

Poetry Series

Frederick Kesner
- poems -

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Frederick Kesner(28 August)

Will you come and journey with the author,
traversing time and space, imagination -
of things real or conjured in the mind
when the wattle blossoms dance in the wind,
the birdcalls and the dingo's howling....
in that hour of phrases catching, we shall
see the wonder of life itself unfolding

Reading and writing, pen and paper,
they have given the young Frederick
a passion from primary school years:
as soon as the alphabet was learnt;
the very moment he could wield a pen,
there began a continuing journey
wherein the destination is not placed
more highly than the moments spent,
the sojourns explored, in writing

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. Knocking On Your Door

stepping onto the doormat
knuckles rapping on wood
heart pounding mind racing

perhaps its like those
after school tv reruns
or those movie remakes

imagine live streaming
and podcasting in
very slow motion

loosing you and having
to remember back then
are unreachable ghosts

?0
o

Frederick Kesner

. Morning Commute

My feet throb through my shoes
after a brisk walk to the station.
I keep my ears plugged with my beats
as I find my seat at the furthest point.
Backs of heads, napes, and collars
mushroom and stare at me -
my polarised sunnies paint them bright;
Yet all I see is a tiny reflection of me.
Here in my world another day begins.
This cosmos is peopled isolation.

Frederick Kesner

. Moving On

Breathe in - aspire
breathe out - expire
my aspiration knows no expiration.

With each sunset
there be - sunrise awaits
and therein lies my expiation.

Here in a downy refuge lay,
this germinant resolve:
what I was I no longer am.

Frederick Kesner

. The Possible Dream

I remember looking up,
holding your big hand;
the moon large and bright

just like it is tonight -

we walked hand in hand
as we talked of dreams
and visiting far away lands.

I remember looking down
at my shoes, hands on my lap
as I was told to apply myself -

just hunker down;

I alone had to make my path
no talk of dreams or wishes
until the work before me is done.

I've had a certain longing;
of pinings in misty recollection,
while tomorrow held no more wonder.

If things beyond reach are like that moon;
then teach me to dream the possible dream.

Frederick Kesner

.. Cheers (Almost Haiku)

,

A stubbie glistens

in the last light of day.

promises raised high

,

Frederick Kesner

.. Farewell

grief belies this despised state
hunched upon shuffling feet
pondering the crunch of
browned leaves

grief burrows this desiccated soil
hidden beneath scurrying paws
forgetting the crush of
billowy waves

grief bruises this demented breath
hollowed out withered lips
releasing the fluttering wings
cotton-downed doves

grief bellows across horizons
herding the flock from grazing
shackling the gates
embracing the nightfall

Frederick Kesner

.. Hide Jekyll, Hyde

Part demon, part angel,
your gaze draws me nigh.
Part animal, part divine;
the celestial hosts sigh.

Doubts leak like a broken tap,
assurances cloud the sky.
Drip and dropp to fill the gap;
your balmy words can't dry.

An easel for pigments to trap;
row by row hung from a vine.
Libation pressed flesh and sap;
A bloodied cudgel rests supine.

Frederick Kesner

.. Looking Up (Almost Haiku)

,

Cane smoke traces

in the late arvo sky.

animal sketches

,

Frederick Kesner

.. Midway To Nowhere

'I was born half alive, the other half partly insane.'
she dribbles inaudibly, grinning coquettishly;

and between there is no apology.

Even the deaf can fathom underhanded effrontery.
She however, will not brandish fangs without syrup.

Frederick Kesner

.. New Life

,

my reasons have changed
transformed along with my circumstances
defined by those I have allowed into my life
shaping me
releasing me
and giving my days their tints and shades
now I to open up my jugular
and allow hatchets to fall
or portly women to sing.

,

Frederick Kesner

.. Poetry Postulate M-R-T

,

Everything is a metaphor
everything a clue;
where one and one isn't always two.
Nothing is ever disconnected
each individual reality is true.

,

Frederick Kesner

.. Present Possibilities (In Haiku Form)

,

today's a gift wrapped

waiting to be peeled open

tomorrow reveals

,

Frederick Kesner

.. Recall

,

memories
scaffold sleep's dreams

visions:
dancing with the sun

sensations
meld thought and emotion

remedy
for inevitable amnesiac

deliver
sibilant phrases
 splinter
bridge to forgetfulness.

,

Frederick Kesner

.. There Are...

There are days
that songs are stifled
or the throat hoarse and weary
No more do notes glide softly -
raking leaves strewn across
the littered lawn
their butterfly wings
hung up in the wait
for another sunny day.

There are nights
that stars squander
their luminescence
on unappreciative lovers
roaming listlessly by
a moonlit shore
their brilliant points
curl up in the hope
of another cloudless night.

There are mornings
that sizzle on the stove
that sparkle sweet tangy-ness
hands clasping across the table
reliving life's love-filled moments
the warmth of the kitchen
reflects fervent esteem
done up in various colours
for each new morning.

.magnificat

We are wise not to meddle
with the words of yon Muse
allowing them to touch us
avowed by torchlit trysts
each thought cradled in nettle
elegaic vine rows muse
such fearsome elegance behold!

Frederick Kesner

A Caterpillar Returns

,

transformations:

spinning
weaving
cocooning
enshroudedness

spelunking
abseiling
rappelling
abscondedness

protruding
eschewing
amnesic
metamorphoses

crawling once
fluttering now
prismatic radiance
duckling's cousin

,

Frederick Kesner

A Cup Runneth Over

The well has not gone dry,
less frequented maybe
by both the drawers and
the occasional passersby.

The stones are loose;
between them, mortar dissolves-
by clement or contrary
weather on seasonal cue.

The vessel is parched
and longs for its lover
by pulley once lowered
its rope frayed with disuse.

Frederick Kesner

A Feather Called Macaroni

This is about 'living life to the max; ' a smidgen of humour is required to get full enjoyment of this poem. Cheers!

Live life to the max, it's a good way to be -
methinks the first mac I may have ever encountered
is a popular fellow to kiddies, called Old Macdonald
who had a rather lively and musical farm
now follows a yummy collection of food
from baked mac to mac & cheese
mccormick spices, and a complete
range of products from mcdonalds'
golden arches: big macs to mcflurries
mchappy meals to mc nuggets
of course there was also mother's
freshly baked coconut macaroons
and grown ups sipped cups of macchiato.

As a studious scholar it was always
inevitable to meet up with other macs
such as macintosh before it was apple
and mcafee to protect your pc or macbook pro;
we had the macabre macbeth in lit class
or a map or two from rand & mc nally
the library shelves where full of books from macmillan and maccquarie
there were also poems by mckellar, filled with local colour
plus the story of machiavelli, who espoused in a new world order;
we also learnt about enormous mac trucks
flew the skies in mcdonnel douglas jets
and zipped through racecourse laps in fast maclarens
of course we are not to forget our craft class macrame.

As a freshman at uni I met up with macgill, now a lifelong friend;
on telly there was mcduff, the talking dog

mcgyver who always got out of a tight situation
armed only with his noggin & a swiss army knife
at the movies there was kevin macallister who was always home alone
marty mcfly who returned back from the future,
mcgovern who sang 'can you read my mind'
as we all dreamt of flying like superman
while maguire donned a blue & red suit
as he swung from the heights of the city's night sky;
mr mcgee was always making bruce banner very angry
and afternoon reruns featured steve mcqueen films;
later on, another mcqueen stole the piston cup scene.

This, by far, is not the whole list of all the macs of our lives;
so, in closing let us mention two more outstanding macs:
there was macarthur who led some of the greatest battles of WW2
while another macarthur pioneered Australia's wool industry;
you will agree that macs are part and parcel of daily life,
and because of this you'd find it easy to leave life to the macs.
So let us all stick a feather in our hats and call it macaroni!

,

Frederick Kesner

A Quill, Now Silent

i am but the mottled bark
of a tree once firmly rooted,
peeled from its stately trunk

and within its hollow carapace
echoes an inert drumbeat
that keeps the cadence for
a march of ornate trappings

soon and sooner still, one day
this crepuscular orphan song
resonant in its languid longing
shall surge with the rising tide

the sound of its condescension
as it strikes the earth's bosom
ascends to a now-listening sky.

Frederick Kesner

A Writer's Quest

My quest for the 'extended metaphor' is flowing into the daily beat of my typical day.

Something of my day is breathing out meaning and song - expressing and teaching me with whispers that can blare so loudly that their silence flashes blindingly with a brilliance that shadows the darkness and illumines the gentle curves of Truth.

My quest takes me on a journey where I can no longer lay back and watch the rising and setting of the sun, the moon, and yes, even the stars that crown a head filled with dreams and thoughts in that sable field that is beyond and within us....

Something of this day shall imprint itself in my soul and yell out invectives.... grabbing my shoulders and throttling my awareness.

My quest requires that I take on my gear and trek the unknown twists and turns, the uncharted horizons, and risk the possible heartache.... it compels me to be the sun, the moon, and yes, even the stars - traversing the vast expanse of universal experience....

Something in this day shall filter into my nights nagging and wailing, crooning and serenading - lifting my spirits with its rise and ebb.... and as I float on midnight blues and obsidian hues, I sense one thought forming:

My quest is yours, and the universality of human experience shall meld our separate yet mirrored conditions into a unified expression of what we vainly and clumsily perceive and call 'love'.

Frederick Kesner

Aleksander Blok

Arise, and walk along these streets,
breathe and partake of the dregs
of the mighty industrial age;
paint the colours of its appeal -

toxic fumes that light the path
to days only just imagined.

Parted lips bare wisdom,
shatter the silence that shackles;
within parched throat, sealed
sounds peal from the belfry -

tender whispers caress
each unknown orphaned heart.

Lift high the banner brave;
let the bitter winds bite
lash fierce its tattered frame,
light gapes through its holes-

release the soul's query:
How can one forgive what is forgotten?

Illumine the dim horizon;
extricate each sole from bog and mire.
Grab the morning call,
Borrow its voice if you must -

Stir up the spirit from slumber;
the darkness of night will not prevail.

、
(16 November 1880 - 7 August 1921) one of the most gifted Russian lyrical poets.

Frederick Kesner

All Souls

was it grafted interference
or was it redolent curse;
all this time, scraping moss
across unguerneyed pavers

each exercise a shocker
grating petitions scour the air;
a dragging fence-gate
badly in need of repair

on either side, stand on a lean
dripping candles and wilting flowers;
suited sentinels vacuum
a freshly emptied hearse

Frederick Kesner

And Angels Weep

Beyond the perimeter of time
A relentless voice of personal addiction
Sings of now defunct dreams.

A helping hand strums, on open hills
Stringed anthems to Elysian chords;
applauds long gone deeds.

Many forget in daily commute,
Their pursuit itself an obsession;
Destiny derailed by blind derision.

Frederick Kesner

April Fool's

shall you consider
with a glance
what ails this
wracked chest
to whisper?

may you come here
on a chance,
outside painted-
over grills
to open:

encrusted gates
await firm hands.
therein, opulent
niceties are mute,
minute breaths, plenty.

Frederick Kesner

Are You My Butterfly?

My butterfly is no longer mine,
I wonder if she ever really was;
When she alights on my shoulder
I know she wants me to hold her -
Flies off and she's mine no longer.

My butterfly so frail and fine,
I wonder if hers I ever was;
When she returns to kiss me again
I know she's more than just a friend -
Flies off and gone forever more.

,

Frederick Kesner

Arguing

I cry myself to sleep
safely atop my bed
when something terrible
is happening outside.

When did it start, this fight?
It gives me such a fright.
My hands are on my ears;
I try to stop the tears.

I turn back from the light;
It goes on through the night:
The shouting and the cursing
aggravates my shaking.

Please, dear Lord, let them stop,
Please let the issue drop.
Mum's got a lot to say,
Father won't give her way.

I don't know what to feel,
I didn't eat my meal.
I run in to my room
And leave them to their doom.

Safely within my bed
I cry myself to sleep
when something terrible
is happening outside.

Frederick Kesner

Arked Wonderment

adrift in thought
wildly waving-off
voice-violated mind
mildew-filled firmament
domed encasement
congested cacophony
paddling then waving

waving then paddling
fearsome frolic: panic!
settle little dove, alight
bud on branch sprout
promised pome of olive
drift homeward again
unseal door tightly shut

key to new life bring

Frederick Kesner

Ashleigh Rising

and out of the sombre light
a quiet entrance he makes-
a poet in whom life is not so much delight
as it is the unfolding of self amid the pain.

Frederick Kesner

Audience With Thor

my eye
is caught by a photograph

flashing the reaches
a once barren sky
crowding

my ear
records a voiceless cry

whispering brilliant streaks
fine hairs all quivering on
my skin

raindrops pelting
crystal teeth glaring
teary distances bridged

my tongue
forms a quiet reply

rasping mouthfuls
incoherent drivels
spittle on my lips

my nose
wiggling at a brooding sky

effervescent lifting
moisture of the first
blanket on grass

Frederick Kesner

Beginnings

He who dares talk with you in your silence,
Listening even as he speaks your name;
Whose pulse is mingling with your stirring heart;
Who walks at once beside you without qualms:

Who can sense what you feel, and is there all along
When something goes wrong and when you're most alone;
Who understands your fears, tries to find the answers
When you face the unknown, when questions fill your head.

The weariness of your heart banished for he is there.
His words may not impress, physique unadmirable;
His tongue and his hands often misunderstood.
He is true to all, though he may not be strong.

You seek what seems to shatter former views;
Ask yourself if as one your paths will fuse,
You recognise that there is something there;
You both will never be again the same.

You follow him within you when he leaves,
Beg him to tarry longer when he stays;
Before he finally goes on his way,
Spends his time with you while he is around.

From that single moment there on after,
The aching void in you dissipated;
Biding time as friends, no longer strangers;
You are lifted up, your empty days filled.

Your gates fly open, yearnings departed,
And yesterday is yesterday for good.
You recognise something there that had changed;
Suddenly knowing what you saw was true.

、
Frederick Kesner

Behind Closeted Doors

people's cupboards and fridges
tell a curious tale of everything
some a cluttered obstacle course
others an impenetrable rainforest
some coyly veiling their secrets
others flamboyantly revealing
mysteries both shallow and deep
behind doors their treasures keep

Frederick Kesner

Bekkevoort, 1995

,

as a child once to a favoured toy
countless hours of pristine joy
but specifications of 'growed up' ploy
memories of past pleasures now destroy

,

Frederick Kesner

Bemused Ruminations

,

Forget
the balm of barometric exuberance.
This night
no longer young, dissipates.

Recall
the dewy welcome of sun-quaffed green.
Yesterdays
revive severed umbilical dreams.

Peruse
the present with fleeting acumen.
Today
ceases yet emerges again tomorrow.

Ignite
the kindling of autumnal reticence.
Perhaps
genial kindnesses shall spring.

,

Frederick Kesner

Bon Voyage

The back of your head is a frontal assault
and word of your varied one-nighters bring
so much indeterminate wounding although
they are a psychedelic journey of mixed emotions.

Yes, walk away and leave a trail of social media
footprints, heavy on the shutter release and all-caps.
But look back and bring to remembrance that in
fact, with each step, you are leaving the lens cap on -

You have created thus a self-guided tour for two and
in that way this parting is way more appealing than
a melodramatic sepia separation from long ago.
Tomorrow our posts shall be buried beneath the new.

Frederick Kesner

Brewding Storm

,

No one can tell (the difference is)
clear to querying mind(s) :
<i>How is it I could not savour
the pungent heavy clouds
before the pulling of the breeze</i>?

Further afar off, one imagines
future life daily waiting - awash
tranquil staccato whispers -
permeate my porous soul
after the pelting of the rain.

,

Frederick Kesner

Bridge, The

I once
as a young boy
stood on a little
wooden country bridge;
tip-toed to look at
the languid moving water

Tomorrow popped up -
the wind that had blown in
tore off a leaf from
a tall standing tree
roots entrenched
by the water's edge

and this leaf
wafted and fluttered
and glided into the
current below
taken bodily
where gravity pulls

and drifted upon the
wavelets lapping
and pushing
its severed self
far, far away into
the distance

I heard the crickets
and the cicadas
droning in the
afternoon sun;
those things could
ruin your ears!

and all the while
I gazed upon the
fallen leaf
hoping to spy on

what the future
promised downstream:

that if I let go
of whatever it was
that kept me there
feet dangling through
the rusted railing;
heart racing

would I wake up
and return to the
bustling world
unable to swim
against the current
rudely torn off

Frederick Kesner

Bygone Dreams

behind the pane
he peers intently
gathering stars
netloads each night

in the day gossing
laughing winds
whispering gaily

when storms are about
watches light shudder
crack open the dark

one fine day
it happened
fate prank played

wham! shatter, ruffle
feathers everywhere
gangly dizzy birdie

he gazes amazed
angered, interrupted
down shattered

quick decision
resuscitation
irritating intrusion

breezes now bothered
shattered glass all over
safety in the wind

quickly replaced
all back in place
birdie dazed but well

outside new pane
all quite the same

pain drifts away

,

Frederick Kesner

Can You Hear The Sandman....

on his trapeze swinging
taking flight in moonlight

winging

journey set, pulse dreaming
sandman with gentle fingers

caressing....

,

Frederick Kesner

Catch Your Dream

A dust devil took in its arms a dervish, full-twirl;
varicosed haze of antiquated looking glass
reported a vaguely familiar but fuzzy form,
who with meticulous albeit off-beat aesthetics
chose apt words no vain hope the audience persuade.

Behind every facade, please find that weaver of words.
Dust off their wings, let them soar above new vistas.
Leave the safety & comfort of the finite & regulated;
we've spent too much of our lives 'out-of-the-box'
that we've forgotten the warmth of a dream's embrace.

Come! Break the shackles of my cliched existence, or
Should I then be made to apologise for my failure to launch?

Frederick Kesner

Charade In Review

、

The masks we wear, to us are given,
assigned to us before our cue.
The choice is ours to reveal or hide-
A grand charade with many a clue.

Would you be this or be you that;
Is it surfaced or is it hidden?
Not all secrets are lies or deceit,
Our view of others we must widen.

The genuine heart will itself reveal
Its spots or stripes are where they're at.
The lot of what we think we see,
provide but circumstantial caveat.

We often discard what eyes can't see;
Too often distrust what hearts conceal.
The masquerade of life continues,
Its colours and shapes our truths congeal.

、

Frederick Kesner

Chatterton's Redress

(November 20,1752 – August 24,1770) fallen English poet

,

We walk along magenta paths-
cool seeps into waning light,
bunches peer, ripe for the pick:
funny how they're sour to the lip;
beyond the copse in another's
field, silken amber honey flows.

,

Frederick Kesner

Cinderella Dreaming

The birthing of articulated expression
will always find its means of entering
into the world outside and beyond
the inner recesses of our awareness.

I love the wee and trippy hours of the
after midnight when the glass slipper
lay glimmering aloof in the moonlight
and the weary dreamer sets some
ink of thoughts onto the parchment
of a woozy head - too early in the day
to be about one's inescapable routines
too late in the night to do but dream

This is the witching hour in a life
where most everything is transfixed
in the baffling clarity of cerebration
the muses dancing in glad celebration

Frederick Kesner

Click To Proceed

A web has been spun
around the world
wide as imagination
making possible what
before hand took years

Many other modes of
communication and
intercourse have fallen
almost by the way side
and flies come in droves
thirsting for much more

What spider lurks we
can only conceptualise
What dangers we
can scarce visualise

But what remains as
it was in antiquated
human conversation
is that in all this closeness
in each others' faces
we are trully still alone.

A web has been spun
around the world
wide, wild conflagration
forging herculeaic
the marriage of hearts
and souls and minds.

Frederick Kesner

Come Not Into My Soul

Come not into my soul,
You are not whom I love!
For even out of that
My heart will surely perish.

When my soul is bursting
As a fiery bolt ablaze,
My heart in fevered embrace!
Through my furious bleeding;
Come not near unto my soul,
You are not whom I love!

Do not you touch my soul,
You are not whom I love!
Worn is the heart with want
Where my bursting bruised it.
Breathe-in not that blue fire,

Do not lean you upon my soul;
You are not whom I love -
Which now with my languor rests,
Lest from out of my bleeding
My fevered heart perish.

Frederick Kesner

Come, Right With Me This Poem

,

under six feet
freshly fallen snow
washes into
splintered song

severed thought
drifts afar off
into forever old
souvenirs now cold

write with me this poem
come breathe its soul
lay each clammy hand
to right with me this poem

heart warming chill
voices no longer still
visceral reflection
set in ashen bone

,

Frederick Kesner

Confrontational History

if we looked at history
on a multi-plane spreadsheet
and compared the goings on
in each particular era
we shall find that at any given
period, no matter the advancement
there inevitably at a cost lay revealed
atrocities, genocides, discrimination
prejudices, and a lack of conscience
that marks the brute in humans
poets have also been present
ever alert on the front-line
emissaries of peace and amelioration
their words rousing, humanising

Keep your pens in hand, the job is not yet done.

Frederick Kesner

Convenient Amnesia

,

My heart bleeds
both fears and gladness
splattered tears
share pavement
spent poison darts.

My hand quakes
both words and gestures
symphonic songbirds
salve torment
spared iron brand.

My eye shuts
both dark and brightness
smothered landscapes
sparse wildernesses
splayed truth forsaken.

,

Frederick Kesner

Crimson Of Fear

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Invisible but not voiceless,
This fire within me burning;
Fueled by things long since done;
Uncertain it would continue
And most certainly would one day end.

Resounding vermillion trains,
Travelling across frontier lands;
That began by fits and starts.
But this is just the beginning,
And most certainly is not the end.

Smearing the silence with my thoughts:
Scarlet ink on blue paper;
Conversing along the lines;
Uncertain it would continue,
And most certainly would one day end.

Slumbering souls awaken,
Speaking to us on paper;
Streaking sheets with stunning stains.
But this is not the beginning,
And most certainly is not the end.

,

Frederick Kesner

Crocus Buds

crocus buds burst forth
peep and poke through dunes of white
winter bows to spring

when the sun begins to shine again
life's vital truths made clear at road's end

,

Frederick Kesner

Crossdressed Wolves

,

as it is with tares
that freely tower
shoulder to shoulder
with the crop of wheat
so lurks wickedness
seen but unrecognised
cloaked in the shimmer
of genial ambient light
in the midst of our days
quite the spoiler to
any utopian dream

,

Frederick Kesner

Crossroads Of America

Crossroads of this brave New World:
tiring - perhaps no longer young
Big city, rural city? central point -
refreshing - this nation's innovative belly

city of indigenous America, cosmopolitan
reflective - luminescent in waning light
hopeful in the new day dawning bright
still movement, raucous plains of crop

Gridded out on one mile square
soldiers and sailors commemorate
midpoint triumph at Monument Circle
no governor on this spot will reside

interstates intersect downtown - out of town;
glass-domed rotunda docile suspensions
champions cheer in the hall of White River
fast paced spin abouts at the Motor Speedway

To the eye of tourist local or overseas
- dimming star spangled glory revived
midway between coast to coast she lay
Who is there? Indianapolis, city fair.

Frederick Kesner

Crown

step forward
chin up, back straight
onto the stone of destiny
plant feet firm
and remember

step backward
head tilted, brow knit
only in the mind
return to what
brought you here

step aside
shoulders squared, hips lithe
be removed but
be re-placed
the river flows downstream

Frederick Kesner

Cry Petey, I See Bards Rounding The Bend

Cry we all toward places unnamed
Rise above the crested hills

Yell we will - shattering door frames
Plundering thoughts of ploivered wills

Tear at the wallpaper - reveal the grain
Ink the slate - etched by wound-dipped quills

Crouch, prowl - ready to pounce on game
Brandishing swords, blaring trumpets shrill

Arching backs, phosphorescent wicks aflame
Ridding netted fish of scales and smelly gills

Driving forward, driven onward - scourging rain

Frederick Kesner

Cyber Solitude

there is such heavy quietness.
not even the sigh of a breath
just as the lung collapses again

there is that final hope dawning
though it's darkest, they say
just before the break of day

there isn't more than one heart
not even the murmur of a beat
just a singular knowing inside

Frederick Kesner

Daily Libations

Raise again this chalice,
fearsome and seductive;
that brims with venom
and sparkles with promise

that in the twilight beckons...

Raise this goblet
to once satin lips
now runnelled with
bypassed dreams,

you hope but hope in vain...

Gulp down your fill,
wait for forgetfulness still;
let the dregs of this cup
caress your wearied mind,

'til dawn tops it up again.

Frederick Kesner

Dario

D-iscover your dreams and dare

A-ll you can take hold of each day

R-ide your rainbows and run your race

I-n your heart and soul be always true

O-pen the treasures life offers you

Frederick Kesner

Darker Solitude

there is such heavy quietness.....
not even the sigh of a breath
just as the lung collapses again

there is that one hope dawning:
thought, is darkest, they say
just before the break of day

there isn't more than one heart
not even the murmur of a beat
just a singular knowing inside

Frederick Kesner

Darkness Uncovers

,

Belying this despised state
you hunch upon shuffling feet,
pondering the crunch of browned leaves.

Burrowing this dusty soil
you hide beneath scurrying paws,
forgetting the crash of billowy waves.

Blowing out raspy breath
you pucker withered lips;
release cotton-downed doves.

Bellowing against the horizon
you herd the flock from grazing;
shackled gates embrace nightfall.

,

Frederick Kesner

Delirium

,

they seek their birth

beyond all meaning

slipping through one's

yearnings into one's

e x p l o r i n g s

their spirits dwelling

within the crevices of

our delirious words.....

,

Frederick Kesner

Digital Ferryman

Up on screen I hear them scream,
bright and vibrant, happy and sad-
words and stanzas on a digital pad.
I will always remember your poetry.

Within your verses each line offers
wonders - mysteries of thought,
universalities in observations caught.
I will always remember your expression.

A frequent flyer, expectant passenger,
beyond the distant shores I travel;
safely aboard your verbose vessel.
I shall always remember your name.

Frederick Kesner

Dinner Invitation

if I at this keyboard
proffer
thoughts of how I feel
among the dirt paths
within the valleys green
reduce opportunities
infer profanities
slimming hopes
dulcet rhythms
increasing mirth
whence shall arise
understanding
that only I shall know
offer me
on your keyboard
thoughts of how you feel.

Frederick Kesner

Dream Weaver

I will shut my eyes
to the darkness
pull the bedcovers
to my chin

I will whistle invites
to the dreamweaver
press my cheek
to my downy pillow

I will snore, as they say
to ruffle night's silence
prop my fluffy teddy
to my shoulder

,

Frederick Kesner

Elegy For Jonathan, The Prince

stately tall you meekly stand
on your finger the signet band
for my sake you shunned your crown
for my breath your devotion fierce

you gave for me your sword and squire
your hospitality did never tire
proud brothers in battle or play
companions going about each day

in your shadow I had no care
my home's cupboards were never bare
song and merriment never missed
hunger a stranger to my lips

your place at court set second to mine
your heart pure - best fruit of vine
your eyes reflect esteem so dear
no man's affection held so near

O gallant Prince in battle slain
my soul cries out for you in pain
Saul's crown you've set upon my head -
a long-held secret I shan't covet

My lord, one could never repay;
the debt of friendship's love dismay?
to live this life as noble and true
to generously care and give as you

Prince of the Realm, if you could hear
the Scroll of the Upright, loud and clear
in the Song of the Bow proclaimed
praise of our filial bond inscribed.

,

Evening Prayer

,

Away,
fly and float in the drifts.

Go,
brandish the hilt and strike
against a cloudless sky.

Back
in the shadows, whisper.

Come
forward to hear better.

Leave
your shoes on; come
Alone -
is where yesterday hid
Today.

,

Frederick Kesner

Ey

,

What left is there to say
Please linger on to stay?
Clear in the dark of day
Proof of a heart's dismay
Truth no soul can display

,

Frederick Kesner

Fading Summers

under the deck boards
sunlight filters on many
expeditions yet to start
and around the corner
a salivating dog guards
the entry way between
a dense hedge of green

Frederick Kesner

Falling In Love Out Of Need

.

I have fallen madly
irretrievably & unashamedly
in love with you:

Just as that swathe
of hair that won't stay in place
by gel or product or spit;

You have fallen blandly,
irrevocably & unscathedly
out of love with me:

Just as that scab
off skin on the mend that's pink
by band aid & ointment fix'd.

.

Frederick Kesner

Fare Thee Well

I still can't look at your photograph
without choking up or getting ill
could I ever seriously consider
giving up my affections for you
why have you gone abruptly ahead?

gazing upon your visage on print
all knotted up and confused still
my emotions, rambling wild river
gaining us words no longer true
why am I left here with heart unfed?

,

Frederick Kesner

Feasting

Thereupon a banquet spread
delectable dishes arrayed
greens, meats, fruit, and wine
marine, fowl, farm, and vine

Alongside me your visage bright
imbibing, ingesting, we sup
from selfsame platter dine
my heart yours and yours mine

,

Frederick Kesner

Field Of Dreams

words germinant embed
on a once blank page

stand tall, small, frail, bold

monumental -
morphemic icons

bearers of inescapable burdens
conduits of affable torrents

muted discovery
unquiet disrespect
upon fruited plains
wavey fields of grain:
venues of displacement
perched on a leaf not as blanc.

Frederick Kesner

Fifth

the road stays while we move onward

yet connects from our here to there
this life's complications on it unwind

by it we return homeward-bound, trusting:

a trick we learned from Gretel & Hansel
assured that it is safe to venture out

while we move forward, roads stay put

,

Frederick Kesner

First

You will not be found today

when sunbreak reveals the horizon.

So while I still smell of sleep and

wonder how the day will begin,

I seek a smile on my freshly woken face

as I pull up a sweet memory of you

and find that greeting to start my day.

,

Frederick Kesner

First (V2)

You will not be found today,

when sunbreak reveals the horizon.

So while I still smell of sleep

wondering how the day will begin,

seeking a smile on my freshly woken face,

pulling up a sweet memory of you

I find this greeting to start my day.

,

Frederick Kesner

For All People

Be kind to the unkind
the sun shines on us all
seek my face upon yours
from this morning onward

Sing the tune of the heart
both eyes and ears a pair
let hearts and minds compare
you then will understand

We all suffer and howl
walking with colours shed
crying in varied keys
so long for coming peace

We push and shove against
hurling stones onto bones
tired of having to grow
through mistakes of knowing

Causes are blinding all
be you there to despair
each night returns in sleep
each day for all to keep

Frederick Kesner

For One 'Too Young' To Write A Poem

、

Candid words are all you need.
A wine bibber's carafe
rainbow colours clarify;
astute ears ratify -
satisfied yawning
suspicion:
inward rivers gush,
undulate to the surface -
sweat thaws frozen brows.

Awkward ripples rouse
unbidden eloquence,
reverberates without escape;
all the while sinking back,
twiddling proverbial digits:
unwritten poems, silted dreams
settle in the sand.

、

Frederick Kesner

For Them That Know Not

the 'Valley of Vision' - the plains of derision
has caught my eye - ripping out my bosom
lay captive my heart - tethering claws
captured my wandering mind - release nether the vagabond

your cup sends me reeling - tumbling venom drenched
a haughty tower trembling - quiver in the cold of night
never again to be rebuilt - ever awash on the shore

two men once hung from a tree - condemnation rife
the one cursed his life upon himself - excluded realities
the other condemned eternally - for him accursed vindication

neither the valley nor in the plain - hope prescribe
did the eye cast its mark - vision bright become
felled by projectile true - delight, darkened demise
a day no one can rue - smite the wanderlust of hope

Frederick Kesner

For You

cease turning my green to grey
with wilful acts of nature
your heart is found in theirs
providing for this urgency
to lose love's indifference,
redeem that part of self
that feels only for you

Frederick Kesner

Fourth

expectation's hope rising, pulsing
as you bring the warmth and joy
that only a bright summer day
presents on a picnic blanket spread
filled with goodies and laughter
neatly packed away in a picnic basket

expectation's hope realising
as you take my hand in yours
thru the threshold of our home
prancing into the breeze and light
filled with memories and plans
lovingly packed for a rainy morn

expectation's hope resuscitating
as your soothing breath caresses
taking my longings into belonging
perfecting inner transformation
filled with songs and dreams
movements in blissful harmony

,

Frederick Kesner

Freeze Frame

Sit down with me awhile, my Love
Let's leave the world behind;
This hour belongs to us alone:
Our moment etched in time.

Lean upon my shoulder, Sweet
And press your cheek to mine.
Let's set our eyes to spy upon
Our promised ever after, find.

Rest you arm upon my knee
And hold that smile again.
Another spot is next in line
On our wedding photography.

Frederick Kesner

Friends Forever Covenant

,

Friends have their humble beginnings
And sometimes friendships have their end.
Let us build a world of meaning;
Together seek each rainbow's end.

We're meant to always be happy
And to be sad for but a while;
We are meant to share God's glory
And to live-out life with a smile.

You'd never need to outgrow me
Or to leave our friendship behind.
I pray there be new beginnings:
A deeper love each day to find.

,

Frederick Kesner

From Swords To Plowshares

A field of crop
once was a battlefield (red)
now feeds a remnant -

They that survived
the young that gave up their lives
so that this plot of land

Might remain in this nation
to fly its flag
and export its blood-bought grain.

Frederick Kesner

Fusion Refraction

i will not be scorched
by the flame of another
i shall keep my fire
fueled only by the pure
kindling found deep
within the terrain
of my wooded home

the sun shall bring
enough light by day
and a torch well-lit
providing steady
footsteps treading
the dark by night

[as I search for what
I cannot find or name]

no light save by the moon
on occasion when it
occassion finds
which reflects the sun bright
from yonder hemisphere
translating another's flame

that illumines my weary soul
with tongues & quills on fire
intermingling in a display
of fiery scathing sparks
and warm glowing rays
of gently wedded breaths

[to possess at last
what i have named & found]

,

Frederick Kesner

Galatean Resumé

On a hand-hewn pedestal
imagination coalesced;
on milk-white face alight
eyes sparkled with a liquid flame.

Some build ivory towers,
their hands raw from driven labour,
on scratched cheeks, a stricken eye
ransoms a sculpted orphan dream.

Across time and the Middle Sea
another calloused hand chiselled;
laughter on a pine-white face
resurrected an ailing heart.

Some can only imagine
what others have without trying;
when vicarious journeys fail,
reality's block they will assail.

(A sort of raison d'etre definition for the artist's creation,
drawing from both the stories of Pygmalion and Geppetto.)

Frederick Kesner

Goodbye, Gaston

My uncle, Gaston,
mum's elder brother, ,
died whilst I cradled him
in the crook of me arms.

He lay there bliss-filled;
Faint lustre of his boyhood charms.

It was a waiting game
and he was hanging on.
He held back grim Reaper's blade
Unmindful that he'd had it made.

I whispered in his ear
About the good times,
our common dreams;
how it was okay to let go,
to forgive and be forgiven.

Then off he floated, by candle's glow,
like the silent flutter of wispy snow.

.

Frederick Kesner

Gravel In Our Eye

When we look not with our eyes
convince oneself of the impossible
typical gravel turns into motorways
without tyres we saw ourselves as cars
eyes glazed paved speed of reckoning
just as rubber tearing at bitumen
convinced we will get to there [that isn't here]
at trips end we find ourselves a typical mob
typical gravel looks like typical gravel
as we stoop out of the beat-up ute
our eye catches the side-mirror
stymied by our shoes that crunch
making familiar sounds on typical gravel

,

Frederick Kesner

Gutted

It's never easy to step out into the sunlight
away from the safety of your walls - indoors.
Sometimes you forget just how hard it can get,
Until a door slams shut in your face in midstep-
knowing that you threw out the key to yours.

It's never fair when you give your heart away,
only to find out their forever ended yesterday-
That you will from here on forward love on,
caring for both your heart and theirs forever
while the unrequitedness would be for sure.

It's never too late to hope and dream of good;
all will be well if we trust in the heart we love-
that what has brought us together upholds,
until a window opens up and lets light in again:
darkness has no place - forever eternally bright.

Frederick Kesner

Hacker? Troubled Water?

When I tried to log on to my poem hunter account
I get logged out again and am not allowed
to comment or post or participate and so it went on

The other month I tried again but this time it got worse
I get a dialogue box that says my account's disabled
and so I tried to contact our administration

After a couple of months without reply
I tried to access my account another time
at which instance I repeatedly attempted to ask for help

As it is obvious by this post I am able to log on
but then each time I try to post I find myself logged out
could it be a hacker or a ghost; I am in troubled water.

,

Frederick Kesner

Hair In The Wind

,

Brown in the sun
of the midday born
Silken strands
of crested corn

sparks light the sky
brilliant welder's flash
jewel in disguise
jousting's winning prize.

Jack was nimble
he was quick
but he's not taking
that candlestick.

All the queen's horses
and all the queen's men
run their own courses
then run them again.

,

Frederick Kesner

Harvest Dreaming

in my muddle-minded daze
a rustic song rising up

tendrilled smoke drifting southward
'Go home, ' spoke the lone nettle

still standing silent, weeping
shady sheaves heavy: waiting;

tomorrows bursting with grain.

,

Frederick Kesner

Here We Go Passing By

Coal-bright heat
pulsates a primal beat,
this light burns white
in the squalid night.

The windswept fury
in a drunken flurry,
toppled kerosene lamp
leaves the table damp.

Morning slips in sly,
waking the bleary eye;
pollen grain breezes
peddles raucous sneezes.

Frederick Kesner

Insult To Injury

violent welts form on raising skin
crackled blisters spew invectives
brown curled grass pretend affection
warning label on confection

shut the door on maddening din
fettered brow pegged down with whispers
burnished brass collect intrusion
warranty voided contusion

flush out and swab, dress and bandage
splint and cast - immobilise, recuperate
the shuffling of disciplined feet
ward off the pungence of defeat

Frederick Kesner

Internal Combustion

What a loud and raucous voice silence possesses!
Resounding agonies, jubilant triumphs.....
How I keep my thoughts occupied
my fingers nimble with flexing then extending
All too quickly redeeming refuge
from that gaping chasm of want.
That I would consider even to scrutinise
studying true friendship's face and form
as it experiences seasons or situation.
Then will I less consider myself weak
in the seemingly cruel hand of circumstance.
To know only all of that which I trully love.

~

Frederick Kesner

Invocation: To Rain

When shall it again rain upon
this parched and thirsty land?

Will any come off divining
while our heart lay pining?

Shall we again glimpse
that crystal crown upon our king?

Come forth from yon chambers
we beseech thee, our liege.

~

Frederick Kesner

Invoking Rain

When shall it again rain upon
this parched and thirsty land?

Will any come off divining
while our heart lay pining?

Shall we again glimpse
that crystal crown upon our king?

Come forth from yon chambers
we beseech thee our liege.

,

Frederick Kesner

Jacobin Paranoia

、

warmth envelops
dissolving the
bustle and noise
liquid stillness
offers but a momentary
tranquil once upon a time
it is so easy to
drift off and forget

here the watery balm
soothes celiac rashes
a moment's reprieve
that shuts out reality
provides sombre retreat
cares float away
until unwanted thoughts
stray with blistered report

it is quite possible
through bolted locks
to lay victim
to home invasion
for someone to play
Corday to one's Marat
a hapless victim stabbed
at home in one's bath

、

Frederick Kesner

Journeying

so beautiful yet imperfect
lofty thoughts crammed
into asphyxiating spaces
with all the bold grace
of a cattle train full
once openly arrayed
each letter corrupts their
purity, dampens their joy
white petals wilting, scorched
thoughts and images divine
now uneasily bourne
by vessels corruptible
cursed with leaking hulls
what frail bearers of light
shadows cast by storm lamps
flickering bare intermittence
or maybe a spark of glory
yet from season to season
souls bare in furious compulsion
feverish quills worn past utility
asking ourselves, have we
could we have triumphed
reaching the terminus preset
or a foolish dream drifting
a journey we each must take

,

Frederick Kesner

Just Once

Wake up
talk back
don't tell me
what I lack,
save up
turn back
bring along that
fav'rite song
don't tell me
I've no social
conscience
wasting my
poetic licence
turn back
to your real self
your hunger for
poetic justice
look up
the sky's
still higher
than your highest
tower
let down your
flaxen locks
your ivory walls
are too slick
come with me
where the air
is free
and maybe,
just maybe
for once we'll agree.

Frederick Kesner

Kerry, In Memoriam

take him home to Ellerston
there to rest, proud heart and soul
sultry rhythm, bushland hearth
beloved sunburnt country

just another day in the bush
life rolls on like a country song
paeon to the homeland south
rays bounce off yon coffin sheen

life does go on without you
your neighbor's cattle wander
stray across funeral march
Mackellar's words guide our steps:

'Though earth holds many splendours,
wherever I may die,
I know to what brown country
My homing thoughts will fly....'

out in blistering open land
rest at last o learned hand
so ends one life's longest day
mem'ries now forever stay

Frederick Kesner

Kindred Poets

,

probably a kinsman
sanguinely perhaps
but by pen more so
is he that writes
to express his soul
to annoy himself so

,

Frederick Kesner

Kitchen Sink

,

my finger traces
a still barely
visible band
on my 4th finger

our ex-anniversary
is now my memory

a constant companion
to might-have-beens

yesterday had so much
prospect and promise
today I face a sink
filled with dirty dishes

,

Frederick Kesner

Leaves In The Wind

the upside of my underside
molly-coddling your neck
through a bleakly lined morning
sky stirs my now tepid faith

always in the shadows

concealing furtive glances,
tensed shoulder blades
that find feet shuffling
against iron curtains that

block the rays of the sun

Frederick Kesner

Legally Tender

.

The key of currency
is the changing of hands,
a baton passed on
in constant motion
that binds together
all its participants.

A fresh, crisp bill
is a virgin still,
between your fingers
whose anticipation
and epic journey
are yet to unfold.

.

Frederick Kesner

Levenslang Stil

.

Here within lies
a recollection
of large talons
that tear smooth

creamy flesh

a cadence ricochets
off paint peeled walls
of the clatter as soles
strike dry dirt and stone

blood rushes

two sets of eyes
squint and scan
backs hunched low
only darkness shields

momentary peace

words mumbled
in restless sleep
betray the vessel
of secrets deep

burial crypt

posterity's portal
reveals a clue
gravestone cipher
the silent cue.

.

Speak now or forever still.... The title would suggest in Nederlands, a lifetime of silence. Minimalist punctuation attempts to achieve internal natural punctuation cues and a broader/more extensive use of line breaks and spaces.

Frederick Kesner

Life In A Graduated Cylinder

'Why are our lives so pegged
on tests and calibrations....? '

I wondered one day at lab:
'Are we just numbers and specimens
on some giant petrie dish
calibrated & graduated
like some cylindrical tube....? '

Heaven forbid that we be siphoned-in
and spun around in an autoclave.
'Is the tugging and pulling
a centrifugal force that separates
the real me from impurity? '

And when I come out after experimentation -
my school, my government, my society, declares me
useful or useless in this brave new world...

'Should life then be pegged & reliant
on some cold, empirical system? '

,

Frederick Kesner

Llama Express

across the Andean Alps
on bygone empire trails
like vagabonds traversing
on woolen backs and hooves

the dust rises behind them
the wind sweeps their fur
pots and pans, ceramic things
this road train ever moves

Frederick Kesner

Look Into My Eyes

ophthalmologists
ophthalmists
opticians
optometrists
all deal with the eye
oh please don't cry
they're far better than
a dentist with a drill
that spins about so shrill
they've got funny glasses
with calibrated numbers
and little gas hoses used
to check pressure on lenses
then you get too see just
how far you could read
give them a start when
you say: Made in China!
if eyes be that window
through which our soul peers
we might find these doctors
our friend throughout our years
optometrists
opticians
ophthalmists
ophthalmologists

,

Frederick Kesner

Love Is

,

Love is in the horizon,
it sits upon the sand;
the whispers in the hallway,
revealing secrets grand.

It's dancing in the rain
and in the blazing sun;
the mighty flowing river,
the voice of a long lost son.

Love is in the desert,
in the oasis' leafy fronds;
the racing tiny tadpoles
in lazy summer ponds.

It's teary airport farewells
and walks on a moonlit night;
the gentle flowing breezes
that stills the frightened heart.

,

Frederick Kesner

Love Unspoken

yesterday
a tear caught
the sun [whole]
[and] rolled down
your cheek [tumbling]
as we drove
[at speed] along
the M31
transfixed in that
moment [etched]
now in my mind
[immortalised]
in my heart
sealed [memory]
that tenderest of
trysts [our secret]
as you bared your
deepest groanings
[longing]
mourning
your greatest loss
this side of heaven
as I wiped [with fingertips]
wetness [touched]
from your face
I could be no
more nearer you
beside you [offering]
devout friendship
you are my friend
caught in that moment
what strangeness
of having little else
to give other than be
by your side [always]
no wise words to speak
no comfort to unworded
dissolution
but to keep a steady hand

on the wheel and drive
toward the rest of our lives
the music blaring and
our chests heaving
[why is it that when
your friend's heart breaks
your heart breaks along?]
horizon receding, re-emerging
until i pull the handbrake
in front of your house [and stop]

Frederick Kesner

Love's Unrequited Paradoxicity

Love of the unrequited type...
Ah! How paradoxical it be!
Even more paradoxical
Than that of the returned type...

return to me my boomerang
if ironic paradox be
bring on your wings an offering
return to set this captive free

Love is love whether returned or not.

It gives all meaning to life,
But when not returned
It drives us into insanity!
Constantly contemplating
Upon what may or may not be...

provide a reason, supply a rhyme
keep despair exiled forever
to hearts a breathe of gentle clime
elixir to heart's endeavour

If you have not experienced
This type of love,
This unrequited love
Then you shall not understand
The joyous part.
You will think it all tragic.
But there is a joyous part!

you freely give from joyous grace
once prisoner of love withheld
escape on wings of kiss' embrace
receive twin souls, tender fire meld

Love is love whether returned or not.

my need reaches to the heavens

despaired reply from there to find
where is that spark this chest quickens
love without truth is love unkind

Whether that person feels the same or not,
I still love her, and to have someone
That I love so much,
Brings certain joy unto me...
But certain grief to not receive the love in return...

It is the most tragic grief
And the most joyous joy
At the same time!

Love, paradox of paradoxes!

Frederick Kesner

Ludwig

I am never without Ludwig
that mess of tangled hair
accompanying me with his
fifth, ninth, and moonlight

in my now unplugged ears

stereo muted, no longer
blaring at my need to hear
thousands of times before
now lilts indelibly sealed

o but he moves me still

,

Frederick Kesner

Lulach Macgill

、

Lulach Mac Gill, may your name
be remembered still
another thousand years -
Freedom's memory fill.

Let clansmen's voice
'round the globe arise
Breathe in peace you bought
dear for Moray and Alba's skies.

Law, equality and tolerance
the weak protect
Protectors of these ideals
allow us to elect.

Wield again with deftness
your claidheamh mòr
Speak truth, walk in grace
Be no one's fool forever more.

、

Frederick Kesner

Market Day

,

squashed cabbage leaves,
crushed petals, broken stems
strewn along grey slush

wind whisks cobbled street,
gravel crunches under
hooves and booted feet

rain-drooped marquees
whisper freshest gossip;
clock tower tolls on the hour

,

Frederick Kesner

Maroubra Nightwind

,

when the biting autumnal breeze
sweeps past these craggy rocks
its howling whispers - seducing;
sparing no thought of mercy
blinking lights on distant shores
pontooned my heaving heart
across the dark brewing waters
billowy clouds float by aimlessly
nonchalant in the blank staring sky

,

Frederick Kesner

Meal Ticket

.

The door shuts behind,
key turns, footsteps
stravege after
a tedious shift;

eyes lift up
then revert back
to telly, magazine,
PS3 and tablet.

The dining table
is empty yet cluttered
inhabited by non-edible
non-essential stuff.

'There should be
something or other
in the fridge, '
a mouth points.

'Got that, thanks.'
Footsteps stravege back,
that's what it feels like
to be a meal-ticket.

The door slams shut.

.

Frederick Kesner

Men Don'T Dance

Any boy can dance
even for girls harbouring
ill jested kabuki livery

men never opt pretty
quintessent revelry
spending time under vague

worldly xanadic yearning zeugma.

Frederick Kesner

Mf's Roses Are Red

MF: your initials hit me
striking hard - blinding
RosesAreRed - that they are
not all roses are red and
not all things red are roses

MF roses are MF red....
not if you're colour blind
not if you're shot in the head
RosesAreRed - yellow or white
screaming loud - deafening.

,

Frederick Kesner

Midnight Rendezvous

Join me in this boat of drunkenness,
Come with me and we shall both be drunk.
Let's sway beside what we think ourselves,
Swerving as the waves swell beneath us;
Lifting us to where lonely sounds warp,
While many other things become clear.

Come upon my mind, your tongue in mine,
And utter words that rend this turmoil;
The sound of madness not to be stilled,
Our silent voices, raging waters.

The world will list to one side of us
And back to the other in one beat.
Ghosts wail in the howling of the wind;
The sweat streams from a thousand souls,
They fling their drunken bodies upon us;
We feel only their salty wetness.

All at once they crash against this boat;
Their breath will chill the flaming sea,
Then drift back again to drowsy depths,
As our oars cut through this heady wine.

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Frederick Kesner

Mirage Oracle

fall into pools of swirling merriment
shirk substitutes that others recommend
firm in the knowledge of purest joy
your visage clear in mind, no mental toy

stab with wanton thrusts this warm caress
reveal dream's scorn amid phobic duress
with fiery brand your chariot swift - protect
lunar spheres in shaded ponds - thoughts collect

tinge red this broken tune - unbroken still
wave its braided locks on crested hill
press in, unhearing ears to hear each cry
opalescent reverie jar awake

bend to reason, sturdy oak, envision
extract your roots - find fresh irrigation

Frederick Kesner

Modular Nonconformity

,

Never too early, never too late;
Life can be a heaped-up plate.

Today you are comfy, tomorrow, lost;
Yesterday's loss determines the cost.

The future disguises no blemishes.
Hope's a parachute that never perishes.

,

Frederick Kesner

Morphed Illusions

what are we to do
about shadows in the mirror
pray tell before they rise -

filling in memories
of film noir and poetry
dark or brooding
states of alienation

blaring piano forte
of shadowy symphonics:
inimitable contrivances.

Frederick Kesner

Mother, Mother

,

Mother, Mother
are you crying?
Come and look,
the roses are dying.

Mother, Mother
I am hungry.
Come and see,
the dishes are piling.

Mother, Mother
I am lonely.
Come and hear,
My heart's key is snapping.

Mother, Mother
are you sleeping?
Come and run,
Let's play in the sun once more.

,

Frederick Kesner

Musing On Cave Art

Striving toward originality
results in piece meal offerings -
bright but witless understanding?
statements pondering universalities
feeding warm pulsating bossoms

idling too long, byte by byte
millennial automatons marching
logged-off but only hibernating:
underneath, aware of scratches
on rockfaces of now ancient halls.

Frederick Kesner

My Home

In my passing think of me no other
than with a heart emboldened - loved our sunburnt land
that here under the wide expanse of sky
We, from all the globe's corners, 'One Australia, ' cry
this young nation strong, built on dreams and hopes -

In her arms each Australian lad and lass would find
through her seasons, Freedom's encouragement:
that eternal pulse of mateship, fairness and peace
brilliant light shines under her southern skies
guiding our thoughts and hearts homeward to freely roam.

Frederick Kesner

Nail-Pierced Hands

Cut and Paste My Love:

As I rise from the
Gutter's darkness-blind
But the strong nail-pierced
Hands grip mine and pull -
Then wash me by Blood

Copy-Paste My Mercy:

As I lean forward
To that gutter again -
See the nail-piercings'
Shadows on my hands
As I reach out to you
By that same flood of love

Paste and Save My Heart:

As we walk each day
Together side by side
Closer to Your glory
Step by step toward Home -
Rooms Built by Nail-Pierced Hands

Frederick Kesner

Naked Mind

.

I sometimes feel I may be blind,
or just afraid of what others see.
And what I speak or see or think
is never what they reckon it should be.
I am careful, vigilant, and repressed
Coz in their light I am forever undressed.

.

Frederick Kesner

Night's Tender Kiss

your northern smile embraces -
shining stars in the dimming sky

sparkles burst and pierce me
such brightness lightens my load
another day closes, sun sleeps
another night begins, stars keep

a hope of us together one day

across an ocean - now divides us
steps hasten screen door bangs
my chin lifts, eyes peering deep
this night is your day my sweet

slumber with fondest thoughts
our souls' yearning tendrils enlace.

Frederick Kesner

Not Now, I'M Busy

,

shadowed
in early evening's
darkened corner
his smile
responds to your
gruff remark
and you
do not see
the tear
rolling
from his cheek
he turns
the faintest hint
of sadness
cloaks his eye

,

Frederick Kesner

Note To Solicitors Of Votes

Note to those soliciting reviews.

I find it a rather distasteful act to spam

(for lack of a better word)

members of this site with requests

for comments and reviews

without first introducing yourself and at least posting a comment prior to making a request for comments and votes.

I have been too kind and too lenient in the past,

believing in your promises to return the favour

only to end up waiting for something that will probably never arrive.

Hence, heretofore, please be so kind to give what you so desperately petition for me to do -

post comments/reviews on my works FIRST

and only then and thereafter ask me to return the favour.

That is how it works.

Otherwise your requests will fall on deaf ears and be reported as spam.

Thank you for your attentive consideration.

,

P.S.

An opinion is forming that those who perpetrate this discourteous

and ill-mannered practice are only after votes and popularity on this site.

It is a shameful thing to do and should be curtailed.

Frederick Kesner

Nothing Like A Mother Orphaned

,

Brawl-
writing on the brick wall;
no one left standing...
a lack of pulse.
Where is the beat
of those that listen?

Shut-
slams the front door,
not to open again;
no mop of hair,
no laid back gait.
Where is sleep tonight?

Life-
worth little in strife;
no tears, no smiles:
each day will torture.
What remains
when night falls once more?

,

Frederick Kesner

Ode To King Saul's Son

stately tall you meekly stand
on your finger the signet band
for my sake you shunned your crown
for my breath your devotion fierce

you gave for me your sword and squire
your hospitality did never tire
proud brothers in battle or play
companionly we went about each day

in your shadow I had no care
my home's cupboards were never bare
song and merriment never missed
hunger a stranger to my lips

your place at court set second to mine
your heart pure - best fruit of the vine
your eyes reflect esteem so dear
no man's affection held so near

O gallant Prince in battle slain
my soul cries out for you in pain
why you've set Saul's crown on my head -
a long-held secret I shan't covet

My lord, could one ever repay;
the debt of friendship's love dismay?
to live this life as noble and true
to generously care and give as you

Prince of the Realm, if you could hear
the Scroll of the Upright, loud and clear
in the Song of the Bow proclaimed
praise of our filial bond inscribed.

'
Frederick Kesner

Ode To Old Smiley

See, a smiley or a lack thereof
doth not a writer make

but dressing-up like Antoinette
doth usually win the cake

what equine sacrifice will meet
agreement for disagreeing?

for if a quill with parchment wed
shan't send the torments fleeing

pour ale, splatter ink, mine friends
send Smiley-in-trousers twirling!

Frederick Kesner

Of The Silenced Quill

a grated gate in midnight's light
once fell upon a sorry sight
as rain washed out the scarlet stain
the skies bowed down to hear the pain

a voice without a body heard
the sordid tale its waist did gird
one witness found, torn leaf by leaf
Creation's glory sank to grief

a tale no word was writ nor said
into the ground the silence bled
a soaked and orphaned quill remains
fraught with want of its trilled refrains

a poet's tome lay ungathered
whispy strands of dreams untethered
if Heaven cried its tears that night
set up the quaich in candlelight

Frederick Kesner

Old Rose

,

Steely, piercing gaze
steady and calculated
scorn-etched lips pout
scathed grains discolour

pearly teeth bared
proudly held chin gloats
pencilled thoughts
permanently carve the soul

crafty words sliver
carefully orchestrated chaos
cornering all resolution
creased yesterdays wither

,

Frederick Kesner

On Taking The Early Train

Yes, I will try to be brave
just like you'd want me to be;
here I am waiting on shared memory:

Dear old friend, where might you be?
And where is it that we have arrived:
now we're quickly fading into oft-turned pages

that lay dog-eared upon sweet serenity
while a fresh film of dust settles on table tops,
while train carriages shrink into the distance
that could only part-reveal their silent witness.

Yes, our time together, though passed on too soon,
brought us at the crossroads of our existence.
Your friendship has left such an imprint on my soul,
in my thought & yearning you shall forever remain.

Reminiscence is now all that is left
and the garden grows wild without your presence,
friend, my dear friend, where might you be?

Frederick Kesner

Once Rechargeable Batteries

,

Who can tell the difference
between gallantry and deceit;
that is clear only to
the querying breeze?

Who could not smell
the pungent heavy cloud
before the pulling of
the petulant wind?

Further, afar off, no one inquires
about foreseen mornings unseen
dreams once winged zephyrs
echo in forgotten hallways.

Perched high on rock faces grim
beneath the humming of the bird,
awash on porous promontories -
failure now permeates the abject soul.

,

Frederick Kesner

One Once Knew

uneasy presence
of someone
once known
even loved -

the space
however
gaping wide:
cloying,

suffocating;
treacle bath
easily sealing
claustrophobic
asphyxiation

,

Frederick Kesner

Only Your Bff Would Understand

paisley print
sunflower smile
sat alongside
a leopard that ate parsley
paw in hand
waiting on the sand
for flying fish
to skip upon
cobalt banners
as lazy breezes
pan fluted recollections
of this Iberian summer

Frederick Kesner

Our Moonlit Getaway

if there be but two

on this twilight moon's

landscape, there might be

in a galaxy of its own

a hidden treasure trove

of good and loved things

that can be opened up

and relished each day!

Frederick Kesner

Out Of The Rain

,

sun strikes swift on the horizon
slithering serpent slumbers no more
sweltering desert sand transforms
shapes surrender mirages, the mind supine

in our moving forward slivers shed
coming ahead surreal accomplishments
severely shallow - deafening, shrill
but together we stand united, hearts sublime

,

Frederick Kesner

Pact, The

would you
for the love of
me
tie this lace
upon a tree

when the wind
upon it blows
my heart
on yonder river flows

Frederick Kesner

Paper Boat

by this way
each new day
I let float

my paper boat

down a fast
running stream
that holds no dreams

Frederick Kesner

Perchancement

You have been much more
to many a progressively
ailing heart,
in the eloquence
of whispered words -
watch them alight on
the pages of a poem.

What in the waving
of waxing thought;
words copiously flow
in the effervescent
glow of lilting rhyme -
solitary images
march the desert storm.

Amnesty provides no relief:
no human deed can make amends,
the speed of apologies fail
to out run the steam roller
of resolute demeanour.
Once the balm of intimating breath
now asphyxiates tomorrow's hope.

Put forth in plain speech
what now in riddles present
then lay a poignant wreath upon
this wailing bardic crypt.
Underneath its gravestone find
wispy embers of yesterdays
awaiting phoenix wings climb.

Hence in its turn let generosity provide
this grievous dagger a sheath to hide.

Frederick Kesner

Persona Non Grata

once
sometime
long time ago
when the world was younger
none of this was a bother
when the heart was fonder
ancient lore
sometime
once

Frederick Kesner

Perspicuity

Were it not for this resurrection there would be no will to pick up the pen.
Were it not for that temper, no spark the tedious Obscure could rekindle.

Pardon is not for the weak to bestow; magnanimity knows no better.
Pity can't fill the shoes of empathy nor walk the bitter path from Sorrow's door.

Should there be found a kernel of truth when pledge and heart were founded,
There should a seed of conviction germinate, from Silence, words arise once
more.

,

Frederick Kesner

Photos On Our Wedding Day

Sit down with me awhile, my Love
Let's leave the world behind;
This hour belongs to us alone:
Our moment etched in time.

Lean upon my shoulder, Sweet
And press your cheek to mine.
Let's set our eyes to spy upon
Our promised ***ever after***, find.

Rest your arm upon my knee
And hold that smile again.
Another spot is next in line
On our wedding photography.

Frederick Kesner

Pot Plants

,

hapless indulgence
animated silences
quiver

hankered imagination
ambiguous synapses
quibble

each way you turn
each thought you churn
new lessons learn

potted flower plants
line your driveway
mind, you don't crush them

,

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Frederick Kesner

Prodigal Returning

won't you tell me I

have not lost my soul!

I am on the way back

from around the bend

back into the languid pools

and the billowy breezes

that sing spontaneous songs

in the cool of afternoon

-such sounds lift the spirit

bringing a peace and serenity

against the cruel hardness

& the crashing discordant sounds

of this torpid confusing world

,

Frederick Kesner

Promise

,

when
the worms are done
with you
I shall await
the scent of blooms
that should one day
sprout and mark
the very spot
wherein
you last
reclined
that is,
if I don't
follow
soon
after

,

Frederick Kesner

Promises

,

Data storage now keeps forgotten memories;
images and words from jubilant revelries.

The clock is a blur of digits these days
and nothing is clear but tomorrow's maze.

So off we go to bury unwitnessed sunsets;
replacing our garden beds with plastic regrets.

,

Frederick Kesner

Proof Of Promised Tomorrow

revolutions of the second hand
are innumerable to a watchful eye,
which is no comfort to this bruising

...shame

nor can heart's run far enough away
from pulsing, cancerous gangrene;
so off to the darkest mile it treads

...softly

sifts into the cooling of a fading day,
a gentle crushing blow fixes completely
these drowning, despondent smiles

...of yesterday

where wafting wavelets wail forlornly,
while whispering affections, once silent;
hearkening back to more innocent times

...found wanting

Frederick Kesner

Questing Relish

zealous young xenophiles
wail violent utterances

tasked surreptitious rail
qualms permit ornaments

nibbling mice livid
kilo joule increments

harped geese fly
every delicate caress
bourne aloft

Frederick Kesner

Quetch

Tendrils wafted dunes
of barren sands waffle,
swirl across miles
upon miles in every direction-
your face appears a horizon away,
there is little comfort found
in accompanying echoes.

Drifting sticks
wail in the pitched wind,
stretched on distant recollection-
stylus of the scribe named Regret;
each flurrying breeze
turns a new page,
taking with it freshly shed tears.

Foetid droppings
of some wastrel desert vagabond
provide a vivid reminder
of how it can never be again,
to kick it away
would only contaminate
these well worn wandering shoes.

Head facing forward
wherever the nose points
except in the back of the mind
where the oasis burbles-
each leafy frond conceals
intimate moments now buried
within the unmindful desert's gut.

Frederick Kesner

Reed Music

Amber frosted reeds
in the summer's wind
swaying, dancing,
synchronised now
syncopated and back
shouting then singing
xanthine etudes
boisterous and raucous
bright and nimble
leaving pliant
graceful kisses
on a soft smooth cheek

Frederick Kesner

Release

,

auction your ciphers
whether cryptic or plain;
express your disdain,
princes and paupers,
your joys and your pains

them web-wide,
your caustic protuberance;
spread digital conflagration
let relentless talons purge
the sting of sulfur on brimstone

,

Frederick Kesner

Remain A Scent

find me here longing for things that no longer are
that smile that only appeared when I walked into the room
and the way you tilt your head and smile that half moon

like mice traipsing blindly, chunks of cheese in tow

what I lack is more than your mere presence here
your smell and your touch, your voice and breathing
it's the very essence - candles lit and thick with scent

fill this shrinking room, envelope my vestigiating universe

Frederick Kesner

Remember Valentine

For those who celebrate or not, the tale of how it all began, to whom this day's celebration found its humble beginnings. Read, but do not weep, he did all for love.

.

Valens, you are esteemed worthy,
at the Via Flaminia you lay:
Valentinus offered up in faith.
Your deeds aren't known in our day.

In this life you wed young couples;
an act the Emperor would not permit.
And though your grace the monarch received,
your execution he did transmit.

Alas, with clubs and stones they came,
challenged by your fortitude great;
whose blows did not complete the deed -
your head severed at Flaminian's Gate.

These days we celebrate Valentine,
dedicate and plan for those we love;
oblivious to how it all began-
the depth of love known only Above.

.

Frederick Kesner

Renewal

There must be a death
if there is to be a resurrection;
The demise of something
in part or the whole of:
that portion of one's being...
Only then shall we see
with eyes new as morning's first light.
Only then shall we have
reinvented ourselves:
allow ourselves to take the first steps
laden with amnesia
of the former, forgotten self.
Come and cease to be
and let today bow to the
kiss of tomorrow's promise.
Tread upon the petals of yesterday
and smell the fragrance that
lingers, that solitary spectre,
olfactory memory that words cannot outline.
Wound your forgiveness with the scar of remembrance.
Nothing is as sweet to the lips
than the ashes strewn from the phoenix rising.

Frederick Kesner

Restless

Is remorse a prison to the soul
the sole utterance of reproach
that if not to myself be True
the possible best in life accrue
what if regret creeps on the morning
a thief stalking the shadow of dawn
(re) fresh from bare motive drawing
crystal arteries of a day that is new
or shall we allow the mind meander
let it's 'work' find itself crowning
there in its core uncover simplicity
strip away a mournful state of heart

,

Frederick Kesner

Seasonal Random

,

faceless number
screen flicker
thermal print out
fades in summer

walk the line
find some time
primal scream
stuccoed spring

mudprint carpet
trigger finger
curdled milk
forgotten winter

stadium heckler
prison clatter
barred existence
cushions the fall

,

Frederick Kesner

Seasons

transeasonal transitions-
moons and harvests

transcendent revolutions-
'round the light of day

resolutions each new year

summer, winter, spring or fall
cyclic orchestra, nature's call

asymmetric symmetry, pulsing breast
cosmic poetry, life-long quest

young and old, near or far
Pilgrim's Warder, guiding star.

Frederick Kesner

Seeing The Lights From Within Hallowed Hall

There were two lights that shone bright in the fields of green,
the one was bright in ways that it shadowed the other;
that even after the first had snuffed out, its afterglow
shone brilliantly and commandingly that the other cowered.

Both these lights have come from the same source;
both created for great things - illumining a darkening world,
each never intended to outshine the other, but together
bring upon this life a freedom from the lurking shadows.

In the same way always remember,
let your light shine before humanity
that they may see the good to be found in you
and thereby praise your Father in heaven.

Frederick Kesner

Shot At Dawn

This poem does not condone desertion
nor is it a proponent of summary execution
or the use of capital punishment as a deterrent.

The citizen army of August 1914
saw in its time 8Million signed up
resulting in 750,000 dead
of this 300/3000 executed.

This is the tale of just one life.

Shot at Dawn
,

At nineteen you were still a child
hopping off to an aggrandised war
filled with romantic and exuberant air

At nineteen you travelled over the channel
to Mons, by the Belgian border marching
there receiving the horrors of humiliated retreat

At nineteen you went missing
first in Dublin taking leave without permission
now in France and sought for desertion

At nineteen you were a fugitive
hiding from town to town
filled with fear and personal loathing
without destination, without future

At nineteen you were confronted
by a baron's gamekeeper
whisked from barn to court marshall

At nineteen you met the iron will
of a military court in face of disaster
you were the first deserter to be convicted

As far as publicly convenient, within two days
without showing the world we shoot our own
At nineteen you marched out, first light of dawn

And in the half light of a new day
in an unmarked grave by the road
At nineteen ceremoniously executed and hastily buried

A queue of poplar trees with arms outstretched
lifted plaintive prayers to the war torn sky
At nineteen hope flew as far as the eye can see

Shortly before dawn, escorted by armed guards
tied to a post, blindfolded, white cloth to the heart
At nineteen your regiment paraded through gun smoke

An exemplary deterrent to all West Kents
rifles cracked from shaking arms
At nineteen you were shot at dawn

,

Pvt. Thomas James Highgate (19)
Royal West Kents
d.08-09-1914

Sighing

bending on the bank
of a winsome river
a weepy willow
sighed:
'Oh for the day
that I my tears
again may find...'

.

Frederick Kesner

Solitude At The Waterfront

,

Less than a bell's tinkle
fainter than a whistle
stars in the sky twinkle
your breath a hushed whisper

O the tiniest sparkle
dapple on glassy water
far from distant heckles
my soul freed from shackles

,

Frederick Kesner

Sonamphony

I am never without Ludwig
that mess of tangled hair
accompanying me with his
fifth, ninth, and moonlight

in my now unplugged ears

stereo muted, no longer
blaring at my need to hear
thousands of times before
now lilts indelibly sealed

o but he moves me still

Frederick Kesner

Sorry, You Don'T Make The Cut

tentative steps
across this garden
a weeded jungle
sprouted gremlin-like

walk away through
belladonna overrun
seething poison
auger jaundiced sun

lick abrasions
tucked in shadows
splints & bandages
mend fresh sorrows

.

Frederick Kesner

Spendthrift Heart

、

malingering
along
uncharted frontiers
liquid sorrow
bastes
unformed words
whose crystal
resonant vibrance
reverberates
within
a pilgrim soul
gaze once more
upon your
lint-filled navel
and share
the blossom
of heaving bosom
therein find
a brokenness
with no need of mending

、

Frederick Kesner

Spring

,

my reasons have changed
transformed along with my circumstances
defined by those I have allowed into my life
shaping me
releasing me
and giving my days their tints and shades
to open up
and allow hatchets to fall
or portly women to sing

leave open the door
for fresh winds to blow
let the early spring's germination
lift the chin of my winter's dispossession
soothe the bruising where i once stumbled
bleary-eyed with sleep.

,

Frederick Kesner

Symphonatas

I am never without Ludwig
that mess of tangled hair
accompanying me with his
fifth, ninth, and moonlight
o but he moves me still
stereo muted, no longer
blaring at my need to hear
thousands of times before
now lilts indelibly sealed
in my unplugged ears

Frederick Kesner

Syntax: Postlude To Love

tiers of words

enveloping

c
a
s
c
a
d
i
n
g
salted

fresh with tears

and

gusts of crocodile
b r e a t h

taking

d
o
w
n

my meat from dust-

covered shelves that

I m a y d a n c e

cheek to cheek with

your butcher's knife

the spring ran dry
exhausting itself
with racking gurgles
and in the wake
of its demise
the romantics arose
to bury our relationship
in the bloodied adjectival phrases
where it died that morning.

,

Frederick Kesner

Take Two

,

The weary social consciousness arose,
the adulation reveals
the personification of hope;
What of our communal yesterday?

We, the refugees of our past mistakes,
embodied by a bush that no longer burns,
consumed in the fervent disappointment and disgust.

Our faith is now rewarded -
an olive branch has been offered;
and on one shoulder lay what we only

dare to hope, 'Perhaps, perhaps...'
The journey to that time and day
begins today, sworn in resolutely.

The weary arise to lift their chins.
The din roars above the pros and cons.
The person to lead a nation and a globe sworn in again.
What of our communal tomorrow...?

,

Frederick Kesner

Tempest

,

The clouds part,
scattering in the wake
of a rushing mighty wind.

The heat rises,
surging upwards:
violating moist cocoons.

The hail darts,
streaks of bolts accompany
torrent and downpour.

The tempest moves,
swerving past looming
mountain ranges in a flash.

The chest heaves
apprehension abated-
turmoil dissipates.

,

Frederick Kesner

Terminal Velocity

、

Drenched in heavy morning rain
Like an arctic soaking to the vein;
I just sat there stunned and wordless,
by the results of endless tests.

Only do I seek the scoffer's sympathy;
my litanies dot the bottom of this timpani.
No restaurant on high street offers...
Whoa! I found where my sanity rests:

A very comforting hand takes mine,
The other hand by her child as well.
I draw dry ice sculptures in my mind,
While a hawk's screech rings overhead.

、

Every person has many wishes. A cancer patient has only one: to get better. In honour of those that have lost their battle with cancer, are still fighting the battle, or have beaten it! ! !

Frederick Kesner

Test

a harrowed ref equals
photojournalist's bucket
communicating targetted
wishes - blank images
source of imaginings

Frederick Kesner

The Last Soldiers Of 'Empire'

、

We are a family of nations
built on legend and lore
the sun never sets on us
our bounds on far-off shores

Our heritage ancient and rich
nestled in values just and pure
from Arthur's chivalrous table round
to all the lands of earth secure

This War was great and at much cost
it changed our world and how we live
we fought for freedom, side by side
for future gains our lives did give

Our sacrifice transformed us all
and forged a new identity
Empire no longer subservience
but for brotherhood and equality

、

Frederick Kesner

The Man Made Perfect

Every woman is perfect
every woman a breathe divine
every woman is individual
let each one uniquely shine.

The man that wakes up
and embraces this splendid truth
will have gained the world
and find himself perfected too.

Frederick Kesner

The Rainbow Bridge

somewhere
in the sky
on a moist day
you may spy
a rainbow
hanging high

let that always
remind you
one shining
moment true
friendship's
promise renew

,

Frederick Kesner

The Road To Here And There

,

the road to nowhere
must begin somewhere

the road to anywhere
always begins everywhere

if in doubt of direction
find your spot elsewhere
then follow your feet
where your nose leads you

the road to dinner wear
ends in frozen tupperware

the road to Delaware
travels here and there

,

Frederick Kesner

The Row

There is maybe
in each burst of
energy, a product
of fanaticism filling

the air or the cities
when the limbs
of trees hail the
soldiers to the war.

Perhaps in each
bellow the burst
of energy produces
fanatic followers.

Perhaps in each
gust the rush of
wind uproots all
modicum of calm.

Perhaps in each
caterwaul the limbs
of protest raises
interjective receipt.

Each is a product
maybe without
hope of reprieve:
alone in time; Perhaps.

Frederick Kesner

The Tempest

my eye
is caught by a photograph

my ear
records a voiceless cry

whispering brilliant streaks
tiny hairs all quivering on
my skin

raindrops pelting
crystal teeth glaring
tearing away

my tongue
forms a quiet reply

my nose
wiggling at a brooding sky

.
. .
.

Frederick Kesner

The Thoughts Meander

,

revolutions of the second hand
are innumerable to the watchful eye,
which has not comforted this bruising

...shame

nor can heart's run far enough away
from pulsing, cancerous gangrene;
and off to the darkest mile it treads

...softly

in the cooling of a fading day,
a gentle crushing blow fixes completely
the drowning, despondent smiles

...of yesterday

as wafting wavelets wail forlornly,
while whispering affections now silent;
hearkening back to more innocent times

...found wanting

,

Frederick Kesner

The Wound Of A Forced Exit

、

Dour faced
you stepped into a gaping precipice
leaving me with
my face moist

at the threshold
(its frame now leaning
to one side
splintered and unhinged.)

Did I tell you that my front door
never opened to the street?
Maybe I never had the need to;
you always entered through the back door,

you always crept out the window
to play in the sun.
This time was different:

Before another word could be spoken
you rushed past me
brushing my outstretched arm(s) .
Then all I could see

was your hair tumbling in the air
as your limbs flailed
while you plummeted out of my life.

、

Frederick Kesner

The Writer's Pen

,

I am the kind that waits
the wait without reply.

Catch me each time I fall
for far off do I fly.

Allow me to go adrift
and embrace my return-

your pen, my oracle;
so that in your breath and

in your sighs capture all
of the little miracles of life.

,

Frederick Kesner

There Can Be No Justice

,

Provide us just scales
with which to measure
determine the truth
provide no displeasure

be objective and distant
make sure you're blindfolded
mete out the verdict
swift and without fail.

But for the value of life
remember your own
Each breath you take
opportunities blown

Justice is never served
for the dead remain dead
their chances forfeited
memories defaulted

punitive arrangements
may placate the bereaved
but the dead remain deceased.

,

Frederick Kesner

There Was A Time

No longer looked up to
at least not as much as before
no longer consulted
or given the usual care

No longer do cogs congregate
not even to syncopate
Time keeps ticking away
although this clock's hands stay

Where has the cuckoo flown to?
Where shall it alight?
Somewhere the sand has rested,
glinting like stars in the night.

.

Frederick Kesner

These Arms

those arms
that know and are able
those arms
that are able and do
those arms
that do enwrap this torso
those arms
belong to you

these arms
that seek and reach out
these arms
that reach out and do
these arms
that do wrap those arms:
the shadowy imprint of
what belonged to you.

,

Frederick Kesner

Third

no, it was not very difficult to allow many
other things & thoughts to fill this gaping void
where we once together spent our quiet moments

but these distractions have not my pining assuaged
the withdrawal of not having you here by me
is a feeling gnarling at the pit of my gut

yet I have resolved not to be cast down
keeping constantly before my eyes your promise
dreaming beyond paper planes & stubbed-out crayons

time & space are not sufficient to contain
that part of me that with you experiences & lives
so here i lightly tread amid the peat & the moss

blending what is imagined & what is in fact real
walking toward the lilting songs of languid streams
where hope whittles away this overwhelming subterfuge

i catch a turquoused vision of dancing lights
proferring a glimpse of that thrilling prospect
of faith in your returning home in due season true

,

Frederick Kesner

Too Much For An Ending Year

There should be a vibrant atmosphere
at the close of this tremendous year.

Who'd have imagined it would bring crowds
from near and far and miles around?
But like other years it fades all too quickly,
then we each for ourselves new lives begin.

Our days and hours go by much too fast.
It seems nothing we built will ever last.

Over festive traditions we spin
to emerge from a dizzying daze.

There should be found at the end of this,
intact; puzzle pieces of our years,
whose fluttering wings shall come to rest
on a requited lover's heaving chest.

Frederick Kesner

Troth Of The Heart

,

Love's illusion is
to believe the best,
to hope the best,
and to love the best.

Some call it foolish optimism,
some brand it the blindness of love,
and some condescend,
labelling it infatuation.

This fact escapes the skeptics-
What the heart chooses to believe
the mind begins to see.
The magic of love sets free.

,

Frederick Kesner

Truth Relative

Secrets are secret
Truth cannot expound
Everything is vanity
No comfort to be found

Truth is relative
or so it is, they say
Life for us is short
no time to dry the hay

What Truth will illumine
Lies would then conceal
with ebony tusks uncover
wounds that would not heal

Frederick Kesner

Two Black Arm Bands In The Rain

two joined, separated
a brother now one
and his brother's friend
a friend that loved
filled that emptiness
that hearth and home
could not mend
one fateful day
their ways crossed
to wayward wend

what tears run streaks
on your redded-cheeks
why the furtive pulse
in your eyes, it shows

so plain a plan
to bring him back
though a means to do
so sorely lack
keep alive that
sacred part you filled
his heart and thus
wherever he may be
there shall you also
remain his friend
no brother nor blood
no rain nor wind
would understand

Frederick Kesner

Un-Common Courtesy

I know what it's like to write and to not be read -
It's much like to speak out and not be heard.

And then there is being read but not gotten back to
It's like greeting someone hello and they just walk right past you.

You are almost sure they heard you at such close proximity
And yet it seems you've been cloaked with invisibility.

So when you post all of your work with such ferocity,
Then expect to be acknowledged, why not extend the same courtesy?

Frederick Kesner

Uncovered

,

Belying this despised state

you hunch upon shuffling feet,

pondering the crunch of browned leaves.

Burrowing this dusty soil

you hide beneath scurrying paws,

forgetting the crash of billowy waves.

Blowing out raspy breath

you pucker withered lips;

release cotton-downed doves.

Bellowing against the horizon

you herd the flock from grazing;

shackled gates embrace nightfall.

,

Unlikely Wedded Minds

when you read squiggled words
that bleed onto jaundiced pages
you'll hear a shadow and not see
the face and form of this poet
else, you would have yourself
come before an audience and
opened mouth and wagged tongue
within your sight and hearing;
but no, you can't even trace faint
restless lines traversing this face
nor animated inflection of tone
none to aid but yourself
as you pick feigned words
therein a vineyard to gather
your basket brimming over
later press, juice, or ferment.
So drink your fill of orphaned vine,
touch inebriated awareness; and
perhaps thereby our meanderings meet.

Frederick Kesner

Unorthodox Superheroics

atypical,
in conclusive
 after conviction
once enough-
all-sufficiency
independent of
popular priorities

is to Be or Not
perhaps apart
from partying
to debaucheries

atypical
 this love
begottenness from above
alights anew, like a dove
heaven-sourced repatriation
 vile, in estimation
clouded vision, rejected
by inutile estimation

until a singular day
glistens in the sky

put on your headphones and listen

Frederick Kesner

Visionquest, Keltischer Junge

Unearthing sacred truths bring to light
so many things that beforehand lay hidden

and his voice rings clear and true
he fell off the wall, neither I nor you

to be himself and all he could be
with or without all the kings horses or men

to be yourself his fervent wish
the road we each must take, alone

the futility we often times come against
a madding crowd - formidable, unforgiving

but the greatest hindrance lay within
laying down the dream is sure defeat

a parade, his childhood dream to see
and that he attained, however brief

the truth - his passing is not in vain
his light reveals the way of freedom

that gaze is faraway - not unfocused
meeting another set of questing eyes

sweetly surrender - a dream's demise
and like a phoenix - a new dream arise

,

Frederick Kesner

Voice

,

leaves rustle in a dance
the wind, their live band
birds, their vocal ensemble
but your voice remains still
not a sound to be heard

leaves rustle on a tome
your words printed out and bound
inked clues guide memories
but your voice still remains -
faded familiar sound

leave, just leave without a word
your thoughts riding on the wind
echo back that distant call
bring to life this one last time
the hearts you left behind

,

Frederick Kesner

Wait

,

I wait.

The waiting room is bare.

The window blinds are shut

and the door opens only in one direction.

Remember to leave it ajar

when you return.

I wait.

,

Frederick Kesner

Waiting

waiting
wondering
waiting
again
waiting
what
will
waken this
wilted
wanderer's
willy?
again
wanting
again
waiting....

Frederick Kesner

Wash

Spun out of control.
Bobbing then pommeled, squashed then bloated.
A lone occupant within the confines of a tumble dryer
at full spin....
An impatient hand lifts the lid off
with deft, well practised fingers
hopeful that in so doing would speed up the process.

The spinning abruptly stops
resuming only when the lid is firmly shut
securely in place.
With a banging and a rattling
the tumbling ensues... digits lifting
assured the interruption overrided.

The mind opens to the fact that
there is one entry and one exit
on this front loader churning
Its machinations moistens the
dank air and frigid tiles with
a slimy condensation.

A final click breaks the dense
silence.
From inside the searing metal tub
emerges a once bright red garment
its fabric faded, worn, and frayed.

~

Frederick Kesner

When Roses Bloomed

.

There you are,
Playing domestics;
Passing each other

Cups & saucers

While I sit back,
Being waited upon
To take it all in -

This apparition
Of simple bliss.

Why was this not possible
When roses bloomed
In the garden?

.

Frederick Kesner

When You Look Upon The Sky

,

Have you lately gazed upon
with dreamy eyes
the wide expanse of sky?

All it would take is
the shuffling of footsteps
to that choicest of spots;

Unfold that picnic rug
and lay quietly still,
look up and watch for me.

Have you lately gazed upon
with dreamy eyes
the wide expanse of sky?

Come, I am waiting,
Everything will be all right.

,

Frederick Kesner

When Your Poems Are

Please, pray tell, what it means
when your poems are green
while the rest upon your list
have no such green tags in the least?

And if it means what I suspect it does,
is there anyway that we are able to adjust?

Thanks in advance for your kind reply.

Frederick Kesner

Where Do Fireflies Go To Die?

,

My tears used to wake me
from a delay unduly prolonged

Your smiles used to hurt me
for their beauty my heart dethroned

This love had locked me up
and threw away the key

And mile upon mile of wishful thinking
pushed you further away from me

I looked into the mirror and found
the devil I danced with was me

And the fireflies that once lit our canopy
are also no longer free.

,

,

Frederick Kesner

Whispers

Express life - a soul
go to 'never see' walls

friends in the mend
chests palpitate - wend
a little place - belief hasty

across, around, behind, sit
solemn sweet forgetfulness
summer, simmer - cool

down

an end, wait - much talk
sunlight gold on sorrows old
hidden lives, together shared

,

Frederick Kesner

White Elephant

white elephant blue
tell me what I mean to you -
bright unlikely hue

Frederick Kesner

Wind Chimes

,

small sounds
twinkle in the ear
soft velvet touch
invisible fingers quietly
mingle on a weathered cheek
with sullen humid arvo sweat

bleating echoes in the wind
dessicated foliage rustle
as creaking floorboards
whisper willowed memories -
childhood's laughter rings
clarion of tomorrow fades

,

Frederick Kesner

Wings Unfurl In The Dark

、

Belying this despised state

you hunch upon shuffling feet,

pondering the crunch of browned leaves.

Burrowing this dusty soil

you hide beneath scurrying paws,

forgetting the crash of billowy waves.

Blowing out raspy breath

you pucker withered lips;

release cotton-downed doves.

Bellowing against the horizon

you herd the flock from grazing;

shackled gates embrace nightfall.

、

Winter's Passing

When your winter breaks into spring
think of new and wonderful things

while autumn creeps passed your window
break this winter free of sorrow

wait upon seasons - wait on life
live each day loving - escaping

weave each day's new strands - engaging
one day looking back - mem'ries rife.

,

for JLW

Frederick Kesner

Within Reach

Prick up your dulled ears, be brave;
Hear the dislodged dirt flying
Listen; the shovels of subservience
Bury truth but carve out your grave.

If a measure of wisdom still remains;
Listen attentively and lift up your eyes.
Remember what you learned as a child.
Release the thirst for ill-gotten gains.

Look upon the mound of soil
Incline your head to this word,
Don't disregard this pronouncement.
In time, it rewards your labour and toil.

Taste with your scalded tongues,
Your now-forgotten native fare.
Wonder at that temperamental jive;
An archived litany of faults harangue.

Let inherited prudence beseech;
Open ears and responsive hearts
No longer make light of death:
Salvation now placed within our reach.

Frederick Kesner

Wonderful Disgrace

gasping
grasping
veinlike
whispy
appendages

tendrilling
toward the
vapour
of what once was

gaping
groping
wanlike
ventriloquating

accoutrement
tentacling
away from
venomous

fangs of today

should
Venus sit
and trap
unwitting victim

or would
Toiler prowl
and wrap
escaping prey:
the other self

in dark dismay.

Frederick Kesner

Your Holy Book Or Mine?

、
So what if I've gone to Scripture
maybe just to have a look?
So what if it spoke to me so loud
with brilliant flashes of cutting blades?
So what if all my thoughts are laid bare
stripped of any guile or disguise?

We all are pilgrims in this journey,
We all seek for what we know
We do not have yet could not name;
We all of us are on a quest toward
What we know eternity must hold....

So what if in my searching I find
whims and wandering thoughts reigned
within the cosmic finiteness of this mind?
Then there must have been some use
undusting and poring through that Tome.

、
A challenge to do your own pilgrimage and make your own conclusions.
It is always best to travel, first hand. Then the journey is trully your own.

Frederick Kesner