

Poems for All Seasons
By Jeremy Ross

Morning

The ebullient empty white and washed
Vast opening bright curtailed the perimeter
Now gesturing yet metallic
Thin gleaming wind of daylights caress
Sounding Penelope of gargantuan limbs
The alabaster coin thrown from the car
Leaves upon leaves golden and orange
Tumble down the lioness bank
My ponderings and gate slow as I
Approach the knell and jump the hedge
Sarcastic voices greet even an arabesque thought
Cleave hoofs mock the pentameter beat
Bright green grass carpets the scene yet telltale
Signs of gray sidewalks wind ever so long and endless
A spiral reaching to the sea where I find you
Naked and floating in glistening sunlight now
Kissing the rooftops your lower lip dragging
Ever so gently over the clouds and your
Voice melodic like so many songs the
Ever present wisp of persimmon hectares
Coiled round your taught body cooled by
The breeze from the shore and the sand
That even the peddlers from ancient stores
Can't distract or align to their purposes.

Afternoon

The tin-can flip flop clock toned NOON!
The aeroplanes buzzed the city
Calm restored to the open restive meadows
Ten burdgening carts crept upwards toward the tower
That old salt McCorkle ambled along
Nearby, the vast red sea washed its ancient bones
And the coakus chorus sang its bleeding
Cacophony of spear headed epiphany
More time was needed to unroll the tablecloths
The festive foods were served piping hot
Even the small rectangular openings danced with abandon
And the noisy crick a crick sounds of the tram
Rocked us as we slid ever so slowly towards the waters.

Now big boats appeared dancing also
In the tunnel winds of afternoon cold
And this winter's sasousance soon enveloped us
Despite our cacoon of abundant wools.
The young girls, glorious in their laughter,
Paraded by all swoosh and swash. Their
Golden hair blew is a gentle ripple and we
Lifted our glasses and drank in the day.

Evening

Darkly the clouds descended and twirled beneath
Neon's blinking arabesque.
The breezes chilled the bone in ever present bursts
Of snow driven applause as home bound drivers
Entered the boulevards twisting and rising in a
Blizzard of anticipated warm fires now just remeberances
And hopes on the brows of those tired and weary
Scrambling like so many ants from towers of commerce
Spilled like salt on frozen ice even as, in great breaths,
Chests heaved in a gargantuan yawn heard for a
Thousand miles across the lands of bleak and
Wind swept suburbs dwindling after so many
Efforts into abandoned fields of little farms near
The city's edge having encountered in the increasing
Darkness a morsel of comfort from rambling vehicles
Now disappearing into driveways and garages while
Inside the homes lights came on, twinkling in the black
Distance of hills and vast empty ranges, indications of smoke curls
Wafting from chimneys and dinners ready the warm
Roses and leather of chairs that someone will find and the
Others, more alone than ever, gathering in the streets
Of grey and wet cement, like old newspapers strewn
On the sidewalks, blown by gales down dark tunnels of
Urban architecture, gathering in the solace of coffee and lights.