



Seasons of the Heart

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Spring's optimism

WENT far as possible for the term that pleases
Because he rose to the ultimate majesty
And the season was right with feelings of belonging
That imparted confirmation. Someone stayed
 Partially there, and charged through to heaven
Before anyone could stop the devastation.
 It was spinning, and rocked
The disbeliever to the core, and he balked
 (omitting certain exclamations)
 The fresh wind blew instantly
 And everything collapsed singing
Only to the sun alone left standing, satisfied its time was new.

Chrysanthemums crowned, peonies and a thousand blooms
One sparrow perched and it was May. The earth was shaken;
Left its death behind; the bud was elementary.

Holiday

THE flower market flourished, splendid buckets exceptional
Hardly space to promenade for all the colorful blooms
And off to tables spinning black, red, whirling
To distraction of knaves and dames come to game.
Chance and speculation, danger for the multitude
Sifting through endless nights, abysmal blue nights
Having boredom as an ultimate resonance in the end
And laid that wager down and raised his insolence
Helpless against his own ineptitude
Broken, enslaved, confessed
And down he wallows in lost innocence.

Second, wild bouquets lift the spirit
With agreement
With perspective
Bounced off the entrance where sprays abound
And then they steal like a diamond thief
Though fate drops soon
Breaking all significance.

No matter how hard

THIS used to be trepidation and after the harm, a healing.
Should have realized answers, beliefs, winds of reasoning
That came alternating to the window and in that opening a ruse
The wiles, the altercations, egos on the Steppes, bruised.

Fear nothing thanks to cleverness

And feeding like sharks they swim

Towards sandy shores.

How fighting brings laughter to the dry experience
In the every time of its forthcoming she finally sees,
Breaks with tradition, and wanders less.

Early summer

LAZED, sang, opined, dreamed 'til the earth loosed
Tomorrow flowed in its sulphuric pollen haze like today, like a day
Destined
Harsher than marble, for it is stuck on soles and trunk,
Was Georgia's flaw, like winter's nor'easters
The yellow clings to all surfaces,
Have heard the dust fall like snow
In a corner it is with wisdom
That darkness echoes its filmy blanket
Touched by toes and stupidity of movement
Making tries at eradicating the ochre soot.

Seeking refuge at Missy's door, breath acknowledges
A cleaner air
And the wood seems far; set sail on a river of purity
Past catches up and the voice of sky rains again
Though no rain penetrates in this drought
And walking through mustard streets
Urges fly away.

James on the floor

In a crowd it is placed by some to shine
 And some to second.

A thirst on approval, or reluctant background
Replete with shy demeanor, half-closed lids
And patent grin.

 Within each manner

Lies hope and fear, sweetness, loss, gain
 Imagination. They speak in tones
Like a symphony, like a child that sings to the air
And where the periphery is music, and care.

Hold back while ice melts in an empty cup.
They rage in blank gossip
In their thin perpetual ongoings of succor, and stage
 Dark conversations.

Write them down and turn them down
 For an hour
Whence comes the child's memory of things known.

Absent sound

WHAT is the prospect that a friend would yield
To hastening of a martyr in courts paved with stones
And she grovels while spring weather reaps its fulcrum?
Anita stops by and turns on music, a sort of radiance

To the early day

That passes from memory to memory and again to shine

Fluorescent in an elegant manner

That rides beyond the pale to commitment powerful
As if a gentleman would traverse the heather moors.

Don't reach

While still respected, preserve your eyes for a festival
Of gaiety and mirth and live on among these hurried rebels.

The city

THERE'S a facile way to the fabulous; now you're on—

It's fast, it's green, it's now—

Drama is a business force appropriate for lovers

As the city trains its citizens

To walk up spiral stairways, howling at the silvery moon.

Wafts of au de cologne through sidewalk gratings

As white steam mingles with its flowery, acrid smell,

Wild hogs achieve happiness in pens of dirt

And scrawny kittens kill the slippery rodent.

Return to streets where pit bulls reign

With studded collars pulled by people who domesticate.

It is a juried trial of aggression through fraudulent training.

Reconstruct the city's demeanor, allocate its gentleness

And, faced with death, there could be relevance.

Frosty java in the heat

O.K., when I woke on Friday, it was loosed from the week
 And jazz played as an iced drink soothed heat
Though wind flourished inside; the periphery stayed
Sweet, too sweet, though a palate wished it sweet.
 Impressions in the froth
Gave way to idle meanderings expressing joy
In its girth like days after an ice storm.
 Like a headache from too much chill.
 I winced the libation fluid crème
As it pounced at insides like a lion at meat
 Hollow, as the straw filled and emptied
To crush against a salivating mouth
 Hope's fruition.

Then it sunk, as getting up to release;
 A fifth round, refreshed, acknowledged
Swill, it came within a hair's breadth to rancor
Where one might savor the cold potion.
 And they rested.

Risk it

HIGH hopes on a holiday, a girl's impetuous rapture
No longer a child of wheat or sun felled faithful,
No longer mine that dances within the wilds of heroes
 All that wants, all that dreams
All that is

 And contains the seed

 Latent,

Full, brimming, overcome, thrilled
And cups lined in a row shows hesitancy of the dull.
 Flamboyant here where possibilities lie on the surface
Is more to the liking of persons bent on change.
 So change, dear idle ones
 Stuck ones, stuck to the rim of the ledge
Leap to the angels, take it all ways, and home.

Unresponsive in the window of time

BROCADE draped displacing light, and shadows fell
No one entered, no one graced the rock room,
 Though it rang and jangled
Not an answer came
 Fluid, immortal
As if it were expected to be aware of Gloria
 Who penetrates and all is life.
Not this time,
Not this blonde,
Perhaps a licorice
 Statement of her hope.
Volare, the radio blasted itself love,
Love, that madding answer to all questions.
The clerk responded gratefully as it was
His business even since the daughter had failed him
O happy day
 How can you be mislaid and yet
The Greek and Silesia wake to be forgotten.

Uptown

UPTOWN I heard someone wanting the end of kindness
Waiting for it with silver and blackened eyes.

The wall was surfaced with old patched paint
Yellowed on white, and dust collected in its corners.
That wall heard secrets embedded, forever to be silent,
Laughter that absorbed into cracked crevices, trapped
Like putty, and every kind word scraped into its face.

I heard it loud, and parted
For the concept shook to the bones

It shook the land like Mt. St. Helen's
And stones fled down its side

I cried

While horror seeped inward
Like thoughts penetrating the waiting snare.

Enduring coolness spoke not,
And a vision dressed fine and voluptuous
Graced uptown with seductive purpose,

Rivalling wall's identity, and distracting
The destructive dance

So that neither hot nor cold could serve.

The competition

A WISP of girl, country air, commitment
Shined on an irreverent complexion
And seduction lit by sterling skies and gibbous moons.
Iridescent moon glow, moon's reflection, moon's aromatic
And a ginger-eyed laughter.

I went into a burning room
Careful not to fall
The wings of Eros splayed
On a moonlit wall all silver and sauce.
Out of the waft
A doe-faced child

Came

Running
Pure and half-way finished.

Passion mingled with the moon and brought a sordid eve
For lovers counting days, for pairs in praise
Plunging them into a fiery chamber, and simmered,
Scorched a mixture to a heightened thrill
The will, the will and nothing less.

Street fair

A HUSBAND waits, but not beautifully as her
Who carries a lion heart agreeable in alabaster palms.

A husband waits while she hesitates o'er flimsy baubles
And turns a smile downward at flamboyant acts
That cause off feelings of a larger impropriety.

Walk the promenade paired
Landscapes prosper in greens and azure.
Parade Rodin's cold garden

For a glimpse of the carved voice.

I am a stranger to colors of sea-worlds
While mountains hold senses captive
So typical, the diamonds of hot Africa

So white so bright

Divinity in earth, holy dirt.

She disappeared into the gauze of her waiting;
She wallowed in his weakness.

Long house

BACK to basement stairs, a door opens
Descending
Down a victory hole
And grace round dinner with six pink-faced sons
I recall the long house, and its contents.

Skated through asphalt
A myriad-world miles from absurdity: freedom
In those old black avenues.

The long house embedded in a child's mind
For dawn erases ramblings
That sixty reconfirms.

Indulgence

Indulge me if we cannot conspire
For I, a child of the atmosphere,
Am blythe and blowy
Take care your bluster, for I writhe in it.

Stop your heavy drink
As Dionysus went home to celebrate,
As dinosaurs have extincted
Delight, for poet's song is short.

And Satan comes
Ghastly, grotesque,
Deceiving
In a stunning corpse.
Take me out of the catacombs,
Do not fly me away,

Work, steel in greenly clover.

About the Author

Alice Shapiro has published poetry in three anthologies including third prize winner in a summer nationals competition for Poetry Connoisseur. She also has had two plays produced in New York and Georgia and is winner of the Bill C. Davis Drama Award. Alice currently lives in a small town in Georgia.

Seasons of the Heart

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