it back.

Sorry, Howlin'....

elysabeth faslund

# For Those Who Don'T Celebrate Christmas

Shush now...soft steps...  
Soft words...  
There is to be a child.  
Every child

Within this child...  
Father of the Man...  
Keeper of Universes...  
In big, soft eyes

Is Eternity.  
Whether Christmas  
Is in your land,  
Or not...

Still, children will  
Be born to your  
Land...  
They own Forever.

Be at peace  
This Night...  
Every Night....

elysabeth faslund

# Forgive

Druid mists, grey man fog...  
Gnarled hands on limbs  
Sanctifying the legends

Yet believed, as I drive  
Through those shrouds of  
Druid mists and grey man fog...

Sanctifying legends  
In my own time...  
This place of forgetfulness.

The mistletoe and oak...  
Wicker and fire  
Masking screams in  
Druid mists...

Hearing them as I drive...  
I stop awhile  
On the side of the highway.

I walk past the thistle, and  
In stooping, pick a golden.  
Meadow rose.

I caress it's petals.  
As a priestess  
I cast it back into Time...

Past the bleeding castles,  
Past Viking ships,  
To wicker and flame...  
To soothe.

elysabeth faslund

# Friends Around The World

.

You know who and what you are to me.

Indians are Indians.

Brits are Brits.

If color is an arbitrator, who dared put it there?

Blacks are blacks.

There, I've said what is racist, or is it...

Who determines racism to be racism?

Is it you?

.

elysabeth faslund



## Funny People... Still My Quotes... Part 3... (Humor)

They didn't realize what I was smiling about.  
Partly their charm...but, my serious doubt...

Waitresses in the restaurants...

You want a menu?

'No, a john. You ever seen a blouse cut this low? '

You gonna eat?

'This is a restaurant. You're going to have children, aren't you.'

You gonna eat here?

'Why? There's something I should know first? '

You're not from around here, are you.

'Sure I am. Got a spit cup? '

Billy Bobs...

If a tobacco chewing, coveralled, John Deere-cap-wearing man gives you  
directions...turn left on his rights. And right on his lefts.

Aw now, you kin sit'n hava Coke while ah splain...

'Uh no. I'm late for my probation revocation hearing.'

Naw, jes foller that road till that funny, oak tree...

'And,400 miles from here, where to next, Bubba? '

Yep. Got used tires. That bulge don't mean nuthin, young lady...

'Young? I'm old enough to kill you and get acquitted. Now get that tire  
off my car! '

We got corn land, meat cattle. Miss Effie makes quilts...

'Let me repeat this. How far to Jacksonville, Florida? '

We got good roads, churches. Can't beat Miss Effie's cakes...

'Got a womans' prison? '

They were all good people,  
Young and old...that's good  
Memories...and why they've  
Been told.

elysabeth faslund

# Funny Signs On Places... My Quotes. Part 1... (Humor)

There were signs, but  
There were lines they  
Never should have crossed...

Sexual Predator and Palm Reader...

'I see you're young. I really miss prison.'

Po Boys Pizza and Auto Shop...

'Eat. Jo Bob will fix his mistake.'

U-Haul and Suntan Spa...

'Free haul to the Burn Unit.'

Mississippi Grass Nursery...

'And Bailbonding Service.'

Shady Grave R.V. Park (misprint?)

Pull thrus and full hook ups.

Clean Restrooms...

'As opposed to...'

Bud Light. Our Kind of Town...

'Hell, my kind of morning.'

2x6,2x8. Sheathing. Long Lengths...

'Enzyte has competition? '

Brown Bottling Group...

'You're on your own with this one.'

From Stitches To Reconstructive Surgery...

'To lawyer. The stitches were THAT bad? '

Shoney's Classic American Buffet...

All The Italian You Can Eat.

Having crossed the line without permission,  
Gave me thoughts of ammunition.  
But, I'll get to those...

elysabeth faslund

## Funny Signs... Quotes Still Mine... Part 2... (Humor)

Crossing the line, on Billboard  
Or door, made me want my.44.  
An arraignment, or two...

One Stop Shopping...  
'These gas prices? Best have a whorehouse, too.'  
Apply tax. Apply Today...  
'No. I live to hassle the I.R.S.'  
Vote For Jamolacka Jones. Charges Were Dropped...  
'And the evidence to BRING those charges...? '  
All You Can Eat Buffet. Pharmacy Next Door...  
'Now, I ask you....'  
State Tax Commission. Vocational Rehab. Services...  
'You're on your own with this one.'  
Barb's Restaurant. Eat. Gas. Now...  
'Emergency. Room. Later.'  
Sign, with arrow pointing South, in Tampa...'Southern States'...  
'Uh...was the Caribbean annexed while I was gone? '  
Beer and Tires...  
'Due to inflation, tires cost more. Alcohol dulls pain.'  
Bellvue Family Medical Clinic...  
'Dysfunctional family #4...the police will bring you to the doctors now.'

I didn't have my.44. But I had my  
Great Dane. They allowed her  
Into the courtroom...despite her  
Bloody teeth.

elysabeth faslund

# Funny Signs...Again

Outdoor Power Company of Laurel

...Not gonna touch this one....

Alternative Counseling

...It's okay! About the felony charge when you do...

Pope Company

...'Mass' production? Vatican license?

Made Ya Look!

...Watched me drive past...!

Holly's Party Jumps

...Thought Nevada was the only state.....

Jumpers Party Zone

...Got a bad feelin about this one...!

Clothes for Dance Ministries

...What kind of services...never mind...

A lot of fun, travelling around.

Speed limit 70...

Exit ramp 110...

elysabeth faslund

# Garfield

A cat of a cat of a  
Witch of a wind!  
John's just a patsy!  
John's gonna send

Out for Lasagna  
Time and again.  
Cat's got him wrapped!  
It might be pretend....

John has Garfield's  
Final fall...GADZOOKS!

'Hello John! I'm Marmaduke.'  
'Hello John! I am Linus.'  
'Hello John! I'm a Sumo.'  
'The hell with all these, John!

My name is Imus.'

elysabeth faslund

# Geisha

Sense her mince-tiny steps behind you,  
silencing, soothing Day's tattering.  
Passes over the shadowing bridge,  
waving ripples to deep mirrors.

Within the temple, she chooses.  
Sheer, flowing silks.  
Delicate bright purples, reds, pinks.  
Circling wraps. Kneels honor to Light.

Looses jade pins. Shakes obsidian hair  
free, but for one, round,  
glowing pin. Low keening sweet, soft.  
She sleeps in the bower of her lover...

The Sun.

elysabeth faslund

## Give Yourself A Break...Who Else Will? ...(Humor)

Why go on a diet, when you...  
Know ice cream will freezer burn.  
If you DON'T buy the Milky Way bar...  
That company will close down tomorrow.  
Don't feed the chickens tonight...  
They're stuffed with bugs anyway.  
Why be scared of lightning strikes...  
People live afterwards, sometimes.  
Don't sweat the arraignment...  
Your lawyer lies better than you.  
Why be alarmed at sirens and lights...  
The serial killer surrendered next door.  
Why bother with casinos...  
Just write a check to the Gaming Commission.  
Don't even bother with coffee...  
Ice cubes down your bra works just fine.  
Read your book. Ignore the open window...  
Your Great Dane will bury the body.  
Go to an 'all you can eat' buffet...  
You know your fluid pills work wonders.

elysabeth faslund

## Glad Tidings...Really?

When too many poets request too much information...  
when too little propriety is shown...  
when poetry is on a downhill cycle...  
due to 'Miss...please use my email as a method of contacting me...'  
by what sort of character are we afflicted?

The answer is rightly known, but cannot be said...  
Do not call, write, or live to call, write.

.

elysabeth faslund



# Glint Of The Broken

In our severing  
I toast with a shattered glass.  
Always the laughter.

elysabeth faslund

## Global Warming...Sonnet\*

Storms of Global Warming send us to Space.  
Storms of overpopulation...to Mars.  
Humanity will settle strange planets...  
Remembering their kind ran the gauntlet

Of Man versus Nature, and almost won  
At a cost they were not prepared to pay.  
An o-ring brought one Shuttle down, to sea...  
Tiles claimed another. We are the Species

Whose Manifest Destiny is the stars.  
Stop now...and we crawled on land for nothing.  
Stop now...and our Earth will have Tomorrow  
On terms we can't run from, trade, or borrow.

Remember this day...Endeavor's true worth...  
A massive storm brought this Shuttle to Earth.

elysabeth faslund

## Gnu, Not Gnu?

There's only one Gnu that's a gnu in  
The whole, wide world.  
This is not about Gnus Gnat on the  
Gnuostrich....

There's only one Kangaroo a kangaroo in  
The rest of the world.  
Does do, or does don't capitalize  
Roo and Gnu...

From a few poems read...and  
Had I kept my head,  
Would not have said...

'And what about the Platypus? '

elysabeth faslund

# Go To The Sunlight With Me

John cupped her cheek with one hand,  
Her heart and soul with the other.  
'Go to the sunlight with me, my love.'  
'I already worship the sun in your eyes.'

Hand in hand, soul to soul, they went.  
The Earth felt sweeter by the touch of their walk.  
Trees bowed to the loveliness of their smiles.  
Grasses, honored by their journey.

Seated, shoulders touching, their eyes held  
Each the other, gazing past mortality, into  
Eternity. Their hands touched once more  
And Heaven came down, blessing the bond.

'Let us walk a while more, my love.'  
'I will go past time, with you by my side.'  
Standing on top of a beautiful hill, she  
Turned suddenly, to speak her heart. Then

Fell, off balance. As he watched, helpless,  
Her words came back up, 'I love you, John.'  
Life still clinging, as he gently held her,  
Her dying words, 'Go to the sunlight with me.'

The light in her eyes went out.  
John's soul followed the Light.  
She was buried on a rainy day.  
John died old, in a lightless, black room

elysabeth faslund

# Good Morning!

Half cup sleepy  
Pre-dawn  
Three teaspoons  
Silvered dew  
Twelve Lady Bugs'  
Good wishes  
'Corn Flake's'  
Cock-A-Doodle-Do!

Two cups slanting  
Sunlight  
One bushel golden  
Leaves  
Set on Fall  
All day long...

This Good Morning  
Is for you!

elysabeth faslund

# Good Night...

Take a bit of Time...  
See your Path.  
Use a bit of Sight...  
Touch the Thorns.

Warm be your turnings,  
In the Mists.  
Warm be the memories,  
Of your Dreams.

All is peaceful...  
All is now right...  
Dawn smiles for you,  
Through every dark Night.

This Good Night  
Is for you...

elysabeth faslund

# Goodbye, Uncle Punt

A boarder, during WW 2, rented a room at my granmothers house, and stayed....true story/poem...

When he laughed, it was Christmas and apple pie.  
When he frowned, mountains tried to run.  
When he softly said, 'Stop yelling at your daughter, '  
Mother found something else to do, quickly.

For my 8th birthday, he gave me a dictionary.  
For college advice, 'Read newspapers everyday.'  
For my help, with his dream, the love of all growing things.  
Knowledge of plants, trees, their ways, time...

He used an oxygen mask, years later.  
He grew thin, then grew into shadow...  
He and I never said 'Goodbye.'  
Three days after, a 3a.m. June storm...

Ice cold air in his vacant bedroom, newspapers  
Strewn across the room. Windows locked tight  
Against monster winds outside. I stood at his  
bedroom door, knew things I shouldn't have...

that he was telling 'his little girl' goodbye...  
'Goodbye, Uncle Punt, you're here, aren't you...'  
His oxygen mask, on the desk, fell to the floor.

I walked back to sleep, with his smile beside me...

elysabeth faslund

# Goofy And Bugs...St. Patty's Day Good Morning!

Daffy Duck and  
Charlie Brown,  
Wiley Coyote, too!  
Elmer Fudd

Marmaduke  
Woodstock, Lucy,  
Don't ever forget  
That Martian!

Open your door,  
Let them in!  
Sit around...  
Smile cares away!

If you've forgotten,  
Tsk! A shame!  
It's a Green of  
A Morning!

A cartoon Morning!  
Not only for the Irish!  
(though they may  
Have started it!)

Good, Green, Morning!

elysabeth faslund



# Grandma

You rocked on your porch...Negroes nodded.  
You inclined your head...to position hair combs.  
Then fumbled over blessed beads  
Whose creeds you crankily mumbled.

Antiquity separated you from the Priest  
Whose absolutions were absurd.  
You were 'too ancient for iniquities.'  
Old Crone...he never heard your sins.

Withered relic of sassafras tea, of needle lace,  
And a hoary, orange tree,  
Whose fruit disappeared  
And you slandered me.

Gnarled cedars were your green, gaunt, gossips,  
Rasping screens with brassy yarns.  
And you, attending, lending shrewd, pierced ears,  
Agreeing that Heaven was lewd, dirt taunts.

Senile witch of chicken soup rites,  
Watching dark clouds with dimming eyes...  
You muttered. I listened, away out of sight,  
To wisdom and banes and weather-shroud rain.

You slipped on a step one November day  
And took elegant time in fading away.  
Heavenly joy when those angels flew.  
(I think demons collected you)

Now I gently brush and comb my hair,  
And dare priests to absolve.  
I sit in your rocker, blush, and sip tea  
And damn you to Heaven for the way you taught me.

elysabeth faslund

# Guardian Angel

Where do I go...after.  
Father was a big man...  
Deep prints, worn path...  
'This way, daughter, '  
His beautiful laughter.

elysabeth faslund

# Guardian.....(Complete)

## Part 1....

We knock daintily to be let within, shuffling, gazing  
Past our shoes  
To the walkway quietly journeyed, up the steps,  
Old, splintered...  
Wondering the replacement, wondering the newness  
Of the wood. No, never cement, stone, brick...  
Always wood.  
Soon weathered, warm, not threatening with fresh, cold.

Hedges trimmed to a leaf, both sides of the covered  
Doorway porch.  
Nothing to stop wind, rain.  
Guests must be quick inside on a drear afternoon,  
Not laughing, arm-in-arm, but quick-tapping  
The stone walkway to the door. For comfort.  
This must be the place. Numbers are correct. Street name.

Again, the timid knock. Our gloves shiny, clean, buffering  
Knuckles.  
Oh, someone must be home! We heard they're always  
Home...the boring things.  
'I wouldn't be their servant, Harold.'  
'Nor I, nor I. Shush! I thought there was a step. No, no,  
Nothing.'  
'I told them we were...why, we were invited! What if  
No one's home, Harold. What if the long way was  
For nothing? '

## Part 2....

Crossroads. Choosing. Turning, or straight. Once no crossroads.  
No choices. No time or place to stop.  
Freedom.  
Fields of Lavender past horizons. Lilac forests topping hills,  
Stretching bright to the sky.  
Stepping stones over rills, brooks...seeking the other side,

And, back. Again.  
No crossroads.

Those who sought things, made crossroads.  
And, in seeking, left their marks of passing.  
Not knowing what they sought.  
In not knowing, the seekers carved desperation into the  
Earth.  
Prints, signs of wandering with no direction.  
Those who followed the prints, knifed them to roads, paths,  
Crossed. Crossed again.

Crossed to Light. Crossed to Dark.  
Choosing the Right. Deciding the Left.  
Turning. Always looking back.  
Choosing.  
Unsure of the choice.  
Travelling the walkways. Slicing steps into the  
Earth.

The gardener knew the ways of Lavender. Lilac.  
The gardener knew no paths.

Part 3....

'Think you to enter at this hour? ' The gardener, laminated in mist.  
Too close.  
Twined eyes, not breathing. Seeing, not seeing.  
'We're invited guests...'  
'Everyone is. You have something of Earth? Dirt, water, flower  
Of the golden bough? '  
Madness. Many the form, texture. Smile of teeth. Blankness of  
A door.  
No one beyond that door.  
No one beyond.

'Harold, tell him we knocked. Harold? We've travelled too far...'  
'What is 'far'? '  
The gardener spread his arms. Pointed here, there, up, down.  
Asylum's laughter. Strangled eyes. Screeching.  
'Which way did you come? '  
They looked back, unsure. Right? Left? No direction. Not now.

Balance broken. Paths gone.  
'Did you pass the crossroad? '  
'Several...is anyone...'  
'There is only one crossroad leading here.'  
Laughter in the air. Flowers in the mist.  
Lavender. Lilacs.

Crossroad of madness. Driven beyond choices, haunted rooms  
Behind eyes...  
The gardener was many things...necessary, unwanted.  
Final acceptance.  
Final door open, only walk through. The first. The last. And out.  
Finality.  
Know that doors can choose to never open again. The  
Chandelier shines as bright. The party as merry.  
This end to matters.  
What matters choice? Hesitant before. Always unsure after.  
Paths, steps of choosing.  
No finality.

'Did you expect the door to open? '  
'Look, here is our invitation...'  
'No matter that. All gone.'  
Nothing in her pocket.  
A tiredness. Perhaps acceptance. A dawning.  
'Oh, Harold...' Futility. 'Your old mother...who'll...'  
'It's a remarkable world. You cannot pass the door.  
You can appeal.'  
The gardener checked the hedges for growth, nodded. Laughed.  
'That process is Eternity.'

elysabeth faslund

# Gulf Night Water

Three quarter moon-painted water,  
Salted, waved, blue V-  
To horizons...  
Past, through, on,  
Now.

My bag's packed, waiting, dusty.  
Long past horizon's Time.  
Beckons known, heard,  
Giggling foam

Rounds my feet, walking,  
Stumbling...one sandbar,  
Deep drop-off. Fins.  
Silence slices, waiting.

Do my clothes swim with me?  
Are they gifts for the  
Sandbar?  
With my  
Bag?

elysabeth faslund

# Gulls Haunt Their Own Cries

Waves cradle the November ice that  
Charms wrens into brides.  
Winds rattle knitted twigs.  
A broken shell...  
Foamed jaws, weaving desperation  
Into teeth, drag twilight from the  
Shore,  
As a chilled, gaunt crab stalks the  
Tide's ribs.  
Gulls haunt their own cries  
Deep into March,  
Following echoes among clouds.  
Eyes from under driftwood search  
Past midnight  
And grapple dawn with  
Snapping claws.

elysabeth faslund

# Gutter Queen

Pearl string gracing  
Freckles' pale flesh...  
Poseidon...rough  
Fingerprints...

Grizzled King of  
Blue, waved  
Halls...conjuring  
Live shells

For Queens' adornment...

A shopping cart old  
Woman painfully bends  
To the gutter...  
Plucks one shiny

Orb, cleans it with  
Sewer water gushes...  
Pockets it. Gums a  
Cracker. Limps on...

Night.  
She sleeps,  
One gnarled claw  
On that pocket.

Dreams...

elysabeth faslund



# Happy Hour Stew...If You Like Silly Poems.....

Note: This is NOT in the correct timeline.....just for fun....

T-Rex, Hannibal,  
Velociraptor, too...  
Permian, Jurrassic...  
Happy Hour Stew!

Brontosaurus trumpets  
A 'long-neck' chorus  
Shredding the dawn...  
Allosaurus rucus!

One little, furry  
Cold nose survived...  
Couple of feathers...  
Neanderthal arrived!

Fighting off the Tigers,  
Stirring up the goo.  
Here we go again!  
Happy Hour Stew!

elysabeth faslund

# Heaven Knows

.

What time was evening when night began?  
Which morning was hourglass sand?  
Drifting too fast away from our seeing,  
making caricatures of our being?

Mighty stars always fade  
before the parade  
of morning-to-be  
from night that was.

Our kind leaves this shore for another.  
The Trumpeteer, never our brother.  
One more day begins  
as warm night ends.

What news, Iago?  
What truths, Hamlet?  
Is Ophelia still living  
in waters of Death?

.

elysabeth faslund

# Holidays' Journey\*

Rattle tagging twigs, branches  
Tumbling twisted trunks  
Loose from  
Crispy flippin leaves...  
Down, down  
Strewn on dewed ground.

Crunch, step...  
Step, crunch.  
Pathing past shallow,  
Hollow stumps  
Deep into meadow morning  
Swarms,  
Swimming sunlight, cold light  
Crinkling  
Swift, tinsel silvers,  
Silencing slices of  
Fall...calling...calling.

Beckoning yellow, mellowing  
Brown towns of Winter...  
Winning, creeping, sleeping  
Spring,  
Crouching, slouching on  
Fern torched porches.

We wait. Frosted windows  
Funnel firelight upon  
Holidays...glazed icing days...  
Delights of hearth, friends, home.

elysabeth faslund

# Homeless Man

He threw a shadow  
Royally tall  
Against the insect-splattered  
Wall,  
Blocking out the  
Sunlight...  
Leaving no gray areas.

I walked away  
Looking back once...  
I found him small,  
So small.  
But then, there was something  
In my eyes.

elysabeth faslund

# Homeless Man And The Coat

I thought it was very cold  
That December night...  
While driving to my warm  
Home.

Until I saw that man, alone,  
By the side of the bayou.  
He had lit a fire...  
Standing too close  
In a shirt and pants...  
Holding out his hands to  
The warmth.

I drove to a place to turn  
Around...went back, thinking  
There might be danger if  
I stop. I stopped...  
Gave him my coat.  
It was too large on me.

When I drove off, he was putting  
That coat on.

Now, he may have done drugs,  
May have drank,  
May have been a crazy,  
Old sort...  
But, he wouldn't be cold again  
With  
The coat.

elysabeth faslund

# Homeless Old Woman...Mumbling\*

Where is she tonight?  
The lady I saw just yesterday.  
Pushing her shopping cart  
Full of large, black bags.

Everyday I saw her somewhere.  
Ragged sweater in summer,  
Laced boots, knit cap  
Pulled down over gray hair.

Pushing, walking slow.  
Where did she sleep?  
Always mumbling, mouth  
Making words. To who?

Was it myself I was watching?  
Is this the way it was meant  
To end for me? Walking,  
Walking, talking for company?

Who was she talking to?  
Where is she tonight?  
Was she mumbling to God?  
Has she finally gone home?

elysabeth faslund

# Homeless Woman In The Hurricane

Storm...closing trees...bending,  
Breaking off ten feet from  
The ground...  
She waits.

Wind...breaking, lights out,  
A while...creaking, denying  
Hope? Not so.  
Red soil...  
Bound.

She curls in the angle the  
Big dumpster makes...  
If it moves...she will.  
Not until  
Then.

In the morning after, she  
Moves...could have  
Been worse...  
Her dumpster has only  
Moved  
The next street  
Over....

And, she thanks God...  
It could have been  
Her.

elysabeth faslund

# Homemade Bread

This evening...  
Roasting aroma,  
In my kitchen,  
Fills a dog's eyes,

Every room.  
Bread dough  
Baking high.  
Oven warming

Every room  
Against Night's  
Chill. Cold.  
No electric

Blanket tonight.  
Christmas cards  
To read again  
And again...

Cherish always  
With love,  
And homemade  
Bread.

elysabeth faslund



## Hour By Minute...Tuesday... After Gustav

No alarm. Day off. Sleep. Sleep. Night shift last night...too dark.  
Not work. Hot...7: 30 a.m. No sounds. Hot.  
Cold, sweet, coffee. Day old. Tired caffeine.  
Sleep. Sleep.  
Sheets damp. Hair wet. Air still. Walking. Walking.  
Something giant-buzzing. Far sound.  
Phone...dead.  
Computer...everything dead.

Plath's 'Bell Jar'...

When the 'Bell Jar' descends...do you fight it?  
When Poe's 'Raven' flaps...do you hear it?  
When Blake's 'Dragon' knocks...do you open the door?

Sleep. Sleep.  
And nightmares crept on Puma paws...freeze frames thru  
The Night...  
Was it night? Had to be...had to be...please let it be.

Helicopters, chainsaws, sirens...  
And fireflies blinking in the Dark

elysabeth faslund

# How Many Have I Forgotten, Robert Howard?

If I forgot the Stars...you would remind me.  
If I forgot Heaven....you would say, 'Go back,  
Nancy, there's a little something calling  
You.'

I look around, 'Robert, how could I ever have  
Forgotten? '  
'Not with me here, Nancy...never with me  
Here.'

Listen to the many voices calling you...I am  
One of many.

elysabeth faslund

# I Hear The Cat. Listen. Listen....

If I told you hawks' secrets,  
Should you listen...  
If I whispered willow shadows,  
Would you listen...  
If I sang the ice of fire,  
Could you listen...

A cat lay soft on garden wall.  
A cat then gently slept.  
A cat play-pawed the dawn  
A cat Night's ending kept.

If I spoke the sands of Sun,  
Would you turn away...  
If I chanted mist to life,  
Could you turn away...  
If I laughed your nightmare fears,  
Should you turn away...

A cat lay soft on garden soil.  
A cat so gently slept.  
A cat once purred into the Day  
A cat had playfully kept.

Listen, listen, listen...  
I heard the cat  
Call my name...

\*Note: Thanks to Margaret Craven's book, 'I Heard The Owl  
Call My Name'...this last line is owed to her....

elysabeth faslund

# I Never Saw The Wind That Day

I never felt the sand...I was covered  
Like all women of my tribe.  
I heard screams behind me, 'Come  
Back, you will die...' I kept walking,  
...they were my brothers and sisters.'

Some screams I will never forget...  
Some I will always remember...

'In my harem...'...'you among others...'  
'In your place there can be no  
Other...'

I chose suicide...for a God who  
Chose suicide for His Hell...

Do I forgive Him now?  
Has He forgiven me?

Where am I now?

Elysabeth

elysabeth faslund

# I Will Walk With You

I walk with you by water flowing softly, quietly.  
Rippling onward as entwined with it's own  
Music as our hands, folded around each other.

Never releasing though winds tear waves to  
Mountains, crashing to earth, back to water,  
And peace, softly, quietly, flowing.

As our path through life brings us closer to  
Each other, closer to the shore of  
Never-ending sunrise, always laughter,  
Always the love only kindred spirits know  
And abide by.

Take my hand and heart, listen to my soul's  
Joy of being with you forever.  
Now, let us walk, hand in hand, by the waters.

I give you eternal love.  
I give you eternal peace,  
With you by my side.

elysabeth faslund

# If You Get Your Back Up

I really hope you do...  
Cause there's nothing  
Like English ale.  
Helluva, hearty brew!

If you want simmering  
Down...could be a curse,  
But, what a happy time...  
Margaritas...nothing worse!

For the 'morning after'...  
Oh, but while the 'night  
Before' lasts...happy, happy!  
Heaven is the height

You so much enjoy...  
Enjoy? Laugh and cackle  
While that feeling lasts!  
In the morning...such alarming...

The daylight may you  
Tackle!

Note: I love vodka.

elysabeth faslund

# In One Drop Of Water

Seek you the Bo Tree?  
Incarnations of Krishna?  
And, having found that  
Tree...  
Will the Maid from the  
River  
Feed you with Life?

I tell you...all knowledge...  
All answers to the  
Universe  
Are in one dropp of  
Water.

As all answers to Life  
Are in one  
Tear.

elysabeth faslund

## In Other Words

We do not know  
The blood type  
Of the next galaxy...

And we plunge the  
Needle of the  
Shuttle  
Into it's veins.

elysabeth faslund



# India's Holy River

The Lotus blossom. Beauty. Power.  
The Ganges. From immemorial  
time, holy. The Gats. Fire of redemption.  
India. Calling. Calling. Summoning.

From the Bengals' deep forests in the  
North, to Orissa's precarious province  
in the East, to Sri Lanka in the South,  
and to the West...the setting sun...

At twilight, I buy one Lotus blossom.  
Toss it on the Ganges' water, flowing  
to a mystic salvation. For one soul.  
For many are there, doing the same.

Why does my Lotus flounder, slowly,  
so slowly, sink below the Ganges?  
I followed the rituals...covered myself  
in ashes, fasted, wore the gold-trimmed

blue Sari, bare feet, kneeled...oh Kali!  
You, the female, as I...turned away.  
Dark Siva, Shiva dancer, why did you  
withold redemption?

One Lotus upon the holy waters...  
One time...  
Gone.

elysabeth faslund

# Innocent...Until Proven...(Humor)

Ole T-Rex  
Got bored one day  
Walked out the woods  
Proceeded to play...

A nearby Wal Mart  
Bit the dust  
The insurance rep  
Was there to adjust...

Mumbled, figured, stood  
His ground...This is true!  
'An act of God'  
Is all we'll give you!

Act of God...Creationism.  
As T-Rex stood...Evolution.  
The A.C.L.U.  
Brought the Big Guns.

Insurance Company...Creationism.  
Or dinosaur...Evolution.  
Who did the A.C.L.U.  
Represent?

elysabeth faslund

# Inside Hurricane Gustav...Houma, Louisiana...Images Out The Window

Power and majesty...blown to hell rain.  
Talking leaves...none silent...no minking  
Winds...lion luscious.  
Rain blown to mists, horizontal...moving  
Tree canvas, black against gray skies.  
Ragdoll-flopped trees...going down to  
Earth...do you think to scare me to submission?  
Everest winds...who stays, who goes...  
Spirits flying today...I chose to see this  
Gardener...destroying over and above  
The job description...

6 a.m. Cable out.

6: 15 a.m. All power out.

7: 30 a.m. I ain't seen nothing yet.

8: 20 a.m. Partial lull...

9: 40 a.m. Gustav is here full force.

9: 55 a.m. Wrong...Gustav worse now.

10: 45 a.m. Wrong...full force sustained...how much worse?

12: 05 p.m. Got my answer...dear God! ! !

elysabeth faslund

# Insincerity, Truth, And Bitterness

Insincerity and truth, are not a mix,  
Only twist you and I...  
You heard your ears lying...  
I spoke in plain English...

You heard underwater Greek.  
Truth you did not want...but got.  
Not liking it, you twisted it to  
Your abstractions, delusional.

Blamed all on me...insincerity!  
Well, you should know all about

Insincerity...in's and out's, and in-between's,

Diagonals, sideways, up's and down's.

Why else keep your harem?  
Do not utter 'insincerity'...  
Speak a brand new word you  
Haven't invented.

And I'm so bitter..I'm laughing!

elysabeth faslund

## Intrigue....Sonnet

Intrigue misting sleepily down to Earth,  
As warmth meekly unburdens greenery  
From Winter-dormant twigs, branches of trees  
Shaking loose from iced-mornings' tyranny.

Once more, Spring begins. Thunderous trumpets  
Herald this passage of delicate rites...  
Salvaging the needed, discarding the  
Useless. Harsh, cruel, violent. Easily

Seen as destruction of ancient rebirth.  
Once more, Spring begins as it always has.  
A clean, well-swept house is invitation  
For Spring's intriguing initiation.

Storms are never functions of travesty.  
Storms are the weavers of life's tapestries.

elysabeth faslund

# Invention Of A New Sonnet Form

## Viking Voyage

For lo! The forty four grey cast away  
Fetters, mooring. Roaring past the old quay.  
Flying, fleeing, sighing with unknown day  
Far ahead. Frenzied eyes watched for the way

Showing the Way, rowing towards the far West,  
Sunned with gulls, fecund with mountainous crests.  
Slowing, rowers graveing ill with tiredness.  
Shallow hope, fallow horizons' cruel test.

Then, with men exhausted, starving, the call!  
That tiny branch floating briny waves tall!  
The mens' eyes gleamed, streamed. New land welcomed all!  
Tears amongst cheers, from Fathers in their Hall!

Voyagers of Old! Stories told this night!  
Valhalla tested...not bested. Lands' sight!

elysabeth faslund

# Isle Of Wight\*

How long the Christian Vigils...  
How long those silent nights  
Of Sacred Fire,  
Frightened Monks...  
And, in the Barrows,  
Laughing Wights...

Twine the Linden  
Round the Ash...  
Mortal life  
Beyond Last Rites.

'All this beauty is of God'...  
Dagda not considered...  
Nor the Cauldron,  
Nor the Dragon.  
Tuatha left for Gallic shores...  
Mistletoe Fairies...mitred.

Twine the Linden  
Round the Ash...  
Mortal life  
Beyond Last Rites.

elysabeth faslund

## It's A Shame....?

It might be a poem,  
But it don't rythme.  
Way too wordy! Not  
Worth a dime....

The beggar, who reads,  
Might find worth...  
If only it would rythme!  
Value is mirth...

Glee will bring fortune!  
Glee will bring fame!  
Beggars will feast  
On the meaning of

This shame  
Of a poem!  
Way too wordy,  
And, complete

With no name!

elysabeth faslund



# It's Morning! Wake Up!

Wake up! Wake up!  
You sleepy head!  
No you ain't  
Getting Breakfast in bed!

I warmed your car  
Ironed your shirt  
Down those steps  
And hit the dirt!

I'll be waitin  
When you get back  
With a winter's dinner  
Eggs and Flapjacks!

Tons of butter  
Syrup and cream  
Cinnamon toast  
Then off to dream!

Good Morning!

elysabeth faslund

# Ivy And The Rose\*

Soft cotton on the staircase, velveteed all around...  
Ghosting whispers, faint airs drifting...  
Eternal calls.  
Passing up and on, turning twice...then  
The door.

Into the night, away to the depth...  
Where clocks rest,  
Where sparrows nest,  
The love of a woman lies in shadow-darkened  
Skies.

Bright rings put away on brocade, long hair  
Taken down...combs on the table...  
A loving call, Eternal call...  
Flowing silk to laced windows...  
Slender fingers brush the panes...  
Thick mists forming.  
There was no warning.

Into the night, away to the depth...  
Where clocks rest,  
Where sparrows nest,  
The love of a woman lies in shadow-darkened  
Skies.

Dancing shoes, laughing eyes, sherry  
In the parlor...  
Crystal glasses,  
Christmas Holly.  
Candles alight...mirrors hold the trees  
Of years ago. Living on. Never taken down.  
Forever Christmas.  
Forever the loving call.

elysabeth faslund

# Jabberwocky Grows Up

Snoogy woogy snuggy  
Bitty biddle bear.  
Button jeepers peepers,  
Widdle wack nose...

Waddy paddy purry  
Puma...sleeky neaky  
Chilly killy teethy  
Thinky slinky path...

Flappy wingy happy  
Betterfly...bouncy  
Colory cuddly airily  
Tinkly touchy blooms...

Mirror magic chooser,  
Look, see, peek...  
Truth reflections' direction...  
Human lack, Nature's gain.

elysabeth faslund

# January Cantata

What more to be done, winter...  
What more to be asked...  
What are you doing with the  
Brown leaves...

Except...  
Excercising...exorcising...what  
Elements of fire, air, Earth, water  
Elementals....

Or, are you the warrior...  
Of gods danced with, to, for...  
Ornaments of Spring...with all the  
Orchestrations

Witholding green, until your blood  
Wickens the fields...

Quickens the Child?

elysabeth faslund

# Jedediah, Bard

Jedediah traveler robed, rendering Bard...  
Speak not money to Oracles, or  
Guilt to cowards fluxing, flexing, waxing  
Vociferous, cornered...

Jedediah, turn pages carefully...  
Crumbling, dusting Earth as messages.

Handle Earth as dusted saints.

Feet of the Oracles, washed in Time  
Standing the Oceans...storm waves, froth.  
Where once you knew sand crabs, driftwood...  
Their wisdom, like salt, like acid, invaded  
You to the icyness of  
Knowledge.

elysabeth faslund

# Jonah-Woman\*

Who are these white-capped jesters...and jackals  
Who have placed me in the belly of a  
White death-stinking fish?

Not this time, not Jonah-time fish.  
Not walking out safe from Jonah's fish. No.  
Not this time.

The jesters and tittering hyenas, with their night-lumin  
Eyes, who tiptoe soft through the loud-hinged door...  
And shut it quietly-quick behind them.  
They are breathing to find me.

They safari hunt for me...beating the bush-room.  
Mine. I am hiding in the pillow, in the chest of drawers,  
In the air.  
They can't find me with their needles and needle-quick  
Pills.

The rancid, disinfected fish is down the hall, around the  
Corner...on the ceilings.  
I can sense death rattles...quick as goodbye from  
Yesterday. The fish swallows the soft, noisy passage.  
The fish is Hill House. The fish is the jackals' den.  
The fish, with no fins, rummages the halls, airborne,  
Hovering on moon-shadowed winds.  
A scream, a gurgle, the fish forgets me for the moment.  
The jesters still seek, seethe. They have other work now.

Something is wrong.  
Something is amiss in Heaven.

They have placed me in a room with no art.  
There is someone at the door...snuffling dog noises.  
Who are you that you do not answer me?  
The dog has gone. I think it has gone...but I do not think  
It was a dog.

They have taken everything. Even the name of my Father...

Given it to the jackals. This, my scent.  
They seethe out of their fish-den, carefully stepping over  
It's teeth. Man-shark teeth. Death teeth.  
They walk with needles balanced on a tray...rainbow pills  
In teensy, little cups...watch me to make sure I've swallowed  
The rainbow.

Something is my God wrong.  
Something should not be happening.

I cannot walk out of this vile fish...like Jonah. I cannot go  
Past it's teeth. I am afraid...more of a coward.  
Even your God cannot help me now.  
I fear the teeth will SNAP! shut when I'm half-way through the  
Opening.  
Will anyone care if the jackals laugh, lapping my blood...  
While I walk away from a white death-fish?  
Walking home.  
Walking alone.

elysabeth faslund

# Joshua\*

In the years of black tap dancers and cotton bales,  
Massah Jim had a boy...raised him from cypress knee  
Height in the ways of the Earth,  
Plantings, harvestings.  
Massah Jim named him Joshua...gave him a hound  
And grey Apaloosa that loved the rain and winds.

Joshua had eyes like a hungry hawk at noon...  
Heard rustlings that cats ignored, late in the evening  
Under river willows.  
Joshua, the hound, and Apaloosa roamed through  
October nights, when only owls were about.

Frost rimmed the windows when Joshua's mother died.  
Massah Jim watched his boy grow quiet, then walked  
In the library...closed the door behind him.

Joshua knew ancient trails where wisteria grew wild,  
And waters remained dark under moss, sun.  
He grew closer to the oaks than his father knew why...  
Ventures became secretive, silent as a cottonmouth.  
His footprints left no traces.

Slaves whispered. None would walk with Joshua  
Through the cotton fields...or smile when he passed their  
Cabins.  
They feared the sounds of hoofbeats in a storm, begged  
Old women to raise fires against the darkness.

Spring rains came with the fog. One misty morning, before  
Roosters blinked, or the black cook yawned,  
Joshua, the horse, and the hound were gone.

Massah Jim died in the library, brandy glass in his hand.  
Slaves and lands auctioned. Crops sold. Steampaddles  
Floated upriver past a desolate wharf.

Brambles crept around pillars, up the stairs, shrouded  
Trees and roads. Floors fell through. Saplings grew into



Broken panes...once glowing with candlestick flames  
Outlining whirling ladies, cigar-smoking gentlemen,  
Servants passing delicacies.

In the years of Blue and Gray uniforms, as sparrows  
Hatched their chicks in parlor walls,  
Soldiers found the shadow form...a man, one gnarled hand  
Around a brandy glass...  
Seated in the library,  
Close to the rain.  
Close as a body could get.

elysabeth faslund

# Just For Zee Fun Of Spring....Hehehehehe

Hickory dickory dockus...  
Zee mouse run up the clockus...  
Zee cluck stuck one...  
Zee took zee fun  
And run into zee desert...  
With zee Patron...  
Saint of all zee cluckuses...

elysabeth faslund

# Katrina: Hurricane Monster

I seethe in foam, tides...  
Swept out, swept in...  
In. To the shore.  
Further into tides  
Sweeping El Nino  
Into rivers, streams,  
Grasping, collecting...  
Crabs and such...  
Cities, towns, burgs.  
Much mindless,  
Screaming cries.  
Madness, hallucinations.  
With senuous talons  
I come up, clawing  
Wires, poles, houses  
With hungry jaws open,  
Dragging all in one  
Clutch...  
Down into insanity of  
Water.  
Laughing, as I roll my  
Eye around...  
Do it all again.

elysabeth faslund

# Katrina: Lady Of The Lake

And in the morning when the rain stopped shining,  
The Lady picked daintily over waters tainted  
With twisted wrecks of once-high trawlers.  
The North wind blew flecks of lilies, pieces of  
Sheds...crowding waves of last October.  
Last October, Halloween month.  
Tricks of hope, treats of tears.  
Blue, blue string clouds. Sun shining on  
Bags of ice, trucks of food.  
Sagging faces, waiting in line. Whining children  
Hanging on luck of one bowl of Cheerios.

He told the Lady to go home...she was not needed  
To stroll the waters, hold the tides.  
That, she did.  
And through the murk Her voice went out,  
Called Heaven back, biding, waiting...  
Until Heaven was furious...boats' hulls' brimming.

Mortgages know nothing of Heaven, or a  
Lady grinning.

elysabeth faslund

# Katrina: Mortgage On Heaven?

Lady of the Lake, your petticoats are better nets,  
Bitter nets, finer woven, hoarding.  
Wear robes, wear plaster, with a child held high.  
The halo is tarnished. Waves, sand, will polish  
To your preference.

Lady of the Lake, shake your hair, loosen torcs,  
Let it drift free of it's hoard.  
Clean. Comb the strands.  
Wear veils that constrict, where nothing enters to  
Shelter storms. Tides.  
Hear no words to sway.

Lady of the Lake, open your hands, let gold flow.  
Jewels float with night-lumin eyes, rainbow shells.

Wear no closed fingers by day or night.  
No closed lips, unsmiling.  
Release words to call hope from the depths,  
Not from Heaven.  
There is no mortgage to pay  
On Heaven.

elysabeth faslund

# Katrina: Sandbags Against 20 Foot Surges

Flood gates, blood gates, closed tight days before.  
Frothing the mouth of water into curses,  
Demanding release to dance, tango to weakness.  
Anywhere.

Found it. Claimed it. Said,  
I'm called Hell. Everything is mine, for I'm related  
To God. I was the Red Sea, parted...now your  
Bedrooms...want to see you up close...eyes,  
Calloused hands.

I sank the Titanic...you threaten me with  
Sand bags?

I eat continents...you give me steel toys?

I was iron before I was water.

I crumbled mountains with ripples...you throw  
Sand bags in my path?

I made sand before your kind breathed.

I controlled wind before land existed.

You built dirt levees...I made dirt.

What part of stupid don't you understand? '

elysabeth faslund

# Katrina: Stairs On The Water

October is pregnant with November owls, smells of holidays  
Wreathing round tables, windows.  
No stairs.

First stories are ten feet high, with water marks, loose tin,  
Loose memories of  
No stairs.

Last year's October, barren. Tears miscarried, dreams in  
Beer bottles; toys, clothes, food begged by  
Fire stations. No ice.  
No stairs.

Christmas of words, Thanksgiving of doctors.  
Halloween strutted real...mad dancing, skulls worn  
And uncovered. No treats.  
No stairs.

Were you proof-reading the Ten commandments,  
Knowing water never goes to Heaven?  
On that sunset lake were shadows of someone  
Stumbling.  
Too many stairs.

You were always right, but not always on time.  
You took from Heaven.  
You would not give.  
Too many stairs  
Got in the way.

elysabeth faslund

# Katrina: The Shrimpers Tried Their Best

Twilight sprinkles mist over October waves...  
Ribbing docks, straining through nets...  
Into sunset boats waiting for tides...  
Wishes of months vanishing in weeks...

When brown water seethes, barren  
As ash...no one knows, as ropes loosen  
Again...  
The night harvest will be dreams in waking  
Sunrises...nets empty, dripping water...

Bridges open, shut, open once more...  
It is only October. Cold. Seagulls keep  
Boats company by sunset again...  
Flying, sweeping, well fed...

On their own, soaring down on unwary  
Fish, too-slow crabs...empty shadows  
Shred into webs of too-soon  
Family Holidays...yet,

Children always laugh, after little fingers  
And eyes forget the presents  
Still in stores.

elysabeth faslund



# King Arthur And The Ladies Of Avalon

Summer.

Ladies lumined white,  
Sliding etched shadows, measured  
On reeds, water depth.  
Pathway...one.  
Hands raised, Veil  
Lifted...passage.

Tintagel.

One baby reaches  
Chubby-sweet fingers  
For its Mother.  
Tucked, white-cuddled from  
Castle cold...hands fold air.  
The robed Mother denies...  
Pendragon cries, screams.

One Summer Lady hears, turns,  
'It is done, ' as waves wash Legend.

Excalibur.

Buried between realities.  
Steel will replace the Mother.  
Dragon milk nurses.  
Arcturus, encased in Tintagel's lair,  
Listens...a far voice sings  
On Saxon Ship. Merlin nears.

Infant Vortex...circling,  
Searching...  
Until...all drawn in...  
The infant is born  
Again.

elysabeth faslund

# Knowing Answers...No Telling

Speaking in mist,  
Liquid sky on my  
Tongue, lips...  
Hush words,

Till I swallow Space,  
Become unknown  
Galaxies,  
Nebulas...

Return to the meadow,  
Know Time as a  
Child's questions....  
Know the answers

I am not allowed  
To speak...

Heavier mist envelops,  
Cloaks...I look to  
The sky.  
Smile.

No one is there  
To ask  
Why...

elysabeth faslund

## Life Of A Storm...Sonnet

Life creates the sentient miracle  
of reincarnated greenery young.  
Delicacy summoning first buddings.  
Hatchlings from the warm nest of Mother Earth.

Ah! One tiny leaf peeks for predators.  
More, many more, leaves. Safety in numbers.  
Dancing, flowing, rustling, dreaming with wind.  
Wind folding, cuddling these infants' toddling.

Wind folding in on itself. Vortexes  
circling, swirling maniacally. Storm  
life creates the sentient miracle  
of reincarnated greenery young.

And thus the cycle ever repeats itself.  
Storms are not the end. Storms are beginnings.

elysabeth faslund

# Light Could Be Deceptive

We are deceived...it is the light  
Which casts the shadows  
Where dreaded things wait.  
The sun is not our protector nor  
Salvation against the night...  
It is light which causes evil to  
Deeper hatred...more complete  
Plans to enact.

Who is the third who walks  
Beside us...laughing at the  
Light...laughing at the dark.  
Laughing, finding humor in  
Mortal dancers who fear the  
Last chord, last note...last  
Closing of the door.

In acknowledgement is power.  
We fear dust. We fear ashes.  
Our third dances with  
Eternity...  
Has taught the steps to  
Me.

elysabeth faslund

# Linden And The Ash

Once there was an old  
Story...  
About a man and a  
Woman...

Who had such love for  
Each other...  
Upon death...One was  
The Linden...the other  
The Ash...

Twining together  
Forever...  
Now...

Only Celtic  
Mythology...

Only mythology...?  
The Linden and  
The Ash

Always together.

elysabeth faslund

# Living The Vida Loca

We begin the forage into night, this coming night,  
with all the eloquence of cribs for support.  
Having attained the night, we look back  
on railings dividing the world from us.  
We grasp the railings with gnarled fingers,  
intrepid with years of characterizations  
of humanity.

Were we ever completely human at all?

Or will the coming night bestow homicide  
on our blankets, bottles, bibs, humanity?  
Can we not keep them as passengers  
in turbulence?  
Will the child bring incorporation into our  
elder gatherings of moss and stone,  
or ricket the forest devoid of upright stands  
of...wood.

Were we ever completely human at all?

Or inbred ICBMs into adulthood?

elysabeth faslund

## Loosiana Got Something Nobody Else Got...(Humor)\*

Now you know, when I were little, I used to hide in the rushes and  
Play in that black, thick, bayou mud...

Good for boils and all kinds things.

Them cranes...them white ones, shore was pretty in the

Early, early maunin' light...

'Course now, they done gone way away from all

Them car noises and bad kids with them B-B guns.

Caught one once, and me and his mama shore had

Some words 'bout what I did to that kid.

Stays out of my way now. You bet.

I had this fishin' spot where them purple water lilies

Made me glad to have eyes to see.

They's too, too many today.

Done ruined my spot.

And you know as well as me, that too much pretty

Just ain't pretty no more.

See that old, knotted-up oak down in the yard?

I'm gonna outlive it...

I done told it so.

If not, bury me right under that root

Stickin' out the ground...that oak

Ain't never gonna get rid of me.

And chile, there's one thing you got to remember

All your life...God ain't in no church...

He's right here on this black bayou,

Fishin' and relaxin'.

And He done chose the best damn place

To get away from it all...

Not that He skips out...and no one knows

Where He is.

All you got to do if you need to talk to Him...

Is to go down a little ways,

Till you come to that pretty place

I told you 'bout.

There's nowhere else more peaceful

He could be.  
And, Sweet Jesus, if anyone needs peace,  
It's Him.

(First poem published. Virgin Islands.)

elysabeth faslund



# Loveable Manx Kitten

Kitten on the window sill,  
Little ball of charm  
Curled up, purring. Tonight  
She'll be cuddled  
On my chest,  
Making sure that I'll

Be warm.

elysabeth faslund

## Mah-Ve-Lous Cat...(Humor) \*

Look at me, I'm a mah-ve-lous cat.  
I'm stalking the elephanormous mouse.  
I'm curling my tail, flexing my nails...  
Look at them gleam in my pretty-purr paws.  
You'd call them claws.  
But, oh not me.  
I'm a mah-ve-lous cat.

Heavens to tuna, feed me on time.  
I don't get about much outside.  
When I gaze at a sparrow  
My eyes scrunch narrow...  
But for the glass, I'd squirm through the screen.  
You'd call that mean.  
But, oh not me.  
I'm a mah-ve-lous cat.

Don't think bath, I dislike wet.  
I don't like dribbleglop fur.  
I thoroughly hate a suds-slinging date...  
If I hear the water, I'll tear-carpet-dash.  
You'd view me as rash.  
But, oh not me.  
I'm a mah-ve-lous cat.

You went to the store, forgot the catnip.  
I guess I'll forgive you this time.  
I hope by this weekend, my nerves are not shriekin...  
Or maybe all blue-pressed, temper up-jumpy.  
You'd call that grumpy.  
But, oh not me.  
I'm a mah-ve-lous cat.

You muse what it's like to be a cat.  
Not all-every human can know.  
So, I will tell you, (won't even bell you) ...  
It's one part the ham, with overtures of trouble.  
A heaping of purr, add inquisitive. Double.  
Triple parts 'pet me', then let me lone-be.

Motherhood...God's whiskers! ...blend in carefully.

And, oh yes, you.

But I've no mood for mush.

I'm sleeping now...HUSH!

Oh, I'm a mah-ve-lous cat.

elysabeth faslund

## Marital Bliss

The conjugal state of conniption...  
Just a redundant description  
Of your consort's, 'No you ain't! '  
And your peaceful state of 'saint'...  
Hood.

Why the contentious fight?  
The answer is in sight  
When the two of you realize  
Ain't neither one of you right!

Drown dismay! Feed him grapes!  
In a flimsy, naughty, nitey drape!  
One more thing, that's no surprise...  
Now you're fighting over shape and size,

Of apples and oranges.  
Dewey Decimel System too!

elysabeth faslund

# Mary, Under Glass

'Mary, Under Glass' served home-style  
by the last, the first, waiter on the aisle  
between the trees of Benediction  
green. Under rain, under fog,  
under night calls booming, screeching,  
'Are you hungry, little pain? Do you pray  
with muddy fingers, up to Heaven? '

Do you, have you, should you, little  
customer? Linger over cheesecake  
baked today...ask not the leaven,  
or the crust...not what filling...in God  
you must trust.

Not the waiter, waiting at Mass...  
scribing 'Special Today' is  
'Mary Under Glass'.

elysabeth faslund

## Master Poet, What Is Wrong?

The branch upholds the leaves, as your mind upheld whispers  
on the page, white nothingness, until words scrawled from  
your ever-supply of calligraphy pens...poetry appeared....  
thrown on the floor in angst, picked up in revision....

Do you write when winds blow whispers to God....  
Do you consider revision a suitable offering....  
bloody and bloodless....your life on the page....  
Do you no longer wish to travel to Moria....

Tasking the firey beast with roses of truths,  
petaled on walls of your mind....the white knight  
giant, tilting windmills, tilting hell, heaven....  
earthbound strider of wilderness images....

Come back to the world.  
Come back to us.  
Come back.

I beg.  
I beg.

elysabeth faslund

# May The Dawn....

May the Dawn  
Caress your heart,  
Even though your eyes are closed.

May the Dawn  
Give you this Day,  
And rise your songs into the skies.

And all your problems go,  
Far away, beyond the Night.

Is this not, the Morning fair...  
Smile soft,  
Walk far,  
Your road is long, long,  
Today

elysabeth faslund

# Meanings For Chicks

And, in the Evening,  
When life calls from  
The mother bird's  
Throat....  
Her chicks will ruffle,  
Answer, await her  
Downsweeping wings...  
Meaning everythings  
Alright, you're fed,  
And, now, you'll  
Be warm  
For the Night.

elysabeth faslund



**Mechanical Things Always Include Directions On How To Use Them, Make Minor Repairs, Send Them Back To The Manufacturer For Repair Or Replacement. We Don'T Ever Read Those, Do We.**

Car stops...walk home in the rain.

Toaster stops...buy a new one.

Bicycle stops...thread the chain.

Boat stops...swim in the sun.

Train stops...they'll call another.

Plane stops...

elysabeth faslund

## Medicine-Woman\*

I am she of roses and wolves.  
I am one with fire and air.  
I am she who weaves clouds.  
I am one with water and earth.

There is a key to forgetting.  
There is a limit to shame.  
They are woven in tapestry.  
It is mine to name.

I have been in the dark of shadows.  
I hold the life of stars.  
I have been in the corner of Heaven.  
I hold the fire of Hell.

Where is that second of forgetting?  
Where is the heart in your eyes?  
Is it the wall you will remember?  
Or the love you tried to disguise?

I wander the life of petals...beloved of a wolf.  
I dance the fire of stars...woven in the mists.  
I hold the Heaven of Earth...Hell is but shadow.  
I reach my hand...with Time...  
With the key.

elysabeth faslund

# Memento Mori

Flame-blue puffs of sky  
Kneeling Bene,  
Bene,  
Benediction memories...  
Salvation gleaming...  
Just as lies  
Foretold you staying  
Forever.

Rise! Rise! Rise my  
Heart!  
As flame within the  
Lotus...  
Then settle thorns,  
untipped,  
On ripples of  
Benares  
Blue...

As surely as you, giving  
The mementos  
Back...  
And laughing into  
Invisibility.

elysabeth faslund

# Monday Morning, Uh, Poem

Time to get up!  
Drink that cup!  
That strong, black brew!  
Sunlight's new!

Rooster's are crowing!  
North wind's blowing!  
Get in your car!  
Not to a bar!

Got to work!  
All those perks!  
Wait for afternoon!  
Happy Hour is soon!

Good Morning!

elysabeth faslund

# Monday Storm

Oak leaves still, silent.  
Infant sunlight too young  
Yet...

Aging, growing stronger.  
Hours put spurs to the  
Wind...

Clouds banish blue.  
Noon leaves tic tac,  
Tic tac...

It begins.

Afternoon crashes.  
Hammers ring, growl...  
Thunder...

Oak leaves rage the  
Atlas-rough  
Trunk...

Twilight angels  
Wash wings of  
Silence...

Monday is complete.

elysabeth faslund

# Mongoose And King Cobra

I dance in a circle tonight,  
In a garden under that  
Silver,

Which betrayed your scales  
To me. Your eyes and  
Intent.  
Your coldness.

I dance around you laughing,  
Tonight.  
Do you watch my eyes,

And their intent? Do you hear  
My warm blood beating with  
Your death?

elysabeth faslund

# Moonlight And Dolphins

Hate me if you want...  
But, know that the moon,  
Lined with dolphin-icing white,  
Is my shining knight,

Tho his steed dropped dead  
Beneath him...chained to the sky,  
Magicianing half, full, new...  
Lighting dripping darkness.

And, to the ether is only  
To the shore, wading eternal  
'hop scotch, waves got.'  
Dolphins sing to me,

'Come closer, little one...  
Farther is  
Closer.'

elysabeth faslund

# Moonlight Soulmate

Soulmate of the Moon's glow...  
Hold me. Touch my cheek  
Softly.  
Dance with me...forest steps,  
Twining doves flowing upward,  
Round. Again.

Breathe my hair wild...  
Twirling giddy dreams  
Scattering a  
Sublime leaf floor...

Moving from cuddled bed,  
I pick one leaf...  
Murmurs out the window.

Turning, one shadow...  
Leaving another.

elysabeth faslund



# Morning In A Different Light

Morning. I see twilight  
Edging your finger-painted  
Child's creation.  
Who sees better than the child...  
Within...  
The creator of  
Laughing Magic.

Magic of twilight pushing morning  
Ahead of its dawning...  
For twilight dawns...even the same  
As Morning.

The infant, awake, laughs, gurgles...

One blade of grass sheds dew.  
We think nothing of this...  
As we hold the infant to our heart...  
Magnetizing finger-paintings for memory...

Morning plays with  
Twilight Toys.

elysabeth faslund

# Morning Prophecy Stones

Morning creeps.  
Windy water waves  
Duning shadowy Sun  
Hollows...  
Reigning seconds  
Just right.

Everything moving,  
As I, casting stones...  
Morning prophecies.  
They land on edges.

Morning stands high...  
Walks towards Day.

elysabeth faslund

# Morning To Night...Marbles

Jays scrapbook blue  
Between cloud feathers  
Of sky...  
No rain promises kept.

Sun's morning has  
Indented night a tad  
Drastic...and sculpted  
It into a Day...shadows

Peek-a-Boo evolutionary  
Heroes...trees, buttercups,  
Cats, me, you...  
And, finding our sunlit dome

Pleasant...we tuck it into a  
Pocket, like a prized marble...  
Knowing, that after supper,  
We'll place it on Night's

Satin sheets.

elysabeth faslund

# Morning, The Nice Warrior

The morning shrugs loose  
From the pre-dawn...  
Slants into the room on a  
Free, sunlight slide...  
Warms the rooms, with  
No 'please, may I', or  
'Can I come in? '

Morning knows it is a  
Timed shine...a too-short  
While, of coffee, waking.  
But, when morning leaves,  
It warns the Noontime  
To be just as nice...  
Because Morning will be  
Back...  
And, the rest of the day  
And Night know that.

Morning has clout....

elysabeth faslund

# Mornings Last All Day!

Lady is a tramp  
And Scooby-Doo...  
Doing the Mojito...  
Drinking it too!

Tad bit early  
To hit the deck...  
Sunday Spring Morn!  
So, what the heck!

Join in their circle,  
Take your turn!  
Shake it all about,  
Burn, baby, burn!

If I may interrupt  
A moment or two  
With this 'Good Morning! '  
For you, and

Only you!

elysabeth faslund

## Moses, Answer Me

Moses, I ask about your hands,  
Things they could have held...  
Rough, hardened from desert  
Passages, sandstorms, acrid suns.

You could not touch your wife  
With softness...did your words  
Suffice...into the night,  
Past the dawn?

You could not touch petals of a  
Flower...did you touch its softness  
With your eyes? Did you regret  
Passing by its beauty?

You could not touch a baby's  
Cheek, tickle laughter from its  
Belly. Did the baby see, in your  
Soul, softness you could not give?  
Did you hear laughter when you  
Left the tent?

But, you went to the mountaintop...  
Were you joyous, relieved finally,  
Knowing your hands could hold  
Stone...  
Rough hands, rough stone,  
Rough laws  
For human kind?

elysabeth faslund

# Mother

Once ocean, now land.  
Mother. Why shred  
Your gown...

Why destroy your  
Garden...  
Once land, now ocean.

Mother. Do you not  
Love  
Your face...

Precision of a  
Scapel...  
Fault lines

Slide, slip,  
Slice...  
Tectonic dust

Drips through my  
Fingers...  
Like water.

Mother...why?  
Laughing...  
She is choosing

A different  
Gown.

elysabeth faslund

# Mother's Day 'Bad Bug' Story

Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!  
A bad bug bit me!

Come here, let me see.  
\*kisses finger\*  
There, it's fine now,  
Little Johnny.

Where's that bug now?  
In a jar. He's my pet.

\*sighs\*

Years later.....

Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!  
A bad bug bit me!

Bit you while going in that  
Jar?  
What's his name?

'Bad Bug'. How'd you know?

'Little' Johnny sighed.

---...

Good Morning! ! ! !

Happy Mother's Day! ! ! !  
Ya'll!

elysabeth faslund



# Music Of The Bells

Sun bells! Sun bells!  
Tinkling serendipity  
Circling jasmine pinwheels  
Inviting flights of  
Hummingbirds  
To dine...  
Emerald twinkles...  
Flashing...gone  
Before thunder.

Sun bells!  
Staccato gongs among  
Stormcloud booming,  
Looming...  
Shadows shifting  
Between clashes of  
Lightning...  
Cymbals in rythmn.

Silence of the bells.  
House lights down...  
Orchestra crescendo  
Rising long, longer...  
Peaking in one  
Final note...  
Diminishing, admonishing...  
Night cello.

elysabeth faslund

# Music Of Trees

Rattling trees' music  
Of leaves! Crescendo!  
Morendo! Dulce  
Play, paints hop-sotch Day  
A delight. Flighting  
Of birds, feathering,  
Teasing sunlit heights...  
Joining the chorus  
Rattling trees' music.

elysabeth faslund

## Music... And Writing Christmas

Oh what a feeling! Sight, this, these lights, rainbows  
Through window skies, yards' runways,  
Chimney control towers...

My soul and inspiration displayed Joyeaux Noel  
Across merry dome Nights. Hither!  
Songs' joy, laughter!

We built this city. Two months lit comets  
Into childrens' eyes, blinking  
Merry, Merry, red jolly HO! HO!

The party's not over, ever!  
Spring brings Christmas Easter.  
July, Christmas Independence.  
Each, every day

Is Christmas. Always. Always  
Joy resurrects...Forever songs' impacts.  
Take my breath away.

elysabeth faslund

# My Best Friend's Nephew Is A Star Tonight

Three times round he walked  
And three, sat.  
Once for all, once forever,  
He laid down  
Body and soul  
For comfort, family, and  
Rest.

Resting to begin again,  
One foot on Earth,  
One to keep step  
With Lights  
Dancing  
Just out of reach.

Reaching, catching the  
Tail of a comet,  
His foot left the Earth,  
Left mattress, needles,  
Paths he wandered,  
Paths never walked.

Lifted up, hurtled outward,  
Passing the night  
Of tears, replacing them  
With twinkling  
Laughter of a star.

elysabeth faslund

# My Father's Little Girl

Morning came long before the dew, the frost....  
And morning came long before my Father...  
He would never have allowed the frost to  
Touch me...not my Father's mornings...

Can I ever go back to his warm mornings  
By the ceramic, floor heaters...if I could...  
Yes, my Father, I would wrap you in my  
Blankets, not let the cold in, not trouble

Your knees, legs...heart. Never.  
But once, and only once, I saw my Father  
Tremble, shiver...I was seven, and I had  
No sight of it ever again...his anger.

His little girl had pneumonia...no one knew...  
He did. Wrapped me in a blanket...  
Needles...I.V.'s...oxygen tent...way back  
When...

You see, my Father is a hero...not for the  
Simplicity of understanding...but, by far...  
His love of his little girl...his magnificent  
Heart...

This Yellow Rose is  
For his heart.

elysabeth faslund

# My New Year's Wish To You

To have sparkling dew on your roses  
Every morning...

To have coffee or tea with...just the  
Right amount of  
Cream or/and sugar...

To find the snow not a burden, but  
A fairyland...

And the icicles, glinting with sun's  
Light, and dripping...drop, drop,  
With music, lovely

Music. To have 'Ode to Joy'  
Playing everywhere in your homes.  
And to have you absolutely sure

This will be a very, very,  
Good year....

Happy the New Year, Everyone! ! !

elysabeth faslund

# My Second Father

A boarder, during WW 2, rented a room at my granmothers house, and stayed....true story/poem...

When he laughed, it was Christmas and apple pie.  
When he frowned, mountains tried to run.  
When he softly said, 'Stop yelling at your daughter, '  
Mother found something else to do, quickly.

For my 8th birthday, he gave me a dictionary.  
For college advice, 'Read newspapers everyday.'  
For my help, with his dream, the love of all growing things.  
Knowledge of plants, trees, their ways, time...

He used an oxygen mask, years later.  
He grew thin, then grew into shadow...  
He and I never said 'Goodbye.'  
Three days after, a 3a.m. June storm...

Ice cold air in his vacant bedroom, newspapers  
Strewn across the room. Windows locked tight  
Against monster winds outside. I stood at his  
bedroom door, knew things I shouldn't have...

that he was telling 'his little girl' goodbye...  
'Goodbye, Uncle Punt, you're here, aren't you...'  
His oxygen mask, on the desk, fell to the floor.

I walked back to sleep, with his smile beside me...

elysabeth faslund

## Nature's Fall To Winter...Sonnet\*

In each the courage for on-coming Fall...  
Not lightly do deer leave hoofprints behind  
In searching for, claiming, thick stands of trees  
Promising shelter. Sunshine days turn leaves,

Once green, to gold-flecked yellow, reddened flame.  
Bold travesty. Colorful, barren cold,  
Misted, creeping by degrees. Shorter days  
Giving way to longer, chillier stays

Of nights, laced with owls eyeing small shadows,  
Huddled, not invisible to hunger.  
With an elegant, slicing swoop, the life  
Becomes life, twining seasonal cycles

In rhythm, as each, apart, dance through Time.  
A doe uncurls, still cold, into sunshine.

elysabeth faslund



## Nepal\*

Sandstone talons etched your name, tested your ripeness,  
Signaled to eagle-high ledges...

A foot rose, fell, and your soul was at one with the peak.

You became one with the mountain...

Did it become one with you...

Did you both journey higher, lower, or to the side.

Hard to hide a mountain, easy to cover a soul,

Until Eternity's dust settles...

Other mountains, other souls, waiting within the air.

Did you seek, along the path, a higher point...

Did it seek one further along the journey...shadows

Cast by the light.

Hard to move a mountain, easy to swallow a soul.

Can one swallow the mountain

Without moving the soul.

Joy. Resolve.

Celebration silence

Merging to dawn waves

Answering twilight questions.

elysabeth faslund

## Night Is When Cowards Strike...Part 2

I'll be doggoned! ! !

Ole crash-idiot-  
No talent, Scooby Doo  
drooling fool  
Done made a mistake this  
afternoon! ! ! !

This genderless freak done gone  
And left about 200 poems'  
votes untouched...

Alzheimers? Lobotomy? Or maybe  
Dog got a bo-bo on his  
crashing finger....AWWWWWW!

Hey! Dog...I got a finger you can use!  
Come get it...oh, that's right...  
ain't got the guts.....

Don't fret none...that finger will ALWAYS  
be where you can see it....

Look close! See it? Of course you do!  
Anytime you need it, come get it,  
chickenshit.

elysabeth faslund

# Night Is When The Coward Strikes

Have fun with my votes

Crash 'em all!

You'll never be able to

Touch my poems...

You'll never be as good as

ME!

Smile? You'd better cry over your talent of having NO TALENT! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !  
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

elysabeth faslund

# Night, The Elegant Lady

Night. The gentle hush on  
Tiptoe, looking here...  
Looking there...finding  
Leaves on the ground

Which will be the coolness  
Of dew in the morning.  
Little creatures have gone  
To bowers of grass under

Huge branches, blown  
Down years before when  
Night hosted a hurricane.  
Nature's meticulous

Pruning. This night there  
Will be nothing for the small  
To fear. Quietness. Calm.  
Night is getting the table

Of Morning dressed with  
Elegant, silver, dew...for  
Little things, birds, to sip.  
Night cares for each, her own.

elysabeth faslund

# Night's Guardians

Anointed Guardians leave  
Twilight choirs of birds-  
Voices-between worlds...  
Cresting, falling, into  
Both...

Rising with the Moon...  
Setting with the Sun...

Calling. Lilted lullabies  
Weaving, beckoning,  
'Come to me now.  
Shades of the world  
Awaken. Walk.  
Hush, little one.  
Do not fear.  
Passings of tree souls  
Wandering harmless  
In their good night.  
Come to me now.'

With moonrise and sunset,  
Unseen choirs soothe both  
Worlds.  
Anointed Guardians listen,  
Smiling...turn, and spread  
Their mantle of sweet  
Night.

elysabeth faslund

# No Birds Flying Skies Tonight

Go down clouds...  
Fold butterflies, lilies, lone crane.  
Twilight staircase flowing up.  
Go down clouds.

Go down sight...  
Fold purple clover, blue iris, lone willow.  
Steepled cypress shadowing up.  
Go down sight.

Go down home now...  
Storms toddling infant horizons.  
Marsh swaddling small, lone burrows.  
Dusk paints Night on streetlights.  
Go down home now...

Storms walk upright tonight.

elysabeth faslund

# Not Mrs. Muir

Snoring, sleeping, dreaming.  
Speaking dreams to nights  
When I dream, not sleeping.  
Once-upon-a-time  
There was Time....

For hearts not torn.  
Alarms of peace  
And, 'Thank you, please.'  
In a one-room cabin.

Such was the Unicorn.  
Such the drifting of waves...  
There, and gone again.  
Such the forest of dreams.

Careful, all my beloveds...  
For once you touch the  
Unicorn...reach out some  
Lightning night...

You may find love...I hope  
You do....but I do hope you  
Have Sight.

elysabeth faslund

# Numerical 'Good Morning'...Heheheheheeee

1...2...3

Goodness is here

1...2...3

Only morning wish

1...2...3

On Sunday, today,

1...2...3

Decisive, soothing,

1...2...3

May bluebirds sing

1...2...3

On this sweet

1...2...3

Rise of the sun

1...2...3

Never raucus crows

1...2...3

Insulting the dawn

1...2...3

Nuzzling a night

1...2...3

Gone, out of the way

1...2...3

Good Morning! ! ! !

Ya'll! ! ! ! ! ! !

elysabeth faslund



# Observations On Pre-Gustav Sunday

No birds penciling messages across the sky.  
No hide and seek with tree leaves.  
Nestled miles away.  
What of the homeless?

Heroes of sidewalks, cardboard?  
Has shelter transported them?  
Heaven came in what form?  
Disturbed by questions unanswered...

Under what sky strangles Monday?  
Undeniably the Albatross,  
Understanding wind wings, soft throats.  
What of the now...

No birds penciling messages...

elysabeth faslund

## Of Sand. To Sand...(Revised)

With sand, I changed the future, from  
Sun-stiffened robes, sandals,  
Testingly oasis beckoned...  
Had it not been for the waters of seeing,  
Breathing...

I would have drunk the vinegar that  
Strangling day,  
Hanging my head...  
Sometimes down...  
Sometimes up...  
Remembering  
The women  
Below me...

On those shifting  
Sands.

elysabeth faslund

# Old Fashioned Spring All Around Me

Clothes dripping, lined, and pinned.  
Afternoon sun sweetening roses...  
Almost free of morning's frost...  
Morning's price of brown curls.

Hen's flapping to rooster crows...  
Fluffed-up hen...chicks in a month.  
Robins, blue jays' daylight. Owl nights.  
White, full moon. Harvest orange gone.

Big, green locust on the screened porch.  
No cicada twilight song, 'Hither, love.'  
Doing dishes in a meatloaf-smell kitchen.  
Table set. Potato salad. Fresh bread.

Spring is tip-toeing towards me.

elysabeth faslund

## Old King James... (Humor)

Old King James...are you to  
Blame for lack of rays  
Into cold rooms where  
Monks, scribes, carved  
Their names  
For lack of shame,  
Want for warmth...

How many phrases...  
The scribble of shivers,  
Not corrected for  
Future Dead Sea  
Scholars who toss a  
Coin in meaning for  
A word, a letter...

Fodder for present  
Central-air halls.  
Old King James, you  
Are to blame for torching  
The future with  
Freezing monks and  
Sneezing scribes.

elysabeth faslund

# Old Man Of The Bayous

Twas an ole man...dunno his name right off...  
Lived in one dem mud/redwood timber  
Shacks...dey had dem down de bayou back  
Them....

Nevah had no famly, cept those dat would  
Come an prays fus a while...nevuh stayed  
Long...jes as well, nevuh wanted em to...

Fished, trapped, hunted....oh, no! Not no  
Church...Sundays was his, like every day...  
Like his every day...dey founds him too..

Wid some ole, ole book under his arm...  
In his bed, ole scrappy bed. Book had  
De names of his Father, his Mother,

His children...his childrens' names  
Underlined...and,  
One little heart  
By each name.

elysabeth faslund

# Once, The 'Paraclete'

Ice on two continents.  
One life.  
Trails of Mammouths'  
Shadow ending.

Our prints mingled  
Grasslands.  
One path green.  
One white.

What price the  
Owner of bones  
Paid...  
Green paths.

Betrayal.

Watch my stance  
On ice.  
What price  
For survival...

In frigid wastelands?  
The heart...  
Slowing, slowing...  
The Warrior.

elysabeth faslund

# One Day In The Life Of An Ice Age\*

Ice dancing. Tip-toe. Quiet.  
Inlay of pebbles, boulders  
Moving slow. Slower. Silence.  
Mist. Fog. Trance dream.

Still. Waiting. Ice speaks softly.  
Smooth crystal. Satin mirror.  
Bed of sleek, snow passages.  
Blue reflects blue.

Dome clouds drifting soundlessly.  
Day filters through crevices.  
Ice silk rifting, then tearing  
Into splitting

Shudders. Crashing. Ignited  
Slabs sparkling, shattering, then  
Thrashing. Cracking. Slow. Slower.  
Tense dawn. Quiet.

elysabeth faslund

# Origin Of The Flame...1\*

I woke with words tangled  
Under my nails,  
As blood beneath  
Dragon scales...during  
The kill.

Something, someone...  
They are the same...  
Will stop breathing  
By nails, words, blood,  
But grieve nonetheless,

For one who swallows these  
Words, not their  
Meaning.  
Or, meaning misread,  
Leans on it's  
Knife.

A scorpion lays sleeping  
Under the Dragon.  
Who will move first...  
At what cost?

Accepted for publication by Orbis Journal, England,8-21-07. Today.  
Will appear in their Fall issue.

elysabeth faslund



## Origin Of The Flame...2\*

Trailing words behind, as dust motes airborne...  
Tantalizing sun rays flame them to life...  
Coalescing, accreting awesome worlds...  
Stable, tectonic poetry uncurls

Into subduction smoothness. Building lines  
Increasingly upwards, new mountainous  
Heights of meaning. But, the fault line below  
Shifts words, images. Molten lava flows

From crevices of a poem. Explosions  
Funnel shattered words skyward. Particles  
Expanding, cooling, creating new lines,  
New mountainous heights of meaning. This time

Immortal phrases gently rain to Earth,  
Building oceans for unborn writers' births.

elysabeth faslund

## Origin Of The Flame...3\*

'Kyrie Elieson' chanted winds to water...  
Strangled muffled-silent bedrock  
When, manacled and shackled, it screeched,  
'I will become...  
The lifting rock, sightless,  
In mist-flown premonitions.'  
One heard...one saw...  
Searing, scraping talons  
Raking years in sacrifice for  
'Christe Elieson...'

Winds did not pray  
Upon waves this day...  
For the Dragon  
Knew thirst.

elysabeth faslund

## Origin Of The Flame...6\*

Dies Irae!  
Misread these meanings...  
Know their knife.  
Ancient ashes  
Blossom life  
Again.  
Dies Irae!

Teste David cum Sibylla...  
Isis, hands tied at Abydos,  
Called Anubis for help...  
Put twelve pieces together...  
Osiris sang once more  
In the Sun.

Did you whisper to Akhnaten...  
Quetzalcoatl...  
Did you guide Martin Luther...  
Torquemada...  
Why love you Flames,  
Then damn the Hells?  
Libera Animas!

In it's long sleep, the  
Dragon grew wings,  
Which woke it...  
The Scorpion was  
The Dragon's friend.

Agnus Dei!

elysabeth faslund

## Origin Of The Flame...8\*

Out of ash, into words, the Phoenix  
Rose at dawn.  
Knew the Scorpion and the Dragon,  
Dipped it's wings...soared on.

Earth was molten in this morning...  
By noon, the dinosaurs...  
By three, Cro Magnon painted caves...  
By six, they settled Mars.

The Phoenix flew past Mercury  
Into the dying sun.  
By becoming ash once more  
It knew the Flame...and won.  
Sanctus Lucem! Lucem! Lucem!

Each knew of the other...  
Meaning and it's knife...  
Dragon raised one crippled wing.  
Scorpion judged it's life.

elysabeth faslund

## Our Love Is Deeper Than The Ocean...(Humor) \*

So...why are my feet dry?  
Why ask what I want to see,  
Then click the remote on  
'Deadliest Catch'?  
My love (read that as occupant) ,  
Are you convincing me...

If there was just ONE woman  
On the jury,  
I'd never be convicted?

Why ask what I was doing  
With a screwdriver last night...  
When your car won't start this  
Morning?

Oh. Nuthin...just wire connectors  
To the injectors,  
Timing chain and intake  
Manifold.

Lil sis had two brothers.  
Piss me off. Go right ahead.  
You ain't seen your transmission  
Yet...

Your mechanic will...

elysabeth faslund

# Out The Window

Out the window...grey, chilly day  
Highlighted by weeds...backyard.  
Tired leaves, too exhausted to  
Fight for color,  
Flippin down...spiraling a 'goodbye'.

Out the window...Winter has won  
Again. Time of trial has come.  
Wolf curled on pine needles...still.  
Bushy tail over her face...warm.

Out the window...  
One Magnolia blossom.

elysabeth faslund

# Owls And Coyotes

Owls, howls from far backwoods,  
just past gates, fences,  
prisoning trees with barbed wire  
rusted years.

Cows grouped, steaming  
the night cold,  
with wide eyes. Flared noses....  
breathing between  
coyote calls.

elysabeth faslund

# Paddy, The Irish Driver

Paddy, the Irish Driver

Paddy the famous Irishman is driving home after downing a few at the local pub. He turns a corner and much to his horror he sees a tree in the middle of the road.

He swerves to avoid it and almost too late realizes that there is yet another tree directly in his path. He swerves again and discovers that his drive home has turned into a slalom course, causing him to veer from side to side to avoid all the trees.

Moments later he hears the sound of a police siren and brings his car to a stop. The officer, approaches Paddy's car and asks him what on earth he was doing.

Paddy tells his story of the trees in the road when the officer stops him mid sentence and says, 'Fer Chris sakes, Paddy, that's yer air freshener! '

HAPPY SAINT PATRICK'S 17TH

elysabeth faslund



# Paradigm Of Venus On Steroids

We linger a time on iced edges of life, gazing over the precipices  
into preferences of immortality.

Cold winds scream gods' names into the night.

Arjuna walks with Krishna, questioning,  
and Montezuma never died.

What would life be, without death?

I sing, forlorn, at timed places.

This, my partial place, for now. I look at immortality and laugh.

We live on crescent Time.

We die as beams of Light.

The moon is at waning crescent over still waters.

At 4: 35 this morning, I saw Venus blossoming mightily.

And to myself I said, 'What a beautiful Venus it is tonight.'

She grew and grew towards this Earth, brighter than the moon,  
and as staidly fell inwards to...nothing.

Was only then I realized I was peering at the Southern sky.

Venus rules the East, before dawn.

A spectacular supernova I had seen,  
like a beggar given alms.

Did this Universe begin like that? Were the theories right, then?

Rumbling outward, then collapsing into a black hole.

Did gravity really rule all?

I fall off my iced ledge

into Forever...knowing now.

We are granted such brevity  
of life, but to witness the beginning  
is spectacular.

elysabeth faslund

# Parody Of John Keats 'On The Sonnet'

Parody to follow, but first, the real deal sonnet by John Keats, 1819...

-----...

John Keats sonnet.....'On the Sonnet'...

If by dull rhymes our English must be chained,  
And, like Andromeda, the Sonnet sweet  
Fettered, in spite of painéd loveliness;  
Let us find out, if we must be constrained,  
Sandals more interwoven and complete  
To fit the naked foot of poesy;  
Let us inspect the lyre, and weigh the stress  
Of every chord, and see what may be gained  
By ear industrious, and attention meet;  
Misers of sound and syllable, no less  
Than Midas of his coinage, let us be  
Jealous of dead leaves in the bay-wreath crown;  
So, if we may not let the Muse be free,  
She will be bound with garlands of her own.

-----...

My parody.....'On Rhyme and Money'

If by dull rhyme our fortune's attained,  
let us speak, shout, seek, complete with all pain  
tomorrow's journey to our bank account.  
Ignore that woman chained by wisdom's fount.

Was she not acclaimed in her day and time?  
Her eternal beauty bought for a dime  
from every passing vendor. How vane!  
Her shame, wanting blonde tresses. Brunette's bane!

Forlorn, forsworn, we apply merely base  
words, structure, to the poetics of haste.  
And, all meaning wanting, we write cheap  
nonsensical verse, all rhyming replete.

We of beggars' free verse stand time's testing,  
penniless, but with no gods are jesting.

elysabeth faslund

# Paula Deen...Racism

.

What racist named her a racist?  
What bigot underscored her bigotry?  
Racism is something held by all,  
black or white or mixture.  
What is in a word?  
Racism?  
Or maladjustment...

.

elysabeth faslund

# Picture Frame Around The Garden Of Eden

I'll go to the dollar store,  
Buy a picture frame  
For all the world to see  
The loving side of me.

I cannot plant that cross.  
I will not lay that curse.  
But I'll carry it to hell and back  
With it bare of any nails.

I cannot look up with open tears.  
I will not stand at its foot.  
But I'll comfort Mary best I can  
When home she comes again.

I'll go to the years begging pardon  
For things we've never done.  
I'd have deflected the spear  
From Heaven, but, once

I lived in the Garden.

elysabeth faslund

# Pinhead Punkin On All Hallows Eve

Pinhead Punkin wasn't no prize winner...  
Orangey hair, glasses tape-wrapped, and short.  
Went after that nun. Name was Matilda.  
Wouldn't you know! He wound up with Hilda...

Sister, cousin, maybe even grandma!  
Punkin didn't care! Someone was watching...  
'Punkin! Want to party with us, Honey? '  
'What'll it cost me? Ain't got no money! '

'You got what it takes! You good lookin man!  
One, little thing...you're gonna need new clothes.  
Here, try this on...why, it fits to a T! '  
Punkin was perplexed! What sort of party...

Punkin was screamin! The Horned One had fun!  
Matilda's sister was also a nun...

Sisters with a habit...  
Written just in jest!  
Halloween tonight...  
Will you pass the  
Test? ? ?

elysabeth faslund

# Pitchforks And Turkey In The Straw\*

Tree-tiered ridges tower hay fields  
Trespassed in rocks, stumps,  
Tarnishing harvests  
With difficulty.

Dead wood, dry wood demons into fireplaces  
Developing morning heat  
Deviling up chimneys  
Before breakfast.

Brown eggs scrambled, bread pan-fried,  
Buttered, dripping honey.  
Bent-back farmers  
Curl gnarled fingers.

Footsteps...grayed barns. Fevered eyes scan fields  
Fried and iced with centuries  
Favoring the best, the worst,  
The least, the most.

Memories of quilts, beds, much sleep, no dreams.  
Mules shackled in grandfather straps  
Muster legs to motion  
Toward fields again.

Age, time...no separation.  
Anger, pain...no reparation.  
As seasons fill...no delineation.  
A huge basket brings Paradise  
To suspended, deadened, plow mules.

Submitted to Appalachian Heritage, Kentucky

elysabeth faslund

# Poetic Forecast

Winds have not begun, yet.  
Silent...too silent. A hush.  
Water in the sky, rapids  
Through beds of December...

The hunting cats approach,  
Each ghosting through the woods,  
Padding. Silent...too silent.  
Wolf stands bristled. Knows.

She looks at me. Bristled...  
Knowing the forecast  
Of pen to paper...  
Storm...carnage....

elysabeth faslund



## Poetic Progress\*

Poetry that is controversial  
Is seldom very convivial  
To everyone...

For each the separate  
Critique...  
For that poet daring the  
Oblique...

The 'old school' becomes  
The 'new school'...  
If not, it stays  
The 'dead school.'

elysabeth faslund

# Poetry Is 'self' Contaminated

Poetry is a jigsaw puzzle...

Many pieces make the picture.

Can't force, feint, or nuzzle (innapropriate rhyme)

Innapropriate words in stricture. (forced rhyme)

No path is ever closed to you.

Every idea is open.

History is sometimes true,

And love is not a token. (not legal rhyme)

Be free from rules and regs.

Fly to the sky with your mind.

Revise those parts, merely dregs. (forced rhyme)

Rejoice! You're one of a kind!

Let your poetry be so.

elysabeth faslund

# Pots And Pans Of Christmas

Get that heater cozy, cozy workin.  
Warm your hands, feet, and think...  
Do I REALLY want to move from  
Here.....right now? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

YES! ! ! ! You DO! ! ! ! Gotta git in  
That kitchen...didcha hear me the  
First time? ? ? ? Get that oatmeal,  
And brown sugar, vanilla, eggs,

And you know what else...don't forget  
Those pecans, chocolate chips...  
Gonna toast up that kitchen hot!  
Won't be cold in that aroma-place!

Chocolate chip, oatmeal, raisin,  
Pecan...cookies...Said 'COOKIES! '  
Are out in 15....

Want some? ? ? ? ?

elysabeth faslund

# Purity

Where is the exsanguinated water found  
That I may dip my hands,  
Wash my forehead of gashes...  
Sifting universes  
Where I walk beside streams  
Free of guilt,  
Mindless of guile...  
When through my fault,  
My most grievous fault,  
I have found the way  
To go  
Home.

To see.  
Not to see.  
See once more...  
Turning my back on psalms...  
Enri, Enri, Enri...  
I follow the Linden home,  
Walking towards years of  
Ash,  
Yew.

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus.  
Agnus Dei! !

elysabeth faslund

# Purple Morning

Morning glories tumble, intertwine  
along the banks of this river.

Otters jumble playfully, raccoons  
cross a road for water.

I see it all from this bridgehouse.

Marveling how such creatures  
promote beauty.

And a sense of 'forever'.

elysabeth faslund

# Rain Or Tears?

Crackly tagging twigs  
Tattling on the rain  
Miced up in the skies...  
Thin, thin disguise!

Catch me if you can!  
Oly, Oly, kick the can!

Tween the clouds,  
Grey the clouds,  
Stay the clouds

Just a little longer,  
Tad of time more.  
Rain-set my eyes,  
Then, let it pour...

elysabeth faslund

# Rainy Day Rebellion...Resolution

I don't wanna!  
Sung to the tune of  
'I ain't gonna! '

I wanna gaze at the  
Rain,  
Feel the mists...  
Bake an apple crisp.

Matins is gone.  
Noon is affliction.  
Singing the song  
Of Vespers, now.

Rain, tonight...rain  
Dropping, dripping.  
Warm comforters...  
Dreaming down the lane

Of sideroads I will  
Not wander.  
I ain't gonna.  
But, all is all right...

In stillness.  
Quiet.

elysabeth faslund

# Recipe

Add only half the ingredients  
Then stir until mixed...  
What do you get....  
Nothing to be put in the oven.

Add a few more...blend...  
Utmost carefully...you get  
What you mixed...  
A teenager..a questioner.

So what the hell do you want  
With a perfect cake....  
But, no icing....

A gallon of milk and a very

Dry cake...to be taken in small  
Amounts...or, there'll be hell  
To pay....must I say  
Literally.

elysabeth faslund



# Recipe For A Good Morning

Two pounds North wind  
One cup Low Tide  
One sky, lighting  
One bayou, rippling  
Blend in late October, slowly  
Add colors of choice

Set on warm sweater, to rise.  
Bake all day long.

This Good Morning  
From the bridgehouse

To you!

elysabeth faslund

## Rock Stew...From A Child's View

I watched my mother's hand stirring a boiling pot of rocks.  
She said the moss covering the rocks made good soup.

I cannot taste anything anymore.

She puts something in the soup to make me sleep.  
Sha says when I sleep, I won't be hungry.  
I smile.

I watched my father's hands putting bullets in his gun,  
then wiping them on his bare chest.  
We had meat, then. And bread.  
At night we laughed around our fire.

But strangers in the mountains were angry with us.  
My father never came back.

My mother leaves at night. Sometimes.  
She thinks I am sleeping.

One day a man brought us food, but I threw it up.  
Dogs fought to eat it.

It will rain today. Lots of new moss on the rocks.  
And scorpions.

I look at my hands.  
I have never been hurt by them.

I am very lucky.

elysabeth faslund

# Rocks In The Stream

Bright water, sun water, sluicing round  
Grey rock...  
Grey mists, gay mists, bouncing back  
As rain on  
Grey rock...  
Is the rock etched...  
Does it celebrate wind, waves,  
Glad to be grounded  
To the Earth...  
Is it of the Earth...or,  
Merely effected by  
The air it lost the ability to breathe...

As once rocks, inner occupants, breathed  
Little waves, little mists...  
Crawled paths on ocean floors...  
Displacing mud to fossil...  
In...out. In...out...breathe...  
Hearing, feeling, summons, 'Come here  
To regret land...come here.'

Grey rock, smothered...contrived...  
Were you the first deceived...  
First owner of the Great Lie?  
First mocked.  
First murdered.  
First resurrected to  
Death?

elysabeth faslund

# Roses Of Heaven\*

In each Beast of the Earth,  
A sky Angel...  
Loving the Beast, renting  
Heaven.  
Renting...to move on,  
Eventually...  
Higher than Heaven.

Can you tell me, Moses,  
What plane higher than  
Your cloud-top mountain  
Of Heaven?

You saw it...could not  
Ascend from the mountain...  
Shackled as Human  
To the Tribe...the Beast.

As Beast, you clutched Tablets  
In talons...  
As Angel, you sprinkled Tablets  
On Hell's soil...

The Roses of Heaven...seeded.

elysabeth faslund

# Salad Of A Lifetime

Paragon of rented salads.  
A week! Year!  
Lifetime!

I agree with vinegar dressing...  
Biting  
As my mouth,

Forkful, carefully down,  
Chewing over  
Ribbed greenery...

Once soil-rooted  
Alive, sun-faced,  
Then torn.

My lawyer takes  
Me to lunch...  
Celebration.

Vinegar.

elysabeth faslund

## 'Satanic Verses'...Who Remembers?

And when he quoted from the Quran,  
did he remember Salman Rushdie...  
did he remember Lockerby...Pan Am...  
did he remember the Ayatollah Komeini...  
did he quote the 'Satanic Verses',  
or did he quote reality...  
Who'll stop the rain, this time around?

And will he quote the Great Father's words,  
or leave them to the Hopi desert...  
Will he quote the Bhagavad Gita in India,  
or Chinese military proverbs...  
Will he quote Taoist 'steps' to North Korea,  
or will he still quote the Quran...  
Who'll stop the rain, this time around?

elysabeth faslund

# Scaramouche Lives! ! ! !

Scaramouche! Scaramouche!  
Can you do the Fandango  
Down a crawfish hole?  
Down a crawfish hole?  
Foxtrot across the Eagle aerie?

Scaramouche! Scaramouche!  
Talonizing nightlings' souls  
With a tuneless Tango!  
With a tuneless Tango!  
Stepping steeping beats incomplete?

Beelzebub has a devil partner  
Poker bluff...  
Oh Mama Mia! Mama Mia!  
And here we go...well, I paid my dues...  
Orchestra! Play a ta-ta Cha Cha

Ad Infinatum! ! !

elysabeth faslund

## Scarey Movies...Tell Me Why...

...when a monster is lurking,  
People open the door to see where it is?  
...when the knocking stops,  
People open the door to see where it went?  
...when a noise comes from the basement,  
People go down there to see what it is? Sans light.  
...when the monster's in the woods,  
People, with or without flashlight, search in those woods?  
---...

Personal philosophy: Monster is out there. I'm inside,30.06  
on lap, chambered, phoning SWAT.

elysabeth faslund



# Screaming In The Closet

Maybe Hurricane Andrew was not enough...  
Shifting, moving my home just three  
Times...  
On the foundation.

Maybe the death of a beloved rooster, my  
'Roo',  
Maybe the slow-motion fall of that pecan  
Tree...  
Going down night-side...cried over  
Day-side.

Night. The real Halloween, for adults, that  
Night.

Maybe Hurricane Andrew was not enough...  
I remember my wolf, Katie, crying...  
Strange, unworldly threads of sounds.  
Wolves do not  
Cry.

No sound but the winds...  
No sound but my praying...

My home, shifting on foundations thought  
Solid...  
Katie crying...  
Maybe Hurricane Andrew was a test...one  
Of many.

For some...for some,  
Their only  
Test.

elysabeth faslund

## Screwdriver Autopsy...(Humor) \*

'You are the love of my life...first, and last, husband.  
We'll be together till the end of time...  
I'll wash your Gold Wing Touring bike.'

'Didn't know it was dirty.  
What's the screwdriver for? '  
'Those hard-to-reach places.'  
He bought the truth...but, I held Aces.

You never run a bluff  
On the 'clean-up' batter.  
Don't 'call' her hand...  
She'll show you what's the matter....

'I'm taking the car...  
Bike won't start.'  
'Okay. Maybe I  
Washed the wrong part.'

'What part, Lover? '  
'All those wires.  
I unscrewed  
The engine cover...'

Three days' vacation  
That Gold Wing sat and had.  
Touchdown for the Home Team! ! !  
Ain't that just too damned bad.

elysabeth faslund

# Seven Dead In Illinois

But...read about the  
Dinosaurs  
Discovered in Africa?

Read about that  
Football player's  
Mouth  
Getting him in  
Trouble?

How about those  
American Idols?  
Great moments  
In Nascar?

Read all that today?  
But.....

Seven dead in Illinois.

And what rough beast,  
Its hour come round  
At last...  
Slouches towards  
Journalism  
To be born? \*

Seven dead in Illinois.

\*Paraphrase from lines in 'The Second Coming'

elysabeth faslund

# Shazaam, The Egyptian, Speaks His Mind

Shazaam, in ancient vernacular,  
Spake utterances quite spectacular  
To Anubis, God of the Dead.

They weren't softly spoken,  
But, give them dutiful token...  
For they cost Shazaam his head.

And this is what he said,

'I can't have an Afterlife.  
I haven't got a tomb.  
I cannot be mummified.  
The Gods have no room

For one not of Royal Blood...  
For one who has no money.  
The Nile will treat me better  
Than you and your BALONEY! ! '

elysabeth faslund

## Silent Verses Shout II

Yellow screams silently  
down, down. Ending.  
The dark bird watches.

---...

Black-robed wizards  
walk the horizon.  
The sun falls in their arms.

---...

The day is sacrificed  
on twilight's altar.  
Night's robe drips blood.

elysabeth faslund

# Singing Of A Soul

Cantante! Cantante!

Bring it not to the desert...  
Not again....  
Bring it to the temples  
That were brought down  
By his hand, in his anger...

What did he do to  
Jerusalem...what more  
To the towns in his path?  
Father...can you forgive

The temple I call my soul...  
In whose image you  
Were made...  
Must, should, you bring

That down,  
Also?  
Or, would you,  
Could you...

Bring yourself down  
By doing so?

elysabeth faslund

# Sleeping Dragon

An early hour of mist....  
Filmy, translucent robes.  
The forests' Ambassadors  
Are about...Royalty.

No birdsong, movements  
Along treelines.  
Prescenses in slippers  
Quiet, disturb nothing.

This early hour, the Fates  
Sip tea on the lawn...  
Muses dismount from  
Unicorns...

The Dragon still sleeps...  
With its fire of life  
The Sun  
Will appear.

elysabeth faslund

# Snake

You coiled your length around me  
Until I saw, swore I saw  
Your forked tongue  
Flicking in and out of the years  
That hatched us in those cold dens  
With colder mothers.

They coiled their lengths around us  
And squeezed  
Until tears rolled down my face.  
Yours was lit by a smile  
As you baby-fondled the  
Icy scales of that  
Woman  
Who never slithered far enough  
Away from you,  
And the broken shells of  
Your youth.

(Published in 'Rites of October' Oxhead Press, Minnesota.)

elysabeth faslund



## So, I'M One Day Early...Deal!

What think you of a mess of a Morning pome?  
Sunlight's in the trees  
On boney maroney knees....  
It don't wanna wake up  
Either....

In the still of the night....SLAP!  
When the deep purple..SLAP! SLAP! !  
Krinkle-Corkle-DO-DO-DO!  
Do-do....Hmmm....trolls....

Elves and trolls had a fight  
Last night...trolls are gagged,  
Plastered with Duck-tape...  
Snidely's keeping guard...

Rescue rooster! Best not mess  
With a red-eyed rooster! !  
Elves fixin black, thick, coffee...  
For moi! Miracles occurred

Last night! ! Honeybee lookin  
For a home. And they called it  
A metronome...SLAP!  
No silliness today. AHEM!

Thursdays are humorless  
Holidays...except for  
Morning pomes! ! ! Dat means...

Hey nonny, hey nonny, nonny...

Good Thursday Morning! ! ! AHEM! ! ! !  
Ya'llses! ! !

elysabeth faslund

# Soap And A Brush

To the lesser gods...  
Your fingernails are dirty.  
To the higher gods...  
Your hair is a mess.

Why speak your mandates  
To humankind, when you  
Need soap and a brush?  
Dare you! How dare you!

Temples can be razed.  
Offerings halted.  
How dare you! Give us  
The blood of our loved ones

Back!

elysabeth faslund

# Song Of Evening

Silent song of evening  
Becoming softer in  
Tone...as a hymn to  
Evening begins...but

Not yet. Melodies we  
Feel, finest crystal chords  
In our hearts...we know.  
The sun begins it's bow

To lengthening shadows,  
Yet, gathering small guests,  
Showing acorns, sweet grasses.  
Full, warm feeling before

Night flies with wings of talons.  
Not yet. Not yet.  
The melody is not over yet...  
Hear, feel the notes, little ones.

elysabeth faslund

## Sonnet: Mowing The Lawn At 7 A.M.

Hoping that neighbor don't start his mower  
At seven a.m. Cause if he starts it...  
Grass gonna fly, his shirt, shoes, and his cap.  
But, I'm a peaceful sort, with a good heart...

Damned fool just cranked it up. Now I got to  
Flatten all four tires...my car's tires, of course!  
Then sashay over to his idiot  
Self...bat my lashes, sweetly ask for help...

Which I don't need, cause my brothers taught me  
Everything about tires and fixing...  
But HE don't know that, and I ain't tellin...  
Cause, long about eleven a...damn...m,

He will be through inflating all four tires,  
And it will be too hot to mow his lawn.

---...

(He has to do it with a bicycle pump!)

elysabeth faslund

# Sorrow Versus Revenge...Justify

Sorrow. Strange word. Six tiny letters....  
Murmured by murderers. Priests.  
A word bled from lips. Eyes. hands.  
Dry sand raging hearts. Doubt. Decision.  
False. Steadfast. Indecisive.

What sword drips sorrow, slicing freedom  
For nations?  
What nation oozes sorrow, being lifted  
From despots?

What joyous revels bought in blood.  
Sorrow. Sorry.

Boudicea, daughters raped, raged  
Tribes to war. Romans' blood-bath.  
Revenge by sorrow.

Lakota Sioux, Red Cloud's curse remembered,  
Left one pony alive. Custer...sorry?  
Revenge by sorrow.

Can sorrow separate from blood...mental. Physical  
Storms of years. Judged. Betrayed.  
In seconds, we create  
Eons.

Sorrow.

elysabeth faslund

# Spring Is A'Draggoning In

Brown lawn, long  
Gone to Winter's  
Talons...

Made a bed for snow...  
Lake for rain...  
Home for crickets...

Some night, when  
We're asleep...  
Spring's Dragon

Will fly, tearing at  
Dead grass  
With deadlier claws...

Morning's Sun  
Will remember green.  
The Dragon's gift...

Five months not seen...

elysabeth faslund

# Star Journeys: Accelerando

And if, in our onward Journey...  
Universes of thought, decision  
Leave us behind...  
They will be heeded by those  
Ahead of us...

And if, in our onward Journey...  
We do not see those  
Ahead of us...  
Know they leave paths  
For us to follow...

And so, in our onward Journey...  
Know that those who have  
Gone before us...  
Have left Star-Glow  
To Light our way...  
Star-Dust paths  
For our weary feet...  
The arms of Eternity  
To hold us a short while...

Then, set us on the next part of  
Our Journey.

elysabeth faslund

# Star Journeys: Morendo...Yet, Reincarnation

Know that we will meet, before I leave...  
In the way of wolves...  
Chilling voices through canyons'  
Twilight...  
Full moon silhouettes,  
Frost-puffed, 'I am here.'

We will meet, before I leave...  
In the way of eagles...  
Winging tumbles through sky  
Theaters...  
Weaving cloud nests,  
Mate-calling, 'I am here.'

Before I leave...  
In the way of children...  
Giggling echoes webbing  
Playgrounds...  
Swinging high...low,  
Up...return...  
Once more, 'I am here.'

elysabeth faslund



# Star Journeys: Mundana

What take we back from the stars...  
One moment in our eyes,  
Trillions of years to light  
Our sight...  
Red shift, Blue shift...  
They speed to us, or away.

We are Time's children,  
Who on a July night, catch them in jars.  
We call them 'fireflies'.  
We tell children to hold them carefully.  
They are delicate.

Then, look up, amazed at  
Hydrogen implosions, explosions...  
Larger than our Milky Way...  
Coalescing unknown gases  
Into an infant star...

Gaze down at the firefly,  
Remember a grandmother,  
Pet the dog...  
And know they are  
The stuff of stars...  
One moment in our eyes.

elysabeth faslund

# Star Journeys: Vivace

It came down, in the end, to starlight...  
Dusted lashes blinking,  
Eyes trailing intricate arms of galaxies,  
Thinking with breaths of blood,  
Eons of blood...  
One second...one life.  
Wait for me,  
I will meet you at the edge of dawn.

It came down, in the end, to starlight...  
Raised hands translucent,  
Nails embedding tenuous holds  
As universes streamed past...  
The footprints...  
One song...one time.  
Talk to me,  
I will tell you of the edge of dawn.

It came down, in the end, to starlight...  
Etching flame-aura shadows  
Around ancestors, scarred and sleek...  
For laws bound to the  
Beginning...the end.  
Walk with me,  
We go to the edge of dawn.

And there, sit with our kind, the home  
We always sought...  
Beyond the speed of sight...  
In our hands the while...  
There to greet us at the Door  
Forever open...starlight.

elysabeth faslund

# Storm

Gold lining, no silver...  
Sun-flooded glows...  
Grey clouds soften...  
One rooster crowing.

Hawk perches early.  
No movement.  
No shadow.  
Much food.

Vapors rise from  
The Delphic floor.  
I will not robe  
Today. Nor speak.

I will listen...  
Bemused.

elysabeth faslund

# Storm Sky...1994

When the winds turn round  
I may ask you to stop your  
Rambling...  
And stay...  
A while.

Do you like bright hair in the  
Morning?  
Hair spray?  
Would you like just coffee?

When the winds turn round.

Winds turn a storm...those  
Beautiful bitches  
Who know how to dominate  
A clear, ominous sky.

Who wants to go home with  
A bitch of a storm?

When the winds turn round...  
I may be gone...  
Nothing more than a storm.  
Skies stormy-blue.  
Blue.

elysabeth faslund

# Sultry New Orleans: The Cat

.  
Gilded, glistening, swinging fringe  
On a satiny, no-imagination-left  
Tight sort of blouse...  
You know.

Lavender-heaven-colored,  
Body-clinging pants,  
Making women sigh to slick  
Into a pair and  
Whore their husbands.

Platinum, silky hair...long, seductive  
Enough to lure Samson from the  
Dead...hanging down her back  
Like a wild filly's mane.  
She hasn't found the man to tame her.

Nails that should have been a panther's,  
Ready...willing.  
Alabaster skin, misted-green eyes...  
That see what she's doing...  
Knows what she's doing.

Doing what she knows...to get something  
Special.  
She's a bitch in heat. And the night  
Is red hot at this hour.

She's sitting at an outside cafe in the  
French Quarter...casually glancing at an  
Interesting specimen. Then away.  
She knows something, this street queen.

She is the Queen of Spades, and  
He will find her.  
Like a male animal...  
He will sense her.

And she will be there.  
Tonight she is ready.

elysabeth faslund

# Sun Light, Sun Bright

Sun Light, Sun Bright  
Wishes...O Wish!  
Fog speaks quiet  
Parting, dew clinging

Cold,

One second on warm hand.  
One mystery moment  
Drop, in Time. Gaze.  
Gift of air, water, early

Morn...then...gone.  
Back to air. Time again  
To walk dawnlight...and  
Wait...for

Sun Light. Sun Bright.

elysabeth faslund

# Sunday Hush

Sunlight fogging through  
Sleepy trees eyelashed with  
Dew...

Noises. Dogs shuffling  
Empty bowls...a  
Bark...

Playpens. No rattling,  
Crying. Thumbs in mouths.  
Eyes...

Soft lashes brush  
Lower lids. Mothers tiptoe  
Breakfast...

Sunday.

elysabeth faslund



# Sunday Sun Poem

Akhnaten, not knowing scripture, there  
Being cuneiform versions  
And all...Epics, Gilgamesh-that crew,  
Plus the chinese Phang Bu's  
Flood,  
(Flood-one of a kind, you know)  
Just rerouted the Sun to the  
Middle of the desert-Amarna-and  
Snubbed Ra, Ma'at, and Phat.

Sun was One, Sun was only, and  
Sun was Spirit too.  
Didn't do too well in that ancient  
Of Dynasty...  
Archeologists twirl hats and drone.

Then again, Akhnaten was only a  
Pagan-honestly,  
What do pagans know?

But, dying old, looked through  
His royal windows, to the  
Long shadow of an Ankh  
On a far hill...

That cross of the sun...  
Closed his eyes to History,  
Opened them to Heaven,  
Unknown as yet.

elysabeth faslund

## Sunday Vhf And Sci-Fi Movies

When you're working a 24 hour shift, it's the little things.....uh.....

-----...

Got a 'spud' barge tied to a 'fishing' rig....VHF

...Uh, fish and chips?

Monkey, with the eyes of a Husky...'movie'

...Sled time in the jungle?

We need silver bullets for that werewolf...'movie'

...F-16, infrared tracking missiles not good enough?

commercial, 'I'll never wear a flannel gown....'

...Well FREEZE then, \*itch! ! ! !

White buffalo calf...sign of all peace...'movie'

...Ever saw one in UN Security Council Meetings?

Man, with eyes of a wolf...'movie'

...'Scuse me! ! And the optic neurons to make those

...eyes work? ? ? ?

-----...

\*A drilling rig that's 'fishing', means they've probably pinched off 35,000 feet of drilling pipe, collars, casing, and they're going after the uh, 'problem'...which, in the oil industry, means, they're going to leave them there and write it off...

Good Morning! Good Morning!

Ya'llses! !

elysabeth faslund

# Sunrise

A pretty, young girl strolls  
Among the trees and leaves  
Causing grasses to straighten  
After she has passed on  
To fog darkened waters  
That chill the early fisher,  
Making him sluggish and  
Regretful of leaving  
The second cup of coffee.

But the pretty girl pauses,  
Parts the dawn with one  
Tiny hand,  
Unwinds a million miles of  
Ancient light,  
Then curls it around her  
Fingers into another skein of  
Flaxen shards.  
A round, fuzzy ball she tosses,  
Laughing,  
Into the dark.

(Published in Poetry Nottingham, England)

elysabeth faslund

# Sunset

A russet-etched crone  
Crouches in silhouette,  
Clinging to memories  
Of cradle-gold hair.

Cocks a pale, rheumy  
Eye beyond her fire,  
To ward off the dark claws  
And night-crawling  
Hunters.

A scant minute longer,  
A life-moment more,  
Until, head nodding,  
She submits  
And sleeps.

(Published in Poetry Nottingham, England./Winner of Poetry Nottingham contest.)

elysabeth faslund

# Sven Questions His Valkyrie's Tears

Trailing twisted shreds...

(Sunlight, moonlight, as one,  
When the many, merely stars,  
Waltzed Comets in Universal  
Step, stride, twirl...)

Of warrior armor, his luminous  
Fixed-red blood in seeming  
Stasis.

He strangled shaking eyes  
To once-fair face, stammered,

'Why tears, Valhalla Lady?  
My task to die, yours to ride,  
Guide to the Hall of Warriors  
Where, horn-in-hand, I boast,  
Drink with my kin.'

The Valkyrie's horse puffed  
Ice mist, slowed, shook the  
Earth with its head. Turned in  
Air.  
Turned the world in Time.

'I loved you, warrior. I had  
Hoped...  
Take this necklace, to wear in  
Battle I return to you.  
The Dead...  
The Dead never speak  
While alive.'

elysabeth faslund

# Take The Measurement Of Me, God

And not be too far off  
In my weight for wings...  
Or hooves.

Be not too far off in my  
Laughter...for laughter is  
Heavy.

Take my weight in things  
I did...not things I had  
No right in doing...

And I will take your weight  
In not taking  
Mine....

elysabeth faslund

# Tectonic Morning...Pangea Tomorrow

Tectonic plates crisscross  
the sky dark morning  
with light patterns of  
slice-lightning...  
grumbling, rumbling  
deep, fathoms up, up,  
up...  
tearing clouds apart,  
then shoving them together  
in crashes, building,  
coalescing new sky  
with magma colors,  
red, red, red,  
peeking oranges,  
disappearing faster than  
their birth.

Heated rain from drowning  
clouds' plate shiftings.

Tomorrow.  
Tomorrow  
the sky will once more  
be  
Pangea.

What strange new beings  
will walk  
this time?

elysabeth faslund

# Teens Are Fun, Atalanta Is Not

All in good fun now!

---...

Teens are a different species...several...

As Lemmings, they throw themselves off their cliff-of-choice.

As tigers, they stalk dark streets and get bitten in the @ss.

As snakes, they bite themselves in the @ss.

As geniuses, they can't spell the word 'a'.

As pains in the @ss, there is no narcotic strong enough.

---...

So, enough of that...hello Atalanta!

A blacksmith you were...knowledge of steel...

The binding in iron, unbreakable collars...

Chains, horseshoes, cauldrons, wheels...

Wheels turned round, up, then down...

With Venus's help, you fell to the race...

(Wasn't apples, but the golden Quince) ...

One by one, you picked them up...

Greedy little thing, now weren't you...

Never got the kingdom, but got your love...

You both forgot the one who helped you...

And, Venus would not be forgotten...

Lions you are, but chained to the chariot...

Of Cybele, wife of Chronos, mother of Zeus...

One question remains...

Who forged those chains...

You will never, ever be free of...

elysabeth faslund



## Ten Deer Walking In January Rain\*

Tonight. One deer crosses the third, field road.  
Tonight. January sprinkles her footsteps in darkness.  
It is midnight.  
No challenge. Silence. Soft rain mists her eyes,  
Rivels down eyelashes onto her lips.  
She shakes away the drops, crosses well-known fields...  
To the second road...  
House lights. Street light.  
Still no challenge.  
Silence.

Tonight. A ceramic, Egyptian cat perches on my  
Window sill, filled with bath crystals from India.  
Shiva visited my home this morning.  
A gold necklace glitters in the backyard light  
Hung under the oak.  
Rain on the tin roof, drops bead the glass panes...  
Shattering refracted gleams from garnets,  
Sapphires...rings on the arm of a pottery elf.  
Christmas dances, sparkles.  
Silence.

(How many times did I say the word, 'No'?  
How many echoes from a sleeping wolf?)

Tonight. No moon. Tapestry-fog shrouds the  
Field rows.  
Five deer tip-step...following their leader's dance.  
Out of the woods, to the third road.  
One has gone before...the buck sees her  
Tracks. Senses flame. Caution.  
He halts.  
Smells.  
A predator scent...one day old. Silence. Lights.  
No challenge. Odd.  
New.

His five come abreast. Ghost-drift through green  
Sprouts.

Tonight. Eagles and hawks are asleep.  
Midnight.

Tonight. I bathe away Eternity. Set my hair for  
Tomorrow. Victoria Magazine tomorrow.  
Everything tomorrow.  
Tonight...food for my animals. Quiet. Rain.  
Cold air.  
My bedroom window...a shadow plays.

Tonight...owls do not fly.  
Tonight...raging winds. Leaves hang straight.  
Tonight...Dorothy does not go home to Kansas.  
Tonight...Mars falls into the Earth.

Shadow. The first deer halts beyond my backyard light.  
Something. The wolf is not there.  
Lifting, turning her head, she sees the buck, his group.  
No challenge.  
Midnight.

Three more, from the back woods, to the second road.  
A fawn, prints no bigger than birth.  
Tonight...ten deer cross the last field road behind the  
House.  
Tonight...January sprinkles their footprints in darkness.  
There is no challenge.  
Cold blackness.

Crack of a twig. There are shadows out my window,  
Through soft rain unexpected.  
My wolf...shaking away the drops, running with the deer.  
Making, leaving...no prints.  
Away from the light, away from my arms.  
Into midnight.  
Silence.

elysabeth faslund

# That Damn Bridge!

Opening the bridge, I wish for a ridge  
With a cabin, in Colorado...

One, unheeded mistake, will rake  
This bridge in flashing red lights...

My boss will ask, the Coast Guard task  
Me for second-by-second accounting.

The ambulance arrives, ahead of the hives  
Of Sheriffs, and fire department.

Did I mention the cup handed to me?

A Wal Mart parking lot will  
Pale in comparison.

The boats drift past, and I, at last,  
Close the bridge, open gates.

No car, truck, or the clerk down the  
Road,  
Knows how close this bridge is to  
Eternity.

I do.

elysabeth faslund

# The Angel Wore Shoes

The Angel wore shoes.  
Questionable clubs of  
Fast foxtrots...salsa.  
Was never said...nail polish?  
Sequined, tango gown?  
Pixie-cut hair? 'Freeze' spray?  
Long, sharp, manicured talons...  
Nails. Hold...available.

And, 'human', style-walked  
Sidewalks. Second sights,  
Whistles!  
Purposeful stride. Opening,  
Closing doors.  
Shopped sales. Canceled church.  
Televangelists' 'demon'.  
Glory Amen!  
The Angel wore shoes.

People, peers' people, steeple-  
Climbing rungs-Jacob's Ladder.  
Why fear- rat nibbling minds..  
Head high in sunlight downslide.  
Deadfall.  
Why listen in invisibilities?  
Screams commonplace. Mundane.  
Rungs break. Broken. Tokens,  
Mementos...top of  
Jacob's Ladder.

The Angel wore dancing shoes.

elysabeth faslund

# The Anti-Poem...Some Of You Will Remember The Anti-Story Phase Of The Late 60's

Silverstein played Bukowski's hopscotch...  
Sidewalk ended on Richard 111's sword.  
Emily married Neruda in the Necromantic  
Movement...  
Never voted in France. Dark dungeons too  
Light.  
Whitman cuddled Ginsberg with leafy love  
Of market lettuce...salad songs.  
One of the 300 was Poe...

The Rhinoceros uprooted poetry...only  
Dirty prose...  
Plath laughs still...

elysabeth faslund

# The Cathedral

Footsteps to the shoreline, shoes off,  
funny toe impressions...

Foam seeps absolute...scuttle away, or  
walk into

The Great Cathedral...Mother,  
waiting warm

Gently reaching arms to hold  
safe...

Beyond the second sandbar  
is the Beginning

Of Time.  
Rebirth.

elysabeth faslund

# The Eagle Came Round

The Eagle came round, with  
Slicing sound, swooping,  
Talons uncurled...

Buried them into the Tower's  
Dragon...then thru the  
Midnight swirl...

Storms, seas, and spray  
Higher than Tintagel's walls  
Talons hurling...

A raging Dragon thru the  
Candlelit window, where that  
Night, laughter  
Heard...

When a newborn fondled  
The Beast to silence...  
Arturia, the Dragon,  
The word  
Of Becoming....

elysabeth faslund

# The Gardener's Wisdom

From what mountaintop did you  
Gain wisdom?  
Did you cherish the ledges you  
Gained the summits with?

What will you use to climb back  
Down?  
Did you ever notice...watching  
Eagles tumbling, playing...  
Their talons curled?  
Withdrawn?  
Not hurting?

Perhaps mate. Perhaps usurper  
Of mountain spirits.  
Sky spirits.  
Never rending...holding you  
Cloud-high, spirit-cloaked...until  
You realized...no going back.  
Never to walk Gardens again.

Keeping your wisdom on mountains  
Of ice. Glaciers.  
Lonely, misted memories of  
Delicately touching Roses...  
Empresses of Earth-bound,  
Sweet Gardens.

Mountains keep your remains.  
Once you were a careful Gardener...  
But, exchanged that...for  
Wisdom.

elysabeth faslund



# The Glove Thrown Down

Whatcha gonna do  
That you haven't  
Before?

Come get me  
Mariah!  
Let's even this  
Score!

Tried your best  
Thru these years...  
Hurricane horrors...  
Still no tears!

Now you try  
The lightning arcs,  
Tornado alarm,  
Lights all dark....

Still I'm laughing!  
Your childish tries!  
Your monster winds?  
Gentle Spring sighs!

Come get me  
Mariah!

Note: written during a massive storm yesterday afternoon.2-12-08

elysabeth faslund

# The Gulls, Crabs, And A Timeless Dance

Dark moon on the water.  
Gulls bob like candles  
Along the now foam,  
Now sand.

Specks peek-a-boo thru  
Dunes crested with  
Sea Oats,  
Stunts of oaks.

Murmur light, lighter  
On the water.  
Gulls flame into-  
Across the sky

Then light,  
Stilt the sand.

Claws snap!  
Gulls gone...  
Gulls snap!  
Claws gone....

Eyes peer under  
Driftwood.

elysabeth faslund

# The Hurricane

Ere daybreak my owl sounds,  
Summons...  
mice of hearts, moon's sunlight.  
Fire of rain begins, ends, once more,  
As before...  
when ocean retreated its shore,  
back, back...  
building destruction tsunamis...  
did what it knows,  
knows what it did, will do.  
Planned spontaneity cresting,  
gathering its fold...  
tsunamis folding their gathering.

Desperation laughter.  
Destruction glee.

elysabeth faslund

# The Light

Chaos.  
Pulsars...blinking. Chewed. Swallowed.  
Red Giants...infants spacing Time.  
Quasars...Black Holes, Neutron Stars...  
Giving...taking. Reaching.  
Needing...ordering  
Chaos.

Chaos.  
Random...logic timed confusion.  
Stacking...Time, in stored containers,  
Sequencing...right and left together,  
Naming...no up, no down.  
The nameless...one container opens  
Chaos.

Chaos.  
Stars...dying in Light,  
Constellations...telling stories.  
Galaxies...waiting for Humans  
The Earth...fire of birth,  
Caves...grunts, painting  
Chaos.

Chaos.  
Light...Timeless,  
Born...in Chaos.

elysabeth faslund

# The Lights Around The Corners

It is the Lights around the corners...  
Those everyday corners...  
That surprise, delight, reappear  
For our questions...

Who are you?  
Why do you appear?

And, why should we question  
Things we question...if not  
Seen...once, twice, again...

Then, at peace, we cease to  
Question  
At all?

Have you not seen your  
Grandmother, grandfather,  
As a fleeting  
Glance?

elysabeth faslund

# 'The Lion In Winter'....A Takeoff Poem

'How dear of you to let me out of jail....'  
Beckett, dead in the Cathedral,  
memories of his, and your father's, arms,  
but that's only here-say heresy.

'What mother does not love being  
locked-up with her children....'  
in the political boredom of  
throne ascendancy....

but not this year, children.  
'We'll see the Second Coming  
before....' another carpenter  
is resurrected from stone-tomb.

'Oh can't you see it is us!  
Not countries, not politics,  
who breed war....WE are  
the barbarians, WE all carry

knives....can't we all live  
in peace, for a change? '  
We all own this earth,  
indivisible by lines on a map.

Indivisible by who challenges who.  
We are all barbarians  
of the printed word....  
'Love me, little lamb, or leave me.'

'Departure is a simple act.'  
Put the left knife down,  
and then the right....can't  
we all live in peace, for a change?

'Well, all families have their  
ups and downs....'

And, 'peace', correctly spelled

here and now, is 'a glimmering  
of Light in barbarians' minds.'

We ALL wear cave-skins  
to ward against cave-cold,  
in fire-lighting our world  
of neolithic ideas, printed 'again'.

Murder is a sport.  
Again, take the knives I give you.

elysabeth faslund

# The Magician Battles The Infant

Night's Magician, laughing dark  
Spells, drifts in battle array to  
The Morning's Day...

Lifts his black-sleeved arms,  
Spreads black robes  
Over the Infant  
Gurgling purples, lavenders...

Trees rayed in Light  
Tear holes in dark folds...

Infant Morning, Mother of Day,  
Toys with the  
Mobile  
In the Sky.

elysabeth faslund



# The Mirror Needs Re-Silvering

Suture my mind with Moonflowers, at night.  
When no one sees to see the white.  
The gardenia/jasmine air blocked...and the  
Knight takes the Queen, and a mad Queen  
He got...and, he is too happy.

The mad Queen, mad Knight connect myths  
To bricks in the castle walls, echoing down  
Halls of bones...they do not rise to kneel, or  
Kneeling, rise...bones lie. That's all.  
All.

The Moonflowered castle sleeps with  
Blossoms vining through windows...  
Turrets spelled and sacrificed.  
Bad dreams walk stones.  
There are no swords single-edged.  
Double-edged, nightmares always  
Defeat bad dreams...mares live...  
Did you not know?  
Did you?

They snort screams louder just before dawn.  
And Moonflowers fold their blooms  
Before dawn.  
I wake before dawn, laughing eyes opening,  
Wondering if the night housed shadow.

If there were memories,  
They are gone.  
Closed blossoms remind me  
Of coming night's  
Lovely, fragrant white.

elysabeth faslund

# The Moaning Wind

There are certain levels, where  
I can adjust the bedroom  
Window...  
The one above my head...

So that the wind moans like...  
The Ancestors in White Birds...  
English moors in Winter...  
Flying Dutchman's sails in  
High seas...

Never will the sounds made  
Equal my soul's...  
When you departed  
Me.

elysabeth faslund

# The Poem 'House Lights...(Complete)

## Part 1....

Dare we wait inside or outside the back door...the alley, until  
Our name is called...no time now. Our name!  
Fluttering, shouldering past those not called. Yet.  
Noticing drawn faces, hollow eyes with no color, black circles...  
How long have they...no matter,  
We've been called...  
That man has many pages in his hand. Everyone will be  
Called.  
Will they?  
Was it luck for us? Did the letter mean for us to be first,  
After all?  
Before all?

Up the steps. Past the man, door. Into twilight hangings of  
Ropes, stage settings,  
Shadowy figures passing beyond.  
One wing off the stage. One, stage Right. The other, stage  
Left.  
Not the stage.  
Not yet.  
'Would you like to swing on a star? And, be better off than  
You are...' Silly music, words.  
We'd so love to be stars!  
We know the routine. But, for every audition, it's different.  
We're always given directions. Yet,  
Directors are strange people.

## Part 2

Reaching into that bag, we grab a handful, toss dust into  
The air...words.  
Words spiraling, wind-blown, never settling to one place,  
One time...of air.  
Yet, echoes rebound...fade against reality's cliffs...going up  
Into clouds, or crushed by the Ancients' feet.  
We did not walk ancient hills, sit by the Ancients' fires,  
Gnarl meat offered us.

Why know we the Four Directions? We know words.  
Do we know their meanings...  
Or, as travelers, do we hand tokens with words of dust?  
Pay all with dust...  
Finally, justify offerings we need with dust?

In the morning, bright, promising, we sit by one river...  
Knowing the banks are clay of words...settled there, then  
Ripped out to flow...new meanings, all we'll never take back.  
We do try to take words back...their dust sifts and falls  
Through our fingers, mind, mouths.  
Dust falls up, down, never the same place twice.  
Dust falls.  
Dust calls.

### Part 3

What say you to 'House Lights...Part 3' poem?  
'Director is calling us! Together!  
You can't audition for my part. Why together? '

'Stage whispers carry far, you two.  
On stage now...read your lines.'  
'We have no script! How...'  
'You've had this script. Lifetime of lines,  
Pauses, exits, entrances, laughter, tears...  
Begin again.  
Again.'

Gazing. One smiled. One frowned.  
Smile of frowns. Frowned smiles.  
The same.

'Perhaps ad-lib would do? '  
'Truth, reality, lies. The same...  
Now.'  
'I don't need this! Thank you!  
Goodbye and thank you! '  
And, in turning, found no exit.  
The doorkeeper, smiling.

'What are the last lines, words, of your

Script? '

'I don't know...! '

'That must suffice.'

The Director sat. Theater dark...

'What are your last words, Director? ' Anger.

'You passed. Correct words. Spoken.

Someone sweep this dust

Off the stage!

The next to audition is....'

elysabeth faslund

# The Poem 'House Lights'...(Complete)

## Part 1....

Dare we wait inside or outside the back door...the alley, until  
Our name is called...no time now. Our name!  
Fluttering, shouldering past those not called. Yet.  
Noticing drawn faces, hollow eyes with no color, black circles...  
How long have they...no matter,  
We've been called...  
That man has many pages in his hand. Everyone will be  
Called.  
Will they?  
Was it luck for us? Did the letter mean for us to be first,  
After all?  
Before all?

Up the steps. Past the man, door. Into twilight hangings of  
Ropes, stage settings,  
Shadowy figures passing beyond.  
One wing off the stage. One, stage Right. The other, stage  
Left.  
Not the stage.  
Not yet.  
'Would you like to swing on a star? And, be better off than  
You are...' Silly music, words.  
We'd so love to be stars!  
We know the routine. But, for every audition, it's different.  
We're always given directions. Yet,  
Directors are strange people.

## Part 2

Reaching into that bag, we grab a handful, toss dust into  
The air...words.  
Words spiraling, wind-blown, never settling to one place,  
One time...of air.  
Yet, echoes rebound...fade against reality's cliffs...going up  
Into clouds, or crushed by the Ancients' feet.  
We did not walk ancient hills, sit by the Ancients' fires,  
Gnarl meat offered us.

Why know we the Four Directions? We know words.  
Do we know their meanings...  
Or, as travelers, do we hand tokens with words of dust?  
Pay all with dust...  
Finally, justify offerings we need with dust?

In the morning, bright, promising, we sit by one river...  
Knowing the banks are clay of words...settled there, then  
Ripped out to flow...new meanings, all we'll never take back.  
We do try to take words back...their dust sifts and falls  
Through our fingers, mind, mouths.  
Dust falls up, down, never the same place twice.  
Dust falls.  
Dust calls.

### Part 3

What say you to 'House Lights...Part 3' poem?  
'Director is calling us! Together!  
You can't audition for my part. Why together? '

'Stage whispers carry far, you two.  
On stage now...read your lines.'  
'We have no script! How...'  
'You've had this script. Lifetime of lines,  
Pauses, exits, entrances, laughter, tears...  
Begin again.  
Again.'

Gazing. One smiled. One frowned.  
Smile of frowns. Frowned smiles.  
The same.

'Perhaps ad-lib would do? '  
'Truth, reality, lies. The same...  
Now.'  
'I don't need this! Thank you!  
Goodbye and thank you! '  
And, in turning, found no exit.  
The doorkeeper, smiling.

'What are the last lines, words, of your

Script? '

'I don't know...! '

'That must suffice.'

The Director sat. Theater dark...

'What are your last words, Director? ' Anger.

'You passed. Correct words. Spoken.

Someone sweep this dust

Off the stage!

The next to audition is....'

elysabeth faslund



# The Poets

Is a peek all we get of the Beginning...  
Is that 'away-time' kept...beguiled  
In the Hills Of Changelings...  
I will foster that child...

The Neverling...in the Now of Prescience.  
This peek of tarns, barrows, wights  
That fought ancient gods into being,  
Tantalizing feast for new children

Born ever as Changelings, all...  
Be the sunrise that begets fostering of  
Beauty, to see Elves in the Clearing...  
Bright, shimmering Light flowing into

Souls of Poets...all.

elysabeth faslund

# The Postman Delivers Morning

Fingers of Dawn are  
Covered by Night's sleeves...  
Windows open wide,  
An arm reaches in...

With cool winds boxed,  
And colors wrapped, in a  
Good Morning package  
Of sky proportions...

Postage Due....I pay with  
The Moon. Point the Postman  
To the stars...'I don't have  
Change for those, ' takes

Morning back and trundles  
Off in his blinking firefly wagon.  
Night returns, free of charge,  
Croons sleep on my lids...

Morning disappears around  
The bend, singing, laughing.  
I am left with Darkness again.  
Stodgy, sticky, Darkness.

Coffee pot begins to 'beep',  
Call to battle sounding...  
Army of two, me and the brew,  
But Morning's been taken

Hours away. Do I pursue this  
Morning in Night? With nothing  
Of armor but a coffee cup?  
Caffeine will not retreat, turn

Traitor...will it have the Magic  
Of spelling Morning's Postman  
To return? Unknown. The Moon  
Knows, and stars. Only silence.

Left with alliances of that  
Bridge, wicked in itself. All  
I need do, is start the car...  
Morning's Postman will

Follow me.

Good Morning! Good Morning!  
Ya'llses!

elysabeth faslund

# The Reason For Achilles Death

And when fire bred no breath within him,  
did he inculcate innocuities...his being?

He had tred intrepid cities' tears underfoot,  
while gods forged, in tandem, stronger plate

For his head, chest...deemed unnecessary by  
miscreant mortal within, misbegotten in Time.

Achilles dealt his brother's valor a trifle,  
bauble, for value.

In turn, Achilles brother knew that weak link,  
gods' foolishness. Awarded his great brother

Syncopation of laughter, and revenge...  
Silence.

elysabeth faslund

# The Rose

The evening sky a pale rose  
ripening into deep claret  
pouring across the horizon

As the horizon deepens  
burgundy velvet  
caresses your skin  
as pale rose scent  
fills an empty room

Lovliness does not hide  
stides forth, brazen  
with song, with answers  
from lands unknown

Once Pangea  
why division  
winds bear petals  
across this ocean

The rose knows  
a home

elysabeth faslund

# The Seven Sisters And One Old Woman

Watchers of the skies, tonight, as always.  
'Yes. Yes, pet, waters are troubled with  
lilies. No wind...no sun. Lavender blooms.  
Always these days in August. Quiet beauty.

She knew watchers, as herself.

'We will sit on the rocker. Cooler,  
on the porch. This perch a treat.  
Come, eat. Was easily caught.  
Twilight curls fingers through air.

Nothing but the sky, moves tonight.'

Lifting ages' wrinkles, she peered up,  
past cypress tops, to black beyond.  
'They will come, pet. Wait with me.'  
The cat pawed silver streaks on wood.

'No, pet, not those. Those. In the sky.

The Seven Sisters dance seven nights.  
First of stars on cave walls. First stars  
in all history, captured. Before the moon.  
What magic spells their August dance? '

The cat pawed her dangling hand.  
The cat curled on her lap.  
The old woman's eyes, unblinking.  
Shadow-watching the dance above.

As dawn crept, the cat looked back.  
The old woman, in her rocker,  
eyes open...  
to stars gone.

elysabeth faslund

# The Shaman's Last Painting\*

1.

One more deep moon arose through a breeze-wreathed twilight.  
It loomed against the ancient, procrastinating Relic...  
Advanced, regained it's throne...  
Dissipating the sun in a silent gasp...the last scraps strangled  
In shadow-penance.

Dark, swirling waters grappled the sand...scrabbled for shiny,  
Scurrying things...  
Crawled beside jutting cliffs to etch one more tiny scratch.  
Wind-scythed waves tumbled down on moon-rimmed hollows...  
Fanned into foam and hurried on.

2.

One footprint on rippled sand...the walker stopped to listen,  
Recoiling from the stillness.  
He left the waters' scattered bones, slipping softly into  
Cliff shadow.  
There was something of death about the water tonight.  
Not yet, not yet...at least not here, now. He turned.

Gulls clumped together again...stilt-pranced where he had stood...  
Eyed his movements, snapped a crab, and scruffled for the shell.  
Their cries wailed through the dunes, scaled the precipice where  
He stood.

He scowled at the waves...crests shivered like his fear.  
They seethed, crawling into his footprints...revealing them  
As never-been  
He watched the sea...felt it's tenacled groping...  
Summoned Spirit for the Journey.

3.

Again the dry-tongued beast crouched in its brightening den,  
Stretched a paw, yawned...jaws fanged with water lust.  
It slinked out of it's timeless, worn hole and mounted it's rage

On the dew...licking morning dry.

Flame smutted the chiselled-smooth stone...fire almost out,  
Barely tracing the painted figures in gold.

Many animals wove their magic into the wall. Years of hunts  
Twined the ledges.

Skulls leered from rock shelves...he felt the eyeless sockets  
Appraising, waiting, as he painted...

One more...painting.

One more line.

Torch flickering...

The shaman

Was dying.

elysabeth faslund



# The Sleep Of Roses

I will sleep now.  
Let petals fall  
Beyond Infinity.  
Timelessness will

Become prettier.

Sleep through the  
Eight-Fold Path  
Evolving into  
One

Mirrored Hall...  
Dancing rose  
Petals welcoming  
The sleeping to wake,

To dance with  
An 'old-spirit'  
Of roses.

elysabeth faslund

# The Story Of Mermaids

Night plays winds winding, shimmying  
Like thoughts

Thinking too much. This roar, rush,  
Trees bent

Crying down.  
Mermaids' twilight- misted warning:

Water Passage! Seaweed grasps  
Senuous scales

To sea, winding, shimmering  
Under Nights

Warning glow: enough fantasy...  
Images seductive.

Once, you were chosen for Land.  
No more.

Go.

elysabeth faslund

# The Swan Maiden...Mateless...Dances

Lullaby softly, hands clapping, rings jingling  
Watching eyes' tantamount glance  
Falling softly, two shoes dancing, circling,  
Swirling whirlpool down,  
Down softly, partners parted...

Shout Hallelujah!  
Let's hear it, Jeremiah!  
Ezekial four-face, telling on Time, selling Time  
Past sunsets cloud-banked sunrise,

Shout Hallelujah! !  
To shore, belly Jonah! !  
One more hour...  
Lullaby soft...

Cuddle quietly papered Time, wrapped names  
Swirling whirlpool down,  
Down ever whispering  
One more hour...  
Baby-song soft.

Witness Judas...  
Silver silencing  
One more hour...  
Lullaby, lullaby...  
Chained sunrise  
Whispers hallelujah....

elysabeth faslund

# The Woman From Time

Nuit drove her one-horse chariot down jungle paths.  
Blue-sheen black hair. River-green eyes  
Saw...things. Flying wings. Fire. Dying in the sky.  
Nuit. Silent. Sheep herders avoided those eyes.  
Nuit. Content. Palace maids laughed with her.

Slanted light. Gems bottoming silken streams.  
Nuit stopped. Washed sweat from clothes. Sun.  
Rock-dried. Sun. Vision of sand drizzling thru fingers.

Clean, white ermine fur. Mountain gift. Oceans North, West?  
Nuit's father disapproved. Visions, This daughter, his vision.  
'Father, what sand? Not on beaches. Oceans...'  
'None. I don't know. Cooks are angry...daughter is back late.'  
'Who isn't angry, Father? ' Nuit read faces, hands...

In time, Nuit aged, bore 3 sons, a daughter. Sent  
Her father to the mountain burial cave. Ruled his empire.  
Joined him, all her family, years later.  
Last words...'Fire wings. Sands.'

The archeologist mopped forehead sweat with his cap.  
A digger came running. Piece of wood held up.  
'Forest? Trees? '  
'None. Not here, man. Cook is angry. Eat now.  
We fly out tomorrow.'

The digger looked at the sand dunes. Wood. Mumbled,  
'From traders, maybe. Crossing  
This  
Sahara Desert.'

elysabeth faslund

# The Wonderful Sea

Said merry ole Jane  
With a blade through  
Her heart, 'Ya seafarin'  
Days are over! '

Said bonny old Tom  
With a wink in his eye,  
'I'd roll you up in clover! '  
To which she replied,

Dry-eyed as could be,  
'Told ya, ya seafarin  
Days were over! Now  
Rolls there will be...

Not remember  
The sea...you'll toss,  
You'll turn, tumble about.  
Your 'tacking' the 'winds'

Will be me. Here I am,  
With many a sail...roll  
Me up, roll me down,  
In me lace gown...

Now... regret your sea.'

Said bonny old Tom,  
'Woman, very well said.  
But, my journeys last  
Six months at a time! '

Said Jane, 'Of course  
I know! You'll be rollin  
In bed. And your  
Blasted ship

Will be mine.'

elysabeth faslund

# There Were No Flocks On The Hills

There were cold, lonely shepherds...  
There were those men who had to  
Keep their families fed...  
It was not sheep....

The sheep abided in the towns...  
The sheep abided by Roman Law...

Then a Lamb was born...in a manger...  
As all lambs do, that can survive...  
In warmth, in nurturing, in caring...  
This is the way that the Lamb of God

Survived...

elysabeth faslund

## They Are Lurking...(Humor)

Forget the trees, history books...  
Remember those dumb, wide-eyed looks...  
And actions from more than a few  
Of those you thought you damned-well knew:

My dentist, the gentlest of men on Earth,  
Full of laughter, joking, barrel of mirth...  
Wielded instruments like scythes and rakes.  
Crinkled eyes became slitted, like snakes.

The supermarket stockboy, always nice...  
When asked about broccoli, only twice...  
Pointed in the vicinity of Cuba.  
I got him back. I found them in Aruba.

From the Garbage Management's cheery sot:  
'On the curb! By four thirty a.m.! On the dot! '  
How many animals got at it...tore?  
Two mornings later...the garbage truck roars.

Been buying from a store since 20 A.D.  
Then, identification they have to see.  
'I left my dossier in my damned car  
With the money...I'll be buying at a bar! '

So, with cue stick and break,  
Was feeling pretty smug.  
Bought a round for my friends...  
'You want a deposit on the mugs! ? '

Some days, you don't win...  
Some are just fate.  
Don't sweat the small stuff...  
Stay home. Bake a cake.

Cake? Another sad-ass story...

elysabeth faslund



# Time Journals: 1

Cold little driplets...  
Minnows darting, finning  
Quick, turn, quick-  
Tickle, hop, shallow-  
Stomp squishy sand  
Between toes.

Tip-top waves breaking on  
Knees, shoving back  
To when Daddy hooked  
His finger into your  
Waistband and said,  
'Whoa, little minnow.  
Too deep, little girl.  
Wait a few years.'

Then he'd dive out of  
Sight...a hand shoving,  
Throwing you high out  
The water.

Giggling, squealing, splash!  
And Daddy made sure  
You always floated...to see  
The sky.

elysabeth faslund

# Time Photographed

Grandma at nineteen...one  
Curl gracing her big,  
Brown eyes...  
Brown hair up in a bun,  
Wisps hanging down.

High, frilly collar around  
Her long, alabaster neck...  
Prominant, Cherokee cheekbones.  
Such a faraway gaze...

Was it to the Past...  
Or to Louis, her future?  
Handlebar moustache he wore.  
Blonde hair, thin nose.

Is today nostalgic...  
Or, do I just have Time?

elysabeth faslund

# To Be Back Home

Green shores. Green round bends horizoned  
Up...up...far time pillars.

Salt. Fresh...

I am

Home.

Red tides wash, wish, creep silent. Creep

Crashing. Angry red eyes gaze at

Snap! shut claws on...nothing. Air. Salt.

Fresh...

I am

Home.

Storms impotent...I leave Ancestor paths...

Follow Ancestor ways.

Stroke River Mares' manes...they cannot

Forsake rivers.

I call green shores to them. For...

I am

Home.

How many smiling lips' lies...promises'

Twisted, frenzied dust mockeries

Battered through...tested, tested. Tested.

In the morning, I rose up Shining...prints

Gone...invisible whirlings millions of years

Defeated.

Petals in the air. Petals dewed delicate...as I,

Reaching,

Touch one

Flower...

Beyond years...

Fresh. Sweet.

And, in reaching down,

Tears combine dew

Into rain

Of a beating

Heart.

I am  
Home.

elysabeth faslund

# To Jim Hogg...My First Friend Here

Fitting to write this today...  
Rain falls loudly.  
Skies dark.  
I grieve.

To my first friend here...  
You guided me,  
Answered my questions,  
You were always  
On my side  
With encouragement,  
Many kind words.  
Always optimistic.  
Always your marvelous  
Sense of humor...  
Your guidance  
Kept me on course,  
To become a better  
Writer...

To my first friend here...  
Who helped me make  
A path through the  
Dark...  
Light will always shine  
For you...  
My certainty  
On that...

For my first friend here...

elysabeth faslund

# Tribute To Dr. Glenn Swetman

'Every time I cried,  
Then laughed at things  
Thought inane...  
Patiently, a gravelly voice

'Would assure me, the words  
Were quite insane...  
Then explain them semantically,  
Linguistically emphatically...

'How all fell to Higher Order,  
No need a comma, not a  
Capital...all questions  
Laid to rest...

'Leaving today,8-29-08,  
With awaited Manuscript,  
A broken heart, a plea 'let's  
Do it all again'...

'Dr. Swetman, into this morning,  
Worked, corrected, worked...  
All I can do is leave...  
My heart in Biloxi...

'Arguing thin-ice points of  
Structure...knowing this  
Manuscript is his Crowning  
Achievement....'

elysabeth faslund

# Tribute To My Friends

When we meet again, I shall call you friend.  
Among storms' clouds...only sunshine's shrouds  
of the moment.

Past all that is left of the last planet...  
Within the abyss, where fins the strange...

When we know each the other as shadow,  
Will be time to laugh at life's rhyme...  
The ending couplet depending on resolution  
Into reality of friendship's treaties

Within the time we have...now.

elysabeth faslund

# Truth Can Be A Boring Neccessity For Poets

The aim of the poet, this frivolous  
Foggy drip morn...  
Is not to in-line 'untruths' in poems...  
Not 'lies' like we know,  
Rather, knowledge of where/what  
We've been, seen, heard...in poetry.

For the Raven beomes white,  
Which well may be.  
But, we must 'see' this  
Raven shading new color...  
Wonder, mystical.

The Great Father knows poet-shamans  
Well...the Tricksters, Shapechangers...  
The Great Father smiles...  
Poets laugh lines...  
True!

elysabeth faslund



# Tutankhamon And Meryet-Re: The Entombment\*

Should I come for you when night has fallen...  
Shall I call your name when twilight descends...  
Will temple bells hold you as dusk deepens...  
Will the Royal Priestesses be with you when I come...

Will your eyes remember me when night has fallen...  
Will your hair still be scented with perfume...  
Should my steps be whisper-soft on the stone...  
Shall your annointed heart still be mine...

Do you wish to meet the Lord of the Westeners...  
Do you, my beloved, find peace in the House of Gold...  
Was the Double Crown too heavy for my joy in life...  
Was the Nile cold when they washed and prepared you...

Many tears of the gods have been shed for you...  
Many Great Ones will still your sorrow. And mine...  
Would you exchange one palace for another...  
Would you have a goddess escort you to the valley...

Your favorite mirror and khol will forever be with you...  
Your beloved cat will live as you wished, my heart...  
There will be dancers and flowers and musicians...  
There can be no other to replace you in the Two Lands...

You shall be as the sun and arise in the morning...  
You shall be a goddess...

I place my ring on your sarcophagus for Eternity.

Published in Chandrabagha. Cuttack, Orissa, India.

elysabeth faslund

# Uh, Readers...Are You There?

I'd love to submit a poem....  
Hell, I'd like to SEE a poem....  
But the Skypes have arrived...  
And on poems they thrive....

A Skype a Day Keeps Poetry Away! ! ! ! !

Hello Google Syndication...how nice to see your newest advertising

Aggravation! ! ! ! ! !

elysabeth faslund

# Unicorn's Magic

You crept, soundless, into a virginal twilight...

Listening.

Stopping by Eternity.

Listening...

You heard leaves of the First Oak tic-tacking

Forever winds into breezes....

Light as your laughter...squint-eyed, teeth gleaming...

Searching. Searching.

Why waste the search? Scorch unformed dew to

Crisp grasses brown in Time's Hall...

Did you dry tears of the Unicorn

When breaking its Horn?

Once, by its Tip...twice, near its Head.

Think you separated the Unicorn from magic?

Did you bother looking into

Its Eyes?

elysabeth faslund

## Venus...Haiku

Venus. Love Goddess?  
Sulphuric acid romance...  
Molten lava heart.

Note: While this might  
be a 'love' Haiku, it is also  
the acid clouds and close-  
to-mantle surface of the  
planet.

elysabeth faslund

# Verdict: Life Sentence Of Memories

Verdict in, Judge slammed gavel.  
Spectators hushed...silent.  
'What crime? What crime? '  
The prisoner whined, 'I never knew! '  
Judge said, 'HA! At least that's true! '

'Manipulation! First degree!  
Disrespected all women.  
Charmed their dreams, dealt like toys.  
No jail for you...should be pleased!  
I sentence you to memories! '

The callous lug was led away,  
Struggling tooth and nail.  
'I'll change! I'll change! ' Actual tears!  
Jury, then, stood as one.  
'You couldn't in a million years.'

Players of the field,  
Remember well this write.  
Toss, turn. Burn and learn.  
Memories rule the Night.

elysabeth faslund

# Viking Burials?

Ages of sailing ships.  
Flamed kings'  
Swords clutched.  
Brunhilde...  
A memory.

Fire meets water.  
Wood greets gentle  
Waves.  
Woven, woolen sails  
Topple

Archeologists' theories.

Thor does not hammer  
A useless Loki.  
But, there in fiords'  
Mists,  
Lokis laughter  
Wakens  
The Phoenix

Once more  
Timeless  
More.

elysabeth faslund

# Vote Crashers Are Human? Trash

Tsk, Tsk!

Jealousy, jealousy....

You're trash...

Pure and simple...

And....

Which finger am

I holding up?

You'll never be

As good as

Me.

Everybody knows that.

Everybody.

elysabeth faslund

# Vows

I will see you in Nepal, perhaps.  
Singapore, Cairo, Katmandu.

But never again you,  
Amongst the chickens  
In the backyard  
Shadows.

elysabeth faslund



# Waiting For The Dance

Waiting for the storm.  
Tornado warning.  
Tornado alarm.

Mariah sleeps now.  
Cloud-comforter nestled.  
Tip-toe silence  
Through the trees...

Baby's breath on  
The highest leaves.

Mariah's gown waits  
For her awakening...  
She will slip it on,  
Then trance-dance...

Twisting, whirling  
Down from the sky...  
Marrying the Earth  
With capricious lies.

Still. Too quiet.  
Nothing moves.  
I wait for the dance.  
Mariah slowly wakens.

elysabeth faslund

# Walking

Every year, bout  
This time of day,  
On New Year's  
Eve....

He'd make his  
Slow way round  
The park, rain, or  
Snow...

Each year I watched,  
Steps gettin slower,  
More careful, breaks  
For breaths...

One day, I went out  
To him, smiled,  
Said, 'Why do you  
Walk nine

Times around this  
Park, every New Year's  
Eve? Can I help you  
With something? '

'Little lady, I was born  
In aught 9, so every  
Year, nine times. Only  
Got one walk left.'

And, you know what I  
Know. When the old  
Get a notion in their  
Head....

Seems like walking  
Kept him walking...  
Nine times round  
That park...

elysabeth faslund

# Walking In Sunshine...Are You Watching Me Now?

I'm walking on Sunshine!  
Today!  
Easy, soft steps of walking  
In Joy!

Reveries of gratitude for all I've  
Been given. No black cows on fields of snow!  
Blighting eyes to Purity. White landscape  
Dreaming down the lanes of today, tomorrow.

I'll be there when you need peace of mind, heart.  
Easy as calling my name...I'll be there.  
Do not ask how, or why, I do this Dance  
In Light. Only watch my steps. Then dance Light!

In nightmares, she screamed, alone.  
In nightmares, she met the enemy.  
In nightmares, she destroyed demons

Of black cows  
On White snow.

'Watch closely now....  
I'm the Master Magician  
To help you escape  
From the lies you've  
Been told.

Are you watching me...now? '

\*Thanks to Barbara Streisand's song in 'A Star Is Born'

elysabeth faslund

# Walking The Rainbow

I put one foot down lightly,  
Walk from blue to yellow,  
Admire gold glittering,  
Shimmering  
Trees into wizards'  
Spells...

Did I not walk this way  
Before?  
Step from gold to red...  
Hold the light of stars  
Speeding  
Away from the Earth?

Come back! Oh, please  
Come back!  
But, set on their way...  
Never back.  
I step from red to  
Purple,  
The color of royalty

In ancient Tyre. A king.  
A queen.  
Did I wear the Purple,  
Or was I a beggar in  
The streets...  
From purple back to  
Blue.

Did I see that Mayan  
Blue?  
Know how it was mixed?  
Or, was I sacrificed  
At dawn, while Quetzals  
Flew  
In beauty?

A while on the Rainbow...

Gazing, dreaming,  
Desiring...  
Ah, it was ever so...  
All I ever wanted was  
A place in  
The sun...

elysabeth faslund

# Was It Always Laudamus Te?

The bitter cold, the sweeping winds  
Off the Tels...what did our fathers'  
Have to teach us...  
Beware of the hungry...not the meek,

Or cold.

Father. Do you hear me. Do you still  
Have mortal ears...tell me what I  
Spoke, that was not in Heaven's ear...  
Father. Have you forgiven me....for  
I have not forgiven you...and, cannot.

Once, there was a time when this could  
Have been done...but why did you  
Streak me with your blood? Why  
Let drops damn the Earth....what did

I do...what did I see...what did I feel?  
For your sake I was Mortal. For your  
Sake I was impure...tell me here and  
Now who was wrong...I am long past

Feeling anything. Except, the blood  
Of others at my feet, on my hands...  
Into an Emergency Room...for their  
Good...OH GOD! ! Not mine....

Too late...much too late for  
Me.

elysabeth faslund

# Watching Wrens On Sunday Afternoon

Sunlit rain drips Spring  
With diamonds'  
Fire...

Unstoppable desire for  
Greenery, in  
Jeweled panes...

The wrens. Their nest...  
Dead twigs...  
Supporting Life,

Then empty.

Til rain fires return  
Window panes' diamonds.

Til months return tiny life  
To dead twigs.

elysabeth faslund



# Way Of Angels

In a bottomless  
Pit, she walks the Path of Light.  
Dreaming, turns again.

elysabeth faslund

# We Are Stars' Diamonds

Flowers bloom adversities of sun, storm,  
into soothing complexities of 'now',  
nurturing theologies' mythology colors...  
Earthwise teaching unknown.  
Each their own timeplace plexity.  
As us, carbon-based lifeforms,  
comet-borne, born, compressed  
as flower petals between infinity's  
pages, stratified beauty...  
erupting skyward, from whence  
we came, as flowers of the stars.

We, earth's tempests, are  
rough diamonds...  
polished by time, faceted  
with the twinklings  
of Night.

elysabeth faslund

## Well, What About Moons? ....Know About Pluto?

Oh, would you like to swing on a  
Star...  
And think you're better off than you  
Are...

For Pluto had verily been  
Voted...  
Decibels of applause! Been  
Demoted...

By Lords of Astronomica!  
(Maybe even Demon-ica)  
Truly, it was irony-ca...  
Maybe a bit neurotica...

How could Charon still be  
A moon...  
Of a planet not a planet?  
Sung to the tune...

What the Hell.....?

elysabeth faslund

# What A Day For A Nightmare...Or Sword

Lord Sauron had a problem.  
And, it wasn't with a Hobbit.  
His latest girlfriend's name  
Was Lorena Bobbitt.

Now, Aragorn was terrified.  
Gandalf wasn't much better.  
The Orcs and Trolls were horrified,  
Cause ole Lorena wore that Ring!

What have we here? It's Frodo!  
Sword, and Sam, to save the day!  
Frodo's sword got that Ring, alright!  
Turnabout's fair play....!

elysabeth faslund

# What A Fun Park Rollercoaster!

Stand tall. Stand true.  
From the years your  
Mother cut your hair...  
You didn't want her to,  
She knew...  
All the while...

To the day you put your  
New teeth in  
That glass...

What mountains you  
Fell from...  
Climbed topside with  
A few...

Surviving the Rollercoaster...  
You stood tall.  
You stood true.

elysabeth faslund

# What Could Have Been At The Newtown Shootings

-----...

Place: morning before the shooting

Place: student's home

Reason: to present a different position on the NRA, from the current one around

-----...

Child-'Dad, finished the oatmeal. Time for school.'

Dad-'Good for you! '

Child-'But I really don't want to go. There's a man hanging round the school'

Dad-'What is he doing that makes you afraid? '

Child-'Drawing maps. Writing stuff. He comes inside sometimes.

Dad-'When is he there? '

Child-'All the time...now.'

Dad-'Would you like me to walk you there? '

Child-'Well, since you're an ex-Marine, why don't you bring your gun in the safe? '  
,

Dad-'That bad, huh? '

Child-'Dunno. Just makes me feel weird.

Dad always took his daughter seriously.

The wildest tales always held truth.

Getting his handgun from the safe, safety on,  
he took his daughter's hand,  
and they walked to Newton that morning.

There he was, like his daughter said.

Scroungy looking sort. But he wasn't drawing today.

Had a duffle bag at his feet. Kept looking at it.

Dad clicked the safety off.

And when the man got the rifle out, aiming,

Dad put one clean shot through his head.

elysabeth faslund

# What I Gave The Waves... In Return

A beach of a Morning...  
Hard, packed sand  
From last night's rain...  
Gull wanting a cracker.

And, the Mother overseas  
All...foam waves leaving  
Stories from Montezuma,  
Sunken ships of empires.

The sand speckled  
Driftwood is packed.  
Cup of sand hoarded.  
Towel shook soundly.

Back to today, back  
To air conditioning...  
Back to papers...  
Not really seen, felt.

Sight, left with the  
Heart, will always

Remain.

elysabeth faslund

# What Memories, Lazarus?

From the Light  
To the fire...  
From the fire  
To the Light...  
What did you  
Bring back to  
Share  
With loved ones,  
Lazarus...

What memories,  
And what bonds  
Did you break  
To re-enter  
Life...  
What memories  
Did you never,  
Ever speak  
About...  
Can you tell us?  
Should you  
Tell us?

elysabeth faslund



# What Rose

Smelled so sweet, for so far distances,  
That it made crevices in the soul?

What rose arced the sky with brightness,  
Lightning bowed to beauty?

And, not my soul, not my spirit, with you  
Went the arcs...but, my heart,

Tearing apart the sky with need,  
Want, warmth...that my roses made

Mountains of the crevices?

elysabeth faslund

# What The Stars Gave Us

Too high tonight...  
My telescope never  
Brought them within  
Reach....

Why should I wish to  
Reach out...  
And, with one  
Tiny finger,

Give them a gift of  
The Earth...?  
How silly of me on  
This Night....

This Earth was their  
Gift...  
To us.

elysabeth faslund

# What Think You Of 'Night Poem'?

Awe, in each one's delight  
Of a night...not eternal, but  
Bright. Not full moon, but  
Soon...glow follows your

Souls in sleep...just sleep.  
And in the coming dawn,  
When lashed eyes open,  
Follow the paths, that

Were set for you long ago  
In Time, with Time....you  
Have nothing to fear with  
Time on your side....

Now sleep...just sleep.  
Know that your guardians  
Will always be with you...  
As I, wishing you this.

And stars say, 'We've been  
Waiting for you...  
For you have always  
Been...

One of us.

elysabeth faslund

## What's Not To Love? ? ?

You hang wet clothes on the clothesline  
...puppy is gauging the jump distance  
Naw, clothesline is WAY too high  
...why ask about the next morning?  
Puppy is sleeping on your silk negligee  
...and that's because she loves you!  
You are gauging the amount of ass-whip  
...and that's because you love...

Not going there...

elysabeth faslund

# When The Angels Came For Me

I said, 'Wait a minute!  
I have to get...'  
'Not anything you'll need.'  
I said, 'You wanna bet? '

Got my pool stick  
From the corner.  
'Dad owes me a game!  
He's such a goner!

Eight ball in the side  
And beer's on the house! '

elysabeth faslund

# When The Rock Came To Jerusalem

Tell me you were there. Tell me you were sitting on that rock....

Tell me, Messiah.

Quote me the words John and James spoke to you...

Tell me, Messiah.

Tell me the words you spoke to them.....what of  
Mark...what of Luke....?

Tell me, Messiah.

What was the Rock, Messiah? , did you build it?

What did you build it of...can you, should you

Tell nothing but me.....

For, I am nothing, except for Mark and Luke...should I

Deny them too? Did you?

I do not know....

And, in not knowing have my answer....

The Mystery of the Ages.

elysabeth faslund

# When You Least Expect It

Knock-kneed Nell had stories to tell  
About all the sights she'd seen.  
That sexy sway began her day....  
Thinking how things could have been.

'I'll not condone a herringbone  
For the price you want to pay!  
Be off down the alley, old fool!  
But, one man decided to stay.

Nell clawed like a cat, hissed, and spat.  
The man stood his ground, and laughed.  
'We'll take this to the marriage vows!  
Clean my house, and cook my food!

In the marriage bed you can sass! '

elysabeth faslund

# Where Is My Home?

Didn't I tell you there wouldn't  
Be any way  
For me to go home  
This Christmas Day...

Home was in crystal, windows  
Celesty...colors all bright...  
Chandeliers glittering,  
I have to take a breath...

Memories in color...  
Tears in faded grey...  
I want my home...  
The colors?

My home...what cost....

elysabeth faslund



# Why Do The Petals Fall

If I never wrote a poem again...  
Would I have lost an audience,  
Or just a friend....

Friends count millions,  
Audience, a few....  
You be the judge...  
Your comments are true...

Make them truth...  
Make them lies...  
Audience? HA!  
Friends do not

Disguise.  
No intrigue.  
No mystery.  
Once 'Paraclete'

'Paraclete'  
No more.

Petals fall.

elysabeth faslund

# Winter's Maid

Maids of Spring, Summer, Fall...  
Sleeping, tucked cozy under bowers.  
Dreaming, waiting awakening.  
The fourth sister, Winter's Maid

Treads on barefeet, daintily, laughing.  
Ah, she is a pretty thing, palest of hair,  
Skin...tinsel-colored eyes...  
A touch...last color from leaves, fades,

Trunks greyer, air chillier, grasses brown.  
Squirrels flick tails in warning. She smiles.  
With one foot, she tosses leaves aside, a bare  
Patch of ground. What's this? Looking around,

She takes things from her robe's pockets...  
Sprinkles them on the ground. Covers  
These with leaves. Laughs...knows  
Her sister, Spring's Maid, always thought

It was she...never  
Winter's Maid.

elysabeth faslund

# Worlds We Used To Know

Twilight tangles dawn imperceptibly  
As dawn dances light beams through all twilights.  
No complete Light...as no complete Darkness.  
We should be aware of these magical

'Now you see me...' now you evermore will.  
We grant the Sun always shines. How long, far?  
How many universes we don't know...  
Sense, perceive? Yet, lowly goldenrods know,

Sea creatures, land beasts...ancient-ago, now.  
When lost we our magicians' robes, Shaman  
Staffs, Eagle-visioned sight, and prescience?  
Did we trade cities for truth, clothes for eyes?

We relish tables' overflowing treats...  
While dawned twilight worlds giggle with laughter.

elysabeth faslund

# Worlds We Used To Know....Sonnet

Twilight tangles dawn imperceptibly  
As dawn dances light beams through all twilights.  
No complete Light...as no complete Darkness.  
We should be aware of these magical

'Now you see me...' now you evermore will.  
We grant the Sun always shines. How long, far?  
How many universes we don't know...  
Sense, perceive? Yet, lowly goldenrods know,

Sea creatures, land beasts...ancient-ago, now.  
When lost we our magicians' robes, Shaman  
Staffs, Eagle-visioned sight, and prescience?  
Did we trade cities for truth, clothes for eyes?

We relish tables' overflowing treats...  
While dawned twilight worlds giggle with laughter.

elysabeth faslund

# Ya Think Ya Know? Tell Me.....

Continents went BUMP!  
Mankind did a JUMP!  
Merry-go-round,  
Merry-go-round,  
What's your final  
Destination?

elysabeth faslund

# Yahoo's Destruction

.

Pearls and bones making their way  
to histrionic embattled days...  
Ermine nights, crystal-dark halls  
leading to Ophelia, Lady MacBeth,  
dead, but not.

Charles, Phillip, how many dungeons  
with mangled, chained Edwards- -  
butterfly monarchs delicate passages.  
Demanding Jefferson's return.

Freedom of rights. Rights of Freedom.  
In azure seas of leisure.  
Which coast failed, returned dying?

History repels, history compels, what  
rights does history have  
to adamantly coerce  
pearls and bones?  
Lessons for the struggling lost?  
One beggar announced sacrosanct  
embittered phrases, admonishing.

Our hands are rankly garroted.  
Surmise a simpler course to amend  
outrageous, felonius harbingers of  
theft.

What writers we could have been.

.

elysabeth faslund

# You Ain'T Gettin Jack!

You wanted my heart, soul  
On Layaway...  
That ain't gonna get  
Jack.  
You can't afford the full  
Price of Love?  
You ain't gonna get little  
By little...Jack!  
And, uh, just a thought...  
How many other Layaways  
Are you checking on...?  
Mr. Jack be Nimble,  
Mr. Jack be Quick,  
Fixin to get your ass  
Singed  
By Love's flaming  
Candlestick...  
Don't knock, knock, knock...  
Cause I'm gone, gone, gone.

elysabeth faslund